

ATTACK OF THE CHILD BRIDE

Written by

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INT. TROY'S SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark.

Street light through shaded windows.

TROY SANDAGE (late twenties, movie-star handsome and blue collar) snores in a papazon chair, lots of empty beerc ans around his bare feet, a composition book in his lap.

Observing him from across the room, keys in hand, stands FLORIDA JONES, 19 maybe 20, beautiful but tough, and full-on pregnant. She wears a brown and orange Dan's Burgers uniform.

Florida pockets her keys, walks over, and takes the composition book from his lap. She flips through it...

CLOSE we see the first page of the book, it reads:

MR. TROY SANDAGE

PLAN TO MAKE ONE MILLION DOLLARS BEFORE BIRTH OF CHILD.  
BOY(PAUL, JOHN, or GEORGE) OR GIRL (SARAH, ZELDA or JOAN)

Florida flips through the pages, her big eyes unimpressed.

There are CHARTS, GRAPHS, FIGURES. She stops on a page that reads:

PROFESSIONALS I KNOW (CONNECTIONS)

Several names are listed along with phone numbers.

She turns the page REVEALING:

A drawing of a kid playing baseball. A dad claps in the stands saying, "ATTABOY!"

She turns another page. Another baseball drawing.

Her benign eyes turn annoyed as she turns page after page, revealing more and more goofy father-fantasies.

Florida slams the book closed and drops it.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Florida stands at the kitchen counter writing a note.

Florida fills a duffel bag with clothes.

Florida opens a drawer, digs through loose CD's and paperbacks and grabs a RECORD SLEEVE. She pulls it out. It's "TIMOTHY PEPPERTON & THE EASY BANDITS" and it's well-worn and signed by every member of the band. An old SPARKLY HEART STICKER with a worm coming out of it is stuck in one corner of the album.

Standing in the light of the refrigerator, Florida eats the last pickle slice from a jar, then starts chugging the bright green brine.

Florida stands by the door, where we first saw her, a guitar over her shoulder. She stares at Troy, still asleep.

FLORIDA

If you wake up right now. If you  
wake up and lock eyes with me and  
say, "I love you" then I never  
leave. Then I'm yours for all of  
time.

Florida stares.

Troy lightly farts.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA'S OLD BLUE VAN - NIGHT

The engine growls and whines as Florida turns the key. She takes the key out, sucks it to wet it with her spit, then tries again. The engine growls to life and she looks back over her shoulder and throws it into reverse.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Florida takes the exit from the 5 south onto the 134 East. She's leaving Burbank.

The country music SCORE rises, the TITLE superimposed HUGE:

**SHE**

INT. FLORIDA'S OLD BLUE VAN - NIGHT

Florida digs through the glove box. She unfolds a map and sets it in the passenger seat. Just then, a phone starts buzzing. She pulls her crappy non-smart phone out of her pocket, looks at it. The little screen reads, "TROY."

She tosses the phone aside, hits the gas.

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

Florida fills her tank.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Florida passes the big "WELCOME TO ARIZONA SIGN."

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida cruises through the desert, huge, fork-shaped saguaro cacti flashing by.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida passes a "WELCOME TO NEW MEXICO" sign.

Then a smaller, "WELCOME TO THE CITY OF ALBUQUERQUE SIGN."

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Florida pulls up and parks in the lot. She looks around, digs a knife out of the junk in the middle console, and sticks it into her big, woven rope purse. She grabs the Easy Bandits record sleeve and pops opens the door.

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING/WALKWAY - DAY

Florida walks along the buildings walkway with intent, stepping around the random refuse that litters it. Old bike rims and plastic birdcages.

She knocks on the door to room 17.

After a second, a burly older woman answers.

BURLY OLDER WOMAN

Yes?

FLORIDA

I'm looking for Tim. Tim Pepperton.  
He used to live here. We did.

BURLY OLDER WOMAN

Don't know him. Sorry.

Florida pulls the record sleeve and shows it to her. She taps the face of the man standing in the middle of the picture. He's got a big face, a beard, curly hair. By no means handsome in the traditional sense, but charismatic.

BURLY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I never seen him. Sorry.

FLORIDA  
Okay. Anyone else live here?

BURLY OLDER WOMAN  
My husband, but he's at work.

FLORIDA  
Okay. Thanks anyways.

BURLY OLDER WOMAN  
He the daddy?

Florida looks down at her huge belly, shakes her head as if she'd forgotten she was pregnant for a minute.

FLORIDA  
Oh yeah. Yeah.

BURLY OLDER WOMAN  
Good luck, honey.

The woman closes the door. Florida looks around, sighs.

EXT. SHABBY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Florida walks down the stairs when she sees a stringy, long-haired Native American dude, ISAAC PROMISE sitting in a Big Wheels Jeep and eating oranges. He's wincing as he chews.

Florida's face lights up.

FLORIDA  
Isaac!

Isaac looks up.

ISAAC  
Florida!

Florida walks to Isaac, gives him a hug. He takes another bite of orange, winces.

FLORIDA  
Those are ornamental orange trees,  
you know?

ISAAC

Yeah, I know. I know. Just wanted  
the vitamins though. Look at you!

Isaac kneels, looks at her belly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

That's amazing. Beautiful. Tim's  
the daddy?

FLORIDA

Sure.

ISAAC

Ah that's beautiful. So beautiful.

Isaac starts to tear up. He wipes the tears away, annoyed  
that they're coming.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Oh God damn it! I'm sorry. I just,  
I'm pretty buzzed.

FLORIDA

It's okay. Me and Tim've lost touch  
though. You haven't seen him  
around, have you?

ISAAC

Naw. He took off a few days after  
you did.

FLORIDA

Fuck.

Isaac points to the album Florida's holding.

ISAAC

Shit, is that an Easy Bandits?

FLORIDA

Yeah.

Distracted Florida hands the album to Isaac. Isaac looks at  
it. He taps the face of the bass player MIKE. Blond and  
balding with a mustache and mutton chops.

ISAAC

Oh shit. I know this guy. This dude  
came by looking for Tim too. Like  
three months ago. Pissed as hell,  
saying Tim owed him money and shit.

FLORIDA

Yeah, well. Mike thinks everybody  
owes him something.

ISAAC

Mike, yeah, that's it. Mike  
Spitzer. He left his contact info  
for me. I should still have it if  
you want it.

FLORIDA

That'd be great.

Isaac hops back into his Big Wheels Jeep.

ISAAC

C'mon. Get in.

Florida hops in and they zip around the corner in the little  
kid-car.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida sits staring at a slip of paper and dialing a number  
into her cell phone.

After a moment, a husky voice answers. It's Mike.

MIKE (O.S.)

Hello?

FLORIDA

Hey, Mike. It's Florida.

MIKE

What the fuck do you want?

FLORIDA

I'm looking for Tim.

MIKE

Don't fucking call me.

Mike hangs up.

FLORIDA

Hello? Mike? Hello? Fuck.

Florida calls again. It goes straight to voice mail.

MIKE (O.S.)  
(voicemail)

Hello, you've reached Mike Spitzer,  
Easy Does It Plumbing. Please leave  
a brief message with a phone number  
and I'll get back to you as soon as  
possible.

FLORIDA

Mike. Call me back. I just want to  
talk to you.

Florida hangs up. Looks at the phone. Just then, a text comes through from Troy. It reads:

MY LOVE MY LOVE MY LOVE! CALL ME! PLEASE!

Florida tosses the phone aside, starts up the car.

EXT. SHABBY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Florida's van pulls away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Florida's van speeds down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREASY SPOON DINER - DUSK

Through a window, Florida sits in a booth, ordering.

Outside, a large baby-faced man with a mohawk and filthy, black clothes sits down on a curb.

FLORIDA

I'll have the meatloaf, burnt, with  
the mashed potatoes and garlic  
toast. A black and white malt, a  
side of the spaghetti with beef  
chili on top.

WAITER

You want the chili on the  
spaghetti?

FLORIDA

On the top, or all mixed in. And  
sour cream. Lots.

She flops the menu down

CUT TO:

The table is full of greasy plates, the malt glass is empty. Florida scrapes the last spoonful of chili from a plate, sucks the spoon clean. She's done with dinner.

She looks out the window.

THROUGH IT, we see a large, baby-faced man with a mohawk panning for change with gusto, doing curtsies and little jigs and rapping. He is wearing worn out cargo shorts, a long black trench coat, and carries a cane with an ornate wolf head. This is RUGBUG GRAVES. A few bags of groceries sit beside him.

Florida looks at him with disgust.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Yuck.

Florida looks around, then grabs her purse and walks into the bathroom.

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Florida washes her hands and walks to the door.

She takes a deep breath, pushes the door open, and walks straight into the parking lot.

EXT. GREASY SPOON DINER - NIGHT

Florida is halfway to her car when a BURLY MANAGER walks out into the parking lot.

BURLY MANAGER

Miss.

Florida turns.

FLORIDA

Yes?

BURLY MANAGER

You, uh. You didn't pay your bill.

FLORIDA

Oh, I'm sorry. Jesus. I get so light headed hefting these twins around. How much was it?

BURLY MANAGER  
I'm actually going to need you to  
step inside.

Rugbug notices what's going on, approaches.

RUGBUG  
What's going on here?

FLORIDA  
I forgot to pay.

BURLY MANAGER  
No, you skipped out on a pretty  
hefty bill. And I'm going to call  
the cops.

FLORIDA  
Seriously?

RUGBUG  
Yeah, seriously, man? Who cares?  
She's going to pay you now.

BURLY MANAGER  
Please come inside.

FLORIDA  
No, I can't. I'm sorry.

The manager approaches her, grabs her arm.

BURLY MANAGER  
Come inside.

RUGBUG  
Whoa! Unhand her, dude. That's a  
pregnant lady.

The manager takes a few steps towards Rugbug.

BURLY MANAGER  
Stay out of this.

RUGBUG  
Oh, but I'm already *in it*,  
motherfucker!

Florida walks to her van quick. The manager twists to her.

BURLY MANAGER  
You stay right the fuck there!

Florida starts to get in. The manager charges her.

Rugbug, in turn, charges the manager and kicks him in the back. The manager stumbles, turns, and charges Rugbug like a bull.

Rugbug swings his grocery bags and nails the manager in the side of his head. The sack tears and cookies scatter.

The manager keeps coming.

Rugbug nails him with the other bag, which contains a gallon jug of milk.

BWOOSH! Milk goes everywhere and the Manager drops, unconscious.

Rugbug jogs back from him and dances from foot to foot as Florida watches while trying to start up her van.

RUGBUG

You ever have milk and cookies like that, motherfucker?! You ever have milk and cookies like that?!

Rugbug looks over and a few patrons and a greasy-apron COOK have accumulated right outside the diners doors.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Self-defense. Defense of a pregnant lady!

The cook points at Rugbug.

COOK

I'm calling the cops.

RUGBUG

No, don't...

It's too late. The cook and the patron are already inside.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Ffffffuck. Fuck.

Rugbug looks around, starts to run. Then he looks over at Florida, who's just starting up her car. He runs over and taps on the window.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Can I get a ride? They called the cops on us. I got priors and shit. Please.

Florida doesn't respond.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
C'mon. I just need a *ride*. I just  
saved your ass! Please!

Florida nods and unlocks the passenger door.

Rugbug runs around and jumps in.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Go go go go go.

He scrunches down in the seat and laughs as Florida drives  
away fast.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
(elated)  
Fuck! That's like the bravest thing  
I ever did. Fuck. Awesome. I'm  
Rugbug by the way.

He reaches over for a shake.

FLORIDA  
Florida.

RUGBUG  
What?

FLORIDA  
I'm Florida.

RUGBUG  
All right. Cool name. Good to meet  
you, Florida.

FLORIDA  
So where am I taking you?

RUGBUG  
Just like a mile from here. Pidgy's  
house.

EXT. PIDGY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An old, 60's era house. Light in just a window or two.

Florida's van pulls up, parks.

RUGBUG  
You want to stay here tonight?

FLORIDA  
No thanks.

RUGBUG

I don't mean in like, a romantic way. You want to just crash here for the night?

FLORIDA

Naw, I'm good.

RUGBUG

Really? You going to go waste sixty, seventy dollars on some sleazebag motel when you got a real house with a long-ass soft-ass couch just waiting for you right there.

Florida looks at the house.

FLORIDA

I don't you to bug me. You don't touch me, all right?

RUGBUG

What the fuck? You fucking crazy? I saved you. I'm the opposite, literally the fucking opposite of what you just said. Pure gentleman. You know what, actually? Fuck you.

Rugbug throws open his door.

FLORIDA

All right. I'm sorry.

RUGBUG

Cool. C'mon then.

INT. PIDGY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Florida sits on a couch under blankets. The house is sad, cluttered. The lair of a hoarder.

Florida watches as Rugbug, in the kitchen, fills a glass with water.

He brings it in to her and sets it down on the coffee table in front of her, sloppily throwing a bunch of refuse on the ground to make space for it.

Rugbug leans back and sighs, trying to think of something to say.

RUGBUG

You're not scared of mice, are you?

FLORIDA

No. Why?

RUGBUG

Just, a fuckload of mice in here.

FLORIDA

All right, I'm going to go to sleep.

RUGBUG

Yeah. Of course.

Rugbug turns, looks at Rugbug.

FLORIDA

Goodnight.

RUGBUG

Goodnight.

Rugbug leans in and tries to kiss Florida.

FLORIDA

What the fuck was that?

RUGBUG

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

FLORIDA

What did we just talk about?

RUGBUG

It's just, a guy's gotta try. Okay?  
That's it. I had to try. I won't try again.

FLORIDA

I'm pregnant.

RUGBUG

I know. But you're hot too.

FLORIDA

Yuck. Get out of here. Now.

Rugbug stands.

RUGBUG

What's so gross about me?

FLORIDA  
Go to sleep.

RUGBUG  
No, seriously. I'm just curious. As someone who doesn't know me. What's so gross about me?

FLORIDA  
You really want to know?

RUGBUG  
Lay it on me, bitch.

FLORIDA  
You're dirty. You're ugly. You're face...

She stops herself. It's too mean.

RUGBUG  
What? What about my face?

FLORIDA  
It looks like a monkey's face. Like a pink monkey.

RUGBUG  
Really? Really?

Rugbug turns, looks in an ornate mirror on the opposite wall. He makes a few faces.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Fuck you're right. I do look like a fucking monkey. Fuck.

FLORIDA  
Look. Everybody kind of looks like a monkey.

