

Poor Debbie Lee

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INT. OFFICE ROOM. DAY

Los Angeles skyscrapers blur behind a bay window. A desk.
A small ticking clock on top of the desk.

HARTMAN

a 50s therapist sitting on a mahogany chair.
Irritated by the ticks.

DEBBIE

a 50s cougar lady in a sparkly red dress.
Stretched comfortably on a chaise lounge.

DEBBIE

It was the worst birthday ever.

HARTMAN

Do you want to continue?

DEBBIE

My husband died this spring.

HARTMAN

I'm sorry.

DEBBIE

In a volcano.

HARTMAN

Debbie.

DEBBIE

What?

HARTMAN

Our time's up.

DEBBIE

The clock's still ticking.

HARTMAN

The clock's broken. And so are
your stories, the plot holes, you
said your husband left you.

DEBBIE

Yeah, he walked off and fell right into it. He melted instantly.

HARTMAN

The dishonesty. I have to go.

DEBBIE

My husband, mother, father, kids, all leaving, and now you too, you lazy untalkative son of a bitch.

HARTMAN

Kay.

DEBBIE

I can't sleep with anyone anymore.

HARTMAN

Terrible.

DEBBIE

Because we'll both have this same dream, where this fireball just, comes and smashes us in the face.

Debbie sticks her chin down. She sees her dress. Silky smooth legs. High heels that could kill a man.

HARTMAN

What's going on with all that?

DEBBIE

This is me.

Hartman SWATS the ticking clock off his desk.

HARTMAN

Work?

DEBBIE

I live off social security.

HARTMAN

You look fifty. People can't collect it until their sixties.

DEBBIE

I'm not sixty.

HARTMAN

How'd you describe your age then.

DEBBIE

Big.

HARTMAN

That was born in the year...

DEBBIE

Fantastic.

HARTMAN

Debbie this isn't working.

DEBBIE

No!

HARTMAN

I'm sorry our time's up.

DEBBIE

Why?

HARTMAN

Because I have to go.

DEBBIE

Why?

HARTMAN

My own mother. Her gears.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Ugh.

HARTMAN

Are old and sick. I'm supposed to drive to Vegas and let the woman gamble before she moves on. We must beat traffic.

DEBBIE

You're serious. Aren't you.

HARTMAN

I'm serious.

DEBBIE

Can I go with you two?

Hartman bends below his desk.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm pretty good at gambling.

HARTMAN (O.S.)
That right?

Hartman bends up with a parachute pack.

DEBBIE
Whoa hang on. I finally get it. I
died too and this is dreamland.

HARTMAN
This isn't a dream. There's no
fireballs.

DEBBIE
Well it's either that or this' the
craziest therapy session ever- what
is that, really?

Hartman straps the pack over his back.

HARTMAN
You want to seek the truth Debbie,
and that's hard for you. But I
think you can figure it out.

Hartman takes a stand and looks forward. At the bay window.

DEBBIE
Don't.

HARTMAN
Next week.

Hartman passes by Debbie.

DEBBIE
But there won't be a next week
either, because I'm probably gonna
die too, like you and your crazy
robot mother.

Hartman approaches the bay window. He closes his eyes.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Specially since I have cancer.

Hartman SHATTERS through the bay window, free falls, tugs a
line, and OPENS his parachute over downtown Los Angeles.

HARTMAN
Weeeeeeeee...

DEBBIE
Men.

EXT. SOME HIGHWAY. LATER THAT DAY

Bumper to bumper traffic. Honkers. Long lanes. An early 90s Miata. Top cover down. Debbie's pilot.

She puts an unlit cigarette in her mouth.

INT. MIATA. CONTINUOUS

Debbie lights it up with a pink bic lighter.

DEBBIE
(after a puff)
Thank God.

Debbie looks behind her shoulder.

She grabs the Miata's top cover handle.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Pull over me.

Debbie can't quite pull the cover up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I need shade!

Traffic's watching:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Hey! I need help!

Debbie swoops the cigarette out of her mouth. It meets:

FABULOUS

a morning robed man minding his own business in a parked open top PORSCHE that's next to Debbie's Miata.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You!

CLINK-- the pink bic lighter ricochets off his windshield.

FABULOUS
Oh bitch not on my highway.

DEBBIE
Help!

FABULOUS
Quit littering!

DEBBIE
You're a litterer!

FABULOUS
Are you a hundred though?

Debbie looks ahead. She chuckles.

DEBBIE
You remind me of my ex-husband.

FABULOUS
Really!? Did he have one of these?

Fabulous quickly opens his door.

DEBBIE
Ewwwww put on some underwear.

WHOO! WHOO!-- a MOTORCYCLE COP passes on the opposite side of Debbie's Miata.

Traffic moves forward.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Time to go! See ya!

Debbie accelerates.

FABULOUS
(to himself)
She doesn't know what a husband is.

Fabulous closes his door, saddles in, shifts from P to D, traffic abruptly stops, the Porsche doesn't stop and REAR ENDS the back of the car ahead of it. Ow!

EXT. EXIT RAMP. MINUTES LATER

The Miata's top cover FLIPS across the top of Debbie's head when she puts a cell phone to her ear.

DEBBIE
Hello?

Fingerless gloves lock her top cover handles.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Wait I thought I called your phone!
Yes! No! Yes you! No! Not you!

HOMELESS PERSON
Stop yelling at me! I'm only
trying to help.

HOMELESS PERSON is wearing the fingerless gloves.

He steps away from Debbie's driver side window.

BOBBY (V.O CELL PHONE)
Mom?

DEBBIE
Hang on Bobby.

Her window squeeks up until it's an inch from shut.

HOMELESS PERSON
Excuse me! I'd like a tip please!

Debbie sticks out a twenty dollar bill. She lets it go.

HOMELESS PERSON (CONT'D)
You witch that was a twenty!

The twenty dollar bill twirls far away with traffic wind.

DEBBIE
Thank you!

The Homeless Person chases after the wind.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
He's so fast.

BOBBY (V.O CELL PHONE)
Who's that?

DEBBIE
It's just a homeless person helping
me with my top.

BOBBY (V.O CELL PHONE)
Get out of there!

HONK HONK

The exit ramp traffic light is green and a long line of cars
are behind Debbie's Miata.

DEBBIE
I'm sorry!

BOBBY (V.O CELL PHONE)
Leave them alone mom.

Debbie makes a left and almost hits the Homeless Person.

HOMELESS PERSON

Ahhhhh!

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN / DEBBIE'S DRIVING MIATA. SAME

BOBBY, 28, tries speaking to a cell phone that's wedged in his naked armpit.

BOBBY

I can't hear you.

Bobby kneels down. He pulls out a tray of nachos out from his kitchen oven. He sets the tray on his wake-up pants.

DEBBIE

Hello? Hello?!

Bobby kneels up and sets the tray of nachos on his kitchen table. He puts his cell phone normally to his ear.

BOBBY

Alright say that all again.

DEBBIE

What're you doing tonight?

BOBBY

Making dinner. Did you go to that therapy thing?

DEBBIE

Yeah and I bought a new car.

BOBBY

Wow.

DEBBIE

A little while ago.

BOBBY

Hey I thought you said everyone's broke now.

DEBBIE

I borrowed some of your inheritance.

Bobby takes a beat.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

BOBBY

Where are you?

DEBBIE

Somewhere. And I really did take your money. Where're you?

BOBBY

Can I ask why?

Debbie's concentrating on her drive.

DEBBIE

It was your father's. And I need it to find a husband again. Learned that at therapy today.

Bobby walks to an open kitchen pantry.

BOBBY

That was supposed to be my money.

DEBBIE

Tell me that's a fact.

BOBBY

It's a fact?

Bobby grabs a hammer from the top pantry shelf.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He's so DEAD.

Bobby loses it. He runs back:

DEBBIE

Are you spazzing?

Bobby Hammers his tray of nachos.

BOBBY

WHY WHY WHY WHY...

HAMMERING NOISES are heard through Debbie's cell phone.

Bobby pinches up a nacho.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I have a date.

DEBBIE
Yayyy! With who?

BOBBY
Paige.

DEBBIE
How old is it?

BOBBY
Old. Stop driving and asking me questions. Give me my money back.

DEBBIE
We have to have a family meeting first. I'm coming over.

BOBBY
You're not coming over here.

DEBBIE
I've been on your driveway for two minutes.

EEEEK! Bobby hustles to his kitchen window. His hand slides a curtain in front of his face.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT DRIVEWAY. SAME

Debbie waves hello from her Miata.

BOBBY
I'm locked in here.

Debbie waves harder.

INT. BOBBY'S LIVING ROOM. LATER

Debbie's high heels appear fantastic, poking around a moldy living room carpet, although something might happen to them so she sits Indian Style on a dirty couch.

Bobby's playing with his cell phone. Sitting down on a separate sofa. His tray of nachos are beside his feet.

DEBBIE
Did you eat yet?

BOBBY
Let me check..... nope.

Debbie wonders at his living room wall.

Posters of famous musicians.

DEBBIE
Everyone's dead on your wall.

BOBBY
How'd you know I was home?

DEBBIE
Have you ever left here?

BOBBY
I played a show with Paige the
other night.

Bobby leans over and reaches for a nacho.

DEBBIE
I still don't know who Paige is.

BOBBY
She's in my band.

Bobby grabs and eats his nacho.

DEBBIE
I thought you wouldn't date anyone
since dad fell in the volcano.

BOBBY
Dad, what?

DEBBIE
Remember?

BOBBY
Oh. Yeah I forgot that's how he
actually died.

Bobby rolls his eyes.

DEBBIE
Good one.

Bobby grabs his cell phone. Turns it on.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Where'd you get that?

BOBBY
I found it.

DEBBIE
Calling friends? Have any yet?

BOBBY

Can you go back to your apartment?

DEBBIE

Why do you hate me!

BOBBY

Okay. YOU bash in here after you stole my inheritance, you're crazy, I hate my life, and now you have on a sweet dress.

DEBBIE

I'm offended.

BOBBY

Please pay me back.

DEBBIE

I don't understand why you need this money so bad.

BOBBY

I suck! Look at this place. My life sucks here.

DEBBIE

Take better care of yourself then, gain some confidence, you're too old for that shit.

BOBBY

Sorry.. I'm sorry I can't get a job anywhere, hardly even a date in this shitty town, the warm weather sucks, and you just, sorta followed Henry and I.

