

MILKMEN?

Written by

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C O N T A C T S

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

A dirty vintage milk truck sits in front of a tattered two-story house with a garage/refrigerator in a forested town.

A woman's hand checks to see if the door is unlocked. It is unlocked, so the hand pushes the door open.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She SEES a filthy family room, with clothes scattered everywhere. We SEE a stained blue work shirt, embroidered with the name "Ace."

INT. DAIRY/HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She enters the kitchen to see a sink full of dishes and an empty coffee pot.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She peeks into Ace's downstairs bedroom, where she sees ACE O'BRIEN (24), a tall, ruggedly handsome young man in tight underwear, sleeping restlessly on a disheveled bed in a sloppy room. His smartphone erupts with a loud alarm at 6 AM, but Ace quickly hits the off button.

Ace DREAMS of STOCK FOOTAGE of a milkman training film from the 1950s. The milkman is in a clean, pressed white uniform, and delivering glass milk bottles.

Ace's smartphone erupts with a louder alarm at 7 AM, but Ace quickly hits the off button; then 8 AM ... until he finally rises at 1 PM.

He steps into the shower.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ace exits into the kitchen in his underwear, while drying his hair with a towel. He sniffs the air.

ACE  
Hot coffee?

Ace looks around the kitchen. He sees the dishes are clean.

DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He steps into the family room to see MARTIE DIAZ (24) a Hispanic beauty, with short black hair shaking her head with disapproval. She's wearing blue jeans and a tank top that reads, "U.C. Berkeley." Ace is bewildered.

ACE  
Who are you?

MARTIE  
Good thing I'm not the health  
inspector.

ACE  
Our maid died?

MARTIE  
I bet it was a Sewer-cide.

Ace turns back to the kitchen. Martie follows.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Isn't this a little late for a  
milkman to get up?

ACE  
The early-morning milkman is a  
myth; like the Tooth Fairy, Easter  
Bunny, and real friends on social  
media.

MARTIE  
I'm here about the job in the  
newspaper. I've been waiting since  
six.

Ace turns to face Martie, who is serious.

ACE  
You wouldn't want the job. Minimum  
wage. We'll have our new ice-maker  
working any day now. Lots of heavy  
lifting in cold freezers.

MARTIE  
I'm warm-bodied and inclined to  
work.

ACE  
No health benefits.

MARTIE  
I'm resigned to staying healthy.

Ace pours a cup of coffee.

ACE  
We need a man.

MARTIE  
I'm prepared to file a gender  
discrimination lawsuit.

Ace sips the coffee and loves it. Then, he laughs hysterically loud and long -- he always laughs that way!

ACE  
The job is yours. You get paid cash, under the table, every two weeks right after we get paid.

MARTIE  
We?

ACE  
My best buds, Ponch and Clutch.

Martie looks around.

ACE (CONT'D)  
They're late sleepers. I'll talk with them when...

PONCH TURAN (24), a tall, handsome, ever-smiling, Middle-Eastern man trudges down the stairs wearing an oversized blue work shirt embroidered with "Ponch." Ponch stops to stare at Martie when he's pushed in the back by Clutch.

ACE (CONT'D)  
Ponch, this is Martie. Martie, Ponch. Ponch is from either the Middle East or the Middle West. No one knows.

Martie is speechless.

CLUTCH REDMOND (24) is a dashing African-American, shirtless, with jeans that sag in the back. He's looking for his shirt and doesn't see Martie.

ACE (CONT'D)  
Clutch, this is Martie, our new part-time employee.

Clutch looks for his shirt. He bends over to pick up a shirt on the floor and displays a "plumber's crack" the size of New York.

CLUTCH

Hey, Martie. They call me Clutch.

Clutch turns to Martie, embarrassed.

MARTIE

Nicknames aren't what they're cracked up to be.

ACE

We call him Clutch 'cause he can't drive a truck worth shit.

Martie extends her hand for handshakes, but the men don't move.

MARTIE

What's wrong?

ACE

That's not the way we milkmen shake hands.

PONCH

Secret Milkman's handshake.

CLUTCH

Secret Milkman's handshake.

Ponch and Clutch demonstrate the "Secret Milkman's Handshake." They fold the fingers of each hand together with their thumbs pointed high.

They turn their hands upside down so that the thumbs point straight down.

Ace races over to them and pretends to "milk the udders" (the thumbs of each milkman).

Ace then forms the Secret Milkman's Handshake and presents his thumbs to Martie, who stares in disgust.

MARTIE

Who delivers the milk, while you  
milk your invisible male cows?

ACE

That's why needed to hire an extra. We get a few complaints if we're late to a few restaurants, ski resorts, and grocery stores.

PONCH

Mr. Anderson, our boss in  
Sacramento doesn't like to get  
complaints.

CLUTCH

He hates us and wants the franchise back.

Ace looks around the messy house.

ACE

We'd lose this magnificent empire we built with our blood.

PONCH

Sweat.

CLUTCH

And beers.

ACE

(sings)

And when I die, and when I'm gone,  
there'll be no child left in this  
world to carry on, to carry on.

Martie stands up and begins to stomp out.

MARTIE

I don't need a job this bad.

Martie exits.

Ace whispers to Ponch and Clutch.

ACE

Get dressed. We gotta go after her.  
She made coffee, and did the  
dishes! And best of all, she's  
normal!

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch are dressed in their milkman shirts when they race out of the house and to the end of the driveway.

They find Martie crouched beneath a tree with an angry face. She avoids eye contact. The men are stunned.

ACE

We didn't mean nothin', Martie.

She looks up slowly.

MARTIE  
You don't get it!  
(beat)  
No one will hire me.  
(beat)  
I'm undocumented.

CLUTCH  
I didn't graduate neither.

PONCH  
She's not a citizen, idiot.

Clutch punches Ponch in the arm.

CLUTCH  
You didn't go to college either,  
Ponch.

Ponch punches Clutch back. Ace crouches down to look into her eyes.

ACE  
Let me guess. Unemployed college  
graduate, homeless, and those are  
your best clothes, except for your  
little black party dress?

Martie glares at Ace and shakes her head in disgust.

MARTIE  
Let me guess. You guys are  
roommates since high school, you  
suck at your jobs, and you're all  
single because...

CLUTCH  
(interrupts)  
Wow. It's like she's psycho!

PONCH  
Psychic.  
(beat)  
Well, maybe both.

Martie turns angrier.

MARTIE  
I'm in some serious trouble here,  
and you people are the least  
serious people I've met in my life.  
Thanks to your new President, tens  
of thousands of college graduates  
are facing immediate deportation.

CLUTCH  
New president?

ACE  
We don't think about him or her  
much up here.

PONCH  
My relatives do!

CLUTCH  
In the Middle West?

PONCH  
East! Middle East!

ACE  
I've heard it both ways.

MARTIE  
My Mama is hiding near Folsom with  
my aunt, but they didn't want to  
draw more attention to the house  
with me living there too. We  
vacationed at Lake Tahoe three  
years ago. I thought it was heaven.  
(beat, sad)  
I thought I'd be safe in heaven.

Ace helps Martie up. She grabs a backpack from behind the  
tree.

ACE  
Come on, you'll be safe with us  
until you figure out what to do.  
You can sleep on the couch.

MARTIE  
You had a couch in there?

PONCH  
Next to the coffee table and TV?

MARTIE  
Couldn't see them.

CLUTCH  
It's my month to clean the house.

ACE  
And he's the neat freak among us.  
But it's free rent.



PONCH

Geez! We have to get that order of milk, eggs, and cheese to the west-side grocery store, or we're in big trouble. Anderson will hear about it!

ACE

I'll take the trainee to the west side, you guys take the north side.

Clutch and Ponch take off running.

CLUTCH

Don't worry, I'll clean the house when we get back from the route.

PONCH

Don't worry; if the milk has curdled, we'll sell it as cottage cheese.

ACE

You see, Martie Diaz, it's gonna be okay. We'll all be all right!

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace drives the milk truck through Tahoe City, with Martie only partly listening to him.

ACE

Mr. Anderson sends all the dairy products up from Sacramento in the big truck, except for the eggs that travel in an armored vehicle. We use the two small trucks to deliver.

MARTIE

So, the restaurants, stores, and hotels pay you?

ACE

All the billing is by electronic deposit. Our only job is to deliver.

MARTIE

By nightfall?

Ace laughs.

ACE

We get up earlier in the peak ski season and mid-summer the crazy seasons. Mid-May is still the slow season.

MARTIE

Still, I imagine the store owners would want early deliveries.

ACE

Remember the tooth fairy and Easter Bunny?

Ace pulls the truck into the parking lot of a small grocery store.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ace opens the back of the milk truck and pulls out a dolly. Martie stands in the back of the truck surveying the milk products.

ACE

I need two cases whole, two two-percent, and one non.

Martie figures it out. She lifts two cases of whole milk and slides them to the back door.

MARTIE

Got it.

Ace loads the cases on the dolly, as Martie slides him more milk.

ACE

You better wait out here. Lou can get a little angry.

Ace wheels the dolly to the back door.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

LOU (60) is a plump, impatient store owner in a green apron. Ace enters as though nothing is wrong.

ACE

Morning, Lou. Beautiful morning in paradise.

LOU  
It ain't morning.

ACE  
There must have been some late  
spring snow on Donner Summit.  
Everything was late getting here.

Ace races to put the milk in the refrigerator.

LOU  
Ain't no snow on Donner Summit.  
Looks like I gotta call Anderson  
again.

Martie bursts in the back door with a dozen eggs and an arm  
held out for a shake.

MARTIE  
Lou, is it? I'm Martie Diaz. Ace is  
breaking me in. My fault we're  
late. So much to learn. You got  
your whole milk, two percent, non-  
fat. Enough to make my head fill  
like whipped cream. The eggs are on  
me.

Lou is stunned but he shakes Martie's hand.

LOU  
New employee?

MARTIE  
What time do want me to be here on  
your next delivery? Before eight?

ACE  
Sunrise is nine. Maybe ten.

Lou isn't listening to Ace.

LOU  
Eight would be great. I'll have a  
donut for you.

MARTIE  
Donuts? We gotta keep our girlish  
figures. Am I right, Lou?

Ace laughs right away. Lou signs the invoice on a clipboard.

ACE  
She's such a kidder, Lou!

Martie pulls the empty dolly and Ace out the back door.

MARTIE  
See ya next time, Lou!

Lou smiles.

LOU  
Bye now, Martie.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace is shaking his head and smiling.

ACE  
You were pretty good back there.  
Saved us another complaint.

MARTIE  
If you just got up a little  
earlier...

ACE  
(interrupting)  
Ah, ah, ah. Olympic Valley and the  
restaurants won't be nearly as  
easy. Some of the owners are women.

MARTIE  
Bring 'em on!

Ace laughs as he drives on.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a beautiful sundown on a restaurant patio with a view of the Lake. Ponch and Clutch are drinking beers, when Ace walks in smiling with Martie.

ACE  
Hey, guys, should've seen our new  
trainee today. Put Lou in his  
place, and bagged us a new account  
at the French restaurant at Squaw!

CLUTCH  
From old lady Do-Bra?

MARTIE  
Doo-bwah!

ACE

I imagine they serve French fries,  
French toast, and French bread...

MARTIE

(interrupts)

I'm catching on to all of you.  
You're not dumb at all! You listen  
closely to everything that's said,  
and you purposely say something  
dumb, 'cause you think it's funny.

The men are silent for a moment until they burst out  
laughing.

ACE

No crime in making people laugh.

A cute waitress, SARAH (25), delivers two more beers and a  
plate of deep-fried zucchini.

CLUTCH

Even if it's just each udder.

Sarah snarls at Ace, who ignores her.

SARAH

Would you like to see the  
children's menu?

Clutch forms the Secret Milkman's handshake.

CLUTCH

Two beers for my friends here, and  
extra sour cream and butter for the  
appetizers if you will, Sarah.

Sarah snarls, punches Ace's shoulder, gives Martie a dirty  
look, and leaves.

PONCH

The nuns hated us at St.  
Benedict's!

CLUTCH

We'd pronounce it Saint...  
(slowly)  
Bend-a-dicks.

MARTIE

Of course, you do.

ACE

They hated that! Martie, how 'bout we eat here tonight? They're a customer of ours.

PONCH

That's why we ordered the extra sour cream and butter that we'll never use.

CLUTCH

And they cut us a deal on dinner.

MARTIE

No thanks. I'm not staying.

