"DEATH BY CORNBREAD"

written by:

Fancy Freeman
(Gina Mae York)

for mom
EXT. NEW YORK CITY APT. - A FEW MINUTES BEFORE DAWN

SUPERTITLE: "New York City 2017" projected on what appears to be a 12'x 12' scrim. The white translucent material is partially draped over one side of the apartment.

A tie-back reveals garbage and scattered debris that usurps a small porch. Ripped and torn window screens, colorful sheets for curtains, broken and missing blinds, and peeling layers of paint, reveal decades of subsidized housing.

INT. APT. - DARK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sunrise casts THREE BLURRED SHADOWS on the scrim: GRAND MÁS, the group's elder, a self-deprecating trickster woman, TARDIS, 73, and JABBERWOCKY, 30.

FANCY FREEMAN (NARRATOR)  
("Fancy" by Reba McEntire)  
"I remember it all very well  
lookin' back it was the summer I  
turned eighteen. We lived in a  
one-room rundown shack.... "

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A lawyer and a judge fight on The Flying Dutchman. The lawyer brandishes a pen -- the judge wields a golden gavel. Both stagger back and forth with their weapons of choice as the Dutchman whooshes and rocks full tilt. Bloodied and torn tickets swirl shapelessly about in the wind.

INT. APT. - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

GRAND MÁS is wearing Steampunk goggles. She stands, removes her goggles, yawns, and begins rapping:

GRAND MÁS  
I get up early in the morning,  
but I can't get out of bed.

Jabberwocky bites his nails, looks at the floor, and paces.

JABBERWOCKY  
Where's D-D-D-DORCAS? Isn't he  
bringin' D-D-D-Dunkin' Donuts?
DORCAS, 21, enters the hallway in manic mode. He's a vivacious good-looking male of Irish descent, complete with freckles, blue eyes, a ginger mop, and a skip in his step that bounces his curls in unison.

DORCAS
Sorry I'm late, G. Top o' the mornin' to ya, y'all!

TARDIS
Drop that fake Irish / Southern drawl and --

DORCAS
Haters be hatin' --

GRAND MÁS
Dorcas, where's the Drunkin' Donuts?

DORCAS
There wasn't enough crumbs left to feed an egg sac.
   (getting it)
Hardy Har, Tom Hardy, har!
   (long pause)
Sorry, I was daydreaming... What's the ETA on the X-MAN bomber?

GRAND MÁS
The DOOMSDAY DOUCHEBAG will arrive with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a glorious war in approximately thirty minutes.

X-Man / Double "D" derogatory variations are selfsame.

JABBERWOCKY
That's..., that's not enough time! ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW -- She's...

TARDIS
What about Widow?

JABBERWOCKY
What?

TARDIS
What about Widow?

JABBERWOCKY
Uh, er... nothing.
DORCAS
(to Grand Más)
What if we're here when he gets here? We could still --

GRAND MÁS
The landlord sent ESTER a letter demanding her removal and possession of the premises by reentry.

DORCAS
Say w-what?

GRAND MÁS
(sternly)
The Donkey Dingleberry is on his way. Our fates are inextricably intertwined with Ester's. The road ahead is fraught with perils for the unwary -- but we shall travel nonetheless!

DORCAS
But -- but Ester, she can't --

TARDIS
Oh my fucking God! You hard headed Irish fool!

Grand Más shakes a letter at DORCAS.

GRAND MÁS
The letter said: "GET OUT"!

JABBERWOCKY
The X-Man is an assassin, Dorcas! He's paid to kill us! What do you think will happen if we stay?

TARDIS
(to Grand Más)
And, SEARCHER? Where's Searcher?

JABBERWOCKY
That sneaky cucaracha?! Who cares.

TARDIS (CONT'D)
You need to care -- He knows where all the bodies are buried -- And more importantly - how they got there.

DORCAS
Oh yeah, Jibber Jabber, I dare you to call him that to his face. Yer afraid of yer own shadow since --
GRAND MÁS
En cualquier momento! Any moment! Searcher will be here any moment. By the way, where is Widow?

DORCAS
She's still in the head -- uh, right -- she's putting that box of rags of many colors that someone gave us to good use, but every piece is small so ...
EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

SEARCHER, 40, a soldier, dressed in all black, presses his ear against the front door.

INT. APT. - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GRAND MÁS
They'll be no molesting of no innocent blueberries while I'm in charge.

DORCAS
(to Jabberwocky)
What's that smell?

JABBERWOCKY
Smell?

TARDIS
(to Jabberwocky)
Why are you so shiny and purdy?

JABBERWOCKY
Citronella oil and tea tree oil -- you know, for the mosquitoes -- when we go outside.

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

SEARCHER
Knock Knock!? Anyone home!?

INT. APT. - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SEARCHER stomps in and makes a door slamming sound.

SEARCHER
(snarky sarcasm)
I hate those blood suckers. Get the fuck outta' here ya bunch of enigmatic wankers! How ya eva gonna survive without me!?

GRAND MÁS
Guten, Searcher!

SEARCHER
How you doin' Chief? What's that RAP you were rat-a-tat-tatting to?
(rapping)
(MORE)
SEACHER (CONT'D)
Gotta put my shoes on first,
so I can crush some losers' heads.
(to Dorcas)
Fred got iced,
when the freezer do' closed.
(to Jabberwocky)
Jimmy was pushed down the drain,
and into a hole,
but it don't matter to me,
if those bastards felt any pain!

SEACHER walks to Grand Más -- they gangsta' hug.

GRAND MÁS
Glad to see you Searcher! Should I
summon the ten thousand? What's
your report?

SEACHER
You're not gonna like it Chief. I
only found three viable domicilios.

GRAND MÁS
Let's have it then.

