

FOR THE ARTICLES

Written by

John Robbins & Tim Westland

Tim Westland
timwestland@hotmail.com

John Robbins
jpjrb1@gmail.com

TEASER

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The city sidewalks are jammed with people sporting bad haircuts, cheese-ball mustaches, and Jordache-covered asses.

In the streets, cabbies jostle for inches of asphalt.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 1978

MOLLY CADILLAC (25), stares up at the Lily Park Building with the kind of wide eyes and feathered hair that pegs her as a new arrival to the Big Apple.

The building looms, stares down at her like a mustachioed villain from a silent movie.

She holds a resume in one hand, which means it's not the building she's looking at. It's her future.

OOF! - someone brushes her aside.

No, not just someone. It's -

VICTORIA DIAZ (51 - Latina), owner of Lily Park Publishing and a motherfucking whirlwind of Chanel, diamonds, pride and power.

She barely registers Molly, too busy rattling off commands to her frantic assistant, **DION** (30s).

Molly collects herself, enters the building.

INT. LILY PARK LOBBY - DAY

The crowd parts for Victoria like the Red Sea. Molly surfs in their wake all the way to the -

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Victoria continues her machine gun chatter with Dion as all three enter the glass elevator. Dion presses the 30 button.

DION

That much cheddar for an unproven
thirteen-year-old ingenue?

VICTORIA

An investment, Dion. By the time he's old enough to throw back a few Mojitos, he'll be writing exposés, designing costumes for those husky sluts on Broadway, and earning me a mint.

Molly tries to be invisible, but Victoria's spidey-sense kicks in. She spins on Molly.

VICTORIA

I don't appreciate eavesdroppers.

Victoria yanks off her over-sized sunglasses.

VICTORIA

Do you work for me?

She snatches Molly's resume like lightning, reads.

VICTORIA

Molly Cadillac.

Victoria appraises Molly from head to heels.

VICTORIA

Love the name, hate the outfit.
What brings you to Fifth and
Spring, Molly Cadillac?

MOLLY

I'm a writer.

Victoria smirks.

VICTORIA

Hear that, Dion? She's a writer.

MOLLY

I'm, uh, on my way to an interview.

VICTORIA

At Lily Park?

Victoria leans in close to whisper in Molly's ear.

VICTORIA

Water cooler chit-chat is that the Editor-in-Chief should be shackled and left in the back of a paddy-wagon. Who's interviewing you?

MOLLY
Brett Lumpkin.

Victoria snorts.

VICTORIA
Lumpkin's as useless as a bag of
dicks at a bachelor party.

Molly bristles.

MOLLY
What makes you such an expert on
the man?

Victoria slides her shades back on.

VICTORIA
Victoria Diaz, Editor-in-Chief.

Oh shit! Strike one! Molly chooses her next words with care.

MOLLY
I'm sorry, Mrs. Diaz. I had no idea
who you -

VICTORIA
Most writer's aren't worth their
weight in dog shit, Cadillac. There
might not be one real writer in
this entire building.

She looks over her glasses at Molly.

VICTORIA
Hell, this isn't even a building at
all. It's a pirate ship that caters
an all-you-can-eat chum buffet of
poorly written excremental musings
to a school of hungry bottom
feeders we politely refer to as
readers.

Victoria's eyes defocus, lost in near reverie.

VICTORIA
Walking the plank and plummeting
thirty floors into an ocean of
concrete and "K" cars is too good
for any of them.

Victoria walks her fingers off an imaginary plank, mimes a
pirate falling.

VICTORIA
Arrrrrrrrr... Splat!

She spins, points a manicured finger at Molly.

VICTORIA
You're new in town, so I'll give
you this one for free. I go by many
names, dear, but make no mistake -
the rumors are true. I am the
devil. Satan with tits.

The doors open and Victoria strides out, Dion in tow.

She turns back to Molly.

VICTORIA
I don't need writers, Cadillac. I
need pirates. Ones who recognize
their Captain when they see her.

As Victoria strides away, Molly stands there, devastated.

MOLLY
Shit!

END TEASER

INT. LILY PARK NEWSROOM - DAY

Molly wanders in a daze through a cacophony of ringing phones, busy employees, and clacking typewriters.

She walks up behind the desk of a **CHUBBY EMPLOYEE** whose fingers fly over his IBM Selectric at superhuman speed.

MOLLY

Hi. Can you point me to -

Chubby turn his head toward Molly. Weirdly, he wears a red satin blindfold and a creepy-as-fuck smile.

And his fingers never stop flying over the keys.

MOLLY

That's okay, I'll find it, thanks.

Mr. Creepy as fuck rotates back to his typewriter.

INT. LUMPKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly peeks her head through the cracked door and knocks.

BRETT LUMPKIN (42), a fashion accident in mid-collision, holds an avocado green phone to his ear.

