

INSATIABLE

"Pilot"

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1 FADE IN:

1

LADY GAGA'S "APPLAUSE" OVER A MONTAGE OF *REAL BEAUTY* PAGEANT footage. Flowing gowns. Plastic smiles. Wooden choreography.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Some people believe in truth. Some
people believe in justice. Me? I
believe that beauty is power.

CLOSE ON A BEAUTY CONTESTANT, hitting her mark and posing.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Instagram. Facebook. TMZ. Our culture
is *obsessed* with appearances.

CLOSE ON ANOTHER CONTESTANT, strutting across the stage.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
But I don't see that as a problem.

A table full of JUDGES makes notes on their pads...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
If you make the best of what you've
got, *anyone* can be beautiful.

2 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - REAL TIME

2

A SIGN READS: MISS SALTY GRITS, ATLANTA GEORGIA. A GAGGLE of CONTESTANTS punctuates the song with jazz hands and teeth.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
But beauty pageants still get a bad
rap.

FIND BOB ARMSTRONG (40, handsome, immaculately dressed) clapping. He gives DIXIE SINCLAIR (17, beautiful, Asian) a thumbs up.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Kind of like me...

3 EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

3

Bob walks to work, waving at everyone, like he's the Mayor.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I never dreamed my life could go so
tits-up.

4 EXT. LEGAL FIRM - DAY 4

Bob Armstrong walks into his legal firm, "Attorneys at Law: Armstrong and Son."

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I had a booming law practice.

5 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S CLOSET - DAY 5

Bob ties a perfect double Windsor with care.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
A wardrobe to rival Andy Cohen's.

6 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 6

A family photo shoot organized around a Martha Stewart caliber Christmas tree.

Bob sits on an anonymous SANTA'S lap. Bob's wife, CORALEE (brunette, gorgeous because she paid for it), sits on Bob's lap. They're flanked by their daughter, CAT (15, a cute tomboy) and their son BRICK (17, quarterback-type.) They're all wearing matching Christmas sweaters. A PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS a photo.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
A picture perfect family.

INSERT: A Christmas card. "Merry Christmas from Bob, Coralee, Brick, and Cat." *

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
And the icing on the cake? Was the time I spent moonlighting as a pageant coach.

7 INT. AUDITORIUM - DRESSING ROOM - DAY 7

Bob's with Dixie Sinclair and her mom, REGINA (40, single and pissed). As Bob applies lip-liner to Dixie's mouth --

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
It was so much more than fashion advice. Makeup tips. I was doing God's work.

He puckers his lips, Dixie mirrors.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I reached deep inside those girls,
and brought their goodness *out*. I
was helping them become *themselves*.

He carefully applies lipstick to Dixie's lips.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

But it wasn't enough. I wanted to
win. And Dixie Sinclair could go
all the way. There was just one
problem. Her personality...

DIXIE

So we've been thinking about what
you said. About my interview --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Yes. Neutral topics. No politics --

REGINA

Neutral won't win. We came up with
a great argument about keeping
trannies out of the ladies' room --

BOB ARMSTRONG

You can't say trannies! It's
homophobic --

DIXIE

We're not! We want to keep the
homophobes out of our country!

BOB ARMSTRONG

Holy hell, the two of you. Regina,
I'm the coach. Let me do my job.

(to Dixie)

And you. *This* is your answer to any
political question: "If I were smart
enough for politics, I'd be in
Washington. I trust our country, our
leaders, and above all, God." Say it --

DIXIE

I'm an atheist.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Jesus Christ.

8 INT. DIET SUPPORT MEETING - DAY

8

A TEN-YEAR-OLD PATTY BLADELL waits in line for the scale
amidst several HEAVYSET THIRTY and FORTY-SOMETHINGS.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PATTY (V.O.)
From a very young age, I worshipped
only two things. Cake, and the
number on the scale.

Little Patty steps on the scale. The LEADER shakes her head.

PATTY (V.O.)
I went on my first diet at just ten
years old...

9 INT. DIET SUPPORT MEETING - DAY

9

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PATTY gets on the scale. Same deal.

PATTY (V.O.)
From then on, diet centers were my
church, and food my higher power. I
spent my whole adolescence binging
and starving.

10 OMITTED

10

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY DAY

11

Patty walks in SLO-MOTION through pointing and jeering
CLASSMATES who make "fat" faces...

PATTY (V.O.)
The target of bullying and jokes...

She gets to her locker, where someone has painted "FATTY
PATTY," and posted a picture of a pig, with Patty's face.

12 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

12

TEENAGE FANS CHEER in the stadium seats.

PATTY (V.O.)
So while my classmates were going
to football games...

Find Bob Armstrong's son, Brick, drinking from a flask...

PATTY (V.O.)
Drinking amaretto out of flasks...

PAN UNDER the bleachers to TWO TEENS, furiously making out.

PATTY (V.O.)
And losing their virginity...

13 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 13

Patty eats chocolate watches FIFTY FIRST DATES with NONNIE, (17) her dorky, pimply-faced bestie.

PATTY (V.O.)

I was at home with Nonnie, my only friend. Watching Drew Barrymore movies and bingeing on sugar-free chocolate...

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

Patty and Nonnie eat fro-yo and watch RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS.

PATTY (V.O.)

Carbolite...

15 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 15

Patty and Nonnie watch THE WEDDING SINGER, while eating Cool-Whip out of the container with their hands.

PATTY (V.O.)

And fat-free Cool-Whip. All of which gave me the runs. And filled my insatiable belly with an insurmountable rage at my undeniably crappy life.

Patty's stomach GURGLES, loudly. On her -- uh oh.

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY 16

Patty ambles down the hall, holding a JUICE BOTTLE, past thin GIRLS gossiping by their lockers.

PATTY (V.O.)

I was tired of being jealous of all the skinny bitches at school.

A SKINNY BITCH turns to her friend as Patty passes. Singing to the tune of Beethoven's 9th:

SKINNY BITCH

Pa-tri-cia Bladell. Pa-tri-cia Bladell...

PATTY (V.O.)

It was time to take control.

*

Patty approaches Nonnie at the lockers. She raises her juice bottle, announcing...

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

I'm going on a cleanse.

NONNIE

Again? You know that cayenne maple
lemon nonsense never works.

PATTY

I'm not going through our last year
of high school as Fatty Patty...

(looking in her bag)

Uch. I took my gym shorts home. And
I can't run in jeans...

NONNIE

Let's ditch P.E. Get pizza --

PATTY

Now way. Gotta get in my 10,000
steps.

(then)

Oh! There's usually a spare pair in
the lost and found.

Off Nonnie, good luck with that...

17 INT. AUDITORIUM - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

17

As Bob does Dixie's hair, BOB BARNARD, (40s, bearded,
chiseled) approaches.

BOB BARNARD

Hey. I wanted to wish y'all luck.

Bob watches Barnard kiss Regina's cheek in SLO-MOTION.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

There was only one person I hated
more than Regina Sinclair. Bob. Bag-
o-boners. Barnard.

Still in SLO-MO -- Barnard kisses Dixie on the cheek.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

He was the DA, my nemesis in work.
And he was my nemesis in *life*. With
his perfect hair, and his perfect
smile, and his perfect beard...

BOB ARMSTRONG

Good luck to you and Azalea, too.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Bob glances at Barnard's daughter, AZALEA (17, stunning.) She smiles it literally GLIMMERS, like a fucking Disney princess.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

His daughter Azalea had won every pageant in Georgia. I was *dying* to dethrone her.

