

## GOALIE

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*NOTE: The following constitutes a **FIRST DRAFT** of a part the script and as such, it is likely overwritten, incorrectly formatted, and possessing other such flaws, including statistical errors and other errors of fact, especially surrounding the Oregon Trail story. These will be researched and addressed in subsequent rewrites.*

Opening montage of a rural small town somewhere along the coast of Oregon with emphasis on the rural and the small town. There is a sense of 'back to the earth' about this part of the country, with things growing everywhere under a constant veil of rain.

Focus in on a small school and eventually into a classroom where white-bread students sit in various states of respectful clueless ness, as the teacher MISS WEATHERBEE, stands before her history class beside MR. And MRS. HAMIL, who are seated beside her dressed in the period garb of Oregon Trail Pioneers -Mrs. Hamil with the hair bonnet and flowing dress, and Mr. Hamil going so far as to rub dirt on his canvas britches with suspenders and a flannel shirt. He is noticeable unkempt.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -DAY

MISS WEATHERBEE

(Overly enthusiastic)

Children we have a special, special treat for our third and final cultural assembly of the year. How many of you remember our very own Oregon Trail Pioneer reenactors from our first cultural assembly?

All hands rise except one. All the children look at the guy who didn't raise his hand, and slowly his hand comes up, too.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well, then, you all remember what a wonderful job Mr. and Mrs. Hamil did reenacting the story of our brave ancestors who endured untold hardships so those of us who aren't on welfare could live the affordable lifestyle the Beaver State.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -DAY

As she is talking, DAVE is scribbling notes on his notebook: "Our great pioneers ancestors....LEMMINGS!"

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -DAY

MR. HAMIL

(Interjecting)

You can bet they weren't handing out welfare checks on the Oregon Trail!

MRS. HAMIL

(Interjecting)

Or marijuana!

This comment creates a tension between them.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well...It is my understanding that you've got a new performance of a familiar story that was inspired by a recent trip to Portland.

MR. HAMIL

That's right Miss Weatherbee. The wife and I recently went to Portland for a wedding of a not-so-distant cousin who, in fact, was getting married, when we came upon a grown-up version of my brother's son who had been living in Los Angeles for the past ten years doing various odd jobs and other things.

MRS. HAMIL

Like jail...

MR. HAMIL

Like theater. And he asked us -the wife and I- to forego the free food at the reception and accompany him to a production at the Portland Little Theater of a show called, "Thirty Minute Shakespeare."

MRS. HAMIL

I went to the reception.

MR. HAMIL

And so, the wife went to the reception, while I did, in fact, accompany my brother's son to this performance, which, combined with the subsequent conversations we had after the show under the Burnside Street Bridge and then at a number of donut shops in the greater Portland area, convinced me that I needed to make theater a vocation rather than an avocation, and so I will be quitting my job with the Yachats Department of Roads to devote my life entirely to the stage.

MRS. HAMIL

(Pointed; to MR. HAMIL)

Yes, well, we're going to talk about this, aren't we?

MISS WEATHERBEE

So! Tell us, what special treat you have in store for us today!

MR. HAMIL

Inspired by the production we witnessed in Portland, where all of the works of Shakespeare were performed in just thirty minutes, we have created our own three- minute version of the nine-month Oregon Trail saga, from the dissatisfaction of their Eastern perspective, through to the perils they faced along the way.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Wow -three minutes. That's less time than it took to explain it.

MR. HAMIL

Theater is the art of metaphor, Ma'am. That's what my brother's kid says to me anyway.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well, then, we'll just 'hold on tight,' then won't we?

She waits for a response that doesn't come.

MISS WEATHERBEE (Cont.)

Just start whenever you're ready.

The two make some preparations, collecting sound effects, etc., and begin.

MR. HAMIL

Well, by God, I just don't like it here anymore in Kentucky -slash, St. Joes -slash, Tennessee -slash, Illinois...

Mr. Hamil breaks character and addresses Miss Weatherbee

MR. HAMIL (Cont.)

You see, that's kind of a metaphor for all the people who come on the trail, like that.

MISS WEATHERBEE

How educational.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL -DAY

Dave is writing notes: “leaving, 2,567 people from six states; 2,235 make it -ALIVE”

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL -DAY

MR. HAMIL

(Continuing)

Yeah, by God, I just don't like it here anymore in Kentucky -slash, St. Joes -slash, Tennessee -slash, Illinois...

MRS. HAMIL

Why don't you wait till it stops raining? It'll be good enough, then.

MR. HAMIL

Well hells bells wife, I'm an American pioneer-type rugged individual and good enough isn't good enough for me. I believe I want something better.

MRS. HAMIL

Where?

MR. HAMIL

There!

MRS. HAMIL

Where?

