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For Showtime Television
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WEEDS

Pilot

"You Can't Miss The Bear"

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Writer's First Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. THE STREETS OF AGRESTIC, CA, A PRIVATE COMMUNITY - DAY

We hear Malvina Reynolds singing "Little Boxes."

MALVINA

*Little boxes on the hillside,
little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
little boxes on the hillside,
little boxes, all the same; there's
a green one and a pink one and a
blue one and a yellow one, and
they're all made out of ticky-
tacky, and they all look just the
same. And the people in the
houses, all went to the university
where they were put in boxes and
they came out all the same. And
there's doctors and lawyers and
business executives, and they're
all made out ticky-tacky and they
all look just the same. And they
all play on the golf course, and
drink their martinis dry and they
all have pretty children and the
children go to school, and the
children go to summer camp, and
then to the university where they
are put in boxes and they come out
all the same.*

(MORE)

MALVINA (cont.'d)

And the boys go into business, and marry and raise a family, in boxes made of ticky-tacky, in boxes all the same, there's a pink one and a green one and a blue one and a yellow one and they're all made out of ticky -tacky and they all look just the same.

It's a beautiful day in bucolic suburbia. We pan the streets of Agrestic, an upscale private planned community just outside of Los Angeles. We see vast malls featuring every chain store, hobby shop, movie theater, national restaurant and coffee joint one could possibly wish to visit, with convenient parking, or drive-thrus if you're in a hurry. The vast malls break up housing clusters; gated subdivisions with names like "Jacaranda Glen" or "the Heights." Once through the gates, we see SUVs in the driveways of family homes with nice landscaping and three car garages and expensive swingsets on manicured lawns. Every subdivision has an overriding style of home, but with slight variations so people can express their individuality. Everything is peachy beige.

EXT. AGRESTIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

At the nexus of four housing clusters sits Agrestic Elementary School with it's new buildings, modern playground equipment, strategically placed trees, and vending machines.

INT. PTA MEETING ROOM - DAY

In a bright, airy, generic room are a group of bright, airy generic moms. They all have the same handbag, but in different colors and sizes. There is a table in the back laden with muffins and coffee and fruit and little signs in front of some of the muffins that say, "low carb."

There are chairs in the center, and at the front of the room are two podiums. One is all white and decorated with decoupage and beading and there is a sign on that one that reads, "Celia Hodes, PTA president." The other podium is plain.

Nancy Botwin, a trim, sexy, suburban white lady in her late thirties, (in truth, early to mid forties, but she looks damn good), dressed in stylish, expensive casual clothing, stands behind the plain podium and speaks.

NANCY

...so I really think it's important that we remove all soft drinks from the vending machines and replace them with bottled water and naturally sweetened fruit juice.

Celia Hodes, an immaculately groomed blonde wearing a big gold cross, is standing at attention behind her custom podium. She interrupts.

Two mothers in the audience begin to whisper about Nancy.

CELIA

Are you talking about diet soda too? Because, I don't think we should remove the diet soda. So many of our girls are watching their figures.

AUDIENCE MOTHER 1

I think she got a little botie between the eyes.

NANCY

This is an elementary school. The oldest girls are eleven. They shouldn't be dieting.

AUDIENCE MOTHER 2

She probably treated herself, poor thing. If my husband suddenly dropped dead, I'd do the whole face and then recover at a spa for a month.

Audience Mother 1 points to Nancy's purse. It's the big version of the one everyone has.

CELIA

Now, Nancy, that's just naive. I know you have boys, so you may not be able to understand, but --

AUDIENCE MOTHER 1

She's got the big bag. I guess he left her pretty well fixed, huh?

Another mother leans in.

NANCY

Understand what? That children shouldn't be guzzling sugar and chemicals?

AUDIENCE MOTHER 3

I heard there was nothing. He was about to start a new job so there was zilch coming in, and they spent all their savings on redoing the kitchen. Have you seen it? It turned out gorgeous.

CELIA (cont'd)
We are in total agreement
about the sugar. All the
sugary drinks should go.

AUDIENCE MOTHER 2
Maybe there's family money.

CELIA (cont'd)
Everyone in favor of
eliminating sugary drinks
from the vending machines?
Ladies?

AUDIENCE MOTHER 1
No. I think his parents died
a while ago and hers are
retired teachers. Nothing.

Nancy shakes her head. It's not worth fighting. Everyone
raises her hand. Celia bangs a gavel.

CELIA
Wonderful! That's done. Thank you
Nancy Botwin, head of our Healthy
Children Committee. Now, let's all
take a break and eat some of the
delicious muffins left over from
the "bake for our school's sake"
bake sale. Which, by the way,
raised over twenty eight hundred
dollars for the school library
internet service with porn filters.
Give yourselves a round of
applause, everyone.

Everyone claps for themselves and gets up to mill around the
snack table. The three moms are still gossiping.

AUDIENCE MOTHER 3
I wonder how she's getting by?

Nancy walks up to the table. The three moms turn to her.

AUDIENCE MOTHER 1
Nancy! We were all just saying how
much we love your purse!!!

CUT TO:

INT. HEYLIA JAMES' KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE-UP: Nancy is talking.

NANCY
...it's a knock-off. But, you
can't even tell.

PULL BACK to reveal that Nancy, holding up her purse, is seated at a large round table in a dated but clean and warmly appointed kitchen where the homemade curtains are drawn, but the electric lighting compensates to make the room seem bright. Also at the table are a young black man, Keeyon, a young pregnant black woman, Vaneeta, (both dressed street casual) and an imposing older black woman, Heylia James, probably in her sixties, fat, tough, wearing a housedress. (Pronounced like Mahalia without the Ma). In the center of the table is a small mountain of marijuana. The three "helpers" are sectioning off measures of pot with rulers, pouring the pot into plastic bags, and handing the bags to Heylia who weighs them in her hands and adds a little or subtracts a little before sending the bag through a Freshlock Turbosealer and tossing it into a big Sterlite box that sits between her beefy ankles. Nancy is sipping a glass of iced tea. Keeyon reaches for the purse.

KEYYON

Lemme see that. Raysha been wantin' one a these. How much you pay?

