

THE HANDYMAN

by

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SAMPLE - FIRST 20 PAGES ONLY
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INT. TRAVEL TRAILER - NIGHT

Rattling photo frames fall from shuddering shelves.

An old empty perfume bottle slides about the trailer floor,
CRACKING against the wall.

A shattered vase laying bare the plastic flower stems within.

Two half-unzipped duffel bags spill a lifetime of memories.
Photo albums. Cassette tapes. A dancing Coke can.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

SSCCCHHHHHH.... The trailer skids to a stop along the gravel.
Towed by a battered old Volvo. The driver kills the engine.
Then the headlights.

EXT. QUARRY - DEAD MAN'S NEST - NIGHT

Metal clanks as meaty hands unhook a rusty tow hitch.

A shadowed man breaks through the moonlit fog, dragging the
entire weight of the travel trailer behind him, toward the
edge of a MAJESTIC QUARRY. Infinite and bottomless.

Heavy plodding. Step after step. Breathing heavy and deep.
As he struggles under it's weight.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN AMERICA - DAY

The cheapest two bedroom at the edge of the suburbs.
From inside, a horrible BUZZING ALARM CLOCK wails.

SUPER: "Crescent Creek, 1996."

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Buried beneath the covers is a heavy lump of a man.

Hand blindly SWIPING the alarm clock into the cracked plaster wall.
It continues undeterred. Spasming on the floor.

From the next room, a morning talkshow plays loudly ON TV
through the paper thin walls:

PANELIST (O.S.)
Bananas?!

TALKSHOW HOST (O.S.)
Welcome to the nineties.
Bananas in the child seat of his
cart means he is looking for love.
Listening ladies?

The lump groans. The lump is WARREN.

A hurried knock at the bedroom door.

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)
Dad! C'mon. I'm gonna be late.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dark and musty. Shit everywhere.
The home of a man who's barely holding it all together.

Two-for-one pizza coupons litter the kitchen counter top amongst
unpaid bills and overdue notices. The last spring cleaning was
seven springs ago.

From his bedroom stumbles WARREN - either side of 40, with
a scruffy chestnut beard and warm, Joe Cocker eyes.
Not typically handsome by any stretch, but there's something
undeniable about him. An endearing twist of the mouth.

He shuffles around the mess in his morning chaos, getting his
son PAUL ready for school - a gentle 7 year old with a mop
for a haircut. And fading hope in his eyes.

Warren clears the table, hastily scraping baked beans from
the plate, but missing the trash as they spill onto the floor.

WARREN
Fuck! I'll clean it later. Paul --
never say that word I just said.

Paul finishes his mouthful of toast - smiling and nodding.

PAUL
Mmmhmm.

WARREN
Chop chop!! I gotta get to work
so we can pay for this shit.
Don't ever say 'shit'.

Warren is clearly hopeless but somehow endearing. Paul picks
up his backpack and shuffles out the door, father in tow.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

A pre-loved 80's 'Serra Scotty' TRAVEL TRAILER half-hides under dead leaves and twisted overgrowth in the front yard. It hasn't been used in years.

Nearby, on the front lawn sits an aging lemon yellow Volvo: Three warped air fresheners hanging from the rear view and a rusty tow ball hitch on the back.

Warren and Paul both get in the car, opening and slamming shut their doors at the exact same time. It's routine.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Warren's old Volvo rolls through Crescent Creek: The dated suburb that time forgot. Even for the 90's, it's thoroughly faded.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Warren kisses Paul on the forehead as he leaves for school. A bunch of other boys laugh and jeer.

In another car, one of the mothers smiles. Warren returns a shy wave of acknowledgment, rapping his knuckles across the dash as guilty self-punishment.

EXT. SUPERSAVE MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A small suburban shopping complex. The sign reads: "SUPERSAVE SUPERCENTRE: SPIRIT OF AMERICA!"

The usual strip-mall suspects: WalMart, a "Java Hut" Starbucks Clone, Burger King, and a discount furniture store huddle around a large parking lot.

Across from the lot, is a used car dealership with a red Miata positioned out front. The custom plates read 'ROCKY1'.

As Warren pulls into a spot marked Employee Parking, his buddy, VINCE, 40's strides across from the dealership carrying a heavy box overflowing with books. A gregarious Italian car dealer, with a heart of gold and a face of bronzer.