RUGBUG  
No, that's not true. You look like a doll or an angel or some shit.

Rugbug shakes his head, slaps his face around a little.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Yuck is right. Ech. Blech. Ugh.

Rugbug grabs a blanket from a pile of dirty clothes, lays down and closes his eyes.

A moment passes.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Ooga booga.

FLORIDA  
What's that?

RUGBUG  
That's how a monkey says good  
night.

Florida looks over at this goof for a second, decides he's an idiot but not dangerous. She closes her eyes.

FLORIDA  
Good night.

DIP TO BLACK:

EXT. MISTY WOODS - DAY

A rusted blue pick-up truck is settled between red woods and ferns. Right beneath the bumper is a mound of earth from something large having just been buried.

A trio of grunting oddballs all in black struggle to pull something from the truck's bed.

It's a crude, folk art bust made of concrete. The base of it is crowned with whiskey bottles, beer bottles. A joint sticks out of the man's mouth and a revolver is fixed in the base which reads, "BEN WATSON, 1970-2010 A DAD, A MAN, THE SHIT."

A lean, RED-FACED MAN with a scraggly goatee walks in front of the truck, chugging whiskey as the oddballs keep working the bust towards the edge of the truck.

RED-FACED MAN  
Fuck death! Fuck death in it's bony fucking face! And fuck whoever it was that put the bullet in Ben's heart. We're going to find that motherfucker, and put a bullet in his heart. Maybe he's even among you.

A REVERSE REVEALS who the man is addressing. A large crowd of mourners in the darkened trees. Most are in black. There's maniacs, drug-addicts, transvestites, Indians. All are outcasts, all our rebels.

RED-FACED MAN (CONT'D)  
I doubt it though, I doubt it. I  
love all you crazy fuckers.  
(MORE)

RED-FACED MAN (CONT'D)

Some people say a funeral is a celebration of life. Not this one. This man was too fucking young to celebrate. This is a travesty. This is bullshit. Leaving behind a beautiful little girl like this. Like Florida there.

12 YEAR OLD FLORIDA stands among the mourners. Her face is red from crying, but numb and expressionless now.

RED-FACED MAN (CONT'D)

It's just, this is fucked. So fucking fucked. Fuck this.

The red-faced man starts crying. He walks away just as the oddballs get the bust out of the back of the truck. One slips and they drop the thing deep into the mud.

SPRAYING the mourners with a huge mess of mud droplets.

INT. PIDGY'S HOUSE - DAY

Florida wakes up with a start.

RUGBUG (O.S.)

Hey.

Florida turns to the kitchen where Rugbug frisbees and Eggo waffle at her.

She misses it and it hits her in the chin.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Ah! Too slow. Get ready.

Rugbug throws another. She catches it. He claps a little.

Rugbug walks through the room with a bunch of Eggos on a plate. He puts them in a room and closes the door.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Pidgy. She eats like seventy of those a day. It's nuts.

Florida walks towards the bathroom. She enters and closes the door. Rugbug lingers outside.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Hey, so I've been thinking.

INT. PIDGY'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

Florida pulls her jeans down, starts taking a leak.

RUGBUG

This fucking town, I don't fit in here. I mean, you take a glance, you see a lot of mohawks in the crowd, but that shit stops at the scalp for most people. No real rebels like my ass. I gotta get out of here.

FLORIDA

No way.

INT. PIDGY'S HOUSE - DAY

Florida exit the bathroom. Rugbug tails her as she packs up a few things.

RUGBUG

What the fuck do you mean, no way?

FLORIDA

I mean I roll alone. You're not invited with, and you're not coming.

RUGBUG

Uh, really? Crazy. That's how you operate? Dude saves your life, gives you a place to sleep, and you just say syanora and go fuck yourself. Seriously?

FLORIDA

You didn't save my life.

RUGBUG

Well, I guess we'll never know. Cause I stopped the situation. A shitty thing, a totally shitty thing, was happening to you and I thwarted it. Can you argue with that?

FLORIDA

No. And I do thank you for it, but--

RUGBUG

(interrupting)

Well you're very welcome.

(MORE)

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

That's just what I do. I help. Now let me hitch a ride with you. Just as far as Austin. That's where I came from. I have some unsettled business there.

FLORIDA

What about Pidgy?

RUGBUG

Waffle-woman? She takes me for granted. Fuck her.

FLORIDA

But what'll she do without you?

RUGBUG

I don't know. Whatever it was she was doing on Tuesday before I met her at the Walgreens. I've only been living here three days. C'mon. Let me come with you. Please. I'm a cool, safe guy. Please.

Florida stares at him.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida and Rugbug roll down the road.

RUGBUG

Yeah, motherfucker! Fuck this fucking city. Adios shitberg!

Rugbug pulls a beer seemingly out of nowhere, cracks it open, and tries to hand it to Florida. She won't take it.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't be a pussy.

Florida takes the beer, rolls her window down, and tosses it out.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Aw, what the fuck? You crazy.

Rugbug cracks another beer for himself, cheers her shoulder.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

How old are you by the way?

FLORIDA

I'm eighteen.

RUGBUG

Chhhhssh. I'm fucking thirty-six.  
I've lived your life twice. I can  
give you all kinds of little  
knowledge sand shit, about what the  
second half is going to be like.

FLORIDA

Naw, that's okay.

Florida's phone starts ringing.

RUGBUG

Oh man, fuck this city. Adios  
Oakland, you fucking piece of shit.  
Fuck you. Gross-ass busted ass  
city. If I had a j right now you  
know what I'd be doing? Fucking  
lighting it. Passing it. Madness,  
it'd be madness. So where're we  
headed first?

FLORIDA

Phoenix.

RUGBUG

Your phone's ringing, you know.

FLORIDA

Yeah, I know.

Florida nails the gas.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van flies south on the five.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - NIGHT

Rugbug takes two hard-boiled eggs from his pocket and starts peeling one.

RUGBUG

Egg?

FLORIDA

Sure. Thanks.

Rugbug hands one to Florida. She peels it with one hand while driving.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
Where do you keep getting these?

RUGBUG  
Where do you think? I'm laying them. I was born with a condition, like a hole on my back, just above my tailbone. And eggs come out of it, like six a day. So I had a scientist build this steam tube, like a tube full of hot steam jets, that goes all the way from the hole, up my back, down my sleeve, and into the pocket of my coat. I lay an egg, and by the time it makes it through the steam tube to my pocket, it's hard-boiled.

Florida finishes peeling the egg, takes a bite of it.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Be careful though, if you find like a little gooey red version of me in the yolk, don't swallow it. That's one of my sons. I raise them up in the other pocket of my jacket. Feed 'em raisins and shit. They do my bidding.

Florida winces, rolls the window down.

FLORIDA  
Yuck.

She drops the egg out.

RUGBUG  
Ah, what the fuck, that's a waste of an egg!

FLORIDA  
Sorry. You grossed me out.

RUGBUG  
What, you believed me? You think we live in a fucking fantasy land? I just loaded my pockets up with eggs before we left. These are Pidgy's. Or were Pidgy's. And you wasted one. One of an old woman's eggs. Whack move.

"Easy Does It," a country rock song, comes on the radio. Rugbug turns it up.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Oooh, shit. I love this song.

Florida changes the station.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Aw what the fuck? You don't like  
White Dove?

FLORIDA  
White Dove is fine. That's a cover  
you know, they didn't write it.

RUGBUG  
Who did?

Florida takes a deep breath, blinks.

FLORIDA  
No idea.

Rugbug stares at her for a few seconds.

RUGBUG  
It's fun to watch pretty girls  
think.

FLORIDA  
Shut the fuck up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S "STEAK AND SONG" - NIGHT

Half music venue, half steak house. Worn velvet, polished  
wood, and amber-colored light.

An OLDER CROWD in Western wear watches Tim and The Easy  
Bandits perform their hit, "Easy Does It."

TIM PEPPERTON is a big man in a worn-out nudie suit with lots  
of tassles. He's not typically handsome, but charismatic as  
hell.

We DRIFT through the crowd, settling finally on a YOUNGER  
FLORIDA, dressed in black and with most of her hair dyed  
teal. Similarly styled and just a couple years older, her  
boyfriend BUCK, has his arm around her.

While she's entranced by the music and the man making it,  
Buck is totally annoyed. He leans into her.

BUCK  
(whispering)  
I don't know how much more of this  
shit I can listen to.

Florida shushes him hard without breaking her eyes from the stage.

Buck walks over and gets another beer.

As he sips, he looks back in between her and Tim. He doesn't like the way she's looking at him.

INT. SAM'S STEAK AND SONG - NIGHT

With another, calmer act onstage, Tim and the rest of the Easy Bandits are over in the restaurant half of the joint, all eating steaks, burgers. Beer and martinis.

Holding an Easy Bandits album to her breast, Florida takes a deep breath, then approaches as the grumpy bass player, MIKE SPITZER, stands.

FLORIDA  
Mr. Brisbee?

Tim looks up at her.

TIM  
What's up, baby?

FLORIDA  
I was wondering if you could sign  
this for me.

TIM  
Can't hear you, I'm sorry.

FLORIDA  
(louder)  
Oh, I'm sorry. Could you sign this  
for me?

TIM  
I still can't hear you.

Tim scoots deeper into the booth.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Think you're going to have to sit  
right here for me to hear you.

Florida smiles, sits. He takes her album, pats his pockets for a pen. She notices this, hands him a marker and he starts to sign her album.

TIM (CONT'D)  
So... You like my music?

FLORIDA  
I do. My dad used to play it for me all the time.

TIM  
Good. Well you can go tell papa I like your music too.

FLORIDA  
(taken aback)  
You've heard my music?

TIM  
Yep.

Tim looks up from his bloody steak, swirls his hand all around her face.

TIM (CONT'D)  
All this music right here.

FLORIDA  
Oh, thanks.

TIM  
Here, let's get the rest of them to sign it too.

Tim passes the album to the dude right beside him. Tim looks her up and down.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Are you, or any close relative of yours, a member of law enforcement?

FLORIDA  
No.

TIM  
Well then, you like to do drugs?

FLORIDA  
Depends I guess. Mostly.

TIM  
Hm. Why don't you come do some magic mushrooms with us after this.  
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Friend of mine breeds rabbits. We gonna go hang out in the bunny pens. Get high as hell and pet 'em all night.

FLORIDA

My boyfriend's waiting for me outside.

TIM

Boyfriend?! Oof, don't stick that pin in my ear, baby.

Just then, the waitress walks by with a couple little metal cups of butter. She sets them besides Tim's plate.

TIM (CONT'D)

Well, seeing as I've only get a minute or two of you, I'm going to teach you how to eat a t-bone steak. Take that ball of butter, that honey butter, then just plop it in right here in the marrow hole. It gets all creamy, all loose, while your sawing at the meat. And you just, spread it on there like that.

He dips his finger in it dabs some onto a bit of steak, sucks his finger clean and eats the steak. He cuts a bite for her.

TIM (CONT'D)

Open up.

Before she can eat the bite, Mike walks up, clears his throat.

TIM (CONT'D)

You all right?

DANNY

Just wanna finish my burger.

Tim grabs his plate, hands it up to him.

TIM

Here you go.

MIKE

Wanted to sit. Where I was sitting.

Just then, the album comes back to Florida. She takes it and stands.

FLORIDA

Oh, pardon me. I actually got to  
get going anyhow. Thank you, Mr.  
Brisbee.

TIM

Here, just lemme sign this one more  
time for good measure.

Tim takes the record, seems to sign it, and hands it back to  
her.

TIM (CONT'D)

Seeya later, sweetie.

FLORIDA

Bye.

Florida walks back to the edge of the bar, looks back to the  
table. Tim is pulling at the waitress's apron strings and  
cackling like a maniac. It's like she's already forgotten.

INT. BUCK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Florida sits in the passenger seat, Hank drives. Punk rock  
plays on the stereo.

BUCK

I'm sorry, I just can't stand that  
country shit. It's like the  
soundtrack to all those shit  
kickers kicking the shit out of me  
when I used to live in Prescott.

FLORIDA

Naw, it's fine. I get it.  
Everybody's got their music.

BUCK

He sign your album for you?

FLORIDA

Naw. He didn't have a pen.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

Buck sleeps in swirling multi-colored light coming from a  
small, flimsy disco lamp.

Florida sits Indian style, wide awake, and staring at the  
album.

Drawn beneath the signatures is a quick and sloppy mushroom, a bunny and COME!

Florida takes a deep breath, stands, and walks out the door. Lingering on that door, flanked by filth and punk rock posters we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. BIG RABBIT PEN - NIGHT

A dirt floor and bunnies. Gray ones. White ones. Pink eyes.

Laughter.

Florida and Tim make out, all wrapped around each other, bunny's running all around them.

FLORIDA  
I ain't going all the way.

TIM  
Well neither am I. I'm saving myself for marriage.

Tim starts to undo his belt.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Got myself a hope chest and everything. Lil baby rattle in there.

Tim pulls his cock out, reaches up Florida's skirt and pulls her panties down.

FLORIDA  
I'm serious. I ain't fucking.

Tim looks her deep in the eyes, sees that she ain't playing. He takes a deep breath and lets it out slow, rolling away from her.

TIM  
Maybe you could do some shit to my dick anyway.

Florida looks down at it, pats his ass.

FLORIDA  
Someday.

TIM

Someday. Okay, baby. Then I'm going to put this ol' thing away before one of these critters here mistakes it for a carrot.

Tim puts his cock away, looks up at her with love in his eyes.

Florida sees this, smiles. He pats his chest.

FLORIDA

Uh-oh.

TIM

What?

FLORIDA

I'm getting in here, ain't I?

Tim won't say.

TIM

What about *le boyfriend*? Ain't you in somewhere else already?

FLORIDA

I'm going to call him in the morning.

TIM

Shit. I'll give you a quarter you can call 'im right now.

FLORIDA

I got my own quarters, thanks.

Florida lays back. Tim traces his fingers down the front of her crummy t-shirt.

TIM

We got to get you some less shitty clothes.

FLORIDA

I like my clothes.

TIM

You need lace.

FLORIDA

Give me a fucking break.

TIM

Lace all up your chest. All around  
your ankles, your wrists. A tiara  
for your princessy lil head.

Tim leans in and starts kissing her some more.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Tim and Florida walk towards band's van.

TIM

You got any shit you need to pick  
up?

FLORIDA

Nothing worth picking up. No.

