

BILL-LAND

by

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FADE IN

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A lovely Spring dawn in residential Davenport Iowa.

A block of modest homes ends on the corner with a worn but still regal Victorian - two and a half floors of 19th century optimism with bric-a-brac and lead glass.

In the front yard, a giant oak spreads its verdant branches, and an American flag hangs proudly by the door.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM

A boy's room, grown into a man's.

A boy's treasures: a raccoon's skull, science fair blue ribbon, model robot - are lost among the mundane adult paraphernalia of -

The man he's become: BILL PHILPOTT (42), slumbering like the dead on the small twin mattress.

His face still has the wonder of his youth - even asleep a half-grin plucks at his mouth. And the contentment of a child who has never left home.

BAM! A metallic crash outside.

The trademark BEEP BEEP BEEP of heavy machinery backing up.

Bill's eyes pop open.

BILL

Huh?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A DRIVER offloads a bulldozer from a flatbed truck to the curb opposite Bill's house.

The DRIVER climbs down from the bulldozer and heads for the truck cab.

Bill pops out the front door of his house and makes a beeline for the Driver, wielding a "Hug A Teacher" coffee mug.

BILL

Excuse me?

The Driver looks at Bill skeptically. It's probably the Mickey Mouse boxers. Bill closes his bathrobe.

BILL
Uh, what is this?

DRIVER
It's a bulldozer.

BILL
What's it for? I mean, what are you
doing with it?

DRIVER
Is this forty-nine-thirty-two
Whitley Ave?

BILL
Yes?

DRIVER
(grins)
I'm delivering it.

BILL
What? I didn't --

The Driver climbs into the truck cab.

DRIVER
It's all yours.

BILL
Wait -- it's not all mine.

As the truck pulls away, Bill's neighbor, KENNY O'BRIAN (32) appears on his front porch.

Kenny is a plumber, a very free-lance operator. He greets each day like a good friend and never strays far from a beer and a joint.

His pickup sags with a chaos of supplies and his jeans sag at plumber's-ass height.

KENNY
Nice bulldozer, Bill.

BILL
Kenny, did you order this?

Kenny tosses a toolbox in the bed of his truck.

KENNY
I think I'd remember, Bill. Gotta fly - gotta go dig human hair outta this old lady's drain.

BILL
Thanks for starting my day off
right, Kenny.

Kenny's pickup clatters down the street. Bill gives the bulldozer one more exasperated look before he heads back to the house.

A decrepit blue Oldsmobile belches smoke and rolls right through the stop sign on Bill's corner.

BILL
Hey! It's a stop sign!

Bill stomps up the front steps.

BILL
(to himself)
That means stop.

EXT. CLARA BARTON GRADE SCHOOL - DAY

A sensible brick edifice of learning on a pleasant street shaded by friendly maple trees.

CRIES of dissent erupt from inside.

INT. CLARA BARTON SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A group of FOURTH GRADERS sit cross legged in front of the cafeteria doors, waving milk cartons. SHELLEY, small but fiery, leads the chant.

SHELLEY
What do we want?

FOURTH GRADERS
(in unison)
CHOCOLATE MILK!

Bill stands proudly next to his students -- the instigator of this lesson in activism.

SHELLEY
When do we want it?

FOURTH GRADERS
(fists rise)
NOW!

As the chanting continues, teachers and students gather 'round or turn away, heads shaking.

PRINCIPAL MARSHALL BECKER (53) - ever the reluctant bad guy, marches down the hall and gets right in Bill's face. Becker has the look of a man who's dealt with this fool before.

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Mr. Philpott -- What's going on?

Bill smiles confidently.

BILL
Principal Becker -- It's a demonstration. They're learning about --

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Bill.

He gets Major League Baseball close - nose to nose. Bill grins nervously.

BILL
Marshall?

PRINCIPAL BECKER
The students of Clara Barton School enjoy a wide variety of food choices in our fully-stocked cafeteria which includes -- chocolate milk!

BILL
I'm teaching them about activism, the American tradition of dissent and asserting our rights in the face of --

PRINCIPAL BECKER
They're nine years old.

Bill shrugs.

BILL
I wasn't going to have them ask for nuclear disarmament.

SHELLEY
What do we want?

FOURTH GRADERS
Nuclear disarm-na-nnet!

SHELLEY

When do we want it?

FOURTH GRADERS

Now!

Bill tries to smile winningly, but the wattage can't cut through Becker's glare.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL HALLWAY

Bill bounces down the hall with JENNIFER (32), fellow teacher. Jennifer knows Bill is a good person, but she doesn't like him anyway.

BILL

It was great! I think they really got the whole picture - individual rights, effective non-violent demonstration.

JENNIFER

Chocolate milk?

BILL

Hey, chocolate milk is an important issue for kids.

JENNIFER

So's social networking.

They head into the teacher's lounge.

BILL

Huh?

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

The haven for harried teachers. Lots of coffee, chatter. And Principal Becker, who takes Bill by the arm, guides him to one side.

PRINCIPAL BECKER

Bill, may I have a word?

BILL

Sure Marshall. Sorry about the ruckus this morning, I still think the kids learned some important --

He pulls Bill close. Bill tenses.

PRINCIPAL BECKER

Bill, your little demonstration this morning has only managed to reinforce my concerns about the way you've been conducting classroom work.

BILL

Classroom?

PRINCIPAL BECKER

Yes Bill - work in the classroom, not in the hallway.

BILL

But --

PRINCIPAL BECKER

You're behind in testing. We need to monitor progress.

BILL

Learning shouldn't be geared simply towards test scores. It's a whole person experience. I want to immerse them in the sights and sounds and --

PRINCIPAL BECKER

Immerse them in their textbooks, use the multimedia library.

Some idiot pipes up from the coffee clutch.

IDIOT

My kids love the films.

Bill turns to the Idiot.

BILL

Watching movies doesn't teach them anything. And testing just makes them stress out.

PRINCIPAL BECKER

Bill, I'm stressed out. If we don't turn in test scores - good test scores - our funding will disappear.

He snaps his fingers.

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Like that, Bill.

He snaps them again.

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Just like that.

Principal Becker stomps off.

Jennifer sidles up to Bill -- snaps her fingers in his face.

BILL
Alright, I get it.

INT. BILL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill is glumly rinsing out dinner dishes in the kitchen sink. He dries each dish and carefully stacks it on the counter.

He sizes himself up in the kitchen window's night reflection, scratches a blemish. He smiles ruefully at the sad sack looking back at him.

BILL
(to himself)
What do we want? chocolate milk.
When do we want it? now.

Up goes the fist.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill digs in his wall mail slot while talking on the phone, pulling out an assortment of junk mail and bills.

BILL
It's ... it's just ridiculous,
Michael. I can't believe it.

INT. MICHAEL'S CONDO - NIGHT

MICHAEL PHILPOTT (38), opportunistic lawyer with a heart of tin and a good-natured hand in your wallet. He lounges on the Italian leather couch in his Sharper Image condo.

He clicks through channels while giving his brother his incomplete attention.

MICHAEL
Got your back, bro ... you've
always been the smart one in the
family.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE

Bill pulls at something stuck up in the mail chute, finally yanks out a particularly official-looking envelope.

BILL
(to himself)
How long's that been in there?

He flattens the crumpled envelope, notes the postmark.

BILL
(to himself)
Six months?

BILL
He wants me to crack the whip on these poor kids, like learning is some kind of Federally endorsed child abuse -- what is this? Hang on.

MICHAEL (V.O. FILTER)
I couldn't agree with you mo --

Bill puts the phone down and peels open the envelope. He scans an official-looking letter.

BILL
(freaked)
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

INTERCUT

Michael pulls the phone away from his ear, finds something he likes on the tv.

MICHAEL
Cool. Alright then, gotta go.

He hangs up, gets comfortable.

The phone rings again.

MICHAEL
This is Michael.

BILL
Michael get over here. You have to help me. You're not gonna believe what --

MICHAEL

Bro, I'm working on a case. I have to present a brief tomorrow and I've got this really asshole judge so if I'm not on my game, I'll --

BILL

Michael, I will tell Angie --

Bill's turning red with agitation.

MICHAEL

(whispers)

Shhhhh -- you will tell Angie what?

BILL

I will tell her about your office party last month. Remember? With the Vixens of Volleyball Strippers and their enormous --

INT. MICHAEL'S CONDO

Michael covers the phone, scans the area, returns to the phone.

MICHAEL

You better not

BILL (O.S. FILTER)

What was her name? Sadie the Spiker?

VOICE OF ANGIE (O.S.)

Michael, are you talking about me? You know how I feel about that.

Michael hisses into the phone.

MICHAEL

Bill.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN

BILL

Just get over here.

He hangs up. Looks at the letter again.

BILL

(freaked again)

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Kenny huddle on Kenny's rotting front porch sofa, studying Bill's letter.

Kenny takes on a joint, offers it to Bill.

KENNY

Mmm?

Bill shakes his head.

KENNY

Mm-mm.

BILL

I can't believe it. I'm gonna lose my home ... you're gonna lose your home. To a freeway expansion.

Kenny releases his hit with a hearty exhale.

KENNY

This is why I never open my mail. Nothing but bad news. The way I see it, it's an opportunity for both of us to move on.

BILL

I don't want to move on.

KENNY

How long have I been your neighbor?

BILL

Five years, Kenny. Five long years.

KENNY

A lifetime, practically.

BILL

If you're a chipmunk. What's your point, Kenny?

KENNY

They're paying us off, Bill.
They're paying us ...
(reads from letter)
"Fair market value".

BILL

It's not the money. I've lived in this house all my life.

KENNY

Then you're due for a change,
Buddy.

A sharp BMW rolls up. Michael gets out, along with his wife, ANGIE (32). They're how the other half lives, plus accessories.

Angie, graduate of high-maintenance high, sniffs disapprovingly at her surroundings.

MICHAEL

Bill, you shouldn't be drinking
beer on the front porch.

Kenny throws Michael a can. Michael cracks it, chugs.

ANGIE

Michael, please. Set an example for
your brother.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)
Let's see it.

Bill dolefully hands him the letter. Michael sweeps it up, peruses it dramatically, hands it back.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah, I heard about this. You're
screwed.

BILL

You knew?

ANGIE

Read the papers, Bill. They print
them every day.

BILL

I read the news on the internet.

ANGIE

Yahoo doesn't care about your
broken down house, Bill.

(to Michael)
Can we go, please? We have
reservations.

MICHAEL

Hell, they'll probably pay you more
than the wreck is worth.

BILL

Michael, it's our family home.

Michael crouches before Bill like a father counseling his son.

MICHAEL

Bill, you've lived here your whole life -- you're what, forty three?

BILL

Forty-two. Michael, this is our childhood home, our parent's first and last house.

MICHAEL

Bill, they're gone and we're all grewed up.

ANGIE

Do you have a girlfriend yet? What about that nice Jennifer person?

MICHAEL

Angie, do you mind?

(turning to Bill)

You need to move forward with your life, Bill. Get out of this crappy neighborhood.

(to Kenny)

Sorry Kenny.

KENNY

Yo Michael, you speak the truth.

Kenny offers the roach to Angie. She snorts angrily and turns away. Kenny shrugs.

Bill gets up, walks to the fence between his yard and Kenny's.

BILL

I love this house. I love this neighborhood.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)

I'll call you tomorrow, we'll get you an exit strategy. Night, Kenny.

KENNY

Later. Night, Bill.

Kenny heads inside. Bill wanders back to his yard.

Bill gazes at his home like it's a beloved but sickly dog waiting to be put out of its misery. Tears well up.

The same rusty Oldsmobile chugs by, glides through the stop sign without stopping.

BILL
 (listlessly)
 Hey, it's a stop sign, that means
 ...

His shoulders droop, his head bows.

He climbs up the front steps.

BILL
 (to himself)
 Stop.

INT. 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Bill stands glumly before the class, textbook on the desk in front of him. The classroom is eerily silent.

BILL
 (tonelessly)
 Today we're going to begin studying
 the history of the native peoples
 on the continent of North America
 ... so let's all turn to page --

A puzzled BOY raises his hand. Bill nods at him.

BOY #1
 Is that our text -- book?

BILL
 Yes.

Another BOY responds.

BOY #2
 I don't know where mine is.

BILL
 Well then we'll have to share.

Bill turns to the chalkboard and starts to draw a picture of the United States. He sniffs emotionally.

BILL
 The Native peoples of North America
 were visited by the Pilgrims who
 (MORE)

BILL (cont'd)
 migrated by ship from England, in
 order to escape religious
 persecution.

A little GIRL frowns at Bill.

GIRL #1
 Are you crying, Mister Philpott?

Bill soldiers on.

BILL
 The Pilgrims subsequently stole
 their food and desecrated their
 native grave sites.

GIRL #2
 What's wrong with Mister Philpott?

Bill fights back the tears, drawing small irregular shapes
 at various points on the map.

BILL
 During the following centuries, the
 Native Americans were
 systematically driven from their
 homes, as white settlers and the
 American military claimed land for
 farming, gold prospecting, and
 natural resources.

One of the boys starts sniffing, shaken by Bill's emotion.

BILL
 And the communities of these native
 peoples were reduced to living
 ... to living in reservations --

He taps on the irregular shapes.

