

Nailhouse

Written by

Matthew Arnold & Will Campos

Copyright ROCKETJUMP 2025

Draft

White draft (8/7/2025)

TEXT, OVER BLACK:

Nail house [edit]

Nail house is a calque of a Chinese neologism "dingzihù" (literally, "nail household or householder") that refers to either a person who refuses to vacate their home to make way for development, or the home itself.

The Chinese term, coined by developers, comes from the fact that these houses stick out like a nail that can be **neither extracted nor hammered down**. [14][15]

- Wikipedia

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

Two BROTHERS - DICKY WONG (8) and DANNY WONG (10) square off, fists raised, over a big bag of TRASH in a hole-in-the-wall Chinese restaurant.

A beautiful MING VASE rests on a high shelf above a small ancestral shrine.

In front of the shrine, Dicky and Danny strike kung fu poses, squaring off in Power Ranger pajamas.

DICKY

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.

DICKY

Either take it out, or get taken out.

DANNY

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

DICKY

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

Danny roars in anger. He LUNGES at Dicky. They BRAWL across the dining room, making a huge mess as they beat the absolute crap out of each other in a brutal melee.

Danny gets Dicky in an MMA CHOKEHOLD amidst the chaos.

MAMA WONG
HEY! You two BETTER not be fighting in
there!

DANNY
What? No way, mom, geez!

Dicky squirms in the chokehold.

MAMA WONG
...DICKY!? Are you okay?

Dicky, turning blue, taps Danny's arm in submission. Danny loosens
his grip just enough for Dicky to cry out.

DICKY
You know it, Mommy! I love you so m--

Dicky headbutts Danny and the brawl is back on! Danny side-kicks
Dicky across the room. Dicky grabs the trash, whips it over his
head, and HURLS it at Danny.

And the trash SLAMS into the wall... right under that beautiful
MING VASE sitting on its narrow shelf.

The brothers GASP. The vase WOBBLES. They rush towards it. The vase
FALLS. They DIVE -- TOO LATE!

A HAND shoots out and catches the vase an INCH above the ground. A
shadow falls over the brothers. They look up at:

KAREN WONG, 30s, flour-coated apron, larger than life.

KAREN
What did I say about this vase?

DANNY
Don't ever touch it.

DICKY
Don't even go near it.

DANNY
And if we ever break it.

DICKY
You'll sell us on the black market.

DANNY
And it won't even cover half the cost.

KAREN
You two are SO lucky...

She puts the vase back on the shelf.

KAREN (CONT'D)

...That someone ELSE just screwed up even worse than you. I've gotta go yell at a man about our shrimp. Which means you two need to get this place ready to open.

Dicky snaps a crisp salute.

DICKY

You can count on me, Mommy! I'll be temporary acting manager! If... that's okay with you.

Karen unhooks her nametag: "KAREN WONG - OWNER/MANAGER" and pins it to Dicky'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

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

DICKY

He's crossing his fingers, Mom!

DANNY

Ugh, you're such a mama's boy!

They immediately start shoving each other.

DICKY

So are you, stupid. We both came from Mommy's vagina.

DANNY

EW, LIKE CRAP I DID!

KAREN

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

DICKY

Karen kisses them each on the forehead.

KAREN

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

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

DICKY

Dicky checks his watch and heads into the kitchen--

DICKY (CONT'D)

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 inflates a dumpling with whipped cream. Dicky gasps in horror.

DANNY

He steps forward, offering the dumpling to DICKY.

DICKY

DANNY

DICKY

DANNY

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

Dicky shakes his head in refusal.

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

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

DICKY

...Q-q-queso?

DANNY

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

DICKY

Fine.

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

DICKY (CONT'D)

Madre de Dios!

DANNY

Right???

DICKY

What else can you put in dumplings?

DANNY

Let me show you.

BEGIN MONTAGE: Danny and Dicky run around the kitchen concocting all manner of weird, wild dumplings. 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 Dicky lie on the ground in blissful food comas.

DICKY

Holy crap. All that crap tasted so good.

DANNY

That crap was nothing! I got a million dumpling ideas way crazier than those.

Danny produces a toy FOOD TRUCK from his pocket. It's an 8-year old boy's fever dream: he's painted flame decals on the side and taped machine guns and rocket boosters all over it. A big plastic DUMPLING is glued to the roof. On the side it says "DANNY WONG'S DUMPLING TRUCK."

DANNY (CONT'D)

And I'm gonna drive around the world, giving everybody on Earth the chance to eat those ideas.

DICKY

Woahhhhh. Can I come?

DANNY

Pssh. Come where? It's never gonna happen. Mom never lets me do ANYTHING cool.

DICKY

Let me talk to her. She likes me more.

DANNY

Hmmm... true... But...

DICKY

Please! It's so cool. I wanna be a part of it no matter what. You're such a genius!

Danny, touched, smiles. He pops open a marker and scribbles on the truck.

DANNY

Well...

He reveals to DICKY that he's changed the name to WONG BROS. DUMPLING TRUCK.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I guess you can prep the veggies. And reload the machine guns.

Dicky's eyes go wide. Danny grins. BUT THEN - DING DONG! The front doorbell rings. The boys gasp in horror.

DANNY AND DICKY (CONT'D)

Mom!

DICKY (CONT'D)

Hide this!

Dicky snatches the food truck and throws it in the trash.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, look at this mess. Look what you did. You made me sin!

DANNY

Don't put it all on me. It was your job to stop me.

DING DONG! Dicky shuts his eyes, grimly resolved to his fate.

DICKY

You're right. I'll handle it. It was my responsibility.

Dicky straightens his mom's name tag and rushes into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

DICKY hurries to the door. Another DING DONG. Dicky opens it.

DICKY

It's all Danny's fault, Mom, he--

-but a POLICE OFFICER stands in front of him.

POLICE OFFICER

Hello. Are you Karen Wong's boy?

DICKY 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, Dicky'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 Dicky to do the same. Dicky shakes his head.

Danny urges him forward. Dicky 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 NAMETAG. Stunned, he looks back up - but Dicky is running away from the funeral. Danny chases after him.

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

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

DICKY

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.

DICKY

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.

DICKY

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

DANNY

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

DICKY

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.

Dicky looks up at him. He wipes his nose.

DICKY
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.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)
What do you say, lil' bro?

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

DICKY
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. DICKY flips the "CLOSED" sign to
"OPEN." As they get to work, we rise up into the night sky we cross
fade to--

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. A food court so
exquisite they'll never make it home for
family dinner again. 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. 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 push in on Piedmont, the lighting turns demonic red, OMINOUS LATIN CHANTING fills the soundtrack, STEAM rises and swirls about his features and we CUT TO:

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

STEAM rises from a bamboo basket, revealing ten succulent DUMPLINGS.

DICKY (V.O.)
Presenting... Mama Wong's House Special Dumplings.

As Dicky waxes poetic about the dumplings, we treat the audience to a mouth-watering **MONTAGE**: strong, masculine hands mince marbled pork, rinse fresh chives, and sensuously stuff moist mounds of filling into paper thin circles of dough.

DICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hand-minced pork. Hand chopped chives. And a hand mixed spice blend hand selected by the hand of Mama Wong, my mom, who hand wrote the hand-written recipe and handed it down to me, her only son.

END MONTAGE. DICKY, now in his late 20s, beams with pride as he sets them gently on a table.

DICKY

And now I hand them... to you. Enjoy.

Dicky's extremely annoyed CUSTOMER looks thoroughly unimpressed.

CUSTOMER

I ordered these an hour ago! I'm late for a movie. Get me a box.

DICKY

Oh. Uh, sorry, we're a little short staffed today --

MS. CHEN (O.S.)

DICKY!

DICKY

Coming, Ms. Chen!

Dicky hurries across the restaurant: the decor is just as we left it, just a bit more run down and worn with age. Dicky picks up a big jug of hot water and shoos a FLY away from a takeout order sitting out on a table near the door.

He approaches four old ladies - **MS. CHEN**, the **LUO** sisters, and **MS. HYUNH**, playing mahjong at a table in the corner. He refills their tea cups with hot water.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Some food to go with that hot water today, ladies?

MS. CHEN

No.

CUSTOMER 2 (O.S.)

Check please.

DICKY

Right away, sir...

Dicky's jug runs out of water. The old ladies groan. Dicky sticks the jug under a hot water dispenser, flips it on, and hustles over to CUSTOMER #2.

DICKY (CONT'D)

And how was everything -- oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were finished.

Dicky nods to one sad little dumpling left on the guy's plate.

CUSTOMER 2

I am.

DICKY

You... don't want your last dumpling?
Was it not good? Was it bad?

CUSTOMER 2

No. I'm just full.

DICKY

Are you sure? 'Cause Mama Wong always
said "there's always room for one more
dumpling!"

CUSTOMER 2

I don't want it. Just the check please.

DICKY

But... but...

Customer 1 calls out impatiently from his table:

CUSTOMER 1

Still need that box, dude...

DICKY

Sorry, sir. Coming right up.

Dicky puts the check down and gives final forlorn glance to the dumpling. He heads for a stack of to go boxes - then sees SMOKE billowing from the kitchen. He gasps and runs in.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN - DAY

Smoke belches up from a GREASE FIRE on the stove. DICKY turns off the burner and tries to fan away the flames with a towel. A PHONE rings behind him. He snatches it with one hand and battles the flames with the other.

DICKY

(into phone)

Mama Wong's... Do we have good
dumplings?! Hah!

Dicky, now completely distracted, drapes the towel over his shoulder and waxes rhapsodic into the phone.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Let me tell you a little story about the
most beautiful mother who ever existed.
My mom. Mama Wong.

CUT TO: Jimmy lights a CANDLE in front of an ancestral SHRINE and bows to a photo of his mom, the phone still cradled in his shoulder.

DICKY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
In 1985, a Chinese immigrant had a
recipe and a dream -- HEY!

In the reflection of his mom's photo, he sees CUSTOMER #1 dine and dashing with a stack of steamer baskets.

DICKY (CONT'D)
You gotta pay for that!

DICKY chases after him - but collides with a MAIL MAN stepping through the front door. Both men crash to the ground.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Oww!

MAIL MAN
Oww! Here's your mail, shithead.

The mail man throws a huge stack of BILLS and bank letters at DICKY. Groaning, DICKY gets up, already opening one.

DICKY
(reading aloud)
Dear Dicky Wong. Your business loan 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.

DICKY
Everything's poor because I'm poor.

Dicky looks at his mother's PHOTO next to the Ancestral Shrine. He runs his hand along it, giving a wistful sigh. His voice cracks with emotion.

DICKY (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.

Dicky takes that last lone dumpling off his customer's plate. He holds it up to the light, pondering it like Hamlet with Yorick's skull.

DICKY (CONT'D)
It's all I have left of her. But if
something doesn't change soon, I'm gonna
lose it forever.

He takes a gentle bite. He chews. His eyes water with every bite.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Judging by these dumplings, I already
have!

He breaks down sobbing. Snot flying. Mumbling.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Ten years, and they still don't taste
like she made them. Why didn't you tell
me the secret mommy!

As Dicky wails in the background, the old ladies whisper to each other. (*Note: When the old ladies talk to each other it is in Cantonese*)

MRS. LUO
You bring it up.

MRS. CHEN
Hell no.

MRS. HYUNH
We can't have him crying while we're
trying to play.

MRS. LUO
Fine fine fine... Dicky?

Dicky looks up at them, snot bubbles coming out of his nose.

DICKY
U-uh h-huh?

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

MRS. LUO
You know... there is one person who can
cook just like your mom.

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

DICKY
Never.

MRS CHEN
He's family, Dicky.

MRS HYUNH
Which means he'll work for cheap.

DICKY stands up, defiant.

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

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

DICKY
Don't you say his name.

MRS. CHEN
You need to suck up your pride and call-

DICKY
SHUT YOUR MOUTH YOU OLD HAG!

MRS. CHEN
... your brother Danny.

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

Dicky spins around to face them, cheeks red with fury, sucking down air for an earsplitting SHOUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Dicky chases the old ladies out the door.

DICKY
I HAVE NO BROTHERRRRRR!!!

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

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Dicky SLAMS the door and staggers back into the restaurant.

MRS. CHEN (O.S.)
Our mahjong!

Dicky stumbles over to the table, pathetically packs mahjong pieces back into their suitcase. It is important that the actor performs this scene almost identical to Orson Welles, playing Charlie Kane, in the famous movie, Citizen Kane. In that scene, Charlie packs up his wives clothes after she leaves him for another man.

Dicky throws the suitcase outside and then turns his anger to the rest of the restaurant. He knocks over tables, and throws glasses against the walls, rips curtains off the windows. No amount of destruction can fill the hole in his heart.

He finally falls into a pile of debris and spilled tea. He looks like a dead man. His eyes drift as some oolong spreads across the floor in front of him and begins to soak a menu.

The "best dumplings in town" sticker curls from the moisture.

Dicky's eyes go wide as the sticker reveals:

A smiling Danny Wong, age 10, holding the hand of their beloved mother.

Dicky puts a hand on the photo and sighs melodramatically.

DICKY
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 (CONT'D)
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: HOBUS - Chef Driven Hobo Cuisine.

Danny unrolls a poster for HOBUS, 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 HOBUS 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 (CONT'D)

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 cashfilled 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 vase!

BOXCAR BILL

What?