Tim and Florida get into the van. Mike, in the back, is trying to rub the hangover out of his head, sipping on a long Mexican coke. He looks up with one bloodshot eye.

MIKE

What's she doing here?

TIM

You said I could pick one out. So I  
picked one out.

Tim slams the door to the van, sealing Florida inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - NIGHT

Florida keeps driving. Antsy Rugbug itches his ankle.

RUGBUG

Fuck you don't talk much do you?

FLORIDA

It's all relative.

RUGBUG

What's that supposed to mean?

FLORIDA

You talk too fucking much.

RUGBUG

Duh. I'm loquacious. It's how I get  
by. Gift of gab, baby. Gift. Of.

(MORE)

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Gab. Hey hey hey. Nice to meet ya,  
what's your name? People fucking  
love me, man.

Rugbug laughs, chugs more beer.

FLORIDA

You got a funny laugh.

RUGBUG

Yeah, I know. You know one time my  
parents sat me down at told me that  
I should maybe consider changing my  
laugh. You believe that shit?

FLORIDA

That's fucked.

RUGBUG

Yeah, I know. No shit it's fucked.  
They're fucked. Fucked up people.  
Nice church going fucked up  
motherfuckers now. Fuck them. This  
is my God.

Rugbug raises his beer high, chugs more. He tugs his mohawk.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Where're your parents?

FLORIDA

I never had a mom.

RUGBUG

What do you mean? She die?

FLORIDA

Naw, she split right after I was  
born. My dad's the one who died.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL TRAILER - NIGHT

Chubby 12 Year Old Florida, covered in mud from earlier,  
opens the door to the trailer and walks in.

The PARK MANAGER, a hulking kind-faced man whom we recognize  
from the funeral, stands at the door.

PARK MANAGER

Now, I don't want you worrying  
about rent or anything.  
(MORE)

PARK MANAGER (CONT'D)

You stay here for as long as you need. And if you need any food, anything, just come by and talk to me and Angie, okay?

Little Florida nods.

FLORIDA

Okay.

PARK MANAGER

You sure you don't want to stay with us tonight. Cook you a nice big breakfast.

FLORIDA

I want to sleep in my own bed.

PARK MANAGER

Okay, honey. G'night. Don't forget to lock this door.

Florida nods. The Park Manager closes the door. She locks it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of a spinning record. The label reads Tim Pepperton & The Easy Bandits. One of the songs is playing.

Florida lies in bed, a forearm across her brow. She's staring at the record cover and weeping.

CLOSE on it, WE SEE that it's the same record with the sparkly star on it, that will accompany on her entire journey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LITTLE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Florida straddles Tim, who is wearing his nudie suit. They make out hard in front of a big vanity mirror framed by globe bulbs.

Mike knocks at the door.

MIKE (O.S.)

C'mon. We going on.

TIM

Gimme three minutes.

MIKE (O.S.)  
Put the little girl down and let's  
go.

TIM  
Three minutes.

Tim unzips, takes Florida's hand and puts it on his cock.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Gimme three minutes baby, come on.

FLORIDA  
Nope.

TIM  
Come on. I need it.

FLORIDA  
I told you, someday.

TIM  
It's been eleven days.

FLORIDA  
Yeah, so now I got to do it? S'that  
your limit?

TIM  
No, no. You don't *have* to do  
anything. But I'm starting to get  
bored is all.

FLORIDA  
Really?

Florida licks his face like a cat.

TIM  
You gotta get me off. I'm going  
fucking crazy.

FLORIDA  
How crazy?

TIM  
I'm gonna explode.

FLORIDA  
I wanna see that.

TIM  
Seriously, baby? C'mon?

FLORIDA  
Not right now.

TIM  
When then? When?

Mike knocks on the door again.

FLORIDA  
Someday.

TIM  
Someday. God damn it.

Tim gets up and start shuffling towards the door. Florida laughs.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Don't you laugh, baby. S'your fault  
I gotta walk this way. God damn.

He walks out, slams the door HARD!

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Tim is up on stage singing, the Easy Bandits playing behind him.

A big BRASH BUSINESS MAN on a night out is trying to impress his date.

Tim is singing, but the man's talking is so loud it's messing up the song. Tim stops singing, gestures for the band to stop too. He squats at the end of the stage, looks at the man cock-eyed. Some people laugh.

TIM  
'Scuse me, sir. You got a better  
song for everybody here?

The guy laughs, takes the mic and starts singing. "The Candy Man."

Tim smiles, taps his toe, then his expression turns rageful and he jumps onto the man from the stage and they start wailing on each other.

The Business man gets the upper hand and starts kicking Tim in the belly. Tim grabs a steak knife from the ground and stabs it down hard into the man's foot.

The man screams as blood gushes and Mike leaps onto him and starts wailing. It's a total melee.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tim, in a towel, sits on the edge of the bed with a ice pack against his face. He looks up at his hand.

FLORIDA  
You look funny when you fight.

TIM  
(ignoring her)  
God damn.

Tim holds up his hand.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I still got that guy's blood all  
under my fingernails.

FLORIDA  
I can get it out.

Florida slinks over, gets in his lap and puts his fingers in his mouth. She starts sucking them.

TIM  
You eat my blood, that means I'm  
going to eat your blood. Fifty-  
fifty. You bleed yet?

Tim undoes his belt, works up her skirt. She's not stopping him this time as she sucks and licks his fingers. He starts getting excited, working faster.

FLORIDA  
I bleed.

Tim starts pushing up hard, working his way into her. She breathes hard into her ear.

TIM  
Where you been bleeding? You ain't  
allowed to bleed nowhere but in my  
lap from now on. I need you  
bleeding all over me like you  
'sposed to.

He's in. They start fucking.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(panting)  
I'm gonna drink your blood, baby.  
I'm gonna drink every fucking drop.  
Drain you dry.

EXT. EASY DOES IT PLUMBING - DAY

Florida pulls up in front of the place and parks.

RUGBUG

This is where the daddy works?

FLORIDA

No. I don't know where the daddy is, but this is where an old friend of his works.

Florida throws the door open.

INT. EASY DOES IT PLUMBING - DAY

The entry bell jingles as Florida enters. She walks to the counter where the OLD MANAGER is tacking at a big old computer.

FLORIDA

'Scuse me. Is Mike Spitzer here?

OLD MANAGER

No, he's out on a job.

FLORIDA

Oh shoot. You know where? My dad told me to meet him at his house with the keys, but he didn't say which property.

OLD MANAGER

Just a second.

The old manager gets up, walks to a pile of invoices on the counter and thumbs through them.

OLD MANAGER

Looks like he's over on Oak street.

FLORIDA

Okay. Crazy thing though, both houses are on Oak street. Two different Oak streets.

OLD MANAGER

Two different Oak streets?

FLORIDA

Yeah. Can you believe that? Some kind of city oversight.

OLD MANANGER  
I never heard of that.

FLORIDA  
Oh no? Well--

Florida grits her teeth and holds her belly.

OLD MANANGER  
You okay?

FLORIDA  
Yeah, yeah. Carrying triplets here  
is all. Kinda smarts if I've got to  
stay of my feet for too long. So  
the Oak Street house...

OLD MANANGER  
Okay, yeah. He's over on thirty-  
seven twenty-nine *East* Oak.

FLORIDA  
East Oak. Okay, great. That's what  
I thought. Thank you.

Florida drops the pained woman act and charges out the door  
towards the van.

EXT. OAK STREET HOUSE - DAY

MIKE SPITZER, wearing coveralls and smoking a cigarette,  
comes walking around the side of the house carrying a mucky  
bucket full of tools, including a drain snake.

He SEES SOMETHING OFF SCREEN and stops dead in his tracks.

A REVERSE REVEALS Florida leaning against his truck.

MIKE  
What the fuck do you want?

FLORIDA  
I told you. I'm looking for Tim.

Mike points his cigarette at her belly.

MIKE  
That your latest collaboration  
there?

Mike drops the tailgate of his truck. CLANK!

Florida flinches.

Rugbug, watching from behind the van parked a few car-lengths down, flinches also.

Mike sets his bucket and tools in the truck bed, slams the tailgate back into place.

FLORIDA

All I want to know is where Tim is.

MIKE

All I want is to never see your face again.

FLORIDA

Why you hate me so much?

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

You know what I just spent the afternoon doing? I cracked open a black pipe with a sledge hammer and routed around inside. Pulled up some pink hair curlers, kind like they don't even make anymore, an army man, and about ten gallons of sludge made of hair and shit and decades worth of human filth. I used to make my living drinking beer, playing bass with my best friends. Little ladies, little ladies like you, watching. Ain't no little ladies watching me work with the sludge. Not a one.

Mike walks towards the door of the truck. Florida stands in the way, barring his entrance.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get out of my way.

FLORIDA

Please. I know you hate me. But for me and Tim's baby. I just want his father to know about him.

MIKE

I haven't talked to Tim in years.

FLORIDA

What about Dale? You know if he's talking to Tim? Come on, Mike. Please.

MIKE

I ain't gonna burden Dale with your ass. That's the last thing he needs. Now get out of my way.

FLORIDA

Just help me out here, Mike. I don't know where else to go.

Mike takes Florida's shoulder.

RUGBUG (O.S.)

Whoa!

Rugbug runs up.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

What the fuck you doing, man?  
That's a pregnant lady. *With* child, man.

MIKE

What the fuck's this piece of shit?  
I wrangle turds for a living, boy.  
Don't think I can't wrangle you.

RUGBUG

Ah, ha ha. I'm a turd? I'm a monkey? A monkey turd? I'm not the one beating up on a pregnant lady you cockamamy prick!

Rugbug steps to Mike. Mike whips a drain snake from the back of his truck and lashes Rugbug with it.

Rugbug screams and staggers back, then charges Mike like a bull.

Florida steps out of the way as the two of them tussle.

Mike works the snake around Rugbug's throat and starts choking him.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Uncle. Uncle!

Mike lets go, kicks Rugbug away from him, and stands. He runs around to the other side of his truck and grabs a huge wrench from the back of the truck.

MIKE

Get the fuck away. I'll smash your fucking skull.

Rugbug thinks about it, then starts walking towards Mike.

RUGBUG

Do it, motherfucker! I'm sick of  
these rotten fucking brains  
anyways!

As Florida tries to hold him back, Mike realizes how nuts this guy actually is, throws open the passenger door to his truck and slips inside.

Mike starts up the truck, drives away.

Florida starts charging towards the van, Rugbug a few steps behind.

FLORIDA

Come on. Let's follow him.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida drives as Rugbug directs and rubs his red throat.

RUGBUG

Hang back, hang back. Okay. Yeah,  
yeah, he's turning right.

FLORIDA

I got it.

RUGBUG

Who the fuck is this stupid  
motherfucker anyways?

FLORIDA

The guy we're looking for. Him and  
Mike were in a band together.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Every member of the Easy Bandits lounges around. Lots of smoke, a few girls.

In the corner a small dog eats at disregarded nachos.

DALE CARLSON is over in another corner playing a pretty little song on an acoustic guitar.

Shirtless Tim, with a few chicks' names tattooed on his arm, sits on the edge of the bed holding out the jacket of his nudie suit.

The back of it is covered in veins, blue and red, with seemingly random items embroidered all over. Like a family tree of sorts.

Florida sits next to Tim as he traces his fingers up and down the veins, taps the items.

TIM

This is the hammer I hit my stepdad upside the head with. This right here, this is the Red Bird I saw the first time I dropped acid. These are the lips of that babysitter that showed me her tit. Just one, but that sweet titty rewired my brains. Flip-fucked my priorities.

Mike takes a slug off a bottle and shakes his head.

MIKE

This story's always changing.

TIM

Pssssh, fuck yeah it is, man. It's my life. Story of my life.

Florida raises a tall beer can, chugs a good portion.

FLORIDA

I like the story.

MIKE

Oh yeah, here lemme finish it for you then.

Mike sits on the other side of Tim, traces his finger to the top of the veiny tree, where there's an empty spot. He looks past Tim at Florida.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And right here, sweetheart. Right here at the top, Florida or Jennifer or Susie or some other cooz. This is where I'm gonna stitch you. A picture of you. Not your cooz, mind you, but your face. Your bee-yoo-tiful face.

Mike looks up to Tim, slaps his back.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Goes something like that, right?

TIM  
Fuck you, man.

Tim turns to Florida, takes her face in his hand.

TIM (CONT'D)  
You know I love you, baby. Don't  
you?

Florida smiles.

FLORIDA  
I'm a hundred percent sure of it.

Just then, Dale finishes playing his song. A couple nearby  
girls clap, more for him than the song. He holds the guitar  
out.

DALE  
Anybody else want to give it a go?

MIKE  
What about you, Florida? Didn't you  
say you play songs?

FLORIDA  
Yeah, I do, but...

MIKE  
But what? C'mon, play us one of  
your lil songs. Come on.

FLORIDA  
All right then.

Florida takes the guitar, tunes it for a second. Mike stands,  
starts playing mock M.C.

MIKE  
Ladies and gentleman, here's  
Florida's big debut. A song about  
daisies and pink panty hose and  
puppy dogs. Lemonade!

TIM  
Shut the fuck up, man.

Tim turns to Florida.

TIM (CONT'D)  
You don't got to play if you don't  
want to.

FLORIDA  
No. I want to.

Florida takes a deep breath and starts to play.

The song is absolutely, inarguably beautiful. The lyrics are amazing. The song is much better than anything we've seen the Easy Bandits perform.

IT PLAYS OVER...

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida follows Mike's truck.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The faces of the band, of the tagalong girls. All of them are utterly dumfounded by Florida's talent.

Tim smiles huge, realizing something.

We finish on Mike's face as his eyes flash between Florida and smiling Tim. He's clearly upset. He can see what's coming.

EXT. GENERIC APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike takes the tools out of the back of his truck and walks down the walkway of the apartment building. He walks past a neighbor, doesn't wave.

After a few seconds, Rugbug heads off down the walkway, following Tim.

Florida, parked across the street, watches him go.

SLIGHT PUSH on her face as we hear APPLAUSE of a small crowd.

TIM (V.O.)  
Thank you, thank you. Now we bring  
you something extra special  
tonight.

INT. SMALL CLUB - NIGHT

Tim Pepperton and the Easy Bandits stands before a big blue curtain.

TIM

A little side project we got going on, called The Child Bride Band. At least that's what it's called for the time being.

Backstage, Florida waits with her guitar all made up and looking beautiful.

Mike, ready with the bass, looks pissed as hell.

