

King of the Hill  
"Stages of Manhood"

By David Pryde

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

Bobby is curled up in a ball on the floor of his room, dressed for school. Ladybird, the family dog, is sniffing him curiously. Slowly his eyes flutter open.

HANK (O.S.)

Son, get the lead out. Your  
breakfast has been ready for  
ten...

Hank opens the door to see Bobby lying there.

HANK (CONT'D)

What the..? Bobby are you okay?

Bobby slowly uncurls and raises his torso, arms extended.

BOBBY  
(chanting quietly)

One vertebra at a time, one  
vertebra at a time...

HANK

What is wrong with you, boy?

BOBBY  
(arms reaching for the  
sky)

I'm being a flower in bloom. I'm  
feeling the sunlight bathing my  
petals.

HANK

Ugh. I suppose this has to do  
with your audition for the school  
play.

Bobby continues to bloom slowly.

HANK (CONT'D)

Bobby, you look ridiculous! Get  
up!

BOBBY

(standing)

You shouldn't interrupt a drama  
exercise, Dad. I was just emoting  
my inner flower.

HANK

Well start emoting your  
inner...fox, and go eat your  
eggs.

BOBBY

Yeah, a fox. And eggs will be my  
motivation!

Bobby starts twitching his nose, crouches down and  
scurries out the door, sniffing loudly. Hank watches  
him uncomfortably.

HANK

We should never have let him rent  
"Fame".

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peggy is eating at the table where Hank and Bobby's plates are also set. Hank and Bobby enter and sit.

HANK

Here he is, Peggy. He was doing  
acting exercises.

PEGGY

Well, lucky he showed up.  
Otherwise he would have missed  
the last piece of ham while he  
was busy being one!  
(giggles)  
I confess I was waiting to use  
that one.

HANK

Crack jokes if you must, but I'm  
not comfortable with Bobby  
auditioning for some play,  
especially William Shakespeare.  
He may get branded a sissy.

PEGGY

Shakespeare actors are not

sissies, Hank. Look at Mel Gibson. He gave Hamlet the passion of Mad Max, with the vulnerability of What Women Want.

HANK

It's different in high school, Peggy. Bullies react to Shakespeare like...well, like propane-emulsifier reacts to carbon deposits. I can't put it any plainer than that.

BOBBY

But lots of kids are trying for parts. Connie's trying out. Joseph's already got the role of Romeo!

PEGGY

Wow.

HANK

Dale's kid's playing Romeo? Ugh. Dale's not going to keep quiet about that.

PEGGY

What role are you going for, Bobby?

BOBBY

I'm going to be the clown. It's a small part but it could be the springboard for my comedic acting career!

HANK

Acting career?

BOBBY

Sure. Even a prop comic needs something to fall back on.

PEGGY

Well, I'm sure you don't need it, but good luck for the audition. Be on fire!

BOBBY

Thanks!

Bobby grabs a handful of bacon and runs out of the kitchen, reciting lines.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"God gi' godden. I pray, sir, can you read?"

The door slams.

HANK

What the hell was that?

PEGGY

(laughing)

Ah-ha-ha. The clown can't read!  
Oh, Hank, there's such a fine  
line between comedy and tragedy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hank walks out to the car. Next door, Dale is getting  
into his exterminator bug-mobile.

DALE

Hey, Hank! You hear the latest?  
Looks like ol' Gribble Junior's  
playing Romeo!

HANK

Yes, Dale, Bobby just told me.

DALE

Whoa, whoa! Easy with the  
defensive tone there, neighbour!

HANK

I wasn't...

DALE

Now, now, we can't all sire  
leading man material! It's not  
your fault your boy doesn't carry  
the Gribble DNA. Just goes to  
show you, though, Joseph's on  
track to be a real lady-killer  
like his old man!

John Redcorn pulls up in front of Dale's house. He gets out and comes up the walk.

DALE (CONT'D)

Yep. A love machine like me had to pass the torch sooner or later! Hey, John Redcorn!

JOHN REDCORN

Dale. Hank.

DALE

Nancy's headaches are getting worse! She spent last night moaning in her sleep calling your name! See if you can fix her up right this time!

JOHN REDCORN

I'll do my best.

Hank watches as John knocks and lets himself into Dale's house.

ANGLE ON DALE, WITH HIS BEDROOM WINDOW VISIBLE BEHIND HIM

DALE

Like I was saying, once we Gribble men start cranking out the pheromones, no woman can resist!

In the bedroom window behind Dale we see his wife, Nancy. She lowers the blinds and snaps them shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOBBY'S SCHOOL - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Students bustle about the hall while Joseph and Bobby talk at Joseph's locker.

JOSEPH

So are you nervous for this  
afternoon?

BOBBY

In a good way. I like the taste  
of adrenaline. It's like peanuts.

JOSEPH

I dunno. I don't like nerves so  
much.

BOBBY

Why are you nervous? You got the  
part.

