

WITH MILK

Written by

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INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - A BLOCK - DAY

A splayed armpit with a protruding tuft of thick hair. A gloved hand smears on a thick gel coating.

A face noses its way on screen, inching closer, sniffing curiously. The MAN fixes his fogging spectacles then jots down his observations eagerly.

SERIES OF CUTS:

--MENS' mouths pucker and unpucker sporting different shades of lipstick.

--WORKING MAN'S hands rub in dollops of moisturizer.

--Chocolate and vanilla like-milkshakes slosh as they're poured.

--Eyes are held wide as drops fall from a hovering dropper.

--Pills of all shapes and sizes rain down into little paper cups and open mouths.

--A row of MEN lay on tables tanning their backs under sun lamps, sans cucumbers.

WHITE-COATED TECHNICIANS coordinate the whole show.

SUPERIMPOSE: DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, OKLAHOMA, MARCH 1971

In the background, PETER SCHOLZ (mid 30s) sits, back turned. His skin is a patchwork of disfigurements. A large man in a white coat, DR. WILT (late 50s), tears off a square of hospital tape and affixes it to one of the areas.

DR. WILT

Some "discomfiture" was to be expected. If it makes you feel any better, the results are promising.

PETER

Good for them... What's next?

DR. WILT

You know... who.

It's unlike any medical facility any outsider would recognize, still, it's equipped with the most sophisticated medical equipment for its time. A COULTER COUNTER sits off in the distance.

It's a ripe field of blood and skin and tissue.

D BLOCK - NIGHT

The hips of a full-figured midwestern beauty, MAGGIE HILL (28), swing as she walks a dark hallway, a baton swings at her side.

The hallway is lined with a few small glinting mirrors. A cockroach skitters in the distance.

MURMURS swell.

She walks through the smog of dozens of caged MEN layered over with various industrial disinfectants.

SUDDENLY, a HAND shoots from one of the darkened cells.

She pivots quickly, bringing her baton down with full force.

CRUNCH.

Silence...

After a beat, a measure of MUMBLING escapes the cell.

INMATE 1  
What in the shit was that now?!

INMATE 2  
Goddamn, son!

INMATE 3  
Shut it!

Maggie hastens down the hall. Shadowed faces look from behind bars as she goes. Some sneer, some laugh, some stare. She counts them quickly, stone-faced.

ENTRANCE

Maggie rouses REESE MITCHELL (mid 20s) in the booth with a terse knock.

BUZZZZZZZ.

The gate grinds open.

MAGGIE  
(to herself, trailing off)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

## HALLWAY

Maggie passes the break room. SERGEANT CARL BECK (mid 30s) stops mid-bite as he watches her walk quickly by, muttering to herself.

## ATRIUM

Maggie's moonlit silhouette streaks across the reception area. Her shadow traverses beside her in a wide arc.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Fuuuuuuuuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,  
stupid-fucking-idiot-shit...

## A BLOCK

Maggie slams open the last door.

MAGGIE  
FUCK!

As the door closes, it reveals a Sharpie'd "WOMEN." sign, complete with a big, red period punctuating it.

The tape keeping it in place fails and it drops to reveal a "Men's" sign.

## INT. PRISON LOUNGE - MORNING

SGT. CARL BECK (mid-to-late 30s), a man who seems to be getting softer every day, with an attention-taking chipped front tooth, talks with the first shift.

CARL  
None of this around Cap.  
Understand? He doesn't go for any  
of this nonsense--and y'all  
shouldn't either. Stunts like this  
put us all at risk. Understand? I'm  
getting rid of them. Not a word.

He waves some photos at them, emphasizing his point, then stuffs them in his breast pocket.

Maggie sits on the bench untying her boots, listening with half an ear. She readies to leave. CAPT. LLOYD GILROY (late 40s) enters with a commanding presence.

Everyone quiets down.

LLOYD  
Helluva party, Carl. Yard's a  
beaut. Now Betty's in my ear about  
how we need one. I don't even wanna  
know what it ran ya...

LLOYD grabs the pinned list and flips through it.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
You know what I told her, I told  
her we'll get it in ten.  
(beat)  
Know what she said? 'YEARS?!' she  
yelled. Nah, I said. I said pounds.  
You disappear that, I said, and  
I'll make the down payment the day  
the needle hits. Any good ones  
left? Anything?

Lloyd flips open the box of donuts.

CARL  
Quiet... for the most part.  
(beat)  
Scholz, though.

Lloyd runs his hand through his hair with a scrunched face.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Hand was all banged up when I found  
him. He said, and I quote, "had a  
cave-in at twenty-six feet." I had  
Mitchell take him over to get  
checked out.

LLOYD  
Anything else?

CARL  
One loss of rec for Guthrie: extra  
sheet. Merv didn't get much sleep,  
patch tests this week. Forty-nine  
for forty-nine.

Maggie goes to leave.

LLOYD  
Aye, Hill, you know anything about  
Scholz?

Lloyd walks over to the coffee maker. He looks around the  
stacked pile of mugs with consternation.

MAGGIE

No, sir.

He shoots her a hard look.

LLOYD

Happened on your watch.

MAGGIE

Yes, sir.

Maggie heads out.

Lloyd looks up from the coffee maker with fury. He nods to Carl giving him silent orders.

D BLOCK - MORNING

Peter, hair parted to the left, rigs a dropper for his coffee and runs water over his toothbrush. He applies the toothpaste shakily with his newly casted right hand.

The long strips of adhesive tape from his back hang on the wall.

Outside his cell, a bullhorn BLARES, interrupting the Top-40 R&B tunes being piped through. As he puts on his shirt there are pinkish blotches mottling his skin.

GUARD (V.O.)

ON YOUR BUNKS AND BE VISIBLE! BE ON  
YOUR BUNKS AND BE VISIBLE! EVERYONE  
UP, LET'S GO!

Boots pour into position offscreen. Peter starts to brush and is immediately bum-rushed.

His percolator bubbles clear.

INT. PETER'S CELL

Carl and GOMEZ (mid-to-late 20s) toss Peter's cell checking all the insider spots, making a mess. Peter's cell is filled with various hustles: halved shampoo bottles and copper wire, a radio with its wires hanging out, a carton of smokes, stamp books, etc.

A certificate hangs on the wall.

INSERT: "For risking serious illness to further medical science's fight against infectious disease."

CARL  
You guys crack me up.  
(beat, looking around)  
You sure know how to fill the time,  
Scholz. If you weren't such a  
degenerate, I'd say you were  
interesting.

PETER  
Good to have hobbies.

Carl turns to the shelving behind him and rifles through it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Aye, Carl, c'mon, they're in  
alphabe--

Carl's ears twitch at the sound.

In one fell swoop, Carl clears the shelf and punches Peter in  
the stomach. Carl pulls his punch, but only a little.

Peter falls to the ground.

Carl gets over him and starts patting him down.

GOMEZ  
I already--

CARL  
(to Gomez)  
Forgive me, Gomez, last time you  
checked someone we found them  
blithely eating an apple in their  
cell. Keep looking.

When Gomez turns, Carl slips something into Peter's back  
pocket.

CARL (CONT'D)  
(to Peter)  
You know. anything we find in the  
meantime only makes it worse.

PETER  
(cough)  
Huh? What else is there? I thought  
we were good?

CARL  
That's really how you want to play  
it? Fine, actually--good.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)  
Truth be told... I've always wanted  
to do this.

Peter eyes Gomez questioningly.

PETER  
Wait. Do what?

Carl snaps, still over top of him. A bunch of arms, seemingly out of nowhere, hold Peter's cast to the cement floor. A hammer is inserted into Carl's open hand behind his head.

He taps on the cast, lining up his shot.

CARL  
Should I start here?  
(tap tap)  
Or here?  
(tap tap tap)  
Sure would hate to ruin the Doc's  
handy work.

GOMEZ  
Ha. Good one. "Handy" work!

CARL  
Thanks. Now go back to being  
useless, Gomez.  
(beat)  
But, really, you should give them a  
break.  
(beat)  
I guess you'll never be anyone's  
right-hand man again.

PETER  
Wait, wait, wait, I thought we were  
good.

GOMEZ  
Yeah, yeah--and, after, I'm gonna  
put my HanCOCK on it!

CARL  
Welp, we were having fun.  
(Back to Peter)  
So, we clear?

PETER  
Hold on! Wait! Wait a minute! Let's  
all get something straight...  
(beat)  
I'm left-handed.



Carl guides the hammer down hard enough to rattle the aching bones but not to damage the cast too much.

Peter YELPS.

CARL  
So! Now then. Oooooooooone--

PETER  
God damnit! I'll tell ya, I'll tell  
ya, man, JEEZ! You all just can't  
let it go.

GOMEZ  
Up. Let's go. Out.

Carl and Gomez jolt Peter to his feet. The sudden rush makes him lightheaded. At the same time, Gomez shoves him toward the cell door. He gets tangled in the tossed sheets and books on the floor and loses his balance.

Trying to catch himself on the edge of the bed, his cast slips and he faceplates into the bars.

BONGGGG.

Carl is stunned by his absolute stupidity.

CARL  
IDIOT! Did you really just--

GOMEZ  
Ouchy-wahwah!

PETER  
What the hell, man?!

Peter rebounds, as if moving fast will offset the trauma. Blood runs down the front of his shirt.

CARL  
That's on you! JESUS!

Carl sits Peter on his bed.

PETER  
It's literally the only thing you  
didn't toss.

Carl flicks Peter's nose.

CARL  
Say it.

PETER

The book, man, damn! On the desk!  
(under his breath)  
If you even know how to open one.

Carl opens "HELLS ANGELS: A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SAGA".  
Inside is a picture of Peter's parents and a folded piece of  
paper behind it.

GOMEZ

Looks like contraband.

Carl throws the polaroid aside and stuffs the paper into his  
pocket quickly.

CARL

Looks like trash.

SKRRRR.

Carl tears out a handful of pages from the binding and snaps  
it shut.

He drops the torn stack on Peter's floor, then tosses the  
shell onto the shakedown trash pile just outside of his cell.

CARL (CONT'D)

These games, Peter, I don't get it.  
You just got off keeplock... You're  
still in some hot water, from what  
I hear. And now... this...

Carl grabs a Dibble Correctional Facility mug sitting near  
the percolator and rinses it in the sink.

CARL (CONT'D)

It's like you don't wanna leave.  
The last few months can still feel  
like years, Scholz, even with you  
running off to A Block every chance  
you get.

The percolator now bubbles black.

Carl pours a cup.

Peter smiles at them with his blood-streaked face.

GOMEZ

You have something to say, wise-  
guy?

Peter takes the toothbrush and gives his teeth a few passes  
then spits voluminously.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)  
Good... better for your health.

Carl motions to Gomez to move out. Gomez swipes at the bandages on the wall, knocking a few off before following Carl out.

D BLOCK - COMMON AREA

Carl dutifully runs the Dibble Correctional Facility mug to Lloyd.

As Lloyd takes a sip, the other side is emblazoned with "CAPTAIN LLOYD GILROY". He exhales in delight.

LLOYD  
AHHHH! Gooooood morning, gentlemen,  
it's another glorious day--a  
blessing no matter where we may  
find ourselves. Remember, act in  
HIS holy name or suffer my  
government-sanctioned wrath!

The Top 40-R&B hits swell back up as Lloyd finishes.

INT. PETER'S CELL - MINUTES LATER

Twirled toilet paper plugs each of Peter's nostrils. Black eyes form. Sliding his hand into his back pocket, Peter gives a hopeful smile.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

A worn yellow house with a two car garage. One car is parked in it with the garage door left open.

KITCHEN

Maggie drearily opens the fully stocked fridge, grabs a beer and a plate of leftovers.

While it's warming in the oven, she sorts pills into a large daily dispenser.