ACE

For dinner? You gotta stay and celebrate your first day on the job.

All eyes are on Martie.

MARTIE

It's my Mama. I got a text from my aunt. They're tossing out my Mama.

PONCH

Who could throw a poor old lady out on the street?

MARTIE

You don't know Mama. She's been tossed onto a bus to Reno. Arrives at nine-fifteen. I'm screwed.

The boys stare at each other in silence.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

I gotta hitchhike to Reno to pick her up.

Ace is sad.

ACE

Maybe she could stay with us for a few days.

Martie stands up, angrier than ever.

MARTIE

No. You don't understand. She takes time to warm up to people, and for people to warm up to her.

PONCH  
How much time?

MARTIE  
Let's see...  
(beat)  
I'm twenty-five.

The boys look nervous.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
And she won't be happy with me,  
especially now that I told her a  
little white lie.

The boys arch back in their seats.

CLUTCH  
A little white lie?

PONCH  
That you had a big new job at Lake  
Tahoe?

ACE  
And a house?

CLUTCH  
And a baby? A beautiful black baby  
girl?

Martie slumps back in her seat and covers her head with her  
hands.

ACE  
What did you tell her?

Martie looks at each of the boys.

MARTIE  
I kind of told her I was marrying  
my college sweetheart. A citizen.  
So I could get citizenship. Then  
I'd hide her away as my  
housekeeper.

PONCH  
But this college sweetheart of  
yours?

MARTIE  
Like the tooth fairy, Easter Bunny,  
and early-morning milkman.

The boys turn deadly serious.

CLUTCH

You lied to your mother?

PONCH

Shame on you!

ACE

Disgusting.

Martie is puzzled. Then, the boys break out laughing. Martie is more puzzled than ever.

MARTIE

What?

ACE

Everybody lies to their mothers!  
It's our Olympic sport.

Sarah returns with two beers and a side of butter and sour cream. She gives Martie another evil stare.

SARAH

Would you be needing a doggie bag?

Sarah departs. Martie is bewildered at Sarah's behavior.

ACE

We'll eat. You two clean the house.  
I'll drive Martie into Reno to pick  
up the old bag.

MARTIE

The old bag?

ACE

Your Mama's luggage. We'll pick her  
up too, of course.

PONCH

Unless she's so big, you can't pick  
her up.

CLUTCH

Then she'll have to walk.

ACE

You can both bunk with us until you  
make other arrangements. I'm sure  
it will be a night or two.



MARTIE

Maybe less, after she sees the place, and meets you. Mama can be a little rough around the edges.

PONCH

If she raised you, how bad could she be?

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

MAMA DIAZ (50), a heavy-set angry-looking ex-con-type with tattoos, marches into the house to see Ponch and Clutch sitting on the couch with their feet up on the coffee table watching ESPN Sports Center on the big TV. Mama grunts at Ponch and Clutch, as Ace enters carrying three tattered suitcases. Ace whispers.

ACE

She doesn't speak much English. All she says is 'Folsom Prison.'

PONCH

You're kidding?

CLUTCH

I thought she had a full-time job somewhere.

ACE

Folsom Prison is my guess. She and Martie argued all the way here -- in Spanish. All I heard was Folsom Prison!

Martie enters carrying one more suitcase, and two bags of groceries.

MARTIE

Mamá, esto es, Ponch.  
[Mama, this is, Ponch.]

Ponch stands and nervously holds out a hand, which Mama ignores.

MAMA

Punch?

MARTIE

Cierra, Mamá  
[Close, Mama.]  
(points to Clutch)  
(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Mamá, esto es, Clutch.  
[This is, Clutch.]

MAMA

Crotch?

Ponch and Clutch return to the couch and put their feet up on the coffee table.

ACE

Yep, that's them. Punch and Crotch.  
Well, I'm bushed. Time to hit the hay. Up by noon tomorrow.

Ace begins to walk to the kitchen as Mama stomps over to Ponch and kicks his legs off the coffee table.

ACE (CONT'D)

Mama and Martie will be sharing my room.

Mama kicks Clutch's legs off the table.

CLUTCH

We'll take turns sleeping on the couch. Like camping.

(beat)

In a World War II camp in Germany.

MARTIE

I can't sleep with Mama. No one can!

ACE

It's just for a few days, right?  
Until you can find a rental? We'll all help you look!

MARTIE

I'm not sleeping with her.

ACE

That makes it unanimous.

LATER

The room is dark. Martie is on one side of the couch, completely covered with a blanket. Ace is on the other side, completely covered with a blanket. They are sound asleep.

CRYSTAL (24), a beautiful aboriginal Australian in a sleek red dress, sneaks in the front door and tiptoes slowly back to Ace's room. She does not see Martie and Ace sleeping on the couch.

Moments later, we HEAR Mama and Crystal scream.

Ace sits straight up. Martie stays buried under a blanket.

Ace turns on the lamp next to him, as we hear one punch, then a second scream from Crystal.

Ace stands up but hesitates to run to Crystal's rescue.

Crystal, with a bloody nose, runs into the family room covered only by a small bath towel to see Ace standing in front of Martie.

CRYSTAL

Somebody punched me. Ace? What are you doing here? Who's that? And who punched me?

MARTIE

(whispers to Ace)  
That would be Mama.

ACE

There's a reasonable explanation for everything.

Mama races out of the kitchen in her bathrobe, with pink curlers in her hair, stomping towards Crystal with a butcher knife, as Punch and Clutch come downstairs wearing boxer shorts. Crystal races out the front door.

Martie hops out from under the blanket.

MARTIE

Mama, stop! Detener! She thinks she's back in Folsom Prison.

Mama stops for a second, then chases Ponch and Clutch back up the stairs wielding the butcher knife.

MAMA

Folsom Prison! Folsom Prison!

ACE

Can't you stop her, Martie?

MARTIE

Couldn't stop her before!  
(yells)  
Mama, detener!

Mama finally stops and puts down the knife. She trudges without speaking back to Ace's bedroom. Ace races outside to comfort Crystal.

ACE  
Has this happened before?

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Crystal is angry and scared!

CRYSTAL  
Who was that serial killer in your house, Ace? You didn't say you had psychotic company!

ACE  
Our new cook. Just out of Folsom Prison. Nothing to worry about. Come in and meet her.

Crystal nervously walks back inside.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Martie and Mama are back in Ace's bedroom.

Ponch and Clutch come downstairs again, still in boxer shorts. They eye Crystal, who is still angry.

CRYSTAL  
Hi Ponch. Hi Clutch. Bet you think this is funny! Ace, go get my clothes from your room!

ACE  
I'm not going in there.

CRYSTAL  
(yells)  
Get my clothes!

ACE  
She sleepwalks, is all.

CRYSTAL  
With a butcher knife?

Ace trudges to the bedroom.

PONCH  
She's a sharp one, Mama.

CLUTCH  
I was right about psycho.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ace whispers to Martie.

ACE  
Martie, that's my -- girlfriend,  
Crystal. She's from Australia.

MARTIE  
The clothing-optional part of  
Australia?

ACE  
She's a bartender. Sometimes she  
comes over at night after closing.

MARTIE  
I see. Like an international  
sleepover.

Ace gathers Crystal's clothes and exits to the family room.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ACE  
I got your clothes.

Crystal turns her back and begins to put on her dress.

PONCH  
Your Victoria's Secret is safe with  
me?

She stops and holds the blanket tightly around her.

Ponch and Clutch laugh. Ace bites his tongue as Crystal exits  
to the kitchen.

CRYSTAL  
Very funny. I'll change in the  
kitchen.

Ponch starts to follow Crystal.

PONCH  
Does anyone want tea?

CLUTCH  
I'd love a cup. Nothing soothes the  
stomach more after a near-stabbing.

ACE  
Let her be.

Ace yells into the kitchen.

ACE (CONT'D)

Okay, that was pretty funny. You gotta admit it, Crystal, but I'll make this up to you.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

How? With a quadruple homicide then suicide? Look at my nose!

ACE

I'll buy you Cheetos. You like Cheetos.

Crystal storms out of the kitchen fully clothed.

CRYSTAL

You've done it this time, Ace. I'm pressing assault charges against that crazy lady.

ACE

Mama? You surprised her. We'll laugh about this tomorrow.

CLUTCH

Mama meant no harm... this time.

ACE

See. We'll talk about it tomorrow night over dinner.

PONCH

Pork chops? Veal cutlets?

CLUTCH

Rump roast, maybe?

CRYSTAL

I've had it with all of you. You too, Ace! I'm reporting that old crazy woman with a butcher knife to the Sheriff tomorrow after work!

Crystal begins to stomp out.

ACE

Let's talk tomorrow, okay?

Crystal slams the door.

ACE (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

Ponch races to the kitchen.

PONCH

I'm gonna hide all the knives.

Ponch grabs three sharp knives and heads upstairs. Clutch follows Ponch while mumbling loudly.

CLUTCH

I'm gonna put a lock on our upstairs bedroom door. Maybe a trip wire and a Chinese bamboo death trap.

ACE

You guys are overreacting.

Martie comes out to the family room and collapses onto the couch. Ace gazes at Martie, who is deep in thought. He moves to comfort her, but he's afraid to touch her.

ACE (CONT'D)

What's the worry?

Martie looks away.

ACE (CONT'D)

You know, worrying is like celery, a negative food group. You use more energy eating celery, than you get from celery. Worrying uses up energy, and you get nothing from it.

Martie gazes into Ace's eyes.

MARTIE

I'm worried about Mama.

ACE

She looks like she can take care of herself.

MARTIE

It's not that.

ACE

What is it?

MARTIE

If the Sheriff detains her, ICE will be notified, and she'll be...

(beat)

Deported.

ACE  
That's awful.  
(looks away, mumbles)  
I'll miss her terribly.

Martie slaps his arm.

MARTIE  
I heard that! I was right here!

Ace looks back lovingly.

ACE  
I'm sorry, snide comments escape  
from my mouth before I can stop  
them. I try to count to ten before  
saying something stupid or hurtful,  
but they just pop out.

MARTIE  
Your mother would have killed you.

ACE  
She tried. I left my home in  
Oakland at eighteen and came to  
Tahoe to hide out. Just like you.

Their eyes meet until Mama sleepwalks into the family room.  
She looks threatening.

Ace jumps back to the far side of the couch in terror.

MARTIE  
Sleepwalking again. I'll put her  
back to bed.

Martie jumps up and leads Mama back to Ace's bedroom.

ACE  
(mumbles)  
I'd miss her. Such a delightful  
woman.

Ace covers himself with a blanket as if hiding. He tries to  
sleep, but his eyes are wide open.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - DAWN

Ace is still hiding under the blanket on the couch when his  
nose pops out to sniff the air. He hears pots and pans  
clanging in the kitchen. He peeks out to see that Martie is  
gone.



Ace sleepily tiptoes to the kitchen.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He sees Mama cooking a fabulous breakfast of huevos rancheros, Spanish rice, and fresh tortillas. Mama ignores Ace.

Martie bounces in from Ace's bedroom freshly showered and drying her hair with a towel. She looks magnificent.

MARTIE  
Buenos dias, Ace.

Ace rubs his eyes.

ACE  
What time is it?

MARTIE  
Mama always makes breakfast at  
Sunrise. Five-forty.

ACE  
Five-forty? AM? That's the middle  
of the night?

Ace shakes his head and eyes Martie's beauty as he sluggishly walks past her.

ACE (CONT'D)  
Is Mama sleep-cooking? Smells great  
in here. I have to use the banjo.

Martie sneers.

MARTIE  
El baño. But I bet you know that!  
You said banjo trying to be funny.  
It made you look childish.

Ace looks like a scolded student in school.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
But I'll still make you coffee.

ACE  
None for me. I'm going back to  
sleep for four to six hours.

MARTIE  
No, you're going to eat breakfast  
and go to work!

Ace lowers his head and pouts.

LATER

Ace, Martie, Ponch, and Clutch sit around a small table, while Mama serves them a second helping of breakfast. Mama grunts and never smiles. Ace is still pouting. Ponch, Clutch, and Martie are smiling and eating. Ponch looks over at Mama by the stove and starts to sing a song.

PONCH

If you want to be happy for the  
rest of your life...

Clutch joins him.

PONCH & CLUTCH

Never make a pretty woman your  
wife. So from my personal point of  
view, get an ugly girl to marry  
you.

Ace wakes up with the song and joins in as Martie catches the beat and enjoys the song.