NANCY

Seventy five bucks. It sells in the store for something like eight hundred, but I found this Armenian guy downtown--

HEYLIA

Raysha take one look at that crooked stitchin' and she know you a cheap ass trick. Fakes is for dumb ass white bitches who don't know better.

Nancy snatches the purse back and peers at the stitching.

NANCY

What are you talking about? The stitching on this bag is perfect.

Heylia points to a seam.

NANCY (cont'd)

God Dammit!

HEYLIA

You know, I was lookin' in the dictionary the other day, and I saw your picture in there. Right next to, "dumb ass white bitch."

NANCY

This is going straight back to Mr. Tagabedian.

Nancy drops the purse under the table. A timer dings. Heylia hauls her considerable mass out of the chair and walks over to the oven where she removes a golden cornbread. Keeyon gets up to grab a piece. Heylia stops him.

HEYLIA

Uh uh. You need to quit. It got to cool off.

NANCY

Ugh. That smells so good. I miss carbs.

The pregnant girl chimes in.

VANEETA

My friend Taleesa tried that no carbs. She ate bacon and eggs for a month, and I'm talkin' like five dozen eggs and a whole pig a day, and she lost eleven pounds. The shit works.

NANCY

I know. My sister's lost seventeen pounds. She does that Atkins delivery service where they bring her a cooler of food every day, and she just eats what's in there and then leaves it outside.

KEEYON

How much she pay for that?

NANCY

I don't know, but she says it's totally worth it.

HEYLIA

We should start that in the 'hood.
Call it the "I'm gettin' skinny
cause some nigga stole my bag of
food," diet.

KEEYON

Taleesa still fat.

VANEETA

Uh, uh. She looks good.

KEEYON

Then why Ronnie dump her ass?

VANEETA

Cause he found out she was takin'
his money for Li'l Ron and spending
it on shit for Sheree. And he's
all, "let Sheree Daddy pay for
fuckin' speech therapy. Why don't
my son got Addidas?"

NANCY

It's stupid to buy expensive shoes
for a three year old. He'll
outgrow them in a day.

Conrad Conrad, somewhere in his thirties, big and handsome
and a commanding presence, enters the kitchen. He walks with
a slight limp.

CONRAD CONRAD

You calling black people stupid?

NANCY

Yes. And lazy. And they also
steal.

HEYLIA

But we sings and dances real good.

CONRAD CONRAD

White people steal. Enron.
Worldcom. They steal billions of
dollars, flush them through
overseas bank accounts, then sit on
the beach countin' their money
after a few months in minimum
security.

HEYLIA

Oh, someone been listenin' to the good Reverend Sharpton.

KEEYON

You know big Kenny from the laundry? He got sent to Lompoc for stealing a jacket.

NANCY

Maybe black people need to start stealing bigger.

CONRAD CONRAD

Maybe fuckin' so.

Conrad picks up the Sterlite from the floor, puts it on the counter, and begins counting packed ounces.

Nancy points to one.

NANCY

That pack looks a little small.

The room goes quiet, then everyone explodes.

EVERYONE

Oh no! You did not just say that! She callin' you out, Mama!

HEYLIA

Bitch, I can eyeball an ounce from outer space with my glasses cracked.

Heylia picks up the bag, tosses it onto a nearby digital scale and sits back, arms as crossed across her huge tits as possible. It's an ounce on the button. Everyone applauds.

HEYLIA (cont'd)

Hmm. All actin' like you know. Writin' checks yo' ass can't cash.

CONRAD

Never question Heylia's eyeballing. She's like the Rainman of Weed.

NANCY

Well, I apologize. I'm still new at this, and I stand corrected.

KEYYON

Stand, shit. You on your knees corrected.

HEYLIA

Gettin' all beside yo'self. You need to recognize--

NANCY

All right. All right. Fine. I'm a bitch ass bitch. But show a *little* respect; I am the biggest game in the private community of Agrestic.

HEYLIA

Oh, and that's cause you so talented? Drugs sell themselves, biscuit. You ain't shit.

Nancy reaches into her knock-off purse and plonks down a stack of hundred dollar bills tied with a raffia ribbon.

HEYLIA (cont'd)

You still ain't shit. (Then) How much you got there?

CONRAD

Here.

Conrad hands Nancy four thin, flat, vacuum sealed bags of pot which she slips into two specially sewn pockets in her smart, fitted blazer. She holds the raffia wrapped wad of cash out to him.

HEYLIA

Take that crap off my money. You're not giving me a present. You're paying me for drugs.

NANCY

Excuse me for trying to bring a little beauty to an ugly world.

Nancy glances at her watch as she pulls off the raffia.

NANCY (cont'd)

Oh, fuck. It's two thirty.

She gets up suddenly, stuffs the cash in Conrad's hand, and starts for the door.

HEYLIA

Where you goin' with your ass all on fire? Dr. Phil ain't on 'til four.

NANCY

It's Tuesday. Shane's got his grief counselor.

HEYLIA

Oh, right. Sorry.

CONRAD

I'll walk you out.

She's already out the door. Conrad follows her.

KEEYON

Damn, that was stank, Heylia.

HEYLIA

Shut the fuck up.

VANEETA

Can you imagine? Boy out joggin' with his daddy, havin' a good time, and then, boom, daddy dead in the street. That would fuck a kid up.

HEYLIA

Well, you show me who ain't fucked up. Who wants cornbread?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEYLIA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

There is no indication that a cozy interior lies beyond this slum facade. Nancy's Explorer is parked out front. She unlocks the door and starts to climb in. Conrad runs up to the window.

CONRAD CONRAD

You all right?

NANCY

I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm just late.

CONRAD CONRAD

You sure?

NANCY

Conrad, we do business, not personal.

CONRAD CONRAD

Hey, I'm full service. Didn't Andy tell you that when he hooked us up?

NANCY

I think my brother-in-law's exact words were, "Dude, meet the finest jit with the finest shit." I've got to go. Thanks.

CONRAD

Fine. Drive safe. You know where I live.

He shuts her door and slaps the side of the car in a send-off gesture. She speeds away. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The grand gourmet kitchen opens into a large, tasteful family room where Nancy's son Shane, eleven years old, smart, weird, think the spazz kid from the spelling bee movie as his prototype, and his older brother Silas, fifteen, an under-the-radar type of teen, not too cool, not too nerdy, not gorgeous, not homely, are finishing their dinner in front of the television. A Latino housekeeper, Lupita, is cleaning up the kitchen. On the screen, a bunch of guys in fatigues are sitting on platforms in the trees, holding big guns and periodically whispering, "Shhh. I think I heard something." Nancy enters the room and snaps off the TV.

