

THE ONE AND ONLY: CAPTAIN BREAKFAST-TIME

royalty free 50's sounding rockabilly music; upbeat... the song comes to an end.

The whirl of a jukebox sliding a new record into place.

The scratch of a stylus.

SINGER IN RECORDING (V.O)

One... Two... Three... Four...

CUT IN:

INT. UNCLE NOSY'S TAPROOM - NIGHT

Picture of a young woman and a toddler in her lap; looking at each other; smiling. Tom Waits' *Ol' 55* plays in the background.

The picture sits in a small frame placed behind the bar; A loaded revolver and two bronze bullets lie in front of it...

A big glass mug slams down in front of it that. Soap suds drip down the sides of the mug, leaving a cloudy trail of residue along glass.

A BARTENDER (61, Sicilian, silver hair thick at the sides; near completely gone on the top; and all slicked back.) picks up another mug and begins polishing it. He wears a worn out red polo shirt, untucked and unbuttoned.

A warm, incandescent white light washes over him and the rest of his station behind the bar; a station he occupies singularly. The bar sits against the back wall of UNCLE NOSY'S TAPROOM, a small, underground lounge bar with no windows and as many patrons. No light from the Bartender's station spills beyond the bar itself, leaving most of the taproom in darkness. A sign above the bar reads "Have another at UNCLE NOSY'S"

Bottles everywhere.

Couple of tables.

Opposite the bar, stairs descend from upper right to lower left along the front wall, stopping in front of an old 1950s jukebox.

The inside of the jukebox faintly glows, identifying itself as the source of the music.

The sign on top of the Jukebox reads, "Bradley's" imprinted in big, cadillac letters; a lipstick heart is scrawled below to it, as if it dangled from the bottom of the "s"

An old upright piano sits in the otherwise empty back right corner; close to the bar, but keeping to itself.

Two booths run along the left wall from end to end; lampshades hanging over each; dimly lit.

Posters of 1950's style cartoon people drinking, laughing, dancing, kissing, having a good time, etc. Decorate the walls.

A pool table sits near the front-right corner by the top of the the stairs.

"God I hate myself." is carved into the wood along one side of the pool table.

A half burnt cigarette trickles out smoke from a crystal ashtray on the bar. The bartender retrieves the cigarette with calloused fingers.

He takes a puff and places down another cleaned mug.

He opens up an old tin cash register, stuffed to the brim with U.S. currency.

He starts sorting through all the money and counting it.

A thud from above. The bartender looks up.

The sound of people chatting/laughing in the room upstairs.

The bartender goes back to counting cash.

There isn't enough.

He sighs, then grabs an olde burlap cash bag and opens it.

Fat stacks of Monopoly money wrapped in thick rubber bands.

He takes a big handful of them out, and starts taking off the rubber bands.

A black brief case opens up; the Bartender stares inside.

The bartender places a thick wad of monopoly money into the brief case.

2 neat rows of wrapped up U.S. dollar bills line nearly all the briefcase except for one spot of visible play money.

The bartender places a stack of legitimate cash on top of the play money, creating a facade.

He closes the briefcase and snaps it shut.

He opens a comically large safe tucked beneath the bar, running horizontally from end to end, with about 50 briefcases already stacked inside it. He neatly stacks this briefcase in along with the others and then shuts the safe.

He looks at the near empty cash register... and closes it shut.

He throws on a ugly khaki colored fedora and overcoat.

He looks at the picture of the young woman and the toddler girl.

He walks off... The song ends.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "The first Sunday"

Record scratch.

SINGER IN RECORDING
One... Two... Three... Four...

SMASH TO:

INT. UNCLE NOSY'S TAPROOM - NIGHT

A big glass mug slams down in front of the picture. Soap suds drip down the sides of the mug, leaving a cloudy trail of residue along glass.

The bartender washes another mug.

Until the sound of the upstairs door creaking open gets his attention; and lets a new light in.

A shadow of a person going all the way down the stairs and hitting the wall next to it... The person at the top of the stairs plunks each leg one at a time down the steps.

The bartender watches the man come down the stairs. He places a hand on the revolver.