DEBBIE

That's not my fault. And I know this our first time out of the snow without dad, I get it.

Debbie itches her right eye.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

But I'm sick again.

BOBBY

With what?

DEBBIE

I can't tell you.

Bobby gets up and sits down with his mom.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I have cancer.

BOBBY
Jesus.

Debbie begins to cry.

DEBBIE
I don't-
(...)
- I don't know what to do!

BOBBY
Something else.

DEBBIE
Then my assigned therapist
parachuted out of his window today,
he couldn't stand me either, a
pervert on the big highway, he, he,
flicked me off and called me ugly!

BOBBY
Heh.

DEBBIE
This isn't funny Bobby! I'm about
to die! Like your father, in the,
the the vol-kay-noooo!

BOBBY
No you're not.

Bobby smells off and around her hair.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Are you smoking cigarettes again?

DEBBIE
WHY CAN'T ANYBODY UNDERSTAND ME.

BOBBY
You promised you'd quit.

THERE'S A LITTLE BEEP. Bobby's cell phone lights the carpet.

DEBBIE
HELLO DEBBIE. WE CAN'T OPERATE ON
YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A WIDOW. A SAD,
SAD SAD CANCEROUS WIDOW.

Debbie mimes the needles and pins that should be going in her head by now. Bobby gets up and grabs his cell phone.

BOBBY
I think you'll be okay.

DEBBIE
Clean your apartment for godsake!

BOBBY
(reading his cell phone)
I forgot.. I had.. a show.. at the
ROXY- I FORGOT.

DEBBIE
No. No this is way more important.

BOBBY
No I think this is.

DEBBIE
Didn't I just explain? How many
ridiculous people left me today?

Bobby goes to the corner of his living room.

BOBBY
Well then you'd know how much it
sucks to be flake.

DEBBIE
I have cancer though!

Bobby grabs a guitar case.

BOBBY
We're gunna get you help.

DEBBIE
I don't want help. I wanna come to
your show will guys be there?

BOBBY
Guys?.. guys... will...

Bobby RUNS across the room with his guitar gase.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
GOOF-

Bobby trips before his apartment front door.

DEBBIE
Are you okay?

Bobby stands up and turns towards Debbie. She's watching:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I love you.

Bobby opens his apartment front door.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
No! Bobby!

The apartment front door SHUTS. Bobby's gone.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Your dad's not really dead!

BOBBY (O.S.)
I want my money back!

HEAVY ROCK MUSIC:

INT. THE ROXY. NIGHT

PAIGE, 32, has on colorful neon face paint.

She blast vocals like a screaming jackal:

PAIGE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

PAIGE'S WARLORDS thrash on the Roxy stage. They end it.

Pyro and confetti BLAST ATOP: ONE HUNDRED WARLORD FANS.

Cheering on the Roxy Floor. Paige snots into her microphone.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
EAT THE WORLD.

Bobby is between the crowd and stage, holding on tight to his guitar case.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
(deep breath)
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Bobby pokes his ear.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
(deeper breath)
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

PAIGE (CONT'D)
 FOR ALL YOU PEOPLE WHO
 WANNA GET SCARED, come get it.

A WARLORD FAN can barely contain it.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
 C'mon now!

WOOOO!!!

PAIGE (CONT'D)
 YOU WANT IT!

WARLORD FAN
 YESSSSS.

PAIGE
 Eat meeeeeeee.

Paige CHOMPS her mouth over the microphone.

WARLORD FAN
 No spit it! Spit it back out!

Bobby places his acoustic guitar case on the floor. Claps.

He catches Paige's attention.

PAIGE
 A big hand for Bobby!
 (she SPITS BLACK)
 The no showwwwww!

BOOOO!

BOBBY
 Welp.

Bobby grabs his guitar case and walks through the crowd.

INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN. SAME

Debbie's standing alone at Bobby's kitchen table. She sulks.
 Then eats the rest of his nachos.

DEBBIE
 Ow.

Debbie caresses her sparkly red chest.

INT. THE ROXY GREENROOM. LATER

Across individual make-up booths are the faces of Paige's Warlords, changing costumes, accessorizing with wigs, jewelry, blood bags, preparing for some kind of culture war.

An entrance door opens a crack.

A little boy's eye peeks through it.

BOBBY

Whoa.

Bobby trips inside the greenroom when Paige BURSTS IN causing Bobby's guitar case to eject out of his hands.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey Paige.

PAIGE

We just wrapped up you jackass.

BOBBY

Outstanding show. I can't believe you got hooked up here tonight.

PAIGE

Where were you? We needed your accoustics.

BOBBY

I was in a homeless guy. My mom I mean, got beaten up by a homeless guy NO I mean, a homeless mother got shot by her homeless son, and they basically shut down traffic.

PAIGE

Your mom's here? Thought your whole family died on a mountain or whatever.

Paige undresses. Bobby avoids eye contact.

BOBBY

Nahhh she's enjoyin it.. but uh, hey? You wanna do dinner?

PAIGE

No way we're clubbing. You're in.

Paige hands Bobby a fluorescent wig.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Hang out finally.

BOBBY
I can't.

PAIGE
Don't flake.

BOBBY
I gotta go apologize to her.
Get money.

KRISTY. Bass. Sneaks behind Bobby with his guitar case.
Paige smirks. Kristy sets down the guitar case.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What?

Bobby twists around.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Kristy! Been good fishing?

KRISTY
Put on the wig.

BOBBY
Okay.

Bobby puts on the wig.

KRISTY
Take it off.

BOBBY
Are you going to kill me?

Bobby takes off the wig.

KRISTY
Give it to me.

Bobby gives Kristy the wig.

Kristy shows it to him.

BOBBY
Oh my God don't-

KRISTY
You see that?

Kristy pushes it closer. She points at it.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Flakes.

PAIGE

Weak Kristy.

KRISTY

Get lost flake.

Kristy puts the wig over her head.

BOBBY

Looks good!

Kristy picks up and THROWS Bobby's guitar case across the greenroom.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And I'm sure that wasn't on purpose.

Kristy walks away and smacks her own ass.

PAIGE

We're not dating, you know that.

BOBBY

I know.

PAIGE

Haaaaa... no way. Did you think we were going out?

BOBBY

I thought we were on a thing, yes.

PAIGE

We're not a thing Bobby. You're a flake and we don't trust you.

BOBBY

C'mon I missed one show.

PAIGE

The Warlords don't understand who you are though!

BOBBY

Then do a dinner with me, that's it, with my mom so we can figure this out.

PAIGE
I'm not your problem, man.

BOBBY
You are. I need you to prove that I finally have a girlfriend.. or maybe just an actual friend. Then she'll stop faking cancer and possibly give me money.

PAIGE
So your whole family's alive and they're all fucked up.

BOBBY
But we're not flakes.

Paige crosses her arms.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Seriously.

Paige thinks long and hard.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You'll love her.

PAIGE
Fine.

BOBBY
Thank you.

PAIGE
Let's go.

Paige walks fast and takes Bobby off his feet.

INT. MIDDLEBROW RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Not too many people are in the middlebrow restaurant because it's late. A GENERAL MANAGER closes down a bar register.

INT. HORSESHOE BOOTH. CONTINUOUS

Paige, Bobby, and Debbie are finishing dinner. Dressed well.

PAIGE
This isn't a club.

BOBBY
I'm sorry.

DEBBIE
Are you a dancer?

PAIGE
I dabble.

DEBBIE
Huh. Because you look like you
just killed Batman.

PAIGE
That's it I'm outta here-

BOBBY
Thanks mom.

DEBBIE
No problem.

BOBBY
Why are you being so obnoxious?

DEBBIE
I think it's because last spring my
husband fell into a volcano. Yeah,
that's it.

Debbie COUGHS on her dinner.

BOBBY
Disgusting.

PAIGE
Is she okay?

Debbie collects herself.

BOBBY
The last thing you said him was
"get cucked".

DEBBIE
I'd never say that to anyone.

BOBBY
Then you bring us out here to try
and quote, "make it back at him".

DEBBIE
You really gunna go off now?

BOBBY
I can go off alllll night.

PAIGE

Kay.

DEBBIE

If I had a nickel for everytime I wished you did more with your life I'd be the richest bitch widow in the world.

BOBBY

Classic. How about the fact you stole all of dad's money?

Debbie winces with skepticism.

PAIGE

Missus Lee I'm sorry you've had to deal with cancer, volcanos, men, and Bobby here but I can't take this anymore.

DEBBIE

Paige.. Paige that it? Wanna give up too? Like everyone else?

PAIGE

Scooch over dude.

Bobby boxes out Paige from leaving.

DEBBIE

I've provided my kids everything; like love, forehead kisses, money.

BOBBY

Your lies, all the lies you and dad only cared about Henry.

DEBBIE

Shit Henry that's not true-

BOBBY

YOU ALWAYS call me his name.

PAIGE

Dude, let me go.

DEBBIE

We loved you both, Henry was just more vulnerable because he needed attention.

BOBBY

He's a cuck!

DEBBIE
He needs you Henry.

Their ceiling lights flick off and on.

PAIGE
Help! Over here!

The General Manager takes his hand off a light switch.

BOBBY
I know dad's alive and I know he's
pissed. Like we all are.

DEBBIE
I have canc--

BOBBY
YOU DON'T HAVE CANCER.

Debbie's done. She grabs her purse. Gets up.

DEBBIE
Let'r go.

Bobby lets go of Paige. Debbie takes a walk.

BOBBY
I know the truth!

Paige is struck with curiosity.

PAIGE
What the hell is up with you guys?

Debbie approaches the entrance of the restaurant. There's two big framed glass doors and Debbie KLONKS against one of them mistaking the glass for the outside world.

BOBBY
We're just from South Dakota.

PAIGE
I'm going.

All the interior lights flick on and off and on:

GENERAL MANAGER
Leeeeave.

Paige hops over the horseshoe table. Hustles away.

EXT/INT. CONVENIENT STORE. NIGHT

Debbie's slated. Profiling. Click clacking her high heels on parking lot pavement. Debbie stops before the convenient store entrance doors. Then she enters. She passively ignores TWO MASKED GUNMAN aiming at the front counter.

A CASHIER has his hands raised.