NANCY

What happened in the guest room?

SILAS

Ask Shane.

NANCY

I'm asking both of you.

SHANE

I fell through the skylight. But don't worry, I'm okay. Turn the show back on.

NANCY

There's a giant hole in the roof now. What the hell were you doing up there?

SILAS

Lupita told him to get down.

LUPITA

I tell him, Missus.

SHANE

I didn't hear her.

SILAS

Oh, come on. The deaf girl on Dewey Street could hear her.

SHANE

She's not deaf. She just talks weird. There's something wrong with her tongue.

SILAS

Who told you that? She's totally deaf. And Dennis Kling says there is nothing wrong with her tongue.

SHANE

What do you mean?

Nancy shoots Silas a "think before you answer that" look.

SHANE (cont'd)

What? Did they French kiss?

There's a knock at the back door, and a slim, pretty, slightly sickly looking teenage girl, Quinn Hodes let's herself in.

QUINN

Hey, Mrs. Botwin.

NANCY

Hi, Quinn. You want something to eat? Lupita made chili.

QUINN

Nah. I'm good. Hey, Lupita.

SILAS

(To Shane) Yeah, that's right. They French kissed.

Quinn grabs an apple from a fruit bowl, and sits down in the family room next to Silas. She takes a bite of apple, then offers it to him. He bites.

QUINN

Who French kissed?

SILAS

Dennis Kling and Meghan Beales.

QUINN

Oh, they did a whole lot more than--

NANCY

(Warning) Quinn--

QUINN

(To Shane) How's your shoulder?

NANCY

You were here when he fell?

QUINN

Officially, no. Officially I was at Kim's house working on a science project.

NANCY

I don't want to know.

SHANE

They were making out, but nothing naked.

QUINN/SILAS

Shut up.

Nancy's beeper goes off. She looks at it.

NANCY
I'll be right back.

SHANE
Where are you going?

NANCY
It's a neighborhood watch thing.
I'll be back soon.

Nancy grabs her keys and her blazer and exits.

QUINN
What were you doing on the roof?

SHANE
Spying on Mr. Wells. He was
getting his back waxed. It was so
gross. Even the lady doing it
seemed freaked out by all that
hair.

QUINN
I wonder if he's got a new
boyfriend.

SILAS
Wanna go fool around?

QUINN
Sure.

Silas and Quinn leave the room. Shane snaps the TV back on. On the screen a bear is chasing one of the guys in fatigues. Lupita, carrying two bowls of ice cream, sits down next to Shane and hands him one. They eat and watch.

LUPITA
I love this show.

RESET TO:

EXT. HOUSE/INT. FORD EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS

Nancy gets into the driver's seat of her car and buckles up. Josh McCarthy, a "cool," handsome kid, around sixteen or seventeen pops up from behind the driver's seat.

JOSH

Boo!

Nancy practically jumps out of her skin.

NANCY

Oh, Christ, Josh! My husband died of a heart attack. You want to orphan my children?

JOSH

Mrs. B., you need to relax. Stress weakens the immune system and we're coming up on cold and flu season.

Josh sits down in the passenger seat as Nancy starts the engine and pulls out of the driveway.

NANCY

Buckle your seat belt.

He does.

NANCY (cont'd)

So, what's up?

JOSH

My guy went on a yoga retreat in Redlands and he won't be back for a week. You think you could help me out?

NANCY

He didn't take care of you before he left?

JOSH

Have you seen, "Winged Migration?"

NANCY

The bird movie?

JOSH

A masterpiece of naturalist cinema. They trained the birds to wear these cameras, right? So when you watch, you really are getting the "bird's eye view." It makes you realize how much it sucks to be a bird, but it's beautiful.

NANCY

So a bird flew away with your
stash?

JOSH

They've been showing "Winged
Migration" at the plex all week.
Wiped me out. Shit hasn't gone
this fast since "The Passion of the
Christ."

NANCY

Kids got stoned for the "Passion of
the Christ?" That's disturbing.

JOSH

Not as disturbing as watching it
not stoned. Religion my ass. It's
a straight up snuff film.

NANCY

Josh, why don't you just take the
week off?

JOSH

That so goes against my Christian
work ethic, Mrs. B. Idle hands are
the Devil's playthings. Come on.
Help me out. I'd do it for you.

NANCY

I don't need you to. My guy
doesn't do yoga. I don't think he
likes any kind of exercise that
involves mats.

Josh pulls out a big wad of money.

JOSH

Cash.

NANCY

Josh--

JOSH

Come on. I was at the orthodontist
the other day when Shane was there,
and I heard all about his overbite.
That's gotta be costing you some
serious green.

She keeps her cool.

NANCY

For how much?

JOSH

However much you want to give me,
Mrs. B.
Beggars can't be choosers.
Although I offered that homeless
guy on Pine Street some left-over
Chinese, slippery shrimp, no less,
and you know what he said? "I
*don't like fish. You got anything
else? "*

NANCY

A shrimp isn't a fish.

JOSH

The man wears a tinfoil hat because
he thinks it will protect him from
AIDs.

NANCY

Shrimp are bottom feeders. When
you eat a shrimp, Josh, always make
sure it's been thoroughly cleaned
and de-veined.

JOSH

Yeah. Will do. So you gonna hook
me up?

NANCY

You gonna play by the rules?

JOSH

(Ala West Side Story) *One of your
own kind, deal to your own kind!*
(He holds up the wad of cash.) I'm
putting the love in the glove.

Josh stuffs the money into the glove compartment and shuts
it. He picks up a CD jewel case.

JOSH (cont'd)

(Re: CDs) You like Death Cab for
Cutie?

Nancy pulls over, puts the car in park, and turns to Josh.

NANCY

Okay, listen, you stay away from my customer base, and you don't sell to kids, you got it?

JOSH

If they're too young to bleed, they're too young for weed. No grass on the field? No grass will they yield.

NANCY

You're a poet.

Nancy reaches into her blazer and pulls out one of the vacuum sealed bags. Josh reaches back and grabs his backpack. He opens it and stuffs the pot in.

