

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL SEQUENCE OVER DAIRY COUNTRY. EVENING

Our point of view is gently bobbing up and down as we simulate the perspective of a stork flying over the country near the small town of EUCHRE in the mythic midwest. Below us we see a farmer driving his tractor, in a heartbeat we zoom down into and under his skin and can see what he's made out of at the genetic level. Wrong stuff, a buzzer sounds, red lights flash, we flap back up to cruising altitude.

As the big bird zooms over the quaint and rough mainstreet, we shoot down to examine the DNA of a girl on a swing, a priest trying to start a car, and the sound of a squawk draws a startled look from a woman on the street.

On the hill over looking Euchre, underneath the evening star is lovers lane, and our stork coasts down towards a fancy convertible where a beautiful young couple is making out passionately on the back seat. This is a young and vital OSCAR BRUIN and his future wife, KITTY. As the stork approaches we hear polka music on the radio. They hear a squawk, break from their lip lock to look up:

KITTY

Hey, what kind of bird is that?

OSCAR

I dunno, looks like a stork. Hey, never mind, come back here....

The polka music rises. We see the car moving rhythmically, and hear ecstatic voices of passion mixed in with the music.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER)

Nine months later I came along, and it is said that the very first sound I heard was the sound of polka music. Polka music was in my blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRUIN HOME. CIRCA 1950'S .

We see fake vintage footage in black and white; The tape of Buddy's life is able to magically fast forward as cued by his narrative. In these "super eight home movies", CHILD BUDDY wears his trademark eye glasses and has a buzz cut.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)

Right after church on every single Sunday, we would all have to line up and watch Dad on TV - he was the second accordion in the Happy Wonderer Band, His enthusiasm for polka music, was as great as his enthusiasm for making babies.

Buddy is joined on the couch by two more brothers BUCKY and CLARENCE, both of whom sport flat top haircuts, and sister MARIE glares from behind the family trademark eye glasses, as she is depicted as older she will always be holding a partially disassembled appliance. Clarence is crying in almost every picture, Bucky is never seated. A tired KITTY is always almost always out of frame. Sometime in the sixties, the black and white footage becomes colorized.

Their home is decorated with polka kitsch, polka time clocks, figurines, paintings, musical instruments, this is the polka epicentre, and the kids are still lined up on the couch watching polka on TV.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)

So here we sat every Sunday morning watching Dad on TV, second accordion to the so called Polka King. And every Sunday I grew to hate the experience more and more.

ANGLE ON:

A GIANT wall clock. The second hand ponderously slams from one second to the next, creaking with effort. Each second is actually several. The children are watching the polka on TV and is the whole world is in slow motion, except

Buddy who is intently studying the clock. KITTY is sitting rapt and focussed on the television...

BUDDY
(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)
So I made a vow...

We hear the child Buddy's voice in synchronization with the adult narrator...

BUDDY
(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)
That when I grew up and became a man living on my own, that I would never have to watch polka time on TV again.

As it turned out, I learned that it's easier to make a vow, than to keep it. Because that was the when the "incident" occurred that forever changed my family. That was the first step towards breaking my vow.

CUT TO:

EXT: DECREPIT RUSTING SAWMILL. DAY

On the road approaching the mill is a sign that reads - "We are proud of our safety record, we've had 2 accident free days in a row." The number two signboard is being taken off by a worker and replaced with a zero.

BUDDY
(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)
Dad had worked at the mill since he was a kid. And then one day...

INT. SAWMILL. Continuous

A tour of the sawmill by the ladies auxiliary from the local church. They've got pink hardhats on... OSCAR is watching a shapely woman walk past. He's not watching his work and he cuts his hand off.

OSCAR looks at his stump, rolls his eyes and slumps to the floor.

EXT. SAWMILL. CONTINUOUS

An ambulance drives away.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)

At the risk of understatement, from that moment on, our lives were never the same again.

INT. Hospital room

The family watches Oscar watching his little TV.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER CONTINUING)

And my Dad went from being the brilliant weekend sidekick to Dwayne Wayne the King of the Polka to a broken man.

EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE SEQUENCE.

We see clips of thriving factories, contrasted against footage of the same place years later closing their doors. Of once bustling shopping malls closing down. Of big gates being locked. Of 70's era moving vans on the move. Of civil disobedience in the 1960's, campus riots, the Democratic Convention riots in Chicago, the Cultural Revolution in China, Students rioting in Paris, scenes depicting the Vietnam War, We are witnessing the fall of a town, we see a community shifting from prosperity to poverty.

BUDDY

(Voice Over)

The mill closed down that year, the disability cheques stopped coming and We went from a blue collar family, to a no collar family virtually overnight...Because half of the county worked at the mill, the whole district- seemed to run out of steam.

INT. 1988 HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM. DAY.

Oscar wears a security guard uniform, and he's helping to push a gurney with a woman in labour. She holds his hand, but as the gurney is pushed into the inner sanctum of the surgery, and he stays behind, but the Mother to be has inadvertantly takes Oscar's hand with her. He chases them in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL GERIATRIC WARD. DAY.

Oscar brings a glass of water to a grateful senior.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHILDREN'S WARD. DAY

Oscar is making balloon animals for a child. We see the child's expression lighten up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OF THE BRUIN HOUSE. EVENING

We see Oscar walking slowly up the street. In this older part of town, people are hanging out on their front steps, or are putzing in their little yards. Outside of his house he stops for a minute to watch the neighbourhood kids in a vigorous game of street hockey.

The clatter of the sticks on the asphalt, the sounds of exertion, the collective shouts of "car", combine to create a "found sound" composition.

ANGLE ON:

Sports TV coverage style of the game; player POV's, quick cuts.

EXT. BRUINS STREET. CONTINUOUS.

Oblivious to the street hockey game in the background, elderly neighbour MRS. KRUPPS is all primed up for a night out with the girls. She unlocks the door to her ancient cadillac and climbs in, almost disappearing in the cavernous interior.

INT. CADILLAC. CONTINUOUS.

She squints to find the ignition, then continues to keep the starter motor grinding far too long after the motor roars to life. She turns on her eight track tape player. The tape is stretched and her Slim Whitman music sounds warped. She put the car into reverse and begins to erratically back out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET HOCKEY. CONTINUOUS.

From the POV of the ball heading for a goal. Oscar is an enthusiastic fan, proudly watching his athletic progeny.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC. CONTINUOUS

MRS. KRUPPS is backing up the cadillac without watching where she is going. She sings in an offkey accompaniment to Slim Whitman.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET HOCKEY. CONTINUOUS.

Buddy is poetry in motion, as he receives a pass then out manoeuvres past a defenseman, to score on his sister in goal. Buddy raises his arms in triumph.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUIN HOME. CONTINUOUS

Kitty is getting ready for the evening shift at the Senior Citizens Home. She glances out of the living room window and raises her hands to her face.

ANGLE ON:

With a collective look of horror the street hockey players realize that Mrs.Krupps is coming.

They watch as the cadillac grinds and scrapes it's way along the parked cars towards them. Sparks cascade from the friction between the cars.

ANGLE ON:

Brother BUCKY looks inspired

BUCKY

Hey you guys, I'm going to be a
Hollywood stunt man...when I grow up

He sprints over to the rolling Cadillac leaps onto the hood and makes a startling face at Mrs. Krupps.

BUCKY

Boo!

She stamps on the brakes, and Bucky is somersaulted over the car and he lands on his feet and makes an expansive bow.

INT. CADILLAC. CONTINUOUS.

A ten speed rider approaches at a great speed unbeknownst to Mrs. Krupps who is now trying to get the car in gear and escape what ever danger has befallen her. She finds 'Drive'.

EXT. THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

The cadillac lunges forward. The ten speed rider elegantly dodges the great car, but fails to see Bucky rising from his theatrical bow and he nails Bucky.

Oscar runs to the unconscious Bucky.

ANGLE ON:

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Kitty is on the phone.

KITTY
915 Mockingbird Street, an ambulance.

She hangs up and runs outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS.

Oscar is administering first aid to Bucky, Kitty runs and kneels. Bucky's eyes flutter open and he throws up.

We hear sirens approaching, we see the cadillac signalling as it rounds the corner and disappears. The ten speed rider is sitting on the curb with the twisted wreck of his bike. Clarence is crying. Buddy notices that his life long friend DANNY is running off down the block.

EXT. BUDDY'S FAMILY HOME. NIGHT.

From the sanctity of his lazy boy recliner in his undershirt and prosthetic hand, OSCAR is trying to watch The King of Polka Show, but tonight the music is contaminated by the rock music coming from Buddy's room in the basement. In the background we see Buddy's mother KITTY playing solitaire in the kitchen.

INT. BUDDY'S BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

Buddy's got the lights low, and he is just grooving to Guns 'N Roses as he is reading "The Hobbit".

INT. UPSTAIRS.

OSCAR stamps on the floor.

OSCAR
Hey, turn that racket down.

KITTY
Oscar, for heaven's sake.

Oscar stamps again.

CUT TO:

INT: BUDDY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Buddy is oblivious.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Oscar stamps on the floor

OSCAR
Hey, listen to me boy.

The noise from downstairs stops. It's only the end of the track, the music resumes more forcefully than ever.

Oscar rises with a deep sigh. He marches over to the basement door.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM, OUTSIDE OF HIS DOOR. CONTINUOUS

Oscar starts to beat on Buddy's door with his prosthetic hand. He roars like a bull.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Buddy still doesn't hear Oscar; he turns the page in his book.

INT. BUDDY'S DOORWAY. CONTINUOUS

Oscar is smashing the door with everything he's got. Suddenly his prosthetic hand begins to disintegrate as the door becomes more and more dented. The music stops. Oscar waits, and there is blood around the base of the broken prosthetic hand. The third track starts and Oscar kicks the door in - walks over to the record player and lifts the needle gently off of the record.

Off of Buddy's Reaction.

OSCAR
I can't hear the polka.

