“GOOD SHIT LOLLIPOP”

Episode # 1003

Written By

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Directed By

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WEEDS
Episode #1003 – GOOD SHIT LOLLIPOP

CAST LIST

Nancy Botwin .................................................................Mary-Louise Parker
Celia Hodes .................................................................Elizabeth Perkins
Doug Wilson .................................................................Kevin Nealon
Heylia James ...............................................................Tonye Patano
Conrad Conrad Shepard ..............................................Romany Malco
Silas Botwin ...............................................................Hunter Parrish
Shane Botwin ..............................................................Alex Gould
Dean Hodes .................................................................Andy Milder
Isabel Hodes ...............................................................Allie Grant
Vaneeta ........................................................................Indigo
Lupita ...........................................................................Renee Victor
Gossip Mommy 1 (Maggie) ..........................................Tressa Di Figlia Brendon
Gossip Mommy 2 (Alison Alderson) ..............................Shawn Schepps
Gossip Mommy 3 (Pam) .................................................Becky Thyre
Megan Beals ..............................................................Shoshannah Stearn
Reporter ...........................................................................Jina Song
Assistant .................................................................Senta Moses
Guy ............................................................................TBD
Skateboard Kid ..........................................................TBD
Craig X .........................................................................Craig Rubin
Caleb ......................................................................................Jesse Head
Teacher...................................................................................Kathleen Darcy
Kid..........................................................................................Devin Gearhart
Voice on Phone........................................................................TBD

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS:**

NANCY’S HOUSE  
/LIVING ROOM  
/KITCHEN  
/LAUNDRY ROOM

CELIA’S HOUSE  
/CELIA’S BATHROOM  
/CELIA’S BEDROOM  
/ISABEL’S BEDROOM  
/KITCHEN  
/VARIOUS ROOMS

DOUG’S OFFICE  
/OFFICE

MARIJUANA CLINIC  
/WAITING ROOM  
/GROWER’S CLUB

HEYLIA’S HOUSE  
/KITCHEN  
/HALLWAY

UNFINISHED AGRESTIC HOUSE  
/ROOM 1  
/ROOM 2
AGRESTIC SCHOOL
  /ISABEL’S CLASSROOM
  /HALLWAY

EXTERIORS:

GROCERY STORE
  /PARKING LOT (REPORTER INTERVIEWS)

COFFEE SHOP

NAIL SALON

NANCY’S HOUSE
  /PERGOLA
A1  EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE AGRESTIC COMMUNITY - DAY  (DAY 1)

REPORTER (V.O.)
This is Janet Yamamoto. Live from West Hills...

1  EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (DAY 1)

A news REPORTER-- ageless, female-- addresses the camera.

REPORTER (ON TV)
...in the past few days wildlife officials have been swamped with hundreds of phone calls from Agrestic residents who have reported seeing a large, tan mountain lion...

CUT TO:

2  EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (DAY 1)

MAGGIE interviewed. Excited.

MAGGIE (ON TV)
The thing stole a three pound rib-eye right off the barbecue. I threw a grill brush at it but it hopped the fence. Moved quick for its size.

CUT TO:

3  EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (DAY 1)

PAM. Upset.

PAM (ON TV)
My kids were playing outside when it came right up to them and growled-- scared the (BLEEP) out of them. Oh (BLEEP) I can't say that, can I?

CUT TO:

4  EXT. NAIL SALON - DAY (DAY 1)

ALISON. Concerned.

(CONTINUED)
ALISON (ON TV)
Haven’t seen Chester-- that’s my cat-- in two days. But I don’t know, would a big cat eat a little cat? Isn’t that like cat cannibalism?

CUT TO:
EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (DAY 1)

REPORTER (ON TV)
...Department of Fish and Game officials have been called in and traps have been set up along the foothills, but so far they’ve had no success in capturing the animal...

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

We PULL BACK from the television to see SHANE watching this all with great interest and intensity. Something’s percolating in his mind, we just can’t tell what it is.

NANCY comes down the stairs. Stops to watch the news report over his shoulder.

REPORTER (ON TV)
...in the meantime, a dangerous predator roams free. Agrestic, a community living in fear. Back to you in the studio, Joanie.

NANCY
I’m going to the market-- any requests for dinner?

SHANE
(WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT) STEAK!

Silas comes down carrying his books.

SILAS
What’s with the hooptie still in the driveway?

NANCY
Hooptie? Oh-- the car. The Rover’s still in the shop.

SILAS
Damn, they haven’t fixed it yet? What the hell’s wrong with it?

Good question.

NANCY
Carbon... in the... valves.

(CONTINUED)
SILAS
Never heard that before. Sounds like they playin’ you to the left, shorty.

NANCY
What?

SHANE
Taking advantage of you.

NANCY
Where are you getting this from?

SHANE
B.E.T.

SILAS
(GRABBING SHANE) Let’s kick rocks.

They exit for school.

NANCY
When did I become the only white person in America?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - ISABEL (DAY 1)

Nervous, sweating, embarrassed. We PULL BACK to see she’s in her nightgown standing in the middle of Celia’s bathroom getting weighed by CELIA like a prize fighter before a title bout. This has the feeling of ritual.

The scale swings back and forth WILDLY until finally settling on a number just south of one hundred pounds. Ouch. Isabel radiates guilt, shame, defeat. Celia radiates disappointment, anger, determination.

CELIA
You’ve been sneaking food.

ISABEL
I haven’t. I swear.

CELIA
Well then, congratulations.

Isabel looks at her quizzically.

