

AMERICAN PRINCESS

by

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Tilted Productions
A&E Studios
LIFETIME NETWORK

OVER BLACK: Tinny POP MUSIC plays over heavy PANTING...

EXT. A BACK COUNTRY ROAD, UPSTATE NY - MORNING

C/U on SPOKED WHEELS as they SPIN, shapely calves in LULULEMON LEGGINGS, brand new CROSS-TRAINERS pumping the pedals, the CRISS CROSS of an ATHLETICA SPORTS BRA between two glistening shoulder blades... *

ERIN (O.S.)
Faster, Bridezilla. Monique Lhuillier
does not forgive. *

REVEAL AMANDA KLEIN (mid-20's, bride to be, Upper East Side socialite) pedaling hard. *

AMANDA
I'm going... as fast... as I can! Bitch. *

ERIN KLEIN-ROTENBERG (30's, Amanda's older sister, married, over it) plays the tinny pop music through her IPHONE as she lounges on the BENCH PART of this weird, oversized TRICYCLE that Amanda is riding. *

ERIN
It's not my fault there's no Soul Cycle
up here. Thank god they had hot yoga in
that yurt thingie. *

Something in the distance catches Erin's eye.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(points)
Civilization!

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY ROAD SERVICE STATION MINI-MART - MOMENTS
LATER

Amanda heads for the cold drinks as Erin wrinkles her nose. Erin approaches the CLERK (an old hippie).

ERIN
Do you have LaCroix?

CLERK
La what?

ERIN
Bubbly? Flavor no sugar?

CLERK
We got Fresca... ? *

ERIN
Mm'k. Awesome. Thankyousomuch. *
(to Amanda) *
How the f--

AMANDA
You were all about my wedding being up here when we were planning it. *

ERIN
That's because we were in Beaver Creek when we were planning it. A summer wedding in the country sounded warmer to me at the time. *

At that moment, PLAYTRON* GAL (20's-30's, geeky, zaftig and dressed like an extra in Shakespeare In Love) and PLAYTRON GUY (20's-30's, lanky and dressed like he's in a High School production of Hamlet) ENTER. They are the world's most aggressively nerdy couple.

(* "PLAYTRONS" are people who patronize Renaissance Festivals in full "garb" (costume). They are not paid employees of the Faire, but often are mistaken as such.)

Erin and Amanda stare for a beat.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Ew.

AMANDA
See? Someone up here *is* having a theme wedding. I'm telling you, I look very right in 1930's chic. We could have done a whole Downton Abbey thing, but Brett wouldn't-- *

ERIN
Okay. Tick check! *

Erin spreads out her arms and turns around. *

AMANDA
We're on to Lyme now? What happened to Zika? *

ERIN
Jordan the gay wonder planner is doing a citronella perimeter around the ceremony. You're welcome for your beautiful bug-free wedding-- not like mine-- *

AMANDA

Your wedding was beautiful. *

ERIN

It was Modern Orthodox in a temple social hall. All for Joel's cunt mother.

AMANDA

Hey, our mom's a cunt too.

ERIN

Well, at least she doesn't keep kosher. I couldn't even have buttercream frosting. Sorry, Cake Boss. No one likes fondant. *

PLAYTRON GAL (O.S.)

God ye good den fair maidens.

Amanda and Erin turn to see Playtron Girl hovering.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)

Might I retrieve a Dew of the Mountain? *

Confused, Amanda and Erin slowly walk away as Playtron Gal grabs her drink.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Thank thee!

ERIN

Yeah. That's who does a theme wedding.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE WHITE BARN BRIDAL SUITE - AFTERNOON

Amanda sits at her vanity in Spanx and a pearl-encrusted bustier while examining her made-up face. (The pro make-up and hair have presumably already left). Amanda's BRIDESMAIDS all buzz around, sip CHAMPAGNE, play on their phones, etc.

LEXI

I cannot get over this place!

LEXI (bridesmaid, late 20's, total airhead, Chinese but adopted and raised Jewish) is VERY impressed with the view outside the window.

LEXI (CONT'D)
(re: the view again)
It's like that place my dads took me to
in France after I got bat mitzvah'd at
Masada?

NICK
The French *countryside*?

LEXI
Yes! That! Uch, so pretty...

NICK (late 20's, gay, been besties with this crew since
childhood).

NICK
Thank god you aren't getting married in
France, Amanda. They all drive Fiats and
don't put ice in the wine. *
*

AMANDA
We talked about France, but Brett has
that thing where he has to take on the *
accent. *

MORGAN (Amanda's high school friend, married and living
the Westchester life) looks up from her phone.

MORGAN
He did that with my nanny. *

FARAH (Persian Jewish, living the JAP dream, about 4
months pregnant and VERY precious) RUBS her belly. *

FARAH
Traveling anywhere can be a huge risk
during pregnancy. *

AMANDA
Farah. You drove here from Westchester. *

FARAH
Also there's a *lot* of mosquitos. *

NICK
I don't know, Farah. Your husband's head
is pretty big. *

MORGAN
Zika could work in your favor! *

FARAH
(to her belly)
Don't listen to these b-i-t-c-h-es.

Erin comes out of the bathroom, fully dressed. *

ERIN

Check it, Bitches!! *

Erin pulls out a LONG, VINTAGE VEIL and drapes it over Amanda. Everyone OOHS, AAAHS and WHIPS out PHONES to take photos. *

AMANDA

Guys! I'm in my Spanx!

FARAH

Shit! I posted!

LEXI

Me too.

AMANDA

Delete!

ALL

Got it./Deleted./Done./Sorry.

AMANDA

'kay. Now. From the collar bone up.

She poses seductively, draping the veil over half an eye. They all SNAP AWAY and get to posting.

ALL

Perf./Love./Adding a filter./What hashtag are you guys doing?

FARAH

(re: her iphone)

OMG! You guys-- look. Two years ago today!

Farrah flips her IPHONE around to show everyone a PHOTO of Amanda and Brett.

LEXI

Now *that* would've been good wedding hair.

Amanda shoots Erin a look and takes the phone.

