

CLEAN BREAK

Written by

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Beverly Ann Newberry

the *Family*

TABLE



RECIPES *and* INSPIRATION *for*
GATHERINGS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Praise for The Family Table

“Move over Martha Stewart, Beverly Ann Newberry is the domestic goddess of our time.” - NYTimes

“Bev brings her magic from the TV screen (*The Family Table*) right into this book.” - Southern Living

“There’s no one I’d rather hate fuck more than Beverly Ann Newberry” - Anthony Bourdain

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON - a loop of twine as it strangles a hunk of flesh, yanking tight until it BLEEDS...

MOTHERLY VOICE (O.S.)

When choking a neck, you'll want to wear the proper gloves to hide any ligature marks or unnecessary bruising.

REVEAL - we're in the middle of a cooking demo led by home-ec goddess **BEVERLY (BEV) ANN NEWBERRY** (50, always smiling, always judging), as she trusses up a pot roast.

BEV

Wrap your twine nice and tight around the beef, so the bitter greens we've stuffed inside really soak up all that rich, iron-y juice.

Bev wipes her face, getting blood on her forehead.

BEV (CONT'D)

And for today's Bev Bit: this is the *perfect* recipe for using up whatever leftover produce you've got in the fridge before the weekend.

ON TV - Bev winks into a high-angle camera as she moves her raw beef aside, reaches below, and pulls up a beautiful, piping hot POT ROAST.

BEV (CONT'D)

Now who would like to help me carve this beauty?

Crickets, then --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I gotchu, B-Sting!

A homemade TOOTHBRUSH SHIV lands right in Bev's tossed greens. We flip POVS and REVEAL --

AN AUDIENCE OF PRISON INMATES!

Tattooed, tough girls who'd never otherwise watch Bev Ann Newberry. But here, they're completely engrossed.

POP TO:

INT. PRISON - SECURITY DESK - SAME TIME

A GUARD, fast asleep in front of a security feed of the prison kitchen. This is Bev's "high-angle" from before.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Bev fingers the sharp shiv blade. She winces, then looks up.

BEV

This'll do. Thank you, Chili Dog.

(back to carving)

Not quite going to give us the clean cuts we need, but you'll get the idea. My husband always did this anyway.

HANG NAIL (O.S.)

There you go again. Always with the patriarchal norms.

ANGLE ON a small hand hanging by an inmate's side. Fingernails picked to shit, covered in dried blood.

HANG NAIL (bookish, deadpan, feminist killjoy) challenges Bev with a stare as she gnaws her gross, raw cuticles. There's not much to her stature, but Hang Nail demands fear, even from the guards. (Ala Gus Fring from 'Breaking Bad'.)

The whole room stops. Guards either look away or step out.

HANG NAIL (CONT'D)

You shop. You cook. You clean. And he walks in drunk with a giant knife and takes all the credit.

BEV

I didn't say women can't carve a roast, I'm just saying I prefer not to get my hands dirty if I don't have to.

Bev's cool and confident, but her breath shortens the closer Hang Nail gets as she slowly walks toward Bev.

HANG NAIL

JUST saying? That's why women can't get ahead. Because you're always "just" saying.

Hang Nail digs into the pot roast with her hands, ripping through meat chunks with her long brittle fingernails.

BEV

I have a hunch you're upset about--

HANG NAIL

I'd call you a pussy for what you did, Bev. But pussies are powerful. And you're nothing but a rat.

Bev knows shit's about to go down just as -- **SNAP!** Hang Nail's bloody fingernail **CRACKS** off into the food, as Bev locks eyes with **CHILI DOG** and yells out --

BEV

Bitch Bash, Chili!

POP! Chili Dog punches a random inmate -- distracting Hang Nail just long enough for Bev to run straight toward the chaos and whoop up a full-out **PRISON FIGHT!**

Kicking. Punching. Yelling. Hang Nail scans the room for Bev, who's using the brawl as her shield.

INSIDE THE CHAOS: Bev swings -- someone pulls her hair -- Bev spits at the hair puller, then crouches down and crawls back to her DEMO TABLE, tucks underneath. Quick and cool, she shoves the shiv from before into Hang Nail's baggy pocket.

A GUARD buzzes back in.

GUARD

Alright, tea time's over ladies!
Back to your cells.

Brief relief on Bev's face, just as Hang Nail reaches underneath the table and gently pulls Bev up by her hand. Almost chivalrous. She looks Bev deep in the eyes, takes off her glasses, and **BAM!**

OFF Bev's head-butt **BLACKOUT** we --

SLAM TO:

CLEAN BREAK

The riot ruckus pre-laps into...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MORNING

DANCING, CHEERING, and DISCO LIGHTS as motivational speaker LENNY BENSON (Tony Robbins-esque) moves through the crowd, lined on either side of him like a cheer tunnel.

LENNY BENSON

For years you've been tip-toeing
around your problems like they're
godamned stalagmites... but now you
Ice Princesses are in my
motherfucking igloo... so take off
your snow shoes and mush through
that pain until you see the
motherfucking Northern Lights!!!!!!

People lose their shit, calling out people at random:

LENNY BENSON (CONT'D)

What're your 'mites made of?

A TIRED MOM --

MOM

I hate my kids!

A GUY IN A COWBOY HAT --

COWBOY HAT

I have an irrational fear of unmade
beds!

Lenny points his mic at **COLLEEN COATES** (30, self-help addict, wannabe optimist, struggles with adulterating). She's waving a glow stick, lost in the magic of the room.

COLLEEN

Beverly Ann Newberry.

(the crowd groans, agreeing)

We nearly lost everything 'cause of
her.

She nods to her dad **PETE COATES** next to her (50s, meek, a shell of whatever he used to be). Lenny smirks, knows what she means.

LENNY BENSON

Burnt by the Crooked Cook, eh? I
know a lot of others out there can
relate.

(then)

How's that make you feel, big dude?

PETE

Like I failed to protect my family.

LENNY BENSON

(to Colleen)

And what do you want? Your money back?
Revenge? To feel powerful again?

COLLEEN

Me? Oh, I'm just here for my dad.

LENNY BENSON

Consent to contact?

Colleen nods and Lenny puts two fingers below her sternum.

LENNY BENSON (CONT'D)

Then what the fuck is this chakra
shitstorm?

COLLEEN

Obviously I was angry. But what am I
supposed to do? Confront her? How?
She's a celebrity behind bars.

(then)

I've spent the past four years
working on myself and focusing on the
things that I have the power to
change. I'm good now. Really good.

Lenny doesn't buy it. (Neither does Colleen.) But he lets it
go, turns to the masses again.

LENNY BENSON

It's happy hour, mo-fos, so here's
a goddamn scotch on the rocks!!!

REVEAL: A RUNWAY OF DRY ICE. The group stampedes over the
cubes. Some wince in pain, some scream, but most manage to
stomp all the way to the end.

Colleen starts to step on the ice, but it burns too much.
Something's holding her back.

INT. FANTASY RANCH - LAS VEGAS, NV - DAY

We track down a hall of hotel rooms. Dingy. Prime for a one-
star Yelp rant.

As we pass each room, we get a privileged (4th wall-less)
peek inside. Each one's occupied with a couple acting out a
different (non-sexual) fantasy.

-- Naked Wii tennis

-- A woman wrapped in a snuggie, snuggling with a costumed ROBOT.

-- A man pretending to buy a movie ticket and having to present his AARP card, which makes the ticket taker moan as she touches his 50+ ID.

We land at...

INT. FANTASY RANCH - FRONT DESK - DAY

Where Colleen mans the front desk, struggling with patience, as an older COUPLE (Bob and Jean) studies a menu with their cell flashlight.

COLLEEN

Our most popular package is the
AARP snuggle time. Forty minutes,
eyes closed, no hands.
(off their silence)
Or, there's a real basic ten minute
head-pat.

BOB

Where can I get my dick sucked?

JEAN

Bob! Shush! You're out in public!

BOB

What, hun? We said we're gonna do
something spicy for our 30th.

Colleen forces a smile, so tired of explaining this:

COLLEEN

As you may've seen in our brochure,
we're a Fantasy Ranch, not a
brothel. We specialize in intimacy
over skintamacy as a way of
building new human connections.

BOB

I don't get it.

COLLEEN

No sex, just snuggles.

Jean throws her hands up.

JEAN

See? This is what I get when I leave you to plan our anniversary. You can't just look at the stars on Yelp, you gotta read the reviews too!

As the couple walks off, Colleen erases their name in her appointment book which is, otherwise, sadly very empty.

