

BRICKS OF GLORY

By

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NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Balls. Since the dawn of time,  
they have been a staple in  
American sports.

FADE IN:

Black and White Stock Footage plays sports highlights.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Baseball, Basketball, Volleyball,  
Football, Golf, Cricket, Tennis...

Sports heroes throughout history: Babe Ruth, Brett Favre,  
Venus Williams, Michael Jordan.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
With sports earning billions in  
profits every year, it wasn't long  
before the ball companies realized  
just how powerful they'd become.

Basketballs inflating, baseballs being stitched, golf  
balls popped into tubes and labeled for distribution.

BALLS. BALLS. BALLS!

**INT. WILSON CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY**

A FAT CAT Businessman smokes a cigar as he eyes a profits  
chart. A graph states CHARGE MORE \$\$ = HIGHER PROFITS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The price of balls inflated  
*astronomically*.

**INT. SPORTS STORE - DAY**

A STOCK BOY REPLACES A PRICE STICKER ON A BIN OF  
BASEBALLS: \$10 TO \$100, THEN \$150, THEN \$500!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Damn, those are some pricey balls.  
(clears throat)  
To combat the higher costs of  
equipment, ticket prices  
increased, driving away the fans.

A time-lapse of sports arenas, full of cheering fans, then less and less people, until the bleachers are nearly empty. The teams on the field look on in confusion.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Meanwhile, the ball companies took their business to other countries.

**INT. JAPANESE SPORTS ARENA - DAY**

The stands are full of ASIANS wearing Hello Kitty T-Shirts, giving the peace sign and using selfie sticks.

A Ramen Noodles MASCOT throws FREE baseballs to fans!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Leaving America without a single major league sport to cheer for...

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

A locker room of HOCKEY PLAYERS give us the stink eye.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...ahem, any *real* sports.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

A FOOTBALL PLAYER sits down to dinner with his WIFE and two SONS. As the family eats LITERALLY NOTHING BUT MASHED POTATOES, he gazes at a framed jersey on the wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Something had to change.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A nerdy BUSINESS MAN shows a presentation board to a table of SUITS. He flips the paper over to reveal ball alternatives: triangles, squares, rectangles...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Marketing gurus searched for new objects to replace balls.

Rubik's cube, salami, cardboard boxes, and then...BRICKS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Their initial experiments achieved less than desirable results.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

A PITCHER holds a brick in his gloved hand. He winds up.

The BATTER grips the bat tightly, trembling with fear.

THE BRICK FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, THE BAT SWINGS --

KABLOW!

The brick explodes into red powder in the Pitcher's face!

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

A FOOTBALL PLAYER holds a brick on the field.

The PUNTER runs, KICKS the brick --

KABLOW! The brick explodes in their faces.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Injuries were at an all time high.

**EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY**

A CENTER FORWARD jumps up and head butts a brick from a corner kick -- KABLOW! Explosion.

He goes down like a pile of... well, you know.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Even the less popular sports  
suffered.

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT**

A BOWLER throws a brick down the lane towards the pins.

It stops dead about half way --

and then --

KABLOW! The brick explodes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But something new was just over  
the horizon...

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The frazzled looking Business Man now suggests using bricks for ACTUAL BRICKLAYING, with trowels, and mortar.

He shows sketches of fans wearing foam brick hats, and bricklaying teams of two building walls on the field.

The Suits shrug, then smile. What have they got to lose?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, a new sport rose from the ashes of balls... A sport that used bricks the way God intended.

**EXT. SAND LOT - DAY**

KIDS build brick walls on a sand lot. Parents cheer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With no company holding the patent on bricks, fans had a new dream they could commit to.

A TALENT SCOUT eyes WAYNE Walker, 15, epic mullet, who lays bricks faster than any of the other kids. The Scout is impressed. He passes his card to Wayne's PARENTS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bricklaying quickly became an international sport, with major leagues, little leagues, sponsors, celebrity endorsed trowels, mortar, and of course, bricks.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

A COACH draws stick figures on a chalkboard to explain to a group of rookie BRICKLAYERS how the game works:

The Mason Tender keeps the bricks and mortar supplied while the Bricklayer builds a wall. They are judged not only on speed, but also the quality of the workmanship.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The very foundation that America was built upon, would now create a new breed of athletic prowess.

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

Americans watch Bricklaying games on TV in the pub.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A world without balls.

**EXT. ARENA - NIGHT**

A KID gets an autograph from a BRICKLAYER on his way out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A world with Bricks... of Glory.

**EXT. ACME BRICKS ARENA - NIGHT**

Fireworks explode as we circle a large outdoor stadium.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen...

SUPER: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA - 1987

SPORTS FANS enter the stadium in droves.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

...Welcome to the most exciting sporting event in the history of the United States of America...

**INT. ACME BRICKS ARENA - CONTINUOUS**

Thousands of SPECTATORS wave foam trowels in the air.

TOM CLARK (O.S)

The Miller Lite® Bricklayer 500!

Sponsor banners surround the arena: Miller Lite®, Gatorade®, Goodyear®, Post-it®, Staples®, BENGAY®!

TOM CLARK, 30s, a charismatic announcer in denim jeans and matching denim jacket, pumps up the crowd from a balcony.

TOM CLARK

Watch the mud fly as the top twenty bricklayers from around the world compete for over \$250,000 in cash and prizes...

Twenty bricklaying work stations are set up on the floor, equipped with bricks, levels, wheelbarrows, and trowels.

TOM CLARK

...and the title of The World's  
Best Bricklayer!

Two ROADIES empty a huge sack of dry mortar into a silo.

BIKINI GIRLS wrestle in a pool of wet mortar below.

TOM CLARK

Featuring the returning champion,  
and holder of the Guinness World  
Record for Most Bricks Laid in one  
hour... Waaaaayyyyyyyne Walker!

Huge TV screens display Wayne's hype video:

*WAYNE Walker, now 27, bright white smile, thick brown mullet, and a red bandana tied around his forehead, stands next to a cactus in the desert.*

*He lays the final bricks in a three foot high brick wall with speed and precision, then stabs his trowel into the sand, KILLING A RATTLE SNAKE!*

WAYNE

Get Laid!

The spectators HOOT and HOLLER for their hero.

SPECTATORS

(in unison)

Get Laid!

The KISS CAM finds two VALLEY GIRLS in the bleachers -- they make out passionately!

TOM CLARK

It's masonry madness!

*The image of Wayne shaking his signature mullet in slow motion, sweat flying, is replaced by the BRICKLAYER 500 logo: A FLAMING TROWEL.*

**INTERVIEWS WITH FANS MONTAGE:**

TRUCKER DUDE

Running a ball back and forth was  
for pussies. This is a man's  
sport!

REDNECK MOM

We love it! Especially Wayne Walker. He's the reason we're here! Get Laid!!!

MEEK GUY

It gave us something to cheer for again, ya know? You can't beat the feeling of being in a stadium of twenty thousand people, cheering for your favorite players. You just can't top that.

RUSSIAN DUDE

I'm here for the chicks. Chicks dig bricks.

BOSTON CHICK

It was either this or hockey. So.

**END INTERVIEWS WITH FANS MONTAGE.**

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Side by side on the bench, BRICKLAYERS inject various PERFORMANCE ENHANCING DRUGS. Pills, needles, powders, creams - one player is even hooked up to an IV BLOOD BAG!

TEDDY Fox, 25, rockin' perm and goofy, child-like grin, watches a commercial for the cereal WEETABIX on TV.

WAYNE

(on TV)

Weetabix. So high in fibre, you'll shit bricks!

Wayne plops next to Teddy, wearing a red track suit covered in more sponsorship logos than any other player.

WAYNE

Thirsty, bud?

Wayne offers Teddy a syringe. Teddy pushes it away.

TEDDY

Come on, Wayne. You know I don't use that stuff.

Wayne forcefully points Teddy's head to the locker room door, where the sound of a roaring crowd echoes in.



WAYNE

Will you listen to that!? Those people are here for a *show*. Don't you want to give them one?

TEDDY

They're here to see you.

WAYNE

There is no me without you.

TEDDY

What does that even mean?

WAYNE

I'm not sure.

HARLEY (O.S.)

Daddy!

HARLEY Walker, 8, an adorable girl with an *embarrassingly similar mullet to Wayne*, runs through the locker room of half naked Bricklayers and leaps into Wayne's arms.

He hides the syringe under a towel.

WAYNE

Hey peanut!

HARLEY

Are you gonna win today, Daddy?

WAYNE

Have I ever lost?

Harley giggles and shakes her head.

HARLEY

Never!

WAYNE

And I never will, peanut. I promise you I will never, ever lose. Ever. Ever. God as my witness, Jesus Christ as my other witness, I will never lose. I swear on my life, your mother's life, and even your tiny, short, unfulfilled little baby life that I will never ever, ever lose ever. Ever. Hey, where's your mom?

Harley points to the door. Everyone stops and looks.

*MUSIC: "Brick House" by The Commodores.*

HARLEY

There.

Bright light blares in as LANA White, 26, a buxom blonde with legs for days, enters. The men whistle!

KAL Vilmer, 29, rugged, Australian, licks his lips.

KAL

Crikey.

Lana's shiny long legs and high heels stride through the middle of the room, unfazed by the large, naked men. She carries a bottle of MAGIC HANDS MOISTURIZING CREAM.

LANA

Hey boys. Ya'll looking to get moisturized?

Lana makes her way down the bench, pumping lotion into their cupped hands. She arrives in front of Wayne.

LANA

Lotion, darling?

WAYNE

Fill 'er up.

WHITE, LIQUIDY CREAM SPURTS INTO WAYNE'S HANDS IN SLOW MOTION. IT'S WAY TOO MUCH. Harley watches innocently.

HARLEY

Wow.

LANA

Come on, sweetie.

Harley takes Lana's hand as she leads her to the exit.

HARLEY

Bye Daddy!

WAYNE

Bye peanut! I'll have a big fat trophy for you when you get back!

The Bricklayers rub lotion onto each other's bodies.

SPLAT! Wayne rubs the huge glop of lotion on his face.

**INT. ARENA FLOOR - SAME**

The bikini girls are stuck in the hardened mortar now!

The two Roadies chisel them out.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

Uh oh, looks like those girls  
could use a hand!

Silly clown music plays as a man in a full sized BRICK  
COSTUME throws FOAM BRICK HATS to the fans.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

Oh goody, it's every Brickhead's  
favorite mascot... Brickie the  
Brick!

The mascot realizes he's run out of foam brick hats.

A REAL BRICK SMASHES A SPECTATOR'S FACE, KNOCKS HIM OUT!

He gets back up, smiling, blood streaming down his face.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

And he's okay!

Lana seats Harley, now wearing a WAYNE WALKER IS MY HERO  
T-shirt, next to the bloody man.

LANA

Wait here, sweetie.

HARLEY

Okay, Mommy!

A pop SINGER rides a concrete polisher in circles while  
singing the National Anthem.

SINGER

And the home of the brave!

**IN THE BOOTH**

Tom snorts a line of cocaine off of a trowel before he  
realizes he's back on camera.

TOM CLARK

Oh, uh...

(sniffs)

And here they come, the *real*  
American heroes... your top twenty  
bricklayers!

*MUSIC: "Another Brick in the Wall" by Pink Floyd.*

The bricklayers SMASH their way through a REAL BRICK WALL using their BARE HANDS!

The crowd grows impatient as this takes *several* minutes.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)  
 And now, the one you've all been  
 waiting for... The only bricklayer  
 we give a shit about... Make some  
 noise, for Wayyyyyyyyyyne  
 Walkerrrrrrrr!

Nobody there. The crowd whispers.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWER STALL - SAME**

Wayne and Lana kiss against a wall in the showers as Wayne runs his hands up and down Lana's body.

WAYNE  
 Oh God, your skin is so smooth.  
 It's like a...a...a slab of  
 freshly polished concrete!

Lana rolls her eyes as Wayne motorboats her tits.

**INT. ARENA - BOOTH - SAME**

Tom knocks back another scotch. He slurs his speech.

TOM CLARK  
 He's coming folks... I can promise  
 you that!

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWER STALL - SAME**

Wayne and Lana are screwing like jack rabbits.

WAYNE  
 GET LAID! GET LAID! GET LAID!

Lana squeezes more moisturizer into her hands and rubs it all over Wayne's back. He leans back against the tile wall and SLIPS -- they tumble to the floor.

WAYNE  
 My back!

LANA

Don't stop!

Wayne continues thrusting into Lana on the floor.

WAYNE

Ow, ow, ow ---- ohhhhhh ya!

Wayne's about to climax when...

**INT. ARENA FLOOR - NIGHT**

White confetti cannons BLAST into the air as Wayne runs into the stadium!

Squiggly long white streamers float down over the fans - a clump of confetti lands on the face of a Valley Girl who shakes her head back and forth in SLOW MOTION.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

(high as a kite)

Well thank fuck, here he comes!

The other bricklaying teams give Wayne dirty looks as the crowd goes wild for Wayne. Nobody cares about them.

A REDHEAD GIRL, 20, rides a jackhammer, busting up a pile of bricks as her large breasts jiggle and vibrate.

REDHEAD GIRL

I l-l-love y-y-you, W-w-ayn-n-n-e!

Wayne waves to Harley as he arrives at his station.

HARLEY

Go Daddy Go!!!!

The teams are poised and ready. 60 minutes on the clock.

TOM CLARK (O.S.)

...Trowels up!

