

American Dream

By

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We nose-dive into NYC and zip recklessly past buildings, taxis, bikers, etc. People honk and shout "Hey" and "Watch it asshole" at us until we *suddenly* collide with THE NAKED COWBOY whose back was facing us, knocking him on the ground.

THE NAKED COWBOY
Ow man, what the fuck?!

INT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The Naked Cowboy picks up his hat and guitar, dusts himself off and turns around.

THE NAKED COWBOY
God-damn New Yorkers, never looking where they're going, never caring about one another. Never stopping to look up from their busy lives and realize we're all little fish in a sea full of other little fish swimming in the same direction, trying to live the "American Dream". I've been playing on this street forever, and I've only seen that happen once.

He points over at something obscure.

THE NAKED COWBOY
Horowitz and Hijazi's: the best damn Brooklyn deli/middle-eastern chow-wagon in all of NYC. The story of how these two put aside their differences is one that should go down in the history books. Right beside a picture of me!
(shrugs his shoulders)
Hey, what can I say?! I'm a New York City *icon*...at least that's what it says on my website.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE surround a barely visible STREET STAND.

SAUL HOROWITZ, early 50s, Brooklyn born and bred, short, chubby, sporting a Brooklyn Nets yarmulke, bargains animatedly with a customer over pita prices.

ABDULLAH HIJAZI, Palestinian, early 50s, tall, skinny, pale, throws coupons at passersby.

(CONTINUED)

ABDULLAH

(with a thick accent)

Horowitz and Hijazi's, best deals in the city! Buy 5 knishes, get 1 half-off! Beef shawarma, chicken shawarma, lamb kabob, couscous, salad, hot dogs, hummus, you want it, we got it! We'll even throw in a little cole slaw! Always willing to negotiate! Always fresh food! You, take a coupon! Coupons for everyone!! One for you, and one for you, and one for you...

SAUL

'Dullah, couldja stop fuckin around with those damn coupons and help me with the customers?! Sometimes I think you're a better Jew than I am, ya crazy shmuck!

ABDULLAH

Alright, alright, don't get twisted around in your panties!

SAUL

C'mon buddy, it's "don't get your panties in a twist". If ya gonna diss me, at least do it the way I taught ya!

Saul playfully tosses a falafel at Abdullah's head. The two crack up.

RACHEL HOROWITZ, 17, simple but naturally beautiful, giggles behind the grill and flips falafel. Suddenly, a chickpea hits her in the face.

RACHEL

Akim!!!

AKIM HIJAZI, 18, tall, dark, handsome, grills vegetables next to her. He booty-bumps Rachel. Winks.

RACHEL

I hate you.

She smacks his face playfully. The two sneak a quick kiss before getting back to work.

The Naked Cowboy saunters into the frame.

(CONTINUED)

THE NAKED COWBOY
Ahhhh, young love...

He pulls a tissue out of his tighty-whities. Wipes his eyes. Blows blows his nose. He then sticks it back into his underwear.

THE NAKED COWBOY
But it wasn't always this way. This street used to be a war-zone. Saul's Deli versus Taste of Palestine, every single summer, until one vegan stand changed it all.

RACHEL'S SPATULA flips some hotdogs on the grill as a techno version of "Shalom Aleichem" plays in the background. As the spatula prepares to flip another hotdog we flashback to:

INT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

SAUL'S SPATULA slams a hotdog on the grill where it lands violently with a hiss. A few years younger Saul, exhausted, wipes his dripping forehead and drums along to the same "Shalom Aleichem" song. He looks into the street.

The always-crazy Times Square. Herds of tourists with cameras shuffle by and speak in various languages.

Businessmen and women engrossed in conversations with their bluetooths speed by without looking up.

A group of WOMEN (and some men whose wives dragged them) practice Bikram Yoga off to the side. A hippie-looking YOGA LEADER performs a painful-looking position. A camera-man broadcasts her lesson on the Times Square Jumbotron.

YOGA LEADER
Now, breathe in through the souls
of your feet and carry your breath
to your knees. Your breath is as
silky as a mother's breast milk
flowing freely and swiftly from her
bosom. I bow to the sacred in you.
Namaste.

WOMEN
Namaste.

Two pre-teen boys pretend to hump a GIANT ELMO. A GIANT BIG-BIRD sees this and chases after them.

(CONTINUED)

The Naked Cowboy strums his guitar, surrounded by a group of older women who grab his butt.