He sees Molly, waves her in, points to a chair.

LUMPKIN

(into phone)

Okay, okay. Slow the fuck down.
You're telling me this *scientist*
created a phone you can put in your
pocket and talk to anyone at any
time? Is this a prank call?

Molly sits in the guest chair.

LUMPKIN

(into phone)

Tell ya what, call me back when
this scientist of yours figures out
how to make a Trans Am talk.

Lumpkin hangs up, slouches, rubs his temples.

LUMPKIN

A bottle of rum and a Tijuana motel
would be perfect right about now.

His phone rings. He looks from Molly to the phone and back.

LUMPKIN

If I hire you, I'd sleep better
knowing you can answer a phone.

Hesitant, Molly answers it.

MOLLY

Mr. Lumpkin's office?

Lumpkin grabs the phone, slams the receiver down.

LUMPKIN

Knows how to answer a phone. Check.
Let me see your resume.

Molly hands it over. Lumpkin glances at it.

LUMPKIN

Good stuff. Impressive. San Diego
State. *Summa Cum Laude*. Oooh. Wait
a minute? Zero experience. No
internships. Nothing published.

MOLLY

I have three award-winning essays,
and these.

She hands Lumpkin a stack of articles on a range of topics -
Abortion, Human Trafficking, Homelessness...

Lumpkin sets them aside without a glance.

LUMPKIN

Nothing in your resume suggests you
possess even a modicum of style or
insight. There's no "wow factor"
about you at all.

MOLLY

I didn't realize a resume was a
writing sample.

LUMPKIN

I don't care if you hand me a box
of corn flakes. You put something
in my hand, anything, and it had
better scream *I am a writer!*

MOLLY

But I'm not a writer.

LUMPKIN

You're not?

MOLLY

I'd like to think of myself as more
of a... a pirate.

Lumpkin looks at Molly like she's nuts.

LUMPKIN

What the fuck are you talking
about!?

Strike Two!

A knock at the door. It's Victoria.

VICTORIA

I hope I'm not intruding.

Molly jumps to her feet.

LUMPKIN

Of course not, Mrs. Diaz. I was
just interviewing a new prospect,
Molly Cadillac.

VICTORIA

Wow. She is gorgeous!

Victoria takes the resume, clearly doesn't read a word.

VICTORIA

You're not hiring based on looks
again, are you, Brett?

Lumpkin falters, pulls at his collar.

LUMPKIN

Well, uh, she has three award
winning essays and a stack of
unpublished work which shows
promise...

MOLLY

... and I have a piece I've been
working on that's really -

Victoria rolls her eyes as she drops the resume, which
flutters to the floor.

VICTORIA

Aren't you a peach!

She turns to Lumpkin, who shrinks into his chair.

VICTORIA

I want the Congressional vote scandal bumped. And if Ms. Cadillac is hired, I want every word she writes reviewed by me personally... as well as any work in progress.

LUMPKIN

Outstanding, Mrs. Diaz! Is there anything else?

Victoria leans forward, whispers in Lumpkin's ear.

VICTORIA

If you hire her, I'll remove those shriveled raisins you call balls with my own hands and mount them like a trophy on my office wall. That would probably ruin my manicure, forcing me to fire you.

Victoria leaves without so much as a goodbye.

Lumpkin turns to Molly. His demeanor hovering someplace between grim executive and Don Knotts.

EXT. CADILLAC HOUSE - DAY

Weeds, trash, and rusty car parts award this lawn "biggest eyesore in the neighborhood".

A psychedelic pickup truck idles in the driveway.

In the garage, **BOBBY CADILLAC** (35) stacks gasoline canisters next to a lifetime supply of canned pork'n'beans.

He's handsome, but his wide innocent eyes and slack jaw indicate an I.Q. similar to that of an 8 year-old.

From up the street, **SHANE** (15), the local bully, approaches on his bike. He chugs a can of Mountain Dew.

His douchie little side-kick **DUSTIN** (14) approaches on his Schwinn from the opposite direction.

Shane and Dustin converge at Bobby's pickup truck.

SHANE

Wha'cha doing, retard?

Bobby looks up, startled, blinking involuntarily.

BOBBY
Hi, Sh-Shane. Wh-who's that?

SHANE
Dustin, meet Retard Bobby.

DUSTIN
Like a real retard?

Shane and Dustin observe Bobby like an exhibit, not minding the volume of their conversation.

SHANE
Yeah, like really-super-fucking retarded. But he wasn't born that way. Heard he had a sick acid trip that fried his melon.

DUSTIN
He doesn't look retarded.

SHANE
He used to be a huge stoner, but his hot sister Molly cut off his dreads and dresses him in normal retard clothes.

Bobby shuffles to his truck, opens the gas tank, fills it.