BILL
 With limited rights and the status
 of a despised minority, while their
 Euro-centric conquerors enjoyed the
 spoils of genocide - having taken
 everything, including the land
 beneath their feet, the food from
 their mouths, and the freedom to
 live as they wished among the
 beauty of an unspoiled wilderness -
 now rapidly being consumed by the
 insatiable maw of progress.

He turns to the class, bleary-eyed. Half the kids look ready to burst into tears.

Bill slumps at his desk, buries his head in his hands.

Principal Becker glares at him from the hallway.

BOY #1
Is this going to be on the test?

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - DAY

Bill sorts through an overwhelming assortment of banker's boxes, sports equipment, tools, books ...

He's digging through a file cabinet against the wall (after moving the kayak that blocks it), when Michael bounces down the stairs.

MICHAEL
Yo, Bill.

BILL
Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

BILL
I'm packing. I'm starting to pack.

MICHAEL
You're moving?

BILL
Michael, the publicly elected
officials of this fine city have
decided to --

Bill coughs and sneezes as he opens the bottom drawer and a cloud of dust shoots up his nose.

BILL
-- build an off ramp by bulldozing
the home where I've lived all my
life. The home where you grew up.

MICHAEL
Bill, they're doing you a favor,
this place is a dump. Hey, is that
my lacrosse glove?

Bill sneezes some more.

MICHAEL

You really ought to be wearing a dust mask down here, with all that asbestos.

Bill pulls an old metal fire box out of the drawer.

BILL

I think this house was built before asbestos. I think it's insulated with corn husks.

Bill opens the metal box, pulls out some documents.

BILL

Hey, stock certificates. Some of Dad's old stocks.

Michael perks up.

MICHAEL

Really? Wow, what company? We could make a fortune --

BILL

Edsel.

Bill looks at Michael with coy innocence.

BILL

Is that good?

Michael sneers affably and digs in an old footlocker.

MICHAEL

What's this?

He pulls out a thick yellowed document, bursting out of its legal brief binding.

MICHAEL

Hey, it's your abstract. Shows every owner of the property, back to ...

Michael turns to the back and leafs through.

MICHAEL

Wow, seventeen seventy-nine.

BILL

Seventeen seventy-nine?
You're kidding me.

Bill peers at the ancient pages.

BILL

My students would love to have a
look at this.

MICHAEL

(reading)

... decrees ... in perpetuity ...
sovereign sanctuary ... Holy cow,
Bill.

BILL

What? What?

Micheal drops on his ass, glassy-eyed and mute.

INT. CITY RECORDS HALL - DAY

Michael paces back and forth in the lobby of the building,
abstract under his arm.

Bill enters, out of breath.

Michael waves his watch at Bill.

BILL

Sorry, Bobby Petrosky developed a
rash and his mom had to --

Micheal starts down the hall.

MICHAEL

Too bad for Bobby Petrosky.

Bill hurries to catch up.

BILL

Michael, what's going on?

MICHAEL

Something big, Bill. Really, really
big. I think.

INT. MAP ROOM

A drab county office, files and work tables.

Michael and Bill wait in a row of empty chairs.

BILL

I wish you'd just tell me.

MICHAEL
I'm not completely sure.

BILL
Of what?

Katherine, an officious woman in dated apparel, enters carrying a large folded document.

MICHAEL
Shhh.

KATHERINE
(to Michael)
This is a map of your neighborhood
and the surrounding area, Mister
Philpott.

MICHAEL
(motions to Bill)
It's Bill, my brother.

Bill timidly steps forward.

BILL
Hi.

Katherine glances at him dismissively.

She lays the map down on a large table, begins unfolding it. Flap after flap, revealing street after street.

Neighborhoods outlined with names like "Barron's Addition", "Ostreich 2nd Addition", "Sadoff Annex to Crand. Add. South".

Katherine glances at the thick abstract.

KATHERINE
What address were you interested
in?

MICHAEL
Three nine --

BILL
Five-nine four-nine Whitley Avenue
Geez, Michael you grew up there.

MICHAEL
Sorry.

Katherine warms up a little.

KATHERINE
Whitley Avenue? I had a boyfriend
on Whitley Avenue. But that was ...
long ago.

Michael and Bill wait for relevance. It never arrives.

MICHAEL
Ma'am?

Katherine recovers, finds Bill's address on the map.

KATHERINE
Here. Here it is.

Everybody looks. A small, blueish patch on the corner of a
block. Bill's small blueish patch. Not connected or included
with any other Addition or Annex.

KATHERINE
I don't understand. I've never seen
this before. It must be new.

Michael drops the abstract onto the map.

MICHAEL
Or very old.

Another officious official - ARTHUR, a congenially
work-weary man enters the room and heads for the hall.

KATHERINE
Arthur?

Arthur pauses.

KATHERINE
Could you take a look at this?

INT. MAP ROOM - LATER

Arthur leafs through the abstract, occasionally glancing at
the map.

Most of the clerical staff has joined them in the room and
look on with barely contained excitement. Finally one of
them speaks up.

CLERK
Well?

Arthur shakes his head, flips to the ancient back pages.

ARTHUR

I don't see any other explanation
besides what it says right here.

Arthur reads aloud as though making a proclamation.

ARTHUR

Hereafter, and in perpetuity, the
Executive office of the Government
of the newly formed United States
of America, decrees that this plot
of land be ceded to Fredrick M.
Rocheford of Prussia, passed to his
children and heirs and all those
who dwell upon its soil, as meager
reward for services rendered to a
grateful nation at the time of its
tumultuous birth

Michael grabs the book from Arthur, plays it even bigger.

MICHAEL

as a free and sovereign sanctuary
and refuge and an example to the
world of the wholehearted devotion
of this nascent country to the
principles of freedom defended and
won with the blood of true
patriots, blah blah blah, so on and
so forth.

Arthur grabs it back, leafs forward about fifty pages.

ARTHUR

According to this, a quit claim
deed was issued in eighteen forty
eight by the newly incorporated
city of Davenport when it was
discovered that there were no
occupants on the property and it
was classified as abandoned.

He leafs forward some more.

ARTHUR

It was next sold to a Missus
Mildred Foss for two hundred
dollars. And so on, and so forth.

Arthur slaps shut the abstract.

ARTHUR

Well then.

BILL

Wha -- What? Could somebody please
tell me what this means?

Arthur extends his hand to Bill, who takes it with great
confusion. Shakes it.

ARTHUR

Congratulations, Mister Philpott.

BILL

What? What for?

Michael slaps Bill on the back.

MICHAEL

You got your own country, Bill.

BILL

My own ...

KATHERINE

Technically and by the book, you
own your own country, right there
on Whitley Avenue and West Sixtieth
Street.

Michael points at the spot on the map. Looks closer.

MICHAEL

Holy Cow!

Bill is now overwhelmed and a bit hysterical.

BILL

What? What now?

MICHAEL

It looks like your country's border
runs from your lot to across the
street. The street next to your
house is part of your country.

BILL

You mean where that guy keeps
rolling through the stop sign?

Michael traces the path of the street with his finger.

BILL
I own part of a street? An actual
street?

Michael jabs at the point where the street meets Bob's property. He grins.

MICHAEL
I'm thinking "tollbooth".

EXT. CITY RECORDS HALLWAY

Michael strides down the hall, Bill hurries to keep up.

BILL
But what am I gonna do? This is
insane.

MICHAEL
It's not insane, it's the law.

BILL
Yes, I know it's the law, but my
own country? It's unheard of. A
country is a group of people, not
just one guy.

Michael stops abruptly, pokes Bill in the chest.

MICHAEL
Do you have a will?

BILL
Are you kidding? I don't even have
a pension plan.

MICHAEL
We'll need to get you a will.

Michael takes off again.

BILL
What are we doing now?

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL
Your country is making a few phone
calls.

INT. COPY SHOP - DAY

Michael paces, cellphone glued to his ear. Bill makes copies of the abstract pages, watching his brother in action.

MICHAEL

Sam Peterson, he's the attache to the Deputy Secretary ... tell him it's Michael Philpott ... busy? Tell him it's Mikey Mike from Delta Epsilon and if he's not on the phone in two minutes I'm calling his mother ... he knows what I mean.

Bill's eyes widen. Michael clamps a hand over the phone.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)

Fraternities are running the world, Bill.

BILL

His mother?

Michael opens his mouth but then holds up a finger.

MICHAEL

(to phone)

Sam the Sham my man, how's it hangin' and what color is it? ... yeah ... Geez you State Department guys are hard to get a hold of, listen -- what? ... oh nothing, just yankin' your chain. Your mom will never know, I swear.

Michael raises his hand in the boyscout pledge and winks at Bill, who smiles but doesn't get the joke.

MICHAEL

Sam, I didn't wanna have to wait till the next Delta reunion to talk to you...Got a minute? This one's a corker, you're not gonna believe it.

Michael steps outside.

Bill copies another page. He stops to look over the old writing, reverently tracing the elaborately cursive letters. For the first time today, he smiles.

EXT. BILL'S YARD - DAY

Bill paces off the perimeter of the yard. He carries one of those long tape measures on a reel, a compass, and a page copied from the abstract.

Kenny trails behind him, holding one end of the measuring tape. And a beer.

KENNY

Is drinking allowed in your country?

BILL

Drinking is allowed.

KENNY

How about ...

BILL

Kenny, I'm trying to concentrate.

KENNY

uh ... you know, the J, the M, thirteen, four thirty, ganj, Mary Jane, uh --

BILL

(smirks)
Marijuana?

KENNY

Right.

BILL

I suppose.

KENNY

This is an awesome country, Bill.

Bill paces to a corner of the lot, checks his compass against the property description.

BILL

(to himself)
fifty eight degrees ... east.

He adjusts his stance, begins pacing off.

KENNY

Bill, can I be the drug czar?

BILL
 Kenny, I'm trying to -- drug czar?
 (to himself)
 Wow, I'm gonna need a whole
 government, and quick.

Bill wanders across the yard in a daze, trailing the tape measure behind him.

BILL
 (to himself)
 Secretary of State, Secretary of
 the Interior ...

KENNY
 How about Food and Drug pimp?

Kenny walks like a pimp.

KENNY
 I think I like that.

Kenny struts around the yard, Bill nearly walks into the side of the house.

BILL
 (to himself)
 Oh my god, I've got my own country.
 God? What about religion? Why we'll
 have all religions. Well, at least
 the nice ones. But I can't
 discriminate, can I? What about
 taxes? No taxes -- well we'll need
some taxes. Wait -- who am I gonna
 tax?

Bill drops to his knees.

BILL
 Me? What if I default on myself?

Bill looks around at the parched grass.

BILL
 My country needs to water the lawn.

EXT. BILL'S YARD

The sprinkler sprays across the lawn. Bill drags the sprinkler to a more optimum spot. The pressure begins to ebb.

KENNY

Bill, you're losing pressure.

Bill freaks.

BILL

Oh my god, they've cut off my water! I knew it! I knew this would happen.

Kenny looks down to see his foot on the hose.

KENNY

Oh.

BILL

Next they'll cut the gas and the electricity and then what'll I do? I can believe this is happening, I can't be --

KENNY

Bill?

BILL

What? What!?

Kenny steps off the hose.

KENNY

Sorry.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, Michael, and Angie eat dinner. Angie irritably pokes at her food.

MICHAEL

So we need to find a way to leverage your unique situation into a revenue producing opportunity.

BILL

I don't care about money.

MICHAEL

Bill, your country has fifty bucks in the bank -- which by the way, you should probably withdraw, they might want to freeze any assets held in a United States financial institution.

BILL
I better get to the A T M.

The doorbell rings.

Bill heads to the front door.

ANGIE
(to Michael)
Can we go now?

MICHAEL
Angie, we're talking business.

ANGIE
Are you billing him?

MICHAEL
Angie, he's my brother.

Bill opens the door. SAM PETERSON (42) flashes an insincere smile. Government issue suit and tie, briefcase, haircut.

SAM
Hi, you must be Bill.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Whoa, is that you Sam?

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Coffee all around. Angie sips while discreetly sizing up Sam.

MICHAEL
Sam the sham, great to see a fellow Delta.

Michael performs a frat boy series of hand gestures and waits for the response. Sam shakes his hand.

SAM
Michael, glad to hear you're prospering. Divorce lawyer?

MICHAEL
Yeah, you wouldn't believe how many high-class folks'll pay through the nose to --

ANGIE
(to Sam)
He's trying to move into something a little more --

MICHAEL

I'm transitioning into corporate stuff, maybe intellectual property or multinational corporate law, you know there's a lot of --

SAM

That's great Michael.

ANGIE

Michael, Sam doesn't want to hear...

Angie rolls her eyes at Michael, who grins lamely.

SAM

(to Angie)

And you are Michael's wife?

ANGIE

Yes, since I'm making my own introductions.

She glares at Michael, who shrugs awkwardly. She purrs at Sam.

ANGIE

Angie -- it's a pleasure.

Sam turns to Bill, snaps open his case.

SAM

Mister Philpott.

Sam pulls out a manila folder emblazoned "CONFIDENTIAL".

MICHAEL

Wow, top-secret stuff.

Sam smiles patronizingly.

SAM

Well, not top secret.

(to Bill)

Now, Mister Philpott.

BILL

Bill.

Sam smiles, but not with his eyes.

SAM
Bill. In recognition of your status
as a ...

He opens the folder.

SAM
(reading)
... sovereign nation within the
continental borders of the
contiguous forty eight states ...
uh.

He pulls out a Mont Blanc pen, emblazoned with the State
Department seal and offers the open folder and pen to Bill.