DANNY

A Ming vase. Big as a watermelon. It's priceless.

DON CHANG

Why would I want a vase 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 priceless-- 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 vase, 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.

DANNY
...brother...

He wobbles up to his feet.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hope you still got that vase.

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

That PRICELESS MING VASE, covered with dust, has been moved to Dicky's living area.

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

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

Dicky watches the money burn. He sighs.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Things have been... 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!

Dicky gasps.

DICKY
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!

DICKY (CONT'D)
Coming! I'm coming!

As Dicky 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

DICKY rushes to the front door and opens it, revealing PIEDMONT on the other side flanked by his buff, athleisure clad, totally silent Gen-Z assistant Clint.

PIEDMONT
Dicky Wong, I presume?

DICKY
Uh... yeah?

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

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

Dicky shows them inside. Piedmont breezes past him like he already owns the place.

PIEDMONT
I'll cut straight to the chase, DICKY.
Look out there.

He guides DICKY over to the window. Clint opens the blinds, revealing the street outside.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)
In 6 short months, this whole neighborhood will be BigBox.com's new corporate campus.

As they gaze out at the future, Clint quietly pulls out his phone and starts filming little snippets around the restaurant. Dicky glances at him but Piedmont draws him away.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)
(pointing out the window)
See that duck pond? That's gonna be a 24 hour gymnasium. That homeless shelter? That's gonna be our new duck pond. And right next to it is going to be our world class food court!

He hands Dicky a contract and a pen.

DICKY
(already about to sign it)
Wow! And you want Mama Wong's to be a part of it?

PIEDMONT

Well... In a way. Hungry mouths mean busy butts, after all.

DICKY

Huh?

PIEDMONT

And your wonderful restaurant. This very spot... is where we'll build our new septic tank.

DICKY

What?! Forget it!

Dicky rips the contract in half. Clint, unfazed, produces a new one and offers it to him.

PIEDMONT

You drive a hard bargain, Dickolas. And truth be told, that offer was a *touch* under market value. I'm sure you'll find *this* offer more than acceptable.

DICKY

I don't want your money, nerd. My mommy's restaurant is not for sale.

PIEDMONT

Interesting... Tell me, Dicky. Do you think your *mommy* would be proud of the way you're running her restaurant?

Dicky gasps.

DICKY

Y-yeah...?

PIEDMONT

300,000 dollars in debt. 2.4 stars on yelp. Monthly revenue: NEGATIVE 20,000 dollars. One employee - yourself. Salary: none. Savings: none. Girlfriend: none. Thank GOD your mommy's not here to see what you've become.

Tears stream down Dicky's cheeks. Piedmont wipes them away with a beautiful silk handkerchief.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

Nononono. No tears. It's not too late. Not too late to become a man. Take the money. Start your own restaurant. Chase your dreams.

(MORE)

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)
Don't you think Mommy would want that?
To see her little birdie soar?

At some point in this monologue, Dicky has started suckling Piedmont's thumb like a baby with a pacifier. Piedmont grins. He is Satan incarnate.

DICKY
Mmmm-hmm...

But something inside Dicky RESISTS. He snaps out of it, shaking off Piedmont's siren song. Embarrassed, furious, disgusted with himself, he spits out Piedmont's thumb.

DICKY (CONT'D)
No... no! You see that sign?

He points to a big sign that says "NO PUBLIC RESTROOM."

DICKY (CONT'D)
Nobody has pooped in this restaurant for
30 years. And I'll be damned if
anybody's gonna poop here now.

PIEDMONT
Then damned you shall be.

Piedmont smiles politely and heads for the door.

DICKY
That's right. Walk away. Cause I'm not
walking away from anything. I'm gonna
stand. Right here. And six months from
now, when your campus opens. I'm gonna
have a lot of new customers to feed. Ca-
ching!

PIEDMONT
Sorry for wasting your time.

He closes the door behind him.

DICKY
Douche.
(suddenly remembering)
Oh crap, my twenty!

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Danny approaches Mama Wong's with trepidation. He sees DICKY through the window. Danny breathes deep, puts his game face on, and marches up to the door.

He's about to cross the parking lot catches his REFLECTION in a puddle - his dirty face, his tattered clothes, his busted shoes with his smelly big toes sticking out of them. He sighs with regret, shuts his eyes, and we FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Danny, 10 years younger, stands in the doorway, a bag over his shoulder, his eyes brimming with tears. His voice cracks with emotion and he wipes a runny nose as he says goodbye to Dicky, cold, scowling, on the other side of the door.

DANNY

J-just you wait, little bro. The next time I walk through this door, I'll be wearing a gold watch and a fancy tuxedo! You just wait and see!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - NIGHT

Danny sticks his finger through a gaping hole in his shirt, and frowns.

FINE GENTLEMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me!

Danny turns towards the voice to see a FANCY TOWN CAR has pulled up behind him. A FANCY GENT in a FANCY TUXEDO waves at him from the back seat window.

FANCY GENT

Yes, you. Young Vagabond. Perhaps you could do me the kindness of giving my hapless Benjamin here directions to the Opera House.

Benjamin, the chauffeur, sheepishly fumbles with a city map. Danny's eyes go wide as the Fancy Gent clucks his tongue and his FANCY GOLD WATCH.

FANCY GENT (CONT'D)

Dear me, at this rate, I dare say we'll miss the overture for Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.

Danny gives a wide, devilish grin.

DANNY

Yeah. I think I can help.

As Danny approaches the fancy town car, he slowly reaches for a GREASY OLD HANDGUN tucked into his waistband...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dicky sits on the toilet in the not-for-customers restaurant bathroom. He's scrolling through videos on TOKBOX, Boxos' TikTok clone - suddenly he DOUBLE TAKES as he sees a video of HIM!

VIDEO: Through the outside window, we see DICKY praying at his mother's shrine and burning a money offering.

A.I. NARRATOR

POV: Ur small business needs a miracle... and Boxos DELIVERS!

DICKY

(subtitled)

Things have been a little rough down here. I could sure use some help.

Inspirational music plays over a montage of out-of-context clips of DICKY's confrontation with Piedmont.

PIEDMONT

In six months, this whole neighborhood will be Boxos' new headquarters!

DICKY (ON PHONE)

Wow!

Dicky glances at the view count: somehow 12 MILLION people have already seen the video. Comments flood in: "im not crying ur crying" "#boxosdelivers" "so inspiring" etc.

DICKY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

When your campus opens... I'm gonna have a LOT of... CHA-CHING!

DICKY (CONT'D)

But... wha... no!

The doorbell rings - DING DONG!

DICKY (CONT'D)

We're closed!

Dicky fiddles with the phone.

DICKY (CONT'D)

How do I delete this?

DING DONG!

DICKY (CONT'D)
I SAID WE'RE ---

Dicky catches himself. Takes a beat to gain his composure.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Nope. Nope. That's a customer out there.
And Mom always said... never leave a--

- DING DONG! DING DONG!

DICKY (CONT'D)
COMING!

He stands up straight, zips up his pants, and marches out with his head held high and without washing his hands.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS

DING DONG! Dicky chuckles as he hustles to the door.

DICKY
One second! It's a little past closing
but if you can wait a few minutes, I'll
be happy to serve...

...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 Dicky gawks at him, stunned.

DICKY (CONT'D)
...YOUUUUUUUUUUU.

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

Danny hangs up and gives his astonished brother a hug.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What up, bitch? Long time no see.

Dicky's shock at seeing his brother again boils over into incoherent rage at seeing his brother again.

DICKY
YOU... you... **you**... y-y-ou...

DANNY

I know. Me. Your prodigal bro returns.
It's hard to find the words for such a
powerful moment. I'll start.

DICKY

KILL... you... MURDER... YOU...

Danny slips past Dicky into the restaurant and launches into a sales pitch with a huckster's smile.

DANNY

Dicky, 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 makes an elaborate show of tenderly stroking the photo of their Mom in the restaurant shrine. Dicky's eye twitches.

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 expensive Ming vase watching over my beautiful new restaurant. So where is that thing?

DICKY

GET OUT.

DANNY

I know, "get out, that's such a touching tribute!" But for real, y-you didn't sell it, did you? 'Cause it's half mine.

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

DICKY

GET OUTTTTTTTTTT!

DANNY

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

Danny breaks away from him.

DICKY

You stopped being my brother when you abandoned me 10 years ago!

Dicky's eyes blaze with fury and we FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

...the same flashback we saw earlier. Only this time, it's Dicky who blubbering as Danny, now wearing SHADES as he sits astride a MOTORCYCLE, tells him off with a vicious sneer.

DANNY

Vaya con dios, butt nards. The next time you see me, I'll be wearing a fancy tux and a --

DANNY (V.O.)

- Wait, WHAT?!

END FLASHBACK

DANNY

I didn't abandon you. I left because you stole my life savings!

FLASHBACK TO:

Danny walks into the restaurant and sees Dicky handing a big jar labeled "Danny'S LIFE \$AVINGS - DO NOT STEAL!" to a handyman who has just finished installing a brand new OVEN.

END FLASHBACK

DICKY

Hey, we needed that oven and you were skimming your "life savings" off the top.

FLASHBACK

Danny oh-so-slyly skims a 20 dollar bill off a stack in the register... then grabs the stack underneath it, stuffs it down his pants, and puts the single bill back in the register.

END FLASHBACK

DANNY

I wasn't skimming, I was investing! I was gonna use that money to go to culinary school so I could, y'know, come back and be a better chef.

DICKY

Oh please, you were never coming back.

DANNY

Damn right I wasn't! I hate this hell hole and I hate you and I hate mom!

Dicky GASPS. Danny realizes he has gone too far and immediately backs off.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But look man, it's all good. It's in the past. I forgive you. Tell you what, just give me the vase and we'll call the whole thing even.

DICKY

"Even?" Do you even remember what you did when you left?

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

Danny scowls in the doorway in his jacket and shades.

DANNY

Adios forever, buttnards.

Danny guns the engine on his motorcycle and peels off down the road. DICKY, teary-eyed, watches him leave... then notices a CHAIN snaking quickly out the door.

DICKY

Huh?

He realizes the chain is tied to the back of Danny's bike... and wrapped around the BRAND NEW OVEN in the kitchen. DICKY gasps and dives for the oven right as the chain goes TAUT.

Outside, Danny's bike digs into the dirt as it struggles to tow the oven. Inside, DICKY braces the oven as it groans and buckles in its mountings.

DICKY (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?

DANNY

MY MONEY MY OVEN I'M TAKING IT WITH ME.

Danny's plan is clearly not going work. The oven is huge and is barely moving. Dicky screams as the chain whips around the restaurant floor scratching the shit out of it.

DICKY

YOU'RE SCRATCHING UP THE FLOOR.

DANNY

SHUT UP I HATE YOU - AHHHHHH!

Danny revs the engine even harder and immediately loses control of the bike.

He bails as it swerves around and hurtles back towards the restaurant. Dicky watches in horror as the bike SAILS towards the restaurant window. As we hear a loud CRASH of shattering glass we

END FLASHBACK

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's right, I forgot you wrecked my hog!

Danny shoves Dicky. Dicky shoves back. Within seconds they are having a stupid childish playground slap fight like eight year olds. Danny gets Dicky into a noogie headlock as the doorbell rings.

DICKY

We're CLOSED!

DING-DONG DING-DONG DING-DONG. Dicky tries to wriggle out from under Danny.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Lemme go I gotta get the door.

Danny shoves him away with a huff.

DANNY

That's right, run away, stupid.

DICKY

You're stupid.

DANNY

You're stupid!

DICKY opens the door, revealing four HUGE LAWYERS in SLICK SUITS on the other side.

BURLY LAWYER

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

DICKY

- I'm! Not! Selling!

He slams the door - but the burly lawyer STOPS IT with a single PINKY FINGER and easily pushes the door back open. Dicky cowers back.

BURLY LAWYER

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

He curls his pinky back into his fist and PUNCHES Dicky in the chest. Dicky flies back into a chair. The lawyers kick a table at him and slam a contract down on it.

BURLY LAWYER (CONT'D)

Sign on the dotted line, please.

Another lawyer grab Dicky from behind, shoves a pen into his hand and presses it towards the DOTTED LINE. DICKY resists with every ounce of his strength but it's no use. The pen scrawls a D onto the line, then an I, then an C...

DICKY

Danny, CALL 911!

Danny, watching this whole crazy scene, freezes for a beat. He looks at Dicky. He looks at the lawyers. He looks at the PHONE on the counter.

Then he grabs the VASE off the wall and runs like hell. One of the lawyers absolutely DECKS him, knocking his ass to the ground and the vase into the air. The lawyer gently catches the vase and puts it back exactly where it was on the wall.

BURLY LAWYER

No. This belongs to us now.

Dicky's fear turns to FURY upon hearing this. He watches as the pen in his hand begins to scrawl out that final letter - the "G" in DICKY WONG.

DICKY

Like heck it does!

With a final, rage-powered burst of strength, he YANKS the pen across the paper and STABS the lawyer's leg. The lawyer SCREAMS. DICKY kicks away and we kick off a **WILD BRAWL**.

The lawyers scramble to subdue DICKY, who fights for his life against their superior strength and numbers - his intimate knowledge of every nook and cranny and wobbly table in the restaurant giving him a slim, desperate chance at survival.