All trowels rise, an air horn BLOWS, then in unison --

TOM CLARK

...Lay those bricks!

SPECTATORS

...Lay those bricks!

The bricklayers get to work as their teammates dart back and forth, shoveling mortar, keeping them supplied.

WAYNE LAYS BRICKS LIKE A WELL CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE ROUTINE. HE SPINS, CARVES, LAYS, STACKS, SLATHERS!

Teddy unloads a wheelbarrow of bricks.

Wayne's wall is *several* feet higher than the other teams!

THE FANS ARE BLOWN AWAY. EYES ARE WIDE, JAWS DROPPED IN AMAZEMENT. THEY ARE WITNESSING BRICKLAYING PERFECTION.

SPECTATORS

Get laid!!!

Wayne douses the wall with gasoline, lights it on fire, then lays bricks on top of the flaming mortar.

Wayne juggles his trowel and level - AND THE BUBBLE INSIDE OF THE LEVEL STAYS PERFECTLY LEVEL!

### **IN THE BOOTH**

Tom wipes the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

TOM CLARK

I have never seen anything like this! By the way, that level is provided by our sponsor STABILA --

WAYNE'S LIKE TOM CRUISE IN COCKTAIL... BUT WITH BRICKS.

HARLEY

That's my Daddy!

Kal's team struggles to catch Wayne but it's no use!

Wayne shines a black light against his wall, revealing the words SUCK IT KAL! in invisible ink. Kal glares.

The crowd noise is deafening. Cheers transition to...

### **INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY**

...reporters shouting, cameras flashing!

The press conference is in full swing.

SPORTS REPORTER

Wayne! How does it feel to be an American hero?

WAYNE

It feels great. It feels right.

Wayne, Teddy, Kal and KAL'S TEAMMATE sit at a long table.

Harley stands triumphant on Wayne's lap holding a WORLD'S BEST BRICKLAYER trophy; a GOLD BRICK pressed into mortar.

Kal sulks. His trophy is a *very tiny* SILVER TROWEL.

SALLY JONES (O.S.)

Wayne! Sally Jones with Masonry Magazine. What's your favorite style of trowel?

SALLY Jones, 30s, feisty, pushes her way to the front.

WAYNE

I would have to say...the pointy ones?

The room erupts in laughter.

WAYNE

I'm just kidding, Sally. I find the London style of trowel preferential due to the rounded edges, however the straight angles on the Philadelphia style are simply exquisite for carving mortar at fast speeds.

Sally's speechless. She lowers her microphone.

WAYNE

It's simple aerodynamics.

SPORTS REPORTER

(to himself)

That's so true.

PADDY O'Brien, 40s, aggressively shoves his way forward.

PADDY O'BRIEN

(thick Irish accent)

Wayne! Paddy O'Brien wi' de Oirish Times. Waaat are yer thoughts on de announcement from de Warrld Anti-dopin' Agency?

WAYNE

What? I can't understand you.

More laughter from the room. Kal grits his teeth.

KAL

Would anyone like to ask me a question?

PADDY O'BRIEN

(slowly)

They're gonna be testin'  
bricklayers for performance  
enhancin' drugs.

WAYNE

Yeah? So?

PADDY O'BRIEN

Doesn't that make ye de laest bit  
nervous, Wayne?

Teddy kicks Wayne under the table.

PADDY O'BRIEN

Wayne, do ye now, or 'av ye ever,  
used steroids ter enhance yer  
performance?

The media goes silent, anticipating his answer.

Wayne COUGHS.

HARLEY

What's he talking about, Daddy?

Wayne looks into his daughter's innocent, brown eyes.

WAYNE

I, uh... he's just being silly,  
peanut.

HARLEY

But why?

SAUL Merkins, 40s, greasy comb-over and a cigarette  
hanging from his mouth *at all times*, emerges from behind  
the false wall. This is the Scout that discovered Wayne.

SAUL

Beat it, Shamrock! This man is  
naturally gifted, he doesn't need  
any bloody enhancements!

WAYNE

Yeah! What he said!

PADDY O'BRIEN

Does yer manager alwus spake for  
ye, Wayne?!

Teddy shakes his head.



Someone throws a HORSESHOE at Paddy's head!

PADDY O'BRIEN

Ow!

Suddenly, the doors BURST open and in walk two AGENTS.

AGENT 1

Wayne Walker, you're coming with us.

WAYNE

Uh, and why would I do that?

AGENT 2

You've been selected for doping control by the World Anti-Doping Agency.

AGENT 1

You're coming with us for blood and urine tests. Now.

PADDY O'BRIEN

Aye! Oi towl ye so!

The Agents grab Wayne and drag him away from the table.

Harley pounds on AGENT 1's legs with her fists.

HARLEY

Leave my Daddy alone!

AGENT 1

Your Daddy is a cheater, kid.

WAYNE

Don't listen to them, peanut!

SAUL

Who are you people? You have no jurisdiction here!

AGENT 1 holds out a badge: WORLD ANTI-DOPING AGENCY.

AGENT 1

The world is our jurisdiction.

Saul backs off and sits meekly next to Kal.

SAUL

(whispers)

So, you uh, need a manager?

Lana grabs Harley's hand and pulls her away from Wayne.

WAYNE  
I'm sorry, peanut!

Teddy stands.

TEDDY  
I'll wait for you Wayne!

Wayne breaks free and makes a run for it --

AGENT 1 TAZES WAYNE!

He drops to the floor, shaking uncontrollably.

KAL  
Crikey.

Urine soaks through Wayne's denim shorts, creating a puddle on the floor next to him.

WAYNE  
(whimpers)  
You can't do this to me...

AGENT 2 whips out a TURKEY BASTER and collects Wayne's urine sample from the puddle.

AGENT 2  
Got it!

Agent 2 squeezes the urine into a vial, shakes it, then holds it up to the light.

The Reporters watch, silent, anxious, as --

THE LIQUID IN THE VIAL TURNS FROM YELLOW TO BLUE!

AGENT 2  
Yup, he's guilty.

Gasps all around! The media SWARM! Cameras FLASH!

HARLEY  
Daddy!

Tears stream down Harley's face. Lana picks her up and turns her head away from the spectacle. Saul shows Kal some paperwork, readying a pen.

PADDY O'BRIEN  
Oi knew it!

Tears and drool ooze from Wayne's sobbing face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yes, cheating reared its ugly head. Wayne was stripped of his trophies and banned from professional bricklaying for twenty years.

**INT. HARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harley looks around her room - the walls are plastered with posters of Wayne.

HARLEY

I hate you!

In a fit of emotion, she rips down the posters, crumples them up, and shoves them into a trash can.

She cries into her pillow.

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Wayne lays on the bed, surrounded by empty vodka bottles and full ashtrays. He dials the phone on the nightstand.

WAYNE

Come on, Lana, pick up...

A TV in the background shows a NEWS REPORTER, inaudible, but the line 'Exploding Brick Phenomenon' at the bottom of the screen.

**INT. LANA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lana sits on the couch, demonstrating MAGIC HANDS MOISTURIZING CREAM to a group of AVON LADIES.

She ignores the ringing phone in the kitchen.

Kal enters the room and kisses Lana on the cheek.

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

Wayne smashes the phone back down in frustration.

WAYNE

Dammit!

TEDDY  
You brought this on yourself,  
Wayne.

Teddy throws empty beer cans into a trash bag.

WAYNE  
Get the fuck outta here!

Wayne throws an ashtray at Teddy's head. He ducks.

TEDDY  
Fine!

WAYNE  
Fine!

Teddy drops the trash bag.

TEDDY  
You know, one of these days,  
Wayne, you're going to remember  
that you need me. And you know  
what? I'm not gonna be there.

WAYNE  
I never needed you!

TEDDY  
There's no me without you.  
Remember?

WAYNE  
Godammit, Teddy, get out!

Teddy slams the door.

Wayne pulls a photograph from his wallet.

WAYNE  
I'm sorry, peanut.

Wayne gazes at the picture of Harley's adorable face.  
She wears a bright orange hair clip shaped like a bow.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

SUPER: WORLD ANTI-DOPING AGENCY - 20 YEARS LATER

Harley, now 28, still wearing that child-like orange bow in her hair, sits in the front row, listening intently as

Doping Control OFFICER, 40s, authoritative, writes THE CODE in big letters on a chalkboard.

KABLOW!

A BRICK smashes against the chalkboard and explodes!

The Officer spins around.

OFFICER

Who threw that?!

A classroom of Rookie AGENTS, 20s, snicker and laugh.

Despite being adults, they act like adolescent teenagers.

OFFICER

This is no laughing matter.

Harley shakes her head. The others are so immature.

OFFICER

As a Doping Control Officer for the World Anti-Doping Agency, it will be your responsibility to ensure fair play and prevent cheating in professional sports around the world.

(dramatic pause)

Even the Olympic Games.

Harley nods, taking notes eagerly as the Officer speaks.

OFFICER

After you complete these thirty days of training, you will be assigned a country and a sport.

Harley's hand shoots into the air.

OFFICER

Yes, Miss Walk --

Harley is quick to cut him off.

HARLEY

-- Can we choose the sport, sir?

OFFICER

No.

Harley slumps back in her desk.

The Agents kick their legs and murmur disappointment.

OFFICER

Alright, alright. That's enough!  
You could be sent anywhere in the  
world, meaning you may be working  
with sports we no longer have here  
in America, like baseball,  
football, and volleyball.

Everyone's eyes light up. This is exciting!

OFFICER

For those staying in America, we  
have hockey --

The class GROANS.

COOL GUY AGENT

Hockey sucks!

HARLEY

No, it doesn't!

The COOL GUY AGENT shoots a bitch face to Harley.

COOL GUY AGENT

Puck lover!

Harley recoils in shame.

OFFICER

Can I finish? Right. Cycling,  
surfing, and of course, America's  
favorite pastime, bricklaying.

Harley cringes at the word 'bricklaying'.

COOL GUY AGENT

That's what I'm talking about!

Cool Guy Agent high fives his tough looking buds.

HARLEY

(under her breath)  
Bricklaying is for losers...

OFFICER

Whichever sport you're assigned,  
you can be sure there's cheaters,  
and you're gonna stop them.

HARLEY

Hell yeah!

The other Agents look at Harley in disgust. What a nerd.

A phone rings. The Officer answers.

OFFICER

Yes? Yes hello, Mr. President!

The Officer looks at Harley.

OFFICER

Yes, I'm looking at her right now.....Uh, okay. Right away sir.

The Officer hangs up.

OFFICER

Harley. The *President* wants to see you in his office.

The other Agents exchange smirks. Harley's in trouble.

Harley gathers her books, tucks her hair behind her ear nervously and leaves the classroom.

OFFICER

Now, who here knows how to take a urine sample?

ALL AGENTS

Ewwwwwwwwww!

Everybody laughs.

**INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Harley looks around in awe at her surroundings.

Framed SPORTS JERSEYS, OLYMPIC MEDALS, and ACHIEVEMENT IN ANTI-DOPING EXCELLENCE certificates line the walls.

JIM Davies, 30s, pompous ass, sits at a large desk.

JIM

Thanks for seeing me, Miss Walker.

HARLEY

No problem, sir! It's such an honor to meet you. You've really inspired me so much --

JIM

Yeah, that's great. Listen,  
Harley....may I call you Harley?

HARLEY

Yes, sir.

JIM

I pulled you out of class today  
because I have a very special  
mission for you.

HARLEY

But I haven't finished my  
training, sir --

JIM

That won't be a problem. You're  
perfect for the job.

Harley can't believe what she's hearing.

HARLEY

I promise I won't let you down!

JIM

Wow. Now that's the kind of drive  
I like to see. You're serious  
about this career, aren't you?

HARLEY

Yes, sir.

Jim opens a small box and dumps RED POWDER on the desk.

JIM

Take a look at this.

HARLEY

What is it?

JIM

It's a new steroid that's  
virtually undetectable in the  
blood stream. They call it...BRICK  
DUST.

HARLEY

My God.

Harley leans back, suspicious.

HARLEY

What does this have to do with me?



Jim walks in front of Harley and sits on his desk.

JIM

You're Wayne Walker's daughter.

Harley's expression turns ice cold.

HARLEY

No, I'm not.

He spins around a framed photograph of Harley with Wayne.

JIM

No?

HARLEY

That man is not my father anymore.

JIM

Oh, that's too bad. Because if he was, you'd be the perfect person for this mission.

Jim sits back in his chair.

JIM

'Agent Walker'....it had a nice ring to it, didn't it?

Jim glances at a dossier on his desk.

HARLEY

Yes, sir, but I --

JIM

You like hockey, right?

HARLEY

Yeah, but --

JIM

Canadiens fan?

HARLEY

How did you --

JIM

Look, I'm not going to beat around your bush, Harley.

Harley cringes.

JIM

Accept the mission, and you'll be eating poutine and beaver tails while rolling up the rim to win on a Tim Horton's double-double. Refuse, and you're out.

Harley tucks her hair behind her ears. She fidgets.

Jim stares at her blankly.

Harley thinks for an uncomfortably long amount of time.

HARLEY

What would I have to do?

Jim smiles.

JIM

The ban on your father has just ended. We need you to convince him to compete at the next Bricklayer 500, then use him to get information on who's supplying Brick Dust to the athletes.

HARLEY

But, he hasn't laid a brick in twenty years. He'll never agree.

JIM

Who better than his daughter to convince him... Is there a problem, *Agent* Walker?

Harley stands.

HARLEY

No, sir! I can do it.

(beat)

I *will* do it.