LIVING ROOM

Maggie passes the dining room table on her way to the living room. It's set for three places. The tablecloth is new and still creased.

Maggie shuffles off with her food to the couch and sets it on one of two foldout trays. She falls asleep soon after.

LATER

Asleep on the couch, still in her white undershirt and work pants, a silhouette of an elderly woman, RUTH HILL (early-to-mid 60s), walks up, drapes her in a handmade blanket, wipes her bangs away, and kisses her forehead.

INSERT: COMMERCIAL on the television

Kids looking glum while they sit around a dining room table.

Suddenly, a pig in an apron bursts through the swinging doors of a kitchen dancing with a serving dish held high. Steam wafts from it making all the kids light up and lick their lips and pound their forks and knives on the table. The pig jumps high over the table, raining down meat into all the kids' upturned, open mouths.

COMMERCIAL V.O.

Brighten up any meal with Brighton  
Meats.

After the BRIGHTON MEATS logo, a cow pokes its head out of the kitchen door wearing a chef's hat.

COW

(winking)

I've got dinner! Mooooooo!

The elderly woman turns off the TV last.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Maggie walks out and starts the car in the garage.

Ruth, thin and thinning, follows soon after, whistling as she gets in.

MAGGIE

Directions?

Ruth smiles blankly. Maggie gives her a look of loving resignation as she swings the car door open to get out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The road is long, straight, and desolate aside from Maggie's car. Oil rigs pump on either side.

A broken down, abandoned car, something prized from back in the day, sits derelict on the side of the road.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR

The broken-down car captures both of their attentions.

Ruth whistles and fidgets with the locket she always wears. She's nervous.

EXT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - BASKETBALL COURT

A five versus five pickup game is taking place. The bleachers have a good number of fans. COREY STANTON (mid-20s), a shotcaller of the yard, sits court-side.

COREY  
Shiiiiit, is that you, Scholz?!  
Who's shredded wheat did you piss  
in?

PETER  
What being a good guy gets ya, I  
guess. How's it going?

Peter takes a seat next to Corey, sporting his own bumps and bruises, albeit fading.

COREY  
(dry, seething sarcasm)  
Peachy, just peachy.

Peter lights a cigarette to temper himself.

COREY (CONT'D)  
Don't... Not around the game.

Peter puts his cigarette out on the baseline, absentmindedly, smearing and scraping. Corey feels it deeply and side-eyes him but keeps his cool.

Peter feels his mistake as well as the change in energy. He makes a face, but also keeps his cool.

Replacing the cigarette, Peter slides the envelope from his back pocket across the bleacher. All the MEN sitting around go on high alert.

Corey takes the package, a white-hot flash of anger consuming him, as he presses it to his forehead.

COREY (CONT'D)  
Did you look?

PETER  
Not mine to look at.

COREY  
But did you look?

PETER  
No. Are you--?

COREY  
You know what it is?

PETER  
Uhhh... yeah.

COREY  
How do you know?

PETER  
I just... heard... you know.  
(beat)  
Listen, I really didn't know it'd  
go down like that. It was one of  
those crazy confluences, ya know?

COREY  
A confluence? That's a funny way of  
saying "clusterfuck". You know it's  
customary to give a cat a heads up  
if you're gonna pull some shit like  
that. What Mitchell was doing...  
And whoever else... Egregious,  
Peter. Mortal sin shit.

Corey removes the contents and Peter is quick to look off,  
not giving Corey any opportunity to accuse him of peeking.

After going through the last picture, drawing strength from  
each one, Corey rises.

COREY (CONT'D)  
(to no one in particular)  
BALL!

A perfect pass hits him in his hands.

Peter notices PUCCI, a large, round, shiny-headed man on the  
court, staring holes in him as everyone watches Corey.

Corey launches it from out of bounds as if it was a fifteen-footer. The game parts wordlessly. The GUARDS on the fence and yard watch as well.

They all turn to fans.

SWISH.

The players, including Pucci, wordlessly grab the ball and resume the game.

COREY (CONT'D)

What I can't figure is why...  
what's your game? What did you get  
out of it?

PETER

All told... two weeks keeplock.

COREY

I mean, what benefit? You shut this  
shit down--except for A Block, of  
course--they stayed humming--but  
for what?

PETER

At the time, a good laugh. Other  
than that, admittedly, an ongoing  
headache. You know I missed a thing  
for baby shampoo. I could've banked  
thirty... forty per...

(snap)

like that. For a few drops. Think  
I'm happy? That's good walking  
around money for when I'm outta  
here.

(beat)

Speaking of, you're crazy if you  
don't do it. You could even knock  
off some time-- Get to see...

(motioning to package)

...her a whole lot sooner.

COREY

I ain't no lab rat, or whatever the  
hell y'all call yourselves...

Peter and Corey let the number of ODDLY-BANDAGED MEN, some wearing 1-1 1/2-inch stainless steel cups strapped to their foreheads, around the yard filter into his vision.

A pamphlet blows in the wind at the far edge of the court.

COREY (CONT'D)  
Leave yours at home?

PETER  
(beat)  
That's why it's so great: choose  
your own adventure. That, and the  
checks always clear. Nothing to be  
afraid of, either, just ask some of  
your boys ov--

COREY  
I'm only afraid that you're  
mistaken, Peter. Nothing in here  
gives me a second thought... no  
con, no needle, no cream, no  
powder, no pill, and, especially no  
screw, least of all Mitchell, that  
ass sucking honky. He'll get what's  
coming to him.  
(beat)  
And you know I was gonna get them  
back. Don't you? I didn't need your-  
-

PETER  
For sure, for sure, no doubt! Take  
it as a gesture of good faith to  
make things square... all this  
being my fault to begin with, I'll  
admit. I really didn't know the  
letter was gonna bring down so much  
heat--I was just having a little  
fun with Unk, ya know? Poking the  
bear. Are we good?

Corey jumps up abruptly.

COREY  
(to the court)  
No, no, no, no, Horace--goddamn!  
Put his ass in the parking lot.  
(to another player)  
Then you roll, Pucci--rooooolllll!  
If he comes around, set the pick,  
then you gotta roll! Easy money.  
Like that!

Corey sits back down.

The brochure makes a turn toward them propelled by the wind.  
It's a colorful cartoon-filled brochure with the headline:  
"Volunteer: Better For You, Better For Me, Better For WE!"



COREY (CONT'D)  
Baby shampoo?

PETER  
Tearless. A drop in each eye every  
couple hours. Heard it was nothing.  
And the next one has your name all  
over it.

COREY  
Oh yeah, how you figure?

PETER  
They're getting a game together.

COREY  
A game?! Bullshit!

PETER  
It's for some brand deodorant. It's  
legit. Heard it from a tech myself.  
I'm only telling you cause it's so  
cake and the easiest money you cold  
ever make.

Peter abruptly jumps to his feet and stomps on the brochure  
as he finishes his sentence.

Peter picks it from underfoot. Corey thinks about it.

COREY  
And how much?

PETER  
Fifty... each.

COREY  
(incredulously)  
Fifty... just to ball... in here?!

PETER  
That's what I've been saying! Like  
the letter said, "Brother man, now  
is the time to act."

Peter crumples the brochure and shoots it in a nearby  
trashcan.

He misses.

INT. DIBBLE LUNCH & DINNER - DUSK

Maggie throws down her crumpled-up napkin as Ruth pushes around the innards of her apple pie.

MAGGIE  
Done already?

RUTH  
No new stuff.

MAGGIE  
Ok, lemme see... ok, when did the  
stock market crash? Extra cred--

RUTH  
Of all the things--big FREAKING  
surprise! Nothing depressing,  
please!

Maggie pours milk into her coffee.

MAGGIE  
Sorry, sorry, it was the first  
thing I thought of...

She lends all of her attention the milk and coffee roiling together. It reminds her of her favorite clouds: Mammatus.

She giggles to herself then creates order with a few stirs. She snaps out of it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
But, see, look. You still can't say  
the "f" word.  
(beat)  
Not all's lost, for fucksake.

RUTH  
(blinking in  
comprehension)  
Ah! Manners, Maggie! You should--

MAGGIE  
Sorry--I know, I know!

Maggie takes a sip. Ruth halfheartedly loads up her fork.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Ok, ok... Hey, ma... Here's one.  
(beat)  
Can you saaaay...  
(beat)  
vuuuulllllva?

RUTH  
Say vul-- what?  
(shocked)  
Maggie! Shhh, your language!

MAGGIE  
You have one, don't ya? Guess what--  
surprise--me too!

RUTH  
You're being silly. More Jackie,  
less Sacagawea.

MAGGIE  
Ok...  
(beat)  
But that was offensive too, a  
different kind, but off--

RUTH  
Maggie, get ON with it!

MAGGIE  
Never mind, moving on!  
(beat)  
Let's go with... something easy.  
(beat)  
How about... genitals... genitalia  
is also acceptable.

Ruth starts to bust.

RUTH  
Shhhhh! Ok, ok, ok, shhh, shhh,  
shhh, stop that--a real one! You  
know what I mea--

MAGGIE  
(voice gets real low)  
And GOD forbid I say orgasm--the  
dreaded female orgasm! So icky and  
dirty. Do they even exist? Am I  
right, ladies?

RUTH  
Ok, ok, stop, stop! Get back to the  
game. You mustn't talk like that,  
especially at your age. You  
certainly didn't get it from me.

MAGGIE  
Our walls were adjoining. You're  
anything but blameless.

Ruth is almost breaking with laughter. Tears form at the corners of her eyes. She loves dirty words but will never admit it, especially to her little savage.

RUTH

Oh very funny! We neve--

MAGGIE

Oh very, oh very--OVARY! That's good enough! I'll take it! You're on the board!

They both crack up as COOP, the waiter, comes over. He is conventionally handsome and worth the time of any appreciator of the human form.

Maggie disregards him, unthinkingly. Instead, she shoots the warmest smile at the most beautiful woman in the world, her mother.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Great for now. Thanks, Coop.

COOP

(to Maggie)

Ok, let me know, Ms. Hill.

Maggie winces at that as he walks off. Ruth makes sure he is no longer within in earshot.

RUTH

(hushed)

Ok, ok, ok, shhh, now, you had your fun, no more, a real one. Please.

MAGGIE

Music, politics, sports: pick your poison?

RUTH

At least something I'd know.

MAGGIE

Let's see...

(beat)

Ok, got it! Ready? Here's a real one. It's a film, a SILENT film. Keep that in mind, ok? About a Confederate loyalist--NOT soldier--train robbery, AND retaking. We watched it whenever we could. A scoop of vanilla if you get the actor, too.

RUTH

I know this! ooh, ooh, ooh, the...  
the... the... the... the... Buster!  
No. No. that's no--

MAGGIE

Cloooooose. Need a hin--

RUTH

Hold on, I got it, I got it.  
Buster... Buster... It's right on  
my tip. Let me think for a gosh  
darn second! You're so impatient!

Maggie casually picks a scrap of bacon from between her teeth  
with her pinkie then sips her coffee.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Loyal... Train... Silent...  
Loyal... Train... Silent...  
Loyal... Train...

Ruth disappears in singular thought. She loses the line. Her  
eyes flicker.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Huh, he was so good, wasn't he?

MAGGIE

Buster? Sure, sure.

RUTH

How can you say that?! He was a  
godsend!

MAGGIE

Huh, I didn't think you liked him  
that much.

Ruth plays with the locket again unthinkingly.

RUTH

You're crazy--I adored him! You  
have no idea, more than words can  
say.

(beat)

You know we'd go out for drives,  
Bru-- Buster and I.

(hiccup of a pause)

Buster and I. Just him and I--in  
the old drop top. We'd let the air  
take it all away.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

We'd drive and drive and drive and drive for hours. I don't even know where to most of the time.