But faintly from upstairs we can hear the familiar
countdown,

KING OF POLKA
A one anna two...

Buddy brushes past Oscar to the door.

BUDDY
Forget your stupid polka...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF EUCHRE. NIGHT

Buddy has the streets all to himself and the choreographic grace of his bicycle. He is one with his bike... A friendly dog runs alongside for a moment... At the service station which has a distinct 'Nighthawks at the Diner' feel, we see him tweaking the air in his tires.

INT. NIGHTHAWKS DINER. CONTINUOUS

Buddy sits at the counter with a soda. The cook turns up the radio, the band is Midnite Oil, the song is Beds are Burning.

ANGLE ON:

Buddy's hand is unconsciously tapping an invisible keyboard, in perfect sync with the music track...

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE . NIGHT

Buddy enters through the rear screen door. He makes his way towards the staircase to the basement.

KITTY
(Voice Over)
Is that you?

BUDDY
It's me Mom.

KITTY
(VOICE OVER)
Where were you? What were you doing?

BUDDY
Nowhere. Nothing.

He pauses. She coughs.

BUDDY
Good night mom.

He descends into the basement.

EXT: EUCHRE PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

A school bus pulls up out and discharges it's passengers. Buddy and his best friend DANNY are walking towards the entrance of the school.

BUDDY
(Voice Over)
It was the first day of the last year of high school, when I finally decided to take the plunge and learn music. It was an easy decision.

A prestigious sedan pulls up, and a radiant young woman MISSY hops out. Hearts stop beating; time down shifts into slow motion, a perfect gust of wind tussles her hair, just so, as the morning sun sparkles in her bright eyes. Missy breezes past Buddy and Danny into the school. She carries a violin case. As she passes, a celestial chord is heard.

ANGLE ON:

A ultra fast zoom into BUDDY's "heart" ala the DNA scans of the stork. Buddy's heart is beating like a drum in two time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUDDY'S FANTASY AUDITORIUM. DAY.

In Buddy's imaginary opulent space,

Missy begins to play her violin. We pull back to see that she wears an exotic gown, and stands next to a grand piano that is being played by Buddy in a cool tuxedo. She looks lovingly at Buddy and they share a sweet smile as they play a couple of bars of beautiful music. With a flourish they finish to a standing ovation. Holding each others hands they bow deeply. Buddy feels that he is getting nudged .

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Danny nudges Buddy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY

Buddy enters and heads for the kitchen. Kitty is ironing her hospital orderly uniform.

KITTY

Hi, hey guess who called your Dad today.

BUDDY

Hmmm, Mike Tyson? No idea ma.

KITTY

Smarty. Dwane Wayne the Polka King

BUDDY

No shhh... wow...why?

KITTY

Dwayne is doing a big reunion show and has asked your dad to appear...

BUDDY

Great, I guess.

KITTY

Sure it is. Your Dad is two feet off the ground. I haven't seen him this happy since the "incident". He's gone to get his hair cut.

BUDDY

All right, a hair cut.

KITTY

Listen I know you and your Dad haven't seen eye to eye lately, but maybe if you show him a little empathy, a little respect, he will get back on his feet. He's still a good man,

BUDDY

I know ma. Hey, I'm thinking about signing up for music class.

KITTY

That's all this family needs. Another musician.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUIN KITCHEN. DAY

Buddy is serving dinner to his sister and brothers. Oscar enters, wearing his slightly threadbare suit with a loud tie. He wears a glove over his prosthetic hand.

BUDDY

Hey Pops, looking sharp. Wow. Cologne.

OSCAR

Really? You think so?

BUDDY

Yea sure I do. Hey I signed up for music class.

OSCAR

Really? Good boy. It's in your blood you know. Maybe someday you can learn something from the old man...

BUDDY

Yah sure...

INT: TV STUDIO. DAY

We see the set for Euchre's favorite TV show...POLKA POLKA POLKA. The band is warming up onstage, and it's a few minutes before showtime. Oscar is looking a little nervous and a lot self-conscious.

The FLOOR MANAGER presses a button to announce

FLOOR MANAGER

(OFF STAGE VOICE)

Everyone standby we are going live in four, three, two,

The finger is pointed and DWAYNE WAYNE, the self annointed "King of Polka" bounces up to the microphone with his unbelievable smile. His toupee doesn't quite connect with his head. The band strikes up the theme...

DWAYNE

Hello everybody and welcome back to POLKA POLKA POLKA.

Nothing but music and good times here, some new faces and some old friends, and more polka than you can shake a kolbasa at.

Oscar looks naked with out his accordion...standing there pretending to groove along with the music. It's bad.

DWAYNE

So let's polka

Oscar is trying to look like he's really grooving but he's sweating profusely.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Danny and his parents are watching TV intently.

INT. MISSY'S FAMILY RUMPUS ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

They are listening to cool jazz, and playing scrabble.

INT. BRUIN LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Buddy is sitting on the couch with his brothers and sister, as in the early days.

INT. NURSING HOME. CONTINUOUS.

Kitty in her orderlies uniform, is hanging out in the TV lounge with a elderly couple who are making a cloud of smoke. She studies the little TV intently.

INT. TV STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

The band plays the last flourish of the theme.

DWAYNE WAYNE

Holy cow! Do the boys sound good tonight or what? Hey, here to lend us a hand tonight is our old friend Oscar Bruin- thanks for joining us.... Oscar - Oscar was my right hand man, until he lost his.. I was hoping that you'd give us a big thrill tonight, and join me here to play the left hand on a little number. C'mon Oscar. It's the least you can do...How about it everybody?

Oscar shakes his head to the negative but Dwayne insists, with a hard cruel glint in his eye. The applause of the studio audience seals it.

Oscar acquiesces and he tries, and at first it's working, but Dwayne shifts gears and the music falls apart pretty quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUIN LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

BUDDY is having trouble watching his father suffer on television.

DWAYNE

Come on folks give him a hand, you can see that he could really use one.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

The band plays on, Dwayne gestures for a dancer to come up and she grabs Oscar's right hand, which comes off...And Oscar falls on his butt. The dancer starts screaming. Dwayne starts laughing and applauding. Oscar grabs his hand, scrambles to his feet, and the cameras follow him to the studio door.

DWAYNE WAYNE

All in good fun everybody.

EXT. TV STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

In the parking lot, outside of the TV studio Oscar cries in the car.

INT. BRUIN LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Buddy reaches over and switches off the TV. He looks at his brothers and sister.

MARIE

Now what?

BUDDY

I don't know. But when Dad gets home don't say anything.

The siblings nod in solemn agreement.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM CLASS. INT.

Buddy and Danny enter the gymnasium, the grade 12's are all there...This a slice of the entire social strata of Euchre; a gaggle of GAP commercial beautiful khaki clad snobby teens from Snob Hill, a clique of heavy handed young men with mulletts, a trio of indifferent exchange students, and of course, the inseperable boyfriend girlfriend duet of Sid and Nancy.

The gym class instructor commands attention simply by entering the room.

SMITH

People, today we are going to learn one of the toughest workouts ever devised. It requires, strength, stamina, and timing. Today we dance.

Time downshifts as the door swings open and Missy breezes in. She walks through a shaft of sunlight to present a note to Smith.

SMITH

People, this is a new student, Missy. Okay we are just getting started. Missy we are going to learn to dance today.

Everybody pair up. Missy you can pair up with him.

She points to Buddy. Danny nudges him.

ANGLE ON:

Buddy watching Missy cross through the sun shaft towards him.

She smiles

MISSY

Hi

BUDDY

Hi

The music starts, it's a polka. Missy's face lights up...

MISSY

It's a polka! I love polka don't you?

ANGLE ON:

A closeup of a bead of sweat rolling down the side of Buddy's face.

BUDDY

Oh yeah. Polka time!

Their first few steps are tentative, then Buddy takes a breath and they start to really go. His dancing is gracefully awkward, and he delights her, the tempo seems to be increasing...

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER)

I was dancing away the last shreds of my dignity and my promise to turn my back on the old music. I became a dancing fool.

ANGLE ON:

INT. TV STUDIO'S. DAY

This is a black and white insert shot from the KING OF POLKA tv show from the early sixties, we see a youthful OSCAR executing a few choreographic signature moves for the camera and the pretty dancers.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM. CONTINUOUS.

Buddy and Missy are in sync, as he runs through his gamut of inherited dance moves.

This is Buddy's 'Billy Elliott' moment, he's a polka genius. He's Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly incarnate. The buzzer sounds, class is over.

SMITH

Buddy, can I see you for a moment?

Missy waves goodbye, collects her violin and leaves.

SMITH

That was pretty cool. I didn't know you could dance..

BUDDY

Neither did I..

SMITH

You can take performing arts for an extra credit.

BUDDY

Oh, yeah? Yea sure.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM. DAY

Buddy has "keyboards for dummies" set up on an impromptu music stand. He's wearing headphones plugged into a cheap looking synthesizer.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later that night, he closes the book.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sometime later, his hands are moving independantly in each direction, slowly at first then increasing in speed.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM. DAY.

Even later that week, Buddy is able to chord along while Danny drums along using available objects for his drum kit. The friends are finally making their own music.

BUDDY
(VOICE OVER)

Music was in my blood. It was easy for me. I got it right away, and jamming with Danny seemed to double the fun. It was real, and we jammed every day. And then, one day- I really got it, it was like I was channelling energy from a source I had never known before. The music moved through me and sealed my fate.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC CLASS. DAY

Danny and Buddy are still jamming, but Danny's taking advantage of the percussion set up, and Buddy is sailing on the schools, more sophisticated synthesizer. This is a moment of pure rhapsody. Somehow the music mutates into a progressive fusion of earliest disco dub and polka. Buddy is seized with the spirit of the moment and he begins rapping:

BUDDY
Yo Buddy is the name, music is my game
Jammin with my Danny and my brain in flames,
on fire, burning are we with the spirit of
the music, and the music is free...I don't
care if you don't like it, I'm happy if you
do - But the music's not for me and it's not
just for you -

EXT. SCENIC VISTA OF EUCHRE. DAY

A beautiful time lapse sequence of the passage of the seasons from fall through winter and spring. We hear variations of the theme of polka fusion, with rich strains underscoring.

