

THE GOLDBERGS

"WOKALARS AND GOSHRIDER"

Spec Script

Written by

S. David Acuff

COLD OPEN

INT. GOLDBERG HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE on BEVERLY GOLDBERG as she whips up a culinary masterpiece -- that is, she's making it rain Ketchup all over a poor "casserole."

Lady Picasso is so into her "food art" she doesn't even notice the LOW ANGLE CAMERA skitter forward a few steps.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Back in the 80s my Mother was afraid of very few things. But, one was not having someone around to Smother -- another was Wookalars.

FOOTAGE FROM the final scene of "PRIVATE EYES" with Tim Conway and Don Knotts driving when they're attacked by a Wookalar from the coffin in the back seat.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Wookalars were the mythical pigman creatures introduced by Tim Conway and Don Knotts in the 1980 movie "Private Eyes" -- legend has it a Wookalar could suck your brains out through your nose...

Tim/Don YELLING. Car swerving.

BACK TO SCENE

LOW ANGLE CAMERA skitters forward even closer to Bev. How can she not notice this thing?!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

..but mice? Well, mice were infinitely worse.

Bev finally looks down. There's a beat where she's frozen.

INSERT BEV POV

Aww, it's the cutest MOUSE you've ever seen. Blink Blink.

Bev SHRIEKS and scampers backward, clawing over the breakfast bar in a super-maneuver like it's a frikkin' WWII foxhole! (All that Jazzercise has paid off!)

She peeks up slowly over the edge of the counter.

To her horror, the mouse is gone! She frantically scans the area and sees it scurry down the basement stairs.

BEVERLY
 AHHHHHHHHHHH!!! MURRAYYYYYY!!

She runs out.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A light switches on. Feet cautiously descend the stairs revealing ADAM, BARRY and POPS. Something Vietnam-y like "For what it's worth" from Buffalo Springfield plays under.

Adam has gone full Rambo. Red headband. Shoe polish swiped across his face and cheeks. Bandolier. No shirt. Camo pants. Wielding a plunger.

Barry is not camouflaged but the pillows belted onto his chest and back are. He has football shoulder pads and a gumball gun.

Adam holds up a hand to halt them. Barry shoves past.

ADAM
 Ow! What are you--

BARRY
 Out of the way, Arnold Dorkenegger!

ADAM
 It's Rambo! John Rambo!

BARRY
 I don't care! It takes a real warrior to lead this mission! A man of skill and honor, not some dweeb who will puke up his toenails at the sign of first blood!

He shoots a gum ball into his mouth and chews heroically.

ADAM
 That only happened one time. And paper cuts are very serious things!

POPS
 Wait, I thought you were showing me all your board games.

(MORE)

POPS (CONT'D)
See, tonight is game night at the Retirement center and I 'd like to propose Strip Parcheesi!

ADAM
No, Pops! We have to find mom's furry nemesis and kkkkkkkkkck--

He drags a finger across his throat.

POPS
Then I'm out! Sorry, kid. I'm a lover, not a squisher!

Pops exits. Beverly steps downstairs carefully.

BEVERLY
(whispers)
Didyoufindityet? Isitgone?
ShouldICallExterminex?

BARRY
Mom! Relax! The hunt could take hours. It could take days just to professionally track the target's food supply! You can't expect--

BEVERLY
Shhh! Listen! What's that sound?

They stop. Sure enough there's a SCRATCHING NOISE.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
It's coming from the Wookalar closet!

BARRY
Wait a minute! Y-you didn't say anything about Wookalars!

ADAM
Don't worry, Mom! Let a real man handle this.

BEVERLY
That's my scrumptious little hero sandwich.

ADAM
Murdock, I'm coming to get ya!

He moves across the room to the half door. Barry simply can't let Adam take all the credit. He pushes past Bev and shoots another gum ball into his mouth to boost his confidence.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Okay, on three. One... two...

He slowly reaches for the door. Barry takes aim...

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
 While my mom's greatest fear was
 Mice, the top of my list was tiny
 Birds. If you combined our two
 greatest fears, you know what you
 get?

He opens the door quickly and two frikkin' BATS FLAP OUT INTO
 THE ROOM!!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Bats.

ADAM AND BARRY
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! BATS!!!!

The boys swat wildly, tripping and falling and screaming and Barry breaks away first but drops the gum ball gun. Adam gets his foot caught in the sofa.

ADAM
 Get to the Choppa!

BARRY
 Wait! So are you Rambo or
 Schwarzenegger?!

ADAM
 Go! Save yourselves!

The bats swing low again. Barry screams like a schoolgirl and retreats. Bev sees the bats, sees her trapped boy left behind and something in her -- snaps.

BEVERLY
 Shmoooooooooeeeeeee!!

