

QUEEN FUR

Written by

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10202 West Washington Blvd. * Culver City, CA 90232*

MUSIC IN:

1 "UNCLE JOHN'S BAND" BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD. 1

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: QUEEN FUR. The letters spread out over the POINTS OF A CROWN.

PRE-LAP: The SOUND of BICYCLE WHEELS, SOMEONE BREATHING HARD...

2 EXT. - WINDING ROAD - DAY 2

AS CAMERA TILTS DOWN, THE TITLE CARD IS REVEALED TO BE:

A BILLBOARD.

ON the billboard WOMAN wearing the CROWN (Kerry Butler, 25) SHE is smiling, pretty; DRAPED in a MUSKRAT COAT. On the bottom the SIGN READS:

"WILL YOU BE THE NEXT QUEEN FUR?"

The bike WHIZZES past the sign...

ON: the ASS of a 23 year old woman riding a 10 speed bicycle along a road by the woods.

This is MACY. She is fat and sexy. It's humid outside. She's sweating.

She pedals furiously; wears a beaten up Jansport backpack. Her jeans are rolled up.

The faint sound of the opening song on the radio...

A PONTIAC approaches and slowly trails her.

MACY

C'mon motherfucker. Pass me, pass me.

She makes the "go around" gesture. The CAR drives along side her. TODD rolls down the window.

TODD

Get out of the road lady!

MACY

Oh. Har-har.

TODD
Where ya goin?

MACY
(probation)
Double secret.

TODD
You're pretty sweaty. They don't
mind that?

MACY
No, they encourage it. I'm getting
a commendation from the governor
for it.

TODD
(re: sex)
Where were you last night?

MACY
(a lie)
I fell asleep.

A COP CAR car comes up behind him. Going slowly now.

MACY (CONT'D)
You should probably go.

TODD
Fuck him. He can wait.
(checks rearview)
It's Dougie.

She turns, waves.

MACY
Hi Dougie.

Now DOUGIE, 30, blonde, makes a little flash with his lights,
pulls up beside TODD -- effectively driving on the WRONG SIDE
OF THE ROAD. They drive parallel at a crawl alongside Macy.

DOUG
Hey. Hey Macy.
(to Todd)
You huntin'?

TODD
Yup.

A CAR approaches in the distance, headed right toward Dougie.

MACY

There's a car coming, Dougie.

DOUG

I see 'em.

(to Todd)

What's your best time lately?

TODD

You don't want to know.

DOUG

I do want to know. I very much want to know.

Todd keeps mum. Fine, be that way.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Alright, you'll be there Friday right? I'm supposed to sing.

Dougie, at the last second, waves, speeds up and passes Todd, just missing the ONCOMING CAR.

TODD

Come over later. We'll get drunk.

MACY

(probably not)

Ok.

Todd beeps, waves, floors it. Off Macy --

3

EXT. WOODS - DAY

3

ON: RITA, 50's, perched on a rock in the middle of the woods.

She's beautiful. Wears a PINK sweat jacket -- bright, incongruous in the wilderness.

Rita sits and stares with a vacant look in her eye. We don't know who she is or what she's doing there. Yet.

The ECHOING CRACK OF A GUNSHOT startles her from her reverie.

Rita looks around, consciousness dawning. How did I get here?

A flicker of dread; collects herself; heads out of the woods.

4

EXT. WOODS - DAY

4

ON a DEAD MUSKRAT on a BLUE TARP. Looks like it's sleeping. It's been shot by Todd -- the gunshot that startled Rita.

STAY ON the MUSKRAT as a DIGITAL WATCH, a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE and A SMALL HUNTING KNIFE are placed beside it. This PRECISE and oddly attractive STILL LIFE is arranged before our eyes as we HEAR Todd talking on the phone.

TODD O.S.

No, no. Store the guns, call Amish and tell him there's been a fuckin' force majeure or whathaveyou and he has to wait.

(pause)

No, I'll talk to her. Yeah, I gotta go, I gotta skin this thing.

(pause)

I'm not saying. Well it's better than Jack Peel's best time, I'll tell you that.

He hangs up. OFF MUSKRAT--

5

EXT. BUS STOP - PARK AND RIDE - DAY

5

ON: a **BILLBOARD** of JACK PEEL, handsome, (40) HE SMILES, WEARS a CROWN, HOLDS a HUNTING KNIFE. SIGN READS:

"WILL YOU BE THE NEXT MUSKRAT KING?"

Reverse: Macy sits in the bus shelter and stares at the billboard blankly. HER BIKE is chained and locked nearby.

A boy, JIM, 9, sits next to her and does his homework.

JIM

Why am I a bastard?

What? Pause.

MACY

Because Mom fucked a guy in St. Ignace.

JIM

(not getting it)

Oh.

MACY

They weren't married, and that's a... term that's used to describe a child born out of wedlock.

JIM

Oh.

Thrown, she looks at the billboard, then back at Jim.

MACY

Did someone at school call you that?

JIM

Yeah. We're supposed to write about what our fathers do for work and they're supposed to come in and talk about it. And then someone said my father must be a bulldog on account of my teeth? And then they called me Bulldog the Bastard.

Beat.

MACY

(emphatic)

If anyone calls you that again, you just punch them. Punch them in the face until they stop.

Jim nods, but there is no way he is taking this advice.

Macy is outraged and stung all on Jim's behalf. What seems like a fairly small thing here, Jim getting picked on, brings up in Macy a ferocious feeling, and creates in her, a spark. And it is going to set her on a course to her destiny. Beat.

JIM

So was he?

MACY

What?

JIM

A bulldog?

MACY

(agitated)

No. He was not a fucking bulldog, Jim. He was a human who did something with furnaces.

(MORE)

MACY (CONT'D)

You can put, "my dad is a 'heating guy." I don't know what you call that job, exactly, but put that.

JIM

No, it's ok. I'm gonna make something up.

He goes back to writing. She's stewing. Can't let it go.

MACY

Who said it?

JIM

(shrugs)

It was a bunch of kids.

MACY

When you go to school tomorrow tell those kids you're sister said if they bother you again she's gonna set their fuckin' house on fire.

JIM

Whose house?

MACY

All of their houses. I'm going to set all of their individual houses on fire. You tell them that.

Jim kind of half nods, a little freaked out. No chance of this either. Goes back to writing.

Macy, shaken by her reaction, stares at the Muskrat King.

TODD PULLS UP with an abrupt stop.

MACY (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to eviscerate a rodent.

TODD

One of the guys you got for the straw buy had a bench warrant out on him in Maryland.

MACY

(fuck)

Oh.

TODD

Get in.

6

INT. CAR / EXT. ROAD THROUGH TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

6

Jim has headphones on that plug into Todd's car stereo. The spiral cord reaches all the way to the back seat where Jim sits beside a dead muskrat.

Jim bops his head to music and works on his essay as Todd and Macy confab.

TODD

(annoyingly didactic)

Let me explain this to you. The straw buyer has to have the *appearance* of propriety, nothing that will raise any red flags. Then, the gun can go to the *real* buyer who, for various reasons, is unable or unwilling to purchase the gun himself. So. No more transients, no more dope fiends, and no more panhandlers.

MACY

Those guys were *buskers*.

TODD

You need to find upstanding people.

MACY

Upstanding people willing to do something illegal.

TODD

Just find me decent fucking buyers!

MACY

Ok. Jesus.

TODD

Do a better job.

MACY

Maybe if you paid me more I would.

TODD

Show some initiative and maybe I will.

She ignores him. She glances at Jim in the rearview.

MACY

Do you think you could teach Jim how to throw a punch?

TODD

I could teach Jim how to *take* a punch.

MACY

What good would that do?

TODD

That kid's got as much chance of winning a fight as the ashes of Mahatma Gandhi. Endurance is his only hope.

Off Macy, concerned--

7 INT. INSTITUTIONAL BATHROOM - DAY 7

MACY SHOVES an EMPTY IV BAG down the front of her pants, GRABS a waiting CUP off of the sink and exits the bathroom.

8 INT. PROBATION OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 8

REVEAL: WE ARE AT A PROBATION OFFICE and MACY has just finished cheating a mandatory urine test.

Macy hands CUP to pudgy PROBATION OFFICER, ALMA RODRIGUEZ, 30's, who is both masculine and maternal.

MACY

I had to go on Lipitor.

Rodriguez looks dubious.

MACY (CONT'D)

I can bring the prescription, next week. I forgot it.

They take a short walk down the hall. Points to an anteroom.

RODRIGUEZ

Wait in there.

9 INT. PROBATION OFFICE WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER 9

A separate, smaller room. Empty except for Macy and RALPH, (20's, African-American), tough looking, his hair in beaded corn rows. They are waiting for their respective P.O.'s.

Ralph eyes Macy.

RALPH
I seen you before.

MACY
I don't think so.

RALPH
Yeah, I've seen you.

She looks at him like "maybe you have but don't talk about it here." He gazes at her, appraising, but not lecherously.