Harley shakes Jim's hand enthusiastically.

JIM

Welcome to the agency.

**INT. WORLD ANTI-DOPING AGENCY - HALLWAY**

Harley strides out of Jim's office, smiling at MISERABLE AGENTS in cubicles doing paperwork.

They scowl at her as she walks by.

**INT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY**

Beams of sunlight highlight a wall of empty trophy cases... Framed magazine covers... Darkened outlines where bricklaying medals were once hung with pride.

**IN THE LIVING ROOM**

All furniture is made from bricks, cinder blocks, or cement. A disheveled Wayne is slouched on the couch, drinking beer and watching Japanese baseball on TV.

WAYNE

Come on you losers. You couldn't hit a...blind man...with a baseball bat. If you were blind.

A KNOCK at the door.

WAYNE

Who is it?!

No answer.

WAYNE

Goddammit.

Wayne puts his beer down on the table which is just a piece of plywood held up by bricks.

He opens the door.

HARLEY

Hi Da --

WAYNE

-- No interviews!

Wayne slams the door. He glances at a framed photograph of Harley on the wall -- her embarrassing mullet and a bright orange bow in her hair.

THE SAME BOW THAT THE WOMAN AT THE DOOR IS WEARING NOW.

*Could it be?*

He opens the door.

WAYNE

Peanut? Is that you?

HARLEY

(awkward)

Yep.

(gestures to bow)

In the flesh!

Wayne hugs his daughter. Harley is squeamish, but lets her guard down for just a moment.

She snaps out of it, remembering the task at hand.

WAYNE

What are you doing here?!

HARLEY

I saw on the news that your ban had just ended, and I thought, hey, I wonder what Dad's up to.

Wayne stares into space for a moment, his face solemn.

WAYNE

Oh, yeah. Well, don't just stand there. Come in, come in!

Harley enters the brick themed living room.

HARLEY

Wow...this is...quite something...

Wayne walks outside to the patio, Harley follows.

**EXT. BRICK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

The patio contains a brick pizza oven and brick hot tub.

WAYNE

This is pretty much it. You want a pizza? I made the oven myself.

Wayne removes a pizza from the oven.

HARLEY

Yeah, I figured...No thank you. So, any plans to lay bricks again, professionally?

Wayne turns away.

WAYNE

Forget it. I threw in the trowel.

HARLEY

That's too bad. I heard Kal is the favorite to win this year.

WAYNE

Good for him.

HARLEY

I was thinking, maybe if you did play, I could come watch you.

Wayne puts down his beer, lost in a memory.

WAYNE

I used to be your hero. You even had it on a T-shirt, 'Wayne Walker is my Hero'.

Harley smiles.

WAYNE

I remember the day you got that. Same day you got your mullet.

HARLEY

Oh god...

WAYNE

Yeah. I don't know what we were thinking. I'd give anything to see you look at me the way you used to. I even kept the shirt.

A cat walks by, wearing Harley's old shirt.

WAYNE

But it's too late now, isn't it? I lost you. I lost everything.

HARLEY

It's not too late! You can be the best again! Regionals are next week. Can you imagine how people would react if you made a comeback?

WAYNE

Harley. I was only the best because I was using steroids. People hate me now. My neighbor Gary throws bricks at me, like, all the time.

Wayne's neighbor GARY stares menacingly, pretending to slice his throat with a trowel.

WAYNE

You see what I mean?

HARLEY

So show the haters that you're still the best *without* drugs! Hey...you remember your slogan?

WAYNE

'Get laid!'

HARLEY

'Get laid!'

Harley puts her hands to her mouth.

HARLEY

Oh god! I just got that!

WAYNE

(coughs)  
Good times.

Harley looks at the empty trophy cases back inside.

HARLEY

Do it for me.

Wayne thinks.

Harley waits in anticipation.

WAYNE

I need some time to think.

Harley makes a fist. Not the answer she needed.

HARLEY

Oh, I see... Well, here's a number where you can reach me.

Harley passes Wayne her number on a card.

HARLEY

Call me if you change your mind.

Harley leaves. Wayne stares at her phone number.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Wayne enters his garage.

He approaches something large covered with a sheet.

Wayne pulls off the sheet, revealing --

A GIANT, *anatomically correct*, CEMENT STATUE OF HIMSELF.

However, the statue is holding a BRICK over his crotch.

WAYNE

It's time.

We hear a clap of thunder.

Wayne picks up a hammer and chisel. He works carefully to remove the brick, chipping away at its base.

TING TING TING!

The brick finally loosens and falls to the floor.

His face has an intense look on it as he comes face to face with his former life.

Wayne turns the brick over, and pulls out:

HIS TRUSTY TROWEL.

WAYNE

Hello, old friend.

Wayne kisses the trowel, cement dust gets on his tongue.

WAYNE

Ugh, yuck, gross.

He spits out the powder, then has a coughing fit.

As the coughing subsides, Wayne snaps a trowel holder to his belt and slides the trowel inside.

Wayne's coughing fit gets big again before finally subsiding permanently.

WAYNE

Like a glove.

**MONTAGE:**

Wayne quickly dons his old outfit from the 80's:

-- The waistband of denim shorts are pulled up to his bellybutton, then lowered down a bit for comfort.

-- A tie dye tank top is pulled down over his stomach.

-- Laces are tied on a worn pair of Reebok shoes.  
 -- A handful of hair is cut into the mullet style.  
 -- A red bandana is tied around his forehead.

**END MONTAGE.**

Wayne looks at himself in the mirror -- his face *incredibly* intense now.

WAYNE

Get Laid!!!!!!

The phone rings.

WAYNE

Hello? Oh Hi Mom. No, I'm not busy. Yes I recorded it for you. Yes Mom. Okay. Bye.

He hangs up.

**BACK TO EPIC MONTAGE:**

-- BAGS OF MORTAR ARE DUMPED INTO A WHEELBARROW.  
 -- A HOSE ADDS SOME WATER.  
 -- A STICK MIXES THE MORTAR AND WATER TOGETHER.

Wayne slathers the wet mortar all over his body.

He beats his chest, mud flying in slow motion.

WAYNE

Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!

SO INTENSE.

**END EPIC MONTAGE.**

**INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY**

A well dressed BUSINESS MAN, 30s, sits on a toilet in a large bathroom. He is surrounded by THREE BRICK WALLS.

The Business Man checks his watch impatiently.

BUSINESS MAN

Come onnnnn! I've got a very important meeting in five minutes!



The Man clenches his fists as he strains to defecate.

BUSINESS MAN

Why, God, why?!

We PULL BACK to reveal the bathroom is part of a FILM SET. A group of CREW MEMBERS are gathered around a small monitor, watching the live video feed.

The Assistant Director, MATT, 20s, steps forward.

MATT

(yells)

Has this ever happened to you?

On cue, the PRUNE-AID MAN (a man dressed as a giant purple stomach) BURSTS through one of the brick walls, knocking down a pile of FOAM BRICKS.

PRUNE-AID MAN

(like Kool-Aid man)

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Prune-Aid Man leans forward - PURPLE JUICE pours from the top of his suit into a glass held by the Business Man.

PRUNE-AID MAN

It's wacky, wild, Prune-Aid Style!

The DIRECTOR calls for a cut. Matt springs into action.

MATT

Let's check the gate on that boys!

The bell RINGS. The crew scatters.

A LAMP OPERATOR plugs a cable into a socket, next to WAY TOO MANY CABLES. Matt approaches.

MATT

Hey man, can I charge my phone?

The Lamp Op shrugs. Matt plugs his phone in.

Prune-Aid Man struggles to remove his costume.

#### **BEHIND THE BRICK WALL**

Teddy, 40s, but still rockin' that perm, re-stacks the foam bricks, using a level to ensure they're straight.

Wayne approaches from behind. He slow claps.

WAYNE

Nice structural integrity!

Teddy swings around, revealing HE IS NOW IN A WHEELCHAIR!

TEDDY

Wayne?!

WAYNE

Cripple!

TEDDY

Huh? Oh, this?

(spins wheels)

Basket weaving accident. Left me paralyzed from the waist down.

IN THE BACKGROUND, A CABLE ON THE FLOOR SPARKS, SETTING PRUNE-AID MAN'S COSTUME ON FIRE!

WAYNE

Sorry to hear that.

TEDDY

Hey, it's okay, I get around. At least I don't have to wait in line at Disneyland anymore.

Wayne nods.

WAYNE

So it does have its advantages.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT sprays a fire extinguisher at Prune-Aid Man, dousing the flames.

WAYNE

Teddy, I'm putting the team back together, and I want you by my side.

TEDDY

Count me out, Wayne.

WAYNE

What!? Nooooo! You're the best stacker in the world. I...*need* you.

TEDDY

I won't work with a cheater. Not again.

WAYNE

Teddy, I'm clean now. Harley's back in my life and I have a real chance to show the world what I can do. Without the drugs.

Teddy refuses to look at Wayne.

WAYNE

There's no me without you.

Teddy looks down. In his heart, he knows this is true.

WAYNE

Come on, old pal. Remember the chicks? The bricks? The silicone dicks? Whaddya say?

Teddy smiles.

TEDDY

Let's lay some bricks.

WAYNE

Alright!

Wayne and Teddy high five.

CU: A list of names. Angela Lansbury, Nathan Fillion, Lucy Lawless -- all crossed out. Teddy Fox is near the bottom of it. Wayne puts a check by his name.

**EXT. BRICKLAYING FIELD - DAY**

Four teams of KIDS build brick walls to connect the bases on what was previously a baseball field. The first team to complete a wall from one base to another, wins.

PARENTS cheer in the bleachers, eating nachos from brick-shaped containers and shouting words of encouragement.

A COACH yells at his players from the sidelines.

COACH

Come on boys, let's go! Pound that mortar, Archie! Don't be sloppy, Veneer! Watch your lines!

The Kids smile as they dart back and forth laying bricks.

Two GIRLS are playing catch with a BRICK as a trust exercise when one of them accidentally drops it and --

KABLOW! It explodes on the ground.

COACH

That's okay, Vermilion, just get another one from the pile!

Wayne watches from behind a chain link fence.

He smiles, fondly remembering his youth.

Saul, 60s, sits in the stands, watching the Kids play as he scribbles notes on a notepad. He smokes a cigarette.

DOUCHE DAD

Excuse me, there's no smoking allowed in public parks.

SAUL

Oh, no? I'm sorry!

Saul butts his smoke out in Douche Dad's nachos.

DOUCHE DAD

Hey!

SAUL

Eat it.

Saul stumbles down off the bleachers. Wayne approaches.

WAYNE

Hey Saul.

SAUL

Huh? Holy shit. Wayne?!

WAYNE

Looking for the next bricklaying prodigy?

Saul lights another cigarette.

SAUL

Yeah.

(loud)

Too bad these kids wouldn't know a brick if it hit 'em in the face!

DISTRACTED, VERMILLION GETS HIT IN THE FACE WITH A BRICK.

She drops!

The Parents shoot Saul an evil look.

WAYNE

Saul, I'm back in the game, and I want you to represent me.

SAUL

Shit. Has it been twenty years?

WAYNE

That's what they tell me.

SAUL

Look, Wayne, about the thing with Kal. I...I don't know what I was thinking. If it makes you feel any better, he fired me the second he made it big.

WAYNE

I forgive you.

SAUL

You do? I mean, I totally turned my back on you. I'd understand --

WAYNE

I forgive you.

SAUL

You're a hell of a guy, Wayne.

WAYNE

I forgive you.

Saul's getting emotional now.

SAUL

Don't you do this to me!

He breaks down into tears. Wayne hugs him.

WAYNE

Besides, no one else will even take my phone calls.

CU: List. Wayne puts a check by the name Saul Merkins. Pan down to the last name on the list: Lana White.

**INT. LANA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lana, 40s, but still smoking hot, autographs a stack of promotional posters for Magic Hands Moisturizing Cream.

The posters are of her in a bikini, lathered in cream.

Suddenly, a BRICK crashes through her window!

Lana screams.

She picks up the brick. There's a note tied around it.

LANA

What on earth?!

Lana unties the note.

Scribbled in very poor handwriting:

"MEET ME IN THE SHWOERS BEFORE THE GAME. LOVE, WAYNE."

LANA

Oh Wayne...

Lana is clearly flustered.

CRASH! Another brick smashes through a different window, with another note tied around it. Lana reads it:

"\*SHOWERS"

Off Lana's look.

#### **EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Wayne's shitty orange car is parked on the street.

#### **INSIDE THE CAR**

Wayne smiles to himself when BAM!

A brick smashes through his window, landing on the passenger seat. There's a note tied around it:

"CAN'T WAIT. XOXO LANA"

Lana waves seductively from the front yard.

Wayne smiles, looks down at his crotch, then puts a brick over it in embarrassment.

#### **INT. TRAINING FACILITY - DAY**

Kal runs on a treadmill, shirtless. Various wires are hooked up to patches stuck all over his body.

AS KAL RUNS, HE BUILDS A BRICK WALL IN FRONT OF HIM.

Two HELPERS keep him supplied with bricks and mortar.

A DOCTOR in a lab coat approaches, looking at an iPad.

DOCTOR

Fantastic numbers! That should do  
it for today, Kal.

Sweat pours down Kal's face. He won't stop running.

A GLOB OF MORTAR HITS ONE OF THE HELPERS IN THE EYE.

DOCTOR

Kal, I must strongly object --

KAL

-- increase the incline.

