

FLORIDA WOMAN SAVES THE DAY

"PILOT"

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT./EXT. SOME OLD PIECE-OF-SHIT PICK-UP - NIGHT

RACING AWAY from a fast-growing FIRE, flames as high as the mobile homes all around.

WYNA BRIGHT (30s, rode hard, smarter than she looks) watches out the back from shotgun, her brother, BILLY (20s, just as smart as he looks, hopeless romantic) has the wheel. The pair are as 'Murican as you can get, their great-grands probably came over in a stolen rowboat with one oar.

WYNA (V.O.)  
This is why we can't have nice things.

CHYRON: THREE DAYS EARLIER

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A BEATER SEDAN pulls into a sun baked parking lot.

INT. BEATER SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Wyna looks over a list written in the margin of an old BOAT TRADER. She shoves a pinch of TOBACCO in her cheek.

WYNA  
Pork rinds? No.

BILLY  
Why not? Yer gettin' Slim Jims.

WYNA  
Slim Jims ain't got little hairs on 'em.

BILLY  
You don't even notice that...

WYNA  
(fans herself)  
Christ on a cracker, can ya snake a ride that's got A/C next time?

BILLY  
This here's the number one family sedan two years in a row.

WYNA  
In the seventies.

Wyna tears out the list and pockets it.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Stay right here 'til I come out. If  
you gotta pee, hold it.

BILLY  
Went before we left.

Wyna shoves a GUN under her FLANNEL shirt, exits the car.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Wait! Wyna!

WYNA  
(whisper yell)  
Don't yell my name, ya ding-dong!

BILLY  
Grab me another Boat Trader?

WYNA  
Shoulda shot you when we was kids.

Wyna walks, head down to hide her face. Spits out the glob of  
dip and SMEARS it on the SECURITY CAMERA over the door.

INSERT TITLES: "FLORIDA WOMAN SAVES THE DAY"

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Wyna moves through the store, head down. She takes note of a FEMALE CLERK texting; an OLD MAN making a hotdog, a little GIRL clutching a MoonPie, playing keep-away from her MOTHER.

MOTHER

Give it or I'll spank you so hard  
you can't sit for a week! You are  
not eating that trash-people food!

A SKEEVY GUY drinking from a paper bag ogles the girl and her mom. His FLANNEL shirt hangs open over a HUGE CHEST TATTOO that looks like a BALD EAGLE SHITTING out a SWASTIKA. He drunkenly STUMBLES into Wyna, glares at her as he exits.

WYNA

(sotto)

Fuckin' Florida.

BACK TO THE CAR/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Skeezy Guy staggers out of the store, cracks open a beer.

ANGLE ON: Billy ponders HOUSE BOATS he's circled in the BOAT TRADER, then stares out the window, daydreaming.

A SEXY BLACK WOMAN in a blonde wig crosses his eye-line. *Hot damn*. Billy straightens up, lowers his sunglasses.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN

Nice ride.

BILLY

(charming grin)

Number one family sedan two years  
in a row.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN

Ain't talkin' 'bout the car, baby.

She leans into his open window, displaying her wares. Billy can't get past studying her face.

BILLY

Lord... a man could get lost in  
them eyes of yours.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN  
You don't gotta talk smooth,  
handsome. I already like you.

BACK TO THE STORE

Wyna checks the bathroom. Toilet's backed up, no one's there.  
She finds an empty office. Digs in a purse, pockets the cash.

BACK TO THE CAR/PARKING LOT

The Sexy Woman traces Billy's arm tattoo.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN  
Who's that?

BILLY  
Supposed to be Buddha. Most folks  
think it's Jabba the Hut. So I call  
him Jabuddha.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN  
Oh my. Cute and funny.

A HIGH-END SUV parks nearby. She makes eye contact with the  
driver, a BUSINESSMAN giving her a "come hither" smile.

SEXY BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Billy)  
So... I hate to cut to the chase,  
but we looking or buying darlin'?

BILLY  
*"I can't own the sun, but I'll  
enjoy her warm light if she sees  
fit to shine on me."*

SEXY BLACK WOMAN  
(kinda turned on)  
Tsk. If rhymes were dimes. Well,  
maybe I'll see you again sometime.

BILLY  
Jabuddha says we're all connected.

She winks and walks to the SUV. Heartbroken, Billy watches as  
she talks to the Businessman, gets in and they drive away.

BACK TO THE STORE

BANDANA HIDING HER FACE, Wyna darts behind the counter and presses her gun to the Clerk's head.

CLERK

The hell?!

WYNA

("TOUGH-GUY" VOICE)

*You ever screwin' in a portalet and  
some prick pushes it down a hill?*

An aisle away, the Mother SCREAMS. The customers freeze.

WYNA (CONT'D)

*Okay fuckers, this here's a  
robbery! I will shoot yer ass. Kilt  
a dude in Wauchula just last week.  
If you don't wanna join him, y'all  
line up on that wall, there.*

*(to clerk)*

*Now, drop the phone and grab four  
of them pantyhose eggs.*

Nobody moves. Wyna pokes her with the gun.

CLERK

*Do what he says!*

They scramble to obey. Wyna nudges the clerk toward the wall.

WYNA

*Everybody gets an egg. Hand 'em  
out. Congratulations! Today y'all  
gonna learn to tie a knot. Now take  
the hose in your right hand.*

*(to the Girl)*

*Naw, your right hand, darlin', the  
other one.*

Old Man sniffs the pantyhose. Touches them with his tongue.