EXT. BRUIN'S GARAGE. DAY

Missy and her girlfriend ELLEN, a fair maiden, are walking Missy's family dog, a standard poodle, down the back alley that the Bruin's garage opens on. They hear the strange and beautiful music leaking through the garage door, walk around to the side of the garage and peer through the window.

They enter the garage.

INT. BRUIN'S GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

Danny notices Missy and Ellen entering and he stops playing, Buddy looks around and is so shocked to see Missy on his turf, that he almost knocks his keyboard over. Her dog barks. She tugs on the leash and it stops.

MISSY

Hi, We were just walking past with my doggy
and we heard your music. You guys are great!

Buddy and Danny are pleasantly surprised.

DANNY

Thanks, glad you like it.

MISSY

I do.

Missy's dog nuzzles Buddy's crotch.

MISSY

Hey cut that out.

BUDDY

Sorry.

MISSY

Not you - my dog.

BUDDY

Yea, I knew that. My name is Buddy,
Buddy Bruin.

MISSY

Hi I'm Missy. This is Ellen.

BUDDY

Hi

ELLEN

Wow. Musicians.

MISSY

So do you guys play any gigs?

Danny and Buddy exchange a puzzled look.

DANNY

What's a gig?

MISSY

You know. Parties and dances and stuff.

They get it.

MISSY

I'm volunteer at the senior citizens home, maybe I can see if you can play a gig there for us. It would be fun.

DANNY

Party? Hey great, we'll be there

BUDDY

You are inviting us? To play music?

Buddy laughs out loud...

BUDDY

I get it...You're kidding.

Danny gets it, kind of, but he laughs along quietly, just in case anyone notices his confusion.

MISSY

Seriously.

BUDDY

How much time do we have?

Er, ah, when?

MISSY

I'll check it out, maybe next weekend?

Buddy and Danny, exchange a glance.

BUDDY

Sure, why not.

DANNY

Yea, why not.

Missy's dog, touches her with his paw.

BUDDY

Nice dog. What's his name?

MISSY

Er, ah, it's Buddy.

BUDDY

Well, that ought to make easy for you to remember my name.

MISSY

Sorry. He came with the name.

Her dog is sitting and staring at the door.

MISSY

I better go. Can I have your phone number?

He jots it down. He passes it. Hands touch and linger.

BUDDY

Thanks, come by anytime.

DANNY

Thanks, see you again.

ELLEN

(Painfully Shy)

Bye.

The young women smile and exit. Both young men exhale deeply.

EXT. SENIOR CITIZENS HOME. NIGHT.

Danny and Buddy, are setting up their gear in the recreation room, they are visibly nervous. There are a few hard eyed old guys, watching every move of the set up.

BUDDY

What the dickens have we got ourselves in for?

DANNY

Seemed like a good idea in your garage.

BUDDY

They don't exactly look like music lovers.

DANNY

And if they are, we're really in trouble.

BUDDY

Let's just pretend to have fun...

DANNY

Yah sure.

The boys silently count in, and about to hit the first note when a horrible and persistant mechanical screaming sound steadily rises in intensity.

A crusty and terrible geezer enters supported by his walker. The screaming sound is coming from the uncoiled wheels of his walker.

He stops at the door. He looks at Danny. He listens intently for a moment, then points a bony finger loudly proclaims.

GEEZER

What's going on? There's supposed to be a game on. That boy isn't white. What's next?

The geezer wheels loudly away.

Buddy and Danny look at each other, as if this is too weird.

BUDDY

Hey, when they hear you play, they'll forget what colour you are.

Danny and he burst out laughing.

DANNY

Yah sure...

Buddy counts in again and begins to play...

BUDDY

(Singing)

This old man, has contempt
For the whole wide world,
So no fun for him, no party for Mr Happy
No milk and cookies, no laughter and good
times, cause that old man
Has contempt - for the whole wild world.

ANGLE ON:

Sequence of hearing aids being turned UP to ten.

ANGLE ON:

MISSY's got the vibe, she starts dancing with a Colonel Saunders lookalike, a couple of spry inhabitants, hop to their feet, a nurse and a doctor join in, the stern looking administrator, joins in, the music is undulating, and the floor starts to bounce,

ANGLE ON the light fixture swaying,

A elfish oldster, escapes from a large orderly, steps up and sings an exuberant chorus in a mysterious and unknown dialect. The music takes on klezmer overtones.

(CONTINUING)

INT. SENIORS ROCKIN ROOM.CONTINUING.

As the oldster sings his magic verse, the geriatric dancers reverse time, and they become young once again. Lovers passionately sweep around the circumference of the floor.

Some of the dancers perform amazing acrobatics, somersaults, caterpaults, and appear to levitate. The theme music reflects a triumph and joy.

Missy is dancing alone, but she is smiling and her eyes are fixed on Buddy. He notices and is delighted, he can't believe it, he expresses his joy with a fancy riff, which almost falls apart - but comes back together. Their eyes are locked together

ANGLE ON

From Buddy's perspective MISSY is dancing alone for him.

Everyone is drenched in sweat, the big clock says 11:30 and two cops are at the door.

COP

Hey.

The spell is broken.

COP

I have a noise complaint.

The dancers once again become their old selves, and the ghosts of past partners dance and dissipate into the shadows. Yet a sparkle of pixie dust remains...Everyone is a little happier. The light is warmer.

EXT. THE OLD FOLKS HOME. NIGHT

Buddy and Danny are waiting for the bus with their gear.

DANNY

Oh hey, I forgot my jacket.

Danny reenters the Home. Buddy is studying the stars. He feels a gentle hand on his sleeve. He lowers his gaze, and Missy is smiling at him.

She takes his face and gives him a kiss. He puts his arms around her and they kiss.

The world spins around our lovers. As if we have some type of xray eyes, we see the their beating hearts, and their burning synapses. There is an aura that surrounds them. This mystical moment dissolves back into reality.

BUDDY

I've never felt this way before, I think I
er ah

MISSY

Me too. Er ah. I want to tell you that I
think I L...
Oh No.

MISSY'S DAD drives up to the bus stop. The young lovers take a step away from each other. The passenger door opens, and we hear a cold blast of baroque music coming from the car. She gets in, and looks back.

MISSY

I'll call you.

Buddy waves.

Danny approaches as the car tail lights disappear into the night.

DANNY

So where are all the groupies?
Where's the limosene? Come on Buddy, you
gotta be takin' care of business.

The transit bus arrives.

BUDDY

Here's the limo.

INT. BRUIN HOME. NIGHT.

OSCAR and KITTY are watching Letterman on TV. They're looking comfy on the couch, having a nightcap.

OSCAR

Hey, how was it?

BUDDY

Good.

OSCAR

Atta boy.

EXT. BRUIN HOUSE. NIGHT.

We see a light in the window being extinguished. We see the entire block, then the whole neighbour as we fly off stork style over the sleeping country towards the bright lights of the big city of NEW VILLE.

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY.

The phone is ringing. Oscar answers.

OSCAR

Hello? No that's my son, Buddy.

Yes that would be him.

Really? No he's not home. Yah sure, I'll tell him.

Opportunity is knocking and Oscar is about to answer the door.

OSCAR

Actually, I'm his manager.

Oscar smiles.

EXT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY

Oscar is supervising the loading of the car with Buddy and Danny's instruments. He hangs a clothing bag from the hanger in the back seat.

Buddy and Danny climb in and the car backs out and drives off down the street towards the vanishing point.

BUDDY

(VOICE OVER)

And for my punishment for breaking my vow, I became a condemned man.

INT. SCUZZY'S TAVERN.NIGHT.

This is a vile pit of redneck alcoholics. Danny backs in through the door wheeling equipment in. He notices the look of horror on Buddy's face and turns around to see the silent hostile faces.

ANGLE ON:

Angry ugly old men and women. Some shoot down their drinks, others puff violently on cigarettes, another wolfs down a fried chicken leg. Their eyes are not friendly. A glass flies through the air between Buddy and Danny and shatters on the wall behind them.

ANGLE ON: Framed and autographed photo of Klu Klux Clansman hanging on the wall behind the bar.

ANGLE ON: A confederate flag hanging behind the stage.

ANGLE ON:

Buddy backing out with the equipment bumping into Oscar on the way in.

OSCAR

Hey, you're going the wrong way

DANNY

No we're not.

OSCAR

They've already paid a deposit. We've got to play here tonight.

BUDDY

They are going to tear us to pieces if we play here.

OSCAR

I've never missed a gig in my life.

BUDDY

It's the exception that makes the rule.
This is not a good scene. Check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. SCUZZY'S TAVERN. CONTINUOUS.

Oscar sticks his head in and surveys the patrons. They are all made up to appear slightly monstrous. He exits carefully.

CUT TO:

INT. OSCAR'S CAR INTERIOR. TRAVELLING. NIGHT

The windshield wipers smack out a cadence. Buddy is driving and Danny is bobbing his head to an unheard tune.

DANNY

I've got something to tell you. I've got to quit coming out for these gigs.

BUDDY

Cause of those creeps tonight? Forget about it...

DANNY

Well yea, but actually my mom is really been bugging me. She doesn't like me hanging out and just playing music all the time. It's a bad influence. I start college in september.

OSCAR

Do you want me to talk to her?

DANNY

Nah, she's right. It's not my scene. I've made my decision...

BUDDY

Yea sure.

DANNY

Buddy you really got it. You're the boy genius. Ten years from now, you might be selling records, touring. The full meal deal...I, I gotta be real.

BUDDY

Yea sure. Thanks Danny.

OSCAR

(Under his breath)

Quitter.