DOCTOR

Kal, these results are *stupendous*.  
There's no need to push --

KAL

-- Do it now! Crikey!

Kal points his trowel at the Doctor menacingly.

DOCTOR

As you wish.

Kal snorts a line of BRICK DUST.

The Doctor shakes his head, then presses a button.

Kal's treadmill rises to a steeper grade.

Kal struggles to continue laying the bricks, then is hit  
with a sudden BURST of strength and energy.

The Helpers are in an absolute FRENZY, trying to keep up.

DOCTOR

(stunned)  
My God.

KAL

(breathless)  
I.. Can't... Lose!

One Helper passes out. Two more Helpers rush in and drag  
him away as he is replaced by yet another Helper.

A newspaper in the trash boasts the headline 'BAD BOY OF  
BRICKLAYING WAYNE WALKER SETS SIGHTS ON BRICKLAYER 500'

**EXT. ABANDONED BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

Aerial footage of a large, empty baseball field.

**INT. ABANDONED BASEBALL FIELD - SAME**

Harley walks down the steps of an enormous, empty baseball stadium, towards the field.

She is talking on her cell phone.

HARLEY

It's all going as planned, sir.

JIM (V.O.)

Good. And he doesn't suspect a thing?

HARLEY

No, I'm pretty sure he thinks I actually want to reconnect with him.

JIM (V.O.)

Great. Regionals are next week. See if you can get some locker room secrets. Sniff around the other players. There's sure to be Brick Dust floating around.

HARLEY

I'll keep my eyes open, sir.

JIM (V.O.)

Is he ready to compete?

**HARLEY'S POV**

Wayne and Teddy are building a brick wall between first and second base on the field. Every time Wayne turns around to pick up more bricks, he's angered to find that Teddy is falling behind. Teddy's wheelchair hits a rock and he tips over. Wayne picks him back up.

HARLEY

Uh, you bet, sir!

Harley quickly hangs up and sits next to Saul in



**THE DUG OUT**

Saul smokes a cigarette, watching the field.

HARLEY

Hey Uncle Saul.

SAUL

Holy Kazongas! Little Harley Walker is all grown up! Wow.

They hug.

HARLEY

How's my Dad doing?

SAUL

See for yourself.

Wayne turns to lay a brick but stops to rub his wrists, placing down his trowel. Teddy scoops a load of mortar and accidentally dumps it on Wayne's trowel, burying it.

WAYNE

You idiot!

Harley cringes.

HARLEY

Ouch. That bad, huh?

Wayne sees Harley and waves.

WAYNE

Hey peanut!

Harley waves back.

SAUL

This is a new world for your Dad. It was so much easier when, uh... well...

HARLEY

It's okay. You can say it. When he was using.

SAUL

Everybody was the best back then. The basic act of bricklaying itself was easy. What made your Dad stand out was the flair, the personality, the show that only he put on.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Now he'll be lucky if he can even  
finish the wall before they're  
sweeping up the popcorn.

### ON THE FIELD

Wayne collapses on the grass in exhaustion next to Teddy.

WAYNE  
I don't know how you kept up your  
stamina all these years without  
enhancements.

TEDDY  
Pure love of the game.

WAYNE  
Yeah, right.

Teddy glances suspiciously at Harley talking to Saul.

TEDDY  
It's pretty impressive that Harley  
got us this entire stadium to  
practice in. What did you say she  
does for a living?

WAYNE  
You know, I didn't ask.

Teddy narrows his eyes.

### IN THE DUGOUT

Harley looks concerned.

SAUL  
Don't worry kid. All these years  
later, there's still no one like  
your Dad in the biz.

Saul butts his smoke and joins the boys on the field.

HARLEY  
(to herself)  
Let's hope not.

SAUL  
Alright you pussies! Get off your  
asses and lay me twenty!

Wayne and Teddy groan, especially Teddy who can't walk.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY**

SUPER: CALIFORNIA REGIONALS - ONE WEEK LATER

Bleachers are packed with several hundred bricklaying FANS cheering loudly. The competition is in full swing.

MORTY THE MORTAR BOARD, a man wearing a full size foam costume that basically looks like a giant green cutting board, passes out cups of grey ice cream to the fans.

It even has a little trowel for the spoon.

Two announcers, DAVID and BOB, commentate into microphones at a fold up table on the side of the gym.

DAVID

Ladies and gentlemen, we haven't seen a hot shot bricklayer like this in a long time, or should I say a hot 'rod', because it's Rrrrrrod Mason in the lead today here at the California regionals!

ROD MASON, 20s, boyish good looks, wearing light grey tights and an orange jump suit covered in sponsorship logos, lays bricks like he's on fast forward!

BOB

Yes, he is truly the Justin Bieber of bricklayers, Dave.

Rod pirouettes on the spot like a ballerina, mud flying and splashing against the FEMALE FANS in the bleachers.

They scream. They cry. They hurl. They pass out.

PARAMEDICS carry out fainted Fans on stretchers.

Wayne glares at Rod as he works painstakingly to build his wall with Teddy.

WAYNE

What a pansy! Look at this kid. Girls don't go for that stuff.

TEDDY

Women have changed since the 80s, Wayne. Only the real dinosaurs who can't get with the program still follow arbitrary gender rules.

WAYNE

That's stupid.

Rod lays a row of brick-shaped candles on top of his wall. He removes a can of body spray from a pocket with the AXE sponsor logo, flicks his lighter, then sprays the Axe to create a massive flame, lighting all the candles.

BOB

Wow, Rod is pulling out all the stops today and the ladies are lovin' it.

Using a confetti cannon made of bricks, Rod shoots tiny bricks towards the fans. Bricks rain down on the crowd.

A BULLY KID trips Morty the Mortar Board. The giant mascot falls off the bleachers and thuds onto the floor. Several more BULLY KIDS jump up and down on his back.

WAYNE

Harley wouldn't be impressed by this garbage.

TEDDY

Where is she?

Wayne searches the audience for Harley.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - SAME**

Someone pushes a CLEANING CART into the locker room full of NAKED MEN changing in and out of their swim shorts.

It's HARLEY, dressed like a cleaning lady.

HARLEY

(English Subtitles)

Puedo tener tu toalla sucia, por favor?

Harley picks up a dirty towel from the bench and replaces it with a clean, folded one. She places a mint on top.

When the coast is clear, Harley opens a locker.

HARLEY

(to herself)

Alright, Rod, let's see what you're really stacking.

INSIDE THE LOCKER: A Celine Dion CD, Feather Boa, Candles, Condoms, Stack of Bricks and a magazine picture of Rod shirtless, blowing a kiss....but no drugs.

HARLEY

Dammit.

Harley takes Rod's picture and tucks it in her pocket.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

A section of the stands has a small group of PROTESTORS holding picket signs and yelling at Wayne. Their T-Shirts say 'A.S.S. - Against Steroids in Sports'.

PROTESTORS

A-S-S! A-S-S! A-S-S! A-S-S!

Harley takes a seat. Wayne waves. He turns back to laying bricks with a burst of energy to impress her.

BOB

Using a completely different approach, Wayne Walker makes his return to bricklaying after a twenty year ban and he is laying the smack down on those bricks.

DAVID

No, Bob, not smack. He wouldn't be doing smack so soon after returning from a twenty year ban.

BOB

That's right, David, he wouldn't. Although he sure is moving like a balloon of coke just burst in his stomach.

Wayne glares at the commentators when he notices his neighbor Gary, threatening him menacingly with a trowel.

WAYNE

Seriously?

Harley reads a book called SO YOU'RE MOVING TO MONTREAL with a hockey player on the cover, not paying attention to the game at all. When Wayne looks at her she quickly hides it and pretends to be watching.

DAVID

Rod has just one row of bricks remaining... but what's this?!

Rod lays down his trowel and approaches Wayne.

The crowd fall silent.

ROD  
Best of luck to you, sir.

WAYNE  
Thanks?

Rod reaches out his hand.

DAVID  
(whispering)  
It appears Rod wants to extend the  
hand of friendship.

Wayne hesitates, then cautiously shakes Rod's hand.

BOB  
(whispering)  
Wayne is accepting the handshake!

The crowd erupts in cheers.

Rod slips Wayne something small in his hand.

ROD  
(whispers)  
Don't worry, mate. It's  
undetected in the blood stream.

Rod heads out to greet the fans in the stands.

BOB  
It appears Rod Mason has wished  
his opponent good luck!

DAVID  
Wow. Now that's a gentleman. It's  
important to respect your elders.

BOB  
Yes it is, David. I call my mom  
four times a day.

Behind the cover of the wall, Wayne opens the palm of his  
hand to see a baggie of red powder. Is it... *BRICK DUST?*

#### **WAYNE'S POV**

Harley is distracted with Rod giving her a hug.

The Announcers aren't looking.

Rod's wall is almost finished.

Wayne's wall is about one row of bricks behind.

**BACK TO SCENE**

WAYNE TURNS FROM THE CROWD AND SNORTS THE DRUGS.

As the drugs quickly take effect, we enter:

**EXT. DESERT - DAY - DRUG TRIP**

Wayne is in the desert, shirtless, red bandana tied around his forehead, sweat dripping down his body.

As he lays a brick wall in the middle of nowhere, a CHEETAH slyly approaches.

Wayne points his trowel at the large cat.

WAYNE

Not today, Mister Cheetah.

The Cheetah GROWLS. It SPRINTS towards Wayne, leaping over the brick wall to attack --

But Wayne bops the Cheetah on the nose with a brick and quickly mounts it, wrestling it to the sand.

Wayne strokes the Cheetah's fur, gently soothing the animal as he whispers into its ear.

WAYNE

Not today.

Wayne rides the Cheetah off into the setting sun.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Wayne is fucking pumped.

WAYNE

Get Laid!

Wayne dumps mortar on the wall and starts laying bricks. His body pivots back and forth, grabbing bricks from the stack and setting them into place, almost like a robot.

TEDDY

Alright!

Wayne carves that mortar with the blade of his trowel like a Japanese chef with a Ginsu knife. It's awesome.

DAVID

Walker is picking up speed now!  
But Rod still has just one row of  
bricks left on the wall to clinch  
the Regional Championships and his  
ticket to the Bricklayer 500.

**WAYNE'S POV**

The faces in the crowd are tilting, contorting, blurry.

THE WALL BUILDS HIGHER, AND HIGHER.

Now the faces in the crowd are MORPHING! Jaws drop,  
extending the mouths into large, gaping holes.

LITTLE GIRL

(man's voice)

I'm going to eat you!

EYES DROOP. SKIN DARKENS. PROTESTORS MOAN AND GROAN!

WAYNE

What's happening to me?!

Are they coming towards him? Yes, the crowd has turned  
into ZOMBIES and are slowly walking towards Wayne!

Rod WINKS at Wayne, before turning into a zombie himself.

TEDDY

Wayne?! Are you okay, man?

TEDDY'S VOICE SOUNDS LIKE HE IS UNDERWATER.

WAYNE

Faster!

Wayne must protect himself from THE ZOMBIE HORDE.

WAYNE LAYS HIS BRICK WALL INTO A CIRCLE AROUND HIM AND  
TEDDY! He works quickly, the wall increasing in height as  
the zombies get closer, and closer...

TEDDY

Wayne, I don't think we're  
supposed to, uh, I mean you're the  
expert but...

...We can't see the crowd anymore.

Wayne has built the wall over six feet tall.



He can no longer reach high enough to lay the bricks.

The air horn BLOWS.

BOB

My God.

DAVID

I have never seen anything like  
this in my entire life.

Wayne has built a CASTLE.

Wayne squats down next to Teddy behind the wall.

WAYNE

It's okay, Teddy, we're safe.

Wayne throws his trowel over the castle walls.

WAYNE

(over the wall)  
Suck on that, zombies!

Meanwhile, Rod gently places the final brick into place.

BOB

And with that, Rod Mason wins the  
Regionals!

WAYNE

What?! Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!!

Harley's head peers over the castle walls.

HARLEY

Are you insane?!

WAYNE

Harley, it's not safe --

Wayne pops his head up.

#### **WAYNE'S POV**

The crowd has gone back to looking like normal people.

HARLEY

You were supposed to win! You  
promised me!

WAYNE

I... I....

Wayne passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

HARLEY (V.O.)  
Help me get this on him.

TEDDY (V.O.)  
I don't want to touch his, you  
know...

HARLEY (V.O.)  
And you think I do?! I'm his  
daughter!

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HANDICAP BATHROOM - DAY**

Wayne's eyes flutter open.

He's laying in a wheelbarrow with his pants down.

WAYNE  
Uh... what...happened?

HARLEY  
You passed out. What are you on?

WAYNE  
It looks like a wheelbarrow.

HARLEY  
The drugs, Dad!

WAYNE  
Don't worry, peanut. It's  
undetactable. Besides, I lost.

HARLEY  
Rod was disqualified. The melted  
wax from the candles tainted the  
stability of his wall. That means  
you win, unless you fail the piss  
test in --

A KNOCK on the door.

RONALD (O.S.)  
-- Mr. Walker! Congratulations on  
your win today. I'm with the World  
Anti-Doping Agency and I'm here to  
inform you that you've been  
selected for doping control. If  
you'll please come with me --

HARLEY  
 (whispering)  
 -- Tell him just a minute.

WAYNE  
 Just a minute!

TEDDY  
 (to Harley)  
 How did you know they'd be testing  
 today?

Harley tenses.

HARLEY  
 They always test athletes right  
 after a win. Don't you watch the  
 news? Russia? Come on.

Teddy is clearly very suspicious.