*

BOB BARNARD

Doesn't matter who wins. As long as the girls feel good about themselves, right?

He grins. Off Armstrong, his head might explode...

18 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

18

Patty waddles in with Nonnie, squeezed into the tiny shorts.

PATTY (V.O.)

I was used to feeling bad about myself. High school was a nightmare.

A COACH approaches.

COACH

Take a lap. You're late.

As they start jogging, OTHER STUDENTS watch, snickering...

NONNIE

Ignore 'em. You look pale... When's the last time you ate?

PATTY

Last... Tuesday.

And she collapses in a heap. Everyone laughs. Except Brick Armstrong. He comes over, concerned, offering Patty a hand. Patty takes it, lovestruck..

*

PATTY (V.O.)

But Brick Armstrong was like a dream come true...

19 INT. AUDITORIUM - STAGE - DAY

19

Azalea Barnard speaks into a mic, killing her interview.

(CONTINUED)

AZALEA

No family should live in fear of their child getting sick because they can't afford health care...

FIND BOB ARMSTRONG, listening...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Dixie and Azalea were tied, it all came down to the interview. Azalea nailed it, but I still had hope...

Azalea steps away. Dixie takes the mic...

JUDGE

Dixie Sinclair. What is a world conflict you're interested in?

Dixie looks out into the audience. At Bob. He sweats.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

A political question. I prayed that Dixie would follow my guidance --

DIXIE

Um... the Storage Wars?

JUDGE

And... where are those happening?

DIXIE

On A & E?

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

But God had other plans...

Off Bob, palming his own face...

20 INT. BOOZE 'N STUFF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

20

Patty and Nonnie lurk in the freezer aisle.

PATTY

I feel like a stalker.

NONNIE

The fact that Brick comes here for beer every night, and we happen to be here is pure coincidence. Ohmigod, he's here. C'mon.

Nonnie drags Patty to the counter, where Brick's buying beer from a baby-faced CLERK.

*

(CONTINUED)

NONNIE (cont'd)
Brick? Brick Armstrong?

BRICK
(turns, recognizing Patty)
You're in my gym class. Feeling
better?

Nonnie gives her a look: say something! But Patty freezes.

NONNIE
Patty wants to take you for coffee.
To say thanks, for earlier. You
know, like a date?

Patty punches her hard in the arm. Nonnie hits back.

BRICK
Oh God. You thought... because I
was nice to you, that -- what? You
actually had a *shot*? I was being
polite. I mean, have you seen
yourself? Wow... I... gotta go.

He exits. OFF PATTY -- she wants to fucking die.

21 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

21

IN SLO-MOTION -- a crown is placed on Azalea Barnard's head.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I was crushed... But I had to keep
a brave face.

FIND BOB in the audience, teary. Regina Sinclair grabs him --

REGINA
This is *your* fault. For trying to
dim her light. I want my money
back. Or else.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Or else what? It's over, Regina.

*

As Bob is distracted by Barnard, who gives him a thumbs up,
Regina rushes the stage, hip-checks Azalea and grabs the mic.

REGINA
I *demand* a re-match! Dixie was
disturbed. Because of him!

She points at Bob Armstrong, Salem witch-style.

21 CONTINUED:

21

REGINA (cont'd)
He touched her hoo-hoo!

BOB ARMSTRONG
WHAT? NO!! SHE'S LYING!

The crowd GASPS. FREEZE FRAME: Bob's indignant, angry face --

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I was an accused molester, saying
the *victim* made it up. Which was
almost as bad as if I'd actually
done it. It was the single worst
moment of my life...

22 EXT. BOOZE N' STUFF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

22

Patty's now alone, sitting on the curb, with a bag full of
fattening snacks. She pulls out a CANDY BAR. Starts eating...

PATTY (V.O.)
I thought it was the worst day of
my life. But looking back, it was
one of the best. Because it brought
me and Bob Armstrong together.

A HOMELESS GUY joins her on the curb, drinking from a bag.

HOMELESS GUY
Hey -- you got five bucks?
(she ignores him)
How 'bout that candy bar? It's not
like you need it, Fatty.

He moves to snatch it from her. And before she knows what's
happening, Patty loses it. She punches him right in the face.

PATTY (V.O.)
Turns out... I needed a lawyer.

He's stunned. She's stunned. And then the Homeless Guy sucker
punches her right in the jaw! And we -- SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

23 EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY 23

Bob walks to work, holding a DRY CLEANING bag. He smiles at people, like before, but now, nobody smiles back.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
 Regina never formally pressed charges, because she made the whole thing up. But she still ruined my reputation.

A MOTHER pulls her TEENAGED DAUGHTER close, protective.

24 EXT. ARMSTRONG LAW OFFICE - DAY 24

A disheartened Armstrong approaches with the dry cleaning.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
 It was three months later, and I couldn't get a single coaching gig or legal case.

25 INT. ARMSTRONG LAW OFFICE - DAY 25

Bob enters the lobby.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
 I was trying to keep busy. My wife had gotten us involved in charity work. But I still felt... empty.

As Bob heads toward an office, he calls out --

BOB ARMSTRONG
 Dad! I picked up your suit for Coralee's cancer gala tonight --

Bob's dad, ROBERT ARMSTRONG, SR (65, a silver fox and Southern Gentleman) sticks his head out --

ROBERT SR.
 Bob. My office. Now.

Off Bob, concerned...

26 INT. ROBERT ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - DAY 26

PAN ACROSS A NEWS PHOTO of ROBERT standing with an OLD WHITE GUY. The headline reads: "Attorney Robert Armstrong defends Imperial Wizard's Right to Free Speech."

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER PHOTO: Robert with another OLD WHITE GUY, holding a submachine gun. Behind them, a BANNER: FRIENDS OF THE NRA.

AN ARTICLE: Robert stands, smoking a cigar with another OLD WHITE GUY. The headline reads: "Thanks to attorney Robert Armstrong Sr., another win for Big Tobacco."

Find Bob looking nervously at Robert Sr. who lectures him --

ROBERT SR.

You had so much potential, Bob. Civil litigation. Criminal. But you had to go and ruin it. Playing Princess, like a big ol' --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Can we skip the lecture and just skip to the firing?

ROBERT SR.

I'm not firing you. Yet.
(off Bob's surprise)
I have a case for you. And it's defending a teenaged girl. She punched a homeless guy in the face. You'd be doing it pro bono --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Since when do you do pro bono?

ROBERT SR.

Since nobody cares about fatties or homeless people. At least it's a case! I'm tired of you, sitting around, doing diddly squat! You're an embarrassment, Bob. To me. To yourself. To your family. To me!

BOB ARMSTRONG

You said, "to me," twice.

27 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

27

Angie serves up Kool-Aid and Cheetos to Bob, her guest.

ANGIE

Thank you so much for coming. I've begged every lawyer in town to take my daughter's case pro-bono --

BOB ARMSTRONG

I'm an advocate for the underdog. Being one myself.

(CONTINUED)

Angie eyes him for a long beat.

ANGIE

I'm sorry. But as a mother... I
just have to ask...

She trails off. Not sure how to proceed without offending.

BOB ARMSTRONG

The accusations were totally false.
I'm a *champion* of women. Especially
young women. I want to touch as
many of them as I possibly can.

Oops, that didn't come out right. He tries again.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)

The explanation is simple. Regina
Sinclair was pissed her daughter
lost. She wanted revenge --

ANGIE

Of course. If I believed her, I
wouldn't have **called you**, it's just--

*

BOB ARMSTRONG

(changing the subject)
I'll need to speak to your
daughter. Hear what happened, in
her own words.

