

Water Tech

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GRADUATION STAGE - DAY (ANIMATED SCENE)

Parents pack the dark graduation hall. Spot lights illuminate PRETTY TEACHER LADY, 33, at the podium. A bunch of kindergarteners in graduation gowns wait in line.

PRETTY TEACHER LADY
Manny Silva!

Manny, 5, classic 90's boy, struts up on stage and reaches for the diploma.

PRETTY TEACHER LADY (CONT'D)
What do you want to be when you
grow up?

Manny stomps up the stairs to the podium mic and grins across the audience.

MANNY
I'm gonna be the world's greatest
cartoonist!

The crowd gives a round of generic graduation APPLAUSE.
Manny basks in it.

MANNY (CONT'D)
And your husband.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIDER CRAWLSPACE - DAY

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

BIG BAGS of wet insulation populate the muddy crawlspace.

Water drips onto the covered forehead of MANUEL SILVA, 24, chubby guy in a Tyvek suit (hazmat), safety glasses and respirator.

A BOX OF BAGS waits next to him.

His FOREHEAD LIGHT shines upon the soaked subfloor and insulation above him.

Beat.

He plucks away the wet insulation and shoves it into a huge garbage bag.

Manny, 5, (animated) 90's summer vacation style, leers over Manuel's work.

MANNY

Hurry up. I'm bored.

Manuel plugs away at his work.

Beat.

MANNY (CONT'D)

That's not faster. Come on I wanna go home and draw.

Manuel ties up the full bag, shimmies it down below him and pulls out another from the box.

His stomach GROWLS.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Fatty.

A water drop slides down an overhanging 2x4.

The drop crosses a beam.

It glides down the insulation.

It breaks off the tiniest piece.

The armed water drip PLOPS onto Manuel's safety glasses and slithers into that one little gap between goggles and skin.

It breaches the barrier and stabs Manuel right in the eye.

Manuel YELPS as the insulation digs into his cornea.

He removes the glasses and rubs his eye with his insulation covered glove.

MANUEL

Fuck!

Manuel rolls around in pain and limited space while Manny GIGGLES at him.

He rips the glove off and performs surgery on his eye with his naked finger.

He finally plucks out the insulation and puts on another glove from the bag box.

Manuel gets back to his work.

He peals off some insulation and a CLUMP OF SPIDERS falls right on top of him.

Manny and Manuel SCREAM.

Manny thrashes around swatting them off.

He thrashes and thrashes and SLAM. Knocks his head on a 2x4 and blacks out.

His phone RINGS.

INT: BEDROOM - DAY

SPIDER CRAWLSPACE ENTRANCE

BOBBY RAYES, 28, a short tatted up gremlin of a man in contactor clothes, presses his hear to his cellphone in a upper class bedroom.

RINGING echoes up to the crawlspace entrance.

The RINGING continues and stops.

Bobby calls again and the RINGING blares.

No answer.

Bobby pokes his head into the crawlspace and spots Manuel.

The headlamp rims Manuel but no movement.

BOBBY
Manuel! When we gonna eat?

No response.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Manuel!

No response.

Bobby reaches down but touches mud and pulls back. He pops out of the space.

He ponders amongst the TOOLS around him.

Spare Tyvek suits, protective gear, and a SKILL SAW.

Bobby picks up the skill saw. Revs it twice and dashes out the room.

EXT. SWANKY HOUSE - DAY

GRUMBLES and a woman YELLING emanate from the swanky 2 story home.

Manuel with a LUMP on his head and Bobby pout against the BOX TRUCK.

The ARGUING subsites and JEFF ROSA, 35, dad bod before it was cool, emerges out and confronts the duo.

Jeff towers over them.

Manny flies in next to Manuel.

MANNY
Ooooooh! You're in troubllllllllle!

Manuel looks away. Bobby gives doe eye.

JEFF
What the hell is wrong with you
two?

Manuel and Bobby squirm.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(To Bobby)
You looked like a lunatic with that
thing! Why the hell would you get
the saw when you had suits right
there?!

BOBBY
He was knocked out!

Manuel GROANS.

