

NAIL HOUSE

Written by

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INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

A golden CAT STATUE rests on a high shelf above a small ancestral shrine in a hole-in-the-wall Chinese restaurant.

In front of the shrine, **JIMMY WONG (8)** and **DANNY WONG (10)** strike kung fu poses, squaring off in Power Ranger pajamas.

JIMMY

I'll tell you one last time, big bro. It's your turn to take out the trash.

DANNY

The heck it is! I took it out yesterday. Now it's *your* turn.

JIMMY

Either take it out. Or *get* taken out.

DANNY

Yeah right, your skills are trash. Like the trash I'm gonna take out.

JIMMY

Hah! You just said you're taking out the trash!

DANNY

No! That's not what I meant.

JIMMY

Too late! Too late!

Danny roars in anger. He LUNGES at Jimmy. A nimble, pint-sized kung fu fight breaks out as they brawl across the room, fists and feet flying --

- until **KAREN WONG**, 30s, flour-coated apron, scolds them from the kitchen service window.

KAREN

Hey! No fighting in the dining room.

JIMMY

Sorry, Mom. Danny started it.

The phone rings in the kitchen. Karen picks it up.

DANNY

God, you're such a mama's boy.

KAREN  
 Danny, don't pick on your brother.  
 (to phone)  
 Mama Wong's. What? *Again?*

Danny and Jimmy bicker as Karen grumbles on the phone.

JIMMY  
 You're a mama's boy too, dummy.

DANNY  
 Am not.

JIMMY  
 Are too. We both are. I learned it  
 in school. We both came from  
 Mom's... from her... *va-gin-a*.

DANNY  
 Ew! You're so weird!

Karen hangs up and marches into the dining room.

KAREN  
 Alright you two, listen up.  
 There's a problem with our shrimp  
 order. I've gotta get down to the  
 market and sort it out. Which means  
 I need you two to get this place  
 ready to open. Can you do that?

JIMMY snaps a crisp salute.

JIMMY  
 You bet we can! I'll be temporary  
 acting manager! If... that's okay  
 with you, Mom.

Karen unhooks her nametag: "KAREN WONG - OWNER/MANAGER" and  
 pins it to Jimmy's shirt. He looks down at it, awestruck.

KAREN  
 This is a big responsibility,  
 Mister. Make this place sparkle.  
 (looking to Danny)  
 And make sure our temporary acting  
 head chef follows the recipes.

DANNY  
 Mooom, I'm gonna follow the frickin'  
 recipe. You don't trust me at all --

JIMMY  
- He's crossing his fingers, Mom!

DANNY  
Ugh, narc much? Jeez!

He punches Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Ow! Now he's hitting me.

KAREN  
Hey! Enough. You're restaurant men, dammit. And you're brothers, to boot. Restaurant men take care of their restaurant. And brothers take care of each other. So if you can't get along, you're *both* in trouble. Okay?

DANNY  
Okay...

JIMMY  
Okay...

Karen kisses them each on the forehead.

KAREN  
Work hard. Be good to each other. No matter what.

Karen turns to leave. Danny and Jimmy shove each other behind her back. Karen opens the door and smiles at her boys.

KAREN (cont'd)  
I'll be back before you know it.

JIMMY waves goodbye, smiling. But as the door shuts, a mischievous grin forms on Danny's face...

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

With meticulous precision, Jimmy gently sets a pair of chopsticks onto a perfectly folded napkin. He steps back and admires his work: the dining room is immaculate.

JIMMY  
Perfect.

JIMMY checks his watch and heads into the kitchen.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
How's the food coming, Danny--

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN

- where Danny has made a GIGANTIC mess. Crazy ingredients are strewn everywhere: chocolate syrup, potato chips, shredded cheese, and more. Amid the chaos, Danny sprays whipped cream onto a dumpling. Jimmy gasps in horror.

DANNY

Before you get mad. Just taste this.

He steps forward, offering the dumpling to Jimmy.

JIMMY

You broke Mom's recipe!

DANNY

No I didn't. I fusioned it.

JIMMY

Well un-fusion it!

DANNY

JIMMY, come onnn. How am I gonna be a badass chef someday if I don't experiment? Just try it.

JIMMY shakes his head in refusal.

DANNY (cont'd)

There's chocolate in there. And cheetos. And Mexican cheese...

JIMMY

Mexican cheese...?

Danny has said the magic words. Jimmy gazes at the dumpling, his resolve beginning to crack.

DANNY

One bite. Then I'll go back to Mom's way. I promise.

JIMMY

Fine.

JIMMY grabs the dumpling with a guilty look. He shuts his eyes and chomps down. As he chews, his eyes shoot wide open.

JIMMY (cont'd)

*Oh my God.*

DANNY

Right???

JIMMY  
What else can you put in dumplings?

DANNY  
*Let me show you.*

**BEGIN MONTAGE:** Danny and Jimmy run around the kitchen concocting all manner of weird, wild dumpling. Each new dumpling is showcased with a **TITLE CARD.**

They slather dough with peanut butter and jelly: **PB&J DUMPLINGS.** They mix Oreos, pudding and gummy worms: **MUD PIE N' WORM DUMPLINGS.** They dump hot sauce over fried rice: **SPICY FRIED RICE DUMPLINGS.** They chop up leftover dumplings and wrap them in new dumplings: **DUMPLING DUMPLINGS.**

The boys laugh with delight as they stuff their faces.

CUT TO:

The kitchen is a total mess. Danny and Jimmy lie on the ground in blissful food comas.

JIMMY  
That was amazing...

DANNY  
That was *nothing*. I got a million dumpling ideas *way* crazier than those. Too bad Mom never lets me make 'em. But hey, check this out.

Danny opens up a loose floorboard and pulls out a big JAR with a drawing of a food truck taped to it.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I'm saving up for a food truck. It's a restaurant on wheels! It's gonna be so sweet. I'm gonna drive where I want. Cook what I want. Finally get my name out there.

JIMMY  
Wow... a food truck... We'll call it "Mama Wong's Food Truck!"

DANNY  
Ugh, no way! It's gonna be Danny Wong's Dump Truck.

JIMMY  
Yeah right. Over Mom's dead body.

DANNY  
Pffft. You think I'm scared of her?

A pounding KNOCK at the door snaps them out of their food comas. Jimmy and Danny bolt upright in terror.

JIMMY  
OH CRAP! THE RESTAURANT!

DANNY  
Mom's gonna kill us!

JIMMY  
This is all your stupid fault. Which means it's all *my* fault. Oh my god, it's all my fault!

Another KNOCK at the door.

DANNY  
Just get the door. Go, go, go!

Danny scrambles about the kitchen in a frantic dash. Jimmy rushes into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

JIMMY hurries to the door. Another KNOCK. Jimmy opens it.

JIMMY  
It's all Danny's fault, Mom, he--  
- but a POLICE OFFICER stands in front of him.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hi there. Are you Karen Wong's boy?

JIMMY nods, confused. The Police Officer takes off her hat, kneels, and puts a hand on Danny's shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)  
I'm so sorry...

As she speaks, Jimmy's face fills with fear and we CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

RAIN pounds down on a memorial photo of Karen, adorned with wreaths and flowers at a small graveside funeral.

Danny, crying, places a flower on his mother's COFFIN. He motions for Jimmy to do the same. Jimmy shakes his head.

Danny urges him forward. Jimmy looks up, eyes angry and red. He pulls something from his pocket and throws it at the coffin. It bounces into the dirt.

Danny looks down at the object. It's Karen's OWNER/MANAGER NAMETAG. Stunned, he looks back up - but Jimmy is running away from the funeral. Danny chases after him.

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

JIMMY huddles in the doorway of Mama Wong's. Danny rounds the corner, exhausted. He spots Jimmy and sits next to him.

JIMMY

What are we gonna do, Danny?  
They're gonna put us up for adoption  
and stuff.

DANNY

Heh. You mean they're gonna try. But  
we're not gonna let them.

JIMMY

How do you know?

DANNY

'Cause we're restaurant men, dammit!  
There ain't a government wage slave  
alive that can make us go to orphan  
school or to jail or to wherever  
they send kids with no parents. Not  
when we've got a restaurant to run.

JIMMY

I can't do it. I'm not as good as  
Mom.

DANNY

Mom put you in charge, dummy. You  
calling Mom dumb?

JIMMY

N-no...

DANNY

'Sides, it's not like you gotta do  
it alone. You've got a genius  
brother in the kitchen, remember?  
And you're *never* getting rid of me.



JIMMY looks up at him. Finally, a smile. He wipes his nose.

JIMMY  
You're not crossing your fingers are you?

DANNY  
No...

From behind his back, he produces Karen's NAME TAG.

DANNY (cont'd)  
But I was hiding *this* behind my back.

JIMMY looks down at the name tag. His heart swells.

DANNY (cont'd)  
What do you say, lil' bro?

JIMMY pins the name tag to his shirt. Danny pulls Jimmy to his feet. Together, they look up at the restaurant.

JIMMY  
You really think we can do this?

Danny throws an arm around his shoulder and smiles.

DANNY  
As long as we stick together, everything's gonna be alright.

They step into the restaurant. Jimmy flips the "CLOSED" sign to "OPEN." As they get to work, we rise up into the night sky and our TITLE SLAMS ON SCREEN:

### **NAIL HOUSE**

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

A MODEL of a sprawling CORPORATE CAMPUS stretches across a MASSIVE conference table. **SUPER TITLE: 15 YEARS LATER.**

BOXOS (O.S.)  
7 Billion dollars. 3 million square feet. 15 years of planning. 1 BigBox Way is the crown jewel of the BigBox empire. The future home of our best and brightest workers.

Around the table sit fearful EXECUTIVES, eyes locked on the man speaking at the head of the table.

BOXOS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Dog parks. Duck ponds. Pottery  
 Barns. Like a caring father, I have  
 provided for their every need. And  
 now you tell me there's nowhere for  
 their POOP TO GO?

**BILL BOXOS**, 40's, screams at a terrified ENGINEER.

TERRIFIED ENGINEER  
 Well, Mr. Boxos, sir, the septic  
 system site is too unstable for --

BOXOS  
 - I understand the problem. I don't  
 understand HOW WE'RE SOLVING IT!

**JOHNSON** and **PIEDMONT**, two smug execs, raise their hands.

JOHNSON  
 Sir, I have an idea.

PIEDMONT  
 Sir, I have an idea.

BOXOS  
 Heh. Johnson and Piedmont. Still  
 gunning for that promotion, are we?

Johnson smirks and takes a sip of water.

JOHNSON  
 Sir, as *Senior VP* of Real Estate, I  
 believe we shou-- hkkk... gahhh...

Johnson claws at his throat. He looks at his water glass -  
 then to PIEDMONT, raising a friendly toast. Johnson  
 collapses onto the table.

BOXOS  
 Piedmont! Did you poison Johnson?

PIEDMONT  
 Of course not, sir. I believe he has  
 a water allergy.

Boxos chuckles. The nervous executives follow suit. Piedmont  
 reaches across the table, and shuts Johnson's cold, dead  
 eyes. He then casually straightens his tie, smiles to the  
 rest of the executives, and strides across the room.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)  
 Now then. We need 8,000 square feet  
 within 900 yards of campus for our  
 septic system. The site must be  
 zoned for waste.

(MORE)

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

It can't be next to a school. Or a park. Or a hundred other requirements I won't waste your time with. For I have found the one site that fits our needs:

He points at a tiny RESTAURANT next to the model campus.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

Mama Wong's Dumplings.

The execs applaud. Boxos rises from his seat, slow-clapping.

BOXOS

Bravo, Piedmont. Get me that land, solve our poop problem, and the promotion is yours. Fail me... and Johnson will be the lucky one.

He whispers in Piedmont's ear.

PIEDMONT

*Fulfillment Center...*

Piedmont's icy cool facade BREAKS into fear. He gulps. Boxos looks at the model of Mama Wong's Dumplings.

BOXOS

Mama Wong's Dumpling's huh? Place looks like a real shithole.

PIEDMONT

Don't worry, sir. When I'm done with it... *it will be.*

As we ZOOM IN on the model of Mama Wong's, we CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

... the REAL Mama Wong's, its sign worn down with age.

MRS. CHEN (O.S.)

JIMMY! Refills.

JIMMY (O.S.)

One second!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

The kitchen doors swing open and Jimmy **WONG**, now in his late 20s, rushes into the dining room, holding a pot of tea.

He pours tea for a group of old ladies - **MRS. CHEN, MRS. HYUNH, MRS. LUO** - playing mahjong in the corner.

JIMMY

Can I get you ladies anything else?  
Maybe some *food* today to go with  
that tea?

MRS. CHEN

Just the tea. And keep it coming.

Mrs. Chen makes a good move in Mahjong. Her friends groan. A WHITE GUY WITH DREADS tugs Jimmy's sleeve.

WHITE GUY WITH DREADS

Hi, excuse me? I'm still waiting on  
my *jian jiao*?

JIMMY

So sorry, sir. Our head chef is  
plating them now.

WHITE GUY WITH DREADS

*Xie xie, xian sheng.*

JIMMY rolls his eyes as he heads into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is EMPTY. Jimmy puts on a greasy APRON and HAIR NET. He checks a pan filled with dumplings on the stove. They're still cold. Jimmy looks beneath them - and discovers the BURNER FLAME has gone out. He grumbles, annoyed.

JIMMY pulls out a lighter and tries to ignite the pilot light. The lighter sparks and sparks but doesn't catch. Finally, it ignites and a huge FLAME belches from the burner. Jimmy reels back. His butt lands on a greasy, dirty plate next to the sink. He grabs the plate and washes it --

- A BELL jingles in the dining room. Jimmy sighs. He puts the plate down, takes off his hairnet, hangs up the apron, straightens his hair, and hurries into the dining room...

... totally unaware of the big brown FOOD STAIN smeared on the butt of his pants.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

JIMMY greets two GIRLS in soccer uniforms.

JIMMY  
Hi - table for two?

SOCCER GIRL  
Actually, it's gonna be our whole  
team. Can you seat like, 23 people?

JIMMY's eyes go wide. Ca-ching!

JIMMY  
Heck yes I can.