ANGIE

She'll e-mail you. Her jaw's wired
shut. The victim broke it --

BOB ARMSTRONG

And *she's* the one who got arrested?

ANGIE

Well. She did break his nose.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Did he provoke her?

ANGIE

He tried to take her chocolate bar.
She's very serious about her food.

By way of explanation, Angie pulls out a YEARBOOK. Opens it
and points to Patty's PHOTO -- she looks miserable.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE (cont'd)

You can imagine, it's not easy,
looking like that... having a
mother who looks like me...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I didn't have to imagine. I had
lived through it. My own yearbook
filled with insults...

ANGIE

I was almost Miss Georgia, back in
the day. But I got knocked up. Had
Patty. Started working at Chili's.
I blame myself. I'm a single mom --

BOB ARMSTRONG

That can be tough, go easy --

ANGIE

I was a drunken whore.
(off his surprised look)
But now I'm sober. And I really
want to do right by her. Her
arraignment is in two days. Can you
help us, Mr. Armstrong?

28 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Bob enters, a spring in his step, to find Coralee in the
kitchen, looking at her iPhone. Bob kisses her, frisky --

BOB ARMSTRONG

I got a case! We're celebrating!

But she's still staring at her phone, not into it.

CORALEE

Nobody's coming to our gala. Regina
Sinclair sent an email to the
entire PTA.

She shows him the email. As he reads, HEAR REGINA'S VOICE:

REGINA (V.O.)

If any of y'all go to that
molester's gala, me and all the
other single moms will veto the
Daddy/Daughter chastity dance.

BOB ARMSTRONG

She *should*. It's creepy and
incestuous --

(CONTINUED)

CORALEE

That's not the point! We have to *do* something! I'll talk to Emmylou Barnard --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Absolutely not --

CORALEE

Bob. Emmylou has influence. If we want to get back into high society --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Wait. *That's* why you started the Center? I thought you wanted to honor my mama's memory.

*

Coralee gives him a long look. Busted. She pivots:

CORALEE

Do you want to talk about your mother? Or "celebrate"?

Armstrong considers for a long beat. Then unbuckles his pants.

29 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE - BRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

29

Brick, lays on his bed, listening to Adele. Bob enters --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Dinner's ready.
(then)
Adele? Again? You got dumped three months ago --

BRICK

Just trying to drown out you and Mom, "celebrating" in the kitchen --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Brick Armstrong, show some respect, or I'll send you right off to military school, like your sister --

BRICK

I gotta go. I have a date.
(then, glancing down)
You have something on your pants.

On Bob, startled, checking himself as Brick pushes past him.

30 EXT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE/INT. CAR - NIGHT 30

Brick gets into a car with an MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN in a THAWB. *

THAWB *

What'd you tell your parents?

BRICK

That I'm out with some girl...

Off this mystery, as they drive away...

31 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 31

Bob makes his way up the steps of the busy courthouse.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I had decided to go for a plea agreement. Settle for probation. I figured the best I could do was keep Patty out of jail, and move on.

Bob approaches Angie, who's waiting with a pretty young REDHEAD who's cheaply dressed, wearing make-up from CVS.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Where's Patty? You said she got her wires out today...

REDHEAD

I'm right here. It's so nice to finally meet you, Mr. Armstrong...

Holy. Fucking. Shit. SHE'S STUNNING!!!

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Broken jaw. Liquid diet. She must have lost 70 pounds...

Bob shakes Patty's hand in SLO-MOTION...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

She was a diamond in the rough. A beauty queen waiting to happen -- my chance for redemption. I just had one question...

BOB ARMSTRONG *

Patty. What's a world conflict you're interested in?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

PATTY

(considers)

Aleppo. The Israeli-Palestinian
conflict. And don't get me started
on the rape crisis in Haiti...

Off Bob, smiling like a maniac...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

32 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

32

Patty, Angie, and Bob Armstrong climb the stairs toward the courthouse doors. Bob looks at Patty with stars in his eyes.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I knew from the moment I saw her. Patty was my great white hope. An "it gets better story" for bullied fat girls and falsely accused molesters everywhere. But first, I had to get her off.

He opens the door for Angie and Patty...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

For assault, I mean. Because convicted felons can't be beauty queens.

33 INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

33

Bob, Angie and Patty head toward the courtroom --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Change of plans. We plead not guilty. Argue self-defense. File a motion to dismiss in the preliminary hearing.

Angie stops in her tracks.

ANGIE

What happened to settling?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Pretty girls don't have to settle.

He smiles at Patty. Off her... did he just call her pretty???

34 INT. DINER - DAY

34

Bob and Patty sit in a booth. As Bob takes files from his briefcase:

PATTY (V.O.)

Bob was like a white knight, riding in on his horse to defend me. He almost seemed too good to be true.

PATTY

Can I ask you something, Mr. Armstrong?

(CONTINUED)

BOB ARMSTRONG

Call me Bob --

PATTY

Are you banging my mom, Bob?

BOB ARMSTRONG

What? No -- why would you --

PATTY

Because every other lawyer in town
turned her down...

BOB ARMSTRONG

They don't understand you like I do.

Patty eyes him, skeptical.

PATTY (V.O.)

Nobody understood me. Not even Nonnie.

BOB ARMSTRONG

You think I always looked this good?
Back in the day, I had to shop in the
"husky section." I lost fifty pounds.
Growth spurt, senior year.

Patty gives him an incredulous look.

PATTY (V.O.)

But Bob and I were kindred spirits.

BOB ARMSTRONG

I thought, once I lost the weight,
I would feel powerful. But I felt
scared. Vulnerable...

PATTY

I know. It's like I'm a raw nerve...

BOB ARMSTRONG

Of course. Without the extra
padding, you've lost your first
line of defense. But that's okay.
Because now... you have me.

And just like that, she's hooked. She looks at him adoringly.

PATTY (V.O.)

He was more than a white knight...
he wanted to be the armor, too. I
knew then, we were soulmates...

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. DA'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY 36 *

As Bob walks up, briefcase in hand...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

The good news was, Patty was sure there weren't any witnesses -- it would be Patty's word against a homeless guy's. So I could either try to shape her testimony...

37 INT. BOB BARNARD'S OFFICE - DAY 37

Bob Anderson watches as Bob Barnard shamelessly changes from a t-shirt into a dress shirt after coming in from a run. His suit pants and jacket hangs on a hanger nearby. *

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Or I could just ask Bob-Beaver-Beard-Barnard to drop the case altogether...

BOB BARNARD

I'm not dropping the case.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Why not? It was self-defense --

BOB BARNARD

My witness tells another story --

BOB ARMSTRONG

What witness? Who? *

Bob Barnard just stands there, smiling, shirtless. *

BOB BARNARD

Oh -- you didn't know? The Clerk at Booze N' Stuff says he saw her strike first.

(condescending)

My advice? Pro bono? Go back to the judge. Cop a plea. *

He's so goddamn smug. Off Bob Armstrong -- oh shit...

38 INT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE -- DAY

38

An immaculately decorated antebellum mansion. PAN ACROSS perfectly staged family photos of Bob Barnard, his wife EMMYLOU (African American, 40 but looks 30,) Azalea, and their 10-year-old son BEAU. Coralee sits at a perfectly set table as Emmylou gracefully pours tea...

CORALEE (V.O.)

I know I was supposed to hate
Emmylou Barnard. But the truth is,
I wanted to be just like her.

