

No Sleep Till Madison

Written by

Erik Moe & Peter Rudy

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Owen Fenby (30) and Loretta Bokovitz (28) are having a stand-off in the living room of their apartment. Both are dressed in the stone-washed styles of Middle America. Loretta's hair is no stranger to a curling iron; Owen's is molded into an impressive "mullet."

Loretta holds Owen's Sony PlayStation over her head in a threatening manner.

OWEN

Now calm down, Loretta. Just calm down.

LORETTA

I am calm.

OWEN

Then will you set down my PlayStation, please? Just set it down.

Loretta obeys.

OWEN (cont'd)

Thank you.

LORETTA

Twelve hundred dollars, Owen? Twelve hundred dollars from our checking account and you bought...a van?

OWEN

A really cool van though. Come out and see.

LORETTA

I thought we were putting that money aside? I was thinking it was for, maybe...a honeymoon.

OWEN

But I got a great deal on this baby.

He turns to the window.

OWEN (cont'd)

Ripped the guy off, really. Needed the cash, he said. Had no idea how to negotiate--

The PlayStation whistles past Owen's ear and crashes into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

OWEN (cont'd)

Ahhh!

He stoops and picks up the pieces of his beloved toy.

LORETTA

Okay, I admit it. I'm not calm. You are so inconsiderate.

OWEN

The guys and me, we needed a vehicle for the trip. You knew that. We discussed it.

LORETTA

No, you discussed it. Endlessly.

OWEN

(working hard to bring her around) Baby, you gotta understand my plan. It's an investment. Me and the guys use it on the trip and then I turn around and sell it next month for a profit. See? An investment.

LORETTA

I am so sick of hearing about your idiotic trip.

OWEN

It's not idiotic.

LORETTA

Owen, when are you gonna grow up? When are you gonna stop acting like a little school boy and do something with your life? Like...like...

OWEN

Don't bring up Benny Hoffmeister. I'm warning you, Loretta.

LORETTA

Alright I won't. But, Owen look at yourself. You're twenty-nine years old. You're severely underemployed--

OWEN

(interrupting)

Loretta, I know you're upset, but I gotta get going. Can we talk about this when I get back?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

He makes a move for the door. Another object CRASHES behind him.

OWEN (cont'd)  
Tell me that wasn't my Dinger Dellenbach jersey.

Owen turns around slowly. Lying on the ground is a large shattered picture frame. Owen walks over to the mess, kneels, and carefully removes from the frame an old time hockey jersey (circa 1945).

OWEN (cont'd)  
(wounded) Oh, Loretta...

Owen stands, tucks the jersey under his arm, and heads for the door.

LORETTA  
Owen, you are not leaving.

OWEN  
What are you talking about?

LORETTA  
I'm serious this time. I've put in five years with you. I'm not wasting any more of my life. You gotta choose.

OWEN  
Don't do this.

LORETTA  
Now. Your stupid trip or me.

OWEN  
Be reasonable, Lo. The guys are on their way. I can't cancel now.

LORETTA  
Choose!

2 INT. OWEN'S VAN - DAY

2

Music under MAIN TITLES.

Owen and Dave (15), his nerdy young protege, are driving through town in Owen's newly-acquired van. Dave sports some thick glasses, a less than sterling complexion, and the resigned posture of a high school "untouchable."

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

OWEN

And then she threw me out. Can you believe that?

DAVE

I'm sorry, Mr. Fenby.

OWEN

I mean what did she expect me to do? All the months of planning, all the arrangements I've made.

DAVE

You had no choice.

OWEN

She'll come around. I know my Loretta. She'll be okay.

DAVE

Chicks, man.

Owen shakes it off and gets down to business.

OWEN

Alright, let's go over your duties.

DAVE

Sure, Mr. Fenby.

OWEN

In addition to your video work, I'm gonna need still pictures--lots of 'em.

DAVE

Right. I brought a Nikon 350 and a nice range of lenses.

OWEN

Okay. Now about the statistics. I'll be keeping my own of course, but I need you to back me up. Not just scoring but also shots on goal, penalty minutes--the works.

DAVE

Got it.

OWEN

Oh, I also like to keep track of what I call "incidentals". Cool jerseys, interesting player names, guys who have cool hair, stuff like that.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Incidentals. Okay. Man, I'm excited. I've never done anything like this before.

OWEN

Just be cool. Keep your head up and you'll learn a lot. This one's gonna be the best ever.

DAVE

Should we start the video diary? I'm rolling now.

OWEN

That's what I've always liked about you, Dave. You're a go-getter.

Dave beams from behind the camera.

Owen begins his narration and we switch to Dave's video.

OWEN

(to video cam)

Okay. Owen here. It's...

(he looks at watch)

...12:39 p.m., Thursday, February 17th, and this is the first official entry in this year's video diary, which I'm calling "No Sleep 'Til Madison." Cuz that's how it's gonna be. One week of high school hockey watching and non-stop partyin' all the way to the championship game in Madison. Whoo! Alright. We are presently driving through beautiful downtown Kenosha in a 1991 Dodge Intrepid van that I recently purchased from a Frank Lazlo for the bargain price of 1200 dollars. I'm pleased to report that all gauges are normal.