DUSTIN
What's Retard Bobby doing now?

SHANE
His retard hippie truck never stops running. Retard Bobby just fills it up with gas before it gets too low.

DUSTIN
That's pretty fuckin' retarded.

SHANE
With great retardation comes even greater retard responsibility.

Shane eyes the truck, distant plans forming.

SHANE
When's the last time you drove that hunk of junk?

Bobby just smiles shyly and turns back to the truck.

Shane finishes his drink, crushes the can and throws it at Bobby, who doesn't even notice.

The little bastards laugh, then ride off.

INT. MIMI'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

Customers shop among late-teen employees who've turned tanning beds into religion.

ANNE CADILLAC (16 - Biracial), a caustic cutie whose style exceeds her age, approaches the counter.

A pretty **CLERK** rings up Anne's items.

CLERK

Did you find everything okay?

ANNE

Yep.

A few racks back, **LUCAS POE** (25) observes Anne. He's got a nice-guy look which hides his terminally creepy true self.

At his side, **GINGER CRISP** (18) pretends to shop.

Lucas whispers into Ginger's ear. She grins at Anne like she's prey.

The clerk rings up the last item.

CLERK

Your total is \$42.97.

Anne digs in her purse. She's short by five bucks.

Embarrassed, she continues to dig in her purse.

Lucas notices, nods to the clerk, then to Ginger. Ginger approaches the sales counter with cash.

GINGER

Allow me...

She steals a glance at Anne's wallet, sees her name on her driver's license.

GINGER

Anne Cadillac.

Anne gives Ginger a "WTF" look, closes her wallet.

ANNE

I don't take candy from strangers.

The clerk takes Ginger's money, gives her change.

GINGER
Someone did the same for me once.

She gestures over at Lucas. His smile is placid, controlled.

GINGER
Just figured I'd do unto others, ya
know?

Anne considers, then nods.

ANNE
There's a bank around the corner.
Stay here, yeah?

GINGER
Don't worry about it... it's *our*
pleasure.

Anne glances at Lucas. His smile remains, but his eyes
practically glow with... is that hunger?

Anne's internal Creeper Early Warning System shifts from
green to red status.

ANNE
I'll be right back.

EXT. MIMI'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

Anne exits the store, Ginger follows.

GINGER
Annie, wait up. We don't want your
money.

ANNE
Then what do you want?

GINGER
(bites her lip)
We thought you looked like a fun
chick. I thought, you know, it'd be
fun to hang out or something.

Ginger's charm is like a magnet. Anne looks suspicious, but
also a little flattered.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Molly emerges from her closet in what passes for sexy in
1978. She adjusts her boobs for maximum impact.

She settles for the minimum.

The blinking light on her answering machine catches her eye. Hopeful, she taps the PLAY button.

MOLLY
I got the job!

LUMPKIN (FILTERED)
Good evening, Miss Cadillac. Brett Lumpkin here from Lily Park. Thank you for coming in today.

MOLLY
I got the job!

LUMPKIN (FILTERED)
Unfortunately, recent budget cuts prevent us from hiring additional staff for this fiscal year. We'll keep your name on file and contact you if a position opens up.

Lumpkin hangs up.

Molly flops backward on the bed, her future now chaos.

MOLLY
I didn't get the job.

EXT. CADILLAC HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly walks to her car, stumbles over some bit of junk hiding in the weeds.

MOLLY
I didn't get the job.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Molly gazes at herself in her rear view mirror.

MOLLY
I didn't get the job.

INT. HONDA-YA JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Traditional Asian decor and sizzling hot plates.

Molly sits with her boyfriend **RYAN** (28), a walking talking Ken doll with a Tom Selleck 'stache and OG Player attitude.

MOLLY
I got the job.

RYAN
That's great, babe.

He holds up a cup of saké. She toasts with zero enthusiasm.

RYAN
Your dress is amazing! Any shorter
and that guy over there wouldn't
just be staring at your tits.

She looks at a **SLOBBY GUY** at the next table. Yup, he's
looking at her tits. He smiles at her, unashamed.

RYAN
Speaking of which, did you know
that the cervix of a pregnant
female can dilate beyond ten
inches? Now that's something you
should write about.

Molly coughs on her drink.

MOLLY
Since when does female plumbing
interest you?

RYAN
Hello? Have we met? I think the
world record is like a twenty inch
slit.

A waiter serves them more saké.

RYAN
So when do you start?

MOLLY
Not sure yet. In fact, after seeing
how they operate, I might turn down
the offer.

Ryan takes her hand and caresses it.

RYAN
You're so lucky, Molly. The world
is full of controlling men who
wouldn't hesitate to call you an
idiot for turning down such a
prestigious offer, but not me.

Ryan plants a sloppy smooch on her hand.