She jumps to the bottom landing. Picks up the bubble gum gun, blindly firing every which-away. She moves to a screeching Adam, grabs his collar and pulls him toward the stairs.

In the corner of the room, the cutest little mouse sniffs around a gum ball and then happily takes a bite.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Barry, Adam, Pops and Murray are seated at the table eating some C-3PO's Cereal.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

It was August 22, 1980-something and I was forcing my family to eat as much Star Wars cereal as possible so I could get to the mystery prize pak at the bottom. Brad Voorhees claimed he got a fully working lightsaber. I kinda doubted that, but then again...

ADAM

Come on, guys! You're slowing down!! Chew! Chew!

Adam pounds the table. Pops and Murray are not impressed.

POPS

I'm sorry, kid. I can chew but I can't swallow!
(to Murray)
What is the wood we used for the shelves in the garage?

MURRAY

What? Particle board?

POPS

That's it! That's exactly what this tastes like. Frosted particle board.

He pushes the bowl away.

ADAM

Come on, Pops, we're only halfway there! Mom won't let me reach into the box until the cereal is gone.

Beverly enters in a bathrobe and large hair curlers.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Back before Google and WebMD, our family health depended almost 100% on a top secret database of Mom-gossip mythology.

BEVERLY

That's right, my sweet monkey doodle. Anita Sutherland had to take her son Lucas to the Emergency Room for Food poisoning --
 (pause for effect)
 -- because he reached his hand into a box of cereal.

ADAM

That's because he had just put bug spray all over. But, Lucas Sutherland also thinks that Roe vs. Wade is two different ways to cross the Potomac so I think we can all agree that he is a few baskets short of a picnic.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

The problem was, whenever Mom Gossip Mythology was jeopardized by cold hard facts, she would skip right to the nuke-u-lar option.

BEVERLY

The point is, he almost died.

Game. Set. Match. Bev.

Barry slurps the last of the milk straight from the bowl and slams it down.

BARRY

Done! Hit me!

ADAM

Alright, Barry! You are in the zone, man!

Adam pours him another bowl and freezes when a plastic prize plops out on top. Barry picks it up, gloating.

BARRY

Well! Look-y here! The cereal gods have smiled upon me!

ADAM

No! Dad! That's not fair! That was my prize!

MURRAY

You mean you Morons got what you were digging for? Finally!

He pushes his bowl away! Picks up his paper. Barry smiles in Adam's face.

BARRY

I can't wait to see what's in here.
It's probably a driver's license
for my own Star Wars Laser Moon.

ADAM

That's no moon, it's a Death Star --
you know what, that doesn't even
make sense, give it to me!

BARRY

Make me!

An off-screen FRUSTRATED GROWL refocuses everyone and precedes ERICA into the room. Bev blurts right out --

BEVERLY

How was your big date last night? I
mean... good morning, Sunshine. How
was your big date?

ERICA

Boys are so dumb!

She SLUGS Barry in the arm and he drops the prize. Adam scoops it up happily until she SMACKS the back of his head and he drops it, too.

BARRY

Ow!

ADAM

Mom!

ERICA

No offense, Pops.

POPS

Some taken.

Barry nurses his arm.

BEVERLY

Everyone, shush! Erica, what
happened?

ERICA

It's nothing.

Beverly steps around, concerned.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

But, it was too late. Our Smother's
spidey-sense was tingling.

(MORE)

ADULT ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And when that happened, she turned
 into a guided emotion-seeking Top
 Gun truth missile.

BEVERLY
 (firmly)
 Erica. Spill it.

ERICA
 I went out for Pizza with Chris
 Knowles - the stupid Class
 President - and at the end of the
 date he wanted a kiss and I didn't
 want to kiss him because he's a
 dingleberry. And his breath stinks.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
 Bee-bee-beep can't get a missile
 lock...he's going for the hard
 deck...

BEVERLY
 Go on...

ERICA
 So, now he says I owe him a full
refund for the whole date. Twelve
 dollars and forty-seven cents!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
 Ka-BOOM! Yeehaw, Jester's dead!

Beverly is shocked. Just. Appalled.

BEVERLY
 Murray! Can you believe what your
 daughter is telling us?!

Murray looks up from his paper for the first time. He looks
 around from shocked face to face. Lands back on his wife's
 face, shooting daggers from her eyes.

He digs deep, goes for the hail Mary...

MURRAY
 What -- doesn't kill us -- makes us
 stronger...?

A beat.

BEVERLY
 Exactly! We are not gonna just roll
 over and take this abuse.
 (MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 We have got to do something about
 this... this... neanderthal.

A collective SIGH OF RELIEF from the boys. Murray dodged a bullet on that one.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 I should go give him and his mother
 a piece of my mind right now.