BACK TO THE CAR/PARKING LOT

ANGLE ON the Boat Trader, Billy writes Haiku in the margin--

*The boy was surprised  
How fast you can fall in love  
In a parking lot*

ANGLE ON: Skeevey Guy finishes his beer, tosses the can over his shoulder and wobbles around, muttering angrily.

BACK TO THE STORE

Everyone's tied up with pantyhose. On the floor by the exit:  
a case of beer, a few bags stuffed with cash and junk food.

Wyna holds the MoonPie to the Girl's mouth. She speaks  
quietly IN HER OWN VOICE so only the girl can hear.

WYNA  
Go on, s'okay.

The Girl takes a hesitant bite... and *foodgasm!*

GIRL  
(mouth full)  
It's good! Can Mama try some?

MOTHER  
I don't want any, so you can just  
shove it up your white trash ass.

WYNA  
(to the Girl)  
She always this mean?

GIRL  
Um... Yeah.

Wyna WINKS so only the girl can see. Glares at the others.

WYNA  
(*"TOUGH-GUY" VOICE*)  
*Don't nobody move for forty-five  
minutes or I'll blow yer heads off!*

Wyna SHOVES the MoonPie in the Mother's mouth and runs out--

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

--struggling with her haul. Wyna trips, drops the bags. A CAN  
OF BOILED PEANUTS rolls away.

WYNA  
Goddammit!

She grabs what she can, runs toward the car. Skeevey Guy sees  
MONEY falling out of her bag.

SKEEVY GUY  
The fu-- Hey!

He grabs Wyna's bandana, yanks it off with a handful of hair.

WYNA  
Owww! Shit-fire!

Billy spots Wyna in his rearview and FLOORS THE CAR IN REVERSE. Wyna runs to the car with Skeevy Guy in hot pursuit.

SKEEVY GUY  
You ain't goin' nowhere, bitch!

Skeevy Guy STEPS ON THE CAN of peanuts, FALLS out of frame.

The car rocks to a stop. Wyna throws her haul and herself inside and they PEEL OUT IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATER - DAY

Rows of old but well-kept mobile homes.

In BADASS SLO-MO, Wyna and Billy emerge from their shitty car, carrying their loot.

Two LITTLE GIRLS, one white, one Latina, beeline to Wyna.

LITTLE WHITE GIRL  
Y'all went shoppin' again, huh?  
They still got them Lemonheads?

LITTLE LATINA GIRL  
Ya get us any? Or runts?

WYNA  
Nah, that crap'll rot yer teeth.

She hands them each a Slim Jim and a MoonPie.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
And give this to your mama.

She slips Little Latina Girl a balled-up \$20.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Now get. No-- wait.

She hands Little White Girl a box of tampons.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
This is for your sissy, not your  
maw, so hide it when ya' walk in.

ON BILLY - he tosses a bottle of Maalox to an OBESE NEIGHBOR who can't fit through his trailer door.

BILLY  
Here ya go, bud.

Grateful, neighbor holds a GADGET to his NECK-HOLE.

OBESE NEIGHBOR (ROBOTIC)  
*There's still good people in this  
world.*

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

MALE OFFICERS make phone calls, interview bad hombres, etc.

We hear a SCUFFLE, a GRUNT. Enter the Sexy Black Hooker from the parking lot, dragging in the Businessman from the SUV, handcuffed and embarrassed. The officers whistle, catcall.

She dumps the Businessman in a chair. TUGS OFF HER WIG, drops it on a desk with the name plate, "OFC. JALEESA PETTY, VICE."

OFFICER PENDERGAST (40s) SLOW-CLAPS. He carries decades of hypertension in his face and beer in his gut.

PENDERGAST  
Look, y'all -- Petty caught herself a bad guy. Rough him up enough, I bet he'll tell you where his kids go to private school!

BUSINESSMAN  
Nothing happened -- we just talked.

JALEESA  
About trading money for sex.

Jaleesa starts typing her report.

JALEESA (CONT'D)  
There's the phone if you want to call your lawyer, Mr. Williams.

BUSINESSMAN  
I'd rather speak with the sheriff.

Pendergast squints at the businessman. *Ah, fuck.*

PENDERGAST  
(reluctant, frustrated)  
Sorry sir, didn't recognize you.  
You're free to go.

JALEESA  
(to Businessman)  
No, you're not. *Stay.*

ANGELA LOPEZ (50s, plump and pretty, wears a dispatcher's headset) spots the Businessman, joins them.

ANGELA  
That Councilman Williams? I go to  
his wife's hair salon. She's sweet.

JALEESA  
*Councilman?*

BUSINESSMAN  
Can I leave or what?

PENDERGAST  
(disgusted, waves him  
off)  
Sorry for the inconvenience.

The Businessman nods at Pendergast, winks at Jaleesa. Exits.

JALEESA  
What the hell? That was *my* arrest!

PENDERGAST  
(tired, resigned)  
Just saved you a shit-ton of  
paperwork. Sheriff woulda cut him  
loose, anyway. So you're welcome.

ANGELA  
I swear, men are only good for one  
thing. And most of 'em aren't even  
much good at *that*.

PENDERGAST  
You've had enough of 'em to know.

Angela flips him a BIRD, leans on Jaleesa's desk.

