



“GOOD SHIT LOLLIPOP”

Episode # 1003

Written By

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WEEDS

Episode #1003 – GOOD SHIT LOLLIPOP

CAST LIST

Nancy BotwinMary-Louise Parker
Celia HodesElizabeth Perkins
Doug WilsonKevin Nealon
Heylia JamesTonye Patano
Conrad Conrad ShepardRomany Malco
Silas BotwinHunter Parrish
Shane BotwinAlex Gould
Dean Hodes.....Andy Milder
Isabel HodesAllie 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 BealsShoshannah Stearn
ReporterJina Song
AssistantSenta Moses
Guy.....TBD
Skateboard KidTBD
Craig X.....Craig Rubin

CalebJesse 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 A1
(DAY 1)

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

1 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (DAY 1) 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) 2

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) 3

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) 4

ALISON. Concerned.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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:

5 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (DAY 1) 5

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:

6 INT. NANCY'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1) 6

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:

7 CLOSE UP - ISABEL (DAY 1)

7

Nervous, sweating, embarrassed. We PULL BACK to see she's in
her nightgown standing on a scale 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)

7 CONTINUED:

7

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:

8 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - LATER (DAY 1)

8

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.

(CONTINUED)

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...

(CONTINUED)

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:

9 INT. ISABEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME (DAY 1) 9

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:

10 INT. CELIA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1) 10

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:

11 INT. ISABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1) 11

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:

12 INT. CLINIC - LATER (DAY 1) 12

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)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 13

14 INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1) 14

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.

And in those glass cases: Buds. Seeds. Plants. Cuttings.
Hash. Trims. Crystals. Candy bars. Lollipops. Hemp oils.
Hash oils. Every conceivable form of marijuana. A trio of
young hip Salespeople dressed in identical lab coats stand
behind the counters.

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)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

CRAIG X (cont'd)
Beauty. And finally, there's our
food section.

He smiles at an older woman.

(CONTINUED)

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 care-givers-- 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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

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
(IMPRESSED) 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 mouth. Nancy starts to exit. Conrad pulls Nancy aside.

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:

17 INT. NANCY'S FAMILY ROOM - SAME TIME (DAY 1) 17

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:

18 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - LATER (DAY 1) 18

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:

19 EXT. AGRESTIC (STOCK SHOT) - NIGHT (NIGHT 1) 19

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:

20 INT. UNFINISHED AGRESTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1) 20

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 21

22 INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1) 22

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) 23

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) 24

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.

25 ROCK HUDSON/DORIS DAY SPLIT SCREEN: Conrad on the other 25
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

Fuck 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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

26 INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

26

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.

Suddenly we hear a rumbling stomach noise. Rumble. Rumble. Isabel's face clouds over with an unsettling look. Something is wrong. Rumble. Rumble. Very wrong.

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*.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER
You know the rules, Isabel.

(CONTINUED)

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

Ewwwwwww!!!!

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) 27

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) 28

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

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

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)

29

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)

30

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)

31

Lupita's washing Silas' underwear by hand. Scrubbing like crazy. But it's still bluer than Bob Saget's version of 'The Aristocrats'.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

32

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)

33

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

(END MONTAGE SONG.)

(CONTINUED)

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)

34

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:

35 INT. CELIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)

35

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?!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CELIA

Calm down.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ISABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)

36

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)

37

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.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

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)

38

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

39

40 INT. CELIA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 40

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) 41

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) 42

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)

CELIA (cont'd)

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:

43 INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3) 43

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:

44 INT. UNFINISHED AGRESTIC HOUSE - SAME TIME (NIGHT 3) 44

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:

45 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (NIGHT 3) 45

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.

(CONTINUED)

This is the last thing Nancy needs right now. She grabs
Lupita, spins her around, sends her off.

NANCY
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.

NANCY (cont'd)
It's got raw egg in it.

SHANE
So?

NANCY
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.

SHANE
Am I in trouble?

Nancy focuses on her son.

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

SHANE
No.

NANCY
Did it make a sort of meowing sound?

SHANE
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.

NANCY
Shane, did you shoot the Alderman's cat?

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

(CONTINUED)

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:

46 INT. CELIA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3) 46

Celia's staring at the reflection of her tummy. Frontal view. Side view. Examining it. Poking it. Squeezing it. Dean's watching.

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:

47 INT. HEYLIA'S KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 4) 47

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.

(CONTINUED)

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) 48

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
AAAHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

CUT TO:

49 SCENE OMITTED 49

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

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

ISABEL
Bitch.

CUT TO:

51 INT. NANCY'S FAMILY ROOM - SAME TIME (NIGHT 4) 51

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:

52 CLOSE UP - A MOUNTAIN LION (NIGHT 4) 52

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.

53 CLOSE UP - NANCY (NIGHT 4) 53

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