ACE, PONCH, & CLUTCH

If you want to be happy for the  
rest of your life. Never make a  
pretty woman your wife. So from my  
personal point of view, get an ugly  
girl to marry you.

CLUTCH

Oh man, is that your woman over  
there? She sure is ugly.

ACE & PONCH

But she sure can cook!

Mama glares back at them from the stove and the song ends abruptly. Ponch and Clutch stand and try to escape.

Martie glares at Ace.

ACE

What! They're just silly lyrics to  
an old song?

PONCH

That was great. Thanks!

CLUTCH

Wake us up for lunch.

Mama is blocking the door to the family room with a cast-iron skillet in her hand and a mean look.

Ponch and Clutch take their seats and eat their food quickly. Mama exits the room.

ACE

What's with Mama?

MARTIE

I told her when I graduated, not to worry about me. I'd be marrying my college sweetheart and staying in the U.S. But there is no sweetheart.

CLUTCH

Then how was that supposed to work?

MARTIE

My education F-1 visa only lasts sixty days after I graduate. Then, I have to return to Mexico.

PONCH

Except if you marry a U.S. Citizen, you can get a green card and a good job.

CLUTCH

Mama looks pretty mad all the time.

ACE

I thought Mama just didn't like us.

MARTIE

Mama thinks one of you must be my college sweetheart.

The boys gasp!

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Mama just doesn't like you. She told me this morning that she'd rather kill you all than see me marry one of you.

PONCH

Good thing we hid all the knives.

MARTIE

It's not funny, guys. Mama's here illegally, too. If I go, she goes.  
(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

And she can't go back to Mexico  
because of Papa.

ACE

Papa?

MARTIE

Mama filed for divorce. A disgrace  
in our country. He vowed revenge.

ACE

She's divorcing him?

Mama returns with an angry look at the boys. Clutch glances  
at Mama.

CLUTCH

What's not to love?

MARTIE

Papa's worse. Believe me! Good  
thing he's in Mexico! If he ever  
found us, we'd all be in real  
trouble!

The boys look worried -- very worried.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER "MEXICO CITY"

PAPA DIAZ (55) stands before a mirror in a nice hotel room.  
He wears a nice black suit with a pressed black shirt. He  
growls as he ties a black tie around his neck. We see his  
passport and a stack of one-hundred-dollar bills (U.S.) on  
the counter.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Martie drives the milk truck around the Lake, while Ace tries  
to enjoy the scenery (that is, the Lake and Martie in a tank  
top). But Ace's voice sounds worried.

ACE

I never liked mornings.

MARTIE

Breathtakingly beautiful.

Ace eyes Martie while she looks at the lake.

ACE

I was about to say the same thing.  
(beat)  
Are you sure you have a driver's  
license?

MARTIE

I told you, I have an F-1 visa for  
graduate school. That, and my  
Mexican passport, got me a driver's  
license. All temporary.

ACE

Unless you marry a U.S. Citizen.

Martie slams on the brakes and turns angry.

MARTIE

How stupid do you think I am? I'd  
never marry anyone to stay in ANY  
country! I'd marry for love!

Ace turns his head away.

ACE

Okay, okay. Sorry I mentioned it!

Martie drives on.

MARTIE

When we get back to the house, I'll  
tell Mama the truth. No college  
sweetheart. Sixty days to return to  
Mexico.

ACE

She not gonna like that. Can't you  
just get a good-paying job and  
stay?

MARTIE

Not without a green card. If ICE  
finds out I'm working for anybody  
but U.C. Berkeley, they can deport  
me in twenty-four hours!

ACE

How about me? Could I get in  
trouble?

MARTIE

Sure. For hiring illegal immigrants, paying me under the table is tax evasion, and then there are the human trafficking charges!

ACE

Human trafficking? Like the slave trade?

MARTIE

You who picked up Mama in Reno, Nevada, and transported her across state lines, harbored her in your house where she worked as a cook for no wages.

Ace looks away worried.

ACE

I'm a human trafficker.

Martie bursts out laughing.

MARTIE

But only if you get caught!  
(beat)

Five to ten years in the pen for first-time offenders.

Ace's eyes open widely.

ACE

We have to get you married off!

MARTIE

Told you! Not gonna happen.  
(beat)

Hey, we're at Lou's.

Ace remains worried.

EXT./INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Lou stares at a small TV behind the counter. On the TV, we hear a female REPORTER (35) who is showing a photo of SHERIFF WILLARD SUZUKI (50), a uniformed, Japanese, red-neck Sheriff.

REPORTER

This is the third arrest of illegal aliens working in some of Lake Tahoe's finest restaurants.

(MORE)

## REPORTER (CONT'D)

Sheriff Willard Suzuki continues his personal mission to rid the Tahoe Basin of plastic bottles, undocumented murderers and rapists from Mexico, and tattoo parlors.

Martie wheels in a dolly full of milk crates, and Lou fakes a heart attack, as he turns the volume down on the TV.

LOU

Is Ace dead? In a coma? Pictured on a milk carton?

MARTIE

He's lounging in the truck. We promised eight AM, and we deliver!

Lou laughs.

LOU

Thought I'd never see the day!  
Donuts and coffee? On the house?

Martie offloads the milk like a champ. She carefully counts the number of milk cartons.

MARTIE

Keep the donuts, Lou. I think you lost a pound or two since yesterday.

Lou pats his tummy and smiles. He signs the invoice on a clipboard.

Martie sees his wedding ring.

LOU

(whispers)

My husband said the same thing.  
Just had coffee this morning.

MARTIE

You look good, Lou. Keep it up.

Martie begins to leave.

LOU

Maybe I'll call Ace's big boss, Mr. Anderson, and tell him what a good job you're doing.

Martie, in a panic, races back to Lou.

MARTIE

No, Lou. Please no. I don't want anyone to know I've got a second job. Know what I mean?

Lou is taken aback.

LOU

Sure. No problem, Martie. I won't tell a soul.

Martie smiles and out the dolly, as Lou smiles and waves.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace sends text messages to Ponch and Clutch, as Martie drives.

ACE

We're going to finish early. Maybe I can introduce you to a few friends.

MARTIE

You're not gonna fix me up with some perfect stranger!

ACE

My friend, Miguel Sanchez, is close to perfect when he's next to me, but he's single, rich, speaks Spanish and Swahili, and has a speed boat.

MARTIE

Sounds like you're trying to find someone with whom my Mama would approve.

ACE

Someone she won't kill with a butcher knife!

MARTIE

Quit worrying about me and Mama. You have your problems. Don't you have a date with the Australian Energizer Playboy Bunny?

ACE

Crystal gets off at five. On the boat ride, maybe you can give me ideas about what to say.



Martie snickers.

MARTIE

Or what not to say, in your case.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Ace, in a tattered bathing suit, lounges in the back of a beautiful speedboat. He drinks beer after beer. MIGUEL SANCHEZ (30, tanned, stunning good looks; expensive swimsuit) captains the boat. Martie is in a bikini top and shorts, sitting next to Miguel at the bow. They converse in Spanish and laugh, but the loud boat engine prevents Ace from hearing them. Ace chugs a beer and gets sloppy in his next attempt at humor. He yells.

ACE

Me hobble Espanolie.

Martie and Miguel both sneer at Ace.

MARTIE

Not funny, Ace.

Miguel turns serious and whispers to Martie.

Ace smiles as Miguel and Martie whisper.

Without warning, Martie slaps Miguel across the face.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Take me back to the dock, you right-wing, sell-out! You may be in the one-percent income bracket, but you're one hundred percent cabrón to me!

Everyone loses their smiles.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ace waves and Martie glares at Miguel as he speeds away in his boat.

ACE

What the hell did he say?

MARTIE

He was interesting at first. A sixth-generation Californian from Spanish land barons.

(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

A self-made multi-millionaire and philanthropist.

ACE

He plays with children. That's not the Miguel I know.

MARTIE

Then he said he hopes the President builds the wall with machine-gun nests and a minefield to keep out the immigrants who are murderers and rapists.

(beat)

So, I put him in his place.

ACE

Mama would have killed him.

MARTIE

Any more bright ideas?

ACE

You could seduce Ponch or Clutch, or Punch and Crotch as your Mama calls them. Marry one of them, and your problems will be solved.

MARTIE

Are you drunk or just stupid?

ACE

That's a trick question.

(beat)

Trying to save you from getting deported is all.

MARTIE

How come you haven't married the Australian Bobblehead Barbie?

ACE

Crystal's a nice woman. She understands me. But...

MARTIE

But what?

ACE

She was a rugby player and a lifeguard, and she wears me out, sexually. Like, have you ever...

MARTIE

Whoa! T-M-I! Too much information.

Ace looks puzzled.

ACE

We milkmen talk like that a lot,  
and I forgot. Sorry.

MARTIE

What about Sarah who sent me evil  
eyes that burned like lasers?

ACE

Sarah? She was a cling-on! A cling-  
on and a cuddler. She offered  
complete and total adoration.

MARTIE

Sounds awful.

ACE

An overboard satisfier.

MARTIE

Okay, that's way too much  
information. Besides, you have to  
patch things up with the down-  
underwear model, so she doesn't  
report Mama to the Sheriff.

Ace is downing another beer, and he's almost falling asleep.

ACE

Shouldn't be too hard!

MARTIE

Whether it is or it isn't, you have  
to prevent her from reporting Mama!

Ace is drifting off to sleep.

ACE

I need a shuccessful date with  
Crystal!

MARTIE

Bring her flowers and candy, idiot!

Ace is drunk.

ACE

I'm not the only one who needs a  
shuccessful date.

(MORE)

ACE (CONT'D)

You only have sixty days to find a hobby.

(beat)

I mean, a hubby.

Martie is upset as she helps Ace to stand up.

MARTIE

Let's get you showered and cleaned up for your big date!

INT. DAIRY/HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING

Ace is showered, shaved, and dressed nicely for his date with Crystal. He slumps in his chair at the kitchen table, still a little tipsy and sleepy.

Martie scowls as she makes coffee, especially when Ponch and Clutch bounce into the kitchen laughing and giggling.

PONCH

Hey, Ace. Hey, Martie. We finished our milk route in record time and we saw the most amazing thing!

MARTIE

It's called sunrise.

CLUTCH

No, we saw the Sheriff busting a van of Mexicans on a road crew!

(worried)

Where's Mama?

MARTIE

Taking a siesta!

PONCH

She wasn't holding a shovel by the side of the road, was she?

CLUTCH

Or a butcher knife?

Ponch and Clutch see that Ace is almost asleep.

PONCH

What's the matter with Ace?

Ace slumps further in the chair.

MARTIE

We went out on Miguel's boat. He tried to fix me up with that right-wing fascist, then he drank himself into a stupor.

CLUTCH

Same old lovable Ace.

Martie is angry.

MARTIE

Except he has to win back Crystal's heart tonight to keep Mama from getting deported!

PONCH

Ace can be smooth! He'll probably take her to Jake's on the Lake.

MARTIE

Is it a nice restaurant?

CLUTCH

The best garlic mashed potatoes anywhere.

MARTIE

Garlic? He shouldn't have garlic on a date!

PONCH

We should go in disguise, get a booth in the corner, and order for him. Clutch, wanna go?

CLUTCH

Wrestling is on TV tonight. Can't make it.

MARTIE

That's not a bad idea. His date has to go well.

They stare at each other, bewildered.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's sunset. There are three additional Couples (various ages and types) in the restaurant enjoying dinner. Crystal wears a sleek, sexy dress, and is seated with Ace at a table overlooking the Lake. Crystal is excited. Ace is sleepy.

CRYSTAL

This looks like a lovely, romantic night you've arranged for us, Ace.

Ace lifts his chin an inch.

ACE

Uh-huh.

CRYSTAL

What is it you love: the dreamy sunsets, opulent place settings, or sexy dinner companion?

Ace is half-listening.

ACE

The garlic mashed potatoes are good.

Martie and Ponch are in a back booth, disguised in dark sunglasses and sun hats, spying on Ace. They whisper.

MARTIE

How do you think their date is going?

The same Sarah (Sarah) comes by with two giant margaritas, and two shots of tequila, all for Ponch.

PONCH

She ain't killed him yet.

(beat)

Sure you won't have something to drink?

Martie stares at the two margaritas.

MARTIE

May as well. May I please have a dirty martini, no olives?

SARAH

Figures.

Martie points to Ace, and hands Sarah twenty bucks.