INT. FANTASY RANCH - DINING ROOM - 4:00 AM

After hours. Colleen leads a pow-wow as her CO-WORKERS (who act more like family) pass a big stack of waffles around a table.

COLLEEN

Tomorrow I was thinking we could go to the strip to pass out fliers in character. You have enough silver hair spray?

KIM KEATON, (50s, young grandma with the 'tude of a classic millennial), makes herself a PB&J between two waffles.

KIM

I'm feeling really pigeon-holed in these AARP fantasies, Colleen. Can't Terri take some of those shifts?

TERRI MORRISON, (22 in body, geriatric curmudgeon in spirit), takes a swig from an unlabeled glass bottle.

TERRI

Sure, if you'll take my live burial tomorrow. I can't do tight spaces anymore. Gives me the spins.

KIM

Done. I love a good corpse pose.

Colleen takes the bottle from Terri's hands.

COLLEEN

Which brings me to action item #2: These homebrew kombouchas should be all profit, but I'm brewing new batches every week just to replace the ones you're drinking, and I can't ferment any faster.

TERRI

I'm telling you: hooch over 'booch! If we sold alcohol, we'd have 80 percent profit margins.

HANK, (30, floppy-haired giant, Chris Pratt charm) enters, hearing just that last part.

HANK

Wait--you already told her? You guys were supposed to wait for me.

COLLEEN

Tell me what?

Awkward silence and annoyed stares at Hank, interrupted by a "WOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Out the window: A ROWDY BACHELOR PARTY piles into a limo-SUV, waving goodbye to the MADAME of the neighboring brothel.

Kim and Terri trade looks. Then, braving herself:

KIM

We're here because we love you and love what you're doing. But we miss the money we used to make.
(points outside)
How do we compete with that?

COLLEEN

I know I know, you don't need to remind me. I feel guilty enough. It just takes time to grow a business.

KIM

We'd get so much more business if we added just a little booze and boob.

HANK

Not even full boob, side boob's good too.

TERRI

I don't wanna go back to escorting either, but at least it'd be here where we knew you were looking out for us.

HANK

We're American heathens who just want to put our penises into vaginas and it doesn't get much more nuanced than that!

Colleen turns defensive, feeling ganged up on.

COLLEEN

NO. When I hired you guys, I told you I wanted to make this Ranch about connection and making people feel cared for in the exact way they've always needed, but never got. I'm sorry it's been hard to get this place going - but we're on the edge of blowing up! Cuddle Cafes are HUGE in Japan. It's only a matter of time before it trickles here.

Hank looks at his feet, regretting his earlier snark.

HANK

We love this place. We just want to make sure you're okay.

COLLEEN

It's all good. Really.

EXT. CAB/LAS VEGAS STREETS - BACK TO PRESENT - DAWN

On top of a cab: An ad for "NIPPLE PALACE." It spins to the other side: an ad for Guy Fieri's new restaurant.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Breathe in the anxiety. Invite it into your humanoid home to say hi.

INT. CAB - DAWN

Colleen rides home as the sun rises. Ear buds in, she's in a meditative trance of soothing audiobook psychobabble.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Hi, heart. Hi, brain. Hi, kidneys. Eventually, it will leave out your back door --

Eyes still closed --

COLLEEN

Left at the pump.

The driver turns by a GIANT STILETTO. Colleen opens and watches out the window as they drive down "BROTHEL ROW." Busy with cars and business, unlike her own.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Remember: you are in control.

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Worse than a college dorm. Trash, clothes, paperwork all over the stained carpet. The apparent opposite of "in control."

Colleen's cross-legged amidst a pile of RED LABELED BILLS and MAIL: "Past Due," "Final Notice," "Urgent Legal Action."

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM - 3 P.M.

Colleen's in bed, in full jammy and eye mask mode. She's dead asleep, but a faint song rouses her up.

She takes off her mask and listens closely. A jaunty THEME SONG is coming from the living room.

COLLEEN

Hank?

(no answer)

Are you fucking with me again?

She opens the door to find --

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one except a DRONING TV. ON SCREEN is the cooking show THE FAMILY TABLE starring Beverly Ann Newberry.

Then, as if someone's suddenly changed the channel --

The screen starts scrolling through a SUPER CUT MONTAGE of Bev's career.

- A) Bev cooking on THE TODAY SHOW with Al Roker
- B) Bev beating Bobby Flay on BEAT BOBBY FLAY
- C) Bev and P!nk on a turkey float at the MACY'S PARADE
- D) NEWS FOOTAGE of Bev in an orange prison jumpsuit, intercut with a NEWS REPORT AUTO-TUNED INTO A SONG:

NEWS REPORTER (ON T.V.)

Host of *The Family Table* Beverly Ann Newberry was arrested today on three counts of embezzlement, sentenced to six years in Nevada State Prison.

It's like the TV has a mind of its own. The apartment's black-out curtains make this moment feel extra *Poltergeist-y*.

She slaps the TV off button like it's a hot coal. Just then --

A TOILET FLUSHES. Colleen's spine shivers, unsure who's there.

She grabs a greasy pan from the stove and creeps toward the bathroom.

COLLEEN

Hello?

No answer. Colleen reaches for the door knob, braces herself to swing when

THE DOOR OPENS ITSELF TO REVEAL --

BEVERLY ANN NEWBERRY in the flesh! Freshly showered and bundled in Colleen's robe.

BEV

Oh hi! I hope I didn't wake you.
Did I have the volume too loud?

Bev breezes out of the bathroom, like she's an expected guest.

BEV (CONT'D)

(re: TV)

It was the funniest thing. It seems your television heard me say my name when I called my agent, and it just started playing videos of me! Kinda flattering actually.

Colleen watches in shock as this woman make herself right at home. Bev plops on the couch and points to Colleen's PAN:

BEV (CONT'D)

Better soak that in Ajax before it rusts, hon. That's why it's always good to hit it right after you plate, before you eat.

Colleen shakes off her shock to speak --

COLLEEN

Bev, what are you doing here?

BEV

"Bev?" Didn't your dad and I teach you better manners than that?

OFF Bev's patronizing smile, we slam to BLACK and --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - TWO DAYS AGO

OVER BLACK - panting, running footsteps, and a deafening HONK, as we open on a giant semi blazing down the highway, nearly knocking over --

BEV with its passing winds.

She's a mess. Hair a rat's nest. Clothes dirty. Wiggling out. As she looks over her shoulder we CUT BACK TO --

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Minutes after Bev's arrival. Colleen scurries around, picking clothes and trash off the ground, barely making a dent.

BEV

Such a snap getting here! But you wouldn't believe the line at the Sunoco. Seems criminal that they don't have more bathrooms along the 15.

COLLEEN

I mean what are you doing here?

BEV

Can't a mother visit her first born without an agenda?

COLLEEN

Not when she's supposed to be serving time in prison.

BEV

I got out on good behavior.

Bev takes a sip of tea, makes a face, then puts it down. Colleen scowls, knowing that face was for her benefit.

COLLEEN

Your parole wasn't for 18 months. You can't just sweep your cell every day and shorten your sentence.

BEV

Oh hon, you know there's people who do that for you.

She touches her WALL OF SELF-HELP BOOKS and stares at a LENNY BENSON book spine: "Hug Out the Hate: 10 Steps to De-Toxifying Your Relationship." She pulls it off the shelf.

Colleen, head spinning, takes a quick sniff off an incense diffuser, centers herself, then wraps Bev in a BIG HUG. Bev awkwardly pats Colleen's head.

COLLEEN

The past is the past. Let's just move on.

BEV

Thank you, honey. I'm happy to see you. It's been... a long time.

Colleen smiles. Maybe this is progress. Then --

BEV (CONT'D)

Y'know Colleen, this tea tastes a little like you haven't changed your water filter recently.

INT. PRISON CELL - FLASHBACK - 2 YEARS AGO

HANG NAIL pisses on the toilet, staring at Bev (deer in headlights) with crazy intensity.

Bev cradles a cup of RAMEN, CRUNCHING every tooth-breaking bite. In the cup: it's just water with raw, uncooked noodles.

Another CRUNCH makes Hang Nail's eye twitch. She gets off the toilet, yanks the ramen from Bev, and slams it on the floor.

She rifles through a box and pulls out a pair of NAIL CLIPPERS --

-- Then takes a desk lamp cord, peels it in half, exposing the raw wires. Wraps the wires around the metal clippers.

Bev watches, kind of intrigued, definitely scared.

She plugs in the lamp, drops the clippers in the cup of water and ZZZZZZZZaaaaaPPppppppp!