Debbie clacks up a liquor isle. She picks out a bottle of Yellow Tail. She wedges it under her armpit. She fixes the strap on her purse.

Clacks off.

Debbie makes herself a Slurpie from a Slurpie machine. When she's done making it she clacks over to a magazine isle.

Debbie drowns her eyes at a sexy photo of Tommy Lee Jones on the cover of 'People'.

DEBBIE

Oh Tom. If only you were here to save everyone.

GUNMAN #1 (O.S.)

Give me lotto!

GUNMAN #2 (O.S.)

Lotto!

Debbie clacks off.

She finally comes to the situation at the front counter.

DEBBIE

Always at midnight.

GUNMAN #1

Cigarettes!

DEBBIE

(overlapping)

Uhhhhhhhhhhh.

Gunman #1 turns around. Aims at Debbie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I dare ya.

Gunmen #1 aims back:

CASHIER

Take it!

Gunmen #1 and #2 rob whatever they can in ten seconds.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

No. Stop. I care about my job.

Gunmen escape. Run outside. Never to be seen again.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

No.

Debbie clacks up to the counter. She puts her stuff down.

DEBBIE

May I have a pack of Menthol and a slice of pepperoni?

CASHIER

Hi.

DEBBIE

Hi I have cancer.

CASHIER

You want smoke and a pizza?

DEBBIE

Correct.

CASHIER

You don't want any of that.

A few mediocre slices of pizza are in a microwave turntable.

DEBBIE

Those look fine.

CASHIER

You don't want any of it.

DEBBIE

Why not?

CASHIER

They're gross.

DEBBIE

But I'm gross.

CASHIER

You're not gross. Those slices are old.

DEBBIE

I'm old!

CASHIER
You can't be older than fifty six.

DEBBIE
Listen pal, I walk into this same
shitty unprotected store all the
time then you always say the same
thing.

CASHIER
I can't help you.

DEBBIE
Find someone who can.

CASHIER
We were almost shot. No thanks.

DEBBIE
No? You're not gonna help me?

CASHIER
Okay. All this stuff here? On me.

DEBBIE
Can I just have a slice though?

CASHIER
No. Go back to your encampment.

DEBBIE
Cigarettes.

CASHIER
No cigarettes either. Bye.

Cashier reaches under his register counter, then back up with
a SHOTGUN. He mounts it on his counter. Looks at it.

DEBBIE
Why didn't you just shoot them?

CASHIER
Debbie you gotta go.

Debbie takes all of her stuff. Turns off.

DEBBIE
(leaving the store)
Fuckin, weirdo.

CASHIER
I heard that!

EXT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT. LATER

It's a medium story, elegant apartment, with many residences, porches, flowers, topiary, and Debbie's porch overlooks an underground parking garage.

INT. DEBBIE'S KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

At her kitchen table we watch Debbie's silky smooth hand grip the neck of the Yellow Tail. The wine from the Yellow Tail overfills a wine glass. Debbie tips the wine glass in the open lid Slurpie. Then she plants a squiggly straw in it.

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Debbie brings her Slurpie into a nice and comfortable living room. She sits on a sofa. Enjoys herself. Slurping away-

LATER- when she's done with her Slurpie she places it on a glass table. Near an empty carton of cigarettes. An ash tray.

Debbie dozes off. Snores. We hear the SOUND OF MUSIC.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. SMALL TOWN. NORTH DAKOTA. 1969. NIGHT

Flying through snowflakes until a SMALL TOWN arises with buildings caked in white. The stone steps of a BACK ALLEYWAY stop at a 60s MAN dressed in a colorful tuxedo.

60s MAN

Oh yeah.

60s Man itches his head. Zips up his fly. Turns around. Pushes a BACKDOOR OPEN-

INT. LARGE BALLROOM. CONTINUOUS

MUSIC shines on 60s Man. Jostling past banners. Balloons. Tables. Tuxedos. Guests. Caterers. Cake. Plastic cups of punch. Bowtied gifts. A clown. Kids. A poster that reads:

"Happy Birthday Little Debra!"

60s Man double takes a BIG STEEL CAGE: inside it are pile of leaves. Sprawled out grasses. Stray logs. Branches.

ROAR

60s MAN
Sweet Mary Janous!

A REAL BIG BOBCAT jumps off a log.

60s Man takes a step back. He turns and sees:

THE BALLROOM STAGE

where a Jazzy Trio of Soul Men warm up instruments: BIFF (on drums), JAY (on trumpet), then TAY TAY (on the mic).

TAY TAY
We'd like to thank you for being
here.

Jay PLAYS his trumpet.

TAY TAY (CONT'D)
Ooooo meow.

Biff PLAYS his drums.

TAY TAY (CONT'D)
Mmmmm.

Tay Tay clicks his fingers with the melody...

TAY TAY (CONT'D)
We are... the Soul Cats...

BIFF
Alright now-

JAY
'er we go!

TAY TAY
(sings)
Cutie, you're like a, cat! Yeah!
Cutie, you're like a, bat! Yeah!
But baby I know, you're, just, too-
Yuuuuuuuuung! Yeah!

LITTLE DEBBIE LEE

aka "the perfect little ten". Her arms are crossed at her birthday table and holding back a storm.

KEVIN

fatherly, grooves on top of her birthday table.

KEVIN

Yeah let me hear 'yeah' sweetie.

Little Debbie covers her ears.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Said you wanted the good life and I
got you it babe! Yeah!

Jazzy Trio crescendos out.

TAY TAY

Alright folks thank you, thank you.
Big hand for miz Debbie Lee,
smokin' fine today wearin' rosey
red slender. Happy Birthday.

Applause.

TAY TAY (CONT'D)

Now Kevin Lee, this one's for you.

KEVIN

I can handle it Tay Tay.

TAY TAY

Rip it up, Biff!

CUE: A BIFF DRUM SOLO

He's amazing. Guests love it.

BIFF

UH UH UH UH UH UH.

Kevin sits down with Little Debbie.

KEVIN

Heyyy youuuu. Lost?

Kevin pets the back of Little Debbie's hair.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

C'mon now hun, no more worrying
about the past anymore, okay? No
one's going anywhere, I promise.

(Little Debbie looks deep)

I love you...

Biff's left drumstick SNAPS. He throws the right one and-
BONGOS.

THE CROWD

Booooo.

KEVIN

Let'm play for my daughter!

TAY TAY

Getch your shit together Biff.

Biff gives up.

SOMEONE (O.S)

HE SUCKS!

Guests walk away from the stage. 60s Man stays back.

KEVIN

(sincere as possible)

I'm so, sorry Deb...

UNDERCOVER COPS nod at each other from a corner birthday
table, then at 60s Man; nodding left---- he runs!

LIEUTENANT STEELE

Everyone down!

LIEUTENANT STEELE rushes out of the big steel cage. Flying
up grass. Wearing a gully suit. A sniper rifle.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)

No one move!

Children PANIC.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)

SAID NO ONE MOVE.

Kevin slithers underneath the birthday table. He lifts up a
floating piece of tapestry cloth. We see:

GUESTS SCATTER across the ballroom.

KEVIN

(whispers)

Debbie.

Little Debbie won't make eye contact.

KEVIN LEE
 (louder)
 DEB.

SLAM! Undercover Cops arrest Jay and Biff and Tay Tay on the ballroom stage. Lieutenant Steele approaches them.

LIEUTENANT STEELE
 Be still!

TAY TAY
 What'd we do??

LIEUTENANT STEELE
 SHUTUP!

Kevin army crawls across the ballroom floor.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)
 Now where's Kevin!

Kevin's crawl comes to an end. At the BACK DOOR. He PUNCHES it open. A BLIZZARD OF SNOW knocks him backwards.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)
 There!

60s Man sprints like a lunatic.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)
 Cuff him!

60s Man grapples with Kevin's snowy jacket.

60s MAN
 Squirm's useless!

Bobcat ROARS!

KEVIN
 I'm a Lee damnit!

60s Man apprehends Kevin.

LIEUTENANT STEELE
 Good job agents.

60s Man drags Kevin by the legs.

KEVIN
 Debbie- Debbie! It's okay!
 Mommy'll take care of you... oh...
 wait! She left us! Haha! That
 fake dying bitch! You poor bitch!

LIEUTENANT STEELE
Get him out of here.

KEVIN
We're the goddamn Lee's!
Hahahaha!!!

Kevin's clearly insane.

Little Debbie rises from her birthday table. Where to go?

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Debbie!!! Hahahaha!!!

Little Debbie looks left. She sees a path.

LIEUTENANT STEELE
Miss Debbie?

Lieutenant Steele takes a knee before her path.

He mounts his sniper rifle on top of her birthday table.

LIEUTENANT STEELE (CONT'D)
Your dad... mom...
(he pokes her arm)
Never loved you.

Little Debbie Lee SCREAMS.

FIREBALLS APPEAR OVER THE SMALL TOWN. THEN THE NIGHT SKY.

THEY COLLIDE INTO THE BALLROOM! AHHHHHHH!!!

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - (PRESENT NIGHT)

Debbie awakens, startled on her sofa, in secrecy, darkness, her living room lights slowly dim on:

DEBBIE
Family!

Debbie breathes, and breathes, and breathes, until RAIN AND THUNDER sound outside of her apartment living room.

The storm continues... rrrp... Debbie startles back... her cell phone won't stop ringing from her kitchen table.

Debbie gets up from her couch. She waddles to her kitchen... grabs her cell phone off the kitchen table.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Do you love me?

Debbie clears her throat and realizes she didn't answer.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hi.

Debbie relaxes. She takes her time.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

On set? Ha. Yeah, I know, I thought it never rained out here... well.. great.. yeah... sure.. let's do it... tomorrow at noon then... sounds good.. love you too.

You're sweet... bye hun.

Debbie hangs up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Okay Debbie...

Debbie COUGHS DARK SMOKE.

DEBBIE LEE

Holy shit what the fuck was that.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD. THE NEXT DAY

Heavy foot traffic. No rain. World Famous Ice Cream Trucks. Parked on a Hollywood street. Sidewalk seats and tables. Patrons chow down on World Famous Ice Cream. Yum.

EXT. A SPECIFIC TABLE. CONTINUOUS

HENRY, 25, ethereal, sits across from Debbie. Her sparkly red dress makes them smile like assholes until an ICE CREAM SERVER interrupts their moment with napkins and utensils.