RYAN

I guess that's why I love myself so much. I mean, not only do I support your decisions, but I can also give you a loan if you need one.

A speech worthy of one big gulp of saké from Molly.

MOLLY

Oh yeah. Super lucky. Got it!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S PLACE - NIGHT

Photographs on the wall, each of which displays a pregnant woman, one from each trimester, effectively making this sex pad into a "Lamaze dojo."

Ryan thrusts bare-assed into Molly, but she's not getting much out of it.

MOLLY

Can we change position?

RYAN

Sure, babe. Coin flip or...

MOLLY

Chutes and Ladders?

Ryan rubs his belly.

RYAN

After sushi?

MOLLY

Downward Facing Donkey Kong?

RYAN

Now you're talking!

They shift into a truly weird position and Ryan's gets back to business.

It's what Molly needs and she starts to dig it, but then the pregnancy pictures on the wall catch her eye.

MOLLY

What's up with those?

Ryan keeps thrusting, not a hint of exhaustion.

RYAN
Got them at an art fair. Pretty
killer, yeah?

Molly taps out.

MOLLY
Stop, Ryan, stop. You're not trying
to get me -

RYAN
Pregnant? Are you crazy?

Ryan ceases his mechanical thrusting.

RYAN
I haven't even hit my prime yet.
Why, do you want...

MOLLY
No, no no... my hands are full with
Anne and Bobby.

Ryan's face contorts in a way only an orgasm can muster.

MOLLY
Are you cumming!?

He quivers, then exhales.

RYAN
Ah, man. I couldn't hold it back.

MOLLY
How did you finish? We weren't even
doing it.

Ryan dismounts, cock walks his way to the bathroom.

RYAN
Who said we were done?

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Snoring like a chain saw, Ryan sleeps like the dead.

Molly, however, is wide awake.

Ryan rolls over, his palm covers Molly's boob. She lifts it
off, and slides out of bed. Enters the -

BATHROOM

Molly lowers her panties and sits on the toilet. As she pees, her eyes lands on a pile of fitness magazines.

But one of these things is not like the others...

She reaches in and pulls out a classless PORN MAG - on the cover - a woman bouncing her tremendous wide-screen ass.

The title reads: "PRIMED: The Flea Market of Booty".

MOLLY

Oh my God.

She opens it, the centerfold drapes down.

MOLLY

Oh. My. God!

Molly continues to flip pages. On the last, she sees an ad:

INSERT: *"Writers Wanted. Competitive Salary. Contact Bennett Joy for details."*

She rips the page out, tucks the mag back into the pile.

She stands and flushes the toilet. The swirling gurgle is a fitting sound track to her somber reflection in the mirror.

INT. BENNETT JOY'S OFFICE - PRIMED MAGAZINE - DAY

Dark faux-wood paneling. Green shag carpet with crusty stains none of us want to think about. And walls adorned with pictures of NUDE WOMEN in poses that'd make God blush.

The bar can't get any lower.

BENNETT JOY (52), publisher of Primed, eyeballs Molly with skepticism. He's a carbon-copy of Mister Rogers, which isn't as weird as you might think.

He puts her to the test... a verbal back and forth.

BENNETT

Brianna discovers a leaky faucet.
Suddenly, she hears a knock at the
front door.

Molly shifts in her chair.

MOLLY

Good thing, too, because she's, uh, drenched.

BENNETT

Of course she is, but not from the faucet. She opens the door and sees Big Tom, the local plumber.

MOLLY

Brianna normally only does anal with dentists and pharmacists, but Big Tom is ready to lay some pipe, and who is she to complain?

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT

Not bad. Most writers need a loaded pistol pressed against their temple to produce decent filth. But Molly, your portfolio is so far from my target market.

MOLLY

Which is?

BENNETT

Stiff boners.

Molly looks downcast. Bennett softens.

BENNETT

Here's the deal. If I hire you, it's to ink sex fantasies. That and nothing more. Just smut. Are you okay with that?

She bites her lip - damned if she does, screwed if she doesn't.

MOLLY

Will I be credited in the magazine? You know... with my real name.

BENNETT

Is that a problem?

MOLLY

I'd rather not.

BENNETT

A pen name, then.

Bennett pulls out a Rolodex from his desk, and puts on his reading glasses. He cycles through it, and stops on a card:

BENNETT

How does Scooter Sunburst sound?

A shrug and a nod from Molly.

He slides a piece of paper over to Molly.

MOLLY

What's this?

BENNETT

One last test. I need to know if you're qualified to write smut.

MOLLY

I thought I was overqualified?

BENNETT

Your education is first rate, but do you know enough porn lingo to get the job done?

Molly opens her mouth, closes it. Even she's not sure.

Bennett points to the page.

BENNETT

If you had any fun at all in college, you should know at least half of these terms. Just write the description of each in the space provided.