SEACHER
(to Dorcas)
Did I miss the donuts? Where's my
apple fritter?

DORCAS shakes his head "no".

SEACHER (CONT'D)
FUCK! Seriously? Alrighty then...
Option #1: We move south to the
great state of Georgia, y'all! A
house with a family of four.
(beat)
Option #2: A farm, big family, some
chickens, hogs, horses and what-
not... in Colorado.
(beat)
But..., the closest is a Rhinebeck
mansion / Airbnb that recently sold
for 17 mil --

DORCAS
That's it! Two options? What-the-
fuck is a B.B. King!? What are we
gonna do -- just sit around here
and wait on the X-Man -- or worse --
get it from CORNBREAD!?
TARDIS
(to Dorcas)
There's no "Cornbread" dummy.
Searcher is fucking with you.
Hey Dorcas -- Pull my finger!

SEARCHER
(to Dorcas)
Or, is Tardis fucking with you --

DORCAS
Implied moooooving middle fingers
to ya both!

SEARCHER sits down. EVERYONE else follows. TARDIS farts.

SEARCHER
Oi!

DORCAS
(to Tardis)
Ha Ha! Hoisted by yer own petard!

SEARCHER
What we're going to do, Dorcas, is
listen to what I have to say, while
taking in that delicate aroma
Tardis so generously gifted us.

EVERYONE (except GRAND MÁS) holds their nose and waves hands
in the air.

SEARCHER (CONT'D)
Were you listening or living in
that illusion of reality called
your head?

DORCAS
Better than living in your head --
How do you sleep at night? Ya
never really explained what
happened to Jimmy.

SEARCHER
Jimmy is resting in peace, which is
where you'll --

TARDIS
Didn't "Cornbread" take him out?

SEARCHER
Oh yeah. Cornbread just had some
cracklin' -- and Jimmy was hanging
out too close to the microwave.
DORCAS
What?  What?  What happened!?

SEACHER
(deadpan)
Well, as everyone knows..., Cornbread with cracklins inside is naturally high in fat and cholesterol, which makes it very unstable. It just went off when the microwave started.
(beat)
POW!  POW!  POW!
(beat)
Poor Jimmy didn't know what hit him. Cracked his skull wide open! Fifty shades of grey matter!!!!

EVERYONE (except GRAND MÁS) laughs at Dorcas.

DORCAS
(scoffs)
That's nice Wisenheimer! There's actually four options. We can always stay here -- What's our chances with the family of three?

JABBERWOCKY nervously begins shuffle-ball-change dance step.

JABBERWOCKY
(relieved)
Yeah! That's right! We can't leave yet! I'm supposed to meet with my doctor tomorrow about reconstructive surgery. He says it will do a lot for the ladies if I can just lift my brows a few --

SEACHER
Fist world problems dude. First world problems.

GRAND MÁS
Please continue, Searcher. Time is not on our side this glorious day.

SEACHER
Thank you Chief.
(beat)
At Location #1, there's two toddlers. But, y'all know, toddlers are always throwing shit and spitting shit out.
(MORE)
SEACHER (CONT'D)
The vile creatures are also known to eat everything -- even their own poop.

(upbeat)
On the plus side, the family comes from the land of gentry in Carroll County, so they've got plenty of dough-to-thro' --

SEACHER notices JABBERWOCKY's anxiety. JABBERWOCKY responds:

JABBERWOCKY
Tap, tap, tap.
Maintain your space.
Maintain your line.
Find the dough,
Hit the flo'.
As you're memorized by My funkadelic rhyme!

DORCAS
It's like breakfast at Tiffany's, a passage of rite, but does anyone know... if they clean the dishes at night?!

SEACHER
Depends on if they smoke.

JABBERWOCKY
What does?

SEACHER
Whether they clean their dishes at night. ...If they smoke, usually that's what they do after eating -- you know, instead of cleaning up.

JABBERWOCKY
I've never been around toddlers. Are we talking literal shit or theoretical shit? And... do they really eat ...everything?!

SEACHER
(smiles sheepishly at Jabberwocky)
Like what?

JABBERWOCKY
Uh, um, er... you know...
SEARCHER
Shit? Or, something else? We're talking literal shit slingin' here, Southpaw. Hey - bet you can't say "shit slingin' Southpaw" ten times!

DORCAS
Come on guys. That's enough!

SEARCHER
(to Dorcas)
Oh, I forgot -- he doesn't have the right side of his face! It must have not liked him either.
(to Jabberwocky)
How's that working out for ya with the ladies?

JABBERWOCKY
Ooooh, like I haven't heard that one before. Soooo... what about p-peanut butter?

SEARCHER
What about it?

JABBERWOCKY
Do they h-h-have any?

SEARCHER
Creamy or with nuts?

JABBERWOCKY
Uh... cre --

SEARCHER
Are you fuckin' kiddin' me!? We're facing a potential assassin here and you want to know about fuckin' peanut butter? Yeah... NO!

GRAND MÁS
Boys. Let it be. Capisce?

DORCAS
Actually..., I'm waiting to see if I get cast on that MTV show about catfish. I want to meet my online rival and..., well there's this new Drag show I want to catch -- This new Queen..., RAGAMUFFIN, he is absolutely F-A-B-U-L-O-U-S!

SEARCHER
I knew it! I always knew it! Go ahead and OWN it pretty boy!!!

DORCAS
(scoffs)
That's really a very masculine art form, don't ya know.
(MORE)
DORCAS (CONT’D)
Jabberwocky could learn a few contouring tricks if he --

GRAND MÁS
(glares at Searcher)
Right. Searcher, what's the downside of the HOA house?

TARDIS
Can I pack my gorilla suit?

SEARCHER
Why would you need a gorilla suit?

TARDIS
You never know when you'll need a gorilla suit.