A homeless guy sleeps next to a nearby garbage can and holds a sign that says "Will eat for food".

Saul focuses back on the stand and sees a hoighty toighty WOMAN usher her CHILD toward the stand.

SAUL

Rachel!

Rachel slumps in a chair behind the stand with headphones in as she reads a *People* magazine.

SAUL

Stop being a yenta and come help me with the knishes! Don't make me go over there and slap ya tuchus! Make sure they don't get cold!

(to the customers)

Yeah, whaddy need?

WOMAN

Please tell me you sell potato pancakes here.

SAUL

Potato pancakes?

WOMAN

Yes, like you people make for CHA-noo-kah? My son has been raving about them ever since Sammy Dinklestein brought them into class.

The child plays with gum on the side of the stand.

WOMAN

Honey, HONEY! Stop touching the stand. It's full of icky germs!

Saul sighs impatiently. He's heard this question a thousand times before.

The child stuffs the gum into his mouth and chomps hungrily.

SAUL

No, lady. No latkes. Do you ever see us selling latkes on the street?! Chopped liver, brisket, corned beef, pastrami, cole-slaw, cow tongue, roast beef...

(CONTINUED)

Saul's voice trails off as he breaks eye-contact with the customer to see...

CUT TO:

Abdullah's truck, with a large Palestinian flag taped on it, pull up across the street. He steps out of the truck, takes off his kaffiyyeh, and wipes his sweaty forehead.

Akim stumbles out the car and falls to his knees. He looks like he's about to barf.

ABDULLAH

And that's the story of when your
uncle got his dick bit off by an
eel off the Gulf of Aqaba.

Abdullah places the scarf back on his head. Akim picks himself up and regains his composure.

ABDULLAH

Now come help your old man and take
out the boxes in the back. Today
will be a great start to the
season. I can smell it in the air.

Abdullah looks around as he stretches loudly and scratches his belly. He spots Saul's Deli, already set up.

ABDULLAH

(muttering)

Son of a bitch. Not this guy again.
Akim!

AKIM

Yes father?

ABDULLAH

We need some decorations. Go get
the flag from the truck.

As Abdullah sets up his stand, Akim rips the flag off the truck and hands it to him. Abdullah tapes the flag to the front of the stand and sneers at Saul.

The two squint their eyes at each other from across the street as if they're about to draw guns in an old Western showdown. In fact, the Naked Cowboy walks into the frame and begins playing the "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" whistle tune as they glare at each other.

Suddenly, the showdown music stops.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
Hello? HELLO?!

Saul snaps back to reality.

SAUL
Wh-What?

WOMAN
Ughh, nevermind! C'mon honey, let's
go try that other stand. These
people are all the same.

The child spits the gum out in Saul's direction and the two walk away. Saul stares at them in frustration.

Abdullah, who had watched the entire thing, laughs and welcomes the two to his stand with open arms. Saul trembles with anger.

SAUL
Can you believe this guy?!

Rachel rolls her eyes.

SAUL
He comes to this street acting like
he owns the place.

RACHEL
Here we go...

SAUL
(ignoring her)
So fine, I'm a peaceful guy,
willing to compromise.

RACHEL
News to me!

SAUL
And I says to the putz, "sure, set
up shop. Go right ahead...there's
plenty of room on this street". But
that's not enough for *him*. The
shmuck's gotta do EVERYTHING in his
power to hurt my business, my
livelihood! Even steal my
customers!

RACHEL
Or he's just trying to make a
living like us.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel steals a look at the Hijazi's stand across the street. Akim, shirtless and sweaty, stands behind the grill and bobs his head to music. He looks up and shines a toothy grin at Rachel.

Saul, completely oblivious, stabs at a hotdog.

SAUL

No, you and I both know that's not what's going on here...

CUT TO:

The TASTE OF PALESTINE STAND across the street. The flag billows in the wind as incense burns and surrounds the stand in a cloud of smoke. Handala keychains and Palestine peace dove magnets that say "Free Palestine" pepper every inch of the metal.

Akim watches his father wave goodbye to the woman and child.

AKIM

What did you have to do that for?

ABDULLAH

Do what?

AKIM

You know what.

ABDULLAH

Serve a nice woman and her son who *obviously* have good taste?

Abdullah shakes his head.

ABDULLAH

Son, let me teach you a little bit about how life works.

AKIM

Here we go.

