

# PLAY BY PLAY

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
At a Hootie and the Blowfish  
concert.

MIKE  
Hooold myyyyy-- ahh!

Mike lands on his knee funny and goes down in pain.

BACK TO:

INT. HICKEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike has Pete pinned on the floor, blowing in his face.

← start  
SC#1

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
Sadly, now he spent most of his  
time playing NHL '94 and making me  
guess what he just ate.

PETE  
I dunno. Bread?

MIKE  
Guess again.

PETE  
Soup.

MIKE  
Guess again!

CLARE (O.S.)  
Dinner's ready!

MIKE  
Ha ha ha! It was a trick question.  
I didn't eat anything, that's just  
my breath!

← ENDS#2

INT. HICKEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Hickeys approach the kitchen counter like a football  
offense walking up to the line of scrimmage.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
Dinner at the Hickey house was a  
lot like a no huddle offense.

Flanked by her family, CLARE (fun mom but don't test her)  
calls out the food on the table like a QB barking out a play.

3 SCENES

MIKE

STEVE  
It's not finished yet.

Clare rolls her eyes, having heard this many times before.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
Mom's eye roll should explain it all. The basement was so far from ever being finished that Mike didn't even think to have future dibs on it, which was definitely a thing.

STEVE  
(off Clare's look)  
What? I need pine wood for the banister that'll match the ceiling fan's chain thingy, and once I get that then...

CLARE  
(finishing his sentence)  
"That's that." Yeah. I've never heard that before.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
She'd heard that before.

INT. HICKEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Mike (wearing a bathrobe with his varsity letters sewn on) and Pete watch TV. A long beat, then, out of nowhere:

MIKE  
(scratching his balls)  
You're adopted.

PETE  
You've been wearing the same clothes for four days.

MIKE  
This is my varsity robe. I'm supposed to wear it every day.

PETE  
You graduated two years ago.

MIKE  
Exactly. I'm retired. And when you retire you wear a robe.

← Start  
SC#2

PETE  
A robe with all your varsity  
letters sewn on it?

MIKE  
What else would I do? Be the guy  
who still wears his high school  
football jacket. I'm not a dork,  
Pete.

Mike rolls his eyes, then turns to REVEAL "# 9 Hickey"  
written in sharpie on the back.

MIKE  
If you were a legend like me you'd  
understand.

They HEAR a car door slam shut and a trunk pop open.

MIKE  
Also if Mom got Bugles I call dibs  
on the Bugles.

PETE  
Speculative dibs?

MIKE  
(doesn't know that word)  
Your mom's speculative.

PETE  
Um, she's your mom too, Mike.

MIKE  
Did you not hear me say you were  
adopted? Okay, well, I guess I  
need to clean out your ears.

Mike grabs Pete and puts him in a "sharpshooter" (a wrestling  
move that really hurts, made famous by WWF superstar and  
former Intercontinental Champion Bret "the Hitman" Hart).

MIKE  
I guess it's time to meet the best  
there is, the best there was and  
the best there ever will be.  
(applying more pressure)  
Now say you have no penis!

As Pete screams, trying to squirm out of it.

PETE  
You have no penis.

MIKE  
Say, "I, Pete Hickey, have no  
penis."

As they continue fighting, Clare enters with a six pack of wine coolers and some snacks. She looks beyond Pete and Mike to REVEAL that Steve has been in the room reading the newspaper the entire time. She frowns, observing all three.

Mike continually reapplies the sharpshooter as Pete continually squirms out of it. It's like a dance, if a dance ended with Pete hulking out and pushing himself away from Mike and into the TV, which topples over and shatters.

MIKE  
Nice job, Pete. That wouldn't have happened if you'd just admitted you had no penis.

CLARE  
Hey Steve, hon, how much does a TV run for these days?

STEVE  
(waking up, oblivious)  
What now?

CLARE  
Actually I don't care. Grab the bank book. We're buying two.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HICKEY HOUSE - BASEMENT

Mike (still in robe), Pete, GRACIE, Clare and Steve stand in the basement. CLOSE UP on Clare's hand plugging in a TV, then:

CLARE  
That's that. Basement's finished.

It's silent. No one knows what to do with themselves.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
The frozen silence punctuated the moment like a whisper from God reminding me that this was my moment for the taking. And take I did.

Pete looks around dreamily, as if he's having an outer-body experience, then in triumphant slow-mo:

← END  
SC#2

MIKE

God!

Mike dusts off his robe and tries to shake out his nerves like a boxer warming up for a fight. He pulls a tin of Skoal Mint-like tobacco out of his pocket, "packs it" and throws in a wad of dip. He grabs a green Mountain Dew bottle, with the label ripped off of course, and "Mike's spitter" written on one side and #9 written on the other.