ANGELA  
Oh, I'll never have enough.  
(to Jaleesa)  
Speaking of, wanna get margs later?  
Chili's hired all new staff after  
the e-coli outbreak and there's a  
delicious busboy I'm dying to--  
(touches headset,  
listens)  
Ew. Yeah, copy that.  
(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(to Jaleesa)  
They want you back at the mart.

JALEESA  
Why?

INT. WYNA AND BILLY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Tacky plaid furniture. Cramped and messy, but not shabby.

Wyna digs through their loot. She stuffs cash in a near empty WATER JUG with a FADED PHOTO of a HOUSEBOAT taped on it.

WYNA  
Now how did this get in here?  
  
She tosses a bag of pork rinds to Billy.

BILLY  
If we wasn't kin, I'd marry ya.

WYNA  
Let's not be too stereotypical.  
  
Billy crunches a pork rind and turns on an old box TV,  
  
ON TV: BUNJA RUNGARANG (20s, driven to a fault) animatedly reports from the Mini-Mart.

BUNJA (TV)  
We're live at the Brownville Mini-Mart, which is now a crime scene, after an armed robber--

BILLY  
Hey! That's us -- we're famous!

WYNA  
Shit, I hope not. We ain't in a "famous" line of work.

BILLY  
Dang... She's Fox News hot.

BUNJA (TV)  
So far, this is the only footage we have of the suspect.

INSERT: blurry, worthless security cam video of the robbery.

WYNA  
Ain't my first rodeo, hussy.

ON TV: Bunja interviews the girl's Mother.

BUNJA (TV)  
I have here one of the victims who  
was held hostage by the murderer.

BILLY  
Murderer?

MOTHER (TV)  
He tied us up like animals and  
forced me to eat a-- to eat a--

BUNJA (TV)  
(pats her back)  
Take your time...

MOTHER (TV)  
A MoonPie! He was crazy! He bragged  
about killing someone last week!

WYNA  
(TOUGH GUY VOICE)  
*Sure did! Gutted him neck to nuts.*

BILLY  
You sound like Jack Bauer takin' a  
dump.

BUNJA (TV)  
(brightly, to camera)  
Well it certainly seems "KAR"ma has  
caught up with this deadly killer.

WYNA  
Karma?

BILLY  
It's when a person's actions  
decides their fate.

WYNA  
(swats him)  
Shh!

BUNJA (TV)  
The deceased is believed to be  
Nathan "Skeet" Jones.

INSERT: a mug shot of Skeevy Guy from earlier.

WYNA  
That's the drunk asshole from the  
parking lot!

BUNJA (TV)  
I must warn you, the images you are  
about to see are graphic.

ON TV: COPS including a CORONER and the SHERIFF mill around  
body of SKEEVY GUY. Blurring fails to hide his SMUSHED HEAD.

BILLY  
(loses his shit)  
I musta ran him over! Jesus, Dharma  
and Greg! I never even killed a  
squirrel before!

WYNA  
Get your panties out yer butt!  
Think we'd know if we ran over a  
dude. Trust me, you didn't do shit.

BILLY  
You sure?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Wyna and Billy jump. Wyna shuts off the TV  
and cautiously peeks out the window before opening the door  
to a couple of YOUNG REDNECK GUYS.

WYNA  
Sorry, Billy can't come out right--

YOUNG REDNECK GUY #1  
What's that chunky red shit all  
over the back of y'all's car?

Billy MOANS O.S.

YOUNG REDNECK GUY #2  
Ya' hit a deer or somethin'? 'Cause  
that's still good eatin'.

WYNA  
A deer? Yep, yeah, we did. Couldn't  
keep it, though. It was all wild-  
eyed and foaming at the mouth, like  
it had rabies or some such.

YOUNG REDNECK GUY #1  
Dang...

WYNA  
Maybe next time. Buh-bye now...

Wyna smiles, shuts the door in their faces. After a beat...

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Pack your shit.

EXT. - CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME - DAY

CSI seals a bag containing Wyna's blood soaked BANDANA.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME - DAY

Jaleesa -- in uniform -- interviews the clerk. In the B.G., Bunja confers with her CAMERAMAN and eavesdrops.

JALEESA

Can you describe the suspect?

CLERK

Bunch of tattoos. Flannel shirt.  
Flat head.

JALEESA

(beat)

*Before the accident, ma'am.*

CLERK

Oh. Uh, tattoos, flannel shirt,  
regular-shaped head.

A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS.

MOTHER

Evil eyes. Stringy hair.

OLD MAN

He had a tattoo on his chest - big  
ole eagle shitting out a swastika.

JALEESA

Did you see the robber's face?

GIRL

No. But she seemed nice--

JALEESA

"She?"

MOTHER

This child will say anything for  
attention. It was a man. I'll never  
forget that evil voice...

JALEESA

(to the girl)

Was it a man or woman, sweet-pea?

GIRL

A man. Yeah.

JALEESA

Did he seem intoxicated to you?

OLD MAN

Heh. I ain't one to judge! Can I keep one of them pantyhose?

JALEESA

Did you see the driver? Or the car?

CLERK

I wish. I'd like to thank him -- *personally* -- if you get me.

JALEESA

Thank him?

CLERK

He's a *hero*! Bet he's *FINE*, too. Y'all got any leads?

Bunja PERKS UP at that. Whispers animatedly to her CAMERAMAN.