Emmylou offers Coralee a cookie. Coralee takes one. She watches as Emmylou eats one in SLO-MOTION...

CORALEE (V.O.)

She was the President of the PTA,
the Church Sisterhood, and the
Junior League. Plus, she hadn't had
a lick of plastic surgery, and she
still looked younger than me.

Now, Bob Barnard enters, throwing on his dress shirt, and tongue kisses Emmylou. Coralee watches, awestruck.

*

CORALEE (V.O.)

And to top it all off, she had the
sexiest husband in town...

BOB BARNARD

Thanks for lunch, babe.

Coralee watches him grab his suit jacket and exit...

*

CORALEE (V.O.)

I wanted more than Emmylou's help.
I wanted her *life*...

EMMYLOU

What can I do for you, honey?

CORALEE

It's about my gala that Regina's
trying to doody-can? Could you maybe
convince the ladies to show up --

EMMYLOU

Coralee. You don't get to be in my
position by rocking the boat --

(CONTINUED)

CORALEE

What if I offered you a quid pro quo?

(off Coralee)

I know lil' Beau's selling chocolate bars for church, and he's dying to win first prize. And he forfeited last year because you got caught buying them all yourself --

EMMYLOU

Allegedly --

CORALEE

So you've been falsely accused.

Like my Bob.

(off Emmylou)

I'll buy *all* your son's chocolate if you get us our RSVP's. Win-win.

EMMYLOU

(she considers, then)

I hope you brought your checkbook.

Off Coralee, smiling, she sure as shit did...

39 INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

39

Bob Armstrong talks to the Clerk as he restocks candy.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Maybe she hit first. But my client says she was provoked --

CLERK

Wouldn't take much. I saw her punch her friend earlier that night.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Wait -- what?

CLERK

Yeah. They were talking to some good-looking dude, and next thing I knew, Fatty Patty threw a jab. Your client is one pissed-off fat girl.

Off Bob, concerned, we --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

40 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Nonnie and Patty sit on Nonnie's bed, "watching" TV. Patty half-watches, while doodling in her journal. Nonnie pretends to watch TV, but instead, watches Patty...

NONNIE (V.O.)

I *always* thought Patty was beautiful. I loved her guts so much, I wanted to be inside of her.

ON THE TV --

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

You're watching our Saturday Afternoon Drew Barrymore Marathon... Next up, Fever Pitch.

PATTY

Does anyone *really* buy that movie? I mean, I love Drew, but *nobody's* as obsessed about *anything* as Jimmy Fallon is about baseball.

(off Nonnie)

Did I tell you Bob called me pretty?

Nonnie rolls her eyes. Only like a million times.

PATTY (cont'd)

No one ever said that to me before --

NONNIE

I do. *All* the time.

PATTY

That's different. You're a girl... Bob's a man. *And* a total DILF...

NONNIE

What are you like, in love with him or something?

PATTY

God, no. Please...

Nonnie grabs the journal. It's covered in doodles: PB + BA.

NONNIE

Are you crazy? He's a *child molester!*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

PATTY

Which means I actually have a shot!
(her cell phone RINGS)
Ohmigod, he's calling me!

Yup, the Caller ID reads: Bob. His ring: "Way Back Into Love"
from Drew Barrymore's MUSIC AND LYRICS. Patty steps into --

41 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

41

She fluffs her hair and puts on a sexy voice. Into the phone:

PATTY

Hey, Bob...

INTERCUT WITH:

42 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

42 *

PAN UP FROM the crotch of a TOO-TIGHT MEN'S SHORT SHORTS...

BOB ARMSTRONG

We're in a pinch.

LAND ON BOB'S FACE... he's using an old-school ThighMaster to
work out his abductor muscles, while watching a vintage
Suzanne Somers VHS. He speaks into a Blue-tooth.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)

There *is* a witness. The clerk from
Booze N' Stuff. He says he saw you
hit first.

PATTY

So what do we do?

BOB ARMSTRONG

For starters, we need a sympathetic
judge. A former legal client of
mine works in the clerk's office,
so I'll call in a favor. But we
still need to create a new
narrative. Turn you into a damsel
in distress. You busy right now?

Off Patty, a grin...

43 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - PATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

43

While Patty's in the hallway, Nonnie lays in the bed and
smells Patty's pillow. She goes through her underwear drawer.
When Nonnie hears Patty returning, she impulsively shoves
Patty's journal into her own backpack, just as Patty enters --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

PATTY

You gotta go. Bob's giving me a
makeover. He's coming over now.

She pushes Nonnie out. Off Nonnie, fuming, rejected...

44 INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

44

Bob watches as Patty gets her hair done.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Patty's hearing would be her very
first pageant. Which meant
appearances would be everything.

45 INT. MAKEUP STORE - COUNTER - DAY

45

Bob speaks to Patty as A MAKEUP GIRL gives her a makeover.

BOB ARMSTRONG

If we're going to make you out to be
the victim, you need to look the part.

46 INT. DRESS BOUTIQUE - DAY

46

Bob and Patty peruse the racks. Bob pontificates.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Innocent. Beautiful. Like someone
who would *never* throw a punch.

Bob pulls a white dress. Patty makes a face.

PATTY

White? Won't it make me look fat?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Trust me. This is what I do.

47 OMITTED

47

48 OMITTED

48

49 INT. DRESS STORE - LATER

49

Patty comes out wearing the white dress, looking stunning.

PATTY

How do I look?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Like you need a pearl necklace.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

She gives him a surprised look, until he produces a pearl necklace from a shopping bag, and puts it around her neck. He turns her around to look at herself in the mirror.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)

There. Now you look like a *winner*.

He's not just talking about the hearing. Off them, pleased...

50 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

50

While Angie eats chips from a Chili's take out bag. Nonnie shows Angie Patty's journal, heart-shaped doodles and all.

NONNIE (V.O.)

I couldn't just let Patty fall under Bob's spell. I had to stop her before she did anything crazy.

ANGIE

You *stole* Patty's journal? That's crazy --

NONNIE

You don't understand. She's *obsessed* with him --

ANGIE

She has a crush. It's normal. You're *obsessed*. With Patty. You have been for years --

NONNIE

I am not -- we're best friends -- like in Heavenly Creatures --

ANGIE

A *friend* would just be happy she's happy. You're *jealous*.

Nonnie gives her a hurt look. Then, turning on her:

NONNIE

Lay off the chips, Ang. That's a lot of *swallowing*. Even for you.

Off Angie, bested by Nonnie...

51 EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

51

Patty and Bob load shopping bags into his trunk. Patty notices the CHOCOLATE BARS Coralee took from Emmylou...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

PATTY

What're those?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Chocolate bars. My wife's selling them for charity.

PATTY

Let me help. You've been so good to me. I'd love to do something nice for you. Your family...

(off his suspicious look)

I won't eat them, I swear.

She puts up a hand, as if taking an oath.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Save it for your testimony. We'll start working on it tomorrow --

PATTY

I'm free tonight --

BOB ARMSTRONG

I can't. My wife's throwing a charity gala.

(off her, disappointed)

Start reading about Katherine the Great. Cleopatra. Anyone who used their beauty for power.

(off her, why?)

Your testimony is about more than just facts. It's a seduction...

Off Patty, considering...

52 INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

52 *

Patty sits on the couch, watching television, enthralled.

PATTY (V.O.)

I got Bob's message loud and clear -- Cleopatra had seduced a much older man. But I preferred a more contemporary role model.