INT. OSCAR'S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

They are parked at Danny's House. Danny shakes hands with Buddy, they give each other a hug.

DANNY

Okay. I'll see you later.
G'night Mr.Bruin.

Oscar gets in and closes the door.

OSCAR

Don't go yet. Listen to me.

Buddy is shocked, Oscar is never this serious.

OSCAR

What Danny said about you being a genius is true. And what he said about you recording, playing on TV, making some money. It's all true. I can see it. I'm going to make you an offer, and I'm only going to ask once. I can be your manager. I'll look after everything, and you can just concentrate on the music. This is our big chance. We can actually make something of ourselves. We can be proud of the Bruin name again. So what do you say.

BUDDY

Yah sure.

Oscar moves to hug Buddy and accidentally bumps him in the eye with his prosthetic hand.

DISSOLVE IN:

An intertitle which reads: **TEN YEARS LATER**

EXT. SCRAP YARD. DAY.

A cylinder with a radioactive symbol is scooped up in the bucket of a front end loader, with some other scrap. It's loaded into a crusher and then flattened.

An air horn sounds, signifying quitting time. The machinery is simply switched off, and the crusher operator hops off his machine.

It's BUCKY, now a bald and wired mutant version of Buddy. His cell phone is ringing. He answers it.

BUCKY

Hey babe, yea sure. Me and the guys are going for a quick cold one, just keep my dinner warm. Wuv you too...

ANGLE ON:

A ghoulish vapour is leaking from the crushed cannister and Bucky is not aware that he is in the centre of the cloud.

EXT.THE BRUIN'S HOME. NIGHT.

The house and the neighbourhood have deteriorated over the last decade. A police car with lights flashing is parking on the lawn in front of the house.

Two patrolmen saunter into the house and a second later they emerge with BUCKY in handcuffs struggling uselessly.

Oscar is following in his uniform.

OSCAR

No good for nothin', maybe you'll learn something this time.

BRANDY, Bucky's girlfriend, has a striking resemblance to Rosie O'Donnell. She is hanging back behind Oscar, holding a fussy baby, her eyes brimming with tears.

BRANDY
Please don't hurt him...

Bucky is loaded in and the patrol car pulls away just as Buddy drives up in a cargo van with his likeness, and the logo for the 'Prince of Polka'. He's a bit heavier, but the glasses and the hair have remained constant.

BUDDY
Sheesh, now what?

OSCAR
Your nogoodnik brother got into a fight outside the legion and violated his parole

BUDDY
(To Brandy)
Crying's not goin' to help. Did you call his lawyer?

OSCAR
The lawyer said they're not able to help him out till he pays for last time. And the time before that. He owes seventy five hundred.

BRANDY
It's just not fair. He didn't start it.

BUDDY
You told mom?

A curtain closes as they turn towards the house. As the cops drive away, Bucky bangs his head repeatedly against the window of the police cruiser.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT SEQUENCE of CD COVERS of Buddy in a variety of Polka performer costumes, BUDDY BRUIN – THE PRINCE OF POLKA. We see Oscar holding up two costumes for Buddy to select from. We see Oscar pushing his Kiosk through the mall, a castle on wheels. We see Buddy and Oscar in a recording studio. We see Buddy's van cross the bridge into a beautiful city.

BUDDY
(VOICE OVER)

With Dad managing my career, I played every weekend for the last ten years, and was booked every weekend for the rest of my life. We travelled constantly. I had recorded twenty six separate CD's tapes and Albums, and was selling about ten thousand units a year.

We had a website, a fan club of which the youngest member was probably seventy, and somewhere Dad had come up with the title – Prince of Polka. I didn't care, it was just a way to have a few laughs and make a few bucks.

But something was missing. There was someone I couldn't forget. I had only one photograph of her, and I brought it to every gig.

ANGLE ON:

INSERT SHOT OF EUCHRE HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK, the PAGES FLIP TO A TINY PICTURE OF MISSY WE ZOOM IN TIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISSY'S CHIC APARTMENT. DAY

Missy opens an envelope and examines a Buddy Bruin CD. Her immaculately groomed husband BRETT, an Enron employee of the month, enters their starkly appointed apartment. He picks up the CD, and examines it with obvious disdain.

BRETT
What's this?

MISSY
It's just something that my old girlfriend
Ellen from Euchre sent. Apparently we
attended the same high school as the artist.

BRETT
Interesting jacket design. Let's have a
listen.

MISSY
Oh let's not.

BRETT
Come on. Be a sport.

He rips the CD out of it's case. He loads it onto the
Player.

We hear extravagant yodelling and a keyboard flourish
Leading into a bright two step.

Brett stops the music.

BRETT
You were tapping your toe.

MISSY
Was I?

BRETT
You like this.

MISSY
I do?

BRETT
Yes. Like to hear more?

MISSY
Please.

He glares contemptuously at her. A tear forms in her eye.

MISSY
I need a little rest.

BRETT
I've heard enough. I have a low polka
threshold.

He removes Buddy's CD, and flings it like a frisbee out of
The open window.

EXT. CITY STREET. CONTINUOUS.

We watch as the disc floats gently towards earth.

EXT. CITY STREET. CONTINUOUS.

MELVIN BLANK is parked at a stop light. Buddy's disc falls
through the open sun roof on his car. Buddy looks up,
examines the disc, and then puts it into his CD player.

Buddy's music floods Melvin's Car.

With trembling hands, Melvin dials a number on his cell.

MELVIN
DWAYNE! It's Melvin. You won't believe what
I'm listening to...No. It's Buddy Bruin - yup.
Oscar's boy...He is calling himself the Prince
of Polka. I'm on my way.

Melvin is interrupted by a chorus of car horns, he sticks
his hand up through the sun roof.

MELVIN
Same to you. No no not you Dwayne.

I'm on my way.

He drives on.

INT. DWAYNE WAYNE THE KING OF POLKA'S OFFICE. DAY.

Behind his desk, sits the self titled KING of POLKA, DWAYNE WAYNE surrounded by his memorabilia, posters, photos, numerous product endorsements, a terrible oil painting. This is the inner sanctum of a life long show business journeyman. Without the accordian, the grin, and the hair piece, we see a sharp eyed, almost reptilian figure, behind his smoky cigar, and his jar of jelly beans.

Dwayne answers a buzzing at his door by hastily squeezing his toupee onto his scalp. In the video monitor we can see Melvin waiting to get buzzed in.

MELVIN

Hey Dwayne, it's me Melvin.

He waves the disc. He's buzzed in.

MELVIN

Look it says right on it, "Buddy Bruin - Euchre's own Prince of Polka".

King puts on his reading glasses and deciphers the label.

DWAYNE WAYNE

Criminy Melvin! Does that make us feel old or what. This is Oscar's boy. Remember old Oscar? What ever happened to that sad sack. He used to make me laugh. Hehehe. Hmm. Prince of Polka. Prince of Polka. Whoever came up with that?

MELVIN

I thought you would like to know.

DWAYNE WAYNE
Darn tootin'.

Starts to hit keys on his computer , we angle to see the screen displaying the POLKA.COM opening screen.

DWAYNE WAYNE
Any body can make a good disc. Lets see this boy live, polka dot com will tell us where he is playing.

INT. SPIVAK WEDDING RECEPTION.NIGHT

Buddy is playing a fancy synthesizer, the new drummer ROCKY has got his fancy drum kit set up. The rest of his band are a gagging of non working rock and rollers. They are cycling a riff in the background.

BUDDY
Good evening everyone, My name is Buddy
And since music - is the food of love, let's eat! So here's the first dance of the night, please put it together for Sheryl and Darryl.

With a flourish, they strike up the theme. Sheryl dances with great vigour, and Darryl is clueless and terrified.

BUDDY
I'm not Celine Dion, I'm not Elton John,
This is Sheryl and Darryl's wedding and this is what's going on.
We lift a glass and cheer, and eat too much
I fear, but because we are nowhere else, we have to enjoy ourselves right here.

Rocky takes a solo and while he does Buddy turns his back to the audience and YAWNS. The crowd response is ecstatic, as usual, and Rocky smiles sweetly.

ANGLE ON:

ELLEN, Missy's High School friend, watches Buddy and notices that he looks bored.

ANGLE ON:

Melvin and Dwayne Wayne stand in the foyer surveying all. They paste on fake smiles when a partier dances past. A bead of sweat rolls down the Kings face.

DWAYNE WAYNE

So this is the new kid in town? I'd say we show him a few tricks. Melvin go on out to the caddy and fetch my accordian, if you don't mind?

Melvin vanishes, while Dwayne shows his smile to anyone who glances in his direction. Melvin dashes in breathlessly to hand the big case to Dwayne. Dwayne puts on the instrument and begins to riff along with the band. He walks towards the stage, smiling, and working his tired magic.

Buddy notices the guest star approaching the stage. He can not disguise his disdain for the man who humiliated his Pa on TV.

BUDDY

Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like we have a blast from the past here tonight...Dwayne Wayne - the so called King of Polka, what a surprise. Come on up Dwayne.

Dwayne dances and plays his way to the stage and he climbs up with just a little difficulty, with a thousand watt grin plastered on his face.

BUDDY

Well well well, what a big surprise. Are you a friend of the bride or the groom.?

DWAYNE

Hahaha, er, ah actually I've just come down here for the music.

BUDDY

Just here for the music? I hope you didn't have anything to eat, cause the caterer charges thirty bucks a plate.

The King is squirming, this isn't what he's expected.

DWAYNE

So let's play a little duet for some fun then?

BUDDY

A little duet for Cheryl and Darryl? Alright. Let's go.

Buddy counts in and his band and he launch into a composition in a difficult key, with a tough time signature.

Dwayne Wayne attempts to join in but can only hold on to the challenge of the groove for a couple of bars at a time.

The King can not keep up with this rapidly changing landscape, he's getting lost, and flubbing his way through the rests, and each bar is more difficult. The King is losing every shred of his self confidence as this is the toughest music he has ever tried to play.