MARTIE

And there's twenty bucks in it for you if you make Ace's drinks all virgin, and double the alcohol in the Australian floozy's drinks.

Sarah stares over at Ace with an evil look and a meaner look at Crystal. She glides over to Ace's table and smiles.

SARAH  
I'm Sarah. I'll be your server.  
What can I get you started with?

CRYSTAL  
Ice tea, for me.

ACE  
Long Island Iced Tea, for me. And a  
couple of shots of...

SARAH  
Tequila?

Ace perks up.

ACE  
(to Sarah)  
It's our favorite! You remember  
that night when...

Crystal kicks him under the table. Ace grimaces.

Sarah smiles, and races back to Martie's and Ponch's table.

SARAH  
What I do now? He ordered shots of  
tequila. I can't substitute water!  
You're screwed.

Martie's drops her chin.

MARTIE  
Mama!

PONCH  
(to Sarah)  
Don't let him drink it! It'll put  
him to sleep.

SARAH  
Exactly what the stray dog  
deserves!

Sarah returns the \$20 and stomps to the bar.

Ponch and Martie are worried and depressed.

MARTIE  
He's such an idiot!

Ponch slams his fist on the table.

PONCH

Crystal is the one going to the Sheriff to rat out your Mama! She's the idiot!

(beat)

And you woke all of us up too early! The day was cursed from the start! You're the idiot!

Martie reflects for a moment and stares at Ponch.

MARTIE

Seriously? Do you do any introspection?

PONCH

We failed a health introspection once.

MARTIE

You three are hopeless.

PONCH

Things were fine around here until you came along!

MARTIE

I bet Mama is about to kill Clutch any minute now!

CUT TO:

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - SAME TIME

Clutch and Mama are having the time of their lives cheering on professional wrestlers on TV and enjoying shots of tequila. Mama doesn't understand a thing Clutch says.

CLUTCH

The Modesto Maniac is my all-time favorite. He does this move called the nut-cruncher...

MAMA

Uno mas tequila.

She trusts a shot glass in front of Clutch while glued to the wrestling match.

Clutch pours her another shot. He sips his. She chugs hers.

Clutch stands excited, and then Mama stands, equally excited.



CLUTCH  
It's the Human Sacrificer!

Mama cheers and holds out her empty shot glass. Clutch pours another without taking his eyes off the TV. He cheers wildly.

BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At Ace and Crystal's table, the two shot glasses are empty. Ace struggles to stay awake, while Crystal looks annoyed.

Sarah brings two plates of Maine Lobster Tails, each with a large heap of garlic mashed potatoes. Sarah glares at Ace who is almost asleep.

SARAH  
There's more life in the lobsters.

CRYSTAL  
And your crabs.  
(whispers to Sarah)  
I think he's about to propose. Get lost, Sarah!

Sarah huffs as she exits.

We SEE Martie and Ponch looking on in anticipation. They whisper.

MARTIE  
Propose. Did you hear that? She'll never turn in my Mama if Ace proposes!

PONCH  
He looks pretty tired.

Back at Ace's table, Crystal flirts with Ace, while he stares at the mashed potatoes.

CRYSTAL  
Such a magical night. The Lake in the moonlight. The soft music...

Ace closes his eyes and does a faceplant into the garlic mashed potatoes.

Crystal, Martie, and Ponch are horrified.

MARTIE  
Mama!

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Martie and Ponch help an exhausted Ace into the house. Ace still has mashed potatoes outlining his face. Clutch and Mama are passed out on the couch with an empty bottle of tequila and two shot glasses on the coffee table.

Martie lets go of Ace who falls to the floor.

MARTIE

Mama, Mama!

Mama stirs awake, and Martie helps her to the bedroom. Mama mumbles to Martie as she points at Clutch

MAMA

Usted se casará con Crotch.

Martie glares at Clutch.

MARTIE

No, Mama! I will not marry Crotch!

Martie and Mama disappear into the kitchen, while Clutch and Ponch pick up Ace and lay him on the couch.

CLUTCH

How did Ace's date with Crystal go?

PONCH

I'll bet the Sheriff will be by tomorrow to deport Mama.

CLUTCH

I was starting to like her.

PONCH

She's married.

CLUTCH

She filed for divorce.

PONCH

From a crazy man, as I hear it!

The men shrug.

INT. RENO AIRPORT - DAWN

SUPER "RENO, NEVADA."

Papa Diaz steps out of the airport, still dressed in a black suit, black shirt, and black tie and shoes. He wheels a small dark suitcase behind him. Papa stops and waits impatiently.

Two sinister-looking Men (50s; one black, one white) drive up in a black, late-model SUV. They exit the vehicle without speaking. One Man hands Papa a shiny silver briefcase, which he exchanges for the suitcase.

Papa POINTS west, gets in the backseat, and they race off.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - MORNING

Ace struggles to wake up on the couch. He hears the clanging of pots and pans in the kitchen.

He staggers into the kitchen to see Martie pouring a cup of coffee.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ACE  
That coffee I smell?

MARTIE  
Is that death I smell?

ACE  
Sorry about last night. Where's  
Ponch and Clutch?

MARTIE  
Doing your milk route.

ACE  
We gotta do theirs?

MARTIE  
No. Slow day. Said they got it.

ACE  
Has the sheriff been by to pick up  
Mama?

MARTIE  
Not yet.

ACE  
Where is Mama?

MARTIE  
Sunbathing at the Lake.

Ace paces in the room frantically!

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Worried about the Sheriff?

ACE  
Worried I'll never get that image  
out of my head!

Martie slaps his arm hard. Ace yelps!

They hear a KNOCK on the door. Ace looks out a window.

ACE (CONT'D)  
It's the Sheriff. You better hide.  
I'll get rid of him.

Martie races to Ace's bedroom in a panic. Sheriff Suzuki, in uniform, KNOCKS louder, then barges in the door.

SHERIFF  
Why didn't you answer the door,  
Robert?

ACE  
Can't you call me Ace?

SHERIFF  
I don't play games, Robert. I've  
got a report of dangerous illegal  
aliens!

Ace looks up and around for UFOs.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
Undocumented Mexicans allegedly  
hiding out on your premises. A  
federal offense!

ACE  
Nobody's hiding out on our  
premises.

SHERIFF  
Crystal, I mean, Ms. Crystal  
Smithee claims you're hiding a  
beastly illegal Mexican.

INTERCUT with Martie cringing in Ace's room, getting angrier  
by the minute.

ACE  
Beastly's a strong word.

SHERIFF

Illegal. No papers. No reason to be here. Gotta send 'em back like our President says. All murderers and rapists!

ACE

Murderers and rapists?

Martie makes a fist and throws imaginary punches.

SHERIFF

She's mean, by the sound of it! Old as the hills and twice as ugly.

Martie paces around the room angrily.

ACE

The term 'ugly' is so subjective.

SHERIFF

Wears a tattered floral housecoat big enough to cover a boat in winter. Doesn't speak a word of English, only Mexican! And curlers, unfashionable pink curlers. We don't want her kind here!

Martie starts changing clothes. She's furious. Ace paces around the kitchen and family room, then back to the kitchen.

ACE

Nobody here by that description.

Martie bursts into the kitchen in Mama's floral housecoat, folded up to show off her legs. She has one pink curler in her hair, and Mama's reading glasses on. Martie stomps up to the Sheriff without saying a word. The Sheriff steps back, speechless.

MARTIE

Apparently, the government's internment of innocent Japanese citizens during World War II has taught you little about injustice and prejudice in America.

The Sheriff is stunned.

SHERIFF

Crystal... I mean, Ms. Smithee, said you didn't speak English!

Martie produces her passport, driver's license, and F-1 visa to the rightfully embarrassed Sheriff. Ace gasps.

MARTIE

I heard everything Ms. Smithee reported to you! She may have failed to tell you that I just earned an MBA from Berkeley, and I'm here legally on an F-1 visa.

(beat)

No one is born with a red neck, Sheriff. They grow them by choice.

Ace gasps, and steps between Martie and the Sheriff. The Sheriff looks around Ace to address Martie.

SHERIFF

Why did Ms. Smithee, call you Mama?

Ace guides the Sheriff toward the door.

ACE

It's my pet name for my new girlfriend. Crystal is jealous.

The Sheriff grimaces at Martie's appearance, then he holds out her documents.

Martie rips them from the Sheriff's hands, turns her face, and spits on the floor.

SHERIFF

Sorry to barge in on your lovely home, Robert, I mean, Ace.

The Sheriff yells as he reaches his car, while Martie growls at the Sheriff from the front door.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

She's lovely, Ace. Absolutely lovely.

Ace waves and smiles as the Sheriff drives slowly away.

ACE

He'll check back with Crystal, keep an eye on our place, and bust Mama. You can count on that!

MARTIE

I had to do something after you failed to have one good date last night!

ACE  
I know. I know.

MARTIE  
Either I've gotta find Mama and get  
outta here, or  
(sarcastic)  
I could take your advice and seduce  
Ponch or Clutch, marry one of them,  
gain citizenship in four years,  
save Mama, divorce my temporary  
husband, and move on with my life!

Martie stomps out, leaving Ace baffled and speechless.

LATER

Ace hears the milk truck pull up to the house. Ponch and Clutch are laughing as they enter the house to see Ace collapsed on the couch and covering his face with his hands.

PONCH  
What happened, Ace? Did somebody  
steal your vinyl collection?

ACE  
No, my dignity.

CLUTCH  
But you still have your records,  
right?

Ace uncovers his face, stands, and paces.

ACE  
The sheriff came by to deport Mama,  
but Martie dressed up like Mama and  
fooled him badly.

CLUTCH  
Good thinking!

PONCH  
Way to go, Martie!

Ace stops and faces Ponch and Clutch in a serious tone.

ACE  
Now, she's going to try to seduce  
one of you into marrying her so she  
can save Mama from deportation!

Ponch and Clutch stare at each other. Then, they point at each other and laugh!

PONCH

That will never work! Men become their fathers. Women become their mothers. And, we've seen Mama!

ACE

Exactly!

CLUTCH

We can't get married. I can't keep a driver's license, much less a marriage license!

ACE

There's only one thing to do!

Ponch and Clutch look bewildered.

ACE (CONT'D)

You each have to take her out on a date.

CLUTCH

Say what?

ACE

We should bet on it. Who could have the worst date ever?

PONCH

Great idea. We'll get Martie and Mama out of our lives forever and go back to the way things were.

Ace proudly prances in the room.

CLUTCH

The Worst Date Ever competition. Twenty bucks?

ACE

Why not a hundred?

They look at each other and nod.

ACE (CONT'D)

To the Worst Date Ever bet! Shake on it!

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch shake like wet dogs.

CLUTCH

I'll take her to lunch.



He races upstairs.

PONCH

I'll take her to dinner! Ace, you  
take late-night cocktails if she's  
still alive.

Ponch races upstairs, while Ace proudly smiles.

EXT. DOCK - NOON

It's a beautiful day, as Martie and Mama argue in Spanish  
(English subtitles). Both ladies are upset. Mama points to  
her phone in fear. We see a photo of Papa on her phone.

MARTIE

¿Mensaje de texto, Mamá? [Text  
message, Mama?]

MAMA

¡Me amenazó con venir a arrastrarme  
a casa! [He threatened to come and  
drag me home!]

MARTIE

No puede hacer eso, Mamá. [He can't  
do that, Mama.]

MAMA

No aceptará el no como respuesta.  
[He won't take no for an answer.]

MARTIE

Nunca nos encontrará. [He'll never  
find us.]

Mama looks away.

MAMA

Le dije dónde estábamos aquí. [I  
told him where we were here.]

Martie yells.

MARTIE

¿Qué? [What?]

MAMA

Yo no estaba pensando. [I wasn't  
thinking.]

MARTIE

Esto no es bueno. [This isn't good.]

MAMA

Ahora es tu deber como una buena hija casarse con uno de los tres lecheros para salvarnos. [Now it is your duty as a good daughter to marry one of the three milkmen to save us.]

Both women pace while yelling.

MARTIE

¡No, Mamá! [No, Mama!]

MAMA

Pero no Ace. Debes casarte con Punch o Crotch. Me gusta la entrepierña. Vemos la lucha libre. [But not Ace. You must marry Punch or Crotch. I like Crotch. We watch wrestling.]

MARTIE

¡No, mamá! ¡No lo haré! [No, Mama! I won't do it!]

(mumbles)

Then again, they're all easy targets!