VINCE

You look like shit.

WARREN

Your fake tan's running

VINCE
All natural baby.

Vince wipes a bit of bronzer from his golden, sweaty brow.

WARREN
What's with the box?

He dumps it into Warren's arms.

VINCE
Vanessa's making me throw out a
bunch of stuff to make space for
the jacuzzi and I thought you might
want em. For Paulie or somethin'.

Warren looks down at the assortment of self help, marketing,
and relationship books from self-professed experts.
A VHS tape slides from the pile.

WARREN
I'm sure Paul will really enjoy
"Tae Bo for Lovers".

Vince quotes from Rocky, doing his best Mickey impression as
he taps on his own head:

VINCE
"I got all this knowledge, I got it up
here now, I wanna give it to you."

Warren dismissively tosses the box into the trunk of his car.
And slams the lid shut.

INT. JAVA HUT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Warren and Vince collect their huge 24 ounce caffeine hits.
Vince pulls a flask of whiskey from his pocket and pours, as
the teenage barista pretends not to notice.

Vince offers some to Warren, but Warren covers his cup.

WARREN
Not today. I'm up for that
assistant manager's gig.

VINCE
Same one they promised you last time?

Warren catches himself gazing at a busty woman passing by the
window and grazes his knuckles along the brick wall in guilty
self-reprimand.

As they sit, Vince looks at him in dismay.

Warren just holds up his hairy hand:
Grazed knuckles and a wedding band.

VINCE (CONT'D)
What's it been? Five years?

WARREN
Five next Thursday.

VINCE
You've gotta let it go buddy.
This sadness -- it's dead weight.

WARREN
It's all I've got.

VINCE
You got Paulie.
And he needs a woman around.
You need a woman around.

WARREN
Paul's fine.

Warren sips his coffee in silence. He's heard it all before.

VINCE
She's not coming back.
You know that right?

WARREN
I can't forget her. I won't.

VINCE
I'm not talking about forgetting.
I'm talking about movin' on. You
gotta get out there. Shop around.
You know what you need?

Warren gets up to leave.

VINCE (CONT'D)
You need to get laid my friend.
You need to get back in the game.

WARREN
I was never in the game.

Warren makes for the exit. Vince persistently follows.

VINCE
C'mon! How am I s'posed to live
vicariously through you if you're
not getting laid?

EXT. SUPERSAVE MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

VINCE

How 'bout a new car? Chicks dig wheels.
I could get you a nice trade on the
trailer. You ain't used it since Hann--

Warren stops dead in his tracks, glaring. Angry at the mere suggestion of this.

WARREN

Stop. Don't ever ask me that again.
Not now. Not ever.

Warren paces toward the sliding doors of WalMart, hurriedly putting on his badge as Vince shouts back from the lot.

VINCE

Your old life is in that trailer!
Your new life is out here. Somewhere.
If you ever want to find it.

INT. SUBURBAN HAIR SALON - BACK ROOM - DAY

MIRROR REFLECTION of a woman's black eye.

As she dabs concealer around the bruise, trying to hide the pain through a thinly veiled smile.

This is ANNIE, 30's: Once the shy awkward girl in school, now lively and pretty. Still, she doesn't quite know it.

INT. WALMART - DAY

Rolling through Walmart, a handful of earlybird housewives push their carts along mountainous aisles of colorful product. Scenes of suburban emptiness.

One woman discretely tests the vibrating power of a personal back massager. Clearly intent on using it for something else.

INT. WALMART - STOCKROOM - DAY

COFFEE SPLASHES across stock pallets as Warren chokes in disbelief.

WARREN

Gregg?? Fucking Gregg?

The STORE MANAGER stands across from him.

STORE MANAGER

Look Warren, your metrics are down
across the board. We have this chart...

WARREN

The kid's barely got hair on his balls.
He can't manage a fucking WalMart.

STORE MANAGER

I don't care about his balls Warren.
He's driven. Energetic. Flexible.

WARREN

Flexible? I missed parent-teacher
night last week for this shit.

The manager taps the baked bean sauce stain on Warren's shirt.

STORE MANAGER

He takes pride in his appearance.
Isn't constantly late. Doesn't swear
at customers. And well...
he's younger so he's cheaper.

WARREN

So what am I supposed to do? Work
under that smiling little shit?