BUDDY

Ladies and gents, boys and girls
The king can't keep up - cause he's from the old world.
His day is done, he's had his fun, and his song is sung, only one question remains, is the wig synthetic or does it shrink in the rain....

Like Mohammed Ali trying to remove Howard Cosells rug, Buddy grasps towards the offending hairpiece. The King blusters off stage in a red faced rage.

INT. SPIVAK WEDDING. FOYER. NIGHT.

Buddy is sharing a boisterous laugh with his bandmates, and he spots Ellen across the room. He leaves his merry men and makes a bee line for her.

BUDDY

Hi Ellen.

ELLEN

Hi Buddy. Quite a show.

BUDDY

It's a living.

ELLEN

Is humiliating that poor old man, part of the act?

BUDDY

Ah, sorry. We have a history.

ELLEN

It wasn't pretty Buddy. You
Are better than that.

Buddy suffers.

BUDDY

You're right. See you sometime I hope.

Ellen smiles and WINKS at Buddy.

ELLEN

Yah, sure.

INT. MELVIN'S CAR. NIGHT

Dwayne sits smoldering in the passenger seat as Melvin drives the big car.

DWAYNE WAYNE

Call "Whiplash Willy" that lawyer fella, and let's get a cease and desist order, a restraining order, and let's sue him for infringement. King, prince, duke, earl, I've got them all licenced. The whole royal court. This Boy is no prince. I say who is. Dirty lowdown rat.

INT. MISSY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

High above the city skyline, where the cool bosa nova plays, Missy picks up a phone and puts it down. Missy turns the television on and off.

INT. MISSY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY. DAY.

Missy carries and pushes her stylish luggage. She waits impatiently, and then finally enters one elevator as Brett exits from the other.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

The Sherriffs are leading Bucky in a pair of orange coveralls into the courtroom. They remove his handcuffs, and then he walks through a metal detector. An alarm is triggered.

SECURITY
Hey this guy is radioactive.

The Judge pounds a gavel and commands.

JUDGE
Balliff, call the hazmat squad, clear the court room.

BUCKY
What about me?

JUDGE
Make yourself comfortable, someone will figure this out.

Brandy stands as the Sheriff is herding the court observers out.

BRANDY
Don't worry baby I'll call somebody.

BUCKY
I wuv you babe. I'm sorry for everything.

BRANDY
Wuv you too.

The court room doors shut and he is alone.

INT. EUCHRE MUNICIPAL WORKS OFFICE. DAY.

Brother Clarence is now a municipal worker. On the wall immediately behind him there are posters for bad dogs, lawn watering schedules, and pesticide warnings. We see that Clarence appears to be working intensely at a computer but as we track around we see that he is playing computer solitaire.

He glances out the window, and we follow his gaze to VENUS, a twenty something eco Barbie with a bicycle. She studies a map.

Clarence stands and exhales into his palm and sniffs to check his breath. He smooths his remaining hairs, and steps into the courtyard.

CLARENCE

Hi

VENUS

Hi

CLARENCE

Lost? Looking for something?

VENUS

Sorry yes. 715 West Baker Street.

CLARENCE

Yah sure. This is 715 EAST Baker. You're a mile off. Can I run you up there? I can throw your bike in the truck.

Venus is skeptical. Clarence looks entirely too eager.

VENUS

Umm no thanks, I need the exercise.

She mounts up to ride away.

CLARENCE

Goodbye.

Venus waves. Clarences waves weakly back. His phone rings.

CLARENCE

Euchre municipal works office, Clarence Bruin speaking. How may I help you?

Oh hi Brandy, how is everything going?

That is so useless. Bucky got himself into this, he can get himself out. We've bailed him out hundreds of times already.

Sorry. That's it. Okay, I'll see what I can do. But this has to be the last time.

Time for the treatment centre Polka.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY

Oscar is staffing the castle like Kiosk. Polka music plays from stylized speakers.

OSCAR

Sorry, we're booked that weekend too. Can you hold for a minute?

A couple in sunglasses and baseball caps approach the kiosk.

MAN

You Oscar Bruin?

OSCAR

Yah sure...

WOMAN

Here take his.

He reaches out with his prosthetic.

OSCAR

What is this?

MAN

This is a legal injunction. You are Buddy Bruin's manager?

WOMAN

From this point forward you people are not allowed to use the name Prince of Polka.

MAN

You and Buddy have to be in court on the 23rd. It's all in the papers.

OSCAR

Hahaha, this is some big joke, yah sure.

Shoppers have stopped to watch. A man in a suit and two security guards are approaching cautiously.

Oscar closes the hatches on the kiosk, turns off the power, and locks up. The man in the suit puts out his hand.

SUIT MAN

We will take the key, Mr. Bruin.

He hands it over.

OSCAR

Yah, sure.

He turns and walks away with all the dignity he can muster. Suit Man, the security guards, the process servers, and even a few curious shoppers.

CUT TO:

INT.MALL. CONTINUOUS

From Oscar's perspective, time has slowed down and the world looks like an overexposed photograph. We can hear his heart beating and his controlled breathing.

CUT TO:

Sequence of travelling shots, following Oscar's journey to the heart of the big city.

Oscar arrives at a vintage sky scraper.

INT. COLONEL LEVOY'S OFFICE. DAY

Colonel Levoy (retired) has been the Bruin family lawyer forever. He reads the injunction.

COLONEL LEVOY

Sorry old friend, this is airtight, until we go to trial, there are no performances, recordings, broadcasts - no more use of the name "Prince of Polka" until we go to trial, which could be years from today.

This is an iron clad injunction

This person, this King of Polka, must really have it in for you...any reason why that you can think of?

Oscar solemnly shakes his head.

COLONEL LEVOY

I'll look into it. If you like, I can tell Buddy.

OSCAR

No thanks Colonel Levoy, I better tell him myself.

CUT TO:

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. DAY

Closeup on Buddy's joyous reaction.

OSCAR

Buddy, but don't worry I got a plan all worked out.

BUDDY

Pops, this is not a bad thing. I can take a little break, do a little travelling. Meet some nice people.

OSCAR

Yah sure, and all our hard work and dedication down the drain. Throw it all away.

BUDDY

Pops, I've spent every weekend with you for the last ten years. All I am saying is maybe this is a good time to take a little break.

OSCAR

A lot of people are going to be disappointed. I better start making phone calls. Plus you are going to have some big legal bills.

BUDDY

Yah, sure. I'm just going to think for a while.

EXT. EUCHRE MAIN DRAG. NIGHT.

Buddy walks the avenue, looks in restaurant windows and sees young couples having dinner together. A horn honks and someone yells

DRIVER

Party on polka dude...

He waves at them half heartedly.

He arrives at the "Nighthawks at the Diner" café. He enters.

INT. NIGHTHAWKS DINER. CONTINUOUS.

Buddy sits where he sat as a young man. Nothing else has changed. He feels a hand on his shoulder, he looks up and sees ELLEN, Missy's friend from long ago.

BUDDY

Hi.

ELLEN

Sorry to bother you. You won't remember me, I was, er, I'm Missy's friend Ellen.

BUDDY

Yea, sure. Sit down and have some pie.

ELLEN

No, I couldn't. I wanted to tell you I saw you playing and I loved it. I sent your CD to Missy.

BUDDY

Wow! Really. What did she say? She like it?

ELLEN

Yea sure. I haven't heard from her in a couple of weeks.

BUDDY

Sit, sit.

ELLEN

Yah, sure.

BUDDY

Thanks. Ellen, I remember you. What have you been doing? What's new?

ELLEN

I've been working as an executive assistant until about six months ago when my Dad got sick and...

BUDDY

And?

ELLEN

And he passed away in January. He died.

BUDDY

Sorry.

ELLEN

Thanks.

Ellen is handed a paper takeout bag by a waiter.

Buddy's POV. He can see her breath in slow motion. She is hot.

BUDDY

Hey Ellen.

She turns back.

BUDDY

Can I give you my phone number?

Ellen smiles.

INT. ELLEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Ellen enters and is heartily greeted by her standard poodle. She gives him a treat.

INT. COURT HOUSE. NIGHT.

Outside of the court room where Bucky is cooling his heels, the light is still flashing on the radiation detector.

The Cleaning crew stop and look at the light. They cross to the security guards desk. Where they look at Bucky on the black and white monitor. A security guard approaches them. Together they all hastily exit.

EXT. COURTHOUSE BUILDING. NITE.

The maintenance crews have had to push their carts outside, and a security guard is locking the door from the outside.

INT. NEWS TV VAN. CONTINUOUS

As they cruise past the Courthouse in search of the elusive truth - the sharp eyed news man, spots the lockout at the courthouse.

NEWS GUY

Hey turn around, there's some kind of lock out at the court house.

The driver turns around.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

As the camera man sets up and turns his sun gun on the startled cleaning staff.

NEWS GUY

News Eleven, hey can someone tell me what's going on here, why the lock out?

CLEANING GUY

Some dirty bum set off the radioactive alarms.

This is big, the News Guys ears prick up...

NEWS GUY

Let me confirm, there is a radioactive dirty bomb inside?

CLEANING GUY

Yah, sure.

NEWS GUY

We are the first on the scene, and as more developments break on this story, News Eleven will be right here for you.

The News Guy stands looking serious for a moment, then he breaks.

NEWS GUY

Are you getting this, back at the studio? Hello Pulitzer.

INT. COURTROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Bucky is waking from a nap on the defense table. He crosses over to the judges bench, and fills a water glass, and drinks it. He notices a remote control device, hits a switch and cabinet doors slide open revealing a TV set. Eventually he gets a signal from the outside world. He surfs past the News Guy right outside his courtroom, and settles on 'The Jerry Springer Show'.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK. NIGHT.

This main road leading into Euchre is only a two lane black top. Missy is driving her nice convertible. The police have blocked the highway with a couple of cruisers, a few road flares, and a saw horse.

COP

Hi.

MISSY

Hi, what's going on?