MAGGIE

You're so close. C'mon, ma. Buster who?

RUTH

What's that supposed to mean?! The one that would put his paw up--like this--on the dash--like this--to stop himself when I hit the brake too hard. Like this.

Ruth mimes a paw coming up adorably. Maggie goes with Ruth.

MAGGIE

Enough times getting his face smushed against the glass will teach any dog--brilliant OR Buster. Those smudges though...

RUTH

Such a big, goofy love bug, wasn't he?

MAGGIE

The biggest. Nothing he wouldn't scarf down. He was a bottomless pit.

RUTH

Nuh-uh! Apples!

MAGGIE

Apples?

RUTH

He wouldn't eat apples. Birch's! Birch's?! You don't remember?

MAGGIE

I think so... Remind me.

RUTH

The Orchard in Paupack? You know. They even still around? First time, we went picking--what?--we filled up a whole one of them wooden buckets--

MAGGIE

Bushels--

RUTH

Whatever. You wouldn't leave without them all. Your dad, he just laughed. Course you got them. And when we got home, we had apples coming out of everywhere--our counters, our cabinets, our drains... literally our noses, the night with the drapes, remember? They were so, so dusty. Fried, mashed, pureed. Cobblers, crisps, apple sauce, bread, and the pies, oh dear, the pies. I made so many pies, remember? I learned to double up on the sugar, that was the secret. Your daddy liked it sweet. Me, I liked it more semi-sweet. And the cider, well, your daddy liked that strong.

(beat)

After that, he never touched another apple again.

(beat)

Want some?

MAGGIE

No, thanks, I'm not really a sweets person.

RUTH

Cookie dough?

MAGGIE

Ok, some things... you feeling ok?

Ruth pushes the pie away.

RUTH

It's not doing it. What's on?

Maggie checks her watch.

MAGGIE

Adam-Twelve. We should boogie.

RUTH

Ugh... Isn't Bewitch--

MAGGIE

Not tonight.

RUTH

What's today, again?

MAGGIE

Wednesday.

Ruth looks deep within.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Ready? I need to get some sleep,  
I'm on second shift tomorrow. We  
have vanilla in the freezer.

Ruth pulls back the pie and eats it with quiet panic.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

NIGHT GALLERY, Season 1 Episode 4 "The House" plays in the background. Ruth's head rests on Maggie's shoulder. Maggie gets up, trying not to disturb her.

MAGGIE

C'mon. Bedtime.

MAGGIE'S ROOM

Maggie sits on the edge of her bed, a worn copy of Dale Carnegie's "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS & INFLUENCE PEOPLE", "THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE" by Betty Friedan, "SECOND SEX" by Simone de Beauvoir and "VALLEY OF THE DOLLS" by Jacqueline Susann lay on her nightstand.

A flight attendant's uniform hangs in the closet behind her, wrapped in plastic. Her winter clothes are pushing it deeper into the recesses. An overnight bag above is also being pushed aside in the shelf's hierarchy. Maggie sighs as she lays down to surrender another day.

EXT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - AFTERNOON

A CAT skirts across the drive leading in as the gates opens.

Next to A Block are three trailers in the prison yard.

INT. PRISON - MESS HALL - AFTERNOON

Wide angle of a line of PRISONERS waiting as trays are distributed. Maggie keeps watch. Peter, tired, broken and beat up, sporting an unwieldy cast enters the screen, getting in line. He walks across the screen from right to left inching his way to Maggie, also tired and worn.



PETER  
Hill... yeah? Hey!

Maggie watches Peter, nerves vibrate under her skin.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Peter. Peter Scholz... You know me.  
I'd put it there but... ya know...  
I think you know... No. You know...  
I know.

Peter balances the tray, clumsily. Maggie continues looking up and down the inmates. The line pushes Peter one spot forward.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Cold, mama. That what got you in here?

MAGGIE  
(Indulging)  
What's that?

PETER  
That attitude.

The line pushes him up another space. Maggie flushes but doesn't break. Adrenaline races.

MAGGIE  
Gotta say, Pete, prison is not treating you well.

The MAN behind Peter, wearing a 1-1 1/2-inch stainless steel cup strapped to his forehead, snorts.

PETER  
It's Peter, and what, this? No good? Thank Carl for me next time you see him.

MAGGIE  
Oh yeah? I have it on good authority that was all you... They're still laughing about it back in the breakroom. Sucked face cause YOU GOOFED OVER YOUR OWN BEDROLL!

Maggie's voice gets higher to punctuate her point.

PETER  
Disputable. But, really, nothing? Like, at all?  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Not a "hope ya feel better"... "get well soon"... anything?

MAGGIE

(smiling brightly)

Tough break.

Maggie immediately returns to her stone-face. Peter shuffles off, both smiling to themselves. The large MAN behind Peter gives Maggie a respectful nod, sloshing the collected sweat a little.

EXT. DIBBLE DRIVE-IN - TICKET BOOTH - DUSK

On the outskirts of town, Maggie pulls up to the ticket booth.

Maggie rolls down the window.

MAGGIE

*Billy Jack*, how's it?

ELLIOT

Hey, Mags! Not sure you'd like it. It's about a gung-ho hippie lover that kicks a lot.

(thumbing a magazine)

Elvis is a fan, if that means anything.

MAGGIE

Gimme one.

Maggie hands over a five-dollar bill.

ELLIOT

Flying solo again, huh? Any alcohol?

MAGGIE

Course not.

ELLIOT

Dope, dank, cabbage, boomers, buttons, hongos, valley dolls, brown bombers, pearly gates, weddings bells, square dancing tickets, or drinks or outside food of any kind?

Elliot obnoxiously shines the light in Maggie's car, sweeping it a couple times. Her backseat is a mess. Maggie holds up her needle and yarn, begrudgingly.

The thread leads to a blanket in the making.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
You remind me of an old teacher of mine, I ever tell you that? You need to smile more. You got a real perty smile. Maybe that's why you're--

Elliot holds the bill as he trails off in thought.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Better yet, how's about a little peck instead. You can have this back for an eensy weensy little one...

Elliot caresses his cheek with the bill.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Right here. How's about it? C'mon!

Elliot holds Maggie's five-dollar bill out to her in between his pointer and middle finger.

MAGGIE  
No thanks, I swore off eensy weensy ones in high school.

Maggie shoots a suffocating, yet playful, smile at Elliot.

ELLIOT  
Fair enough.

He rings it up and gives Maggie her change.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Word to the wise, come across any of the brown stuff in there best not to trust it. Enjoy the show!

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DUSK

Maggie sits watching BILLY JACK, in a near empty lot, munching on popcorn and slugging down a six pack. She's watching far beyond Dibble.

The sun lowers.

She starts grinding in her seat. She runs her hand down her pants and touches herself, wistfully, knowing the place is wrong but the loneliness is overpowering.

She leans across the bucket seats and reaches into the passenger glove box, groping around. Inside are papers, a manila folder, lipstick, a gun, and her nightstick.

INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - A BLOCK - DAY

Ten MEN shower as a row of white-smocked MEN watch.

The showers cut.

Each man is tossed a stick of deodorant.

All men look to Corey.

Corey starts to read, looks around, shrugs, then pops the top. The other men follow along.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT

The game is rough and sweaty, just what the doctors ordered.

INMATES crowd around to watch, Peter included at the far end.

Maggie stands next to Dr. Wilt.

DR. WILT

What did I tell you?

MAGGIE

This is it, huh? This is a trial?

DR. WILT

In the light of day! See, nothing as insidious as some will have you believe. I'll concede this is a bit more theatrical than most, but I wanted to show you, and everyone, how beneficial they can be. For everyone. No harm, no foul... This game withstanding, of course.

(cracking a wry smile)

And largely due to our work, inmates have more money and sense of purpose than they ever did before, which ultimately makes everyone else's jobs and lives downright easier. It's designed so everyone wins.

MAGGIE

What about the tests that don't go right? I've seen the scars. I've heard about the trailers--

DR. WILT

We take every precaution but this is cutting-edge science, after all, and every participant is well aware of that fact--and well compensated. But just look, doesn't all this potential far outweigh a handful of cases of mild irritation? We're curing things that have baffled generations right here in Dibble, in our backyard. And one day I hope we can put it on the map, together. Breakthrough after breakthrough. Speaking of, how's Birdie? How was her appointment with Norman? He's doing some great work, in his way.

MAGGIE

She's good, she's ok, she misses... you... things.

DR. WILT

Of course, I'm sorry it's been so long. It's just been-- How's next week sound?

MAGGIE

No. I know, you're busy. That'd be nice. Seeing you... She loves it. She never wants to say goodbye.

DR. WILT

Lovely, it's a date.

Dr. Wilt checks his watch and whispers something to a waiting ASSISTANT.

They scamper off.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)

Alright. Alright, that's good, that's good. It's about that time, gentlemen. Next score wins.

Corey calls for the ball in the low post. Jukes his man good with a dream shake but goes for high difficulty turnaround fade. He winks to his defender as he pulls up.

Corey's shot soars over the backboard. He shrugs it off with a smile.

COREY  
Whoopsie-daisy!

Now he's just having fun.

Peter stops the ball under his foot and tosses it back.

The other team then inbounds. They push the pace. The guy on-ball makes a move and gains a little separation, however, as he goes up, a large, looming shadow closes in with almost supernatural quickness. The man feels the pressure, panics, and dumps it off to the undersized five. Corey swoops in to dispossess him before he is able to make two dribbles.

Ball out in front, Corey explodes past everyone for a break away. He tosses it off the backboard in an attempt to oop it to himself. He manages to get the ball through his legs but he doesn't time it quite right and it clangs off the rim.

MITCHELL  
Aye, aye, you heard the Doc, this court was only blocked off for two hours. Time's up! Let's go! Let's go! Others are waiting to get on.

Another back and forth of Corey playing smothering defense and jacking miracles shots.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
Y'all hear me?! Quit playing around! Or I'll--

COREY  
Like, goddamn, it's a game, we're supposed to be playing.

Everyone LAUGHS.

MITCHELL  
All of you, GET OFF now! Quit playing around or I'll-- Or we'll make ya! MOVE it!

COREY  
(to Dr. Wilt, booming)  
Hey doc, can you tell the nice man you're the boss today?

The gathered inmates LAUGH again at the prolonged display. Mitchell is fuming. He puffs out his chest and is about to yell again as he fumbles around for his whistle.

DR. WILT

Alright, alright, settle down. We need all participants to verify the results. With that said, ten dollars in commissary to whoever scores next.

Quicker than the eye can track, Corey strips the ball-handler coming at him, crosses the man backpedaling ineffectually in front, and sprints the length of the court dunking with ease.

He eyes Mitchell as he twirls down.

COREY

GAME! Now I'm done!

The court quakes when he returns to earth.

COREY (CONT'D)

CUT THE MOTHERFUCKIN' CHECK, Doc!  
Corey BOMAYE! Pay me! Pay the man!

DR. WILT

Alright, well done, everyone--now, back inside.

MITCHELL

Stanton, over here.

Corey runs over cautiously.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

The headband, gimme it.

Corey looks around, then reluctantly hands it over before getting back with the other men.

They all slink off the court toward A Block. As they do, Mitchell never takes his eyes off Corey.

Corey never looks back.

INT. A BLOCK

A group of FEMALE INSPECTORS stand waiting as the men enter.

DR. WILT

(to the women)

Ladies, thank you for the time this afternoon.

(to the men)

I trust you all know how to act.

TECH

Arms up, air out! Let's go! Arms up  
and air out!

The men excitedly unfurl their arms, grinning wide.

DR. WILT

Ladies, you may begin.

The women walk over with a perceived sexuality and begin  
sniffing them closely.

COREY

Yo doc, this is too good, what else  
ya got for us?

EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Maggie and Ruth drive into the city for her mom's weekly  
appointment. Ruth is agitated, Maggie is on edge. No  
whistling this morning.

RUTH

...it's just so, so, so, so  
puzzling! Puzzling, puzzling,  
puzzling! An--

MAGGIE

What's puzzling? Talk, for the love  
of God, use your words.

RUTH

And coloring, too! That quack wants  
me to sit on my butt and do nothing  
but puzzles and games--play my life  
away. Put me out to pasture then,  
why don't you? What good am I?  
That's why Bru--

MAGGIE

He's an expert. He knows what he's  
doing.

RUTH

It's not the same. I miss seeing  
him. He always took care of me.  
Besides, is anything really getting  
better?

MAGGIE

He's the specialist, Doc said it.  
They're close. What're you  
fighting, you're much better!

(MORE)



MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And you know it--you feel it. I see it. Tell me you're not.

RUTH

It's all too much... One now, one after, a handful in the morning, then two before bed, then do it all again. I'm tired of it. I'm in a loop, Magpie. I'm not living. I'm coming apart at the seams like an old shirt run through the wash too many times. I'm done, Magpie, I'm really done.

MAGGIE

I hate hearing you talk like this. Have some faith. Please.

Maggie reaches across and touches Ruth's cupped hands. Upon contact they explode open.

RUTH

Faith, ha, rich coming from you! When's the last time you been to St. Anse--

MAGGIE

Not like that!

RUTH

Maggie, slow down! You're driving like a mad woman. Inside the lines!

(beat)

And your schedule, what kind of work is that? Especially for a woman?! Look at you! Corralling a bunch of Cro-Magnon men all hours of the day and night. Who knows what they're liable to do if they get you alone. I have to hear it from Judy, all your comings and goings--that miserable wench. It's not like having you back at all... Who's really just existing, tell me?

Ruth, wearing big Audrey-Hepburn glasses that swallow her face, plays with the visor.

MAGGIE

I don't have it in me today, ma. It's too much.

RUTH

You never do. Never, ever in a million, trillion, billion years should he have done it--getting you in there was a bridge too far. Ken was a dear!

(beat)

I'll never understand it.

MAGGIE

This isn't the fifties anymore, ma! What don't you understand? I want a life.

RUTH

You don't get it! You could've had a family, made me a grandma, that's all I ever wanted, in the whole world, and now--

Maggie's entire body clenches, ready to spring.

MAGGIE

Here we go. Buckle up. That trap again!

RUTH

No, no, not this time. YOU talk. Use your words. Go ahead. Explain it to me.

MAGGIE

Fine! Ok! I'll say it for the umpteenth time. Maybe this time--

(breath, notching it down)

I just... want something... more... something else. I wish you could see what I'm trying to do. To be. For us. For this family. While there's time. But you don't, or can't, get it. And that's ok. I got over it. Just know that I'm willing to give up a lot now to get everything for us later. And it's happening, ma, be proud of me for that, at the very least.

RUTH

But what's the trap? What do you want?

MAGGIE

Children, a husband, a house. DEBT.  
Getting stuck in Dibble for the  
rest of my life. That's the trap!  
(unburdening)

Listen, before-- Things have  
happened to me that I can use.  
Experiences.

RUTH

Experiences? What experiences?!

MAGGIE

That guy on the plane, and all the  
places I've been, plus, now, DCF...  
and others... dad. Even before I  
won "Prettiest on the Prairie".  
Things just happened for the good.  
And I credit you for always doing  
everything for me. It all came  
easy. Then, when I moved away,  
things didn't... they weren't  
right. Mostly, when I was on the  
ground.

RUTH

You loved that job. And you had a  
man. A good one to boot!

MAGGIE

What I'm saying is: when I came  
back, away from there, and started  
working at DCF, it felt like pieces  
were being put back in instead of  
getting chipped away. I don't care  
if that sounds weird. And I believe  
deep down that if I keep listening,  
it'll pay off. I play this right,  
heck, ma, I could run for office!  
Think of it: ME... in office... a  
woman! You get it?! That's what Doc  
says.

RUTH

Pffft! That and more.

Maggie looks at Ruth, exasperated.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You're too rigid. You could have  
had that and more if only you gave  
a little.

MAGGIE

No matter how many times I say it,  
you never want to hear. I have  
dreams! I'm not going to let myself  
become some... automaton!

RUTH

You only talk like this cause you  
don't have anyone. He was a  
provider--a GOOD man!

MAGGIE

No, no, no! He wasn't! You wanted  
that--I want to matter!

RUTH

You'll regret it.

Ruth snatches the locket around her neck in two balled fists  
and presses them to her lips to calm down.

Maggie peers off, her eyes dampening. Something switches in  
Ruth and she reaches in the glove box pushing everything  
aside and pulls the gun out holding it between her pointer  
and thumb through the trigger.

RUTH (CONT'D)

This isn't the power God made you  
with, ya know.

Maggie looks over horrified.

MAGGIE

Put that down! Away! Now!

RUTH

There she is!

MAGGIE

Don't play with that! Be careful!  
Put it back!

RUTH

It's all you care about. Who do you  
imagine these bullets are for?

Ruth tosses it back in the glove box with a thud and snaps  
the door shut.

Maggie takes a steadying breath, stunned.

MAGGIE

Don't ever do that. Please. You  
could've hurt yourself!

RUTH  
Best thing that would've happened  
to me in years... Hurry up, we're  
late.

EXT. DIBBLE STREETS - EVENING

Maggie runs from the house, dressed in DCF training sweats.

After a few indiscriminate turns, she notices the road start  
to slope down. She looks up and off... illuminated in the  
distance, DCF sits like a homing beacon.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie walks around the house after her run, looking for  
Ruth. She walks by a bare dining room table.

She looks at it worried.

EXT. BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Agitated, she finds Ruth in the backyard, watching fireflies,  
whistling.

MAGGIE  
MOM, THE WASH! What did I tell  
you?!

RUTH  
Huh?

MAGGIE  
Colors bleed, you know that! You  
knew it was new! My work shirts are  
in there!

RUTH  
In where?

MAGGIE  
The WASH! You put the tablecloth in  
with them! Now it's flooded and...  
It's getting to be a lot. Too much.

RUTH  
I'm sorry, sweetie. Thing is... I  
don't even remember bleeding. Did I  
get a shot today? Where was it?

MAGGIE

No no no. Oh no. We talked about this, ma. I just don't know anymore. We need help.

RUTH

You mean a babysitter?

MAGGIE

I mean a professional. Reminding you is now a full-time job. And guess what, I already have one! Plus, OT!

RUTH

Please, Magpie, stop. You're yelling!

MAGGIE

Maybe you should ask yourself why Ken isn't here. It was my idea to have you move in when we got married, I asked him, kept asking him, and now look!

(beat)

I just wanted different.

RUTH

Oh, Mags! You love me, I know you do.

MAGGIE

I can't keep fighting. I'm already late.

RUTH

I love you. I'm so sorry, I pray every day and night for God's help! Like we used to be.

MAGGIE

Yeah, yeah, I hear you.

Maggie lets the back door close with a BANG.

INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Maggie walks into the changing room with her windbreaker zipped up tight. She sits at the bench waiting for Lloyd to leave. He lingers, working the room.

Maggie catches his attention.

LLOYD

You expecting to make the rounds like that, Hill? It's not that cold, or is it a bit "drafty" in here, as you gals like to say? Hadn't noticed. Is it drafty in here, McDevitt?

MITCHELL

Downright toasty in fact, Cap.

Maggie goes into her locker to get her spare uniform shirt without taking the bait.

LLOYD

Hey, Hill. Ms. Hill, I'm talking to you. What's with the getup?

Maggie unzips and takes it off brazenly. Underneath is her once white undershirt dyed pink from the bleeding tablecloth.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Oh God, I hope you're kidding with that. You trying to set this place on fire? Bad enough we got a guard with tits assaulting inmates. Yeah?! I know! We don't need you bringing your bra-burning-feminist-bullshit agenda in here and gumming up the works even more.

LEVIN

Enjoy your riot, guys. I'm out.

SUMMERS

You're going up there as one of the most famous fuckups, a real Spruce Goose, Hill!

MITCHELL

If only I had an extra. Darn.

Mitchell smells a fresh shirt from his bag.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

That's ripe! I'll spare ya, Hill.

MAGGIE

There was trouble... with my washer.

LEVIN

Her washer?! HER WASHER?! She can't even do the wash. You can't make this shit up.

MITCHELL

How much longer we gotta deal with this, Cap?

LLOYD

All part of the miracle, my boys, can't you feel it happening?

Lloyd loiters over to his desk, crossing things off with a pen and making notes. He checks his watch. All eyes on him.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

With that said, I don't give a flying fig if the virgin Mary herself came down from heaven, ovulated on it then washed it in the blood of Christ. You got me, Hill? It's not going to fly!

MAGGIE

I didn't have time. It was-- My-- Tomorrow. Right after.

LLOYD

Let's make it official.

Lloyd holds out a clipboard with a formal write-up on transfer paper.

MAGGIE

You're serious?

LLOYD

As a heart attack.

MAGGIE

How many?

LLOYD

How many what?

MAGGIE

Warnings. How many do I get? So I know.

LLOYD

Watch your mouth, Hill. Just cause he got you in here doesn't mean you can keep the job.

(MORE)



LLOYD (CONT'D)

Our lives our more important than  
his contracts.

(beat)

And if you believe that and want to  
be one of us, next time be...

Lloyd checks his watch once more, writes, holds out the  
clipboard.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

...On time and in uniform.

D BLOCK

Maggie makes her rounds. To her hidden surprise, it's quiet,  
until a WHISPER...

PETER

What's the longest you've been away  
from here, Hill?

MAGGIE

Lights out, Scholz.

PETER

I had a bad dream. I fell and I  
couldn't stop. C'mon, indulge me.

MAGGIE

What?

PETER

So... Dibble--you grew up here,  
yeah?

MAGGIE

Yeah, then lived away for a  
while... traveled a lot.

PETER

What happened?

MAGGIE

Got grounded.

PETER

Why?

MAGGIE

Cause life intervenes. Ok? All  
good? I gotta get going, I'm  
behind.

PETER

Aye, c'mon, you hardly talk to any of us. We're all stuck together, might as well make the best of it.

Maggie points to the hanging bandages on the wall.

MAGGIE

That what you call "making the best of it"?

PETER

Crazy what people do for a little scratch, isn't it? Places like these don't make better men, that's for sure.

Maggie looks at him with a worn face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Don't you ever feel like it's all one big test sometimes? For both of us. How we listen... How we follow orders... How we react... How we break...

(beat)

I'll admit, maybe we were a little tough on you in the beginning. But, see, we were testing you right back. And just look how you turned out. You can't hold it against us forever.

MAGGIE

Just until release. And you know why? Cause then you passed my test.

PETER

Not Unk's? You walk in step but you don't think in it, do you? You see what they're up to.

MAGGIE

It's you, too.

PETER

It's you, too.

(squinting his eyes)

Hey, I thought so, is that a pink--

A cockroach skitters over Peter, breaking his casual demeanor.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Little shit!

The cockroach tests the freedom beyond Peter's cell. Maggie fixates on it.

MAGGIE  
(whispering)  
You've been riding my leg lately,  
Scholz, and it's wearing thin.  
What's your game?

PETER  
Same as you, passing the time. From  
what I hear, you're just as locked  
up as any of us.

MAGGIE  
(stunned and seething)  
No. I'm not.

Maggie turns to leave.

Peter lightly taps the bars with his cast. The vibrations startles the cockroach and it makes a break for it.

PETER  
So... how is Ruth?

Hearing that name in such a cursed place, Maggie, spotting the fleeing roach, instinctually, kicks it at Peter, hitting him in the face. He loses it in the darkness.