EXT. MIDDLE OF FUCKING NOWHERE - DAY

Billy peers down into a RAVINE. The SEDAN he just pushed down the hill hangs ass-up, teetering over the edge of a dropoff. He throws a big rock, but it only cracks the window.

BILLY

Number one family sedan. Two years in a row.

WYNA (O.S.)

Come on Billy! Let's get!

Billy anxiously waits a beat for the car to fall.

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

BILLY!

Billy sighs, walks away.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER - DAY

Jaleesa and Pendergast stand over the bloody gravel, arguing.

JALEESA

I don't think he did it.

PENDERGAST

All the witnesses say he did.

JALEESA

There's no way. He was blackout drunk when I saw him!

PENDERGAST

Your take ain't all that reliable, seeing as you were blowing a councilman at the time.

JALEESA

Please fuck off. And don't get me started on that piece of--

Bunja shoves a microphone between them, reporting live--

BUNJA

Pardon me, Officers, is it true that the deceased suspect was a convicted felon with outstanding warrants?

JALEESA

We're not--

PENDERGAST

That's right.

BUNJA

Our sources confirmed--

Pendergast's radio crackles.

RADIO (FILTERED)

Baker nine code seven.

PENDERGAST

(into radio)

Nine, code seven, en route.

(to Bunja)

Duty calls. Officer Petty will be happy to answer your questions.

Pendergast moves behind the Cameraman. He smirks at Jaleesa, rubs his belly and mimes biting a sandwich. Jaleesa fumes.

BUNJA

(annoyed, fake smile)

Are you aware Nathan Jones was a member of the *Skinz Brotherhood*, a Florida-based criminal organiz--

JALEESA

I'm familiar with the organization, but can't comment further on that.

BUNJA

Do you believe Nathan Jones was the victim of a getaway gone wrong?

JALEESA  
It's early in the investigation--

BUNJA  
Or could this be *vigilante justice*?

JALEESA  
Taking the law into your own--

BUNJA  
Certainly, the world is a bit safer  
without Nathan Jones in it,  
wouldn't you agree, Officer Betty?

JALEESA  
It's *Petty*. And I'm not going to--

BUNJA  
Which begs the question: do we owe  
the mysterious driver a debt of  
gratitude for mowing down this  
homicidal maniac *in cold blood*?  
(steps toward camera)  
Share your thoughts on social media  
and remember to hashtag me -- I  
might read *your* response during our  
live broadcast tomorrow afternoon!  
(then)  
And cut.

Bunja basks in her star-making moment. Even her jaded  
Cameraman looks impressed.

CAMERAMAN  
Damn. That just gave me a partial.

INT. NONDESCRIPT MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Billy gets behind the wheel of a newly stolen Minivan. Wyna  
hands him a cigarillo, anxiously smoking her own. Their  
entire lives are stuffed in trash bags piled in back.

Wyna flips a coin--

WYNA  
Titusville.

As they roll out, Wyna uses a STEAK KNIFE to saw off handfuls  
of her hair, which she throws out the window.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. WYNA AND BILLY'S NEW TRAILER PARK - LATER - NIGHT

Wyna and Billy wait outside the Rental Manager's office (trailer) as they survey their new "community." It makes their previous trailer park look like Mar-A-Lago.

BILLY

Dang. When we lay low, we lay low.

WYNA

Any lower, we'd be in the ground.

A BONY OLD LADY comes out, hands Billy a key.

OLD LADY

I got three rules. No loud nothin' after midnight, no meth, and no public sex. Got it love birds?

BILLY

She's my sister.

The Old Lady shrugs like, "So?"

EXT. WYNA AND BILLY'S NEW TRAILER - LATER - NIGHT

Wyna and Billy haul all their crap from the van. A neighbor's ROTTWEILER BARKS as Billy makes a wide berth.

MAN (O.S.)

Shut it, Skoal!

Skoal shuts it. LEE HARVEY (30s, wiry) and DILL (40s, rapey) watch Wyna and Billy from lawn chairs.

By the light of a bug zapper, we see their trailer sports a FLAG with a familiar BALD EAGLE SHITTING OUT A SWASTIKA.

BILLY

'Sup?

LEE

Still breathin'. Y'all movin' in?

BILLY

Looks that way. I'm Billy. This--

Wyna clears her throat. Billy backtracks.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I mean, I'm... Steve and--

LEE  
(laughing)  
Billy, Steve, JoJo... No one here  
gives two shits.

DILL  
We're all wanted for somethin'.

BILLY  
We ain't wanted! We just... needed  
a change of scenery.

LEE  
Reckon that ain't all you need.  
(yells over his shoulder)  
Cash! Fetch a couple more beers!

Behind him, CASH (11, cute, cockeyed optimist) leans out of  
the trailer. He's wearing an old TOP HAT.

CASH  
Y'all are drinkin' the last of 'em.

LEE  
*Wrong.* I just brung home a case.  
Look again, moron.

BILLY  
It's okay. We're good...

LEE  
Best start makin' yourself useful--

Lee looks back at Cash and is INSTANTLY FURIOUS. He storms  
over, throws the TOP HAT on the ground and stomps on it.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Fuck did I tell you?! Don't you be  
wearing that faggot shit.

Lee shoves Cash inside and follows him in. The door slams,  
MUFFLING THE YELLING AND CRYING inside.

Dill nods sagely at Billy and Wyna.