SEARCHER
I can't think of any reason why you'd need your gorilla suit.

TARDIS
Can you think of any reason why I wouldn't?

SEARCHER
No.

TARDIS
Then I'm taking my gorilla suit!

JABBERWOCKY
That reminds me. I need to check my Facebook page. There's a really cute meme going around about a cat with like seven hundred thousand likes and --

SEARCHER
What is WRONG with you people!? "The world is a car and you're all the crash test dummies!"

JABBERWOCKY
(to Searcher)
And, "The D-Devil Makes Three".

GRAND MÁS
Boys, "if we don't stay on track, we'll ALL get our picture with the four horseman for a nominal sum."
Now, Searcher, about the HOA --
SEARCHER
Well boss, a HOA means upkeep is regulated, and, it is in Haralson County, Georgia.
(looks around)
You yoots remember how those Haralson County folks are?

JABBERWOCKY
(worried chuckle)
Haralson County folks?

SEARCHER
You know..., the kind that asks: "Who's yer pa'?" when you're caught doin' nefarious activities.

TARDIS
I'm not afraid of jail, hell, or certified mail. Is there a lake -- I'm as dry as the crust on a pharaoh's underwear. What about a picnic area -- Those are good hunting grounds.
(sighs)
Widow used to love to go on picnics.

JABBERWOCKY
I - I don't like it. Remember what happened on our last move?

SEARCHER
Yes Jibber Jabber. You were trapped. That's why you talk out of only one side of your mouth and are afraid of your own shadow -- but you still talk out of both sides of your asshole.

JABBERWOCKY
Don't be throwing shade my way. I'm not talking about me -- I'm talking about Sara. I'm still here. Well..., the majority of me is anyway...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FANCY FREEMAN (NARRATOR)
It was a dark and stormy night...

Disturbed's cover of "The Sound of Silence" plays.
JABBERWOCKY staggers, carries a small suitcase, holds a BLIND COCK ("BLINDY") under other arm.

City dwellers walking, running, rain, hail, winds -- umbrellas swirling about with sharpened ferrules. Shoes, boots, POINTY-TOED BOOTS, spike heels, NBA-type sneakers with dirty wet untied laces whipping back and forth.

BLINDY mistakenly proclaims sunrise: "Cock a doodle doo!"

JABBERWOCKY
Don't worry Blindy! I'll save you!
(Blindy whimpers)

JABBERWOCKY turns and sees something bearing down at him. He's afraid -- recites comfort to himself:

JABBERWOCKY (CONT’D)
"On a sultry Saturday in September, the Saints saved seventeen souls. On a sultry Saturday in September, the Saints saved..." On a sultry --

INT. APT. - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

GRAND MÁS
We are all Sara.

SEARCHER
(to Tardis)
Yes, there is a lake and a park for your precious picnics.

DORCAS
What location do you like Searcher?

SEARCHER
I like the farm. I'm no spring chicken anymore.
(to Tardis)
But, I'm not as old as --

TARDIS
(regards Searcher's dig)
Bite me.

SEARCHER
(pinky finger to mouth)
Maaaybe. Or, I could always pencil you in for a wet willie? Will that do ya?
GRAND MÁS
Boys. BOYS! The question before us is to be, or not to be.

SEARCHER
I need to breathe clean air again. I'm tired. I want to settle down or you'll have to bury me under Giants Stadium with Jimmy.
(to Grand Más)
What's the ETA on the Dildo Dimwit, Boss?

GRAND MÁS
The Dumbass Ding-Dong will be here in twenty.

JABBERWOCKY
WAIT! Do they wear those pointy-toed cowboy boots on the farm?

SEARCHER
Indubitably. Yes, they do.

SEARCHER pretends he's wearing cowboy boots.

SEARCHER (CONT’D)
(stomping around)
Daisy in the dell, daisy in the dell, I don’t -- pick -- you --

DORCAS
Yeeeee-Haaaaaaw!

JABBERWOCKY
(chuckles)
Let's all stay on pointe here!

Crickets. JABBERWOCKY is confused. Nobody got his dance double entendre?

DORCAS
(southern drawl)
Well bless their hearts -- but not their feet!

TARDIS
(rapid pace)
Searcher, what do they grow on the farm -- What about carrots -- I need Vitamin A for my eyes -- I have nyctalopia and my eyes need Vitamin A -- Are they certified organic?

(MORE)
TARDIS (CONT’D)
What about sprouts -- Do they grow any sprouts -- Is there a Sprouts nearby?

DORCAS
Ya planning on shopping at Sprouts are ya? Everybody's got something. Tardis wants carrots and a Sprouts and Grand Más is supposed to be a Vegan -- but you'll still catch her mulling around a lake looking for fish heads.

GRAND MÁS
Jabberwocky, you haven't said which location you prefer.

JABBERWOCKY
I say let be and stay here. Que Sera Sera.

SEARCHER
The Chief is Vegan light.

JABBERWOCKY
Searcher jumping to G's defense! That's a first! It doesn't matter anyway - we'll go wherever he says.

DORCAS
(piling on)
I don't know why we're even going to take a vote. I vote for Grimes/Dixon. Well, really I'm team Daryl --

SEARCHER
Everyone knows which team you play for, Dorcas.

TARDIS
Hey, what about Widow? How long has she been in the head?

DORCAS
A minute for sure. She's probably in there with Cheeba.  
(fading off)
We're gonna need a lot of pincers soon...
SEARCHER
She better get out before Ester needs to go -- or it won't be a pleasant situation -- Ester's really got a big ol' butt and --

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW saunters in.

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Who's got a big ol' butt? Sorry I'm late, I mean, sorry I was busy, Triple Og.

GRAND MÁS
Glad you could join us. Did you hear about our options so far?