SAM
Well, we just need you to sign at
the bottom and we'll get out of
your hair.

MICHAEL
(laughs)
And out of his country.

Sam smiles tightly.

SAM
So to speak.

Angie punches Michael hard in the arm, smiles at Sam.

BILL
That's a nice pen.

SAM
Keep it with our compliments.

MICHAEL
I gotta get one of those.

Sam whips out another, hands it to Michael like he's handing
a lollipop to a child.

SAM
There you go.

Michael shows it to Angie, who rolls her eyes.

Again, Sam turns pointedly to Bill.

SAM

So ... ?

Bill frowns as he scans the document.

BILL

I don't understand this.

MICHAEL

Sign it Bill, Sam's just doing his job. You know, paperwork and everything.

ANGIE

Sign it Bill, do something right for a change.

MICHAEL

Angie, please.

BILL

But it says something here about "rescinding status" and "re-assimilating"?

Bill looks up at Sam and his plastic smile.

BILL

You want me to give up the -- my country?

SAM

You'll see it says --

He points to the relevant part.

SAM

"In the interests of national security and in the spirit of international cooperation."

ANGIE

Sounds good to me.

BILL

It sounds like I'm the only one cooperating. What do I get out of it?

MICHAEL

Yeah, Sam, aren't you gonna pay him something -- like compensate him?

SAM
 (annoyed)
 I don't think that's necessary.
 Right, Bill?

BILL
 Even the Indians got some beads for
 Manhattan.

ANGIE
 You want beads? Here --

Angie pulls off her necklace of large beads and tosses it at
 Bill.

ANGIE
 Here's some beads, sign the damn
 papers.

MICHAEL
 Angie, please. This isn't a joke.

BILL
 You want me to hand it over, just
 like that?

SAM
 It would be the patriotic thing to
 do. You teach history, Bill --

BILL
 How do you know that?

SAM
 -- don't you want to set an example
 for your kids? Don't you want to be
 a patriot?

Bill wavers, holds the pen over the signature line.

ANGIE
 Don't be a traitor, Bill.

Michael's fed up.

MICHAEL
 Jesus, Angie ...

He heads out to the kitchen.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 I'm getting a beer.

BILL
Michael?

Left behind, Bill slumps. Lowers the pen to paper --
The clatter of the beater Oldsmobile ECHOES outside.

BILL
Crap!

Bill drops the pen, rushes out the door.

SAM
What the hell --

Angie smiles at Sam seductively, giggles and shrugs.

BILL (O.S. OUTSIDE)
It's a stop sign! It's a STOP SIGN!
THAT MEANS STOP!

SAM
These two guys are really a pair of
--

ANGIE
Dunces, tell me about it.

She laughs flirtatiously, touches Sam's knee.

SAM
I was going to say maroons.

KITCHEN

Michael starts back from the kitchen with his beer, pauses
on "maroons". Listens.

LIVING ROOM

ANGIE
Sometimes I wonder why I married
the big dope.

Bill stomps back in.

SAM
Bill, we're just asking you to do
your patriotic duty.

Michael re-enters, cracks open his beer.

MICHAEL
Ain't your country.

He takes a swig, glares at Angie.

ANGIE
Michael.

BILL
(to himself)
I can't believe that guy. Just
rolls right through the stop sign
like he owns --

SAM
Uh, Mister Philpott, could we wrap
this up?

BILL
Huh?

Sam forces a smile.

SAM
Just sign on the dotted line.

BILL
Oh ... right.

Bill sits down. Picks up the pen. Finds the signature line.

MICHAEL
Bill.

Bill's distracted -- too much happening at once.

BILL
Huh?

MICHAEL
Put down the pen.

Sam glares at Michael.

Bill puts down the pen.

SAM
Pick up the pen, Bill.

Bill picks up the pen, starts to regain his focus.

BILL
Wait a minute, did we decide something?

SAM
We sure did, Bill, and the State Department and the President himself want to thank you for doing the right thing.

BILL
What?

SAM
Now do the right thing.

Sam gently taps the paper.

MICHAEL
Bill?

Bill turns to Michael.

BILL
Huh?

MICHAEL
(at Angie)
Don't be a -- dope.

Angie all but snarls.

BILL
What? Hey ... what?

MICHAEL
You don't have to sign.

SAM
(to Bill)
Mister Philpott --

BILL
(to Michael)
But it's the patriotic --

MICHAEL
It's bullshit, Bill.

ANGIE
Michael.

MICHAEL

Angie.

SAM

(to Michael)

You're getting yourself in serious trouble, Michael. You could be dis-barred for aiding and abetting treason --

BILL

Wait, wait -- how can it be treason if he --

SAM

You could be performing divorces in Tijuana by next week.

MICHAEL

Great! I love Mexican food.

ANGIE

Michael, please.

MICHAEL

Maybe I'll just hang out with my dunce brother in his new country.

Sam and Angie roll their eyes in unison.

Sam turns to Bill.

SAM

Will you just sign, please?

Bill studies Sam, ponders.

BILL

What if I don't?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Bill hurries out of the house, heads to his car.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Excuse me, Mister Philpott?

Agent Johnson, an intimidating young man in a severely cut suit and sunglasses approaches him.

AGENT JOHNSON
Sir, could you come with me please?

BILL
I have to go to work.

Bill notices the limo with the government plates and another intimidating man leaning against it.

AGENT JOHNSON
Sir, the Deputy Secretary of State would like to talk to you.

BILL
I have to -- I'm sorry, what's your name?

AGENT JOHNSON
Special Agent Johnson, sir.

BILL
Do you know my name?

AGENT JOHNSON
You are William Jenkins Philpott, sir. Now would you please accompany me to the car?

BILL
Agent Johnson. I have twenty three fourth graders depending on me to educate them so they can go out and make a better world for all of us. Now this is, at least to me, the most important job there is and I cannot let those kids down. Do understand what I'm talking about?

Agent Johnson is obviously moved, he rubs a teary eye without taking off his sunglasses.

AGENT JOHNSON
Yes sir, I do.

BILL
I bet you've got kids of your own.

INT. LIMOUSINE

P.O.V. - Through the tinted bulletproof glass, someone watches as Bill talks intently with Agent Johnson. Agent Johnson removes his wallet, shows Bill some pictures.

Bill pats Agent Johnson on the shoulder and turns to get in his car. Agent Johnson grabs him and gives him a big hug. Bill pats him on the back, disengages and gets in his car.

VOICE OF JERRY (O.S.)
What the hell is he doing?

INT. EIGHTH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Several very serious men in dark suits are stuffed into child-sized tablet chairs (with the attached surface for writing). Bill sits on the desk at the front of the room.

BILL
Now I understand it's important
that we get this sorted out as soon
as possible. I can't be taking more
time off from work, so I appreciate
your coming here during the lunch
break to --

JERRY PINCER (52), Deputy Secretary of State, raises his hand. He has the sour demeanor and rumpled suit of a man just off a red eye flight.

Accustomed to regal diplomatic receptions in the ballrooms of kings, Jerry starts to get pissed off.

JERRY
Pardon me?

BILL
Yes, I'm sorry, you are?

Jerry attempts to stand, finds himself trapped.

JERRY
I am Jerome Pincer, Deputy
Secretary of State.

BILL
Jerome, you have a question?

JERRY
Do you have any idea - call me
Jerry, please - do you have any
idea what having a sovereign nation
in the middle of --

He turns to the wet-eared AIDE next to him.

JERRY
Where the hell are we?

AIDE
Davenport Iowa, sir.

JERRY
Jesus Christ.

BILL
I beg your pardon? That language is
not appro --

JERRY
Sorry. Mister Philpott, do you have
any idea the problems associated
with having a sovereign nation --
wait, do you have a name for this,
this presumed country of yours?

BILL
Name? Gee I never thought about
that.

Bill makes a note.

A hand goes up near the back of the room.

BILL
You have a question?

INS REP
Yes, I'm not sure I know how --

BILL
Now remember, I want everyone to
please tell everyone your name and
your job when you're called on for
the first time.

A BURLY MAN in a tight suit tries to stand up, arms
flailing. He executes a clumsy hula dance and dislodges
himself. The chair clatters to the floor.

BURLY MAN
This is ridiculous.

He stabs a finger at Bill.

BURLY MAN
You -- are insane.

The Burly Man stomps off.

INS REP
There goes the Teamsters.

BILL
(to Burly Man)
There's treats after class. I'm
sorry you'll miss them.

JERRY
Mister Philpott, I don't think you
--

BILL
Bill. You can address me as Bill,
Jerry.

Jerry rises to make a point, finds himself still stuck. He
sits.

JERRY
Mister Phil -- Bill. If the United
States of America recognizes your
country as a sovereign nation
within the boundaries of the
contiguous states, every crackpot
--

BILL
Crackpot?

JERRY
-- grassroots left-wing special
interest group is going to want to
set up shop with their own little
country with their own little
constitution --

BILL
Constitution.

Bill smacks his heads, writes a note.

BILL
Got to remember to draft a
constitution.

JERRY

Ahem.

BILL

I'm sorry, please go on.

Jerry tries to get up, fails yet again. He scoots closer to Bill, like an old lady with a walker.

JERRY

You see, we've looked over your documents and we're not convinced that letting you declare yourself a country is the best thing for the United States of American and could set a dangerous precedent.

BILL

Jerry. Let me clarify two things.

Bill goes to the chalkboard and draws a stick figure, surrounds it with a circle.

BILL

Number one.

He bangs the chalk on the stick figure.

BILL

I am not declaring myself a country.

He erases the stick figure and circles the circle.

BILL

The property known as five-nine four-nine Whitley Ave is a country. Including the adjacent one block stretch of west sixtieth street.

JERRY

Mister Philpott I --

BILL

Bill. Please use my first name, Jerry. We're trying to develop a relationship built on trust and mutual respect, right?

Jerry rubs his face in exasperation.

Bill turns to the chalkboard.

BILL

Two. Five-nine four-nine Whitley Avenue is already a free country. It has been discovered to be as such. It is pre-existing, ergo it is not being brought into existence by any method or means instigated by or involving me.

Bill puts down the chalk, grins.

BILL

I just happen to live there.

Jerry slams his hand down on the tablet.

JERRY

Haa! But you were not born there, you were born in an American hospital in the United States of America and are therefore an American citizen.

Bill is stunned. Is it over already?

But then a light goes on.

Bill grins widely. He starts to laugh. He laughs loud and hard. He doubles over with laughter, starts groping along the wall. Tears of joy are running down his face.

The roomful of suits all try to exit their chairs in a bizarre and awkward dance, certain that Bill is insane.

Michael pops in, out of breath.

MICHAEL

Sorry man, I got caught up with this divorced babe, she can't pay her bill and she wanted to --

Michael surveys the room, the suits clambering to get out of their seats -- his brother in spasms of hilarity.

MICHAEL

Boys, what's the problem?

Bill fights to catch his breath.

BILL

They told me since I was born in America, I'm an American citizen and I can't be a citizen of my own country.

MICHAEL
 Oh my God. Bill, they got you.
 They're right.

The suits calm down, compose themselves.

JERRY
 (to an aide)
 I like him. He's a lawyer.

Bill chuckles, puts his arm around Michael. Michael squirms.

BILL
 Michael, Michael, Michael.

MICHAEL
 What?

BILL
 Remember the old Pontiac?

MICHAEL
 Oh, sure. Dad's old car.

Michael turns to address the suits.

MICHAEL
 He bought it at an auction, or won
 it in a poker game or something. A
 total wreck.

BILL
 It never ran properly.

MICHAEL
 It never did.

BILL
 (giggles)
 Not even on the day I was born.

MICHAEL
 It never did. It --

Michael starts to get it.

MICHAEL
 Wait ...

JERRY
 What?

Michael addresses the room.

MICHAEL

So, our mom's carrying Bill, right? She's pregnant, big as a house. Her water broke and she went right into labor. Fastest delivery you ever saw. Dang Pontiac stalled backing out of the garage.

JERRY

You don't have a garage.

BILL

Oh it fell over years ago.

MICHAEL

Anyway anyway, Bill starts coming out. I mean he's getting born and our mom's freaking out and dad keeps cranking the starter and cranking the starter and that old pile of junk just wouldn't go.

BILL

(prompting)

And ... and?

The light bulb over Michael's head shines brightly.

MICHAEL

You were born ... in the driveway!

Jerry SLAPS his hand to his face.

BILL

That's right! I was born right on the property in question. Inside the border, so to speak. And so ... I am.

Bill draws the little stick figure back into the circle.

BILL

The one, the only, true citizen --

He frowns, concentrates.

BILL

Of ... of ...
(Eureka!)
Bill-Land!

MICHAEL

Wait a minute -- Bill-Land?

Jerry erupts from his mini chair, flings it aside. He points dramatically at Bill.

JERRY

Arrest this man!

BILL

What?

JERRY

You sir, are an illegal alien, unwelcome in these United States of America, and therefore may be subject to detainment and inquisition -- I mean interrogation.

Jerry turns to his aides.

JERRY

Well? Get him!

The aides struggle with their chairs.

Michael starts walking Bill towards the door.

MICHAEL

Bill, I know this probably isn't a good time to bring this up, but can I be Attorney General?

BILL

What?

MICHAEL

Of your country, Bill. Can I be Attorney General of -- of Bill-Land?

BILL

Well, sure. I guess.