TIM (CONT'D)

Okay, without further ado. Let me present to you, the child bride herself, Florida Watkins.

Florida walks out on the stage, steps to the mic.

FLORIDA

Good evening.

She starts to play, a different song that's just as beautiful as the song from the motel room.

The DARK FACES of the audience are immediately won over. There's no denying the power of this music.

EXT. GENERIC APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

The music stops ABRUPTLY to the sound of Rugbug's big, dumb sneakers pounding concrete.

He runs right up to the van and jumps in.

RUGBUG

Apartment Seventeen B. Booya.

FLORIDA

Good work. Let's go get some tacos.

EXT. TACO STAND - NIGHT

Florida sits at a table beside the leftovers of her meal, her eyes distant. Rugbug tears through a few tacos, making sounds of absolute pleasure. He sucks grease off his hands.

RUGBUG

So this Tim guy, he make the baby in you?

FLORIDA

Yeah.

RUGBUG

And you love him? You still love  
him?

FLORIDA

I love him.

RUGBUG

Really? How did he win you over?  
Like what were some of the things  
he did for you?

Florida takes a deep breath.

FLORIDA

I never said he did anything for  
me. I said that I love him.

Florida's phone buzzes.

Florida looks at it for a second, puts it back into her purse.

INT. HONKEY TONK - DAY

Florida is resting, having just gotten off of stage.

Mike approaches.

MIKE

Nice song.

FLORIDA

I've already had enough of your  
reviews, thanks Mike.

MIKE

What?

FLORIDA

I know you don't like my music.

MIKE

That new song I did though. You  
finally got at something there in  
the lyrics. Something real there.  
So let me ask you, that about the  
time your daddy touched you?

FLORIDA

Nope. My daddy never touched me.

MIKE

But he spanked you growing up, come on. He had to've spanked you.

FLORIDA

Get the fuck out of here, man.

MIKE

And maybe one of those times he was spanking you, he let his hand linger for a little minute. Maybe what started as a slap turned into a caress. Maybe he slipped a finger or two right up your bunghole.

Florida turns and slaps Mike hard across the face. He grabs her wrist, backs her up against the wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You hit me, bitch? You crazy fucking bitch you fucking hit me?

FLORIDA

Don't talk about my dad you piece shit.

MIKE

Just cause I got a psychological insight, don't get all bent out of shape. It only hurts cause it's true.

FLORIDA

My father was the greatest man who ever lived.

MIKE

Pssssh, the great liqour store bandit? Yeah, I've heard all about him. Sounds like a real white knight all right.

FLORIDA

You don't know shit. With your shit eyes and shit face and shit breath. Fuck you.

Florida spits on the ground. Mike shakes his head, lets go of her.

MIKE

You smell like shit.

FLORIDA  
Yeah, sure. Fuck you.

He walks away pointing.

MIKE  
You're out of your fucking mind  
honey. Totally nuts.

EXT. GENERIC APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Florida waits in her van, parked alongside the side of the building.

Rugbug peers in a window wearing a knit cap low on his head, the hood of his sweatshirt up.

He runs back to the van.

RUGBUG  
Drunk motherfucker is so passed out. I'm gonna get right the fuck in there.

FLORIDA  
Anything you can find, letters to Tim. To Dale or Dutch. Any of them.

RUGBUG  
Check. See, this is why it pays to be friends with crazy motherfuckers with mohawks. Normal dudes don't do this type of shit.

Rugbug winks, runs back towards Mike's apartment. Florida gets out, follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERIC APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Florida gives Rugbug a boost into a bathroom window. His cane clatters around noisily.

FLORIDA  
You need your cane?

RUGBUG  
Oh fuck yeah. Go watch him sleep and alert me if he, you know, rises.

FLORIDA  
All right.

Florida sneaks around the side of the house, and stares into Mike's bedroom window. He is sleeping soundly in a smallish room full of cheap furniture.

She HONES IN on his face...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - DAY

The entire Easy Bandits lineup sits around a breakfast table picking at their omelettes and short stacks.

Tim puts his arm around Florida, kisses her cheek. He fishes around in his shirt pocket for a second, pulls out a crooked little candle, reaches over, and pushes it into the middle of Mike's short stack.

Mike stops eating, looks over at him.

TIM  
No. I didn't forget. Happy birthday  
you goofy son of a bitch.

Mike takes the candle out of his pancakes, sets it on the napkin.

MIKE  
Hardly sanitary.

He starts surgically removing the area of the pancakes that the candle touched.

TIM  
So what you want for your birthday?

Mike smears some of the pancake on his napkin.

MIKE  
I don't think you're going to want  
to give it to me.

TIM  
Lay it on me. Your wish is my  
command.

MIKE  
For my birthday, I want you to make  
up your mind.

TIM

What's that? About what?

MIKE

About bands. You got two bands playing back to back every night and it's weird. The audience doesn't know what to make of it. You gotta pick one.

TIM

That's ridiculous.

MIKE

I've thought about it a lot. Child Bride plays first, then when we play it's less dramatic. They've already seen you up there. We play first, then we're you're opener. And I'll slit my throat before I open for The Child Bride band.

TIM

You too, Dutch? You feel that way?

Dutch shrugs.

DUTCH

I like to walk around in my boxers. It's nothing personal, Florida. I like you enough. I just. This isn't a place for girlfriends. This is a man situation. It's not really working the same with Florida here. I'm sorry.

TIM

And you, Dale. What's your take?

DALE

Get rid of her, man. This just isn't what it was anymore. Get rid of her.

FLORIDA

Thanks a lot Dale.

Dale just shrugs.

MIKE

Like I said. You got a choice to make here.

TIM

I do, huh?

MIKE

You do. So what is it?

Tim looks down at the table, picks at his lips for a second, then looks up at his band.

TIM

Her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Florida keeps watching him sleep. There's a crashing sound and Mike darts up in bed.

MIKE

Hello?

FLORIDA

Shit.

Mike gets up, reaches into his night stand and grabs a PISTOL. He flicks it open to check that it's loaded, then dashes into the other room.

Florida moves to another window and looks in where Rugbug is standing with a PC laptop in his hands.

Mike aims the gun at him and Rugbug raises his hands, dropping the laptop.

MIKE

Sit down.

Mike grabs his cell phone off the coffee table and dials a number.

RUGBUG

Who're you calling?

MIKE

The cops you piece of shit.

RUGBUG

Please don't. I have priors. I'll just creep right out the window I came in. It's like this never even happened.

Mike ignores him.

MIKE

You're lucky I don't shoot you.  
Legally I can you know.

RUGBUG

I know, I know. You're a gentleman  
and a cool guy. Why not take that  
one step further. And let me go.

MIKE

No fucking way.

Florida curses under her breath, then looks around and grabs a large stone out of a nearby planter.

She takes a deep breath and chuckles it through the window like a shot put.

Mike turns towards the breaking window and fires! BAM!

Rugbug grabs his cane and unsheathes a sword. He brings it down into Mike's hand.

Mike screams, staggers back.

The pistol FLIES across the room and nails the wall.

Rugbug snatches it up as Mike makes a terrified retreat back to his bedroom.

Rugbug holds the gun tight, his eyes wild and animal-alert.

FLORIDA

Rugbug. Grab the laptop.

Rugbug nods, kneels to grab the laptop. He's about to stand when he sees something else.

RUGBUG

Holy shit.

FLORIDA

What? What is it?

He keeps staring at the carpet.

RUGBUG

Holy shit.

Rugbug reaches into his pocket, takes out a crumpled receipt, then reaches down and picks the thing up.

He jumps up and dashes out of the apartment.

EXT. GROCERY STORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Florida's van sits in the mostly empty lot.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - NIGHT

Florida opens and closes the pistol.

Rugbug pants, stares down what he's picked up from the apartment. It's a little piece of Mike's finger, the tip, with a little sliver of nail attached.

RUGBUG

I've been carting that dumb ass sword cane around with me for ten fucking years. Chopping up shit for practice. And I knew, I just knew something like that was going to happen someday. I knew it.

FLORIDA

I guess we're wanted now.

RUGBUG

Yeah, mos def. We got to get different clothes and shit. Change cars. Fuck. I wish there was just like a number you could call to see if you were wanted or not.

FLORIDA

We're wanted. I'm sure of it. I mean, he was on the phone with the cops.

RUGBUG

True, true. But he could have just been bluffing.

FLORIDA

Naw, that's not like him. He doesn't know you though. Doesn't know your name. They're going to be looking for me.

RUGBUG

Yeah that's true isn't it? You're a real hot potato now.

FLORIDA

If I were you I'd just take off.  
Shave the mohawk. You could just  
disappear.

Rugbug looks out the windshield for a second, weighing his options. He folds the receipt over and sticks the piece of finger into his pocket.

RUGBUG

Naw. I'm going to keep going with.  
And I'm going to keep the mo.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SIDE STREET - DUSK

Florida watches as crouching Rugbug unscrews a license plate from the back of a car. He starts screwing theirs in its place.

HARD CUT and he's down behind their van, screwing it on.

Rugbug stands, claps the dirt from his hands.

RUGBUG

The ol' one two switcheroo. Works  
every time. Check this shit too.

Rugbug reaches into his coat, procures Mike's wallet.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Got Mike's wallet.

He opens it up and shows that it's full of cash.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

And Mike's caaaaaash.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

Rugbug sits on the edge of a bed drinking cheap champagne straight from the bottle and changing channels on the TV.

RUGBUG

God damn. I fucking love TV. All  
these shows. Takes so many people,  
so much work to make all these good  
shows for us. For free.

Florida sits on the other bed clicking around on Mike's computer.

FLORIDA  
I'm not good at this.

RUGBUG  
Here let me give it a crack.

Rugbug lays down on the bed beside her, quite close. She's so focused on the computer that she doesn't notice this.

CLOSE on the screen, we see that's she's trying to access his gmail through an internet browser.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
You know his email?

FLORIDA  
Yeah. I'm just trying to guess his password.

RUGBUG  
Does he have a dog? Or a daughter?

FLORIDA  
Not that I know of.

RUGBUG  
Shit all right. Let's see.

Rugbug opens up his programs folder, finds a little mail icon and clicks it.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
If he uses this mail program here then we're in. Done deal.

It opens up, for a second it's empty, and then all his emails appear.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Yes! Fucking cracked the code. I feel like a scientist! Okay, what're we looking for?

FLORIDA  
Type in Dale Carlson.

Rugbug types Dale Carlson into the little search bar. A couple emails come up. Florida runs her finger along the dates.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
Naw. These are too old. These are from before me and Guy split. Useless.

RUGBUG

Okay. We can just come back to these if we need more clues. Who else would know where Tim is at?

FLORIDA

Try Dutch Karim.

Rugbug types that in. A few emails come up.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Shit, those are too old too.

RUGBUG

Calm down. We're just going to have to dig deeper.

Rugbug clicks on the latest email. He reads aloud.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

(reading)

It is with regret that I write my last email to my friends and family. If you are receiving this, know you are close to my heart. Tomorrow morning my incarceration begins...

Rugbug looks to Florida.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Holy shit. He's in jail. For life.

Florida taps the screen.

FLORIDA

San Quentin.

Florida jumps up, starts collecting her things.

RUGBUG

What're you doing?

FLORIDA

Getting my shit. We're going to San Quentin.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Florida's van rockets down the highway.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

They truck along.

RUGBUG  
Hey, can you pull over?

FLORIDA  
You just peed.

RUGBUG  
Yeah, I know. Pull over though.

FLORIDA  
Why?

RUGBUG  
Just pull over. I gotta hop out.

FLORIDA  
Why?

RUGBUG  
Just, I'm not saying.

FLORIDA  
Then I'm not pulling over.

Rugbug takes a deep breath.

RUGBUG  
I gotta pass gas.

FLORIDA  
Just roll the window down.

RUGBUG  
I would, it's just. It's gonna be  
smelly. It's gonna linger.

FLORIDA  
I don't care.

RUGBUG  
I do. I'm not going to pass gas in  
front of you.

FLORIDA  
Hold it then.

RUGBUG  
I have been. I've been holding it  
for an hour. But it's hurting.  
(MORE)

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
So just, fucking pull over and let  
me pass gas. Come on.

Florida rolls her window down.

FLORIDA  
Just fart. I'll hold my breath.

RUGBUG  
No.

FLORIDA  
I ain't pulling over.

Rugbug looks at Florida's profile.

RUGBUG  
God damn. You are a stubborn girl.

FLORIDA  
Visiting hours end at three. We got  
to keep trucking. And you stink all  
day every day anyways.

RUGBUG  
I stink? What do I stink like?

FLORIDA  
Like B.O. And booze. And you also  
kind of smell like wet money.

RUGBUG  
Ah, oh, I see. The wet money monkey  
man. What a fuck. What a worthless  
fuck. Well either way I'm not  
passing gas in front of you.

Rugbug throws his door open.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
I'm going to fucking jump out if  
you don't pull over.

FLORIDA  
No you're not.

RUGBUG  
I am. I do crazy shit all day.  
You've seen it.

FLORIDA  
You'd rather break your neck than  
fart in front of me.

RUGBUG

Yes! Just cause I have wild style  
that doesn't mean I don't have  
class. And I don't pass gas in  
front of ladies. I just don't do  
that.

FLORIDA

I'm no lady, believe me.

RUGBUG

You're a lady to me. And I'm not  
passing gas in front of you.

FLORIDA

Well I ain't pulling over.

RUGBUG

Okay then.

Rugbug turns and jumps out of the moving car.

FLORIDA

Rugbug!

Florida slams on the breaks and pulls over to the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Florida jumps from the car.

FLORIDA

Rugbug! Rugbug!

She looks around, sees a trail of dust some fifty yards back.

She runs towards it, looks down into a shallow ditch where  
Rugbug lies, eyes closed, his face all muddy with blood.

Florida runs over to him kneels. She shakes his face around a  
little bit. His eyes open.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Rugbug. Rugbug. Are you okay?

RUGBUG

I think so. I just hit my head a  
little bit.

Rugbug sits up a little, coughs.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Don't make me toot in front of you,  
okay? That's not fair. You can't  
make me do that.

FLORIDA

Okay, I'm sorry. Can you stand up?

RUGBUG

Lemme see.

Rugbug stands on shaky legs, shifts his shoulders around a little.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

I'm fine. C'mon. Let's go.

Rugbug starts limping towards the van. Florida watches him for a second, regarding him a little differently.

She catches up. They walk together, away from us, for a while. They get distant, SMALL in the frame.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Ah fuck.