AMANDA

I remember this night. We took edibles and I thought I was dying.

MORGAN

Barely felt them. High tolerance. *

AMANDA

And then you and Farah left me alone to sleep it off. But Brett stayed with me all night. I puked in front of him. I don't even do that in front of my mom.

ERIN

Because she critiques your form. *"Don't strain! You'll pop a blood vessel in your eye!"*

*
*
*

AMANDA

He put a cold cloth on my head and massaged my feet. We discovered The Great British Bake Off that night.

*

NICK

Wow. Vomit and a show bond. Hope that's in your vows.

*
*

AMANDA

It was the first time a guy ever calmed my anxiety. I felt so safe in his big scruffy arms.

*
*

FARAH

You made him wax the scruff though.

*
*

AMANDA

Gone.

*
*

ERIN

Lexi, grab the crinoline?

LEXI

This?

Lexi hands it over and Amanda pulls it on while Erin fastens the VEIL.

*
*

FARAH

(re:veil)

Awww. Was it your mom's?

*
*

Erin and Amanda SNORT LAUGH.

AMANDA

Nooooo.

ERIN

It's mine. I might be miserable but I'm still on husband number one, so we thought it had better juju.

*
*

Lexi notices something outside the window again.

LEXI

Holy shit. Gwyneth is here. *

ERIN

NO. WAY.

They crowd around the window.

AMANDA

Awww! She made it, yay! I thought she had a kid thing this weekend.

LEXI

What about Apple? Where's Apple?? *

JOANNTHA LYONS (early 60's, Amanda and Erin's mom, has tried every mood stabilizer on the planet but continues to sabotage herself and everyone around her with her emotional neediness) BURSTS IN.

JOANNTHA

Mandy! You didn't tell me GP was going to actually BE here. I can't go out there now! Not after I broke Blythe's wrist at the Met Gala!

AMANDA

Erin?

ERIN

On it. Mom? We got you your very own mother of the bride suite--

JOANNTHA

(overcome)

Mandy, Mandy, oh my Amanda! God in heaven-- you look like an angel. A Jewish one. The best kind!

(then)

Are you still wearing the ballerina dress? Who's the black girl they let dance now?

EVERYONE

Misty Copeland.

JOANNTHA

I find her very muscular. Like those Williams girls-- *

ERIN

And we're out. *

Just then, Amanda's PHONE RINGS. It's FaceTime.

AMANDA

Oh, shit! It's Brett!

ALL

Don't answer!/It's bad luck!/GET IT!/
Just don't let him SEE you, it's fine.

Everyone gets quiet. Amanda hits the button and turns it over so the camera won't see her.

AMANDA

Hey, Sweetie!

MUFFLED NOISES from PHONE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Babe? Brett... ?

Now GRUNTING noises...

MORGAN

Wait, is YOUR volume down? Gimme.

Morgan GRABS the PHONE and faces it toward her. The others peer over her shoulder. More GRUNTING...

AMANDA

Brett, I think you butt-dialed me--

Morgan and everyone else look from the PHONE SCREEN up to Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What?

Amanda GRABS the PHONE. She LOOKS. She is CLEARLY HORRIFIED. UH, OH.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda BURSTS out of the Barn like a madwoman. Still in her veil, bustier, Spanx and crinoline, she JUMPS onto the BIG TRICYCLE (now decorated in tiny bells and shit, with a "Just Married" sign on the back) and PEDALS off as Erin and the bridesmaids all scramble after her.

ERIN

Amanda! Get BACK HERE!

ALL
Come back!/Where are you going!?!/AMANDA! *

FARAH
Guys. Can you keep it down? I'm pregnant! *

MORGAN
SHUT UP, FARAH!
(to her belly)
SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!

ERIN
We have to follow her! Where are all the cars!?

LEXI
The photographers from Town & Country said they didn't want them in the foreground? *

NICK
They parked them all down the hill-- *

ERIN
ARGGHHHHHH!!!

Joanntha comes out of the barn.

JOANNTHA
Erin. Stop being so dramatic. *

ERIN
You realize that is hilarious coming from you, right?

JOANNTHA
Bah. Now. Who else wants a Fentanyl patch? *

They all raise their hands and move toward her while Erin bangs her head in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

A couple of KITCHEN GUYS SMOKE outside of this B&B. They watch casually as the TRICYCLE pulls up with a crazed, sweaty half-dressed Amanda on it. She jumps off and RUNS FULL SPEED though the DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. GROOM'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda, like a rabid raccoon, BANGS the DOOR open to find BRETT FEINGOLD (30's, Jewish, douchebag), pants down, blindfolded and getting a blowjob from a half-naked WOMAN with WILD HAIR, wearing a RED PEASANT SKIRT and an untied LEATHER CORSET. *

AMANDA

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND YOU-- YOU-- HOW
COULD YOU!!!

Brett WHIPS off the BLINDFOLD as Amanda SURGES toward him. The WOMAN RUNS into the BATHROOM and SLAMS the DOOR. *

BRETT

Whoawhoawhoa! Amanda! Wait-- *

AMANDA

Wait? Wait for what?! What the f-- *

BRETT

I'm not having an affair! I LOVE YOU. *

AMANDA

On our wedding day?? *

BRETT

Sssshhhhh. Calm down. CALM DOWN.

He PRESSES her HEAD to his chest.

AMANDA

But--

BRETT

Let's talk about this, okay?

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS SLOWLY and the WOMAN, now wearing a CLOAK, carefully tries to slip out. Amanda pulls away from Brett and GLARES at the Woman. *

AMANDA

Is that a real-life hooker? *

BRETT/WOMAN

No!/ Excuse me?

AMANDA

Then who is-- *

BRETT

(to Amanda)

HEY. Look at me. It was nothing! *

Amanda looks. Behind her back, Brett waves at the woman to GET OUT. But the Woman is looking for something.

BRETT (CONT'D)

A leftover from the bar last night. A last hurrah. *

From behind Amanda, the Woman now frantically POINTS at the bed table behind Brett, where her drawstring leather MONEY POUCH is sitting.