He turns around, revealing his big brown butt stain to the girls. They look at each other in disgust.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Why don't we put you guys back there  
in the corner? No wait, that's too  
close to the bathroom. Do you guys  
mind sitting at two big table --

- He turns around and sees the girls beelining for the door.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Hey, where are you going?

SOCCER GIRL  
You got shit on your butt, buddy.  
We're outta here.

JIMMY  
What?

He feels his butt, then sniffs his hand.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
No, wait! It's brown sauce.

JIMMY licks his finger.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
See?

SOCCER GIRL  
Eww!

They run out the door. Jimmy frowns.

WHITE GUY WITH DREADS  
Uh... *xian sheng*? My *jian jiao*?

JIMMY  
Yeah, yeah, it's coming.

JIMMY hurries back towards the kitchen. He grabs the check from another customer - a guy with a laptop.

LAPTOP GUY  
Hey, I haven't paid yet.

JIMMY  
Sorry. Take your time.

He puts the check back.

MRS. CHEN  
JIMMY! Refill.

JIMMY  
Dammit, Mrs. Chen.

MRS. CHEN  
You watch your mouth, young man.

JIMMY  
All right, all right. Sorry.

JIMMY marches into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JIMMY scrubs his pants with a wet cloth. He checks the stain. It's just getting bigger. He curses and unbuckles his pants. As he hikes them down to his ankles, he stops and sniffs. He crinkles his nose. What's that smell?

He looks up. The dumplings are ON FIRE. Jimmy runs for the fire extinguisher - and immediately trips over his pants.

JIMMY winces. White Guy with Dreads pops into the kitchen.

WHITE GUY WITH DREADS  
Dude, it's been 30 min -- oh my God!

JIMMY hops to his feet.

JIMMY  
No, no, it's fine. Almost ready.  
Almost rea-- HEY!!

Through the open door, he spots LAPTOP GUY running for the exit. Jimmy throws his wet pants on the stove fire and chases after Laptop Guy in his underwear.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
HEY! You haven't paid yet!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

JIMMY runs after the Laptop Guy, bursts through the door --

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

- and SMASHES into a MAIL MAN, sending letters everywhere.

MAIL MAN

Hey, watch it, moron.

JIMMY helps the mailman pick up his letters.

JIMMY

Sorry. Lousy dine-and-dashers --

- Jimmy spots a letter addressed to him. It's from FRESNO COMMUNITY BANK - LOAN DEPARTMENT. He gasps. Jimmy runs back inside, clonking into the mail man again.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

JIMMY rushes through the room, ripping open the envelope.

MRS. CHEN

Still waiting on those refills...

He waves them off, pointing to the letter inside.

JIMMY

In a second. It's from the bank.

(reading aloud)

Dear Jimmy Wong. Thank you for applying for a small business loan with Fresno Community Bank. Your application has been... denied for the following reasons? Ahh, jeez.

He chucks the letter aside. Mrs. Chen catches it and reads it aloud, tscking with disapproval.

MRS. CHEN

Poor credit. Poor financial outlook.  
Poor customer service.

JIMMY

Everything's poor because I'm poor.  
That's why I need a loan!

JIMMY looks at his mother's PHOTO next to the Ancestral Shrine. He runs his hand along it, giving a wistful sigh.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I don't know if you guys realize this but the restaurant isn't doing very well. Mom told me to look after this place. It's all I have left of her. But if something doesn't change soon, I'm gonna lose it forever.

Mrs. Luo glances away as she broaches a sensitive subject.

MRS. LUO

Well... speaking of family, maybe a certain family member could help you out?

JIMMY's eyes harden into a sudden, nasty scowl.

JIMMY

That turd burglar hasn't been family for ten years.

MRS. LUO

He's a great chef, Jimmy. And deep down, I know he still loves you.

JIMMY

The eff he does! He's the reason I'm in this dang mess.

MRS. CHEN

JIMMY, come on. You can't run this place all by yourself. You need --

JIMMY

Don't you say his name-

MRS. CHEN

You need to suck up your pride --

JIMMY

- YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH YOU OLD HAG!

MRS. CHEN

... and call your **brother Danny**.

The words "brother Danny" echo in Jimmy's ears. Anger burns in his eyes. The old ladies swap fearful glances.

JIMMY spins around to face them, cheeks red with fury, sucking down air for an ear-splitting SHOUT.

CUT TO:



EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

JIMMY chases the old ladies out the door.

JIMMY  
I HAVE NO BROTHERRRRRR!!!

Mrs. Chen, Mrs. Luo, and Mrs. Hyunh flee down the street.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

JIMMY SLAMS the door, causing an old photo on the wall to fall, revealing an old MAGAZINE COVER taped up behind it.

It's FOOD AND WINE MAGAZINE. **DANNY, 30s**, mugs on the cover with a perfectly folded dumpling. The headline reads: "WONG DYNASTY: Is Danny Wong the New King of Dumplings? Yes."

JIMMY puts a hand on the photo and sighs melodramatically.

JIMMY  
Brother...

As we push in on Danny, a twangy BLUES HARMONICA fills the score, along with the clickety-clack of a rolling train...

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

**DANNY, 30s**, dirty faced and scraggly bearded, sits on a hay bale in a dingy TRAIN BOXCAR. He holds his hands to his mouth, swaying along as that bluesy harmonica plays.

BOXCAR BILL (O.S.)  
Harmonica!

Danny looks up. He opens his hands, revealing nothing but air inside. Because he's he's playing CHARADES with...

... a group of old-timey Great Depression-era HOBOS, sitting around him on the floor. Danny eagerly taps his nose to BOX CAR BILL, his partner. Danny flashes his hands.

BOXCAR BILL  
Thirteenth word...

Danny buttons up an imaginary vest and models it for Bill.

BOXCAR BILL (cont'd)  
Shirt. No - vest. *In* vest. INVEST!

Danny gives Bill a thumbs up. Bill leaps to his feet.

BOXCAR BILL (cont'd)  
 I got it! "Rockstar chef turned  
 traveling tramp with an imaginary  
 harmonica and an incredible  
 investment opportunity!"

DANNY  
 YES! Boxcar Bill, we're like *this!*

Danny and Boxcar Bill high five. The other hobos - ERNIE,  
 JOE, several more - laugh with delight.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Now, I know a game of charades is an  
 unconventional way to open a sales  
 pitch, but what can I say? I'm an  
 unconventional man.

Danny reaches into a his bindle and pulls out a POSTER.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Which is why I've been riding the  
 rails all over this country,  
 discovering the fine flavors that  
 will inspire my new restaurant:  
*HOBU - Chef Driven Hobo Cuisine.*

Danny unrolls a poster for *HOBU*, a hobo-themed restaurant.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 And for just a small amount of seed  
 money, *you* can be a partner in this  
 lucrative dining enterprise. Now,  
 then! Who wants a taste of this  
 beautiful *HOBU* cooking?

Danny ladles bowls of STEW from a big pot bubbling on a  
 campfire. He hands the bowls to the hobos.

JOE  
 Gee, Danny, it sounds like a swell  
 offer - but I'm a little tight on  
 seed money.

ERNIE  
 I got a pocket of seeds you're  
 welcome to!

DANNY  
 Ahh, come on, fellas. Dig deep!

ERNIE

Well, this deconstructed mulligan  
stew *does* have great umami flavor...

BOXCAR BILL

Ah, what the heck. Count me in.

The hobos put wads of cash into Danny's HAT. He grins.

ERNIE

Now, does this seed money get me  
common or preferred stock --

DON CHANG (O.S.)

- Danny Wong!

Danny spins around, startled. Beneath the open ROOF HATCH of the box car, stands **DON CHANG**, 40's, dressed in a pinstripe suit and overcoat. Danny gulps.

DON CHANG

It took a long time to track you  
down, Danny.

DANNY

D-don Chang! Great to see you. About  
your money, I'm --

DON CHANG

- Spare me the sweet talk. *Nobody*  
takes a loan from the Mafiyakuziad,  
skips town when bad Yelp reviews  
tank his restaurant, and survives.

He snaps his fingers. Three GOONS - a YAKUZA tough, a MAFIA thug, and a TRIAD gangster, drop down from the roof hatch.

They advance on Danny. He backs away, afraid. Boxcar Bill and the boys rise to their feet.

BOXCAR BILL

Back off, Buster. We ain't afraid of  
no Asian fusion crime syndicate.

Danny carefully scoots behind the hobos.

DANNY

Yeah! You mess with one boxcar  
tramp, you mess with us all.

DON CHANG

Ha! You boys really gonna die for this swindler? I bet that stew is made from beans he swiped from you!

ERNIE

How dare you, sir. My beans are right here in my --

- He opens a sack. It's EMPTY.

ERNIE (cont'd)

MY BEANS!

The hobos glare at Danny. He backs away slowly.

DANNY

Whoa, let's not jump to any bean-related conclusions now, fellas --

- His pants rip and thousands of BEANS spill onto the floor.

DANNY (cont'd)

So! Another round of charades?

BOXCAR BILL

WHOOH HIS ASS, FELLAS!

DON CHANG

SMOKE THIS FOOL, BOYS!

**A KUNG FU BRAWL breaks out.** Danny tries to escape from the hobos and gangsters with his cash-filled hat. Wood crates and hay bales fly. Danny slips through the melee and opens the box car door, and waves a cocky goodbye.

DANNY

Sayonararrivederci, Mafiyakuziad!

Danny LEAPS out - and BOUNCES off a TRAIN zooming past in the opposite direction. He flies back into the box car...

... and into the waiting arms of Don Chang and Boxcar Bill.

DON CHANG

Time to die, Danny.

EXT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The wind whips through Danny's hair as the gangsters and hobos dangle him out the boxcar door. Danny screams.

DANNY

Wait, wait, wait, wait!

HONNNK! A TRAIN hurtles towards Danny on the opposite track. He winces. Suddenly, a nearby SIGN catches his eye:

"Welcome to FRESNO - Home of MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS."

Danny's face lights with joy. He turns to Don Chang.

DANNY (cont'd)

I can get you your money!

DON CHANG

You have no money.

DANNY

I can get you a cat!

BOXCAR BILL

What?

DANNY

A gold cat. Big as a watermelon. It's priceless.

DON CHANG

Why would I want a cat that's not worth anything?

DANNY

What? No? It's worth a lot.

DON CHANG

You just said it was priceless!

TRIAD THUG

No, boss, priceless means it's worth a lot of money.

DON CHANG

What? But it's price less - I hate this stupid language!

He mutters in Korean to his goons. Danny stares as the oncoming train hurtles towards him.

DANNY

Uhhh, are we good here?

DON CHANG

24 hours. Get me that cat, or you die real slow for wasting my time.

Don Chang kicks him off the train. Danny screams as he tumbles down the hill and smacks into the WELCOME TO FRESNO sign. His STICK AND BUNDLE bounce off his head.

Danny looks up at the sign and wobbles to his feet.

DANNY

Welp. Time to see a man about a cat.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

That GOLDEN CAT STATUE, covered with dust, rests on the same shelf above a small ANCESTRAL SHRINE in the living room.

JIMMY burns a small stack of SPIRIT MONEY (decorative paper currency) in a metal bowl in front of the shrine.

JIMMY

Hey, Mom. This is gonna be the last of the spirit money for a while, okay?

JIMMY watches the money burn. He sighs.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Things are... a little rough down here. I hate to ask you for anything, but if you've got any juice up there with whoever does miracles, I sure could use some help.

The DOORBELL rings. We hear a MAN'S VOICE outside.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello? I'm here to help!

JIMMY gasps.

JIMMY

Whooaaaa! For real? This shit *works*. Thanks Mom. Here's a 20.

He throws a 20 dollar bill into the burning pile of money. The doorbell rings again - DING DONG!

JIMMY (cont'd)

Coming! I'm coming!

As Jimmy runs off, a plume of smoke curls in front of his mom's portrait. A glint of light sparkles in her eyes. And a twinkling, mysterious MUSIC CUE suggests MAGIC in the air...

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY rushes to the front door and opens it, revealing  
PIEDMONT, on the other side. Piedmont smiles.

PIEDMONT  
JIMMY Wong, I presume?

JIMMY  
Uh... yeah?

PIEDMONT  
Richmond Piedmont. I'm with  
BigBox.com. And I'm here to offer  
you... an incredible opportunity.

JIMMY  
Wow! I could really use one of  
those. Come on in!

JIMMY shows Piedmont inside. They sit at a table.

PIEDMONT  
I'll cut to straight to the chase. I  
know you restaurant men are in a  
tough line of work. Well, Jimmy...

Piedmont opens his briefcase and slides a contract to Jimmy.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)  
Life's gonna get a whole lot easier.

Jimmy looks at the bottom of the contract. It reads \$50,000.

JIMMY  
Cool! What's this? An investment?  
Free money?

PIEDMONT  
I want to tear this place down and  
turn it into a septic tank.

JIMMY  
What?? Forget it!

JIMMY slides the contract back. Piedmont nods, unfazed.

PIEDMONT  
Okay. Now... what if I were to  
*double* our initial offer?

JIMMY

Look, you could *double-double* it.  
This is my dead mom's restaurant.  
It's not for sale. At any price.

PIEDMONT

Every man has his price, JIMOTHY.

JIMMY

Not. This. JIMOTHY. And it's Jimmy.

PIEDMONT

I understand devotion, JIMOTHY.  
BigBox.com is sort of like my  
mother. And I am her dutiful son.  
But unlike your mother, mine is  
alive. And very powerful. Ergo...

Piedmont slides the contract once more across the table.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

... my mom can beat up your mom.

Piedmont smiles, but there's menace in his eyes. Jimmy  
frowns, not liking this one bit.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

So I suggest you think this over --

- Jimmy rips the contract in two and throws it into the air.

JIMMY

Pbbbbbbbtttt.

Piedmont glares at Jimmy. He stands and packs his suitcase.

PIEDMONT

To be continued.

JIMMY

Uh... No. To be over. We're done!

Piedmont waves goodbye and heads out the door.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Douche.

(suddenly remembering)

Oh crap, my twenty!

