

"That's Rich"

by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT ODELL'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

SUPER: April 1984.

A spring day. ODELL ROBINSON, late middle age foreman-type guy and a co-worker at the plant, JIMMY JOHNSON (blue-collar ball cap), return from lunch.

ODELL  
(silent belch)  
Damn, ate too much.

JIMMY  
Boy howdy now, that's not hard to do at Ray's. That boy puts on a feed.

ODELL  
You got that right.

JIMMY  
Pull in this QuikTime here. I need some smokes.

ODELL  
Ya know those things are gonna kill ya.

JIMMY  
Yeah, probably, but not today. Anyhow, I gotta get my PowerPlay tickets for the week.

ODELL  
You still throwing your money away on that crap?

JIMMY  
Hey, everybody's got a dream, you know.

ODELL  
Your money.

JIMMY  
That it is.  
(getting out)  
Be right back.

Odell flips on the radio, punches the dials. The options are COUNTRY MUSIC, COUNTRY MUSIC AND COUNTRY MUSIC.

MINUTES LATER

Odell drives as Jimmy examines his tickets.

ODELL  
Just what would you do if you was  
to win the lottery?

JIMMY  
Oh, boy. What wouldn't I do. New  
car, new house. Place at the lake.  
Maybe start my own business. Maybe  
not even work.

(beat)  
Oh, man. I'd go places...see things.  
Hell, I might even go to  
Europe...visit me some a those  
naked beaches in France.  
(laughs)

ODELL  
You're crazy as hell. You know that  
don't ya. Crazy as hell.

JIMMY  
Yeah, but I work at at.  
(laughs)  
Don't you ever dream o' being rich?

ODELL  
Me? Naw. Got my life pretty much  
like I like it. Don't need no big  
sums o' money to git me through.

JIMMY  
Well, that's good...I guess. But,  
personally I'd just as soon be rich.  
Hooboy.

Jimmy KISSES his tickets, puts them in his wallet as Odell  
pulls into the plant parking lot, stops the truck.

ODELL  
Don't forget now we got that Q.C.  
meeting at 2 o'clock.

JIMMY  
Yeah, I know. Big waste of time, if  
you ask me. Just another chance for  
H.B. to kiss more management butt.

Odell opens his door, slides out onto the parking lot.

ODELL  
Well better H.B. than me. Lock your  
door.

JIMMY  
 Alright,  
 (sticking out his hand)  
 Here!

Odell reaches across and takes something from Jimmy's outstretched hand.

ODELL  
 What's this?

JIMMY  
 What's it look like?

Odell opens his hand to reveal a couple of PowerPlay tickets.

ODELL  
 You and that silly lottery.

JIMMY  
 It's a birthday present. See you at two.

Jimmy turns and walks toward the plant door.

ODELL  
 Hey, it's not my birthday!

JIMMY  
 (over his shoulder)  
 Think positive.

Odell shakes his head, opens the glovebox, tosses the tickets inside, SLAMS the truck door.

INT.PLANT MEETING ROOM - LATER

Concrete walls, fading paint, OSHA posters. Steel folding chairs arranged in theater fashion.

Workers in dirty jeans and cotton shirts file into the room, rough housing, JOKING, LOUD MOUTHED.

Jimmy and Odell file in together taking seats about half way back.

At the front of the room: a cafeteria style table with two chairs. One is occupied by H.B.(shop foreman), dressed like the men, only cleaner; the other by JOHN EDWARDS, VP Manufacturing, white shirt, loose tie, rolled up sleeves.

H.B.  
 COME ON IN, LET'S GET SIT DOWN SO  
 WE CAN GET STARTED.

All the chairs are filling up except for the front row which is still empty.

H.B.  
 (to Edwards)  
 They do it every time.

H.B.(CONT'D)  
 (waving)  
 There's plenty of room up front here. COME ON IN.

Stragglers grab seats as H.B. stands up, surveys the room.

H.B.  
 OK men I'll make this short cause we've got a lot to talk about. Most of you know John Edwards here, our VP Manufacturing. He's gonna say a few words to kick off our Q.C. meeting. Then we're gonna divide up into Quality Control Teams. OK?

CLOSE ON JIMMY

He leans in toward Odell.

JIMMY  
 Quality bullshit.

Odell grins, nods, but doesn't reply.

FADE TO:

INT. SAME LOCATION - LATER

Odell, Jimmy and four other men sit in a circle formed by pulling their chairs around. Similar circles populate the rest of the room.

ODELL  
 Well boys if I'm gonna lead this group then I'm gonna need your help here to ahh..make this work.  
 (beat)  
 Guess first we oughta have a team name. You think?

(SILENCE)  
 Anybody got any ideas?

(SILENCE)  
 Jimmy, how 'bout you. Any thoughts?

JIMMY  
Uhh, Wildcats...how 'bout the Wildcats?

ODELL  
Jimmy, I think what management's  
looking for here is...I don't  
know...quality related maybe.

GUY#1  
(softly)  
Screw management.

The guys LAUGH, Jimmy reaches for a smoke, thinks better of  
it, brings his hand down.

ODELL  
OK look. We're gonna have to do  
this so why not ...

JIMMY  
Team One. How 'bout Team One?

Jimmy looks around at the group for approval.

ODELL  
GOOD. Good. Thank you Jimmy.  
Anybody else?

GUY#2  
(hesitantly)  
The Winners.

ODELL  
OK "Winners."

GUY#2  
No, "The Winners."

ODELL  
Sorry, "The Winners", "The Winners."  
Anybody else?

H.B. drops by, puts his hand on Odell's shoulder.

H.B.  
(false enthusiasm)  
You boys gotta name yet?

ODELL  
We're just working on it. How about  
Team One?

H.B.  
Taken.

JIMMY

Damn.

ODELL

What about "The Winners."

H.B.

OK, That'll work. Good. Keep it going men.

H.B. heads on over to another Quality Circle. From somewhere in the group comes an unmistakable KISSING sound. H.B. doesn't show he noticed.

GUY#1

Make sure that's "winners" NOT "weiners."

Everybody gets a big LAUGH. Jimmy SLAPS him on the back.

JIMMY

Good one.

Guy#1 grins appreciatively.

INT./EXT. ODELL'S PICKUP TRUCK - LATER IN DAY

Odell stops in front of a modest wood-frame home.

Jimmy gets out, holds the door open talking.

JIMMY

See you in two weeks then. Hope the fish bite for ya.