HARLEY  
 Who gave you the drugs, Dad?

WAYNE  
 Pretty boy.

HARLEY  
 (to herself)  
 I knew it.

Harley holds a giant prosthetic penis in front of Wayne's  
 face. He lets out a scream in surprise.

RONALD (O.S.)  
 Mr. Walker? If you do not make  
 yourself available for blood and  
 urine tests in 3 minutes, I have  
 the authority to disqualify you.

WAYNE  
 Just a second!

HARLEY  
 Put it on.

Wayne drops his pants and pulls on the fake dick with a  
 bag of clean urine attached.

WAYNE  
 How do you know about this stuff?

HARLEY  
 I learned from you, remember?

An awkward moment. Especially for Teddy.

WAYNE  
I'm sorry, peanut.

HARLEY  
It's okay, I forgive you.

WAYNE  
Really?

Not really. But she's doing a good job pretending.

RONALD (O.S.)  
Mr. Walker, I must inform you that  
by refusing a urine test you  
hereby are dis --

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY**

Wayne bursts out of the bathroom, a bulge in his pants.

WAYNE  
-- here I am!

RONALD Doll, 30s, tan slacks, tucked in golf shirt and a name tag that reads Doping Control Officer awaits Wayne in the hallway, holding a clipboard.

RONALD  
I see. Come with me please.

Wayne follows Ronald down the hall.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HANDICAP WASHROOM - SAME**

Harley adjusts her suit.

TEDDY  
That was a close one.

HARLEY  
Thanks for your help. So...do you  
know anything about this Brick  
Dust stuff?

TEDDY  
Never heard of it.

HARLEY  
It's the drugs Wayne used.

TEDDY

How do you know?

HARLEY

Oh, I was just guessing.

Teddy grits his teeth. He's growing angry.

TEDDY

Well, it beats me. I don't touch the stuff. I guess Wayne lied to me when he told me he was clean.

Teddy hits the button to open the door and rolls away.

**INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT**

A giant Monarch Butterfly lands on a tiny wooden bridge.

We pull back to reveal a row of FAIRY HOUSES nestled on tree branches in a lush, indoor garden. Tropical plants are illuminated by a string of twinkling LED lights.

Kal uses a tiny trowel to apply mortar to an unfinished fairy house made of miniature bricks and cinder blocks.

SARAH, 20s, pretty, business casual, walks in.

SARAH

Mr. Vilmer?

KAL

Shhh...

Kal delicately lays the final brick in a wall. Perfect.

KAL

Now you may speak.

SARAH

I just came to advise you on who won the California Regionals, sir.

KAL

And?

SARAH

It was... Wayne Walker, sir.

A blank expression on Kal's face. He grits his teeth.

KAL

Please leave.

Sarah hurries out.

Kal grabs the flower pot containing the miniature brick house he just completed and SMASHES IT ONTO THE GROUND.

KABLOW! It explodes.

**INT. THE MUD HOLE BAR - SAME**

A COWBOY mounts a mini cement mixer in the middle of a country and western bar, similar to one of those mechanical bull rides. An EMPLOYEE straps him in.

COWBOY

Yeeehawwww!

The mixer turns on its axis. The Cowboy turns with it, dipping underneath into a pool of wet mortar.

He comes back up for air, completely coated in mud.

Wayne and Harley laugh as they watch from the bar.

WAYNE

You remember when Lana and me took you to the World of Concrete?

HARLEY

Yeah. You put your ass in the wet cement instead of your hands.

WAYNE

And the print is still there today!

HARLEY

You were so goofy.

Suddenly, Saul and a few bar PATRONS dump a cooler of wet mortar over Wayne's head!

WAYNE IS COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN MORTAR.

SAUL

Congratulations, ya dumb bastard!

All the Patrons in the bar raise their beers.

PATRONS

Get Laid!

WAYNE

You guys!

SAUL  
Where's Teddy?

Wayne wipes the mud from his face.

WAYNE  
I think he's mad at me.

SAUL  
He's such a diva.

A DRAG QUEEN leans over from down the bar.

DRAG QUEEN  
What's wrong with divas, sweetie?

SAUL  
Nothing, honey cheeks.

HARLEY  
I'll go give Teddy a call.

WAYNE  
Okay, peanut. When you get back we  
can ride the mixer together.

HARLEY  
Yeah, right.

Harley laughs. She walks out, past a pool of Bikini Girls  
wrestling in wet mortar. Same ones from the 80s.

And they're still hot.

**EXT. THE MUD HOLE BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Harley ducks around the corner of the building as a  
Bikini Girl solidified in mortar is wheeled past her.

She dials her phone.

HARLEY  
I have a lead.

JIM (V.O.)  
Good work, Agent Walker! What is  
it?

Harley is momentarily distracted by a BIKINI GIRL STATUE  
with a plaque that reads 'RIP TIFFANY. WE COULDN'T GET  
HER OUT.' Harley grimaces.

HARLEY

Uh, I still need to get more information, but Wayne's *really* starting to open up to me.

JIM (V.O.)

Excellent. Don't forget the task at hand, Agent Walker.

HARLEY

Task at hand, right. I won't forget, sir.

Harley hangs up and returns to the bar.

TEDDY WHEELS OUT OF THE SHADOWS. He was eavesdropping!

**INT. THE MUD HOLE BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Harley rejoins Wayne at the bar.

WAYNE

Ready for that ride?

HARLEY

Can I ask you something?

WAYNE

Anything.

HARLEY

Why did you do it? The drugs I mean. You were so good.

Wayne sighs. He brushes Harley's bangs from her face.

WAYNE

I wasn't always using, peanut. When you were really little, I was clean as a whistle. Every time I won, you would jump up and down and yell 'Wayne Walker is my Daddy!'.  
Daddy!'

Wayne stares into space, as if he's experiencing a flashback that we can't see.

He turns back to Harley.



WAYNE

Then other guys started using these 'performance enhancers', and it became harder and harder to compete. It got to the point where everyone was doing it. And I'm not saying that makes it okay, but...I just couldn't bear to let you down, sweetheart.

HARLEY

Dad, I...

WAYNE

I know, I know, I was wrong.

Harley gets off her bar stool and hugs her Dad.

HARLEY

Will you do something for me?

WAYNE

Name it.

**INT. REHAB CENTRE - NIGHT**

A sparsely furnished room. Several people sit on chairs in a circle. A banner on the wall reads:

NO HOPE IN DOPE

MARIA, 40s, a fit looking Russian, holds a clipboard.

MARIA

Welcome to Dopers Anonymous.

Wayne fidgets in a chair next to Harley.

WAYNE

(to Harley)  
This is stupid.

HARLEY

(to Wayne)  
Shhhh. They can hear you.

WAYNE

(to Harley)  
They're not listening.

The group stares back at Wayne in shock.

MARIA

Hi there! What's your name?

WAYNE

Seriously?

Harley punches Wayne in the arm.

WAYNE

Ow! It's Wayne. Wayne W --

MARIA

-- ah ah ah! No last names. That's why it's called ANONYMOUS.

In the seats next to Wayne are JOSE, 40s, Latino, and BEN, 30s, Caucasian. Both guys are extremely muscular.

WAYNE

I know who you are. You're Maria Sh--

MARIA

-- shhh! We are all cut from the same spandex here. Former athletes, shunned from the sports that we made famous.

It's clear that even Maria is bitter about this.

BEN

For doing the same thing that everyone else was doing!

JOSE

(thick Mexican accent)

Yeah man, like somebody else won that World Series just because I was on anabolic steroids at the time? No man, I did. Shiiiiit.

WAYNE

Exactly! It's like, they just don't understand what it takes to be a champion. To put on a show that brings in the crowds.

Everyone nods. Yes, they get it.

MARIA

Wayne, why don't you share your story with the group?

Wayne looks to Harley. She nudges him to go ahead.

WAYNE

Ah, hell. Look. Being a famous athlete is great. The babes, the money... so, so much money...

The others nod.

WAYNE

But the best part for me was the kids. Kids really looked up to me, you know? And I let them down.

Harley holds Wayne's hand.

WAYNE

But you wanna know what the worst part was? I let my daughter down.

Jose bursts into tears. Ben comforts him.

MARIA

(choked up)  
So brave.

Maria claps.

WAYNE

My name is Wayne, and I'm a dooper!

EVERYBODY

Hi, Wayne!

Everybody in the circle holds hands, smiles.

**INT. WADA HEADQUARTERS - JIM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jim is playing with a taser when Harley peeks in.

HARLEY

Sir?

JIM

Agent Walker! Come in, come in.

Harley enters the office and sits down.

JIM

So! How's your first big mission going?

HARLEY

Great, sir. I wanted to talk to you about something.

JIM

Did you get your taser yet? These things are so cool.

HARLEY

Uh, no....

Jim hits a button on his phone.

JIM

Louise! Get Harley a taser.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Yes sir.

Jim aims the taser at Harley. Harley fidgets.

HARLEY

Uh, sir?

JIM

Please, please, go ahead.

HARLEY

It's just, this case --

JIM

-- mission. Say 'mission'. We're like spies.

Jim does a spy pose.

HARLEY

Right. Well, this *mission* is obviously very personal for me, sir, and I was just wondering if I could tell Wayne what's going on. I mean, I think he would help us willingly.

Jim inadvertently points the taser at Harley again.

JIM

Agent Walker, if you tell your father, you put the entire organization at risk.

HARLEY

It's just more difficult than I thought it was going to be.

JIM

I want to show you something.

CUT TO:

**INT. WADA - TESTING FACILITY - DAY**

Jim and Harley walk down a long, brightly lit corridor, lined with glass walled rooms. Each room contains an ATHLETE hooked up to wires and being monitored by DOCTORS as they practice various types of sports.

HARLEY

What is this place?

JIM

This is our doping research lab. Each athlete is being tested on the various effects of new steroids as they enter the market.

A SHOT PUTTER throws the ball so far it surpasses the lines on the turf field and SMASHES through the wall, shattering the glass.

HARLEY

Are they informants?

JIM

That's classified.

A BOWLER obliterates ten pins - they explode into bits!

A HAND BALL PLAYER hits a hard ball, it bounces back and hits them in the forehead, knocks them out.

DOCTORS rush in to revive them.

JIM

I want to show you what happens when you take too much Brick Dust.

Jim leads Harley to the final glass room.

A buff looking BRICKLAYER is building a brick wall. He lays bricks faster and faster, approaching almost inhuman speeds of movement!

HARLEY

My God.

Suddenly, he stops, dropping the brick and trowel.

He clutches his chest, eyes roll to the back of his head and he starts convulsing on the ground.

HARLEY

What's happening to him?!

PINK FOAM SPURTS FROM HIS MOUTH as if he just mixed a mouthful of Pop Rocks with two liters of soda.

JIM

His heart is stopping.

Doctors rush in, performing CPR and draining the fluids.

But it's too late. They shake their heads.

He's dead, Jim.

HARLEY

Did he just...*die*?

JIM

Uh, yes, well, he did sign a waiver. It's all perfectly ethical.

A curtain drops over the glass wall. An ORGANIST is wheeled into frame and plays funeral music.

JIM

That could have been your father, Agent Walker. Or some bricklaying jock just getting out of high school, with dreams of making it big. You can make a real difference here. You can save lives.

Harley realizes the severity of this assignment.

HARLEY

I understand.

#### **BEHIND THE CURTAIN**

The previously deceased Bricklayer suddenly opens his eyes, stands up and wipes his mouth as if nothing happened. He shakes hands with the Doctors.

Mission Accomplished.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY**

Harley walks to her car.

TEDDY (O.S.)

Harley!

Harley stops. Teddy rolls up to her.

The World Anti-Doping Agency building looms behind them.

The previously deceased Bricklayer walks out of the building. He spots Harley, then dives into some bushes.

HARLEY

Teddy. What are you doing here?

TEDDY

I could ask you the same thing.

HARLEY

I, uh, I just came to drop off some paperwork Dad forgot to sign after the doping tests.

Teddy narrows his eyes. He ain't buying it.

TEDDY

Harley, you know I've always been against Wayne's methods. But I would never betray him. And if he knew that you were using him --

HARLEY

-- woa, woa, woa! What are you talking about? I'm not *using* him.

Harley fumbles for her car keys when the TASER falls from her pocket and hits the sidewalk.

It has the World Anti-Doping Agency Logo on the side.

HARLEY

I can explain.

TEDDY

He really loves you, you know.

Teddy rolls away.

HARLEY

Fuck.

As Teddy rolls across the street, A SEMI TRUCK WITH ACME BASKET WEAVING ON THE SIDE COMES OUT OF NOWHERE AND HITS TEDDY AT FULL SPEED.

HARLEY

Oh my god!

CUT TO:

**INT. THE MUD HOLE BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is empty tonight, except for one Bikini Girl, flopping around in the mortar.

Harley, Wayne and Saul sit alone at the bar, drinking.

WAYNE

To Teddy Fox.

They raise their glasses.

HARLEY

To Teddy Fox.

SAUL

To Teddy Fox.

WAYNE

He was a hell of a mason tender  
and a hell of a friend.

SAUL

Goddammit Ted. Why was he at the  
World Anti-Doping Agency anyways?

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE

He was so good with that  
wheelchair too. Always looked both  
ways...I wonder what happened.

HARLEY

(loudly)

Well I guess we'll never know!

Harley downs her beer in one giant gulp.

WAYNE

Well, that's it. I'm sorry,  
peanut. There's no way I can  
compete now.