FLORIDA

What?

RUGBUG

I think I shit my pants.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Florida stands at the soda fountain, slowly filling a cup with Coke. She fills it to the brim, turns, and sees Rugbug creeping around outside. He's wearing brightly-colored swim trunks now instead of his baggy black shorts. His face is bruised.

Rugbug kneels down behind a car, pops the door open, and crawls inside.

Florida pops a lid on the cup and walks to the cash register.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida opens the door. Rugbug is scrunched down in his seat, out of view.

RUGBUG

Oh hey there, Molly.

FLORIDA

What?

Rugbug hands her a driver's license.

RUGBUG

I said hey there, Molly?

CLOSE ON THE DRIVER's LICENSE. It belongs to a woman named MOLLY SANDAGE who looks vaguely like Florida.

BACK IN THE WIDE, we are no longer in the van, but in...

INT. PRISON - DAY

A heavy and intimidating GUARD is looking at Florida's I-D. He looks at her face, he I-D. Back and forth.

He hands it back to her, points a blunt thumb at a nearby desk.

GUARD

Sign in over there.

INT. PRISON/VISITING AREA - DAY

Florida sits, waiting. Another BURLY GUARD walks back and forth behind all the visitors' stalls, making sure no one's up to anything funny.

Dutch walks up. He looks a lot sadder in his orange country jumpsuit. He's looks skinnier.

He sits, leans in close to the holes drilled in the bullet proof glass. He looks surprised, but not pleased.

DUTCH

Hey Flo, what in the hell you doing here?

Florida stands, shows him her belly.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

FLORIDA

It's Tim's.

DUTCH

Oh, I see.

FLORIDA

You know where he's at?

DUTCH

First off, you're going to was a lot of time if you're looking for Tim Pepperton. You're looking for Josh Katz. Unfortunately, there's probably a thousand Josh Katz's.

FLORIDA

Huh? What're you talking about?

MIKE

I'm talking Jew, baby. Jew through and through.

FLORIDA

Come on. Tim ain't Jewish.

JOE

He's one of Moses's flock sure as anything else.

FLORIDA

You know where he is?

DUTCH

Yep.

Dutch doesn't say anything.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

You know, I don't hold a grudge like Mike, but at the same time. I don't owe you a thing, Flo.

FLORIDA

I know. This is just a pregnant woman asking you for a favor.

DUTCH

Pssssh, don't play damsel in distress with me. You forget I know you. I've seen those claws.

FLORIDA

Where is he, Dutch?

Dutch nods, looks back and forth at the guard. As soon as his back is turned he takes a small tube of paper out of his pocket and pushes it through one of the holes drilled in the glass. It gets stuck. The guard is about to turn.

DUTCH

Take that.

Florida snatches it just as the guard is turning. She looks over at him and smiles.

He doesn't smile back...but he didn't see the paper either. He keeps walking.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

You get me that shit, I'll tell you exactly where to find Dale. All right.

FLORIDA

How am I supposed to...

The guard walks right behind Florida.

DUTCH

That's it. That's all I know.

Dutch throws his hands up.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

It's all there.

Dutch stands.

Florida stares up at him, then gets up and walks away fast.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Rugbug and Florida exit the hardware store, walk towards the van. Florida is carrying a brown paper bag and looking at a receipt.

RUGBUG

What're you thinking, we break into a kitchen? Like a chef's kitchen in a restaurant.

FLORIDA

I don't think we need to do all that. All we need is an oven.

EXT. VACATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Florida and Rugbug creep around outside of a big vacation home.

RUGBUG

No mailbox, tons of gunk in the pool. All the signs of a vacation home. Just feel all around. On the tops on the bottoms.

Rugbug walks around on the porch, checking under mats, on top of light fixtures.

Florida kicks rocks down in the shrubs around the side of the house.

Rugbug reaches up onto a light fixture and yelps.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

It's okay. I just got bit by a spider. A common spider.

Florida kicks a plastic rock, picks it up and slides back the plate on it.

FLORIDA

Richie.

Rugbug turns to see Florida holding up a key.

INT. VACATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Black. The door cracks. A line of light.

Rugbug creeps in, slaps on the lights.

RUGBUG

Hello? Milk man here. Special delivery.

No reply.

Rugbug and Florida enter.

INT. VACATION HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Florida opens up her bag from the hardware store and another from a grocery store.

Rugbug starts duck taping a bunch of small pieces of hardware into the inside of a cake pan while Florida makes an instant Betty Crocker cake.

RUGBUG

What do you think he needs all this weird shit for? Weapons?

FLORIDA  
Who knows.

RUGBUG  
Maybe for an escape. I'll bet he's  
trying to escape. Crazy. What'd he  
do?

FLORIDA  
I don't know.

RUGBUG  
You didn't ask?

FLORIDA  
No.

RUGBUG  
Man, you're like, you're just not  
curious.

FLORIDA  
That's not true.

RUGBUG  
Where am I from?

FLORIDA  
What do you mean?

RUGBUG  
Phoenix! I'm from Phoenix, dumb  
ass! We're on an adventure together  
and you don't even know where I'm  
from.

FLORIDA  
So?

RUGBUG  
So. You're self involved. Self-  
obsessed.

Florida thinks for a second.

FLORIDA  
I'm focused.

Rugbug throws up his hands.

RUGBUG  
Semantics! That's exactly the same  
thing I'm talking about.

Rugbug pushes the doctored cake pan towards Florida.

Okay, all the shit's taped in  
there.

Rugbug snags Florida's guitar, strums it a little bit while  
Florida is finishing up the batter.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
You never play this.

FLORIDA  
Like I said, I'm focused right now.

RUGBUG  
You wanna hear one of my songs?

FLORIDA  
Knock yourself out.

Rugbug clears his throat and begins. He plays just one verse  
and one chorus.

RUGBUG  
I'm fucking stupid. I'm fucking  
stupid. I'm fucking stupid. I'm  
fucking stupid... (over and over)

He stopes.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
That's all I've written.

FLORIDA  
S'not bad.

Florida pours the batter into the doctored cake pan.

RUGBUG  
What happens if they catch you  
trying to sneak stuff into a  
prison?

FLORIDA  
I don't know. You get arrested I  
guess.

RUGBUG  
Eesh.

CUT TO:

INT. VACATION HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

The timer on the stove goes out.

Florida pulls out the finished cake. Rugbug looms over her.

RUGBUG

God damn that looks tasty. I want  
to eat it.

FLORIDA

Don't touch it.

RUGBUG

Of course I won't. You really think  
I'm a dog-man don't you?

Rugbug pants and makes his hands into puppy paws.

FLORIDA

I'm going to bed.

Florida walks towards the master bedroom. Rugbug hesitates, then follows.

RUGBUG

I'm going to sleep in there with  
you.

FLORIDA

No you're not.

RUGBUG

Come on. The only other beds are  
just like shitty little kids' beds.  
My legs will stick off of them.  
I'll be so exhausted. And  
tomorrow's a big day. Huge.

FLORIDA

That's why I don't want you trying  
to paw me all night.

RUGBUG

Oh my God. Get over yourself.

FLORIDA

Sleep on the couch.

Florida slams the door. Rugbug jiggles the knob. It's locked.

Rugbug howls, pants like a dog, and kicks the door. He walks away.

INT. SUMMER RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Rugbug lies on the couch, snoring.

Florida, wearing someone else's one piece, tiptoes past him.

EXT. SUMMER RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Florida slides open the Arcadia door, walks out to the water and puts her toes in.

She walks down the steps, into the water.

UNDERWATER, she blows bubbles, spins. Weightless.

She closes her eyes.

BLACK

She opens her eyes, REVEALING that she's the Fourteen year old Florida. She's chubby but cute, just starting to get breasts.

She breaks the surface of the water, REVEALING that she's at a...

EXT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A few kids run around the pool. A blonde and portly FOSTER MOM dries off one of the boys.

FOSTER MOM

Don't worry. A tetanus shot is nothing. Just a little pinch.

She pinches the boy. He squeals and she giggles.

Off in the distance a mustached and dull-eyed foster dad, MITCHELL, sips a cocktail and watches Florida swim.

Florida looks back and sees him. He half smiles at her. Something feels amiss.

INT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Florida sits on a big worn out sectional couch with a sweet-faced OLDER BOY, a few years her senior. He is showing her how to work the remote control.

OLDER BOY

This button here is for the Blu-Ray player. You can change channels with this, but all the, most the, pay channels are locked.

The Foster Mom walks into the room and grabs the Older Boy's arm.

FOSTER MOM

Time to go, come on. You getting your bearings, Florida?

FLORIDA

Yeah.

FOSTER MOM

Okay. I don't have to call Vicky about yesterday, but we can't have any more outbursts, understand?

Florida nods.

FOSTER MOM (CONT'D)

We're going to be gone for a few hours, but if you need anything you can ask Mitchell.

Florida looks over at Mitchell eating peanut butter on toast in the kitchen. She looks over and they lock eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Florida watches cartoons. Mitchell comes and sits next to her. He takes the remote from her lap and mutes the television.

MITCHELL

How you doing, Florida?

FLORIDA

I'm okay.

MITCHELL

C'mere. Come with me. I want to show you something.

Mitchell stands. Florida doesn't. She's suspicious.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Come on. I'm not going to hurt you.  
Come on.

Florida turns off the television and stands.

INT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Florida sits on the edge of the parent's bed before a vanity while Mitchell digs around in the adjoining bathroom.

MITCHELL

Ah, here it is.

Mitchell walks into the master bedroom and kneels beside Florida. He pinches her fleshy arm.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

You're a chubby girl.

Florida is speechless. Mitchell uncaps a tube of lipstick with a slight POP.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

FLORIDA

No.

MITCHELL

You do as I say. While you're in my home, you do as I say. Now close your eyes.

Florida hesitates. Mitchell grabs her arm in a way that holds the threat of violence.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Florida takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. Mitchell takes the tube of lipstick and draws a big oval on her face the circles her eyes, nose, and mouth.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Okay, open your eyes.

Mitchell moves aside so Florida can see her reflection in the vanity.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

See, there's a nice, lean girl inside of the rolly-polly girl.  
(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

We just got some piggy to carve  
away. I'll help you with that,  
okay? I know all the exercises.

Florida doesn't say a thing, just stares at her reflection,  
at the red circle.

Mitchell takes Florida's shoulder. She flinches.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

All right. Now go wash that off.

CUT TO:

INT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two bunkbeds and a crummy dresser in a small room. A kid in  
each bunk. Glow in the dark stars.

One of the bottom bunks stirs.

Florida, fully-clothed, slides out of the bunk wearing a  
backpack.

A big eyed black kid stares down at her from a top bunk.

She looks up at him, puts a finger to her lips in entreaty.

He nods, gives her a thumbs up, and slides out of view.

INT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Florida pulls at drawers. Most of them are locked. She opens  
one up, finds a corkscrew. She turns it around, and pulls out  
a small blade for cutting labels. They forgot to lock it up.

She opens up the pantry, takes out two sacks of flour. She  
cuts them open and shakes them around, covering the kitchen  
in flour. She grabs a bottle of molasses, a container of  
breakfast syrup, and pours them all over.

EXT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A backpack is pushed through a small dog door.

Florida starts crawling out.

EXT. 2011 SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE on A TIRE as it's stabbed with the tiny blade of the corkscrew.

Again and again. All four tires, slashed.

Florida stands, puts the corkscrew back in her bag, and looks back at the house.

She walks down the road, in and out of streetlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMER RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Adult Florida keeps swimming, looking as free as she did walking down the road away from her foster parents' house.

RUGBUG (O.S.)  
All ashore who's coming ashore.

FLORIDA  
Hey.

RUGBUG  
Come on, let's go.

FLORIDA  
It's not visiting hours yet.

RUGBUG  
Sure, sure. Well let's watch TV.

FLORIDA  
Come on, swim.

RUGBUG  
Naw.

FLORIDA  
Why not? What's your problem?

RUGBUG  
I don't swim.

FLORIDA  
You can't swim? Seriously?

RUGBUG  
Fuck you, rich. Nobody I knew had a pool growing up.

FLORIDA

Ha. I'm hardly rich.

RUGBUG

Richer than me. Here, I'll  
compromise. I'll put my feet in.

Rugbug sits, puts his feet in the pool.

FLORIDA

Come on. You're already in trunks.

RUGBUG

Why would I want to swim. Like a  
fish. Like a wimpy-ass lil fish.  
Fuck that.

FLORIDA

Come on. Just in the shallow end.  
Don't be scared.

RUGBUG

I'm not scared. It's just dumb.

FLORIDA

Dumb? You're scared.

RUGBUG

I'm not.

FLORIDA

Come on, I'll teach you.

Rugbug starts to consider it.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Come on.

RUGBUG

Fine. Fuck it. But you'll see. I  
won't be able to.

Rugbug peels his eyeball shirt off, revealing a HUGE alien  
head tattoo covering his entire chest. Neon green with huge,  
black almond eyes.

Florida laughs.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

What? This? Fuck you, I love  
aliens.

Rugbug wades out into the water, thrashing around.

FLORIDA  
Quit goofing off.

RUGBUG  
(furious)  
I'm not, I don't know how to swim!

Florida flattens out on the surface of the water.

FLORIDA  
Flatten out like this.

Rugbug tries, and sinks. He breathes in water and coughs.

RUGBUG  
(coughing)  
I can't do it. I can't.

Florida swims closer to him.

FLORIDA  
Try again.

Rugbug flattens out and starts to sink again. Florida moves over and catches him, raises him up.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
Now just move your arms. Like you're rowing them through the water.

RUGBUG  
This is stupid. It's not going to work.

FLORIDA  
Kick your feet.

Rugbug kicks. Florida lets go of him and he swims a little distance, starts to sink. She catches him again.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
You did it! You did it!

RUGBUG  
No.

FLORIDA  
You did. Just keep on trying it like that, a little different.

RUGBUG  
Okay.

Rugbug swims a little further, starts to sink. Florida scoops him up again.

FLORIDA  
Come on. Let's go to the deep end.

RUGBUG  
No!

Florida starts pulling Rugbug towards the deep end. He tries to get away.

FLORIDA  
Come on. You won't drown you big baby.

RUGBUG  
Just. No. Stop, Florida!

Florida laughs, keeps pulling him.

FLORIDA  
Uh-oh. Here it comes.

Rugbug struggles away, gets to the side of the pool and pulls himself out.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Sorry. I'm sorry.