ON THE TV -- Drew Barrymore in THE AMY FISHER STORY.

PATTY (V.O.)

Amy Fisher. The greatest seductress in American history...

53 EXT. BOOZE N' STUFF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 53

Patty, now dressed in shorty shorts and a tied-off button down like Amy Fisher, eyes the Clerk at the counter...

*

PATTY (V.O.)

If Bob wanted me to seduce him, I needed practice. And if the clerk was a problem, I could kill two birds with one stone.

54 INT. BOOZE N' STUFF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 54

Patty walks in, sucking on a blow-pop. She locks eyes with the Clerk. SMASH CUT TO:

55 INT. BOOZE N' STUFF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 55

Patty and the Clerk make out on the floor behind the counter, underneath the slurpie machine. She's bored, he's super into it. He tries to grab boob, but she pulls away.

PATTY (V.O.)

Amy didn't give it up to Joey Buttafuco right away...

PATTY

Not yet.

CLERK

When?

PATTY

I need to check my schedule. I might be going to jail. You don't want that, do you?

(off him, definitely not)

Good. I'll call you.

She pulls herself up off the floor, brushes the floor crumbs off her outfit, and exits, leaving the Clerk slack-jawed and blue-balled...

55ÆXT. BOOZE N' STUFF LIQUOR STORE/INT. ANGIE'S CAR - NIGHT 55A

Patty gets into the car with a plastic bag full of snacks. Angie waits eagerly in the driver's seat.

ANGIE

Did you get me my Moon-pies? They're the only thing that take the edge off since I got sober...

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED:

55A

Patty gives Angie the bag with disgust. Angie hungrily tears into a Moon-pie. Then she notices Patty's outfit.

ANGIE (cont'd)
Are those my shorty-shorts?

PATTY
Yeah. Is that okay?

ANGIE
(no)
Sure. They look better on you.

And she keeps eating her moon-pie like a Gremlin...

*

56 INT. BANQUET HALL - GALA - NIGHT

56

A smiling Bob and Coralee greet GUESTS as they enter, handing each a small brown ribbon with a safety pin attached.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer.
(to another GUEST)
Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer.

CORALEE
You could just say "thanks for
coming."

Bob gives her an annoyed look. Then, noticing --

BOB ARMSTRONG
You're not wearing the shoes I
picked out.

CORALEE
They gave me blisters.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Beauty before comfort!

Now Brick enters, in a rush --

BRICK
Sorry I'm late, I was on a date.

Before Bob can respond, ROBERT SR. enters.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer!

*

(CONTINUED)

As Bob tries to pin a ribbon on his dad, he pricks him --

ROBERT

Dammit Bob! What the hell are these?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Ribbons. You know, like how Breast Cancer has those cute pink ones...

ROBERT SR.

So for ass cancer --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Anal. Show some respect. For Mom --

ROBERT SR.

-- you picked... brown?

BRICK

It does seem like a bad choice.

BOB ARMSTRONG

(an awkward beat)

All the other colors were taken.

Now, Patty rushes in, still in slutty clothes.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)

Patty. What are you doing here?

She pulls him aside, excited, speaking in hushed tones.

PATTY

I took care of the clerk. At the Booze N Stuff. He won't be a problem --

*

BOB ARMSTRONG

What do you mean? What did you do?

Before she can answer, Coralee approaches, interrupting.

CORALEE

Who the hell is this?

BOB ARMSTRONG

My new client. Patty, meet my wife --

CORALEE

Can I speak to you? Alone?

(pulling Bob aside)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

CORALEE (cont'd)
Need I remind you, you got accused
of being a *child molester*? Why
would you invite her here?

*

BOB ARMSTRONG
I didn't. But I don't want to --

CORALEE
She looks like an under-aged
hooker. Ask her to leave or I will.

With that, she storms off. Bob gingerly approaches Patty --

BOB ARMSTRONG
Patty, hey. Maybe we should just
talk tomorrow -- Oh holy Jesus...
Regina and Dixie Sinclair. The ones
who accused me...

Sure enough, they've just entered. And before Bob can stop
her, Patty beelines for Dixie and Regina...

PATTY
I don't care what you say about Bob
Armstrong. He's the best thing that
ever happened to me --

REGINA
(Cheshire smile)
Nice outfit. How old are you?

Before Patty can answer, Coralee grabs her by the arm.

CORALEE
That's it. Time to go. Security!

She brings her over to a burly SECURITY GUARD.

Coralee (cont'd)
This young lady doesn't have a
ticket. Please escort her out.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Coralee! Stop!

As the Security Guard removes Patty, Bob mouths, "Sorry."

PATTY (V.O.)
Bob's wife was a shrew. But I was
already driving a wedge between
them.

57 EXT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

57

Patty gets thrown out on the street. THROUGH THE WINDOW, she can see Coralee tearing Bob a new asshole. Patty smiles.

PATTY (V.O.)

And I was just getting started. The Long Island Lolita would have been proud...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

58 OMITTED 58

59 INT. BANQUET HALL - GALA - NIGHT 59

Regina and Dixie speak in hushed tones as they eye Bob...

REGINA

I can't believe people *came*. We need to take him out for *good*.

DIXIE

You mean... kill him?

Regina considers for a beat. She's not ruling anything out.

REGINA

There was *something* going on between him and Jailbait Jane. Whatever it is, we have to find out.

And then Regina sees Bob heading toward them --

REGINA (cont'd)

Hey, diddle-diddle.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Whatever you're up to, please stop.

REGINA

Over your dead body.

BOB ARMSTRONG

I know you're scared if you let this whole thing go, you'll look as dumb as Dixie did --

DIXIE

Dumb? When?

BOB ARMSTRONG

But you *know* I never laid a hand on her --

REGINA

Plenty of people *think* you did --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Plenty of people think red and pink don't clash.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

Dixie and Regina share a look. Dixie's wearing pink and Regina's wearing red.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)
Excuse me, I have a speech to make.

60 INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

60

Bob Armstrong stands at the PODIUM... making a speech.

BOB ARMSTRONG
A lot of people ask me... why Anal
Cancer? My mother was afflicted by
this terrible disease.

He locks eyes with Regina and Dixie.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)
But so many are affected, and don't
seek treatment. They're embarrassed
by the symptoms. Diarrhea.

REGINA makes a loud FART sound. Bob presses on.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)
Anal itching.

ANOTHER FART SOUND.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)
Rectal discharge...

ANOTHER FART SOUND. ON Coralee, whispering to Brick.

CORALEE
Seriously? What is she, five?

Brick snickers. Coralee gives him a death look.

BOB ARMSTRONG
We have to bring Anal Cancer out of
the closet. It's a silent but
deadly killer.

A LONG, LOW FART SOUND.

BRICK
Does he even know what he's saying?

RANDOM GUY (O.C.)
Hey! Barnard! We saved you a seat!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ON THE PODIUM -- Bob scans the crowd. CAMERA PANS TO FIND -- Bob Barnard, with Azalea and Emmylou. Bob Armstrong glares.

BOB ARMSTRONG
(gritted teeth)
Barnard.

BARNARD
Sorry we're late! We just came from
the county fair. Azalea qualified
for Miss Magic Jesus!

People burst into APPLAUSE. Bob Armstrong fumes as the SPOTLIGHT moves to Azalea, who waves, pageant style. Coralee rushes to greet them.

BOB ARMSTRONG
That's great, but I --

CORALEE
Thanks for coming. We got a great
turn out, thanks to you, Emmylou --

EMMYLOU
A deal's a deal. And I told the
Junior Leaguers about you, too. My
mama always said folks are either
born with class, or not -- but
you're starting to change my
mind...