For once, Erica is not stopping her from interfering.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 No.
 (thinking)
 No. This one is going to take some
 special planning. Come, Erica.
 Somebody call ABBA because I smell
 a "Waterloo!"

Beverly puts an arm around Erica and leads her from the room. The boys are left staring at each other. Finally, Adam grabs the Prize off the table and rips it open excitedly.

ADAM
 It's... It's... what is it?

Barry looks it over and shrugs.

BARRY
 It's just a dorky Star Wars tattoo.

Adam's eyes widen.

ADAM
 Darth Vader? On a tattoo?! Oh man!
 This is my very first tattoo!

POPS
 Congratulations, Adam. My first
 tattoo involved some poor life
 decisions, copious amounts of Jack
 Daniels and a nice lady named
 Butter who only had one eye but boy
 could she turn a --

MURRAY
 Ahem! Let's not spoil all the
 surprises for the boy!

Murray grimaces at him. Pops just shrugs.

INT. WILLIAM PENN ACADEMY - FRONT LOBBY - DAY

The front doors swing open and in strut Adam, DAVE KIM and EMMY "MUSCLES" MIRSKY in a SLO-MO ARMAGEDDON hero walk. They wave, nod and salute to friends off to the side.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Ah the first day of a new school year. A clean slate. New hopes. New dreams. So many familiar faces and bodies -- all hopped up on Puberty. There was Pizza face, there was the little kid who was suddenly a giant, and there was that girl who had overnight sprouted --

A chesty CHEERLEADER runs past to join her GAGGLE OF FRIENDS.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

-- a personality. Anyway, it was a good time to be alive!

Suddenly ASHLEY LEONARD, an older stoner dude, walks past and dumps all three of their books onto the floor.

ASHLEY

Haha! Dorks!

He walks away. They stoop down, collecting their things.

ADAM

What's with that zero?

EMMY

Less than zero. And I think his name is Ashley.

DAVE

Ashley? Ha! He's named after a girl. But he's a boy. A boy but with a girl's name.

ADAM

We get it, Dave Kim.

EMMY

I hear he was kicked out of 4 different schools. Held back twice.

DAVE

Well, screw that guy. This year is no more Mr. Nice Dave Kim.

ADAM

Yeah, and what's your first class again?

DAVE

(excited)

Home economics! We get to make a Pizza and sew things... all in the same class!

EMMY

Same here. It's a little girly, but the pizza part sounds okay. Did you ever get your new schedule.

Adam shrugs.

ADAM

My Mom threatened to come down here if they didn't get it straightened out. But if I were a betting man, I would wager that the three of us are all in for one big pizza and sewing party!

They start to high-five, when --

COACH MILLER (O.S.)

Goldbutt!

His voice booms through the hallway.

COACH MILLER (CONT'D)

Come with me, son. You don't want to be late for Shop Class.

Adam, Dave and Emmy shrivel in horror.

ALL THREE

S-shop class! No way!

ADAM

Coach Miller. I-I'm sorry, there has to be some mistake. I can't take shop class. My GPA is way too high. Plus, I don't even smoke or do drugs!

COACH MILLER

We're gonna build some great stuff in that class, Goldblume. Most of all, we're gonna build character.

ADAM

Do I even get my one phone call?
Wait! What do you mean "we"?

Coach Miller walks away, but turns back.

COACH MILLER

Oh, Mr. Hutchins is out having two
of his fingers sewn back on. Hurry
up, son. This is one class you do
NOT wanna leave unattended.

Adam follows along reluctantly. He looks back at his two
friends who wave goodbye. Possibly forever.

DAVE

Dead man walking.

The TARDY BELL rings.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

CHRIS KNOWLES, the dumb school president, walks along with a
couple of JOCK FRIENDS and LORNA SLOSSER. The Goldberg
station wagon sidles up slowly beside them, windows down.

ABBA's "WATERLOO" may or may not be blaring, but Bev and
Erica both sport some menacing Terminator Sunglasses.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Now, I can count on two fingers the
times in high school where my Mom
and my sister actually put aside
their intergalactic conflicts to
team up. And when it happened, they
were more formidable than a COBRA
Commander Terror Drome.

Chris finally notices them, smiles and runs over to Erica's
window, much to her surprise.

CHRIS

Oh, hi Erica. Hi, Mrs. Goldberg.
Listen there's something I wanted
to say about the other night.

Erica and Beverly look at each other and quickly take off the
sunglasses. Erica tucks a piece of hair behind her ear.

ERICA

Yes?

CHRIS

Do you think I could get that
\$12.46 by tomorrow because I'm
taking Lorna Slosser to see the new
Jean Claude Van Damme movie. You
know, "No Retreat, No Surrender."