Molly reviews the list:

- 1. BULLDOG IN A BATHTUB**
- 2. HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICH**
- 3. ALABAMA HOT POCKET**
- 4. TEXAS RODEO**

The list goes on.

She takes a pen from Bennett's desk and begins jotting her answers.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Bennett tours the office with Molly.

BENNETT

Very impressive, Ms. Cadillac. Not a single writer in this office, save for myself, of course, has come anywhere close to your score.

MOLLY

My, um, boyfriend is -

BENNETT

Adventurous? Say no more. Lovely man, I'm sure.

They come to a small cubicle farm. It looks every bit as professional as Lily Park... as long as you ignore the inflatable sex dolls, gigantic dildos and anal beads hung everywhere like Mardi Gras.

BENNETT

This is the heart of the magazine.

MOLLY

I would have thought that would be the photo studio.

BENNETT

Touche. I guess we'll call this the nerve center, then.

They approach a red door with a rotating red light above it.

BENNETT

This is the heart of the magazine.

MOLLY

Subtle.

BENNETT

This is a business, Molly, and I take it quite seriously. As such, we have a set of rules which apply to everyone.

He points to the door.

BENNETT

No entry is permitted while the red light is spinning.

He counts the rest of the rules on one hand.

BENNETT

No dating the talent. No ogling the talent. No grabbing, pinching, or whistling at the talent. No -

MOLLY

I'm straight, Bennett.

BENNETT

You're the first woman I've ever hired outside of the photo studio and I never assume anything.

The door opens and an attractive 20-something **GIRL** with jet black 50's style hair and an ass that'd make Hugh Hefner weep, exits the room.

Molly can't help but check the girl out.

Bennett notices, smiles knowingly.

BENNETT

In case you end up "not straight", no picture taking, no love letters - pretty much no to everything related to the models.

They come to a stop in front of a cubicle plastered with hand-drawn comic strips - all of them super offensive.

Drawing the latest cartoon is **MARTIN VAN KLOMP** (80s), a man whose every body part shakes from age... except when he's got a pen in hand. Then he's made of steel.

BENNETT

And here is why the door is red and we have so many rules. Molly, meet Martin, our resident cartoonist and human resources nightmare.

Martin never looks up.

MARTIN

Fuck you, Joy Boy. Nice to meet you, miss -

MOLLY

Molly. Molly Cadillac.

He turns his head and looks her up and down.

MARTIN
Cadillac, eh? You related to
Augustine Cadillac, of the
Philadelphia Cadillacs?

MOLLY
Um, not that I know of.

MARTIN
Shame. That woman knew her way
around a tallywacker!

BENNETT
Lord above, Martin, please!

Martin turns back to his work, snickering.

Bennett leads Molly to an empty cubicle.

BENNETT
This will be your work space. If
things work out, we'll see about
moving you farther away from
Martin.

MOLLY
Thanks. What do you want me to
write first?

Bennett checks his watch.

BENNETT
It's late and most everyone has
already left for the day. Go ahead
and get your desk situated how you
like it. Then roam the place and
get the lay of the land.

Molly nods, looks around.

MOLLY
I do have one question. Where's the
bathroom?

BENNETT
The ladies room is - through the
red door.

Molly walks over and looks at the red light. It's not
spinning, so she opens a door and walks into the -

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Three **NUDE WOMEN** engage in vigorous lesbian sex while being photographed by **VICTOR MAZZARRI** (30), working shirtless and vainly fit for a thin guy.

Think Dracula meets Bono.

Caught off-guard, Molly stifles a scream.

Mazzarri sees her and runs over.

MAZZARRI

I'm in the middle of a shoot!

MOLLY

The light was off.

Mazzarri smacks his head with his palm, reaches over and flips the light switch on.

MAZZARRI

Sorry about that. At least you're not Martin.

MOLLY

I thought this was the ladies room.

Mazzarri chuckles and gestures toward the women currently scissoring each other.

MAZZARRI

It is, it is. The shitter is over there, but you're welcome to stick around if you want. Rumor has it these chicks are squirrels.

MOLLY

I think you meant squirters.

MAZZARRI

No, squirrels. That means they snort cocaine out of each others butts.

MOLLY

Nope, I'm good.

Peeking at the sex, Molly tilts her head in awe.

MOLLY

Are those girls, you know...

MAZZARRI

Legal? Oh yeah. Bennett ensures all of the models are legal before they get any camera time.

Mazzarri sees worry in Molly's eyes.

MAZZARRI

Hey, look, I'm sorry you weren't warned about - this. But believe me, Bennett is a straight shooter. He would never allow anything illegal under his roof.

MOLLY

Except for cocaine.

MAZZARRI

Except. For. Cocaine. That's why we use powdered milk. Victor Mazzarri.

They shake hands.