CELIA (cont’d)
You must be pregnant!

(CONTINUED)
Isabel turns away from Celia, humiliated.

    ISABEL
    I gotta get dressed for school.

Isabel slinks out. Celia yells after her.

    CELIA
    Ladies and gentlemen, still
    heavyweight champion of the world--
    Isabel Hodes!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG’S OFFICE - LATER (DAY 1)

He’s on the phone. Pacing around the room. Wearing a
cordless headset. Sucking on a lollipop. Looks like an
Endeavor agent.

    DOUG
    (INTO PHONE) ...we can’t cut out
    the art program-- kids need drawing
    and shit. It’s good for their
    motor skills... What? No. Oh,
hell no. We’re not cutting into
    football for it. Screw the pansy
    art fags. Let them paint banners
    for the football team. Kill two
    birds...

There’s a knock at the door.

    DOUG (cont’d)
    (INTO PHONE) Listen, I got someone
    here. We’ll finish this up at the
    next council meeting. Your turn to
    bring the vodka... Okay... You
    too... Yeah, I fucked your wife...
    Yeah... I fucked your mother.
    Okay. Bye.

He hangs up. Opens the door. It’s Nancy.

    DOUG (cont’d)
    Nancy-- Ugh. I am such a
    phasehead. I totally forgot you
    were coming.

Forgot she was coming? Completely out of character. Nancy
shrugs it off. Pulls his weekly buy out of her shoulder bag.
NANCY
Try not to smoke it all at once.
She holds it out, but he’s not taking it from her.

NANCY (cont’d)
What? What’s wrong?

DOUG
I’m flush.

NANCY
What do you mean you’re flush?

DOUG
I’m cool. Stocked. Fat. No needy more weedy.

NANCY
I only sold you a quarter last week. You couldn’t possibly have any left with the way you smoke.

DOUG
Oh, I burned through that days ago--Check this out.

He pulls out his wallet. Extracts a card. Holds it up. Nancy takes the card from him. Examines it.

NANCY
What is this?

DOUG
My medical marijuana card! Got a note from a clinic doc for a hundred bucks, got my doctor’s recommendation, took it to the pot store and momma I was home.

He goes to his desk. Pulls out a huge bag of dope.

DOUG (cont’d)
It’s a weed wonderland! Like Amsterdam only better ‘cause you don’t have to visit the Anne Frank house and pretend to be all sad. See this lollipop?

NANCY
It isn’t...
DOUG
Yup! I’m getting high right now.
You can’t even tell!!

NANCY
How is this possible?

DOUG
It’s the genius of Prop 215--
Medical Marijuana for sick people.

Nancy’s in a complete and utter state of shock.

DOUG (cont’d)
My friend’s friend’s friend gave me
the address of the clinic so I went
down and loaded up. God, I love
California. Can’t wait to tell all
the poker guys about it.

He gives the bag of pot one last loving glance, then stashes
it away back in the drawer.

DOUG (cont’d)
The one buzz kill is that you can
only buy eight ounces a visit.

NANCY
That’s half a pound!

DOUG
Well, you’re allowed to go twice a
day, but with all the traffic on
the one-ten, that’s pretty much
impossible.

NANCY
Are you fucking with me?

DOUG
Nope. All true. I never kid about
my weed.

Nancy sees her entire business going up in a puff of state-
sanctioned smoke. After all, these stoners are her best
customers.

NANCY
I need the address.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
But you’re a pot dealer. Why would you take advantage of a medical provider when you already have connections? That’s just greedy.

NANCY
Douglas!

DOUG
Fine. And as long as you’re braving the traffic, would you mind picking up a dozen more pot-sicles for me-- wild cherry.

CUT TO:

INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM - SAME TIME (DAY 1)

Celia, bug spray in hand, is obliterating a long trail of ants that leads to the bed. As she follows the conga line of insects she comes upon a hidden bag of unwrapped, half-eaten chocolates that’s been surreptitiously stashed.

She’s about to confiscate the bag when suddenly a more productive thought occurs to her.

CUT TO:

INT. CELIA’S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

We see Celia carefully replacing the chocolate in Isabel’s stash with Ex-Lax laxatives. (Naturally she keeps a Costco-size box of it around for her own use.)

CUT TO:

INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

Celia replaces the bag behind the bed. Smooths out the sheets to cover any sign that it’s been tampered with. Exits the room, gnawing on a piece of Isabel’s chocolate as she goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC - LATER (DAY 1)

Nancy enters a fairly non-descript waiting room. About a dozen people are sitting around, filling out forms on clipboards.

(CONTINUED)
It’s a pretty disparate group: A handsome GUY in a business suit. A young female student. A Korean grandmother. A couple Mexican gangbangers. Etc. Also a sign that reads: THIS IS A SMOKE-FREE ENVIRONMENT.

She tentatively approaches a young female PHYSICIAN’S ASSISTANT who sits behind a sliding glass partition.

ASSISTANT
(HANDS HER A CLIPBOARD WITH SOME FORMS) Take a seat. Fill these out. Return them to me when you’re done.

Nancy takes a seat. Reads the form: LIST OF SYMPTOMS. CHECK YES OR NO. Then the usual list of maladies. Shortness of breath. High blood pressure. Diabetes. She checks NO to everything except: ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION. The handsome GUY seated next to her can’t help but notice.

GUY
Maybe it’s the women you’re dating.

She looks up.

GUY (cont’d)
You know, I’m not just a pothead. I’m also an investment banker with a really dumb dog.