ICE CREAM SERVER

(placing)

Dessert should be right out. How are you madam?

DEBBIE

Aw, you're adorable, thank you-
(she COUGHS on him)
- excuse me.

Ice Cream Server bows politely. Leaves.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

He hates me.

Henry checks his cell phone.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What's going on there?

HENRY
Juuuust checkin my phone.

DEBBIE
Henry, you look fantastic.

HENRY
Thanks. Nice dress.

DEBBIE
Thanks.

HENRY
You alright though? You sound stressed.

DEBBIE
It's Bobby. He, me, I guess there's news, everyone's, been, wanting to tell you, that, your brother again, Bobby, Henry, since we all moved out here.

Henry squints without an idea.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Things're weird with dad being gone. How've you been about it?

HENRY
Wondering how Bob is.

DEBBIE
You should see him, he's been wondering how you are.

Henry's distracted. Debbie looks over her shoulder.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(genuinely)
That's sweet.

A STUNNING COUPLE OF MEN push a baby stroller across the street. They pass the Lee's at their table. Then the Stunning Couple of Men do a double take on Henry. Move off.

HENRY
They won't stop staring at me.

DEBBIE
Look at me then-

BUFF DUDE (O.S)
Hey! That's Henry Anvil!

HENRY
(mouthing)
Fuck.

BUFF DUDE (O.S)
Hey Anvil!

BUFF DUDE is a leather BDSM in his late 60s, shouting from another sidewalk table:

BUFF DUDE (CONT'D)
I love it man! Everything you do!

DEBBIE
Say thank you Henry.

HENRY
You don't get it yet.

DEBBIE
Oh my God.

Buff Dude humps his table. He shoves a dessert down his leathery pants. Rubs his nipples.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What is he doing!?

HENRY
I'M EATING WITH MY MOM.

BUFF DUDE
That's hot dude!

Buff Dude jaunts away. Patrons react accordingly.

HENRY
Mom I have to tell you something.

Ice Cream Server comes back with a FANCY DESSERT.

DEBBIE
This is a joke, isn't it.

Ice Cream Server places the fancy dessert between them.

ICE CREAM SERVER
 A nice big lava cake, homemade.
 (Henry...)
 Sir? I don't want to be rude, but
 I knew it was you.

Ice Cream Server just, stands there like a doofus.

HENRY
 Can ya leave us alone?

ICE CREAM SERVER
 Waiiiit no way.. is this your
 mom?! Kinky!

DEBBIE
 Who are you?

HENRY
 Ma lemme explain.

ICE CREAM SERVER
 He's a legend!

HENRY
 Thanks I appreciate it

DEBBIE
 What does he legend at?

Ice Cream Server shuts his lips.

HENRY
 Dude? Leave?

ICE CREAM SERVER
 Uh huh! HE DOES PORN!!!

Debbie's entire life is shattered in front of her eyes.

ICE CREAM SERVER (CONT'D)
 Can I get a picture?

HENRY
 Fine.

DEBBIE
 Stop this nonsense!

SNAP A PIC FOR THE GRAM.

ICE CREAM SERVER
 Thanks anvil.

Debbie PUNCHES the table.

DEBBIE
We had a deal! No porn!

ICE CREAM SERVER
No porn? Aww.

DEBBIE
Sex isn't acting Henry! All those years your father and I supporting your theatre programs, wasted!

Ice Cream Server and Henry laugh like imbeciles.

Take another selfie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Well. I'm going home to vomit.
Thanks Henry.

HENRY
Ma it's okay.

ICE CREAM SERVER
Yeah ma.

DEBBIE
I'll throw you in my garbage disposal.

Debbie grabs her purse. Fumbles.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
And I wanted to have a nice lunch, have a talk, do all this shit again I can't do this shit again.

HENRY
It's not what you think. I had to use my inheritance money to start somewhere. I had to buy rent, clothes, a car-

DEBBIE
You bought a car?

HENRY
A pretty sweet convertible actually.

DEBBIE
Tell me why you're not as crazy as everyone else then.

HENRY
Because dad's alive.

DEBBIE
You need therapy.

HENRY
You don't even know my brain!

ICE CREAM SERVER
(takes their cake)
Friends! Cake's on me today. And
I really, really, apologize for
ruining everyone's day.

DEBBIE
Goodbye.

HENRY
Ma don't go.

DEBBIE
I'm not talking to you anymore.

Debbie picks through her purse.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What'd you do with my keys?

HENRY
I said dad's alive. I don't have
your keys.

DEBBIE
They're right here.

Debbie pulls out her set of keys.

HENRY
Dammit you knew he was the whole
time. Didn't you.

Ice Cream Server leaves in a hurry.

DEBBIE
So what.

HENRY
He wants to see you.

DEBBIE
He left us in the cold. You, me,
Bobby-

Debbie's waving her keys. Trying to make a point.

HENRY
You left him in the magma though.

DEBBIE
Know why though?

HENRY
I already know.

Beep. Henry glances his cell phone.

DEBBIE
Your phone just beeped.

HENRY
(fingering his phone)
Shit.

DEBBIE
Lemme guess you're leaving.

Henry stands up and walks across the table.

HENRY
I'll visit after a scene or two.

Henry kisses Debbie on the cheek. He leaves.

Debbie's embarassed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Love ya!

EXT. ISLAND. DAY

Blue skies hinder over a small castaway island.

An uninterrupted VOLCANO.

Nature. Ocean waves. Gorgeous beaches.

EXT. BEACH. CONTINUOUS

JOHN, 59, sitting the beach with a book called "A Once in a Lifetime Husband" titled in front of his eyes... we get a tighter view of his buldging chest muscles inside of his uncleaned Vegas button down.

Picking up a coffee mug, John ponders at the ocean swell. He sips his mug, winces forward, and sees:

GREG

50s, shirtless, skinny pants, stepping in front of shoreline.

JOHN

Get out of my view.

EXT. OCEAN. CONTINUOUS

Two dark skinned FISHERMEN IN A WOODEN CANOE are equipped with a braided net. Working together on the ocean chop. They grab and HEAVE the braided net over the ocean.

John lies his book in the sand. He's encountered by Greg.

GREG

How long they've been out there?

JOHN

Six hours.

John and Greg gaze the ocean. Like buddies.

GREG

Beautiful day though.

EXT. OCEAN. CONTINUOUS

The bottom boards of the wooden canoe skim over the braided net. The net snags and twists incredibly. The Two Fishermen get angry about it. They wobble. Slap and fight. The braided net WRAPS AROUND the canoe and the canoe CAREENS.

GREG

Ha.

John picks up his book. Opens it.

GREG (CONT'D)

You see that?

John rips out a random page.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey.

John eats the page.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey John.

Greg checks up.

GREG (CONT'D)
Noon probably.

John eats another page.

GREG (CONT'D)
Got any plans for the day?

JOHN
Sit here.

GREG
Again?

JOHN
Yup.

GREG
I think it's time to go back home.

JOHN
Have fun.

GREG
John. For the past two months
you've been ripping and eating
pages. How's this helping us?

JOHN
We're still alive.

GREG
Let's go swimming or something.

John stuffs a page in his bathing suit crotch.

JOHN
I don't feel like it.

GREG
So you'd rather think you're the
re-incarnation of Hemingway or some
shit, stuck on an island.

JOHN
Possibly.

John eats another page.

GREG
Crazy man.
(beat)
And I called Rita on the phone.
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
She took our news without having a
heartattack.

John widens his eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)
I had to do it.

John exhales his eyes and reads back into his book.

JOHN
Sounds like she has a good heart.
I bet, and know Greg.

GREG
Maybe.

JOHN
Tell'r everything.

GREG
Probably not, but I've gotta shitty
long flight to think about it on.
And you taught me alotta of things
that I can't repay you for, self-
enlightenment ain't repayable.

JOHN
It is repayable.

GREG
That another lesson?

JOHN
No I mean like you owe me.
Money. Gear. I fed you.

Greg chuckles.

John disapproves.

EXT. SHORELINE. CONTINUOUS

The Two Fishermen walk upon the shoreline. Soaking wet.
Their wooden canoe is flipped upside down. Floating behind
their walk. The Two Fishermen stop. Shake hands.

GREG
These kids.

NATIVE CHILDREN run to the shoreline. They hug the Two
Fishermen. Like a family.

GREG (CONT'D)
Who'd ever want kids.

John takes a very long sip from his coffee mug.

GREG (CONT'D)
Right?

JOHN
I don't like you.

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

Debbie's faces behind a long white drape. Her terrace is shielded outside of a glass window.

Debbie pulls the drape. Needing to see something close.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

The Miata is parked lazily in a reserved spot.

It BEEPS its rear view lights. Then back:

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Debbie's thumbing the lock button on her set of keys.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

A BMW convertible pulls down and into the parking garage. It parks in an open spot that's next to Debbie's beeping Miata.

Bobby and Henry patiently wait for the convertible top to flip over their heads and lock. They get out together.

They take a walk and look at the back of Debbie's beeping Miata, then up and out of the parking garage ramp entrance.

HENRY
Don't look back at it.

Bobby and Henry continue walking to a porchway. A story above the porchway is Debbie's residential terrace.

Her long white drapes FLUTTER:

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Debbie ducks behind the fluttering drapes.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Stop locking your car!!

DEBBIE
How'd they see me?

EXT. BEACH. DAY

John and Greg. Sitting on the same spot of sand.

GREG
Hey.

Greg points up.

GREG (CONT'D)
What'll you do without the Sun?

JOHN
Kill myself.

GREG
C'mon now, lighten up.

John's tense.

GREG (CONT'D)
You know my reunion with Rita's
gunna be something else. It's in
Vegas like where you lost all that
money? With your family?

John looks away.

GREG (CONT'D)
John?

John looks back.

JOHN
Supposed to be a fucking joke you
cuck sucker!?

GREG
Sorry.

JOHN
Like really, are you some kind of a
moron? Have you learned anything?

GREG
I think so.

JOHN
This plan was terrible.

GREG
Just come back with me. See how she's doing.

JOHN
It isn't possible.

GREG
What's the worst thing that can happen, she just says no?

JOHN
Exactly, then I'm heartbroken again, feeling hopeless.

GREG
Maybe.