JIMMY rushes back to the stairs - DING DONG! The doorbell  
rings. He grumbles, annoyed. He opens the door again.



JIMMY (cont'd)  
 What do you want, a kiss goodbye --

... revealing Danny on the other side, dressed to the nines in a fancy suit. He wraps up a fake call on a cell phone as Jimmy gawks at him, stunned.

DANNY  
 Hey, I gotta go. My brother's here.  
 Catch you later, Wolfgang.

Danny hangs up and gives his astonished brother a hug.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 J-Dawg! What up, bitch? Long time no see.

JIMMY  
 Danny??

Danny pushes past Jimmy into the restaurant.

DANNY  
 Wow. This place hasn't changed a bit. Kinda empty though.

JIMMY  
 It's because we're *closed*. What the hell are you doing here?

Danny faces him with a huckster's smile.

DANNY  
 Well, Jimmy, after killing it for a decade in the world of fine dining, I've realized that to truly evolve as a chef, I must reconnect with my roots. To that end, I've envisioned my boldest restaurant yet: *MOMU*.  
*Chef-driven Mom Cuisine.*

Danny paces around, making his way towards the stairs.

DANNY (cont'd)  
*MOMU* will be my love letter to our incredible mother: Mom. And what would be a better way to honor her memory than to have her lucky gold cat watching over the kitchen. So where is that thing? I'll just grab it and get out of your hair.

JIMMY GRABS Danny by the hair and drags him to the door.

JIMMY

No! I'll grab *your* hair and you can  
*get* the hell out!

DANNY

Ow! Hey! That's no way to treat your  
older brother.

Danny breaks away from him.

JIMMY

You stopped being my brother when  
*you abandoned me 5 years ago.*

JIMMY's eyes blaze with fury and we **FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - FIVE YEARS AGO

Danny wears a motorcycle jacket and COOL SHADES as he stands  
in the doorway, scowling back at a distraught Jimmy.

DANNY

I hate this place and I hate you!  
Adios forever, butt-nards.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

**END FLASHBACK.** Danny scowls at Jimmy.

DANNY

Hey, I left because you crushed my  
dreams. You stole my food truck  
money!

Danny points an accusatory finger, prompting another  
**FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - FIVE YEARS AGO

Danny walks into the dining room and sees Jimmy handing his  
FOOD TRUCK MONEY jar to a WINDOW REPAIR MAN. In the  
background, two more Window Repair Men install a new  
STOREFRONT WINDOW.

Danny GASPS in horror. Jimmy cringes.

JIMMY

Wait... I can explain!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

**END FLASHBACK.** Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JIMMY

Oh my god, you had 200 bucks in that stupid jar. We needed the money to fix the window. The window you broke!

He folds his arms, defiant, and again we **FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - FIVE YEARS AGO

Danny tries to shuck an oyster. His hand slips and it FLIES across the room, SHATTERING the window.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY shakes his head, exasperated.

JIMMY

We didn't even SERVE oysters!

DANNY

Hey, I was trying something new. I was trying to grow as a chef. Not that you ever respected that.

JIMMY

Well, I was just trying to keep our restaurant open. Not that you ever appreciated *that!*

The doorbell rings again. DING-DONG.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Oh my god, we're closed!

DANNY

Look, whatever man. I forgive you. Just gimme the gold cat and we'll call it even.

JIMMY

*Even?* Do you remember what you did when we left?

He arches an angry eyebrow, and we **FLASH BACK ONCE MORE TO:**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - FIVE YEARS AGO

Danny scowls in the doorway in his jacket and shades.

DANNY

Adios forever, butt-nards.

Danny grabs a chair and THROWS IT through Jimmy's brand new window. Jimmy gasps, enraged. Danny walks off into the night.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

**END FLASHBACK.** Jimmy marches to the front door and turns to face Danny.

JIMMY

You're not getting jack crap from me  
but a swift and joyless goodbye.  
GOODBYE!

He opens the door. Five BURLY DUDES in suits stand on the other side. Jimmy gawks. One of them hands Jimmy a card.

BURLY LAWYER

Hello, Mr. Wong. We're attorneys for  
Mr. Piedmont.

JIMMY

I'm! Not! Selling!

He slams the door - but the burly lawyer CATCHES it with his meaty fist. He looms large over Jimmy. Jimmy cowers back.

BURLY LAWYER

We understand. Mr. Piedmont would  
like us to make the following  
counter offer:

He PUNCHES Jimmy in the chest. Jimmy flies back into a chair. The lawyers kick a table at him, slam a contract down, and throw a pen into the wall next to his head.

BURLY LAWYER (cont'd)

Sign on the dotted line, please.

JIMMY

- Danny, CALL 911!

The Lawyers turn to Danny, alarmed. The BURLIEST lawyer stomps towards him, cracking his knuckles. Danny backs up.

DANNY

Whoa! Hold it. Nobody's calling 911.

BURLIEST LAWYER

We see you reaching for the phone.

Danny is, indeed, reaching for a cordless phone on the wall. He grabs it, still playing it cool.

DANNY

Yes. I am. To call my limousine driver. To pick me up. Okay? Sheesh.

Danny hits buttons on the phone: BEEEEEP. BEEEEEP. BEEEEEP. He raises the phone to his ear and gives a nervous smile.

BURLY LAWYER

Only three numbers for your limo driver, huh?

DANNY

I'm not *done* yet, duh.

Danny lower the phone and tries to fake-dial more numbers.

DANNY (cont'd)

Beep. Boop. Boop. Boop--

- Suddenly, the phone CHIMES, interrupting him.

OPERATOR (PHONE)

- You have reset this phone's clock to 9:11 am.

Danny shrugs to Jimmy, busted.

DANNY

Well, I tried.

The Burliest Lawyer KICKS Danny into the kitchen.

BURLY LAWYER

Now, then. Where were we?

JIMMY's fear turns to fury. He hops onto the table, grabs a MOP, spins it like a staff, and waves his enemies forward.

**A furious KUNG FU FRACAS** breaks out. Jimmy scrambles around in a frantic attempt to keep his foes at a distance, but he is eventually overwhelmed by their superior numbers.

The Lawyers grab Jimmy and pin him to a table. He squirms as the lawyers shove a pen into his hand and force him to sign the contract. He screams as the pen scrawls out J I M M --

- Danny bursts out of the kitchen with a FLAMING PROPANE TANK! The Burliest Lawyer backs away from him in fright.

DANNY  
Anybody need a light?!

JIMMY recoils in terror.

JIMMY  
What the hell are you doing?!?

DANNY  
Teaching these lawyers a lesson in *personal injury*. That's right, Ally McB-holes! I drop this tank and we go bye-bye. Ka-BOOM!

Danny shakes the burning tank at the lawyers. They scoot nervously towards the door. The head lawyer glares.

BURLY LAWYER  
You wouldn't.

BURLY LAWYER #2  
Yeah! You wouldn't!

DANNY  
Wouldn't I? WOULDN'T I?

BURLY LAWYER #2  
I dunno, would you???

DANNY  
YOU TELL ME, PAL!

BURLIEST LAWYER  
Boss, I think he would!

BURLY LAWYER #2  
Let's get out of here!

BURLY LAWYER  
We'll be back, Wong.

DANNY  
WILL YOU?!?

The lawyers flee out the door. Danny laughs. Jimmy practically has a heart attack.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Hah! Can you believe they fell for that? These things are like impossible to explode.

Danny SPIKES the tank into the floor. Jimmy screams - but the tank just bounces off the ground. Danny chuckles.

DANNY (cont'd)  
See? It's an OSHA thing.

JIMMY marches over to the tank and shuts off the nozzle.

JIMMY  
Jeez, Danny! You frickin' psycho.

JIMMY marches over to the tank and shuts off the nozzle.

DANNY  
Uh, you're welcome, by the way. Who even were those guys?

JIMMY  
Some jerks who wanna buy the restaurant -- you know what? It's none of your business, fartass.

JIMMY opens the door.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
You can go now. Have a nice life. Or don't. Whatever floats your dumb shitty butt boat. Goodbye.

Danny looks out the open door - rain pours down on the other side. He glances at his brother, waiting impatiently. Danny gives a phony, sad-sack SIGH.

DANNY  
Dang, man. All I want is to honor our Mom. I guess that's not gonna happen. See you around, bro-OHHHHHH!

Danny takes a step forward and clutches his back in pain.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Ohhh, my back. I must have hurt it when I was saving your life.

Danny topples over onto his knees. He crawls towards the door in a hammy show of pain. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)  
It's okay. I can still crawl. But to  
where? Man, I wish I booked a hotel.  
Especially since it's raining...

JIMMY winces with hesitation. Danny's guilt trip is wearing  
him down. Danny inches up to the door.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Well, I'll just crawl into a gutter  
somewhere...

JIMMY  
You do that.

DANNY  
'Cause that's what I deserve.

JIMMY bites his lip. Danny lingers in the doorway.

DANNY (cont'd)  
'Cause I'm trash. Human trash. That  
deserves to sleep in a gutter--

JIMMY  
- OH MY GOD YOU CAN STAY THE NIGHT.

Danny sits up, smiling.

DANNY  
Aww, sweet, thanks, dude.

JIMMY  
But you're sleeping down here. And  
you better be gone by the time I  
wake up. *Goodnight.*

JIMMY stomps over to the stairwell, slams the door behind  
him, and locks it. Danny chuckles as he hops to his feet.

DANNY  
Like taking candy from a baby --  
OWW. Ow ow ow. Ahhh.

Danny clutches his back, actually in pain. He flops back  
onto the ground. He pulls up his shirt and taps his flabby,  
bruised belly.

DANNY (cont'd)  
This ol' bod ain't what she used to  
be.



INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY pulls off his shirt, revealing a GLORIOUSLY RIPPED BOD. He climbs into bed. Jimmy looks at the picture of his Mom, staring at him from the ancestral shrine. He frowns.

JIMMY

I want my twenty back.

INT. BIGBOX CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The BURLY LAWYERS sob as they lie down in man sized boxes. A floating hologram of BOXOS stares down at them.

BOXOS

For cowardice in the line of duty.  
For jeopardizing the future of One  
BigBox.Com Way. And for failing to  
secure Mama Wong's Dumplings, I  
hereby order your immediate  
transfer... to the Fulfillment  
Department. Gentlemen - may whatever  
God you believe in have mercy on  
your careers.

A squad of DELIVERY MEN shut the boxes and tape them up. The lawyers scream. PIEDMONT watches, agonized.

BOXOS (cont'd)

You said there would be no delays,  
Piedmont. That construction would  
begin tomorrow.

PIEDMONT

Forgive me, Mr. Boxos. I was blinded  
by my compassion for small business  
owners. I chose mercy instead of  
might. But no more. Tomorrow, the  
Wong Brothers shall witness the full  
power of BigBox Real Estate --

BOXOS

- Shhh. Just listen. Listen to their  
screams. For you will scream them  
yourself, if you fail me again.

PIEDMONT

I. Will. Not. Fail you.

BOXOS

Boxandra! Record their screams. Play  
them for Mr. Piedmont as he sleeps.

(MORE)

BOXOS (cont'd)  
 Play them over bluetooth as he  
 drives. Play them... until Mama  
 Wong's Dumplings is mine.

BOXANDRA, Big Box's smart speaker/Alexa knockoff, responds.

BOXANDRA  
 Yes, father. Recording Screams.flac  
 now.

Piedmont trembles as he listens to the wailing lawyers.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Danny snores on the floor. A beam of sunlight reaches his  
 eye and he starts awake. He check his watch, frantic.

DANNY  
 (sotto)  
*Crap!*

JIMMY's footsteps descend the back stairs. Danny panics.  
 Jimmy unlocks the back door. As it swings open, Danny plops  
 on the ground, shuts his eyes, and pretends to sleep.

JIMMY spots Danny, snoring on the ground. He rolls his eyes  
 and walks over to him.

JIMMY  
 Danny. Wake up. Time to go.

Danny snores away, ignoring him. Jimmy jabs his stomach.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
 Come on, man. I want you out.

Danny tosses and turns in his "sleep." Jimmy scoffs.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
 All right, you wanna play this game?  
 Let's play this game.

JIMMY drags Danny by the feet towards the door. Danny, still  
 fake-sleeping, tries to slow him down by clinging to chairs,  
 tables, etc. Jimmy grunts as he nears the door.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
 Ugh... you're so immature...

JIMMY presses his butt into the front door as he drags Danny  
 out. The door swings open...

INTERCUT: EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

**... revealing a cavernous CONSTRUCTION PIT on the other side!** The restaurant doorway looms over a 50 foot drop onto concrete and rebar below.

JIMMY, oblivious, scoots butt first out the door. Danny clings to a potted plant. Jimmy pulls with all his might. His butt sticks out the door, dangling over the abyss.

JIMMY

I know you're awake, Danny! How oblivious do you think I aaAAHHHH -

- Danny's grip breaks loose from the plant, sending Jimmy toppling out the door and OVER THE EDGE.

JIMMY plummets into the construction pit. His arms flail out as he falls and he grabs onto Danny's PANT LEG.

Dangling over the pit by the hem of his brother's pants, a terrified Jimmy finally takes in his surroundings:

Where once was a strip mall, now only lies a vast, gaping HOLE IN THE EARTH, with Mama Wong's resting atop a lonely pillar of dirt at its center.

JIMMY calls back up to Danny, terrified.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Danny! Danny, help me!

But back in the restaurant, Danny is still pretending to be asleep. He stifles a laugh. Back over the edge, Jimmy's eyes bulge in terror as Danny's pants begin to RIP.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Danny! Agggh!

JIMMY pulls off his OWNER/MANAGER badge and uses the pin to JAB Danny in the heel. Danny bolts upright, angry.

DANNY

OW! What the fuuuAAAAAHHHH!!!

Danny screams as he sees the pit outside. He scrambles away from the door, causing his pants to RIP FREE. Jimmy screams. Danny screams. He lunges forward - and GRABS Jimmy's hand just before he falls into the pit.

Danny pulls Jimmy back up into the restaurant. They collapse on the ground, exhausted.

PIEDMONT (O.S.)  
 Pardon our dust, gentlemen!