PETER (CONT'D)  
My lip, it hit my mouth! Where is  
it? Where'd it go?!

MAGGIE  
Don't mention her again.

BREAKROOM

Maggie is fixing a pin in her hair then putting on lipstick. She puckers and blots them with a drab fabric.

She goes to an open locker and hangs the shirt on its hanger. She closes it and reseals it.

As she moves away the name on the front is revealed: CAPT.  
LLOYD GILROY.

## HALLWAY

As Maggie comes out, Mitchell is about to walk in. She quickly covers her reddened lips with a feigned cough.

Maggie makes the long walk, near the infirmary, to the bathroom to remove the lipstick.

After making some progress, Carl comes up from behind wheezing from the twenty-foot jog.

## CARL

Hill, I need your count! I can't keep reminding you. Then, get to H. We're moving at five, Mitchell got word Stanton's stirring something up.

## MAGGIE

(thinking quick)  
I'm on it, one quick thing...

Maggie waves the makeup remover cloth not breaking stride. Carl slows his pursuit and looks away conjuring what it could be rather than actually looking critically.

## CARL

Whatever--EWWW! Get it under control. Hurry up.

He walks off.

## INT. A BLOCK - MINUTES LATER

As Maggie comes out of the bathroom, she looks to her right, down the long hallway to an office with the name Dr. Wilt on it. She looks curiously at it and starts toward it taking a bobby pin from her hair and putting it between her lips.

## D BLOCK

Maggie quickly walks by Peter's cell and flicks a piece of paper in.

## PETER'S CELL

At first he can't believe it, he smells it and smiles. Then he reads it.

INSERT: NOTE

"H BLOCK. 5 a.m. COREY"

He gives it one last sniff and smiles... then gobbles it up.

H BLOCK - DAWN

Maggie watches, doing her best to contain her horror, as Corey is slid face first out of his cell with his hands bound.

They all note a whiff of sulfur in the air with quickly upturned noses.

COREY

This is harassment, man!

MITCHELL

You need a better lawyer to make that stick, guy.

CARL

Hill, help me get him up.

Mitchell storms in and starts tearing Corey's cell apart. Maggie and Carl lean Corey against the wall outside.

COREY

Hill, Hill, I'm not a bad guy. I never did anything to anyone in here. You know. You see. They got it out for me! You see, right?!

CARL

(to Maggie)

Get in there. Get to know what you're looking for.

COREY'S CELL

Maggie starts tentatively opening books by Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, etc.

MITCHELL

I know that stuff can kill, Hill, but we're here for more imminent dangers: weapons, drugs, pornography, you know, the bad stuff. Look over there.

COREY (O.S.)

I told you there isn't anything! I'm clean, goddammit. Let me go!

Carl flicks Corey's forehead, annoyingly.

CARL  
You? Suuure, clean as a tractor  
flap.

Mitchell spots something and drops to his hands and knees. He digs it out of the toilet with a gloved hand. In between his finger is a corner of burnt cellophane. Maggie can hardly contain the absurdity of the scene.

He walks over to Corey, getting really close with the piece of scrap clenched between his fingers.

MITCHELL  
(hushed)  
Good. Now no one can have her.

There is an uncertain tension as they stare one another down.

As Mitchell turns to say something to Carl, Corey head-butts him in his lower jaw.

Mitchell goes sprawling into the railing.

It dazes both of them.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
You fuck! I'll fuck you up--just  
you wait! Ah, I'm bleeding!

CARL  
(to Corey)  
That was a mistake, Stanton.  
(to GUARDS)  
Get him out of here.

COREY  
This is bullshit, he started all  
this! I shouldn't be--

Corey gets a nightstick across the face as GUARDS hook him through the arms and drag him off.

COREY (CONT'D)  
This is harassment! Harassment!  
Where's the law in here?! Fuck all  
y'all! Somebody call the real  
authorities!

The block erupts in NOISE.

Carl looks at Mitchell, Maggie, and a GUARD, but Mitchell in particular, then motions for everyone to return to their posts.

Maggie is left standing, looking at the tossed, empty cell. She's shocked.

BREAKROOM - MORNING

Maggie rubs her hands, getting ready to leave for the day. Lloyd stomps in and goes right for the coffee.

LLOYD

My lord, you see it out there?  
Almost hit the damn cat coming in.  
Stupid thing!  
(beat)  
Good news, Carl.

He breathes a little easier upon seeing his mug.

CARL

Blaylock and Langston will be in  
the next hour.

LLOYD

I said the good news!

CARL

That is the good news.

LLOYD

Chickenshits! Jones, Howard,  
McDevitt, who?

CARL

Out before... so...

LLOYD

So what? Who? Who then?

Carl nods toward Maggie.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Oh.

Lloyd pours his coffee up to the brim.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(to Maggie)  
I really, really hate to say this,  
Hill, but... we need you.

MAGGIE

I can't. My mom.

LLOYD

And I have a wife, two kids, a beautiful home and three goldens that I can't stand being away from. You read me? I'm not asking, I'm not inquiring, I'm telling you, stay. I'll cut you as soon as it's over. Happily.

CARL

What should we do?

LLOYD gulps his coffee then tongues his back molar while holding his mug.

LLOYD

Restrict all non-essential to common areas. Other than that...

(processing)

Let's get on with it.

(beat)

Mitchell, my office.

Lloyd tops off his mug with the rest of the carafe. He shakes it.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Hill, another pot.

PHONE BANK

Maggie clenches the phone.

RUTH (O.S.)

Magpie, how could you?! I'm not ready for company! I wasn't expecting-- You can't do this!

MAGGIE

You know you're a little happy. You've had a place set for how long now? I'll be home as soon as I can.

RUTH (O.S.)

Ok. Ok. How long was it?

MAGGIE

Any minute.



RUTH  
(trailing off,  
disappearing)  
Any minute?! That's... like... now!  
This place is a pigsty. I wish you  
gave me more notice. Look at the  
living room. Where's the Pledge?  
Huh? Oh, look how dingy this all  
looks...

MAGGIE  
Under the sink, it doesn't matter,  
he won't care!  
(beat, collecting herself)  
Hey ma, listen, the stuff I said  
earlier... I want you to know I  
didn't mean any of it, and I hope  
you know that, there's just a lot  
going on. So I just want to say I'm  
so--

The annoying BEEPS of a disconnected line come through.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Mammatus clouds loom over the house. The garage closes, a  
baby blue car is visible for a brief moment.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Dr. Wilt holds a pill up, squinting to read it, turning it in  
the light. He then inspects the label on its bottle.

Dr. Wilt comes out to see Ruth looking out the window,  
watching the world grow darker.

DR. WILT  
We'll have to get below soon.  
Here's your water.

RUTH  
Fred, I told you, I don't want  
anymore of your stinking happy  
pills. You can't keep making me.  
I'll... I'll leave and we'll be  
gone...

Ruth turns around from the window.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Bruce? Oh, hello! I could've sworn--  
Always playing. You're such a  
buster.

DR. WILT

These aren't happy pills, Birdie,  
not like the ones Fred had you on,  
they're healthy pills. Remember?  
You said you couldn't wait to take  
them just before I went for this.  
I've read some of their  
publications--impressive results so  
far.

RUTH

(practiced resignation)

Ok.

Ruth takes the pills with a glug-glug-glug of water.

Dr. Wilt turns off the news and puts on a record. He holds  
out his hand.

Ruth unable to resist the urge takes his hand.

DR. WILT

Remember that little jazz club on  
the edge of Perkeoming? No one even  
batted an eye at us. So long ago  
now--feels so hazy now. I think  
about those days a lot... and what  
we talked about.

Dr. Wilt takes the locket Ruth always wears in his hand.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)

(gravest intent)

You remember?

He opens it to check its contents.

RUTH

(prescient lucidity)

How could I forget? My favorite  
gift.

Ruth clasps her hands around Dr. Wilt's, they close the  
loket together.

DR. WILT

Come here, baby, let's boogie.  
There's not much time.

The winds pick up.

They turn cheek to cheek as the clouds bear down on them in full view of the living room window.

#### D BLOCK - COMMON AREA - AFTERNOON

At the far end, unbeknownst to Maggie, Peter and Mitchell slink off into the showers, not together but close enough to be suspicious.

After a few beats, Pucci, the large, bald man follows behind. Another INMATE stands watch in front of the door.

Maggie walks the block, looking in cells; the light within the prison grows dimmer as the cloud cover thickens.

#### MINUTES LATER

One cell stands out.

It is neatly-packed and the bed rolled up. There is an empty jar of vaseline set out.

Maggie begins to take shortened anxious breaths. She knows what this means. She looks around frantically, all the faces now seemingly turned toward her, watching her, testing her...

They slowly circle around.

#### MAGGIE

Hey... hey, what's going on? Where is he?

#### SHOWERS

Peter talking with Mitchell, notices first.

Pucci seemingly casts a large shadow over them.

He strips naked, leaving his shoes on.

#### PETER

Pucci...? Hey man... what's up?  
Taking a shower?

Pucci rushes at Mitchell, throwing him to the far back wall. After hitting the wall hard, Mitchell's hand slips turning the shower on, making his feet slip from under him.

MITCHELL

Do you know what the hell you're do-

-

Pucci kicks Mitchell in the face.

PETER

Hey Pooch, you know I'm not part of  
whatever this--

PUCCI

You're here, you stay. I still  
haven't gotten you back for my  
hair.

Now it's clear the man is completely hairless from head to  
toe. He has a swimmer's sheen.

Pucci grabs Peter by the shirt.

PETER

Eh, eh, eh, I'm not supposed to get  
this wet!

Pucci throws him against the wall as well.

PUCCI

Hey, hey, my lucky day--a two-fer.

MITCHELL

Ahh, you broke my fucking nose, I'm  
gonna hang you, you mother--

Pucci again kicks Mitchell but this time in the stomach.

D BLOCK

A desolate calm overtakes Maggie as she accepts she's alone  
among the men.

Suddenly, SIRENS outside of the prison far off in the  
distance begin to blare. The prison matches a few seconds  
later.

It gets darker and darker.

MAGGIE

Where's... Where's Pucci? What's  
going on? What is this? Get back to  
your cells.

The grinning faces loom.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Now! Don't y'all get stupid on me.  
You don't want the trouble. You  
hear me? Where is he?

Then, just at their height, they break and dissolve clearing a path to the showers. Some meander back to their cells to wait out the storm.

Maggie snaps back to it with a shake and rushes off toward the showers.

SHOWERS

Maggie hears the commotion before turning the last corner.

Some blood streams into the drain at her feet.

She looks up to see Pucci repeatedly slamming Mitchell against the wall.

PUCCI

See what you really are? Huh? HUH?!  
You're nothing! I could kill you  
and maybe I wi--

Peter sees Maggie and warns her away with his wide eyes.

Maggie grips her baton and yells.

MAGGIE

Pucci! Put him down and get down on  
the ground! That's an order! Do you  
understand? Tell me you understand,  
or--

Pucci turns his head with a wide grin.

PUCCI

Or what?

He soaks up the sirens and sounds of the building. The only rumble is from the storm outside.

He lets go of Mitchell. His barely conscious body plops on the floor.

Pucci squares himself for an onrush.

Nothing happens.

PUCCI (CONT'D)  
You're too early, Hill. Too bad.  
Time to break you in.

Maggie takes a few steps back. Pucci lunges at her.

She takes cover behind one of monolithic shower stands.

He hits it hard and slips off, comically, and goes sliding across the floor between the water and grease he coated himself in.

As he slides by, splayed on the floor, Maggie jumps on his back, nightstick around his neck.

Pucci gets up with ease as Maggie holds on for dear life.

He flips her off and she rolls into the wall, dazing her. He bears down but Peter is able to trip him up. Pucci goes headfirst into the wall.