JOHN
You don't understand. I've hated confrontation as a kid, as an adult, then for some reason I got married, had kids, I died from anxiety and had to wrestle back to life. It'll happen all over again.

GREG
Insightful.

JOHN
It was in my suicide note.

GREG
Oh.

JOHN
And when I look back on it now Greg, I think to myself, yeah, I should've pushed them in the volcano instead. Figuratively.

GREG
You still have a chance.

John looks at Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)
You can find your money. Meet a
nice woman.

JOHN
We'll see.

John returns to ripping pages.

GREG
Still gunna rip pages while I'm
gone?

JOHN
I will.

Greg watches John place his book down. John stands up.
Stretches. And he accidentally kicks over his mug.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's nothing.

Tequila permeates in the sand.

GREG
Thought this whole journey taught
us to be better than that.

JOHN
Journey, heh.. good one...

GREG
That funny?

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah that one was funny.
I'll see ya in paradise then.

John grabs his coffee mug. He drinks what's left in it.
Dusts off. Leaves.

Then when John's far enough away:

GREG
Good luck.

John continues:

ON THE BEACH. MINUTES LATER

John's at the way end of the island. The tip of the volcano
is in the background. Gushing smoke. John ponders at the
sky, then he THROWS his coffee mug. SPLASH:

ON THE OCEAN a second wooden canoe has a jolly roger flag. The crew on board are the Native Children. Passing on:

LATER- John swims in the ocean. He dries off naked. He naps on sand. Wakes up. Walks away. To. The edge of a FOREST. Then finally a magnificently well-built SHACK that's made from the forest. John stands before it. Proudly. Naked.

INT. FOREST SHACK. CONTINUOUS

Two sleeping bags and one person's camping gear. An Iphone.

John walks inside and sets wet paper money on an IKEA table. He butts down on a sleeping bag. Yawns. Zones out. At:

A PICTURE FRAME by the entrance of the shack.

John gets up from the sleeping bag and grabs the picture frame.

INSERT - THE PICTURE FRAME IN JOHN'S HAND

The picture is of the Lee's and himself standing in front of a Hawaiian lava pit. Everyone in the picture seems content with life.

John smiles away.

HENRY (O.S.)
YEAH!? You suck at dating!

BOBBY (O.S.)
You're a walking STD!

John moves his eyes, sideways, like he heard them.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stop!

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM. SAME

Bobby's in a head lock. Henry almost puts him to sleep.

Debbie's on her sofa. She covers herself with a cozy cushion.

BOBBY
You're a... walking... esss!

Henry lets go of Bobby then SHOVES Bobby and Bobby TRIPS ONTO Debbie's glass table.

HENRY
Holy shit that was bad shatter.

BOBBY
aghaaghhh...

HENRY
Dude. Wow.

Debbie suffocates herself with the cozy cuhsion.

BOBBY
Gahhhd...
(stands up)
Table is a piece of shit.

HENRY
You broke it.

BOBBY
Come on. Help. Please.

Henry helps up Bobby. They stand together. Semi-proud.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Get the glass off me.

Henry pats Bobby on the back.

Debbie's covered up on her couch.

HENRY
Ma?

BOBBY
She hates us.

Bobby pokes Henry on the shoulder.

HENRY
Hey.

Bobby gimps into Debbie's kitchen.

HENRY (CONT'D)
And getta girlfriend.

DEBBIE
My table.

HENRY
It was an accident.

DEBBIE
Sure.

HENRY
Can I sit down?

DEBBIE
No.

Henry comes over.

HENRY
Move more over please.

Henry sits down with Debbie.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I love you.

Debbie mangles herself with the cozy cushion.

DEBBIE
Kill me.

HENRY
You're being ridiculous.

Henry pulls the cozy cushion off Debbie's face.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Whoa. Cheer up.

DEBBIE
No one cares about me!

HENRY
People care about you.

DEBBIE
No you don't. Everyone thinks I'm
an asshole.

HENRY
Dad was the asshole. Not you.

DEBBIE
Ha.

HENRY
Hey. Bobby also told me.

DEBBIE
Henry.

HENRY

What?

DEBBIE

It's a long story. I'm tired.

HENRY

Ma?

Debbie's eyes quench for air.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You wanna go into porn?

Debbie cries.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No?

Bobby comes back with a slice of pizza.

BOBBY

She has cancer, dip-shit.

HENRY

You piece of shit liar.

Bobby takes a bite of the pizza.

BOBBY

Mom, before Henry kicked my ass we agreed that we'd take you to get checked out. Because you obviously haven't seen a doctor yet, right?

HENRY

Do you really have cancer again?
Or is this another Debbie ruse.

DEBBIE

Thanks guys.

Debbie pulls a fresh pack of cigarettes from under her ass.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You wanna help me with these?

BOBBY

Don't do it.

Debbie unwraps the pack's plastic wrap. Flips the lid.

DEBBIE

I'm gunna.

She places a single cigarette between her fingers.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Because things were the only ones
that ever loved me.

Debbie zones out.

BOBBY
Mom.

Bobby and Henry swap glances.

DEBBIE
Mom... ma... mother... Debbie...

HENRY
Ma!

Debbie snaps out of it.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'll call the cancer ward tomorrow.
But right now we've got dad flying
in... (Bobby wonders at Henry)...
tonight about.

DEBBIE
Cool.

BOBBY
He's seriously coming?

HENRY
Supposedly.

BOBBY
We're getting our money back then.

HENRY
Dude, stop with the money.

Bobby takes a bite of pizza. Debbie looks at it.

Bobby takes another bite.

DEBBIE
Where'd you get that Bobby?
It looks good.

BOBBY
It's not good. It's old.

Debbie's about to cry again.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY. DAY

A commercial airplane makes a smooth landing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. LATER

John exits from a Hawaii Airlines tunnel dressed very Florida-ish. He goes to a large tarmac window. Looks at all the landed airplanes.

JOHN

Yeah I think...

I think I'll just kill them all.

INT. AIRPORT LUGGAGE LOOP. LATER

John waits for an overly large G.I travel bag. It comes.

Pieces of his camping gear stick out of it. John lifts it off the loop. He drags it across the airport floor.

INT. RENTAL CAR BOOTH. LATER

John is behind the rental car booth with his G.I bag.

A nice young Car Rental Woman hands John a set of car keys.

JOHN

Thank you.

John pockets the car keys.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You have nice hands.

The Car Rental Woman and John smile from all the niceness.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER

Heavy sunlight warms over John, dragging his G.I bag between parked rental spaces. He drops his bag. Wipes off sweat. Grabs his rental keys. Clicks.

HONK

The Homeless Person (from Debbie's encounter earlier) pops out of a RENTAL CAR TRUNK.

JOHN

Are you one of my sons?

The Homeless Person runs over and PUNCHES John.

John knocks over on the pavement.

The Homeless Person steals the keys from John's hands.

The Homeless person gets in the driver seat of the rental.

The Homeless person drives off.

John's lifeless.

EXT. VOLCANO ISLAND. DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "A YEAR EARLIER"

We hear a CRAKATOA BOOM!

Volcano island is shooting off smoke. Ash covers water droplets on a fallen leaf. The ground SHAKES and OINKS.

GROUP LEADER (O.S.)

It's okay people!

Grass folds in a line. A WILD BORE lopes though the line.

Farther away:

GROUP LEADER (CONT'D)

We're okay.

EXT. CAVE. CONTINUOUS

GROUP LEADER escorts a line of TOURISTS outside of the cave entrance. The wild bore isn't far off.

GROUP LEADER

Hang on!

An EARTHQUAKE! Boulders vibrate. Tourists fall down.

Things level out. The earthquake ends.

TOURIST #1

We okay?

Group Leader pushes his face off the ground. He gets up.

GROUP LEADER

I think so.. everyone! We've gotta move out. Tour's done.

TOURISTS

Awww.

INT. THE CAVE. CONTINUOUS

Tiny sounds. Orange light.

A less scruffy GREG holds an expensive camera up to his eyes.

GREG

Honey! You okay!? Honey... don't.
Move.

Greg takes FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY of his wife, RITA, 32, objectified, modeling along the wall of the cave.

GREG (CONT'D)

Perfect.

GROUP LEADER (O.S)

Hello!? We're leaving!

EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE. SAME

JOHN rises from tall grass. Bewildered. Like an animal.

His vegas vacation button is much more clean.

John sniffs when he hears OINKS.

He lowers into the tall grass. Tourists didn't see it.

INT. CAVE. CONTINUOUS

Greg's frustrated because his camera isn't working.

Rita waits for him to fix it.

GREG

And once this thing gets better-
yes!

Greg fixes the camera. He aims it at Rita.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hun? You okay?

Rita's fidgety. She doesn't know how to pose.

Greg attempts a few candid.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Okay, almost, no not like that,
 come on, you look horrible, no
 again, no you're too pretty for
 that one, halt! Yeah. Go home,
 really, I've had enough of you.

FLASH bounces off Rita. sobbing against the wall.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Much better.

Rita's sob breaks into a cry. She turns it into a smile,
 okay, sorta better, then another CAMERA FLASH-

OF THE WILD BOAR!

RITA
 AHHHHH!

GREG
 Holy!

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE. SAME

John SPRINTS and DIVES inside the cave.

JOHN (O.S)
 Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!

Greg and Rita leave as fast as horribly possible.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE. SAME

Tourists linger a few feet from the entrance, including Group
 Leader. Greg and Rita are coming out.

GROUP LEADER
 Slow down!

JOHN RUNS OUT OF THE CAVE ENTRANCE. HE SCREAMS AT THE SKY:

JOHN
 Debbie!!!

(O.S) THUNDER.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, don't panic, I'm
 living here on this island and you
 folks are in a territory off-limits
 to normal civilians.
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now there's a volcano about to
shoot off at any point so you need
to get out of here before another
wild bore comes.

Rita panics. Runs away. Greg ignores it. He walks to John,
like he wants to ask him a question. John waves hello.

GREG

Greg Peck.

JOHN

John Lee. Pleasure.

Greg and John walk off with a handshake.

GROUP LEADER

Huh.

Group Leader has his hands on his hips. Perplexed.

INT. DEBBIE'S KITCHEN. PRESENT DAY

Bobby and Henry; sitting at Debbie's kitchen table.

HENRY

I'm sorry.

BOBBY

You know I could really care less.

HENRY

What you think'll do?