As Mike spits into the bottle, his eyes never leaving the ground, he holds out the tin, offering Pete some. Pete stares at the tin hesitantly, his eyes very much asking "What's the catch?"

OLDER PETE (V.O.)

Mike had never offered me anything in my entire life. Sometimes he'd give me a choice of which submission hold I'd like applied to me, but sharing something? Not a chance. This was a huge moment for us.

Mike's hand hangs there. He motions "go ahead." Pete takes the tin, pinches some out and "throws a lip in." Pete gets some on his face, then starts awkwardly spitting into a cup like a dental patient with a face full of novocaine.

MIKE

(bragging)

Wait until you see this girl. She totally wants it. And the best part: she looks like Kelly from 90210 but dresses like Snoop Dogg.

PETE

(mouth full of dip,  
sincere)

Whoa.

MIKE

I know, right? I mean, I'll never say out of my league, but-- For the win!

(mimes shooting hoops)

Jordan!!!!

(taps Pete's shoulder)

Dibs on Jordan! as a name for my first baby, by the way.

PETE

I thought you were calling it The Fridge?

← Start  
SC# 3

5/8

MIKE

No. Middle name. Jordan The Fridge Hickey. What's great about it is it works for a boy or a girl.

They share a laugh and sit there silently, spitting into their respective spitters.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)

As I let the tart, minty grossness cut my gums and force my eyes closed, I realized that this was what a moment between two brothers was supposed to feel like. We were strengthening our bond. We were connecting as peers. We were--

Pete gasps. He's swallowed some. His eyes dart back and forth, nervous, but before he can move he pukes all over the couch and the floor.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)

Puking all over the floor.

Mike instantly dead-arms Pete, pissed. As he pukes more.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)

Well, I was.

MIKE

Are you serious, dude? Tina is going to be here any second! What the hell is wrong with you?

Pete spits, sick, kind of embarrassed.

PETE

It's not like I meant to swallow it... I've never tried it before.

MIKE

Friggin' Dick Leg!

PETE

What'd you call me?

MIKE

You heard me, Dick Leg! I guess I should expect JV moves from a JV Dick Leg.

PETE

Don't say that.

MIKE

What?  
 (pointedly)  
 JV Dick Leg?

PETE

It's not my fault. I made the first  
 kick!

MIKE

Yeah, the one that didn't count.

PETE

What's the matter with you?!

MIKE

I'm related to you, that's what.  
 You suck at everything! Now clean  
 up your stupid puke before my  
 girlfriend gets here!

PETE

She's not coming, dude! And you  
 know why? ~~Because you're not--~~

~~(a la blushing girl)~~

~~Oh my God, Mike Hickey. Or--~~

~~(a la super intense jock)~~

~~Oh my God! Mike Hickey! You're--~~

~~(a la seeing a car wreck)~~

~~Oh my God... Mike Hickey?~~

~~(as himself)~~

I mean, look at you. Everyone else  
 is off at college, but you're here,  
 clearly getting stood up by a  
 Waubonsie chick, wearing that  
 stupid robe and arguing with your  
 little brother over who called dibs  
 on the basement... If that's not  
 the definition of a loser, I don't  
 know what is.

Mike tries to shrug this off in classic, impenetrable big  
 brother fashion, but Pete's words kind of ring true.

MIKE

First of all... Once you're in  
 college, no one calls it college.  
 They call it "school." And second--

The lip-phone rings. Mike jumps to it.

MIKE  
 Ha! See? I bet that's her calling  
 to let me know she got caught up  
 trying to figure out what to wear.  
 Happens to me all the time.

Mike picks up the phone:

MIKE  
 Hello?...  
 (then, for Pete's benefit)  
 Oh, hey Tina.

He looks to Pete and starts humping the air: it's on!

MIKE  
 (clearly cutting her off)  
 No need to apologize. Just know  
 that with Mike Hickey you can never  
 go wrong with Girbaud jeans of any  
 color.

He winks at Pete. A beat. Mike frowns. He turns his back  
 to Pete.

MIKE  
 Oh. Okay... Like, ever?... Wait,  
 but...

Mike walks the phone to the far end of the basement. This  
 conversation clearly isn't going well.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
 I called Mike a loser every day of  
 my childhood. But in all that time  
 I'd never actually seen him lose.  
 It was hard to watch.

Pete looks over Mike's trophies and awards.

OLDER PETE (V.O.)  
 Especially since growing up he was  
 just this thing that scored  
 touchdowns and ate all our food. I  
 never thought about him having  
 dreams or fears or feelings at all  
 for that matter. But when he hung  
 up my *Full House* lip-phone, for the  
 first time I saw he was a kid, just  
 like me.

DISSOLVE TO:

← END SC#3