He's furious now.

Pucci kicks Peter then reels around just as Maggie collects herself and smacks her across the face. To his astonishment, and frustration, she doesn't go down, so he kicks in her the chest sending her into the wall again.

Peter scrambles to his feet and rushes at Pucci only to get stonewalled, shoulder planted in his gut.

He deals Peter a few devastating body blows that rock his organs.

In that moment, Maggie swings her nightstick into Pucci's knee. He crumples to the ground. As he gets to a knee she swipes him across the face.

After a few ticks, he gets up bloody and hobbled, but again makes his way to her roaring.

Whistles in the distance.

Pucci is bum-rushed from behind and piled on. The piled GUARDS do their best to hold on as their hands slip off.

Once he's secured, she rushes over to Mitchell.

MAGGIE  
We need a doctor! Someone get a  
doctor, he's hurt bad. Get a doctor  
over here!

She looks over to Peter as he's cuffed. No pretense, only admiration in his eyes.

PHONE BANK - MORNING

Maggie, with blood-flecked clothes, holds the phone. No answer.

MAGGIE  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

Dr. Wilt turns the corner abruptly.

DR. WILT  
Maggie! Maggie! Are you ok, I was checking my messages and-- I came as soon-- everything ok? Are you ok?! What happened?

MAGGIE  
I'm fine. I'm fine. How's my mom?

DR. WILT  
She's fine. In good spirits. Storm hardly phased her.

Lloyd walks over.

LLOYD  
You did a good thing, Hill.  
(beat)  
Now, apparently, some newsmen from the Gazette already caught wind... Lord knows how.

Lloyd gives a quick glance at Dr. Wilt.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Let's talk in my office before they get anything to print.

Lloyd begins to turn away after nodding to Dr. Wilt.

DR. WILT  
How's Mitchell?

LLOYD  
He'll be fine. Got his clock cleaned but he's stubborn, he'll bounce back.

MAGGIE  
And Scholz and Pucci?

LLOYD  
To be determined.

Lloyd heads to his office.

DR. WILT  
Go ahead. I'll take you home when  
you're done. I can do some rounds  
in the meantime.

SHU (SECURITY HOUSING UNIT)

A large metal door opens before Dr. Wilt. In the cell is a  
crumpled figure.

COREY  
D-- Doc? What're you doing here?

DR. WILT  
(to the guard)  
Can you give us a minute?  
(beat)  
Everything will be fine, I am a  
doctor. Thank you.

Dr. Wilt waits for the guard to leave.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)  
So, get any of the storm down here?

COREY  
What storm?

DR. WILT  
Never mind. How are you, Mr.  
Stanton?

COREY  
Having a picnic.  
(beat)  
Why you here, Doc? You have no  
business here.

DR. WILT  
I wanted to check on you, you are  
one of my boys now, after all.

COREY  
Ok. Consider me checked. You can  
leave now.

Corey rolls over.



DR. WILT

I've heard of the trouble you've been having, especially with Mitchell, and I just can't shake something. You have all the potential in the world, Mr. Stanton, I and a lot of people see it. People are taking notice, believe me. But this latest incident--

COREY

Look at me, Doc, look at my face-- I've already answered it a hundred times already, but I'll say it one more time for your edification: I had nothing to do with it, and unless Pucci is a lying sack of shit, which he's not, he's saying the same thing.

DR. WILT

But why?

COREY

Cause he has letters. He wanted to. He did it cause he's a crazy son-of-a-bitch since the day I met him. But he's no liar.

DR. WILT

I want to believe you, I really do.

COREY

No offense, Doc, I don't care if you believe me. You're not the one that has the power.

DR. WILT

No. You're right, I don't. But I work for ones that do, and they believe in you.

COREY

For what?

DR. WILT

To be the best version of yourself and help you make a serious step out of here--but I need to be sure. It's my reputation as wel--

COREY

Nobody ever listens, do they?  
Everyone keeps making me out to be  
some kingpin cause I have fans.  
And just because I shine a little,  
everyone wants a piece. Been like  
that my whole life.

(beat)

All I was trying to do was help  
that girl. You know that, Doc? You  
hear about that one? And, what did  
it get me?! It got me shot three  
times. And landed me here! I  
could've been onto other things...

(beat, almost in tears)

And now they're gonna blame me for  
Mitchell, when he started  
everything! They're fixing so I  
never get out, Doc. Never, I know  
it! I'm gonna waste away and never  
be anybody. All I want is to go  
home. Why is that so hard?

Dr. Wilt slides a stack of forms through the bars.

DR. WILT

Step one is filling these out.

Corey's eyes go wide as he scans to the bottom of the page  
and looks up with hope. He holds out his hand out through the  
bars for a pen.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DUSK

Dr. Wilt pulls up out front with Maggie. Some random debris  
covers the front lawn.

Maggie wearily goes to pick it up.

Dr. Wilt jumps out of the car shooing her inside as he rolls  
up his sleeves. He eyes the house.

The curtain in the house next door parts. Dr. Wilt waves. It  
closes abruptly.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

The record skips over and over; the sound carries to all the  
rooms. Maggie finds Ruth standing in the laundry watching the  
washing machine spin.

INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - A BLOCK - DAY

Tendrils of a machine scratch the paper scrolling through the biometrics machine.

The subject, Corey, is shown on one of the multiple TV's in a row along the wall.

Dr. Wilt reads a chart outlining the effects of the drugs. A TECHNICIAN watches the screens carefully.

Another TV comes on from a different day, Corey is acting differently.

Another TV, another day, another reaction.

The process repeats on a number of different TV's.

Dr. Wilt grows more frustrated with each new screen that pops up. For how varied Corey acts, none are apparently the reaction he wants.

An odd shiver runs through him. A TECHNICIAN enters with a message.

TECHNICIAN

Dr. Wilt, it's Maggie... I think something's up, I think it's--

DR. WILT

Birdie...?

TECHNICIAN

Her mother.

DR. WILT

Yeah. Ok.

He puts his tearing eyes in his hands for a moment to gain his composure.

In the background, on the bank of television screens, Corey acts out every emotion and feeling going on within Dr. Wilt.

FADE TO:

EXT. ST. ANSELM CEMETERY - AFTERNOON - JUNE 1971

Maggie stands in black surrounded by a small GROUP, an unseen gulf separates her from them.

Maggie shakes Lloyd's hand.

MAGGIE

Thank you for coming, Cap.

Dr. Wilt comes up to Maggie next under the lone tree in the flat cemetery, dotted with bleach-white obelisks.

DR. WILT

I'm sorry, Magpie. I wish things...  
were different.

MAGGIE

We all do, if we're being honest.  
She-- It's fine. I've known for a  
while. She let it slip more than a  
few times towards the end. She was  
very fond of you too, especially,  
after... my dad. Thank you for  
everything... always.

He hands Maggie an envelope from his breast pocket.

DR. WILT

Normally I wouldn't, but I believe  
it to be a decent gesture.

MAGGIE

How is he?

DR. WILT

Sorry for your loss...

Together they acknowledge a lone, lingering MAN in their periphery.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)

...as well as others, I see.

MAGGIE

I know... the hits keep coming...

(beat)

And how's Corey? You know this all  
started cause--

Dr. Wilt does his best to shield Maggie and her words from the gathered.

DR. WILT

He's good. Finally signed on full  
time. Needless to say it's  
important. But after, in a few  
weeks, he'll be in the good graces  
of the state, plus, between you and  
me, four figures richer.

(MORE)

DR. WILT (CONT'D)  
Not a bad deal? He's going to be  
better than fine.

Maggie embraces Dr. Wilt.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Ready?

KEN (30), sporting a khaki double-breasted trench coat and well-polished wingtips jutting out, approaches them.

Maggie summons her courage, then turns.

KEN  
Mags, hey... I'm here for you.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An elderly couple, RON & JUDY LIGHTFOOT (mid-to-late 60s) enters the house, they give Maggie a kiss and consoling hug, but before they can say anything they are intercepted.

Some familiar people mingle in the background, Lloyd, Carl, etc.

KEN  
Lyle... Is that Lyle Waggoner over there? I've been meaning to get me a brown suit--and a hat just like that! Cock your hat, Mr. Lightfoot, they say angles are attitudes. And judging by the angle of your dangle, Mrs. Lightfoot must be very, very... proud you. Good to see you again!

Ken gives Ron a vigorous handshake.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(redirecting)  
And Mrs. Lightfoot! At least once a week, I get a hankering for that seafood stew you make. It's my white whale of foods. I can't find anything like it anywhere in the world, and you know I've tried. I even tried making it a few times but what a fool's errand. My only guess is your secret ingredient is something like hensbane, mandrake, eye of newt, unicorn's milk, something like that. Gotta be!

Ken gives Judy Lightfoot a peck on the cheek.

KEN (CONT'D)

Can I get you two lovebirds  
anything? Sandwich, water, bourbon?  
Beer? I'm sure Mags has that on  
tap.

RON

Just a ham sandwich for now.

JUDY

Oh, yes, did I see egg salad?

Ron coughs.

KEN

That all?

JUDY

That would be lovely, yes.

KEN

You got it! Let's go on over here  
while we wait.

Ken directs them, leaving Maggie to fetch the food.

MAGGIE

Be right back then.

Maggie walks off to get the sandwiches.

Ken guides them to the living room.

KEN

Hold on, hold on, moving too quick  
for me now. You're motoring. Modern  
medicine doing wonders, I'll tell  
ya.

Ken gives a quick glance toward Dr. Wilt but he doesn't  
notice.

KEN (CONT'D)

Let me get these outta your way,  
unless you need them? I don't think-  
- Nahhh--lemme get rid of them.

Ken folds the two trays in front of the couch as the  
Lightfoots take their seats.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(looking around)  
Holy heck, just look at the place,  
hasn't changed a bit--and neither  
have you two.

Ron coughs even more violently into a handkerchief after  
trying to say something.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Something's really in there. How  
about a splash? Jack rocks?

RON  
No, no, just ham.

JUDY  
And the egg salad for me, please.

Maggie comes back juggling sandwiches.

Ron coughs.

MAGGIE  
(to Ron)  
Here you go.  
(to Judy)  
And sorry, Mrs. Lightfoot, cheese  
is the closest thing. That ok?

KEN  
How about some water too, for the  
lovebirds, that's really what the  
DOCTOR ORDERED!

It gets Dr. Wilt's attention as he walks by.

KEN (CONT'D)  
We're getting this lovely pair a  
round can I get you anything, Doc?

Dr. Wilt looks around the group.

DR. WILT  
I'm all right for now, thank you.

Dr. Wilt pops a few pigs in a blanket into his mouth. The  
Lightfoots attempt to get to their feet.

JUDY  
We can get it ourselves--be good to  
get it and stretch our legs.

MAGGIE

Please, please. I insist. We'll be right back.

KEN

Doc, did I hear right, you're expanding already? What for, off sites? We need to talk, I know a guy in the real estate game.

Maggie pulls Ken away. Judy scratches her husband's back. Balled up napkin in hand and uneaten sandwich on her lap she watches Dr. Wilt suspiciously. Ron, head down, takes some exploratory bites.

DR. WILT

How's retirement, Ron?  
(with subtle venom)  
Neighborhood watch cutting it for you these days?

Dr. Wilt puts a thumb to his eyebrow, a slight scare is below.

RON

It keeps the riff-raff away.

The Lightfoots give Dr. Wilt a miserable stare.

DR. WILT

Funny, and yet...

Maggie and Ken come back with water and beers.

Feeling safer, Judy chomps into her sandwich.

JUDY

OH, NO! This isn't egg salad! Ken, isn't there egg salad instead?

Ken looks to Maggie with an "oh duh" look, she heads off to the kitchen.

RON

Well... Well then, you should've egg-samined it first!