NANCY (cont'd)

You want a ride home? It's getting late.

JOSH

Nah. I'll be fine. It's the suburbs. Safe to walk the streets at night and all that.

Josh opens his door and several empty Starbucks cups fall out.

JOSH (cont'd)

Whoa, you should slow down on the lattes, Mrs. B. Don't kid yourself, caffeine is a serious drug.

NANCY

Go away now, Josh.

JOSH

Later Mrs. B.

And he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

It's a gorgeous day in a gorgeous suburban park. Kids are running up and down the field as parents seated in expensive camping chairs alternately cheer and chat except for the real gung-ho types who are running up and down the sidelines barking instructions and enraged encouragement. Nancy is seated in her chair cheering like the rest as suburban adults. At random intervals, people approach her and discreetly hand her money which she stashes in her fanny pack. She then reaches into the saddlebag of her camping chair and in one graceful movement palms them a neat little bag of marijuana, and smiles warmly.

Nancy watches Shane, in his Hurricanes uniform, get clobbered every time he's anywhere near the ball. There's something about him that makes both the opposing team and his own team go out of their way to knock him around.

NANCY

Foul! Hey, ref, something wrong with your whistle?

Celia Hodes, walks over and sits down next to Nancy. She patronizingly places a perfectly manicured hand on hers.

CELIA

Technically, Nancy, he can't call that a foul, because Shane was kicked by his own teammates.

Nancy points to a sturdy, blonde, nine year old girl puffing up the field.

NANCY

Celia. How is Isabel doing with her nutritionist?

Celia pulls her hand away.

CELIA

Oh, fine. Fine. She's lost three pounds.

NANCY

Really? In only four months? Good for her.

CELIA

She has a very slow metabolism. We may put her on thyroid medication. Why she couldn't take after my side of the family...

A soccer dad, Doug McCarthy, walks toward Nancy, but she discreetly mouths, "No" and ever so slightly nods her head toward Celia. He grudgingly retreats.

The ref blows a whistle and calls the quarter. Kids run off the field to get drinks and snacks and parental approval. Isabel excitedly runs over to her mother.

ISABEL

Did you see my kick?

CELIA

I want to see more running, Isabel. That's what burns fat.

The child's enthusiasm deflates like a slashed tire.

NANCY

Your kick was great, Isabel.

Too little, too late, wrong mom.

ISABEL

Yeah. Thanks. I'm gonna get a drink.

Isabel walks toward a giant cooler overflowing with ice and juice boxes and cans of soda. Celia calls after her.

CELIA

Water or Diet soda only!

Celia turns back to Nancy.

CELIA (cont'd)

You know I love Dean, but he ruined my children. Quinn got his asthma, and Isabel got his limp hair and his piano legs. Breaks my heart. But... we all have our crosses. Look, I think Shane is bleeding.

ANGLE ON: Shane, who is still sitting on the field, inspecting his bloody knee. When he thinks no one is looking, he licks off the blood. Of course someone has noticed; Devon, the super-jock, golden-child, bully kid.

DEVON

Eew. Shane just licked his own blood!

All the kids follow Devon's lead, screaming out how Shane is gross. He's like a vampire. He's a freak. Celia turns to Nancy. The hand is back.

CELIA

Maybe he needs more iron in his diet.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BY THE VENDING MACHINES - SAME TIME

A soda bottle falls heavily into the bottom tray of a vending machine. Someone picks it up and walks away. Pressed up against the side of this machine are Quinn and Silas. They are locked in an embrace, kissing, groping, touching, desperately hormonal. Quinn breaks the clinch to reach into the pocket of her tight, low-slung jeans, and pull out an inhaler, from which she takes a hit.

SILAS

Do I take your breath away?

QUINN

Funny. Give me a sec.

She takes another hit.

SILAS

Are you alright?

QUINN

Yeah. I'm fine. I'm fine. Molds and spores. Pollen and pollution. Oh, to be young and breathing-challenged in America.

She stuffs the inhaler back in her pants, grabs Silas again, and kisses him deeply. He breaks the clinch this time.

SILAS

You taste all chemically.

Silas spits, trying to get the taste of asthma medicine out of his mouth.

QUINN

That's the Albuterol. Sorry.

Quinn offers him a breath mint from her pocket and takes one herself.

SILAS

Ugh. I can still taste it.

QUINN

Hey, I could taste the salami you must have had for breakfast, but you don't hear me complaining like a little bitch.

SILAS

For your information, I did not have salami for breakfast. I had beef stick. And there are probably more chemicals in one beef stick than a hundred inhalers. So who's the little bitch?

QUINN

Oh, excuse me. I didn't realize. I take it back. You are all man.

SILAS

That's right. And you're *my* little bitch. Come here.

Silas grabs her and pulls her to him. They kiss more.

QUINN

Mmm. Minty.

Silas attempts to stick his hand down the front of her pants. She pulls his hand out.

QUINN (cont'd)

We shouldn't start something we can't finish.

Silas tries again.

SILAS

Why can't we finish? I've got the keys to my mom's Explorer.

She pulls his hand out again.

QUINN

I can't sleep with you in an SUV. Do you know what those things do to the environment?

Silas stops trying and steps back, angry.

SILAS

Ugh. Forget it. Just forget it. I'm sick of this.

QUINN

Oh, come on. We can still have fun. Look!

Quinn lifts up her shirt and flashes him. He shakes his head. She puts her shirt down.

QUINN (cont'd)

What is going on with you? You love the booby flash. Am I already starting to sag? Maybe I should go on Extreme Makeover.

SILAS

I'm not joking, Quinn. I can't take it any more. It's like torture.

QUINN

What? You wanna take your blue balls and go home?

Silas doesn't respond. Quinn barrels ahead.

QUINN (cont'd)

Get it? Maybe you don't get it. See, instead of saying, take your ball and go home, I said take your blue--

SILAS

Can't you stop for a minute? I'm serious.

(MORE)

SILAS (cont'd)
Every time we get close you make
some joke or excuse. I've had it.
I quit.

Silas starts to walk away. Quinn calls after him.

QUINN
Fine. I quit too.

Silas stops, turns around, and walks right back to her,
angry.

SILAS
You quit? What do you mean you
quit.