MR. HAMIL

Over there! Can't you see it? Some where's beside right here, where it's always better! By God wife, we're packing up everything and we're heading to Oregon!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASS -DAY

Dave's expression is one of amazement and disdain. His note reads: “St. Joes, Missouri...”

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JOSEPH MISSOURI, MID 1800's -DAY

Image of a PIONEER on the trail -extension of Dave's imagination. Pioneer is sitting on a porch in the rain.

PIONEER

Well hell, this stinks.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL -DAY

MRS. HAMIL

But what will we take with us?

MR. HAMIL

(As one-word)

Pound of bacon, three pounds of molasses, firearm, two shirts, a pair of pants, two dresses, one child, (NAMES ALL THE THINGS TAKEN ON THE TRAIL IN RAPID SUCCESSION)

MRS. HAMIL

Is that all?

MR. HAMIL

No, we forgot the horse's hooves and a pair of women's underwear, but we'll pick them all up in St. Joes!

SHOCKED EXPRESSION RINGS OUT from one of the women students.

MR. HAMIL

Wagons ho!

MRS. HAMIL

Well, I guess it's time to leave!

MR. HAMIL

Wagons ho!

Mrs. Hamil begins SOUND EFFECT OF HORSES HOOVES.

MRS. HAMIL

From St. Josephs across the great Plains of Nebraska and heading  
for the Rocky Mountains!

MR. HAMIL

Across the Platte River!

Mrs. Hamil RUNS THE HOOVES THROUGH A PAN OF WATER.

MRS. HAMIL

Facing untold and unforeseen hardships!

MR. HAMIL

Sudden thunderstorms!

Mrs. Hamil KICKS OVER A BATCH OF POTS previously stacked for the effect.

MRS. HAMIL

Stampeding cattle!

Mr. Hamil CREATES THE SAME SOUND EFFECT.

MR. HAMIL

Wind storms that seemed like they were going to blow everyone to  
land thereafter!

Mr. Hamil BLOWS HARD into his wife's face. Mrs. Hamil wipes away the spit.

MRS. HAMIL

And the feeling that we just can't make it!

MR. HAMIL

(Dropping character)

Jean Paul Sartre referred to this as existential angst.

The two are suddenly absolutely silent. We see the freaked out reaction of kids in the class. Then  
Mrs. Hamil abruptly slaps her husband across the face to draw him out of said existential angst.

MRS. HAMIL

Dammit, man, we've got to move on! Winter will be upon us soon!

MR. HAMIL

Through to the Bighorn Mountains, where they sawed down trees

MRS. HAMIL has a little saw and she MAKES THE SOUND EFFECT.

MRS. HAMIL  
Crossed mighty rivers and streams!

Mr. Hamil reaches across grabs the hooves sound effect pieces and SPLASHES THEM IN THE WATER.

MR. HAMIL  
Fought off blinding blizzards that suddenly came upon them unexpectedly!

MRS. HAMIL  
Look! Over there!

MR. HAMIL  
(Turning)  
Where?

As he turns, she throws a handful of confetti at him -the blinding snowstorm.

MRS. HAMIL  
And in Idaho, the Snake Indians!

MR. HAMIL  
(INDIAN CALL)

MRS. HAMIL:  
Watch out there!

SOUND OF AN ARROW, which is now under Mr. Hamil's arm.

MR. HAMIL  
Ah! Ah! Ah!

MRS. HAMIL  
We must continue!

MR. HAMIL  
I cannot continue!

MRS. HAMIL  
You must continue!

MR. HAMIL  
I cannot continue!

MRS. HAMIL

I said you have to dammit all!

Mrs. Hamil reaches over and rips the arrow out from under her husband's arm, causing him to spontaneously erupt into Shakespeare.

MR. HAMIL

...whether it is nobler in the heart to suffer the slings and arrows  
of...

Mrs. Hamil throws a hoof at him or other

MRS. HAMIL

Wrong play jackass!

MR. HAMIL

(Adjusting)  
To the mighty Columbia!

MRS. HAMIL

Stay on the raft, children! No, don't fall in the water! No!

Mr. Hamil takes a glass of water in his mouth and SPEAKS THROUGH IT.

MR. HAMIL

(Garbled)  
Help me. I'm drowning!

MRS. HAMIL

Look over there! Is that?

Mr. Hamil sprays water out of his mouth so he can continue his line.

MR. HAMIL

I can see it! I can feel it!

Mrs. Hamil begins to sing underneath Mr. Hamil's monologue.

MRS. HAMIL

(Singing)  
Oh, Oregon, my Oregon...(continues)

MR. HAMIL

My dream has come true -Oregon! Land of tall tree and running water; I am Oregonian! A family man, shunning the promises of gold and silver at the end of the Sante Fe trail; content, instead with pine tree, rain, and blue mold. I am Oregonian. Maybe I don't know all the things they teach in school; maybe I am under-skilled and eat too much fat; but I love this land! And I am going to eat too much and I am going to say things at parties I wished I hadn't, and just because my car is one of the few around that runs on regular gas, by God I am proud! Proud to be an Oregonian! And here it is that I will stay -because it is Oregon, and I got no place else to go!