MAMA

Usted puede divorciarse de ellos después de convertirse en un ciudadano! [You can divorce them after you become a citizen!]

MARTIE

Me casaré por amor, Mamá! [I will marry for love, Mama!]

MAMA

¡Es tu deber como mi hija! Te casarás con Punch o Crotch, o papá me arrastrará de vuelta a México, y tu vida será un desastre. [It is your duty as my daughter! You will marry Punch or Crotch, or Papa will drag me back to Mexico, and your life will be a disaster.]

Martie looks out onto the Lake.

MARTIE

¡Ya es un desastre! [It's already a disaster!]

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The Sheriff sits in a chair being interrogated by Crystal.

SHERIFF

She is a horrible beast, but there is nothing I can do.

CRYSTAL

That fat, ugly bitch is ruining my love life. I want her out of the country!

SHERIFF

The housecoat and curlers were hideous, I agree, but she just got her MBA at Berkeley.

CRYSTAL

She can't speak English! She has a mustache!

SHERIFF

She has sixty days to get married or she goes back to Mexico.

CRYSTAL

Who would marry that old thing?

SHERIFF

She and Ace looked pretty close. Ace called her his new girlfriend.

CRYSTAL

Well, I'm not waiting sixty days! I'm going to marry Ace tonight in Reno if I have to kill her!

Crystal stomps out of the office! The Sheriff's chin drops.

EXT. DOCK - EARLY AFTERNOON

The Lake is calm. Several fancy boats are tied to the dock. Clutch wears raggedy pants, a torn Hawaiian shirt, and a floppy sun hat as he stands in a small row boat with two fixed oars, just beyond the fancy boats. He holds a beer can high in the air to be recognized.

Martie can only see his waving hand and beer can as she strolls down the dock to join him. She wears a bikini top covered partly by an opened, button-up shirt, and short shorts. She frowns when she sees the rowboat, but Clutch's jaw drops as she approaches.

CLUTCH

A picnic on the Lake! Thanks for joining me, Martie.

MARTIE

Thanks for the invitation, Clutch.

Martie sees two fishing poles, three empty beer cans, and a cooler in the boat. Clutch struggles to balance in the boat.

CLUTCH

Climb aboard, Mating.

MARTIE

You mean, Matie?

CLUTCH

That's it. Do you want to sit Port or Starbucks?

Martie climbs aboard and sits at the bow.

MARTIE

Do you mean, bow or aft?

CLUTCH

After what?

MARTIE

I'll take the bow -- the front of the boat.

CLUTCH

You mean, I have to row?

MARTIE

You're taking me on the lunch date.

CLUTCH

Right!

MARTIE

You mean, starboard.

Clutch laughs.

CLUTCH

Don't get stern with me, I got the beer. Ha! Gotcha!

Clutch and Martie laugh, as he rows off.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

So, what's in it for you if you snag one of us for a husband?

MARTIE

(smiles)

Fair question. After four years of matrimonial misery, I could gain citizenship and get a divorce. I could get Mama citizenship for hardship-medical reasons, earn a six-figure salary as an MBA in New York, and find someone who can make me happy forever!

CLUTCH

So, nothin'?

MARTIE

Where do you want to be in four years?

CLUTCH

Fair question.

(beat)

Right here, I suppose. I might sell my third of the dairy business, buy a top-of-the-line fishing boat like this one, collect unemployment, and live off the land like the pioneers did: trapping squirrels, picking berries, and catching...

MARTIE

Fish?

CLUTCH

Colds. No medical insurance.

Motorboats race by in the distance and leave wakes that rock the row boat. Clutch looks a little queasy, but he opens another beer anyway.

MARTIE

Steady, sailor?

Clutch chuckles.

CLUTCH

Not 'til we've had a few more dates  
or beers?

MARTIE

No thanks. Sea sickness?

CLUTCH

I see sickness all around me.

Martie's voice turns seductive as she removes her shirt to  
reveal her bikini top.

MARTIE

You're taking me fishing. Must be  
serious. At home, when a guy takes  
a girl fishing it's something  
special.

CLUTCH

We've got to catch our lunch!

The Lake becomes choppy. Martie is fine. Clutch gets  
queasier.

MARTIE

Did you bring bait?

CLUTCH

Some worms and canned anchovies. We  
could eat the anchovies for lunch  
if you don't catch anything.

Clutch takes a worm out and tries to wrap it around the hook.  
It falls right off.

Martie grabs the worm and correctly baits the hook.

MARTIE

You have to stick it in as far as  
you can!

Clutch can't look at the worm. Martie sees this. Clutch chugs  
another beer to look macho.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

You don't fish much, do you?

CLUTCH

Never, actually.

MARTIE

Huh? Doesn't show.

Clutch opens a can of anchovies and the smell forces his head back. He looks like he's going to get sick.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Think I'll go for a little swim.

She removes her shorts to reveal a tiny bikini. Clutch's eyes open widely.

CLUTCH

It's May! The water's only sixty degrees here!

Martie is about to dive in, when Clutch makes gurgling sounds, leans over the boat, and vomits.

Martie grabs the oars and rows back to the dock in choppy waves as Clutch continues to vomit.

INT. MILK TRUCK - SUNSET

Ponch, poorly dressed in shorts and a stained T-shirt, drives the milk truck, with Martie dressed in her little black dress in the passenger seat. The sun is setting over the Lake and the view outside the milk truck is very romantic.

PONCH

Sorry about taking the milk truck, but we forgot to bring whipped cream to the burger stand.

MARTIE

No worries. I confess I thought you were going to take me back to that nice restaurant on the lake.

PONCH

You look stunning, especially after the fishing trip with Clutch.

MARTIE

It was more like a puking trip.

PONCH

The burger stand has been a landmark restaurant since 1962.

MARTIE

Sounds delightful.

PONCH

Clutch told us that you could be pulling in a six-figure salary.

(MORE)

PONCH (CONT'D)

So could I, but the zeros would be in different places. Up front.

MARTIE

It's all about protecting Mama from my Papa, and so she won't get deported by the Sheriff.

PONCH

Don't have to tell me about it. Once the Sheriff learns my real name is Mohammed Turan and not Ponch Turan, that red-neck will be gunning for me every day!

MARTIE

Mohammed?

PONCH

Mohammed Turan. My ancestors immigrated from Turkey after the First World War, which makes me an Islamic terrorist to the Sheriff.

MARTIE

I like the name, Mohammed. Are you Muslim?

PONCH

I'm nothing, which is how my family treats me now -- like nothing!

Ponch laughs as the milk truck rolls to a stop at a hamburger stand, but Martie looks at Ponch with compassion.

MARTIE

That's so sad!

PONCH

It's the future that defines us, not the past. Come on, let's eat!

LATER

The two are eating hamburgers and drinking milkshakes, when the conversation turns more serious.

MARTIE

Ever been in a serious relationship?

PONCH

Never been serious about anything.



MARTIE

That's no way to go through life!

PONCH

Maybe not your life.

MARTIE

Don't you think about growing up,  
getting married, having kids, and  
planning for retirement?

Ponch points his finger at her like a teacher.

PONCH

Do you see what you just did? In  
your mind, you put commas between  
growing up, comma, getting married,  
comma, having kids, comma, and  
planning for retirement, period.  
You focus on achievements in life.  
I focus on enjoying the commas: the  
fun times between the achievements.  
You need to focus more on the  
commas in life when you pause and  
take a breath.

Martie pauses.

MARTIE

You're smart. Sometimes I don't  
take time to pause and breathe.

The Sheriff's car pulls up behind the milk truck.

PONCH

Uh oh! The Sheriff's here!

Martie turns, sees the Sheriff, then turns her face from the  
Sheriff and whispers to Ponch.

MARTIE

I don't want him to recognize me.

PONCH

Leave it to me. His daughter,  
Lilly, smokes more pot than I do.

Martie's eyes open widely!

MARTIE

Pot? Marijuana?

PONCH

Smoke it every day. It's what makes  
me so smart!

The Sheriff walks in sheepishly with his daughter, LILLY  
(17), a hardened teenager with tattoos and piercings galore.  
Ponch stands to greet the Sheriff and Lilly.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Hi, Sheriff. Hi, Lilly. Always a  
pleasure. A little father-daughter  
time, I see. I did time once.

The Sheriff looks away. Lilly chuckles.

LILLY

Good one, Ponch.

SHERIFF

Hello, Ponch.

PONCH

Is that some new ink I see, Lilly?  
Don't worry, Sheriff, I'm sure it's  
not gang-related.

Martie kicks Ponch's ankle under the table. The Sheriff looks  
embarrassed. Lilly laughs.

SHERIFF

Maybe we'll find another place to  
eat, Lilly.

PONCH

Nonsense, Sheriff. Best burgers and  
shakes in town, especially when you  
have the munchies, huh, Lilly?

Martie coughs on purpose.

MARTIE

Maybe we should get going.

Ponch points to his beautiful date.

PONCH

These sexy college grads just can't  
get enough of me.

Everyone is embarrassed but Ponch. Martie stands, hiding her  
face from the Sheriff, and begins to exit.

MARTIE

I don't feel well. Please take me home, Mohammed.

Martie covers her mouth, after her social faux pox. Ponch's eyes widen, as the Sheriff stares at him. Lilly snickers.

PONCH

She meant, Ponch. And we should be going. Lots of deliveries tomorrow.

Ponch shuffles out after Martie.

INT. MILK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ponch slowly pulls away in the milk truck, with Martie hiding her eyes in anger. Ponch is just as angry.

MARTIE

How could you be so stupid, drawing the Sheriff's attention like that?

PONCH

You said I was smart! Then, you called me Mohammed right in front of the red-neck Sheriff!

MARTIE

He's bound to put two and two together! I'll get caught. Mama will be deported!

PONCH

What about me? He'll bust me for pot within the week!

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Ace, Mama, and Clutch sit on the couch. Ace and Clutch alternately put their feet on the coffee table so Mama can slap them to put their feet down.

Martie stomps with an angry look and throws herself into the recliner.

Ace and Clutch stare at each other.

ACE

How'd your date go?

MARTIE

Don't ask.

CLUTCH  
How'd your date go?

Martie glares at Clutch.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)  
Thought you were talking to Ace.

Ponch comes in with a worried look. Ace smiles at him.

They hear the Sheriff's car pull up to the house. The Sheriff gives the siren a short blast to announce his arrival.

MARTIE  
Ponch, you did remember to pay the  
check?

Ponch looks away.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Idiot!  
(whispers)  
Vamos, Mama. Is there another way  
out of here?

ACE  
Out the back, and through the  
fence.

Ace begins to lead Martie, Mama, and Clutch as they tip-toe out through the kitchen when they hear a loud knock on the door.

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
Ponch, open up! You owe the burger  
stand twenty-five bucks plus tip!

PONCH  
(yells)  
You'll never take me alive, Copper!

Ace and Clutch snicker, holding back their laughter as they race out with Mama and Martie.

LILLY (O.S.)  
Daddy, let it go! He'll pay 'em  
tomorrow when he delivers the milk!

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
It's the principle of the thing!  
You'd never understand!

LILLY (O.S.)  
Jesus, Daddy!

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
Don't you use that Jesus Daddy tone  
with me!

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - NIGHT

Mama and Martie are crammed in the backseat, with Ace driving  
and Clutch in front.

CLUTCH  
Then you should have yelled  
shotgun, Martie!

Mama slaps Clutch in the back of the head.

MARTIE  
You three are so childish!

ACE  
Grassy-ass.

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head, and the VW swerves  
across the lane, nearly hitting an oncoming car.

MARTIE  
What will happen to Ponch?

ACE  
He better think fast, because if  
the Sheriff books him, he'll learn  
Ponch's real identity.

MARTIE  
And connect him to Mama and me.

ACE  
We'll go for a drink and wait for  
things to settle down.

CLUTCH  
Let me out here, will ya, Ace?

ACE  
What for?

CLUTCH  
Still queasy from too much beer  
this afternoon. I need to walk.

Clutch anticipates the sudden stop and holds on tightly. Ace  
swerves to the side of the street and slams on the brakes.  
Mama and Martie lunge forward. Clutch steps out.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Ace. See you tomorrow,  
ladies.

MARTIE  
I don't think so, Clutch. We're  
heading out of here.

Clutch waves goodbye and smiles.

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head again.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Such idiots!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff pushes Ponch in the front door. Ponch is in handcuffs. Lilly follows. Ponch sees Four Drunks (40s-70s; mixed types) in a single holding cell, making cat-calls to Lilly.