He looks up and waves to Lorna who waves back and then leers
at Erica.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

\$12.46. Thanks!

He pats the door, then runs back to his herd.

BEVERLY

Twelve forty-seven.

The glares return. As do the glasses.

INT. SHOP CLASS - DAY

Coach Miller and Adam enter the class.

COACH MILLER

Goldberg, take that empty seat back
there.

Adam stops short. That empty seat is at a lab table right
next to Ashley Cooper. Ashley smiles and pats the stool.

ADAM

Holy Chaka Khan! Not Ashley Cooper.

Adam swallows hard and forces his feet to walk. Coach Miller
turns to write on the board.

COACH MILLER

All right, listen up you apes and
burnouts. My name is Coach Miller
and I will be filling in for
Hutchins for the foreseeable
future.

When Adam sits, Ashley grabs him in a headlock and pulls him
down under the table and gives him a noogie.

ASHLEY

You and me are gonna be best
friends, Goldterd. Best. Friends.

He releases him just as Miller turns back around. Adam sits
up, glasses askew, hair dishevelled.

ADAM

Oh balls.

Ashley smiles innocently.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OPEN IN BLACK

A door OPENS revealing MURRAY and EXTERMINATOR BILL peering into the Wookalar closet. We are,

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Exterminator Bill looks more like a Ghostbuster than a legitimate exterminator. His flashlight beam darts this way and that into the crawl space.

Murray stays a safe distance back.

MURRAY

Are you sure it's safe to poke
around in there?

Exterminator Bill blows a bubble, cracks his gum thoughtfully.

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Here's the thing. I can't gig ya
for that, because you're just a
civilian. But, so you know, these
things, they mostly come out at
night. Mostly.

Murray is relieved by this.

MURRAY

Okay, well then I guess my work
here is --

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Ah ha!!

Murray freezes.

MURRAY

What, oh God, what is it?

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Come over here, quick!

MURRAY

See, I'm here more on a supervisory
capacity than a --

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Quickly!

Murray rolls his eyes and reluctantly moves closer.

Exterminator Bill zeroes in on the baseboards. Gets real close to whatever it is down there, fans an odor to his nostrils like a scientist or a chef, dips a finger and tastes.

Sits back up.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

Just what I thought. Poop pellets.

Holds a pinky up to Murray who grimaces.

MURRAY

Poop pellets?! That's disgusting!
Can't you just -- I dunno -- spray
some bug juice around in there?

EXTERMINATOR BILL

I could. But what's the sport in
that?

He's now tapping along the walls. Listening.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

It's all about the hunt. Getting
into the mind of the varmint.
Critters of the night. And believe
you me that is a dark and twisted
place where the average civilian
ought not be.

MURRAY

Well believe me you, I'm happy to
leave it to the professionals.
Providing of course, the price is
right.

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Believe me them, you can't put a
price on your family's health and
well being and safety.

MURRAY

Believe them you, I can. And I'm
capping it at 30 bucks, so knock
yourself out. For 30 bucks.

EXTERMINATOR BILL

Believe you me, I will. I've got 3
hours of daylight so I better move
fast.

(MORE)

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)
 When the lights go out, and they
 all wake up. Babushka! They won't
 know what hit 'em.

MURRAY
 Okay. Good talk. 30 bucks.

Murray heads upstairs.

EXTERMINATOR BILL
 (to himself)
 I would have done this one gratis,
 my friend.

He snickers to himself.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dumb Class President Chris Knowles walks through the parking lot with his mother, MRS. KNOWLES. They pass the front of the store where Bev and Erica recline, casually, against the swing-sets.

They don't say a word. Just watch them go by.

MRS. KNOWLES
 Was that the Goldberg girl and her
 mother?

CHRIS
 Uh, yes.

MRS. KNOWLES
 Hm. Odd.

CHRIS
 You have no idea.

They enter the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Chris pushes the cart for his mother loaded up with groceries down the front of the store.

At the back of the store, tracking along with them is another cart. Bev leans into it as she walks and Erica perches, casually, on the "hood" of the cart, both watching through those sunglasses. Not saying a word.

Until they almost crash into their neighbor VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA

Oh. Well, hey Beverly. Hi, Erica.

They both quickly remove their sunglasses. And Erica jumps down off the cart.

BEVERLY

Why, Hello, Virginia! We are just doing a little shopping.

Virginia notices their empty cart. Beverly grabs chips from the closest shelf and tosses them in.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

There. What else did we need?

ERICA

That thing -- on the other side.

BEVERLY

Right. Let's go, before it gets away! Great to see you Virginia.

Virginia stares at them like they're crazy. They run up the aisle with Erica trying to jump up and re-perch casually but falling, awkwardly, into the cart.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Erica, you're crushing the Fritos!