RALPH (CONT'D)
What's your measurements?

Beat. Is he hassling her about her weight?

RALPH (CONT'D)
What's your measurements?

MACY
What are *your* measurements?

Looks away, ignoring him. Beat.

RALPH
You should do Queen Fur.

MACY
What?

RALPH
Queen Fur. You heard me. The
pageant where they boil muskrats or
some shit.
(beat)
Too good to do Queen Fur.

She says nothing. Whack-o.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I could get you a dress.
(beat)
Queen Fur gets you five thousand
dollars.

He still just stares at her intently. She returns the gaze.

MACY
(deadpan)
I don't have any talent.

RALPH
(innuendo is clear)
From what I hear you got plenty a
talent suckin' dicks.

She's pissed she walked right into that. He still stares,
affectless. She stares back. Beat.

MACY
That's scholarship money, by the
way.

RALPH
What?

MACY
Five thousand dollars is
scholarship money, you moron. You
think they just hand you cash?

RALPH
(knows his shit)
Cash money prizes are as follows:
Most congenial five hundred.
Talent: five hundred, best dress --
you could win that -- five hundred.
You get a muskrat coat worth a
grand. Plus a spokesgirl contract
with Arms of Jupiter.

Is he serious? He seems serious.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I'm serious. Pageant's in two
weeks.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ enters, holds the DOOR OPEN to her office.

RODRIGUEZ
OK, Macy.

Macy gets up.

RALPH
(to Macy, causing trouble)
Hey, I seen you before. Right?
Where we know each other from?

Rodriguez CLOCKS THIS.

MACY
Book club.
(under her breath, exits)
Asshole.

Macy, brushes past Rodriguez and into the office as Rodriguez, ANTENNAE UP, eyes Ralph, who smiles big.

10

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Rodriguez has a Little Debbie snack cake on her desk that she's in the process of eating.

Macy digs into her back pocket, gives her the COURT CARD from her remanded AA meeting. They play cat and mouse about Ralph.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Macy)

How do you know Ralph?

MACY

Who's Ralph?

RODRIGUEZ

The guy you were talking to in there.

MACY

I don't know him.

Rodriguez checks court card.

RODRIGUEZ

Community service still good?

MACY

It's fine.

RODRIGUEZ

They could hire you. Nursing homes always hire.

MACY

Not me they don't.

Rodriguez gives back court card.

RODRIGUEZ

Sorry, it's a little sticky.

(beat)

Ralph is involved with some shady business, Macy. I know this for a fact.

Beat. Macy is inscrutable.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
(looks in bag)
They didn't give me a napkin.

Rodriguez wipes her hands on the bag.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna be your PO anymore.

MACY
(taken aback)
Why?

RODRIGUEZ
I got into the ATF.

Macy tenses just a flicker.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
What?

MACY
I thought they had a height
requirement.

Rodriguez gives her a "fuck you" look.

RODRIGUEZ
I wanted FBI but... I'm too fat or
too much of a dyke or... I dunno,
something. But ATF finally took me,
so, I'm outta this shit hole.
(she folds her hands, gets
serious)
I like you. So here's my parting
lecture. Stop with the drunk and
disorderly nonsense and the
misdemeanors because this shit is
progressive and it's only gonna get
worse. I see prison and/or death in
your future.

MACY
I think death is pretty much in
everyone's future.

Beat. Rodriguez would like to get through to her.

RODRIGUEZ
I wanted to wish you the best of
luck and tell you... it's not too
late. Do better with your life. You
can do better.

We can tell Macy is conflicted, worried about Rodriguez finding out about her illegal sideline, but also worried that she's not gonna be her P.O. anymore. She likes this woman.

MACY

You've been nice to me. Thank you.

RODRIGUEZ

You're welcome.

Macy gets up to go. Rodriguez watches her. Then:

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

I think you're lying about Ralph.

Macy turns around.

MACY

See, why'd you have to ruin our good-bye? That's fucked up.

Macy closes the door. Rodriguez watches her go, discerning.

11 INT. PROBATION OFFICE/LOBBY - DAY

11

Macy comes into the lobby to see Jim seated with a BIKER DUDE (30s) who spells the word "Pyramids" for Jim as Jim writes. Todd is nowhere to be seen. WTF? Macy, annoyed, beelines over to Jim as--

BIKER

P-y-r-a-m-i-d-s.

MACY

(to Jim)

Where's Todd?

BIKER

He's in the parking lot. He'll be right back.

Macy grabs Jim, as Jim shuffles his papers.

JIM

(to Biker)

Nice meeting you.

Biker gives Jim a little two fingered salute as Macy hauls Jim out the door.

12

EXT. PROBATION OFFICE / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

12

Macy strides across the parking lot with Jim in tow.

MACY'S POV on TODD, holding a clipboard, standing by the car (trunk open) and SHAKING HANDS WITH an OLD BIKER, (60s) as if they've just discussed a deal.

OLD BIKER heads over to his HARLEY before Macy reaches Todd.

MACY

The fuck's the matter with you?

TODD

What? I'm doing business.

MACY

You left him alone in there.

TODD

He's surrounded by law enforcement.

Todd CLOSES A TRUNK which houses his HUNTING RIFLE, SCOPE and a CASE which used to have a handgun in it and now belongs to the OLD BIKER. Macy is still pissed.

MACY

Let's go.

She opens the door for Jim. JIM GETS IN THE CAR, SHUTS DOOR and resumes homework.

TODD

I was gonna ask if you were coming over tonight, but forget it now.

She says nothing.

TODD (CONT'D)

Unless you want to.

Beat.

MACY

Let's just keep things professional.

Beat.

TODD

I gave you a ride.

MACY

Don't be gross.

TODD

This, from the girl who'd give blow jobs for a six pack.

Even Todd knows that went too far. Macy just gives him a grim stare. He feels awkward.

He hands her the car keys.

TODD (CONT'D)

I gotta close this deal.

Todd heads across the parking lot to the OLD BIKER who waits by his HARLEY with cash for the gun.

13 INT. TODD'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

13

It's hot. Macy sits in the front with Jim, away from the DEAD MUSKRAT in the back seat.

ON MACY: pensive; angry at Todd and every other dickhead who has used her or slut-shamed her or treated her badly.

Jim finishes writing.

JIM

I'm finished. Can I read it to you?

MACY

No.

Jim reads anyway. As he does, the cumulative effect of recent events will add up to one, impulsive action which Macy is about to make.

MACY'S POV: the camera lingers as she looks at JIM, his underbite, his little chin jutting out like a bulldog, vulnerable.

JIM

My father's name is Renaldo. For a job my father mines diamonds. This is dangerous. He could be crushed by the earth. He also has to be careful of lava.

(checking veracity)

Are diamonds in volcanoes?

No answer. His face inquisitive.

Macy looks at Jim with her newfound clarity.

MACY

How'd you like to meet the Muskrat King?

Jim shrugs like "Uh, ok?"

14 EXT. CAR/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 14

The MUSKRAT lands with a SPLAT on the ground as THE CAR SCREECHES AWAY like a bat out of hell.

TODD watches in disbelief as Macy drives off.

15 INT. CAR/EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 15

Macy and Jim drive a rural road on the FAR OUTSKIRTS of TOWN, down a long, empty country road lined with old, massive trees. They pass a sign that reads NOW LEAVING HUNDIGGER.

They sing to the radio, enjoying themselves.

The windows are rolled down, there's a feeling of adventure or anticipation.

16 EXT. JACK PEEL'S (THE MUSKRAT KING'S) HOUSE - DAY 16

They turn into a long dirt driveway, shaded with more trees.

Macy sees a wooden sign that reads "EASY DOES IT" - an AA slogan.

MACY

(re: sign)

What a fucking nitwit.

They park by some logs. The sound of dogs barking.

MACY (CONT'D)

We should release a python in his house.

JIM

Why?

MACY

I dunno.

17 EXT. JACK PEEL'S HOUSE/DOG KENNEL - DAY 17

Macy and Jim look at a LARGE KENNEL. About 25 Beagle puppies run happily, barking their beagle bark.

JIM

Oh my god there are puppies everywhere! Can I go in? I want to go in and have them lick me.

A LARGE PADLOCK is around the gate of the KENNEL.

MACY

Let's wait for the king. He'll let you in.

Jim is up against the fence staring at the dogs with longing. The DOGS run and BARK.

18 INT. TODD'S CAR/ JACK PEEL'S HOUSE - LATER 18

Sometime later. Macy lays on the hood of Todd's car in the sun. Her shirt somewhat hiked up. She stares at the sky.

Jim is in the field (a fairly good distance away) doing boy things -- throwing rocks at a stump, swinging a stick at marsh grass, or whatever. He's engaged, in his own world.

There are now FOUR LATINO WORKERS, clearing brush in front.

Macy lifts her head as she hears the CRUNCH of TIRES on gravel.

She watches as a WHITE VAN with the words "PEEL'S HEATING AND OIL" emblazoned on the side turns into the driveway.