COP

Not quite sure, but early reports are that Terrorists have taken over the court house with a nuclear weapon.

MISSY

Gosh. Will this take long?

COP

Why do you ask? Are you a hurry?

MISSY

No. Not really.

COP

Good. Just hang on. We ought to know something in a little while.

MISSY

Yah, sure.

INT.BUDDY'S STUDIO. NIGHT

Buddy is itching for action, he can't settle down. He tries to watch TV, the coffee maker is burbling, He checks his email, he picks up his phone he puts it down. He pulls out Ellen's phone number, and he thinks of dialling but he doesn't. He looks out his window, and see's the hazmat truck zooming past.

EXT. COURTHOUSE.NIGHT

News guy is restraining himself. He is very excited.

NEWS GUY

Okay we have made contact with the terrorist group that has seized the court house. Hello can you hear me.

BUCKY

(Phone Voice)

Yah Sure.

NEWS GUY

Can you tell us what your demands are. What do you want.

BUCKY

I'm getting pretty hungry. How about a box of fried chicken, some soda's, oh yeh and I need a pack of smokes.

NEWS GUY

Okay. We've got someone rounding that up. Can you tell us the name of your Terrorist organization?

BUCKY

Actually, I live here. I'm not a tourist.

NEWS GUY

So you deny any connection to an organization?

BUCKY

I was in AA for a while, that was part of my rehab. I guess I might have to think about joining that again.

It's starting to dawn on the news guy that this is not the scenario he had been developing.

The HAZMAT team arrives, brushing past the News team. They enter the building.

INT. COURTHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

A Hazmat decontamination tent has been set up. Bucky recreates a "Silkwood" moment as they scrub him down. He struggles uselessly.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK. NIGHT

The sawhorse is moved and the flares are being kicked to one side, as the cruisers roll back and Missy and the other cars in the roadblock are waved through.

INT. DWAYNE WAYNE THE KING OF POLKA'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Dwayne has his feet up on the desk, his hands crossed behind his head. He's smoking a big foul stogie. He is listening to Buddy's CD. A buzzing sound indicates someone is at the security door. Melvin enters. The music is familiar...

MELVIN

Hey boss. What's this?

DWAYNE WAYNE

Buddy Bruin boy. He's a hotshot.

MELVIN

But he's no King of Polka...

DWAYNE WAYNE

Too bad this little prince of polka won't be competing at the Polkalympics. Hey if you try and steal my throne, I'm going to cut your head off.

MELVIN

Has it been four years already?

DWAYNE WAYNE

This year I'm going all the way.

MELVIN

Yah?

DWAYNE WAYNE

I've seen it all, I've seen all the fancy schmancy stuff. I'm going to lay a voodoo hex on this years polkalympics so powerful, they are going to make me Absolute King for life.

MELVIN

Wow!

DWAYNE WAYNE

Nobody is getting to touch that...

MELVIN

Long live the King.

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY.

This is a rare Sunday dinner for the entire Bruin family. The occasion is Kitty's birthday.

We see the scene as if fast forward, as the usual preparations are made.

Kitty may have aged more than any of the rest of the family. Bucky and Brandy and their baby, Clarence, Marie who is a scientist, Oscar sits at his end of the table.

Buddy backs out of the kitchen with a great turkey on a platter...

CLARENCE

Buddy's got the bird...

BUCKY

For crying out loud, don't use the name Buddy or we'll all wind in court

MARIE

You ought to know.

KITTY

That's a beautiful bird.

OSCAR
Yah sure. Look at my little girl. Going to
MIT, I'm so proud of...

KITTY
Oscar.

Kitty drops her plate onto the floor. She appears to be in
pain. Oscar moves to assist her.

OSCAR
Get the car...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

Oscar and all the kids are in the waiting room, waiting.

Dissolve to:

More Waiting...

DISSOLVE TO:

Doctor Iver comes out and sits with the family.

DR.IVER
Well the good news is that Kitty is comfy and
resting. We're still not sure what the problem is
so we want to take a better look. One thing that
is absolute is that Kitty must quit smoking.

OSCAR
She doesn't smoke.

DR.IVER
That's strange. Do you smoke?

OSCAR
No. Why?

DR.IVER
Kitty has emphysema. She can't breathe. We want
to keep her here for a few days. She'll be
comfortable.

OSCAR

Can I see her.

DR.IVER

Yea, sure.

As Oscar walks along the polished linoleum floor towards Kitty's room, each reverberating step triggers:

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF POLKA PARTIES IN THE EARLY DAYS, AND THE ATMOSPHERE IS ALWAYS THICK. KITTY IS LAUGHING IN EVERY SHOT.

CUT TO:

Zoom in tight on tobacco molecules, drifting then being inhaled, into Kitty's pink lung.

INT. BRETT'S LUXURY CAR. NIGHT.

Brett is cruising the main street of Euchre. He is searching for a certain street. He is driving a little too fast, and almost passes it. He backs up suddenly, provoking a quick and angry response from the car following.

EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Brett rolls to a stop across the street from Ellen's house. The house is dark. He approaches the house, but the barking of a large dog, and the bright security lights deter him from getting any closer.

He drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY

A family conference around the kitchen table. Brandy fusses with the kid in the background.

OSCAR

Your mom and me have been talking about selling the house, and moving out to the coast. We thought, why not go where the air is good.

BUDDY

Do you have an idea when?

OSCAR

Why wait. Do it right away. But I gotta ask you a favour Buddy.

We going throw a farewell party to all our friends here in Euchre. I want you to play.

BUDDY

Yah. Absolutely.

OSCAR

Good boy.

Oscar offers Buddy a hug, Buddy manoeuvres to avoid 'the hand'.

EXT. SCENIC PARK. DAY

Ellen and Missy are walking Ellen's dog, a standard poodle.

MISSY

Brett used to drive me nuts the way he ate. It was beyond neurotic. He is psychotic.

Ellen laughs. Missy looks serious.

ANGLE ON:

We hear Ellen's laugh suddenly has a tinny quality as we see Brett listening in with his parabolic microphone from his guerrilla style hiding place.

He nods in confirmation to her analysis.

BRETT

Yes, yes, perhaps he is psychotic...

MISSY

(PARABOLIC SOUND)

Thank heavens that relationship is over.

BRETT

No Missy, that's wrong. The relationship is over when Brett says it's over.

He takes a big hunting knife out of his sheath and attacks the earth.

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. EVENING.

Kitty and Oscar have enjoyed one of Buddy's meals. They are kicking back and relaxing.

KITTY

Buddy it's time you got a girl.

BUDDY

MA! These things take time. When you and Dad met, it was easier then.

OSCAR

Stop bugging him Kitty. He's got lots of time to look for Miss Perfect now that he's retired

KITTY

Stop bugging him Oscar. If he doesn't want to spend his whole life at someone else's party, that's his business.

BUDDY
Hey, I'm right here.

Kitty picks up Buddy's ever present high school year book

KITTY
Oh look, it's Buddy's High School yearbook.
Oh it opens right up to this page. Oh look
it's that girl you liked. Missy, what ever
happened to her?

BUDDY
Ma that's just my old year book.

KITTY
There she is...Missy, what a sweetheart.
Wonder what happened to her.

OSCAR
Kitty...

KITTY
Oscar, life is too short for me not to speak
my mind!

BUDDY
She moved to the city and got married. I
haven't seen her in ten years.

KITTY
Too bad. She seemed nice.

BUDDY
Yah, she did.

He sits heavily.

EXT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

Oscar and Kitty climb into their station wagon and drive away. Buddy's phone starts ringing.

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. CONTINUOUS

He dashes inside just to hear the short message.

ELLEN

(ON ANSWERING MACHINES)

Hello Buddy, it's Ellen. Guess who is with me right now? Missy is here for a little break, and we were talking about you. Isn't life full of surprises?
I'll try calling again in a few days. Bye.

He picks up the receiver, just in time to hear the click.

The phone rings again, he picks it up wearing a hopeful expression.

BUDDY

Hello?

There is only a dial tone. Buddy hangs up. We hear the laughter of the King hanging in the air.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

Life is normal in slow motion Euchre. People are going about their normal lives, but as Buddy walks along, there are sidelong glances, some cross the street to avoid meeting him, a gossip voice whispers...

VOICE

HE was going to play at my wedding, but now we have had to rent a karaoke machine. Probably better anyways.

SECOND VOICE

HE was going to play at our anniversary, now my sister will play guitar and sing Tracey Chapman songs. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

Buddy turns to face his accusers, but there is no one following. He notices that someone has defaced his caricature on the side of his van.

He feels a hand on his sleeve and he turns quickly to discover the friendly pretty face of Ellen.

ELLEN

Hi Buddy. How ya doing?

BUDDY

Eh, so so. Feeling a little useless these days if you want the truth. You?

ELLEN

I heard you aren't giggling. I'm ah, you know, still dealing with some family stuff right now. I'm nearly finished.

BUDDY

Hey Ellen, can we go for a coffee?

ELLEN

I'd love to honestly, but I got to be someplace in a few minutes. Can I call you later.

BUDDY

Please do.

ELLEN

I will. I promise.

She smiles and they shake hands.

EXT. EUCHRE COMMUNITY HALL. DAY

The sharp eyed news guy is getting ready to do a standup.
He takes a cue from the camera person.

NEWS GUY

The big news in Euchre is that this little town has just been named as the site for this years POLKALYMPICS.

For those who know, this is a joyous day for Euchre because in a few weeks Polka musicians from all over the globe will be meeting here to compete, for the right to call themselves King of the World.

Rumour has it, that this might be Euchre's big showdown between two of the best loved polka shows in the business, the venerable King of Polka, and our rising star of Polka Buddy Bruin. Buddy's been out of sight lately, so we hope that he's getting ready for this big event. See you at the Polkalympics right here in Euchre!

The camera guy lowers the camera.

CAMERA GUY

Why do I get the feeling you don't like polka?