ERICA

Well I'm sorry, you are going too fast. This isn't as easy as it, WHOOOO --

Bev stops short at the end of the aisle when she sees Chris and his mom at the checkout. Erica almost falls out. Bev helps her out, they ditch the cart and scootch low past the other CHECKOUT CLERK.

CHECKOUT CLERK

Is everything okay--

BEVERLY

Shhhh! Sh! Yes, it's fine, don't look at us.

The clerk turns around. Beverly and Erica emerge from the end of the checkout lane and perch, casually, against the Customer Care Counter, breathing heavily.

Chris and his mom walk by with their cart. Bev and Erica stand there watching them til they exit.

ERICA

So was this the big plan, just stare at him?

BEVERLY

Stare at him? Listen pookie, silence is power! We are making the Goldberg presence felt. Let me tell you, he may seem calm, cool and collected on the outside but he is dying a little on the inside every time he passes by. The weight of what he has done to my sweet baby girl is eating slowly at his little caveman brain. We've got him right where we want him.

ERICA

And that is?

STORE MANAGER

Can I help you ladies?

Bev snaps a \$20 out--

BEVERLY

I need you to break a \$20.

STORE MANAGER

Will fives and ones do?

BEVERLY

Hm. That's cute. No, "fives and ones" will not do...

The Manager cautiously takes the bill.

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam busily works his mad science. He's got a Capsella set churning away, rigged to a Lego assemblage interconnected with an Erector set and dubious wiring through a Speak-n-spell which all culminates on a special "bed" with a 12" Six Million Dollar Man Doll laying down - wired at the head, and the foot.

Adam smiles. Everything is ready. He grabs the plug as Pops enters holding two super-sized 7-11 Slushees.

POPS

There you are. I thought we were getting Cherry Coke Slushees after school -- what are you doing? That looks dangerous.

ADAM

Oh, hey Pops. You're just in time. Well, I was in the depths of despair because I'm being forced to take shop class --

POPS

Oh, I loved shop class. I made 127 ash trays. And I don't even smoke.

ADAM

Shop class isn't like that anymore! Didn't you have one place where they put all the bad kids in school?

POPS

Well, yeah, it was either Reform school or Juvie. That's what we called Juvenile Detention. We even had our own tattoo, wanna see?

He goes to unbutton his shirt, but Adam waves it off.

ADAM

Well that's what Shop class is, Pops. It's a Juvie Reform School. And I'm not gonna survive in there one week unless I use my mastery of science and Capsella to run electricity into this Six Million Dollar man to bring him to life, so he can go to school with me and save me from Ashley.

POPS

I'm confused. Ashley is a girl?

ADAM

Ashley is a boy.

POPS

Wait wasn't there a whole movie about bringing a doll to life?

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

There was. It was called Weird Science.

ADAM

No, I don't think so. I'm pretty sure I came up with this genius idea all on my own.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

I didn't.

POPS

Yeah, it was with that hot aerobics instructor. You know the one with the big... personality.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Ah, who could forget Kelly LeBrock.

POPS

And she was married to the cranky Karate guy.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Aikido Master Steven Seagal.

ADAM

Nope. Not ringing any bells, Pops. Anyway, well? Here goes nothing.

POPS

I still don't think this is a good--

Adam jams the cord into the outlet sparks fly and the Six Million Dollar Man bursts into flames.

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Exterminator Bill is deep into the Wookalar closet. Army crawling slowly on his belly.

EXTERMINATOR BILL

(to himself)

Oh, I'm gonna getcha!

Carefully locking a mousetrap into place. Sprinkling "special sauce" on it.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Excuse me sir, what is the Soup du jour? It's the soup of the day you dumb flying vermin. A little thing you can't resist I like to call the nectar of the gods --

The lights flicker and suddenly everything goes dark. He drops the bottle and it shatters. He fumbles around for his flashlight and it cuts through the darkness. He shines the light down. Nectar of the gods is everywhere! All over his sleeves. He checks back and there's a dozen traps set all over the floor between him and the exit.

He turns back around and many sets of glowing eyes begin to open in the dark. Some FLUTTERY SOUNDS and chirpy communications.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

Easy there, fellas. Eaaaaaasy...

He backs out slowly as the fluttering increases. SNAP. A trap gets his leg. He knows he can't scream in pain or else... aw screw it --

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He scrambles backwards, flashlight bobbing this way and that, SNAP SNAP SNAPPING and BATS all over him!

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam beats some flames out with a Star Wars pillow, Pops douses the Six Million Dollar man with a 64 oz Slushee. They raise the window to let some of the smoke out and survey the damage.

POPS

I don't think your Mom and Dad are gonna like this at all.

Adam scoops smoke out the window like he's bailing a boat.