Meanwhile, Danny does his damndest to get that vase off the wall and out the door - but every time he gets close, another brutal PUNCH from a lawyer knocks him clean across the restaurant.

Dicky snatches a MEAT CLEAVER from the kitchen and turns the tables on his attackers. They back away from his vicious slashing and he herds them towards the door. Dicky grins, getting cocky. With a swashbuckler's flair he hops up onto a table and flourishes the blade like Errol Flynn.

Suddenly, the table RUMBLES underfoot. He looks down, then turns around - the BURLY PINKY LAWYER looms behind him, DEADLIFTING the entire table without breaking a sweat. DICKY yelps in fear as the Pinky Lawyer FLIPS the table, YEETING DICKY across the room - he crashes head first through another table --

- and sees Danny scurrying like a rat underneath it. The brothers lock eyes for a single beat, then Dicky SCREAMS as he gets pulled away by the lawyers.

We go into an intense, *Saving Private Ryan* style OVERCRANKED ONE TAKE as Danny army crawls under the tables, wriggling through the chaos consuming the restaurant like a terrified soldier scrambling across a WW2 battlefield. Only instead of mortar shells and dead soldiers falling all around him, it's DICKY, getting slammed into the floor, PILE-DRIVED into chairs and BODY-SLAMMED through tables.

WHAM! Dicky, pale, gurgling up blood, crumples onto the floor right in front of him. Through swollen, delirious eyes, he looks up at his brother.

DICKY (CONT'D)

You...? But... you can't be here. You left...

Danny's face fills with tears as Dicky reaches a feeble hand up to stroke his face.

DICKY (CONT'D)

So long ago... so much unsaid...

DANNY

Shhh. Shhh. Sleep now, baby boy.

Danny closes Dicky's eyelids like you do to a dead guy - then Dicky suddenly gets YANKED away by the lawyers for another round of ass whooping. Danny snaps out of his emotional reverie and resumes his crawling, finally reaching the WALL. He stands up, grabs the vase, then turns to the door. It's WIDE OPEN - but Dicky and the Lawyers are blocking the way.

Danny narrows his eyes. Tucks the vase under his arm. Draws a deep breath. Then kicks off a GRACEFUL WUXIA WIRE-FU RUN across the restaurant. He leaps over a chair, vaults onto a TABLE, gently springs off the stem of a TULIP in pot, plants his foot on the SHOULDER of one of the lawyers, JUMPS for the door --

-and gets fucking WRECKED by the CEILING FAN. As he topples to the ground, he knocks into DICKY and - WHOOMP - the VASE gets stuck on Dicky's head.

Pinky Lawyer, who has had just about enough of this slapstick malarkey, PINS Dicky's head/the vase onto the table next to the contract, pulls out a DESERT EAGLE and fires two deafening warning shots into the drop ceiling above them.

PINKY LAWYER
SIGN THE CONTRACT.

DICKY
(muffled)
NEVER.

Pinky Lawyer presses his gun to the back of the vase and cocks the hammer.

PINKY LAWYER
YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS BEFORE I SIGN
THAT CONTRACT WITH YOUR FUCKING BRAINS.

DICKY
I'LL NEVER SIGN THAT CONTRACT.

PINKY LAWYER
TWO. YOU WILL SIGN THAT CONTRACT.

DICKY
I WILL NOT SIGN THAT CONTRACT.

PINKY LAWYER
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU MAN?

He fires a few more shots straight into the ceiling. Danny freaks out watching this whole exchange: whether he's worried about the vase or his brother is entirely unclear. Danny reaches for his waistband to draw his OWN gun, but finds nothing there.

DANNY
Damn, shouldn't have traded my gun for
this suit...

Danny frantically looks around for anything to help him stop the lawyers. Then he spots something on the wall. He looks at the DUST falling down from the bullet holes in the ceiling. And he grins as an idea comes to him.

DICKY
STOP STALLING AND SHOOT ME, PUSSY.

PINKY LAWYER
AHHHHHH!

DANNY
Ohhhh, boys!

Pinky Lawyer and his goons look up, glaring at Danny, who casually leans against a wall, leafing through a thick folder.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Before you pull that trigger... you might wanna look at THESE.

He holds up the folder, revealing its label: "HEATH CODE VIOLATIONS." Danny TOSSES them at Pinky Lawyer --

- and the flying paper straight up SLICES THE GUY'S EYE.

GUY LAWYER

AHHHHH!

Pinky Lawyer drops to the floor and clutches his eye, blood pouring through his fingers.

DANNY

OHHHHH!

His fellow lawyers freak out and crowd around him.

GUY LAWYER

AHHHHHHH! SHIT!

BURLY LAWYERS

Oh man. Are you okay? How bad is it?

Dicky sits up, confused with the vase still on his head.

DICKY

(muffled)

Dude what'd you do?

DANNY

Shit. Shit. Sorry. Sorry. Did I get the eye or the eyelid?

The Burly Lawyers tenderly inspect their fallen leader's wound.

BURLY GUY LAWYER

It's okay, just lemme see --

Pinky Lawyer, still groaning, lifts his hand for a split second and the lawyers all WINCE and SCREAM at what they see.

BURLY LAWYER #2

OHHH! You took out his eye, dipshit!

DANNY

How?! It's just paper --

He realizes the folder has little METAL HOOKS on the end. One of them has blood on it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ohhh I bet one of these got him. That's my bad.

Dicky, alarmed, takes the vase off his head and scolds his brother.

DICKY

What were you even trying to do?

DANNY

I was just gonna show them all that dust they're breathing is asbestos. I thought they'd run away.

He scoops up a couple blood soaked health code violations from the ground to show Dicky. Meanwhile the lawyers help Pinky Lawyer off the ground.

BURLY PINKY LAWYER

Come on, we better get you to urgent care.

GUY LAWYER

Ahhh it hurts so bad. I can't see shit.

Danny menaces him with the bloody folder.

DANNY

Yeah, that's right... get out! There's more where that came fro--

- Burly Pink Lawyer whirls around and SCOLDS him with the paternal intensity of a father lecturing a toddler.

BURLY PINKY LAWYER

NO.

Stone cold silence fills the air. Danny cowers.

BURLY PINKY LAWYER (CONT'D)

You **HURT** him.

DANNY

...I'm sorry.

Burly Pink Lawyer nods sternly. The lawyers guide their whimpering friend out the door and it clicks shut behind them.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Whew! That was something. Good thing Big Bro was here to bail you out.

Dicky wordlessly starts pushing Danny towards the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wha - hey - but I saved your life!

DICKY

And now I'm saving yours.

DANNY

Huh?

DICKY

Because if I have to look at you for one more second I'll kill you.

DANNY

Aw, come on, don't you remember what Mom always said? No customer leaves hungry. I'm hungry!

DICKY

You're not a customer. You're a corpse.

DANNY

She also said never turn your back on family!

DICKY

I'm looking you dead in the eye.

Danny scrambles, trying to think of something else to say as Dicky pushes him closer and closer to the door.

DANNY

She... uh... she also said... uh...

As he stares at the open door, he suddenly FLASHES BACK TO:

FLASHBACK: His MOM stands in the doorway, looking sternly down at her two baby boys.

END FLASHBACK. Danny's eyes go wide. He sticks his legs up on the door frame to block DICKY from shoving him out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

She also said "be good to each other, no matter what!"

The words stop Dicky dead in his tracks.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Those were her last words that night.
The night she left us. Two scared little boys with nothing but a restaurant...

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
and each other... to face that big scary
world outside.

DICKY
That was a long time ago.

DANNY
You're right. It was. It's been so long.
So long since... since I felt like I was
home. So please, just... can I stay one
night? Here. Where it's safe. With you.
And Mom. Before I go back out into that
big scary world all alone?

DICKY
Why should I help a big smelly butt like
you when you've been nothing but a
smelly butt to me?

DANNY
Because... that's what "no matter what"
means.

Dicky's lip quivers. He sneaks a guilty glance to his mom's stern
portrait under the shrine. Danny clocks this with a hungry gleam in
his eye.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Bulls-eye...

Dicky breaks.

DICKY
One night.

He lets Danny go - Danny crashes to the ground. Dicky's already
marching away towards the stairs.

DICKY (CONT'D)
And you better be gone when I wake up.

Dicky gives him a suspicious glare as he snatches the vase from the
shrine and takes it with him up the stairs.

DICKY (CONT'D)
And I wake up EARLY!

Dicky slams the door. Danny chuckles to himself.

DANNY
Heh. Good thing I never slee--

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S RESTAURANT - MIDNIGHT

Danny is FULL ON ASLEEP and snoring in the exact same position we left him.

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 Boxos 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. Clint, his assistant, stares with complete apathy at the back of his head.

BOXOS (CONT'D)

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

PIEDMONT

And it will, sir. Tomorrow, the Wong Brothers shall witness the full power of Boxos 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. Play them on 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.

Piedmont trembles as he listens to the wailing lawyers.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAWN

Danny snores on the floor of the restaurant. Somehow in his sleep he's grabbed the framed picture of his mom from the shrine and is cuddling it. A beam of sunlight stretches across his face and he stirs awake.

Danny yawns - then sees he's holding his mom's picture and recoils with disgust. He gets up, still groggy - then his eyes bolt open as he remembers why he's here. He checks his watch, alarmed, glances towards the stairs... then smiles as he hears Dicky SNORING in the apartment above him.

DANNY

Heh. Time to get sneaky.

Danny DUCKS out of frame. We watch a SHADOWY FIGURE scurry around all stealthily through the restaurant. He slithers up from under tables, darts between flower pots, snatches a bowl of FRUIT from the counter, then vaults up into the drop ceiling and vanishes from sight.

We pan down to Danny, who only ducked down to tie his shoelace, and has been watching this strange stealthy man dart around and then disappear.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Who the hell was that?

Danny shrugs and casually walks up the stairs.

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

Danny cracks the door open and peeks inside. Dicky snores in bed. The MING VASE sits on a windowsill right above him. Danny tiptoes over to the bed, reaches awkwardly over Dicky to oh-so-carefully grab the vase. Right as he gets his fingertips around it, he glances down at Dicky - and GASPS.

Dicky is wrapped up all snugly and tight like a big BURRITO. A powerful memory comes rushing back to Danny.

FLASHBACK:

Thunder rumbles and rain pours outside. Kid Dicky sniffles, teary eyed in bed. Kid Danny comes up to him and puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

KID DANNY

What's wrong, lil bro?

KID DICKY
I can't get comfy.

KID DANNY
Why not?

KID DICKY
Mommy always tucks me in like a burrito.

KID DANNY
Pssh I can do that for ya.

Kid Danny wraps Kid Dicky up tight like a burrito.

KID DICKY
Will you always do this forever?

KID DANNY
Only if you don't fart in it. 'Cause
then you'd be a bean burrito!

Kid Dicky giggles... then gets a sly grin and slips out a TOOT.

KID DANNY (CONT'D)
Eeew!

Danny whacks him with a pillow. The two brothers crack up and play fight with each other as the rain pours on outside.

END FLASHBACK.

Danny's lip quivers as he recalls this tender memory. He tries to shake away the emotions. He grabs the vase and lifts it from the window sill -

- but then he realizes a SINGLE TEAR is rolling down his cheek... right towards DICKY.

SLOW MOTION: The tear FALLS from Danny's peach fuzz.

Danny, still holding the vase, watches it plummet towards DICKY's dozing face.

A HAND slips in and catches the tear right before it lands on DICKY's nose.

END SLOW MOTION: Danny breathes a huge sigh of relief. Then he realizes both his hands are still holding the vase. So wait - who caught the tear?? He looks down ---

And sees DICKY glaring at him, holding the tear in his open palm. Danny gulps, caught red handed.

DANNY

Uhh...

Dicky curls his fist around the tear and UPPERCUTS Danny.

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

We hear LABORED BREATHING and LOUD THUDS coming from the stairwell. The door bursts open. Dicky, panting, drags a seemingly unconscious Danny by the ankle into the kitchen.

DICKY

Get up. And get out.

Danny lies there, unresponsive.

DICKY (CONT'D)

I know you're not unconscious Danny. I didn't hit you that hard.

Danny subtly cracks an eye open to glance behind him.

DICKY (CONT'D)

I can see you looking at me. Get out.

Danny quickly shuts his eyes again and starts snoring.

DICKY (CONT'D)

People don't snore when they get knocked out!

Dicky grabs his foot again and drags him by the feet towards the door. Danny, still fake sleeping, tries to slow him down by clinging to chairs, tables, etc.

Dicky just rolls his eyes at this transparent ploy. He 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 a dug-out construction pit that surrounds the restaurant.

Dicky, oblivious, scoots butt first out the door. Danny clings to the door frame. Dicky pulls with all his might. His butt sticks out, dangling over the abyss.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Let go. Let go. Let --

Dicky steps back and PLUMMETS over the edge into the pit.

He drops like a rock, still clinging to Danny's ankles, which SLAM into the ground at the edge of the pit.

DANNY
OW! What the hell?

DICKY dangles in the air, hanging onto Danny for dear life.

DICKY
Danny! Don't let go! Don't let go!

With Dicky full weight pulling on his legs, Danny (still oblivious to their mortal peril) struggles to keep his grip on the door frame.

DANNY
Damn... bro... you been... working...
outAAAAAH---

- Danny's grip gives way and he goes sliding out the door. He flails around wildly as he's pulled over the edge. He DROPS - but manages to hook his arm around a piece of REBAR jutting from the ground at the very last second.