NEWS GUY

I just don't like having to do the community events. I used to think of myself as a serious journalist.

They both laugh.

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. DAY.

Buddy is listening to the Barber of Seville? It's actually the Bugs Bunny cartoon playing in the background while Buddy washes the dishes.

There is a knock at his door. He flies down the stairs and opens it to Missy.

BUDDY
MISSY! Hi.

MISSY
Hi.

They smile sweetly and stupidly. A brief hug.

MISSY
Can I come in?

BUDDY
Yah, of course.

He follows her up the stairs.

She takes in Buddy's eclectic museum of his life as the Prince of Polka.

MISSY
Wow, look at this stuff.

BUDDY
You look fantastic.

She turns to face him.

MISSY
Thanks. You look good too.
So you've become the Prince of Polka

BUDDY
Ah, it was just an act. You know, just
A gig.

She catches his reference and smiles.

BUDDY

Can I offer you a drink?

MISSY

Yea, sure. A glass of water would be nice.

He pours a couple of glasses from his water cooler. As he hands it to her, their hands touch. Missy is thirsty and drains the glass.

MISSY

I was thirsty. It's hot out. So, did you ever marry?

BUDDY

You are direct. Nope. It's hard to meet people if you are playing music at their parties every weekend.

MISSY

Really?

BUDDY

That's right. You?

MISSY

I was living with someone. It's over now.

BUDDY

So you've come home to Euchre.

MISSY

And you've become the prince of polka. I think that's cute.

BUDDY

It wasn't exactly my idea, and anyways that's over too.

MISSY

Why is that?

BUDDY

Somebody else has copywritten the name. They're suing me for trademark infringement.

MISSY

That's terrible. So what are you doing about it?

BUDDY

Nothing. I'm actually glad. There was getting to be a little too much polka in my diet. I was in danger of turning into a keeshka with legs.

MISSY

So you are just going to quit.

BUDDY

Well actually, yes. My group has disbanded and all the players have taken other gigs.

MISSY

I heard your CD, Ellen sent it to me. Buddy I really loved it. It made feel me so happy.

BUDDY

How about you? Still playing violin?

MISSY

No, but then I never really did. I played in High school, but it was just to make my parents happy.

BUDDY

Hmmmm. look at us, so young and so beautiful and so finished. Just when we were getting started.

MISSY

Buddy, life is too short

She reaches her hand out for him. He takes it and they embrace.

They break, Buddy's got to find something to support himself.

BUDDY

My knees are weak.

Missy, and he clinch again, but this time they fall over.

BUDDY

Ouch. That hurt quite a bit.

MISSY

Would you like me to kiss it better.

BUDDY

I think we gotta slow down. It's been a long time, for me since I was with any one, or some one...And I'm a little scared. I want you so much my mouth is dry. But this is important, so let's do it right.

MISSY

You're right. I feel like a floozy.

BUDDY

Please, no no.
Every single day since you left. I thought of the person who inspired me to begin playing music in the first place. I hope you don't think that I'm weird or like a stalker but this was the only picture of you that I have.

He shows her the year book.

MISSY

Bud you are the sweetest. But yes I find it completely weird.

She waits a beat and laughs.

MISSY

Yah sure. Slow down hot pants.

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. NIGHT,

Buddy has lit a few candles, he sits at his piano and plays a few sophisticated and thoughtful jazz chords...As he plays, Missy enters with a cup. She joins him on the bench.

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE. DAY.

Danny is a struggling contractor. The trailer he's working out of his is littered with drawings, permits, tools, and weather gear. He answers a ringing phone. Outside the trailer window we hear a bulldozer. He's watching it.

DANNY
Acme contracting.

CUT TO:

Split screen effect, with Buddy on one panel and Danny on the other.

BUDDY
Danny! It's Buddy.

DANNY
Buddy. Never thought you'd call.

BUDDY
Sorry, I've been er, way out of touch. How is everything going?

The unseen bulldozer outside of Danny's window, is grinding at something hard.

DANNY
It's okay. I heard you on the radio last year. It was some funny polka.

BUDDY
Yea. Well that's why I called. I want to do one more gig. I need you.

DANNY
Geez, I haven't played a note since our last gig. I wouldn't know where to begin. What happened to your band?

BUDDY

Ach, as soon as the paychecks stopped they all left. C'mon it will be fun.

The bulldozer sounds as if it has done some damage. Men are shouting, and a car alarm has started to scream.

DANNY

Count me in. I could use some fun. Are you sure?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET EUCHRE.DAY

Clarence is in the bucket of a cherry picker truck putting the final touches on the banners stretching across main street proclaiming Euchre as the Polka capital of the world, Host of the POLKALYMPICS.

A touring bus with the likeness and logo of the King of Polka rolls up the street towards the Euchre Agridome.

Also migrating towards the Agridome are square dance clubs in all their vivid regalia, a marching band, a quadrille of palamino's, are all eye candy for the resident Euchurians.

INT. KING'S TOUR BUS. CONTINUOUS.

King and Melvin are being chauffeured in the tour bus, which is littered with images of the KING endorsing even more products and services.

A seamstress is measuring Kings corpulent little body. Hair and makeup artists apply their arts. NEWS GUY has settled into being an infotainment journalist.

NEWS GUY

As I as was saying, our show is seen around The world on the entertainment features on CNN, and also picked up on CNN radio.

DWAYNE WAYNE

That's just great. There's no such thing as too much exposure is there?

MELVIN

That's right King.

NEWS GUY

So we want to cover you from these first moments of the Polkalypics to the closing ceremonies.

MELVIN

Sounds good, doesn't it King.

DWAYNE WAYNE

We'll give you a good story.

NEWS GUY

I'll just be a fly on the wall.

Smiles and happiness all around.

INT. ELLEN'S HOUSE. DAY

Ellen sits primly as Missy enters. Missy doesn't immediately notice that Brett is sitting and having a cup of tea with Ellen.

ELLEN

We've got company.

MISSY

Oh. Hi.

BRETT

Hello Missy. How are you doing?

MISSY

Fine thank you. And you?

BRETT

I've been busy. Ready to come back with me?

MISSY

Almost. Euchre is starting to lose it's lustre. But not quite.

BRETT

Shall I beg?

MISSY

I would rather that you didn't.

BRETT

Good. I wouldn't know where to begin. Will this take long?

MISSY

No. It shouldn't.

BRETT

So you will let me know then?

MISSY

Absolutely. Yah, sure.

Brett stands suddenly and starts to leave. He turns.

BRETT

Thank you for your hospitality, Ellen. Perhaps one day I can return the favour.

ELLEN

It was nothing.

He exits.

MISSY

I'm sorry to drag you into my nightmare.

ELLEN

I'm a little confused, he seems so nice.

MISSY

He's nice alright.

INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH.DAY

Our hosts for the POLKALMPICS, are NANCY LONG - a professional broadcaster, and BIG MIKE a retired Polkalympics Champion.

NANCY LONG

Hello Everybody, and Welcome to the Twenty First Polkalympics! With me today is past Champion, and author of the definitive New World Encyclopedia of Polka is BIG MIKE!

BIG MIKE

Thanks Nancy! This is shaping up to be a fantastic day for Polka music. We have music from the five corners of the polka world.

NANCY LONG

That's right Big Mike, and as well, we might have a polka grudge match from right here at home.

BIG MIKE

In a bizzare string of events, it seems that Euchre's own Buddy Bruin who has become a fixture on the wedding and anniversary circuit, has dropped out of the scene, due to a legal challenge to his stage name.

NANCY LONG

So will Buddy Bruin will be entering the Polkalympics?

BIG MIKE

No one knows. Nancy, I've got a note here. No one at any time is allowed to say the words the Prince of Polka, without prior written consent of Dwayne Wayne. I think you owe Dwayne Wayne a royalty cheque.

NANCY LONG

Dwayne Wayne! The old timer of the polka circuit, has just completed a tour of all fiftyone states, a documentary profile for the arts channel, and has just released his fortieth album.

BIG MIKE

He has gone to a lot of trouble to try and shut out any competition.

NANCY LONG

Tell me how he got the title, King of Polka?

BIG MIKE

Good question Nancy. He made it up is my guess, since as far as I know there was never a coronation.

INT. DWAYNE'S TOUR BUS. DAY

Dwayne in a costume reminiscent of Vegas Elvis is watching Big Mike and Nancy Long on TV. He takes a pistol and fires a shot at the TV. The bullet ricochet's off of the chassis of the TV and nicks Melvin on his scalp.

MELVIN

OWWWW!! HOLY HANNAH!

DWAYNE WAYNE

Sorry Melvin.

Can somebody get him a band aid?

Melvin looks fierce.

The news guy and his camera man exchange a "What a wacko" look.

INT. BRUIN HOUSE. DAY.

Kitty and Oscar have been packing up the bric a brac. Once again all their children are there. It's a graduation party for Marie.

She gives oscar a new hand. She's been to MIT and has taken a phd in biomechanical engineering.

She attaches it some electrodes to his arm. He thinks its amazing. He wants to give it the ultimate test.

Oscar demands his accordian. Clarence and Bucky run to fetch it. Bucky athletically hoists himself into the attic, and hands down the accordian case.

Oscar tries a few clumsy scales.

Everyone looking expectantctly at him.

But the emotion is too great. Kitty coughs.

He lets er rip and really plays

People up and down the street stop what they are doing to take a look.

He's rusty but brilliant

But the hand can't take it.

Marie watches as the hand slowly grinds to a halt...

They take it off and she examines it noddng wisely.

EXT. EUCHRE MAIN STREET. NIGHT

A lightening strike hits the spire on the church. Another strike is seen on the heights of lovers lane in the distance. A third strike hits the polkalympics banner stretched across the main street.

NEWS GUY
(VOICE OVER)

Quite a night for the last night of the polkalympics, almost everyone has had a chance to perform before the audiences of Euchre, do we call them Eucherians, or Euchranians? Lets ask one

ANGLE ON:

Wet Passerby stops and addresses the camera.