DILL  
Gotta nip that shit in the butt,  
before the lil' bastard sticks his  
dick in his ass-crack and starts  
calling hisself Darlene.  
(MORE)

DILL (CONT'D)  
(swigs his beer)  
Y'all got any kids?

WYNA  
No.

DILL  
(suggestively)  
You want any?

INT. WYNA AND BILLY'S NEW TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Wyna and Billy drop their stuff.

BILLY  
Goddang rednecks. I'd like to punch  
that devil in the throat chakra.

Wyna unpacks, trying her best to ignore what just happened.

WYNA  
Stay out of it Billy.

BILLY  
I ain't "in it" Wyna. I'm just  
talking. Relax, will ya?

Beat. Wyna's had it.

WYNA  
I'd be *relaxed* if you weren't so  
damn *relaxed* this morning!

BILLY  
What's that supposed to mean?

Wyna yanks things out of a garbage bag and slams them down  
around the trailer as she whisper-yells--

WYNA  
You were lollygaggin' like you was  
a goddamn Uber is what I mean!

BILLY  
Don't you put this on me--

WYNA  
Was it me or you who flapjacked  
that asshole's head? Hmmm... I  
don't know. Lemme think.

Billy starts conscious breathing to keep from freaking out.

BILLY  
 (mantra, to self)  
*"You can't travel the path 'til you  
 become the path... You can't..."*

WYNA  
 Buddha say anythin' about becomin'  
 the parkin' lot?

Billy chokes out a sob. Wyna realizes she pushed it too far.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
 Billy... It's gonna be okay. We  
 just gotta keep to ourselves.  
 This'll blow over.

BILLY  
 You don't know that.

WYNA  
 I know there's lots of criminals  
 doin' lots of crimes. And lucky for  
 us, there ain't enough cops to  
 handle it all. Couple weeks, we'll  
 be at the bottom of a giant stack  
 of "I ain't got time for this."

BILLY  
 What about that pretty reporter?  
 She seemed real interested in us.

WYNA  
 Easy Romeo. This is *Florida*. She's  
 already onto the next shit-show.  
 Trust me, we're yesterday's news.

INSERT: CLIP OF BUNJA AT THE MINI-MART - NEW DAY

BUNJA (FILTERED)  
 Throughout Central Florida, there's  
 one question on everyone's mind:  
*Who IS the mystery hero?*

*The image freezes. Pull back to reveal Bunja's computer.*

INT. NEWS STATION - BULLPEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bunja POSTS THE CLIP on INSTAGRAM, SNAPCHAT, FACEBOOK and  
 TWITTER, where **#mysteryhero** and **#centralfloridahero** are  
 trending. She's a *Social Media Ninja* creating a movement.

Bunja sits back, pleased with herself. Her Cameraman passes by.

CAMERAMAN  
What up, Connie Chung?!

BUNJA  
(mutters to his back)  
She's *Chinese*, you ignorant hick.

In a glass-walled office, KENNETH (early 30s, Ken-doll hair and brain) flirts casually with TARA (late 40s, Botoxed Cougar) as they exit her office. Kenneth spots Bunja.

KENNETH  
(to Bunja)  
There she is! Central Florida's  
very own Connie Chung!

BUNJA  
(fake smile)  
Ha ha. That's me.

KENNETH  
Should've heard everyone raving  
about you in the morning meeting. I  
know I sure was.

BUNJA  
You're so sweet. Thanks, Kenneth.

Tara gives Bunja a tight smile, she can't hide her jealousy.

TARA  
Bunja, you're adorable with all  
that social media stuff. I should  
let you do my Twitter.

BUNJA  
(not looking up)  
Sure, Tara.

TARA  
Nice job, kiddo. Keep it up and  
you'll be covering for us soon.

Bunja smiles at the dig as Tara straightens Kenneth's lapels.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Let's go.

KENNETH  
Be right there.

Tara squeezes his bicep, exits to set.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

(to Bunja)

Hey, I'm on in five with a doozie:  
remember the Sarasota woman who  
gave birth to a gator? She *lied*.  
Turns out, it was just stuck up in  
her colon.

BUNJA

No way! That's crazy!

KENNETH

Come watch from the wings -- I'm  
gonna blow this thing wide open.

BUNJA

Wish I could, but I'm trying to  
blow my own thing open here.

KENNETH

Such a little go-getter. I'm sure  
I'll be telling folks all about it  
on the evening news one day soon.

BUNJA

Or maybe *I* will.

Beat. Kenneth has no response to that. Bunja laughs.

KENNETH

(over-laughes)

Right. Okay, go get 'em, Tiger!

He exits. Bunja WHISTLES, resumes social media machinations.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

RICKY, a tattoo artist (40s, black, muscular) turns off his  
lamp, closing up shop for the night.

The bell over the door DINGS.

RICKY

Shop's closed.

JALEESA (O.S.)

Door's open.

Jaleesa walks in, wearing her cop uniform.

RICKY

Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

JALEESA  
Said every guilty man ever.

Jaleesa cautiously moves toward Ricky.

RICKY  
You best back off. I don't hit  
women, but I'd hit a pig.

JALEESA  
You just bought a ticket to jail.

RICKY  
Yeah, I don't think so--

Ricky LUNGES at Jaleesa. She expertly TACKLES him, PINS him to the ground. They struggle a bit, then Ricky GROANS.

REVEAL Jaleesa's GRINDING on him. They kiss messy, and have a PORNWORTHY FUCKFEST that we may or may not see much of.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Ricky has his specs on, sketching. Jaleesa watches over his shoulder with wild hair, no pants, buttoning her shirt.