Danny and Jimmy look up: across the gulf of the pit, PIEDMONT stands with a crew of workers, speaking into a megaphone. Jimmy stands up and yells back across the chasm.

JIMMY  
 What the hell is going on?

PIEDMONT  
 Progress, JIMOTHY. Sweet, unstoppable progress. Since we have been unable to come to terms, I've had no choice but to commence with construction.

JIMMY  
 You can't do this! This isn't your property!

PIEDMONT  
 It wasn't. Until all your neighbors took our deal. But don't worry, we won't put one scratch on your fine establishment.

JIMMY  
 But... we're on a frickin' island here! How am I supposed to run my restaurant?

PIEDMONT  
 That does seem like a challenge. Perhaps you'd be interested in selling? I'd be happy to buy it for a fraction of our original offer.

JIMMY  
 Shove your offer up your gooch. You can't get away with this, man. I'm taking this fight to City Hall!

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

The CITY HALL voice menu plays on Jimmy's phone speaker.

VOICE MENU  
 Welcome to City Hall... powered by  
 BigBox!

(MORE)

VOICE MENU (cont'd)  
 If you'd like to voice your support  
 for OneBigBox.Com Way, please press  
 one. For all other business, please  
 hang up the phone.

JIMMY  
 Ahhhhhh!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

JIMMY's muffled cries of frustration echo from downstairs as  
 Danny steals the GOLD CAT off the shelf above the shrine.

Danny looks at the photo of his MOM - she seems to be  
 glaring with disapproval. Danny turns the picture around,  
 then stuffs the cat into his burlap BINDLE.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Danny comes into the dining room from the stairwell door,  
 his bindle slung over his shoulder.

DANNY  
 Well, Jimmy, it's been great  
 catching up. But I got places to be.

JIMMY  
 Wow. Bailing, huh? What a surprise.

DANNY  
 Hey, you were literally dragging me  
 out the door a second ago, so don't  
 expect me to feel bad. Good luck  
 being totally screwed here.

Danny calls out through the front door to Piedmont.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Hi! I'm ready leave over here. Can  
 you guys, like, lower a drawbridge?

PIEDMONT  
 Of course! Just as soon as your  
 brother sells us his land.

DANNY  
 What? Come on, you can't just trap  
 me up here.

PIEDMONT

Oh, Mr. Wong, nobody's trapping you. You can leave your property whenever you like - though trespassing on our property is expressly forbidden.

DANNY

But - but your property surrounds our property!

PIEDMONT

Yes, it does. It's quite a predicament.

DANNY

Aaaagh!

Danny turns back to Jimmy.

DANNY (cont'd)

Okay, J-Dawg. Enough games. Time to sign that contract.

JIMMY

Hmm, I'm thinking... *no way in hell!*

DANNY

JIMMY come onnnn. What's your end game? Sit here til you starve?

JIMMY

No, Danny. I'm gonna sit here til *they* starve. Look how many guys they got out there! They must be burning through cash. Sooner or later, it's cheaper for them to give up than to keep waiting me out.

DANNY

They're a gazillion dollar company, dude. You're gonna run out of food before they run out of money.

JIMMY marches towards the kitchen.

JIMMY

Uh, hello? We're in a *restaurant*. I got grub galore! But don't think I'm sharing any with you, dingus.

DANNY

I don't want your crappy food, dingus. I'm busting out of here.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)

And don't come begging me for help  
once you realize what a dingus you  
are.

JIMMY

Don't worry. I won't. Cause I'm not  
a dingus, dingus.

DANNY

DINGUS!

JIMMY

DINGUS!

JIMMY slams the door to the kitchen.

DANNY

*Dingus...*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

**BEGIN MONTAGE:** Jimmy lays out giant bags of RICE on the  
counter. He smiles with approval... then sniffs the air.  
Something stinks.

JIMMY opens the fridge - and REELS at a foul smell. Pinching  
his nose, he pokes at the dead LIGHT BULB inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny ties a makeshift TABLECLOTH ROPE around a heavy  
planter, gives it a tug, then RAPPELS out the front door.

A beat. Then BEEPING. Danny, scowling, rises back up into  
frame. He's on a scissor lift, flanked by two SECURITY  
GUARDS. They throw Danny back into the restaurant.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JIMMY flicks a light switch, to no avail. He twists dials on  
the oven - no flame. He turns the sink faucet - no water.  
Jimmy looks at his big bags of uncooked rice with despair.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Danny dangles from the tablecloth rope, now stretched out  
across the pit, and inches his way towards freedom.

A BIG BOX DRONE flies up to him. He swats at it. ZAP! The drone JOLTS Danny with a taser. He PLUMMETS out of frame.

A beat. Then: BEEP. BEEP. Danny rises up into frame on the SCISSOR LIFT. He clings fearfully to the two SECURITY GUARDS, terrified by his near death experience.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JIMMY's tummy growls. He pulls up GOOGLE on his phone and searches: *Can you eat uncooked rice?*

But as he taps SEARCH, his phone - already down to 1% battery - dies. He curses... then eyes the bags of rice.

EXT. ROOF / EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - DAY

Danny runs across the roof with a giant, makeshift POLE VAULT. He STICKS the pole into the ground below and VAULTS across the chasm, roaring with delight.

**POV SNIPER RIFLE:** An ARMED GUARD aims at Danny and fires.

BOOM! A TRANQUILIZER DART hits Danny in the throat. He looks down at it for a woozy beat, then goes unconscious.

Danny snores as he dangles from the pole like a drooping flag. The pole slows to a stop, standing perfectly upright in the middle of the construction pit.

THEN: BEEP. BEEP. The security guards rise into frame...

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The security guards carry a sleeping Danny, curled up in their arms, back into the restaurant. They lay him gently on the floor and tuck a little blanket and pillow around him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Poor lil' guy. He's never getting  
out of here.

As Danny snoozes on the floor, we **END MONTAGE.**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny jolts awake. He yawns, groggy and confused.



DANNY

Huh? Oh man. What a stupid dream...

He sits up and sees the CONSTRUCTION PIT out the front door.

DANNY (cont'd)

Ahh, dammit!

Danny flops over, dejected. His tummy rumbles. Danny gets up and bangs on the kitchen door.

DANNY (cont'd)

JIMMY! Open up. I'm hungry.

JIMMY gives a nauseous MOAN from the other side of the door.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Well, well. Look who's hungry.  
What's wrong, dingus? I thought you  
were bustin' out of hereeeeuuhhh...

JIMMY stifles back vomit. Confused, Danny peers through the kitchen door's window. He sees the bags of rice on the counter. One has been ripped open.

DANNY

Did you eat a bunch of uncooked  
rice?

INTERCUT: INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS KITCHEN - NIGHT

JIMMY lies on the floor, hidden from Danny. His mouth is covered in dry vomit with grains of rice stuck to his face.

JIMMY

... no.

DANNY

You can't do that, man, it's bad for  
you. Is there no water in there?

JIMMY

Piedmont shut it off.

DANNY

Okay, well, what about the ice cube  
trays? Or the toilet? Or the --

JIMMY

- I already drank that water.  
There's no water, idiot!

Danny facepalms.

DANNY

Okay, dude. I can make us water.

JIMMY

You're gonna *make* water? What are you, God now?

DANNY

I need some stuff from the kitchen, though. So lemme in.

JIMMY

Yeah, right, so you can steal my food? No way!

DANNY

Do you want cooked rice or not?

JIMMY frowns as his stomach makes an unholy gurgling noise.

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

Danny sits down by the front door.

DANNY

Okay! I'm all the way across the room.

JIMMY pops up and glares at Danny through the kitchen door window. He ducks down. The door unlocks. Jimmy shoves supplies - pots, pans, rubber hoses - through the door.

He slams the door shut and locks it again.

JIMMY

Give me water, I give you rice.

Danny picks up his pile of supplies. He cracks his knuckles and gets to work.

Through a **MONTAGE** of QUICK CUTS, Danny MacGyvers the kitchen supplies into a crude, jury-rigged DISTILLER

The montage comes to an ABRUPT HALT as Danny unzips his pants and tries to pee into a big pot. He strains.

DANNY

Come on... daddy wants some rice...

Finally, we hear pee tinkling into the pot.

DANNY (cont'd)  
*There we goooooohhh yeah...*

The QUICK CUTS resume as Danny builds a small campfire, sets the pot over the flame, and rigs it to the distiller. His pee boils. Steam rises through the distiller hose...

... and CLEAN WATER drips into a jar on the other end.

Danny knocks on the kitchen door. Jimmy glares through the window - but his eyes go wide at the JAR OF WATER in Danny's hands. He opens the door, guarded.

JIMMY grabs the water and takes a gulp. He sighs, relieved.

JIMMY  
 God, that tastes good. Where did you get this?

Danny grins with pride.

DANNY  
 From my *penis*.

JIMMY  
 AHHH! EWWW!

He throws the jar at Danny, spilling it. Danny snarls.

DANNY  
 IT WAS DISTILLED, YOU MORON!

JIMMY cringes, realizing his mistake.

CUT TO:

An angry Danny taps his foot outside the kitchen door. Jimmy, sheepish, opens it and hands him a jar of PEE. Danny snatches it and marches off to the distiller again.

The campfire roars. The pee boils. The hose drips. Danny hands Jimmy another jar of clean water and we

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny sits at a dining room table, drumming his fingers. Jimmy steps out of the kitchen with a stack of bowls and a steamer full of RICE. Danny's eyes glisten with hunger.

JIMMY sets the steamer down and scoops a bowl of rice for Danny. Danny chows down. Jimmy watches him for a moment, then scoops another bowl of rice.

JIMMY  
Thanks for making water.

DANNY  
Don't get used to it. We can't keep drinking our pee forever, dude.

JIMMY  
Right. Yeah. You can only do it for like, 127 hours before you go crazy and cut your arm off.

DANNY  
What?

JIMMY  
Like in that movie.

DANNY  
That's not what the -- never mind. The point is, you're gonna die of thirst way before you starve, and way way before frickin' Big Box runs out of cash. So do us both a favor and give up already.

JIMMY sighs. He scoops a third bowl of rice and heads for the stairs. Danny looks up, suspicious.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Hey, no seconds!

JIMMY picks up one of the bowls and heads for the stairs.

JIMMY  
It's for mom, dummy. And you better not eat it off her shrine.

Danny calls out to Jimmy as he disappears up the stairs.

DANNY  
As if I would *dream* of stealing something from that shrine.

He scoffs. Danny takes a bite of rice... then locks eyes on his burlap BUNDLE in the corner. *The one he hid the Gold Cat inside.* Danny spit takes, suddenly panicked.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Uh, Jimmy, wait, you... eat. I'll  
give it to her!

Danny hurries after Jimmy up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

Danny stumbles up the stairs - and freezes in his tracks  
when he looks into the bedroom and sees...

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

... THE GOLD CAT, back on its shelf. Below it, Jimmy, set  
bowl of rice in front of the ancestral shrine. He bows to  
the photo of his mom. Danny gawks.

JIMMY  
I can't believe you stole the  
flippin' cat, man.

DANNY  
How did you --

JIMMY  
- When you were passed out. I went  
looking for food in your weird  
bindle thing. What even is that?  
What kinda millionaire keeps his  
stuff in a potato sack?

DANNY  
It's uh, um. A minimalist thing. I  
wrote about it in Bon Appetit. You  
wouldn't understand.

JIMMY  
No, probably not. I don't know what  
goes on in that weird brain of  
yours. But I guess that's why she  
sent you.

DANNY  
What?

JIMMY holds up burned twenty

JIMMY  
I prayed to mom yesterday for help.

DANNY

Oh my god, you're not supposed to use real money dumbass

JIMMY

The point is, five minutes later you were at the door. And since then, you've saved my life, kept us from starving, and turned pee into water.

DANNY

Yeah, that was pretty sweet. Christ like, one might say.

JIMMY

So here's the deal. Help me save mom's restaurant... and Mom's cat is yours.

DANNY

Really?

JIMMY

Yeah. I mean, you totally don't deserve it. But I need your help. I'm not giving up cause I love mom and I love this place. And I think you do to. I mean you did steal the cat cause you wanted to honor her.

DANNY

Uh. Yeah. Totally. 'Cause that's what I'm gonna do.

JIMMY

I mean, it's not like you're selling it.

DANNY

Definitely not.

JIMMY

*That* would be unforgivable.

DANNY

Unforgivable!

JIMMY

So...?

DANNY

So...?

JIMMY

So are you in or what?

JIMMY puts out his hand. Danny regards it for a beat... then shakes his brother's hand.

DANNY

Okay, Jimmy. I'm in.

Right as the boys shake hands, a twinkle of light seems to sparkle in their mother's portrait. That same, magical MUSIC CUE plays.

DANNY (cont'd)

But we still need water. Lots of water. Enough to last weeks if we have to. We can't pee our way out of this one, Jimmy. What we need is a miracle.

Suddenly, the sky RUMBLES with thunder and RAIN pours down. Danny looks up, astonished. Jimmy groans.

JIMMY

Oh, great, now it's raining!

(beat)

Wait a second...

JIMMY and Danny grab each other and shout in unison:

DANNY

WATER!

JIMMY

WATER!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The roar of a storm fills the air. Jimmy and Danny rush into the kitchen. They grab as many pots and pans as they can hold, then race up the stairs.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Danny and Jimmy run out into the pounding rain. They set pots and pans all over the roof. Soaking wet, they step back to admire their handiwork:

The entire ROOF is covered in containers. They smile with joy as water fills up all around them. They look to each other, exhilarated...

... and slam a HIGH FIVE. LIGHTNING cracks in the air.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Across the pit, PIEDMONT watches them with binoculars. CINDY, his assistant, holds out an umbrella for him.

PIEDMONT

Dammit! Those boys have the heavens themselves on their side.

CINDY

What do we do, Mr. Piedmont??

Piedmont glares.

PIEDMONT

We shall unleash... the scourge of the Earth.

Lightning cracks. Piedmont pulls out his phone. He brings up the BIGBOX.COM APP.

He scrolls through an endless list of shopping departments. He selects "LIVE ANIMALS." "SORT BY: "SWARM SIZE." He selects "NEXT MINUTE SHIPPING." Then... "ORDER NOW."