SAUL

Fuck that!

Saul throws his drink over his shoulder.

It hits the Bikini Girl.

SAUL

Teddy wouldn't want you to give up! We'll find you a new partner.

WAYNE

There's no time. The game's in two days. Even if you find the best stacker in the world, that's not enough time to build chemistry. Team work takes time.

SAUL

We need someone who's familiar with your style already. Someone who knows your moves. Your strengths. Your weaknesses.

In unison, Wayne and Saul turn to Harley.

HARLEY

No. I can't!

WAYNE

That's okay, peanut. You don't have to.

Wayne and Saul hang their heads in disappointment.

HARLEY

I mean, I haven't played since I was eight. Even if I wanted to --

SAUL

-- so you need a crash course in bricklaying! And I know just the guy to give it to you.

Off Harley's look.

SAUL

Give you a lesson, I mean.  
(long pause)  
In bricklaying.

HARLEY

I can't.

Wayne looks at Harley with pleading eyes.

HARLEY

It's not going to happen.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

Harley, Wayne, and Saul stand on the porch of a mansion.

WAYNE

Thank you, peanut.

HARLEY

I am not saying 'Get Laid'.

WAYNE

Got it.

Suddenly, two massive doors open, and out walks...

...ARNOLD Schwarzenegger, 68, muscular as hell, salt and pepper hair, tanned skin. He's wearing a casual blue T-shirt and white board shorts.

ARNOLD

Saul! Wayne! How are you? Pleasure to see you.

WAYNE

Hey Arnold.

HARLEY

Wait. Your old mentor is ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER?!

WAYNE

Did I never mention that?

Saul pats Arnold on the shoulder.

SAUL

Thanks for doing this, Arnie.

ARNOLD

No sweat!

(to Harley)

And who is this beautiful creature?

WAYNE

She's my daughter.

Harley shakes Arnold's hand.

ARNOLD

Little Harley Walker! Wow. You look wonderful... Where's Teddy?

Wayne looks down.

SAUL

That's why we're here, Arnie. There was an accident...Ted's dead.

ARNOLD

No! That's terrible news. Basket weaving?

Saul nods.

ARNOLD

I'm deeply sorry for your loss.

SAUL

Yeah. Harley's gonna take his place, but she's a little rusty.

ARNOLD

So that's why you wanted my help! You lay bricks, Harley?

Arnold gestures for them to step inside the front entrance of his mansion.

**INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Harley looks around in awe. The place is massive.

HARLEY

Uh, I haven't touched a brick since I was eight.

ARNOLD

I see! Well, as you know, I used to own a bricklaying business many years ago.

Arnold gestures to a wall of photographs of himself bricklaying and a golden statue of him holding a trowel.

HARLEY

I did not know that.

SAUL

You think you can help us, Arnie?

ARNOLD

It's going to be a challenge. But nothing is impossible if you work hard and believe in yourself.

Saul rolls his eyes. Classic Arnold.

ARNOLD

Please, follow me!

Arnold leads the gang into another room in the mansion.

**INT. ARNOLD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

A massive, open space office. A large desk, a pool table, and wall of trophies. Life size statues of PREDATOR, TERMINATOR. Presidential busts made of gold.

A large model fighter plane from TRUE LIES hangs over a meeting area of leather chairs and a glass table.

Arnold shows various trophies to Saul.

ARNOLD

...and this was my first trophy that I won at the age of eighteen, Best Built Men of Europe in the Junior Division.

SAUL

I know, man. You showed me the last fifty times I came over.

Arnold looms threateningly over Saul.

SAUL

But it's always super interesting.

**BY THE PIANO**

Harley picks up a photograph from the piano.

It's Arnold, 20s, standing with a teenage boy wearing a red bandana around his forehead on the roof of a house, holding trowels and smiling next to a brick chimney.

HARLEY

Is that you?

WAYNE

Yep. Arnold gave me my first brickie job.

HARLEY

You mean you were a mason? I never knew that.

WAYNE

Arnie taught me everything I know. But when bricklaying became a professional sport, I hit the road and never looked back.

Arnold and Saul approach.

ARNOLD

Who's ready to lay some bricks?

Harley reluctantly raises her hand.

**EXT. MANSION - YARD - DAY**

Harley, Wayne, Arnold and Saul walk towards the back yard where several forklift DRIVERS deliver pallets of bricks.

WAYNE

This is awesome.

SAUL

You really went all out.

ARNOLD

Only the best for my friends.

The yard is set up with wheelbarrows, trowels, buckets, levels, and a large mortar mixer.

WAYNE

Ready, peanut?

HARLEY

I guess so?

Harley rolls up her sleeves and begins carefully stacking a pile of bricks on a plywood work bench for Wayne.

ARNOLD

Not so fast. I have some exercises I think will really help strengthen the bond between you two.

Wayne and Harley exchange looks.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

1) Harley shovels wet mortar onto a board as Wayne lays bricks. Arnold turns up the speed on a mortar mixer. Harley and Wayne panic and double their speed.

A brick falls on the ground and KABLOW! It explodes.

2) Harley stacks slices of bread as Wayne slaps together peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Saul and Arnold eat them, then give the thumbs up.

A News Reporter is on a muted TV in the background with the caption 'Scientists Baffled by Brick Explosions'.

3) Wayne and Harley balance levels on their heads while balancing on the brick wall.

4) Throughout the montage, Wayne and Harley stack bricks like dominos in an elaborate design around Arnold's property. They tip them over and celebrate.

5) Wayne boops Harley's nose, streaking wet mortar across it. Harley responds by shoving a handful of mortar in his face. They both laugh.

6) Arnold draws stick figures on a chalk board, showing Harley keeping the bricks and mortar supplied as Wayne lays bricks. He also illustrates Wayne snorting drugs or injecting steroids into his butt with a big X through it.

7) Arnold fires a starter pistol. Wayne and Harley sprint. We then see they're running to a chopper!

8) Arnold ties blindfolds over Wayne and Harley's eyes.

They are laying bricks blindfolded!

Arnold smiles. His work here is done.

**END MONTAGE.**

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Harley's car drives down a long desert road.

**INT. HARLEY'S CAR - SAME**

Harley drives as Saul sleeps in the passenger seat.

Wayne stares out the window from the back seat.

HARLEY

There's some magazines back there  
if you want to read.

Wayne pulls a stack of magazines from behind Saul's seat:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED with Kal on the cover, MASONRY  
MAGAZINE with Kal on the cover, a risqué magazine called  
SMACK with Kal in a bondage outfit doing the 'oo' finger  
to lips pose on the cover...and finally --

'WORLD ANTI-DOPING CODE, 2016. Play true.'

Wayne's eyes widen.

Written on the cover, 'PROPERTY OF AGENT HARLEY WALKER.'

WAYNE

(to himself)

No. It can't be. Harley?

Harley's eyes glance to the rearview mirror.

HARLEY

Find something you like?

Wayne quickly hides the book and grabs SMACK magazine.

He opens it without looking at the cover, looks down,  
looks away in shock, then looks back, puzzled, and turns  
the magazine sideways.

WAYNE

Er, yep! Hey peanut, did you know  
that bricks are man's oldest  
manufactured product?

HARLEY

I did not know that.

Wayne glances back at the manual then at Harley. His eyes  
slowly look downwards as his arms slowly raise SMACK  
magazine again.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

Stock footage aerial establishing shot of the strip.

SUPER: LAS VEGAS

**INT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The place is jammed with muscle-bound bricklayers, their wives, girlfriends and children. There's a few female bricklayers as well!

You can feel the energy and excitement. You can hear it in the voices of old friends and competitors greeting each other. A streamer hangs over the crowded lobby:

BRICKLAYER 500  
WELCOME ALL COMPETITORS

Kal enters and is immediately swarmed by GROUPIES.

**INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - REGISTRATION ROOM - DAY**

A CHECK IN LADY, 40s, a take no shit from nobody type a la Wanda Sykes, sits at a table signing in competitors.

Harley and Wayne wait in line as Kal registers.

CHECK IN LADY  
Sponsor?

KAL  
Vegemite.

The Check In Lady hands Kal a lanyard.

CHECK IN LADY  
Thank you. Next?

Kal purposely bumps into Wayne on his way out.

KAL  
(like an ass)  
Oh look, it's Billy Ray and Miley Cyrus.

WAYNE  
Huh?

KAL  
It's Will and Willow Smith.

Harley rolls her eyes.

WAYNE  
I have no idea what you're doing.

KAL  
Quincy and Rashida Jones.



HARLEY

Don't listen to him, Dad.

KAL

You should just give up now.

WAYNE

No, I want to know what you're saying!

KAL

I'm saying I'm gonna pound you so hard your ass will be brick dust.

WAYNE

Eat a brick, Kal.

Kal smiles as he walks out.

HARLEY

Just forget about him.

Wayne and Harley approach the registration table.

CHECK IN LADY

Sponsor?

WAYNE

Uh.

HARLEY

We don't have one.

CHECK IN LADY

No sponsor, no lanyard. Next!

HARLEY

Wait, wait. My Dad qualified at Regionals. This is Wayne Walker.

CHECK IN LADY

I don't care if he's Wayne Brady!  
No sponsor, no lanyard. Next!

WAYNE Brady is standing behind Wayne and Harley in line. He leans around them when he hears his name.

CHECK IN LADY

Oh, hi Mr. Brady! Here's your lanyard.

(back to Wayne)

Look, Mr. Walker, no sponsor, no lanyard. I don't make the rules. Now get your ass out of my queue!

Harley tries to swipe the lanyards but ends up in a tug-of-war with The Check In Lady.

CHECK IN LADY  
Let it go, you crazy white lady!

HARLEY  
Gimme!

CHECK IN LADY  
Security!

LANA (O.S.)  
I'll sponsor him.

Wayne and Harley turn around.

*MUSIC: "Brick House" by The Commodores.*

Lana struts in like a sex bomb on steroids.

HARLEY  
Mom?!

Lana and Harley hug.

HARLEY  
What are you doing here?!

LANA  
I have a booth at the World of Concrete. This air is so dry! Lots of rough, dry skin.

Lana's eyes glance to Wayne.

WAYNE  
Hey Lana.

LANA  
Hey Wayne.

The sexual tension is thick as a brick.

CHECK IN LADY  
I can see you're having a moment here, but could you get the hell out of my line?

Lana approaches the table.

LANA  
 (to Check In Lady)  
 My company will be sponsoring  
 Wayne Walker.

CHECK IN LADY  
 Name?

LANA  
 Magic Hands Moisturizing Cream.

CHECK IN LADY  
 Great. Next!

Harley grabs the lanyards. Check In Lady glares.  
 Wayne and Lana ogle each other like horny teens.

HARLEY  
 Soooo.... I think I'll go unpack.

WAYNE  
 I'm coming with you, peanut.

Lana hands Wayne a bag.

LANA  
 Here's your jerseys. I hope you  
 like them. See you soon, Wayne.

Lana winks as Wayne and Harley exit.

WAYNE  
 Oh, I get it, because we're a  
 famous father and daughter duo.

HARLEY  
 Right.

**INT. WAYNE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Wayne models a blue jersey with a pink hand covered in a  
 splat of white cream and the words GET MOIST across the  
 waist of his shorts. He turns, revealing his name on the  
 back in another splat of white.

WAYNE  
 How does it look?

HARLEY  
 (coughs)  
 Looks good, looks good.

Wayne sits next to Harley on the bed.

HARLEY

Dad, whether you win or lose today, I'm really glad we got to spend this time together.

WAYNE

Me too, peanut.

Harley takes her uniform to the bathroom.

WAYNE

I just wish you felt like you could tell me the truth.

Harley stops.

HARLEY

What do you mean by that?

Wayne opens a drawer and pulls out THE CODE book.

WAYNE

I found this.

Harley's posture sinks like she's just stepped into the swamp of sadness.

HARLEY

Dad, I...

WAYNE

'Agent Harley Walker'. Wow. My little girl is all grown up.

HARLEY

It's not what you think, I'm not working against you, they just need you to get some information --

WAYNE

-- wait, is that why you're spending time with me? Oh damn, I just realized that.

HARLEY

I can explain.

WAYNE

I thought we were bonding.

HARLEY

We are! I mean, at first I had no choice in the matter, but --

WAYNE

You're spying on me!

HARLEY

Well, sort of.

WAYNE

And here I thought maybe, just maybe, you were getting closer to forgiving me. But you were just using me.

(long pause)

I'm withdrawing from the competition.

Wayne pulls his jersey off, exposing his incredibly hairy chest and stomach. Harley grimaces.

HARLEY

Dad, don't, please.

WAYNE

I was only doing it for you, peanut. Come visit me when you get a chance. I'll make you a pizza.

Wayne hands the book to Harley and walks out of the hotel room, leaving Harley speechless.

HARLEY

(to herself)

I'm sorry, Dad.

Wayne comes back in.

WAYNE

Actually this is my room.

HARLEY

Right. I'll go.

Harley removes her lanyard and leaves.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Harley holds her hand over Wayne's door, about to knock, when her phone rings. She answers it.

HARLEY

Hello?

**INT. JIM'S OFFICE - SAME**

Jim takes pictures of a document with a tiny spy camera.

JIM

Walker! Where have you been? I need details on this supposed lead you found.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

HARLEY

There's been a complication, sir. Wayne found out who I work for.

JIM

Your identity's been compromised?!

Jim's hand hovers over a giant red PANIC BUTTON.

Harley rolls her eyes.