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Yeah. I was listening while I was ... waiting... I was doing... a lice treatment in my hair. How I despise those vile creatures.

JABBERWOCKY/DORCAS
Toddlers?!

GRAND MÁS
(scratching her head)
So, what say you Widow?

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
I say this ain't a democracy and Rick and Daryl are busy killing walkers.
(winks at Dorcas)
The X-Man will be here soon. Do I need to remind everyone that he wants to kill all of us?

DORCAS
You don't need to remind me, Widow. I've been trying to keep them on track all morning. I put my big boy panties on today.

WIDOW smiles at Dorcas.

GRAND MÁS
Let's stop the bickering, make a decision, or a decision will be made for us -- and we'll all end up hitchhiking or stowaways, or worse!
DORCAS
I don't want to live in a car!
There's already a whole lotta
people lookin' down their noses at
me --

JABBERWOCKY
Yeah! And those doors are
terrorists!

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Ain't nobody gonna look down on you
if the windows are tinted and they
don't know you're inside.

TARDIS
Hey Searcher! I don't need no
stinkin' food. I eat Fallout 4,
shit Call of Duty, and breathe
Minecraft! What does that make me?

SEARCHER
It makes you a turd, Tardis. A
turd. Irony can be quite ironic.

TARDIS
Oooooo...! 360 No Scope! Tell us
again how Fred got it? Where is he
buried?

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW/DORCAS
Tardis! Searcher! Shut it!

SEARCHER
(to Dorcas and Widow)
In a minute ladies!

SEARCHER (CONT'D)
(to Tardis)
Cornbread didn't agree with Fred.
He simply couldn't handle the heat
from the jalapenos. He's buried
with Jimmy and all your ex-wives in
a 55-gallon drum beneath Yucca Mtn.

TARDIS
Hmm... You said he had a cornmeal
allergy -- Then, he was lactose
intolerant. Was it the buttermilk
or the cornmeal that did him in?
SEARCHER
Actually, Cornbread started sweating because it was left out too long -- Fred was trapped inside with Jimmy. They tried to maneuver past the jalapeno rings and got stuck in the Crisco. Then..., the jalapeno rings started rolling.

GRAND MÁS
The quintessential slippery slope for interlopers and elopers.

JABBERWOCKY
Elopers?

GRAND MÁS
Fred and Jimmy. They were lovers.

SEARCHER
Jimmy cried out to the Teamsters -- but they were on strike.

EVERYONE stares at Searcher in disbelief.

SEARCHER (CONT’D)
All of the sudden -- a shiny meat cleaver appeared resting in the middle!
(beat)
Fred and Jimmy tried to slide their way out!
(beat)
Unfortunately..., they slid down the wrong side, and, well -- let's just say -- all that was left was a greenish-brown granular mess!

GRAND MÁS
Parting was such sweet sorrow.

WIDOW
Yeah, they finally got their wish and became one!

DORCAS
That's disgusting!!

SEARCHER
(to Dorcas)
We buried them in some ocean front property in Arizona, along with all your ex-wives' girlfriends.
GRAND MÁS
Well done Searcher. Another fine Cornbread story, but as you know --

EXT. APT. STOOP / FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME (DAY)

HILLARY, a middle-aged female appearing uncomfortable in her own skin, walks up the stoop towards the front door. Her life as she knows it is over.

HILLARY
(walking / to herself)
God I hate my life. Did I pack a lunch today? Oh, yeah. Beef stew and cornbread. That should be good. At least I don't live here.

HILLARY (CONT’D)
(rings doorbell)
Hello. I'm Hillary --

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JABBERWOCKY
What's, who's that? Is somebody here? Is it the X-Man? Cornbread?

GRAND MÁS
(removes goggles)
Hold on a tick. Searcher and I will take a look-see.

GRAND MÁS, SEARCHER, and JABBERWOCKY walk down the dark hallway towards the living room.

DORCAS
Where are you going Jibber Jabber?

JABBERWOCKY
G-Gonna get a b-better view t-too.

DORCAS
When did you grow a pair?

JABBERWOCKY
After I slept with your boyfriend. He was Dy-No-Mite!

DORCAS
He probably didn't see them either -- but Ester will!
GRAND MÁS
Oh, he'll be fine. Why do you think we've been able to stay here as long as we have --

SEARCHER
Yeah, Mr. Magoo had better eyes than that ol' hag!

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
(laughing)
Yeah, she couldn't even read the eviction letter!

DORCAS
(to Jabberwocky)
Okay -- Go! Everyone knows you have a thing for her anyway -- hey -- don't do anything I wouldn't do!

GRAND MÁS and SEARCHER stand in the shadows. JABBERWOCKY continues down the hallway to...

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - NEAR LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DORCAS (O.S.)
(whispering)
Well? Who is it?

GRAND MÁS
It's not him. I think it's... it's a... woman?!

JABBERWOCKY
Nobody move! Make like a mannequin and freeze!

DORCAS (O.S.)
I say we make like a bread truck and haul buns!

GRAND MÁS
(notices mumbling)
I think she's talking to herself --

SEARCHER
(whispering to Grand Más)
Bluetooth or crazy? Want me to wack her boss?
EXT. NEW YORK CITY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME TIME (DAY)

Grand Más and Searcher regard two Jehovah Witnesses approaching an apartment across the street.

INT. APT. - HALLWAY, NEAR LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

GRAND MÁS

(shit eating grin)
Looks like she's seen enough trouble my friend.

(pointing towards window)
However, please feel free to properly welcome those Jehovah Witnesses over at Fred's ol' place.

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

HILLARY

Hello. Is anyone home?

INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ESTER, a frail Jewish lady, sits on her couch. She drinks COFFEE and smokes a CIGARETTE. All the furniture is covered with PLASTIC slipcovers. She is SWEATING. A dingy FAN oscillates DUST BUNNIES and cigarette smoke around the room.