The whole room lights up like a mini Fourth of July, followed by **BLACK**.

Hang Nail lights a match as she hands Bev a hot, perfectly cooked cup of noodles as we MATCH CUT TO --

INT. VEGAS BUFFET - PRESENT DAY

A VAT OF SPAGHETTI at a smokey, filthy BUFFET, filled with a mix of down-dressed LOCALS and done-up PARTY BROS.

Bev loads up her plate. She pauses to look at the overhead security camera, then looks left and right. Something's up.

IN A BOOTH - Colleen, eyes closed, rolls ICE CUBES in her hands like dice and rehearses lines to herself.

COLLEEN

Feel the heat of your intention
rise through your being.

Bev sits down, mouth half-full of ice cream. She studies Colleen in her meditative state.

BEV

Honey?
(no answer)
Honey? Are you having a stroke?

COLLEEN

I'm filling my body with liquid
sunlight.
(opens eyes)
I've really been working hard on
being more open and forgiving.

BEV

Bite?

COLLEEN

No thank you. My guru says sugar
messes with my levels.

As Colleen talks, Bev's eyes wander to the buffet line. A TATTOOED WOMAN eyes her, partially obscured by heat lamps.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I called Dad and told him I'm here
with you. He's going to meet us in
30 after his workshop.

BEV

What, NO! I mean -- honey, I'm not
ready for that.

COLLEEN

You're his wife. You're still
married. We all need to heal.

BEV

I just have a lot on my mind right now. Dom-Con is tomorrow and I should be home right now preparing. It'll be my first reappearance since my incarceration and first reimpressions are so important.

Colleen smirks, so fucking over it.

COLLEEN

And there is it: Dom-Con. Of course that's the reason you're here. Not to see me.

BEV

What, honey? It's a two-fer. You know the Domestics Convention is crucial to my career.

But Bev's barely present in the conversation as she eyes the tattooed woman, now nodding right at Bev with a cold stare.

COLLEEN

And as usual, you're barely listening. Checking yourself out in the kitchen mirror. Or maybe you're looking for someone to sign an autograph for, 'cause you can't even look me in the eye when you're being the worst.

BEV

Honey, I'm not feeling so well. Let's go back to your place, I'd rather not be out in public right now.

Suddenly, a HAND GRABS BEV'S SHOULDER and without skipping a beat, Bev grabs her steak knife and whips around to --

A sweet, dough-eyed LITTLE BOY. His tattooed mom runs up.

BEV (CONT'D)

Oh. I, uh -- Hi!

TATTOOED WOMAN

You almost sliced up my kid's face, what's wrong with you?!

LITTLE BOY

(quietly)
I loved your show.

TATTOOED WOMAN

I was trying to teach him confidence by having him come up to you all by himself -- so way to go fuck up his development. I'll send you the bill when he needs therapy.

COLLEEN

It won't be cheap.

The Tattooed Mom drags away her kid in a huff. Colleen grabs her purse to leave, too.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Well, this has been very cleansing, Bev.

Colleen pulls out her phone and DELETES BEV'S NUMBER -- just as her cell RINGS. It's Hank. She answers.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Hank, hi.
(listening, then alarmed)
Fu--

SLAM TO:

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

HONNKKK! Cabs everywhere. Yet Colleen pogos up and down, massively failing to hail one. She shouts, muffled by the street noise, still on the phone with HANK:

COLLEEN

I need you to get over there ASAP.
What's happening?!

HANK (V.O.)

All I know is what Kim told me.

INT. KOREAN SPA - INTERCUT

Hank, wearing a DELIVERY UNIFORM, walks into an empty Korean Spa with a burger bag. The door DINGS as it opens. The receptionist desk sign says "Be Back in Ten."

HANK

I've got one more drop and then I'll clock out.
(calling out)
Burger Barn. Hello...?

He leaves the bag on the counter and moves to exit.

HANK (CONT'D)
I'll be there soon to help, kay?

Hank hangs up his phone, bitter, mumbling on his way out.

HANK (CONT'D)
Sure, no problem! I'll just work 2
jobs and back-to-back shifts and
clock out before I hit double time
so I can come to your rescue for a
strictly platonic "thank you" --

He disappears, BUT WE STAY...

And drift behind a velvet curtain where flutey spa music
plays and we find a MALE ESTHETICIAN, filing someone's nails.
His CHARM BRACELET jingles as he works, bluetooth in ear.

ESTETICIAN
So sorry for that. I don't care for
interruptions when I'm on the job.
Anyway, as I was saying: these
calling cards are really taking a
lot of time out of my day.
(listening)
Yes, I know Hang Nail is the
baddest bitch in the prison system
and she has connections out the hoo-
hoo, but shouldn't she get an
intern or something?

TOUGH FEMALE (PHONE V.O.)
Take the hit, or get hit.

He looks at an open file folder next to him. Clipped inside
are two **SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF BEV AND COLLEEN!** Holy shit!

ESTETICIAN
Why not. Job seems cut and dry.

He takes out a drill tool (like something from a dentist's
office), and as it WHIRS, we reverse to see his hand model --

THE KOREAN SPA RECEPTIONIST, bound and gagged, and hands zip
tied to an chair arm. She's terrified of this jolly man in
front of her.

Our esthetician is **GLEN AZBOY**, 40s, eccentric hired hitman
and personality chameleon. More manicured than macho. But
make no mistake: this dandy will fucking kill you.

And off the receptionist's SCREAM, we're BACK TO --

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET

Colleen's still failing to hail a cab, yelling as they pass.

COLLEEN

Really?! You're gonna make me get in
the Caesar's cab line at rush hour?

BEV (O.S.)

Rush hour? It's only three.

Colleen glares at her mom, who's reappeared beside her,
pecking on her phone like they never said goodbye.

COLLEEN

Vegas rush hour. When the call girls
clock in. The good ones, at least.

(then, as if reciting a script)

Take care, Bev. I wish you meaning
and happiness.

Bev dismisses the goodbye, as her phone chimes a happy DING!

BEV

Our ride's here.

Colleen squints, confused, as a beat-up sedan pulls up to the
curb.

COLLEEN

Ubers have crazy surging going off
strip, not to mention they're all
creeps.

A NERD (LARRY) pokes his head out and beams at Colleen.

LARRY

Hi I'm Larry!

COLLEEN

See?

BEV

Be nice. This is why Larry would
never notice you in real life.

COLLEEN

Who the hell is Larry?

BEV

Our Cutie Call date!

(hushed to Colleen)

It's an old prison trick I learned.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

Some of the gals use the dating app to get guys to bring them pizza inside the pound.

(hearing herself)

Can't make that sound cool, can I?

Colleen just stares, frozen, as Bev opens the door and hops in the backseat.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

Larry white-knuckles the steering wheel, as Bev makes small talk in the front seat.

BEV

Wow, I just figured that meant you take ATM cards!

(turns around)

Coll, did you know that stood for "Ass To Mouth"?!

COLLEEN

I did not. But thank you.

Bev's distracted for a second. Out the window - she sees a billboard for DOM-CON: AMERICA'S #1 DOMESTICS CONVENTION! She's practically drooling.

LARRY

I know, it's a lot of acronyms to keep track of. Just try remembering BBBJNQNS, which stands for bare--

COLLEEN

Okay, Larry! Enough about us. Let's talk about you: what's your major?

LARRY

Political Science.

BEV

Fantastic! Colleen back there used to study pre-law at UNLV, but dropped out to open a brothel.

Larry perks at the word "brothel". Colleen rolls her eyes.

BEV (CONT'D)

What, honey? I'm bragging. You have a great business sense.

INT. FANTASY RANCH - FRONT DESK - EVENING

Colleen rushes in with Bev on her heels. She flips the front door sign to "CLOSED." Hank meets her and points at a door.

COLLEEN
Who's she with?

HANK
New client. Fake name, fake address. Paid extra to bring his own tentacles.

COLLEEN
Jesus. Bev, stay here and don't let anyone inside.

Colleen jets toward the scene, while Bev hangs back, zeroing right in on A TABLOID MAGAZINE on the front desk with her face on the cover!

The caption reads: CULINARY HAS-BEEN COOKS UP A PRISON FIGHT

Her jaw drops, offended, then moves the magazine aside, revealing NEW CLIENT PAPERWORK underneath...

INT. FANTASY RANCH - UFO ROOM

The DOOR BANGS open and Colleen takes in the mess before her:

Terri, wearing a leotard alien suit, has her client (RICH) handcuffed to the bed.

COLLEEN
This doesn't look so out of the ordinary.

RICH
E.T. here tried to steal my money!