She pulls her shirt down, gets presentable.

Macy approaches the van as JACK PEEL gets out, sees her. Stops. Longish beat.

JACK

Long time no see.

She points to the "Easy Does It" sign.

MACY

That's a stupid sign.

JACK

That's your opinion.

MACY

Did you make that in wood shop?
(beat)
So how's business?

JACK

What are you doing here?

How to begin? Beat.

MACY

It didn't bother you that I was
fifteen?

That was unexpected. Beat.

JACK

Not at the time.

She looks to the LATINO WORKERS clearing out the brush.

MACY

What are they doing?

JACK

I'm building a pool. I have to
clear the area.

Squints, he looks at her, she fidgets. What does she want?

JACK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Look, I'm sorry for what happened.
Is that what you need to hear? At
the time it didn't seem like I was
taking advantage of you. Quite the
opposite, actually.

(beat; reconsiders)

It was a fucked up time in my life,
I was drinking, it was wrong. I
should have come to you sooner and
apologized. But... you know, you
left town and I cleaned up and
moved out here and... just got on
with my life. I didn't even really
think about it. It was just...

(beat; sighs)

You were too young and it shouldn't
have happened and... I'm sorry. Ok?

(beat)

Debbie's gonna be home soon.

Beat.

MACY

Why are you building a pool in the front of the house?

JACK

We breed the dogs in the back.

(beat)

Kids really want a pool.

She nods. He looks at her, hoping she'll go. Jack SEES JIM in the DISTANCE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Who's that?

MACY

It's Jim.

(beat)

My brother. He wanted a puppy so I said we could pull over and look at them.

JACK

Oh bullshit. You wanted to see me and you did it. At least own up to it.

MACY

Ok.

Beat.

JACK

So do you wanna buy a puppy?

MACY

Not really, but he seems to want to.

JACK

How old is he?

MACY

He's nine.

JACK

Change of life baby, huh?

MACY

What do you mean?

JACK

Your Mom had 'em -- what -- 16 years after you.

MACY

Oh. Yeah. She really wanted him.

Macy looks at Jack. It hangs there. He stops cold. Looks at her. Something dawns on him.

JACK

Who is he?

MACY

He's Jim.

JACK

Debbie's gonna be home in fifteen fucking minutes, Macy. If you have something to say to me, say it.

Beat.

MACY

(just reporting facts)

I went to St. Ignace. I had him. I couldn't take care of him. My Mom took care of him... and before long, she was the mother. And then we figured it should just stay that way. I mean we never said it. So then we moved back and... I'm the sister. I'm the sister now.

JACK

He doesn't know?

MACY

No.

(beat)

He was asking about his father. And I saw you on that stupid muskrat billboard. It seemed like a sign. I mean, it was a sign. It was you. On a sign. And I brought him here. And that's it.

JACK

Sounds like you really thought it through.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Did you tell your mother about me?

She shakes her head no. Long beat. He's trying to process...

MACY

They called him a bastard at school.

JACK

(agitated)

Ok. So. Now you -- what? Call him over here and tell him I'm his father? Introduce us? Is that what you're going to do?

Beat.

MACY

I just thought it would be nice for him if you could come to his school and say you're his dad and that you fix oil burners for a living and show those fuckers you're not a bulldog.

What? Beat.

JACK

And are you also going to tell him you're his mother?

That is a wrinkle.

When he puts it that way, Macy is forced to deal with how ill-conceived all of this is, what seemed right and just in her mind now seems impossible and destructive.

She looks at Jim and suddenly she feels foolish, confused, once again the fuck up. Jack sees her hesitation...

JACK (CONT'D)

Listen... I don't even know if what you're saying is true. And even if it is true, I think... things should stay the way they are. Or the way they've been. For everybody's sake.

She nods. Jack looks to the field, where his unknown son plays. He won't go any closer.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go inside, ok?

She's caught up short, again. She doesn't look at Jack, only at Jim.

Beat. He is willing her to leave.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm going now. Take care.

He turns and walks inside. Macy doesn't move, lost.

She looks at Jim, far away. And for a moment she looks like what she is: a mother looking at her child. A fleeting ache.

Shakes it off; she gets in the car. Stops.

She takes the keys, gets out and OPENS the TRUNK.

ON: TODD'S HUNTING RIFLE w/ scope.

SHE TAKES the HUNTING RIFLE.

MACY

JIM! COME ON!

Jim starts to make his way back as Macy loads the rifle.

The LATINO WORKERS look on with concern as she walks with the LOADED RIFLE toward the KENNEL.

SHE LOOKS AT THE BEAGLES in the PEN, happily barking.

SHE RAISES the RIFLE AIMS and... SHOOTS THE LOCK OFF OF THE PEN.

Jim is wide-eyed.

The DOGS howl excitedly. She runs into the pen and SNATCHES up one of the PUPS.

Macy watches, thrilled for a moment, as the DOGS JUST RUN ACROSS THE FIELD, MAD WITH THE FREEDOM OF IT.

JIM starts to RUN towards the car as the DOGS run past him.

MACY and JIM now RUN to the car, reaching it at the same time, just as JACK comes out of his house. HE starts to go after her but stops when he sees the PACK OF HOUNDS RACING across the FIELD AND INTO THE WOODS.

SHE OPENS the CAR DOOR and thrusts the puppy toward Jim.

MACY (CONT'D)

Here.

Hands him the puppy. He's completely disoriented, freaked.

JIM

What's going on?

MACY

It's a dog. You wanted it, right?

She peels out. As she does, JIM'S POV on the van which reads: PEEL'S HEATING AND OIL... curious.

19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 19

As she travels down the road a mini-van passes her, Macy looks at the woman driving it: DEBBIE, two kids in the back.

Macy LOOKS in REARVIEW as THE VAN PULLS into THE DRIVEWAY.

20 EXT. MACY'S HOUSE - DUSK 20

Macy pulls up to see a COP CRUISER, cherries lit, in front of her house.

Macy puts the car in park.

MACY

(to Jim)

Go in the house. Take the puppy.
Say we found it on the side of the
road.

Jim nods, does as he's told.

Macy's POV on a reluctant DOUGIE, as he gets out of the cruiser and makes his way toward her...

21 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT 21

Macy makes the long walk to the GATE. An OFFICER opens it for her, hands Macy her VALUABLES in a paper bag. She's free.

STITCH, her father, 50's, a sweet and burly three-time-loser stands outside the gate, waiting, smoking. She hugs him.

MACY

When did you get out?

STITCH

Coupla weeks ago. I was going to
call you once I got settled.

MACY

How'd you post my bond?

STITCH

Don't worry about it. I'll get Todd to drop the charges. He was just trying to "teach you a lesson" or some stupid thing.

MACY

You talked to Mom?

STITCH

(she's pissed at you)
Yeah...

Macy nods. Starts to cry.

STITCH (CONT'D)

What's the matter, sweetheart?

She shakes her head, wipes her nose. Then...

MACY

I don't know.

He nods, sympathetic. She gives him a sad smile. They get each other. Beat.

MACY (CONT'D)

Did you know Mom when she won Queen Fur?

STITCH

No... that was before my time.

She looks at him, nods.

STITCH (CONT'D)

How's Jimmy?

MACY

He's gotta get his teeth fixed.

(beat)

How's the alligator?

STITCH

He's dead kiddo. He ate a cat and couldn't digest it.

Macy, dead ASLEEP on a mattress in the attic, still in last night's clothes, empty bottle next to her.

It's like a jumble sale up there. It's not a proper bedroom. It's an attic, with a mattress on the floor. Feels transient.

Macy wakes up with a start as she hears the front door SLAM.

She PEERS OUT the window to see RITA, her mother, with JIM (this is the first time we see Rita in context and will put together that the lost woman in the woods is Macy's mother and Jim's replacement mother) on their way to school.

Macy's POV as Jim climbs in the car. She is reminded that he will likely face another day of torment. An experience not unfamiliar to her. More "Bulldog the Bastard" awaits... How can she help him?

Rita pulls out. As if on cue, a large PICK UP TRUCK pulls up and idles outside.

Shit.

MACY hops up and grabs a DUFFLE BAG from underneath an OLD TABLE and grabs a GUN that was left near the WINDOW SILL and has METAL SHAVINGS around it. Shoves gun into the bag.

23

EXT. MACY'S HOUSE - FRONT WALK - MOMENTS LATER

23

Macy exits the house (rumpled clothes and bed head) carrying the LARGE DUFFLE BAG; heads down the front walk to MITCH who goes to meet her halfway with his OWN DUFFLE BAG.

MACY

Hey Mitch.

MITCH

Hey Macy.

MACY

They're all filed.

They exchange duffle bags (routine) and she does an abrupt about face and heads back into the house.

MITCH

Todd says...

MACY

Tell Todd I said to fuck off.

She closes the door. She opens the door.

MACY (CONT'D)

Mitch?

MITCH

Yeah?

MACY

Don't tell him that.