Rugbug turns, pure rage in his eyes. He points at her.

RUGBUG  
Fuck you, you fucking bitch!

FLORIDA  
I'm sorry!

Rugbug snatches up his shirt and starts to put it back on.

RUGBUG  
You think I'm a toy? A fucking stinky monkey toy? I'm a fucking man you bitch.

Rugbug throws open the gate, charges out of the yard.

FLORIDA  
Rugbug!

Florida gets out of the pool, walks to the gate and opens it.

She looks back and forth.

He's gone.

INT. VACATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Florida sits alone eating a whole package of balogney at the kitchen counter. She can hear the clock ticking, the air conditioning blowing.

Things are noticeable silent with Rugbug not around.

EXT. HOBO/CRUST PUNK CAMP - NIGHT

Under a bridge. Fire in cans. Shadowy figures and boomboxes playing noise music.

A hoodied PUNK walks up to fourteen year old Florida. He's a few years older, and has way too many piercings.

PUNK

You want some of these donuts?

FLORIDA

Sure.

She reaches for one, he pulls them away.

PUNK

You want to sleep in my tent  
tonight?

FLORIDA

No.

PUNK

You want some of these donuts?

FLORIDA

No. Leave me alone.

PUNK

Don't be so fucking cold, baby.

Just then, Buck walks up.

BUCK

Leave 'er alone.

PUNK

Or what?

BUCK

Or I'll fucking stab you. What do you think?

The punk eyes Buck, backs off.

PUNK

Fuck you, Buck.

Buck sits down next to Florida.

BUCK

Hey. I'm Buck.

FLORIDA

Yeah, he just said that.

She eyes him for a second. He reaches into his coat, takes out a pack of cold hotdogs.

BUCK

Want a hotdog?

FLORIDA

Sure.

INT. VACATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Florida lays back in the couch in the darkened living room, watching the big, old TV. She's changes the channel a few times. Nothing good.

She's so bored that she puts the remote in her mouth and starts changing channels by biting it.

The doorknob turns.

Florida sits up, alert. She takes the remote from her mouth.

The door opens. It's just Rugbug. The gel has been washed out of his mohawk and its just a long tuft of hair, like a horse's mane.

RUGBUG

Hey.

FLORIDA

Hey.

Rugbug sits, stares at the TV.

RUGBUG

Sorry I called you a bitch.

FLORIDA

It's all right. Sorry I was goofing around in the pool.

RUGBUG

It's okay, it's just. That's scary, learning how to swim. That's not easy.

FLORIDA

Yeah. I know. I'm really sorry. That wasn't cool of me.

RUGBUG

Okay. So long as you know that.

They watch TV for a beat.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

You know I'm like a full human being, right? Like, I know you think I'm gross, and dirty and weird and all that shit. But you know that I like, I have dreams and desires and plans. Like, all this shit, the way I look. That's not all there is to me. You get that right? I'm not just a simple fucking goof.

FLORIDA

Yeah, I get it.

RUGBUG

Cause you're beautiful, and like, as soon as people see you they project a whole character onto you. They invest a lot of thought into thinking all that shit about you, what you do and where you live and all that. But when you're all ugly and dirty and shit like me, people kind of don't do the work to make you full in their mind. And if you're like that, to me, then it's just like, fuck you I don't need you in my life.

FLORIDA

I'm sorry, Rugbug. Really, I know you're a full dude.

RUGBUG

Do you?

FLORIDA

I do. Yeah. I mean. This maybe isn't, I don't know, there's people I kind of know back in Burbank, but. You're pretty much my only friend.

RUGBUG

Really?

FLORIDA

Yeah. I don't like a lot of people.

RUGBUG

And you like me?

FLORIDA

I do. Yeah.

RUGBUG

All right then.

Rugbug raises his hand for a high-five.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

We good. It's all good.

Florida smiles, raises her hand. Rugbug fives her. Rugbug tosses his loose mohawk.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Lookit my mo. It's all fucking loose and floppy. So lame looking.

He flops it around and makes little floppy fluffy raspberries.

Florida laughs.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Florida and Rugbug stare up at the prison.

RUGBUG

I can't go in there.

FLORIDA

You have to. I can't visit twice in a row.

RUGBUG

We could get you another I-D.

FLORIDA  
We can't risk that.

RUGBUG  
Fuck. Fuck. It's just so scary to me, you know? I've been in there before. I almost got raped in the shower. I had to suck a guy's eyeball out of his fucking head.

FLORIDA  
Really?

RUGBUG  
(high-pitched)  
Fuck yesh.

Rugbug looks up at the prison, starts to square off with it the way he squared off with his hovel in the short.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
All right you fucking building. You fucking crummy ass busted ass, multi-story building. Fuck you. You can't touch me, motherfucker. You can't touch me!

Rugbug beats his chest, growls. He puts on a red ball cap, throws the door open, and runs at the prison.

FLORIDA  
Rugbug!

Rugbug turns, looks back.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
You forgot the cake!

INT. PRISON - DAY

Rugbug stands with the same guard who checked Florida's I-D. He looks at Rugbug's I-D, his face, back and forth.

GUARD  
One second.

The guard walks over to another guard at a computer. They type as Rugbug stands mock-smiling with the cake.

RUGBUG  
(through his teeth)  
Oh shit.

Rugbug swallows hard. The guard points at him, shakes his head and says something.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
(through his teeth)  
Oh fuck. Oh sweet, sweet fuck.

The guard walks back to Rugbug, hands him is I-D and points to the cake.

GUARD  
So what's the occasion?

RUGBUG  
Well. You can only miss so many of  
your second cousin's birthdays  
before you start to feel guilty.

The guard nods, takes the cake, and slices it up from edge to edge.

GUARD  
No files in here?

Rugbug laughs.

RUGBUG  
No. What is this? A cartoon? Do  
people actually try that?

GUARD  
You'd be surprised. People are  
stupid.

RUGBUG  
Tell me about it. Geeze. Dumb  
asses.

The guard hands the cake to another guard.

GUARD  
He'll give that to him for you.

RUGBUG  
Thanks.

INT. PRISON/VISITING AREA - DAY

Rugbug sits. Another guard is within earshot.

RUGBUG  
Hey, buddy. I've missed you.

DUTCH

Yeah, yeah. Me too.

RUGBUG

You're my favorite family member.

The guard walks away and they drop the rouse.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

All right, you got your fucking doo-dads. Where's Tim?

DUTCH

I got no idea.

RUGBUG

What? You two bit double-crossing cock sucker. You know, I might just have to place an anonymous call to this institution. Uh, guards, check Dutch's cell top to bottom. He's got some suspicious-ass doodads.

DUTCH

Look, shut the fuck up, man. I don't know where Tim is, but I do know where Dale is at. You want to know where Dale is or you want to act like a motherfucker.

RUGBUG

Duh. Yeah. Tell me.

DUTCH

He's at a Relaxation Center.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Rugbug walks up and gets in the van.

FLORIDA

What's up?

RUGBUG

We're going to Joshua Tree.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Florida drives. Rugbug sleeps in the passenger seat and mumbles to himself a little bit.

EXT. MEL GILBERT'S RELAXATION CENTER - DAY

A collection of plain white buildings. Fenced off. A compound.

Florida's van pulls up under a sign that reads, "MEL GILBERT'S RELAXATION CENTER"

INT. RELAXATION CENTER/LOBBY - DAY

White plastic chairs, house plants, violet light, and a long front desk. Little else.

A very pretty young woman, HEIDI, in a drab canvas robe is manning the front desk.

Rugbug and Florida enter and he literally does a double-take when he sees how pretty Heidi is.

RUGBUG  
(to himself)  
Hubba hubba.

Florida approaches.

FLORIDA  
Hi. I'm here to visit a friend.

HEIDI  
Oh, okay. Can I get his name?

FLORIDA  
Dale Carlson.

Heidi grabs a big binder and starts flipping through it, looking for his name. She stops, runs her finger down a column.

HEIDI  
Oh. He, uh, he actually isn't having any visitors right now.

FLORIDA  
When can I visit with him?

HEIDI  
Uh, not 'til next year.

FLORIDA  
Next year?

HEIDI

Yeah, he's right in the middle of a long program.

Rugbug has been hanging back, but now he charges forward.

RUGBUG

I've been thinking about checking in here myself. Was wondering if I could do a tour? Both of us. Could we do that?

HEIDI

Yeah, just a second.

Heidi picks up the phone, hits a few buttons.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Marie? Yeah. Are you free to give a tour? Great.

Heidi hangs up.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Someone's going to come and give you a tour right now.

RUGBUG

Oh really? Shoosh. I was kind of hoping you could give us the tour.

HEIDI

Me?

RUGBUG

Yeah, just. We all kind of have a rapport and...

Just then, MARIE enters the room. She's absolutely beautiful. Rugbug looks over and his jaw literally drops.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Actually, it's cool. A tour's just a tour. Whoever guides, it's fine.

INT. RELAXATION CENTER/HEMI-SYNC ROOM - DAY

Marie leads Rugbug and Florida through a dim room filled with a few dozen lazy boys. In each there sits a CD Walkman and a big pair of headphones.

In the chairs occupied by clients, they wear the headphones and sit with eyes closed.

Florida is scanning the room, looking for Dale.

MARIE  
(whispering)

This is the jarring room. Mel  
designed special tracks to agitate  
the ego, and help in it's  
unbinding.

RUGBUG  
Cool, that's awesome.

Florida looks at Rugbug with a raised eyebrow.

Rugbug gestures to one of the walkmen.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
May I?

MARIE  
Sure. Just for a second though.

Rugbug puts the headphones on. We HEAR what he does. A  
strange shushing, rolling wave that goes back and forth from  
the Left Channel to the Right.

He takes them off.

RUGBUG  
Very cool sounding.

Marie smiles softly, leads them through a door.

INT. BATHS - DAY

They walk past several moldy communal baths and steam rooms.  
Almost everyone is naked, and the vast majority of the  
clients are attractive young women. All the men's heads are  
shaved and all the women have the same, short stylish bob.  
They are unfased by the visitors.

Rugbug's eyes are wide. He's having a very hard time hiding  
his excitement.

MARIE  
All the water is heated to the  
exact human body temperature, and  
has the exact same salinity as the  
human body.

Rugbug looks over at a tarnished copper plaque that reads  
"THE BAMBOOZLE BATHS"

RUGBUG  
(reading)  
Bamboozle.

MARIE  
Yeah. Mel calls these the bamboozle baths. They confuse the ego, allowing for it's ultimate dissolution. Mel says that silly words like that remind the conscious mind of the folly of language, of how silly words are to begin with.

RUGBUG  
Now *that* I agree with. Fuck words.

MARIE  
Right through here is the patio.

EXT. RELAXATION CENTER/PATIO - DAY

Rugbug, Florida, and Marie stare up at buildings and weird, plastic and wood pyramids that dot the boulder filled hillside.

MARIE  
All these buildings here are for advanced ego-dissolution. Mel personally tailors these higher programs for each client individually.

RUGBUG  
So anyone can do it?

MARIE  
Anyone can apply. If Mel thinks this is a place where you'd flourish he'll accept you and you can pay the course fees. Mind you, they aren't cheap. You can also apply for scholarship, and if Mel selects you for that all your programs are free and you just have to do some volunteering.

RUGBUG  
Ah. You're on scholarship, right?

MARIE  
We don't discuss who is and who isn't.

RUGBUG  
I'll bet most of the babes here  
are. Personally selected.

Marie smiles, laughs softly to herself.

MARIE  
Well, Mel says that the ego is  
strongest in attractive people.

Rugbug points his thumb at Florida.

RUGBUG  
Oh yeah. This one knows all about  
that.

FLORIDA  
What?

RUGBUG  
You're an ego maniac.

Florida ignores Rugbug.

FLORIDA  
Is there any way I can visit with  
Dale. Just for a minute. I  
literally just have one question to  
ask him.

MARIE  
Dale Carlson?

FLORIDA  
You know him?

MARIE  
Yeah, it's just. He's in the middle  
of total abatement right now.  
Isolation is key to the process.  
And even if you could ask him a  
question, but he might not even  
have access to his memory.

FLORIDA  
Well, can I try? Please? It's not  
even about me. It's about my baby.

MARIE  
I'm sorry. It's just not possible.

RUGBUG  
Can we see what's in those  
buildings?

MARIE

No, I'm sorry. The rest is  
proprietary. That's the whole tour.  
Come on.

FLORIDA

Maybe if I talk to Mel he'll  
understand. I'm trying to find the  
father of this baby.

MARIE

You're not going to be able to talk  
to Mel, I'm sorry.

FLORIDA

Are you sure, I mean, I really just  
need--

Marie takes Florida's shoulder, is suddenly stern.

MARIE

You can't talk to Mel. No. I'm  
sorry. Come on. I'll walk you to  
back through the cactus garden.

Marie starts around the side of the building. Rugbug follows  
eagerly, Florida reluctantly.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida gets up into her seat, settles. She stares at the  
Relaxation Center. Rugbug is doing the same.

RUGBUG

I think I'm going to enroll here.

FLORIDA

Shut up.

RUGBUG

I'm serious. I got nothing. I got  
nowhere to go. This could be the  
perfect place for me.

FLORIDA

You just saw all those tits in the  
bath. Talk about bamboozled.

RUGBUG

That was crazy, wasn't it? That was  
easily the biggest collection of  
major babes I've ever seen. And  
they were naked!

(MORE)

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

They were walking around totally naked without a care in their heads. That was so crazy.

FLORIDA

You don't want to stay here.

RUGBUG

I don't know. It seems peaceful. I mean, what's my other option really? After you find this Tim motherfucker what am I supposed to do? Go lie in the fucking gutter and eat spiders for breakfast?

FLORIDA

I don't know, but you don't want to stay here. This is just a cult. They're just going to grind you down and make you into someone else.

RUGBUG

Well, fuck it. I'm getting kind of sick of who I am, to be totally honest. And there's so many babes here. It's an absolute babe town.

FLORIDA

Don't you know how cults work? You think this Mel mothefucker is giving all these babes scholarships so that you can have sex with him? This shit, this assimilation no-ego shit is going to lower your testosterone so much you won't even want to fuck anymore.

RUGBUG

*Pfff*, I doubt that. I'm like the horniest man alive.

FLORIDA

Meanwhile, big alpha papa up there on the hill, all these brainwashed chicks are his harem. I'll bet he's fucking 'em three at a time up there.