Danny clings to the rebar. Dicky clings to Danny's pants. Teetering in the abyss, gasping for breath, terrified out of their minds, both brothers finally take in their 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.

TITLE SLAM:

钉子户

(*NAIL HOUSE*)

A sweeping Chinese pop ballad fills the score as we kick off, forty five minutes into our movie, our INTRO CREDITS.

MONTAGE: We watch classic, second unit director b-roll shots of construction workers going about their day in the pit. Title cards and crew credits play on as the workers haul equipment, dig dirt, review blueprints, etc.

Blurry, in the background, we see Danny and DICKY still dangling over the cliff, screaming and freaking out. Slowly, the construction dudes start to realize there are two guys hanging above them. One of them races over to a phone line.

CUT TO: Clint and Piedmont film a stupid viral TokBox video at the edge of the construction site. The phone they're filming on gets an INCOMING CALL. Piedmont takes it and smiles as he listens.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - PIEDMONT'S MODULAR OFFICE - DAY

Piedmont raises a megaphone to his lips and calls out to Danny and Dicky.

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

INTERCUT: EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Dicky and Danny scramble like rats back up into the entrance of the restaurant. Their voices echo across the chasm as they yell to Piedmont on the other side.

DICKY
What the hell is going on?

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

As Dicky yells at Piedmont, an idea occurs to Danny. He slowly slinks away into the restaurant and scurries up the stairs in the back.

DICKY
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.

DICKY

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 Dicky's phone speaker.

VOICE MENU

Welcome to City Hall... powered by BigBox! If you'd like to voice your support for OneBigBox.Com Way, please press one. For all other business, please hang up the phone.

DICKY

Ahhhhhh!

Danny comes into the dining room from the stairwell door, clearly stuffing the VASE under his shirt.

DANNY

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

DICKY

Wow. Bailing, huh? What a surprise.

DANNY

Whatever, you were literally dragging me out the door a second ago. Good luck being totally screwed.

Danny calls out through the front door to Piedmont.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hi! I'm ready leave. Can you like, lower a drawbridge?

PIEDMONT

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

DANNY

Come on, you can't just trap me 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... your property surrounds our property!

PIEDMONT

Yes, it does.

DANNY

Ahhhhhh!

Danny turns back to Dicky.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Okay, dick face. Enough games. Time to sign that contract.

DICKY

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

DANNY

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

DICKY

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.

Dicky marches towards the kitchen and opens the door, revealing huge bags of RICE on the shelving.

DICKY

Uh, hello? Look at all this rice! This will last me for YEARS. Especially since I'm not sharing any with you, dingus.

DANNY

I don't want your crappy food, dingus. I'm busting out of here. And don't come begging me for help once you realize what a dingus you are.

DICKY

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

DANNY
DINGUS!

DICKY
DINGUS!

Dicky slams the door to the kitchen.

DANNY
Dingus...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE: Dicky slams a big bag of rice on the table and nods with approval. He plugs a RICE COOKER into the wall and presses the power button.

Nothing happens. He pokes it again. Nothing. Concerned, he flips a light switch... and realizes the POWER has been cut! Panic rising, he rushes around the restaurant, flipping switches, turning dials, and twisting faucets. No power. No gas. No WATER.

Dicky looks back at that big bag of uncooked rice with mounting despair...

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 CONSTRUCTION WORKERS. They throw Danny back into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dicky scrounges desperately through the restaurant for water. First stop - he sticks a big plastic jug under the HOT WATER DISPENSER. But only a few measly drops come out.

Next, he opens the fridge. He reels at the stench inside and flicks ruefully at the fridge's dead lightbulb - all the food has spoiled from the lack of power. Dicky pulls a tray of melted ice cubes out of the freezer and dumps the water into the jug.

He gathers more bits of water from every conceivable source - toilet tanks, drippy faucets, a dusty old glass of water by his bed. Slowly, the plasticjug begins to fill.

Dicky watches a youtube video on his phone: "HOW TO BUILD A FIRE!" and follows along with two sticks and a bunch of kindling on the kitchen floor. He huffs and puffs as he rubs two sticks together - soon he's beet red with exertion and drenched in sweat.

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - ROOF - DAY

Danny lights up a cigarette with a LIGHTER and takes a big drag as he stares moodily out across the construction pit. Then he reaches into his bindle, pulls out an ice cold bottle of water, and drains the entire thing in one chug.

DANNY

Alright. Let's do this thing.

Danny raises a BOW AND ARROW, pulls back, aims for the sky, and FIRES. An arrow sails across the pit - the tablecloth rope tied to the shaft. The arrow sticks into a telephone pole on the other side. Danny ties off the other end of the rope, which now forms a taut line across the pit.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Heh. Nice one.

Danny straps two huge pieces of CARDBOARD shaped like fluffy white CLOUDS to his arms, hides between them, and scooches his way hand-over-hand across the pit.

CUT TO: From an extreme distance, it does kinda, sorta look like a little cloud is floating above the pit.

INT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY

A grizzled, ghille-suited SNIPER watches over the pit.

POV SNIPER SCOPE: His crosshairs land on Danny's fluffy cloud. He furrows his brow, suspicious. He flicks a switch on his scope and with a BWEEEE sound it switches to THERMAL. Danny's heat signature is clearly visible behind the cardboard cloud.

The sniper narrows his eyes. Adjusts his aim. Compensates for the Coriolis effect. And FIRES. A DART launches out, pierces the cardboard cloud and sticks Danny in the butt.

DANNY

Ow my butt!

Danny goes woozy, passes out, and falls into the pit.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLING HOUSE - DAY

The construction workers 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.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

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

As they leave, Danny cracks an eye open... and smirks as he reveals he has stolen one of their EMPLOYEE BADGES.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN - DAY

Back in the kitchen, the two sticks SMOKE in DICKY's sweat-covered hands. Then, at long last, the kindling IGNITES and a roaring fire erupts before his eyes.

DICKY

YES! HA HA! YESSSSS!

Exhausted, drenched in sweat, Dicky wipes his brow and takes a huge gulp of WATER. He smacks his lips in sweet relief - then realizes he has chugged down his entire WATER SUPPLY,.

DICKY (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOO!!

CUT TO: Dicky, stripped down to his underwear, wrings the sweat out of his clothes back into that water jug. He collects a few pitiful, milky drops. Dicky collapses on the ground in despair.

His tummy growls. He looks up at the rice. He grabs his phone and googles: can you eat uncooked rice?

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

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - PIT - DUSK

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER who looks KINDA LIKE Danny passes beneath the restaurant at the bottom of the pit. Suddenly, that TABLE CLOTH ROPE drops down in front of him. He stops, stares at it, looks up -

- Danny, not using the rope at all, FALLS from the sky and CLONKS into the guy, smashing him to the ground. Danny pops up, dusts himself off, grimaces at the injured body (off screen) of the guy he just landed on, then gives a dainty tug on that dangling table cloth rope. It falls - and the MING VASE, tied to the other end above him, lands gently in his hands.

He breathes a sigh of relief, grabs the helmet and vest off the KO'd construction worker, and slinks away.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

Danny swipes his purloined ID BADGE through a scanner at the entrance to the construction site. He tips his helmet furtively in front of his face as he slips through the gate.

But just as he takes his first steps on free land - the FOREMAN drops a big meaty hand on his shoulder and glowers suspiciously at him.

FOREMAN

Trying to sneak away huh...? I don't think so.

Danny freezes, cringing in fear. The foreman breaks into a big wide grin.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Not on KARAOKE NIGHT, BUDDY!

Danny cringes even HARDER.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Danny, already buzzed, clutches his vase and the microphone while he belts out the SAME CHINESE POP SONG we just heard in our intro credits to a rowdy group of drunk construction workers. They cheer. An annoyed waitress comes in with a big tray of shots. Danny grabs one off the tray and pounds it. They CHEER again.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Danny barfs his guts out into the Ming vase as the Foreman gives him a soothing pat on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A framed photo of that KO'd construction worker smiling with his WIFE and TWO KIDS sits on a little stand by the front door of this pleasant suburban home.

The front door opens and Danny stumbles in, wasted. He slurs a goodbye and waves to a car in the driveway behind him, which drives off.

Danny sets the Ming vase next to the photo, kicks off his boots and hangs his helmet on a coat rack. He takes a step towards the stairs, then notices someone has left SHEETS and a PILLOW out on the sofa. He rolls his eyes. Ugh.

Danny plops down onto the couch, puts his feet up, grabs a PS5 controller and boots up Call of Duty. We hear footsteps - the slippers feet of his WIFE appear at the top of the stairs.

WIFE (O.S.)

Not even gonna say goodnight, huh?

Danny drunkenly gestures to the sheets on the sofa.

DANNY

Well you made it pretty clear you don't wanna see me!

WIFE

Keep your voice down. Timmy has soccer in the morning.

DANNY

Yeah, yeah...

She gives a weary sigh and heads back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MINI VAN - DAY

A bleary eyed, hung over Danny swigs a Pedialyte as he drives little TIMMY (8) in the family mini van. Danny glances through the rear view mirror at Timmy, sullen, playing a game on his phone. A pang of guilt on Danny's face. He sighs.

DANNY

Sorry if you heard Mom and I last night...

TIMMY

(doesn't look up)
Uh huh...

DANNY

We love each other... it's just...

TIMMY

Whatever.

Danny slumps.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SIGHT - ENTRANCE - DAY

Danny swipes his ID BADGE through the reader and steps through the gate. Still hungover, he winces at the sound of pounding jackhammers and drills. The Foreman gives him a cheery slap on the back.

FOREMAN

How'd it go with the missus?

DANNY

Oh, you know, she --

INJURED CONSTRUCTION WORKER

- HEY THAT'S THE GUY!

The construction guy that Danny knocked over, now with a bloody bandage on his head, instantly spots Danny and points him out to two beefy fellow workers.

DANNY

SHIT!

Danny bolts for the exit --

CUT TO:

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. The scissor lift rises into view and the workers angrily shove hungover Danny back into the restaurant. He crumples onto the floor, the vase tucked under his arm.

DANNY

Ughghghg...

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

Dicky! Open up. I'm starving.

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

DICKY (O.S.)

Well, well. Look who's hungry...

DANNY
Shhhhh. Stop yelling.

DICKY
You said you didn't need my food. You were busting out. But look who's back, wanting my delicious treasures.

DANNY
Not now bro. My head is killing me. I have nothing in my stomach... ugh. Whats the smell. Did I throw up in here?

Danny looks around confused.

DICKY
Psh. You always take credit for everything. But not this time. I threw up. Dingus. And I'll do it again--- bleeegh

Dicky 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, dude?

DICKY
No! I'm not an idiot. I ate all the fridge food. And it was all bad. Only the rice is good. But I have no water. So I ate the bad. And now I feel bad.

DANNY
There's no water?

DICKY
Piedmont shut it off.

DANNY
Ah man. I'm dying here... how about the ice cube trays? Or the toilet? Or the --

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

DANNY
And there's no other food?

DICKY

How many times do I have to throw up you idiot. I already telled all the food everywhere.

Danny drops to the floor thinking. He holds his head in his hands and smacks his dry lips. His tummy grumbles. He hears Dicky quietly retch behind him.

DANNY

Okay, dude. I can make us water.

DICKY

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

DANNY

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

DICKY

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

DANNY

Do you want cooked rice or not?

Dicky 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.

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

DICKY

Give me water, I give you rice.

He slams the door shut and locks it again. Danny picks up his pile of supplies and gets ready to work --

DICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And put the vase back! I know you stole it!

Danny grumbles. QUICK CUTS: He slams the vase back down on the shelf. Then through a rapid-fire MONTAGE, Danny MacGyvers the kitchen supplies into a crude, juryrigged 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. DICKY glares through the window - but his eyes go wide at the JAR OF WATER in Danny's hands. He opens the door, guarded.

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

DICKY

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

Danny grins with pride.

DANNY

From my penis.

DICKY

AHHH! EWWW!

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

DANNY

IT WAS DISTILLED, YOU MORON!

Dicky cringes, realizing his mistake.

CUT TO:

An angry Danny taps his foot outside the kitchen door. Dicky, 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 Dicky 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. Dicky steps out of the kitchen with a stack of bowls and a steamer full of RICE. Danny's eyes glisten with hunger.

Dicky sets the bowls down. Danny dives in, groaning with relief as he horks down big globs of rice. Dicky watches him chow down like a pig at a slop trough. He glances over to the PEE DISTILLERY standing in the corner. Dicky gives a weary sigh and takes a pensive bite from his rice.

DICKY
Pretty cool gizmo.

DANNY
(mouth full of rice)
Huh?

He points to the pee machine.

DICKY
Probably got an even nicer one at your big fancy restaurant, right?

DANNY
What? No. Ew.

DICKY
Well, anyway. It really did the trick.
So... thank you.

Danny stops, unnerved.

DANNY
Oh. Yeah. Well... don't get used to it.
You can't keep drinking my pee forever, dude.

Danny nudges his empty bowl aside and starts drawing up a new ESCAPE PLAN with a crayon on an old kid's menu.

DICKY
I know. You can only do it for like, 127 hours before you go crazy and cut your arm off.

DANNY

What?

DICKY

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 yourself a favor and give up
already.