PONCH  
(angry)  
Knock it off, you guys! Show some  
respect.

The Drunks are silent.

LILLY  
Thanks, Ponch.

PONCH  
(softly)  
Sheriff, do I get my one phone  
call?

SHERIFF  
After you're booked!

PONCH  
Come on, Sheriff, one call. One  
minute max, I promise.

LILLY  
Give 'em his one phone call, Daddy.

The Sheriff glares at his daughter until she kisses him on the cheek.

LILLY (CONT'D)  
I'll walk home, Daddy.

Lilly smiles at Ponch and her daddy before leaving.

LILLY (CONT'D)  
May take in the new movie first.

SHERIFF  
School night!

Lilly exits.

LILLY  
Home early, promise.

PONCH  
She's a good kid, Sheriff.

SHERIFF  
Okay, one phone call. One minute.

Ponch immediately grabs the phone and presses numbers.

PONCH  
Cee-Cee's Pizza? Burt? Deliver four  
large pepperoni pizzas to the  
Sheriff's Office on my tab, stat!

The Drunks cheer!

PONCH (CONT'D)  
And call Kevin at the burger stand  
for me, and tell him I'll give him  
forty bucks tomorrow morning.  
(beat)  
Thanks, Burt. I owe ya, buddy. The  
best to your wife and kids.  
Baseball practice on Saturday.  
Don't forget. Ciao!

The Sheriff is too stunned to speak. Ponch points at the Drunks.

PONCH (CONT'D)  
(whispers to the Sheriff)  
Once those fellas get some food in  
their bellies, they won't bother  
you. They'll be fine.

SHERIFF  
Geez, Ponch! That was the funniest  
thing I ever saw.

The Sheriff spins Ponch around and unlocks his handcuffs.

PONCH

Mind if I borrow the cuffs tonight?  
I might get lucky!

SHERIFF

Get out of here before I change my  
mind.

Ponch exits.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Lilly walks passed a sign that reads, "St. Mary's Catholic Church."

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Lilly finds her way to a small room with twelve folding chairs set in a circle. The PRIEST (70), a kindly elderly man in robes sits in one of the chairs.

Lilly sees the faces of two men and two women (AA Members). The two typical men include: a CARPENTER (40) in work clothes, and a BUSINESSMAN (30) in gray slacks and a blue shirt. The two typical women include a CLERK (40) and a HOUSEWIFE (50). One man's back is to Lilly (it's Clutch).

As Lilly takes a seat, she sees and recognizes Clutch.

PRIEST

Welcome, Lilly. Would you like to  
say anything?

Lilly and Clutch's eyes meet. They share a moment.

LILLY

My name is Lilly, and I'm an  
alcoholic. I've been sober for  
three years, four months, and  
seventeen days.

ALL

Hi, Lilly.

The priest looks around.

PRIEST

We have a new member.

Clutch drops his head.



PRIEST (CONT'D)

Is there anyone who cares to speak?  
Anyone? Anyone? Anyone? Bueller?

Everyone chuckles, but Clutch, who is depressed.

CLUTCH

I get it. Just don't think it's  
funny.

PRIEST

No, this is serious business, but  
there is a tiny bit of humor in  
every situation that helps us cope.  
It makes us human. Tell us about  
yourself.

Lilly's eyes are glued to Clutch.

CLUTCH

I'm Clutch Redmond, and I might be  
an alcoholic.

The group chuckles.

PRIEST

Real name?

CLUTCH

Gilbert Redmond, but everybody  
calls me Clutch 'cause I can't  
drive good, I mean, well.

Lilly smiles.

PRIEST

What makes you think you're an  
alcoholic, Gilbert?

CLUTCH

I can't drive a milk truck.

PRIEST

Driving a milk truck is difficult.

CLUTCH

'Cause of the two previous DUIs,  
and I'm scared.

LILLY

Scared of what, Clutch?

CLUTCH  
S...S...Scared I'm gonna kill  
somebody drinking and driving.

The AA Members stand and go to hug Clutch.

PRIEST  
Now we're getting somewhere.

The priest looks to the door and sees a late-arriving stranger. It's Papa Diaz, dressed in his dark suit like a drug lord. The priest smiles. Papa doesn't smile.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Crystal runs into the Sheriff's office, alarmed to see the Sheriff and the Drunks eating four pizzas casually around his desk.

CRYSTAL  
Sheriff, Sheriff! The town is  
getting overrun by illegal aliens!

The Four Drunks look up and around for UFOs, while the Sheriff responds calmly.

SHERIFF  
What is in now, Crystal?

The Drunks go back to eating pizza.

CRYSTAL  
I poked my head into the Bar before  
my shift tonight, and saw Ace  
talking to two Mexicans! There's  
two of 'em. Looks like a daughter  
and a big ugly Mama!

SHERIFF  
Does Mama have a daughter?

CRYSTAL  
It gets worse! I saw a guy who  
looked like a Mexican drug lord  
stalking the Catholic Church,  
probably an escapee from a Mexican  
prison! You gotta stop them all.  
They'll take our jobs!

SHERIFF  
Right after the pizza, Crystal,  
I'll get right on it. Catholic  
Church and the Bar. Got it!

CRYSTAL

I'll get back to the bar. I'll call  
you if there's trouble!

The Sheriff goes back to eating pizza.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Bar is deserted except for Ace, Martie, Mama, and the bartender, Crystal, who is angrily cleaning up. Ace sips a shot glass of Tequila.

Mama chugs her shot glass and gets a refill.

Crystal and Martie glare at each other!

MAMA

(to Crystal)  
Folsom Prison!

Mama chugs her shot and slams her glass down.

Martie is drinking coffee, while Ace is cracking himself up.

ACE

So, it's our mom's funeral, and the priest says a few nice things, then says, and every Sunday, Annie came to church with her husband, Paul.

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie is bewildered. Mama points her finger at her empty shot glass.

ACE (CONT'D)

My brothers and I snickered in the front row, next to our dad, whose name was Bob, not Paul. And when I gave the eulogy, I thanked the old priest, said a few nice things about my mom, then I said, 'But it wasn't until today that I learned that Mom came to church every Sunday with some guy named Paul.' The priest realized he made a mistake. There was my dad, Bob, right in front of him. The congregation started snickering because they all knew my dad's name was Bob, so I held up my fist and said, 'And when I find this guy Paul...' and the whole church erupted in laughter.

Ace laughs hysterically again, as Martie shakes her head in disgust, and Mama points at her empty shot glass.

MARTIE

Sorry about your mom.

ACE

Don't you get it? We made the best out of a bad situation!

Ace laughs hysterically again.

ACE (CONT'D)

Irish wake. All the O'Brien's were drunk as skunks. Had to be carried home.

MARTIE

I'd be devastated if anything happened to Mama.

Mama looks around in a panic.

MAMA

El Diablo está aquí! El Diablo está aquí!

Martie grabs Mama's hands and holds them.

MARTIE

She says the Devil is here!  
(beat)  
Papa!

Ace points to the empty bar.

ACE

Papa's not here. If Mama has another drink, Papa can ship her back to Mexico without her knowing!

Ace laughs hysterically, and Martie is disgusted. Mama is worried.

Crystal sneaks back and makes a phone call.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Papa Diaz is now seated, with the Priest staring at him. Clutch and Lilly are stealing glances at each other. Papa has a strong accent but speaks perfect English.

PAPA

My name is Hector Diaz. I am an alcoholic. I've been sober for four years since my wife and daughter left me.

The AA Members and priest stand and hug Papa, then return to their seats. The Carpenter whispers.

CARPENTER

Did they leave you for being a drunk and a murderer?

Papa is alarmed. The Businessman raises his hand slowly. The Priest stares at the Businessman who whispers to Papa.

BUSINESSMAN

For being a drunk and a rapist?

Papa is more alarmed. The Housewife raises her hand slowly and whispers to Papa.

HOUSEWIFE

Pot smoker?

Papa looks annoyed as Lilly and Clutch raise their hands. The clerk slowly raises her hand and whispers to Papa.

CLERK

For medicinal purposes only? Never the edibles?

The group looks upon the priest and Papa with compassion.

PAPA

Imported vintage wines from Europe. Hundreds of dollars per bottle. I couldn't stop. And the imported cheeses, the Gouda, the better.

Papa looks up at each face, stopping at the Priest's face.

PRIEST

You didn't. You didn't become a...

PAPA

Wine connoisseur.

SILENCE

PAPA (CONT'D)

And I left the Catholic Church and became a Baptist.

The group scowls, turns in their chairs, and looks away, disgusted. Papa drops his head and sobs.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
I must return Mama and Martinique  
to Mexico.

Clutch's eyes open widely!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Bar is still deserted except for Ace, Martie, Mama, and Crystal the Bartender. Mama rests her head on the bar, asleep, but clutching a shot glass. Ace is still telling stories and cracking himself up.

ACE  
So, I tell all my milk customers, I  
can't get my ice-making machine  
running because I lost the recipe!

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie rolls her eyes in disgust.

ACE (CONT'D)  
Our neighbors will complain about  
the machine's noise, but I'll tell  
'em, 'You gotta break a few eggs to  
ruin a hamlet.'  
(beat)  
You know, Hamlet, a small village,  
sounds like an omelet.

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie stands and pulls Ace's arm. Ace looks at Crystal.

ACE (CONT'D)  
What, did I set the bar too high?

Crystal glares at Ace and storms to the far side of the bar.

MARTIE  
Ace, can I speak with you  
privately?

ACE  
I've never been in the army.

MARTIE  
I mean, out back.

Martie sees Mama is asleep at the bar, and she pulls Ace out the back door.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Martie gets seductively eye-to-eye with Ace.

MARTIE

Ace, I know you're a nice guy under all that bullshit. I can't figure out why I've had the three worst dates of my life in one day.

ACE

Yeah, but I was the worst, right?

Martie grabs Ace by the arms and glares at him.

MARTIE

I think you're acting out because you're about to lose your business, your home, and probably your two closest friends.

Ace looks away. He turns very sad.

ACE

I don't know anything but being a milkman. You can get a job with any major corporation. What if Ponch can't find work as Mohammed? And, what if Clutch can't find work as Clutch or Gabriel?

Martie hugs him briefly, then pulls away.

MARTIE

Those three awful dates tonight! If I find out this was some kind of cruel joke you three idiots pulled on me, I'll never forgive you!

Ace's eyes open widely. She pulls him back into the bar, where they see Mama is gone.

CRYSTAL

Sheriff took her. Not my fault she's illegal. I've got my green card, ya know. I'm legal!

ACE

I know your ancestors were treated like shit, but that doesn't give you the right to be the asshole now, Crystal!

Martie and Ace's chins drop in sadness.

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch are all working on the massive ice-making machine on the side of the house when Martie runs out of the house. Ace has a large wrench in his hands.

MARTIE

Can't you do anything? The Sheriff  
says he's deporting Mama!

Ponch and Clutch look away, so Ace sets down the wrench and begins to apologize to Martie.

ACE

We're all sorry about Mama.

Ponch looks to Martie sadly.

PONCH

No one to make us huevos rancheros  
this morning.

Martie glares at Ponch.

PONCH (CONT'D)

And we're sorry that you're in such  
a difficult situation.

Martie grabs the wrench and threatens each of them.

MARTIE

Do you think I'm still trying to  
marry one of you idiots?

The men drop their eyes and chin.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

I knew what you were doing!

CLUTCH

I couldn't help it! The effects of  
the beer didn't counteract the  
waves like I thought.

Ace smiles at Clutch.

ACE

Got Clutch to give up fishing and  
join AA, where the only bait he  
uses is jail bait.

Clutch charges Ace and wrestles him a bit.



CLUTCH  
Don't bring Lilly into this!

PONCH  
(laughs)  
The Sheriff's daughter. She's  
seventeen.

Now Ace charges Ponch and wrestles him a bit.

CLUTCH  
Eighteen in two weeks.

ACE  
The sheriff will kill you in one  
week, idiot!

Martie gets in Ace's face.

MARTIE  
Who's the real idiot here? Who  
lives in Neverland, where you never  
grew up?

The three men raise their hands. Martie is angry.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Wasn't asking for a show of hands!

Martie tosses aside the wrench and turns sad.

ACE  
We're all sorry about Mama. Okay?

PONCH  
Yeah, sorry.

CLUTCH  
Yeah, sorry.