STORE MANAGER

We're letting you go Warren.
Giving you some time -- to sort your
life out.

WARREN

My what?? Do I look like a man who
needs to sort his life out?

Warren. Hair a mess. Badge crooked.
Looking exactly like a man who needs to sort his life out.

INT. WALMART - DAY

AN OLD RHYTHMIC POP SONG PLAYS, something like Dolly Parton's
'Nine to Five'.

Warren casually walks down aisle twelve - his outstretched
arm knocking every cereal box from the shelf.

Apple O's and Pop Tarts tumble to the floor.
A trail of fallen boxes in his wake.
This is something he's been wanting to do for a long time.

He grabs the last remaining box of Trix from the shelf and
munches on them as he reaches over to the front of store mic:

WARREN

Gregg. Clean up on aisle twelve.

Warren calmly flicks the store sprinklers as he leaves.
The sliding doors closing behind him.

It's all falling apart. Burning bridges as he goes.
But it's the most alive he has felt in years.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Paul sits at the fringe of a group of boys, longing for their approval as they inspect the contents of their lunchboxes.

KID 1

I got turkey.
Delicious delicious turkey!

Embarrassed, Paul opens his dated plastic 'Alf' lunchbox and peers in so as to not let the other boys see.

Spaghetti-O's spew from soggy slices of Wonder bread.

KID 2

Gross!!

KID 3

Everyone knows dads can't make good sandwiches. Bet you wish you had a mom!

Kid 1 bites into his sandwich, talking through his mouthful.

KID 1

Can't your dad afford turkey?

KID 2

Nah. Paul's poor. Poor Paul!

KID 3

R'member that time you got cereal for lunch?

KID 1

Maybe next time you'll get dog food!

They all laugh as Paul shrinks away, taking a lonely bite of his sandwich as the orange slop falls onto his pants.

INT. SUBURBAN HAIR SALON - DAY

A discount suburban hair salon and dusty pink hive of gossip and rumor. The place reeks of hairspray and Avon.

With bruised eye now concealed, Annie is cutting the wispy hair of a down-syndrome teenager GABBY, and chatting with COLLETTE: an aging hairdresser from Australia with fire red hair and a fashion sense that never graduated.

COLLETTE
Bastards darl. All of 'em.

ANNIE
Surely there's one nice guy out there.

Gabby pipes up, boldly voicing her thoughts in a steady, innocent down-syndrome fashion.

GABBY
You weren't listening: They're all bastards. Especially the nice guys.

COLLETTE
Think about it. There was Stephen - who seemed normal --

GABBY
-- 'til you realized he only wanted you for your feet.

COLLETTE
Then James --

ANNIE
-- who only talked about James.

GABBY
Donovan.

ANNIE
The perfect gentleman...

COLLETTE
... and polygamous Mormon.

ANNIE
(lamenting)
I just don't need the drama anymore.

GABBY
That Johnny guy's not still hanging around is he?

Annie looks away, ashamed with a slight and weary nod.

COLLETTE
After that shit he pulled? Get rid of him hun. The guy's bad news.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wheel of Fortune plays on TV as the deep fryer bubbles quietly on the countertop.
Which can only mean one thing: Warren is preparing dinner.

At the kitchen counter, Paul plays with a sunglass-wearing Dancing Coke Can from the 80's.

WARREN

Your mother loved that thing.
Whenever things got tough she'd
just turn it on and watch it dance.

PAUL

I know it's bad but... I don't
remember her. What was she like?

Paul continues to make the Coke can dance. The batteries are dead so he moves it around manually, gears grinding inside.

WARREN

The best parts of you, they're all
from her.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

Dad.

WARREN

Yeah bud?

PAUL

Can I maybe have a new mom one day?

Warren looks down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

All the other kids have moms.
And better sandwiches than me.

Warren lifts the basket on the fryer and empties chicken nuggets across two plates.

WARREN

There's not many women out there
that'll... I'm not exactly Steven
Seagal in the looks department.

PAUL

But the other kids - with moms.
They don't get picked on like I do.

Not knowing how else to deal, Warren tries a change of topic.

WARREN

What's wrong with my sandwiches?
I thought you liked Spaghetti-O's?

PAUL

They're not even real Spaghetti-O's.
They're the fake brand.

WARREN

They were on special.