Terri hangs her head, guilty.

TERRI
I'm sorry, Coll, I panicked. He was in the bathroom and came out early.

Hank pipes up, trying to make this better.

HANK
Which is clearly listed as a major breach of protocol in his welcome packet.

COLLEEN

You know not to take a piece of gum
from a client without writing it off
first with me. He could report us!

TERRI

That's why I tied him up, so he
couldn't leave!

RICH

All you whores are going down.

Colleen looks like she's gonna be sick, just as Bev busts in.

BEV

HEY! Do not call my daughter that
name!

COLLEEN

I told you to wait outside!

CRACK! Suddenly, Rich yanks the rickety wood off the bed
frame - enough to free himself. He hobbles away just as Bev
pounces on his back, but he's too strong --

RICH

Sure, I'll add assault and battery
to my robbery and kidnapping
charges, why not!

COLLEEN

Bev, get off!

Bev ignores Colleen, leans down, and whispers in Rich's ear.

BEV

Paula Zaring. 323-543-9902, Los
Angeles, CA.

RICH

(stops cold)

I don't know who you're talking
about. I'm Rich Boone from Colorado
Springs. I don't know any Zaring.

BEV

Everyone puts too much thought into
their fake names and not enough
into their emergency contacts.

(looks up at Colleen)

Sweetie, get out your phone.

Bev takes off her shirt so she's in her saggy mom bra.

BEV (CONT'D)

Take a picture. Terri, babe, get in here too.

RICH

I know who you are, you're that lady from the show! You can't do anything with this picture without ending yourself.

Bev takes a half-second pause, then --

BEV

More than I already have? If I so much as tweet this at two AM and take it down in one second, you're toast and I'll just have more followers.

(to Terri)

C'mon, hun. Triple kiss in 3-2--

Bev and Terri flip Rich onto his back and triple kiss Rich into an incriminating pose. As Colleen clicks a picture --

EXT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

We follow a FED-EX DELIVERY GUY (face obscured) up Colleen's apartment steps. He sets down a package, but instead of leaving, he peeks under a decorative rock... a flower pot... a welcome mat. Finding nothing.

He crooks his neck around to the back entrance as a neighbor's DOG goes nuts. Cut to --

EXT. BACK OF COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The dog now KEELED OVER on the grass. We pull up to reveal --

Our hitman AZBOY in a FedEx uniform! QUICK CUTS as the he

-- Slices open the package

-- Pulls out a crowbar

-- Wedges it in the door frame and POPS it open

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Azboy makes his way through the apartment, kicking through the trash. He passes a laptop... touches a \$50 bill... and leaves them both alone. He's clearly not here to rob.

Azboy adjusts his bluetooth ear piece, on a call.

AZBOY

Don't know where this "hot tip"
came from, boss, but I don't think
our cook's hiding out here.

He opens the fridge. Empty, save for baking soda and
condiments.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

This is just some kid's dorm room.

He sets something inside the fridge (we don't see what),
takes out a tub of sour cream, then slams the door, knocking
off a PHOTO of Colleen and her Dad at her high school
graduation.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to trash it, but it's
not my best work.

He tries to dump the sour cream on the floor, but it's too
solid and molded over.

He runs his fingers over the cover of the LENNY BENSON BOOK
"HUG OUT THE HATE," now sitting on the counter.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

You think with all this money the
daughter's spending on self-help,
she could just hire a maid.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Get down on the ground!

Azboy freezes, seeing Pete (Colleen's dad) holding a flower
pot over his head, trying to steady his shaky voice. He
clicks off his bluetooth.

PETE

Get down!

Azboy slowly crouches, not sure what to do.

PETE (CONT'D)

Now please-- no-- NO please. Stay
there while I call the cops.

Azboy side-eyes the graduation photo at his squatted feet,
recognizing Pete as the guy in front of him.

He looks to his other side and sees Colleen's PHONE BILL (with her name). An idea. Rolls his neck as he assumes a new (southern) character.

AZBOY

Well, shoot, Mr. Coates, this sure is an awkward way for us to meet.

Pete lowers the flower pot a bit, still cautious.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I'm Zack. Colleen's boyfriend. You caught me trying to surprise her before she got home.

PETE

She doesn't have a --

AZBOY

She's so shy about introducing us. But I know how dads can be with daughters.

Azboy slowly stands, knowing Pete believes him just enough.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to startle you. I'll just get a hold of Colleen later.

Azboy shuffles away, trying to get out of there stat. Just as he reaches the door:

PETE

I think she's out with her mom somewhere. Guess she's visiting.

Azboy BEAMS at the mention of MOM - bingo.

AZBOY

I wonder what those crazy gals are getting into tonight.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Thumping pop music blares as Beverly Ann Newberry dances her face off. Hair up. Oxford shirt unbuttoned. Shimmying in her conservative camisole as if it were a lacy bra.

Terri and Kim vogue in a circle around Bev.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAR

Colleen and Hank grab a drink at the bar (Colleen's drinking soda water), watching Bev across the room in awe.

HANK

Damn, your mom's a badass prison bitch now.

COLLEEN

Funny, I remember when she used to be just one of those words.

HANK

She's not as bad as you always made her out to be.

Hank hits a hot button.

COLLEEN

Oh, so my own mother disowned me but I'm the problem now?

HANK

If she's saying she wants to patch things up, then maybe she's trying to patch things up.

We clock Colleen catching herself being chapped. She takes a deep zen breath.

COLLEEN

No one just "gets out" on good behavior. What does that even mean?

Then, clearly talking about himself:

HANK

Maybe you should stop holding people at arm's length. Maybe she's a new Bev. Look: she's doing soul train with Terri.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR

Bev's holding Terri's shoulders, examining her back tattoo.

BEV

Honey, you gotta be careful with your skin while you're young. This area's gonna stretch as you age.

Hank and Colleen walk over with drinks.

TERRI

I'm so sorry, Colleen - I know I screwed up.

COLLEEN

Stop apologizing. Just don't do it again. You could've shut us down.

TERRI

That's what I was trying to stop! We only have 21 days.

HANK

("shut up")
Terri.

COLLEEN

What?
(no answer)
WHAT.

Colleen scans the room, and all of her employees are looking down at their feet.

Then Hank pulls a piece of paper from his pocket, unfolds it, and hands it over.

HANK

I'm sorry. We were trying to fix it before you found out.

CLOSE ON - A FORECLOSURE DOCUMENT. OFF Colleen, a punch to the gut --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. PRISON CELL - FLASHBACK - 3 MONTHS AGO

Bev and Hang Nail sit on the floor together. Much more acquainted and comfortable than our first flashback.

Bev's teaching her how to "fry" food in a makeshift coffee can deep fryer.

BEV

Don't let it brown too much on the edges.

HANG NAIL

You know your shit, B-Sting. And what's that thing you always said at the end of your TV show?

BEV

(TV impression of herself)
"Now who's doing the dishes?"

HANG NAIL

That's some badass feminist rhetoric right there.

Bev laughs.

BEV

Oh well thank you, but it was a scripted line. I actually love cleaning. I'm quite good too.
(then, going inward)
God, I need to get out of here. Longer I'm out of sight, the more I'm out of mind and some other booby bimbo making low-cal snacks will be there waiting to take my place. My son says there's already someone in MY time slot....

Clearly, this job is Bev's everything.

HANG NAIL

A son, huh? That your only kid?

Bev thinks on this a half-moment too long.

BEV

Yes. Very nice boy. Lives on the east coast.

HANG NAIL

Glad you raised a good one. My sister's man beats her every day. But I'm having him taken care of next month. Right before I'm out on parole, so I can be front row at the funeral.

(off Bev's shock)

I've got people on the outside to take care of things for me, you know. So let me know if you ever need anything like that. Ladies stick together. Ladies don't cross ladies.

As Hang Nail drops a Cheeto into the oil and SIZZLES --

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GUY FIERI ON TV. He's frying something.

GUY FIERI (ON T.V.)

This butter bacon bomber's got me goin' down to chowtown!

As he stuffs down a giant calzone, REVERSE ON: Bev, as if she's watching a car crash, talking on the phone.

BEV

He's picking hot cheese out of his beard and people say I'M irrelevant? I'm marching right over to that convention tomorrow and people will see that Bev Ann Newberry is still one hot tamale.

INT. PRISON PAY PHONE - INTERCUT

CHILI DOG (from the Teaser) is on the other end, scanning the room, paranoid, as she speaks.

CHILI DOG

DO NOT GO OUT, B-Sting. She's being uncharacteristically pleasant, so you know shit's about to go down.