JABBERWOCKY plops down on the plastic covered couch next to Ester.

INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ESTER

Hello? Hello! Who's there!?

ESTER puts her coffee down on a side table. She uses her other arm to push up. JABBERWOCKY SNEEZES.

ESTER (CONT’D)

(looks around)
What? Who? God bless you!

ESTER twists and turns. She looks for the source of the sneeze. She SPILLS hot coffee all over the couch.

JABBERWOCKY makes a run for it -- but he slips and falls. The MOSQUITO REPELLENT OILS attracted DUST BUNNIES.
ESTER and JABBERWOCKY slip and slide in a foaming mixture of sweat, coffee, dust bunnies, and mosquito repellent oils.

ESTER drops her cigarette on Jabberwocky, which IGNITES the DUST BUNNIES and OILS in a short burst of fire!

ESTER (CONT’D)
Miz-day-en! FUCK! What's that?

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

HILLARY
(rings bell, knocks continuously)
Hello? HELLO!

INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ESTER catches her balance and walks to the door. She opens the door with the security chain holding back the world and forces her face through a small crack.

ESTER
Hello? Are you the X-Man?

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR / INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HILLARY regards Jabberwocky through the crack as he limps back down the hallway, dripping coffee and oils -- smoke still rising from his body -- dust bunnies follow in the wind.

INTERCUT Ester / Hillary as required.

HILLARY
No. I'm Hillary -- a final expense professional with Your Life, Inc.

ESTER
You are -- who -- who are you?

HILLARY
Thank you for taking the time to talk with me on this beautiful day. I'm Hillary a final --

ESTER
Who?
HILLARY
I spoke with your husband Mihály
last night about --

ESTER
You spoke to Mihály?

HILLARY
Yes ma'am. I'd like to discuss a
few things about his final expense
plan. Is Mihály home?

ESTER
I said I'm not interested -- I'm
really busy today. I'm expecting
someone any moment now.

HILLARY
I understand ma'am -- Yes ma'am.
May I please speak to Mihály --

ESTER
If you don't leave I'll report you
under the Door to Door Sales Act.
My sister is a lawyer.

ESTER closes the door.

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

HILLARY
(through door)
Thank you. Please ask Mihály to
contact us if he has any questions.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Shit, fire and save the matches!
(turns and walks away)

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GRAND MÁS and SEARCHER return from the end of the hallway.
JABBERWOCKY follows, still slipping and sliding - covered in
dust bunnies - all jacked up on caffeine ingested during the
melee.

GRAND MÁS
¡Oy vey! Everybody settle down!
All the excitement is over.
SEARCHER
(to Jabberwocky)
Man you were all up in that lady's bizzzzness! What did it look like all up in there!!

JABBERWOCKY gets angry.

DORCAS
Guess yer repellent oils didn't work after all! Dude -- that was one big mosquito -- Wait! WAIT! Is... is that a bite??!!

JABBERWOCKY
(shaking off dust bunnies/reapplying oils)
That old fart let the gnats in! That's great -- Just great. Now we have to compete with gnats! Once we get outside you'll all wish you had some on --

SEARCHER
As long as Ester isn't on me, I don't care!

JABBERWOCKY
(snarky)
Well..., look what I scored -- couch food!!!
(opens hands revealing old macaroni noodle and cracker crumb)

EVERYONE (except GRAND MĀS) laughs / points to noodle.

DORCAS
Ha Ha! When yer "noodle" mixes with yer oils - it's going to go limp just like yer face!

SEARCHER
(to Dorcas)
Yeah, you'd know about limp noodles, wouldn't ya?

JABBERWOCKY
I risked my life, again..., and this is how you repay me?

GRAND MĀS
Come on children. Let's try to stay focused on the task at hand.
DORCAS
Searcher, what about that ocean front property in Arizona ya talked about once? Would we be safe near the ocean? Do those bark scorpions live near the water?

SEARCHER
Fuggedaboutit.

DORCAS
(to Searcher)
What did you say? That's not a damned lie --

GRAND MÁS
Moving on to whether we will be moving on. Tell us more about the mansion, then later we'll discuss making Dorcas get a hearing aid so we don't have to kill him.

SEARCHER
I'd rather just kill him now --

(off Grand Más' glare)
No? Okay. So, the mansion is sterile --

JABBERWOCKY
That's what it was! Why he doesn't want the mansion! Remember when we stayed in that hospital? Searcher is still salty about staph!

EVERYONE looks at Jabberwocky confused.

SEARCHER
As I was sayin'... The mansion is sterile 'cept when it's rented out to mooovie people -- but when they leave, the crafty that's left behind is enough to feed the whole ten thousand!

DORCAS
Yeah, hospitals don't have anything but ol' people food -- if we're lucky enough to get that.

JABBERWOCKY
What about boots. Are there any of those pointy-toe boots there?

TARDIS
The mansion or the hospital?

JABBERWOCKY (CONT’D)
The, uh-uh, e-e-either.
SEARCHER
There's no honky tonkin' or pointy-toe boots around thar, fo' sho'!

TARDIS
I'm down with that.

DORCAS
You're what with who? Are you trying to be cool?

TARDIS
Oh for God's sake. Get a friggin' hearing aid already!

DORCAS
I'll get a hearing aid when you get a new set of eyes. Then you'll really see Widow, not just look through her. She's, she doesn't have lice -- That much even I know.

WIDOW scowls at Dorcas.

TARDIS
Never mind. What about the lake?

SEARCHER
Don't worry Turdis. If there were a dry spell, we could always go down to River Road. There's lots of exotic food there --

TARDIS
My body requires copious amounts of water, not food, a-hole.

JABBERWOCKY
What about Cornbread? Is he still alive? Where does he live?