BOBBY

Dad? I don't know. I just know
I'm broke.

HENRY

I haven't really asked you yet, but
do you think it's a good idea
letting him back?

BOBBY

Let's just agree that if he tries
anything we'll kill him.

HENRY

He never liked me either, Bob.

BOBBY

Could'a guessed.

HENRY
He hated that I wanted to act.

Bobby laughs.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Seriously.

Debbie's bedroom door opens.

Henry shushes from saying anything else.

Debbie enters the kitchen in her sparkly red dress.

DEBBIE
You can act fine.

Henry sends a quick glance at Bobby. Debbie caught it.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to the doctor.

Debbie grabs her purse off the table.

HENRY
You alright?

BOBBY
Here we go again.

Debbie COUGHS.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
She has cancer, remember?

Debbie clears her throat while pulling keys from her purse.

HENRY
Ma?

Debbie goes to her apartment front door.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Dad's gunna be here in like five seconds.

Debbie opens the door and SHUTS it behind her.

BOBBY
See ya!
(...)
Alright drive me back home.

HENRY
She's pissed.

BOBBY
Because she realized we caught up to her bullshit. And between you and me it's really because she wants attention from sympathetic guys. It's weird.

HENRY
That's cucked.

BOBBY
I know it is.

HENRY
Hey. You know your money's in her room, in case you're ever thinking about anything.

BOBBY
Shutup.

HENRY
Really. I found my inheritance in there.

BOBBY
How?

HENRY
Ma just gave it to me when we first moved out, she said I was a good listener.

Henry muscles up his eyebrows.

BOBBY
Listen to this.

Bobby flicks off Henry.

HENRY
Cool.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

Debbie clacks down the parking RAMP. In her high heels. Carrying her purse. Touching her hair. Gorgeous. Her Miata is waiting for her. Debbie gets in it.

Debbie checks her complexion in all the visor mirrors. She starts up the ignition. Reverses out. BRAKES!

A Loving Couple of Senior Citizens hold grocery bags in front her path.

DEBBIE

Aw.

Debbie adores them.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Take your time...

Debbie HONKS.

The Loving Senior Citizens finally move off frame. After:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

The fifth goddamn honk!!!

Debbie knuckles her cheeks.

EXT. RICH NEIGHBORHOOD. LATER

Debbie's Miata CRUISES down a mansion riddled street. Little Kids are getting out of a small school. Debbie gives them all the middle finger. Little Kids scream and play fight.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT. SAME

PARAMEDICS attempt a recitation on John.

Clock the time.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER. LATER

Straight into the sky there's a plaque on a BIG entrance door that says: DOCTOR HARTMAN. THERAPIST. SKYSCRAPER MAN.

Debbie walks into the door.

DEBBIE

Ow!

INT. SKYSCRAPER FRONT DESK. CONTINUOUS

A SECRETARY is listening to a heavy cordless phone.

Debbie is on the other side of her personal bubble.

DEBBIE

Hey.

Debbie gets antsy because Secretary isn't saying anything.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hey.

Secretary lifts a finger.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Debbie bites off a hangnail.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

My name's Debbie... Lee...

SECRETARY

One moment... WHAT DEBBIE.

Secretary hangs up.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Shit I didn't mean to hang up.

DEBBIE

Hi.

SECRETARY

No appointments today.

DEBBIE

I believe I have one. Yes.

Secretary ogles her desk calendar.

SECRETARY

You were here yesterday anyway.

DEBBIE

I just need to see Doctor Hartman.

SECRETARY

Hartman's gone. He wanted to make sure you knew that.

DEBBIE

It's urgent I see him though.

SECRETARY

The urgency doesn't matter.

DEBBIE

It does Susan.

SECRETARY

How do you know my name?

DEBBIE

Because I would've named my daughter Susan.

SECRETARY

That's crazy.

DEBBIE

If I ever had a real girl.

SECRETARY

Debbie. I'm sorry. I hate this job, I hate you, my hair, everything, so, much, why can't Bill do his own shit, why does he do this in a skyscraper-

DEBBIE

Sell yourself more.

SECRETARY

Who are you? Really?

DEBBIE

We're all gunna die soon.

SECRETARY

Awesome.

Debbie clacks away. She goes to sit on a chair.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Wow.

Secretary grabs her heavy cordless phone. Dials it.

INSERT - WATER COOLER

Bubbling to the top.

PHIL SUAREZ (O.S)

So Bill tells me you're a real psycho hose beast.

INT. SKYSCRAPER OFFICE ROOM. LATER

Behind a bay window is a brick wall eyesore. Graffiti.

Little light. Low ceilings. Debbie.

PHIL SUAREZ

a college mustached, dapper, cheap therapist, sips a cone cup from his water cooler.

PHIL SUAREZ

Am I right?

Phil looks at Debbie who's about to sit in a wobbly chair.

DEBBIE

You don't have anything comfortable
I can sit on.

PHIL SUAREZ

You'll like the chair.

Phil fills up another cone cup.

DEBBIE

Can you come over here now?

Phil takes a long sip, goes to his desk, and sits across from Debbie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Where's Doctor Hartman?

PHIL SUAREZ

Shutup.

A piece of loose leaf paper. Phil inadvertantly places the cone cup right next it and the cone cup spills all over.

PHIL SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Whoops!

Debbie stops paying attention.

PHIL SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Phil wipes the spill with the sleeve of his jacket.

PHIL SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Mmmkay...

(he reads what's hardly
written on the paper)

"In the unfortunate case I die,
which will probably be soon, I wish
to give everything to the clown
that came to my tenth birthday
party" what who?

Debbie folds her hands.

DEBBIE

Percisely.

PHIL SUAREZ

I'm not a lawyer.

DEBBIE

You're a therapist though.

PHIL SUAREZ

I am?

DEBBIE

You can change my life. The
story's right there.

PHIL SUAREZ

I can't, mizz--

(he leans in to read)

Inferno?

Is Inferno really your maiden name?

DEBBIE

That was my husband's last name.

PHIL SUAREZ

Is this a will?

DEBBIE

Is it?

PHIL SUAREZ

Miz Inferno I don't know if you
ever knew this, but what we do here
is a specific kind of therapy on
specific sorta people, and I cannot
perform this type of therapy on
you. I'd like to perform on you,
wink wink, and get paid, but
unfortunately Medicaid doesn't
cover what we do here.

DEBBIE
I have cancer.

PHIL SUAREZ
I heard.

DEBBIE
Just making sure.

PHIL SUAREZ
You should go see a real doctor.

DEBBIE
Bill's a real doctor.

PHIL SUAREZ
But Bill's in Vegas, you know that.

DEBBIE
Has anyone ever told you you have
such beautiful eyes? You kinda
look like one of my sons.

Phil doesn't look like anyone.

PHIL SUAREZ
Debbie.

DEBBIE
Phil?

PHIL SUAREZ
Debbie?

DEBBIE
Don't do this to me. Please...

Debbie's about to cry whatever she has left.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Don't leave me too...

PHIL SUAREZ
I don't know what to say.

DEBBIE
Fine.

PHIL SUAREZ
But as your friend I'd tell you to
go to him, and you tell him how you
feel about it.

DEBBIE
I can't. He's going to kill me probably.

PHIL SUAREZ
Are you afraid that's the worst that can happen?

DEBBIE
I don't want to love him again.

PHIL SUAREZ
Go then.

Phil's so assured. He's way too good at this.

DEBBIE
Where?

PHIL SUAREZ
Go to him. Tell him everything you just said to me. Then walk out.

DEBBIE
On my husband?

Phil nods; yes.

PHIL SUAREZ
Finish your business.

DEBBIE
Oh my god.

Debbie tries to pull her cheek off. She's so excited.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You're right. Yes! Thank you, thank you-

PHIL SUAREZ
Anytime.

Debbie snatches her wet document off Phil's desk, gets up, walks, and she PUSHES over the water cooler.

PHIL SUAREZ (CONT'D)
Devil woman!

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Her apartment door opens and Debbie comes inside; sober.

DEBBIE
Is he here yet?

Henry and Bobby are relaxing on her living room couch.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I'm okay with it.

Debbie goes into her bedroom and gently closes the door.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

Debbie's careful not to make any noise. Shit! She does.

Debbie slides her closet open. Grabs a suitcase. Hauls it on the floor. Zips it open. Her hands grab red dresses off hangers. A make-up bag off a closet shelf. Hair product from a cubby. Anything else needed for a weekend in Vegas.

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM

Bobby turns around from where he and Henry are sitting.

HENRY
What?

BOBBY
She really came back.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
You guys need anything?!

BOBBY
Thought you just went out!

HENRY
She's up to something.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

Debbie opens a dresser. She digs for underwear. Ah-ha!

Debbie pulls out two stacks of \$10,000 cash.

DEBBIE
Alright Debbie.

It's the last thing she can fit in her suitcase.

INT. DEBBIE'S KITCHEN

Debbie strolls her suitcase into the kitchen. Loudly.

DEBBIE
I'm heading out.

BOBBY
(turning around from the
living room)
Hey mom?

DEBBIE
Hey youuuu.

BOBBY
We're sorry.

DEBBIE
Kay.

HENRY
Sorry ma.

DEBBIE
It's alright. We'll talk when I
get back.

HENRY
Where're you really going?

DEBBIE
I have a date with a guy.

BOBBY
A date?

HENRY
Nice! Good job mom.

BOBBY
You think it's a good idea going
out? In your condition?

Debbie parks her suitcase at the table. Walks to a drawer.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I mean, who is this guy??

Debbie opens the drawer.

DEBBIE
His name's Frank. Frank Junior.
You'd like him Bobby.. plays music.

Debbie scrambles in the drawer. She pulls out a sharp knife.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Played for years.

Debbie sneaks the knife in her purse.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Yup.

Debbie walks back to her suitcase. Rolls it.

BOBBY
 When will you be back? Dad'll be
 here soon.

Debbie leaves her apartment without slamming the door.

Bobby stares at Henry:

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Should we follow her?

HENRY
 She'll slip. Don't worry.

Bobby and Henry go back to watching TV. Like robots.

INT. DEBBIE'S KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

Henry's up and around, rummaging through empty kitchen cabinets. He discovers a neatly tucked bottle of Yellow Tail. Bobby opens a fridge. There isn't anything good inside of it. Henry grabs the bottle of Yellow Tail.