RICKY  
If you wanted my help, you coulda  
just asked, y'know. You don't gotta  
give somethin' to get somethin'.

Jaleesa gives him a playful swat upside the head.

JALEESA  
Think I'ma go all the way to Disney  
World and skip the best ride?  
(off the sketch)  
No smile... not a full-on frown,  
though... Yes! That's it!

RICKY  
Looks like a frog smelling a fart.

JALEESA  
"Jabuddha."

RICKY  
Do not tell anyone I drew this.

He tears the page out, hands it to her. They study it.

JALEESA

Who you think did it? Voodoo Brown?  
Or what's-his-face Gonzales?

RICKY

Nah. Nobody 'round here would make  
this mess. Not on their worst day.

JALEESA

It's like the Buddha you'd draw if  
you've never seen one before.

RICKY

So you're looking for a cracker  
who's never been to a Chinese  
restaurant.

Jaleesa points at him -- *he might be onto something.*

INT. WYNA AND BILLY'S NEW TRAILER - DAY

Wyna and Billy play poker. Wyna's HAIR is now CHOPPY AND RED.  
They both swap cards. Billy has the worst poker face.

BILLY

Call!

Wyna digs her tongue in her cheek.

WYNA

You ever eat one too many Fritos?

BILLY

No such thang as too many Fritos.

Wyna does a finger curl around her back molar, scoops out a  
hunk of Frito goo and sucks it off her finger. Billy cringes,  
looking away.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Can ya not?

Wyna pulls an Ace stuck under the table, adds it to her hand.  
Billy peeks through his fingers.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You done being disgusting?

WYNA

(feigned surprise)

Woo-doggie! Who's a lucky girl?

She plays three of a kind. Billy throws down his two pair.

BILLY  
*Every dang time!*  
(stands, grumbling)  
What you want?

WYNA  
Get me some of them gummy peaches  
and a Mango Boone's Farm.

Billy exits. Wyna chuckles, sticks a King under the table.

She spots the bag of pork rinds. Tentatively pops one in her mouth and chews. *Damn, that's good.* She reaches for another, but GAGS... digs deep and pulls a HAIR out of her throat.

A KNOCK on the door snaps her to attention.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Billy?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. She grabs a steak knife and peeks out the window. She opens the door to reveal Cash, the neighbor kid, holding something under his shirt.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

Wyna leans out and suspiciously looks around. Cash squeezes past her, goes inside. Before she can say a word, he gestures, speaking in a formal voice--

CASH  
Please take a seat.

Wyna sits, wary. Cash pulls a shoebox from under his shirt.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Cash the  
Incredible, here to amaze you!

He takes FANCY CARDS out of the shoebox. Wyna smiles.

WYNA  
No shit.

CASH  
No ma'am. Please pick a card.

Wyna plays along, carefully considers which card to pull. She finally pulls the Five of Clubs.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Now, remember that card, Miss--

WYNA

Wyna.

He takes it back, shuffles grandly, nearly drops the deck before pulling a card. Grins with pride.

CASH

Miss Wyna, was *this* your card?

He shows Queen of Hearts.

WYNA

Ain't that something? Nicely done.

She claps halfheartedly. Cash bows.

CASH

Thank you kindly.

WYNA

Okay, Houdini. I got shit to do.  
Take one a these and get.

She hands him a MoonPie. Cash stares at it, contemplates.

WYNA (CONT'D)

It's a treat. You eat it.

CASH

I know. I shouldn't keep it,  
though. Or this... and these...

FLINCHING, Cash digs in his pockets, pulls out wads of money, a lighter, some Slim Jims. Wyna pats herself down, impressed.

CASH (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry. Didn't know you was  
such a nice lady.

WYNA

I'll be damned. You *do* got some  
skills, little man.

CASH

Just wanted to surprise Uncle Lee.  
He ain't so mean when he's happy.

WYNA

He ain't your daddy?

CASH

(looks down at his feet)  
No ma'am.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

My dad had a real important job to do last week, so he left me with Uncle Lee for a couple days... But then he died.

WYNA

Oh... shit. What happened?

CASH

(refusing to cry)

Cops said he robbed a place and got his head ran over.

Wyna's stunned stupid. Cash wipes his nose on his arm.

CASH (CONT'D)

Uncle Lee says daddy weren't no robber, but he did get his head ran over, so...

WYNA

I'm real sorry to hear that.

CASH

Well, I better get back. Gotta stash these before he wakes up.

Cash leaves with his box of cards. Wyna sits, dumbstruck.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. WYNA AND BILLY'S NEW TRAILER - DAY

Wyna and Billy smoke and play poker -- somber and silent.

A BANGING comes from outside the trailer, followed by a BOY CRYING and a MAN HOLLERING obscenities.

Wyna and Billy lock eyes. *This hurts them to hear.*

BILLY  
Drunk-ass fuck.

He chugs his beer... easily CRUSHES the empty can in his hand as the HOLLERING gets louder. We get a glimpse of the old Billy. The dangerous one.

WYNA  
You ever beat the shit outta  
someone -- literally?

BILLY  
Not lately.

The boy SCREAMS O.S. Wyna drops her cards.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
We can't get involved.

WYNA  
(hisses)  
Too late, seein' as we kilt the  
boy's daddy!