MICHAEL

Great, my first act as Attorney General is to advise you to RUN!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Michael and Bill burst out of the school room, suits still clambering out of seats staggering after them.

They dash for the door.

MICHAEL

Bill, as Attorney General I'm gonna need a secretary and a private office.

BILL

Michael, my country only has three bedrooms and a pantry.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill drives up to his house at high speed, screeches to a stop. Bill and Michael climb out.

MICHAEL

Are you nuts? Why are you stopping here? They're gonna black bag us and I'll lose my Hawkeyes season tickets. We should drive to Canada.

BILL

Michael, this is better than Canada.

MICHAEL

(sarcastic)

Oh right, it's Bill-Land.

Two black sedans followed by four black SUVs screech to a halt in front of Bill's house.

Eight secret service men emerge from the vehicles and unbutton their jackets. Menacingly.

A red-faced Jerry emerges from the lead sedan and marches up to Bill and Michael. He makes his declaration.

JERRY

William Philpott, you are under arrest for treason, sedition, and obstruction of justice.

Michael rushes Jerry, gets in his face.

MICHAEL

Now just one minute, tough guy, my client --

JERRY

And so are you.

MICHAEL

What?

BILL

Michael?

Bill stands by the curb. He takes one step back, over the property line.

BILL

Come over here.

JERRY

Mister Philpott, if you feel that standing on your property in any way protects you from the jurisdiction of the United States and enforcement of its laws, you are sadly mistaken.

Michael joins Bill.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)

I think he's right. I think you're screwed.

BILL

You can leave any time, Michael. But that man will arrest you the minute you cross back over to the United States.

MICHAEL

Cross back over? Are you nuts? He's standing right there with a dozen guys ready to shoot us.

BILL

You're exactly right, Michael. He's just standing there.

Jerry sneers.

JERRY

You won't last a week, Philpotts. This'll be a cakewalk. I'll send my wife's hairdresser over to kick your ass and reclaim your cracker barrel shack and eighth of an acre, and it won't cost the taxpayers one plug nickel. I won't even break a sweat over you and your so-called "country".

MICHAEL

(nervous)

Bill?

BILL

Don't worry, bro.

JERRY

You'll be last week's news, and spend the rest of your sad little lives in the Federal pen.

BILL

You're a poor example of a public servant, Jerry.

JERRY

I'm no public's servant, I -- was appointed!

Bill smiles bravely.

BILL

Drop by any time, Jerry.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Bill wanders through the living room in Howdy Doody pajamas. Michael yawns and sits up on the couch.

MICHAEL

Wow, that couch is really comfortable. Bill, we gotta talk about that name. Bill-Land.

Bill opens the front door, leans down to pick up his paper.

It's not there.

BILL

Where's the --

He looks up, whimpers like a puppy.

A tow truck is hauling away his car.

National Guardsmen in khaki carrying M-16s completely encircle Bill-Land.

Between two of them - at the end of the front walk - Deputy Secretary Jerry reads Bill's paper. He lowers it, smirks.

JERRY

Morning, Bill. Thinking of going to work today?

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill sits at the coffee table in the living room. He's dressed for work and sitting in front of his laptop.

Jennifer is onscreen, talking to him via a web camera.

JENNIFER

Is this gonna work, Bill?

BILL

Sure it is. I can do this. Now turn the camera around.

The webcam view turns to the class. Principal Becker is standing at the back, arms crossed imperiously.

KIDS (V.O. FILTER)

Hi, Mister Philpott -- Look at Mister Philpott -- Good Morning, Mister Philpott

BILL

Uh ... hey kids, how are you doing today? We're going to try something different for class I --

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Look, he's a slime-ball and he's lucky his wife is being so nice about the meth bust and the hooker, because --

Michael enters in bathrobe - toast in one hand, cell phone in the other.

BILL

(hisses)

Michael. I've got a class to teach. Could you ...

Bill waves him off.

MICHAEL

-- otherwise he's screwed coming and go -- Oh shit, sorry bro. I'll take it outside.

KID #1 (O.S.)

Mister Philpott, what's a hooker?

BILL

Never mind, Joshua, we'll be covering that in High School.

Principal Becker shakes his head.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill sits on the front step, head in hands.

The soldiers have left, save for two SENTRIES walking guard duty on the perimeter.

Jerry walks up to him, looks him over.

JERRY

Rough morning Bill?

BILL

Where's the army?

JERRY

I think you got the message, Bill. Now why the gloom and doom?

BILL

I lost my job, Jerry. Apparently teleconferencing is not an acceptable teaching technique at Clara Barton Open School.

Jerry smiles wickedly.

JERRY

You could go back tomorrow.

Bill looks up.

BILL

Huh?

JERRY

We've come to an understanding with your Principal, and you can go back tomorrow. First thing in the

(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)
morning. See all those bright
shining faces again, all those
eager young minds ready to learn.

Jerry whips out an official looking paper.

JERRY
Just sign this and you're free to
come and go as you please.

BILL
What's this, some kind of treaty?

Jerry smirks.

JERRY
Treaty? The United States doesn't
make treaties with rogue nation
states, population one --

Michael appears at the door, scratches himself.

Jerry cringes.

JERRY
-- and a half. It's a dissolution
of your so-called country, and an
agreement to reintegrate it into
the United States as an official
part of the state of Iowa. Which it
already is.

Bill sighs, looks back at Michael.

Michael looks at him sadly, shrugs.

JERRY
You can't fight Uncle Sam.

Bill takes the paper in hand.

Jerry whips out a Mont Blanc fountain pen, identical to
Sam's.

JERRY
So don't even try.

BILL
That's a nice pen.

JERRY
Keep it with my compliments.

BILL
Thanks, I'm starting a collection.

The junker Oldsmobile back-fires down the street.
Bill shrieks, leaps up and races to the corner of the lot.
The Sentries converge on the corner, M-16s at the ready.
The beater coasts through the stop sign, ignoring Bill's pleas.

BILL
It's a stop sign, you're supposed
to stop! It's the law!

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Not in this country.

Jerry turns to Michael.

JERRY
Michael -- I like your legal mind,
you want to work for the State
Department?

Michael is momentarily starry-eyed, then scowls.

MICHAEL
I got a job, Deputy Secretary. I'm
Attorney General of Bill-Land.

JERRY
You're Attorney General of
diddly-squat. I'm talking about a
real job.

MICHAEL
I'm no traitor.

JERRY
Oh no? You two could be shot for
this little stunt.

That shuts Michael up. Jerry smiles.

JERRY
You chew on that for awhile. Let me
know.

Bill stomps back from the curb.

BILL

Dang it!

He looks at the paper in his hand. Jerry puts his arm on Bill's shoulder.

JERRY

That's a shame, Bill, he's a damn menace to society. You know --

He pulls Bill closer.

JERRY

(warmly)

I can put a United States Marine on that corner for you - a real pit-bull. Next time he fails to stop we'll bust that scofflaw so hard he'll be begging you for mercy.

Bill looks at Jerry.

BILL

All I gotta do is sign this and that guy'll be begging for mercy?

JERRY

That's right. We'll give him the special treatment.

Jerry winks.

Bill smiles sadly.

BILL

Jerry, I don't think anyone should have to beg for mercy in Bill-Land.

Bill grabs the American flag from the doorway, brandishes it by the skinny pole.

BILL

Except maybe you.

JERRY

What?

Bill swings, strikes Jerry on the shoulder. Jerry back peddles.

JERRY
OW! What the hell is your problem?

BILL
You're an unwelcome illegal alien,
Jerry.

JERRY
What?

Bill swings, misses.

Jerry barks at the sentries.

JERRY
Are you just gonna stand there?

They just stand there.

Bill swings, connects. Jerry staggers back.

BILL
If you don't vacate my country
right now, I'm gonna have to deport
your ass.

Jerry stops backing away, bewildered.

Bill hands him the flag.

BILL
I think this belongs to you.

JERRY
You're insane. The United States
will crush you.

BILL
Drop by any time, Jerry.

Bill smiles - an epiphany.

BILL
That's our national motto. Drop by
... any time.

Bill watches Jerry retreat to his limo, flag in hand. Bill contemplates the stars and stripes he once proudly displayed - now desecrated by his own hand. He sadly bows his head.

Bill brushes past Michael, heads into the house.

MICHAEL

(to phone)

Yo dude, my brother just put the smack down on the Deputy Secretary of State. Awesome.

BILL (O.S.)

Come on Michael, we've got a lot of work to do.

MICHAEL

(to phone)

Gotta go. It's time to pow-wow with El Presidente.

INT. JERRY'S LIMO - NIGHT

Jerry throws back a drink, barks at a video phone.

GENERAL WARING fills the small screen, a hard-used veteran who's had about enough from this Executive Branch lapdog.

JERRY

What do you mean you can't target it?

GENERAL WARING

It's too small. And it's in a residential area, inside the continental United States.

JERRY

I though you guys could shoot a missile up a monkey's ass from outer space.

GENERAL WARING

Theoretically, we can. However I don't think it's wise to test that theory on our own citizens. Besides which, I take orders from the Commander in Chief, not the Deputy Secretary of --

JERRY

Well come up with some sort of contingency plan. I wanna shut this guy down.

GENERAL WARING

I could send my wife over with a badminton racket.

JERRY
Not funny, General.

The General isn't laughing.

Jerry punches a button, ends the call.

JERRY
(to himself)
Time for Plan B.

INT. BILL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Bill sits on the toilet, reading "Trade Relations for Idiots".

He flushes. Nothing. He wiggles the knob. Freezes.

BILL
Oh my god.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - DAY

Kenny's hunched over the water meter as Bill and Michael look on impatiently.

Kenny moves the cut-off valve one way, then the other. He taps the pipe, listens.

MICHAEL
Is this going to take long? I've gotta shower and sneak out for a client meeting.

BILL
Past the armed guards? Are you going to take a bullet for a divorce settlement?

MICHAEL
They're nice guys. And I've gotta make some bank - I've got a wife and a mortgage.

KENNY
Well that's it.

BILL
What?

KENNY
Your water's been cut off.

BILL
 (sarcastic)
 Really? I never would have guessed
 that. Thank you Mister Monkey
 Wrench.

The lights go out. Darkness.

KENNY
 And -- though I'm no electrician,
 I'd say your power's been cut.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill, Michael and Kenny emerge from the house. Jerry leans
 against the limo, snickering.

JERRY
 Well if it isn't the three stooges.

BILL
 Real funny, Jerry. Kind of
 juvenile, don't you think? I can't
 even flush my own toilet.

JERRY
 That's American water you're
 crapping in, Bill. You're no longer
 entitled to it.

Kenny digs in his pockets. Michael lights a cigarette.

BILL
 It's gonna take more than that to
 shut me down, Jerome.

JERRY
 Bill, I've got more. Much more. You
 want your own country? Fine.
 You're gonna learn the price of
 freedom. It's high, Mister
 Philpott. It's mighty high.

Kenny produces a joint, borrows Michael's lighter and takes
 a hit. Jerry smirks.

JERRY
 And I don't think you have the
 manpower.

MONTAGE

In the Backyard:

-- Kenny holds a book entitled "Rain Dancing for Idiots" in one hand, waves some feathers skyward with the other, and tromps around between several empty containers.

-- Michael is digging a hole in the yard, a bucket on a rope nearby. As well as a copy of "Well Digging for Idiots". The hole's at chest height and he's exhausted. He pitches the shovel onto the lawn and tries to climb out of the hole, but he's out of gas. He gets comfortable, takes a nap.

In the Basement:

-- Bill has mounted an old bicycle precariously on cinder blocks. The wheel driven generator that powers the headlight has been wired to the fuse panel on the wall.

Bill pedals and pedals, while reading a copy of "Electrical Generators for Idiots". His face red with the effort, he looks up at the ceiling bulb. It barely glows. Bill collapses, gasping for breath.

EXT. BILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill sits despondently at the kitchen table, a candle flickering. Kenny enters.

KENNY

Hey Bill. Kinda dark in here.

Kenny flicks on the lights.

BILL

What is it, Kenny? I'm all outta beer and I don't have any more charcoal briquettes.

Kenny isn't insulted, he just grins.

He grabs a glass, goes to the sink.

He fills up the glass, takes a deep gulp.

KENNY

Ahh. Nothing like a cold drink on a hot night.

Kenny turns, Bill is right behind him.

KENNY

Whoa, hey there fella, can I make
you some iced tea? How about some
--

Bill brushes past him, flips on the faucet. He studies the
water, sticks his finger in it, sniffs his finger.

EXT. BILL'S SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Bill and Kenny are looking at a swath of camouflage netting
snaking through the grass between their houses.

BILL

What am I looking at Kenny?

KENNY

The Kenneth J. McMasters
transcontinental pipeline.

BILL

Where'd you get the netting?

KENNY

Duck hunting.

BILL

It's impressive. Are you pumping
oil out of Bill-Land?

KENNY

Take a look.

Bill leans down and lifts up the edge of the camouflage.

A garden hose and an extension cord.

KENNY

I'm throwing you a lifeline, Bill.
I've hooked you up with an IV of
power and water. Hell, I'm a
utility company.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Wooo hooooo!!

Michael sticks his head out the window, waves his cellphone.

MICHAEL

Charging up!

Bill is moved, and a little embarrassed.

BILL

I don't know what to say, Kenneth.
You're the best neighbor I could
ask for.

KENNY

Aw heck, it's nothing.

BILL

Uh, Kenny? You know you might get
in trouble for this.