NANCY
You shouldn’t talk trash about your dog behind his back.

GUY
Trust me, he talks trash about me behind my back all the time. Or do you think I’m just being paranoid because of all the weed?

She smiles.

GUY (cont’d)
Hey I got a smile out of you. How about we celebrate by grabbing a cup of coffee after we’re done here. And for the record, only after too much red wine do I have trouble getting an erection.

NANCY
Guess that’s why God invented white wine.

(CONTINUED)
She’s flirting. For the first time in a long time. And * having fun. Then:

(CONTINUED)
ASSISTANT
Ma’am-- are you finished with your form?

And with that, Nancy’s attention suddenly snaps back to the reason she’s there. She turns to the handsome GUY.

NANCY
Listen, you caught me at a real bad time. Tell you what-- let’s meet up by chance in about six months or a year and see where it goes.

She stands. Hands the forms back to the Assistant.

ASSISTANT
I’ll need one form of identification. Driver’s license. Passport. Military ID.

Nancy digs in her bag for her driver’s license. Hands it over. The Assistant makes a quick xerox. Hands it back.

ASSISTANT (cont’d)
That’ll be one hundred dollars.

Nancy pays in cash. A pre-signed card is stamped. And she’s done.

NANCY
That’s it? It’s this easy?

ASSISTANT
What? You want a toy?

NANCY
Don’t I need to see a doctor?

ASSISTANT
You did. He was heading to the john when you walked in. Told me to tell you to smoke a little and get some sun. Anything else?
NANCY
I guess not.
ASSISTANT
Buyer’s club is one flight up and
is in no way affiliated with this
office. Next!

As Nancy gets shoved aside by the Korean Grandmother we...

CUT TO:

13 SCENE OMITTED

14 INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

Nancy is buzzed in through a metal door.

Wow. It’s nice inside. Glass cases. New Age music playing. An ATM up against one wall, a rent-a-cop standing against another.


Nancy’s wide-eyed. Amazed. Concerned. How the hell can she possibly compete with all this? CRAIG X-- beard, glasses, suit-- appears in front of Nancy anticipating her confused state.

CRAIG X
Hi there. I’m Craig. Welcome to the Bodhi-Sativa Caregivers Club.

NANCY
Hi. Thanks. Um... I’m kind of new at this.

CRAIG X
A virgin. I love it. Don’t worry. I’ll be gentle. Come on.

(CONTINUED)
He takes her hand.

CRAIG X (cont'd)
The first thing you’ll usually want to do is check out the big board—strains and prices change daily.

Craig X waves at a college student.

CRAIG X (cont’d)
Billy-- how’s the anxiety?

The college student gives a thumbs up. Craig X turns back to Nancy.

CRAIG X (cont’d)
What was I saying?

NANCY
The big board?

CRAIG X
Oh yeah. We have Grand Daddy Perp where the bud’s actually purple and the flavor is just fantastic. Our other super bud today is called ‘Here’s Johnny’ because it’s the king of late night. Don’t wanna be messin’ with this stuff before the sun goes down. And over here we have our clones.

He slaps palms with a KID WITH A SKATEBOARD.

CRAIG X (cont’d)
Robbie-- the arthritis letting up I see?

SKATEBOARD KID
You know it.

Craig X turns back to Nancy.

CRAIG X
What was I saying?

NANCY
Clones?

CRAIG X
Oh yeah. Clones. They’re starts -- baby plants, and all Clones are $10 a piece and guaranteed female. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Beauty. And finally, there’s our food section.

He smiles at an older woman.
CRAIG X (cont’d)
Mrs. Rappaport, we got that special order sponge cake in. (TO NANCY)
She’s got diabetes, so we do some treats for her with Splenda instead of sugar. Um... What was I saying again?

NANCY
Edibles.

CRAIG X
Oh yeah. Right here. We got pastries, candies, oil, butter, hemp drinks, goos, infusions, kiefs...

He sees Nancy’s head is spinning. He stops.

CRAIG X (cont’d)
You look a little overwhelmed.

NANCY
Where does all this come from?

CRAIG X
A combination of patient growers and compassionate farming caregivers—doing God’s work.

NANCY
And it’s all legal?

CRAIG X
Well... we operate under the guidelines of the California State Health and Safety code section 11362.5.

Just then Doug enters.

CRAIG X (cont’d)
Douglas! My man!

Doug and Craig X hug heartily. Doug holds onto the hug a bit too long.

DOUG
I just couldn’t stay away.

CRAIG X
Hey, that’s okay. You don’t have to.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
(GETTING EMOTIONAL) I love it here so much.

Craig smooths Doug’s hair and shushushus him like a baby.

CRAIG X
(TO NANCY) He’s been very depressed.

NANCY
Poor thing.
Nancy has a look on her face that says she better find a way to compete with all this or she’s gonna end up at the end of a very long California State unemployment line.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP – WEED

About a half pound of it being dumped out onto the middle of the table. PULL BACK to see Nancy with a look of disgust standing in Heylia’s kitchen in front of HEYLIA, CONRAD, and VANEETA.

NANCY
You sold me shit!

HEYLIA
Ain’t here to sell you flowers.

NANCY
Let me rephrase. You sold me bullshit. Skankweed. And I can’t move it and I want a refund.

HEYLIA
And I want an ass like Beyoncé. Ain’t neither of us gettin’ what we want.

NANCY
Look-- I just came from this place. This store. It was like the Whole Foods of pot.

HEYLIA
Listen to her. Barbie thinks she’s discovered the cannabis clubs. Welcome to the party.