Something SHATTERS O.S. Wyna crushes her cigarette. Under her breath, she sings Kenny Rogers' *Lucille*--

WYNA (CONT'D)  
*You picked a fine time to leave me  
Lucille...*

BILLY  
I get it. You know I do, but we're  
laying low, remember?

Wyna downs her beer, tosses the can, scoots her chair back.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Wyna... WYNA. Ah, hell.

Wyna grabs a RUSTY OLD GOLF CLUB and exits, still singing--

WYNA  
*With four hungry children and a  
 crop in the field...*

INT. LEE AND CASH'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Wyna RIPS THE DOOR OPEN, singing at full voice.

WYNA  
*I've had some bad times, lived  
 through some sad times...*

Lee drops his bottle. Cash wipes his bloody nose and slips out of the main room.

Billy comes up behind Wyna, grabs her shoulder.

BILLY  
 Don't do this--

Wyna shrugs off his hand, keeps singing--

WYNA  
*This time your hurtin' won't heal.*

LEE  
 Get out my house you crazy bit--

Wyna CLUBS HIM in the gut -- drops him.

Then she KICKS HIM -- *hard* -- jams her toe and pulls up lame.  
*FUCK that hurt.* Now she's even more pissed.

She yanks off her flip-flop and WHACKS him across the face  
 FOREHAND, BACKHAND, FOREHAND. Finishes her song, panting--

WYNA  
*You picked a fine time to leave me  
 Lucille.*

LEE  
 (spots Billy)  
 Get her off me!

Billy noses around the place, ignoring him.

Wyna waves the heavy head of the club in Lee's face.

WYNA  
*That there's off "Songs My Daddy  
 Used To Sing While Beatin' On Me  
 And Shit. Volume Two."*

She nudges Lee's chin with the club. He looks up, eyes wide.

WYNA (CONT'D)

I, myself, am writin' a song. It's called, "Bash His Fuckin' Skull In with a Golf Club."

BILLY

Hey...

He shows Wyna a NEEDLE and a BURNT SPOON.

LEE

I'm diabetic.

WYNA

Yer a piece a shit is what you are. I oughta stab yer eye out with--

BILLY

Wyna.

WYNA

That boy's got bruises. Everybody knows how he got 'em, so here's what's gone happen.

She shoves the club head against Lee's throat.

WYNA (CONT'D)

Yer gonna keep yer fuckin' hands off him, else I beat you half to death and let him shoot you in the face. I'd say he was protecting me and he'd be a hero. Imagine the pussy that'd get him...

(over her shoulder)

How much pussy you think that'd be, Billy?

BILLY

Lotta pussy, I reckon.

WYNA

Lotta pussy. Do we have an understandin?

Beat. Lee's burning with rage, not about to agree.

WYNA (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue, mother--

Wyna winds up, about to knock his block off when she hears a RAGGED BREATH catch O.S.

ANGLE ON: Cash, wide-eyed. He flings open the door, runs out.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Oh hell, I'm sorry, I--

O.S. a TRUCK pulls up, HONKS. Lee snickers to himself.

BILLY  
(to Wyna)  
Now what? I told you, violence  
never solves--

BAM! Dill plows into Billy, taking him down.

Wyna swings her club, but the space is tight -- it hits a wall before she can follow through.

Then Lee DECKS her in the FACE.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TRUCK BED - LATER - NIGHT

A NOSY NEIGHBOR LADY peers in, then hurries off.

ANGLE ON Wyna and Billy, unconscious, gagged and tied.

Wyna comes to, her face a bloody mess. She gets her bearings, spots the flag waving from Lee's trailer. Hears a low GROWL.

Billy jolts awake, looks around wild-eyed.

Wyna grunts at him, wiggling as she works a half-eaten SLIM JIM out of her back pocket.

Billy's eyes ask, *What the fuck are you doing?*

Wyna's eyes say, *I got this.* She GROWLS like a rabid Puma.

Billy's eyes reply, *???*

Wyna GROWLS and CRINKLES the Slim Jim wrapper. *Ohh, okay, now Billy gets what she--*

They freeze at the crunch of FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

Lee pulls Cash over to the truck, forcing the boy to look as Wyna and Billy play dead.

LEE  
Told ya.

He yanks Wyna's head up by the hair... then drops it on the truck bed. Laughing, he drags the boy away.

Heartbroken, Cash looks over his shoulder. Wyna WINKS at him and he GASPS. Before Lee looks back, Cash doubles over, SOBBING LOUDLY, forcing Lee to drag him away.

Billy peeks to make sure they're gone. Nods to Wyna.

Wyna crinkles the Slim Jim wrapper... and then Lee's hungry ROTTWEILER JUMPS IN THE TRUCK BED, dragging his leash.

The dog furiously chomps at the Slim Jim in Wyna's hand, chewing through duct tape -- and some skin -- to get it. Eyes clenched, Wyna bites on her gag to keep quiet.

SAME SCENE - LATER - NIGHT

Wyna's eyes pop open. She and Billy are still bound and gagged in the truck bed.

Lee and Dill stand over them, menacing. Wyna struggles to free her hands from the duct tape.

LEE

Bet yer scared now.

He backhands Wyna. Blood trickles from her nose.

Billy hollers through his gag. Dill kicks him in the kidney.

DILL

You in Skinz country, boy!

LEE

Scream all ya want, ain't nobody gone hear. They ain't even got words for what's 'bout to happen to you, ya dyke bitch.