Dicky stubbornly shakes his head - this is hitting a nerve, but he
refuses to admit it.

DICKY

Nuh uh. Can't do that.

DANNY

Suit yourself. I'm cutting my losses.
Vase or no vase. The second I squeeze
another 10 km/ph out of these rocket
skates, I'm splitsville.

On the menu, Danny has sketched an elaborate schematic of two
rocket skates and an absurdly complicated physics equation to
determine their maximum velocity. Thinking hard, he finishes the
equation and comes up with 7.3 KM/PH

DANNY (CONT'D)

Dang! Still too much weight...

He scribbles out the equation and starts anew. DICKY rolls his
eyes. Danny goes to refill his rice bowl -- and Dicky snatches the
rice and walks away with it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wha - hey, no seconds!

DICKY

It's for mommy, stupid.

Sure enough, Dicky sets the rice beneath his mom's photo at her
shrine.

DANNY

For MOM? How's she gonna eat it? With
her GHOST MOUTH?

DICKY

Look, all I know is every night I say a prayer for her and leave some food out for her, and every morning it's gone.

Danny glances up at the AIR VENT.

POV AIR VENT: Something... or someone... stares down at Danny from the vents, breathing hard.

DANNY

I... don't think that's Mom, dude.

DICKY

Whatever. Shut up. I'm trying to pray.

Dicky kneels before the shrine. He scowls at his Mom's photo and mutters to her in a whisper.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Ya know when I asked help this isn't exactly what I had in mind...

Suddenly, he spots Danny in the reflection of the photo's frame, stealing rice out of his bowl at the table. Dicky winces in irritation... then takes a deep, centering breath and exhales.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Okay,

Whirls around.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Danny... I need your help.

DANNY

What?

DICKY

I can't do this on my own. I know it. You know it. Even Mom knows it.

Holds up burned twenty.

DANNY

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

DICKY

Five minutes after I burned this, you were at my door. And since then, you've saved my life, kept us from starving, and turned pee into water. She sent you, dude. So here's the deal.

(MORE)

DICKY (CONT'D)

Help me save Mom's restaurant... and
Mom's vase is yours.

DANNY

Wha... really?

DICKY

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 vase cause you wanted to
honor her.

DANNY

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

DICKY

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

DANNY

Definitely not.

DICKY

That would be unforgivable.

DANNY

Unforgivable!

DICKY

So...?

DANNY

So...?

DICKY

So are you in or what?

Dicky puts out his hand. Danny regards it for a moment. Glances
down to his rocket skate calculations. He sighs... then shakes his
brother's hand.

DANNY

Okay, Dicky. 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,
Dicky. What we need is a miracle.

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

DICKY
Oh, great, now it's raining!
(beat)
Wait a second...

Dicky and Danny grab each other and shout in unison:

DANNY
WATER! DICKY (CONT'D)
WATER!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - ROOF - NIGHT

Danny and Dicky 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. Clint holds out an umbrella for him.

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

Piedmont opens his mouth wide. Clint instantly puts a stick of gum into his mouth. Piedmont chews, and looks back into the binoculars.

Dicky and Danny are now staring straight at him. Dicky is doing the "suck it motion". Danny is flipping him the bird. Piedmont frowns, annoyed.

But wait. Danny's not done. He lifts up another fist. Piedmont rolls his eyes, knowing what's about to come.

Sure enough. SECOND MIDDLE FINGER. Piedmont begins to turn away...

BUT WHAT IS THIS?! Danny is bringing his two middle fingers together. Piedmont pushes his face into the binoculars. What is he doing?

His fingers interlocks. Piedmont clenches his first. Danny raises a third finger between the first two. THREE MIDDLE FINGERS.

The LENS of the binoculars EXPLODES as Piedmont crushes it in his hands. Fury radiates from his face.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

Bring me the app.

Clint holds up Piedmont's phone. Lightning cracks. Piedmont 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 - NIGHT

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 - DICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Danny steps into Dicky's room, where he's snoring away under a big blankets.

DANNY

Dicky, get me a blanket. It's freezing up here.

DICKY

No way! Then I'll be freezing.

DANNY

Dicky come onnnnn. I don't want YOUR blanket, I just want a blanket.

DICKY

Look if you're gonna complain, you can sleep downstairs.

DANNY

Ugh, fine, I'll get it myself. Where are your blankets?

Danny mutters as he turns the room ove.

DICKY

Stop that! Hey! Cut it out!

Danny opens a closet door. A huge mess of bills pour out all over the floor.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Ah sheesh dude come on!

DANNY

Whoa... That's a lot of... you doing alright, man?

DICKY

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah! I'm doing great. Clearly.
That's all my fan mail. Can you please clean my failure off the floor and go to bed --

- Danny finds his food truck model and picks it up. Dicky freezes.

DANNY

Whoa... you kept this? All these years?

DICKY

Uh, yeah, you can... throw that in the trash. I've been meaning to... throw that in the trash.

Danny looks at it.

DANNY

Figured you would've torched this thing the second I left...

DICKY

Oh believe me, I thought about it. But there was a few years there I thought you might actually come back and wanna... you know... I dunno... make it for real.

Beat

DICKY (CONT'D)

But obviously I was wrong. I mean I can't say I blame you.

(MORE)

DICKY (CONT'D)

Who wants to make a restaurant with
their big dumb failure brother who can
only afford one blanket, right?

Curls up. Stifled sob.

DANNY

Ugh, is that SERIOUSLY your only
blanket!?

DICKY

Ugh you're such a jerk.

Danny tries to burrow his way in.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Wha -- get out!

DANNY

No. Scooch over, we're sharing.

DICKY

Leave me alone. I'm serious, dude.

DANNY

So am I. I'm not freezing to death just
because you wanna throw yourself a pity
party.

DICKY

Well... then... Say something nice about
me!

DANNY

What?!

DICKY

I was really vulnerable just now and you
were mean about it so if you wanna share
my blankie you gotta say something nice.

DANNY

Whatever. Fine. You're cool. You're a
cool guy. Lemme in.

DICKY

That's not real. Say something real.

DANNY

You're... not... a *complete* failure.

DICKY

WOW.

WIND HOWLING. Danny's teeth chatter. Stares at blanket.

DANNY

Look, dude. Restaurants are hard to keep open. Especially dumps like this one. But somehow you did it. By yourself. You're technically successful. That's more than...

Danny slumps a little, contemplating his own string of failures.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Well, it's more than some people can say.

He shakes off the self-reflection and goes back into manipulator mode.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So be proud of yourself. 'Cause I'm proud of you. And... I think Mom would be proud of you too.

A pregnant pause. Then - a SNIFFLE from under the covers.

DICKY

I hope so. Alright, get in.

DANNY

Yes! Alright, scoot over. I want big spoon.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DICKY

Giving you big spoon.

DANNY

Get off me!

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

DICKY

There, you're big spoon now. Happy?

DANNY

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

DICKY
What?

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

DICKY
God. Fine. You can be little spoon.

DANNY
I ALREADY AM LITTLE SPOON!

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

DANNY
BIG SPOON!

DICKY
YOU ARE BIG SPOON!

DANNY
THAT'S NOT HOW SPOONS WORK!

DICKY
YES IT IS!

CUT TO:

Danny sets two SPOONS on the desk. He explains to a skeptical Dicky
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.

DICKY shakes his head and rearranges the spoons.

DICKY
DUDE! The handle is the legs. The spoon
is your body. See? They nestle!

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?
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

And the rest of my body is just the spoon part? Look at this spoon!

Danny shoves the spoon into DICKY's face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

SEE HOW BIG THE HANDLE IS?

DICKY

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

DANNY

Well people are wrong.

DICKY

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

DANNY

NO! Admit I'm right.

DICKY

Not gonna happen, crazy person.

Dicky 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!

DICKY

Then we're never going to bed!

CUT TO:

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

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

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

Dicky 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. Dicky grabs the big, gross rat and cuddles with it. The rat squeaks. Dicky pets it.

DICKY (CONT'D)
(sleepwalking)
I love you too, Mr. Bunnybun.

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

DICKY (CONT'D)
(mouth full of rat)
Mr. Bunny, that tickl-OOOOH! AAHHH!

Dicky wakes up in HORROR.

DICKY (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 Dicky hold each other, terrified. Dicky GASPS as he sees--

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

DICKY
Oh God, WHY??

DANNY
OUR FOOD! They're eating everything in sight!

Dicky's jaw drops as the horrible realization dawns on him. They both 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.

DICKY
NO!

DANNY
NO!

INT. MAMA WONG'S - NIGHT

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

A screaming Dicky 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.

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

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

Danny is covered in rats, screaming. Dicky 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. Dicky abandons Danny to the rats and hauls ass to the kitchen. He grabs the bag and holds it above his head.

DICKY
NOT TODAY, YOU RAT BASTARDS

DOZENS of RAT FEET burst out of the bag. DICKY 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 Dicky lay on the floor, covered in scratches and rat bites. Danny gasps for air, exhausted. Dicky spits rat fur and poop pellets out of his mouth.

DANNY
Okay. That's the last of them.

DICKY
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.

DICKY

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

Danny slumps in despair.

PIEDMONT (O.S.)

Ohhhh, Dickolas! 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
DICKY stumble out of the front door.

DICKY

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?

Dicky seethes with rage.

DICKY

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.

DICKY

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 Dicky. Piedmont takes a bite of his sandwich.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

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

DICKY

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

DANNY

DICKY, calm down.

DICKY

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

Danny pulls Dicky away from the edge.

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

Danny shuts the door and slaps Dicky across the face.

DANNY

Get a hold of your self.

DICKY

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

DANNY

Plus the human body can go weeks without food.

DICKY

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

Dicky 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 allllll 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 Dicky, eyes crazy, face sallow and gaunt. He sets half the torn up turkey onto a plate in front of him.

DICKY

Okay. Half for me...

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

DICKY (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 Dicky out of their delirium. They look up at each other.

DANNY

Dinner time!

DICKY

Hooray!

Dicky 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. Dicky 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. Dicky 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 ultrathin pieces off the rice grain. He sets a sliver of rice on DICKY'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 Dicky and smiles with warmth.

DANNY

Bon appetit, mon frere.

END MONTAGE

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

DICKY

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY MORE!

Dicky GRABS his plate and desperately chews on it.

DANNY

Dicky, no!

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

DICKY

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

DANNY

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

Dicky 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

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

POV DICKY: The rat transforms into a tasty TURKEY DINNER. Dicky licks his lips. He reaches for the rat

DANNY (O.S.)

What's taking so long?

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

DICKY
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?

DICKY
No! He's mine. Get your own.

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

DANNY
Get back here, DICKY!

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS DAY

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

Blind with hunger and fury, Dicky doesn't even blink as he KICKS Danny through his mother's shrine. Danny snarls and SLAMS Dicky into the wall, oblivious as the vase wobbles on the shelf above him, teetering towards the edge...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - PIEDMONT'S MOBILE OFFICE - DAY

The sound of their brawl echoes across the pit to Piedmont, sitting at a fancy dinner table, dining on a delicious five course meal.

PIEDMONT
Music to my ears.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

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

Dicky and Danny wrestle on the ground in a murderous rage.

DANNY

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

DICKY

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

Danny gets Dicky into another HEADLOCK, just like in their fight as kids at the beginning of the movie. Dicky turns blue as Danny chokes his windpipe.

Dicky's head flops to the side. He looks at the rat, his vision fading... but then his eyes go WIDE. He taps Danny on the shoulder - but Danny shakes his head.

DANNY

Nuh uh. Not this time. This time it's
real.

Dicky points a feeble hand at the jar and manages to croak out a few words.

DICKY

Danny... look...

Danny looks at the jar... then GASPS. He lets go of Dicky. Seemingly by magic, the vase stops wobbling above them. The brothers stare in awe at...

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

DICKY (CONT'D)

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

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

DANNY

Dicky... look...

He turns Dicky's head to face the open door. Dicky'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.

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

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

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

DICKY (CONT'D)
Just like you wanted to get back home to
me....

DANNY
I only came back for Mom's vase!

Dicky sighs.

DICKY
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.

Dicky lifts up the jar and sets the rat free.

DICKY
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 Dicky 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 DICKY scream. They rush to the front door.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD - PIEDMONT'S MOBILE OFFICE - DAY

Danny and Dicky 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.

DICKY
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! Dicky and Danny scream.

DANNY
NO!!!

DICKY
NO!!!

BROTHER RAT
SQUEEEEEAAAK!

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. Dicky 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

Dicky cleans up the wreckage from his brawl with Danny. Amidst the rubble he finds his mom's toppled shrine. With a pang of guilt, he puts it back together and sets the shattered photo of his MOM in its center.

Mom's photo is definitely glaring harder at him than it used to. He looks away, unable to bear her scorn - and that's when he spots the VASE, hanging precariously at the very edge of the shelf above him.

Dicky picks up the vase, pondering it, deep in thought. Then he looks over at Danny, sitting at a table, desperately trying to suck the last bit of lip balm out of that chap stick tube.

Danny throws the empty tube across the table and hangs his head in frustration. Dicky puts the vase down in front of him.

DICKY

Here. Give it a good home.

Danny looks at the vase, then up at Dicky, concerned.

DANNY

Are you sure about this?

DICKY

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

Danny doesn't know what to say. Dicky 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.

Dicky signs the contract.