MITCH

No, I won't.

MACY

What'd he say?

MITCH

He said he's gotta get the shipment out. He said he needs you to find the new buyers like, A-SAP.

MACY

Did he actually say "A-SAP"?

MITCH

I think he said "yesterday"? "I need her to find the buyers yesterday." But I thought that might confuse you.

Mm-kay. She closes the door. She opens the door.

MACY

Mitch?

MITCH

Yeah?

MACY

Could you give me a ride to town?

MITCH

Sure.

24

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

24

ON: Macy's bike. Still at the bus stop chained up from yesterday.

In the distance is the village green which is in various stages of readiness for the upcoming festival.

A LARGE BANNER OVER THE SQUARE READS: QUEEN FUR AND WILDLIFE FESTIVAL CELEBRATES 70 YEARS! MAY 30th - JUNE 10th

Bleachers and large tents have been erected, people set up their booths;

a LINE OF GIRLS ages 18- 25 wait in front of a booth to register for the QUEEN FUR pageant; it feels as though a carnival is coming to town.

25

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

25

Typical dentist's office waiting room. PATIENT reads a magazine.

CAROL, 60's, RECEPTIONIST, quietly does paperwork.

Macy enters, hair wet, on little sleep, BEELINES to Carol.

CAROL

Your name please?

MACY

I don't have an appointment. I want to know how much braces cost.

CAROL

Dr. Shappack isn't an orthodontist. We'd be happy to refer you to one.

MACY

I just want to know how much braces cost. Ballpark it for me.

CAROL

Well it depends on the patient.

MACY

We got a nine year old. He looks like Winston Churchill. How much?

CAROL

He's a little young, but if he has all of his adult teeth they will attach braces at that age. Would you like some pamphlets? They outline the process.

MACY

Do the pamphlets *also* tell me how much they cost?

CAROL

I don't believe so.

MACY

Is it a state fucking secret?

CAROL

They range. Between three and six
thousand.

Good. God. Beat.

MACY

I'll take the pamphlets.

26 EXT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - VILLAGE GREEN - SAME TIME 26

Macy exits the dentist office, ORTHODONTIC PAMPHLETS stuffed in her back pocket, heads toward her BIKE.

As she unlocks it, she looks at all of the activity going on in the Village Square in preparation for the upcoming festival...

A BANNER READS: SHALLOW FALLS SESQUICENTENNIAL MUSKRAT FESTIVAL. Games! Music! Prizes! May 25th-30th

BOOTHs now dot the green. PEOPLE MILL about, setting up their various booths and signage.

In the distance, in the bleachers, are a GROUP of WOMEN of varying ages. These are all FORMER QUEEN FURS. They sit in clusters chatting, as NEICY (40's), calls out their year.

The FORMER FURS then step down the bleachers, get a crown and sash with corresponding year, and are told where they will be placed.

Macy, compelled, slowly walks her bike over to the activity...

27 EXT. UNDERNEATH BLEACHERS - VILLAGE GREEN - DAY 27

Macy stands under the bleachers, PEERING at all of those women like so many peeping Toms have.

There, spied through an opening is her mother, RITA, chatting innocuously... so close and yet so far.

Macy watches her mother for a moment, then closes her eyes, listening to the sound of her mother's voice, taking it all in as NEICY continues to call out the Queen Furs.

It feels like a cocoon of femininity, almost a womb, of female voices, high heels scraping on bleachers, skirts and legs, glimpses of women of all ages, she's lost in it...

When Macy opens her eyes, Rita is behind her, under the bleachers.

RITA
What are you doing here?

Macy turns around, caught.

MACY
I came to get my bike.

Rita just stares at her.

MACY (CONT'D)
Are you going to say anything?

No. Rita's pissed / hurt / disappointed that Macy has had another run-in with the law.

MACY (CONT'D)
Jim needs braces.
(beat)
I got pamphlets.

She takes them out of her pocket and holds them out. Rita won't take them.

RITA
He's an adorable little boy. Stop trying to create problems where there are none.

MACY
I'm sure that no one ever made fun of you in your entire life because you look like you, but believe me, this is a problem.

Beat.

RITA
Well I don't have several thousand dollars lying around to spend on braces for a *nine year old*.
(beat)
I think you should move out.

What?

MACY
When?

RITA
Soon.

Rita looks at Macy. This is hard for her.

RITA (CONT'D)
It's time you got on your own two
feet. Don't you think?

Macy nods. She has no real job, no real friends, and no means
of supporting herself.

NEICY
1982! Where's 1982...

That's Rita's year. She ducks out from under the bleachers.

RITA O.C.
(calling)
Here! I'm here!

Macy closes her eyes.

PRE LAP: THE SOUND OF THUNDER

28 INT. GOLDEN PALMS NURSING HOME - RESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY 28

It's pouring outside. A good old fashioned thunderstorm.

Door is open and windows look out onto the hallway, similar
to a hospital room. Wheelchair in the hallway. RESIDENTS and
ORDERLIES shuffle by.

In the distance we can hear the sound of a LINE DANCING CLASS
(we do not see this, only hear it) for the dementia patients
going on in the rec room.

The distant sound of INSTRUCTOR on a MICROPHONE calling out
the steps. This is intermittent background through the scene.

INSTRUCTOR O.S.
Cross, cross, step, touch.

Mike passes Macy a partially filled and ROLLED UP IV BAG as
Macy gives him cash. Seems like a drug deal, but it is a
clean urine buy. Quick, deft, she pockets the bag.

MACY
Probation looked at me sideways
about the Lipitor thing. It's not
gonna fly. Can you go off it?

MIKE
My cholesterol is 278.

MACY

Can't you just eat more fish or something?

He blinks; can't believe she's suggesting this.

MIKE

No.

Mike strips the bed.

MACY

Fine. Fuck it. I'll have to find someone else then.

MIKE

Stop getting shit-faced and you won't have to.

MACY

Oh ok, thank you Reverend.

He throws her the end of a clean sheet and they make the bed together.

MACY (CONT'D)

You don't have a record or anything do you?

MIKE

You assume I must because I'm black?

MACY

No, I have a business proposition for you... Have you ever done a straw buy, for like, guns?

MIKE

That's illegal.

MACY

So is selling clean urine.

MIKE

There are *degrees*.

MACY

Just do it this one time then. Even if you got caught, which you won't, they hardly ever prosecute.

EDDIE, 88, comes in, all business.

EDDIE

The fellas forgot their lunches.
Gimme three pastrami on rye.

MACY

(fond of him)
No sandwiches today, Eddie.

EDDIE

What kind of delicatessen is this?

MACY

Closed for renovations. Sorry.

EDDIE

Well where the fuck am I supposed
to get my potato salad?

He waves them off in disgust and goes in the hallway to sulk
in a stray wheelchair.

Nearby SEVERAL PAILS catch drips of WATER from the ceiling.

In the b.g. the distant sound of the gunslinger waltz "EL
PASO" by Marty Robbins (or maybe ROVIN' GAMBLER) can be heard
as the Instructor continues cueing the steps.

MIKE

(back to their convo)
Who told you they never prosecute?

MACY

The seller.

MIKE

Yeah, cuz that motherfucker's a
licensed dealer. *He's* the one
who'll get away with it. It's
called plausible deniability. But
you can't claim any such thing,
since you are the one who procured
the straw buyer. How could you not
know that you're the one who's
liable? Google that shit, Macy.

Hm. She never thought to research. Good tip.

Sudden commotion as STAFF members start running DOWN the
hallway. "EL PASO" still playing in the b.g.

JUDY, 40's, slides in the room, panicked.

JUDY

Mike we need you, the rec room is
flooding.

Mike runs out.

Macy's POV ON:

SLO-MO the commotion in the HALLWAY as ORDERLIES run one way
and a migration of OLD PEOPLE escaping the rec room go the
other.

EDDIE sits in his wheelchair, and (presumably inspired by the
gunslinger imagery in El Paso) mimes picking them off with a
gun. Making little "pitchoo" shooting noises as they rush by.
Thunder. Lightning.

ON MACY as she has a eureka moment. As "El Paso" plays...

Macy's POV ON: ALL the SENIORS going by. On EDDIE and his
"gun."

Macy floats over to Eddie as chaos reigns around her.

Macy stops right in front of Eddie. Eddie looks up at her.
The mayhem continuing around them. Macy smiles.

MACY

How'd you like to make an easy 50
bucks?

Eddie looks inquisitive, intrigued.

MACY (CONT'D)

That's alotta potato salad.

MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGH:

29 INT. GOLDEN PALMS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - ROOM - NIGHT 29

Macy approaches GEORGE, 85, and watches as he spoons
applesauce into his mouth. She sits.

MACY

I have a proposition for you.

George looks interested. MUSIC takes us through...

30 INT. GOLDEN PALMS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - TERRACE - MORNING 30

Macy approaches a FOURSOME of ELDERLY PEOPLE playing rubber
bridge for money.