Sitting on Wyna's legs, Lee trails a KNIFE down her chest. A thin line of BLOOD blooms as he cuts off her top button.

LEE (CONT'D)

(to Billy)

You can watch if ya wanna.

Lee struggles to open his pants one-handed.

DILL

Hurry up or I'ma just go first.

Wyna and Billy lock eyes for a beat.

REVEAL Wyna's no longer tied up. She plunges a CORKSCREW from her Swiss Army knife into LEE'S GUT. Billy tackles Dill as Wyna punches more holes in Lee.

EXT. LEE AND CASH'S TRAILER - LATER - NIGHT

Lee and Dill struggle, GAGGED AND DUCT-TAPED to lawn chairs.

Wyna admires her handiwork. Billy spots Cash.

BILLY

(to Cash)

They deserve what's comin' -- it's called Karma. But I ain't watchin', 'cause I'm a pacifier. C'mon, keep me company.

He leads Cash off. Grabs Nosy Neighbor Lady and tugs her along, too. Wyna lights a cigarette and takes a long drag. Pulls a GUN out of her waistband. Lee and Dill freak out.

WYNA

How bad you need them knees?

They YELL as she swings the gun from one kneecap to the next.

WYNA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll turn ya into a girl...

She points the gun at Dill's crotch. He PISSES HIMSELF. Wyna turns the gun to Lee. Grins as he whimpers and squirms--

WYNA (CONT'D)

Count to three-- oh right, you can't. Okay, then. THREE.

She SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, liquid SPRAYS LEE in the face. Scratched black paint further REVEALS it's a squirt gun. Lee freaks the fuck out -- *that's not water.*

WYNA (CONT'D)

You ever wake up suddenly and find yourself at the bottom of a well?

The men SCREAM behind the duct tape, desperate to escape.

WYNA (CONT'D)

Well. You ain't gone wake up, and they gone find what's left a you right here in the dirt.

(then)

Oh, I almost forgot. Billy an' me? We ran over your brother's head...

(MORE)

WYNA (CONT'D)  
(off their reaction)  
Exactly. Small world after all.  
Hand to god, it was a accident.  
Just thought you'd appreciate the  
closure.

Another drag, then she FLICKS the butt at a PUDDLE under the men. Nothing happens. The men sag in relief.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
I done that before and it caught  
just like *that*.

The men SQUEAL as she lights and tosses another cigarette on the gasoline. *Nothing*.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Fuck a duck, this is embarrassin'.  
(to the screaming men)  
You're right, they don't make  
Camels like they used to!

Billy roars up in the PIECE-OF-SHIT PICK-UP from the opening shot. He yells over the panicked SCREAMS of Lee and Dill--

BILLY  
Leave it, Wyna! Let's go!

WYNA  
Hold on, I got this...

She throws the plastic gun into the puddle. Lights a match.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Cheatin', I know.

She drops the match. FLAMES ERUPT around the TERRIFIED men.

WYNA (CONT'D)  
Save me a seat in Hell,  
motherfuckers.

INT. PIECE-OF-SHIT PICK-UP - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

RACING AWAY from the fast-growing FIRE. From shotgun, Wyna watches over her shoulder.

WYNA  
This is why we can't have nice  
things.

Cash POPS UP from the back, STARTLES a YELL out of Wyna.

CASH  
Why's that, Miss Wyna?

WYNA  
(glares at Billy)  
We got a rule about strays.

Cash clambers into the front bench seat between them.

BILLY  
We're just takin' him to his kin.

WYNA  
(to Cash)  
You know where they live at?

CASH  
Yes, ma'am.

WYNA  
All right, then...

CASH  
(proud)  
In *Florida*.

Wyna can't even. She shoots a flat look at Billy.

Billy cringes. *He knows, he knows...* Then brightens--

BILLY  
Got us a truck with A/C this time.

Cash turns the A/C on to demonstrate. Watches Wyna anxiously. Wyna stares forward, ignoring them both.

Then she slowly begins to lean... to her right... until the A/C RUFFLES her hair.

WYNA  
You ever house break a coyote...  
then just set it back free?

Billy smiles at Wyna. *They're in this together.*

BILLY  
Once or twice.

Wyna closes her eyes, enjoying her little piece of heaven...

END ACT THREE

TAGEXT. - PIECE OF SHIT PICK-UP - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Distant SIRENS draw closer... louder.

The speeding truck disappears into the night.

EXT. LEE AND CASH'S TRAILER - SAME - NIGHT

Burnt and crusted with dirt, LEE CRAWLS AWAY from the fire.

SAME SCENE - MORNING

OFFICIALS including Jaleesa and Pendergast roam around the charred mobile homes.

BUNJA (V.O.)

A man is *dead* and a *child missing*  
after *fire* engulfed a mobile home  
park in Titusville late last night.

CSI shows Pendergast an evidence bag. Pendergast hands it back dismissively, walks away.

Jaleesa takes the bag.

ANGLE ON: the BURNT REMAINS OF THE SKINZ FLAG.

Jaleesa instantly recognizes intact bits of the logo.

BUNJA (V.O.)

Authorities are searching for a  
woman with short red hair, and a  
man with arm tattoos, one of which  
is... Jabba the Hut?

CHYRON: FLORIDA WOMAN INCINERATES TRAILER PARK WITH SQUIRT GUN, ONE DEAD.

THE END