KENNY

What can they do?

BILL

You're providing aid and comfort to
the enemy - they could shoot you.

Kenny's eyes go big with excitement.

KENNY

Really?

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill dutifully brushes his teeth - up, down, side to side.

A plane passes overhead, sounding more like a garbage
disposal than a commercial jet.

Bill glances up.

BILL

(to himself)

Airspace. Got to do something about
my airspace.

He chuckles, resumes brushing.

Bill rinses, spits and heads for bed as a flash of white
passes outside the bathroom window.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

A PARACHUTIST in khaki nails the landing on Bill's front
lawn - executes a short roll and swiftly gathers up the
chute.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Bill exits the front door, pauses to stretch and yawn. His gaze locks on an object sticking out of the ground in front of him.

Bill leans down and stares at it. A metal handle of some kind. He grabs it and pulls. Up comes a rope attached to the handle, then nylon webbing and a rucksack.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Kenny leans against the fence, beer in hand.

Bill stands in his yard, contemplating the parachute spread out on the grass.

KENNY

Son of a gun. You've been invaded.
It's D-Day in Bill-Land.

BILL

Great, this is all I need.

KENNY

Hey, you get your own country, you
gotta start watching out for enemy
incursions.

Bill glances around.

BILL

Yeah, right, ene --

Bill freezes, spots something. He tiptoes over to the big oak tree at the corner of the yard.

Bill peeks around one side of the tree, then the other, catching vague glimpses of a person.

Bill stops still, clears his throat.

BILL

Excuse me?

Nothing.

BILL

I said excuse me?

Bill sighs.

KENNY
Anybody there?

Bill turns to Kenny.

BILL
I'm ... not really sure.

Bill looks behind the tree. Nobody there.

He returns to the parachute, yells in all directions.

BILL
And I want this parachute off my
lawn by tomorrow morning, all
right?

Silence.

EXT. P.O.V. - THROUGH THE TREE BRANCHES

Someone watches Bill from high in the oak tree.

END P.O.V.

BILL
All right.

Bill starts back to the house. Stops.

BILL
(to himself)
Wait a minute.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

A parachute wafts in the air, undulating gracefully. It descends to reveal laughing schoolkids at the perimeter tugging it up and down.

A nice looking man, not Bill, is tending them.

Jennifer stands to one side, clutching a laptop - video camera pointed at the students.

JENNIFER
Can you see this Bill?

A student darts out from under the chute, another disappears beneath it. Giggles erupt from within.

Bills video face on the laptop responds.

BILL (V.O. FILTER)
 (laughing)
 Wow, that's great. Who's that guy -
 did one of the dad's come with
 their kid?

JENNIFER
 He's your replacement Bill. His
 name's Stewart. He's very nice.

Bill's smile turns upside down.

BILL (V.O. FILTER)
 I sure ... I sure hope so. Thanks
 Jennifer.

JENNIFER
 Sure Bill. Thanks for the
 parachute. So ... what's it like to
 have your own country?

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Bill sadly clicks the video feed off. Sits there.

BILL
 (to himself)
 Lonely.

THUNK (O.S.)

Bill gets up wearily, heads for the --

KITCHEN

BILL
 Hello? Anyone there? You're not in
 the contiguous United States
 anymore, so you have no rights.
 (to himself)
 Just like me.

No one in the kitchen.

Bill notices the sound of a TOILET TANK REFILLING.

He enters the --

BATHROOM

Off the kitchen.

The window is still open. Bill sticks his head out. No one there.

He sighs. Yells into the yard.

BILL

You can use the toilet any time.
You don't have to crawl in the
window.

EXT. P.O.V. THROUGH TREE BRANCHES

Someone watches from high in the oak tree. Bill cranes his neck, sees no one.

BILL

My name's Bill, by the way. As if
you didn't know already.

END P.O.V.

He turns from the window and spots a Maxi-pad wrapper in the trash. He carefully plucks it out, examines it.

BILL

(to himself)
Interesting.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie, dressed to the nines, waits impatiently as one of the armed guards checks her Prada handbag.

He finishes, she snatches from his grasp and stomps to the door.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM

Bill stands at one end of the room, next to an easel with a poster-size pad of paper.

Michael and Kenny sit at the table with beers.

The meeting is pants optional.

Bill makes a list on the easel. As he descends the page, he starts running out of room and the words get smaller and smaller...

CONSTITUTION - in progress

LAWS - none

LAW ENFORCEMENT - none

MISSION STATEMENT - do no harm

EXPORTS - plumbing, teaching

IMPORTS - Kenny's water, Kenny's power, Kenny's pot

DEFENSE - a lacrosse paddle

DIPLOMACY - Michael?

RESOURCES - dirt, air, what's in the attic

KENNY

Yo, Bill. I say we legalize prostitution.

BILL

I don't know, Kenny.

MICHAEL

Actually, it's already legal. In fact nothing in this country is against the law. Yet.

KENNY

Wow.

Angie walks into the room as --

MICHAEL

So, prostitutes for everyone!

Bill and Kenny are stone quiet, eyes fixed on her fuming-highness.

Mike sees her.

MICHAEL

Well, not me off course, I --

Angie slaps house keys and a manila envelope down on the table, marches out the door.

KENNY

Ouch.

Michael looks the keys over sadly, frowns.

MICHAEL

Hey, where's the timeshare? Where's
the key to the timeshare?

He jumps up heads out the door.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

You're not getting the timeshare.

He and Angie can be heard arguing outside.

KENNY

We gotta get some nice girls to
move to Bill-Land.

BILL

(skeptical)

Sure.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie stands in the street, shaking a taloned finger at
Michael. He stands between the guards in his bathrobe and
boxers.

ANGIE

So go play in your brother's little
tree fort all you want, Michael.
And the next time you want to get
married, call a hooker!

SENTRY #1

(to himself)

Ouch.

Angie marches off to a waiting limo. It features State
Department flags. It glides by Michael. The rear window
lowers and Sam gives him a cheery salute.

Michael ties up his bathrobe, stomps back in.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kenny and Bill look over the contents of the manila
envelope.

Michael enters, a defeated man.

BILL

Sorry, Michael. I guess I caused
your divorce.

Michael slumps into a chair, rubs his face.

MICHAEL

No ... no Bill, you did me a favor.
If I have to give up a whining,
crazy, expensive ... bitch to be
Attorney General of Bill-Land, then
I'm willing to make that sacrifice.

BILL

Thank you Michael.

KENNY

It's Bill-Land's first divorce!

Micheal sighs, turns to Kenny.

MICHAEL

Hey -- Drug Czar, gimme another
beer.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A rainstorm washes through the neighborhood.

Bill appears at the front window, looks out into the yard.
The sentries are sitting in their HUMVEE (Military
Hummer/Jeep) across the street, playing a video game. Bill's
gaze rises to the oak tree.

A lightening flash reveals a poncho-covered figure among the
branches.

Bill sighs.

FRONT DOOR

Bill walks out the front door draped in a flimsy fold-up
raincoat and carrying an umbrella. He approaches the tree,
looks up into the branches.

Who ever's up there in the poncho isn't moving.

BILL

You know you're gonna get sick
sitting out here in the rain.

Thunder rumbles ominously in the distance.

BILL

If you don't get hit by lightening
first.

Still nothing.

BILL
I've got cocoa. I've got coffee.
I've got a bottle of whiskey my dad
left behind. Still unopened.

Nothing. Bill sighs.

BILL
Okay. Suit yourself. Just trying to
run a friendly country. I think
I'll call you "Poncho"

Bill heads for the house.

THUNK. Bill spins.

PONCHO stands there, silent, face obscured by the hood.

Bill smiles uneasily.

BILL
Oh. Hi. Well come on in.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN

Bill pours out a mug of coffee.

BILL
Here we go, nice and hot.

Bill sets it in front of Poncho. Poncho picks it up, unable
to drink from the mug because of the hood.

BILL
Hey, if you're supposed to remain
anonymous, your secret's safe with
me. Who'm I gonna tell?

Poncho considers this. Flips off the hood.

A burst of blond hair, pulled tightly back. A frighteningly
beautiful woman, even with the grimly set mouth.

Bill sits, impressed.

BILL
Hello.

She speaks with a raspy growl.

PONCHO
Thanks for the coffee. Where's the
whiskey?

Bill stumbles up from his chair, eyes fixed on Poncho.

BILL

Let me -- just a minute. I'll get it.

Bill reappears, bottle and two glasses in hand.

BILL

It's all kind of dusty, I should really wash these --

Poncho grabs a glass, slams it on the table, looks at Bill expectantly.

BILL

O-kay. Let's crack her open.

With some difficulty he unscrews the corroded cap, pours a finger-full into her glass.

She pulls the neck of the bottle down and gets a double shot. Picks up the glass, knocks it down.

PONCHO

I should be getting back.

She slides back the chair, stands up.

BILL

To the tree? Bill-Land is only forty three hundred square feet - I measured it - you'd be better off hiding inside the house and ... why are you here?

PONCHO

Is there a problem?

BILL

Well, I suppose not. My country has its own spy - if that's what you are, I mean. That's kinda cool. Wouldn't you rather stay inside?

Poncho considers the issue.

PONCHO

Do you have a basement?

BILL

Uh -- sure.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT

Poncho slouches on a camper cot. Bill squats on a milk crate.

BILL
Is this okay?

PONCHO
It's fine ... thank you.

BILL
So, uh ... what's your business in Bill-Land?

PONCHO
You know, that name's just --

BILL
I know, I know, I'm working on it ... so?

Poncho sighs, sits up.

PONCHO
Alright, you seem harmless. I'm with the CIA. I've been sent to infiltrate and report back.

BILL
Report what?

Poncho pulls out a survival knife, compass, pillbox, string, sewing kit, small electronic radio, binoculars ... from numerous hidden pockets. Carefully organizes them on the cot.

PONCHO
The usual -- your political agenda, strategic alliances, military capabilities, et cetera and so on.

BILL
This is crazy.

PONCHO
Every new geo-political entity -- every country has a representative of the United States within their borders, courtesy of the CIA.

She sneers.

PONCHO
I've been assigned to you. Bill.

BILL
You don't seem happy about it.

PONCHO
Bill. This so-called country has no
army, no center of power, no black
market, no dictator, no death
squads, no --

BILL
I'm sorry Bill-Land isn't what
you're used to.

Poncho sighs, starts unlacing her boots.

PONCH
It's okay, it's kind of a nice
change. Even if it is a
disciplinary action.

BILL
Huh? What'd you do wrong?

PONCHO
I wouldn't sleep with the Deputy --

BILL
Secretary?

PONCHO
Of State.

BILL
Jerry?

Poncho pulls out an Army bayonet knife, slams it a full inch
into a wooden post next to the cot. Bill immediately gives
her his complete attention.

PONCHO
I was on a liaison team he was
briefing. He made a pass, I told
him I only date the men in charge.
Not Deputies.

BILL
So you pissed him off - that's
really cool.

She scowls.

BILL

Or maybe not. What's your name, by
the wa --

PONCHO

Try to stay out of the basement,
Bill. I'll be keeping tabs on
things, but you won't see me.

BILL

It wouldn't be so bad -- if I saw
you -- again, that is. Would it?

Poncho smiles mysteriously. Briefly.

Bill grins, starts up the stairs.

BILL

Well I'll leave you to your
clandestine operations.

Poncho pulls out a .40 Glock and pops in a clip.

Bill freezes on the stairs, backs down and looks.

BILL

(nervous)

Uh, we don't -- we don't allow guns
in Bill-Land. Even for our one and
only spy.

Poncho smirks, loads the breech.

Bill doesn't waver. Puts out a hand.

Poncho looks him over -- suddenly this nerd has some balls.

She shrugs, clears the breech, pops the clip. Gives the gun
to Bill. He takes it gingerly.

PONCHO

It's your country.

BILL

And we practice gun control. At
least we will from now on.

He unconsciously points the barrel at her. She gently
reaches over, points it in a safe direction.

BILL

(blushing)

Oh -- sorry.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN

A pajama-ed Michael digs through the fridge.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Bill-Land is out of pickles.

He backs up fast when Bill appears with the gun.

MICHAEL
Whoa.

BILL
Stay out of the basement.

MICHAEL
Bill, as Attorney General of this
proud nation, I have to say that
gun worries me a little.

Bill opens a drawer by the sink, deposits the gun.

BILL
It's not loaded. We'll give it back
when sh -- when the spy's done
spying.

MICHAEL
We've got a --

Poncho's angry voice drifts up the stairs.

BILL
Shh ...

Bill goes to the basement door.

It sounds like Poncho is arguing on the phone. Impossible to tell what's being said.

Bill closes the door. Turns to Michael.

BILL
Just stay out of the basement.

INTERCUT:

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT

Poncho growls into her cell phone.

PONCHO

There's nothing to report ...
nothing.

INT. JERRY'S LIMO

Jerry's alone in the back. He nervously looks around, checks his tie.

JERRY

What about us?

PONCHO

There is no us, Jerry.

JERRY

I can get you re-assigned to Paris,
now there's a cushy assignment.

PONCHO

But you won't, will you? Until I
let you play with my cookies.

JERRY

Well it only seems fair --

PONCHO

Jerry, you can force me to swallow
twenty rolls of microfilm.