NANCY
It’s not a party. It’s a nightmare. How am I supposed to compete with that?

HEYLIA
When you figure it out, let me know. Those fuckin’ weed boutiques have sent my business off-- (TURNS TO VANEETA) --how much business off again?

(CONTINUED)
VANEETA
Seventeen percent.

HEYLIA
Seventeen percent. What’s this world coming to when they legalize weed? Ain’t no goddamn morals left. So don’t you come cryin’ to me. I got my own troubles. Anything else you want from me?

NANCY
I need everything on this list.

Nancy pulls out a piece of paper. Vaneeta takes it and looks it over.

VANEETA
(IMPRESSSED) We got the BlueMist and Whitewidow, but you gonna have to wait on the O.G. Kush-- that shit sold out quick.

Vaneeta gets up and disappears into the back room. Nancy turns to Heylia accusingly.

NANCY
I can’t believe you’ve been selling me schoolyard crap all this time. I thought it was the good stuff.

HEYLIA
You get what you ask for child-- and you never knew enough to ask for the call brands.

NANCY
Well, those days are over.

HEYLIA
Ooo-- we got ourselves a regular Pablo Escobar here.

Vaneeta returns with Nancy’s order. Nancy hands over her cash. But as she tries to scoop up the weed Heylia stops her.

NANCY
What’s wrong?
HEYLIA
Serious shit cost serious cash.
Your money got a sense of humor
over here.

NANCY
But that’s all I have.

Heylia cuts the order in half.

HEYLIA
Then that’s all you get.

Nancy angrily scoops up half the amount she thought she was
getting, plus what she originally left on the table. Starts
to exit.

CONRAD
Maybe you could use the skank to
cook with.

NANCY
So it is skank!

Heylia shoots a death stare at Conrad. He quickly shuts his

CONRAD
(SOTTO) Listen, if you need some
help cooking up that ditch weed,
you can call my cell...

He hands her a piece of paper with a phone number.

CONRAD (cont’d)
...it’s good for another six hours.

She’s genuinely appreciative. Takes the number.

NANCY
Thanks Conrad.

CUT TO:

16 SCENE OMITTED
Shane is dressed in camouflage patterned clothing. He methodically checks and loads a BB gun like Rambo getting ready to do battle with an entire army.

CUT TO:

Shane enters. Opens the freezer, rummages through it, extracts a large steak. He throws it into a microwave, hits defrost, and watches as it turns round and round.

DISSOLVE TO:

We MOVE through the long line of identical tract houses all lined up in a row. It looks like a lit up runway at LAX as we travel all the way to the end of the line and come upon a half constructed house.

CUT TO:

Camera tracks through a veritable opium den of high school kids making out. Drinking. Smoking weed. Etc. Finally settles on SILAS and his friend CALEB chugging beers.
CALEB
So, Julie Googled ‘how to give a
blow job’ and found this web site
that teaches girls how to deep
throat.

SILAS
I heard Megan can do that. Dennis
Kling says her mouth is like a dirt
devil.

CALEB
Daredevil? He’s blind, not deaf,
and I don’t think he sucks dick at
all. He’s a hero.

Silas takes the beer out of Caleb’s hand, pours it out, then
gets up, heads off by himself.

CUT TO:

21 SCENE OMITTED

22 INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)

Silas comes upon MEGAN BEALS-- young, pretty, deaf-- spray
painting over graffiti that reads: ‘MEGAN GIVES GOOD HEAD’.
She’s crossing out the word GOOD and writing in the word
GREAT.

Obviously she doesn’t hear Silas come up behind her. He
stands there and makes dumb noises that she can’t hear to
amuse himself.

(CONTINUED)
SILAS
Megan! Boo! Yeeoww!

She doesn’t respond. Silas is cracking himself up. When she’s done, she stands back to admire her work. Bumps into him. Turns around, startled.

He smiles at her drunkenly. She tries to get past him. He playfully blocks her path. She changes course, tries to get past him again. He blocks her once more. Flashes another drunken smile.

She looks at him. Knows exactly what he wants. Smiles. Motions for Silas to undo his pants. He does eagerly. Then closes his eyes as she lowers herself out of frame.

Suddenly he hears a whizzing sound. His eyes shoot open. He looks down to see Megan spray painting his dick a deep shade of blue.

He quickly pulls away. She gets up off her knees. Flashes one last smile at him. Walks off leaving Silas looking like Violet Beauregarde.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. NANCY’S PERGOLA – SAME TIME (NIGHT 1)

Shane’s perched along the edge of the roof, BB gun in hand.

REVERSE ON-- the bloody and raw microwaved steak that rests on the ground of the backyard below.

Shane takes a sip of Coke to stay awake.

SHANE
Here kitty, kitty...

CUT TO:

24 INT. NANCY’S KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)

Popcorn. Tons of it. Nancy-- the phone glued to her ear--has got it popping on multiple burners in the kitchen. She’s got muffin tins scattered around along with double boilers cooking pot butter with cheesecloth beside them. She’s also checking the oven every few minutes to look in on what’s baking.

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
(ON THE PHONE)...I don’t think I put enough in the popcorn balls.

ROCK HUDSON/DORIS DAY SPLIT SCREEN: Conrad on the other end of the line. He’s sitting in Heylia’s kitchen opening a box of brand new rims for his car and spinning them playfully.

CONRAD
Baby, there’s enough THC in those balls to keep Stevie wonderin’.

NANCY
And how do I know when the cornbread is ready?

CONRAD
Trust me-- you’ll know.