ABDULLAH

Your generation, you all think if you work hard, you'll get anything you set your mind to. But the truth is, one day strangers will just come in and take what you've taken for granted your entire life. So you have to fight every single day to claim what's rightfully yours or else poof, all gone.

(CONTINUED)

Intercut between two stands as necessary.

SAUL

Selfish sons of bitches just take over my street...

ABDULLAH

Until there is barely enough room for two stands to fit...

SAUL

And they claim they have a right to the street since it's Times Square and they were here first...

ABDULLAH

When in reality, Times Square is just as much ours as it is theirs!

SAUL

But we compromise, because all we want is peace...

ABDULLAH

Peace, peace. But they're just too damn stubborn for peace! So we must continue fighting, or else Taste of Palestine will have to find a new place to set up shop!

As the two continue to complain, the woman customer and her child from before argue in the center of Times Square.

WOMAN

Come on cookie, you said you wanted a snack before art lessons!

CHILD

But this tastes icky mommy!

WOMAN

I'm sorry honey but we're going to be late if we go to McDonald's! And we WILL NOT miss art lessons.

CHILD

But mahhhhh you pwomised! I don't wanna go to art lessons!

WOMAN

Well, we already tried music lessons but had to quit after you thought it would be funny to stick Johnny's head in the tuba!

(CONTINUED)

CHILD

But I don't wanna sit next to fat
Sally! She always smells like
peanut butter and cheese doodles!

WOMAN

Yes sweetie, but her daddy owns his
own airplane! And you know how much
mommy loves daddies with heavy
machinery!

The child bends his pita and pretends it's an airplane.
Suddenly, he launches it. Heck of a throw! It soars through
the air like a mistle, aimed directly for Saul.

SPLAT. Direct hit. The pita slides slowly down Saul's face
and leaves a hummus trail behind. Rachel stands frozen in
the background, her mouth wide-open.

Dead silence. The Naked Cowboy hides behind a trashcan.

RACHEL

Dad...

SAUL

No, Rachel. Enough's enough! Take
my street, fine, take my customers,
I'll deal, but hit me in the face
with a pita and hummus?! That's
where I draw the line!

Saul disappears behind the stand and grabs a tub of chopped
liver. He carefully molds a fistful into a chopped-liver
"bomb".

He lobs the bomb straight at Abdullah. It tumbles and twirls
gracefully through the air in slow-motion until it smacks
Abdullah straight in the chest, knocking him into a pile of
trashbags.

AKIM

Father!

ABDULLAH

Arghhhh! What in the name of Allah
was that for?!

SAUL

Yeah, you like that, Mohammad?!
Nobody messes with me on my street!

(CONTINUED)

ABDULLAH

Your street?! You must be banging
my balls!

The Naked Cowboy sticks his head out from behind the
trashcan.

THE NAKED COWBOY

I believe the correct phrase is
"busting my balls".

ABDULLAH

My family's been on this corner for
50 years! And then one day you
think it's okay to call it *your*
street?? You took over MY street,
my customers!

Akim rushes to pick his father up but Abdullah slaps his arm
away. He picks himself up and hobbles to the cart.

AKIM

Father, no! It's not worth it!

ABDULLAH

Oh trust me, it is. This guy is
finally going to get what he
deserves!

Abdullah performs various arm, leg, and back stretches and
positions himself behind the cart. He clenches his jaw and
eyes Saul.

Meanwhile, across the street, Saul follows Abdullah's lead.
Prepares for battle.

The Naked Cowboy meanders into the street and carries an OLD
WOMAN like a baby. She holds a checkered flag.

OLD WOMAN

Gentleman, start your engines!!

She squeezes the Naked Cowboy's pecs, smiles deviously, and
waves the flag. Saul and Abdullah race toward each other.

The Naked Cowboy drops the old woman and runs away to avoid
the collision.

THE METAL CARTS crash and the collision, sending Saul and
Abdullah flying backwards.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Dad!

A crowd forms a circle around Saul and Abdullah. Food litters the collision-area.

The homeless guy originally asleep against the trashcan wakes with a start. He rips off his clothing to reveal a referee uniform and sprints toward the scene.

Saul lifts himself up and grabs a nearby slab of salami. He limps toward and stands over a motionless Abdullah.

SAUL

Yeah Hijazi, who's king of the street now?

The homeless guy/referee smacks the ground to signal the end of the "wrestling match". But, *wait!* Suddenly, Abdullah opens his eyes, grabs the salami slab, and pulls Saul to the ground.

The two roll around with the salami.