BEV

Oh c'mon, a little networking won't hurt. Plus, you know Colleen's house is the last place anyone would look for me, and besides I'm beginning to think Hang Nail's all talk.

CHILI DOG

You added 10 years to her sentence.
Watch your back, woman.

Bev hears the door open --

BEV

Gotta go.

She hangs up fast as Colleen ambles in, so stressed.

COLLEEN

Couldn't get collections on the
phone. It's all automated this late.

BEV

That sounds like a problem for
José.

(rooting through
cupboards)

Now: Don't tell me you don't have
tequila. Back when your dad and I
thought you were a lesbian because
you were constantly sneaking down
into the basement with Claire Keys,
we were so relieved to find those
empty José Cuervo bottles instead.

Bev pulls out a VODKA BOTTLE.

BEV (CONT'D)

I guess Tito will do in a pinch.

COLLEEN

That's for cleaning, I don't drink
anymore.

Bev sulks as Colleen puts the bottle back. Then: Colleen eyes
a bruised apple on the counter. Smiles, getting an idea.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Remember when you caught me in the
bathroom when you were shooting
your Apple Pie episode?

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Bev takes a huge puff of a homemade APPLE BONG and hands it
to Colleen. As she COUGHS --

BEV

I don't understand why people say
I'm irrelevant. I'm very current!

COLLEEN

Family dinners are dead. We barely even had any.

BEV

"Now Who's Doing the Dishes" turned into quite the feminist catch phrase. Very popular in the slammer.

COLLEEN

(in good fun)

That wasn't you being modern. That was you not wanting to get your hands dirty when you had 22-year-old PAs to wipe your ass and china at the same time.

Bev smiles and shrugs, as if to say "that's pretty accurate."

BEV

Though, if you remember, I was originally in the cleaning business, too.

COLLEEN

How could I forget with family deep cleans twice a week.

BEV

But people seemed much more interested in the food.
(spinning inward)
And apparently I don't even know what THAT is anymore. I need an edge! Apparently I need to be a gastronomologist or whatever it's called.

Colleen smiles softly, seeing her mom vulnerable. The ladies share a look. A moment of comfortable silence --

BEV (CONT'D)

I really like your sex friends, Colleen. And I want you to know I'm very impressed with what you've done even if I don't understand it. I know it'll all work itself out.
(raises a glass)
To your sex friends.

Colleen's seriously touched.

COLLEEN

Thanks, Bev. That means a lot.

Bev deflates the tiniest bit (barely noticeable) at "Bev". She shakes it off, goes to clink Colleen's glass --

BEV

Wait, can't forget the limes! If you're making me drink water, might as well make it festive.

Bev opens the fridge, and displayed on the center rack is:

A SEVERED FINGER with a HANG NAIL dangling off its BLOODY FLESH.
A small note sits underneath: "FINGER ME, I'LL FINGER YOU."

FUCK. Bev's gut drops. She's frozen for a moment of terror, then slams the fridge door shut.

BEV (CONT'D)

Nope! No limes - you really should go grocery shopping, Colleen.

COLLEEN

I just bought--

BEV

No! You don't. I just remembered I ate them for a snack.

Colleen squints. Something's up.

COLLEEN

Are you okay?

Colleen cracks the fridge door-- but Bev dives in first, takes the finger and slides it over her own index finger!

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Here, open the fridge and cool off. You look like you're going to puke.

Then, without thinking, Bev strokes her daughter's arm and gets blood all over her white jacket.

BEV

It's the menopause, hun.

COLLEEN

You're bleeding!

BEV

Oh I, uh-- I just got a little paper cut on the pizza box, that's all.

Colleen moves to the pantry and whips out THE VODKA... then BAKING SODA, LIME, and LUBE...

COLLEEN
Told you we had limes.

BEV
(re: lube)
All right, sweetie, this isn't
something a mother needs to see.

Colleen shakes all the ingredients as Bev frantically pats the stain.

BEV (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, you'll have to sew a
patch or something. Blood's
impossible. Even I --

Colleen squirts her concoction onto her jacket, dabs it up, and in seconds the blood is gone. Bev. Is. Stunned.

And off Bev, seeing dollar signs...

INT. DOM-CON CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY

We track down an aisle of presenters or "DOMS," as they call themselves. Short for domestics, hipper YouTube millennial versions of Martha Stewart.

-- A ROCKABILLY with a special vacuum for de-boning fish.

-- MANIC PIXIE GIRL talking into a selfie stick and we hear just a bit of her spiel ...

MANIC PIXIE GIRL
...Wasssupppity potty peeper
poopers, who wants to pop n lock
shrimp heads!

8-YEAR-OLD
Yasssssssss!

-- AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY whipping around his JAMAICAN SPICE RUB like it's confetti.

BEV (O.S.)
Now, honey, I really want you to
take the lead here. I'm going to
hang in the back, maybe visit some
old colleagues.

-- Arriving at: A GIANT CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF BEV. Just the top of her head is visible.

REVERSE ON: The real Bev (incognito, hat and glasses) and Colleen. Bev beams as kids play around the display.

BEV (CONT'D)

And look at that. *The Family Table* still speaks to multiple generations.

The kids part and the entire display becomes clear:

It's of BEV BEHIND JAIL BARS and the kids are posing behind the bars. An ego punch to the gut.

Colleen sees her mom's face and her heart sinks a little for her. Changing the subject, holding up her CLEANING SOLUTION --

COLLEEN

You really thing people are going to buy this? I literally just mixed a bunch of toiletries together when Hank bloodied his nose on one of our Smurf onesies.

BEV

People will buy anything. Once I burnt a hole through a place mat and sold it as a rustic cutout. You'll have a year's worth of rent by 3 PM.

Hank jogs over out of nowhere, wearing a ROBOT COSTUME (from the Ranch).

COLLEEN

Hank. Everything okay at the ranch?

HANK

(little hurt)
Your mom said you wanted me here.

BEV

Hank's our security detail. Plus I figured it'd be good cross promotion for your business.

Bev turns Hank's head outward with a gentle finger poke.

BEV (CONT'D)

Security detail means eyeing the problem before it happens. And pro tip? The weirdos are always the best dressed, not the ones with the weird teeth.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - TABLE

A shitty card table in a room of much slicker displays.
Colleen demonstrates her cleaner to a SORORITY HOUSE MOM.

COLLEEN

Yeah, basically any mess you have -
whether it's cake frosting or semen
stains, this baby can pretty much
cut right through it, see?

Colleen pokes a toothbrush down her throat, coughs up a
little bile onto this lady's DRESS.

HORRIFIED, the woman starts to rush off, but Colleen grabs
her arm and spritzes her dress with the solution.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

See?

It comes right off. And off the woman pulling out her wallet,
we jump to --

A DISTANCE - where we watch Colleen wiping off her station on
top of the world... as a figure's hands raise to sip a water
bottle, and we see the CHARMS OF A VERY FAMILIAR BRACELET.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - FOOD COURT

Hitman Azboy eyes Bev and Colleen from the AUNTIE ANNE'S
kiosk, waiting for his perfect moment.

He sees Bev hanging in the back as Colleen demos. Then she
peels off from their table. All alone. Here's his moment.

Azboy smiles, dunks the last bite of his pretzel into cheese
sauce. Sucks off the sauce. Tosses the dough into the trash.

As he follows Bev with a SYRINGE at his side...

PETE (O.S.)

Zack?

Azboy blows right past Pete, not recognizing. Pete taps him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Zack! It's me, Colleen's dad.

Azboy stops. Shit. He snaps into his character.

AZBOY

Mr...Coates! Startled me again.
What're you doing here?

PETE

Supporting our girl, same as you.
C'mon, let's go embarrass her.

Pete pulls his sleeve, but Azboy yanks back.

AZBOY

NO! I just mean I don't want to get
in her head when she's in the zone.
I was actually on my way to the
bathroom --

PETE

Let's say hi before my wife comes
back. I haven't seen her in years,
and I just can't have that
conversation here.

(calling out)

Colleen!

Colleen looks around, hearing her name, but not seeing where
it came from.

Azboy whips around to hide his face from her direction, but
continues to watch Colleen in an overhead mirror. She spots
her dad and heads toward them.

Azboy locks in on a food court FRYER. He sucks up a full
mouth water from his bottle, then spits the water into the
vat of oil - an explosion of smoke and momentary chaos.

Azboy stabs the syringe into Pete's leg! Pete's motor skills
instantly give and Azboy lowers him into a chair.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Azboy intercepts Colleen. He assumes another character
(midwestern fanboy).

AZBOY

Well slap me shamu, Colleen Coates
in the flesh.