His screen glows with six ominous words: YOUR ORDER IS ON ITS WAY. Piedmont gives a sinister smile.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

Danny shivers on a couch next to the front door. Wind and rain howl outside. Danny tosses and turns, teeth chattering. Finally, he can't take it anymore. He hops to his feet and marches up the stairs.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny steps into Jimmy's room, where he's snoring away under a giant pile of blankets.

DANNY

JIMMY, gimme a blanket. It's freezing down there.

JIMMY

No way! Then I'll be freezing.

DANNY

JIMMY come onnnnn. This is like all the blankets.



JIMMY

No! If you're really cold, just get in here.

JIMMY lifts the covers... revealing his ABSURDLY RIPPED BODY. Danny gawks.

DANNY

What the... what the hell is THIS??

JIMMY

Uh... my body? What? I work out.

DANNY

You look disgusting.

He pokes Jimmy's abs.

DANNY (cont'd)

You feel like a rock. That's not how a human is supposed to feel.

JIMMY

Whatever, fatso.

DANNY

I bet that's all gym muscles. Real strength looks like *this*.

Danny flexes and puffs up.

JIMMY

Whatever helps you sleep at night. Speaking of which - are you getting in or what?

DANNY

*Fine*. But I want big spoon. Cause I'm big. I'm the big brother. Bigger than you.

Danny plops into bed, in front of Jimmy. Jimmy looks at him, confused. He shrugs, then crawls over Danny. Danny squirms, unnerved.

DANNY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

JIMMY

Giving you big spoon.

DANNY

Get off me, gym rat!

JIMMY rolls over Danny, pushing him up against the wall.

JIMMY  
There, you're big spoon now. Happy?

DANNY  
What the hell are you talking about?  
I was big spoon.

JIMMY  
What?

DANNY  
Just move, dummy. I don't want to be  
against the wall. My butt gets cold.

JIMMY  
God. Fine. You can be little spoon.

DANNY  
I ALREADY AM LITTLE SPOON!

JIMMY  
NO YOU'RE NOT! What do you want?  
Just tell me what you want!

DANNY  
BIG SPOON!

JIMMY  
YOU ARE BIG SPOON!

DANNY  
THAT'S NOT HOW SPOONS WORK!

JIMMY  
YES IT IS!

CUT TO:

Danny sets two SPOONS on the desk. He explains to a skeptical Jimmy how he thinks spooning works.

DANNY  
Okay. See the handle? That's your  
body. The spoon part is your legs.  
'Cause you bend them like a spoon.

JIMMY shakes his head and rearranges the spoons.

JIMMY  
 No, dude. The handle is the legs.  
 The spoon is your body. See? They  
 nestle like spoons.

DANNY  
 So, you're telling me...

Danny hoists his leg onto the desk. He points to his calf.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 ... that *this* little part of my leg  
 is the *entire* handle of the spoon?  
 And the *rest* of my body is *just* the  
 spoon part? Look at this spoon!

Danny shoves the spoon into Jimmy's face.

DANNY (cont'd)  
 SEE HOW BIG THE HANDLE IS?

JIMMY  
 It's not to scale, you numbskull.  
 It's just how people say it.

DANNY  
 Well people are wrong.

JIMMY  
 Oh my god. Whatever. Let's just go  
 to sleep.

DANNY  
 NO! Admit I'm right.

JIMMY  
 Not gonna happen, crazy person.

JIMMY tries to hop in bed. Danny rushes to block him. They  
 wrestle on the bed.

DANNY  
 We aren't going to bed until you  
 admit I'm right!

JIMMY  
 Then we're never going to bed!

CUT TO:

JIMMY and Danny lie head-to-toe, fast asleep in bed.

Danny sucks his thumb. He shifts in his sleep and rolls over, facing Jimmy's FOOT. He grabs Jimmy's foot in his sleep and sucks on Jimmy's big toe.

JIMMY holds a stuffed BUNNY RABBIT. He squirms away from Danny. His bunny rabbit falls off the bed.

JIMMY frowns in his sleep and reaches out for the bunny, not finding it. As he gropes around the bed...

... a hideous, giant RAT crawls across the sheets, into his hand. Jimmy grabs the big, gross rat and cuddles with it. The rat squeaks. Jimmy pets it.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
(sleep-talking)  
I love you too, Mr. Bunny-bun.

JIMMY makes kissy noises. The rat puts its head in his mouth, and licks his teeth. Jimmy giggles.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
(mouth full of rat)  
Mr. Bunny, that tickl-- OOOOH!  
AAHHH!

JIMMY wakes up in HORROR.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
RAT! Danny, THERE'S A RAT!

He scrambles away from the rat, knocking Danny off the bed and onto the floor... which is COVERED in filthy, scurrying RATS! Danny screams.

DANNY  
OH MY GOD!

He jumps up on the bed. Danny and Jimmy hold each other, terrified. Jimmy GASPS as he sees:

JIMMY  
Mr. Bunny-bun!

Mr. Bunny-bun wriggles and writhes on the floor - a RAT bursts forth from his chest, *Alien*-style.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Oh God, WHY??

DANNY  
They're hungry. They're eating  
everything in sigh--

Danny's jaw drops as a horrible realization dawns on him.

DANNY (cont'd)

- OUR FOOD!

They hop down from the bed and sprint out of the room.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

They burst into the kitchen. HUNDREDS OF RATS devour every bit of food in sight. The rice bags are torn to shreds.

JIMMY

NO!

DANNY

NO!

INT. MAMA WONG'S - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS: It's PURE INSANITY all over the restaurant as Jimmy and Danny wage a frantic battle against the rats.

- A screaming Jimmy pushes a cookie tray across the floor like an old timey COW CATCHER, scooping up rats and shoving them out the front door into the pit

- Danny fishes wet rats out of their water buckets and flings them out the window.

- Jimmy and Danny run across the dining room banging pans scaring the rats out the front door.

- Jimmy is covered with rats, screaming. Danny tries to brush them off.

- Danny is covered in rats, screaming. Jimmy tries to brush them off. Danny spots something in the kitchen.

DANNY

The last bag!

He points to the final rice bag, still intact on the counter. Jimmy abandons Danny to the rats and hauls ass to the kitchen. He grabs the bag and holds it above his head.

JIMMY

NOT TODAY, YOU RAT BASTARDS--

- DOZENS of RAT FEET burst out of the bag. Jimmy screams and drops it. The brothers watch in horror as the bag scurries past them and jumps out the front door.

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

Screams and war cries echo as we TIME LAPSE to the morning.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

Danny and Jimmy lay on the floor, covered in scratches and rat bites. Danny gasps for air, exhausted. Jimmy spits rat fur and poop pellets out of his mouth.

DANNY

Okay. That's the last of them.

JIMMY

Let's go check on our food.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN

They stare at a tiny pile of rice grains on the counter.

JIMMY

Okay. If we eat one a day, we can make it another week.

Danny slumps in despair.

PIEDMONT (O.S.)

Ohhhh, JIMOTHY! Can we have a word?

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Piedmont stands by a FOOD TRUCK at the edge of the pit. Danny and Jimmy stumble out of the front door.

JIMMY

What the hell do you want?

PIEDMONT

Just wanted to see how you were doing. We had a small rat problem last night. Gave the boys a scare. Did they give you any grief?

JIMMY seethes with rage.

JIMMY

No. Not at all, you son of a bitch. We're perfectly fine over here.

PIEDMONT

Glad to hear it.

He smiles with contempt as he gets his order from the food truck - a tasty-looking TURKEY SANDWICH.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

Oh! While I have you. The new offer is a turkey sandwich.

JIMMY

What?

PIEDMONT

For your land. I'll trade you one turkey sandwich for it. Courtesy of our food truck.

Piedmont holds up a new CONTRACT. A drone swoops down from the sky, grabs it, and carries it over to Danny and Jimmy. Piedmont takes a bite of his sandwich.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

It's a good offer, Jimmy! One I'm sure you'll grow... hungrier... for by the minute.

JIMMY

I'm gonna kill you, Piedmont! I'm gonna --

DANNY

- Jimmy, calm down.

JIMMY

We're never gonna give up. We'll never leave!

Danny pulls Jimmy away from the edge.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

Danny shuts the door and slaps Jimmy across the face.

DANNY

Get a hold of your self.

JIMMY

You're right. Sorry. We can do this. We've got tons of water. A few grain of rice.

DANNY

Plus the human body can go weeks  
without food.

JIMMY

Yeah, man. Gandhi did it. And he was  
super skinny. Not like you, fatso.

JIMMY pokes Danny in the tummy. Danny rolls up his shirt,  
pats his bare stomach and smiles.

DANNY

Let's just say my *gut's* telling me  
we're gonna be alllllll right.

**CUT TO BLACK**

**SUPERTITLE: THREE DAYS LATER**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

A big, beautiful TURKEY DINNER sits on an exquisitely  
decorated dining table.

The turkey RIPS IN HALF. It's a picture in a magazine, being  
held by Jimmy, eyes crazy, face sallow and gaunt. He sets  
half the torn up turkey onto a plate in front of him.

JIMMY

Okay. Half for me...

He gives the second half to MR. BUNNY-BUN'S SEVERED HEAD,  
sitting across from him in front of a plate and silverware.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Half for you.

(whispering)

Don't tell Danny. It's our little  
secret.

Danny, wild with hunger, rummages through cupboards. He  
roots through the lost and found bin and discovers a half-  
used CHERRY LIP BALM. His eyes glisten. He licks his lips.  
Danny pops the cap and sucks lip balm out of the tube.

A timer DINGS in the kitchen, snapping Danny and Jimmy out  
of their delirium. They look up at each other.

DANNY

Dinner time!



JIMMY

Hooray!

JIMMY lays out plates, silverware, and water. Danny emerges from the kitchen, holding a rice cooker. He sets it down in the center of the table. Jimmy leans in, excited.

And as Danny lifts the lid off the rice cooker we...

**BEGIN FOOD PORN MONTAGE (*ala Chef's Table*)**

Bach's *Cello Suite #1* fills the soundtrack as a big, beautiful cloud of steam rises from the rice cooker.

A twinkle of soft light glints off Danny's spoon as he reaches into the rice cooker and pulls out...

... a SINGLE GRAIN OF RICE. Jimmy salivates. Danny admires his cooking with pride.

He sets the rice on an (exquisitely lit, shallow-focused) cutting board. He pulls out a big FORK and CARVING KNIFE.

**EXTREME CLOSE UPS:** Danny slices two ultra-thin pieces off the rice grain. He sets a sliver of rice on Jimmy's plate. With tweezers, he drops a salt crystal on the rice. Finally, he slices a micron of parsley and garnishes the plate.

Danny presents the plate to Jimmy and smiles with warmth.

DANNY

*Bon appetit, mon frere.*

**END MONTAGE**

JIMMY grabs the rice sliver and pops it in his mouth. He stares in bug-eyed rage at his big, empty plate. A beat.

JIMMY

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY MORE!

JIMMY GRABS his plate and desperately chews on it.

DANNY

JIMMY, no!

Danny tries to fight Jimmy away from the plate. It shatters in his mouth. Jimmy spits out the pieces, ashamed.

JIMMY

Oh, God, I'm so hungry...

DANNY

It's okay. Just... keep it together.  
Go get another plate.

JIMMY nods feebly and walks away. Danny glares once his back is turned. He grabs the rest of the rice grain and eats it. Unsatisfied, he licks at the still-steaming rice cooker.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JIMMY opens a cabinet. He pulls out a stack of plates --  
- revealing a RAT hidden in the corner. Jimmy's eyes go wide. The rat stares at him and squeaks softly.

**POV Jimmy:** The rat transforms into a tasty TURKEY DINNER. Jimmy licks his lips. He reaches for the rat --

DANNY (O.S.)

What's taking so long?

JIMMY spins around - Danny looms right over his shoulder, suspicious. Jimmy tries to block the cabinet with his arms.

JIMMY

Um. Um. Nothing. I --

- Danny looks past him and spots the RAT. He gasps.

**POV DANNY:** The rat transforms into a delicious tube of CHERRY LIP BALM. Danny licks his lips.

DANNY

You're gonna share that, right?

JIMMY

No! He's mine. Get your own.

JIMMY grabs the rat and runs out of the kitchen. Danny chases after him.

DANNY

Get back here, Jimmy!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

A wild, Looney Tunes-esque SLAPSTICK CHASE ensues throughout the restaurant and house. Danny and Jimmy fight over the rat, who constantly slips from their grasp. Danny and Jimmy crash into walls, smash into furniture, and stumble downstairs in their frenzied pursuit.

The whole spectacle comes to a head when Jimmy traps the rat under a glass jar. He licks his lips - just as Danny tackles him from behind.

JIMMY and Danny wrestle on the ground, choking each other in a murderous rage.

DANNY

I'm gonna kill you, eat that rat,  
then eat you!

JIMMY

No way. I'm gonna eat you, kill you,  
then eat that rat!

JIMMY and Danny choke each other harder, turning blue, making wretched gagging sounds. Jimmy's head flops to the side. He looks at the rat, his vision fading...

... but then his eyes go WIDE.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Danny... look...

He lets go of Danny and points a feeble hand at the jar. Danny looks at the jar... then GASPS.

The RAT is standing on his hind legs, his paws pressed up against the glass.

JIMMY (cont'd)

He's reaching for something.  
What'cha lookin' at buddy?

Danny follows the rat's gaze out the window... and GASPS.

DANNY

JIMMY... look...

He turns Jimmy's head to face the open front door. Jimmy's jaw drops.

Out across the pit, backlit by the rising sun, stands another LITTLE RAT. The rat in the jar reaches out to it.

RAT

Squeak! Squeak!

DANNY

I think... it's his brother.

JIMMY and Danny stare at the lonely rat on the horizon. Their eyes water.

JIMMY

Poor lil' guy just wants to get back  
to his family.

JIMMY looks up and sees Danny wiping away a tear. Jimmy's eyes go wide as an emotional epiphany dawns on him.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Just like you wanted to get back  
home to me....

DANNY

I only came back for Mom's cat!

JIMMY sighs.