TARDIS
Searcher is fucking with you. Before he died, Jimmy took him out in a "cornbread" avalanche.

DORCAS
(laughing hysterically)
Yep. They went skiing together once. Jimmy was a stowaway --
SEARCHER
No Dorcas. See, what happened was, they were trying to beat the Guinness World Record for the biggest cast iron skillet of cornbread. An earthquake knocked a yuuuuge skillet that was precariously perched on a display table clean off... spilling its innards everywhere.
  (beat)
Poor Jimmy was caught under the avalanche with kernels so dense they just started rolling, rolling
  (beat)
BAM! BAM! BAM!
  (beat)
... Like a stone on the water -- the elements decided his fate.

GRAND MÁS
That sounds like a Killer's song?

SEARCHER
It is. Confessions of a... well the rat bastard confesses to something -- that's all I remember.

GRAND MÁS
  (removes goggles)
A smooth stone is a sign of a meandering traveler, but if it got the shit beat out of it in a dense kernel or jalapeno avalanche, I ask you... would it have taken the journey anyway?
  (puts goggles back on)

SEARCHER
Brilliant!

DORCAS
Aye. He would. I would.

TARDIS
All-encompassingly.

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Indeed.

JABBERWOCKY
I still say we s-s-stay --
ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW  
(stern parental voice)  
We're not going to stay here and take it Jibber Jabber. I don't play anymore. And, I've eaten enough chicken in my lifetime to start laying eggs, actual chicken eggs -- so I'm not going to a farm either.

DORCAS  
Remember the last farm we lived on? I had a pet chicken named "Blindy" that went missing -- and I rode a cow when the horse I was feeding my leftover biscuits to didn't want to be my best friend?

SEACHER  
Blindy wasn't a chicken, he was a cock. And, he didn't go missing, we had to eat him. The horse was wild so you never should have tried to ride him anyway -- you just went hungry for no reason.

DORCAS  
You ate poor Blindy!!??

GRAND MÁS  
We had to, Dorcas. He was fucking all the poor chickens to death, killing our food supply.

SEACHER  
(laughing hysterically)  
Yeah, then when he was done with our girls, we found him playing dead in the field waiting for the buzzards to land... he was one sick muter fucker. Gotta respect the hell outa the poor bastard though  
(pounding chest for love)  
But -- it was either him or us... 
(chomps teeth)  
... yummy!

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW  
(laughing)  
Yeah, we had some good times growing up in the country didn't we!  

(MORE)
ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW (CONT’D)
I remember Knocker would throw
rocks at that hornet’s nest when
we’d get off the school bus -- just
to make us race home.

SEARCHER
(to Widow)
We don't have to go to the farm --
I just said I preferred the farm.
What would make you happy?

TARDIS
Why were you in the chinook so
long, girlfriend?

GRAND MÁS
What's your pleasure, Widow? Would
you like to collect a new address --
Everyone knows you collect DNA
and last names.

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
I do enjoy a good picnic. Back in
the day before Tardis stopped
caring about his body I loved
watching him come out of the lake --
all plumped up and youthful
again.
   (beat)
But, if we moved to the mansion,
what would I wear? Should I wear
the purple dress or my purple
dress? Or, I could always wear my,
purple dress.... is it boujee
enough?
   (beat)
If I came out when they were
filming, could I be an extra?
   (beat)
How much time do we have, G?

GRAND MÁS
Wear the purple dress. You'll be a
bad-ass boujee hot Mesopotamian
mess --

   (sighs)
God, I miss home.

GRAND MÁS
But, even with 60 fps cameras and
HD, I don't think you'd be anything
more than a background blur, Widow.
SEARCHER
(snickers)
I told my friend I was going to start working in the movie business. He thought I was going to be a porn star.

TARDIS
Every man's dream.

JABBERWOCKY
What did you tell him?

SEARCHER
I told him I was going to be a "stunt cock".

EVERYONE (except GRAND MÁS) laughs. Then, awkward silence.

JABBERWOCKY
What's the ETA for X-Man?

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
The X-Man, G?

GRAND MÁS
The Deplorable Dumbbell will be here in less than ten.

DORCAS
But we can't. Widow, how are you feeling?

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
I'm fine. We better get rollin' on the river.

TARDIS
What is he talking about -- Is there something I should know?

DORCAS
1. She was in the head for more than a minute. 2. She has a cheeky look about her. 3. She has been tired, really tired lately.... and everyone says I'm the stupid one!

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
(changing the subject)
What time did he say he'd be here?
GRAND MÁS
He never really gave an exact time, just a window, Widow.

DORCAS
Whatever decision we make, remember "Fortune is like glass—the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken." Publilius Syrus 85 BC.

TARDIS
(mocking Dorcas' accent)
Well, "I was poor white trash, no glitter, no glamour, but I'm not ashamed of anything." Eminem

GRAND MÁS
(to Dorcas)
Don't pay any mind to Tardis. Tardis is Tardis. You should be so lucky. It's hard enough to live when you're as old as dirt.

DORCAS
("Po' Folks" by Bill Anderson)
Well, "my daddy was a farmer, but all he ever raised was us. He dug a forty foot well, struck thirty-six gallons of dust."

GRAND MÁS
Yes, Dorcas, we all know about your pa'. J.C. was our pa' too.

(beat)
Let's break it down. Shall we?

(beat)
We have Location #1: A family of 4 with toddlers -- potentially poop eatin' poop slingin' toddlers, who may, or may not, eat everything.

(beat)
We have Location #2: A farm with horses, chickens and pointy-toed boots that go thump in the night, oh my -- but -- it has, good -- clean -- air!