ACE  
We got more bad news today. Mr.  
Anderson sent us official-looking  
buy-out papers.

Ace pulls an envelope from his back pocket and opens a  
letter.

ACE (CONT'D)  
Corporate takeover. We're gonna  
lose the dairy business today at  
noon when Anderson gets here with  
papers to sign.

PONCH  
'Cause we didn't show a ten percent  
increase in sales this year?

CLUTCH

It would be different if we got  
Ace's damn ice-making machine to  
work.

ACE

We'll all be out of a job.  
(beat)  
And a beautiful house to live in.

Martie rips the letter from Ace's hand, sits down, and reads  
it. She waves the letter in a threatening manner.

MARTIE

This doesn't condone your bad  
behavior!

Ace speaks in a soft voice.

ACE

No. It doesn't.

MARTIE

You could have fired me to save  
money.

PONCH

But you were the best milkman we  
had.

MARTIE

You could have just tossed Mama and  
me out to cut expenses.

CLUTCH

Mama grows on you. Like a fungus.

ACE

And she got us up early to eat  
breakfast and go to work!

Martie stands, and paces. Finally, she smiles.

MARTIE

But you didn't fire me. You treated  
me like one of the guys!  
(smirks)  
As stupid as that was! And you  
didn't throw us out in the street!

Martie hugs Clutch, Ponch, and then Ace. She gazes at Ace.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

You like us.

They all smile and chuckle.

ACE

Great chat, but what do we do now?

Martie stomps like an army general as she speaks.

MARTIE

Simple! We break Mama out of jail,  
we fix this damn ice machine, we  
get fifteen percent above on  
advanced orders for next year, and  
save the dairy!

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch look bewildered.

ACE

I'll bet a quarter that will work.

PONCH

Shake on it.

The men shake like dogs and start laughing. Then, Martie joins in the shaking and laughing.

MARTIE

How do we break Mama out of jail?

No one has an answer.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff eats Mama's huevos rancheros with a smile as Ace and Martie storm through the front door. Mama is sewing a white shirt on a sewing machine with a sad face. Martie is alarmed.

MARTIE

Mamá, ¿estás bien?

SHERIFF

She's fine. She keeps saying Folsom Prison and pointing to the food.

MAMA

Folsom prison!

MARTIE

She worked there as a full-time  
cook! She was never an inmate, you  
idiot! She's law-abiding!

The Sheriff looks away sheepishly, then back.

SHERIFF

Makes no difference! Undocumented is undocumented! But she made me bring in the sewing machine before she'd cook me another delicious meal. She used her one phone call to call the Catholic priest.

MARTIE

Figures.

SHERIFF

Then she asked the priest for an old white altar cloth, scissors, thread, and needle.

ACE

Sounds like she's gonna make a rope, and bust out from your first-floor office by lowering herself out of the window.

SHERIFF

She's making a white shirt to look good for the TV reporter who shows up at high noon.

MARTIE

TV Reporter?

SHERIFF

She wants her deportation on TV. I'm putting her on the plane in Reno, this afternoon.

Martie goes to hug her Mama.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I'll have to search you for guns, knives, and biological weapons.

ACE

Like Mama's sauce?

SHERIFF

And we're using Mama as bait for a Mexican drug lord, murderer, and rapist spotted around the Catholic Church last night.

MARTIE

Papa?

ACE

Bait? Like anchovies? That will never work. I'd use a green card.

Martie glares at Ace.

SHERIFF

(to Martie)

I could book you on obstructing justice and impersonating an escaped illegal alien.

Ace looks up and around for UFOs. The Sheriff snaps at Ace.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Why do you all look up whenever I say illegal aliens? You know I'm not talking about UFOs. It makes you look stupid.

Ace gets angry.

ACE

Calling them 'illegal aliens' and not 'undocumented neighbors and fellow human beings' makes you look hateful, prejudiced, red-neck, and stupid, Sheriff! Mexico owned this land before we did.

Martie turns to smile at Ace.

SHERIFF

I don't care how good a cook she is, she's gonna be handcuffed for the TV Reporter, and sent back this afternoon, as our President says!

Martie kisses her Mama on the cheek and reassures her.

MARTIE

Te salvaremos, Mamá. [We'll save you, Mama!]

SHERIFF

Nobody's saving anyone. Except I'll save my career on the nightly news!

ACE

Te afeitaremos, Mamá! [We'll shave you, Mama!]

Martie pulls Ace toward the door.

MARTIE  
Lord, help me.

Mama looks perplexed. The Sheriff smirks, as Martie and Ace exit.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - DAY

Ace gets a phone call while driving, so Martie answers.

MARTIE  
It's Ponch.

Martie answers and puts Ponch on speaker.

PONCH (O.S.)  
Ace, working like a charm!

ACE  
You and Clutch?

PONCH (O.S.)  
No, the ice-making machine. We have one problem.

ACE  
What?

PONCH (O.S.)  
No ice bags.

ACE  
I knew there were two ingredients!  
I just knew it! Be right there.

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, Clutch, and Martie stare at the ice-making machine as it cranks out ice into a large bin.

ACE  
What was the problem? We hooked up the electricity and water right, didn't we?

CLUTCH  
That was all good. The input water lines froze up.

PONCH  
'Cause we had the temp too low.

CLUTCH

Then Ponch used his marijuana lighter to heat the input lines.

MARTIE

Brilliant.

CLUTCH

But we didn't order ice bags.

MARTIE

You need business software that reminds you of upcoming equipment needs. I'll get my laptop.

ACE

Fine for next time, but we need them now.

Ace snaps his fingers.

ACE (CONT'D)

Ponch, you and Clutch take the VW to Reno. Buy five cases of ice bags from our competitors.

CLUTCH

I'll drive! I need to learn someday!

ACE

Tell them you'll pay full price for a bag of ice but without the ice. We'll lose a bit of money this week, but we'll have all their customers by next week!

MARTIE

(surprised)

Okay, that was even more brilliant.

PONCH

What are you and Martie gonna do?

ACE

We'll do ice pre-sales, while we think of a way to spring Mama.

Ace pulls Martie toward the milk truck.

MARTIE

How are we gonna spring Mama?

ACE  
How am I going to stop Anderson  
from buying us out?

They both shake their heads.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace and Martie race down a narrow street. A black SUV heads  
in their direction.

MARTIE  
It's Papa! He found us! Go! Go!

Papa has an angry face. Ace matches the angry look.

Ace and Papa play chicken on the road.

ACE  
The milk truck always wins!

At the last second, Papa pulls off the side of the road and  
hits a tree. He's okay, but his SUV is crunched and steaming.

Martie looks back and scowls at Papa.

ACE (CONT'D)  
What's up with you and your father?

MARTIE  
Papa had some very shady businesses  
when I was growing up.

ACE  
Like what?

MARTIE  
He sold Mexican Beanie Babies,  
knockoffs named Radia the Three-  
eyed Rat, and Urania the Glow in  
the Dark Unicorn.  
(beat)  
Then he got lazy with Plutonium  
Waste in the Fifty-Five Gallon  
Drums.

ACE  
I bet that's how he got caught.

MARTIE  
Then, there was a pyramid scheme.



ACE  
Pyramid scheme?

MARTIE  
He sold real estate plots  
guaranteed to contain buried Aztec  
temples and treasures. American  
tourists will buy anything.

ACE  
Is that why Mama filed for divorce?

MARTIE  
It was after he built an oxygen bar  
next door to a Cuban cigar store.

ACE  
Up in smoke?

MARTIE  
Exactly.

ACE  
That ended the marriage?

MARTIE  
No, he got addicted to imported  
wine and became a Baptist. Mama was  
too embarrassed to tell anyone, so  
she filed for divorce and fled to  
America to live with me.

ACE  
Illegally?

MARTIE  
Papa was crazy, and Mama was denied  
a work visa as a prison cook.

ACE  
Why? She's a great cook!

MARTIE  
She tried to fill out the work visa  
application in English, which is  
worse than your Spanish. Instead of  
'cook comma prison,' she  
accidentally wrote 'crook comma  
poison.'

ACE  
That's horrible.

Martie springs to life.

MARTIE

I know! I help you with your  
business problem, and you can think  
of a way to save Mama.

ACE

Deal! Shake on it!

They shake like dogs.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Martie holds a clipboard as she and Ace enter the store. Ace  
wears his blue milkman shirt.

Lou turns off the little TV behind the counter to greet them.

LOU

If it isn't my favorite milkman.

ACE

If it isn't your favorite milkman,  
who is it?

LOU

My favorite milk woman, milkmaid,  
milk-person?

(beat)

Those don't sound quite right.

MARTIE

No worries, Lou. We're here to  
discuss next week's order.

LOU

Same as last week.

MARTIE

June is a big tourist month. I  
think you'll need to up that order  
by fifteen percent.

Lou looks skittish.

LOU

Sounds high. Let me check my  
billing records for last year.

Lou reaches into a drawer and pulls out a ream of paper  
invoices. Martie races to help.

MARTIE  
Paper records? No spreadsheet? I  
can fix this for you.

Martie investigates the bills.

LOU  
They appear like clockwork, once a  
month from Sacramento.

MARTIE  
So, Ace doesn't bill you directly.

ACE  
Mr. Anderson does all that. We tell  
him what we delivered. He bills our  
customers.

Martie points to a discrepancy on one sheet, then another.

MARTIE  
Mr. Anderson's been cheating you,  
Lou.

	ACE		LOU
What?		What?	

MARTIE  
He rounds up on every case. If Ace  
drops off a case of gallon jugs,  
for a delivered cost of one-fifty-  
one per gallon, Anderson rounds it  
up to two bucks. He makes two  
dollars and ninety-four cents  
profit on each case on top of his  
wholesale commission.

LOU  
That's highway robbery!

MARTIE  
That's a felony if it holds for the  
other products and other customers.

Martie investigates a few other sheets.

ACE  
He's cheating everyone! I know it!

MARTIE  
He's cheating Lou and has for  
several years. We have a lawsuit  
here, Lou!

(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Anderson rounds up and never rounds down. White-collar crime!

ACE

That's why I wear blue.

MARTIE

Mr. Anderson owes you thousands of dollars!

ACE

How much does Reno charge you for an eight-pound bag of ice, Lou?

LOU

One-dollar, wholesale, delivered.

ACE

I can get you all you need for seventy-five cents a bag, all year long!

LOU

Deal.

ACE

Shake on it.

Ace and Martie start shaking. Lou looks around, and he starts shaking and laughing too.

MARTIE

We'll check a few more customers to see if they're getting cheated by Anderson.

ACE

Then we'll tell the Sheriff about a much bigger news story than a mother's deportation!

Martie hugs Ace.

MARTIE

Great idea, Ace!

LOU

Are you making your ice, Ace? Great idea!

MARTIE

If he can remember the recipe!

Ace and Martie laugh hysterically -- and alike in volume and duration. Ace turns serious.

ACE  
If we can find the bags to put the  
ice in.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RENO WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Ponch and Clutch are dressed in business suits that don't fit them at all as they approach a warehouse.

PONCH  
These suits from the thrift store  
fit pretty well.

CLUTCH  
Their previous owners, anyway. Not  
so much us in particular.

PONCH  
Let me do the talking in there.

CLUTCH  
You got it.

Inside the warehouse, they see the MANAGER (50, football player type) carrying an iPad. Ponch whispers to Clutch.

PONCH  
Like stealing Christmas trees from  
the Boy Scout lot late at night.

Clutch glares at Ponch, as the Manager approaches.

PONCH (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
If someone would ever do such a  
nasty rotten thing!

MANAGER  
Can I help you?

PONCH  
We're Ponch Turan and Gilbert  
Redmond from Sacramento Ice.

MANAGER  
Sacramento Ice?

CLUTCH  
Yes, frozen water.

Ponch glares at Clutch.

PONCH

Our last shipment of plastic ice bags was recalled for contamination of the bacteria scientifically known as *Exlaxii colonoscopy*.

CLUTCH

Better known as E-colon.

MANAGER

E-coli?

PONCH

One cocktail or soda, not a snowball's chance in Hell they'd make it to the restroom.

MANAGER

We didn't hear anything about contamination!

PONCH

We can test five cases of bags for you.

CLUTCH

Or we could warn your customers with a public service announcement to diaper up if they buy your ice.

The Manager quickly grabs five cardboard boxes of ice bags.

PONCH

Our lab in Sacramento will call if there's any sign of E-collie.

Ponch and Clutch grab the boxes, and waddle toward the door.