JOSEPH

I'm more nervous now than before.

BOBBY

But you know the lines backwards  
and forwards. Plus, I bet you  
could practically pour yourself  
into those tights!

JOSEPH

I'm kind of worried about that.

The costume, I mean.

BOBBY

It'll look good.

JOSEPH

It's just that I'm supposed to  
kiss the girl and, y'know, I'm  
not sure what'll happen, with the  
tights...

BOBBY

What do you mean?

JOSEPH

Don't you find lately you've been  
waking up and you're sort of...I  
dunno...alert?

BOBBY

'Cause it's Saturday?

JOSEPH

No, not like that...

Connie walks up to the boys.

CONNIE

Hi guys!

BOBBY

What up, Connie?

CONNIE

I just talked to Mr. Tid! Guess  
who landed the role of Juliet?

She proudly raises her arms.

BOBBY

Well, all right!

Bobby gives her a hug.

JOSEPH

(nervous)

Wow. Great.

CONNIE

(to Joseph)

Looks like you and me are going  
to be star-crossed lovers!

ANGLE ON JOSEPH

Joseph, sweating, holds his books in front of him to  
cover his crotch.

JOSEPH

Uh...

Bobby leans in to nudge Joseph.

BOBBY

(winking)

Now, don't get any ideas with my  
lady, "Romeo".

JOSEPH

Sure. Uh, I gotta go.

Joseph hurries away.

CONNIE

What's wrong with him?

BOBBY

I think he's just nervous about  
his performance.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Bobby is sitting in the hallway with two other boys.  
A close-up of Bobby shows he is reading and  
practicing lines.

BOBBY

(reading repeatedly)

I pray, sir! I pray, sir! Can you

read? Can you read?

(clears throat, tries  
reciting line casually)

So can ya read?

The door opens. A boy walks out looking pleased with  
himself. Mr. Tid peers out looking after him. He is  
slim, white and in his mid-thirties. He's wearing a  
leather jacket with some gold chains around his neck,  
and sports a goatee and an earring. He has a dew-rag  
on his head. He is clearly going for a hip-hop look.

MR. TID

Word raise'd upwards, young

Randy! Thou art one righteous

Benvolio! May thy peace be

outgoing!

(to Bobby)

Bobby! Prithee enter mine crib!

Bobby and Mr. Tid enter the class.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The class is cleared out in the middle for auditions.

MR. TID

Bobby, I know you were pining for  
the clown gig, but I have been  
assaulted with a vision wherein  
phatter pastures lie before your  
bad jocular self.

BOBBY

I'm not the clown?

MR. TID

Now melancholy would be most ill  
beseeming for his dopeness Bobby  
Hill. Be forthcoming with the T  
Man. Art thou jonesing for a  
challenge, little knave?

BOBBY

I think so.

MR. TID

Proper.

Mr. Tid hands him a script. Bobby skims it, looking  
more and more intrigued.

BOBBY

(smiling slowly)

Hmmm.

MR. TID

This role befits thy wit's sharp  
sting. Resulting in scenes most  
bling-bling!

CUT TO:

INT. HILL KITCHEN - EVENING

Hank walks into the kitchen while Peggy prepares some  
sloppy joes for supper.

HANK

Bobby's not home yet?

PEGGY

He should be along soon. The last  
of the auditions were today.

HANK

Hmm. Great. Terrific.

Hank sits at the table looking serious.

PEGGY

Are you still worried about your  
son dabbling in Shakespeare?

HANK

I can't help it. When I was in  
high school Shakespeare was  
something you read 'cause you  
were forced to, not something you  
did voluntarily after school. You

know, people can be cruel to  
drama kids. Believe me, I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LAVARATORY

Teenage Hank is shoving a scrawny kid's head into the  
toilet.

TEEN HANK

Where's your fiddle now, you  
commie twerp?

END OF FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HILL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hank chuckles to himself.

HANK

"Where's your fiddle now?" Heh.  
(serious again)

I guess I just don't want Bobby  
to get picked on. He's never been  
what you'd call a tough kid.

PEGGY

Hank, you silly man. Actors are  
some of the toughest men on the  
planet!

HANK

Not the ones Bobby likes! Like

that "Zoolander". What kind of  
role model is that?

PEGGY

Acting is about releasing inner  
passion. Give Bobby the chance to  
express himself. I bet you'll  
find a strong young man inside.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
(high-pitched girl voice)

"Shake, quoth the dove-house:  
'twas no need, I trow!"

HANK

What the..?

CUT TO:

INT. HILL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hank runs into the front hall. His face becomes  
horrified.

HANK

Oh, good lord!

ANGLE ON BOBBY

Bobby stands in the front doorway dressed in a  
flowing, lady's smock.

BOBBY

Guess who's playing Juliet's  
nurse!

ANGLE ON HANK

Hank looks on, still horrified.

END OF ACT ONE

End of spec sample.  
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