DICKY

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 - DAY

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

DANNY

Piedmont! Dicky's signed the contract.

Piedmont, busy filming a TokBox dance video with Clint on the other side of the pit, doesn't even break stride.

PIEDMONT

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

Piedmont speaks into a walkie talkie as he dances.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)
This is Piedmont. Victory is ours.
Prepare for demolition.

Danny turns away in disgust. He looks back inside. He sees Dicky take off Karen's manager pin and toss it aside.

SMASH CUT:

INTERCUT FLASHBACK: Kid Danny watches Kid Dicky tossing the manager's badge onto the coffin, above the grave

- The badge hits the coffin.
- MATCH CUT: The badge hits the floor of the restaurant. Danny looks up and sees Dicky walk away from-
- MATCH CUT: Kid Danny watches Kid Dicky walk away from the grave.
- BEEP BEEP - the cherry picker slowly lifts towards him.
- The coffin is descending.
- A suited lawyer slowly rises to Danny.
- A suited man puts his hands on little Danny's shoulder, turns him away
- Danny turns away, facing the lawyer, He grimaces.
- Kid Danny grimaces. He shoves the hand away and jumps into the open grave.
- He grabs the managers badge and struggles to climb out as the rain makes the mud slick. Suited man reaches hand out for Danny
- The lawyer reaches out to grab the contract. Danny reaches out to give it to him
- MATCH CUT: Kid Danny reaches out to give Kid Dicky the badge. Little DICKY looks up, a tear rolls down his cheek
- A tear rolls down Danny's face. The lawyer reaches towards the contract
- Kid Dicky reaches towards the manager badge. And grabs it--
- The lawyers hands go to grab the contract, but Danny pulls it away at the last second.

DANNY
WAIT! Uh... sorry. Looks like Dicky
didn't initial page 7. BRB.

He slams the door shut.

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

Danny closes the door behind him and shakes Dicky awake.

DANNY

Dicky! Get up. You're not selling this restaurant.

DICKY

The man ate a rat's head, Danny. I can't beat that.

DANNY

Yes you can. Know how I know? 'Cause you've won every fight we ever had. Even the ones I WIN I lose! You beat the odds every single day just keeping this place alive. And you've done that shit since we were KIDS. Pre-puberty! A lotta eight year olds can cook dude. They got a whole Top Chef Junior now. You know how many six year olds can run front of HOUSE? Just one. And I'm looking at him. I'm not the genius, man. You are. That's why mom gave you THIS.

Danny holds out their mother's nametag.

DANNY (CONT'D)

She believed in you. And I believe in her. Do YOU?

Dicky's eyes brim with tears. He wipes his nose and grabs the name tag. BEEP BEEP.

He looks up to see, across the pit, construction workers guiding in a wrecking ball. Piedmont crosses in front yelling on the phone.

PIEDMONT

We're moments away Mr. Boxos. I'll flood the socials the moment the contract is signed.

Dicky glances back to see Clint swinging sexy-like on the wrecking ball, ala Miley Cyrus while a phone set on a tripod films him.

An idea strikes Dicky.

DICKY

Hmmmm. Ever notice Piedmont's little bitch is always posting stupid corpo slop on TokBox? Every hour. On the hour.

DANNY

Heh. Sounds like you got a plan, little bro.

DICKY

We're gonna make Piedmont's mommy mad at *him*.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - DAY

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

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OFFICE - OFFICE - DAY

Dicky and Danny enter, and Piedmont greets them with open arms, and a cruel grin. Their attention shifts to Clint, robotic, sitting in the corner.

PIEDMONT

Okay, gentlemen. Let's talk turkey.

MOMENTS LATER:

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

DANNY

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. Are we done here?

Danny and Dicky lean in close and whisper to each other. Piedmont rolls his eyes and glances to Clint - "can you believe these guys?" Clint, on his phone, just shakes his head. Danny and Dicky glance at the clock, ticking towards the hour. Danny clears his throat.

DANNY

Gentlemen. My brother has decided...

TICK! The clock strikes 2:00. Like a robot, Clint bolts upright and marches out of the room to film his next video.

DANNY (CONT'D)
...that he needs to use the potty.

PIEDMONT
Oh my god. And how long is that gonna take?

Dicky is about to respond but Danny cuts him off.

DANNY
Don't answer that. I'll ask you again to direct your questions to me, not my client.

PIEDMONT
HOW LONG DOES YOUR BROTHER NEED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM?

A beat. Danny and Dicky whisper to each other again. Piedmont winces in irritation.

DANNY
Five minutes. Take it or leave it.

PIEDMONT
GO.

Dicky gives Danny a none-too-discreet thumbs up and leaves. Danny turns to Piedmont and rolls up his sleeves.

DANNY
So. Now that it's just us men. Let's talk turkey --

- Piedmont draws a DESERT EAGLE and a stopwatch.

PIEDMONT
If your brother's not back in five minutes from whatever stupid little scheme he's up to, I'm going to kill you, Danny Wong.

DANNY
Uhhhhh....

Piedmont cocks the gun and starts the stopwatch.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Dicky tiptoes EXTREMELY slowly through the construction site, sneaking behind Clint, who approaches the edge of the pit.

The Construction Foreman stands over a table of schematics - Clint knocks the table over, clearing room to set up his tripod and phone for his 2pm social media video.

FOREMAN

Hey, asshole! What's your problem?

Clint stares crazy-eyed at the Foreman, then unhinges his jaw.

CLINT

(screeching like a bird)

CRAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWW!!

FOREMAN

Aah! Fuckin' freak!

The foreman runs off, clutching his ears. Dicky watches in awe from the bushes as Clint resumes setting up his tripod. Dicky watches closely as Clint unlocks the phone.

POV PHONE CAMERA: Clint steps out to the edge of the construction pit. He starts doing a stupid TikTok dance --

- Dicky runs into frame, and KICKS Clint into the pit.

He leans over the edge to watch him fall. He scans around for any witnesses. Satisfied he got away with it he dusts himself off and addresses the camera.

DICKY

What up, Boxos fam! My name is Dicky Wong, and I'm the proud owner of Mama Wong's Dumplings - that's it right over there. And I'm here today, live on the real official Boxos TokBox account, to express my gratitude to Bill Boxos for making Mama Wong's the center of their brand new corporate campus food court!

It's not everyday large corporations take notice of small business owners from marginalized communities like myself. Xièxiè, Mr. Boxos. Oh! and a special shout out to SVP of Real Estate Richmond Piedmont, the man who made my dreams come true. First round of dumplings are on us, Piedmont!

END POV: Dicky grabs the phone and crafts his video into a social media post. First he trims out the footage of him kicking Clint into the pit - then he throws up a caption full of hashtags and emojis:

TFW BOXOS SAVES UR RESTAURANT ☐☐☐ #INSPIRATIONAL #SMOLBIZ

BUT: Behind Dicky, Clint claws his way out of the pit. He sprints towards Dicky, oblivious. Right as Dicky is about to click "PUBLISH," Clint TACKLES him.

Clint and Dicky roll in the dirt, feet and fists flying. They separate and leap back from each other to SQUARE OFF. The phone lies dead center between them on the ground as they stare each other down like old west gunfighters.

Suddenly the phone switches back to it's LOCK SCREEN. Dicky's eyes go wide. Clint smiles. Then the two of them LUNGE for the phone and round two of their fight KICKS OFF.

INT. PIEDMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in the office, Piedmont calmly aims his gun at Danny and stares at his stop watch, while Danny is having an absolute meltdown.

DANNY

No one can poop in five minutes. You can't. I can't. It was an estimate. YOU CANT KILL ME for an estimate -- Nah... I know your game. You wont kill me. Cause we're friends. R-r-right, Piedmont? We're buddies. PLEASE be my buddy. I promise we aren't doing anything, buddy. I wouldn't lie to my best buddy Piedmont - Oh god, I did lie, I'm a liar, IM GOING TO HELL. But you're coming with me! No, wait, I didn't mean it --

Piedmont's stopwatch rolls past five minutes and he pulls the trigger. POP! An AIRSOFT pellet hits Danny in the face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

AAHH! OWW-huh?

PIEDMONT

Airsoft gun. I can't kill you, Danny.

POP POP POP! Piedmont shoots him a few more times.

DANNY

Ow! Ow! Then... why are you doing this?

PIEDMONT

Because I like to know who I'm dealing with. And now I know what kind of man you really are.

DANNY

I was s-s-so scared... I thought I was gonna d-d-die...

PIEDMONT

Shhh. Shh. I know. But now, you get to live.

He pops open a huge briefcase full of CASH.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

100,000 dollars richer. All you have to do... is forge your brother's signature on that contract.

Danny gasps. Piedmont sticks a fountain pen in his hand. He looks at the pen, the contract, the cash. His lip trembles. His resolve crumbles.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Dicky and Clint engage in a fast paced martial arts brawl to gain control of the phone. They trade brutal blows while they THUMB-WRESTLE on the phone's touch screen.

As they fight, Dicky knocks over a piece of construction equipment, which bumps into another, then ANOTHER, setting off an elaborate Rube Goldberg sequence in the background of his brawl with Clint.

Dicky's phone-fu is strong: he manages to unlock the home screen, log into TokBox, and select all the squares that have a traffic light in them. But right as he's about to mash PUBLISH on the video, Clint gets him into a HEADLOCK!

Dicky's eyes bulge as Clint crushes his windpipe. He flails for the phone, juuuuust out of reach. His hand trembles and starts to go SLACK as Dicky passes out.

Meanwhile that Rube Goldberg sequence crescendoes as a large concrete TUBE starts rolling...

INT. PIEDMONT'S OFFICE - DAY

Danny, practically drooling over the money, finds one last ounce of willpower and shakes his head. He slams the suitcase shut.

DANNY

Nice try, Piedmont. But you've forgotten one thing. And his name is Dicky Wong. My brother never stops. He never quits. And he never, EVER --

-- WHAM! That CONCRETE TUBE FLATTENS a fence right outside Piedmont's office window. Danny looks out the window and GASPS - Dicky lies crumpled on the ground, unconscious. Clint picks up his phone and drags Dicky by the leg back towards the office. In the background, the tube ROLLS ONWARD...

Piedmont looms over Danny's shoulder as he watches with despair.

PIEDMONT

I should mention. The moment your brother returns from the *bathroom*, this deal disappears.

DANNY

(immediately grabbing the pen)
What's the date today? Is it the 12th?

PIEDMONT

The *thirteenth*.

Piedmont smiles like Satan as Danny starts scribbling his way through the massive contract.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Dicky's head lolls as he's dragged across the dirt, just like that shot in *Gladiator*.

POV - DREAM SEQUENCE - MAMA WONG'S: Dicky runs his hand along the Mama Wongs' countertop, just like Maximus touching the wheat in *Gladiator*.

POV - DREAM SEQUENCE - GERMANIA

Dicky, in full centurion armor, rubs his hands with dirt in the pre dawn light before battle just like in *Gladiator* --

END POV - Dicky's hand bumps against a rock (just like in *Gladiator*) and he STARTLES AWAKE. He looks up at Clint, still dragging him, looking at his phone, about to press DELETE on Dicky's video.

Dicky's eyes widen in fear. But then he hears a RUMBLING - and spots that runaway concrete TUBE rolling towards a line of PORT-A-POTTIES right in their path. Dicky gets an idea.

Right as Clint goes to press DELETE, Dicky GRABS him by the legs. Clint stumbles - right as the tube SLAMS into a port-a-potty, toppling it RIGHT over Clint --

- Clint STOPS the port-a-potty with a well placed HIGH KICK, suspending it over his head. He smirks down at Dicky - "nice try." But then the potty door swings open and out tumbles the CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN, who knocks into Clint, pants around his ankles, and starts beating the shit out of him.

FOREMAN

You think that's funny, freak?! Tipping
me over while I'm taking a shit?! I'll
KILL YOU!

Clint flails as blood splatters onto the Foreman's orange vest. Dicky winces, furtively swipes the phone, and presses PUBLISH. A loading wheel SPINS...

INT. PIEDMONT'S OFFICE - DAY

- just as Danny signs his name on the FINAL PAGE of the contract. As his pen finishes the last stroke --

- the doors BURST open as a furious gust of WIND flies into the room, scattering the pages of the contract EVERYWHERE.

PIEDMONT

What?!

A HELICOPTER lands just outside. Piedmont whirls around and sees BOXOS striding towards him, flanked by TWO(!) Clints.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

M-Mr. Boxos. Perfect timing, sir. We
just --

BOXOS

Failed. My son. You have failed.

One of the new Clints shoves a tablet into Piedmont's hand. Dicky's VIDEO plays on it.

BOXOS (CONT'D)

This is our official account, is it not?

PIEDMONT

But - but sir! We won. He signed the
contract. That means nothing --

BOXOS

THAT! MEANS! EVERYTHING! 12 billion
views. Trending world wide!

(MORE)

BOXOS (CONT'D)

The Asian American Small Business Association has named me Ally of the Year. You know how long I've coveted that award! No. There's no taking this back.

Boxos snatches the contract and rips it in half.

PIEDMONT

But... but... where will our poop go?

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.

A beaten, bloodied Dicky stumbles into the room, trying to act casual.

DICKY

Sorry that took so long. I was backed up like the 405! Heh. They keep adding lanes, but there's still traffic.

He plops into his seat.