PAUL

Are we poor?

WARREN

We'll come good. I'll find a way.
I promise.

The microwave 'bings'. Warren opens it's door and pours a bowl of soggy carrots over both plates.

They both look down at the sorry excuse for dinner. Warren's face, awash with the concern that as a parent, he's failing.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A bunch of VERY GREEN, UNRIPE BANANAS slowly steer around the aisles, in the child seat of an otherwise empty shopping cart. Warren at the helm.

He glances at a couple of women in quiet desperation as they pass. Whatever results he's expecting, he's not getting them.

He moves his loitering to the checkout area in hopes of having more luck there. But barely a second passes before he's tapped on the shoulder by the down-syndrome teenager Gabby.

GABBY

Excuse me. Are you in line?

WARREN

(startled)

Sorry, I was just... Uhh... Yes.

Warren pushes the otherwise empty cart to the checkout and regretfully pays for the green bananas.
Checkout girl looking at him as though he's a lame puppy.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Muscled action hero posters plaster the walls among action figures and plasticine sculptures. Arnie. Van Damme. Seagal. Everything he wishes his father could be but isn't.

Paul throws down his backpack, wincing as he checks his bruises in the mirror. Another day another beating.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul emerges from his room to find Warren on the couch. In one look, they both recognize that the other has had a shitty day.

WARREN & PAUL
(together)
Takeout?

WARREN
Spin the wheel.

Paul turns to a homemade Wheel-of-Fortune-style prize wheel in the corner of the room - only instead of dollar amounts, each panel has the name of a different fast food outlet: 'Buster's Chicken', 'Burger King', 'Pizza Palace', etc.

It clicks into place. 'Charlie Wang's'.

INT. CHARLIE WANG'S CHINESE TAKEOUT

CHARLIE WANG is at the counter. This is his joint.

A reversed sign painted on the window reads:
CHARLIE WANG'S: SPECIAL CHINESE DELIVERY.

WARREN
Hi Charlie.

CHARLIE WANG
Hi Mister Best Customer. What you have tonight?

WARREN
Egg rolls, fried rice, sesame chicken, and uh... pork belly.

Paul tugs on his dad's shirt.

PAUL
Don't forget the fortune cookies!

CHARLIE WANG
Okaaay. You know. You eat pork belly. You get a pork belly.

Warren looks down at his belly.

WARREN

Why are you so mean Charlie Wang?

CHARLIE WANG

Not mean if it true!

EXT. CHARLIE WANG'S CHINESE TAKEOUT

As Warren exits with the bag of takeout, he spots a FLYER taped to the window. It reads:

"MEET YOUR MATCH IN 30 MINUTES OR LESS!

SPEED DATING: NEW AT McCAULEY'S. THURSDAY 8PM".

He tears a stub, pocketing it discretely.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren and Paul sit on the couch surrounded by empty boxes of Chinese food. Paul leaps across the table and dunks his hand into one of the boxes. His fist emerges with a fortune cookie.

He cracks it open and reads aloud.

PAUL

"Two is but half of three..." What the heck? These things never make sense.

Warren struggles to pull the message from his cracked shell.

WARREN

"For a good time call Charlie Wan..."
Wait. Give me another one.

Paul hands him another. Warren cracks it open with his teeth and reads it aloud:

WARREN (CONT'D)

"The cure for grief is motion."

INT. WARREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Warren sits on the edge of his bed, worriedly staring at the decorated Catholic crucifix nailed to the wall.

Nervously folding the stub from the speed dating flyer over and over on itself.

He takes a deep breath. And looks at his wardrobe.

INT. WARREN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren looks in the mirror, dressed in his best clothes - chinos and a maroon turtleneck tucked into his belt.

A million miles from stylish, but the most effort he's made in years. He lets a cautious smile sneak into the mirror.

Digging through the junk in his cluttered bathroom drawers, Warren dabs on some old Avon 'Black Suede' cologne. THEN something at the back of the drawer catches his eye:

It's a CRUSHED PACK OF OLD CONDOMS from his days with Hannah. The old box yellowing like a vintage baseball card. It reads: 'Halley's Comet Commemorative Condoms 1986'

He looks inside at the lone condom in it's crushed foil wrapper.

Then... SLAM! Paul kicks the door open with a kiddie karate kick. Dressed in an all-white karate uniform.