HENRY
 Shitty wine.

BOBBY
 How come she never has food here
 either?

URRRRRRR!

EXT. THE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE.

The Miata WHEELS SPIN out of her reserved parking spot. BRAKES. Smoke. Debbie gets out of her Miata. She takes the sharp knife out of her purse. Debbie struts to Henry's BMW with it. She SLASHES his front right tire.

The BMW ALARMS ARE ANNOYING.

Debbie throws her suitcase at his WINDSHIELD. SPIDER CRACK.

DEBBIE

Shit.

Debbie reluctantly climbs onto his hood and unzips her suitcase, she picks out her best red dress, the make-up bag.

She slides off the BMW hood. She gets into her Miata.

THE MIATA DRIVES OUT OF THE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE LIKE JEFF GORDON.

EXT. DEBBIE'S TERRACE. SAME

Henry and Bobby rush onto her terrace. Watch the drive.

HENRY

No.. no way...

BOBBY

No ma!

Henry wonders at Bobby.

Bobby runs back inside the living room.

Bobby comes back for Henry:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

C'mon! We have to get her!

HENRY

What about dad??

BOBBY

She took the damn money!

HENRY

Shit!

EXT. NEVADA. NIGHT

Mountains and a pretty desert. The Miata is DRIVING and it has the top cover down. SPEEDING AHEAD on an interstate.

INT. MIATA. DRIVING. SAME

Debbie's focused: her hairs are blowing in the wind, her best sparkly red dress laid perfectly on the passenger seat.

DEBBIE
Come n'get me boys.

The Miata cruises towards:

A LAS VEGAS SIGN. Lighting up the world. Lucky Debbie Lee.

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP. NIGHT

The Miata drives close the sidewalks with lights.

Debbie waves hello from her pilot seat. Sparkling. Red.

DEBBIE
You love it!?!?

Tourists. Junkies. College goers. A man in suspenders.

All sorts of warm and friendly people wave back at her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I'm Debbie Leeeee!!!

Debbie parks her the Miata in the middle of traffic. She gets out. The world is tight. Spinning around her laughter.

INT. MGM GRAND. CONTINUOUS

A PACKED AUDIENCE of old women and gay men. Adoring:

DIANA ROSS (or someone like her) on center stage and in the middle of a tune. Spotlights glide. We search for:

DIANA ROSS
Debbie. How I've missed you.
Debbie. How I've always missed
you.
Debbie, we've all had it rough.
But baby, Debbie, we all love you.

Hard forte.

DIANA ROSS (CONT'D)
DEBBIE!!!

Debbie FARTS in her front row seat.

INSERT - CRAPS - SLOTS - ROULETTE - AN OLD LADY WINS JACKPOT!

Oh baby get ready!

THERE'S A JAZZY NEW TUNE:

INT. CASINO BALLROOM. CONTINUOUS

High and panned out above VEGAS TOURISTS, CATERERS, a JAZZY JAZZ BAND. Everyone's having a great time.

A huge TV screen flashes the text:

Good Luck Everyone!

Someone points, hey! RITA, she's alone in an unreasonably fashionable funeral black dress. Rita knuckles her cheek.

HIGHER OVER THE CROWD-

Debbie's like Waldo. Somewhere. There!

She's clinging with Vegas Tourists. Chit-chatting away. Everyone seems interested in her.

EXT. CRAPS TABLE. SOON LATER

Dice roll 7s.

Debbie! Happy as a clam. She claps for the people at the craps table. They're her brand new friends. Drunk. Atrocious at gambling because she keeps asking the rules.

The Dealer at the table pulls away Debbie's two big stacks of hundred dollr chips. Debbie's ashamed.

LATER- Debbie loses big in BLACKJACK. ROULETTE. CRAPS AGAIN. She walks to a slot machine. LOSS.

INT. CASINO BALLROOM. LATER

The Jazzy Band ends the song they were playing.

Crowd applause. More applause.

The Jazzy Band gives in for one last 60s type of song.

BARTENDER

Hi.

Debbie's at a reception bar in the back of the casino.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Another shot?

DEBBIE
Hello Bartender.

He's an old fashioned BARTENDER and he serves Debbie a shot of whatever.

BARTENDER
On the house.

Debbie takes it like a champ.

DEBBIE
Thanks.

Debbie's cell phone VIBRATES on the bar. She clicks it off.
Bartender cleans Debbie's shot glass.

BARTENDER
You alright?

Bartender spots another shot glass in front of Debbie.

DEBBIE
Yup.

BARTENDER
One more for old time's sake then.

DEBBIE
Are you making fun of me too?

Bartender grabs the shot glass. Pours something different.

BARTENDER
Water this time then.

Debbie drinks it.

DEBBIE
(less genuine)
You're sweet.

BARTENDER
Similar to that guy?

Bartender nods ahead. Debbie turns her neck.

GREG

dances over in a nice suit. To the reception bar.

DEBBIE
Him?

BARTENDER
Isn't that your husband?

DEBBIE
Uhhmm...

Greg has a giant glass of scotch in his right hand and he uses the left hand to rub the back of his hair. Peeling.

GREG
May I buy you another?

DEBBIE
Yup.

GREG
You look mad though. Hard losses?

DEBBIE
Hard losses.

Greg signals for a shot.

BARTENDER
Coming right up Greg.

Bartender fills a shot in front of Greg and Debbie. Himself. They all share a clink. Drink it.

DEBBIE
Can I ask you something partner?

GREG
Shoot.

DEBBIE
You've got quite the look. How'd you all pull it off?

GREG
Deliberatley. Have we met?

DEBBIE
Nooooo no you don't understand.

GREG
I think I do.

DEBBIE

I'm actually about to die soon so I don't think this is going to work out.

GREG

Death's just another journey.

DEBBIE

Wow. Who said that?

GREG

Some asshole.

Greg is extremely seductive. Yet. So is Debbie.

Greg bites his lip.

DEBBIE

See ya!

Debbie takes her purse, cell phone, and waddles away from Greg, dancing her way to the hardwood.

GREG

Her stride's flawless.

Bartender taps him on the shoulder.

BARTENDER

Congratulations.

GREG

What? Oh yeah thanks man.

Greg spots a five dollar bill on the bar table.

BARTENDER

Where's your real wife?

GREG

I told you not to ask me questions, Jesus.

By the stone water fountain we see Rita crying hysterically.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm not doing anything.
You know I just got back from being
a castaway for five months?

Greg takes back his five dollar bill.

BARTENDER
Your journey will be coming to end,
soon.

GREG
Are you drunk?

BARTENDER
Yes.

Greg leaves Bartender alone and makes a move for Debbie. On the hardwood. Debbie welcomes him. They dance like gophers.

Back at the bar:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Destroy your life I don't care.

Debbie twerks.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
They're all keepers.

Rita won't stop crying.

EXT. HENRY'S BMW. NIGHT

A front wheel is flat. Wobbling on a desert road.

The rest of the BMW DRIVES FASTER.

BOBBY (O.S)
Doesn't make any sense, Vegas??

INT. BMW. CONTINUOUS

Henry's driving. Bobby's resting a headache.

HENRY
Vegas is where dad messed up, and mom actually having cancer? I knew it was all made up I told you.

BOBBY
How are we going to find out where she is then, she could be anywhere.

HENRY
Try a casino.

BOBBY
Bullshit a casino.

HENRY

I'm just guessing here man. It's your money.

BOBBY

I just don't get it. It's almost like she wants us to follow her.

HENRY

Yeah I know. And listen man, dad told me once this would finally happen, and everyone goes crazy. He said this family, everyone who's ever been a part of it? "Ain't got no high road".

BOBBY

I have a hard time believing that.

HENRY

Grab my phone under your seat.

Bobby grabs Henry's cell phone that's under his seat.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Unlock it you know the code.

Bobby unlocks it.

BOBBY

Unlocked.

HENRY

Text mom.

BOBBY

She won't answer us.

HENRY

Text her this... "we don't hate you".

BOBBY

... (bobby makes a text) ...

HENRY

Ha!

BOBBY

What?

HENRY

She's probably drunk and gambling away the rest of your money.

BOBBY
You think-?

HENRY
Yuuup. AH SHIT!!

BOBBY
What Henry!?

HENRY
My tires are frackin' flat I can't
drive this thing.

The BMW JERKS. Rubber tears off a rim.

The BMW lines back between the road. Straightens.

BOBBY
Are we gunna to be okay?

HENRY
Doubt it.

Light pollution above a mountain. LAS VEGAS.

INT. STARBUCKS, LAS VEGAS. MIDNIGHT

Hyper color, music, hipsters, tourists, a midnight clock.

Debbie and Greg. Sitting at a table below the midnight
clock. Each with a coffee. Customized.

GREG
Debbie again? I like that name.

DEBBIE
I'm poor.

GREG
Heh. Aren't we all. Tell me about
it.

DEBBIE
Really?

GREG
Haven't sit all day.

DEBBIE
Cool! I have two kids, they both
live in LA now, we all grew up in
the darkness of South Dakota. My
husband-

GREG
How's he doing?

DEBBIE
He's dead.

GREG
I'm sorry.

DEBBIE
It's okay. Because I just found
out he's alive.

GREG
Yeah?

DEBBIE
It's kinda messed up.

GREG
Already had me at dead.

DEBBIE
Well we were on a trip to Hawaii
with the kids.. and John, he'd
fallen into a volcano, or at least
that's what we thought at the time.
Rescue stopped looking because the
volcano was active.

GREG
Interest-

DEBBIE
Shutup I'm talking. And I don't
know why though, we, I mean the
kids and I decided to pack up and
move to LA, we love the beaches,
the weather, culture, South Dakota
just wasn't it. Therapy people
here are great too.

GREG
Admirable. That's really
admirable.
(he taps his noggin')

DEBBIE
Thanks, I guess. Ha- haa I get it-

Debbie snorts like a pig.

GREG
You alright?

DEBBIE

Guh-- I'm so hungover.. I'm sorry though, how're you? Who's Greg?

GREG

I was in the war. Overseas.

DEBBIE

How bout that.. how'd it go?

GREG

Reaaal bad.
I'm back from a pee oh camp.

DEBBIE

Pee oh?

GREG

Prisoner of war, I was on an island, controlled by terrorists.

DEBBIE

Huh. I kinda wished my sons joined the army.. learned a little discipline-
(chuckles)
Right??