ADAM

Pops, it doesn't matter. I'm already a dead man from shop class. It's just a matter of time before I catch Tetanus or cut my arm off or get noogied to death by Ashley.

POPS

Nonsense. You're just looking at this the wrong way. It sounds like a very animalistic place. Have you heard of survival of the fittest?

ADAM

I don't know where you're going with this, but so far at the end of your scenario, I still wind up dead.

POPS

Not if you're smart about it. You wouldn't be the first boy to bridge the gap between man and animals. See what I'm getting at?

ADAM

Ohhhh, you mean like Beastmaster!

POPS

I don't know who that is. I was thinking more like Tarzan. The point is, you have to be able to earn their trust and respect. Do you think you can do that?

ADAM

Absolutely not. Our first assignment is to build a race car! Out of wood. Maybe I'd stand a chance if it was to build a Space Station out of legos. Maybe.

POPS

Wait a minute, didn't Barry take this class 3 years ago? I seem to recall him getting really worked up about a race car.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry bursts through the front door, trampling poor Erica who is still in her gawky, bespectacled phase.

ERICA

Barry! You're on my last nerve! And you were like fifth place!

Pizza face Barry, meanwhile is in his preppie phase. He's all decked out in pastels, pink tee and white jacket with the sleeves rolled up.

He holds his white CO-2 Racecar high over head!

BARRY

Whoooooo! You're not gonna ruin this for me, Erica! Me and Ghost rider are going to Nationals. I named my super C-0-2 car, Ghost rider.

CLOSE on the car he's holding overhead shows the name inscribed on the side is actually "Gosh rider."

ERICA

Oh, you mean Gosh rider?

BARRY

Shut up! Your voice is polluting my ear muscles!

Bev darts from the kitchen!

BEVERLY

What is this about my delicious boy going to a national racing tournament of champions?

BARRY

That's right! This race car I built with my own two hands using no outside help whatsoever has placed fifth in the whole school.

Murray takes notice from the living room.

ERICA

There were only 6 racers!

BARRY

Objection your honor, overruled, sustained! And case dismissed, Judge Wapner ba-ba-bum-de-bum People's Court!

ERICA

What are you doing?

MURRAY

Let me see that thing, you Moron!

Murray sits up in his lounge, pants off, draining a beer.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Did you get that car out of my memory box while you were supposed to be cleaning the garage on Saturday?

INSERT SHOT OF GARAGE. Piles and Piles of boxes labeled "Bev" or "My Shmoopie" except for one in the corner, all duct-taped up, labeled "Murray's Memory Box."

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

My mom kept the garage packed full of keepsake boxes. Every single one of our art projects and baby toys stacked around the garage like an Indiana Jones archive. But my dad just had one box. And he forbid us to ever mess with it under penalty of his foot up our asses.

BACK TO SCENE.

BARRY

No.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

He did.

MURRAY

Okay, well grab me another beer would ya before I put my foot up your ass.

BEVERLY

No, time for that, we are gonna go out and celebrate our boy's technical achievements with Baskin Robbins!

Erica snatches the car from him.

ERICA

Technical achievement? He painted dad's car with whiteout and drew an octopus on it.

Barry tries to snatch it back.

BARRY

It's not an octopus, it's a skull and cross bones with ninja key-tanna blades but you wouldn't know about cool Asiatical things like key-tannas and --

He grabs again as she pulls back and the frail, long necked car SNAPS in half.

BARRY (CONT'D)

AaaaaaaAAAAAAHHAHHHHHHHHH

Barry's wail starts out low and ends up high and loud, punctuated by gasps of hyperventilation. Easily one of his top 10 freak outs of all time.

BARRY (CONT'D)
DADDDD! Erica broke your car!

He tosses the extra piece at her.

BARRY (CONT'D)
And now she's ruined my chances at
ever achieving anything ever again
in my whole life.

He runs upstairs, his arms -- and his aborted dreams -- flailing behind him.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Adam stands over Murray's Memory Box holding Goshriider. Duct-taped together in the middle. And not just a little duct tape, a ton of it. He shows it to Pops.

ADAM
Balls! This isn't gonna work.

POPS
Here's what we do. We can use this
to backward engineer our own
version. Only ours will be sleeker
and faster and winning-er.

Adam's eyes light up.

ADAM
Ghostrider 2.

The inside door opens and out steps Exterminator Bill. He's a little dazed. His face is all scraped up. Clothes ripped. He's got mousetraps hanging all over him. It's not pretty.

EXTERMINATOR BILL
(mumbling)
They - they were everywhere...
every where...
(to Adam and Pops)
Stay back! I'm probably infected
with bat rabies. I'm not long for
this world. There's so much I
wanted to see...