(smiles at Searcher)
And, finally, we have Location #3: A Rhinebeck mansion occasionally rented out to the film industry with good crafty -- subsistence primarily with cheese balls and animal crackers.
JABBERWOCKY
Don't forget, Dorcas said the fourth option is stay here and hunker down!

CRICKETS.

GRAND MÁS
(regards Jabberwocky)
Okay, Dorcas. Give it to me --

DORCAS
(auctioneer's intonation)
-- G is at #1 n I wan #2, #2, bid on #2, I'm at #1 would you go #2, #2. Who wants to do a #2? Will ya please give me a #2?
(to Jabberwocky)
Jibber Jabber is at stay where we are. Who's gonna give me a #3?
(to Widow)
Anyone for following the great crafty? Going once, going twice --

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
I don't care much for those big houses that show no love. I vote for the HOA with the park. If not, I am my own power couple -- I can make it on my own.

DORCAS
Yeah Widow, we know you can. You deserve the "Woman who's seen the most amount of shit & still gets up every day to kick ass award".
(to Grand Más)
How much time we got now?

GRAND MÁS
The Douchebag Darling will be here in five.

DORCAS
Are we gonna roll or what?
(rapping)
Put 5,000 in the front.
Put 5,000 in the back.
that's the whole 10,000,
packed in Grand Más' Cadillac.

SEARCHER
Chief, are we gonna take a vote or not?

(MORE)
SEARCHER (CONT’D)
It's almost table, I mean, supper time. I'm as ravenous as a rabbit -- and I don't eat carrots..., unless they're in a cake.

GRAND MÁS
All in favor of Location #1 --

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
(to Searcher)
You mean dinner, not supper. Dinner is the noon meal when you don't have lunch.

DORCAS
Then what's breakfast?

GRAND MÁS
Ain't nobody gonna have no supper, or dinner, or breakfast if we don't get the hell outta Dodge, or hunker down, before the Despicable Daisy gets here.

SEARCHER
Copy that. If he catches us out in the open we are all going to be breakfast for those bacteria that ain't got no business on this rock. Talk about some ugly môfos.

GRAND MÁS looks around one last time.

GRAND MÁS
Let's do it!

JABBERWOCKY
WAIT! Where's, I mean, who is Cornbread? Is he out there waiting on us?

SEARCHER locks eyes with everyone. GRAND MÁS gives him a nod of approval.

SEARCHER
We were at a carnival, well, er, what we thought was a carnival. It was actually a movie set.

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
What were they filming?

SEARCHER
It was a carnival.
DORCAS
No, what she means is, what was the moooovie about?

SEARCHER
Does it matter? Some kind of American horror --

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
It may to me -- reality is a nice place to visit, but I don't wanna live there.

SEARCHER
Okay Widow -- It was some kind of gladiator thing where lawyers and judges fight to the death on carnival rides -- pretty sick even for my taste.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
BEGIN SERIES OF FLASHBACKS ALTERNATING WITH PRESENT DAY

A different LAWYER and JUDGE fight on a MERRY-GO-ROUND. They jump and run from horse to horse.

WIDE SHOT reveals this is in fact, a moooovie set complete with a video village, jibs, booms, lighting balloons, scrims, and better crafty.

SEARCHER (V.O.)
They try and inflict the most damage on each other, and control the damage to themselves... with ride tickets.

JABBERWOCKY (V.O.)
Ride tickets?

SEARCHER (V.O.)
 Civilians! The tickets are like money, or power, you know...

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

SEARCHER
Anyway..., Cornbread was a carny. So we were all there -- (regards Grand Más) -- back when Chief was just a lowercase "g". (MORE)
SEARCHER (CONT’D)

(beat)
Cornbread was doing construction on
a platform for the Strongman ---
Jimmy was a day player -- non-
union...

EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Partially constructed platform with STRONGMAN tools.

INSERT - SIGN

"Come See the Irishman! The Strongest Man Alive!" THE
IRISHMAN rocks his iconic "Martin Scorsese" glasses and
sashays on catwalk.

All the rides are going 360° of hypnotic flashing lights,
people move in all directions, from rides to the Midway and
back again. POPCORN and COTTON CANDY stands.

SERIES OF SHOTS similar to NY City Street focusing on FEET
and FOOTWEAR, but now there's ANIMAL FEET: dogs, elephants,
white millipeds, a rooster, a Poodle dog rides a TURTLE --
CHIMPS sling shit at TODDLERS -- toddlers sling it back.

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JABBERWOCKY
WAIT! If he was non-union, why did
you say he called out to the
Teamsters?

SEARCHER
Can I finish please? Do you want
to know the real story or not?

EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

CRAFTY TABLE with assortment of GROUND PEPPERS and seasoned
salts, condiments, elaborate COFFEE station set up -- CHEESE
BALLS and ANIMAL CRACKERS. Tablecloth whipping, swooshing,
back and forth.

SEARCHER (V.O.)
The crafty table was nearby and
there was some fine ground black
pepper -- you know, that you can't
really see or smell. A great big
gust of wind came up just when --
INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DORCAS
Oh, I remember! The wind blew the pepper everywhere. Cornbread was about to start the skill saw --

SEARCHER
No Dorcas.... Jimmy had just returned with Cornbread's Venti Mocha Frappuccino® roast coffee.

JABBERWOCKY looks uncomfortable. SLAM CUT to Ester spilling coffee on him.

DORCAS
(naively)
Where "the milk and ice all come together for a mocha flavor that'll leave you wanting more?"

SEARCHER
Wrong again Dorcas! The kind that comes in a tray of other assorted pick-me-ups.

EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

CARDBOARD TRAY with assorted pick-me-ups. WIND blows the TRAY over and pom, and chi and "green" and a disgusting concoction of POPCORN and COTTON CANDY begin to swirl. A vortex forms -- sucks anything in its path upward.

