

RE-RIGHT

“Prejudice is the reason of fools”

-Voltaire

RE-RIGHT

FADE IN.

STUDIO LOGOS RUN as -

V.O.

It began with two men.

IMAGE: GREG BARR (early 30s) and TOM HOLLINS (same) in an OFFICE HALLWAY. They're in the middle of a buddy-buddy moment.

V.O.

Greg Barr and Tom Hollins were best friends and associates. Until one day -

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Greg and Tom sits at their respective desks, not four feet away from one another... they sign documents, Greg with his right hand, and Tom with his left... this is an important deviation, and one that Greg notices:

GREG

Are you - are you left handed?

TOM

Huh? Oh. Yeah.

GREG

Huh. That's weird.

TOM

W-why?

GREG

Well, cuz I'm, ya know, right handed.

Slowly, the smiles leave their faces. The room grows still, and the walls seem to close in. An awkward moment of revelation.

Greg scoots his desk away from Tom's.

V.O.

Their partnership collapsed.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

The place literally COLLAPSES.

SOME TIME LATER --

Where the first building stood, now two SEPERATE stand -- the BARR building and the HOLLINS building.

V.O.

And what first affects their
business -

CUT TO:

EXT. BARR BUILDING

Yelling "across the way":

GREG

Hey, A-Hole, you stole my
newspapers!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLINS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arms full of packaged papers, grinning from ear-to-ear:

TOM

That's right, punk! And I'd do
it again too!

V.O.

Quickly takes hold of their
families as well.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE

Tom, his wife CLAIRE at his side, is crouched down, looking
his THREE KIDS square in the eye.

TOM

Mommy and I forbid you from
playing with the Barr children
from across the street. Understand?

POV - TOM

The kids stare up at us.

KIDS

Yes Daddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARR HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY

MRS BARR stands in the threshold, staring at the GIRLSCOUT in
front of her.

MRS BARR

You a Hollins girl?

GIRLSCOUT

Yes ma'am. Do you wanna buy some
cookies?

MRS BARR

Depends. Do you wanna kiss my ass?

The Girlscout begins to sob.

CUT TO:

INT. BARR HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg, in PJs, talks enthusiastically to his wife as she covers up with a quilt.

GREG

I don't care if we have to hire
personal specialists, none of
my children will write with
their left hand.

INSERT: One of the Barr children writes with his left hand.
An old mean-looking SPINSTER smacks him on the head with a
ruler. Kid: "Ow" ad-lib.

GREG

And that's final!

V.O.

But now -

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

RONNIE HOLLINS (18) sits at the table, eating cereal, the
spoon in his right hand.

His dad looks up from his paper, takes notice:

TOM

Ronnie, are you holding that
spoon with your right hand?

V.O.

Fifteen years later -

RONNIE

(switches hands)
Sorry, sir. It just slipped.

TOM

Make sure it doesn't happen again.

Ronnie's brother LLOYD (15) sits at the bar, snickering.

V.O.

The children become independent -

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

On the couch with his parents:

(MORE)

RONNIE

I mean, is the left hand really that great?

Tom stands up, appalled.

V.O.

And customs are thrown to the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Tom sits on one side of the bed, his wife set behind him.

TOM

We're losing him, Claire.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE

The COUNSELOR (60 something), folder in hand, looks across the desk at Tom and Claire.

COUNSELOR

(addressing folder)

It says here that he "refuses to use the family's designated hand?"

TOM

Yes. We continuously find him writing with his *right* hand.

COUNSELOR

Now, has he been showing these wrong-handed tendencies in anything other than writing?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ronnie pitches the ball with his right hand.

Standing, screaming, from the stands:

TOM

Your left hand, dammit! Your LEFT hand!

BACK TO:

COUNSELORS OFFICE

TOM

I'm afraid so.

COUNSELOR

What might have happened recently that possibly triggered this issue? Has he recently been threatened, humiliated? Anything of that sort?