JIMMY

What's become of us, Danny? These  
rats are better human brothers than  
we are.

DANNY

You're right. Truly, man is the  
biggest rat of all.

JIMMY lifts up the jar and sets the rat free.

JIMMY

Okay, lil' buddy. Go get that  
brother of yours.

DANNY

And you hang on to him once you do.  
Cause as long as you're together...

... he and Jimmy smile at each other.

DANNY (cont'd)

Everything's gonna be all --

FALCON (O.S.)

- CAW! CAW! CAW!

A FALCON swoops down from the sky, SNATCHES the rat, and flies off across the pit. Danny and Jimmy scream. They rush to the front door.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD - DAY

Danny and Jimmy slide to the edge of the restaurant and watch the Falcon soar over to...

PIEDMONT, arm outstretched, adorned with a falconer's glove.

PIEDMONT  
Thank you, Abraham.

Piedmont grabs the rat from the falcon's claw. It wriggles in his hand.

JIMMY  
Let him go, Piedmont!

Piedmont laughs as he looks at the little rat.

PIEDMONT  
Gentlemen, I'm disappointed. You lack the conviction to do what you must to survive. I, on the other hand... do not.

Piedmont BITES the rat's head off! Jimmy and Danny scream.

DANNY  
NO!!!

JIMMY  
NO!!!

BROTHER RAT  
SQUEEEAAAANK!

Piedmont spits out the rat's head and holds its body high.

PIEDMONT  
And that is why you will lose!

Piedmont tosses the rat's body into the pit and walks away. Jimmy drops to his knees in defeat. Danny pats his brother on the shoulder, his face full of worry and doubt.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

Danny slumps at the dining room table staring at the contract. Jimmy walks over and puts the gold cat statue down in front of him.

JIMMY  
Here. At least the cat will be at a new restaurant, inspired by mom.

Danny looks at the cat, then up at Jimmy, concerned.

DANNY  
Are you sure about this?

JIMMY

You did your half. And... you were right, I should have sold the place. At least I would have made some money. Now I am gonna sell mom's legacy for a ham sandwich.

Danny doesn't know what to say. Jimmy collapses into a chair and plops his head on the table, a broken man.

DANNY

Look, I know a way to soak wood long enough to turn into an edible mash--

JIMMY signs the contract.

JIMMY

It's over. We're starving. It's only a matter of time before we kill each other, and I think mom would be more mad at that than losing this place. So... just do me a favor. Can you go out and tell Piedmont? I can't look that dillweed in the face.

Danny sighs, grabs the contract and walks outside.

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS

Danny steps to the edge of the pit and holds the contract.

DANNY

Piedmont! Jimmy's signed the contract.

Piedmont directs a big MAGNET CRANE as it lowers metal girders into the pit. He looks up at Danny and smiles.

PIEDMONT

Excellent. I'll send my men over right away!

Piedmont speaks into a walkie-talkie.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

This is Piedmont. Victory is ours. Prepare for demolition.

Danny hangs his head low. He looks back inside. He sees Jimmy take off Karen's manager pin and toss it aside.

Danny frowns. BEEP BEEP. The scissor lift with the two security guards rises towards him. Danny watches Piedmont order at the food truck. Behind him, the MAGNET CRANE ditches its girders and picks up a WRECKING BALL.

Danny's eyes light up. An idea forms in his mind. His eyes race between Piedmont, the magnet crane, the food truck. He looks back down at Jimmy, now sleeping ... and smiles.

Danny crumbles the contract and calls out to Piedmont.

DANNY

Hey, Piedmont! Uh, Jimmy... actually has some red line changes to discuss. Really minor stuff - pickles, extra mayo, that kinda thing. Probably best to hash it out in person.

PIEDMONT

Don't play games with me, Dathaniel.

DANNY

Look, man. You want us out of here, or what? Just throw Jimmy a bone here and it's over.

Piedmont frowns.

PIEDMONT

Very well.

BEEP BEEP. The cherry picker arrives at the doorstep. Danny nods to the security guards.

DANNY

One second, boys.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

Danny closes the door behind him and shakes Jimmy awake.

DANNY

JIMMY! Wake up. We don't have to give up the restaurant.

JIMMY comes to, groggy and confused.

JIMMY

He ate a rat's head, Danny. You don't beat that.

DANNY  
Trust me. I have an idea.

JIMMY  
Leave me alone. I just want to sleep  
and forget everything. My crippling  
debt. My failure as a son. Piedmont  
eating a rat's head.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Shut up, just listen. Here's what  
we're gonna do.

Danny leans in and whispers into Jimmy's ears.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

JIMMY, fast asleep, snores in Danny's arms.

SMASH CUT TO: Danny dunks Jimmy's face into a bucket of  
water. Jimmy jolts awake, choking up water.

DANNY  
WAKE UP Jimmy!

JIMMY  
I'M AWAKE! I'M AWAKE.

DANNY  
Okay, here's what we're gonna do.

Danny whispers into his ear again.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - NIGHT

The cherry picker rises. Jimmy and Danny stand tall, nervous  
but determined, flanked by the guards. Danny adjusts his TIE  
and straightens out his SUIT. Jimmy gives Danny a nervous  
smile.

DANNY  
Ready to be super annoying?

JIMMY  
Always. Ready to... what was your  
part again?

DANNY  
Oh my GOD.

Danny whispers into Jimmy's ear.



JIMMY

Oh, right. Well, you ready to do that?

DANNY

Hell yeah.

The cherry picker rises past the lip of the pit - revealing PIEDMONT on the other side.

The guards open the cherry picker gate. Danny and Jimmy step out. Piedmont stares them down.

PIEDMONT

Okay, gentlemen. Let's talk turkey.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TRAILER OFFICE - NIGHT

JIMMY, Danny and Piedmont haggle over the contract in a small trailer office.

JIMMY

Okay, here in paragraph 12, the condiments clause? It says the sandwich comes with mayo. We would to revise that to a nice garlic aioli.

PIEDMONT

Fine. Whatever. You can have aioli.

JIMMY

Now, hold up, are we talking *real* aioli? 'Cause I don't just want some mayo with garlic in it.

PIEDMONT

Oh my God, who cares?

JIMMY

*I* do. And we've got a lot more ingredients to get through, buddy.

Piedmont talks into his walkie talkie.

PIEDMONT

Send someone to check on the aioli. And get me some aspirin.

DANNY

Well! Looks like this might be a while.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)  
 Y'all mind if I lay some eggs? I've  
 been caging 'em up all week. These  
 chicas are ready to hatch.

PIEDMONT  
 There's toilets outside. Please  
 leave immediately.

Danny heads for the door. He gives Jimmy a thumbs up.

JIMMY  
 Now, then! Let's talk tomatoes. Are  
 these heirloom, or... what are the  
 types of tomato, again?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Danny strolls towards the porta-potty... then ducks into the shadows. He evades workers as he makes his way towards...

... the MAGNET CRANE. Danny slips over a fence, creeps up to the crane, and hops into the control booth.

He looks at the controls, unsure of himself. Danny grabs a lever, hopes for the best, and pulls. The engine whines as the crane arm TURNS... towards the FOOD TRUCK.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OFFICE - NIGHT

Piedmont clutches his head as Jimmy nitpicks the contract.

JIMMY  
 Which brings us to ingredient  
 arrangement. Now, on white bread, I  
 prefer aioli, turkey, lettuce,  
 tomato. But on wheat bread, I go  
 lettuce, turkey, tomato, aioli --

- Out the window, Jimmy spots the crane arm moving towards the food truck right outside. He turns to Piedmont, suddenly hasty.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
 But, anyway, whatever steals your  
 boat. Floats your truck. Uh... tell  
 ya what, lemme try that aioli, and  
 if I like what I taste, you've got  
 yourself a steal. A deal.

JIMMY smiles. Piedmont narrows his eyes, suspicious - but the sound of UNHOLY SCREAMING breaks his focus. He looks at his phone: "BOXOS." Piedmont shudders with fear.

PIEDMONT

I have to take this. Just go.

JIMMY hurries out the door. Piedmont answers his phone.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

Mr. Boxos. Great to hear from you.  
We're signing the contract now.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

BILL BOXOS talks on the phone in the back seat of a helicopter, sailing through the night sky.

BOXOS

Good. I'm flying in now for an inspection. I want that restaurant demolished by the time I get there.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OFFICE - NIGHT

Piedmont's face is full of fear, but his voice is calm.

PIEDMONT

Understood. Just curious, what time might that be --

Suddenly, Piedmont's phone slips from his hands... and sticks to the CEILING. Piedmont watches, alarmed, as loose change, pens, and paperclips start floating up to the ceiling.

INT. CRANE BOOTH - NIGHT

Danny grimaces at the controls as he tries to align the magnet over the food truck. He watches Jimmy approach the food truck and try to open the front door - but it's LOCKED.

DANNY

Come on, Jimmy, get in there...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - NIGHT

JIMMY struggles with the food truck door. He glances over his shoulder and sees PIEDMONT poking his head out of the trailer, staring at the MAGNET CRANE above them.

JIMMY panics. He ditches the door and scrambles through the food truck's service window. Piedmont spots him and roars.

PIEDMONT  
JIMOTHY!!

JIMMY slips into the truck and gives a smug grin.

JIMMY  
Sorry, Piedmont. The *steal* is off. I mean the deal. HIT IT, Danny!

INTERCUT: INT. CRANE BOOTH - NIGHT

Danny slams a big BUTTON labeled, "ACTIVATE MAGNET" and --  
- PIEDMONT'S TRAILER LIFTS into the air and STICKS to the magnet. Jimmy gawks from the food truck, still on the ground.

JIMMY  
Uh oh.

Back at the booth, Danny cringes as he realizes he's grabbed the wrong truck.

DANNY  
Uh oh!

Piedmont tumbles from the trailer and hits the dirt. A cloud of dust clears behind him, revealing a squad of GUARDS.

PIEDMONT  
GET HIM!

JIMMY screams as the guards charge at the food truck. In the crane booth, Danny spots guards charging at him, too.

What follows is a **GONZO FIGHT SCENE** as Danny tries to grab the food truck with the crane magnet, all while Piedmont's goons swarm him from every angle.

Meanwhile, Jimmy fights for his life as he evades and jukes the guards, all while trying to get back in the food truck.

But it's no easy task - Danny's antics with the magnet crane controls always keep the food truck just out of reach.

That is, until Jimmy parkours up office trailer, LEAPS onto the food truck, and slips inside just as Danny activates the magnet and the truck SLAMS into the magnet.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

Safe inside the food truck, Jimmy looks out at PIEDMONT and the guards below. He waves and laughs in triumph.

INTERCUT: INT. CRANE BOOTH - NIGHT

In the booth, Danny repels the guards and bars the door. He pulls a lever and the crane swings towards the restaurant.

In the truck, Jimmy gulps and buckles his seatbelt as the truck SWINGS across the pit towards Mama Wong's LOADING DOOR.

Danny cringes, finger over the MAGNET POWER button, waiting for the right moment... then he MASHES the button.

The food truck DECOUPLES from the magnet and flies up on its own momentum towards the restaurant. Jimmy GASPS inside --

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - GARAGE - NIGHT

- and the truck SAILS through the open loading bay door, landing with a thunderous CRASH.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

JIMMY shoves his way past a deployed airbag and looks out the window. He made it! He honks the horn and whoops for joy.

INT. CRANE BOOTH - NIGHT

Danny cheers. BAM! PIEDMONT smashes the window. Danny scrambles up a LADDER in the back of the booth.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - GARAGE - DAY

JIMMY rushes to the loading bay door. He watches Danny, across the pit, scaling a ladder up the crane.

JIMMY  
Come on, come on...

INTERCUT: EXT. CRANE - NIGHT

Danny climbs up the crane as fast as he can. Below him, he sees Piedmont climb into the control booth.

DANNY  
Come on, come on...

Danny reaches the top of the crane and RUNS across its extended arm, over the pit and towards the restaurant.

INTRECUT: INT. CRANE BOOTH - NIGHT

Down in the booth, Piedmont sees Danny above, running across the crane arm. He scowls and yanks on the controls...

Atop the crane, Danny gasps as the crane arm swings AWAY from the restaurant.

DANNY  
No, no, no, no, no!

He runs harder, trying to close the gap. Back in the loading bay, Jimmy cheers him on.

JIMMY  
Go, Danny! GO!

Danny sprints across the crane arm, still moving away from the restaurant. Danny LEAPS off the crane.

**SLOW MOTION:** Danny's eyes go wide with fear, his arms outstretched. He's not gonna make it. Jimmy hangs over the pit, arm outstretched as Danny drops towards him.

Danny reaches out his hand towards Jimmy and GRABS it --

**END SLOW MOTION**

- RIPPING Jimmy straight out of the loading bay as they BOTH plummet out of frame, into the abyss below.

A beat.

THEN: BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The cherry picker rises up into frame. Jimmy and Danny gasp with relief inside. The two security guards open the gate and help them back into the loading bay.

SECURITY GUARD

That's the last one you get!

JIMMY and Danny collapse onto the ground, exhausted. They look up at the food truck - then to each other. They SMILE.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny open the food truck's refrigerator and gaze upon... FOOD! Glorious food. Meats, cheeses, veggies and more. They raid the fridge like kids in a candy store.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - NIGHT

Piedmont stares in horror at Mama Wong's across the pit. Cindy steps up next to him.

CINDY

What are we going to do?? Boxos will be here any minute, sir.

PIEDMONT

I know that!

Piedmont's mind races. He looks up at the crane, then to the restaurant. His face hardens with determination.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)

Tell the wrecking crew to stand by. We're demolishing Mama Wong's.

CINDY

But they didn't sign the contract!

PIEDMONT

Let them sue. A slap on the wrist is better than a career in Fulfillment.

CINDY

But they're still in there! We can't just kill them --

- Piedmont raises an AIR HORN and blasts it. With a MEGAPHONE he calls down to the workers in the pit.

## PIEDMONT

Attention, Big Boxers. I want the Wong Brothers out of that restaurant. And I'll pay a twelve percent raise to the man who gets it done. Now MOVE!