JERRY

But sweetheart --

PONCHO

Sleep with every fat, sweaty
Dictator from the Pacific Rim to
Eastern Europe --

JERRY

Hon --

PONCHO

Bungie jump into the bowls of Hell
--

JERRY

But --

PONCHO

And I still won't go out with you.
I won't be meeting your mommy or
doing your laundry. Because there
is -- no -- us.

She hangs up.

Jerry stares at his phone.

JERRY

If that's how you want it.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early dawn, sentries on duty.

A strange, throbbing sound from far off. The Sentries look
at each other.

SENTRY #1

What the hell's that?

Poncho bursts out the front door, in a bathrobe.

She carries the biggest pair of binoculars you have ever
seen.

SENTRY #2

Where you been hidin' those, baby
cakes?

Poncho sneers, checks out the horizon. Something's heading
in towards the house. It grows LOUDER.

SENTRY #1

Sounds like choppers.

Poncho winces, puts down the binocs.

PONCHO

One chopper. Shit.

She heads briskly inside.

Sentry #1 squints at the approaching craft. A Sikorsky
helicopter used for heavy lifting, it has a long pillar the
size of a tree trunk dangling from its belly.

SENTRY #1

What the hell is that?

SENTRY #2
It don't look friendly.

Poncho tears out of the front door, now in boots. She drags Bill behind her. He carries his laptop and a picture of his mother. He's resisting.

Michael follows, carrying his cellphone and day planner.

BILL
What about my camera? I don't have any clothes.

MICHAEL
Bill, where's the fire? And who's this chick?

The chopper is now overhead. The dangling pillar drops from its cable, becomes a missile.

SENTRY #1
Holy crap! Incoming!

Everyone runs across the street, dives behind cars.

A mini-van turns the far corner of the block, starts down the street.

Kenny wanders out his front door, beer in hand.

KENNY
Huh?

The missile plows into the roof of the house. The whole structure shudders, then is still.

KENNY
What the hell was that?

Bill pops up from behind a car.

BILL
Kenny, get down!

Poncho stands up, confused.

The Sentries stand up.

SENTRY #2
Looks like a dud.

Michael still crouches below.

MICHAEL

You guys check it out. I'll just hang out here and pee in my shorts.

PONCHO

There are no duds. The United States of America doesn't fire duds. It's some kind of --

A muffled explosion. Kenny leans over his porch rail and gives the house a serious scrutiny. He turns and calls out to Bill

KENNY

Looks like a dud, Bill.

The house collapses in on itself.

It's reduced to a pile of lumber and dust.

Bill SHREIKS, grabs one of the M-16s from a Sentry, races down the street, after the chopper.

PONCHO

Bill!

The Sentries run after him.

Bill tries to fire at the swiftly departing craft. He can't get the gun to work.

BILL

Dammit! That was my home, you bastards, that was my house. You blew up my country, you sons of bitches!

The sentries take control of him, drag him back.

SENTRY #1

It's okay, it's not even loaded.

BILL

What? What's the matter, isn't Bill-Land worth a few bullets? They dropped a damn bomb on my house, those lousy bastards, I was just trying to give them a taste of their own med --

PONCHO (O.S.)

Bill!

Bill looks up. Poncho is standing next to Jennifer, who is standing next to most of Bill's old fourth-grade class.

The kids stand stiffly, frozen by confusion and fear.

Bill straightens up, the sentries try to flank him in some official fashion.

Jennifer nervously pulls out a tone pipe, toots out a note.

THE KIDS
(tentatively, to the tune of
"My Country 'Tis of Thee")

My country Bill-Land
In Davenport, Iowa
of thee I sing

Land of Mister Phiiiiil--pott
We like his land a lot
Whether it's cold or hot
Let freedom ring

Bill snuffles, applauds. The Sentries applaud. Poncho applauds, finally cracking a wide smile.

JENNIFER
We made something for you. Go
ahead, Karen.

KAREN shuffles forward and shyly hands Bill a book made of construction paper covered with glitter and ribbons, obviously created by the class.

The front is titled "The National Anthem of Bill-Land by Clara Barton Middle School 4th Grade Class"

Bill takes the book, gazes at it wonderingly, teary-eyed.

He drops down to Karen level, smiles tenderly.

BILL
I'm sorry. I got upset and I
behaved badly. I --

KAREN
It's okay, Mister Philpott.

He looks to the rest of the class.

BILL
I'm so sorry, it's been a bad
morning. You guys are so great. I
don't know what to say.

He looks at the pile of house where his home used to be.

BILL
(shakily)
Welcome to Bill-Land.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill and Poncho sit on the front steps - the only standing piece of Bill's house.

Michael, in pajamas, and Kenny dig through the debris.

The Sentries stack lumber, guns set aside.

Kenny exclaims triumphantly, pulls out a pair of blue jeans.

MICHAEL
Oh man -- pants!

Michael happily pulls them on as Kenny eyes Poncho.

KENNY
I can't believe she's a spy.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I wonder what's under that
bathrobe.

Bill and Poncho admire the construction paper book.

BILL
Kids are so great. Look at this,
they just poured themselves into
it. They believe that any dream is
possible.

He turns to a page showing Bill's house, a scribbled Bill figure on the lawn. Bill traces the crooked outline of the house.

BILL
I don't know how much longer I can
believe in this one.

Poncho frowns.

PONCHO
I'd like a kid.

BILL
Oh they're great. They're the
greatest thing.

He looks at her, brimming with sincerity. She allows herself a small smile.

BILL

I saw that. That little smile. I know you can do better.

Poncho grims up. Almost completely.

BILL

Will you work on that for me? That smile? Why don't we make that your homework assignment?

Poncho stands up, smolders at him just a little and wanders across the yard. With just a hint of swaying hips. Bill grins like an idiot.

Jerry's limo pulls to the curb. Jerry gets out, starts up the walk. He carries a manila folder with the Presidential Seal on the cover.

Poncho turns. Attacks.

PONCHO

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Leaping into a karate stance, she knocks Jerry on his ass. She jumps on him, starts choking him.

PONCHO

You called an air strike on a civilian target because I wouldn't be your girlfriend?!

Sam jumps out of the car.

The Sentries rush over, try to pull her off.

BILL

Hey!

The Sentries and Sam can't tear Poncho off - Jerry starts turning blue.

Michael pulls Sam off, spins him around.

MICHAEL

How's Angie, frat Bro?

Sam tries to keep his cool.

SAM

Now Michael, let's be adults.

MICHAEL

You don't even remember the Delta handshake, do you -- you pussy. Well here's how we do it in Bill-Land.

Michael holds out a hand, demonstrates the complex series of gestures, culminating in a right cross that knocks Sam onto the turf.

Bill finally rises.

BILL

That's enough!

Poncho releases Jerry. She snarls in his face.

PONCHO

I'm defecting, asshole.

Jerry staggers up gasping, shakes off the Sentries. Sam gets up, stands bravely behind Jerry. Jerry regains his composure, throws the manila folder down on the front walk.

JERRY

Here's our terms. Basically we expect you to surrender unconditionally.

BILL

Get out of my country.

Jerry backs off the curb with exaggerated courtesy, stands at the curb.

JERRY

Your country? I beg your pardon. I mistook it for the sad remains of one man's folly.

Bill walks up to Jerry, nose to nose.

BILL

It's my country Jerry. I have more national pride in my pinky --

Bill shows Jerry his right pinky.

BILL
 Than you have in your whole body --

JERRY
 Don't lecture me about patriotism,
 history teacher. You abandoned your
 own country to play dictator on
 this pathetic little dirt pile and
 I don't --

BILL
 I'm not a dictator.

JERRY
 No, you're an American, just like
 everyone else. You're all
 Americans, and you're all guilty of
 high treason.

BILL
 Not in my country.

JERRY
 You don't have a constitution.

Bill pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of his pajama
 pocket, waves it.

BILL
 I will.

JERRY
 No infrastructure, no machinery of
 governance, no sources of revenue,
 no exports, no --

Bill leans in, snarls.

BILL
 We will.

JERRY
 (cooly)
 It doesn't even have a name.

BILL
 It does too.

JERRY
 What, Bill-Land? That's pathetic.
 Stop playing games and grow up,
 friend. You don't even have a house
 to live in.

BILL
I did, until you blew it up.

JERRY
What're you gonna do, Bill. Launch
a retaliatory strike? Defend the
homeland?

Bill regains his composure.

BILL
We don't allow war here.

JERRY
Where? Where's here, Bill? This is
nowhere.

Bill's shoulders droop, he heads back to his stoop. He looks
down at the construction paper book from the kids, the
picture of his house.

JERRY
Some country.

BILL
Goodbye Jerry.
(to himself)
Drop by any time.

EXT. BILL'S LOT - DAY

Bill sorts through the salvaged belongings, laid out on the
lawn by categories. Kenny and Poncho carry debris to a
corner of the lot.

A MAN in a polo shirt and slacks is frisked by one of the
guards, who lets him enter. He approaches Bill, who turns to
him, irritable and upset.

MAN
Excuse me?

BILL
Yes?

PETE
I'm Pete Fernell, we live down the
street a bit.

BILL
Oh right, you were at the block
meeting last month.

PETE

Yeah - yeah - uh, Heard about your house getting blown up.

BILL

Sorry about all the mess.

PETER

Sorry? Hell, I'm sorry. Could you use some help?

Bill looks over to Kenny.

KENNY

Heck yeah, brother.

BILL

Of course we don't have a dumpster, or anywhere to take this stuff.

PETER

Well ...

Peter turns to a group of men, in line to be frisked by the Sentries.

PETER

Steve's a contractor.

BILL

(to Sentries)

Guys, that's enough with the frisking already. Unless you really enjoy it.

Peter yells over to one of the men.

PETER

Hey, Steve - we need a dumpster, pronto.

Steve pops out his cell phone.

PETER

(to Bill)

He's on it.

BILL

Wow.

Peter slaps him on the back.

PETER

We'll get this mess sorted out.

Michael digs a tent bag out of the pile.

MICHAEL

Well here's a tent, Bill. If you want to stay here.

BILL

I want to stay here.

MICHAEL

Bill, you might want to --

BILL

I'm staying here. It's not just my house, it's my country. My country's been invaded. Bombed. The United States of America has declared war on my country. I'm staying here.

MICHAEL

You know that means I have to stay too.

BILL

Thanks, Michael. You can stay over at Kenny's.

MICHAEL

You're a wise ruler, Bill.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill and men from the neighborhood carry debris to a dumpster sitting on the property.

Kenny fiddles over a collection of water pipes, hooking up an outdoor laundry sink.

Michael sits in a salvaged lawn chair, paging through the manila folder from Jerry.

Poncho rakes debris out of the grass, depositing it in a bucket.

MICHAEL

Says here you can re-join the United States of America without any further liabilities or repercussions.

Michael scans down the page, turns to the next page.

MICHAEL

Or you will be subject to a trade embargo, loss of credit with the world bank, and ... recognition as an official terrorist state? Wow, this country is run by assholes.

KENNY

That's what I keep telling people, but who listens to me.

BILL

Why can't they just leave me alone? I mean, what's the big deal?

MICHAEL

The United States of American can not have a rogue nation established within its borders. Not even a legal one. It's just not cool. Remember the civil war?

BILL

Of course I remember the civil war, I teach -- taught, I taught history, Michael. I taught kids to love their country, to cherish their freedoms ... I. Shit.

Bill tosses the pile of debris he's lifting right back on the pile he took it from.

KENNY

Uh, Bill? Goes over there.

BILL

(to himself)

What do I think I'm doing?

EXT. BILL'S LOT - NIGHT

Bill stands at the rear edge of the lot, staring mournfully down the dark alley.

A cat disappears under a partially open garage door. Someone tosses a bag of trash into his bin. Everyone's settling in for the evening.

SENTRY #1 (O.S.)

'Night, Sir.

Bill nods at the Sentries, as they disappear into their HUMVEE/quarters.

Bill turns back to the alleyway.

He steps off his property, walks into the night.

EXT. THE DAVENPORT IOWA STRIP - NIGHT

Car dealerships mingle with fast-food chains, liquor stores and mini-malls.

Gangs of rowdy teenagers shout and shove each other into McDonald's. A sports bar window shows the local team winning on twenty screens, to the cheers of the patrons.

Bill ambles along, taking in the local sights, watching the cars cruise by.

BILL
(to himself)
This isn't such a bad country.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE

Bill approaches the counter with a big bag of chips, a TIME magazine, a bag of mini doughnuts and a fountain pop.

He smiles apologetically to the blindingly indifferent CASHIER.

BILL
When I'm feeling a little down, I
tend to hit the junk food kinda
hard.

CASHIER
Uh ... huh.

The Cashier rings up his items. Bill hands over a credit card. It's rejected.

BILL
(surprised)
Oh.

Bill checks his pockets. Nothing.

The Cashier smirks. Takes Bill's pop. Drinks it.

EXT. THE DAVENPORT IOWA STRIP

Bill ambles along dejectedly.

He spots a HOMELESS MAN making his way down a traffic lane with ten huge bags of pop cans strapped to a tiny grocery cart.

Cars zip by, horns BLARE. The Homeless Man seems to take it in stride.

Bill jogs up next to him. The Homeless Man wears too many layers for the weather and his face is leathery and thick.

BILL

Say, can I help you get over to the sidewalk? It's a lot safer than out here in the --

Bill reaches for the cart. The Homeless Man backhands him in the chest. Bill stumbles back as a car swerves to miss him.

BILL

Oh, wow. I'm sorry.

He gets up next to him again. The Homeless Man pushes relentlessly on.