BACK TO:

BALLPARK (FLASHBACK)

TOM
YOU SUCK, RONNIE! I'LL RIP OFF
YOUR RIGHT HAND, AND BEAT YOU
WITH IT, YOU LITTLE PIECE OF -

BACK TO:

COUNSELORS OFFICE

TOM
No.

CLAIRE
No.

TOM
Nothing comes to, uh, mind. No.

CLAIRE
Is there anything we can do?

COUNSELOR
Well, have you tried locking him
in a dark closet?

The Hollins couple looks at one another: that's an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Standing in front of his whole family, reaming Ronnie:

TOM
You will stay in your room, and
practice your handmanship, and
you will not leave until you come
to realize that the left hand is
the *only* hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/RONNIE'S ROOM

Ronnie is shoved in, with the door closing - and locking -
behind him.

V.O.
But when young eyes set on one
another -

He sits on his window sill, looks out, and... STOPS.

There, across the street, in one of the upstairs windows of
the Barr house -- JULIE BARR (18). She leans out, glances
about herself and the street below --

The two lock eyes. Time stops. True love.

V.O.

Things go from bad to Holy-Crap-
This-Is-Yikes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Ronnie sits across from his pal MARTY, whispering:

RONNIE

Marty, I think I'm in love with
the enemy.

MARTY

You have the hots for a Democrat?!

RONNIE

No, no. ... Julie Barr.

MARTY

Ha-hey. *Nice*. But, wait, uh, don't
her parents and your parents
kinda, you know, hate one another?

CUT TO:

EXT. BARR HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tom CHUCKS A PIE at the side of the house. It SPLATTERS upon
contact.

Greg rushes out onto the porch, sees the pastry explosion,
and confoundedly turns to his sworn enemy:

GREG

That was a *Pie!*

TOM

Darn right it was.

BACK TO:

CAFETERIA

RONNIE

That's one way to put it.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ronnie and Marty walk and talk.

MARTY

So, listen, I can totally help
you out with this.

INSERT: Julie and Ronnie smile at one another from across the
hallway.

MARTY

So, when is this one night stand
gunna happen?

INSERT: Julie slips Ronnie a note.

RONNIE

Well, actually, I was kinda
hopin' to have a relationship
with her.

MARTY

A *relationship*? What are you,
gay?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/RONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the phone, lying on his bed, speaking softly:

RONNIE

See, I feel naturally right-
handed.

CUT TO:

INT. BARR HOUSE/JULIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIE (on phone)

Well, I think you should be able
to write with whatever hand you
want to write with.

V.O.

But when compassion flares -

SOME TIME LATER --

Still sitting on her bed, still on the phone:

JULIE

What would you do if our parents
found out about us?

RONNIE (PHONE)

How do you feel about eloping?

They both LAUGH for a second or two, and then:

RONNIE (PHONE)

No, seriously.

V.O.

Conflict ensues --

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM

Marty, intense, looks Ronnie square in the face and:

MARTY

Is *this* what you want? Do you *like* dating the enemy, or do you like the *idea* of dating the enemy?

RONNIE

Marty, what're you talking about?

MARTY

I dunno. I'm really high.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie creeps down the corridor, the only light provided by the lightning flashes in the windows --

V.O.

Secrets are revealed -

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie reaches the threshold, and sees Tom sitting at his desk... quiet... alone... a contemplative maniac.

TOM

I've had people watching you at school.

INSERT: A TEACHER (A.K.A. One of Tom's spies) watches Ronnie and Julie out of the corner of her eye.

TOM

Some of them tell me you've been spending a bit of time with that Barr girl.

RONNIE

You've had people spying on me?!

Tom stands, faces his son.

TOM

It was for your own good!

RONNIE

What's so bad about Julie?

TOM

She's the spawn of the *enemy*!

RONNIE

That was fifteen years ago! Let
(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 bygones be bygones! Move on with
 your life!

TOM
 I WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE ON UNTIL
 EVERYONE IN THAT FAMILY IS *DEAD!*

INSERT: Ronnie breaks a mirror with his fist... and then
 cries in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLINS HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

Ronnie has his brother Lloyd pinned onto the ground.