HARLEY

Yes. My cover's been blown. Wayne's withdrawing from the competition. I'm sorry, sir.

Jim's hand slams down on the button!

Red lights flash and sirens wail.

Jim's long suffering secretary LOUISE hurtles in at breakneck speed holding a coffee and a sandwich. She places them on the desk, hits the panic button, stopping the alarms. She rolls her eyes and stalks out.

JIM

Thanks doll!

(back to Harley)

That's too bad. I had a spot lined up for you at our headquarters in Montreal. I want you back at training academy first thing Monday morning --

HARLEY

Sir, wait. I, I don't want to be a doping agent anymore.

(pause)

I quit.

JIM

YOU QUIT? Have your taser on my desk Monday morning. I should never have given it to you so soon. Goodbye Miss Walker.

(clicking sound)

Louise, bring me the night vision goggles. Because I said so!

(another click,  
followed by seven  
beeps)

Hello? Hello? Louise, the damn phone's broken again!

Harley hangs up.

**INT. HARLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Harley solemnly repacks her suitcase.

She puts the taser inside, then tosses THE CODE book in the trash.

Harley sits on the bed. She swipes through photos on her phone of her and Wayne. Smiling, laughing, bonding.

Good times.

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - PRESS ROOM - DAY**

A room of REPORTERS sit patiently waiting for someone to sit down at the microphone. The semen-like logo for Magic Hands Moisturizing Cream covers the false wall.

**BEHIND A BRICK WALL**

Saul lights a cigarette.

Wayne is dressed in a proper suit. He fixes his collar.

WAYNE

Is it all taken care of?

SAUL

You're a real piece of work, you know that? You drag me away from a little league game where, for all we know, the next bricklaying sensation was waiting to be discovered, and for what?

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

So I could have my name attached to the shortest comeback story in the history of bricklaying?

(dramatic pause)

But yes, it's all taken care of, ya putz.

WAYNE

Consider it payback for turning your back on me.

SAUL

I knew you didn't forgive me!

Two WORKERS pick up the brick wall, which we now realize is fake, and carry it off.

The sponsor covered false wall is behind that.

WAYNE

Forgiveness is a myth. People just pretend to forgive you so they don't have to be alone.

SAUL

Well shit.

Wayne walks out to the press room and sits down.

WAYNE

Thank you for coming. As you know, I recently returned to bricklaying after serving a twenty year competitive ban for doping.

Looking out at the front row, we see some familiar faces:

Sally Jones. Paddy O'Brien. That one Sports Reporter guy who knows about trowels.

WAYNE

The moment I tested positive for doping ruined my life. I lost my fans....Sponsorships....Business contacts....Friends...Family...I even lost myself.

Harley sneaks into the back of the press room, along with a WOMAN in a wedding dress.

WAYNE

I thought that by returning to bricklaying, I could get back some of what I lost. But I was wrong.



The Reporters are on the edge of their seats.

WOMAN

(to Harley)

Shit, I'm in the wrong room.

WAYNE

So as of today, I hereby --

HARLEY

-- wait!

Harley rushes to the front of the room.

Reporters GASP, snapping photos.

WAYNE

Harley.

HARLEY

I want a second chance.

Saul rolls his eyes enormously.

HARLEY

Shut up Uncle Saul.

Saul looks down.

WAYNE

Peanut, you've done nothing wrong.

HARLEY

No, I was wrong. I held on to my anger towards you for far too long and it impacted everything I did in life. Even my career choice. I missed out on being a family or having any real connections with people because I thought, what's the point? People are bound to disappoint you. I mean, I don't even give a shit about hockey!

SPORTS REPORTER

(to himself)

Hockey does suck.

HARLEY

I just want to spend time with my Dad. Can you forgive me? Please?

The Reporters fall silent.

The Woman in the wedding dress clasps her hands in anticipation. She needs to know what happens!

WAYNE

Are you sure?

Harley nods. Wayne smiles.

WAYNE

So as I was saying... I hereby predict that today, with the help of my daughter, Harley Walker, I will win the Bricklayer 500 and reclaim my title as the World's Best Bricklayer!

Reporters shout questions but Wayne ignores them all.

He gets up, hugs Harley, and they rush off out the door.

**INT. SHUTTLE BUS - DAY**

Wayne and Harley, wearing their splatter jerseys, sit side by side in a shuttle packed with middle-aged, overweight CONCRETE FANS. Harley stares out the window.

Suddenly, Wayne stands up and starts rapping the song 'Bricks' by Gucci Mane.

WAYNE

Bricks!  
All-white bricks!  
Off-white bricks!  
Light-tan bricks!  
Just hit a lick,  
For 50 more bricks!  
Ballin like a bitch!

Harley is mortified at first, but as Wayne continues to rap every verse *which is clearly about cocaine*, she can't help but smile.

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - 'A' BUILDING - DAY**

A large display banner outside reads:

BRICKLAYER 500 HERE TODAY!

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - 'A' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Wayne and Harley enter a crowded building where thousands of PEOPLE mill about wearing lanyards.

Harley approaches a NERD wearing a Lego Batman T-shirt.

HARLEY

Which way to the brick convention?

The Nerd points to some double doors down the hall.

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - 'A' BUILDING - DAY**

Wayne and Harley burst in.

WAYNE

Get Laid!

Thousands of NERDS wearing glasses turn and look.

They've stumbled into a massive Lego Convention!

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - 'C' BUILDING - DAY**

Wayne and Harley burst in again.

WAYNE

Get Laid!

The place is packed with CONCRETE FANS, most of them looking like linebackers. Streamers line the walls for Miller Lite® and other products. There's a big sign:

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF CONCRETE

on a spinning cement mixer that looks like a globe.

There are vendor booths for tools, concrete, bricks, mortar, supplements, construction vehicles, etc.

Lana demonstrates the moisturizing capabilities of Magic Hands Moisturizing Cream at a booth surrounded by MEN and WOMEN alike.

LANA

Can I get a volunteer?

They all surge upwards!

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS STADIUM - DAY**

Thousands of spectators are gathered around the stadium.

The center lot is set up with 20 bricklaying stations.

Fans sit in separate contingents, CHEERING their favorites -- their own contenders. Wives and children make up a big part of the audience.

A FORD TRUCK looms over the event on a scaffolding.

Sponsors banners are everywhere: PRUNE-AID®, Ford®, Miller Lite®, Portland Cement®, Gatorade®, etc.

Huge TV screens are arranged all around the lot so the Spectators can watch the competitors in closeup.

Tom Clark addresses the crowd over the PA System.

TOM CLARK

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to  
the Bricklayer Five Hundred!

MUDSLINGERS push wheelbarrows loaded with bricks and tools, setting up the bricklaying stations.

**INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYERS MONTAGE:**

Documentary style interviews with *real* bricklayers:

CANADIAN BRICKLAYER

I've come to represent British  
Columbia and I will not say sorry  
when I crush my competition, eh!

AUSTRALIAN BRICKLAYER

I've been competing for about five  
years now. I've never placed in  
the top three, but that's how bad  
I want this, mate.

(choked up)

I'll never give up.

AMERICAN BRICKLAYER

I learned how to lay bricks in  
prison. They've got a really good  
program for inmates. They let me  
out on furlough today so I could  
compete. This is for my niggas on  
cell block C!

**INT. PRISON - CELL BLOCK C TV ROOM - DAY**

A crowd of INMATES cheer for their friend on the TV.

**BACK TO INTERVIEWS:**

WAYNE

I'm just here to get laid.

Harley face palms.

WAYNE

Kidding! Uh, yeah this is a big day for me. Time to show the world I can cope without dope.

KAL

I'm gonna ram my win so deep inside Wayne's ass he'll be coughing up brick dust.

The DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER lowers the camera.

DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER

No, dude, you can't say that. You know I'm gonna have to cut that.

Kal tries to think of something else to say.

KAL

I'm gonna...ram? My win so deep inside Wayne's...ass? That he'll be coughing up...brick...dust?

The Filmmaker lowers the camera again.

DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER

Brilliant.

**END MONTAGE.****EXT. GOLD LOT - TENT CITY - DAY**

BIKINI GIRLS slide down a water slide of mortar!

FANS practice laying their own brick walls, busting up bricks with sledge hammers, and shooting bricks with guns. KABLOW! A brick EXPLODES on impact.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME**

Kal snorts a line of red powder off of a trowel.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

Brickie the Brick throws foam brick hats to the Fans.

Morty the Mortar Board gets into a shoving match with TROWELIE - a giant Trowel mascot encroaching on his turf.

TROWELIE

Don't forget to bring a trowel!

TOM CLARK

Now rise, for the National Anthem,  
sung by RuPaul!

RUPAUL waves from the bed of the Ford Truck®.

The crowd rises to their feet, hands on hearts and trucker hats in hands as they sing The National Anthem.

RUPAUL

You can buy my new album 'Fab-brick' on iTunes!

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME**

Harley ties her hair back.

HARLEY

Ready?

WAYNE

There's just one thing I have to do first. I'll meet you out there, peanut.

HARLEY

Okayyyy.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

The Bricklayers stand with trowels at the ready.

TOM CLARK

Before we begin, let's go over the rules of the Bricklayer 500 in extreme detail.

The Fans groan as an animated video plays on the screens.

An animated Brickie the Brick address the crowd.

BRICKIE THE BRICK  
Masonry has been around for more  
than six thousand years...

A Mudslinger sits on the scaffolding next to the truck. He falls asleep, then falls off of the scaffolding and plummets to the concrete below! DEAD. A crew of ROADIES quickly rush in and build a coffin of bricks around him.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWER STALL - SAME**

Wayne leans against the shower wall.

He glances at the clock.

LANA (O.S.)  
Looking for me?

*MUSIC: "Brick House" by The Commodores.*

Lana smiles.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Wayne attempts to lift Lana against the wall.

He struggles.

LANA  
We can just do it on the floor.

WAYNE  
No, no, I can do this.

Wayne musters up his strength and lifts Lana high.

LANA  
Oh, Wayne!

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

The crowd is going nuts.

TOM CLARK  
And finally, returning from a  
twenty year ban from sports,  
competing today with his daughter,  
it's Wayyyyyyyynnnneeeee Walker!

The crowd falls silent, waiting.

TOM CLARK

Not again...

Finally, Wayne BURSTS THROUGH A FOAM BRICK WALL!

The crowd erupts in cheers.

TOM CLARK

There he is!

Lana adjusts herself and takes a seat in the bleachers.

Harley notices and is absolutely disgusted!

**EXT. MEDIA PIT - SAME**

A bull pen of REPORTERS.

SPORTS REPORTER

Coming to you live from the bull pen at the biggest sporting event in history, the fans are on the edge of their seats to see this match up. Kal Vilmer versus Wayne Walker!

SALLY JONES

Reporting live on Periscope from Masonry Magazine, we will be bringing you all the behind the scenes info from today's Bricklayer 500, including which brand of mortar the players prefer.

PADDY O'BRIEN

(Subtitled: ??????)

Wayne Walker claims 'e's clean but oi nu better! Ye 'eard it 'ere first, folks. 'e's usin'. Oi 'av naw doubt aboyt it.

An actual BULL huffs into a microphone.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

Girls (and one guy) hold 'I Want to Get Laid by Wayne Walker!' banners, while Protestors hold 'Down with Dope' and 'A-S-S' picket signs.



TOM CLARK

And now, twenty bricklaying teams from around the globe will compete for the grand prize of one million dollars, The Ford F250 Truck and the title of the World's Best Bricklayer!

Wayne winks at Harley.

Kal shoves his Teammate out of his way.

Wayne's neighbor Gary threatens Wayne from the stands, motioning that he's slitting his throat with a trowel.

WAYNE

Gary?

TOM CLARK

Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready to watch the mud fly?!

The crowd SCREAMS!

TOM CLARK

Are you ready for some bricklaying?!

The crowd CHEERS!

TOM CLARK

Bricklayers...Trowels up!

The Bricklayers raise their trowels in the air.

TOM CLARK

LAY THOSE BRICKS!

An airhorn blows!

Bricklayers dump mortar and lay bricks fast as they can.

Wayne spins around, picks up several bricks and lays his wall with speed and precision. He darts back and forth quickly, the crowd's eyes watching him like a ping pong game. Harley keeps the pace with her Dad as she stacks.

Kal pushes himself harder, screaming at his Teammate.

KAL

Hurry up you stupid dingo!

Wayne throws a brick above his head, spins and catches it. He deals bricks like a DECK OF CARDS - each brick landing perfectly in line on the slab of wet mortar.

He's like the Andre Agassi of bricklayers!

TOM CLARK

This is what you came for, folks!

Protestors drop their signs and cheer for Wayne!

Wayne douses his wall with gasoline and lights it on fire! He dumps fresh mortar on top, the flames lick his trowel. He holds the trowel up into the sky:

THE TROWEL IS ON FIRE JUST LIKE THE BRICKLAYER 500 LOGO!

WAYNE

Get Laid!

SPECTATORS

GET LAID!!!!

The AMERICAN BRICKLAYER stacks bricks of cocaine. POLICE OFFICERS rush onto the lot, shove him to the ground, then drag him away in handcuffs.

The AUSTRALIAN BRICKLAYER is teamed with a KANGAROO who passes him bricks from her pouch.

The CANADIAN BRICKLAYER shotguns a tall can of beer, as his TENDER mixes high grade maple syrup with the mortar.

An ALASKAN BRICKLAYER lays bricks of ice, surrounded by huskies and a dog sled.

Wayne is ahead of them all, with Kal in a close second.