MANUEL
I'm sorry, Jeff... I -

Manny trembles next to Manuel.

JEFF
(to Bobby)
You still had a clear path!
(To Manuel)
How the fuck did you manage to
knock yourself out?

Beat.

MANUEL
...Spiders... fell on me.

Jeff steps back and shudders. Bobby gawks.

JEFF

Understood. But Bobby, why would you try to cut up the floor instead of diving in?

BOBBY

You heard 'em. There was spiders in there!

Jeff LAUGHS. Manuel turns beat red.

Bobby beams at the approval.

COLLECTIVE TUMMY GROWL

JEFF

Sounds like it's lunch time. Since I got bitched at and had to pull Bobby back from the client, he gets to pay.

Jeff strolls to his own BOX TRUCK GIGGLING.

Bobby bounces up and leans over to Manuel.

BOBBY

Hey buddy, I don't have any cash so could you spot me, again?

MANUEL

I should let you starve.

BOBBY

Love you too, boo.

INT: SILVA HOME - NIGHT

Manuel shuffles into the lower middle class Portuguese home with Manny close behind.

Manuel's PARENTS, 52, and snuggled in PJ's, SNORE on the DAYBED with the T.V. on one of those alien conspiracy shows.

Manny floats to the T.V.

Manuel looks at his parents and shuts it off.

MANNY

Hey!

Manny flies to Manuel who's hobbling towards his room.

MANUELS' ROOM - NIGHT

A sloppy little bedroom with Posters of super heroes and metal bands guard Manuel's chastity.

Manuel digs in his dresser.

Manny soars in.

MANNY

If you won't let me watch T.V. At
least let me draw!

Manuel pulls out a bottle of WISKEY.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Don't you do it!

Manuel opens it up and puts it to his lips. He challenges Manny with a stare.

MANNY (CONT'D)

There you go drinking your juice!
You know what? I think you're
afraid of me!

Manuel tips the bottle back and starts gulping.

Manny faded away little by little as he drinks.

MANNY (CONT'D)

You stupid loser! You're afraid of
me because I'm right! You screwed
us over!

Manuel drinks faster.

Manny fades faster.

MANNY (CONT'D)

You're never going to be anything!
You wasted our time in school for
crap pay and crappier hours!

Manuel throws his pillow at him but it passes right through.

Manny fades to almost nothing.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Enjoy your nightmares.

Poof. He's gone.

Manuel slams his fat ass down into his TWIN SIZE BED with his bottle.

He nurses from it.

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

In the all white little office, Jeff perches and Bobby reclines in their own folding chairs.

Manuel cringes away from the florescent lights in his.

CARL, 35, mid-west good ol' boy, settles behind his big cheap desk covered in papers and FIDGET TOYS.

CARL

So, for today, we have 3 jobs but
be quick. Just in case we get any
new calls.

Manuel's eyes water and he rubs his temples.

JEFF

Maybe we'll all get lucky and get
to go home early!

Manuel and Bobby roll their eyes.

Carl picks up his FIDGET CUBE and plays with the noisiest part of it.

Each CLICK slams into Manuel's eardrums.

With each slam he sinks lower into his chair.

EXT. WATER MITIGATION BUILDING - DAY

Jeff strolls to his box truck in the dirty parking lot. Bobby follows and Manuel drags behind.

He hides his dry heaves.

JEFF

(Optimus Prime impression)
Water boys, let's dry out!

He leaps into the truck and SKIDS off.

Manuel buckles and pukes into the MINI TRASH CAN between him and Bobby.

Bobby vaults out of the way and YELPS.

Manny appears.

MANNY
That's what you get.

INT: MANUEL'S BOX TRUCK - DAY

Manuel GROANS in the passenger seat holding a HOME DEPOT BUCKET with a bag in it.

Bobby looks like Short round in the driver's seat.

A GOKU FIGURINE pops out from a pocket against the back of the cab.

Bobby takes a sharp turn.

The bucket tilts toward Bobby and he SCREAMS.

EXT: FANCY HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bobby drags in BIG FULL BAGS from the garage to the back of the box truck.

Manny is on the phone leaning into the cab and uses the drivers seat as a desk.