Colleen scans the FOOD COURT, no longer seeing her dad.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I'm an old friend of your dad's. He
told me all about your product!

COLLEEN

Oh. Where'd he go?

AZBOY

He went to find your mom. Needed a private moment, if you know what I'm saying.

(anyway)

Say, I own a garage flooring company and you wouldn't believe the blood stains.

COLLEEN

Sorry?

AZBOY

Did you know there are 607,000 non-crash injuries per year?

Lacerations from changing tires, even falling out of the car while trying to get in. I'd love a bottle or 607,000 of that spray of yours!

Azboy laughs a little too hard at himself.

COLLEEN

Wow. Really? I really just have this test bottle here right now.

AZBOY

Even better. My company car doesn't have much trunk space for it anyway. Time's have changed on that front, but at least the ol' boss hasn't cut off my mini bar.

Azboy digs in his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash, making Colleen's eyes sparkle.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

How'a 'bout I make you an offer?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY**

A pristine cul-de-sac, far off the Vegas strip.

A whistle-y, doo-woppy diddy PLAYS out of car speakers as a button-ed up JAMES (40s, think Bob Balaban) packs the trunk of his white mini-van.

In a series of QUICK CUTS --

-- James folds a hazmat suit with clean lines.

-- Arranges a plastic bin of toxic chemicals.

-- Then clips in another piece of trunk to cover his stash.

James checks his phone, then whips out a second phone and checks a text:

TO: THE CLEANER / FROM: UNKNOWN / "Easy job. Ready for you in 45 to an hour."

He types a reply we don't see and then...

James pops an address into his GPS, turns on some PLUCKY RADIO TUNES, and chugs off. Just another day in the office --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Azboy empties out the mini fridge in front of Colleen.

AZBOY

Have you tried the Toblerone?

COLLEEN

(mouth full)

I'm busy with these twenty-five dollar pistachios.

Azboy pulls out his cell phone and checks a text --

A THUMBS-UP EMOJI, replying to the text we saw on THE CLEANER'S phone before:

"Easy job. Ready for you in 45 to an hour."

Azboy tucks away his phone as we connect the dots.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

So how many bottles did you want to buy?

Colleen wipes her mouth, excited to get down to business.

AZBOY

If there's one thing to know about me, Ms. Colleen: I'm a businessman second and a gentleman first. And besides, I like to use the excuse of excusing to take a look at what the heckzoid my hair's been doing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT

Azboy swipes on some tinted chapstick and dabs essential oil under his nose, then pulls out a toiletry kit.

AZBOY

Not to get too personal, but your dad told me a little about you and your mom. Just wonderful how you two are re-connecting.

COLLEEN

It's been... interesting.

AZBOY

"Hug out the Hate." That's what I always say.

Azboy unzips the leather bag to reveal --

-- a switchblade

-- gloves

-- gauze and chloroform

Colleen's spine tingles at the mention of the book title.

COLLEEN

Where'd you hear that?

Azboy snaps on leather gloves and yanks the retractable LAUNDRY LINE from the shower wall. He gives it a good tug in a way that shows this wire can only be used for strangling.

AZBOY

I forget. But I'd love to meet her. You should call her on up here.

OUTSIDE BATHROOM - Colleen stands a little taller and eyes the room a little closer.

INSIDE BATHROOM - Azboy pulls back the fingertips of his "texting gloves" and types a text back to THE CLEANER: a simple SMILEY FACE WITH HEART EYES emoji.

He smiles, brushes his eyelashes, re-tips his fingers, and cracks his neck as --

INT. VIP SUITE - DAY

A few HIPSTER 20-SOMETHINGS mingle around cocktail party high-tops, looking like kids in adults' clothing.

Bev walks and everyone quiets like a cafeteria table clique.

BEV

Hi there, Beverly Ann Newberry from The Family Table. Has anyone seen Bob Hernandez? Maybe Kevin Amis? We used to work together at Yum TV.

Bev blinks as the 20 SOMETHINGS trade stares.

HIPSTER

Oh, I think she's talking about that old guy who left a few years ago.

The Hipster nods toward FLANNEL DAN in an ironic bow-tie.

FLANNEL DAN

Yeah, Bob got replaced a while ago by the new regime.

BEV

(scanning the room)

Oh. So who's the new regime?

FLANNEL DAN

Us.

Bev takes that in. This is more depressing than she thought.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY

Bev sulks back to the table where Hank's manning it alone.

BEV

Where's Colleen? I think I'm gonna head home.

HANK

She went off with some guy wearing
bracelets and arm flare. Is that --
(air quotes)
"Cool?" Is that what women want?

BEV

I have no idea what you're saying.

HANK

Figured you knew him too. He left this
for you. Said he'll see you soon.

Hank pulls a NAIL FILE from his pocket and Bev's gut drops,
knowing exactly what danger this means.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Colleen noses around the hotel room, on edge. She lifts his
luggage - completely empty.

AZBOY (O.S.)

I'm taking the long weekend for a
little sightseeing. Ever been to
the neon sign museum?

COLLEEN

Uh huh.

Colleen beelines for the door and it's DOUBLE-LOCKED, the
skeleton key missing and her face turns blue, draining color.

She frantically scrolls through her phone - type-searches MOM
and BEV. No dice on either.

AZBOY (O.S.)

It's wild. All these signs from old
Vegas.

Then -- a lightbulb: Colleen pulls up the CUTIE CALL APP
(that Bev used) and frantically swipes until she lands on
BEV'S PROFILE.

AZBOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lots of people take wedding photos
there...

She double taps and it instructs her to create an account!
FUCK, NO TIME!

Colleen takes a frantic selfie, uploads a photo -- THEN FINALLY
MATCHES just as -- Azboy WHAPS open the bathroom door.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I lost you back when I got to LEDs.

He yanks the phone from Colleen's hands, puts it in his pocket, a much scarier version of himself now.

COLLEEN

Don't know who you are or what you want, but the cops are gonna be here any second.

AZBOY

Y'know, I took some improv classes back in my twenties, and they always said the first thing to come to mind should be believable.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - SUNSET

Bev (hood up, glasses on) slithers through the crowds as slot machines CHING and drunk people SLUR-SCREAM.

She looks at her phone -- ONE NOTIFICATION: COLLEEN'S CUTIE CALL PROFILE PIC. "Find Colleen's MeetUp Coordinates Now!"

Bev lingers on it, then clicks ignore, sick to her stomach.

She goes up behind a drunk bachelorette party huddled around a craps table: easy target.

BACHELORETTE

I mean, like fuuuckkkkk, it's like I don't even wanna get married anymore.

As Bev reaches into the bachelorette's open purse to grab her KEYS she overhears more:

BACHELORETTE (CONT'D)

I mean it's already been the best, y'know, buying my dress with my mom.

Bev pulls her hand away and skulks back, knocking the keys out anyway by accident...

BEV

You dropped this.

OFF Bev, fucked. She can't run from this.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Colleen squirms as Azboy ties her to a chair, noticing his eyes look different. His weird charm now dangerous.

AZBOY

I love your mom. I made her roast chicken back when I proposed to my first husband. That didn't last long, but I sure remember that rosemary and 40 garlic cloves in that bird. But unfortunately, she's made someone very, very angry.

HUH? Colleen's curious, but moves on.

COLLEEN

I don't know why you don't believe me. My mom's coming with the cops any second.

BLOOP! As both their eyes turn toward the door as someone beeps into the room --

AZBOY

Ah, maybe I'll have to eat my words.

We're CLOSE on the hotel lock and see the handle SLOWLY TURN.

Azboy smiles and screws his silencer into his gun. Colleen's face drains. Azboy points and Colleen tries to jump up --

COLLEEN

Don't!

Azboy lights up - his plan worked. But the door flies open and it's --

JAMES THE CLEANER. Azboy deflates.

AZBOY

You're fifteen minutes early.

THE CLEANER

Oh, am I? Sorry.

AZBOY

What have I told you are the two most important things about this job - grammar and punctuality! And punctuality in this business does not mean ten minutes early is on time and on time is late.

(MORE)

AZBOY (CONT'D)

On time means on time and ten
minutes early means you're fucking
dead!

Caught up in their bickering, they don't see BEV COME FLYING
through the door smashing The Cleaner on the head with a room
service tray!

Azboy turns, frazzled, and not usually thrown off his game.
As he re-aims for Bev's head --

Colleen scoots her chair and kicks the back of his knees just
as -- **BOOM!** -- the gun goes off --

COLLEEN

MOM!