Lana claps ecstatically.

HARLEY

That's my Dad!

Kal is steaming.

KAL

This can't be happening! I'm the best! I'm the best!

Kal approaches the sidelines where Rod is watching, a Bikini Girl on each arm. He whispers in Rod's ear. Rod glances at Wayne, then disappears into the crowd.

An airhorn blows. INTERMISSION flashes on the screens.

TOM CLARK

Trowels down! We will now take a  
ten minute intermission!

Arnold waves to Wayne and Harley from the sidelines.

ARNOLD

Wayne! Harley! Come over here!

WAYNE

I'll catch you later, Arnie. I  
need to hit the little boy's room!

Harley hugs Arnold, who introduces her to his massive,  
BODY BUILDER FRIENDS.

ARNOLD

This is Big Tony, Big Phil, Big  
Adam, and Steve.

**INT. WASHROOM - SAME**

Wayne drains the lizard when suddenly a hand holding a  
chloroform rag covers his nose and mouth and drags him  
out of the washroom!

**INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY**

Underwater lights shimmer on the surface of the water.

A bag of Portland Cement lies ripped open.

Rod uses a trowel to smooth mortar in a bucket with a  
pair of hairy legs stuck deep inside.

We look up to see Wayne, tied up and seated on the  
bleachers, the bucket acting as cement shoes.

WAYNE

What are you doing?  
(shouting)  
Help me! Somebody help!

ROD

No use shouting, Wayne. Nobody's  
gonna hear you with all the noise  
from the competition next door.

WAYNE

Why are you doing this?

ROD

Well. That's quite the story,  
actually.

WAYNE

Oh. Never mind, then.

ROD

(ignoring him)

You see, I was just a kid at the  
time, but I remember when you were  
banned from competing.

Wayne rolls his head back in exasperation.

ROD

But even then, I thought what  
Harley did to you was wrong. I  
couldn't believe she turned her  
back on her Daddy. Because you  
were a hero to me, Wayne.  
Something I could never admit to  
my Dad. Because my Dad...

Rod suddenly reverts to an Australian accent...

ROD

...is Kal Vilmer.

WAYNE

No!

ROD

It's true. But he was never the  
bricklayer you were, Wayne.

WAYNE

That's true.

ROD

Until you got yourself banned. You  
know what happened then?

WAYNE

Uh, no. I did a lot of drugs back  
then.

ROD

Everyone became too scared to  
dope. Bricklaying started to get  
boring. My Dad almost lost  
everything. I knew I had to help  
him. Had to do what your selfish  
little daughter failed to do.

(MORE)

ROD (CONT'D)

I could finally make my Dad proud.  
I could rule bricklaying - by  
running the drug operation behind  
it.

Wayne's eyes widen.

ROD

So I studied. I studied chemistry  
and biology and I did test after  
test until I came up with Brick  
Dust. Completely undetectable in  
the bloodstream.

WAYNE

I can't feel my feet.

ROD

I took it, and won my first local  
qualifier, without ever having  
laid a brick before. Man, my Dad  
was proud of me that day. And the  
two of us came up with a plan. He  
could take the Brick Dust and  
guarantee a win. We'd water down  
the dope we were selling to  
everyone else to make sure nobody  
got the edge. I stayed in the  
competition to get to the finals,  
so I'd have access to the other  
competitors, but get beaten at the  
last minute by my Dad - ensuring  
him fame, and glory, and securing  
my position as the favorite  
underdog.

Wayne struggles to free his feet but it's no use.

ROD

But you. You nearly ruined all of  
that. Because of a stupid mistake  
by one of my lackeys, I was  
disqualified and you won. And then  
today...well, you could actually  
beat my Dad. I can't let you do  
that, Wayne. If the other  
competitors find out you won  
without Brick Dust, they'll stop  
buying. They'll start working out,  
like the old days. My business  
will be ruined. My control over  
this competition will end. I can't  
let you take away everything I've  
worked for.

Rod hauls Wayne by his concrete shoe and drags him towards the water.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

TOM CLARK

Bricklayers, please return to your stations. One minute, one minute before the competition resumes.

Harley searches the crowd for Wayne but can't see him anywhere. She looks at Kal who smiles devilishly at her.

HARLEY

Arnold, something's wrong. We need to find my Dad.

ARNOLD

We'll all help. Come on guys!

Harley rushes off with Arnie and the Body Builders.

TOM CLARK

It appears we are missing contestant number 20, Wayne Walker, who will be disqualified if he does not return to his station!

The crowd starts to chant Wayne's name as Harley, Arnie and the Body Builders exit the stadium.

**INT. INDOOR POOL - SAME**

ROD

Hear that, Wayne? Sounds like a hero's send off. I'm only sorry we couldn't have worked this out.

WAYNE

Well, actually...

Rod shoves Wayne into the pool with a SPLOOSH!

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CORRIDOR - SAME**

Harley, Arnold and the Body Builders run through the crowds at the convention center, looking for Wayne.

**INT. INDOOR POOL - SAME**

Underwater, at the bottom of the deep end, Wayne struggles frantically, trying to loosen his ropes.

With just the tips of Wayne's fingers, he reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his trusty trowel.

He rubs the metal edge of the trowel against the ropes furiously but he accidentally drops it.

It sinks to the bottom of the pool.

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - 'C' BUILDING - DAY**

Arnold and the Body Builders shove their way through the crowd, searching high and low for Wayne.

Harley finds Wayne's red bandana outside of a door marked POOL.

HARLEY

Arnold! Over here!

**INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY**

Harley runs up to Rod, who is watching the water.

HARLEY

WHERE IS HE, YOU BASTARD?!

ROD

You're too late.

Arnold and the Body Builders burst in.

Harley turns to follow Rod's gaze and notices --

HARLEY

Oh my god. Look!

She sees the bubbles rising at the deep end of the pool.

Harley punches Rod in the face, knocking him out!

**UNDERWATER**

Harley dives underwater, coming face to face with Wayne.

Air bubbles escape his mouth as he screams and points to the cement shoes.

Harley desperately tries to pull Wayne's feet loose but he's stuck. She swims back to the surface.

HARLEY

Guys. Help. Please!

Arnold, BIG TONY, BIG PHIL, BIG ADAM, and STEVE jump into the water.

The Body Builders dive to the bottom of the pool and easily lift Wayne to the surface.

Wayne coughs up water.

HARLEY

Dad! Are you okay?!

WAYNE

Holy shit, that guy has some baggage. Who knocked him out?

HARLEY

Me. But we still need to take care of Kal.

Arnold digs Wayne's feet out with the trowel.

ARNOLD

We got this. Go, go!

Harley hugs her father.

HARLEY

I love you, Dad.

WAYNE

I love you too, Peanut. I'm so proud of you. Go get 'em.

Harley smiles then rushes out, dialing a number.

HARLEY

Sir? Sir, I need you to meet me in the arena right now!

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

Kal is back in the lead now.



TOM CLARK

In a shocking development, Wayne Walker has been disqualified, leaving Kal to run away with the lead, with only ten minutes remaining in the competition.

Harley runs smack dab into Jim.

HARLEY

Sir! It's Kal! He and Rod are behind the whole thing!

JIM

If you're wrong about this...

HARLEY

I have a witness holding Rod next door. We just need to take Kal in.

JIM

(into his watch)  
Agents! Kal Vilmer. Move.

Suddenly, two UNDERCOVER DOPING AGENTS remove their redneck costumes and run down to the arena.

Kal spots them coming for him.

He throws a brick to the ground!

KABLOW! It explodes in a massive cloud of red powder.

The Undercover Agents cough.

When the dust clears, Kal has disappeared.

TOM CLARK

Kal Vilmer has just vanished in a cloud of brick dust! You never know what you're gonna get at the Bricklayer 500, folks!

The Canadian Bricklayer is so drunk he's passed out in a wheelbarrow.

The Australian Bricklayer, who took his time and didn't bother with any pyrotechnics, has taken the lead.

TOM CLARK

And with that, the Australian Bricklayer, Jack Jackman is in the lead!

The airhorn blows.

TOM CLARK

Trowels down!

The Kangaroo is spooked and hops away, getting into a boxing match with Brickie the Brick.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - DAY**

Kal makes a run for it when BAM!

A brick hits him in the back of the head.

Gary smiles from atop the bleachers as the Undercover Agents catch up to Kal and slap the cuffs on him.

**EXT. GOLD LOT - ACME BRICKS ARENA - DAY**

Jack Jackman and his Kangaroo stand atop the winners podium, holding a giant Gold Brick trophy.

TOM CLARK

The winner of the Bricklayer 500,  
Jack Jackman and his Kangaroo,  
Lucy!

Confetti rains down! Everyone cheers!

Brickie the Brick keeps a safe distance from Lucy.

Wayne and Harley watch from the sidelines with Saul.

SAUL

That was a complete waste of time.

Saul lights another cigarette.

WAYNE

There's always next year. Right,  
peanut?

HARLEY

Right, Dad.

**INT. WORLD OF CONCRETE - HALL OF FAME - DAY**

Wayne and Harley admire a trophy case with a large photograph IN LOVING MEMORY of Teddy Fox.

WAYNE

I hope you're getting laid up in heaven, Teddy.

HARLEY

I'm sure he is, Dad.

Wayne and Harley walk down the hall holding hands.

HARLEY

I'm sure he is.

WAYNE

There's just one more thing I need to do.

**EXT. WORLD OF CONCRETE - WALK OF FAME - DAY**

Wayne and Harley leave their bum prints in fresh concrete. They laugh as Lana and Saul watch.

Trowelie removes his costume and sparks a joint.

CUT TO:

**NEWS COVERAGE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN**

The footage shows Rod Mason entering a court house.

SPORTS REPORTER (V.O.)

*Rod Mason was arrested today for suspicion of supplying Brick Dust to other players. Brick Dust is a deadly new steroid wreaking havoc in the sport of bricklaying.*

Rod flips his hair out of his eyes.

ROD

*Hey girls. You wanna Get Bricks & Chill@? Add me on Cinder@!*

Footage plays of Kal being stripped of his medals.

SPORTS REPORTER (V.O.)

*In related news, Kal Vilmer tested positive for doping after the debacle at the Bricklayer 500 last week, where it was discovered he was the distributor in a massive Brick Dust drug ring, supplying steroids to dealers around the country, including Rod Mason.*

Kal builds a tiny brick fairy house in a jail cell.

His CELL MATE squashes part of the structure.

Kal shivs him in the neck with a miniature trowel.

KAL

*Nobody touches my brick.*

**END NEWS FOOTAGE.**

**EXT. WORLD ANTI-DOPING AGENCY - DAY**

Jim shakes hands with Harley, Arnold and Wayne at a press conference outside of WADA HQ.

JIM

On behalf of the World Anti-Doping Agency, I would like to thank Harley Walker, Wayne Walker, and Arnold Schwarzenegger for their bravery and assistance in stopping the Brick Dust epidemic.

Jim presents them each with Anti-Doping Medals of Honor.

JIM

(to Harley)

Don't tell anyone I gave you this.

Jim passes Harley a taser behind the cover of the podium.

JIM

There's a job waiting for you in Montreal if you'll come back to the agency.

HARLEY

Actually sir, I think I'm good right here.

JIM

...give me that taser back.

Harley hands the taser back to Jim.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The following year, Wayne and Harley took first place at the Bricklayer 500. With Wayne's triumphant return to the sport, bricklaying boasted billions in profits for years to come. It wasn't long before the brick companies realized just how powerful they'd become.

CUT TO:

**INT. ACME BRICKS FACTORY - DAY**

Robotic arms stack freshly pressed bricks on kiln cars which roll into holding rooms where they are left to dry.

Pallets of bricks are labeled for distribution.

BRICKS. BRICKS. BRICKS!

**INT. ACME BRICKS CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY**

A FAT CAT Businessman smokes a cigar as he eyes a profits chart. A graph states CHARGE MORE \$\$ = HIGHER PROFITS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The price of bricks increased *astronomically*, forcing the brick companies to take their business to other countries.

**INT. JAPANESE SPORTS ARENA - DAY**

BRICKZILLA, a Godzilla-like mascot made of bricks, destroys a row of tiny brick buildings on a field.

Asian Fans cheer as they eat ramen noodles out of bricks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Once again leaving America with only hockey to cheer for. Yuck.

**INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

WAYNE Gretzky at an autograph signing.

GRETZKY

Hey!

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The same Business Man from the opening sequence, now very old, shows a presentation board to a table of SUITS. He flips the paper over to reveal bricklaying alternatives:

Competitive Pillow Fighting, Skipping Stones, Thumb Wrestling, Bunny Jumping, Cardboard Tube Dueling...

The Suits all shake their heads no.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But something new was just over  
the horizon...

The Business Man shows a picture of kids playing marbles.

The Suits nod cautiously. What have they got to lose?

**EXT. SAND DUNE - DAY**

A TEENAGE GIRL injects a syringe into her butt, then clambers up to the top of a large sand dune.

A monstrous crowd cheers with excitement below!

The Girl releases several marbles at the top of the sand dune. The marbles roll down through a track of elaborate twists and turns, tunnels and bridges, etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A world without bricks.

SPECTATORS cheer as marbles roll towards the finish line.

The crowd grows larger and larger as we zoom out to an aerial view of the sand dunes surrounded by parking lots.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A world with Marbles...of Glory!

A FLAMING MARBLE FLIES TOWARDS THE SCREEN AND CRACKS IT.

FADE OUT.