NANCY
Thanks for talking me through this.

CONRAD
It gives me a real sense of accomplishment workin’ with over-privileged white women.

Nancy smiles.

CONRAD (cont’d)
You enterin’ a whole new level here. Bigger buys, bigger risks. (SERIOUS) Thing is, I like you don’t wanna see you end up dead.

NANCY
Dead?

CONRAD
Relax, I’m just fucking with ya.

NANCY
Adorable.

CONRAD
No, seriously, how you doin’?

NANCY
The popcorn’s taking forever, but--

(CONTINUED)
CONRAD
F*ck the popcorn. I’m talkin’ ‘bout you.

NANCY
Oh me. Well, let’s see. If this doesn’t work out I could end up the oldest GAP employee in Southern California.
CONRAD
You gonna do just fine.

NANCY
Wish I shared your confidence.

Just then Nancy sniffs the air.

NANCY (cont’d)
God-- that smells amazing.

CONRAD
That means the cornbread’s ready!
You gotta take it out now! Take it out now or it’s gonna burn!

An alarmed Nancy drops the phone. Wipe away SPLIT SCREEN.
She throws open the oven. Starts extracting tins of freshly baked cornbread. Burns herself.

NANCY
Ow! Damn it!

She drops one of the tins. She goes to the sink and runs cold water over her burned finger. Hears POP, POP, POP.
Goes to check the popcorn. Wasn’t that. Then turns to see Shane run in holding the BB gun.

SHANE
I did it! I shot the mountain lion! I shot the mountain lion!

But before Nancy can process what Shane’s talking about all the popcorn starts POPPING WILDLY.

NANCY
That’s great sweetie. Go get ready for bed.

Shane heads upstairs swaggering victoriously like Ernest Hemingway after a big game kill.

Nancy tends to all the popping popcorn. As she does, we see Silas silently and stealthily enter in the background of the shot. He tries to hide the blue paint that’s beginning to bleed through the crotch of his pants. He quickly disappears up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)
Nancy’s oblivious to this as she finally gets the popcorn and the cornbread under control. Then remembers that she left Conrad hanging on the phone.

She runs to pick the phone back up. But the line’s dead. She hits redial.

VOICE ON PHONE
The number you’re trying to reach is no longer in service.

His illicit minutes must have run out. She shrugs. Hangs up. Continues dealing with the chaos that is her life as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

Isabel is sitting at her desk listening to the TEACHER drone on and on about things she’ll never remember after the bell rings.

TEACHER
Remember, this paint is not edible. Now begin.


It’s clear what has to be done. She raises her hand with the utmost urgency.

TEACHER (cont’d)
Yes, Isabel?

ISABEL
I have to go to the bathroom.

TEACHER
When Billy comes back from the bathroom you can go.

Isabel tries to come to terms with that. Rumble. Rumble. Not gonna be possible. Her hand shoots back up.

TEACHER (cont’d)
Yes?

ISABEL
I have to go now.
TEACHER
You know the rules, Isabel.
Isabel looks at the Teacher like Sally Struthers pleading for donations to feed the world’s hungry children.

    ISABEL
    Please...

The Teacher gives it some thought. Rumble. Rumble.

    TEACHER
    Very well. Go.

Isabel jumps out of her chair. Gets about half way to the door when we hear a disturbingly evocative noise. She stops dead in her tracks. We see her face cloud over. Too late. Major equipment malfunction.

The rest of her walk towards the door is done in a painfully embarrassing shuffle that says situation still serious but no longer that desperate. Then:

    KID
    (SNIFFING) Doodie!

    OTHER KIDS
    Ewwwwww!!!!!

CUT TO:

(NOTE: SCENES 27-33 ARE CONCURRENT AND CUT AS A MONTAGE TO “CHECK ME OUT” by LITTLE DENISE.)

27 INT. NANCY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

LUPITA’S doing the wash. Pulling the kids’ clothes out of the hamper. Loading them into the washing machine. Comes across Silas’ blue stained underwear. Examines it.

She takes a moment to think about what he could have possibly done to cause it. Knows something is up, just doesn’t know what. Shrugs. Stuffs it into the washer.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Silas is watching Megan from afar. Staring at her as she rummages through her locker.

(CONTINUED)
The period bell rings. She doesn’t hear it. While all the other kids are walking along like mindless drones, she’s bopping to music in her head that no one else can hear. All the other students hurry to finish what they’re doing, slam their lockers shut, hustle to class. Megan’s still fiddling with her stuff. A beat off. Silas continues to spy.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NANCY’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Lupita reaches into the washing machine to extract the clothes. Comes upon Silas’ still blue underwear. Sighs. This is gonna require more effort than she thought.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Silas watches Megan. She’s bopping to her own soundtrack again. She takes off her sweater and puts it in her locker. Silas is transfixed.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NANCY’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)


CUT TO:

32 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Silas is watching Megan. She’s still bopping away to her own beat. Silas begins moving a bit himself to her beat.

Megan catches him. He stops, busted. She smiles and walks off.

CUT TO:

33 INT. NANCY’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Silas-- home from school-- enters. Lupita sees him. Hands him his still very blue underwear.

(END MONTAGE SONG.)
LUPITA
I try.

He takes it from her. Looks at it. Isn’t embarrassed. Instead smiles.

SILAS
It’s cool. It’s all cool.

He heads upstairs, a bounce in his step.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM – THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

DEAN’S tucking Isabel into bed. The poor girl looks like she’s been through the worst day of her young life. He’s gentle and understanding.