-- And pops The Cleaner right in the arm. Azboy freezes. This
can't be happening.

THE CLEANER

(high-pitched child)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Bev smiles. Finally: "MOM" ... it's music to her ears. She
runs to untie her daughter, as The Cleaner clutches his blood-
soaked arm.

BEV

I did this in an episode once for
Flag Day where we knotted up our
napkins in honor of our
forefathers.

COLLEEN

Never thought I'd be so glad my
mother taught herself online dating.

AZBOY

This is all very sweet, and kooky
kudos to you, Beverly Ann Newberry,
for coming back while under hit.

Colleen's not sure what he means. He's happy to explain.

AZBOY (CONT'D)

I suppose I get the honor of breaking
the news that your mom narked on the
most dangerous and connected criminal
in the tri-state, and now she wants
her dead.

("translation")

Your own mother's using you as a
human shield.

Colleen looks at her mom, afraid of the answer.

BEV

I'm sorry, honey, I just--

COLLEEN

You just saw me as a place that no one would ever look and so you lead a hitman right to my door?

BEV

I never meant to drag you into this... it's complicated.

COLLEEN

Yeah, real complicated.

CLICK. Azboy's cocked gun rests right on Bev's temple as he smiles glibly at them as The Cleaner bleeds all onto the carpet behind them.

AZBOY

As much as I'm loving this, you two ladies are grating on my nerves and this job's taking a lot longer than I thought, and I do have early dinner plans that I have to get to.

And suddenly Azboy squeezes Bev's mouth open and shoves the pistol inside!

Bev squeezes her eyes shut. We think she's resigning to her fate. Then, mumbling with the gun in mouth:

BEV

Howkuppin a'eweeven.

AZBOY

What?

Bev patiently waits for Azboy to remove the gun.

BEV

For the record, I don't like the phallic connotations with that in front of my daughter -- but, I said that housekeeping comes at 11.

(nodding to clock)

And you've got seventeen minutes before they come in here and find this mess.

Azboy looks at James' arm, which is completely immobile. Colleen, though totally devastated, gets where her mom's going with this and knows it's their only chance.

COLLEEN

You think someone with one arm's gonna clean her brains off the wall in under twenty?

THE CLEANER

I'm very good. But kid has a point.

COLLEEN

Look at all this blood. All these finger prints. Our evidence is everywhere and you've got no cleaner.

AZBOY

James, call back-up.

THE CLEANER

Sorry, boss. Fourth of July's our busiest weekend; no way I can pull someone off a job to get here.

AZBOY

(you're fucking dead)
Then find a new guy.

COLLEEN

Let us go and you'll get domestic goddess Beverly Ann Newberry to make your shit sparkle.

AZBOY

You seem to think you hold the cards. I hold the cards.

Bev grabs a hotel clicker pen and PLUCKS at The Cleaner's open wound. He HOWLS BLOODY MURDER again as more blood SPRAYS! They've got him by the balls...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MONTAGE

Bev and Colleen clean as Azboy and The Cleaner watch.

- A) They unscrew mini bottles of VODKA, dumping them into a plugged sink
- B) Adding BAKING SODA from the mini fridge and single packs of LUBE
- C) Colleen stirs the solution with a hotel slipper and...

D) SLAPS the slipper against the mirror, scrubbing away like a sponge.

E) Scrubbing with shreds of hotel bathrobes.

F) After some time cuts, the place is cleaner... and whiter... and more sparkling...

Azboy and The Cleaner stare in awe - they're damn good. Except for a --

COFFEE STAIN on A PAINTING OF NOAH'S ARC. Colleen goes to wipe.

THE CLEANER

Even I can't get coffee out.
(glibly)
Or can I?

BEV

Leave it. If you scrub, it'll take the paint off with it.

Colleen's phone BUZZES in Azboy's pocket. He ignores it.

AZBOY

Not a trace.

BEV

I can get it out. I'll dab some soap on it.

COLLEEN

Wait, what's this?

They both squint at a BLUE SMUDGE on their bathrobe rag --

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - SAME

Hank, frantically calling Colleen's cell. He leaves a voicemail.

HANK

Colleen, where the hell are you?
I've got a huge problem here.

A CROWD of very uphappy customers circles the table. They hold up garments with BLUE STAINS - including the House Mom with the dress from before. The solution has turned all their clothing blue!

HOUSE MOM

You shoulda told me you put magic ink in here! FIX IT.

HANK

I uh--

Hank, panicked, takes the dress and huddles in a corner to rub some spit on the stain, praying that works. It doesn't.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As if by magic, the hotel room has transformed into a Smurf-puke Jackson Pollock. Blue stains all over the walls and furniture.

AZBOY

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. I'm panicking! I don't panic -- look what you ladies have done to me!

BEV

Quick-- I'll call the desk, see if they can leave some vinegar outside the door--

Then, the SQUEAKY WHEELS of the housekeeping cart wheel up to the hotel door and a key slips into the reader. BLOOP. The reader fails.

Resigned to their fate, Azboy cocks his gun at the ladies --

INT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The HOUSEKEEPER (Hispanic, male) blows on the key card and tries again.

BLOOP. Red light. Too fast. He grumbles and tries again at a perfect speed. Green light. BLINK!

The housekeeper turns his SKELETON KEY and walks into --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty and immaculate (save for the blue splotches). The housekeeper takes it in, just as --

COLLEEN (O.S.)

Me encanta lo que has hecho con la pintura azul...

Colleen pops out of nowhere, startling him.

HOUSEKEEPER
 (perfect English)
 No clue what you're saying.

COLLEEN
 (little embarrassed, then)
 I was just admiring the wall art.
 Abstract expressionist, you think?
 Anyway, sorry I'm a minute late to
 check-out. I hate leaving my mess
 for housekeeping.

She walks toward the door.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 But I hope you'll use the extra
 time to relax. Watch some TV? Oh
 and the mini bar has already been
 paid for, so please help yourself.

Colleen smiles and wheels out her room service cart.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, I've got this.

UNDER THE CART: a privileged POV of the rest of the gang
 piled on, rattling under the cart covered by the table cloth.

OFF the housekeeper, speechless, finally treated like a human.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Azboy leads the pack outside HARRAH'S CASINO, ushering James
 out covering his bloody arm underneath his jacket. To Colleen:

AZBOY
 'The fuck was that? Your
 Scientology shtick? Hola, take a
 load off and order some room
 service and a stress test on my
 hitman's bill, por favor.

COLLEEN
 It's amazing how far treating
 someone like a human being will
 take you.
 (re: Scientology)
 Though I did dabble briefly.

Azboy whips out his huge wad of bills. Their eyes go wide. He
 peels off a few hundred for each of them.

AZBOY

There's a Shake Shack down the street, go crazy. I'll see you gals in 24 hours.

BEV

What's in 24 hours? You said you'd let us go.

AZBOY

I did. For 24 hours. You think I'm stupid enough to tell my boss that I failed on a hit?

COLLEEN

Then tell her it's done! We'll keep a low profile.

AZBOY

You couldn't keep a low profile if I buried you horizontally.

Azboy just shrugs and they drive away as they hear James on the phone trying to line up a new cleaner for the week.

THE CLEANER

Rate's okay. 50k a pop... Health insurance... not great.

Bev and Colleen stare at the cash in their hands.

BEV

I didn't know you spoke Spanish.

COLLEEN

Who do you think raised me.

BEV

Coll, I'm so sorry.

Colleen stomps away, then whips back around.

COLLEEN

Eighteen months. EIGHTEEN MONTHS. That's all the time you had left, and yet you weaseled your way out of jail and used me as your human shield for what-- so you could go to A CONVENTION!?

BEV

It wasn't like that, I only meant to see you for one night -- I didn't know it was going to be like the old times.

COLLEEN

The old times?! Do you know how much money I've spent trying forget the old times? To self-actualize my pain away? Dad's pain? I was told if I just softened and forgave you, it would all be okay. So I did. I opened up. I let you in. And now look what happened. You put a target on my fucking head.

Finally fighting back, full of emotion. People are staring now.

BEV

You wanted nothing to do with me! I tried to include you in my life, but you weren't interested!

(then)

I admit, I messed up-- I-- I didn't mean to.

(beat, softer)

I've missed you, Coll. I know I was never the greatest mom... People always told me I had it all. I just could never admit that that was bullshit.

Colleen pauses, then just walks around her.

COLLEEN

Be safe, Bev.

OFF Bev, crestfallen --

INT. HARRAH'S CASINO - NIGHT

Colleen YANKS on the plastic fishing pole slot game, muttering book titles to herself.