The play is quick, and focused. We see MACY approach and sit down at the table. The BRIDGE PLAYERS look at her. What are you interrupting us for?

Macy readies herself for her pitch.

31 INT. GOLDEN PALMS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - ROOM - DAY 31

Macy walks in as ORDERLIES attempt to restrain an ENRAGED WOMAN, 80. Macy does a quick about face. Ok, maybe not her.

32 EXT. GOLDEN PALMS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - MORNING 32

The sun is shining again. A new and hopeful day.

A mechanized WHEEL CHAIR lift, is lifting GINNY (80) into a WHITE VAN emblazoned with a GOLDEN PALMS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY logo. Macy, clearly keyed up, anxious about her scheme, walks over to ROSE, 50, NURSING HOME ADMINISTRATOR, who stands by the front of the van.

ROSE

Just the usual errands today. Plus
Bernice wants to go to the library.

MACY

(brightly)
Got it.

Macy takes a deep breath, a bit nervous about using the retirees as straw buyers, and closes the van door.

Music continues...

33 INT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - BACK WAREHOUSE - DAY 33

Macy stands next to George who answers the standardized questions from Mitch. (Other SENIORS WAIT IN LINE behind GEORGE.) This is all a formality.

MITCH

And are you purchasing this gun on
someone else's behalf?

GEORGE

(of course I am)
I'm 86 years old. What do I need a
machine gun for?

MACY
(leans in)
The answer is no.

GEORGE
What?

MACY
(louder)
You have to say "no."

GEORGE
"No." When do I get my money?

Macy points for him to sign. He does. Macy looks significantly at Mitch who nods like "not bad."

34 INT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - BACK ENTRANCE 34

MITCH hands an AK-47 with the corresponding serial number to MACY, who promptly puts it in a crate, looking satisfied.

35 INT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - WAREHOUSE - DAY 35

As RETIREES perch on crates, counting their money. "EL PASO" or "ROVIN' GAMBLER" finishes.

MUSIC ENDS.

36 INT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - STORE - DAY 36

MACY enters the store with a clipboard of the seniors' paperwork.

Todd is in front of a group of WOMEN, all different ages. The WOMEN all don PINK shirts with BREAST CANCER AWARENESS logos on the back and "RE-ELECT JANE NEILSEN FOR STATE ASSEMBLY" on the front, with the pithy motto "NO JANE NO GAIN."

Todd has finished teaching a gun safety class; in his element here, confident, passionate about gun safety; a stand-up guy. Macy watches Todd's performance; tries not to roll her eyes.

TODD
Ok, ladies, I want you to latch your safety and holster your weapon. Nicely done! And, please, on the way out take a look at the new merch from Jupiter Arms. Lightweight, fits in your purse, and it comes with pink bullets!

Women applaud. ASSEMBLY WOMAN JANE NEILSEN, 40's (half Cuban-American, no accent) is there, leading the group.

JANE

Todd, thank you so much. These ladies have all beaten cancer, and I told them it was high time they learned to protect the life they fought so hard to keep.

Todd sees Macy. A tense glance. JANE NOTICES.

TODD

It's been my honor, Assemblywoman. I hope to see you all at the Queen Fur opening ceremony tomorrow night. And let's remind everyone to think pink. Awareness is prevention.

The ladies disperse to shop.

MACY

(mouths words to Todd)
We need you to sign.

Todd gives her an emphatic "one minute" as he beelines to catch up to Jane.

JANE

Todd, thank you again.

TODD

Of course. Do you think we could talk privately for one minute?

JANE

What about?

TODD

(thrown)
Well--

Wanting to wriggle out of a private confab--

JANE

(gestures to Macy)
I think your employee is waiting for you.

TODD

In a way, Jane, she works for *us*.
Look, the secessionist movement is
gaining momentum *now*, and we can't
ignore the groundswell.

JANE

Todd, can I tell you something? I
had a double mastectomy. I didn't
want to. I had to grin and bear it.
Sometimes we just have to do that,
but there are rewards on the other
side. Our ducks are not quite in a
row, yet.

(whispers)

Soon. But not yet.

She takes his hand. Holds it to her chest in a kind of
solidarity. Todd, uncomfortable, endures it. Then:

JANE (CONT'D)

Ladies, I've gotta hustle and get
back to the business you have so
kindly elected me to attend to. So,
keep browsing and just bring merch
to the cash register when you're
ready and let's thank our darling
Todd.

Whoo!

37 INT. VINTAGE CADILLAC / EXT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - MOMENTS
LATER

STEVE JUPITER, wealthy but slightly tacky, 50's sits in the *
caddy with his son CHESTER, 17, who sips a milkshake.

Jane gets into the CADDIE and busses Steve on the cheek.

STEVE

How'd it go?

JANE

We're gonna sell a lot of guns.

(beat)

Hi Chester.

He waves sulkily.

38 INT/EXT. ARMITAGE GUNS AND AMMO - WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Macy, Todd and Mitch confab.

The WAREHOUSE DOORS which open out onto the PARKING LOT as the SENIORS get back in the van. BERNICE once again rises up in her wheelchair as...

Todd, Macy and Mitch confab as they watch the seniors load up in the distance. Macy is focused.

MITCH

You gotta admit this is a pretty fuckin' good idea.

TODD

Do they know the risks?

MACY

They don't care, they're just happy to get money. Bernice owes Milton three hundred dollars in bridge losses. Everyone's scraping by on social security.

(to Mitch)

You said things were starting to heat up, right?

MITCH

Expedition would behoove us.

MACY

(to Todd)

I could bring you seniors twice a week. Maybe more, if you don't mind the ones with advanced dementia.

Todd nods processing.

TODD

Ok... this could be good for us.

She looks at him.

MACY

I want 20 percent. That's a standard finder's fee.

TODD

Who told you that?

MACY

I fuckin' Googled it.

TODD

Ten percent is a finder's fee.

MACY

No, there's a range. Ten is on the low end, as I found out, and you've been paying me *much* less than that.

GEORGE

Macy. We're getting hot!

MACY

(calling back to him)
Just a sec!

TODD

You are on thin fucking ice here. You steal my car and then you have the nerve to come in here and demand more money?

MACY

You've been shafting me.

TODD

Anyone could do your job.

MACY

Well as it turns out not anyone could do my job, because I'm the one who can bring you *them*.

Beat, he just stares at her, incredulous.

TODD

You know what? Forget it. You're fired.

Mitch throws up his hands.

MACY

Ok, let's see what Picker says about that.

TODD

This is *my* operation.

MACY

Oh really? Good luck distributing this shit without Picker.

Macy goes to get in the van.

ON: Todd. The penny drops.

TODD

You're fucking him.

He follows her.

TODD (CONT'D)

You're fucking him. Of course!
That's why you don't come over any
more.

MACY

Yes, that must be it. Why else
would I turn down drunk sex with
you at 3 am.

TODD

You didn't mind me calling at 3 am
when you wanted this job. And
that's fine. But don't lie to my
face and tell me you're not on your
back for Picker, because I *know* how
you operate.

She starts up the van.

MACY

You're deranged.

TODD

And you are a slut.

Macy makes an exaggerated frowny face and fake cries, like
"oh I'm so hurt." As she pulls away, he trots alongside.

TODD (CONT'D)

You think Picker will protect you?

THE BREAST CANCER LADIES exit the front of the store, toting
their purchases as Todd runs after the VAN, yelling...

TODD (CONT'D)

He won't protect you! You're just a
fat slut we call when we're
desperate! FAT! SLUT!

The Breast Cancer Ladies watch the spectacle with dismay as
Macy pulls out with a squeal.

Turns to her charges in the van:

MACY

You guys want to get ice cream?

39

INT. PICKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

A condo with wall-to-wall, vertical blinds and those metal Brauer chairs and a small balcony overlooking an inlet. Sophisticated by Macy's standards.

Music plays. Macy on top, fucks RYAN PICKER (30s) on the couch. He is a lean, tan vegan with a hot-Jesus vibe. He's getting close...

MACY

Todd said it was *his* operation.

(beat)

He acts like he's Mr. Gun Boss or something.

PICKER

Don't talk about this right now.

MACY

Fuck me. C'mon baby fuck me hard.

She rides him, enjoying herself, but intent on reaching the finish line. They come. She lays on him, breathing heavily.

MACY (CONT'D)

I just thought you should know.

She rolls off of him.

PICKER

Oh honey, you're about as subtle as a train wreck. On a boat.

Miffed, she gets up, pulls on clothes, getting ready to go.

The FIREARMS she got with the retirees are laid out on the dining room table. She starts packing them in a duffle.

MACY

Help me with this.

PICKER

Hey, come on.

He puts his arms around her.

MACY

You think I'm lying?

PICKER

No, I think you're resentful.
(kisses her head)

(MORE)

PICKER (CONT'D)
Why didn't you call me when you got
pinched?

MACY
I don't know.

PICKER
You should always call if you need
help.

She doesn't say anything.

PICKER (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey.
(gives her a light slap)
Always call me.