BOB ARMSTRONG
As I was saying --

And Coralee notices, to Bob Barnard --

CORALEE
Bob... You shaved! You look ten
years younger!

BOB BARNARD
Just ten? I was going for fifteen --

ARMSTRONG (O.C.)
Are we done?

All eyes turn to Armstrong, who finally loses his shit.

Armstrong (cont'd)
Or is shaving your beard more
important than saving someone's
anus from cancer?!!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

Off Coralee, furious...

61 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

61

Bob Armstrong, in shorts and a sweat-band, aggressively works out to a TAI BO TAPE. Coralee tears him a new one --

CORALEE

You ruined everything! All my hard work!

BOB ARMSTRONG

I'm sorry, Regina and Dixie threw me off! And then Bob-Buttplug-Barnard stole my spotlight --

CORALEE

Now I can't join the Junior League! We're back to square one --

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Except I wasn't.

Now, the doorbell RINGS.

BOB ARMSTRONG

That's Patty. We're working on her testimony...

Off Coralee, rolling her eyes...

62 OMITTED

62

63 OMITTED

63

64 OMITTED

64

65 INT. REGINA'S HOUSE - DAY

65

Regina and Dixie sit with a HANDSOME PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, CHASE (late 20s.) Regina shows him Bob's profile from the local paper: "Hoo-Hoo is Bob Armstrong?" complete with photo.

REGINA

That's him. Unfortunately, I don't have anything on the girl --

CHASE

That's fine. I'll just start by following him.

Regina eyes him, with interest. Off him -- what?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

REGINA

I'm sorry. You seem awfully young
to be a P.I...

DIXIE

And hot...

CHASE

(flirtatious smile)

I promise, ladies. I'm very
experienced. Your satisfaction is
guaranteed...

Off Regina, is he flirting with them *both*? Off this..

66 INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

66

Patty sits in a chair while Bob cross-examines her.

PATTY

...I just snapped. I mean, this
guy? Who smelled like booze, and
piss, and onions --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Stop. When you're on the stand,
you're playing a role. And you're
done playing Fatty Patty. Remember.
Seduce me. Be the damsel.

PATTY

I'm trying...

She's frustrated. He considers for a beat.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Come with me.

He takes her to a full-length mirror. Uncomfortable, she
folds her hands in front of her, at crotch level.

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)

Quit cupping the cooter.

(then)

How do you feel about what you see?

PATTY

I don't know...

BOB ARMSTRONG

Close your eyes. Tell me the truth.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

(she does, then)

I feel like I don't deserve you. Your support...

BOB ARMSTRONG

You think you deserved to be punched?

(off her teary nod)

You didn't. You were a victim. Of bullying. Of society --

PATTY

But he was right. I was fat. And out of control --

BOB ARMSTRONG

You were sick. Scared --

PATTY

I still want to eat all the time --

BOB ARMSTRONG

So why don't you?

PATTY

Because. I'm afraid if I get fat again, you won't think I'm beautiful.

She's vulnerable. He takes her face in his hands --

BOB ARMSTRONG

You are beautiful. Strong. You've been through hell, and lived to tell about it. And on the stand, you're going to find your voice. So you never have to eat over it again --

PATTY

What if I can't do it?

BOB ARMSTRONG

You can, I'll help you. Because I believe in you. And because, honestly? You're the first person in a very long time who actually believes in me.

FIND CHASE in the bushes, his camera pointed into Bob's window, capturing the intimate moment. He texts photos to --

68 INT. REGINA SINCLAIR'S HOUSE - DAY

68

Regina waters a Donald Trump Chia pet and checks her phone. Sees the PHOTO TEXT of Patty's face in Bob's hands. Regina's eyes go wide. She texts "I knew it!" Chase texts "We good?" Regina texts back: "Not yet... I want more..."

69 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

69

Bob sits at the Defendant's table next to Patty. Nonnie and Angie sit behind them, for support.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
I had filed the motion to dismiss.
And everything was in order. Patty
looked great...

He glances at JUDGE COOPER, who's totally obese.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
We got a sympathetic judge.

He looks over at Barnard, alone at the Plaintiff's table...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
And Homeless Guy didn't even bother
to show up. But it was up to *me* to
prove self-defense. Which meant
Patty had to be more convincing
than the Clerk...

Bob sees Patty give a flirtatious wave to the Booze-N-Stuff Clerk. Now, Bob sees the Clerk locks eyes with Patty, recognizing her from their tryst. His jaw drops. Bob leans into Patty--

*

BOB ARMSTRONG
What was that?

PATTY
I told you, I took care of him.
He's in love with me, because I --

BOB ARMSTRONG
Don't say another word.

Bob checks his witness list. It reads: Donald Cho. Booze-N-Stuff. On Bob, wheels turning...

*

*

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
It was a risk. To call their
witness myself. But if Patty was
right, I could ruin their case.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.) (cont'd)
And stick it to Bob-Ballstache-
Barnard. So I took a leap of faith.

Bob locks eyes with Bob Barnard, who smiles, smug.

BOB ARMSTRONG
The defense calls Donald Cho...

*

CUT TO:

70 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

70

Bob Armstrong questions the Clerk.

BOB ARMSTRONG
...Tell us the events of the evening
of August 29th, as you recall them.

The Clerk doesn't take his eyes off Patty. Bob follows the
his sight line. Patty licks her lips seductively. The Clerk
hesitates and glances at Patty, who makes a tongue gesture.

JUDGE COOPER
Let me remind you, young man, that
you're under oath...

He looks to Patty, who pushes her boobs together.

CLERK
I... don't remember. I was up late
the night before. I must have been
tired. I'm sorry.

Bob Barnard looks like he's going to shit a brick. Bob
Armstrong looks like he might pop a boner.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Whatever Patty had done, it worked. It
all came down to her testimony.

CUT TO:

71 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

71

CLOSE UP ON PATTY, on the stand, teary-eyed.

PATTY
...he threatened me verbally. And
then he got physically aggressive.
He was making comments about my
body, so I thought he was going to
force himself on me --

*

(CONTINUED)

BOB ARMSTRONG
So what did you do?

PATTY
I defended myself.

BOB ARMSTRONG
Nothing further, your Honor.

As Bob walks back to his table, Barnard stands...

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)
Patty had played the damsel
perfectly. She just had to survive a
cross-examination by Dildo Baggins.

BOB BARNARD
Ms. Bladell. You said the victim
commented about your body. What did
he say, exactly?

PATTY
(beat)
He called me a fatty.

BOB BARNARD
"Nobody calls me fatty." That's the
written statement you gave to the
arresting officer. It sounds *angry* --

PATTY
I don't remember writing that --

BOB BARNARD
Do you remember punching him? Hard
enough to break his nose?

PATTY
Yes but --

BOB BARNARD
Would you say you're a violent
person, Ms. Bladell?

PATTY
No. Definitely not.

BOB BARNARD
Then why'd you hit him, if you
weren't angry? Was it because he
tried to take your food?

PATTY

(rage flaring)

Sure. Fatty Patty threw a punch to protect her chocolate.

(then, sweetly)

Are you saying I deserved what happened, just because I was fat?

BOB BARNARD

Well, no, but --

PATTY

Because I didn't. And if that's what you're saying, you're telling every single overweight teenager in America to shut up and take it. Even if it means getting punched in the face.

(to the Judge)

That's not exactly a message I want to be sending. Do you?