DEAN
Honey, you couldn’t help it. Things like this happen-- hopefully not too often-- but they happen.

He was going for a smile. He doesn’t get one.

DEAN (cont’d)
One day you’ll think back on it and, well, it will still feel painfully embarrassing, but it will make for a terrific story.

ISABEL
I had to throw my underpants into the woods.

DEAN
And that’s part of the story.

A story she never wants to hear again. She’s mortified. Dean realizes she just wants to put the whole thing behind her and go to sleep.

DEAN (cont’d)
Good night, sweetie.

ISABEL
‘Night, Dad.

He kisses her. Turns off the light. Exits.

CUT TO:
Celia’s on top of the bed doing a crossword puzzle. Her face is covered in an “ice mask.” It’s truly frightening. Dean enters with his laptop.

DEAN
I’m worried about Isabel. Maybe we should take her to the doctor tomorrow-- make sure she doesn’t have some kind of stomach flu.

CELIA
Oh please-- She’s perfectly fine.

DEAN
She shit herself in school. How is that fine?

CELIA
She shit herself because she was a little piggy. I found her chocolate stash the other day and I switched it out for laxative bars.

Dean just stares at Celia in disbelief.

CELIA (cont’d)
What? It was a good plan. Maybe next time she’ll think twice before scarfing down a whole bag of chocolate.

Dean continues to stare at her.

CELIA (cont’d)
Come on-- I eat those same laxatives in reasonable amounts every day and I don’t shit all over myself.

Dean’s outrage silently builds.

CELIA (cont’d)
Look, I didn’t mean for this to happen-- I was just hoping for some nice loose doodies. Clean the girl out a bit.

DEAN
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!
CELIA
Calm down.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)
She’s awake and hearing every word of her parents’ argument
through the paper thin Agrestic walls.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CELIA’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)
DEAN
That’s absolutely child abuse! You should be arrested. I should call
child protective services and have you arrested!

CELIA
Oh, don’t be such a drama queen.

DEAN
How could you even imagine doing such a thing?!?

CELIA
Excuse me for wanting my daughter to be thin and attractive so that
the world may be her oyster. You may think she’s beautiful, but this
is America. It’s cold and cruel out there for fat girls.

DEAN
Certainly with you around it is.

CELIA
Go ahead and get on your high horse, but if I’d been as big as
your mother you wouldn’t have looked twice at me.
DEAN
And I’d have saved myself a whole lot of grief.

CELIA
You and me both.

Dean angrily grabs a pillow and blanket. Heads to the door. Turns back. Stares daggers at his wife.

DEAN
I hope our children survive you.

He exits, slamming the door shut behind him. She shrugs.

CUT TO:

38 INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)

We slowly move in on Isabel. She’s eerily crosslit in the moonlight. Her face contorted into the most vengeful, demonic expression since Jack Nicholson decided to kill his entire family in ‘The Shining’. This is war!

DISSOLVE TO:

39 SCENE OMITTED
40 INT. CELIA’S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

But little Isabel is otherwise engaged. Busy switching out Celia’s diet pills for Immodium anti-diarrhea pills. She hears her mother calling. Quickly finishes up. Runs out.

CELIA (O.S.)
Isabel! Breakfast!

CUT TO:

41 INT. CELIA’S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

Isabel comes into the kitchen. Sits at the breakfast table like a good little girl. Dean puts down his newspaper. Leans over to her pointedly.

DEAN
You feeling better, sweetie?

ISABEL
I am now, Daddy.

Dean smiles at Isabel. Glares at Celia. Goes back to his newspaper. Isabel flashes the slightest trace of her demonic Jack Nicholson grin. Celia remains oblivious to it all.

CUT TO:

42 INT. NANCY’S FAMILY ROOM - LATER (DAY 3)

Nancy’s surrounded by empty gift baskets and rolls of cellophane. Celia enters carrying a handful of fliers. Nancy’s not thrilled with the interruption.

CELIA
You should really lock your front door.

NANCY
I do lock it-- but Lupita keeps leaving it open so she doesn’t have to dig for her keys. Drives me insane.

CELIA
It’s their subtle revenge for having to clean our toilets.

NANCY
Well, I think we’re still getting the better end of that deal.

Celia hands Nancy a flier.

(CONTINUED)
CELIA
Here-- I’m posting these in the neighborhood. I tell you, I’ve a good mind to stay in a hotel until they catch that cougar, but part of me is hoping it will maul Dean, and I don’t want to miss that.

Nancy reads the flier.

NANCY
‘What to do if you meet a mountain lion. Give the mountain lion some room. Don’t make eye contact. Talk to the lion softly...’
(looks up at Celia)
You sure this isn’t what to do when you date a mountain lion?

Celia looks around.

CELIA
What are you making in here?

NANCY
Oh, um. I’m trying to get a little dessert business going on the side.

CELIA
Really? Good for you. But you know, your cornbread is looking a little green there.

NANCY
Oh, yes. Well, it’s for a kid’s birthday party. His favorite color is green.

CELIA
Smart kid. He’ll go far.

Nancy really has got to get Celia the hell outta there.

NANCY
Well I have lots to do so--

(CONTINUED)
Celia sits.

CELIA
Have you ever had sex with another woman?

NANCY
Excuse me?

CELIA
Yodeled in the canyon of love, shucked the bearded clam, rolled the velvet--

NANCY
(CUTTING HER OFF) I understood the question.

CELIA
I think I wanna try it.

Nancy takes a step back.

NANCY
With who?