BRETT (CONT'D)

It is out of my system now. And we are getting married. Today. *

Brett still talks to Amanda intensely as the Woman cautiously tries to sneak around them to grab her POUCH from the table.

BRETT (CONT'D)

And we are going to St. Barth's. tomorrow. Because, Amanda Klein? You? You make my life complete. *

The Woman is closer. She reaches out her FINGERS to get the POUCH just as Amanda takes a DEEP BREATH and... LUNGES at Brett.

AMANDA

AAAAGHGHGHGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Brett DIVES onto the bed and out of the way as Amanda FALLS FORWARD and brings down BOTH fists on the top of the Woman's head (instead of Brett). The woman goes DIRECTLY down and gets KNOCKED upside her jaw on the corner of the bed table. BLOOD SPURTS OUT EVERYWHERE! Amanda, full of adrenaline, spattered with blood and heaving, looks to Brett, who lies on the bed, shocked.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's "You complete me", asshole.

Brett looks at the scene and immediately VOMITS. Amanda looks at what we can presume is a bloody mess of the Woman. We hear the Woman WHIMPER...

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh. Shiiii--

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - LATER AFTERNOON

Amanda STUMBLES out of the B&B and past the two kitchen WORKERS again. She looks around. AMBULANCE SIRENS cry out in the distance...

AMANDA
Shitshitshit!

She MOUNTS the crazy trike and PEDALS off in the opposite direction from where she came.

KITCHEN WORKER
(accented English)
Congratulations!

As she rides, she grabs the "Just Married" sign off the back of the trike and throws it to side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - SUNSET

A CROWD mills around the "citronella perimeter" of the ceremony space. Some are clustered together, whispering. Erin approaches Joanntha and the bridesmaids.

ERIN
She's not answering. But I think the wedding's probably off. *

JOANNTHA
Because of a little oral? Please. If I called off every wedding for *that*-- *

ERIN
Not NOW, Mom.

MORGAN
Who was this bitch?

LEXI
Yeah! Do we know her? We know some very horrible people.

ERIN
You know I don't know? And I don't care? What I *do* care about is that according to Brett, Amanda assaulted the hooooker and now there may be a legal situation. *

NICK

Drama. I have a lawyer for you. He went
to Columbia and he's hung like an Efron.

*
*

FARAH

(covers her belly)
Don't listen, Aiden.

MORGAN

(to Farah's belly)
Nick's lawyer has a big dick, Aiden!

*

ANGLE ON: A tall, slim blonde woman from behind, getting
into a HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE and departing.

LEXI

(mournfully)
There goes GP. See that shimmer where
her hair parts? She uses a diamond chip
kale rinse.

*
*

JOANNTHA

(back to Erin)
Oh, for God's sake. How badly is this
woman hurt?

ERIN

Well, Joel treated her immediately after
and said that she has a concussion. And
because of the angle of the fall I guess
she... bit off the tip of her tongue.

*

ALL

Uch./Ew!/Gross./Oh my god...

*

ERIN

And... she swallowed it.

*
*

ALL

HOLY SHIT!/SWEET JESUS!/UCHHHH!!!

*
*

LEXI

How many weight watchers points is that?

*
*

JOANNTHA

It's not Amanda's fault the hooker bit
off her own tongue!

*

ERIN

It might be.

Erin AGGRESSIVELY TAPS on her PHONE again...

*

ERIN (CONT'D) *
(to phone) *
Come on! *

CUT TO: *

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda's Phone BUZZES continually from under the VANITY,
where it was abandoned when Amanda rushed out earlier.

CUT TO: *

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

A now filthy, sweaty Amanda CRIES and MUTTERS as she
pushes ahead on the stupid tricycle, still in her bustier
and crinoline.

AMANDA *
Hate...hatehatehate... *

She is getting tired. She STUMBLES and stops pedaling. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *
Oh, god... *

She GETS/FALLS off the TRIKE. Suddenly she PATS herself
looking for her PHONE. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *
Okay. It's okay. *

She frantically checks the BENCH in the back of the
trike. No phone. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *
No. Nonononono... *

In frustration, she violently KICKS the tricycle until it
unceremoniously ROLLS OVER SLOWLY onto it's side. She
collapses at the side of the road and puts her head in
her hands. *

From a DISTANCE, MUSIC PLAYS. It is festive, traditional
Renaissance music; an acoustic combination of lute,
dulcimer, bagpipe and Celtic percussion. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *
Uchhhh. *Theme wedding.* *

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD IN FRONT OF ROYAL REN FAIRE ENTRANCE -
MOMENTS LATER - TWILIGHT

There are cars parked all over. People in various states of Renaissance "garb" are mostly heading out as Amanda ambles through, thirsty and weary. She stops an older man dressed as a FRIAR.

AMANDA

Excuse me... Father? Is the wedding over? I need-- (coughs)

FRIAR

Ah, pretty maid. Thou dost look like you could use a drink. Here.

He produces a FLASK. She grabs it, drinks and swallows, immediately COUGHING hard. It is STRONG.

FRIAR (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Aye, miss. The Devil's brew. Fire from the Scots. Not for the faint of heart.

AMANDA

(sputtering)

Water... ?

He takes out a CANTEEN.

FRIAR

Here, child.

She grabs, drinks, swallows and REACTS disgusted. *

AMANDA

-- is this beer? *

FRIAR

A fine ale to wash down the Devil's brew.

AMANDA

Uch --look do you have a phone? It's kind of an emergency. *

FRIAR

(smiling)

What be a "phone"? *

AMANDA

This must be some wedding because you--

She takes the SCOTCH flask and SWIGS again, this time more prepared for the strength.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

--are wasted.

She heads off.

FRIAR

(calls out)

In sooth most verily I am!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Amanda approaches a large gathered CROWD. The MUSIC PLAYS as people clap along. She pushes through, now a little tipsy. *

AMANDA

(re: the fairgrounds) *

Why wasn't I shown *this* site? *

She squeezes into a seat on a WOODEN BENCH next to Playtron Gal from the Country Mart earlier in the day. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *

Probably gotta use their in-house catering, right? *

PLAYTRON GAL *

Beg thy pardon? *

AMANDA

Oh, I'm on the bride's side. *

Before Playtron Gal can respond, Playtron Guy appears with MUGS of something alcoholic. He TRIPS and SPILLS one all over Amanda.