PAUL
Ready to kick butt!

Warren nervously tosses the condom into his chino pocket.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Why are you dressed like those
people on The Dating Game?

Paul's toothy smile beams from ear to ear.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Are you going on a daaate?

INT./EXT. WARREN'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Warren pulls up out front of 'Karate Jim's Karate School' as Paul spots the bag of green bananas on the car floor.

PAUL
Why'd you buy bananas?
You don't even like bananas.
I don't like them either.

A beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)
They're not even ripe yet.

Warren silent.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Who's gonna eat green bananas?

EXT. MCCAULEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Warren walks down the street in his maroon turtleneck, looking like a man who hasn't been out in years.

Rapping his knuckles on the brick wall. Guilty and anxious. He hesitates as he nears the bar, turning away.

Mustering the courage with a deep breath, he turns back toward the bar, walking up to the door until...

His shoulders fall heavy. A sign in the window reads: 'SPEED DATING TONIGHT: CANCELED DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST.'

INT. MCCAULEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Warren slumps over a beer in an empty corner booth. Nearby, he can hear a drunken bunch of NOISY HOUSEWIVES chattering loudly but can't see their faces over the divider.

IN THEIR BOOTH, we see them: Three aging suburban housewives. All clutching at their faded youth. None would look out of place selling a Wonder-Mop on the Home Shopping Network.

The first is JACKI: Fake nails, big hair, a voice hoarse and dry. In a faux-English-tinged accent, she drags out every word. It's hard to tell if she's attractive through the caked-on concealer.

JACKI

...just locks himself in that damn garage with those fucking trains. It's like he's trying to avoid me.

The second, DONNA, speaks up. A fake-tanned gym bunny. Leathered and bitter.

DONNA

Joe's off at the track most nights. I bet he's having it off with that secretary. The bitch.

JACKI

What about my needs I say to him. I have needs too.

Mousey RENAE raises her glass at a drunken angle, splashing red wine across the table.

RENAE

Sex is wasted on the young.

JACKI

I mean... I waxed my asshole and he didn't even notice!

DONNA

You can always take matters into your own hands.

(twinkling her fingers)

If you catch my meaning...

Jacki takes a long drag on her cigarette, blowing a lazy cloud of smoke.

JACKI

Too old for that hun. This river don't flow like it used to. I need real blood pumping through my veins. A real man's touch.

The eavesdropping Warren can't believe what he's hearing.

IN THE WINDOW OF THE BAR: a woman rushing by catches his eye. It's Annie. Looking flustered and late - but stunning.

Disappointment spills across her face as she reads the 'Cancelled' sign on the front door. She looks inside at the long empty table, not spotting Warren in the corner booth. She turns and leaves.

IN THEIR BOOTH: The women continue...

RENAE

Sean can't even rise to the occasion most nights.

JACKI

Ugh! Tell me about it.

RENAE

Doc says it's the booze...
Not that I suppose it matters now we're in separate beds.

JACKI

You're not!!

Renaë just nods inconsolably. Eyebrows raised.

DONNA

Us too. Somewhere between the farting and the snoring we decided we'd prefer the sleep. If it weren't for you girls and Ricki Lake, I don't know how I'd manage.

JACKI
What happened to the men we married?

RENAE
Is it us? Have we lost it?
Did we get old?

Renae ducks under the table. Disappearing without warning.

JACKI
I just want someone to tell me I'm
a sexy bitch.

DONNA
You are a sexy bitch! We all are.

Donna calls across to an old drunk shelling nuts at the bar.

DONNA (CONT'D)
C'mon - We're still hot aren't we?
Aren't we?

He mumbles something indistinguishable and falls into his beer.

Renae emerges from under the table, wiping vomit from her chin. Clutching her dripping purse at a distance.

RENAE
(slurring)
Someone put... vomit in my purse.

DONNA
OK girls. Time to go...

They all leave with a drunken racket.

Warren pops his head from the booth, catching only a glimpse of their backs as he digests what he's just heard. But the beeping Casio on his wrist insists it's time to collect Paul from karate.

EXT. MCCAULEY'S BAR - NIGHT

As he exits, Warren bumps into a huddle of dolled up twenty-somethings spilling into the bar. One throws Warren a flirtatious glance, not interested, just craving attention. Warren returns an innocent smile. Her attitude instantly flips.