COLLEEN

Cage Your Rage... Meditation
Vacation... 99 Ways To Love Yourself...
How to Sleep 48 Hours Overnight... Hug
Your Highschool Self...

A WAITRESS comes around, holding a tray of trash and glasses.

WAITRESS

Drink?

Colleen turns sharply and yells, letting it all out:

COLLEEN

I've spent 30 years reading 516
books trying to be my best self,
and I still have no fucking clue
who that is!!!

Colleen snatches a half-drunk cocktail glass from the Waitress' tray and downs the dregs. And another. An another. The Waitress scurries away as Colleen spirals into madness, hobbling toward a --

VENDING MACHINE

Where she tries to buy mini donuts with a POKER CHIP, ranting psychobabble to no one.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Sugar is inflammation of the chakra
dragon, sent by the devil of
insecurity.

She pounds the machine until GLASS SHATTERS all over the floor -- CUING Annie Lennox's "Walking On Broken Glass," as an on-the-nose but fucking awesome score as Colleen spirals into madness.

Startled, she jumps back and falls against an ICE MACHINE, which spews ice all over the floor.

But Colleen doesn't move off the button. Mesmerized as the ice creates a messy, runway onto the casino carpet. A crowd circles.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You don't think I can ice walk, Lenny
Benson you freak fraud!?

Colleen peels off her shoes and stomps on the ice and glass, cutting and burning her bare feet as people watch in horror.

OFF Colleen's descent into madness --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. JAIL HOLDING CELL - EARLY MORNING**

Close on Colleen's bandaged, bloody feet as she huddles in the corner of a cement cell, VOMITING into the floor drain.

A SECURITY GUARD appears with a paper cup of coffee and Colleen collects herself, riding adrenaline, comforted to see a familiar face.

COLLEEN

Drew. I didn't realize you were on shift. How're Jenny and the kids?

SECURITY GUARD

I thought you quit doing this, Colleen.

COLLEEN

I know, I just had a small slip up.

SECURITY GUARD

This isn't your ghetto B&B anymore. Now get up.

The Security Guard opens the door. Colleen starts to move, then:

COLLEEN

I heard Bruce was in the kitchen today--

OFF his get-the-fuck-out look.

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Colleen, now hungover, bangs around pots and pans. A clumsy attempt at breakfast, emptying her fridge onto the table.

-- Sour milk -- Pickles -- A blender of (now brown) juice that's been sitting in the fridge for ages.

As her stomach growls, she anxiously eyes the TV remote...

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

ON TV - An old episode of Bev's show "THE FAMILY TABLE." It's like we're almost back to the beginning of this episode, where Bev's demo'ing, whisking waffle batter.

Colleen's imitating her mom's instructions... and she pulls out her slightly burnt, but edible waffle from the iron. She scrapes off the char with a fork, then takes a bite.

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Colleen's finishing the same episode while mopping up the last of her Mrs. Butterworth with a waffle bit.

ON TV - Bev sets down a plate of waffles in front of her family: YOUNG COLLEEN, PETE, and Colleen's Brother.

BEV (ON T.V.)

These waffles go well for any sort of special occasion. Colleen requests this breakfast for dinner every year for her birthday.

YOUNG COLLEEN (ON T.V.)

But you never make them.

Bev squeezes Colleen's shoulder with a vice grip.

BEV (ON T.V.)

Exactly, I make them once a year so it's always a special treat.

YOUNG COLLEEN (ON T.V.)

Dad always has to order pizza because you can't be bothered to make it or even remember my birthday!

Bev lets her character wall down for just a second.

BEV (ON T.V.)

Do you know how hard it is to work a 16 hour day and then come home--
(realizing, smiles to camera)
I know a lot of women can relate.

Young Colleen storms off, ripping off her mic pack, shoving food and other set pieces off the counter.

YOUNG COLLEEN (ON T.V.)

Bev Newberry is a fake! She's a horrible person and a horrible mother. I'd rather be in prison to get three meals a day than what I get with her!

PULL OUT - Colleen winces watching her meltdown, but she doesn't look away. Tears roll down her cheeks. This is somehow the ultimate therapy. THE PHONE RINGS. She answers.

COLLEEN

Yeah, I'm sorry I'm not there for the repo, I just can't watch.

HANK (V.O.)

They're not coming.

COLLEEN

They always give an eight hour window. Trust me, they'll be there.

HANK (V.O.)

No, someone left cash on our doorstep last night! It's only a few thousand bucks, but it's enough to get us through at least another month.

COLLEEN

What?! Who from?

HANK (V.O.)

It was labeled "For Colleen's Sex Friends" but not signed or anything. You think it was Handcuff Guy from yesterday?

COLLEEN

Probably.

But Colleen knows exactly who it was.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bev's coloring on a placemat with crayons, while picking at a pattymelt and plate of fries. She gets some grease on the rainbow she's drawing. It's sad.

A KID SCREAMS across the room. Bev turns, sees a mother tickling her daughter into hysterics. Bev watches longingly when --

Bev's phone DINGS. CUTIE CALL: "COLLEEN THINKS YOU'RE A CUTIE!"

She lights up, then looks outside. And there's Colleen in the window. Colleen enters the diner and sits across from Bev.

BEV

You need a new trick.

COLLEEN

Just testing some apps on my new phone.

(then)

I watched our episode. I'd never seen it before.

Bev's locked in, listening with full attention.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Remember when you sent me to that shrink
in high school after it happened?

BEV

150 a session and you refused to speak.

COLLEEN

But in my last session, she went to
shake my hand and then for some
reason I just hugged her. And cried.
And didn't stop for what seemed like
10 minutes, but she just held me.

Colleen's welling up, getting emotional. Bev's trying to
listen stoically, but she's cracking fast.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'd just... never felt that before.
From you.

(laugh crying)

No wonder I'm in deep-ass debt trying
to create an entire business making up
for 30 years of intimacy problems.

Bev slowly reaches out and puts her hand on top of Colleen's.
Then she yanks Colleen playfully by the wrist and pulls her into
her side of the booth and hugs her. It's awkward - but sweet.

BEV

I grew up never wanting to be my mother
and now you never want to be yours.

Bev eyes a group (occasionally glancing at her) at the diner
counter. Colleen clocks her mom's paranoia --

COLLEEN

Why can't the cops protect you from
this? Isn't there a witness
protection program or something?

BEV

Hon, I'm a little too famous for that.
(cutting off Colleen's eye roll)
Meaning, the state would never hear
the end of it if they put a single
taxpayer dime toward the protection
of an entitled celebrity. My deal
was basically off-book.

Colleen, nods, getting it. Then --

BEV (CONT'D)
I gotta run. Take care, Coll.

COLLEEN
I want in on the family business.

Bev's caught off guard. That came out of nowhere.

BEV
Hate to break it to you, but your
cleaning solution has some flaws.

COLLEEN
We're the business. Us. As
Cleaners. Fixers. You want to prove
you're still the Dom on top? Let's
do it. Who else knows how to get
ink off of khakis?!

BEV
(legit proud)
Me.

COLLEEN
You heard how much that Cleaner was
going to get paid today. That would
fix all our problems.

BEV
I know, how do you think I got that
extra cash? Momma got a little handsy
under that housekeeping cart.

COLLEEN
And what better way to hide you from
hitmen than to work with them?

BEV
What about your Ranch?

COLLEEN
They're who I'm doing this for. And
maybe they can help, who knows.

Bev's speechless a moment, then --

BEV
I know Hang Nail. You have no idea
what it's like dealing someone so
dangerous. You don't know how to
outsmart a criminal.

COLLEEN

Yes I do.

(beat)

Who do you think put you behind bars?

Bev just stares at her daughter. A cold and breathless beat.

BEV

Well, that was a real bitch thing
to do.

One more tense beat, then Bev cracks a warm smile. Colleen does the same.

BEV (CONT'D)

I guess we're even then.

(then)

So. How do you suggest we find our
hitman again?

OFF the women, moving forward in the most fucked up way possible.

INT. JAIL - VISITOR ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - a phone receiver... held by a hand with a gross, bloody HANGNAIL. We pull out to see HANG NAIL HERSELF, talking to a visitor through the glass.

HANG NAIL

They're still alive?

Flip to reveal: A nervous (but trying to cover) Azboy.

AZBOY

24 hours is nothing. I live by my
code. I don't break a promise just
like I won't with you.

HANG NAIL

Find them.

DING! Azboy looks at COLLEEN'S PHONE (still in his pocket) and sees a Cutie Call ping.

AZBOY

Just did.

OFF his look, GAME ON, we --

SMASH TO BLACK