Abdullah reaches for a nearby falafel and smushes it into Saul's face.

ABDULLAH

That's for Taste of Palestine, taking back what's rightfully ours!

Saul and Abdullah's fight broadcasts on the jumbotron. Saul wipes his face off with Abdullah's kaffiyyeh. He whips a spatula out of his back pocket and hits Abdullah over the top of the head.

SAUL

You can't take back something that wasn't yours in the first place, ya selfish prick!

RACHEL

Dad, no!

Rachel runs straight toward the fight. She trips over some stray baklava and falls in slow motion as she grasps at the air.

AKIM

Nooooo!

He runs, dives, and catches Rachel before she hits the ground. Rachel looks up, and the two stare into each other's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

AKIM

Hello.

RACHEL

(giggling)

Hey.

HOMELESS GUY

Get a room!

Akim lifts Rachel in his arms and carries her to Saul and Abdullah, who are frozen in mid-action.

AKIM

You see what this does?! You see who pays for this arguing?! Innocent bystanders. All over a fight for territory!

RACHEL

Why can't you two just learn to share the street and customers??

The two fathers stay silent and look at the ground.

RACHEL

If you two keep fighting, both businesses will suffer. And the next thing you know, some other vendor's gonna come in and take advantage of what you two are doing to each other!

The Naked Cowboy rummages around his undies and pulls out a FLYER advertising KISS MY GRASS vegan stand. He folds it into a paper airplane and aims it at Abdullah's head.

ABDULLAH

Oof!

Abdullah unravels the flyer, glances at it, crunches it in a ball and throws it at Saul with disgust. Saul reads the flyer and looks around for the new stand.

SAUL

Kiss my Grass?! What the hell is this cockamaime shit?!

Saul, Abdullah, Rachel, and Akim turn, only to discover that Kiss my Grass has set up shop right under their noses. A weird yet strangely attractive HIPPIE dishes out weird GREEN MUSH to desperate, grasping hands.

(CONTINUED)

A POLICEMAN takes a bite of the mush and his face softens. He cracks a smile and sighs happily.

POLICEMAN

What is this stuff? I feel so...warm and tingly!

HIPPIE

Just your everyday mix of processed curds from coagulated glycine max liquid and vital wheat gluten re-liquified in an industrial sized blender. And a very special secret ingredient...a 100% mellow-out guarantee, or your money back!

POLICEMAN

Well, whatever it is, it's amazing. Green shit for everyone, I'm buying!

The crowd erupts in cheer. People of all ages, colors, shapes, and sizes make love to the mush.

They form a giant circle in the middle of the street and hold hands. Someone whips out a guitar and they all start singing "Kumbaya".

Saul, Rachel, Abdullah, Akim, and the Naked Cowboy stand off to the side, their mouths open in shock.

SAUL

Never in all my years on this street--

CROWD OF PEOPLE

Kumbaya my lord, Kumbayaaaa.

SAUL

have I ever seen--

CROWD OF PEOPLE

KUMBAYAAAA MY LORD, KUMBAYAAAA.

SAUL

anything like this.

Abdullah faces the crowd.

ABDULLAH

Can you all just shut up already?!

The hippie jogs over.

HIPPIE

Hey, hey, hey, woah, woah, whoahhh
there buddy, woahhh there, take it
easy man! Chillax dude! We're all
here on this Earth man, livin'
life, tryna do right by the big man
upstairs and his beautiful Mother
Nature mistress. You gotta just,
yanno man, *relax*. Mellow out dude!

ABDULLAH

(to Akim)

What is this guy saying to me?

Akim shrugs his shoulder and looks over at Rachel who is holding back her laughter.

SAUL

The hell's in your product? Heroin?

HIPPIE

Nah, nah, NAH man! None of that!
Heroin's bad for the body, bad for
the soul! My stuff's all nat-ur-al!
C'mon try it!

He holds out a bowl of mush. Saul takes it, sniffs it suspiciously, and takes a spoonful. He falls to his knees.

SAUL

God almighty. This is delicious.

HIPPIE

Toldya man! Newest thing to hit the
Big Apple! Just you wait, no more
of that nasty, unhealthy crap these
other street vendors pass as
edible.

ABDULLAH

Hey, don't talk about us like that!

HIPPIE

Aww man! Sorry dude, didn't mean to
cramp your style, but I'm just
being honest! Vegan power!

He jogs back to the Kumbaya circle, turns back and winks at Rachel. Akim clenches his fists. Abdullah shakes with anger and turns to Saul.