PLAYTRON GUY

Cry your mercy, mistress! *

AMANDA

No prob. Maybe it'll get out the blood. *

PLAYTRON GUY

Please. Do accept this mead as recompense. *

He holds out the full MUG. She takes it.

AMANDA

Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

She SWIGS. Playtron Gal and Guy look at each other as Amanda then GRABS the half-empty *other* MUG out of Playtron Guy's hand and downs what's left.

PLAYTRON GUY
I shall... get more.

He moves off.

AMANDA
(to Playtron Gal)
Hey. Can I use your phone?

PLAYTRON GAL
(cheerfully with a wink)
Mayhap I know not. What be a "phone"?

Amanda gives her a look of death. Playtron Gal's cheer melts. Playtron Gal digs into her drawstring pouch.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)
Ah, thou must mean the little portrait maker I do carry with me. It doth also serve as a carrier pigeon, know ye.

She hands Amanda her PHONE. Amanda just looks at her like WTF? She's about to dial when she FREEZES.

AMANDA
Holy shit. I don't know anyone's number.

PLAYTRON GAL
Beg pardon?

AMANDA
I'm not kidding. I mean, I know MINE, *
but I don't know anyone else's!

PLAYTRON GAL
Uhhhhh...

AMANDA
How the hell are people supposed to communicate without A PHONE? DON'T YOU GET IT? I DO NOT HAVE MY PHONE!

PLAYTRON GAL
(concerned)
Ma'am? Dost thou need to see the village apothecary, perchance? *
*

BEAT.

AMANDA

Okay. Your commitment to this theme is seriously like NEXT LEVEL.

Playtron Guy returns with THREE MUGS. Amanda grabs one and DOWNS it, getting drunker by the second...

The MUSIC comes to an end and the crowd APPLAUDS. On the stage at the center of this mini-hillside amphitheater, is QUEEN ELIZABETH I (an ACTRESS named MARIA CONSTANTINE, 30's-40's, Maria is a very talented Queen, well-versed in Shakespeare and Elizabethan history, but she is also a vain and jealous bully. She's the big fish in this relatively small RenFaire pond.)

MARIA

(as the Queen)

Well played, musicians and well met, good gentles. I, your glorious Queen do welcome thee, my subjects, gathered here at the end of another day in Shropshire, where each summer I take my progress...

*
*
*
*
*

AMANDA

(to Playtron Gal)

Oof. Is she officiating? My sister's Rabbi was Orthodox and he was like, wordy.

*
*

People around turn and look at her. She's drunk now.

*

MARIA

... in the words of the bard, "If music be the food of love, play on."

OOHS and AHS from the CROWD.

MARIA (CONT'D)

William? Please approach.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE as played by BRIAN DOOLEY (40's-70's, Plays Shakespeare at the Faire, gender fluid, probably bi, intellectual, Maria's main henchman) gets on stage to APPLAUSE.

AMANDA

Cute idea for the groom.

A random "SH!" in Amanda's direction.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You SH!

MARIA

(to Brian)

Wilt thou provide us with some parting words as the sun sets?

BRIAN

Aye, your majesty. T'would be mine honour. For you, England's most precious jewel. Ahem. *"One half of me is yours, the other half... yours."* Thank you.

*

*

AMANDA

Huh. Merchant of Venice. The Anti-semitic play.

PLAYTRONS and RENNIES GLARE at her from all sides.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But romantic. Flirty. She's the bride. I got it now.

MARIA

Bravo, Dear William.

BRIAN

Ah, but your majesty. I have penned yet another simple musing on thy royal life. Ahem. *"My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine. You may my glories and my state depose, but not my griefs; still am I king of those."*

MARIA

Ah. Such true words.

BRIAN

(proud)

'Tis from my newest play entitled "Richard the Third".

APPLAUSE.

AMANDA

Um. No it's not.

PLAYTRON GAL

Dear maiden. That be the bard of Avon himself, William Shakespeare.

AMANDA

Okay, well, he be wrong about hith owneth playeth then.

*

PLAYTRON #1

PLEASE be QUIET. Her MAJESTY is speaking!

AMANDA

Who? The bride? Sorry-- Queen Elizabeth?

PLAYTRON #1

Do not disrespect her majesty!

*

AMANDA

Well, *somebody* ought to tell her that King Elizabeth isn't up on his shit!

PLAYTRON #2

(dressed to the HILT)

Dude! Shut up!

*

*

AMANDA

You shut up, Jaggoff!

They start ARGUING. The rest of the crowd turn their heads. The Queen notices.

MARIA

Hark! What be the meaning of this disruption?

Amanda and the Playtrons FREEZE mid-debate.

PLAYTRON #1

(panics)

Uhhh... God save the Queen!

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA

(in unison)

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

AMANDA

(startled)

Jesus!

PLAYTRON GUY

Forgive us, your majesty-- for this maid be most truly in her cups.

People CHUCKLE knowingly. She looks down at her boobs.

*

AMANDA

You know it!

(then)

Double-sided tape.

*

*

*

*

MARIA

Ah, a dear lost beggar's doxy. Or mayhap
a *Spaniard* deserted by her ship?

Everyone but Amanda LAUGHS, all in on a joke she doesn't
get.

AMANDA

Look. Ma'am. Queen. Sorry for
interrupting your wedding here--

MARIA

(wickedly amused)
Wedding? And whose nuptials might we all
be attending?

Amanda slowly points to her and then to William
Shakespeare. The crowd BURSTS into laughter again.
William Shakespeare snickers WICKEDLY.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Dear lost child! I am married first and
foremost to mine country, mine England.
(re: Shakespeare)
And this man hither be but a consort of
my high court.