CELIA
Anyone-- I don’t care. I’m sick of men. What if I missed my calling? Maybe I was supposed to be a dyke and took a wrong turn by mistake. That would explain a hell of a lot.

NANCY
I’m not sure it works that way.

CELIA
Too bad. I really wanna fuck around on Dean but the thought of having to put one more cock in my mouth is just too depressing.

NANCY
I’m not sure a vagina is gonna be any improvement for you.

CELIA
You’re probably right. Truth is pussy really skeeves me out-- that whole mirror exercise I did when I was young was a rude awakening.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Anyway, speaking of pussy, did you hear? Someone killed the Alderson’s cat, and it wasn’t the mountain lion. Alison is losing her mind. Thinks someone is trying to send her a message or something, but it was probably just kids.

This news gets Nancy’s attention. Is Shane a fucked up cat killer?

NANCY
How did the cat die?

CELIA
You know, I’m not sure.

Celia reads Nancy’s concern.

CELIA (cont’d)
What’s wrong?

NANCY
Nothing. Just think I might know the kid who did it. (OFF HER LOOK) Friend of Silas’.

CELIA
I read somewhere that killing small animals is the first sign of psychotic behavior. You should probably tell the parents so they can rush the little sociopath into therapy before he starts tooling around Agrestic in a white van with the windows blacked out.

That was not music to Nancy’s ears. She tries to lead Celia toward the door.

NANCY
Now, I’ve really gotta--

CELIA
Have you ever had sex with another woman?

NANCY
None of your business.

(CONTINUED)
CELIA
Come on. Out with it!

If it’ll get Celia out of there any faster:

NANCY
Fine-- I slept with a girl in college once.

CELIA
And how was it?

NANCY
Boring.

CELIA
Maybe you didn’t do it right.

NANCY
She said I was the best she’d ever had.

CELIA
Really? What are you doing for dinner Friday night?

NANCY
Thanks for the flier, Celia.

CELIA
Just being a good neighbor!

Nancy shuts the door and shakes her head as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG’S OFFICE – NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

The usual poker game. The usual potheads. Only the cards and chips have been pushed off to the side. The center of the table is now taken up by straw cellophane wrapped Mrs. Beasley’s-like gift baskets filled with cookies, cornbread, popcorn balls, and of course, weed. We PAN UP to see Nancy proudly standing behind it all.

NANCY
These will satisfy your munchies and give you a long-lasting all-body high at the same time, not to mention the fact that you’re saving your lungs and there’s no residual odor for your wives to smell.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
You mean everything in there is
loaded with--

NANCY
It sure is. But that’s not all I’m
offering. For the old school
smokers in the room, I’ve got some
wild and wonderful Indica/sativa
blends, organic or hydroponic,
sticky, hairy and just delicious to
smoke.

Nancy grabs a basket. Unwraps it. Pushes it toward them.

NANCY (cont’d)
Please, help yourselves to samples.

They all grab at various items in the basket. Nancy
nervously awaits the verdict. Doug takes a piece of
cornbread. Places it in his mouth. Closes his eyes. Savors
it.

NANCY (cont’d)
So?

Takes a moment. Finally passes judgment:

DOUG
Fuck me-- that’s awesome!

They all go for the cornbread. Smiling. Nodding.

DEAN
I think I could exist off nothing
but this for the rest of my life.

NANCY
I’m glad you like it. So, here’s
my final pitch, guys. The clubs
are fun and everything, but with
me, you get great shit right here
in town. I know what you like, and
I make sure it’s there when you
want it so you don’t have to
schlepp into the city. But most of
all, I don’t xerox your driver’s
license and put your name in a
State controlled data bank.

(CONTINUED)
DOUG
What? I’m in a data bank?

NANCY
You sure are. Accessible to anyone with a computer. So when your wives find out and divorce you, they’ll get custody of the children because their overpriced attorneys will be able to prove that you’re all nothing but a bunch of irresponsible potheads who can’t be trusted.

DOUG
I’m in a databank?

DEAN
Celia would have a field day with that!

DOUG
I’m in a databank? I’m up for council re-election! I can’t be linked with pot clubs! Does anyone know any good hackers?

NANCY
Maybe you should have thought about that sooner.

DEAN
I’m defending a chick who could hook you up. Calls herself Ms. Hack Man.

DOUG
Is she cute?

DEAN
Eh.

Doug stuffs his mouth with green corn bread.

They all start going for the baskets. Throwing cash at her. She dutifully collects it all up. Stuffs it in her bag.

Thank God! It worked! She’s incredibly relieved. She pulls Doug aside.

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
I’ve been giving some thought to my
cover business. What do you think
about a bakery?

DOUG
I think you’re a goddamn genius!

CUT TO:

INT. UNFINISHED AGRESTIC HOUSE – SAME TIME (NIGHT 3)

We TRACK with MEGAN as she makes her way through the ‘our
parents think we’re all home in bed’ scene that’s held
nightly in this half-constructed house.

She passes stoners. Steps over lovers. Avoids flicked beer
bottle caps. Etc. Finally she comes upon a room where she
sees a blue spray painted cock with the words ‘I’M SORRY’
written under it. Also: ‘PS- MY MAID THINKS I FUCKED A
SMURF.’

She laughs. Silas is standing in the doorway. She sees him.
He’s relieved. She approaches him. Touches his face.
Smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NANCY’S KITCHEN – NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Lupita is suspiciously hovering over Nancy as she bakes.

LUPITA
Your butter don look right.

NANCY
It’s sage.