MOLLY

Molly Cadillac, the new writer.

MAZZARRI

Welcome to the family, Molly.

He points to the moaning girls.

MAZZARRI

That's Mona, Montage, and Taffy. Ladies, this is Molly.

Molly waves.

None of the girls break stride. Molly and Mazzarri might as well not even be in the room.

MAZZARRI

They're not paid for their conversational skills.

A smile breaks on Molly's face, then she remembers why she came in. Mazzarri notices.

MAZZARRI

Over there.

Molly nods her thanks and rushes to the bathroom.

Mazzarri heads back to the writhing girl-fest.

MAZZARRI

Aw, c'mon ladies, you call that
fucking? Let's breath some life
into this performance!

INT. CADILLAC HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Molly tosses her keys down. A scent catches her nose.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM - DAY

Molly opens the door.

Bobby sits at a piano, humming as he plays "Time" by Pink
Floyd. A bit off-key, yet far more seasoned than any novice.

Anne smokes a joint by the window.

MOLLY

Really? With your dad in the room?

ANNE

Doesn't matter. He'll forget about
me once you send him to the farm.

Molly sits next to her.

MOLLY

Assisted living facilities are
designed to cater to your dad's
special needs. You can visit after
school and on the weekends.

ANNE

Sounds like you're doing what's
best for you.

MOLLY

Taking care of your father is a
full-time job. I can't manage that
and make enough money to keep us
afloat.

ANNE

So you got the Lily Park gig?

Molly soft-punches Anne in the arm...

MOLLY

Duh! How could Lily Park say no to
your Aunt Molly?

BOBBY (O.C.)

Mully!

Still playing, Bobby sweeps a glissando on the piano, spins around, and tackles Molly.

MOLLY

Ouch, Bobby!

Bobby's head shoots up. He sniffs like a bloodhound. He sniffs his way up Anne, from her feet to the joint in her hand. She pulls it away from him and laughs.

Molly steals the joint, takes a drag, flicks it out the window.

MOLLY

(exhaling smoke)

New rule. No more smoking. That goes for all of us.

ANNE

It's not my fault Grandpa and Grandma made weed the family business.

MOLLY

Be glad your dad and I didn't end up in prison with them. Who knows where you'd be right now.

Bobby clenches his fists, face scrunches up... then relaxes.

ANNE

You know he just shit himself, right?

Anne runs upstairs, leaving Molly to care for Bobby alone.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anne in the mirror, covering her youthful face with too much makeup - a facade of maturity she hasn't earned yet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Anne pulls up in Bobby's truck, steps out and walks up to Lucas's house.

INT. LUCAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A party in full swing, both figuratively and literally.

A knock at the door. Ginger opens it, revealing Anne.

ANNE

Hi.

GINGER

Well hello, Anne! I was beginning
to think you might not show.

Anne enters and looks around.

For a brief moment, all action stops - all eyes are on her.

The moment passes and life returns to the party.

The ratio of women to men is at least 3 to 1 and ladies move
from guy to guy, fawning over them.

Lucas is the obvious favorite, and the girls practically
stand in line for a chance to hang all over him.

Lucas ignores the women. He only has eyes for Anne.

Anne notices and tugs on Ginger's arm.

ANNE

Is something wrong with - what's
his name again?

GINGER

Lucas? He's just taken with you.

ANNE

Yeah, well, he gives me the creeps.

GINGER

He only stares because he's shy
around beautiful women.

The gaggle of women around him puts the lie to her comment.

ANNE

That makes me new meat.

Ginger turns to Anne, worried this fish may throw the hook.

GINGER

A new friend. Variety is the spice
of life and Lucas craves variety.
He wants to learn from you.

Anne's eyes still hold worry, but the implied compliment and needed attention chips away at that.

GINGER

Would you like to meet him?

Anne bites her lip, then nods.

INT. OFFICES OF PRIMED MAGAZINE - NIGHT

It's late. Virtually everyone has punched out for the night.

Except for Molly. She reads her work as she types, her eyes bloodshot and heavy.

MOLLY

A dim campfire guided me to Jill's tent. Reaching for the zipper door, I could hear her moan my name.

Molly stops typing.

MOLLY

What the hell am I doing?

She ponders the narrative, then continues -

MOLLY

In that moment, I no longer felt guilty. Instead, all I could think about was - was...

She stares at the keys, her frustration boils over.

MOLLY

FUCK!

MAZZARRI (O.S.)

Close. Very close.

Molly's eyes spring open.

Mazzarri watches Molly from across the office.

MAZZARRI

I think you're looking for "Filling up that tight ass".

MOLLY

How long have you been there?

MAZZARRI

Long enough to pitch a tent.

MOLLY

I swear, I never thought anything
I'd write would include both
vaginal and anal intercourse.