Off the Judge... she makes an excellent point...

72 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

72

Bob, Angie, Nonnie, and Patty exit the courthouse, elated. Chase the P.I. watches. Nonnie puts her arm around Patty.

NONNIE

Case dismissed!! We should celebrate! Make out. With guys. Not each other...

PATTY

It's balls that Homeless Guy wasn't there to see me win. Can we file a countersuit?

ANGIE

Why? He's *homeless* --

PATTY

He deserves to be in jail! I want revenge! Against him... against anyone who was ever mean to me...

Is she becoming unhinged? But Bob doesn't notice...

BOB ARMSTRONG

The best revenge is a life well-lived. You could be a role model for girls who struggle with their weight. Show them what's possible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

BOB ARMSTRONG (cont'd)
Help change the system from the
inside.
(off her curious look)
Pageants. I'd like to coach you.

ANGIE
Like... beauty pageants?

BOB ARMSTRONG
Look at her, Angie. She's stunning.

ANGIE
I know, she looks like I did at her
age. With smaller boobs --

BOB ARMSTRONG
And she's already won her first --
being in front of a judge is the
biggest pageant there is.

PATTY
(letting it sink in)
Beauty pageants...

BOB ARMSTRONG
We'll start small. With Miss Magic
Jesus. But with me, on your team? I
think you have a shot at being the
next Miss USA. Whaddya say?

As an answer, Patty hugs Bob, elated. Angie watches, jealous.

ANGIE (V.O.)
It's not that I was jealous. I
would have been thrilled to see her
get what I always wanted. But her
beauty would fade. And then where
would that leave her?

ANGIE
Absolutely not. I don't want my
daughter sexualized. Objectified.
Especially not by grown men. Stay
away. From both of us.

Off Patty and Bob, both of their dreams crushed...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

73 INT. ANGIE'S CAR - DRIVING

73

Angie drives, eating Krispy Kremes from a box. Nonnie's riding shotgun, and Patty's in back, freaking out --

PATTY

How could you do that to me? Bob did more for me in a week than you did in my entire life --

ANGIE

Calm down, eat a donut.

NONNIE

Since when are you interested in pageants, anyway? They're completely anti-feminist!

ANGIE

Nonnie, get real. Everybody knows feminism is for fat girls and lesbians.

(to Patty)

And you. Not another word about Bob Armstrong. You won your case. You got skinny. That's enough --

PATTY

It's *not*. I could be famous. Like, Drew Barrymore famous, so all of those jackholes who made fun of me will be so jealous they can't even breathe --

ANGIE

C'mon. I'm 100 days sober. Today was supposed to be about me.

(then, realizing)

Crap. Those donuts were supposed to be for the meeting --

PATTY

Good job, Jabba the Slut. I have a bunch of chocolate in my trunk, if you want to pound that down, too.

Angie just glares at her.

NONNIE

I'm not a lesbian, by the way.

74 INT. NAIL SALON - NIGHT

74

Armstrong and Coralee get mani-pedis side-by-side. Nearby, Chase gets his eyebrows threaded and eavesdrops.

*

BOB ARMSTRONG

I don't get it. I was going to help her do something *important* --

CORALEE

It's not like she'd be curing ass cancer.

Bob gives her a "fuck you" look.

BOB ARMSTRONG

I can't imagine how different my life would be if someone had encouraged me to be myself. Instead of just letting me spend my entire adolescence being "the other Bob." Obfuscated by the dazzling light that is Bob-Bukake-Barnard --

CORALEE

Come on. He's a lovely guy --

BOB ARMSTRONG

(sarcastic)

Oh, yeah, *lovely*. And let's not forget *noble*. Becoming a DA because he can *afford* to, with all of his "family" money. My dad didn't give me a penny --

CORALEE

You're starting to sound jealous --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Jealous? Of what? He's a total fraud. He cheated off of me all through high school! And, not for nothing, he didn't even having the human decency to invite me to his post-graduation kegger --

CORALEE

Bob. Seriously?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Plus he's so perfect all the time. Him... Emmylou... Azalea. If Patty had just let me coach her --

(CONTINUED)

CORALEE

Oh my God. You don't really care about helping that girl... You just want to stick it to Bob Barnard --

BOB ARMSTRONG

That is so not true --

CORALEE

You thought you could use Patty to beat Azalea --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Screw Azalea. If the stick were any further up her a --

GIRL'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hi Mr. Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong.

BOB ARMSTRONG

-- zalea...

He forces an awkward smile... Yup. It's Azalea Barnard, Bob Barnard's daughter... and she's heard their entire exchange.

CORALEE

Wow. What are the odds?

AZALEA

I work here.

An awkward beat.

CORALEE

Will you have your mother call me?
I have some ideas, for Junior League, and I --
(off Azalea's look)
You know what? I'll call her myself.

Coralee hauls ass out of there, wet nails in the air.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Honey, I'm sorry I said all that. I was just upset --

AZALEA

I agree with you. Especially the stuff about my dad. You really think I'm stuck up?

Armstrong regards her. Then, with compassion.

(CONTINUED)

BOB ARMSTRONG

I think it must be tough. Living up
to your father's expectations.
Something I relate to very much.

(off Azalea)

You shoulda seen my daddy's face
when I told him I wanted to play
Henry Higgins instead of wide
receiver...

AZALEA

You know what would really piss off
my dad? If I hired you as my coach.

Bob tries to hide his excitement as a MANAGER comes over --

MANAGER

Azalea! The phones --

AZALEA

My parents are out tonight. Come
by. We can talk strategy.

She exits. Off Armstrong, considering, PAN OVER to Chase, the
P.I., listening. He texts Regina. "Looks like he's done with
the redhead. But there's a new girl in town." Presses send... *

75 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

75

Angie stands and speaks to a group sitting in a circle.

ANGIE

... and I couldn't have done it
without your support.

People clap.

GROUP MEMBER

Thanks, Angie. Anybody else
celebrating 100 days?

A SCRUFFY GUY raises his hand. As the GROUP MEMBER gives
Scruffy Guy a HUG, PATTY leans in to Angie. *

PATTY

Who's that guy? He looks familiar.

ANGIE

(shrugs)
Never seen him before.

SCRUFFY GUY

Hi. I'm John. And I'm an alcoholic.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

GROUP

Hi, John.

As Patty tries to place him, Nonnie notices Brick Armstrong, across the room sitting next to the Middle-Eastern Guy we saw him with earlier. Nonnie whispers to Patty.

NONNIE

Dude. *Brick Armstrong*...

PATTY

Shhh...

SCRUFFY GUY

When I first came in here, I never thought I'd make it a day. I lost my job. My home. But I didn't admit I had a problem until I punched a fat-girl in the face... I don't know if I'll ever forgive myself...

PUSH IN ON PATTY -- HOLY SHIT -- this is her Homeless Guy...

76 INT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

76

Azalea answers the door, looking fiercely hot, drink in hand. A nervous Bob Armstrong smiles...

AZALEA

Bob. Come on in.

(he does)

Want a drink? It's a 21-year-old Elijah Craig.

ARMSTRONG

No thanks. It's older than you are.

She puts a drink in his hand anyway, and clinks his glass --

AZALEA

I'm an old soul.

(downs her drink)

Come upstairs. I want to show you my wardrobe for Miss Magic Jesus.

77 INT. CHURCH - LATER - NIGHT

77

As the meeting breaks up, Patty is laser focused on the Homeless Guy. Brick approaches Patty with the Older Man.