Wife abruptly stops SINGING WHAT HAS BEEN STATE SONG OF OREGON. In the class there is a silence: Nobody is sure what has happened. Mr. Hamil continues.

MR. HAMIL (Cont.)

You see, me going back and forth like that, it's a little strange but it's O.K. in theater on account of it all being metaphor -at least that's what my brother's kid says.

Miss Weatherbee breaks the silence.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well...how many of you noticed the Oregon State song in the background?

They all raise their hands except for Dave, who drops his book on the floor.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well, not only was it informative...but it was -art! Class, do we have any questions or comments other than good, good, good, good!

Class echoes this sentiment.

CLASS

Good...Good.

Dave raises his hand. This causes a reaction among students and teacher alike, a collective "oh no."

MISS WEATHERBEE

Dave...our own self-proclaimed expert on the Oregon Trail, despite the fact that he is a transfer student.

DAVE

I've lived here three years now.

MISS WEATHERBEE

From New York -right?

DAVE

Actually, I'm from Bergen County, New Jersey.

MISS WEATHERBEE

In any case, Dave harbors somewhat of an unnatural fascination with the Oregon Trail, wouldn't you say, Dave?

DAVE

I just think there is something in their careless nomadic experience that rings true metaphorically to a fundamental characteristic of America, which may or may not be a good thing.

MR. HAMIL

Whoa! I may have to go back to school and finish my equivalency before I answer this young fella!

MISS WEATHERBEE

What is your question, Dave!

DAVE:

My question is, why didn't they just stay put?

Pause. Everyone seems upset by the nature of the question.

MR. HAMIL

Somewhat of a metaphysical speculation, there, wouldn't you say?

MISS WEATHERBEE

That is not a correct question!

DAVE

What?

MISS WEATHERBEE

You heard what I said!

DAVE

But...

MR. HAMIL

(Attempting to intervene)

Why don't you ask us how many miles it was from St. Joes to Oregon City?

DAVE

(Answering)

Three-thousand, one hundred and forty-one.

MRS. HAMIL

Or how many women crossed on the Oregon Trail.

DAVE

(Answering)

One thousand, four hundred and sixty two, including the two women who were born on the trail -Abigail Jones and Sara Littleton.

MISS WEATHERBEE

(Frustrated)

Just ask another question, Dave!

DAVE

All right. What was the single biggest cause of death on the Oregon Trail?

MR. HAMIL

Well, now that is a good question

MRS. HAMIL

(Unnaturally animated)

I say Indian attacks!

MR. HAMIL

Well now, careful, dear; we don't want to be putting history on the wrong side of our "Native American" friends.

MRS. HAMIL

Why I'll tell you what I really think about those savages...

MR. HAMIL

(Quickly interrupting)

Me, I'm gonna say "disease!" And if I had to say one specific disease, I'd go with the running trots -dysentery.

DAVE

Wrong.

MRS. HAMIL

Then it was those dark-skinned, no-good...

DAVE

Wrong.

Boy in class suddenly calls out.

CLASSMATE ONE

The weather -tornados!

DAVE

No

CLASSMATE TWO

They got struck by lightning!

DAVE

Wrong again.

CLASSMATE THREE

Crossing the rivers -they died trying to ford the raging streams.

DAVE

Not even.

MISS WEATHERBEE

Well, then Dave I'm sure you're just dying to tell us what it is that killed most of 'our' people

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE TRAIL, 1800's -DAY

Quick flash to Pioneer holding gun's end up to his face and staring down the barrel.

PIONEER

So how in the hell does this thing work?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -SCHOOL

We hear a SOUND OF A GUNSHOT going off, continuation of the activity we just saw.

DAVE  
Self-inflicted gun wounds.

Class all reacts in astonishment.

GIRL  
Suicide?

DAVE  
Stupidity. Accidental death by firearm -the number one cause of death on the Oregon Trail.

MISS WEATHERBEE  
Well, that's about enough!

DAVE  
They didn't have any more brains than the Chinese who stick themselves in the hulls of boats so they can go work in sweatshops.

MISS WEATHERBEE  
You will march right down to the assistant principle's office this minute!

DAVE  
But everything I said is true.

MISS WEATHERBEE  
The truth does not have anything to do with it being right!

DAVE  
Why didn't they just stay put?

MISS WEATHERBEE  
I said 'march!'

DAVE  
Why didn't they just stay put!

Dave slams the door as he leaves. There is a silence until one of the students speaks:

CLASS MATE  
Miss Weatherbee, what country is New Jersey?

*Continues.*