Piedmont fires a FLARE GUN into the sky. The construction workers in the pit let loose a mighty ROAR.

## INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny lay on the floor, bellies full, food everywhere. The workers' roar echoes in the air.

## JIMMY

Hey, do you hear that? Sounds kinda like a bloodthirsty roar...

## DANNY

Yeah, but like, a lot of people doing a blood thirsty roar.

## JIMMY

I'll go tell them to keep it down.

## INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

JIMMY steps out of the truck and up to the edge of the pit.

## JIMMY

Hey, could you keep it down a li--

- Jimmy's jaw drops as he sees AN ARMY of construction workers, swinging grappling hooks, raising ladders, and climbing the bare dirt to get up to Mama Wong's.

## JIMMY (cont'd)

Danny! They're coming!

WHAM! A makeshift BRIDGE lands on the loading bay floor next to Jimmy. It stretches out to the other side of the pit. Even more CONSTRUCTION WORKERS rush across it.

Danny and Jimmy shut the loading bay's metal gate, just as the construction workers pound into it on the other side. Danny and Jimmy fall back into the restaurant.



INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM

They rush into the dining room - right as the front door BURSTS open. Workers pour in, wielding pipes and chains. Jimmy and Danny back up. All around them, WINDOWS burst open and more workers climb in.

JIMMY

Uh, hey, we're closed!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

You sure are, pal. Get 'em!

They charge. Jimmy and Danny fall back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny try to barricade the kitchen doors - but they're quickly surrounded. Jimmy puts up his dukes, ready to fight. Danny raises a FLAMING PROPANE TANK.

DANNY

Back up or I blow us to kingdom  
come!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Nice try. Those tanks don't explode.  
It's an OSHA thing!

DANNY

Ahh, screw it - yaaaagh!

Danny THROWS the flaming tank at them, scattering their ranks for a moment. He and Jimmy CHARGE.

**An Oldboy-style HALLWAY BRAWL breaks out as Jimmy and Danny fight towards the loading bay door.** After a bruising fracas, they slip through the door out of the kitchen.

INT. LOADING BAY - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny block the door with whatever they can find - chairs, trash cans, etc. Behind them, the metal gate buckles as the workers on the bridge smash it down.

Danny and Jimmy stagger back to the food truck. All around them, they hear construction workers breaking their way in.

A look of weary resignation comes over Jimmy. But Danny begins to freak out.

DANNY

Oh my God. This is it. It's over.

JIMMY

It's okay, man. We did everything we could.

DANNY

No! NO! It's not okay. This is Mom's restaurant, man.

JIMMY

I know.

DANNY

It's Mama Wong's. There can't not be a Mama Wong's. It's home. We're gonna lose our *home*.

He drops to his knees, catatonic.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm never gonna have Mom's dumplings again.

JIMMY

Hey, it's okay. You can always cook Mom's dumplings.

DANNY

No. I can't. I... I forgot the recipe.

JIMMY

What?

DANNY

I was so mad that night I left. I swore I'd never cook 'em again. Now I don't even remember how.

Tears fill Danny's eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)

The only thing I remember is how it feels when I eat them. They feel like love...

JIMMY looks down at Danny, deeply moved. BOOM! The loading bay gate SHAKES. It's coming off its hinges. Jimmy looks up. His eyes fall onto that FOOD TRUCK...

... and blaze with determination.

JIMMY

I know what we need to do.

Danny looks up, confused.

DANNY

Huh?

JIMMY

Get your apron, Danny. We're gonna open Mama Wong's one last time. And we're gonna shove some love down these motherfuckers throats.

Danny's eyes go wide. Jimmy smiles down at him. Danny stands up, energized, and gives him a nod.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

**BEGIN MONTAGE.** Jimmy KICKS door open. Jimmy and Danny SUIT UP with aprons, hair nets, and rubber gloves. Jimmy puts his mother's MANAGER name tag back on.

JIMMY sets a weathered RECIPE BOOK onto the counter. Danny regards it with a reverent awe. Jimmy opens it and blows dust off a handwritten page that reads: "MAMA WONG'S ORIGINAL PORK DUMPLINGS." A recipe written in Chinese follows.

BOOM! The loading bay door shakes. The brothers sharpen knives, boil water, and pull ingredients from the fridge.

BOOM! The bay door bends. A screw pops out of a hinge. The brothers roll dough, chop lettuce, and brown pork.

BOOM! A small tear appears in the loading bay door. Danny and Jimmy hand-stuff dumplings by the dozen.

BOOM! The tear expands. The workers pound away. Danny and Jimmy lift the lid from a bamboo steamer, revealing a PERFECT set of dumplings. Jimmy nods. *They're ready.*

**END MONTAGE**

BOOM! The loading bay door crashes to the ground. The workers surge into the restaurant to find --

- Danny and Jimmy, standing before the food truck, plates of dumplings stacked high behind them, dumplings in their hands, and DUMPLING BANDOLEERS slung around their chests.

The workers skid to a halt. Danny and Jimmy smile.

JIMMY  
Dinner is served.

The workers ROAR and charge the truck. Danny and Jimmy raise their dumpling-filled fists and CHARGE in return.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

**What follow is the most epic food fight in cinema history.**

JIMMY and Danny battle through Mama Wong's, facing off with an angry army of construction workers. But instead of their fists for weapons, they're using delicious DUMPLINGS.

They dodge blows left and right as they throw dumplings like ninja stars and shove them into the worker's mouths.

The brothers fight through the restaurant, culminating in a 2 v 1 BRAWL with a REALLY BIG GUY. They pop their last two dumplings into Really Big Guy's mouth as they slip past him.

Finally out of food, catch their breaths, exhausted, braced for retaliation...

WHAM - two large hands grab them from behind. Really Big Guy towers over them, chewing his dumplings. He swallows. They gulp. He raises two big FISTS. They wince...

... Really Big Guy grins and gives them two BIG THUMBS UP.

REALLY BIG GUY  
Classic *jian jiao*. Just like my  
daddy used to make. *Xie xie, xian*  
*sheng*.

He bows, revealing the rest of the workers behind him, enjoying their dumplings. Danny and Jimmy are dumbstruck.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #1  
Tastes like a hug from my grandma!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #2  
Like a cloud gave me a birthday  
present!

MRS. LUO  
Your mother would be very proud.

Somehow, ALL THREE OLD CHINESE LADIES are at their usual table, playing majhong and eating dumplings.

JIMMY  
How the hell did YOU get in here?

MRS. HYUNH  
Where else are we gonna play  
mahjong?

Mrs. Chen turns to the construction workers.

MRS. CHEN  
Well, boys. Are you really going to  
destroy such a wonderful restaurant?

Really Big Guy stands up and calls out to the other workers.

REALLY BIG GUY  
Mrs. Chen is RIGHT! I got into  
construction to create, not destroy.  
I say to hell with Piedmont's  
orders!

The workers CHEER in agreement. Really Big Guy shakes Danny  
and Jimmy's hands.

REALLY BIG GUY (cont'd)  
Good luck to ya, fellas.

The workers (and old ladies) wave goodbye, giving thanks as  
exit via the loading bay. Danny and Jimmy are stunned.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Piedmont watches in horror as his army of construction  
workers comes marching back out across the bridge.

PIEDMONT  
What are you doing? Get back in  
there and do your jobs!

Really Big Guy towers over Piedmont, defiant.

REALLY BIG GUY  
You want 'em out? Go get 'em  
yourself.

They walk past Piedmont. He screams in impotent rage.

PIEDMONT  
You're fired! You're all fired!

Suddenly, two manicured HANDS fall onto Piedmont's shoulders. At once, Piedmont's face turns to terror and defeat.

BOXOS (O.S.)  
Hello, Richmond.

BILL BOXOS whispers in his ear. Piedmont turns to face him. He screws up his courage and stifles his fear.

PIEDMONT  
Mr. Boxos. I can explain --

BOXOS  
- I can explain as well. You failed to... *fulfill*... your potential.

Boxos strokes his cheek.

BOXOS (cont'd)  
Perhaps you did not hear their screams. No matter. Soon, I shall hear yours.

PIEDMONT  
I can do it. I just need more time.

BOXOS  
It's too late. We're behind schedule. Our stock has dipped a quarter of a quarter percent. Billions of dollars lost, Piedmont.

PIEDMONT  
But where will our poop go, sir?!

BOXOS  
At great cost, our poop will shipped to a landfill in Canada. It will be an arduous, revolting task. And... I'll need a man in fulfillment to head it up.

Piedmont weeps. Boxos hugs him, and pats his back.

BOXOS (cont'd)  
You're such a disappointment.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny snicker with glee as they spy on Piedmont through the blinds. They watch him cry on Boxos' shoulder.

DANNY

Dude, he's crying in front of his boss!

JIMMY

What a little baby -- oh crap, his boss is coming over here.

CUT TO:

DING DONG! Danny and Jimmy open the front door. BOXOS stands on the other side in the scissor lift.

BOXOS

Gentlemen. On behalf of BigBox.Com, I would like to apologize for the unacceptable actions of my rogue employee, Mr. Richmond Piedmont. Rest assured he has been disciplined in the harshest possible manner.

DANNY

Uh... okay...

BOXOS

Furthermore, in exchange for your \*complete\* discretion, we are prepared to make any necessary repairs to restore your restaurant to working order. I'm sure our 20,000 employees will be eager to try your... dumplings... in the years to come.

JIMMY gasps.

JIMMY

Wow, thanks, Mr. Boxos!

JIMMY puts out his hand for a shake. Boxos stares at it with disgust. BEEP BEEP. Boxos backs away in the scissor lift. Danny slaps Jimmy on the back.

DANNY

Did you hear that, man? 20,000 customers!

The brothers smile as they clean up the trashed dining room.

JIMMY

This is amazing. Not only did we save Mama Wong's, but it's gonna be better than ever.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Well, not better than one of your  
fancy restaurants but still--

- Danny picks up an overturned table and discovers the CAT  
STATUE **SHATTERED ON THE FLOOR**. His jaw drops. Jimmy looks  
over and sees him staring at the broken pieces.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Oh, dang. It must've got busted in  
the fight. I'm sorry, dude.

Baffled, Danny examines the pieces - made of nothing more  
than worthless clay.

DANNY  
What is this? I thought it was gold.

JIMMY  
Pssh. Yeah right. Mom just told us  
that so we wouldn't mess around with  
it. Some hucksters sold it to great  
grandma for a chicken back in the  
day. Hard to believe that ol' hunk  
of junk has survived all these  
years.

Danny drops to the floor, freaking out.

DANNY  
Oh my God. Ohhhhh my God.

JIMMY  
Ah man, don't worry. I can fix it.  
Couple squirts of super glue and  
she'll be good as new. The crown  
kitty of *Momu*. It's "Momu," right?

Danny stands back up.

DANNY  
Yeah. Hey, um... speaking of which.  
I should really get back there.  
Like, tonight. Lots to do before we  
open.

JIMMY  
Aww, come on. Stay one more night.  
We gotta celebrate! We'll play board  
games. We'll party. I'll fix up the  
cat in the morning and you can be on  
your merry way.

Danny looks at the shattered statue, then back at Jimmy.



JIMMY (cont'd)  
 Besides... with everything you've  
 got going on, who knows when we'll  
 see each other again?

This question haunts Danny to his core. He looks into Jimmy's eager eyes. He sighs and forces a smile.

DANNY  
 Yeah, man. That sounds nice.

INT. CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

Piedmont sits in his office, weeping over a glass of scotch. Brooding classical music plays - ala Mozart's Requiem Mass.

Cindy, grim faced, steps inside.

CINDY  
 Sir... It's here.

Piedmont stands tall and straightens his tie.

PIEDMONT  
 I'm ready.

Cindy waves in two BIG BOX DELIVERY MEN, carrying A MAN-SIZED CARDBOARD BOX. The label reads: "TO - FULFILLMENT CENTER."

The men open the box. Inside is a STYROFOAM INSERT, carved out in the exact shape of Piedmont's silhouette. Piedmont stares at the shadowy, Piedmont-shaped abyss that awaits him.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)  
 This is my hole. It was made for me.

He takes a deep breath... then steps inside the box.

**POV PIEDMONT:** DARKNESS fills his world as the delivery men close up the box. A tiny crack of light grows darker, darker, darker... Suddenly, there's a commotion outside.

CINDY (O.S.)  
 Excuse me, gentlemen - you can't  
 come in here. Excuse me!

- a KNIFE PLUNGES through the cardboard, stopping an INCH from Piedmont's eye. The knife drags through the box, slicing it open to reveal...

**DON CHANG** and his **MAFIYAKUZIAD GOONS** on the other side. Piedmont looks up at them in confusion and awe.

DON CHANG  
Richmond Piedmont?

PIEDMONT  
Y-yes?

DON CHANG  
We're looking for Danny Wong.

A flash of HOPE and a glint of EVIL spark in Piedmonts eyes.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY snores in bed. Danny tiptoes over board games strewn about the floor, and slips out to the door. He looks back at Jimmy with a bittersweet smile.

DANNY  
Good night, little spoon.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny slings his bundle over his shoulder and sneaks to the front door. As he turns the knob, something gives him pause. He looks back to the stairs, wondering if he should stay.

Behind him, the door swings open, revealing DON CHANG, flanked by goons, on the other side.

Danny, oblivious as he looks at the stairs, sighs and shakes his head. He reaches for the door again - and grabs Don Chang's NIPPLE by mistake. A flash of confusion - then a solemn look as he realizes what's going on.

DANNY  
Hello, Don Chang.

He turns around to face Don Chang and his goons.

DON CHANG  
Danny.

DANNY  
Listen, dude. About the cat. I'm sorry, but it's worthless.

DON CHANG

Nice try, Danny. That cat's not worth anything. I see it right there on the floor.

He points to the shattered cat statue on the ground.

DANNY

Uh, yeah, that's why I said it's worthless.

DON CHANG

Uh, no, idiot. *Worthless* means it's *worth* a lot of money!

GOON

No, that's "priceless." "Worthless" means it's worth no money.

DON CHANG

Are you fucking kidding me?

GOON

It's a complicated language.

DON CHANG

Whatever. Just kill them both.