The person arrives at the bottom of the stairs and flops against the wall, leaning against it, he turns toward the the bartender as the light reveals:

CAPTAIN BREAKFAST-TIME (29, a parody of Cap'n crunch, Big, goofy looking blue bi-corn hat, blue over coat, white double breasted button down shirt with big doughy buttons, tan slacks, and below-the-knee high black boots. Disheveled, liquor and vomit stained mess. Stubble. Plastered.)

The bartender stares with an expression that can only be described as "what the fuck?"

The bartender withdraws his hand from his revolver.

Captain Breakfast-Time effortfully stands himself up and stumbles his way to the bar.

BARTENDER

Who let you in?

The Captain sits down at the stool in front of him.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry we're closed.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

No you're not.

BARTENDER

Uhm, yes we are.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Says who?

BARTENDER

Says Uncle Nosy

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Oh, oh, just let me talk to him.

BARTENDER

He's dead.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

He is???

Bartender nods.

CAPTAIN B-TIME (CONT'D)

(bewildered beat)

How did I fuck that up??

BARTENDER

I have a few guesses. Look, I'm sorry but you gotta scram- who let you down here?

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Uncle's Nosy's is... dead.

BARTENDER

Yeah, been dead a long time pal.
(calling up)
RICHARD!... Richard are you up there?!

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Uncle Nosy...

BARTENDER

Wait a minute... You knew Uncle Nosy?

CAPTAIN B-TIME

No.

BARTENDER

Then why do you insist he'-

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Not personally no, like, I didn't know-

BARTENDER

Stop. Listen to me. Uncle Nosy is dead, why is this news to you?

Beat.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

So how can he say it's closed if he's dead?

BARTENDER

No, pal, I say its closed now, and my word is as good as Uncle Nosy's.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Uncle Nosy gave you his bar?

BARTENDER

Why do you keep talking like you know him?

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Then Uncle Nosy's is open.

BARTENDER
No. It's not.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
Sure it is, if you say it is.

BARTENDER
I don't!

CAPTAIN B-TIME
Well, then just say it.

BARTENDER
There are rules.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
Your rules... Your rules, you make
the rules, you break the rules, you
decide its open.

Pause.

CAPTAIN B-TIME (CONT'D)
Come on...

BARTENDER
RICHARD I-

He throws his hands up.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
-you know what. Fine. You can
stay.// I got--

CAPTAIN B-TIME
Yessss.

BARTENDER
(polishing mug)
You can stay, but you can't drink.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
I'll be better with a drink.

BARTENDER
No you won't.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
I'll trade you for some cereal.

BARTENDER
Oh, is that what this is, you're
captain crunch? Richard, I am gonna
fuckin-

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Excuse me sir! My name is Captain Alexander Breakfast-Time, but you can call me "Captain Breakfast-Time." That is my name. That is what you shall call me.

BARTENDER

Who. The fuck. Is Captain fucking Breakfast-Time?

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Me!

BARTENDER

Yeah, I got that part.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

You haven't heard of me?

BARTENDER

No, you're captain crunch pal, I used to feed you to my daughter every day.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

Nuh-uh, you see this hat? You see it? My hat, has a big B at the center. B for breakfast-time. Meanwhile captain fuck-fuck has a C at the center. C for what? Cancer? How dare you compare *me* to that saggy-nippled charlatan, and how dare you compare my breakfast barnacles to the slop he feeds to children. We are nothing alike.

BARTENDER

Crunch.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

What?

BARTENDER

The C on his hat... I'm pretty sure it stands for crunch.

CAPTAIN B-TIME

(beat)
Still.

BARTENDER

No.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
Wait, you said fed your daughter
cap'n crunch the cereal, right? Not
the person?

The bartender goes back to polishing mugs.

CAPTAIN B-TIME (CONT'D)
That's a shame.

The bartender ignores him.

CAPTAIN B-TIME (CONT'D)
You stopped speaking.

BARTENDER
I don't have time for you.

CAPTAIN B-TIME
I'll shut up if you give me a
drink.

Bartender looks at him... sighs...

Captain b-time smiles.

New shit

CAPTAIN B-TIME (CONT'D)
Build. A better. Breakfast.

Theme: Alone, together.

What's the news?

The news: aewl;kthdsndvn;laeshta/dghlkasd

Thanks.