QUINN
I quit. No more holding out.
Let's do it.

SILAS
Are you fucking with me, or are you
serious?

QUINN
I am serious about fucking with
you. (Then) And I'm serious about
fucking with you. But I'm also
serious that I won't do it in an
SUV. Those things are evil.

She jumps onto Silas, wrapping her legs around him. They
reel into the side of the vending machine. A soda releases
and falls into the bottom.

QUINN/SILAS
Free soda!!!

SILAS
I think it's a sign.

Quinn looks down into the bottom of the machine.

QUINN
No. Don't say that. It's diet. I
hate diet. You want to talk
chemicals...

SILAS
Shut up.

QUINN

You shut up.

They kiss kiss kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sprays Shane's knee with something germ killing, and sticks on a band aid.

NANCY

There you go. Let the healing begin.

SHANE

Can we go home now? Please?

NANCY

It's not even half-time. And there's fruit roll at half-time. The long kind with all the unnatural colors that I never let you eat at home. Go on. Your team needs you.

Shane glumly glances over to the field where the team has enthusiastically resumed play despite "needing him."

SHANE

I don't feel well. I think I have rickets.

CELIA

You've got to tough it out, little man. That's what your father would have--

Nancy cuts off Celia and turns to Shane.

NANCY

How about this? You can relax and sit out this quarter, have a drink, and then you'll play again in the second half, okay?

Shane doesn't answer. He looks down. Nancy lifts his head from under the chin and looks him in the eye.

NANCY (cont'd)

Okay?

SHANE

(Beat) Fine. (Then) Can I have fruit punch?

NANCY

You can even have fruit punch.

Nancy kisses him on the head.

NANCY (cont'd)

I love you.

Shane rolls his eyes and walks over to the drink cooler.

CELIA

From all the books I've read, you should really be encouraging Shane and Silas to talk about their father's death, or down the road, you're looking at two very dysfunctional adults who will have trouble sustaining healthy relationships.

NANCY

I had no idea you read books.

Doug, the soccer dad from earlier, kneels down next to Nancy's chair.

DOUG

Hey, Nancy. How's it going?

CELIA

Douglas, do you know where your son Josh is? And what he's doing?

DOUG

Yeah. He's over there somewhere.

(Doug gestures vaguely across the field.)

ANGLE ON: Josh, the kid from Nancy's car the other night, who is leaning against the trunk of an enormous tree that stands just beyond the soccer fields.

Back to the grown-ups.

CELIA

Yes, and he happens to be--

Doug totally ignores Celia. He addresses Nancy.

DOUG

Nancy, I was wondering if--

Nancy smoothly reaches into a small duffel bag by her chair and pulls out an issue of Vogue. We see her slip a packet between the pages. She hands him the magazine.

NANCY

There's some really nice stuff in here.

DOUG

Right! Yeah. That's great.

NANCY

It's expensive, but I'm telling you, Doug, it's worth every penny.

DOUG

Really?

Doug goes for his wallet, but Nancy signals, "no."

DOUG (cont'd)

Well, you haven't let me down yet. Thanks, Nance.

NANCY

You're welcome. I'll catch you later.

Doug stands there for a beat.

NANCY (cont'd)

I'll see you later, Doug.

DOUG

Oh. Okay. Later.

Doug walks off. Nancy turns to Celia.

NANCY

He's trying to find something nice for Dana. Her birthday is coming up.

CELIA

If he really wanted to do something nice for his wife, he could ship his delinquent son off to military school.

Celia motions for Nancy to look past the soccer field to the big tree.

CELIA (cont'd)

I mean, look at that.

ANGLE ON: Josh under the big tree. Another teen walks up to him. The other kid looks nervous and Josh is a cucumber. They appear to chat, then the kid hands Josh something and Josh directs the kid to reach into one of the many holes in the tree. The kid finds what he's looking for and walks away looking around nervously.

ANGLE ON: Nancy and Celia.

CELIA (cont'd)

The little scumbag sells drugs right next to the soccer field, and his parents do nothing. (Beat) You know what? I'm going to call the police.

Celia pulls out her cell phone.

NANCY

Celia, save your weekend minutes. The kid will have dropped or hidden whatever he's got before the suburb's finest have even unbuckled their seat belts. They'll have nothing to arrest him for.

CELIA

Somebody's been watching Law and Order.

NANCY

Yes, I've been finding Jerry Orbach oddly sexy and comforting lately.

CELIA

Oh. You are such a brave widow.

Celia squeezes Nancy's hand, then switches gears and stands up.

CELIA (cont'd)

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go chase that little fucker out of here. Did you hear? This week they found a ten year old with marijuana in his lunchbox.

Nancy is pissed.

NANCY

A ten year old??

Celia has already marched off across the field, right through the game, oblivious to the fact that she's forced Devon, (Shane's lead tormentor earlier), who was running with the ball, to suddenly change direction, go out of bounds, and trip over the giant cooler Shane is leaning against as he sips fruit punch. Devon lands badly, twisting his ankle. Shane's looks up from his can. He's got a punch moustache.

The whistle blows and the Coach Dad runs over to his fallen player. Devon is hopping around on one foot, clearly in pain, but trying not to cry because he's so tough.

COACH DAD

Let me see. Anything's broken?

DEVON

(Fuck this hurts!!!!)

No. I'm fine. I just twisted it. I'll be fine.

Coach Dad fills a baggie with ice and hands it to Devon.

COACH DAD

Here, sit down and put this on your ankle.

DEVON

But I want to play! We're short one.

Shane pipes up.

SHANE

I guess I could go back in, Coach.

Coach turns to Shane.

COACH DAD

What? Oh, Botwin. There's only a few minutes left in the half. It wouldn't make any difference.

(To Devon)

Just sit down and ice that ankle so you can play after the break. You hear me, cowboy? The Hurricanes don't fully blow unless you're out there.

SHANE

Coach, did you mean to say that to Devon? Cause I think the Hurricanes blow especially hard when I'm out there.

COACH DAD

You watch yourself, Botwin.

Coach gives Devon a thumbs up and heads back to the game, clapping his hands.

COACH DAD (cont'd)

Okay, way to go Hurricanes! Let's see some hustle!

Devon sits down against the cooler and gingerly wraps the ice around his ankle.