MACY
Ow. Shit. Ow.

Slaps her a little bit harder.

MACY (CONT'D)
Cut the shit, Picker.

He embraces her playfully, kisses her head again as she
disentangles from him.

PICKER
Don't pout. Todd wants you *gone*, I
convinced him to let me give you
another chance.

MACY
But not a bigger cut. Maybe he *is*
in charge.

Picker, unfazed by her attempts to goad him, goes over to a
PULL UP BAR.

PICKER
Well, Todd's my bread and butter
right now. Not that I would ever
eat butter.

He jumps up to the pull up bar.

PICKER (CONT'D)
I told you how they treat dairy
cows, right?

MACY
(not in the mood)
Yeah.

She watches him as he rapidly does pull-ups.

MACY (CONT'D)
You're the one who told me that
everyone needs a nitch --

PICKER
"Neesh."

MACY
Whatever the fuck it is. I found
it.
(beat; pitches him)
Todd's your supplier, but there are
plenty of *other* suppliers and
plenty of people who want guns.
There are eight retirement homes
within ten miles of each other. I
could handle all of your straw
buys, you could do the rest. We
could be partners.

He drops from the bar, fixes her with a look.

PICKER
You're suggesting I cut Todd out
completely?

MACY
If he has a problem paying what I
think I'm now worth... yeah.

He looks at her, seems impressed.

PICKER
When did *you* get so fuckin'
ambitious?

Beat.

MACY
I need to invest in juvenile
orthodontics.

PICKER
Why don't you just ask me for the
money?

MACY

Because I don't think it's a good idea to owe you.

PICKER

(jokey)
Oh really?

She knows this is tricky territory, he is unpredictable.

MACY

Just... I want to earn it. So consider my proposal. You, me and the seniors.

PICKER

(lightly)
Ok. I will.

PICKER WATCHES HER as she puts the last gun in the bag; a calculation being made.

PICKER (CONT'D)

You're not taking these to the warehouse.

MACY

Where then?

PICKER

You're going to Tampa.

Wait. That's scary.

MACY

What?

PICKER

I want you to take these to Tampa. You'll meet the guy, he'll pay you, you'll come back.

MACY

But I don't... I don't do that.

PICKER

Honey, it's fine. You'll be fine.
(off her look)
I'm in a jam, and I need you to do this for me tonight. Clean the money after.

MACY

(all in one night?)

Is this supposed to be my
punishment or something?

Yes, but he's keeping her off-balance.

PICKER

Pa-ra-noid.

He walks into the kitchen which has one of those open counter-
bar divider things to get a snack.

MACY

So you feel totally ok sending me
to some meet in the middle of the
night.

PICKER

I wouldn't do it if I didn't think
you could handle yourself. My
regular guy got fuckin' Lasik today
and he said he'd be fine to drive
and he's not fine to drive, so, do
me a solid and *then* we can discuss
your aforementioned proposal. You
want some tahini?

No answer. He eats it.

MACY

I don't have a car.

PICKER

You can take the Tercel. I mean if
you think about it, this is a
promotion.

MACY

Just to be clear, this is not the
kind of promotion I want.

PICKER

I will pass that on to HR.

He smiles, all charm, but there's no getting out of this.
Grim, she ZIPS up the BAG of GUNS in one quick motion.

MACY

Gimme the address.

40

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

40

ON: THE SPARKLY TIARA. It sits atop a sideboard in the eat in kitchen along with Rita's 1982 sash.

Macy eats dinner with Rita and Jim. They are finishing up. Rita gets up to clear plates. Tense between Macy and Rita.

The puppy is there. Jim feeds him under the table.

RITA

(to Macy)

Bring a plate out to your brother
if you're done.

Macy gets up, starts putting together a plate of food.

JIM

(looking at tiara)

Are you gonna perform?

RITA

I don't think so. I'm
choreographing the closing night
number of the pageant.

JIM

You should do the Toy Soldier.

RITA

I don't know honey, it might be
tacky for me to give myself a solo.

JIM

But it's so cool.

RITA

What? You mean when I do *this*?

Rita starts humming or "doo-de-dooing" the music from "The March of the Tin Soldiers" (the jaunty march by Leon Jessel) and launches into the Toy Soldier precision dance from when she was a Rockette.

Jim, excited, "doo-de-doo" along with his mother and pretends to conduct.

It's hilarious and strange to see Rita moving around the kitchen like a toy soldier, but it's also kind of amazing -- Rita still has her Rockette magic -- the body, the precision, the pizazz.

Macy can't help but get caught up like a fan, clapping along, we glimpse her adoration of her mother. She's enthralled.

As Rita finishes Jim and Macy both applaud, Jim laughing.

Rita bows / curtsies, breathless, and as their cacophony dies down they hear the muffled sound of a cell phone ringing.

Macy looks at her mother. Her mother looks confused. Macy goes over to the FREEZER. Macy opens the freezer, takes out the cell. Looks at it; it stops.

MACY

It went to voicemail.

Rita looks confused and angry.

RITA

Jimmy, that's not funny.

JIM

I didn't do it.

Awkward silence. Rita, flustered, goes to the sink and starts washing dishes. This isn't the first time something like this has happened.

RITA

No more pranks on Mommy.

Macy, grimly silent, puts a plate of food together.

JIM

I didn't do it.

Macy just shakes her head at him like "don't say anything."

41 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

41

Macy walks through the woods with a Saran wrapped PLATE of food, she stops when she comes to the lake and sees a lone figure, her older brother ROB, 28 (big, ex-Marine) sits in a ROWBOAT in the shallows, fishing and drinking beer.

MACY

Can you come somewhere with me?

ROB

In a car?

MACY

Yeah.

ROB

No.

MACY
Please?

ROB
No.

MACY
Please?

ROB
No.

Beat.

MACY
Please?

He drinks his beer.

MACY (CONT'D)
I never ask for your help.

He looks ashamed. Drinks his beer.

42 INT. PICKER'S TERCEL - NIGHT

42

Rob in back seat FREAKING OUT -- like a caged animal. A full blown anxiety attack. Macy drives, panicking over his panic.

ROB
This is worse, this is worse, it's
fucking worse back here. This is
worse!

MACY
Come in front then. Come in front!

Turns on radio.

ROB
No fuckin' radio!

MACY
(switching stations)
Jazz! Jazz!

ROB
(screaming)
No radio no radio! No radio!

43

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIAMI - LATE NIGHT

43

Macy there with a secessionist, BEARD, 30's, facial hair like an Amish elder. He appears polite, almost gentle.

There's another GUY in the corner, HUGO, (35)-- quiet, sunglasses, he exudes the slow malevolence of a Komodo Dragon. He is a Cuban gangster-cum-revolutionary.

Rob is in the corner, disheveled and much worse for wear. He's quiet now; spent. He looks in shock, white.

Macy watches as Hugo counts the money owed. Beard sits opposite Macy, examines a gun, releases clip, sets it aside.

BEARD

(glancing up at Rob)

Is he ok?

MACY

He's fine. He's just a little upset.

(beat; needs explaining,
so she lies)

We hit a squirrel. I veered and uh... I didn't miss him though... and we kind of spun around. And... it was a little hairy.

BEARD

(empathetic)

The squirrel.

MACY

Yeah. No, I mean, yes he was furry. But I meant the situation. The situation was hairy.

BEARD

I see. Ok.

Beard looks at Rob, goes to a little man bag.

BEARD (CONT'D)

I think I have... I may have a Xanax or.. if you'd like it.

MACY

No that's ok. He's fine.

Hugo closes up a bag of money.

HUGO

That's all of it.

MACY

Ok. Thanks.

She smiles a nice-girl smile. Beard stares at her.

BEARD

You believe in the cause?

MACY

(will say whatever)

Sure. Yeah.

BEARD

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

Hugo raises his fist in the air in agreement. Macy nods, feigning interest and enthusiasm.

BEARD (CONT'D)

(points to bag)

It's a travesty that I can't obtain these legally.

She nods. Not wanting to know *why* he can't get them legally.

BEARD (CONT'D)

(to Macy)

Wait here.

MACY

I really should get going.

BEARD

(same exact inflection)

Wait here.

He goes into the adjoining room; returns with a supermarket sheet cake.

BEARD (CONT'D)

Would you like a slice? It's my birthday.

MACY

Uh... sure. Happy Birthday.

He hands her a slice, she glances again at Rob who is now rocking slightly. She picks at the cake, not really eating it.

BEARD
(to Rob)
Would you like some cake?

Rob doesn't answer. Beard hands him a slice; Rob takes it and SHOVES THE entire piece into his mouth. Beard watches the spectacle, waits for Rob to SWALLOW. Then...

BEARD (CONT'D)
(re: Rob)
He's a big guy, huh?

MACY
Yeah...

BEARD
Picker said that you'd be alone.

MACY
He did?

BEARD
Yeah. I guess you pissed him off.

MACY
Oh, god.