He looks out the window.

OWEN (cont'd)

Skies are clear, temperature is hovering at a brisk 22 degrees, ideal conditions. I'm on my way to the Milwaukee airport to pick up the boys but I've got to make a little pit stop first.

3 EXT. A T-SHIRT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 3

Owen pulls into the parking lot. He parks the van and enters the store.

4 INT. T-SHIRT SHOP - CONTINUOUS 4

Inside the store a LARGE SWEATY MAN is working a T-shirt press. The walls are decorated with his handiwork: "Let's Boogie", "Kenosha, Partytown U.S.A", "Half Italian Is Better Than None," etc.

OWEN  
How ya doin,' Tony?

T-SHIRT GUY  
Hey, Owen.

Owen points to a shirt on the wall.

OWEN  
Nice job on those "Show Me Your Tits"  
shirts.

T-SHIRT GUY  
(modestly)  
Yeah. They came out pretty good.

OWEN  
You got my order ready?

T-SHIRT GUY  
You bet.

The T-Shirt Guy disappears into the back.

Switch to Dave's video POV as Owen looks into the camera and gives an excited wink: "Wait'll you see this."

Tony returns with a box.

T-SHIRT GUY  
Here you be.

OWEN  
(excited)  
Oh, yeah, oh baby.

Owen opens the box and pulls out a shirt.

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OWEN (cont'd)

Oh, these are gorgeous, Tony. You do excellent work. Such craftsmanship...wait a second.

He holds up a shirt. It reads "No Sheep 'Til Madison."

OWEN (cont'd)

What is this?

T-SHIRT GUY

What? Wrong colors?

OWEN

"No Sheep 'Til Madison"? What the hell does that mean?

T-SHIRT GUY

Isn't that what you wanted?

OWEN

No it's not what I wanted. The theme of the trip is "No Sleep 'Til Madison"! This doesn't even make sense. Oh, God.

T-SHIRT GUY

Must've written the order down wrong. Sorry. Um...I could run it for you again.

OWEN

How long would that take?

T-SHIRT GUY

I'd have to clean the press and re-set the type. Hour and a half?

OWEN

An hour and a half? Does it look like I have an hour and a half, Tony? You know I'm on a schedule here. For Chrissakes.

T-SHIRT GUY

Um, I guess I could knock ten bucks off the price...

Owen is disgusted with Tony's incompetence.

OWEN

(angry)

Just wrap 'em up!

5 INT. OWEN'S VAN - LATER THAT DAY 5

Owen drives while Dave sits in the passenger seat. Dave's video cam is rolling.

OWEN  
(to video cam)  
Owen here, alright, well, due to Tony's incompetence we've had a minor setback but that's no problem because when you're an experienced Wisconsin state high school hockey trip goer like me, you learn to roll through these things. I, Owen Fenby, am not daunted.

He pulls into the Milwaukee airport. Checks his watch.

OWEN  
12:54. Five minutes late to pick up the boys. Thank you, Tony.

6 INT. AIRPORT LUGGAGE CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER 6

GREG BLASKY (30) and TOMMY RIESDORF (31) are seated on the edge of the idle luggage carousel. Around them is their luggage, which contains, among other items, heavily taped-up broomball sticks.

In the background, a limping VERN SAVAGE (30) is talking to a woman at the lost luggage counter.

Tommy, the largest and surliest of the three men, is talking on a cell phone. Greg is dozing, elbows on knees, face in his hands.

TOMMY  
(into cell phone)  
Dad, Dad, I know Freedman's tough, you just gotta stay on 'im. Yeah. If you need me you can get me on my cell phone.  
Right.

He hangs up.

TOMMY  
My, dad. He's slipping a little, y'know?

Greg snaps out of it.

GREG  
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

TOMMY  
Nothing. What's with you?

GREG  
Dude, wait'll you guys have a kid. Do you know I haven't had a full night's sleep in eighteen months?

TOMMY  
How's it with Beth?

GREG  
Okay. (beat) We're doing okay.

It's apparent to Tommy things aren't so okay.

GREG  
I really need this trip to get away, though. Y'know?

TOMMY  
Yeah.

Owen, carrying a bag, and Dave, laden with video and photography equipment, walk toward the luggage carousel.

OWEN  
There they are. There they are!

Owen runs up to them. Much high-fiving ensues.

OWEN  
No Sleep 'Til Madison, baby! No Sleep!

GREG  
Owenman!

TOMMY  
What's up, Fenby?

OWEN  
Alright. Alright!

GREG  
Doing a video, huh? (offering handshake to Dave) Hi.

OWEN  
This is Dave Wooley. He'll be recording the trip for posterity.

DAVE  
Pleasure to meet you.

(CONTINUED)