PASSERBY
Eucherials.

INT. BUDDY'S STUDIO. NIGHT

Buddy is washing the dishes and hears a pounding on the door.

Missy is standing there dripping wet.

BUDDY
Hey, come on in. You're soaking.

MISSY
Well are you going to do it?

BUDDY
Do what?

MISSY
Enter the stupid Polkalympics. I want to see you compete.

BUDDY

I retired. I thought I told you.

MISSY

Yea but you are a musician. You gotta be making the music, or what good are you.

BUDDY

Well er ah. I haven't been practicing, and my band has scattered to the four winds. Keith is playing with the Scrotes, Jim has gone to the Big Apple, and Tom bought a chicken farm in Saskatchewan.

MISSY

Musicians are a dime a dozen. I want to see you up there. Singing to me.

BUDDY

That's not going to happen.

MISSY

Well then what good are you. A stupid musician who won't play?

BUDDY

Missy what happened to you - do you have mad cow disease or what?

MISSY

Forget it. You couldn't afford a real woman like me anyways. I have very expensive tastes. Loser

BUDDY

Do you remember how you got into my house, through that door over there?

MISSY

Good bye forever, Polka boy.

The door closes behind her.

Buddy sits and cuts her picture out of his year book and sets it on fire.

INT. POLKALYMPIC STADIUM. Night

We are in the wings of the stage Dwayne Wayne in his sequined costume is being strapped into a harness by a stage technician.

DWAYNE WAYNE

Make sure it's nice and snug, I don't want to plummet to a horrifying death in front of the whole world.

TECHNICIAN

Yea, sure.

Melvin Blank is lurking in the wings, mopping his sweating brow.

MELVIN

King are you sure you want to do this?

DWAYNE WAYNE

Of course, we want to give the people what they want.

A peal of thunder shakes the building. The lights flicker.

MELVIN

That was close.

Man this is big. You get to close the show.

DWAYNE

And not a polka peep from The Bruins. I guess that injunction really shut themn down.

MELVIN

If they folded that easy, maybe he wasn't all that polka in the first place.

DWAYNE

Maybe not, hehe.

Another lightening Peal shakes the building.

INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH. DAY

Big Jim and Nancy are grinning at the cameras

BIG JIM

We are back and we welcome you back to the final event at this years Polkalympics.

NANCY

For those of you who are just joining us, our editors have put together some clips of the highlights so far for this years event. Can we roll this tape?

INSERT: VIDEO FOOTAGE AS DESCRIBED BY BIG JIM AND NANCY

BIG JIM

Right off the top the Jay Mart dancers and singers made an impressive show with Their tribute to Laurence Welk.

NANCY

Look at all those bubbles.

BIG JIM

No kidding. Wow remember these performers?

NANCY

I've never seen anything like it - The WU SHU Polka team from China... Who would have guessed.

BIG JIM

It says here that they were all living in a remote village and had never seen a television until they came to Euchre for the Polkalympics.

NANCY

Come on, Big Jim, you gotta be pulling my leg.

BIG JIM

I'm just reading what it says here.

NANCY

This team is a perennial favourite, the Vatican Vaudeville Unit, or VVU as they like to be called.

BIG JIM

This is a good act, and they had better be, with three priests, two nuns, a mullah, a rabbi, and we heard that the Dalai Lama has done some session work with them.

NANCY

I look forward to getting the CD. I loved this act - straight from Bollywood, Raja and Rana. Those crazy tabla drums really give their polka a unique flavour.

BIG JIM

Kids of all ages truly love this act, the Palamino Polka Squad.

NANCY

Nobody is going to pretend that their music is any thing special, but it is really great to watch these horses and riders perform all of the most loved dances.

BIG JIM

Oh here's one of your favourites.

NANCY

No kidding, if you don't want to dance to the Norteno sounds of the Mexican National Polka Ensemble, you might not be alive.

BIG JIM

No kidding. Check your pulse. Okay we are almost ready for these evenings proceedings, and this is just in, we've got a last minute entry.

NANCY

Always room for one more act at the polkalympics.

BIG JIM

That's right cause when the judges hand out the prizes. They want to be sure that everyone who deserves it gets a chance.

We hear a peal of thunder.

NANCY

Wow, that storm is right on top of us it seems.

BIG JIM

So without any further adieu here is tonights big act - he's been out there forever, please welcome DWAYNE WAYNE...

CUT TO:

INT. POLKALYMPIC STADIUM. CONTINUOUS.

The stadium is dark, and as the Theme from Thus Spake Zarathustra by Richard Strauss begins, follow spots begin to rake across the audience. One spot light aims higher, and discovers DWAYNE WAYNE flying towards the stage on a harness. A clap of thunder even louder than the last ones, shakes the whole building and the lights flicker.

When they come back on, we see that Dwayne is terrified.

The rigging that he dangles from is swinging wildly back and forth.

His accordion is hanging by one strap and dangling dangerously. His toupee has become loose. He reaches for his wig and he swings upside down and his wig floats to the cheering crowd.

Dwayne is screaming:

DWAYNE
Get me down you morons...

ANGLE ON:

The cable that is suspending him has become snagged between the spool and the chassis of the winch.

ANGLE ON:

We hear a dynamic riff on a concertino... We see Oscar entering from the back of the hall with his left hand playing easily.

From another wing MARIE enters, she's playing a funky bass guitar, setting down a parallel line to her fathers left hand run.

From a third entrance steps in Danny carrying a snare on a strap around his neck. He is laying down a steady rhythm for this piece.

Buddy and Ellen arise up from the audience...where they've been sitting together. Buddy has a mike and Ellen is Cradling her clarinet.

BUDDY
Oh me oh my, you seem to be stuck in the sky.
You wanted to impress, looks like you are wearing grandmas dress, what happened to your rug, you silly old thug?
Playing the same old tune, year after year, taking the bread, but not giving back from your heart and your head. Let's just say, this is not your day.

The new family Bruin Band strikes up the theme, which is accentuated by the crash of thunder, which makes the lights flicker and go out.

Bucky steps into the hall, he glows in the dark.

BUCKY

I might be toxic, I might glow in the dark,
I might be underemployed but I gotta say
I really overjoyed, to be jamming with Daddy
And the rest of the boys. So thanks to the
town, and the man with the frown, cause he
inspired me
To set my inner singer free - So thank you
all for not making me feel small, but a part
of the scene of the polka machine.

The crowd goes wild for Bucky. Angle on Oscars proud face.

Over the top of the theme a relentless banjo attacks the melody. The Bruin Family band falls back to support this soloist, and the follow spot searches to reveal Kitty in a sexy gown and a big silver banjo.

ANGLE ON:

All of the factions are getting up and dancing.

ANGLE ON:

Smith the Gym Teacher, grabs a surprised and delighted Clarence and they begin to dance like Fred and Ginger.

In the back ground are Cheryl and Darryl still in their wedding clothes.

ANGLE ON:

COLONEL Levoy entering the announce booth and shaking hands with Big Jim. He speaks confidentially into Big Jim's ear, and Big Jim's eyebrows shoot up.

Big Jim leans over and speaks confidentially to Nancy

She picks up a phone.

NANCY
Security?

ANGLE ON:

Big beefy security guard being filled in by Nancy Long herself, and he nods knowingly, he's been let in on the plan.

INT. HOTEL ROOM SUITE. NIGHT

Missy sits in a big fluffy housecoat, she is surrounded by empty gift boxes and has obviously been getting pampered. Brett is on the phone.

BRETT
Hello room service?
I want the following items sent to my room
Immediately. Seven packages of polaroid
film, twenty six rolls of duct tape, one
banana, eighteen manual alarm clocks, and
six litres of pure lanolin.

He hangs up, to enjoy a beatific smile from Missy.

She turns on the TV, and a News bulletin is playing.

ANGLE ON TV:

The News Guy is doing a stand up in front of a dangling
Dwayne Wayne.

NEWS GUY

We are live at the polkalympics where a freak accident has sidelined one of the grizzled veterans of the polka universe.

DISSOLVE FROM TV TO:

INT: POLKALYMPIC STADIUM.CONTINUOUS

While Dwayne twists in the wind, Big Jim and Nancy take the stage. The riggers are stymied.

BIG JIM

The people have spoken and this years title for best Polka Group is going hands down to the Bruin Family, Oscar Kitty come on down.

NANCY

We have a message from the riggers for Dwayne. They'll be able to get you down by morning.

The crowd laughs and cheers.

Oscar and his family stand together on the Polka stage with all of the aforementioned acts behind them, this is the happiest moment of his life. And it looks like the cover of the Sgt. Peppers album.

NANCY

So Oscar what are going to with all the prize money?

KITTY

Going to save it for a rainy day!

Another peal of thunder shakes the structure.

BIG JIM
It's raining right now...

OSCAR
In that case, we are going to take a trip to the old country and show the kids where our folks came from.

The crowd applauds vigourously.

Ellen and Buddy hold hands. They look happier than happy.

CUT TO:

EXT: BRUIN HOUSE. DAY.

Bucky is throwing luggage into the back of a stretch limo. Marie, Clarence and Smith, are helping. Oscar and Kitty are locking up. Brandy minds the baby.

Buddy and Ellen drive up in their airstream motorhome with two caricatures of them on the side.

BUDDY
So you are finally going to get back to visit the old country.

OSCAR
Yup, it's been a life long dream.

KITTY
Big Jim has booked us on a fantastic tour. You sure you don't want to come. Last chance.

Buddy only has to wave them off. They know.

KITTY
I know. I know. So have yourselves a lovely honeymoon in California.

ELLEN
Yah Sure. We will.

The Bruins climb into the limo and it rolls off down the street.

Ellen and Buddy wave after them.

They climb into their airstream and drive off in the opposite direction. As we crane away to see the big picture we see that a stork following them. It squawks.

ELLEN
(VOICE OVER)
Do you hear some kind of bird?

Fade to black.