RUGBUG

God damn it. It is too good to be true, isn't it?

## FLORIDA

Yeah. It is. That's exactly what this shit is. Ego? Give me a fucking break. People aren't all sectioned off in their heads. There's you, there's just you to reckon with, and if you want to start that game it'll never fucking end. Never. You could waste your whole life up here sitting in saline baths and waiting for peace.

## RUGBUG

I don't know. That's a little cynical.

## FLORIDA

There's no peace. I'm sorry. No amount of sitting in a lotus position is going to change that. This shit is a struggle, and to pretend that it's not like all of these fucking mush-minds up here. It's a fucking lie. And I might be miserable, but at least I'm not fucking lying to myself. Now let's go find fucking Dale and get the fuck out of here.

Florida starts up the van.

## INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Florida grabs a big black sweatshirt off a rack, two pairs of black sweatpants.

She grabs a bunch of snacks from the snack aisle.

## EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Florida and Rugbug exit the drug store.

They stop dead in their tracks.

A REVERSE REVEALS that a cop car is pulled up next to their van that's parked at the edge of the lot.

## RUGBUG

Oh shit. Oh shit. Back in.

Rugbug and Florida walk right back into the store.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Rugbug and Florida walk fast down the aisles.

FLORIDA

What do you thinks going on?

RUGBUG

We fucking broke a bunch of laws,  
that's what's going on.

FLORIDA

Where are you going?

RUGBUG

Just follow me.

Rugbug throws open the big double doors that lead to the...

INT. DRUG STORE/STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Florida and Rugbug walk right past a portly neck-tie wearing MANAGER who sits on a cardboard box eating Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup.

MANAGER

Excuse me? What are you doing?

Florida and Rugbug walk right past him and onto a loading dock.

Rugbug jumps down, then helps Florida down.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I said--

RUGBUG

(interrupting)

Shut the fuck up I'll fucking kill  
you.

The manager is dumfounded.

Rugbug and Florida walk away briskly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rugbug walks along the street trying doors to every parked car while Florida walks behind carrying the bags from the drug store.

The door to a newish BMW opens.

Rugbug pops his head inside, looks around.

RUGBUG

Shit's too modern. I can't hot wire  
this.

Rugbug looks around as police sirens start to wail. He sees a small Honda hatchback.

Rugbug grabs a rock out of a planter, runs over, and smashes it through the back window.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HONDA HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Rugbug drives, his first time at the wheel.

Florida, in the passenger seat, is putting on the black clothing that they bought at the drug store.

EXT. RELAXATION CENTER - NIGHT

The building is deadly quiet, a few windows yellow with light. A few flood lights.

The Honda is parked on a hill overlooking the property.

Inside, Rugbug and Florida are dressed all in black.

RUGBUG

You ready?

FLORIDA

Yeah. Let's do this.

Rugbug and Florida exit the Honda and walk towards the little houses and pyramids that dot the hillside.

Florida opens a door. Inside is a nude sleeping man in a big bed. There's an I-V hooked to his arm and soothing music plays. It's not Dale.

She closes the door.

Rugbug throws back the plastic tarp on one of the pyramids. Inside there sits a nude, severely tan and emaciated nude woman. She has several plastic milk jugs surrounding her, some of them filled with water, some with dark urine.

She looks up at Rugbug with wild eyes. He raises a finger to his lips and winks.

RUGBUG

Shhh. I'm just a dream come true.

He drops the tarp.

Florida opens another door, revealing a similar setting. Again, it's not Dale.

She turns a corner and starts towards another when she sees a bald headed man in a robe walking in between the cabins with a flashlight.

She ducks around a corner just in time.

Rugbug opens up a door. The room is empty. He slams it.

The man with the flashlight sees Rugbug.

FLASHLIGHT MAN

Hey!

Rugbug sees him and takes off running. Florida observes this all from her hiding spot.

FLORIDA

Shit.

Florida runs, throws back the tarp on a plastic and wood pyramid. Another emaciated nudie, but not Dale.

Up on the hill, the flashlight man and Rugbug are fighting. He clubs Rugbug across the face with his flashlight.

Rugbug spit blood, then tackles the guy.

Florida throws open a door to another of the small buildings.

Dale Carlson, with a long beard and shaved head, sits quietly in a big bed.

Florida slams the door behind herself and runs to his side. She shakes him awake.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Dale. Dale.

Dale looks up at her with big, vacant eyes. He blinks.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Where's Tim, Dale? Where's Tim.

Tim just smacks his mouth.

Boom, the door flies open. It's Rugbug. He's all bloody and scraped up. Dale regards it all with no emotion.

RUGBUG  
I knocked him out. Is this the guy?

FLORIDA  
Yeah. Dale, come on. Snap out of it. Snap out of it.

DALE  
Florida?

FLORIDA  
That's right it's me.

There's some commotion outside. Rugbug cracks the door, peeks.

RUGBUG  
(whispering)  
Shit. There's tons of them out there.

FLORIDA  
Where's Tim?

DALE  
Tim?

Florida reels back and slaps Dale across his face.

FLORIDA  
God damn, motherfucker. Where's Tim?

RUGBUG  
We got to get out of here.

FLORIDA  
Where's Tim?!

DALE  
He's with his brother.

FLORIDA  
Which one.

DALE  
Dave. Dave in Phoenix.

FLORIDA  
Where's he live? Where in Phoenix.

RUGBUG

Oh Jesus, Mrs. Specific, we can  
ferret that out later. Let's go.

DALE

Encanto.

Rugbugs grabs Florida's arm.

RUGBUG

Come on. Let's go.

Rugbug and Florida bolt out of the building.

EXT. RELAXATION CENTER - NIGHT

Rugbug and Florida run up the hillside towards the parked Honda.

They are only a few yards up when the crowd of robed figures spots them.

CROWD

There they are!

The mob runs for them.

RUGBUG

Go. Go on ahead.

Rugbug stops and starts dislodging small boulders, throwing them down and yelling like a mad ape.

The crowd stops.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

I'll fucking smoosh you! I'll  
smoosh all of you!

Florida leaps into the car, starts it up.

Hearing this, Rugbug runs after her. A few members of the mob pursue.

Rugbug stops, throws a few more boulders.

He gets to the top of the hill just as large robed man grabs at him.

Rugbug shoves him back down the hill a little ways, and leaps into the car.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Go! Go! Go!

Florida nails the gas and they rocket down the road throwing dirt and gravel.

Rugbug beats the dash then turns to see the robed man running after the car. Rugbug laughs.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
Lookit 'im! Lookit 'im!

Florida glances in the rearview mirror, then turns onto a paved road.

INT. WHITE HONDA - DUSK

They drive towards Phoenix, Rugbug behind the wheel.

RUGBUG  
So what happens after we find Tim?  
Or Josh? Or whoever he is.

FLORIDA  
I don't know.

RUGBUG  
You're going to, like. You're going to seduce him?

FLORIDA  
I don't think I'm going to seduce anybody.

RUGBUG  
Well, I just mean, you're going to focus on rekindling your relationship with him. Right?

FLORIDA  
Yeah, I guess that's true. I just need to see him.

RUGBUG  
What about ol' Rugbug?

FLORIDA  
What about him?

RUGBUG  
What becomes of my ass. Just tossed into the gutter? Just, totally on my own?

FLORIDA

I mean. We're friends, aren't we?

RUGBUG

Sort of.

FLORIDA

What do you mean?

RUGBUG

Naw, yeah, we're friends.

FLORIDA

So we'll still be friends.

RUGBUG

Okay then. I guess that's settled.  
Maybe I should just twist this  
wheel really hard right now and  
flip the car and we can all die in  
fire. I think maybe that'd be the  
smartest thing to do.

Florida doesn't say anything to that.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Yep. Maybe I'll just do that.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florida walks up to the door, knocks. A nice, conservative  
looking man in his fifties answers.

FLORIDA

Hi. I'm, uh, I'm looking for Tim.

DAVE

Do you mean Josh?

FLORIDA

Yeah.

DAVE

Are you a friend of his?

FLORIDA

Yeah. We, uh, we were together for  
a while.

DAVE

Are you Florida?

FLORIDA  
That's me. Yeah.

Dave glances down at her belly.

DAVE  
Why don't you come in?

FLORIDA  
Is he here?

DAVE  
C'mon. Come in. Please.

Florida glances back at Rugbug.

He shrugs.

She shrugs back, and enters.

INT. DAVE KATZ'S HOUSE - DAY

A mahogany clock ticks.

Florida sits in big chair in a soft, pastel colored living room. It's the first truly normal place she's been in since embarking on her journey.

Dave enters with a glass of lemonade. He hands it to her.

DAVE  
Here you go.

Dave sits across from her, smiles sadly.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
My brother was very fond of you. He talked about you a lot.

FLORIDA  
What're you talking about?

Dave reaches out and awkwardly holds Florida's knee.

DAVE  
Josh passed away three months ago.

FLORIDA  
What?

DAVE  
He passed away. I'm sorry.

Florida's face falls. She stares into space.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

FLORIDA  
How'd he die?

DAVE  
He fell asleep in the street and  
somebody ran him over. A truck. An  
eighteen wheeler. Died on impact.

Florida looks around the room.

FLORIDA  
Where. Where, uh...

DAVE  
He's at Mt. Sinai.

Florida chugs half the glass of lemonade, sets it down, and stands.

FLORIDA  
Thanks for the drink.

DAVE  
Of course.

She exits.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Florida exits. She walks to the car. Rugbug's not there.

FLORIDA  
Rugbug!

She looks around, doesn't see him. She jumps into the car, starts it up, and starts driving.

INT. FLORIDA'S VAN - DAY

Florida drives, totally quiet. Rugbug sits in the passenger seat, also quiet.

She doesn't reply.

RUGBUG  
Sorry.

Rugbug reaches over to rub her back to console her.

FLORIDA  
Don't touch me.

Rugbug takes his hand away.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI CEMETERY - DAY

Florida walks through the grass with her little map.

Rugbug watches from the car. He raises a long piece of licorice to his lips and takes a bite.

Florida stops, looks around frustrated. She's lost.

She walks over to a BLACK KID raking leaves, around her age.

FLORIDA  
Excuse me, do you know where they  
bury the Jewish people here?

The kid points.

BLACK KID  
Yeah. They're right over there.

Florida looks over at a little gated part of the huge cemetery.

CLOSE on a gate with a Star of David. Florida pushes it open and walks through the graves.

CLOSE on a black marble plaque obscured by a couple Jack Daniels bottles and a bunch of guitar picks.

Florida kneels and clears it all away, revealing the epitaph that reads, "JOSH KATZ 1968-2014" There's music notes on either side of his name, a Star of David under it.

Florida stares at it for a minute, keeping her composure. Her face starts to quiver and it breaks. Suddenly she drops to her knees and starts bawling, tearing at the grass.

She screams like an animal.

A few other mourners notice this.

She beats at the grave and bawls, then stops and catches her breath. She HEARS the gate squeak and looks over to see Rugbug standing there, his crooked mohawk looking more ridiculous than ever.

RUGBUG

Hey.

She hangs her head and cries. Rugbug walks over and touches her shoulder.

Florida says nothing.

Rugbug grabs her elbow and helps her stand.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go.

Florida rises on shaky legs. Rugbug helps her up, and helps her walk out of the little Jewish cemetery, into the bigger cemetery.

With Josh's tombstone in the foreground, we watch them walk for a while.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

You want some pizza?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Not pregnant and Honky-tonk pretty Florida sits on a toilet, pissing on something she holds down in the toilet.

She takes a deep breath, pulls it up.

It's a pregnancy test.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Florida lays back on the paisley bedspread, her eyes closed. The pregnancy test sits on her stomach.

CLOSE on a ticking egg timer. It dings.

Florida takes a deep breath, sits up, and looks at the test.

FLORIDA

Yes!

TIM

Thank fucking God.

Tim rolls over, starts pouring whiskey into two plastic cups.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Let's congratulate.

FLORIDA  
You already drunk?

TIM  
Fuck yes. Starting pouring it in  
the second you said "late" and I  
realized you didn't mean to the  
matinee.

FLORIDA  
It's that bad an idea, huh? Having  
a baby with me?

TIM  
Fuck yes. Fuck babies. Fuck  
families. Grandma coming down the  
hall for supper. No thank you.

FLORIDA  
You don't even want to have a baby?

TIM  
Never! No! Not with you or anybody  
else.

FLORIDA  
What if I was pregnant right now?

TIM  
'Bortion. I'd take you to get an  
abortion.

FLORIDA  
And what if I wouldn't?

TIM  
You would.

FLORIDA  
But what if I wanted to keep it?

TIM  
Then I guess I'd have to punch you  
in the gut.

FLORIDA  
Shut up.

TIM  
I would though. I'd punch you in  
the gut til the baby was dead.

FLORIDA

Shut up. It's not funny.

TIM

I fucking ain't joking. Thought  
about it just two seconds ago. Bam!  
Bam! Bam! Let it come out all  
crumpled up.

FLORIDA

Shut up. You're not funny.

TIM

Blood and guts and lil baby bones.  
Drip, drippin' out.

Florida picks up a beer bottle from the dresser and smashes  
it over Tim's head.

Tim falls off the side of the bed, stands and staggers back,  
laughing, his head bleeding. He touches the blood.

FLORIDA

You think you're funny,  
motherfucker?! You think you're  
funny!

TIM

You're the funny one. Silly bitch.

Florida charges Tim and stabs him in the chest with the  
broken bottle. It's not enough to kill him, but definitely  
enough to shut him the fuck up and hurt him bad.

Tim screams and lays back on the mattress, gritting his  
teeth.

TIM (CONT'D)

Uh. Call ambulance.

Florida stuffs a few things into her bag and charges out the  
door. She's livid, red and breathing steam. A straight  
animal.

TIM (CONT'D)

Please, baby. C'mon.

She grabs a backpack and charges out to the highway and  
sticks her thumb out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A pickup truck with a GOONY DRIVER pulls over almost immediately.

GOONY DRIVER

Where you going?

FLORIDA

Anywhere.

Florida jumps into the truck's cab.

She looks over and sees Tim, smiling, standing in the doorway all bloody. He shows her his bloody palms and shrugs.

She's pissed, this doesn't change a thing.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The truck speeds away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Present-day Florida lies on the bed, looking at Rugbug's flask on the night stand. She reaches over and touches it with two fingers.

Rugbug is staring in the mirror in the adjoining bathroom.

RUGBUG

I fucking hate my face.