MAZZARRI

Sounds like you're perfect for the
job...

He glances at the byline on her article.

MAZZARRI

Scooter Sunburst.

MOLLY

I don't think I can do this.

MAZZARRI

You'll get the hang of it. The hard
part is knowing that you can't use
anything you do here as a stepping
stone to bigger and better things.

He drags a chair over from another cubicle and sits.

MAZZARRI

When I was a kid, I wanted to
photograph wildlife.

He pulls out his wallet. An accordion of pictures cascades
out. A personal photo gallery of amazing nature shots.

MAZZARRI

I got the skills, but National
Geographic ain't gonna call me when
they see the kind of wildlife I've
been shooting.

MOLLY

You're not helping.

MAZZARRI

Listen. There's a saying we had
back when I played for the Indians.

MOLLY

You played Major League Baseball?

MAZZARRI

Triple A. Shortstop. No big deal.

MOLLY

And what was the saying?

MAZZARRI

Keep your eye on the ball.

Molly looks at him, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

MAZZARRI

Gotta grip it before you rip it?

Molly shrugs, shakes her head. She's not getting it.

MAZZARRI

You gotta live in the moment and do the best with what you've got. The Russians call it "making candy from shit".

He closes his eyes, motions her to do the same.

MAZZARRI

Come on. Do like me.

Molly shoots him a "don't do anything weird" look, then caves and shuts her eyes with a dramatic sigh.

MAZZARRI

You're in a twenty dollar a night hotel. It's a nice place. Why's that? Two words: Central America.

Suddenly, we're whisked magically away to -

INT. A MOTEL ROOM IN PANAMA - FANTASY SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Molly lies on a fantasy bed.

MAZZARRI (V.O.)

Our story begins with two fucking hot chicas, hungry for cock served up hard and blanco. This is... Panama Heat.

SUPERIMPOSE: PANAMA HEAT!

Suddenly, she's sandwiched between two nude **LATINAS**, both absolutely stunning, speaking in Spanish giggles.

MAZZARRI (V.O.)

What do you think?

MOLLY (V.O.)

That these girls are someone's daughter.

MAZZARRI (V.O.)
Trust me, Molly, their dental plan
is much better than ours.

Mazzarri appears next to the bed, breaks the fourth wall.

MAZZARRI
Okay, let's bring in the meat. How
would you describe their suitors?

MOLLY
Tan and muscular. Great tushes.
Nice teeth is a bonus.

Two **STUDS** walk through the door fitting Molly's description.

MAZZARRI
Not bad, but you gotta consider
your readers here. They gotta
believe they have a chance of being
part of these erotic tales.

Mazzarri escorts the studs out. Slaps one on the ass for
good measure.

MAZZARRI
If it's the cock you gotta get
onboard, then it's the cock you
gotta make a believer.

Molly gets it. A light bulb appears over her head and two
FLABBY WHITE GUYS enter in boxers and black socks.

MOLLY
Americans. From Wisconsin. Late
fifties and balding.

MAZZARRI
They haven't been properly fucked
since the Cuban Missile Crisis.

MOLLY
Beer bellies traumatized from years
of brats and Old Milwaukee.

MAZZARRI
(Midwest dialect)
Amen, don'cha know.

The bloated fat boys flop into bed next to the hot Latinas.

Instantly, we're taken back to the -

INT. OFFICES OF PRIMED MAGAZINE - NIGHT

Molly gets chills thinking about it.

MOLLY

Gross.

MAZZARRI

Absolutely. You get the picture?

She nods, smiles her thanks. Mazzarri smiles back.

MAZZARRI

Oh, and they should totally have a
pussy eating contest.

Molly shoots him the side eye and begins typing.

INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bennett goes through his mail, then a stack of photos and articles. He sees one from Molly.

INT. MOLLY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Molly leafs through an issue of Primed.

A copy of the New York Times lays nearby with the headline:

REPORTER LEAPS FROM 30TH FLOOR OF LILY PARK BUILDING

Bennett walks up, Molly's article in his hand.

BENNETT

Do you have a moment to discuss
your article?

Molly nods, looks around. Everyone is looking at her without looking like their looking.

Bennett walks towards the red door, his face dour. The light above the door is spinning, but he ignores it and barges in.

Molly hurries to catch up.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Mazzarri is lighting different women for a different scene.

He sees Bennett and Molly, does the math, and hustles the ladies out, no questions asked.

Bennett motions for Molly to close the door after them.

She does. When she turns back, Bennett holds out the copy of her story.

BENNETT
These are your words? You wrote
this?

Molly looks around, checking to see if she's being punked.

MOLLY
Um, yes.

EXT. RED DOOR - DAY

Mazzarri, the hot chicas, and all of the other writers crowd the door, eavesdropping.

BENNETT (O.S.)
YAAAA-HOOOOOOO!