SHANE

Actually, you should alternate cold and hot every twenty minutes.

DEVON

Don't even talk to me, Weirdo.

SHANE

Fine. I was just trying to help.

DEVON

I don't need your help, Lipstick.

SHANE

Lipstick?

DEVON

Your fruit punch lipstick, Fruit Punch. It's perfect. Fruit for the fruit.

Devon lifts off the ice pack and tries to slowly rotate his foot.

DEVON (cont'd)

Or maybe you're pretending it's blood, cause we all know how much you love the taste of blood. Is that it, Vampire?

SHANE

Okay, I'm confused. Am I Weirdo, Lipstick, Fruit Punch, or Vampire? You really need to pick a demeaning nickname and stick to it or everyone's going to get confused.

DEVON

How about Orphan Boy?

SHANE

Fuck you.

Shane grabs a full can of soda from the cooler and chucks it hard at Devon. But Shane can't throw for shit and it only glances Devon's shoulder, so he throws his open fruit punch, and it lands short, but it splatters all over Devon's shirt, so then he gets up and runs for his life.

Fueled by rage and sport, Devon is up and after him despite his bad ankle.

Shane runs past his mother.

NANCY

Shane, where are you--

Devon is speed hobbling.

DEVON

I'll kill you, you freak!!

Devon, focused on his prey, fails to see the shapely mom leg Nancy has extended. She trips him. Devon flies forward and lands hard.

NANCY

Oh, Devon, honey, you need to watch where you're going.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BY THE VENDING MACHINES

Silas and Quinn are sitting on a picnic table.

QUINN

Well it's never going to happen in my house. My mom's probably got spy cameras in the light fixtures.

SILAS

Oh, come on.

QUINN

You think I'm kidding? This is a woman who put one of those stuffed teddy bear nanny cams in the pantry so she could see when Isabel was sneaking food. And I know for a fact she took hair out of my brush and had it drug tested.

SILAS

I just had this flash of your mother crawling around your bed with a magnifying glass, looking for stray pubes.

QUINN

Is that your brother?

Shane is barrelling toward them.

SILAS

Oh, Jesus, is he wearing lipstick? The kid's getting freakier by the day.

Shane has reached them. He ducks under the table and sits, panting heavily. Quinn leans down and looks at him, then sits back up.

QUINN

It's not lipstick, it's fruit punch.

Shane peeks out between the table and the bench.

SHANE

(Panting) Is he coming?

SILAS
There's no one chasing you, Shane.

SHANE
(Panting) I'm so dead. I am so
dead.

Quinn leans down again.

QUINN
You want a hit off my inhaler?

SILAS
Shane, go back to your game.

SHANE
I threw a can of soda at Devon
Rensler.

SILAS
Well, that was stupid.

SHANE
He called me Orphan Boy.

SILAS
He's a fuckwad.

QUINN
Did you hit him?

SHANE
No. Just grazed him.

SILAS
That's bad. You can't miss the
bear.

QUINN
What bear?

SHANE
I missed the bear. I'm gonna be
Legos at school on Monday.

QUINN
What are you talking about?

Silas clarifies for Quinn.

SILAS

Do you ever watch "Bear Hunt," on Outdoor Sports Channel?

QUINN

Somehow I've missed that one. When is it on?

SILAS

I don't know. Just TiVo it.

Shane's enthusiasm for Bear Hunt can be heard from under the table.

SHANE

It's only the best show in the history of television.

SILAS

Every week these guys with, like, "If you've got a problem with hunting, how 'bout I just shoot you?" bumper stickers on their trucks, go out to track and kill a bear.

QUINN

That's horrible!

SHANE

Oh, it's so awesome.

SILAS

In almost every show someone gets mauled, and it's like, "Hey, Billy! Mama bear's goin' after Ludlow! Use the Marlin Guide with the 300-grain Winchesters and aim for the optimum kill zones."

SHANE

"You got to bring enough gun to get the job done."

SILAS

And in the end we find out that Ludlow lost part of his ear and had some nerve damage in his right arm, but there was enough bear sausage to last a year.

SHANE

Tell her about CGS.

SILAS

Shane, you're gonna wet yourself.

SHANE

Shut up. You're just as into it.

QUINN

CGS? What is that, Christian Gun Sickos?

SILAS

Carter "Grizzly" Sudkin, the host of the show. At the end of each episode--

SHANE

--he's always got the head of the bear they shot that week--

SILAS

--he leaves you with some wise parting words, like, "if you goin' ta shoot a black bear with a bitty .270, you best have a clean shot to the lower half of the heart-lung area from no more 'n a hundred yards. **You cain't miss the bear** or he goin' ta turn 'round and rip you open like a kids' present on Christmas mornin'."

SHANE

I always get Legos on Christmas.

SILAS

You can't miss the bear.

QUINN

Okay, we're breaking up.

SILAS

But think of the time you'll save on foreplay. Just whisper, "shoot me in the optimum kill zone," and I'll be good to go.

QUINN

I could whisper linoleum and you'd be good to go.

SHANE

You're finally gonna do it? Thank God. He's been going crazy.

SILAS

Shane, shut the fuck up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A sea of SUVs, minivans and station wagons. We close in on a Honda Odyssey within which Nellie McKay's "David," plays loudly.

RESET TO:

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Doug McCarthy sits in the driver's seat. He's singing along while sucking contentedly on a joint. He's flipping through Vogue. On the little snack table next to the driver's seat sits a baggie filled with marijuana. Also on the table are rolling papers, matches, empty big gulp cups and zone bar wrappers. There's a knock on the window. Doug doesn't hear. We see an angry Nancy through the window. She knocks again until Doug notices, turns down the music and rolls it down.

DOUG

Jesus, Nance, you weren't kidding. This stuff is primo. You wanna climb in?

NANCY

Doug, unless you want to go back to buying ditch weed from your housekeeper's cousin, I suggest you put away the joint, hide the open bag of pot and the rolling papers, and get your head out of your ass! What are you thinking?

DOUG

What?

NANCY

You're on the fucking city council.
What if someone like Celia Hodes
walked by?

DOUG

She is such a bitch. Great ass,
but a raging bitch. Her husband is
sleeping with the tennis pro.

Nancy wants to stay mad, but gossip is a great rage diffuser.