(CONTINUED)

ABDULLAH
Gimme that!

Abdullah takes a spoonful of mush. He falls to the ground next to Saul.

ABDULLAH
My business is ruined!

Saul covers his face with his hands. The two wallow in misery for an uncomfortable few seconds. Rachel and Akim look at them, half-sympathetic and half-embarrassed.

AKIM
(to Rachel)
Maybe we should say something.

RACHEL
Like what?

AKIM
I don't know. Give them a
little...how do you say it?
Chhhhutzpa?

Rachel giggles and playfully hits Akim.

RACHEL
Close enough. Okay, lemme try.

She bends down next to Saul.

RACHEL
C'mon dad, get up! You're better
than this! You fought in 'Nam for
God's sake!

SAUL
(sniffling)
Purple heart. Shot right in the
tuchus.

He smacks his right butt-cheek.

RACHEL
You see?! This is nothing! The day
has come for you two to put aside
your differences and realize you're
one in the same...two grumpy,
stubborn old guys just trying to
make an honest living in NYC! And
some hippie's trying to take it all
away! So, what do you have to say
to that??

Akim stares in awe at Rachel.

AKIM

And how about you, father? Are you going to let a smelly veggie-man destroy Taste of Palestine?

Abdullah stands up, determined. He faces Saul.

ABDULLAH

They have a point, you know. It's either fight hippie-man or lose our stands.

He holds out his hand to Saul. Saul stares at it for a second and then accepts it. He rubs his hands together.

SAUL

Let's get crackin'. Hippie-boy's not gonna know what hit him.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - NEXT DAY

A strangely silent morning. A crowd has already formed around Kiss my Grass but Saul's Deli and Taste of Palestine are nowhere to be found.

The Naked Cowboy reaches into his undies, pulls out army-paint and applies it to his face. The calm before the storm.

Suddenly, the sound of a stampede. Two herds of people charge from both sides of the street. The Horowitz and Hijazi families, West Side Story style, with Saul/Rachel and Abdullah/Akim leading their respective packs.

The families meet in the middle and Saul and Abdullah give each other a head-nod. Operation: take down Kiss My Grass commences.

The Naked Cowboy begins to strum Hava Nagila slowly as the families link arms and surround Kiss my Grass. Rachel walks up to the hippie while Akim sneaks behind him, hands in his pockets.

RACHEL

So...I hear you sell the best food in all of NYC.

HIPPIE

Well, pretty girl, that's what I'm told. They say my stuff's got magic powers.

(CONTINUED)

He winks at Rachel and she giggles. Meanwhile, Akim whips out a package of LAXATIVES and sprinkles it into the VAT OF MUSH.

RACHEL
So what's your secret?

HIPPIE
Oh come on now, we wouldn't want to ruin the magic, would we now? I bet a cute girl like you wouldn't want to spoil something so pure.

She leans in close to him. Hell of an actress.

RACHEL
Maybe what you assume is pure isn't so pure after all.

The hippie closes his eyes and goes in for a kiss. Rachel reaches her hand out and Akim hands her a plate of mush. She smushes the mush into the hippie's face.

HIPPIE
Pfft, pfft. Hey, uncool! What was that for?!

RACHEL
That was for all the street vendors out here busting their butts selling *real* food. Nobody messes with us!

She storms off and Akim follows, impressed.

RACHEL
Did you do it?

AKIM
Yes. That was some good acting over there.

RACHEL
Yeah, well...I was thinking about someone else the whole time.

AKIM
Oh yeah? Who?

Before she answers, Rachel runs over to their families to join in on the hora. Akim looks longingly after her and follows.

The Naked Cowboy plays Hava Nagila faster and faster.

Customers inside the circle continue to eat the now laxative-ridden mush. Soon, people begin to moan, wretch and fall to their knees in pain.

POLICEMAN

Ohhh my stomach! This green shit is...making me shit everywhere!

HIPPIE

I, I don't understand! Everything in my food is pure!

The Naked Cowboy shakes his head and knocks over the hippie's cart. Bags filled with a mysterious green substance litter the ground around the stand.

The policeman grabs one of the bags and sniffs it. He holds it up in disgust.

POLICEMAN

Especially the secret ingredient.

RACHEL

You *laced* the food with marijuana?!

HIPPIE

Aww c'mon! I just wanted everyone to mellow out! This city's filled with such angry people, you know? What's a little pot gonna do?