SEARCHER (V.O.)
Anyway, as I was saying, a strong gust of wind came up, and some of us were stuck to the cotton candy, and sucked into the darkness -- and never seen again.

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SEARCHER
Widow was about to give birth to the latest genetically modified brood of... actually, she kinda looked like the way she looks --

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Shut it Tonto!
GRAND MÁS
Please continue Searcher.

SEARCHER
Where was I? Oh, there was shit flying everywhere, and not just the literal kind, Jibber Jabber --

EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

SWIRLING continues. POWER LINES nearby.

SEARCHER (V.O.)
Something must have caught a power line because all of a sudden, the lights just went out, and everything stopped. No sound -- No movement -- Nothing but nut.

END SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

INT. APT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

TARDIS pulls light switch. The hallway goes pitch black.

ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
Tardis! Turn the lights back on!

TARDIS turns lights back on.

JABBERWOCKY
What? What happened next? Where's Jimmy buried?

SEARCHER
I don't know. The first A-C started to check the gate.

DORCAS
Check the gauge?

GRAND MÁS
(to Dorcas)
Oh for God's sake, Dorcas!! Checking the gate. Checking the gate! Never mind.

SEARCHER
Jimmy's crew was about to break for lunch... When..., (beat)
the Director said: "That's a wrap!"
(MORE)
SEACHER (CONT'D)
(beat)
and 400 "Background Artists" --
TRAMPLED him!

Long pause.

DORCAS
Soooo... where’s he buried?

SEACHER
 shit eating grin
Why would we bury him -- he survived.

JABBERWOCKY
Then where the fuck is he?

SEACHER
I don't know. He sued the bastards.

JABBERWOCKY
The lawyers and judges?

SEACHER
Who else?

DORCAS
What happened next?

SEACHER
There was a feeding frenzy. There wasn’t enough left of him to feed an egg sac.

TARDIS
Widow! COME HERE!

DORCAS
I know. Why don't we just stay here, "patch the cracks, and set the table with love?"

GRAND MÀS
Because that's what people do when they're "Po' Folks".
(beat)
Who, er what, do you think we are?

EVERYONE looking around at each other.

GRAND MÀS (CONT'D)
Let's vote then --
INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (DAY)

ESTER is on the phone with KELLY FAIRCLOTH, who works for JEZEBEL, X-Man's employer.

ESTER
Well, how will I know it's him Ms. Faircloth? What does he look like?

KELLY FAIRCLOTH (V.O.)
"He looks like an ambitious corn dog that escaped from a concession stand at a rural Alabama fairground, stole an unattended wig, hopped a freight train to Atlantic City... and never looked back."

ESTER
I guess that's okay as long as he keeps kosher. Does he keep kosher? Oh, hold on. I think he's here.

EXT. APT. - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The X-MAN, 70, regards a yuuuuge FUMIGATION TENT that engulfs the building. He knocks on the door, straightens his TOUPÉE and thrift shop tie.

X-MAN
Hello. I'm Donald Drumpf, the X-terminator, but my friends call me "Poodle Dog". Rest easy, my friends. I'm here to bomb your house for roaches.

INT. APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GRAND MÁS
Let's do it...

EVERYONE walks from the hallway towards the front door. We reveal their physical forms (cockroaches).

The "RAPPIN' ROACHES" begin rappin' to a parody of "I'll Whip Ya Head Boy" by 50 Cent.
GRAND MÁS / SEARCHER / DORCAS / TARDIS
/ JABBERWOCKY / ROCK-N-ROLL WIDOW
(CONT’D)
I GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING,
BUT I CAN'T GET OUT OF BED.
GOTTA PUT MY SHOES ON FIRST,
SO I CAN CRUSH SOME ROACHES' HEADS.
I'M A GANSTA' ON THE MOVE.
WAIT TILL THEY SEE ME TAP.

I'LL CRUSH THEIR HEADS BOY.
YOU KNOW I WILL.
I'LL CRUSH SOME HEADS BOY.
I CAN'T STAND STILL.

TAP, TAP, TAP.
MAINTAIN YOUR SPACE.
MAINTAIN YOUR LINE.
FIND THE DOUGH.
HIT THE FLO'.
AS YOU'RE MEMORIZED BY
MY FUNKADELIC RHYME.

I'LL CRUSH THEIR HEADS BOY.
YOU KNOW I WILL.
I'LL CRUSH SOME HEADS BOY.
I CAN'T STAND STILL.

IT'S LIKE BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.
A BUFFET / SMORGASBORD.
A VARIETY OF PAstry.
A PASSAGE OF RITE.
BUT DOES ANYONE KNOW...
IF THEY DO THEIR DISHES AT NIGHT?

I'LL CRUSH THEIR HEADS BOY.
YOU KNOW I WILL.
I'LL CRUSH SOME HEADS BOY.
I CAN'T STAND STILL.

JIMMY GOT ICED,
WHEN THE FREEZER DO' CLOSED.
FRED WAS PUSHED DOWN THE DRAIN AND
INTO A HOLE.
BUT IT DON'T MATTER TO ME,
IF THOSE BASTARDS FELT ANY PAIN.

I'LL CRUSH THEIR HEADS BOY.
YOU KNOW I WILL.
I'LL CRUSH SOME HEADS BOY.
I CAN'T STAND STILL.

5,000 ROACHES IN THE FRONT,
(MORE)
GRAND MAS / SEARCHER / DORCAS / TARDIS
5,000 ROACHES IN THE BACK.
THAT'S THE WHOLE 10,000
PACKED IN GRAND MÄS' CADILLAC.

I'LL CRUSH THEIR HEADS BOY.
YOU KNOW I WILL.
I'LL CRUSH SOME HEADS BOY.
I CAN'T STAND STILL.

And, that..., is a wrap, y'all!

FADE OUT.