NANCY

Are you serious? The Asian girl?

DOUG

She love him long time.

NANCY

Doug, she's from Anaheim, not
Bangkok. She can't shcot tennis
balls out of her crotch.

DOUG

Last week, she stuck the handle of
a racket up Dean's ass while he was
fucking her. He said it felt
unbelievable, but if you ask me,
any guy who lets anything up there
is at least part fag.

NANCY

How do you know all this?

DOUG

He's in the poker game.

NANCY

And he just shared it with you?

DOUG

He was losing. He drank too much.

NANCY

Did Judah ever say anything about
our sex life at these games?

DOUG

Nah. The guys who still have sex with their wives usually don't want to jinx it by saying anything out loud.

They're both quiet for a moment.

DOUG (cont'd)

He was a great guy, Nance. We miss him a lot.

NANCY

Yeah. Me too. If only he'd lived long enough for me to stick foreign objects up his ass. I never even got a finger up there.

DOUG

You're an amazing lady.

NANCY

And you're still an idiot. Air out this van and keep your smoke private from now on. You hear me?

DOUG

Yeah. I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. Are we cool?

NANCY

When you pay me.

Doug hands her some cash which she stuffs in her bag.

NANCY (cont'd)

Thank you. We're cool.

Nancy reaches in and takes her magazine back too.

DOUG

Hey, I was just getting into that. It's all about texture this fall.

NANCY

Give my love to Dana.

Nancy gives him a peck on the cheek and walks away. She picks up the camping chair and duffel that she's leaned against Doug's van and proceeds down the row of parked cars to her own SUV which she unlocks from several feet away. The back window automatically pops open. She lifts her stuff into the back. Josh McCarthy is suddenly beside her.

JOSH

Excuse me, Ma'am. You mind if I take a look in that bag?

In one swift move, Nancy grabs his arm, pulls him around to the side of the truck and pins him there.

NANCY

You made me a promise, you little shit.

JOSH

Whoa, take it easy. I won't sneak up on you anymore.

NANCY

I just heard a ten year old got busted this week. A TEN YEAR OLD! You're a fucking liar.

JOSH

The kid told me he was seventeen.

NANCY

Bullshit. You promised me no kids.

JOSH

What's the big deal? It's just a little pot. They all want it.

NANCY

He's ten!

JOSH

Listen, when you started selling around here, I was totally cool with you, and you know, you took away a lot of my parent business, but I let it go.

NANCY

Josh, it is not okay to sell to little kids.

JOSH

Who are you, the world's mother? I think it's all great that you're this dealer with a conscience and everything, but this is business. Let their parents worry about it. I'll sell to whoever I damn please.

NANCY

No, you won't.

JOSH

No? What are you gonna do? Tell my dad who's over there getting baked in the minivan? He'll just be pissed that I was holding out on him.

Nancy lets go of Josh.

JOSH (cont'd)

Listen. Don't worry. I'll never sell to Shane, okay?

NANCY

You're a kid. You're a just a stupid, irresponsible kid.

JOSH

And you're a hypocrite. "Keep kids off drugs," cries the pot dealing mom. Whatever gets you through the night, Nancy. I'll see you around.

Josh walks away as Silas, Shane and Quinn approach. Silas and Josh exchange "heys."

SHANE

Can we go now? I hate soccer and Devon Rensler called me Orphan Boy.

NANCY

Devon Rensler's a fuckwad. Get in the car. (To Silas and Quinn) You two coming?

SILAS

Yeah.

QUINN

Can we have sex in your house?

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY'S ROOF - LATE AFTERNOON

Nancy and Quinn are on the roof of the Botwin's upscale suburban tract home looking out over a sea of mature trees and upscale suburban tract homes. Between them are a pair of binoculars, and a bag full of jelly beans. They sit next to the big hole in the roof where a skylight used to be. We hear the phone ring from inside. We hear Shane answer it.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hello?

They eat jelly beans.

NANCY

So, you really think you're ready?

QUINN

Yeah, I've tortured him enough. I mean, we've been going out for almost three months already.

NANCY

Oh, well, a whole three months.

QUINN

And I trust him. And I think he loves me.

NANCY

I think you're right about that. But you guys are fifteen.

SHANE (O.S.)

(Yelling) Mom? Mo-om!! (Into the phone) I'm not sure where she is, can I take a message? Now? Okay, sure. Yeah, she's here too. Okay. Bye.

We hear the click of the phone as it disconnects. Nancy leans into the hole in the ceiling.

NANCY

Shane! We're on the roof. Who called?

Shane appears on the bed below the hole.

SHANE

It's nice up there, isn't it?

NANCY

I must say, I see the appeal. But you have to promise to be super careful when you're up here.

SHANE

Are you guys eating my jelly beans?

QUINN

Only to save you from them. Candy is bad for kids.

NANCY

Who called?

SHANE

Mrs. Hodes. She's on her way over.

NANCY

Now?

SHANE

Yeah.

NANCY

Go warn your brother.

Shane exits.

QUINN

Great. She's gonna make you promise that Silas and I are never in a room without the door open and a foot on the floor. She's such an uptight prude. No wonder my Dad's screwing Helen Chin.

NANCY

You know about that?

QUINN

I had my suspicions. You just confirmed them.

NANCY

Shit.

QUINN

Look, Mrs. Botwin, I think you're really cool, and I really appreciate the heart to heart and everything, but Silas and I are ready.

NANCY

You say that, but you don't know--

QUINN

You never know. When I had sex with my last boyfriend for the first time, I didn't know he'd turn out to be all S&M, but at some point in a relationship, you just have to take the leap.

NANCY

Sex with your last boyfriend?

QUINN

Yeah, what did you think, we were virgins?

Nancy is clearly thrown by this. Quinn stands up.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm climbing down. See you in the house.

Quinn looks west.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh, check it out. Mr. Wells has a new boy toy.

NANCY

He... What? I didn't know he had an old one.

QUINN

Yeah, that guy Raul from the security patrol, but they broke up a while ago. Hand me the binoculars.

Nancy does. Quinn peers through.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh, no way. I know that guy. His dad would so fully freak if he knew Josh was gay. That is so funny.

NANCY

Josh... Josh McCarthy Josh?

QUINN

Yeah. I think he's a pot dealer or something. Here.