BILL

I know you probably worked really hard for those cans, but you know, if you're dead they won't do you any good. I think maybe you --

Behind them, a police siren gives a YELP. Bill turns to see a squad car pulling up behind them.

POLICE MEGAPHONE

Stop right there.

Bill stops, Homeless Man keeps going.

Two officers step out of the car. They look at each other.

OFFICER #1

Is that him?

OFFICER #2

Yep. I remember him now, he used to teach over at Clara Barton.

OFFICER #1

No shit.

Bill smiles nervously.

BILL

Hi fellas, uh --

Bill motions at the Homeless Man heading down the street.

BILL

I'm sure he's harmless. Just trying
to survive, you know?

The officers aren't even looking at the Homeless Man.

OFFICER #1

Uh-huh. Mister Philpott, just stand
right there.

They approach him, hands on holsters.

BILL

(confused)

Sure, guys. Is there a problem?

OFFICER #2

You bet there's a goddamn problem.

Officer #2 grabs Bill and puts him into the frisk position
against the car.

BILL

I don't understand. And how do you
know my name?

OFFICER #1

You're wanted by every major law
enforcement agency in the nation,
Mister Philpott.

OFFICER #2

You goddamn traitor. Well you're
not gonna corrupt America's kids
with your commie bullshit anymore.

BILL

Commie -- hey, wait a minute.

The Sentry's Hummer pulls up and SCREECHES to an ungraceful
stop across the front of the squad car.

OFFICER #1

What the --

Poncho flies out, automatic up.

BILL

Hey, I hid that.

Poncho ignores him.

PONCHO

Officers, release your prisoner --
NOW!

BILL

Prisoner?

OFFICER #1

You have got to be --

Poncho BLASTS a hole in the squad car windshield.

PONCHO

Hands on your heads -- NOW!

Everyone complies -- even Bill.

PONCHO

Get in the jeep, Bill.

Bill heads for the Hummer.

OFFICER #2

Are we gonna let her get away with
this?

Poncho BLASTS off a squad car roof light.

OFFICER #1

I guess so.

Poncho backs up, points to the ground in front of the car.

PONCHO

Face down.

OFFICER #1

You know, by now someone's called
nine-one-one and you're --

Poncho BLASTS off the rearview mirror next to Officer #1.

PONCHO
Do it NOW!

OFFICER #2
Shit, she's gonna shoot up half our
car.

The officers lie face down in front of the squad car.

PONCHO
Bill, you're driving. ... Bill?

The officers strain their heads up to see --

OFFICER #1
Ma'am, he seems to be --

Poncho turns briefly to look. Bill is catching up to the Homeless Man, now far down the street.

PONCHO
Shit.

She swiftly jumps down between the two Officers and pulls their weapons, which she tosses under the squad car.

She stands up.

SIRENS approach.

PONCHO
Pull down your pants.

OFFICER #2
What the hell?

EX THE DAVENPORT IOWA STRIP - NIGHT

Poncho guns the Hummer up the street as squad cars scream towards the two Officers struggling to get up and zip up.

She brakes hard in front of Bill and the Homeless Man.

The Homeless Man stops. Pushes his cart around the Hummer, keeps going.

PONCHO
Get in the jeep, Bill -- NOW!

BILL
We need to take him back with us.
His name is Carl.

PONCHO

Fine.

Poncho flies out of the Hummer, tosses Bill in like a rag doll, grabs the Homeless Man, tosses him in the back.

BILL

His cans.

PONCHO

WHAT!!

BILL

He won't leave without his --

PONCHO SCREAMS with rage -- shoves bags of can in after the Homeless Man until he's wedged against the far door.

She climbs behind the wheel.

BILL

I really appreciate this whole
rescue thing, it's really amazing
--

PONCHO

SHUT UP!

As squad cars draw within a hundred yards, she abruptly turns and drives through a used car lot, crumpling anything in her path.

A squad car rams into the back of the Hummer. Poncho deftly dodges the next for-sale vehicle, leaving it for the squad to plow into. Another squad slams into the back of the first. Two down.

BILL

Sweetie I don't think my country
can afford to --

PONCHO

Don't you EVER leave the compound
without talking to me first.

BILL

Leave the compound? I just wanted
to --

Poncho kills the headlights, swings into a backyard, plows through a fence. SIRENS and lights all around.

PONCHO

You put everyone in jeopardy when
you just wandered off the
reservation --

BILL

All I did --

PONCHO

You are the ONLY citizen of your
country. If you're not there when
the United States comes knocking,
guess what happens?

Poncho turns down Bill's street, slams on the brakes --

PONCHO

Shit.

-- a hundred feet away from a barrier of squad cars and fire
trucks parked around Bill's lot.

Jerry chats with the FIRE CHIEF, nods at the Hummer and
breezily returns to his conversation. Poncho clenches her
teeth.

She reaches down behind Bill's car seat and pulls out a
case.

FIRE CHIEF

I can't say I understand this at
all. This is a country? This little
patch of weeds?

JERRY

Not for long.

Poncho gets out.

BILL

Maybe I should just go talk to
Jerry and straighten this --

PONCHO

STAY -- IN -- THE -- JEEP.

Poncho slams the case onto the Hummer hood, pulls out a
shoulder-mounted rocket launcher.

Everyone but Jerry takes a big step back.

FIRE CHIEF

Is that a rocket launcher? Lord
have mercy.

JERRY

She hasn't got the balls.

The Sentries are standing nearby.

SENTRY #1

Sir, I think it's time to duck and
cover.

JERRY

We don't do that in America any
more. We stand up and fight.

Jerry takes a couple steps towards Poncho.

JERRY

Let's close up the perimeter,
people!

No one moves.

Poncho mounts the launcher on her shoulder, aims at Jerry.

PONCHO

Out of my way, you stupid fuck!

Jerry sneers and discreetly flips her the bird. In stereo.

She sets her feet, leans into the sight.

BILL (O.S.)

Hon?

PONCHO

This'll only take a second, Bill.

Poncho flips off the safety. Jerry makes a childish face at
her.

Bill speeds by her, races towards Jerry.

PONCHO

Bill!

Bill tackles Jerry. Poncho fires.

Jerry's limo bursts into a ball of flame.

Jerry gets up, grabs Bill in a chokehold.

JERRY
I've got you now, you traitor.

BILL
Jerry, I just saved your life.

JERRY
You're gonna hang from the highest
yardarm.

A shot creases Jerry's leg and he crumples.

BILL
Wha --

Poncho roars up in the Hummer, automatic in one hand - wheel
in the other.

PONCHO
Get -- in -- the --

BILL
The Jeep, yes I know.

He gets in.

They roll into the homeland over the flaming carcass of
Jerry's limo.

EXT. BILL'S LOT - DAY

Dawn. A group of police, fire, and reservist stragglers hang
around the perimeter of the lot, watching what feels like a
very long argument between Poncho and Bill.

A tow truck backs up to Jerry's still smoldering Lincoln.

Bill and Poncho pace around the lawn -- stepping up to make
a point, walking away to refute one.

Michael and Kenny hang out with the Soldiers. A few FIREMEN
roll up, toss over some McDonald's bags from their armloads
of food.

MICHAEL
Chow time!

KENNY
Hey thanks, guys. Sorry we're outta
cash.

FIREMAN #1
Sure you are.

FIREMAN #2
Deadbeats.

MICHAEL
Hey we're an emerging nation, show
some respect.

The rest of the onlookers grab the rest of the food and turn
their attention back to the drama on the lawn.

Bill's turn.

BILL
My house got blown up. I had to go
somewhere to think.

PONCHO
You are somewhere, Bill.

BILL
Somewhere else. I'm sorry, this
just isn't working.

PONCHO
What do you mean? I thought we were
getting along. He doesn't mean
anything to --

Bill grins.

PONCHO
What's so funny?

BILL
I didn't mean us, I meant this
whole country thing.

PONCHO
I -- I know. I know. I know what
you meant.

BILL
Of course if I give up and rejoin
the United States, they're going
throw you in the stockade for the
rest of your life for shooting the
Deputy Secretary of State in the
leg.

PONCHO

I've been in the stockade, Bill.
That doesn't scare me. I've been in
little bamboo cages, I've been in
hot boxes and walking yards where
if you fall down they beat you to
death. So you just keep walking and
walking and hoping that you'll
either die on your feet or they'll
just let you crawl back to your cot
because you're so tired ... you're
so goddamn tired ... you're so --

Poncho starts to cry.

Bill takes her in his arms, holds her close.

BILL

Now we're not gonna let that
happen. We'll just do the best we
can and we'll be fine.

Poncho sniffs, wipes her eyes.

She starts talking like a woman for the first time.

PONCHO

It's just -- when you were gone ...
I got so scared. I thought they
took you away. I didn't know what
to do --

She rubs his cheek, tousles his hair. He starts to tear up.

BILL

Hey, you came to the rescue -- just
like the cavalry. Only sexier.

Poncho smiles.

BILL

But ... hon?

PONCHO

Yes, Bill?

BILL

No more guns ... or rocket
launchers. Or firearms or
explosives of any kind. Alright?

PONCHO

Of course, sweetie. Whatever you say.

They kiss. The policemen, firemen, and reservists applaud and CHEER.

Kenny and Michael are impressed.

KENNY

Wow, he scored the hot spy babe.

MICHAEL

He's the President. Power is the ultimate turn-on.

KENNY

She looks pretty turned-on.

Kenny frowns.

KENNY

Bill-Land needs more women.

MICHAEL

Yep.

INT. JERRY'S REPLACEMENT LIMO

Jerry, Sam, and an AIDE recline in the back seats, as they cruise through downtown Davenport.

Jerry contemplates his scotch and scratches the splint on his injured leg.

JERRY

It's just a matter of time. He'll get tired of crapping in a hole in the ground.

SAM

(laughing)
Yes sir!

JERRY

Then we can get out of this lint-picker's paradise and back to civilization --

The Videophone RINGS. The aid picks the phone receiver, listens, turns to Jerry.

AIDE
It's the Secretary.

Jerry ditches the drink, straightens up.

JERRY
Put him on.

A stern-faced GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN, SECRETARY OF STATE glares at Jerry from the screen.

JERRY
George, how was the Middle East?
Still --

GEORGE (V.O. FILTER)
What the hell are you doing, Jerry?
Have you lost your mind? I leave
you alone for one week and you blow
up the home of a United States
citizen?

Jerry gulps.

JERRY
But sir, I --

GEORGE (V.O. FILTER)
And then you blockade his property?

JERRY
But sir, the point is he isn't a
United States citi --

GEORGE (V.O. FILTER)
The point is, the President's
popularity rating is at an all time
low and you go pulling a stunt
that'll have people throwing shoes
at him for the rest of his term.

JERRY
But I --

GEORGE (V.O. FILTER)
I want to see you in my office in
six hours. Got it?

JERRY
But --

GEORGE (V.O. FILTER)

Good.

Videophone off.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A tent, a porta-john, several trash and recycling containers.

Homeless Man snores next to his bags of cans.

Bill crawls out of his tent. He sports several days of beard growth. He carries a shaving kit over to the laundry sink Kenny rigged in the yard. He dutifully brushes his teeth.

A truck RUMBLES along in the street behind him. The air brakes SQUEAK.

At the noise, Poncho pokes her head out of Bill's tent. Spots the truck.

Bill pulls out a length of floss, starts flossing his teeth.

He finishes, rinses, spits.

TRUCKER (O.S.)

You Bill Philpott?

Bill turns.

There's a truck driver standing right behind him, holding out a manifest.

BILL

Yeah, uh, welcome to Bill-La --

TRUCKER

Your house is here.

BILL

What?

Poncho approaches.

PONCHO

House?

TRUCKER

Where do you want it?

BILL
What do you mean - house?

TRUCKER
All the way from Sweden.

Bill takes the manifest, leafs through it.

BILL
IKEA?

PONCHO
You're kidding.

The trucker taps on the paperwork.

TRUCKER
One house.

BILL
I didn't know IKEA made houses.

Bill steps towards the truck. The Sentries are busily checking it out.

SENTRY #1
This is awesome.

SENTRY #2
Sure ain't no tinker-toy.

There are multiple large panels strapped to the bed. Bill gulps.

BILL
Do I have to assemble it myself?

The Truck Driver grins, and hands Bill the typical IKEA instruction booklet -- only it's three inches thick.

LATER

Bill studies the instructions as a large panel swoops by overhead. The Trucker uses his vehicle's crane arm to place the panels appropriately.

Poncho, Michael, Kenny screw multiple fasteners at a corner joint of two walls.

The Sentries lay out fittings for plumbing and electrical.

KENNY

This is great! It's just like the entertainment center I got. Only took me three hours to screw it together ... of course this is ... bigger.

BILL

It looks like we need to place the roof on this part of it before we bring in the stairs.

Bill points to a square symbol on the instructions.

BILL

What's that?

KENNY

I don't know, Bill - the little Swedish cartoon guy's pointing at it. He looks real excited.

PONCHO

Maybe a jacuzzi?

BILL

It's got a jacuzzi?

MICHAEL

Wow, is that for the president, or can just anyone drop in?

BILL

The Bill-Land jacuzzi will be open to all.

KENNY

This country rocks!

INT. BILL'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

A paragon of Swedish design -- a tastefully modern two stories in a combination of steel, teakwood, and primary color formica.