AMANDA

OkayokayFINE. Consort don't consort. FYI
though? He doesn't know what play his
own quote's from. *

BRIAN

That is preposterous! *

AMANDA

(drunk and on a roll)
GOD. MEN, right? "*I know this play I
wrote SO WELL*" or "*I got it all fully out
of my system!*" or "*It's YOUR fault she's
covered in blood now, Amanda!*" So, even
if this-- *

(gestures all around her)
--whatever it is-- is NOT a wedding, you
should know that MEN SUCK BALLS!

(then, re: Brian)
And he's gay.

Brian REACTS. I mean, he IS, but come on... *

DAVID (O.S.)

She be right! *

Everyone turns to the side of the stage. REVEAL DAVID POLAND (30's, cute, popular, charming, a Ren Faire actor who goes by the name "Pizzle Humpsalot" and performs bawdy Shakespeare parodies in a mud pit.).

*

DAVID (CONT'D)

*

About the quote from Sir William's play,
I do mean.

*

*

MARIA

Such a wretched creature doth approach...

Shakespeare and the Queen's "Guards" BLOCK David.

DAVID

*

Your majesty, may I beg a boon?

*

Everyone looks back at Amanda.

AMANDA

I mean, I am right.

(re: David)

But why's he so gross?

MARIA

Speak, mud-man.

AMANDA

(to the people around her)

Seriously, you guys-- is he homeless?

DAVID

I, man of mud, orator of dirt, hero and
defender of the most vile sludge--

MARIA

To wit, creature!

*

DAVID

I, Sir Pizzle Humpsalot, do put forth
that the verse from William Shakespeare
be, as the maid did say, *not* in sooth,
from Richard the Third!

*

*

*

AMANDA

Aha! Toldja!

*

MARIA

Sir Humpsalot, which play did Shakespeare
then quote?

*

*

DAVID

Henry the Fifth!

AMANDA

NOPE! And if I had my *phone*, I could prove it!

*

MARIA

Come hither, you.

Is this bitch serious? Amanda looks to Playtron Gal and Guy, who NOD to her to GO.

*

MARIA (CONT'D)

Approach!

Amanda stumbles to the stage.

*

MARIA (CONT'D)

What be thy title?

Um...

DAVID

(sotto to Amanda)

Thy name.

AMANDA

Amanda. Klein.

*

MARIA

Stay not your tongue, woman, From which play doth the quote come?

*

*

*

AMANDA

Richard the *second*.

*

BEAT.

BRIAN

(realizes reluctantly)

Ah, f.....ie.

*

An awkward moment, then--

DAVID

The maid doth speak the truth! HUZZAH!

The whole crowd (except the Queen and Shakespeare) ERUPT into CRIES of "HUZZAH!", "BRAVA!" and thunderous APPLAUSE. David SMILES at Amanda, who smiles back. She turns and awkwardly CURTSIES to the crowd.

MARIA

Well met, young maid. Now. If thou wouldst not mind... ?

*

Maria NODS her head toward OFFSTAGE.

BRIAN
(pointed)
Her majesty will now end the faire day.

AMANDA
Copy. Okay. Sorry. Where's the bar?

DAVID
The pub be right this way. *

AMANDA
Thanks, Mr. Pizzalot. *

DAVID
That be *Humpsalot*. *

AMANDA
Whatever. Do they have more of that
mead stuff? It's like Mike's hard
lemonade! *

CUT TO:

INT. RV - MORNING

Amanda wakes up on the FLOOR of an RV. She looks ROUGH.

AMANDA
Wha... ?

There is a collegiate attempt at decor; some indie band
posters, a dream catcher etc. *

DAVID (O.S.)
Morning!

AMANDA
(startled)
AH!

Reveal David, the Mud Guy from the night before, in
shorts and a "(insert cool indie band)" TEE SHIRT.

DAVID
Whoops! Sorry. Didn't mean to--

She looks at him, and then suddenly makes a BEELINE for
the bathroom, shoving him out of the doorway. We hear
her PUKE mightily.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Gonna give you some space there.

Bathroom door SLAMS on him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll be outside.

*

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND OUTSIDE THE FAIRGROUND - MORNING

David sits in a BEACH CHAIR, reading on an IPAD. The DOOR to the RV BANGS OPEN and Amanda APPEARS.

AMANDA
Bright. SO bright...

She pretty much FALLS out of the RV and PLOPS into the EMPTY BEACH CHAIR next to David. She holds her head.

DAVID
Coffee?

AMANDA
Yes, please.

He pours her some from a THERMOS.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(then)
So, where am I?

DAVID
Fairgrounds. Just outside where you passed out last night.

AMANDA
Oh. Oh, good. The fairgrounds. Right.
(pause)
Did I-- did we... ?

DAVID
Oh, you tried. But no. I make it point to NOT date-rape people? One of my personal philosophies.

AMANDA
Okay. Good. That's really good.
(another pause)
And when you say "fairgrounds"--

DAVID

Ren Faire. Where you bested William Shakespeare himself? I have no beef with Brian personally, but he can be a huge dick about historical accuracy so that was kind of awesome.

*

Amanda stares and then SLOWWWWLY remembers...

AMANDA

... riiiiight. At the wedding.

DAVID

At the *Renaissance Festival*. Wow. You sound like you got hold of Friar Woodruff's homemade Devil Scotch. Last time I had that, I woke up in a boat on Lake Oswego. Naked.

She tries to compose herself.

AMANDA

Look, mud man--

DAVID

It's Pizzle Humpsalot. But you can call me David. Faire gates don't open til ten.

*

AMANDA

David. So, I don't know what a Renaissance Festival is? Also, I don't know my family's phone numbers and I have to get back to the Little White Barn-- wait DAMMIT. No, I can't go back there--

DAVID

(offers)

You could email.

*

*

AMANDA

Huh... ?

He holds up his IPAD.

DAVID

Electronic mail? Computer messages. Wi-fi on the grounds is terrible but that's intentional. You know. The time period. *But*, it is *also* why I keep my own router in the RV.

BEAT. Amanda LUNGES at the IPAD.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Easy now! She's first gen. I keep her
in good condish.

She GRABS it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I guess I'll read the paper later...