DICKY (CONT'D)

So... any chance you guys... looked online recently?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Danny and Dicky, now blinged out head to toe in BOXOS swag, pose for a photo with Boxos in front of Mama Wong's. Click!

BOXOS

Gentlemen. On behalf of the Boxos Corporation, I would like to congratulate you on joining our little family.

DANNY

Hell yeah, back at ya, buddy!

Danny slaps him on the back. Boxos is barely able to hide his contempt.

BOXOS

Furthermore, in exchange for your complete discretion, I am delighted to reveal your restaurant has been restored to working order.

Boxos opens the front door and the brothers GASP - Mama Wong's is SPOTLESS inside!

BOXOS (CONT'D)

I'm sure our 20,000 employees will be eager to try your... dumplings... in the years to come.

DICKY

Gee whiz, thanks, Mr. Boxos!

Dicky puts out his hand for a shake. Boxos stares at it with disgust. He daintily shake one of Dicky's fingers, then walks off as a Clint squirts hand sanitizer into his palm. Mere moments before he is about to walk straight into the pit, a DRAWBRIDGE lands at Boxos's feet and he strolls safely to the other side.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - DAY

Dicky runs around, marveling at the restored restaurant. Danny watches him from the doorway with a bittersweet smile.

DICKY

Wow! It's like brand new in here! Mama Wong's is back in business.

Dicky runs off to explore. He flicks the lights on, illuminating the SHRINE - and the VASE. Danny looks up at it, guilt and indecision playing on his face. He approaches.

Out of focus behind him, we see Dicky checking the water and stove.

DICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Water's back! We've got gas!

PORN SOUNDS play from an open laptop left by the register.

PORN VIDEO (O.S.)

DID YOU KNOW? BRAZZERS IS FREE--

Dicky quickly shuts the laptop.

DICKY

Whoops - wifi's back too, heh heh.

Danny, not really listening, takes the vase down from its stand and runs his hand over it. A pang of sadness fills his eyes.

DANNY

Yeah, man. Looks like it all worked out for you.

Dicky basks in the glorious sight of a fully-stocked FRIDGE.

DICKY

It all worked out for US, baby!

He shuts the fridge and turns on the stove. The burner flames turn on. Dicky smiles.

DICKY (CONT'D)

I am *starving* - dude! We should cook Mom's dumplings! You can show me your moves. Mine *never* come out right --

Dicky turns to see Danny holding the vase. His smile fades.

DICKY (CONT'D)

... oh. Right. You gotta...

DANNY

Yeah. I should... yeah. It's cool that I...?

Danny holds up the vase. Dicky waves him off, trying to mask his disappointment.

DICKY

Sure. Yeah. For sure. That was the deal, right?

Danny tries to play it casual too.

DANNY

Yeah. Sorry to bounce, just, lots to do before, uh, my restaurant opens -

DICKY

You're good, man. You already wasted enough time bailing out your lil bro.

DANNY

Yeah-- well, adios butt nards.

Danny turns away and heads for the door. Dicky struggles to think of something to say, then blurts out:

DICKY

Thank you, Danny. Really. I mean it.

Danny stops in his tracks. He lingers in the doorway. He sighs.

DANNY
20 years and you still can't make a
dumpling?

DICKY
I mean... not as good as you.

Danny sets the vase down and smiles.

DANNY
All right. Lemme show you how it's done.

Dicky's face lights up. He rushes back into the kitchen.

DICKY
All right! I'll roll out the wraps. You
start on the filling.

DANNY
Hey! I'm the chef, I call the shots! You
do the wraps I do the filling!

INT. PIEDMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BROODING CLASSICAL MUSIC plays as Piedmont, stoic, stands in his office, sipping a scotch as he watches BOXOS on TV, accepting the ASIAN AMERICAN ALLY OF THE YEAR AWARD.

There's a knock at the door. Clint - bandaged and bruised from his fight with Dicky - grabs the door handle and looks at Piedmont. Piedmont downs his scotch, straightens his tie, and nods.

PIEDMONT
Bring it in.

Clint opens the door, revealing two BOXOS 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.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Hey, this is a restricted area! You
can't come in here!

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 Piedmont's eyes.

INT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MONTAGE: Dicky and Danny run around the kitchen cooking up a storm,
just like when they were kids - but this time, Dicky cooks while
Danny observes, correcting him where necessary.

He adjusts Dicky's chopping technique, shows him a new way to roll
the wrappers, and when Dicky goes to season the filling with salt,
Dicky SWATS his hand away.

DICKY
Huh?

DANNY
No no no. In this kitchen...

He pulls a jar of MSG from his pocket.

DANNY (CONT'D)
We use the GOOD SHIT.

He hands it to Dicky - who angrily pushes it away.

DICKY
The hell we do. Read the sign, bub. Mom
said NO MSG!

He points to a sign on the wall that says, "MAMA WONG SAYS: NO
MSG!" Danny gives him a knowing look and lifts the sign up,
revealing a HOLE in the wall - and a SECRET STASH OF MSG!

DANNY
You're right. That's what she said. *To
white people.*

DICKY
(teary eyed)
She was so wise...

QUICK CUTS: Danny dumps MSG into the filling. The boys mix, wrap, and steam. Danny carries a steamer basket into the dining room and opens the lid, revealing a dozen GLORIOUS DUMPLINGS. A TITLE CARD appears just like in the montage when they were making dumplings as kids:

MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS

Dicky leans down and breathes in the steam. A wave of nostalgia hits him, and his eyes well up.

DICKY (CONT'D)
They smell... they look... as good as
mom's.

DANNY
Better.

DICKY
Don't ruin this, dude.

Danny grins and pats Dicky on the back. Dicky grabs a dumpling, ready to take the long awaited, sacred first bite--

DANNY
-Wait wait. Your first bite's gotta be
with the dipping sauce, dawg.

Danny scrambles. He grabs a tiny bowl, and whisks up the dipping sauce with chaotic precision.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Sorry, sorry. One sec.

He grabs a knife, finely chops green onions, spins back around to sprinkle them in--

SLO MO: - and knocks the MING VASE off the counter.

SLO MO: Danny gasps as it tumbles to the floor with a THUD.

The "ming" vase *bounces*. Danny stares, stunned, as it doesn't shatter or crack. Not even a chip.

DICKY
Woah, slow down there bro.

DANNY
It didn't break.

DICKY
Yeah. Thank God it's not real porcelain,
right?

Danny approaches the vase, dead man walking. He picks up the vase, flips it over, and gasps in horror as reads the painted signature on the bottom: "Michigan Plastics."

Jimmy eyes his dumpling.

DICKY (CONT'D)
So, can I eat this now?

A lump forms in Danny's throat. He staggers back, dizzy.

DANNY
B-but, w-hy... we weren't even allowed
to touch it.

DICKY
Oh yeah. I found out that that's where
mom hid her cigarettes. And some other
things I don't want to talk about.

Danny stares into the cheap plastic vase.

DANNY
I'm dead.

DICKY
What?

Dicky puts down the dumpling and watches as Danny, muttering, snatches his hat and starts frantically packing a bindle.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Danny stops at the front door, and faces Danny, faking calm.

DANNY
Just remembered I had a big meeting to
finalize. Huge one. I'm already late.

DICKY
What? Are you okay? You look crazy right
now.

Danny shifts in place, clearly unraveling.

DANNY

Pssh. Just crazy mad at myself for
losing track of time. Gotta get this
VALUABLE vase over to my... money folks,
uh. For my mom restaurant pitch thing.
Momu, mom restaurant, all that.

Dicky narrows his eyes. Something's definitely off.

DICKY

What's going on--

DANNY

Nothing. Stay cool. Have a great life.
You were a good brother. Love you. I'll
never see you again.

Danny flings open the door--

And there stands **DON CHANG** and his GOONS. Perfectly framed.
Menacing as hell. Without missing a beat, Danny hands Don Chang the
vase.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Here you go Don. We're square. Bye.

Danny SLAMS the door shut. Spins around, heads for the kitchen.
Dicky starts to protest--

DANNY (CONT'D)

- actually, I AM actually really hungry.
Why don't you call 9-1-1 while I hide in
the basement.

The front door EXPLODES open behind them.

Don Chang strolls in, flanked by his goons.

DICKY

Who the hell are you!?

Don ignores him. He lifts the vase, inspecting it.

DON CHANG

Ming dynasty huh?

DANNY

Okay, look, I'll come with you.

Don hands the vase to his largest goon, who promptly rips it in
half and tosses the pieces.

DON CHANG

You'll stay right here.

Dicky steps up to Don. Danny tries to pull him back.

DICKY

I got this, big bro. You've done enough for me.

Don eyes Dicky, amused, like a cat watching a mouse.

DICKY (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are or what this is about, but that vase — cheap and worthless as it was — meant something to us. Especially to him! So before we go any further, why don't you start by apologizing—

Don Chang breaks out laughing.

DON CHANG

Holy shit, Danny. He doesn't know, does he?

DICKY

Know what?

DICKY (CONT'D)

Please don't.

DON CHANG

— Your brother's a bum. Homeless. He has no restaurants. He was giving me that vase to pay off his debt.

Dicky stares at Danny. Shattered.

Danny turns away, seething. Then SNAPS! He lunges at Don—

—Don calmly draws a gun and aims it at Danny's face. Danny freezes.

PIEDMONT

And that one's *not* an airsoft gun.

Piedmont enters.

DON CHANG

No. It's not. It's a real gun. Why would he think it's an airsoft gun?

Dicky snarls at Piedmont.

DICKY

What the hell are you doing here?

PIEDMONT

Helping Don kill you with this cool-ass bomb of his.

Clint and a GOON wheel in a large homemade BOMB. Danny's eyes go wide with recognition.

DICKY

This is insane, Piedmont. You won't get away with this.

DANNY

They will... thats *Agere Dei*. Act of God bomb. 39 detonations. 39 insurance investigations, one conclusion: accidental gas explosion. It's flawless.

DICKY

What? How do you know all that.

DANNY

I helped design it.

Dicky turns to Piedmont, stunned.

DICKY

But... you lost. Even if you kill us the land is still--

PIEDMONT

-*Mine*.

He pulls out the deed. Dicky's forged signature in bold.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

Your brother forged your signature before your little video went viral. Smart move, honestly. You might've been a worthy opponent in the boardroom. But in the end, we're only as strong as our weakest link. And your family has quite the weak link.

Dicky stumbles back. Danny pleads to Dicky.

DANNY

I thought you were beat. I--

PIEDMONT

A hundred grand. Thats what it cost to sell you out by the way.

DANNY

I'm sorry, Dicky.

Dicky stares at Danny. He shakes with rage.

PIEDMONT

Well boys. Beat 'em. Tie 'em. And blow
'em. Up.

Dicky lounges at Danny.

DICKY

I'm gonna kill you!

Clint whips out his bolas. It wraps around Dicky's legs – sending him crashing to the ground. The Goons grab Danny, and tie his hands.

PIEDMONT

No, no. We'll be doing the killing.

Don casually pops one of their dumplings into his mouth. He chews. Juice dribbles down his chin. He smiles with surprise pleasure.

DON CHANG

Goddamn. These are amazing. Danny, if
you'd stuck to the basics, we could've
had something. Try one, Piedmont.

DICKY

Don't you dare eat those!

Piedmont takes a bite. Delight spreads across his face.

PIEDMONT

Incredible. Perfect for our Basic Boxos
frozen food line.

Dicky thrashes against his restraints.

DICKY

Damn you!

Piedmont holds another dumpling, considers it – then walks over and gently tucks it into Dicky's shirt pocket.

PIEDMONT

One for road, Dickalous. Give my
compliments to the chef... when you see
her.

Danny and Dicky scream as they're dragged off. Piedmont pulls out his phone, heads toward the kitchen while Don works on the bomb.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)

Boxos. Piedmont, here. Good news! The Wong brothers have burned to death in an accidental gas explosion. Crazy, right?

He steps into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. MAMA'S WONGS DUMPLINGS - DICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Danny and Dicky sit back-to-back, tied to chairs.

Danny squirms, trying to break free.

Dicky, eyes full of tears, feebly bites at the dumpling peeking from his pocket.

DICKY

Sorry mom. I'll be seeing you soon.

Danny eyes a switchblade on the book shelf.

DANNY

Relax. Okay? We just gotta get to that Knife on that bookshelf.

Danny tries to scoot them towards it.

DICKY

God, I can't believe I'm going to die tied up to the biggest jerk alive.

Dicky tries to lick the dumpling in his pocket. Fails. He flexes his chest, trying to push it closer to his mouth. His movement scoots them away from the bookshelf. Danny scowls.

DANNY

What are you doing back there?

DICKY

I'm not dying before I get one last taste of mom's cooking.

DANNY

First off. That's my cooking. Second. You're a MORON! MOVE TO THE BOOKSHELF!

DICKY

You move! I'm happy here, eating mom's dumpling and watching you die!

The two of them bounce and jerk, fighting in opposite directions. But then-- THUD. They both flop to the floor.

The dumpling slides across the room, just out of reach, as the two of them lay, panting.

DICKY (CONT'D)

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

DANNY

She never said that.

DICKY

Didn't have to. I was her baby boy.

DANNY

Ya? Try first born son, dipstick. Born in China. Every time she looked at me she saw her homeland.