(CONTINUED)

BRICK

Hey, you're new right? Let me give you my number, in case you want to talk, or get coffee. I'm Brick.

PATTY

I know who you are. Excuse me.

Patty beelines for the Homeless Guy. Bewildered Brick, turns to the Middle-Eastern Man in the THAWB. *

BRICK

See? I suck at girls. Now can I call my ex?

THAWB *

Sure. If you're ready to make amends.
(off Brick, ugh)
Don't like it? Get another sponsor.

ON NONNIE, as she catches up with Patty.

NONNIE

Ohmigod. Did Brick Armstrong just give you his phone number? It's just like in Never Been Kissed --

PATTY

Whatever. I want to get back at *that* guy.

(points to Homeless Guy)

He thinks he can hurt me, and have me arrested, and then just move on with his life? I'm gonna screw that guy.

NONNIE

You mean, like, screw him over?

PATTY

I mean like... bang him.

NONNIE

(incredulous)

You're going to *lose your virginity* to a homeless guy?

PATTY

I mean, look at him. He's kinda hot. In a, "I want to eff you in your cardboard box" kind of way...

NONNIE

I... I don't think that's a thing --

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

PATTY

I'll get him all naked. Vulnerable...
And then I'll *reject* him. He'll be
humiliated. It'll be epic.

NONNIE

But don't you want your first time
to be special? With someone who
loves you?

Nonnie stares deep into Patty's eyes, hoping Patty will
finally see that she's talking about *herself*...

PATTY

I'd rather have revenge.

Nope. Patty walks away and approaches the Homeless Guy.

PATTY (cont'd)

Hey. I dug what you said. Wanna grab
coffee?

The Homeless Guy sees this gorgeous girl talking to him, and
can't believe it. Yes. Yes, he would like to get coffee...

78 INT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE - AZALEA'S ROOM

78

Lots of PINK. PAGEANT TROPHIES and PHOTOS abound. As Bob
pokes around, Azalea pulls clothes a dress from her closet.

AZALEA

What do you think of this?

BOB ARMSTRONG

Nice. Perfect for your body type.

AZALEA

I don't know... Can I show you?

Without waiting for an answer, she pulls her dress off...

79 EXT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

Chase snaps pictures. Oh shit...

80 INT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Bob struggles with her to pull her dress back down --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Jesus -- Azalea -- please --

(CONTINUED)

AZALEA

C'mon, you can *look*. Just because you appreciate the Mona Lisa doesn't mean you're going to take it home --

BOB ARMSTRONG

Except we're not at the Louvre --

AZALEA

Good point. And there's nobody here telling you not to touch.

Then, SLAM! A door downstairs. He jumps.

BOB ARMSTRONG

Oh God. Your parents.

It's the worst moment of Bob's life, other than being accused of diddling a teenager, which is about to happen again.

BRICK (O.S.)

Azalea!

And... it just got worse. They both recognize that voice:

BOB ANDERSON

Brick?

AZALEA

Brick.

BOB ARMSTRONG

I thought you guys broke up --

AZALEA

We did. But he's finally ready to apologize for getting drunk and bailing on Miss Salty Grits --

BOB ARMSTRONG

You *knew* he was coming over?

AZALEA

He said he wanted to talk. I didn't think he meant *now*. You gotta go.

She gestures to the window. Bob can't fucking believe this...

81 EXT. BOB BARNARD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

81

Bob jumps. CRASHING into the bushes, crying out, in pain.

82 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

82

Patty rolls off the Homeless Guy, finishing the sex.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

PATTY

Take *that*, Homeless Guy.

HOMELESS GUY

I have a name. It's John.

PATTY

Don't care.

HOMELESS GUY

And I'm not homeless. I just think
it's fun to take people's money.

He downs the rest of a mini-bar sized bottle of vodka on the dresser. So much for 100 days sober.

PATTY

Not sober either, I take it?

HOMELESS GUY

(shrugs)

Want a cigarette?

(off her - no)

You sure? It keeps off the pounds.
And nobody likes a fatty, am I
right?

He smacks her on the ass and then pulls cigarettes and matches out of his pants pocket. Patty eyes him. Does this mean he knows who she is?

PATTY

You said... at the meeting. That
you felt bad for punching that fat
girl. Was *that* true?

HOMELESS GUY

Hell, no. That pig had it coming.

Before she can respond, Patty's phone BUZZES with a series of texts from Nonnie. "How are you?" "Did you bang him?" "How was it?" "Send pictures." Patty puts down the phone and turns back to John. But he's passed out, an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Drunk.

PATTY

Hey. Wake up. Homeless guy.

But he's out for the count. Snoring. On Patty, furious.

PATTY (V.O.)

Nobody likes a fatty...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

She gets out of the bed and goes to the mirror. She stares at her naked body. She pinches her belly, pokes at her thighs.

Feeling more lonely than ever, Patty wells up. She goes to her purse. She pulls out a BOX OF CHOCOLATE BARS that she kept for herself. She opens one, urgently, and turns on the TV. FIRESTARTER is on. On Patty -- Holy shit.

PATTY (V.O.)

It was Divine Intervention. A sign from God herself. What would Drew Barrymore do?

Patty spits out the chocolate. She takes a swig of vodka and then dumps booze all over John, who's still asleep. She grabs his matchbook and lights one, and holding it over him...

83 EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT/INT. BOB ARMSTRONG'S CAR - 83
NIGHT

Armstrong sits in the drivers' seat, drinking whiskey out of a bag. Feeling pathetic. He looks at himself in the rearview.

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

I had hit rock bottom. I was out of options.

*

Bob glares at himself, full of self loathing. And then... he pulls off his toupee (which until now, we had no idea he was wearing) revealing a severe case of male pattern baldness.

BOB ARMSTRONG

What. Are you doing. With your *life*?

He SCREAMS. Hitting himself with the toupee. Then, he opens the glove box, revealing A HANDGUN. He turns it over in his hands. Is he going to kill himself? Someone else?

BOB ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

And then, I got my answer. Like a message from God himself...

His cell phone rings -- it's PATTY. Startled, he answers --

ARMSTRONG

Hello?

PATTY

You're the only one who understands me. I don't care what my mom says. That whole pageant thing? I'm in.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

OFF BOB, a shit-eating grin spreading across his face...

84 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

84

Patty goes back into the room. The Guy's still asleep.

She exhales, picks up the chocolate bar. She looks at it for a moment... And then she grabs the book of matches, strikes one, and fucking lights the Guy on fire! She smiles up at the camera, full blown crazy eyes, and we WE SMASH TO BLACK.

But it isn't over yet. We wait a long, disturbing beat. HEAR the BUZZ of a JAIL DOOR being opened. And we FADE BACK IN...

85 INT. JAIL - PRIVATE VISITATION ROOM - DAY

85

A GUARD brings in a cuffed and shackled prisoner. We're surprised to see it's Bob Armstrong. And fuck if it doesn't look like he got his orange jumpsuit *tailored*. Shackled, he shuffles over to a table, where he has a visitor -- RYAN SEACREST. Bob sits. A long beat.

BOB ARMSTRONG

To what do I owe this honor, Mr. Seacrest?

SEACREST

I want to give you a chance to clear your name. On television. I'm thinking -- a docu-series --

BOB ARMSTRONG

What's in it for you?

SEACREST

You're a pageant coach accused of murdering a beauty queen. It's ratings gold.

WTF? BOB Armstrong'S FACE FILLS THE SCREEN. Did he kill someone? And if so, who? Off this mystery... SMASH TO BLACK.

END PILOT.