LUPITA
Don smell like sage.

NANCY
Obviously menopause has altered
your sense of smell.

LUPITA
I no smell with my coochie.
This is the last thing Nancy needs right now. She grabs Lupita, spins her around, sends her off.
Go watch Telemundo.

Lupita reluctantly waddles off. Shane enters. He tries to stick his finger in the mixing bowl. She quickly slaps his hand away.

It’s got raw egg in it.

So?

So Salmonella is on the rise, so no. And wash your hands. (THEN) But wait. Listen, Shane, there’s something I want to talk to you about.

Am I in trouble?

The, uh, mountain lion you shot. Um. Did it have a collar around its neck?

No.

Did it make a sort of meowing sound?

It sort of yelped when I shot it, but mountain lions don’t meow, mom, they kind of sound like...

Shane lets out a low, deep growl. Nancy tries a slightly more direct tack.

Shane, did you shoot the Alderman’s cat?

What? No! I shot the mountain lion! Right in the eye!
NANCY
Why?

SHANE
‘Cause that’s what Dad would’ve done.

That gives Nancy pause.

NANCY
Come here.

He takes a step back. Thinks he’s in trouble. Instead she grabs him. Hugs him. Tight. She still thinks he shot the cat, but at least understands where it’s coming from.

NANCY (cont’d)
I’m very fond of you.

SHANE
(SQUEEZED) I’m very fond of you too.

She finally lets him go.

NANCY
I want the BB gun.

SHANE
But I need it for protection.

NANCY
No, I think I’m gonna take over that job for a while. But listen, you play your cards right, you’ll get the gun back by the time you graduate law school.

She kisses him.

SHANE
This sucks.

NANCY
Yeah, well, imagine how the mountain lion feels. Now go watch Telemundo with Lupita.

CUT TO:

DEAN
What the hell are you doing?

CELIA
I’m a little... backed up. (POKE) A lot backed up. (POKE) Ugh, I haven’t shit for three days. Look at me! I’m like a bloated African famine baby.

DEAN
Wow. Could it be? Newton’s third law of motion, or lack of motion in your case, illustrated right here in our bathroom: For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

CELIA
What the hell are you talking about?

DEAN
Karma, baby.

CELIA
Oh, fuck you and your karma.

DEAN
Fine. Shit on my theory. Oh, but, you can’t! So, I guess that makes me right! Hey, come here. I need to rub your belly for luck.

He does. She storms out. He chuckles to himself.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON a stack of bills being counted out into the palm of Heylia’s hand. PULL BACK to see it’s Nancy who’s counting it all out.
NANCY
That takes care of last week’s buy, this week’s buy, my ring, and my Rover.

Heylia takes Nancy’s ring off her pinky.

VANEETA
Surprised the shit outta me, girl. Thought for sure you were gonna end up broke, livin’ in a trailer park, havin’ to score SAG cards for your kids to put food on the table.

Nancy looks at Vaneeta like ‘where’d that come from?’ Heylia hands Nancy the ring. She slips it on her finger proudly.

CONRAD
Ooh. Baby got her bling back. Someone’s doin’ a’right.

NANCY
And now my car keys, please.

Nancy puts her hand out for the keys. None are forthcoming.

NANCY (cont’d)
What? I said please?

HEYLIA
That’s right. You are very polite, snowflake, but your scratch only covers last week’s buy and the ring. You still short for all the shit you wanna take this week. So looks like you got yourself a business decision to make: the strange or the Range?

Nancy’s not happy about this. She thinks it over. Grabs the weed.

NANCY
I’ll be back.

HEYLIA
Don’t let the door hit your cute little ass on the way out.

Nancy glares at Heylia. Turns to Conrad.

(CONTINUED)
NANCY
Thanks for everything Conrad. That cornbread recipe really saved my cute little ass.

Nancy exits. Everyone turns to Conrad. Uh-oh. Heylia stares him down. Takes a deep, deep breath. Unloads with both barrels:

HEYLIA
YOU GAVE AWAY MY CORNBREAD RECIPE?!? And she put weed in it?!? You don’t put weed in my cornbread! Plus that recipe a family secret and last I checked, she ain’t none of my family! Get over here so I can kill you!

CONRAD
(BACKING UP) I ain’t afraid of you.

HEYLIA
Conrad, get over here. If I have to chase you, it’s gonna be worse.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CELIA’S BATHROOM - LATER (NIGHT 4)

Celia’s on the toilet. Nothing. She’s at her wits end. Doesn’t know what’s wrong. Finally let’s out a loud bloodcurdling scream.

CELIA
AAAHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

CUT TO:

49 SCENE OMITTED

50 INT. ISABEL’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 4)

Isabel is loving every minute of it. She looks satisfied, avenged, triumphant. Bites into a candy bar defiantly.

ISABEL
Bitch.

CUT TO:
INT. NANCY'S FAMILY ROOM - SAME TIME (NIGHT 4)

Nancy, the kids and Lupita are all watching someone screaming on television. Nancy looks away during the really scary part of the movie and suddenly sees out the window:

CLOSE UP - A MOUNTAIN LION (NIGHT 4)

At the edge of the backyard. And there’s a small red streak of dried blood falling from its eye like a tear drop. It stares at her. Turns. Disappears into the night.

CLOSE UP - NANCY (NIGHT 4)

As she smiles to herself. Has a look on her face that says ‘thank god my son is only slightly fucked up’. She turns back to the television. Doesn't say anything. Just continues watching the movie with her family as we...

FADE OUT.

End of Episode Three