Debbie nudges Greg on his shoulder. Reveals cleavage.

GREG

Yeah.

DEBBIE

I get it. They're on their way to kill me.

GREG

Your kids?

DEBBIE

I lost their inheritances about an hour ago. On one of those dice games or something. I'm expecting a painful death.

GREG

I think you're right though, send them off to the military.

DEBBIE

We'll see. Before I die at least.

Greg looks at his watch. Starbucks patrons.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Because I have cancer-

GREG
Hey. What was your husband's name
again?

DEBBIE
John. Why'd you wonder?

GREG
I think I knew a John.

DEBBIE
He faked his death.

GREG
I bet.
(...)
So I gotta run back to my life
across the street, should'a
probably said hi to my wife.

DEBBIE
Wife?

GREG
I'm sorry about John.

DEBBIE
Wait what? I thought we were
having fun.
(she gazes around)
I bet there's some good shitty
pizza out here.

GREG
I can't. Good luck with the kids.

Greg exits without looking back.

Debbie's with her coffee. She sulks in it. Then she KNOCKS
the table over. Patrons react accordingly.

DEBBIE
Sugar shit.

Debbie grabs her cell phone before a coffee spill.

She makes a call.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Henry?

HENRY (THROUGH HER PHONE)
Ma! Where are ya!?

DEBBIE
I'm in caffeine.

BOBBY (THROUGH HER PHONE)
MOM!---stop it---stop touching me--
that's not the right one--! MOM--
we know were you are! NO HENRY!

DEBBIE
I hate you guys!
Leave me alone!
ALL YOU EVER DO IS FIGHT!

Debbie presses her phone, furiously.

She throws her phone at a patron.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What do I do?!?

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP. SAME

Tourists are running away. SOMETHING IS AWFUL IS HAPPENING.

EXT. STARBUCKS. WITHIN SECONDS

Henry's BMW. COMING FAST.

INT. HENRY'S BMW. CONTINUOUS

Henry and Bobby bounce up and down in their seats.

HENRY
I can't control it!

EXT. HENRY'S BMW. CONTINUOUS

It SWERVES. FISHTAILS. INTO Greg who's trying to run across
the street. The BMW keeps going.

CRASSH

The BMW SMASHES into the Starbucks.

A front bumper WHACKS Debbie.

Debbie FLIES.

DEBBIE

Eeeeeee--

Debbie SLAMS against a back wall.

Patrons become mortified. They run away.

HENRY

(barely in the BMW)

Ma! Bobby wouldn't stop hitting
meeee.

Debbie's unconscious. Underneath Starbucks rubble.

Greg is lying sideways on the street. Seriously injured.

INT. HENRY'S WRECKED BMW. CONTINUOUS

Henry passes out on the BMW steering wheel.

BOBBY

Dude! Dude I'm having trouble
breathing here okay, yup, I hate
you, I'm hungry I'm-

Shutting eyes.

STARBUCKS PATRON (O.S.)

Hey that's Henry Anvil!

INT. FOGGY NIGHT CLUB. ?

A NICELY CLOTHED AUDIENCE is sitting with excellent posture
at nice tables. Having a drink on the house. With servers.
A brick wall. Debbie. On stage. Alone.

Her red dress is scratched to pieces. Still attached.
Sparkling in front of a brick wall. She takes a sip of water
from an aquafina, puts it on a stool, and walks up to a
microphone stand.

DEBBIE

Sometimes when I'm explaining my
life a buncha assholes I just start
wondering, "what the hell am I
doing here"?

Debbie wipes the blood off her forehead.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 That's cool... and how'd you like
 to see that woman's miiiind for a
 while. She's a deeeep mind for
 this world. Heyyyy Little Debbie!
 We better be in Burbank by nine!

Audience doesn't react. Their faces are blank.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Right?

Audience covers their eyes, mouths, ears.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Place I was going to was called,
 "find my husband."

Debbie tries tapping the mic to see if it's on.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Ever had kids you wanted more from?

THUNDER in the foggy night club. A HOLY FLASH OF LIGHT!

Everyone FLIES UP into the air. Like angels. Except:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 Oh, not me?

JOHN walks down a foggy center isle. He's the main angel.

JOHN
 Debbie.

DEBBIE
 Finally. My dead husband.

JOHN
 It's good to see you.

John takes a seat in a front row.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Let it out. Please.

Debbie shakes her arms. She stretches.

DEBBIE
 Just want me to finally say it.

JOHN
 I deserve it.

DEBBIE
I've been leaving marks in this
dress since you left us. I thought
I had a bigger ass than you.

JOHN
Classic.

DEBBIE
Oh you think you're funny too?

JOHN
I thought I was.

DEBBIE
John? What the hell is going on?

John stands. Walks up. And comes on stage.

JOHN
Debbie. I faked my death because I
loved you.

DEBBIE
You don't love me. That's a lie.

JOHN
You're right. After I realized how
stupid and dumb I was, I knew I
wanted to come back.

DEBBIE
You're a selfish asshole.

JOHN
So were you.. dragging Henry and
Bobby to a city they'd no business
being in.

DEBBIE
(COUGHS)
You knew how much they wanted life.
And what'd you do..? Nothing. Me
though? I brought them to
paradise, they tried to capitalize.

JOHN
Did they?

DEBBIE
They did. And then it's only me
wanting to die, fifty years of my
life just so I can smoke my last
cigarette. I hate you.

JOHN

You really want this Debbie? You realize that our sons are in the hospital right now, about to die next?

FLAMES spew down the center isle. Greg. He's red. And *demon-like*.

GREG

Excellent Debbie. Excellent performance. What we got was quote on quote, the best time, drinking and cigarettes is great, we loved it, we started performing on each other's demon dicks. We loved it. Everyone yelled all the time, this is comedy? I said YES!

JOHN

Greg?

DEBBIE

Greg?

GREG

HEY. Your kid hit me with a BMW. Yet I can't help but think this is actually your wife fault.

JOHN

You. You ball of shit-

John winds his arm back and COMES FORWARD-

DEBBIE

No! Screw you both!
 (she rolls her eyes and talks really fast)
 Secondary smoke blah blah there's gotta be secondary smoke but there isn't any secondary smoke, how much smoke outta that shitty pack of cigarettes. I'm outta two lighters a day man. I swear this night club is fucking foggy.

John PUNCHES Greg in the face.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Welp.

Debbie drops her mic. Sits down. Watches:

John kicking Greg's ass.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Hello! Hello! Hello!

Debbie's bored. She stands back up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I'm a woman wearing red in a white
light!

John pins Greg's demon face to the ground.

JOHN
Gotta little sunshine there Greg?!
Ever gunna pay me back??

GREG
You can't change her!

DEBBIE
Stop fighting!

GREG
Stop kicking my ass John!

JOHN
You went on a date with my wife.

GREG
You were dead!

DEBBIE
I don't care how you two know each
other but please, get off my stage.

JOHN
Goodbye Debbie. Goodbye Greg.

GREG
Thanks Debbie.

John and Greg VANISH. Separately.

DEBBIE
Later assholes!

...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Huh. Little quiet in here.

FROM VERY FAR AWAY. We hear Debbie cough.

An extremely bright LIGHT BEAM floods over Debbie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh hey God!

Debbie RISES IN THE AIR.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(screeching)

Ohhhh yeah, that's right. None of you have a goddamn idea what's in store. I'll goddamn show you. I'M DEBBIE LEE!!!!

Debbie FALLS hard on the stage...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

WHY.

WHY WHY WHY WHY!

Debbie breathes and breathes... and breathes... she settles her emotion, and now, Debbie, it's time to actually to leave.

However. We allow Debbie to look around the fog. Everything dissipates. One last thing is left.

A BACKDOOR. Focusing away from Debbie's sight. Perhaps she recognizes it. A peculiar symbol of hope.

Debbie comes. Pushes the door. And we finally fade out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

The SOUND of a heart rate monitor.

HARTMAN leans over the edge of a gurney blanket Crestfallen.

HARTMAN

I don't even know where to begin.
The sad feeling I get, it's tough.
You look at me, well, at least you try and look at me, yeah, now I can see that pain, a pain so Goddamn emotional.. you had a nice life...

HARTMAN'S MOTHER, 100, is blanketed on the gurney and wired in a deep sleep.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

I just really wish you left me with some money this weekend.

NURSE (O.S)

Doctor Hartman?

A hallway NURSE is standing by the hospital room door with TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

HARTMAN

Hello.

The two Police Officers present Henry in handcuffs.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Make it quick Anvil.

HENRY

Thanks guys.

Female Nurse and the Police leave Henry inside the room.

Henry's face is injured, guilt ridden, melancholy.

HARTMAN

Henry. I thought we promised each other never to speak again.

Hartman finds a chair to sit on.

Henry scouts the room.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

How'd you know I was here?

HENRY

I heard your voice from down the hallway. Is she okay?

Hartman views his dying mother.

HARTMAN

We had a decent time.

HENRY

I know what you mean.

HARTMAN

How so?

HENRY

Well I'm just lucky, ya know? I found you. You can help me.

HARTMAN

Henry I can't fix your head right now.

HENRY
I'm not asking you to.

HARTMAN
What then. What can I possibly do.

HENRY
I think my brother and I killed our
mom at a Starbucks on the strip.
She's in the other room.

HARTMAN
Henry. Anvil's not your last name
is it.

HENRY
Of course not that'd be crazy.
It's Lee.

Hartman has a sudden realization.

HARTMAN
And my mom blurted out something
before I smashed into her that we
should do family thera-

Hartman kicks up from his chair, unplugs his own mother, and
exits the hospital room like he's about to miss a flight.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Bye.

Henry watches him leave.

HENRY
Wait!

Henry follows him out of the room. Down the Nurse's hallway.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Doctor Hartman!

Hartman is way ahead. Down the hallway.

HARTMAN
No, not a Doctor.

Hartman grabs an EMERGENCY PARACHUTE off a wall.

HENRY
C'mon!

HARTMAN
I'M NOT A DOCTOR! I'M A SKY
SCRAPING SKY DIVER BABY!

HARTMAN SHATTERS OUT OF A HALLWAY WINDOW and his drop is over
Las Vegas strip traffic. The parachute doesn't open...

SLAM TITLE: POOR DEBBIE LEE.

THE END