Amanda SNORTS as she looks at the screen he had open.

AMANDA

Please. You call the POST the *paper*--?

She FREEZES.

ANGLE ON: THE IPAD SCREEN: The FRONT PAGE of the NY POST.
There is one BIG HEADLINE screaming "SUBWAY KILLER
CAUGHT: FROM METRO TO DEATH ROW!" And then in the lower
right hand corner, a HUGE splashy headline: "BRIDEZILLA
BLOODIES CHEATING HUBBY'S HOOKER!" She can't help
herself. She CLICKS OVER and stars SKIMMING... *

C/U on her EYES as she sees WORDS and SENTENCES FLASH BY:

*"The perfect Country Wedding gone WRONG... Groom claims
'I made a mistake'... the 'other woman' caught in the
crossfire... permanently maimed... Bridezilla MISSING
after attack!"* And so on... *

DAVID

(breaking her trance)
Forget your login?

She closes the WINDOW and puts it down, dazed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So... you've never heard of a Ren Faire.
But you *came* to a Ren Faire in full garb
and schooled every Rennie there in
Richard the Second. Can I ask how that
happened?

AMANDA

Vassar. English major with a
concentration in Shakespeare. I wrote a
paper on Richard the Second. Thank you,
Adderall. *

DAVID

And then you opened an English Store? *

AMANDA

Ha. I Euro-railed for like a year,
hotels--not hostels, and then I moved
back in with my mother in the city and
now I write free-lance for Goop. So.

He looks at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Goop? Clean beauty and wellness? Jade
eggs for up your--

She gestures to her vaginal area.

DAVID

(no idea)

Um.

AMANDA

Believe me, it's a big deal. Even Brett
knows it's...

She fades out.

DAVID

Who's Brett?

AMANDA

Nobody.

(then)

What's a "Rennie"?

DAVID

A Rennie is person who works at a
Renaissance Festival.

AMANDA

Ah.

DAVID

Like a Carnie is a person who works at a
carnival.

AMANDA

Okay.

DAVID

Like a *Druggie*... is a person who works
at a carnival.

He laughs at his own joke.

AMANDA

So... what? You all run around
pretending to be Queen Elizabeth and
stuff and people get drunk with nerds?

David looks at his watch. 9:30 AM.

DAVID

Do you have to be anywhere this morning?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE GATES - MORNING

10 AM. Amanda, now wearing a pair of TOO BIG SWEATPANTS
and a MAN'S TEE SHIRT inside out, walks toward the gate
with David, back in his now in his "Pizzle Humpsalot"
RAGS and filth. PEOPLE are showing up to the faire, many
in full garb.

AMANDA

This is ringing a bell now.

DAVID

The parade should start in a few.

AMANDA

Parade?

Suddenly David SWITCHES to his CHARACTER, Pizzle,
GRABBING her hand and PRESSING it to his torso.

DAVID

But how can any "parade" compare to the
festivities within filthy hearts and
loins, eh, clean maiden?

AMANDA

(pulls back her hand)
On the clock now. Got it.

TWO other MUD BEGGARS APPROACH; JOHNNY (20's -50's,
overweight, also filthy, goes by the name, "SHART
O'BELLY" and SAM (20's-50's, skinny, gross, goes by the
name, "STICK", and only ever says, "Stick").

DAVID

Meet my best mates and fellow muddy
beggars, Shart O'Belly and Stick.

JOHNNY goes to HUG Amanda. She puts up a hand.

AMANDA

No.

He backs off. Sam hands her a "stick".

SAM

("Want a stick?")

Stick?

*
*

She takes it carefully.

SAM (CONT'D)

("You're welcome.")

Stick.

*
*
*

He BOWS deeply.

*

DAVID

(to Amanda)

I hope thou wilt attend our mud show.
Froggy Bottom Mud Pit at noon o'clock!

*
*

Suddenly MUSIC STARTS UP - Celtic, festive. All three
MUD BEGGARS DROP to the GROUND simultaneously.

*
*

AMANDA

What? What's happening?

JOHNNY

Her Majesty arrives!

SAM

Her Majesty! Her Majesty!

Everyone around her KNEELS or BOWS in deference.

DAVID

(mischievously)

The good mistress surely remembers Queen
Elizabeth, and her trusted courtier,
William Shakespeare?

*
*

AMANDA

Shakespeare was never like *in* Elizabeth's
court, you know--

*

Someone SHOVES her over to get a better view.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hello? Standing right here?

People part like the Red Sea to reveal a little PARADE of
JESTERS, MUSICIANS, MIMES and COURTIERS and eventually
the QUEEN (Maria) and William Shakespeare (Brian), as
they approach the gate. Maria WAVES to her subjects, but
when she catches Amanda's eye, looks surprised and then
annoyed. She WHISPERS to Brian as they pass.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(to David)

Well, she definitely remembers me. *

People rise in the wake of the parade and enter the Faire.

DAVID

(winks)

See you at the show, mistress!

AMANDA

Aye, aye, Captain.

Amanda takes a FAKE PARCHMENT BROCHURE/MAP thing from a basket next to the entrance. She opens it.

ANGLE ON: C/U of THE BROCHURE which reads: *"The Royal Renaissance Faire ... Running now for 35 years for ten weekends in a row ..."* *

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Blahblahblah ...

"Professional actors... period artisans... live jousting"

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(re: brochure)

What the--

Amanda NUDGES the woman in front of her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(re: brochure)

Excuse me, do you know what a "wench auction" is? Because it sounds super offensive.

The woman looks at her strangely and moves off.

FESTIVE FAIRE MUSIC* PLAYS OVER MONTAGE:

* WANDERING MINSTRELS (a quartet of acoustic musicians we see repeatedly ala "There's Something about Mary" made up of Eliza Noxon, Tom Morello, Gwendolyn Sanford & Brandon Jay perhaps called "Rage Against the Monarchy") PLAY their Rennie instruments as Amanda WANDERS. She isn't outright disgusted, just confused and a little wary... *

MONTAGE:

PLAYTRON GUY

Miss-- please. I have no more ducats for which to buy thee libations...