DANNY

Both?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Let go of me, you chodes!

Danny spins around. Two more GOONS drag Jimmy downstairs.

DANNY

JIMMY! Leave him alone. He's got nothing to do with this.

PIEDMONT (O.S.)

But he's got PLENTY to do... With ME.

PIEDMONT steps out from behind Jimmy and the goons.

DANNY

Piedmont?

PIEDMONT

That's right, Danny. The sins of the brother are visited upon... the other brother.

JIMMY

What's he talking about, Danny? Who are these guys?

DON CHANG

Wait a second... does he not know?

DANNY

You shut up!

DON CHANG

Your brother's a bum, kid. A filthy, homeless fraud. And he owes me a solid gold cat.

JIMMY

Is... is that why you came home?

DANNY

JIMMY, I'm so sorry, man --

JIMMY

- God, you're such a dick! I can't believe I thought you changed.

DANNY

I have changed. I --

PIEDMONT

- Yeah, yeah. We get it. Can we move this along? I've got a dump to take and a call to make.

He hands Don Chang a stack of CASH. Don Chang flips through it, then nods to his men.

DON CHANG

Showtime, boys.

Danny and Jimmy scream as the goons drag them away.

PIEDMONT

Boxos. It's Piedmont. Good news! The Wong brothers have *burned to death* in a *freak accident* Crazy, right?

He steps into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. MAMA'S WONGS DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny sit back-to-back, hogtied to a pair of chairs. Behind them, GOONS splash gasoline all over the living room. The brothers struggle and squirm.

JIMMY

Ugh. This sucks! I can't believe I'm gonna die all hog tied to a big stupid jerk like you.

DANNY

Relax. Okay? We're not gonna die. I've got a plan.

JIMMY

Oh, do you? Or are you just saying you have a plan so I'll lower my guard and you can steal from me again?

DANNY

I really have a plan. There's a letter opener on that bookshelf. If we ram it, we can knock it down here.

JIMMY

Screw you and screw your plan. I got my own plan.

JIMMY flexes.

DANNY

What are you doing?

JIMMY

Busting my way out of here.

DANNY

I told you dude, you're gym buff. Not real buff.

JIMMY collapses, panting. Danny wriggles like a mad man and scoots them to the bookshelf.

JIMMY

I hate you so much. No wonder I was mom's favorite.

Danny throws himself against the bookshelf, trying to knock the letter opener down.

DANNY

Okay. Not that it matters right now,  
but you were NOT Mom's favorite.

JIMMY

Yeah, right! I was her baby boy.

DANNY

I was the first born son, dummy. *And*  
I was born in China. Every time she  
looked at me she saw her homeland.

JIMMY

The homeland she *left*. You were the  
past, dickweed. Every time she saw  
me, she saw the future. Plus, oh  
yeah, she hooks me up with MIRACLES.

DANNY

Oh please.

JIMMY

She sent me you. She made it rain.  
She -- oh my god, that's it!

JIMMY scoots them away from the bookshelf towards the  
SHRINE.

JIMMY (cont'd)

MOM! MOMMY! Help us!

DANNY

Are you insane?

JIMMY

Gimme all your money.

JIMMY bends his hands back to root through Danny's pockets.

DANNY

Cut it out!

JIMMY

This will work, dude.

DANNY

No it won't!

JIMMY

Yes it will! Mom loves me.

JIMMY pulls a quarter out of Danny's pocket.

DANNY  
I said cut it OUT --

Danny THROWS them into the bookshelf just as Jimmy FLICKS the quarter with at the bowl. The letter opener falls at Danny's feet just as Jimmy sees the quarter hit the bowl.

DANNY  
Hah! Suck it!

JIMMY  
Hah! Suck it!

Suddenly, the bookshelf GROANS. The brothers look up - and watch in horror as the huge wood shelf CRASHES DOWN ON THEM.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

EXT. PARK - DAY

Danny and Jimmy wake up, their faces pressed into grass. The sun shines down on them. Birds chirp in the sky. They sit up, confused. They're in a beautiful park. Off in the distance, a group of elderly people do Tai Chi.

DANNY  
Wha...

JIMMY  
Where are we?

KAREN (O.S.)  
You're in heaven, boys.

They look up and see their MOM staring down at them. Danny and Jimmy gasp.

DANNY  
Mom???

JIMMY  
Mom!

Karen raises her SANDAL.

KAREN  
And you're in a lot of trouble.

JIMMY and Danny cringe. Karen WAPS Danny with her sandal.

KAREN (cont'd)  
What's wrong with you? Living on the street? Stealing beans? Lying to your little brother?

DANNY  
Ow! Ow!

JIMMY laughs at him. Karen scowls at Jimmy.

KAREN  
Don't you laugh at your big brother.  
You got your own problems. Like how  
come no girlfriend? Huh?

JIMMY  
Uh oh.

She waps at Jimmy with the sandal.

KAREN  
Danny's fat and homeless. I get it.  
But you're a good looking boy. And  
you own your own business! So where  
the heck are my grand kids?

Karen gives a weary sigh. She sits down on a bench and  
lights a cigarette.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Ahh, why do you boys do this to me?  
You know Aunt Katie's boys are  
doctors. And alive. Why can't you be  
like them?

Danny and Jimmy look down, sheepish.

DANNY  
Sorry, Mom...

JIMMY  
Sorry, Mom...

KAREN  
Don't apologize to me! What was the  
last thing I ever told you?

Danny and Jimmy glance at each other, ashamed.

DANNY  
Be good to each other...

JIMMY  
... no matter what.

JIMMY sighs. He takes a deep breath and turns to Danny.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, Danny. I shouldn't have  
stolen your food truck money.

DANNY  
No, Jimmy. *I'm* sorry. I never should  
have broke your window.



JIMMY

You broke my window twice. And abandoned me.

DANNY

Ugh! Fine. You're right. And I'm sorry for that too. I'm your older bro. I should have taken better care of you.

JIMMY

Well, I was your manager. I could have let you grow more. Instead, I tried to control you. 'Cause... I didn't want you to leave me behind...

JIMMY gets choked up. So does Danny.

DANNY

What? Really...?

JIMMY

Of course, man. You're an amazing chef. You could work anywhere you wanted. That's why I tried so hard to make our place real nice. So you'd want to s-s-stay...

JIMMY bites back tears. Danny sniffles.

DANNY

B-b-but I only left... cause I thought you didn't believe in me. I just w-w-wanted to make you proud. But instead I made you hate me.

Their voices crack. Their eyes water. Their lips tremble.

JIMMY

I never hated you. I just missed you.

DANNY

I missed you too.

JIMMY

I love you, Danny!

DANNY

I love you too.

JIMMY and Danny look deep in each other's eyes. A beat. Then they BURST into tears.

JIMMY  
WAAAAAAHHHH!

DANNY  
WAAAAAAHHHH!

They HUG. Karen smiles.

KAREN  
My beautiful, sweet, stupid boys.

She pats them on their shoulders. They wipe their eyes and look up at her.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Now, the next time you have a fight,  
it better not take you 10 years to  
get over it.

MRS. CHEN (O.S.)  
You listen to your mom, boys. Life's  
too short to hold grudges.

Danny and Jimmy over in surprise: MRS. CHEN, MRS. HYUNH, and MRS. LUO are all playing mahjong on a nearby bench.

JIMMY  
Mrs. Chen? What are you doing here?

MRS. CHEN  
Car accident on the way home.  
What'cha gonna do?

MRS. LUO  
Come on, Karen, it's your turn.

Karen kisses Danny and Jimmy on the forehead.

KAREN  
Okay, boys. I love you both. Now get  
down there and kick some butt! I  
better not see you up here any time  
soon!

DANNY  
Bye, mom!

JIMMY  
We love you!

With that, Karen CLONKS their heads together and we

**CUT TO:**

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY and Danny GASP as they wake up. They're pinned under the bookshelf. They look at each other, and nod.

DANNY

Together?

JIMMY

*Together.*

TOGETHER, they push against the bookshelf with all their might. The ground trembles. The wood splits. Screaming with exertion, they LAUNCH the bookshelf across the room. With a loud CRASH, it SMASHES into the wall.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DINING ROOM - DAY

Piedmont, Don Chang, and the GOONS are about to leave when they hear the loud CRASH upstairs. Piedmont whips around.

PIEDMONT

Check it.

Don Chang and the goons rush up stairs.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Don Chang and his goons burst into the bedroom, where...

... Danny and Jimmy stand side by side, striking majestic KUNG FU POSES. Don Chang and his goons pour into the room, surrounding the brothers. Don Chang locks eyes with them, unnerved by their steely glares.

DON CHANG

Careful, boys. They've been touched  
by the grace of heaven.

One of his GOONS draws a BOWIE KNIFE.

GOON

Then it's time to send them back.

The goons draw knives. Danny and Jimmy go back to back. Don Chang ROAR and **our EPIC FINAL BATTLE BEGINS!**

Danny and Jimmy fight like they have never fought before, against an army of mafia thugs all going for the kill.

As they duke it out, the entire restaurant gets torn to shreds. Fists and feet punch through drywall. Bodies slam through tables. Knives stab through chairs.

Piedmont watches as Don Chang's goons fall one by one. He senses the tide turning. He backs away from the fight and punches buttons in his BIG BOX app.

Piedmont hits "ORDER NOW." The screen flashes "YOUR ORDER IS ON THE WAY." Piedmont smirks and sneaks up the stairs...

Meanwhile, Jimmy and Danny take on Don Chang in a furious 2-v-1 duel. The fight spills out onto the narrow MAKESHIFT BRIDGE and they battle Don Chang across the pit.

Don Chang KICKS Danny off the bridge. Danny grabs onto the edge, hanging over the pit by his fingers. Jimmy rushes to help him - and Don Chang KICKS him off the opposite side. Jimmy grabs onto the edge as he falls.

Don Chang sees their fingers clinging to the edge. He laughs and takes turns stomping on their hands.

Under the bridge, Danny and Jimmy cry out in pain. They lock eyes with each other, each hanging by a single hand. Jimmy glances up at Don Chang, getting a good eyeful his CROTCH as he stomps. He gets an idea.

JIMMY

Danny. Psst!

He arches his eyebrows intently - up at Don Chang, then down to his own crotch. Danny is confused.

JIMMY (cont'd)

As long as we *kick* together...

Danny's eyes light up. He gets it.

DANNY

... Everything's gonna be alright.

JIMMY smiles. Danny nods.

In one fluid motion, they both PULL up their legs, PUSH off each other, LAUNCH over the edge of the bridge, GRAB Don Chang's feet --

- and YANK his legs over the edges of the bridge. Don Chang FALLS into a forced split, landing square on his NUTS. He grimaces in agony, then faints.

JIMMY and Danny climb up his body back onto the bridge. They hug each other, relieved. In the background, Don Chang rolls off the bridge and falls into the pit.

DANNY (cont'd)

Holy crap.

JIMMY

We did it. We actually did it!

They climb to their feet, exhausted.

JIMMY (cont'd)

So what now?

DANNY

Now? Now, we call the cops.

- BOOM! A BULLET rips through Jimmy's shoulder. He falls to the ground. Danny screams. He spins around and sees

PIEDMONT standing on the roof of Mama Wong's, smoking SNIPER RIFLE in hand. A DELIVERY DRONE hovers next to him.

DANNY (cont'd)

NO!

Piedmont laughs as he cocks the rifle.

PIEDMONT

Like my gun, Danny? Courtesy of Big Box next-minute delivery.

DANNY

Piedmont don't shoot him!

PIEDMONT

I... already did.

DANNY

Well, don't shoot him again. Shoot me!

PIEDMONT

I... am. I'm going to shoot you.

DANNY

Oh. Okay. Why... haven't you?

PIEDMONT

Because I want to enjoy watching you die. With a nice. Cool. Vanilla. Malt. Ah, speak of the devil!

He looks up as another DRONE hovers down next to him, holding a delicious VANILLA MALT. Piedmont grabs the malt and takes a big, thirsty sip. He sighs, content.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)  
It's been a long day, Danny.

He tosses the malt aside and raises his rifle. Danny shuts his eyes, braced for death.

Piedmont lowers his rifle, confused.

PIEDMONT (cont'd)  
Hey, where's Jimmy?

Danny turns around. Jimmy is no longer behind him -

- because he's in the CRANE CONTROL BOOTH. Jimmy mashes the DEACTIVATE MAGNET button.

And a WRECKING BALL drops down onto PIEDMONT, crushing him and DESTROYING MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS.

JIMMY stumbles out of the booth and collapses.

DANNY  
JIMMY!

Danny rushes over to him. He holds his brother in his arms.

JIMMY  
It's okay, man. Mom's name tag  
stopped the bullet. See?

JIMMY opens his shirt, revealing a GAPING BULLET WOUND. Shards of Mom's nametag jut from his bleeding flesh.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Oh...

DANNY  
OHHH!

Danny averts his eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I can't look. I'll faint. Is it bad?  
Are you gonna die?

JIMMY  
I dunno. I don't think so. It's one  
of those cool shoulder wounds.

DANNY

Oh, thank God. Hang in there, man.

They hear SIRENS in the distance, closing in. Danny holds Jimmy's hand. Together, they watch the restaurant BURN. Jimmy gives a wistful smile as the walls of Mama Wong's collapse.

DANNY (cont'd)

Sorry about the restaurant, dude.

JIMMY spots something in the flames. His eyes light with astonishment.

JIMMY

Danny... look!

He points. Amidst the flames, that FOOD TRUCK has somehow survived. Like a phoenix born anew from the ashes of the old.

JIMMY smiles up at him. He raises a FIST for a pound.

JIMMY (cont'd)

How 'bout we start your food truck?

DANNY

How 'bout we start *our* food truck?

Danny and Jimmy POUND FISTS. The food truck EXPLODES.

JIMMY

Not that food truck, though.

DANNY

No. That one's on fire. We'll get a new one. And we'll call it the Wong Bro's Dump Truck!

JIMMY

I like the sound of that.

As they discuss their future plans, the SMOKE from the restaurant rises and curls in the night sky. The stars sparkle. The music twinkles.

And we **FADE TO BLACK. THE END!**