BEARD
Yeah, you were talking about cutting Todd out? And... Picker felt that was duplicitous.

They look at each other, unblinking, it's almost intimate.

BEARD (CONT'D)
Todd's a very important part of the cause. Anyway, Picker wanted us to scare you a little, but the fact is, you seem very nice and also, you were *supposed* to be alone, so... change of plans.

Suddenly Rob falls with a THUMP to the ground (cake was drugged) and BEARD PUNCHES MACY in the FACE. Bloody nose. She yells, curses, falls to her knees.

BEARD (CONT'D)
Show him what we did to your face.
Ok? Sorry.

Macy on ground, yells in pain as Rob RISES and then FALLS again like a great, drunken bear. Hugo starts for the door.

BEARD (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HUGO

I thought we were gonna do the thing with the chicken.

BEARD

Not *now*. Didn't you hear what I just said?

HUGO

I got a live chicken in my car. What am I supposed to do with it?

BEARD

I don't know. Leave it in the parking lot. Here take these.

Hugo sighs, annoyed, grabs DUFFLE of guns from Beard. They exit, leaving writhing Macy and unconscious Rob behind them.

ON MACY as she holds her bleeding nose. Guess she's not getting a promotion.

44

INT. MARCIELLA'S EXPERT TAILORING - NIGHT

44

It's late. Macy enters, toting the cash from the gun meet, worse for wear, sense of defeat hangs about her.

A paper towel is jammed up her nostril. The little bell jangles as she enters.

Behind the counter is THE SEAMSTRESS, 50, Cuban, substantial.

MACY

I have a drop off.

SEAMSTRESS

You can't smoke in here.

MACY

I wasn't going to.

SEAMSTRESS

Ralph!

Ralph enters. We RECOGNIZE him from the PROBATION OFFICE.

RALPH

I knew I seen you.

MACY

I was here with Picker once.

The Seamstress gives a look like "he's a real piece of work."

RALPH

What happened to your face?

MACY

(deadpan)

What do you mean?

SEAMSTRESS

(re: bag of money)

Count this. Take her with you.

45 INT. MARCIELLA'S EXPERT TAILORING - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS 45

ON A GIANT FLAG. Not recognizable. It has a LARGE SNAKE ENTWINED WITH A PINK FLAMINGO. Crazy.

Macy follows Ralph. A door opens to an alley where Cuban music plays on a radio; a young woman, NASTASSIA, salsa dances in a WHITE, SPARKLY gown. Some OLDER CUBAN MEN and WOMEN sit on CHAIRS and watch.

In another room we can see A TABLE of WOMEN sew gowns.

This is pageant gown central. Ralph puts the money into a counting machine which does its counting thing.

RALPH

You want to see the dress? It would fit you perfect. I designed it. These muchachas sewed the beading on it. Cost me 200 dollars in materials and labor.

He hits a button and the automatic dry cleaning rack whirs to life, clothing starts coming around.

MACY

Stop. Stop. I don't want to buy a 200 dollar evening gown off of you.

RALPH

You win best dress, split the prize with me.

MACY

Please count the fucking money and let me go home.

RALPH

I designed it for my cousin Sheree. She want to be Queen Fur, ok? Sheree's a big girl like you. Now I like a big girl but I never design a dress for one. But I think "Untapped market. Be an innovator, Ralph." So she sign up for the pageant. I design the dress. She hires Coach Nick -- you know about him -- he's a pageant coach. Coach Nick tells Sheree she gotta lose 10 pounds. Sheree loses *twenty* pounds and she don't want the dress now. I'm out 200 dollars. The dress would fit you perfect.

The money is done counting.

MACY

Why are you on probation?

RALPH

I set Coach Nick's car on fire.

Ah. Beat.

MACY

(re: money)

Just give me the receipt.

He presses a buzzer and the Seamstress enters. As she writes out a receipt, Macy stares at the BIZARRE FLAMINGO-SNAKE FLAG. Seamstress notices.

SEAMSTRESS

You like that? When the history books are written, I'm gonna be the Betsy Ross of the new Cuba.

What? The Seamstress hands her a receipt. Macy takes it crisply and goes.

46 INT. TERCEL / EXT. MARCIELLA'S EXPERT TAILORING - NIGHT 46

Macy gets in the car.

Rob is now awake. He sits in the back seat; he holds and pets the CHICKEN, which we can assume they rescued from the motel parking lot.

Rob is still a bit groggy. She shuts the door, glances in rearview.

MACY
How ya feeling?

ROB
Your life appears to be more fucked
up than usual.

MACY
I'm handling it.

ROB
Not for nothing, but you can't
handle a mop. And a mop has a
handle attached to it.
(beat)
How'd you get involved in this shit
anyway?

MACY
Todd.

ROB
(derisive)
Todd.

MACY
How come you two aren't friends
anymore?

Clearly a touchy subject. Rob spits out window.

MACY (CONT'D)
There's a lot going on that you
don't know about.

ROB
I know plenty.

MACY
Oh yeah? You get a hot tip from the
family of mice you live with?

Macy sits silently for a moment as the full weight of the
evening sinks in -- there will be no "advancement," she has
no clout with Picker. She's just twisting in the wind.

MACY (CONT'D)
There's something wrong with Mom.

ROB
I know.

MACY
How do you know?

ROB

She forgot to bring me lunch a few times. Plus she said "Rob, I think there's something wrong with me."

Beat.

MACY

(tentative)

Do you think I could be Queen Fur?

The chances of her being Queen Fur are exactly zero. She checks the rearview. Rob's silence only makes her talk more.

MACY (CONT'D)

It just seems like it could lead to better things, you know?

ROB

Like what?

MACY

Well, the winner gets to be a spokesperson for Arms of Jupiter.

Silence.

MACY (CONT'D)

Mom won and she became a Rockette and Kerry Butler is on Broadway now.

ROB

I don't think it's Broadway.

MACY

She won Queen Fur and that got her into Miss Florida and she was like 8th runner up or something, and now she's on Broadway.

ROB

I think the theatre is in Connecticut.

MACY

Fine. My point is that she's not working at the tire store anymore.

ROB

Yeah.

(beat)

Do you sing?

MACY
(fuck you, you know I
don't sing)
I do other stuff.

ROB
There's no category for
shoplifting.

Beat.

MACY
It's a lot of prize money. Jim...

Beat.

ROB
Jim what?

MACY
Forget it.

She was hoping for just a sliver of encouragement from him. It's hard not to get it. They sit in silence for a moment. Macy is pensive.

MACY (CONT'D)
People always know when you're
weak... They can smell it on you,
you know? They know when you're
about to go down, and so they
fuckin' take you by the arm, and
they make sure you land there.

Rob looks at her. He's struck by the insight. Something silent between brother and sister, some shared sorrow that this is how it is. The strong prey on the weak. Macy doesn't want to be the weak one anymore. And she definitely doesn't want that for Jim.

Rob leans forward, and tentatively kisses her on the head. Macy is quietly stunned, moved, by the contact. She doesn't turn around.

Rob gets out of the car, still holding the chicken.

MACY (CONT'D)
Let me drive you. We're ten miles
from home.

ROB
Gotta walk. Thanks.

Macy watches Rob walk into the night.

STAY ON PARKING LOT AS:

A CAR pulls IN. Macy does not notice as...

ALMA RODRIGUEZ (Macy's former P.O., now an agent with the Bureau of Firearms, Alcohol and Tobacco,) gets out and goes to enter Marciella's. What is she on to?

47

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

47

Rita sits at her vanity and WEARS A TIARA, regal, looking every inch the former beauty queen - hair perfect, make up flawless, dress fits like a glove. She applies the finishing touches like an old-fashioned 1950's movie star.

Jim is on the bed in a THREE PIECE SEERSUCKER SUIT. He looks adorable (and like he'd get punched in the face by his peers.) He watches as RITA dabs perfume.

The following yelling-across-the-house is funny and an indication of how Rita and Macy communicate -- a can't live with you / can't live without you dynamic.

RITA
(calling out)
Macy?
(beat)
Macy!

MACY O.S.
(calling out)
What?

RITA
Come in here. I don't want to yell
across the house.

MACY O.S.
That's what we're doing already.

RITA
And I don't want to continue.

MACY O.S.
Then why did you start?

RITA
Just come in here!

MACY O.S.
If you'd tell me what you want to
tell me we'd be done yelling.

RITA
(to herself)
Unfuckingbelievable.

She gets up and goes to the living room.

47A INT. MACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47A

Macy is on the couch watching TV and eating pudding.

Rita shows up, stares at Macy, Jim on her heels.

MACY
(all innocence)
What?

RITA
Please remember to feed the puppy
and take him out for a walk.

MACY
You shoulda opened with that
instead of summoning me.

RITA
Just tell me you'll do it so that
you can't claim later that you
didn't hear me.

MACY
He's Jim's puppy.

Jim's look of shocked betrayal is comical.

MACY (CONT'D)
(re: Jim)
You're not doing him any favors
dressing him like that.