They give a loving, tender embrace as they chuckle together in their bubble, happy in their ignorance.

KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone is gone.



Standing over the sink, Maggie closes Ruth's locket and puts it to the side on a pile of assorted papers.

She turns up the radio and gets back to washing dishes. There is a profile about the Supersonic Transport (SST) program cancellation.

A figure sneaks up behind her and wraps his arms around her and in same motion kisses her neck. It's Ken.

MAGGIE

Oh, Ken, the fuck?! You said you were leaving.

KEN

Eh, easy, I did, I did.

(beat)

But after about an hour, it hit me--

(smacking his forehead)

The sandwiches!

MAGGIE

Take as many as you like. Plenty of egg salad left now.

KEN

Can I take it in the morning?

MAGGIE

You got a room then?

KEN

I could find it even if the sun went out.

MAGGIE

I'm not comfortable with thi--

KEN

You know all I want is the best for you. Don't you want that for me? I could fall asleep driving and end up going off into a field, get abducted, and you'd never hear from me again. You want that? It happens! Let me help you clean up. I'm at least good for that.

MAGGIE

I appreciate your support, I really do, but I'd rather you-- we not.

KEN

I've had a few... You act like you can't smile about anything we had together. Boomtown? Tell me that wasn't the best! We can have it back.

MAGGIE

Didn't you hear? It's over. Officially.

KEN

I did. And it was another one of those cosmological signs, and then--

MAGGIE

Then what? If you say it... I swear.

KEN

No. No. No. I was cleaning out my storage unit and-- that's right! Wait there. Right. There.

Ken runs out of the house.

After a minute, he crashes back in with a box in both arms.

KEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to give you these. A care package.

In the box are a stack of comics and magazines.

KEN (CONT'D)

They got mixed up way back. Thinking we could sort through them. I'd hate for you to be alone and I remember how much you loved reading these things.

Ken holds up a RENO BROWNE COMIC and throws it on top.

KEN (CONT'D)

Never got the connection.

Maggie looks through the box. She picks out one from the middle and opens it. Two pages are stuck together with gum.

There is a twinge of love within Maggie for Ken but it's only a pilot light.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(nervous, dry mouth)  
You found it. I took it seriously.

MAGGIE  
Thank you, Ken. Seriously, From the bottom of my heart. This is really... sweet. I don't know how to thank you, but I will. I promise. Thank you.

KEN  
Welllll, you know what I like.

MAGGIE  
What?! No. I think you should go. I really appreciate you coming bu--

KEN  
C'mon. Nothing has changed.  
(giddily)  
Watch, watch. Stand over there.  
Calling it in already.

Ken put his hands over his eyes and touches objects on the counter, making his way steadily toward Maggie.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Sugar.  
Coffee.  
Coffee maker.  
Grinder... hey, my grinder?  
Pasta.  
Mixing bowls.  
Toaster.  
Corkscrew.  
Oven mitt... not the one with the roosters. No loop at the end. I don't think.  
Dish rag... on the counter--always!  
Pepper.  
And, uh, salt.  
No, no. This is salt. Pepper has the chip.

He peeks through his fingers to verify.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Who knows you better than me? It's always been us... since we were kids.

Maggie leans back on the counter. She clutches the handle of a paring knife. Ken notices.

KEN (CONT'D)

Come here, nothing has changed. I'm  
always going to love you.

Ken pushes his body against hers. Maggie's knuckles crack as she holds the handle tighter.

She closes her eyes as Ken fumbles with something above her. He backs away with a mug.

INSERT: MUG LOGO

Happy smiling cartoon pig with the bluest eyes and reddened skin sneers and shoots a thumbs up at the viewer. It is framed by fire. "BRIGHTON MEATS - BRIGHTON UP ANY MEAL"

KEN (CONT'D)

Thought you'd lost it. Then I'd be  
really miffed.

He heads to the draining board and grabs another mug. He pours a cupful in each.

Ken grabs milk from the fridge and hands them both to Maggie with a warm smile.

KEN (CONT'D)

And I know what you like, too.

(beat)

I don't mind the couch for now. All  
I care about is getting this place  
cleaned up.

SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A car pulls away out front.

Maggie looks at the empty couch with relief. Blankets folded and pillow placed neatly on top.

The house is spotless. Maggie opens the letter Dr. Wilt gave her with the paring knife. Sitting on the table underneath is a note Ken just left.

INSERT: PETER'S LETTER

"Officer Hill, please accept our deepest, warmest condolences for the loss of your mother, Ruth Hill. A light by all measure. We mourn with you. Respect and best wishes from your home away from home, D Block.

Merv... Bunny Guy... Jerry Morgan... Tim Farley... Thurston Gary... Manny Gaitlin... Norman "Red" Lipinsk... BJ Ansa...

Tom Armstrong... Dean Spelling... Sonny Gates... Papa Jay....  
Peter Scholz"

Maggie moves it aside to reveal Ken's post-it.

INSERT: KEN'S NOTE

"Now doesn't that feel better. Be back after my trip. Love  
Always, Ken"

Maggie looks at the two notes in her hand.

The MAILMAN delivers the mail and puts the flag up outside.

INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - PRISON YARD - DAY

Peter sits watching the trailers. The court is in view to the  
side, Corey is noticeably absent. Peter discards sunflower  
seed shells mechanically, deep in thought.

Maggie approaches from behind.

MAGGIE

So, whose bright idea was it to  
give you a release date?

PETER

From what I hear, partly yours.  
Appreciate the kind words to the  
Board.

MAGGIE

You made an effort, which meant  
something. Big plans?

PETER

Get away, as far as possible. After  
that... sky's the limit.

Sensing he is no mood, their eyes both fall on the trailers  
at the far end of the yard. Maggie begins to walk away.

PETER (CONT'D)

So, Hill, that means I passed,  
yeah?

Maggie gives him a half smile then walks off.

PETER'S CELL

Peter is awoken with a loud BANG on his cell door.

GUARD

Let's go.

PETER

Go? Where? I don't get out for another...

(checks clock)

...four hours.

GUARD

Doc called. Said to get you.

PETER

For what?

GUARD

Does it matter? You're coming, regardless. Out. Now. Let's go.

HALLWAY

Peter is walked down the dark hallway.

INT. SHU (SECURITY HOUSING UNIT)

The echoes of a WAILING MAN get louder as he gets closer.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

A large door opens. Inside is a crumpled figure.

PETER

What did you guys do?!

GUARD

That wasn't us.

(beat)

They're all on their way in. Doc said to watch him until.

The guard leaves as Peter looks on with horror.

Peter catches a glimpse of Corey as he slumps.

But it's really not Corey. He's a shell of a man.

## CHECKPOINT

Peter is processed out. Bags are heavy under his eyes, any excitement sapped.

## QUICK CUTS

--Peter signs a form.

--He's handed a pile of clothes. White shirt, tie, and slacks.

--A finger points.

--Peter, now changed, pockets personal items (watch, wallet, keys, sunglasses, a handful of change)

--A firm pat on the back.

--He pets the cat on his way down the drive.

--The gate closes behind him.

## EXT. DIBBLE STREETS - AFTERNOON

Peter rides the bus, looking out the window. He watches a plane fly in the distance.

## INT. SQUAT APARTMENT

Peter drops his things on the bare bed. He looks around the confining room.

He takes a seat at the desk, eyes red, taking out a pen and paper, and he starts writing. "Dear Maggie, or can I call you Magpie. You feel like a Magpie..."

He smiles as he writes.

## INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Maggie watches as Corey haunts the yard. His commanding presence robbed. The MEN on the bleacher seats seem to shun him.

He wears something like a badge now. She squints at it. The message says "alert Trial Technicians if the patient exhibits any extra-ordinary behavior."

INT. GREEN ROOM BAR - AFTERNOON - JULY 31, 1971

Peter shoots pool.

Maggie walks in and sits at the bar.

They make eye contact.

Peter walks past Maggie to the jukebox. He plays something then sits beside her.

PETER  
Hey Magpie, what'll you have?

MAGGIE  
Second thoughts.

PETER  
Cranberry vodka for me, Don; and--

Maggie looks at him quizzically.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Don't look at me like that, it's  
called a Cape Cod and it's my  
summer drink.

MAGGIE  
(to Peter)  
I know. I used to make a lot of  
them.  
(to Don)  
Schaefer?

DON  
Afraid not, not for a while.

MAGGIE  
Rheingold?

DON the bartender shakes his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Fine. Schlitz.

Don moves off to fix the drinks.

PETER  
So. Hey...  
(beat)  
Got any quarters?

Peter nods over to the pool table. Maggie looks around and spots something of interest behind the bar.



MAGGIE

Maybe...

She gets up, talking as much to herself as much to Peter. She does a lap around the pool table, inspecting it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So how do you know about this place?

PETER

The ol' cons network.

MAGGIE

Huh, place kinda just blends in, never noticed it before.

PETER

That's how the good ones get away with it.

MAGGIE

That right? You must not be very good.

PETER

That's my record, check my resume.

MAGGIE

You're a funny guy, Peter, I'm game. I might even surprise you.

Maggie retakes her seat. Don slides the drinks to them. Peter slaps down a ten.

PETER

Cheers. To my hero.

They cheers and take a sip.

PETER/MAGGIE

So...

Don turns around to the register to ring it up.

MAGGIE

...you really wanna play?

Maggie draws Peter's eyes to the keys hanging on the nail to the right of the register.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

If you're game.

She shrugs, but really daring him.

Peter smirks.

Don slips the change in front of them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(to Peter so Don can  
overhear)  
Oh, duhh, that's it. Whole time I  
was trying to figure-- You wanted a  
Cape Cod, right? I'm pretty sure  
you need a slice for it to be the  
real deal. Ask him. Go on. He won't  
mind. I'm sure, it's his--

PETER  
Uh, no, I'm goo--

MAGGIE  
It's fine. He won't mind.  
(to Don)  
Excuse me, hey Don, can we get a  
slice for this?

Don checks the containers at the bar and deadpans Peter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
One thing I learned early on in my  
other life...

The kitchen doors swing shut behind Don as he goes into the  
back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
...everyone wants their slice.

Maggie motions to the hanging keys.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
You're up.

Peter beams at Maggie then leans over the bar, stretching as  
far as he can.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
So Peter Scholz, what were you  
before Dibble?

He can barely talk while he reaches.

PETER  
Getting right into it. Ok... Army.

He pulls back, exasperated and unable to reach.

PETER (CONT'D)  
But wanted something with more  
flexibility.

Don emerges with limes and sets them down in front of them.

MAGGIE  
Dooon, I'm sorry, you're going to  
kill me, I meant lemons. I'm such a  
ditz, you're number one for the  
rest of that day, if you can swing  
it. Thank you--don't hate me.

Maggie gives him the most brilliant smile.

Don turns and pushes his way through the double doors to the kitchen.

Peter ducks under the bar half door, knees cracking. He grabs the keys and is out just as Don reemerges.

He makes a sharp turn toward the alcove where the bathrooms are. He walks out a few beats after as if just coming back.

PETER  
Perfect timing.

Don cuts the lemon, places it on Peter's drink, making it a true Cape Cod, and slides it to him.

DON  
Anything else then?

PETER  
Think we should be good for now.

Don, now finished cutting the limes and lemons, finds the page of the magazine he was on when--

PETER (CONT'D)  
I guess we can talk for a--

MAGGIE  
Oh crap, last thing, Don, two  
pricklebacks, por favor! That's it  
then. I'm done.

Don is startled by her energy.

DON  
Never heard. Pickel-whats? What's  
that?

MAGGIE

Easy. Promise. You have pickle juice, yeah?

DON

Somewhere. In the back? Maybe?

Maggie looks at him with a smile that says "can you check at your earliest convenience, like now"

He blinks slowly at Maggie then even slower at Peter.