He ducks from time to time as he walks out of the garage. Spins around as if something still attacks. Jumpy as can be.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (CONT'D)

So much I wanted to see.

Pops and Adam look at each other and shrug. Murray pokes his head out. Adam quickly hides the car and closes the box lid.

MURRAY

Hey, did the exterminator come through here? He didn't take this check.

They both point to the orange car PEALING away out of the driveway, with the gigantic happy bug on the top.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Huh. Did he say anything about tripping a breaker?

POPS

No. Electricity seemed to be the least of his worries.

Murray opens a panel to the side of the door, flips a breaker off. Then on again and all the electricity comes back on.

MURRAY

Weird. It's like a brown out. I wonder if it got the whole neighborhood.

ADAM

Oh, probably, you know those brown outs. They rarely just brown out of one room or one house. I'd be surprised if the whole state wasn't browned out from this.

POPS

(aside)

You're overselling.

MURRAY

What's wrong with the moron?

POPS

Puberty probably, beats me.

MURRAY

Well, stay outta my box, Adam, or you'll get my foot up your ass.

Adam salutes and Murray returns inside.

ADAM

Now, we just gotta get Barry on
board.

Adam grabs the car and they leave quickly.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS/BARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Barry comes bopping down the hall spittin' some Big Tasty lyrical poetry, he drops a backpack on his bed, turns to his desk and sees Ghost rider and pales.

BARRY

NooooooooooAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH--

He immediately cringes into a corner, hyperventilating, much like 3 years prior. Pops and Adam run around the corner.

ADAM

Barry, it's okay, Barry! We're gonna fix Ghost rider! We're gonna start all over from scratch and build a whole new one.

POPS

Breathe, buddy. That's good.
Breathe.

They hold out a piece of footlong 2' x 4' with the outline of the car pencilled on it.

BARRY

G-ghost rider 2?

ADAM

Yeah. For my shop class. Ghost rider 2... the Goldberg's strike back!

Barry likes the idea. He wipes the sweat from his brow, and possibly some rogue tears and stands up.

BARRY

Okay. Well, we're gonna need a band saw. A drill. Sandpaper. And lots and lots of fruit roll-ups.

This all sounds reasonable to Pops and Adam.

INT. WILLIAM PENN ACADEMY - SHOP CLASS - DAY

INSERT MONTAGE as an A-TEAM-like SONG plays over a series of shots while Barry and Adam open up 3 or 4 fruit roll-ups, roll them into a ball and toss them in their mouths to suck on.

Then the wood cutting and sanding begins. They drill some holes and sand again.

Pops applies a wet cloth to Adam's arm and then slowly, carefully peels away the back of the Darth Vader tattoo.

Barry pulls out a small package of graphite and dumps some of the powder substance into the wheel holes. Winks at Adam. Then he shows him the octopus on the hood. Or it could be a skull and cross bones and katanas. It's hard to say.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. WILLIAM PENN ACADEMY - CAFETERIA - DAY

Erica sits with some friends eating lunch. Dumb Class President Chris Knowles and a COUPLE OF BUDS see her and walk over. He physically slides a smaller kid aside and sits down beside her.

CHRIS

Wow. Erica Goldberg. I almost didn't recognize you without your mother around.

Erica just points to the Kitchen Porthole. Chris looks up and there is Beverly. In those shades. Staring through the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of --

She KICKS the door open and walks forward. She's carrying a 7-11 Slurpee cup. 64 oz. She walks toward him and his buds back away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh. Okay, what, are you gonna throw a slurpee at me? Real classy Goldbergs. Fine. Do what you gotta do! You're still gonna owe me 12 dollars and 46 cents!

Beverly stops, turns the cup over slowly and it begins to trickle pennies on his head. Then it starts pouring pennies. Erica reaches into her lunchbag, pulls out a Tupperwear container full of pennies and pours it over his head, too.

At the end, pennies dance around all over the floor.

BEVERLY

That is exactly 12 dollars--

ERICA

-- and forty-seven cents. It's a business doing pleasure with ya.

Bev and Erica turn on their heels and strut out of the Cafeteria.

BEVERLY

I thought I said I did not ever want to see you in that hooker shirt.

ERICA

Hooker shirt! I bought this with my own allowance --

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

And just like that the great Beverly-Erica Peace Accord of 1980-- something was dissolved and would not surface again for years and years and years. But, you know what, we were okay with that.

Bev and Erica argue as they walk and finally split separate directions. Chris picks a penny out of his shirt and tosses it on the ground.

INT. WILLIAM PENN ACADEMY - SHOP CLASS - DAY

Shop doors open and Adam walks in. He's in a white t-shirt, sleeves rolled up, exposing his Vader tat. Emmy and Dave Kim flank him. He places a CO-2 cartridge in the back of Ghost rider 2 and it is threaded onto the track.