Bill, Kenny, Michael, Poncho and an older, distinguished looking gentleman named BJORGENSEN are all jammed into a four person jacuzzi. Bill distributes champagne in glasses and mugs.

BILL

I would like to propose a toast to Mister Jan Jorgensen here, the

(MORE)

BILL (cont'd)
 first Swedish Ambassador to
 Bill-Land --

Mr. Bjorgensen nods graciously

BILL
 And to the extraordinarily generous
 and kind people of Sweden, and
 their greatest contribution to the
 world - a store where big things
 come in small boxes. To IKEA!

All glasses clink.

ALL
 IKEA!

BILL
 And to the happy citizens of
 Bill-Land.

MICHAEL
 You're the only citizen, Bill.

Bill considers this.

KITCHEN

Bill, in bathrobe, digs through a box of dust-covered books.
 He finds what he's looking for and starts for the living
 room.

He pauses. Looks out the window.

The Sentries sit on the curb, smoking.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

The Sentries lounge at the curb, murmur in the quiet
 evening.

SENTRY #2
 Yeah, so I got three months and
 then I gotta decide if I'm gonna
 re-up.

SENTRY #1
 Huh. I keep waiting to get pulled
 off this cushy detail and get sent
 to some so-called "hot spot", so
 some freak with an A K can blow off
 my --

SENTRY #2
Shit, man. Don't even talk about --

BILL (O.S.)
Hey guys.

The Sentries get up.

Bill stands there in his swimsuit and bathrobe, book in hand.

BILL
Uh, thanks for all your help today.
Thanks for being such good guys
while doing your duty. It's gotta
be tough.

They nod congenially. No big deal.

BILL
Alright, well ... I've got a little
proposition for you.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE

Everyone's now sitting on bean bag chairs, chatting.

Bill comes back in, followed by the Sentries.

Poncho whispers to Kenny.

KENNY
(to Poncho)
You want a what?

Poncho shushes him.

BILL
Okay, now let's get started.

Poncho makes room for the Sentries next to her bean bag,
gives them drinks.

MICHAEL
What's up, Bill?

BILL
Who wants to be a citizen of
Bill-Land?

Everyone's a little confused.

MICHAEL
Uh, why not? I work here.

KENNY
Heck yeah, I'm in.

PONCHO
Of course, honey.

SENTRY #1
Let 'er rip.

SENTRY #2
Roger that.

MR. BJORGENSEN
Um, Mister Philpott -- sir, I will
have to decline. I love Sweden too
much to ever leave her for another.

BILL
Would you be a witness, then?

MR. BJORGENSEN
I would be honored.

BILL
Then all rise. Hands over hearts,
please.

They comply.

BILL
Other hand on the book.

MICHAEL
What book?

Bill shows them. "THE LITTLE PRINCE" by
Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

BILL
It's a story full of one person
countries. Sort of.

They place their hands on the book.

BILL
As the first president of Home, it
is my honor as well as my duty to
grant Kenneth McMaster, Michael
Philpott, Franklin Cody, uh --

SENTRY #2

Buster --

BILL

Buster Chase -- sorry, and ... oh.
I'm sorry ... hon?

Poncho blushes.

PONCHO

Delores. Delores Morris.

BILL

Del -- ? Delores Morris citizenship
in the new country of Bill-Land,
with all of its requisite
privileges and responsibilities,
and to their progeny in perpetuity.
May they be as good citizens as
they have been good friends.

MR. BJORGENSEN

Here here.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE

The beater Oldsmobile chugs up the street.

INT. BILLS HOUSE

Bill hears it. Like a dog going after a tennis ball, he
takes off out the door.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Bill!

Kenny and Poncho mock in a jaded monotone.

KENNY

Stop. It's a stop sign.

PONCHO

That means stop.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE

The Olds approaches the Stop sign, showing no sign of
stopping.

Bill leaps into the road, sticks out his hands.

The beater car skids to a stop, inches from Bill.

BILL
Stop, okay? Just stop!

Bill marches around to the drivers side.

SHARON, a dull-faced woman in her 60's, scruffy and overweight, stares at him indifferently.

Bill knocks on the window.

BILL
Excuse me, can we talk?

Sharon reluctantly lowers the window, eyes Bill's bathrobe.

SHARON
Are you some kind of pervert?

BILL
Oh - sorry, no, uh -- I'm Bill
Philpott, and first of all, you're
driving across my property.

SHARON
City owns this street.

BILL
It's my street. And I want you to
stop rolling through my stop sign.
It's dangerous, it's disrespectful
of others, it --

SHARON
Got to get to the store. Got to get
to the county office. Got to pick
up my checks.

BILL
Are you on unemployment?

SHARON
Unemployment? Are you kidding me?
I'm on welfare, child.

BILL
What's your name?

SHARON
Sharon. Sharon Mossberg.

BILL
Miz Mossberg, would you like a job?

SHARON

No.

BILL

Oh.

SHARON

But I could sure use something to do. I'd like to interact with the public in a productive and mutually beneficial way.

BILL

(impressed)

Really?

EXT. BILL'S STREET - DAY

Sharon crochets contentedly in a lawn chair in the road next to Bill's country. One lane has been cordoned off by an assortment of chairs and tables. The other lane is blocked at one end by a sawhorse.

A sign taped to the sawhorse declares "Toll - 25 cents - Cash only".

Bill and Michael look over the setup.

MICHAEL

It's a revenue stream. You're actually collecting a tax.

BILL

Yeah. I don't know if I like that.

MICHAEL

You'll like it when you have to fill a pothole. Someone's gotta pay for it. Twenty five cents at a time. And you're gonna have to get that woman a work visa.

BILL

Not now, Michael, Bill-Land can only handle so much paperwork.

A car rolls up. An impatient WOMAN sticks her head out the window.

WOMAN

This is insane. I need to get through.

Sharon gets up, strolls over.

SHARON
That'll be twenty-five cents,
ma'am.

WOMAN
Are you kidding me? I'm calling the
police.

SHARON
Ain't no police in this country,
ma'am.

WOMAN
And what country is that?

Sharon turns to Bill.

SHARON
Bill, what the heck's the name of
your country?

BILL
Bill-Land.

Sharon frowns, turns back to the woman.

SHARON
That man is insane. Twenty-five
cents, please.

EXT. BILL'S STREET - DAY

Sharon sits at her post.

A rental subcompact car rolls up to the barrier.

Sharon strolls over.

SHARON
That'll be twenty-five cents.

It's Jerry, rumped and unshaven.

JERRY
Can you tell Mist -- President
Philpott that the United States
Ambassador to -- to Bill-Land is
here?

Sharon is unimpressed.

SHARON

You hand over the twenty-five cents, I'll tell him anything you like.

EXT. BILL'S BACKYARD

Bill and Jerry pace the perimeter.

JERRY

So, I've been asked to try and establish a U.S. embassy in ... well, Bill-Land.

BILL

Jerry, you blew up the only building in my country.

JERRY

(sheepish)

Yeah. Sorry about that.

BILL

What's done is done, Jerry. Heck, it was an old house. Full of old memories. Time to make new ones. Write a new history. Try to do better.

Jerry stops, looks over the yard, the new house.

JERRY

You know, I'd be honored if I could be a part of it. That is if you don't want to throw me in jail --

Jerry steps forward -- WHAM. He drops chest-high into the hole Michael built when looking for water.

BILL

We don't have a jail. Although we do have a hole.

JERRY

How about an Embassy?

BILL

Maybe we can find you a closet on the second floor.

JERRY

Sounds good. So -- President Philpott, what can Uncle Sam do for you?

Bill pauses to think.

BILL

Bill is fine. I'd like to teach in the United States again. And I wouldn't mind having my gas water and electrical back, so I can stop mooching off my neighbor.

Jerry whips out a note pad, scribbles on it.

JERRY

Alright, work visas and utilities back on. No problem. I think Uncle Sam -- er, the United States will be extremely flexible regarding border crossing and your use of infrastructure and resources.

BILL

That's great.

Jerry smiles. Sincerely.

JERRY

Kind of exciting, being part of a new nation.

Bill grins.

BILL

Tell me about it.

Bill helps him out of the hole.

Poncho bursts out the back door, angrily waving a pregnancy test stick in her hand. She storms up to Jerry and pushes him back in the hole.

BILL

Hon!

She towers over Jerry and lets him have it.

PONCHO

What the hell are you doing here? Get the hell out of my country, you worthless --

BILL

Honey, please. He's been made the new United States Ambassador to Bill-Land.

PONCHO
 (to Jerry)
 They busted you down, didn't they?
 Ha!

JERRY
 (to Bill)
 Can't get anything past her.

BILL
 No kidding.

Poncho waves the pregnancy test stick in his face.

PONCHO
 Well I hope you learned a little
 something, 'cause this isn't some
 cushy little boutique country like
 Monaco or Luxembourg, you're --

KENNY (O.S.)
 Time's up.

Everyone turns. Kenny and Michael scan a sheet of
 instructions.

BILL
 What?

KENNY
 Times up.

MICHAEL
 What's it say?

BILL
 (to Poncho)
 Honey? What --

Poncho looks down at the test stick.

Bill finally realizes what's going on.

BILL
 (stunned)
 What's it say?

EXT. BILL'S YARD - DAY

A small sign by the curb declares "Welcome to Bill-Land"

Bill's class from school is gathered around him in the front
 yard. Bill sits reading to them.

Out on the lawn, a student raises her hand. Before Bill can respond --

PONCHO (O.S. INSIDE HOUSE)
Bill!

BILL
Hon, we've got another ten minutes.

PONCHO (O.S. INSIDE HOUSE)
Bill -- get in here NOW!

BILL
Oh geez.

Bill bounces up, hurries to the house. He stops, turns to the children.

BILL
Talk quietly among yourselves.

The house has grown vertically, up to six stories. Each floor has an open, modern design with floor to ceiling windows.

From the top:

On the sixth floor, the two sentries are adding the final trim. One peruses the IKEA instructions while the other screws in a panel.

On the fifth floor, a hydroponic garden bubbles along. Kenny inspects a familiar-looking green plant of dubious origin.

On the fourth floor, Michael sits in a swivel chair squeezing a tension ball and chatting on his cell phone.

On the third floor, Sharon is making small piles of quarters. Many small piles of quarters. Homeless Man is flattening and stacking cans.

On the second floor, bunk beds.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Bill rushes in. The entire room has been taken over by birthing equipment. Drenched with sweat, Poncho is ripe for delivery, doing her breathing as a MIDWIFE tends to her.

Bill takes her hand, as Kenny and Michael clamber down the stairs.

MICHAEL
Is it coming?

The midwife smiles encouragingly.

MIDWIFE
Now remember your breathing, push
when you feel the urge.

BILL
(to Poncho)
You sure you don't want anything
for the --

Poncho GROANS, pushes, squeezes Bill's hand. Hard.

BILL
Pain!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Kenny staggers out of the house, a bit pale. The children
have gathered around the door.

ADORABLE STUDENT
Is she trying to poop?

Kenny smiles weakly.

KENNY
Kind of, sweetie. Kind of.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Poncho is pushing like a trooper.

MIDWIFE
Here it comes!

MICHAEL
Ewww!

BILL
Wow.

The midwife takes the newborn, passes HER to Poncho.

BILL
It's a girl!

MICHAEL
Congratulations bro --
congratulations Bill. You're a dad!

PONCHO
She's perfect.

Kenny comes rushing in.

KENNY
Did I miss it -- did I miss it?

Poncho leans in, rubs noses with the newborn.

PONCHO
(to baby)
Hello sweetie. Welcome to
Bill-Land.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE

Kenny appears at the front door victoriously raises his arms before the children.

KENNY
It's a girl!

CHEERS all around, as everyone hurries inside to have a look.

A familiar looking flatbed truck pulls up in front of the bulldozer - the bulldozer that's been parked at the curb this whole time.

The Driver gets out, pulls down the flat bed ramp, starts up the bulldozer.

Bill appears at his front door, panicked. He watches the Driver pilot the bulldozer back onto the truck bed.

PONCHO (V.O.)
Honey, what is it?

Bill laughs.

BILL
Oh, nothing. Nothing at all.

He waves at the Driver, goes back inside.

INT. LARGE FORMAL HALLWAY - DAY

Bill walks down a large marble slabbed hallway, dressed smartly and white as a sheet.

Poncho accompanies him, baby riding in a shoulder sling.

BILL

Wow.

PONCHO

You're going to do great, honey.
Just relax.

BILL

Wow.

PONCHO

Breathe, sweetie, just find your
calm center, you'll do fine.

BILL

Wow.

They approach a large double door, flanked by guards in dress uniform.

The guards briskly open the doors and Bill and Poncho enter.

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Bill walks nervously to the podium. Poncho takes a seat nearby, beaming proudly.

The entire room applauds enthusiastically.

Except for

Sam, at the UNITED STATES table - he reluctantly taps his palms together.

Kenny, Michael, Jerry, Franklin and Chase (Sentries), Homeless Man, and Sharon sit at the BILL-LAND table, dressed in their own versions of event-appropriate attire.

They clap and cheer wildly. Except for Homeless Man, who sits bolt upright with stoic pride.

Bill grips the podium shakily, grinning ear to ear.

Finally the adulation abates.

Silence.

Bill looks frantically to Poncho, who nods encouragingly.

Bill turns to the delegates - all are breathless with anticipation.

Bill leans into the mic. His parched lips open.

BILL

Wow.

The applause erupts anew as delegates rise to their feet.

FADE OUT.