RITA
Don't ruin this night for me.

MACY
Since you told me to stay home, I
don't see how I could.

RITA
(been over this)
You are welcome to come. All I said
is that I want you to look
presentable.

A near impossible task. Macy gives her a bland look.

MACY

Then you shoulda bought me a
seersucker suit.

RITA

You'd need a seersucker *burka* to
cover up those bruises.

Macy gives an appreciative snort at the image. She and Rita both admire a good zinger. However hurt Macy is at being left behind, she won't show it.

48 EXT. MACY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON 48

Rita, wearing her TIARA, SWINGS Jim around in the front yard.

49 INT. MACY'S HOUSE / ATTIC - LATE AFTERNOON 49

Now we see Macy's hurt, longing and envy as she looks out the attic window at her mother and Jim playing in the yard.

She's like Cinderella left behind the night of the ball.

Rita and Jim look idyllic in the low afternoon light.

RITA and JIM walk off, hand in hand, heading to the OPENING NIGHT CEREMONY for the WILDLIFE FESTIVAL.

Macy buries her face in her hands. She looks like a mess.

She lifts up her face, she gets up and crosses over to a cabinet, opens it and takes out a BOTTLE OF BOURBON. It's EMPTY. She puts the empty bottle on top of the cabinet.

She stares at it... considering... seeing it in a new light.

STAY ON THE EMPTY BOTTLE OF BOURBON... a talisman now of a different sort... her wheels are turning...

50 EXT. MACY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR 50

Macy opens the front door, Ralph is standing there holding a garment bag.

RALPH

You called?

51 INT. ATTIC - DUSK

51

Macy wears the dress and looks in an old, dusty MIRROR. The dress is, in fact, beautiful and fits her perfectly. Incongruous with her bruised and sweaty face.

RALPH

Fits you good. I knew it would.

She looks at herself in the mirror again. Is she just setting herself up for more pain and ridicule? Ralph watches her.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I could teach you how to walk and answer questions and alla that shit. Coach Nick knows fuck all.

MACY

You just want me to get best dress so you can get your money back.

That's true. Beat. He waits. She tentatively ventures...

MACY (CONT'D)

I thought of what I could do... for talent.

He looks like "oh, yeah?"... She nods. He looks like "Well?"

She picks up one of the guns (A Baretta 96) and a rag and takes them over to an old desk. The empty bottle of bourbon is still on the cabinet across the room.

She stands behind the desk and then BLINDFOLDS herself with the rag. She puts the gun down on the desk.

MACY (CONT'D)

Stay there. Time me.

RALPH

What?

MACY

One Mississippi.

RALPH

One Mississippi, Two Mississippi...

As Ralph counts Mississippi's, Macy dis-assembles and re-assembles the Baretta, blindfolded in like 10 seconds.

She is lightening quick, impressive. She has flair.

When she's done assembling, she taps the table, scoops up the gun, spins, and SHOOTS THE BOTTLE OF BOURBON while still blindfolded. IT SHATTERS. Ralph ducks.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Shit.

Macy spins the gun, whips off the blindfold with pure joy.

She's Annie Fucking Oakley.

Ralph slowly rises from cover. Beat.

RALPH (CONT'D)

That is hot.

Macy can't help but look a bit pleased with herself.

MACY

My brother taught me.

Pride mingled with vulnerability. Beat.

RALPH

Tonight's the last night to sign up.

OFF RALPH and MACY looking at one another in the dim attic light...

PRE-LAP: A SLIGHTLY OFF KEY SOPRANO SINGS "AVE MARIA"

52 EXT. ROAD - DUSK 52

Macy rides her bike, pedals furiously, once again on the winding road, the woods blue in the dusk...

53 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT 53

OPENING CEREMONY FOR THE QUEEN FUR/MUSKRAT KING FESTIVAL.

ON: The aforementioned QUEEN FUR, MISS KERRY BUTLER, warbling "Ave Maria" at the microphone. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in glasses accompanies her on the HARP. Audience listens, rapt.

The bleachers are packed. Dignitaries on A DAIS.

THERE are about SIXTY-FIVE WOMEN SEATED in the BLEACHERS, DRESSED UP, WEARING TIARAS. ALL FORMER QUEEN FURS. RITA IS ONE. DEBBIE (Jack Peel's wife) IS ONE.

MITCH and TODD are in the audience.

Kerry brings the song home as --

INTERCUT:

MACY arrives. Swollen, bruised, heavy, sweaty, exhausted...

* NOTE: The action at the podium will play background to Macy. Steve's speech about the American feminine ideal is a narrative counterpoint to Macy's total lack of these ideals. We will mostly see her as we *hear* his speech.

Applause as State Assemblywoman Jane Neilsen approaches the podium. She's a natural politician, warm, sincere, engaging.

JANE

Let's hear it for Kerry Butler!

(clapping)

I am so proud to represent this beautiful county in the great state of Florida!

Big woots from crowd.

INTERCUT:

Macy drops her bike, anxious to get to the Queen Fur booth.

JANE (CONT'D)

I am here to introduce the person responsible for this festival... He's an innovator, he's a patriot. Hundigger County's favorite son, Steven J. Jupiter III!

Applause as Steve Jupiter takes to the podium.

STEVE JUPITER

I am so excited to be with you all here tonight to kick off The Queen Fur / Muskrat King 70th Jubilee! My Grandfather, The Honorable Steven J. Jupiter, started this little hootinanny after returning home from Iwo Jima.

Warm, sincere applause.

Macy hustles to the booth, her POV on JACK PEEL in his MUSKRAT KING crown, on the DAIS.

STEVE JUPITER (CONT'D)

I am very proud to continue this tradition celebrating our hunters...

(MORE)

STEVE JUPITER (CONT'D)

When I was a boy, my grandfather gave me my first .22 rifle... I will *never* forget the feeling of pride and responsibility when he laid that gun in my hands.

Light applause. People nod in understanding.

INTERCUT:

Macy approaches the Queen Fur booth, now cleared of hopeful applicants. She's nervous. About to cross the threshold.

INTERCUT:

STEVE JUPITER (CONT'D)

It was the beginning of a life long passion and -- here comes the plug -- I am pleased to announce my latest venture, my very own line of custom-designed guns for women. And the winner of Queen Fur will also win a contract as my spokesperson!

Applause, woots.

STEVE JUPITER (CONT'D)

Now speaking of *Queen Fur*...

He GESTURES TOWARDS SIXTY-FIVE FORMER QUEEN FURS all SITTING IN ATTENDANCE. CROWNS SPARKLE. Crazy applause.

STEVE JUPITER (CONT'D)

We've got, I believe almost all 70, folks! Aren't they amazing?!

The QUEEN FURS stand and proudly wave to great applause...
CLOSE ON RITA.

54

EXT. QUEEN FUR SIGN UP BOOTH - NIGHT - SAME TIME

54

MACY, APPROACHES THE QUEEN FUR BOOTH. Gets an application from the coiffed, PAGEANT COORDINATOR, 40, behind the counter. The woman can't help but blanch a bit at Macy's beaten face.

INTERCUT:

STEVE JUPITER

When asked why he added a beauty pageant to a hunting festival, and he got asked a *lot*--

Knowing laughter from the crowd.

INTERCUT:

Macy has a lot of small crumpled bills.

MACY

I only have cash.

WOMAN

Cash is just fine.

CLOSE ON Macy, filling out the application as Steve's voice rings out...

INTERCUT:

STEVE JUPITER

When asked, my grandfather said "To me, a beautiful girl, a graceful girl, an accomplished girl, a kind girl... well, that's hope to me."

INTERCUT:

Not graceful, accomplished or beautiful, Macy hands over the application and money. She catches the Woman staring at her bruised face. The woman looks nervous, then, meets her gaze.

STEVE JUPITER O.S.

And so here we commemorate not just what he fought for -- our freedom, our values, our right to bear arms - - but who he fought for. Because the girl who wins Queen Fur, is a promise. She's a promise of all good, American things...

The Woman is not judgemental or contemptuous. She looks like she feels genuine pity for Macy. And this *will not stand*.

STEVE JUPITER O.S. (CONT'D)

So God Bless this festival. And God Bless *America!*

Wild applause. MACY takes the receipt, turns as if to go, then suddenly whips around:

MACY

BOO!

The Woman nearly jumps out of her skin and cowers. We hear the opening licks of "You Shook Me All Night Long" by AC/DC.

On the FIELD of the 50 yard line, DOUGIE launches into song in a NEAR PERFECT IMITATION of the lead singer from AC/DC as TWO TEEN AGED BOYS accompany him on ELECTRIC GUITAR.

A FULL MARCHING BAND, join in the extravaganza as all of the QUEEN FURS rise on cue and stream down the bleachers in a line, waving to the crowd. As they parade across the field...

ON MACY as she walks toward the crowd, her bruised face determined, her feet hitting the ground with a new purpose, as the music pushes her into the square and toward her destiny...

CUT TO:

BLACK.