COACH MILLER

Listen up, Numbnuts. This race determines third place. It also determines who goes to Nationals and who goes to the wood chipper.

A LOSER stands by the wood chipper feeding his car in one end. Sawdust spews out the other end. It's grisly. Adam swallows hard.

He stands back as Ashley threads his car into the track, too. Both cars are ready. Students line the 25' track all the way to the pillows at the end where Adam and Ashley stop and wait.

ADAM

May the force be with you, Ashley.

ASHLEY

I swear I'm gonna pound you, if you don't shut it, Goldilocks.

Dave Kim fakes a move, but Emmy restrains him.

DAVE KIM

You're lucky Muscles Mirsky is holding me back, Punk.

Ashley bodily lifts Emmy up and sets her aside. Nothing between him and Dave Kim now.

DAVE KIM (CONT'D)

You're lucky my high levels of common sense and self preservation are holding me back, Punk.

Adam steps in.

ADAM

Guys. Let's settle this on the track?

Ashley leers, but backs away. Coach Miller nods.

At the start line, a gate flips down slamming needles into the CO-2 cartridges and both cars shoot off down the track.

Barry watches proudly through the window in the classroom door. And it's Ghost rider 2 by a car length!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

It was one of my greatest victories to this day. Like, I mean almost up there with the Dana Caldwell kiss. Almost. I'm talking top 5! It felt really good. And not just for me. For Barry. He needed this as much as I did.

Barry jumps up and down screaming and then runs off up the hall! Adam, Dave Kim and Emmy jump around, ecstatic. Coach Miller turns and writes "Goldberg" in the 3rd Place Category.

Adam is mad with victory, with power, with -- CRUNCH. He lands on the car and life stands still.

Ashley bends down and picks up the two halves of Ghost rider 2. Hands it to Adam who is shocked. He checks the door but Barry is not there. Whew.

Together he and Ashley walk to the chipper and throw it in. Sawdust shoots out the other side. Ashley pats his back.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

So Barry got what he needed, a third place victory and finally some closure. I got some respect from the dopers and headbangers in shop class, and Ashley? He got what he needed, too. Well, I mean he was arrested the next day for huffing glue in the bathroom, but today? Today he went from zero, to hero.

Coach Miller wipes Goldberg from Third, puts Ashley up there instead. Ashley smiles. He grabs Adam and gives him a noogie.

SMASH TO:

TAG

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Exterminator Bill is back. Dressed head to toe in some sorta hazmat suit like from ET. He walks with purpose to the Wookalar closet. He speaks into the COM in his headpiece.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (INTO COM)

I've reached the Wookalar closet.
All clear. Moving in.

RADIO VOICE

Roger that.

He pops the door open. Crawls inside, closing it behind him.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (INTO COM)

I've entered the enemy base camp.
I'm in the hole.

RADIO VOICE

You are greenlight for go. I repeat
you are clear to proceed.

With calm serene he pops a Decon Fogger with his left hand, and one with his right and sends them skipping across the floor.

Smoke begins to rise, eerily filling in the whole crawl space. Exterminator Bill hears some CHIRP NOISES.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (INTO COM)

I think it's working. We're taking
those flying freakazoids down.

Suddenly, the CHIRPING is louder.

RADIO VOICE

Wait a minute, Exterminator Bill.
That noise. That sounds like it's
coming from -- inside your suit.

Exterminator Bill looks slowly to his right and sure enough, there in his gigantic space mask, clinging to the inside wall is a bat.

EXT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The Goldberg's all sit on the front porch waiting to get back into their bug-bombed house. Adam holds the radio.

EXTERMINATOR BILL (ON COM)

AHHHHHHHHHHH F***** AHHHHHHHHH GET
IT F***** OFF GET IT OFF!!!!
AHHHHHHHHHH G***** FOR THE LOVE OF
ALL THINGS HOLY ---

ADAM (INTO WALKIE)

Bill! Bill can you read me?
Exterminator Bill!?

Bev grabs the walkie and turns it off.

BEVERLY

Okay, that's enough of that. Who
wants some Baskin Robbins?!

ALL THREE KIDS

ME! I DO! ME ME ME!!!

They all race and push to get to the car first.

INT. GOLDBERG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Murray sits in his Lazy-boy chair. From the vents, decon fog seeps out. Murray sniffs.

MURRAY

Bev? BEVERLY? Whatever you're
cooking smells awfully good! Bev?
Do you hear me trying to compliment
you? Beverly!!??

He exits.

Across the room, that cute mouse runs by. Stops. And as we
CIRCLE WIPE to it, I'll be damned if it doesn't WINK!

END OF SHOW.