Quinn hands Nancy the binoculars and gingerly makes her way across the roof. Nancy peers through the binoculars.

NANCY'S POV: We see Josh and Mr. Wells dining on Mr. Wells' patio, eating, laughing, kissing.

Back to Nancy.

NANCY

I know nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Celia and Nancy are on the couch. Celia is drinking a martini. There are pizzas stacked on the counter behind them.

CELIA

I read her diary. I know everything. They're going to have sex.

NANCY

You read her diary?

CELIA

They're going to have sex!

Celia opens a nearby shopping bag and pulls out a large stuffed bear.

CELIA (cont'd)

Here. I brought you this. There's a camera in it. Just slip it into Silas' room and turn on the switch under the tail here.

NANCY

I think Silas would notice if a large stuffed bear suddenly showed up in his room. And I'm not going to spy on my kids, Celia. I trust them.

CELIA

Oh, please. They're all liars and sneaks. And it's our job to discover what they're up to and stop it. Are you that naive?

NANCY

I'm beginning to think I'm extremely naive.

CELIA

Take the bear.

NANCY

I can't take the bear.

CELIA

Fine, then just promise me, one mother to another, that my daughter and your son will not be having sex under your roof. I know it's harder for you to understand because you have boys, but I don't want Quinn turning into some little slut like that deaf girl on Dewey street who gave fellatio to Dennis Kling.

Celia takes a huge gulp of martini, then she takes Nancy's hand.

CELIA (cont'd)

Promise me.

NANCY

Fine. Fine. Not under my roof.
You have my word as a mother.

CELIA

Thank you.

Shane, Silas and Quinn enter.

SILAS

Pizza's here?

NANCY

Help yourselves.

The kids descend on the pizza. Quinn notices the stuffed bear on the couch.

QUINN

Look, Silas, look at that cute stuffed bear on the couch. We used to have one just like it in our pantry. What happened to that bear, mom? I miss that bear.

Silas glances over. Tries to cover a smile.

SHANE

(To himself) You can't miss the bear.

CELIA

This is the same bear from the pantry. I was just showing him to Nancy.

SILAS

Why?

CELIA

Why?

Nancy picks up the bear.

NANCY

Because I'm thinking of investing in one of those make-your-own bear franchises at the mall.

Celia looks relieved.

QUINN

Oh, right. Well, are you going to keep him? Because I'd love to put him in my room.

Celia practically rips the bear out of Nancy's hands and holds it out to Quinn.

CELIA

He's all yours.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy rings the doorbell. Hiram Wells, a sweet-faced "confirmed bachelor" in his fifties wearing a Chinese silk robe, answers the door.

HIRAM

Yes?

NANCY

Hi. I was wondering, is--

We hear Josh calling from the bedroom.

JOSH (O.S.)

Just tell whoever it is to fuck off, and come back to bed.

INT. WELLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy barges past Hiram, through the living room, into the bedroom.

INT. WELLS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josh is in Hiram's big messy bed, naked but for a very high thread count sheet. He sees Nancy.

JOSH

Oh, fuck.

NANCY

Your dad may not care about the dealing, but from what I hear, this would really upset him.

Josh sputters a bit, then regains his composure.

JOSH

Fine. You win. No kids, ever. I promise.

NANCY

Your promises aren't worth much.

JOSH

I swear on my life, okay? You can't do this. You don't know my dad.

Hiram enters.

HIRAM

(To Josh) What's going on? (To Nancy) Something about kids? He said he was twenty three.

NANCY

Yeah, well, he lies about a lot of things.

JOSH

Tell me you're not going to say anything, okay? Seriously. Nancy, please?

NANCY

I'll think about it.

JOSH

What does that mean?

HIRAM

Your dad? I asked you how old you were, and you said twenty three! I may be an old fag, but I'm no pedophile. What are you trying to do to me?

Josh pulls the sheet up over his head. Nancy walks to the door.

NANCY
I'll see you around, Josh.

HIRAM
Josh? You said your name was
Nathan. Who the fuck are you?

Nancy exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Devon and his cronies are sitting under a big tree eating lunch.

DEVON
Of course he's not here today cause
he knows he'd get his ass kicked,
little fatherless faggot.

The camera pans up the tree behind them and there's Shane, dressed in camouflage, sitting on a branch, holding a big gun. He lets out a war cry, jumps down, and unloads a full chamber full of pink paintballs right in Devon's kill zone at close range.

SHANE
I think pink's really your color,
you fuckwad!

Devon falls, as pink balls of paint continue to hit him and burst.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Silas and Quinn lie naked in the guest bed, directly under the hole in the ceiling. They're snuggled and content. Nancy steps into the doorway.

NANCY

Nice. Shane goes on a paintball
rampage and gets suspended, and the
two of you ditch school and to fuck
in my guest room. I've got
everything under control.

QUINN

But don't you see?

Quinn points to the hole in the ceiling.

QUINN (cont'd)

Technically, we're not under your
roof.

SILAS

See?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEYLIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nancy rings the doorbell. After a peephole cover slides open
and shut again, many locks can be heard unlocking. Finally,
the door opens. Conrad stands there.

CONRAD

Hey, you.

Nancy starts to cry.

CONRAD (cont'd)

Oh, shit. Come on.

Nancy falls into Conrad's chest, clinging to him and weeping.
He hugs her and strokes her hair. He calls back into the
house.

CONRAD (cont'd)

Heylia, get out the iced tea and
that pie you made last night. The
white lady's havin' a time of it.

HEYLIA (O.S.)

Let her get her skinny ass in here
and get her own damn pie. Slave
days is over.

Nancy lets out a small laugh through her tears. Conrad gently leads her in and shuts the door behind them.

END OF PILOT EPISODE

TAG:

INT. CELIA'S PERFECT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Celia pops a video tape labeled "bear cam" into the VCR, settles back on her red leather couch, and picks up her cocktail before pressing "PLAY." A video of her husband fucking his Asian tennis pro begins to play. About halfway through this, the screen goes black and then Quinn is there smiling and waving at the camera and blowing kisses using her middle finger. Celia takes a big sip of booze, absentmindedly fingers the big gold cross around her neck, and mutters to herself.

CELIA

Little cunt. I should have had an
abortion.

FADE OUT.