He pushes his nose back and forth, grabs his mohawk.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

I fucking hate this mohawk.

Rugbug reaches into his pocket and takes out a knife. He unsheathes it and starts sawing his hair off, dropping it in the sink.

Florida looks over at his back.

FLORIDA

Yuck.

She snatches his flask from the night stand, carefully unscrews the cap, and takes a sip.

Rugbug, sawing at his mohawk in the front, accidentally slices his forehead.

Florida starts chugging.

Ugly Rugbug gnashes his teeth as blood runs down his face. He mashes his face into the mirror and rubs it all around, blows bubbles in his blood and spit.

Florida appears in the door. She's a little drunk.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
Wash your face off. I wanna go out.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Not-pregnant Florida sits eating french fries and beer with the Goony Driver. She's still mad from the fight with Tim.

GOONY DRIVER  
I know I ain't much of a looker,  
but you oughta meet my cousin  
Geordie. He's got a personality  
lots like mine, but looks a lot  
better. Less hair though. Got a  
full head o' hair. Can't curse God  
in the hair department.

As the Goony Driver rambles, Florida watches a nearby television mounted.

A movie-star handsome young man, all covered in black ash and a little blood, stands before a fire talking being interviewed by a reporter on the local news. The crawl reads: "LOCAL BUSBOY TROY SANDAGE SAVES THREE YOUTHS FROM FIRE."

This is the TROY from the very first scene.

TROY  
(onscreen)  
I just saw there heads all in the  
windows and I didn't even think. I  
just bolted right in there.

GOONY DRIVER  
So if you really want to go back to  
where you were, you're not going to  
want to take the same highway. You  
out to take the I-eighty-seven.

Florida takes a shot, her eyes locked on the TV, on Troy.

FLORIDA  
I'm going to stay here for a little  
while.

INT. GREASY TAVERN - NIGHT

Drunk as shit, Florida leans against the juke, flipping through the albums, blowing raspberries.

Rugbug dances around by the bar, acting a fool.

FLORIDA

Gotta get some Easy Bandits on this fucking thing! I wanna hear that dead jew-boy do his thang!

Rugbug, also drunk, walks up to her and hands her a pint of water.

RUGBUG

Here. Drink this?

She chugs some.

FLORIDA

What the fuck's this?

RUGBUG

Water.

FLORIDA

*Plop!*

Florida throws the glass of water aside. It shatters.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Gimme quarters or get the fuck out of here.

Rugbug stumbles away.

After a minute a TALL CLEAN COWBOY walks over and leans on the juke.

TALL CLEAN COWBOY

Care to dance little lady?

Florida pushes back off the juke, revealing her pregnant stomach.

TALL CLEAN COWBOY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Didn't see that.

FLORIDA

Oh, I can still dance. I can dance, motherfucker!

Florida grabs for the cowboy but he alludes her grasp. He gets away from her fast.

Florida sweeps the crowd with languid eyes, notices a half dozen patrons, mostly women, judging her with their eyes.

She slaps her belly like a beach ball.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

What? You never seen a pregnant lady get fucked up, huh?

The bar gets quiet. Rugbug downs the rest of his drink, tries to grab her arm.

RUGBUG

C'mon, let's go.

FLORIDA

You ever see your old man's grave, huh? You ever got to visit there? In the little Jewish grass.

RUGBUG

C'mon.

Florida swats Rugbug away. He falls over a few chairs.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

All right, I'm all right.

FLORIDA

Yeah, yeah! He's all right.

Florida kicks over a few bar stools.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

You ever seen a pregnant woman fuck shit up?!

She knocks over a table, kicks the juke, tears a poster off the wall. The glass shatters. Over and over she shouts...

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

You ever seen a pregnant woman fuck shit up?!

Rugbug gets up, walks to her. The bouncer, mostly in denim and big as a Kodiak, walks over and stands before her.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

What you going to do, blue bear? You gonna punch me in the gut? Go for it! Go!

BOUNCER

(to Rugbug)

Get your friend out of here, or I'm going to have to wrestle her out of here.

RUGBUG

You're going to wrestle a pregnant woman, man?

BOUNCER

Get her out of here.

FLORIDA

Whatchoo gonna do, motherfucker?!  
Whatchoo gonaa do?!

Rugbug takes her arm.

RUGBUG

C'mon. Let's go. We don't wanna hurt the baby.

FLORIDA

Fuck the baby! Fuck it! And fuck this fat fuck too. Whatchoo gonna do, blue bear?!

RUGBUG

Please. Come on. Let's go.

Florida sizes the Bouncer up one last time, spits on his boots, and stumbles towards the door.

FLORIDA

C'mon. Fuck this shithole. Fuck all y'all motherfuckers.

Florida slams out the door, Rugbug at her heels.

INT. DINER - DAY

Troy walks around, bussing tables. An CIGARETTE TEMPERED OLD WOMAN gives him a hundred dollar tip.

TROY

Oh, ma'am, that's not neccesary.

She holds the back of his hand.

OLD WOMAN

God bless you. God bless you.

Troy moves to bus another table Florida is sitting there in shades, drunk.

FLORIDA  
You the hero?

TROY  
Yeah, that's me.

Florida lowers her sunglasses, showing her big, beautiful, bloodshot eyes.

FLORIDA  
You got a girlfriend?

INT. TROY'S SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Troy and Florida fuck on a sheetless mattress.

TROY  
I'm going to come.

FLORIDA  
Come in me.

TROY  
What?

FLORIDA  
Come in me.

TROY  
You on the pill?

FLORIDA  
Shhh. Just come in me.

They keep fucking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TROY'S SHABBY APARTMENT - DAY

An open pregnancy test sits on a dresser next to old tissues and Troy's uncharmingly weird knick-knacks.

TROY (O.S.)  
Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

SWISH PAN to REVEAL Troy holding a pregnancy test. Florida sits on the edge of the bed. He holds it before her face.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Two lines, Flo! Two lines.

Florida smiles huge. Troy sits, holds her close, and starts kissing her all over.

TROY (CONT'D)  
We did it. I can't believe it. Two weeks ago I was just some guy. Now I'm a dad! And a husband! I can't believe it!

Florida smiles, but as Troy moves down and starts kissing her belly, the smile fades completely. She looks more than sad. Destroyed.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to get so rich for us. So rich. Millions of dollars. I'm going to figure it all out. I promise. You'll see how good a man I am. I swear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Florida leans, backlit, in the door to the bathroom. Rugbug keeps trying to feed her water. She swats away the little plastic cup.

RUGBUG  
C'mon. Drink it. Drink.

FLORIDA  
Naw, fuck that. Gimme some vodka.  
Gimme some o' that!

RUGBUG  
C'mere. I got some over here.

Rugbug leads her over to the bed, sits her down. Her eyes are starting to close. She grabs at Rugbug's cock a little bit.

FLORIDA  
How 'bout that. How bout you give me a little bit of that?!

RUGBUG  
Sure, sure.

Rugbug lies her down, takes off her boots.

FLORIDA

Gimme a fuck, Richie. Da Dick.  
C'mon.

RUGBUG

Sure. Sure. Whatever you need,  
baby.

Rugbug gets Florida under the covers, tucks them in tight around her.

Rugbug gets onto the other bed and crosses his arms, closes his eyes.

FLORIDA

Give me some dick.

RUGBUG

Sure. Sure.

FLORIDA

Wanna fuck.

Florida passes out.

DIP TO BLACK:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The ugly curtains glow with early light. A huge shadow barrels past. A semi.

Florida's puffy red eyes are just slits as she stares past sleeping Rugbug at the window. He's in the exact same position as he was the night before.

FLORIDA

Rugbug?

Rugbug awakes with a start.

RUGBUG

Whas? Whas going on?

FLORIDA

I drank too much.

He closes his eyes again.

RUGBUG

Yeah. We both did.

FLORIDA

But...

She starts to cry.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Do you think I hurt the baby?

RUGBUG

No way.

FLORIDA

I'm afraid I hurt the baby. I don't want to be like that anymore... to drink like that. I know I hurt the baby.

RUGBUG

You didn't hurt the baby, no way. I was watching your belly all night. Shit didn't collide with anything.

FLORIDA

But... you're not supposed to drink when you got a baby. When you're pregnant.

RUGBUG

C'mon. I was born in fucking nineteen-eighty, before all those billboards, and all I know is that my mom drank the whole fucking time. And my face might be funny, but my brain is as smart as a whip. You don't fucking worry. You didn't hurt the baby.

FLORIDA

I think I hurt the baby.

RUGBUG

You didn't. You did not hurt the baby.

Florida starts balling. Hard. About the baby and everything else.

Rugbug moves over to her bed, sits her up and holds her as she cries.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

C'mon. C'mon. C'mon.

She half holds him, leans her wet face into his and cries. He sucks air in through his teeth.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
It's hard to be so close to you.

FLORIDA  
Why?

RUGBUG  
Cause you're so fucking beautiful.

She glances at him. Suspicious.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Don't look at me like that.  
You know me. I don't mean that  
you're hot, even though you are. I  
just mean you're beautiful inside  
and out. Look at you.

FLORIDA  
Don't.

RUGBUG  
I'm not going to, it's just... I  
used to be scared to kiss girls,  
I'd get drunk as fuck, I don't  
know, I didn't kiss a girl til I  
was nineteen. But then like, I made  
a promise to myself not to be like  
that. And I started kissing girls  
so much, so many girls, that I just  
fucking go for it now. I don't have  
to think about it, you know what I  
mean? I trained my brain to kiss a  
girl, a beautiful girl, that's this  
close to me. Like my instinct now  
is to kiss you. I've got to fight  
it. I feel like I have a fucking  
dog on a chain. Just looking at  
your eyes, looking at your fucking  
beautiful blue eyes, and your mouth  
all fucking wet with tears. I just  
want to lick you, I just want to  
drink your whole fucking face right  
now. God damn. God damn it!

Rugbug turns from her, lets go of her and takes a deep breath, trying hard to control himself.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

I'm going to console you. I'm your  
buddy, I'm your pal, I just want to  
kiss you so fucking bad. God damn.

As he laughs to himself, shakes his head and beats his chest,  
Florida stares at him long and hard.

After a second she touches his face.

Rugbug laughs, moves her hand away.

RUGBUG (CONT'D)

It's all right, Florida. I'm ugly.  
I'm dirty. It's all right. Fucking  
shitty monkey man.

Florida reaches over and touches his face again. This time he  
holds it to his cheek, willing to settle for any contact. She  
inches her finger towards his mouth, then pushes it against  
his lips, his teeth, into his mouth.

He cradles her wrist, sucks her finger, still chuckling,  
still thinking he's being humored.

She sticks another finger in. Deeper.

He looks up at her, at her fuck-serious face, and grabs her  
wrist hard. He shoves her fingers deep into his mouth, sucks  
hard.

She leans her head back, sinews in her neck. She moans.

Rugbug hears this, and as quick as a whip, starts to undo his  
belt buckle. He kisses her arm, her shoulder, and latches  
onto her mouth.

They tear eachother's clothes off. They're both dirty, oily  
from the road.

Their naked in seconds, and Rugbug works his way behind her,  
pushes in, and they start fucking hard.

ADD A BEAT HERE.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rugbug wakes up. He walks over and looks at her buzzing  
phone. Opens it up.

There's a brand new text from Troy.

It reads: I still love you. You're breaking my heart. I need to be with you and our baby. Please.

Rugbug looks over at Florida, her big belly uncovered and moving with her breaths. It almost seems to glow.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Semis barrel past on the rainy street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Florida's Dad's grave. Vines have grown all over it, around the face, through the beer bottles which have mostly been broken now.

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Hey Flowy. Dad's had a long day.  
Play me one of your songs.

Fog moves all around it, over it. Slowly, it's completely swallowed by the fog.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Florida wakes with a start, looks around. Rugbug's not there.

FLORIDA  
Rugbug?

Florida gets up, looks around. Not only is he gone, there's not sign of him ever having been there. His backpack, his big boots, all of it's gone.

She opens the door.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)  
Rugbug!

No response. The Honda is gone too.

Florida looks over at the small table and sees a note. She closes the door, walks over, and picks it up.

She looks down at it for a long time.

It reads:

Dear Florida,  
A woman as beautiful and GOOD as  
you deserves a man with sanity. I  
am a man without sanity. I AM  
INSANE!

Love, Rugbug (Randall)

PS: Life is crazy and life is LONG. Seeya later.

Florida stares at the note, her eyes heavy and mysterious. We  
hear a PHONE RINGING.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Florida sits with the phone to her ear. The source of the  
ringing we just heard. After a couple more rings.

TROY (O.S.)  
Hello?

FLORIDA  
Troy.

TROY  
Florida?

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Florida stands with a hostess.

FLORIDA  
Two. I'm meeting someone.

CUT TO:

Florida sits in a booth, picks at her laminated menu.

She glances all around the diner. She looks utterly  
destroyed, utterly alone.

An ANCIENT OLD MAN, at least a hundred, in a moth eaten hat  
sits at the counter alone with a bowl of chicken noodle soup.

Florida looks over and catches him staring at her.

The old man gets up with some degree of difficulty and walks over, literally hat in hand.

The waitress comes by, sets down a black and white malt.

OLD MAN

Miss.

Florida ignores him as she spoons cold, sweet malt into her mouth.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Miss. You mind if I feel your belly? Feel 'im kick?

FLORIDA

(mouth full)

He's not kicking now. Sorry.

OLD MAN

Really? Okay.

The old man, seeming defeated, turns to walk away. He shuffles a few steps.

Florida watches him go.

She sets the spoon down.

FLORIDA

Wait. You can try and feel.

The old man turns, sits with her.

She works up her shirt, revealing her big, bulging stomach.

He lays his bony hand on it.

OLD MAN

Sorry if it's cold.

FLORIDA

It's not.

The old man closes his eyes, his eyelids like paper.

OLD MAN

Mmm. You feel that? I can feel its heartbeat. Both heartbeats. You feel that?

Florida takes a sip of her water, closes her eyes.

CLOSE ON HER FACE, PUSHING IN GENTLY ON HER.

The heartbeats get louder and louder.

She's so tired.

The sounds of the diner, the clinking dishes and loud patrons and bad music, it all fades.

It's only two heartbeats

And Florida's eyelids, so tired, her eyes flickering behind them.

Two heartbeats, side by side.

CUT TO BLACK

Slowly, the heartbeats fade. Gram Parson's "She" begins to play.

Calligraphy CREDITS FADE IN AND OUT as SOFTLY as the song.