V.O.
 Siblings war -

RONNIE
 Have you been spying on me, Lloyd?
 Did you tell Dad about me and
 Julie?

INSERT: Lloyd watching Ronnie and Julie as they flirt in the
 hallway.

LLOYD
 No, no! I swear! On our Mother's
 grave!

RONNIE
 Mom's not even dead, you sunuva-

V.O.
 And caps are busted.

CUT TO:

INT. BARR HOUSE/STUDY

Greg sits across from a young man... his nephew, TYBALT (18).

GREG
 You know what to do.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL/BATHROOM

Ronnie washes his hands, as Tybalt approaches beside him.

TYBALT
 Hey, you Ronnie Hollins?

RONNIE
 Yeah. Who wants to know?

TYBALT

... Me.

Tybalt SOCKS him, and we BLACK OUT.

BACK UP ON Tybalt, holding Ronnie's head underneath a blowing HAND DRYER.

TYBALT

STAY AWAY FROM MY COUSIN!

Tybalt drops his captive, exits.

Ronnie leans against the wall, his eyes wide and his hair frizzy.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Ronnie and Julie look into each other's eyes.

JULIE

No. Don't let my cousin scare you.

RONNIE

I won't. But he's right. We can't see each other anymore.

JULIE

You're absolutely right.

They starting MAKING OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - MIDDAY

Tybalt and his THUGS charge at Ronnie.

TYBALT

What did I tell ya? Huh?!

Ronnie literally LEAPS into his car, and PULLS AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARR HOUSE - MIDDAY

Julie waits at the curb.

Ronnie pulls up, swings the door open for her to get in.

RONNIE

Get in.

V.O.

This summer -

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - MIDDAY

RONNIE

Look, your cousin Teabag -

JULIE

Tybalt.

RONNIE

Whatever. Look, he's got a couple of guys, and he's gunna kill me, and then I'll be dead!

V.O.

Prepare -

JULIE

So what are we gunna do?

RONNIE

I dunno. We'll find somewhere safe for you to go, and then I'll straighten this whole thing out.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTOSHOP - MIDDAY

Ronnie's car pulls away, leaving Julie alone at the curb. She looks around, and spots -

Two PERVERTED MECHANICS... both give her the up-down, and one of them chuckles sinisterly.

Julie grimaces.

V.O.

For a story of families, shattered by their own prejudice -

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Enraged, yelling at his father:

RONNIE

DAD, I'M BECOMING AMBIDEXTEROUS!

TOM

Hey, you wanna date guys, that's *your* business! But when it comes to hands, you need to realize that the left hand is the right one!

(beat)

I mean the correct one.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL/PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Tybalt and his Gang stand across from Marty and Ronnie. A single STREET LAMP illuminates the whole group.

TYBALT

I've warned you time and again
to stay away from Julie. But
you just don't listen!

Tybalt DRAWS A GUN. Everyone PANICKS. Marty leaps in front of Ronnie and -

BLACK OUT. ... BANG. A GUNSHOT.

BACK UP ON Marty, lying bleeding in Ronnie's arm.

RONNIE

SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!

V.O.

Friends are lost.

MARTY

(dying)

Ronnie, I just want you to
know, if I ever had to be gay,
it would've been with you.

RONNIE

That means a lot to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - EARLY AFTERNOON

A little shower falls as a GROUP OF PEOPLE, all dressed for mourning, stand around a COFFIN. Standing among the crowd, Ronnie drops a single ROSE onto the pine box.

V.O.

And revenge is taken.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM

Ronnie has Tybalt's head under the air hand-dryer.

RONNIE

How do *you* like it, you sunuvagun!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

--Two cars BARRELING down the street, one in chase of the other.

RONNIE

Huh? Oh. No. I'm just here to kill
my father.

BUSINESSMAN

Ah. Right.

The businessman faces forward again. Then thinks about it.
Realizes what Ronnie said, and looks back over at him as --

TITLE CARD: HANDS WILL SHAKE, SUMMER 2008

Thanks for reading. Hope you enjoyed it.
~Charles Spenser Davis
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