MANAGER

What do we tell our customers about the ice that's already bagged and in stores?

CLUTCH

No need to panic. Tell 'em, this too shall pass.

INT. DAIRY/HOME, FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Martie is doing calculations on a laptop computer, while Ace paces and talks to Ponch on the phone. The roar of the ice-making machine makes it hard to hear.

ACE

Five cases of ice bags for free!  
You two businessmen are great.

PONCH (O.S.)

Wait 'til you see our new suits.

CLUTCH (O.S.)

Remember, don't tell Anderson about  
the ice-making machine!

ACE

Rice-making making machine? Oh,  
ice! Couldn't hear you. Just get to  
the Sheriff's office by high noon!

Ace ends the call and dances with joy, as Martie looks up from the spreadsheet on her computer.

MARTIE

You have reason to keep dancing.

Ace continues dancing.

ACE

No one's ever told me I have  
reason.

MARTIE

Mr. Anderson has been swindling all  
your customers for years! The proof  
is right here!

Ace pulls her up to dance.

ACE

Then we can nail him in front of  
the TV cameras!

MARTIE

With a major bust like that, the  
Sheriff will forget about deporting  
Mama.

Ace stops dancing.

ACE

I've gotta call Anderson. He's still coming here to sign the papers!

MARTIE

It's gotta be on TV -- call him!

Ace makes a phone call. Martie hangs by his side and listens.

ACE

Hello, Mr. Anderson. This is Robert O'Brien.

(pauses)

Yes, we're ready to sign it over to you, but we can't do it at the dairy house.

(pauses)

Why not?

(beat)

Toilets backed up. We'll have to meet at the Sheriff's office.

Martie whispers in his other ear.

MARTIE

The Sheriff is also a notary.

ACE

And the Sheriff's in a nunnery.

MARTIE

Is a notary.

ACE

Is a notary. It will make it all legal.

(pause)

That noise in the background? Oh, that's the sewer line backing up.

(pauses)

Good idea, Sir. Sheriff's office at noon. We'll be there.

Ace ends the call. He hugs Martie and gazes into her eyes.

ACE (CONT'D)

You're saving our jobs, ya know.

MARTIE

You were more worried about Ponch and Clutch, and Mama and me than you were for yourself. That says a lot about a man.



Ace gazes into her eyes, ready to kiss her.

ACE  
What does it say?

MARTIE  
It says his body is tempting, and  
his mind is gone, but his heart is  
pure.

We hear the ice-making machine. Ace looks puzzled.

ACE  
I couldn't hear you well. Did you  
say his body and mind are empty,  
but his heart's manure?

Martie takes the initiative and kisses him hard on the lips.

MARTIE  
I confess until I found out what an  
idiot you could be, I was very  
attracted to your raw power.

Ace cleans out an ear with his finger.

ACE  
I couldn't hear that last part. Did  
you say, "What will we do for an  
hour?"

MARTIE  
You could get your hearing checked,  
while I take a long, hot shower.

He kisses her passionately.

ACE  
Keep this up and you could be  
Milkman of the Year!

She pulls him gently toward the bedroom.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Ace, dressed in his milkman shirt and short pants, and Martie dressed in her little black dress enter the office like lovebirds. Martie carries her laptop. Mama is in handcuffs sitting by the Sheriff. She sews the last button on the white shirt she's making. The Catholic Priest is pleading for Mama's release.

PRIEST

She is a sweet peaceful mother! She may have sanctuary at our church.

SHERIFF

There are no safe havens in my town, Padre! All illegal aliens are potential murderers and rapists!

MARTIE

Mama! No te preocupes. Don't worry.

Martie hugs Mama, while she glares at Ace and the Sheriff.

ACE

Sheriff, do you want to make the national news instead of local news?

SHERIFF

How?

Ponch and Clutch race in wearing their thrift store suits. The milkmen quickly exchange the secret milkman handshake.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I could arrest you three for impersonating early-morning milkmen.

The female TV REPORTER (30) enters with a Camerawoman (30) ready to film.

REPORTER

We're ready to roll tape, Sheriff. The old priest is a good touch. The public loves contrast! Can we get makeup on the illegal alien?

The milkmen look up and around. Mama glares at the Reporter.

ACE

Seriously, Sheriff. Listen to our accountant.

Mama points to herself.

MAMA

Folsom Prison.

MARTIE

She was a cook there! That's all. The media always assumes the worst!

REPORTER

(to her camerawoman)

Roll camera. I'm Betty Roth, live at the Sheriff's office in Tahoe City, where another unscrupulous illegal alien has been captured for deportation.

The Camerawoman gives her a thumbs-up sign.

Ace steps in front of the camera as MR. ANDERSON (60; an uptight businessman in a suit) steps into the Sheriff's Office.

ACE

I'm Robert O'Brien, one of many little franchise distributors owned by that man, Mr. Rupert Anderson, of Sacramento.

Mr. Anderson smiles proudly.

REPORTER

What's going on here? Is this a sting? Are we going national?

ACE

Ms. Martinique Diaz, our accountant, holds an MBA from the University of California, Berkeley, and she audited our files, our customer's orders, and Mr. Anderson's billing practices.

Mr. Anderson attempts to leave, but the Sheriff stops him.

Martie steps in front of the camera with her laptop open.

MARTIE

We have several years of data to show that Mr. Anderson has knowingly and systematically cheated every customer around the Lake. He falsifies every bill by rounding up to the nearest dollar on every case that these hard-working milkmen deliver!

The camerawoman pans to the milkmen who are giving Anderson the 'shame on you' sign with their fingers.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Because the milkmen deliver across the state line into Nevada, Mr. Anderson is guilty of interstate fraud, a felony.

MR. ANDERSON

I demand to speak to my attorney.

MARTIE

If these same deplorable business practices occurred at his other franchises, Mr. Anderson may also face federal racketeering charges, and be forced to pay complete restitution.

MR. ANDERSON

(mumbles)

Uh oh!

The Sheriff removes the handcuffs from Mama and places them on Mr. Anderson.

Papa races into the Sheriff's office looking like a deranged killer carrying his silver briefcase. The Reporter yells.

REPORTER

Oh, my God. It's that escaped drug lord who tunneled out of prison in Mexico! Is that a bomb?

The camerawoman captures it all. Papa reaches into his coat pocket.

MAMA

Dispararle muerto! Él es un Bautista!

MARTIE

Mama says to shoot him dead! He's a Baptist.

The Sheriff assumes he is reaching for a gun, pulls his pistol, and shoots the King James bible out of Papa's hand. Papa falls, protecting the silver briefcase in both arms.

Mama races to Papa and jumps on him, kissing him passionately. It's awkward almost love-making.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

It has been four years.

Everyone gawks and then tries to look away (except for the priest), as the Sheriff investigates the shot bible.

SHERIFF

It's the King James version, all right!

The Priest shakes his head in disgust and looks away.

PAPA

(to Martie)

I came to take your Mama home. I've changed. I sell top-shelf, imported wines now.

The milkmen perk up! So does Mama.

PAPA (CONT'D)

None of that wine-in-a-box mierda.

Papa looks at the milkmen. Mama goes back to kissing her husband.

Mama hands Martie the white shirt she's been sewing. It's a pressed milkman's uniform shirt that is monogrammed in red, "Martie."

Martie shows off the shirt, and everyone (but Mr. Anderson), smiles, and says 'Ahh.'

PAPA (CONT'D)

Free wine samples in the briefcase.

Everyone cheers.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mama and Papa stroll out of the office arm-in-arm. Papa carries the briefcase.

Ponch and Clutch exit next, with Martie and Ace close behind.

ACE

Nice that Anderson wants to settle.

MARTIE

You'll get an independent dairy distributorship, the house, and property. What more could you want?

Ace turns to face her.

ACE  
An accountant?

CLUTCH  
But who won the hundred bucks?

PONCH  
For the worst date ever!

Martie glares at Ace.

Ponch and Clutch look guilty and start to run.

CLUTCH  
Mama, wait up!

PONCH  
Wait for us, Papa!

Ace drops his head like a scolded schoolboy.

ACE  
Sorry. We didn't mean anything by  
it. Just having fun.

MARTIE  
You cruel son of a bitch! Playing,  
not just with my emotions, but  
Mama's potential deportation!

ACE  
It was only a bet!

Martie shoves her new shirt into Ace's stomach.

MARTIE  
Here's another bet! I bet you never  
grow up to be the man you could be!

Martie begins to stomp away.

ACE  
Martie, wait!  
(mumbles)  
We didn't shake on it!

EXT. DOCK - SUNSET

At a small beach, Ace sits alone at a picnic table and gazes  
out to the dock and Lake.

He looks left down the beach and sees Clutch and Lilly,  
holding hands. They stop and kiss, and continue walking.

Ace looks right and sees Ponch and Crystal smoking a joint, and gazing into each other's eyes. Ponch pulls out a bag of Cheetos from behind his back, and she immediately hugs and kisses him, and squeezes his buns.

Mama and Papa walk up from behind Ace. They are holding hands, but not smiling.

ACE

Mama, Papa, when are you taking  
off?

PAPA

Tomorrow morning.

ACE

What about Martie?

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head.

PAPA

Martinique is packing her things.  
She's going to be my new  
accountant, with a six-figure  
salary, a retirement package, and  
full medical and dental.

Mama slaps Ace on the back of the head again. Harder this time. Ace yells.

ACE

Ow! Mama, that hurt.

MAMA

No tanto como hiera a mi hija!

ACE

(sad)

Not as much as I hurt your  
daughter?

PAPA

Do you speak Spanish?

ACE

I understand Mamas. I was an idiot.  
I am an idiot. I'll always be an  
idiot!

Ace turns around to see Martie staring at him with pity.

Martie walks past Ace toward the dock without saying a word.

Mama and Papa sit at the picnic table, as Martie walks further out on the dock.

Mama hits Ace in the back of the head even harder.

ACE (CONT'D)  
I'm going. I'm going.

There is a tear in Mama's eye and a little smile.

Ace follows Martie to the end of the dock.

ACE (CONT'D)  
I don't expect you to forgive me.

Martie looks out at the Lake.

ACE (CONT'D)  
I never appreciated the plight of  
immigrants wanting a better life  
for themselves and their children.

Martie turns to him.

MARTIE  
That's an adult thing to say.  
(beat)  
For an idiot.

ACE  
About that better man that I could  
be...

MARTIE  
Yes?

ACE  
You've taught me so much. You saved  
our jobs and our house, and I'd  
give it all up to follow you back  
to Mexico.

MARTIE  
Would you climb that big fence,  
swim a river, and cross a desert to  
sneak across the border?

ACE  
If I had to -- to win you back. I'd  
do anything for the Milkman of the  
Year!



Martie moves in for a kiss, and she kisses him. Mama is the first to cheer, then Papa, Ponch, Crystal, Clutch, and Lilly cheer!

Ace stares into Martie's eyes, and they kiss again, too passionately for Mama! She stomps toward them, but they keep kissing! Ace yells.

ACE (CONT'D)

Mama, Papa, I want to marry the  
Milkman of the Year.

Everyone is silent, and puzzled, until they break out with laughter, cheers, and applause, until Martie stomps away.

MARTIE

If that's your idea of a proposal,  
Robert O'Brien, you've got a lot to  
learn. That was the worst proposal  
of all time. That wasn't a bet, was  
it? You didn't shake on it, did  
you?

The cheering stops, as Martie shakes like a dog.

Ace chases her down, gets on one knee, and proposes.

ACE

Martinique Diaz, with your Mama and  
Papa's permission...

Mama and Papa nod 'yes.'

Martie smiles.

ACE (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

MARTIE

You're very childish, Ace, but you  
have potential. Yes, I'll marry  
you! If you illegally immigrate to  
Mexico by scaling the border wall,  
swimming the Rio Grande, crossing  
the desert, and walking to Mexico  
City. Then, yes, I'll marry you!

MAMA

(in perfect English)  
Like I did to get to my daughter,  
Robert!

Ace, Ponch, Clutch are astonished by Mama.

CLUTCH  
Do you speak English?

Martie and Papa laugh.

MAMA  
Better than you three speak  
Spanish!

The crowd cheers, and rallies around Martie and Ace, jumping up and down in joy.

Martie and Ace kiss wildly for a long time.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

We follow Ace as he drives his VW to the border, abandons his car, scales the border wall, swims across the Rio Grand River, crosses the desert, and hikes to Mexico City.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**