DICKY

The homeland she left. You were the past, dickweed. When she looked at me, she saw the future. Plus, oh yeah, she hooks me up with MIRACLES.

DANNY

Oh please.

Dicky glances at his Mom's photo on his nightstand. An idea!

DICKY

She sent me you. She made it rain. She... oh my god, that's it!

Dicky scoots them away from the bookshelf towards the photo.

DICKY (CONT'D)

MOM! MOMMY! Help us!

DANNY

Are you insane? Get the knife.

DICKY

It's one of those fake plastic practice ones you idiot.

Danny sighs, defeated, as he gets pulled towards the picture. His face passes the dumpling.

DANNY

Screw it, I'm eating this then.

DICKY

What? Don't you dare!

Dicky starts scooting away from the picture now, to stop Danny from eating the dumpling.

DANNY
I cooked it, it's mine!

DICKY
Hell no! I hope you starve in the
afterlife you bitch!

DANNY
AAAGGG!

They kick, bounce, scramble. Their mouths open like wild animals fighting to get to the dumpling.

Both wedge their legs against a heavy food shelf for leverage. It WOBBLES.

Suddenly, the shelf GROANS. The brothers look up and watch in horror as the huge shelf CRASHES DOWN ON THEM.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Danny and Dicky 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...

DICKY
Where are we?

KAREN (O.S.)
You're in heaven, boys.

They look up and see their MOM staring down at them. Danny and Dicky gasp.

DANNY
Mom???

DICKY
Mom!

Karen raises a bamboo backscratcher menacingly.

KAREN
And you're in a lot of trouble.

Dicky and Danny cringe. Karen WAPS Danny.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? Living on the street? Stealing beans? Lying to your little brother?

DANNY

Ow! Ow!

Dicky laughs at him. Karen scowls at Dicky.

KAREN

Don't you laugh at your big brother. You got your own problems. Like how come no girlfriend? Huh?

DICKY

Uh oh.

She waps Dicky with her backscratcher. Dicky tears up and grabs his mom in a hug even as she wacks him a few times.

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 grandkids?

Karen gives a weary sigh and pushes Dicky off of her.

DICKY

I missed you so much.

She waves the comment off and sits down on a bench and lights a cigarette.

KAREN

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 Dicky look down, sheepish.

DANNY

Sorry, Mom...

DICKY

Sorry, Mom...

KAREN

Don't apologize to me! What was the last thing I ever told you?

Danny and Dicky glance at each other, ashamed.

DANNY
Be good to each other...

DICKY
... no matter what.

Dicky sighs. He takes a deep breath and turns to Danny.

DICKY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Danny. I shouldn't have
stolen your food truck money.

DANNY
No, Dicky. I'm sorry. I never should
have broke your window.

DICKY
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.

DICKY
Well, I was your manager. I could have
let you grow more. Instead, I tried to
control you. 'Cause... I knew you were a
star. And...stars have to...

Dicky gets choked up. So does Danny.

DICKY (CONT'D)
Leave their brothers. Cause they're so
bright. I just didn't want to be alone.

DANNY
What? Really...?

DICKY
Of course, man. You're an amazing chef.
You could work anywhere you wanted. I
worked so hard to try to make the
restaurant nice enough so you would want
to s-stay...

Dicky bites back tears. Danny sniffles.

DANNY
B-b-but I only left... cause I thought
you didn't believe in me.
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I just w-w-wanted to make you proud. I
wanted you to... love me as much as you
loved mom. But I wasn't m-mom and
instead I made you h-h-h

Their voices crack. Their eyes water. Their lips tremble.

DICKY

No, I---

DANNY

HATE me!

Danny starts crying. Dicky follows.

DICKY

I never hated you. I just missed you.

DANNY

Well, I missed you too.

DICKY

I love you, Danny!

DANNY

I love you too.

Dicky and Danny look deep in each other's eyes. A beat. Then they
BURST into tears.

DICKY

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 DICKY over in surprise: Mrs. Chen, Mrs. Hyunh, and ONE of the Luo sisters are all playing mahjong on a nearby bench.

DICKY

Mrs. Chen? Mrs. Hyunh. Mrs Luo. What are you all doing here?

MRS. CHEN

Car accident on the way home. Come on Karen, we need a fourth.

MRS. LUO

My sister's family is refusing to pull the plug.

Karen kisses Danny and Dicky 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!

DICKY

We love you!

With that, Karen CLONKS their heads together and we--

CUT TO:

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

Dicky and Danny GASP as they wake up. They're pinned under the bookshelf. They look at each other, and nod.

DANNY

Together?

DICKY

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

Don Chang, wearing jeweler's glasses, looks up from his work. The Goons and Piedmont stare at the ceiling.

PIEDMONT

Check it.

The Goons rush up stairs.

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

Danny picks the dumpling off the floor and hands it to Dicky.

DANNY

Here. You have it.

Danny smiles and pops the dumpling in his mouth. Immediately spits it out.

DICKY

Blah- Its cold. And dusty.

DANNY

All good, I'll make more later.

DON'S GOONS and Clint BURST IN.

Danny and Dicky stand side by side, striking majestic KUNG FU POSES. The Goons circle them. The Buff Goon eyes the brothers carefully - something's wrong. They seem to radiate newfound *brotherly power*.

Buff Goon lifts his cross necklace and kisses it in prayer.

BUFF GOON

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.

Blades flash. DANNY and DICKY nod—and LAUNCH INTO BATTLE.

It's mayhem!

Danny shatters the Buff Goon's arm with one punch. Dicky dodges Clint's kick, grabs him, and SLAMS his head into the microwave.

Quick! Brutal! Efficient!

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

Piedmont grins as the sounds of violence erupts upstairs. He flexes his muscles. He's primed to fight.

DON CHANG
Bomb's armed.

Don removes his glasses, sets his tools down. A GOON'S HEAD crashes through the menu sign above them. He screams at DON!

GOON
HELP MEEEEEEEE!

He's ripped back into the fight. SMASH. Silence.

Don rises, and slips the detonator into his pocket.

DON CHANG
This is gonna be a real fight.

He takes off his suit jacket and holds it out for Piedmont.

DON CHANG (CONT'D)
You should go. This is no boardroom
brawl. This is for real--

PIEDMONT spin-kicks the suit away and fluid as water, removes his own, revealing his shredded FIGHTER BODY.

DON CHANG (CONT'D)
-Fighters.

The stairs creak. Piedmont and Don look up to see Danny and Dicky stroll down the stairs. They lock eyes.

DICKY
I always knew you were a fighter,
Piedmont.

Don Chang draws his gun.

DANNY
Question is. Are you a fighter?

Don Chang is already unloading the gun. He clears the chamber and sets the gun on the counter. Danny nods approvingly.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Yay, you are. I see nothing but four
real fighters in this room.

They circle around to the foyer, blocking the restaurant entrance. Don and Piedmont square up.

DICKY
This ends here and now Piedmont. Give me
the detonator, walk off, and enjoy a
life of middle management.

Don Chang speaks while dialing something into the detonator.

DON CHANG

Tonight, two fighters will get to feast
on the most delicious dumplings while
enjoying the company of a brilliant
single mom who raised two fine boys
against all odds.

He hands the Detonator to Piedmont. It beeps, a clock ticking down.

PIEDMONT

The other two? Cursed to roam this
mortal realm.

He HURLS the detonator out the window. It sails across the
construction pit and lands in wet dirt near the bridge. The faint
red glow of the timer pulses.

DANNY

Well, how long did you set the timer?

Piedmont smirks.

PIEDMONT

I forget.

No more talking. Piedmont and Don square up. Danny and Dicky inch
forward, fists raised. Construction lights blast through the
window, silhouetting our four fighters.

And so begins our **EPIC FINAL FIGHT!**

Mama Wong's erupts into chaos. Fists crash through drywall. Bodies
slam into tables. The battle shifts. 2 vs 2, then 1 vs 1, then 2 vs
1 as these four fighters turn the whole restaurant into a war zone.

Piedmont, frustrated with how it's going, suddenly steps back and
pulls out his phone right as Danny and Dicky double-team Don Chang.

He opens the Boxos Delivery app. Calm as ever, he scrolls to the
"Samurai Sword" listing. Taps it. A menu of delivery options
appears: 2-Day Free Shipping. Next Day for \$2.99 and finally
Instant Delivery: \$2999.

He selects **Instant Delivery.**

A drone, carrying a Katana, smashes through the front window.
Piedmont grabs it mid-air, unsheathes it in one clean motion—and
charges.

Just as Don hurls Danny across the room and crashing into the
kitchen, Piedmont swings for Dicky.

Dicky grabs chairs, tables-- anything to block the blade. But Piedmont slices through them like paper. The sword finds flesh. Cuts across Dicky's arms. Then his legs. Blood drips. Piedmont's not in a hurry. He's enjoying this.

He pushes Dicky back into the foyer. Dicky finds himself trapped between the pit outside and Piedmont's blade.

Piedmont sticks the sword into the wall beside him with a THWANG. Then slowly turns to face Dicky.

The poor kid is bleeding from a dozen wounds.

PIEDMONT (CONT'D)
I have a few minutes to kill. You don't
mind, do you?

He punches Dicky in the face.

IN THE KITCHEN--

- Danny fights Don, desperate to link back up with Dicky.

SMASH - Don slams Danny's head into the stovetop. He plants a forearm across the back of Danny's neck, pinning him down, grinding his face against the burner with all his weight.

With his free hand, he grabs a steak knife and lifts it high, ready to strike.

Danny thrashes, tries to kick free, but he's too exhausted.

DON CHANG
Take a last look at your little brother.

Across the room, Piedmont beats Dicky senseless. Dicky tries to fight back, but can't land a punch.

DON CHANG (CONT'D)
I'm glad he'll die knowing you're a
lying cheat. Bye Danny.

Danny's hand finds the stove knob. *CLICK-FWOOSH!*

Flames shoot up. Danny's face gets hit with flames--

- but so does Don's elbow. Don reels back as his sleeve erupts in flames.

Danny, snaps out of Don's grip, SPINS, and lands a crushing hook to Don's head.

THWACK! Don hits the ground, out cold.

IN THE FOYER

Dicky slumps to the ground. Piedmont pulls his katana from the wall and turns to finish Dicky-- CLANG!

A WOK crashed into the katana sending it to the ground.

Danny charges in!

Together, Danny and Dicky furiously fight Piedmont in a tight, brutal, cramped brawl until--

Piedmont stumbles backwards into the front doors. He raises his hands in a last desperate plea for peace--

-THE WONG BROTHERS SEND HIS ASS CRASHING THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS AND SOARING INTO THE ABYSS: The pit of his own making!

The two brothers stand, looking over the edge into the darkness below, panting for breath.

DANNY

Its over.

DICKY

No... the detonator!

EXT. MAMA WONG'S DUMPLINGS NIGHT

Danny and Dicky sprint across the bridge and scour the darkness looking for the detonator.

DICKY

Crap, where did he throw it! Over here right?

Dicky sees a faint red light and runs towards it. He sighs with relief when he sees its the detonator.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Found it!

He picks it up and looks at the digital display. He frowns.

DICKY (CONT'D)

He put like 8 hours on this thing.

BOOM! A BULLET rips through DICKY's shoulder. He falls to the ground. Danny screams. He spins around and sees--

-Don Chang standing at the front door of Mama Wong's.

DANNY

NO!

Don laughs and aims again at Dicky, now crouched in pain.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don, please. Don't shoot him. Shoot me!

Don turns to look at Danny, across the construction. pit.

DON CHANG

I... am. I'm going to shoot you.

DANNY

Oh. Well...

DON CHANG

I was just going to shoot your brother a few more times to make sure he's dead. Than I was going to end your life. But you know what, lets do you first, Danny!

Dicky's eyes widen. He looks down- his hand on the detonator.

BIG RED BUTTON!

KABOOM!

MAMA WONG'S EXPLODES!

DON CHANG is obliterated. His body shredded, scattered, unrecognizable, mingling with the smoldering ruins of Mama Wong's.

INT. CONSTRUCTION PIT - NIGHT

Below in the pit, Piedmont lays on his back, spitting up blood, nearly dead. Above him he sees Mama Wong's explode in fiery majesty. He smiles.

PIEDMONT

I win.

The Mama Wong's front sign comes tumbling down the pit, and as Piedmont screams in primal horror, it CRUSHES HIM!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD - NIGHT

DICKY collapses.

DANNY

DICKY!

Danny rushes over to him. He holds his brother in his arms.

DICKY
It's okay, man. Mom's name tag stopped
the bullet. See?

DICKY opens his shirt, revealing a GAPING BULLET WOUND. Shards of Mom's nametag just from his bleeding flesh.

DICKY (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?

DICKY
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 DICKY's hand. Together, they watch the restaurant BURN. DICKY gives a wistful smile as the walls of Mama Wong's collapse.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Sorry about the restaurant, dude.

DICKY spots something in the flames. His eyes light with astonishment.

DICKY
Hey. It's harder to replace a good chef
than a building.

Dicky nudges Danny and points. Across the construction pit he sees a Food Truck, illuminated by burning debris.

DICKY (CONT'D)
How 'bout we start your food truck?

DANNY smiles up at him. He raises a FIST for a pound.

DANNY
How 'bout we start *our* food truck?

They POUND FISTS. The food truck EXPLODES.

DICKY

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 Bros. Dump Truck!

DICKY

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!