He writes in his COMP BOOK.

MANUEL
Where's this one at?--Alright what happened?

CLASSIC INDEISTINCT PHONE NOISE

Manny doodles into the comp book next to the notes. Looks a lot like Jeff eating a dick.

MANNY
Yeah, sure we can make it in 20.

Bobby thrusts in a bag.

It rips open all over the drive way.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Make that 30.

Rain sprinkles.

INT: 70'S FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pours over the older home at the bottom of the hill.

Manuel's Box truck nestles next to the open garage door.

CHILL OLD DUDE, 76, everyone's suspenders wearing grandpa, leads Manuel and Bobby through the large garage with PROJECT CARS and tools everywhere.

They venture to the back.

A water heater leaks atop a platform with a crawlspace entrance.

Chill old dude lifts the cover.

Might as well be a swimming pool under there.

MANUEL

Damn, that from the water heater or the rain?

CHILL OLD DUDE

Both!

Bobby backs away.

Manuel pops his head in.

Water as far as the eye can see.

MANUEL

Does this happen every time it rains?

CHILL OLD DUDE

Sure does!

Manuel pops out and puts on the cover.

MANUEL

Is the water heater turned off?

CHILL OLD DUDE

Yup! Plumber is on his way right now.

MANUEL

Since this happens every time and the water heater is off, the water should drain on its own after the storm.

Manuel struts away.

Bobby stands there with Chill old dude perplexed.

BOBBY
We're coming back right?

Manuel freezes. Manny pops out.

MANNY
Nice try, dumbass.

Manuel fakes a similar strut back.

MANUEL
(to Chill old dude)
I was testing him!

Manuel reaches in his pockets. Nothing.

He pats around and still nothing.

Manuel turns to Bobby.

MANUEL (CONT'D)
Bobby, could you get the schedule
for me?

BOBBY
Why don't you get it?

Manuel JINGLES the keys from his pocket.

MANUEL
Because I buy your food.

Bobby snatches them and GRUMBLES up the soaking hill.

INT: MANUEL'S BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

Rain POUNDS on the windshield so hard it sounds punches.

Bobby rummages through the wrappers and finds the comp book.

He flips it open and discovers full blown sketches on every other page!

Sketches of him, sketches of Manuel, sketches of random things and some comics sprinkled in there. They're cartoonish but cool.

Bobby gazes upon this slack-jawed and frustrated.

INT: 70'S FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT**GARAGE**

Bobby ,soaking wet, limp hands the comp book to Manuel.

MANUEL
(to Chill Old Guy)
Alright when's good for you?

Bobby stares at Manuel, tight lipped.

INT: MANUEL'S BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

Manuel drives in the rain while Bobby still stares at him.

MANUEL
You're really that mad you got
rained on?

Bobby turns his head like an owl.

BOBBY
When were you going to tell me?

MANUEL
I had to tell you it was raining?

BOBBY
Not that, asshole!

Bobby opens up the comp book to some drawings and lifts it to Manuel's face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
This!

Manuel keeps his eyes on the road.

MANUEL
Kinda driving over here.

BOBBY
The drawings! You draw!

Manny pops up next to Bobby.

MANUEL
So? Why is that a problem?

Bobby takes in the book and looks upon the scribbles.

BOBBY

You're so good. Why are you here?

Manny bobs his head in approval.

MANUEL

If I was good I wouldn't be here.

BOBBY

But you could-

MANUEL

Just drop it.

Bobby and Manny shut down. Manny sticks his tongue at Manuel.

Beat.

BOBBY

Can I get a commission? I'll pay
you in exposure.

Bobby lifts his shirt. His tattoos look like he got vandalized.

INT. MANUEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The rain finally eases up.

Manuel putters down the road in a dented F150.

A city bus with a COMMUNITY COLLEGE SIGN cuts him off.

Manuel slams on the breaks, hydroplaning to the side.

He explodes out of the car

MANUEL

Hey, you son of a bitch!

The bus driver flips him off and honks away.

Manuel spots the sign.

It reads "Applications open May 1st"

Manny materializes there with Manuel. Manuel spots him and wafts him away.