AMANDA

Nonono. I'm done with libations. I'm leaving soon.

PLAYTRON GAL

Well, would you care to sit with us for the mud show? 'Tis most fun in the front where one can get covered with mud.

AMANDA

I'm good. You guys enjoy.

PLAYTRON GAL/PLAYTRON GUY

Aye then well met./Fair thee well, Miss.

The show BEGINS. David comes out in a filthy ROBE and stands on the RIM of the pit. The crowd goes WILD.

CROWD

(chanting)

PIZ-ZLE!... PIZ-ZLE!... PIZ-ZLE!...

*

DAVID

(recites from Hamlet)

*To be, or not to be,
That is the question...*

Amanda is impressed. He's not bad. The words resonate.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous--*

*

Suddenly Johnny and Sam LEAP OUT onto the RIM of the pit.

JOHNNY

Oi! Did I hear someone out 'ere say "to pee or NOT to pee"?!

DAVID

How now it be Sir Shart O'Belly and faithful companion, Stick!! I may have said to *be*, but I *meant... to pee!!*

*

*

*

*

Sam BLASTS a garden HOSE out from between David's legs, FULL STREAM into the MUD PIT which in turn SPRAYS and SPLATTERS the MUD ALL OVER THE CROWD. Amanda is now both disgusted and covered in wet mud. The crowd ROARS!

*

From the stage, David WINKS at Amanda. She tries to smile back, but this is too fucking insane now.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROGGY BOTTOM MUD PIT - DAY - LATER

An unamused Amanda WIPES herself with PAPER TOWELS at the PORTA-POTTY STYLE SINK set up nearby. David APPROACHES. He HOLDS a small, filthy HAT full of SINGLES.

DAVID
Sorry about the mud, milady. *

AMANDA
Listen Humpsalot, I need an Uber. Stat. *

A PLAYTRON walks by and shoots her a LOOK.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I *mean*, "Prithee, canst thou call a carriage to ferry me the fuck out of here?" *
*
*
(to the Playtron)
Better? *

The PLAYTRON scurries away.

DAVID
Not bad with the vernacular.

Playtron Gal and Guy APPEAR.

PLAYTRON GAL
Sir Humpsalot! Thy performance was most glorious on this day. *

PLAYTRON GUY
Aye, aye. Thy Hamlet is only second to that of Richard Burbage!!

PLAYTRON GAL
Indeed! *

DAVID
My most deep and glorious thank thees! *

AMANDA
Ohmigod stop. Who are you two even supposed to be? *

PLAYTRON GAL
I be Lady Jenny Powell from Rochester.

PLAYTRON GUY

And I be Sir Bo Kapinski of Utica.

AMANDA

But those aren't even real historical figures--

DAVID

(sotto to Amanda)

Nay, milady. They do not work here.

AMANDA

Wait. What?

PLAYTRON GAL

Nay, nay. We attend the faire-- also those in the other new colonies of Vermont and Connecticut. We seek pleasure, not employment.

*

PLAYTRON GUY

(sotto)

I'm in I.T..

PLAYTRON GAL

(sotto)

Dental hygienist.

AMANDA

(sotto to David)

But they are very *involved*.

DAVID

Playtrons.

AMANDA

Play... *trons*.

PLAYTRON GAL

We must off to the joust. Fair thee well!

*

She and Playtron Guy bow/curtsy and take off.

AMANDA

What kind of shmucky losers dress up and talk like that when they don't even work here?

*

*

*

David sighs. He is clearly bummed she doesn't get it.

DAVID

Well, mistress. What can I say? It be their... Leidenschaft.

*

AMANDA *
Their *what*? *

DAVID *
It's German. For passion. *

AMANDA *
Then why didn't you just say "passion"?

DAVID *
I was a double major. Art History and *
German. SUNY Purchase. You never asked. *

He walks off and leaves her there. *

AMANDA *
Oh, I'm sorry but I've kind of been hit *
with a lot recently! *

ANGLE ON: Playtron Guy and Playtron Gal in the distance.
He kisses her hand. As they walk, she leans her head on
his shoulder. It's sweet.

Amanda suddenly turns and chases down David, who is *
collecting more DOLLARS from Playtrons and Patrons
walking by.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I get it. I didn't play Dungeons and
Dragons and somehow that makes me a
bully, right? Well, guess what? I don't
need to pretend I'm someone else to have
a good time.

DAVID
Perhaps this "pretending" be more
authentic to who they are than what thou
dost believe is so "real" out *there*.

AMANDA *
What would you know about it? You mix *
Shakespeare with fart jokes for a living.

DAVID *
Aha! Thou hast been paying attention! *

David sees something over her shoulder. And SUDDENLY--

DAVID (CONT'D)
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

AMANDA

Jesus Christ! *Again?!*

The Queen, Shakespeare, and the rest of the court suddenly loom over her.

MARIA

Good lady, please step aside? I am expected at the joust.

AMANDA

Oh, here we go.

Brian steps in, as always, to defend the Queen Bee.

BRIAN

Do I detect a hint of defiance against her Majesty the Queen?

AMANDA

Nay, Girl. I was just going.

*

She turns to go.

MARIA

Too bad our Lord Executioner, Lady Helen, did not attend the faire on this day. We could have had a public flogging.

GIGGLES from the gathered CROWD.

AMANDA

(turns back)

Not to-- *again*, point out a hole in your little reenactment here, but you know that there never would have been a *female* Lord Executioner in your time. Right?

MARIA

Well, as I am the most powerful woman in the land, perhaps anything is--

AMANDA

--was--

MARIA

--IS possible.

BRIAN

I could lead the flogging, my Queen.

MARIA

Nay. Sadly Lady Helen holds the key to the prop shed. Where *be* she anyway?

ERIN (O.S.)
AMANDA THANK GOD!

AMANDA
Erin?

Everyone turns to see Erin, in all of her Chanel casual glory, RUSHING toward a stunned Amanda. She holds a gift wrapped BOX. *
*

ERIN
We were so worried!
(then, studying her)
Why are you so dirty? And *damp*?