POLICEMAN

Alright hippie-boy, put your hands behind your head! You're coming with me downtown!

He grabs his stomach in pain.

POLICEMAN

Ughhhhh...bathroom stop first!

The policeman drags the hippie away in handcuffs and the Horowitz/Hijazi families erupt in cheer.

SAUL

Yeah, that's right hippie boy! Go try that shit in Colorado!

ABDULLAH

Colorado?

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Yeah, weeds's legal there now,
haven't you heard the news?

ABDULLAH

I didn't hear Colorado, I heard
Washington.

SAUL

No, I'm pretty sure it was
Colorado.

ABDULLAH

No! It was Washington.

SAUL

Colorado!

ABDULLAH

Washington!

SAUL

Colorado!

ABDULLAH

Washington!

RACHEL AND AKIM

Enough already!

The two look at each other and the world stops.

RACHEL

Remember when you asked me who I
was thinking about when I was
flirting with the hippie?

AKIM

Yeah?

Rachel grabs Akim and the two share a passionate kiss.

AKIM

I've wanted that since...

RACHEL

I know, me too.

Rachel and Akim hold each other, lost in the moment until
they hear...

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Ahem, ahem.

The two snap out of their trance. They are surrounded by family members. Saul and Abdullah stand side-by-side with their arms crossed.

SAUL

What is going on here?!

AKIM

Mr. Horowitz, I can explain--

SAUL

I'm not talking to you!

(to Rachel)

How long have you been keeping this from me!?

RACHEL

I never kept *anything* from you! You were just too busy constantly worrying about protecting the stand from invaders to notice that your own daughter was falling in love!

SAUL

Falling in love?! You're my little baby...you don't know what love is! And to fall in love with the son of a rival street-vendor, let alone someone who's *not Jewish*?! You're mother's going to have my head!

Suddenly, the arrested hippie struggles with the police man and pushes his way into the circle.

HIPPIE

Wait, *wait!* Just wait a second police-dude! Take a chill pill! Lemme just say something before you give me up to the Man!

He stands in the center of the circle and faces outward.

HIPPIE

You guys don't understand...all I ever wanted to do was spread a little bit of love. But then I see these two kids.

Rachel and Akim clutch each other. It's cute and nauseating at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPIE

Now *that's* what I'm all about! No judgement, no controversy, just pure love. We should all take a page out of their book. Kids are like, they're like our *future*, so we gotta listen to them and respect them. And then maybe we'll remember some of the stuff we forgot when we got older. Yanno, after we got slapped in the face by life and all the harsh realities that came with it.

Abdullah looks at the new couple, clearly in love. He faces Saul.

ABDULLAH

You know, he has a point.

Saul shakes his head and looks at the ground. So stubborn.

RACHEL

C'mon dad, they really are just like us.

SAUL

But they're our rivals, Rach! You can't be friends with your enemies!

RACHEL

What about Uncle Boris?

ABDULLAH

Uncle who?

SAUL

He wasn't really her uncle. Boris Schwartz. Ugly guy, great personality. We were best friends going up. His parents were in the hot-dog stand business.

ABDULLAH

What happened?

SAUL

Well, we got older. He took over his family business and I took over mine. We didn't talk for years.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

But then a few years back dad found out Uncle Boris had named one of his hotdogs after him.

Saul smiles proudly.

SAUL

Saul's dog. Large hotdog with ketchup, mustard, sauerkraut, baked beans, and jalapeños...on a whole-wheat bun. I was watching my weight at the time.

RACHEL

Point is, you were able to make up!

AKIM

And I bet you never would have fought in the first place if your businesses hadn't pinned you against each other.

Rachel puts her arm around Saul.

RACHEL

Maybe it could be different this time, dad. Maybe we can skip the controversy altogether. We can make this work!

SAUL

Yeah, maybe...

(to Abdullah)

What do you think? We could triple our profit if we go into business together.

ABDULLAH

Profit. Now there's something we can both agree on.

He and Saul shake hands. The start of a beautiful friendship.

THE NAKED COWBOY

And so, with a touch of help from their kids, a sprinkle of Ex-lax, and the story of Uncle Boris, Saul and Abdullah put aside their differences and pushed their stands together, working side-by-side in harmony.

As the sun sets, Saul, Abdullah, Rachel, Akim, the Horowitz/Hijazi families, the hippie and policeman, and random people on the street break out into a choreographed dance to Al Green and Annie Lennox's "Put a Little Love in Your Heart."