Everyone breathes a collective sigh of relief.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Bennett dances around. Molly's unsure how to react.

BENNETT
Where did you learn to write like
this?

MOLLY
I, um, college, I guess.

Bennett looks at the paper, kisses it.

BENNETT
This is incredible. Inspired.
Masterful. You were born to write
this stuff.

A reluctant smile finds its way on to Molly's face.

MOLLY
I'm glad you like it.

BENNETT
Like it? I'm had to change my
underwear by the halfway point.

This catches Molly off guard and she giggles.

Bennett grows suddenly serious.

BENNETT
Honestly, Molly. This is first
class. Award winning.

MOLLY
They have awards?

BENNETT
Absolutely. I see a bright future
for you, my dear. Just remember, it
all started here.

Bennett thinks out loud.

BENNETT
Those hacks out there take weeks to
grind out slop.

An idea hits him.

BENNETT
How would you like to mentor the
other writers? Teach them to write
like this?

MOLLY
Gee, uh - I don't know. Past basic
grammar and punctuation, the
ability to tell a story is one of
those thing you either have or you
don't.

BENNETT
I don't expect miracles. Just...
better. How about this, what if I
make you Story Editor?

MOLLY
Excuse me?

BENNETT
I'll give you a nice raise and
complete control over content. I'll
set the tone, you'll make sure it
gets done.

This is all moving so fast. Molly tries to catch up.

MOLLY
I've been here one day. Everyone is
going to hate me.

BENNETT
Once they read this, they'll
understand. And those who don't...

He drags a thumb across his throat.

Molly hems and haws, then finally nods yes.

BENNETT
Oh Praise the Lord!

Bennett dances around, happy as a clam.

EXT. CADILLAC HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly drives up the street and sees someone near Bobby's truck. She stops a few house away, opens her door -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Molly approaches quietly.

The person near the truck is young and doing their best to jimmy the passenger door open with a screwdriver.

Molly bursts into a run.

MOLLY
Hey fuckface!

The kid turns - it's Shane. And he's scared as shit at the sight of an adult running full bore toward him.

He drops his screwdriver and hauls ass away from the scene.

MOLLY
I know who you are, you little
cocksucker! Anything happens to
this truck - I'll have the police
on your ass! Got that?

Molly picks up the screwdriver by the blade end, careful not to smudge any fingerprints.

She turns to go, then looks at the car door. She pulls on the handle and the door pops open. It wasn't even locked.

MOLLY
Dumb shit.

INT. CADILLAC HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly tosses her keys on the kitchen table. The jingling clatter rouses Bobby, who is asleep on the couch.

She freezes, then Bobby settles down and falls back asleep.

On the coffee table, an alarm clock and a note which reads, "Gas" written in a childlike scrawl.

Molly checks the alarm setting, resets it for the next morning and kisses Bobby on the head.

EXT. CADILLAC HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly hauls a gas can from the garage out to Bobby's still running truck and fills the tank.

INT. MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Face scrubbed, Molly jumps into bed with a newspaper in hand. She goes to the editorial page.

There, a point/counterpoint about abortion being murder. She reads for a moment, then it hits her.

She grabs a pad of paper and writes:

IDIOTS AND ABORTION

A knock on her bedroom door and in walks Anne.

MOLLY
Everything alright?

Anne flops into bed and puts her head on Molly's lap.

ANNE
Weird you coming home so late.

Molly strokes Anne's hair.

MOLLY
New jobs are like that at first.
Gotta show'em what you're made of.

Anne shrugs, then nods her head towards the notepad.

ANNE
That your next article?

MOLLY
I think so.

ANNE
The world is filled with idiots,
isn't it?

MOLLY
Mostly. But being an idiot doesn't
mean you're a bad person. It just
means -

ANNE
You live on the third rock from the
sun?

Molly smiles.

MOLLY
It's awfully cynical out tonight.

ANNE
Doesn't mean it's not true. Can I
read it when you're done?

MOLLY
Of course.

Anne sits up, pats Molly on the knee and stumbles out.

Molly smiles, puts pen to paper, and a thought hits her.

She draws a crude stick figure pirate, complete with eye
patch and hook.

She squints one eye like a pirate. Her smile grows.

MOLLY
Arrrrrrr....

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victoria pours over a stack of articles. Everything is crap
and she tosses them in the trash one after the other.

At the bottom of the stack is Molly's portfolio. One of the
articles in it protrudes from it. The title reads:

TO CAPSAICIN BEE, FROM DESPAIR

She considers, then curiosity gets the best of her. She
grabs it, then a red marker, ready to slash and burn.

As she reads, the contempt leaves her eyes.

LATER

Victoria sets the article down. Not a single red mark on it.

She sighs, big and dramatic.

Shit!

VICTORIA

FADE OUT :