FLIRTY GIRL
Eww! Creep.

Warren doesn't understand these games.

Her JOCK BOYFRIEND pushes his way to the front of the group.

JOCK BOYFRIEND
Hey perv! You lookin' at my girl?

WARREN
No. Sorry. I... I wasn't.

JOCK BOYFRIEND
You want to fuck her?

FLIRTY GIRL
(tugging on his shirt)
Rick. Stop it.

WARREN
I wasn't.. I just... She.. I...

Warren struggles for the right words to avoid confrontation, but cannot find them fast enough.

JOCK BOYFRIEND
You weren't lookin' at my girl?
Oh, so you were you lookin' at me?
You some sort of fag or something
Sasquatch?

WARREN
I was just...

JOCK BOYFRIEND
Is that a turtleneck?
What. The. Fuck? Hey guys, he's
wearing a turtleneck!

The jock boyfriend SHOVES Warren to the ground, laughing as they all enter the bar. The girl looks back sympathetically as Warren staggers to his feet. Emotionally beat.

INT. WARREN'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Warren and Paul sit in silence next to each other on the drive home. Paul can see the date night didn't go so well.

He just pushes a cassette into the car radio.
A SAD 70's SONG begins to play as the suburban landscape drifts by.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren switches out the light in Paul's bedroom and gently closes the door.

As he walks toward the kitchen, he spots the blinking answering machine and presses play.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (on speakerphone)
 Mr. Appleton. This is your final
 notice before we begin repossession--
 I see you have a travel trailer
 regist--

The message cuts short as the LIGHTS GO OUT. Darkness.

Warren opens the door to the power box and flicks the
 breakers. Nothing. The power has been cut off.

WARREN
 Bastards.

Returning to the kitchen, he stubs his toe on something heavy
 in the hallway.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

Warren balances against the kitchen counter on one leg,
 holding his toe. He looks down at the culprit. It's the
 BOX OF UNWANTED BOOKS that Vince gave him in the parking lot.

The books on top have spilled out and spread all over the
 floor. "How To Get Ahead In Life", "Think Rich - Grow Rich",
 "Marketing for Dummies", and some audiobooks on cassette.

Lit by the moonlight that spills through the window, one
 large book catches his eye: "THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE".
 On the cover, a nude couple are tastefully entwined in
 passionate embrace. Like a naked pretzel.

Warren grabs a headlamp from the drawer and switches it on.

He begins to pour over the book in the hallway. Engrossed.

A MOMENT LATER:
 Warren rifles through the box of books and finds the cassette
 audiobook: "TANTRIC HOME MASSAGE FOR FUN AND PROFIT."
 He slides it into Paul's Walkman. And hits play.

A GENTLE, CALMING FEMALE VOICE washes over the headphones,
 reading snippets of audiobook set to soothing music as Warren
 pours over the books with zeal, devouring the knowledge within.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
Relaxing. Healing. Mystical.
"Yoni" is the Sanskrit word for
"divine passage".

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*A unique full-body massage, enjoyed
 for thousands of years in India,
 but hidden from the Western world
 -- until now.*

-- Mystical chimes echo through the headphones.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
*You will learn exotic, undiscovered
 techniques to elevate your
 partner's sexual energy to dizzying
 new heights.*

-- Warren opens another book 'Massage Magic'.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
*...reconnect with your body as you
 open your mind to a world of new
 people. New possibilities...*

-- Warren practices an obscure massage move on a loaf of
 Wonder Bread, kneading it, chopping it.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
*...instead of focusing on pain, you
 will learn the art of pleasure...*

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

-- On the toilet reading "So, You Want to Start a Business?"

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
*...fascinating occupation. Both
 exciting and rewarding...*

-- Warren on the phone, newspaper open at the Classifieds section,
 finger at the number for 'Call Now to Place Your Ad'.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clanking noises from inside the garage.

INT. WARREN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

From somewhere within the hoarded piles of clutter comes the
 SNARL AND RATTLE of a saw, interspersed with loud POPS of the
 staple-gun. As the audiobook voiceover continues to play.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)
...a necessary part of healing...

END OF 20 PAGE SAMPLE --

For the full length screenplay: "THE HANDYMAN", please contact:

Wolf Carter Black
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