MARIA
Well, I guess that would be a "fare thee well" for good then. Come courtiers!

Maria and entourage move off as Brian turns to Amanda.

BRIAN
And *Good Riddance*. *
(sotto to Amanda)
Troilus and Cressida. Google it.

And he's off.

ERIN
I don't even want to KNOW what that was.

AMANDA
How did you find me?

ERIN
Oh, you mean after looking for you all night and calling the police and having to drug mom-- more than usual. *I saw the tricycle on the road*. I thought you were dead until I saw all the theme wedding people over here. I had to grab one of your gifts from the suite-- I couldn't come empty handed. *
*
*
*
*

AMANDA
It's not a wedding, Erin. It's a Ren Faire-- a Renaissance Festival.

ERIN
Don't know what you mean, but you've been through a lot. Let's go--

Sam approaches Erin and holds out a STICK.

SAM
("For you, lovely lady.")
Stick.

*
*

He GENTLY PRODS her arm with the stick.

ERIN
Ow! What are you doing??

AMANDA
Erin, it's fine--

SAM
("A token of my affection.")
Stick.
("For you.")
Stick.

*
*
*
*

ERIN
Why are you talking to me? Get back!

AMANDA
No, Stick. Back. Not now.

Stick dramatically SKULKS away as Erin RUBS imaginary dirt off her arm.

ERIN
Uch! Why the hell did that dude want to give me a stick?

AMANDA
I think he was just trying to play with you.

ERIN
Play like *assault me*?

*

AMANDA
No, he's harmless. I think it-- it be his... passion.

*
*

ERIN
What the fuck are you talking about?
Okay, I know you're upset, but Mom called Dr. Bloom. She's waiting to see you in the city. We can be there in seven hours.

*

JOANNTHA (O.S.)
People upstate are *so* overweight.

*
*

Reveal Joanntha as she APPROACHES.

*

ERIN

Mom, I told you to wait in the car!

JOANNTHA

(to Amanda)

Cut the shit, dear. Brett has been crying. You'll go see Dr. Bloom together and work it out.

AMANDA

Together? Do you even know--

JOANNTHA

Oh, *everyone* knows, darling.

ERIN

(to Amanda)

It was nothing to him. A last hurrah.

AMANDA

I see you got his side already.

ERIN

Amanda. You live with Mom. You work *part time* for Goop because I made Joel ask Blythe Danner for a favor when he set her wrist.

JOANNTHA

The one I broke!

ERIN

You're almost geriatric as far as fertility--

JOANNTHA

I can hear your eggs cracking.

ERIN

Mom!

(to Amanda)

Guys like Brett don't just show up on JSwipe every day, trust me.

JOANNTHA

You're playing this all wrong. When Erin's father cheated on me, I got a schooner.

ERIN

Please shut up Mom!

(to Amanda)

Do you really want to throw away everything you almost had?

Amanda PAUSES. Does she?

AMANDA
I... don't know.

Stick LEANS around a tree and grins a BIG TOOTHLESS GRIN at Erin.

ERIN
Okay. This place is skeeving me out.

AMANDA
I did everything.

ERIN
What?

AMANDA
Everything I was supposed to do. *
Everything was perfect. *

JOANNTHA *
You never practiced your backhand but *
that's another story. *

AMANDA *
(ignores her) *
And for what? So I can walk in on my *
perfect fiance getting a perfect blowjob *
an hour before my *perfect* ceremony? Or *
maybe so I can be just like you, Erin. *
Married and mean and dragging my yoga ass
to Balthazar with my bitchy friends every
Sunday so we can whine about private
school and how much we hate our husbands?

ERIN
I hate Balthazar!

AMANDA *
YOU HATE EVERYTHING. *

Amanda looks at them. This is it. Does she want to be *
someone who hates everything? Deep breath... *

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm not going back with you.

ERIN/JOANNTHA
What?!

AMANDA
I'm staying. Here-- nay. *Hither.*

JOANNTHA

Isn't this someone else's wedding?

ERIN

What do you mean? That's ridiculous.

AMANDA

Maybe it is ridiculous. But maybe I'm
finally going to make my own choices.
And maybe this ... maybe...

*
*
*

Amanda CATCHES David's eye.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

... it be my Leidenschaft.

*

Joanntha GASPS and stumbles.

*

JOANNTHA

Veyismir, she's speaking *German*.

*
*

Erin steadies her and then zones in on Amanda.

*

ERIN

I wasn't going to tell you this? But
people are MAD, Amanda. Brett made a
mistake, but you made a mess and just ran
away. So have your little breakdown
about how you didn't get to "choose"
anything in your life even though you had
advantages most people only dream about.

*
*
*
*

Erin takes out Amanda's IPHONE and THROWS it at her.

*

ERIN (CONT'D)

Come on, Mom.

*
*

Erin STORMS off. Joanntha TOUCHES Amanda's cheek.

JOANNTHA

You had such a nice pre-nup...

ERIN (O.S.)

MOM!

*

Amanda is DAZED. David isn't quite sure what to do or
how to help. Suddenly... a STICK is offered gingerly to
Amanda.

*
*
*

SAM

("need a hug?")
Stick?

*
*
*

Off Amanda's face. WHAT HAS SHE DONE???

*

FADE OUT.

TAG:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Woman from Brett's indiscretion LIES in the bed, sleeping. Her MOUTH is completely bandaged. We CLOSE IN on her as we hear the NURSES VOICES.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

She's been out since yesterday.

NURSE #2 (O.S.)

Every summer these stupid Ren Faire people get into all kinds of trouble.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

She had business cards in her pouch that said "*Ye Old Lord Executioner; For all your torturous needs.*" Whatever that means.

NURSE #2

S&M. Obviously.

NURSE #1

Oh my lord!

NURSE #2 (O.S.)

(disgusted)

Nothing but losers, weirdos and sex freaks. Fringey people.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

You said it!

HELEN's EYES BLINK WIDE OPEN...

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK:

NURSE #1 (V.O.)

I do like the turkey legs--

NURSE #2 (V.O.)

Well, sure. Everyone does.

*

FIN.