MAGGIE

One shot whiskey, one shot pickle juice. That's all. Then we'll plant ourselves over there rest of the time. Promise.

Don shuffles off to the back once again.

Peter goes to the pool table's side cover. After a few wrong attempts, he finds the right one. She's making him nervous, for real. He quickly removes the side cover and pushes a lever deep within. The balls drop.

He replaces the cover and locks it. And for an extra good time, tosses Maggie the keys.

Maggie's surprise turns to a devious smile as she catches them.

Don comes out and Maggie stuffs them in her purse.

POOL TABLE - MINUTES LATER

PETER

Where's this from?

They hold a shot glass in each hand.

MAGGIE

Layover... in Philadelphia.

Peter removes the triangle with care. Maggie unleashes a strong break that snaps at him.

Two solids find pockets.

PETER

Spots.

MAGGIE

Solids?

PETER  
Tomato?

MAGGIE  
Potato.

Maggie rips a table length shot sinking the three into the corner stopping the cue ball on a dime with a good look at the seven.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
So, keeping busy?

PETER  
Best I can. Got a job.

MAGGIE  
How's it pay?

PETER  
Hourly.

MAGGIE  
Oh yeah?

PETER  
Till they say jump, at least.

MAGGIE  
What's that mean?

PETER  
On a trawler. With an old army buddy. Should only be for a few months. Going out for crab or cod, one of them, whatever's in season. He says a payday from it could set me up for a good while.

MAGGIE  
I don't know about any fisherman that drink cape cods, good luck with that.

PETER  
And tell me all the fishermen you ever met, Miss Oklahoma. But, you think that's fishy? Wait till you hear that Peter isn't even my real name.

MAGGIE  
That, I know.

PETER

Really?

(beat)

You never--

MAGGIE

Truth be told, you never pissed me off enough to use it on you. It's that bad.

PETER

(together with Maggie)

That bad, huh?

(Peter picks it up)

Tell me about it. I've been trying to bury it since I was seven. Only a few doctors and Unk know... and, now, you. Not good. I hope you can keep a secret.

MAGGIE

Eh, ahem, I mean if it means that much to you, I'll... I'll really think about it, Ed--

PETER

C'mon, don't! Don't say it, ok? Please, please, please! It hurts my ears. Don't say it. I hate it. I'll go M.A.D. on you if you know what I mean!

Maggie laughs into her glass, some beer splashes out.

MAGGIE

Funny... I'm a believer, too.

PETER

Greeeeat, cat's outta the bag now. Ok then, time for you to fess up about something.

MAGGIE

Shoot.

PETER

Ok. Why? Why did--

MAGGIE

No. I mean shoot. It's your shot.

PETER

Ah, I see.

MAGGIE

Make it, then you can ask me.

Peter hits the shot.

PETER

(flexing his right hand)

Back in the game! I guess you know where I'm headed, though, so I gotta ask. Why DCF? Why'd you put yourself through it?

He lines up his next shot and takes it.

MAGGIE

Simple. I believed I could do it so I did it. But, for real, if I'm being totally honest, it wasn't until I was back with my mom a couple of days before my first day at DCF, I realized I had my own kinda early-onset ennui.

PETER

Go on...

MAGGIE

I never said it out loud before. Ok, so you know the baseline creepy stuff: knew about my mom, found out my address, knew my schedule, but do you know what I was doing before?

PETER

Bits and pieces.

MAGGIE

Well, I was a flight attendant for almost five years, two of which I was engaged for. It was a dream job for a while: wake up somewhere new almost every week. But every place lost its magic when I knew I was still going home at some point. It made me feel powerless. A lot of things did. And then to top it all off one day, the worst of days in fact, we got held up.

Maggie pauses for effect, or to see if Peter really knows. He doesn't let on.

PETER

Ok, what's the kicker?

MAGGIE

We weren't held up for anything mechanical or traffic related. It was a guy with a knife, and it was me in particular he held it to. His name was Tony... I just happened to be the lucky one he picked.

PETER

Don't tell me... Cuba?

MAGGIE

That idiot, we didn't get more than fifty miles before he realized it was only a domestic and we didn't have the fuel, they even offered him a refueling stop.

PETER

They would've?

MAGGIE

Course. Company policy. But by the time he figured out what he wanted, we had to land right back where we started. We just sorta circled around. He wasn't such a bad guy, desperate is what I'd say. It was a rush to be a part of it. And then after, nothing. I was supposed to go back a day-to-day that became less and less meaningful. It made me want more.

(beat)

And then Dr. Wilt told me about DCF and how it could be a launchpad for something more meaningful, but then-

-

(beat)

If we're really laying it all out there, Peter, what's really going on in DCF?

PETER

I guess you said it best--everyone wants their slice--Johnson & Johnson, Merck, American Home Products, hell, even the good ol' U.S. government.



MAGGIE

You were getting regular payments separate from the trials without showing a single result being recorded. I saw. It was going on for more than a year.

PETER

How do you-- All I was was a recruiter--and I'll admit I was good at it. But I needed the money just like all the other guys. But that was it. The more people I got into A Block, the more I made.

MAGGIE

Is that why-- The letter?!

PETER

Biggest score to date--yay... But I guess I didn't really think it through. Not like I could hold a survey.

(cheers)

But then, I didn't know things were going to go so sideways.

MAGGIE

You really are an idiot. But why Corey?

PETER

I was afraid to ask. But he was the only one Doc ever asked for specifically. It wasn't until after... I saw him--

MAGGIE

But why?

PETER

Maybe, in some cases it's not what they were testing but who. It wasn't the Panthers or the Brotherhood he needed to watch out for, it was the government.

A news special about Apollo 15 wraps up. Peter looks forlorn.

PETER (CONT'D)

Heck, even NASA got in on the action.

(beat)

Those guys get it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
We're all going to die, at least  
make it interesting.  
(beat)  
What's so special about this one,  
anyway?

MAGGIE  
I heard on the news they proved  
Galileo right: without any  
resistance, objects fall together.

Maggie takes the last sips of her drink.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Alright, I have w--

PETER  
No, no, no, you're off tonight.

MAGGIE  
Woah there, tiger. I was going to  
say whites soaking.

Peter fixes himself, tucks his shirt and fixes his hair to  
the left.

PETER  
Well, I, on the other hand, do in  
fact have work.

Peter walks behind the bar and grabs the apron beside it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Keys?

Maggie hands them over bemused. Peter hangs them up.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Hey Don, thanks for prepping, I owe  
ya!  
(to Maggie, hushed)  
Good guy, terrible bartender,  
though. No slice? Gotta have a  
slice. It makes the whole thing.

Peter fishes a placard from under the bar and slides it to  
Maggie.

PETER (CONT'D)  
How about for a signature patty  
melt, the drinks, and not diming  
you out to Don, you show me around  
Dibble one night this week. Low-  
key, of course.

MAGGIE  
I know just the place.

PETER  
Oh yeah?

MAGGIE  
My backseat.

EXT. DIBBLE DRIVE-IN - TICKET BOOTH - NIGHT

Peter lays in the backseat, hidden under the blanket Maggie has been working on.

PETER  
It's as bad as Grump's back here--  
When you said your backseat, I was  
thinki--

MAGGIE  
There's the trunk too, don't  
forget.

PETER  
(peeking out)  
We need to work on our  
communication. Oh, The Omega Man!  
Heston, baby!

MAGGIE  
Shh, shh, shh--we're here.

Maggie drives up to the booth. Elliot shines a flashlight in her face obnoxiously.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Omega Man, any good?

ELLIOT  
Oh, hey, Mags! I read about you!  
You put a guy in the hospital!

MAGGIE  
(tightly)  
Not exactly.

ELLIOT  
Aye, sure. All these years, I've  
always known you were a stone-cold  
quilter.

MAGGIE  
Excuse me?

ELLIOT  
Killer, killer--obviously--what're  
you, some kinda knitjob!

MAGGIE  
(beat, putting on her  
face)  
All I did was save two scared, down  
and out, little, helpless men's  
lives. If that makes me a hero, so  
be it.

ELLIOT  
And you still can't lock one up on  
the outside. Amazing.

MAGGIE  
Little shit! Gimme one.

ELLIOT  
No way. You're made. Go on in.

ELLIOT gives her a wink.

EXT. DRIVE-IN LOT

MAGGIE  
Clear.

As they pull up to a spot, Peter emerges and climbs up to the front. Maggie short stops, like her mom used to do with Buster, Peter sprawls into the passenger seat well. In the car to their right, four PREPPIES look over in startled confusion.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Whoops.

Peter collects himself self-assuredly. THE OMEGA MAN's credits begin to play. The backdrop is of grandest view of the stars imaginable. Silhouettes of man-made structures only register as dark blips against its grandeur.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Snacks?

Maggie starts pulling chips and sandwiches and beer from all over the car. Her own stash spots, Peter notes to himself, excitedly. He notices the gun in the glove box but says nothing of it.

Maggie shoots him a hard look but continues.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Another thing I love about this  
place. They don't see it come in,  
it doesn't exist.

The night plays on.

LATER

The last of the cars pull out. In the driver seat, Maggie is asleep on Peter's shoulder and he sleeps against the passenger side window. Elliot knocks on the driver side.

ELLIOT  
Maggie. You asleep again? Hey  
Maggie, we're clo--  
(squinting)  
Is that? Is it?! AGAIN?!

Maggie and Peter wake up startled. Maggie wipes the drool away quickly.

MAGGIE  
Oh, c'ya, Elliot! Thanks!

Maggie peels out, kicking up gravel.

ELLIOT  
We have standards! I'll ban you,  
I'll do it! Bet the paper would  
love to hear about this! Eh? EH?!

Abruptly, Maggie's taillights glare red and her car whips around.

Elliot's stomach sinks. He starts trudging to the concession stand tail between his legs.

Maggie circles behind and skids right in front of him, her side closest.

From the rolled down window, she hands him a six pack.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Fiiiiine. Fine.  
(looking to Peter)  
Careful with this one, mister,  
she's trouble.

Maggie zooms away.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Night!

Elliot is weak in the knees and not because he's scared. He's in love.

Maggie waves out the window as they drive off.

INT. PRISON LOUNGE AREA - MORNING

Lloyd breaks off a convo as a few of the night shift leave.

Maggie hums to herself the song Peter played on the jukebox. Lloyd interrupts.

LLOYD

Maggie, this weekend, my house.  
Let's not make a big thing out of it.

CARL

If only Betty caught you a couple months sooner.

LLOYD

Twelve-feet deep and twenty-three feet across and I'm still hearing it. Sometimes I think it'll never be big enough.

Maggie holds the tightest face she can, loving Lloyd's misconstrued admissions. Lloyd redirects to her.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

I saw it. I just don't see how. I told her it was blood. Had to be! Betty swears otherwise. Washed it before I could get Doc to analyze it, or whatever. And I was really gonna have him do it. Oh but she took Polaroids! Johnny on the spot with that. With no hard evidence, who wins that one?

(in Maggie's direction)

Can't win with any of you!

MAGGIE

Lloyd, I'm honored. Been waiting since my first day for this.

LLOYD

Shoot for around two, that's when we usually fire up the grills. No need bringing anything, other than Ken. He's good people--and I'm not saying that cause he's loaded.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

You are seeing him, I hope. You don't seem like a bulldyke but it'd explain a lot if you were.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Worn yellow house. The garage door is open, car parked.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Getting home, Maggie gets her mom's pill tray out. She shakes it off and puts on a TV dinner.

LIVING ROOM

She takes it into the living room. Hill, party of none.

She opens a manilla folder on her coffee table and begins to read.

The phone RINGS. She lets it drone.

EXT. LLOYD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Lloyd is wearing a brightly-colored Hawaiian shirt.

BETTY

Something is missing from this picture, Lloyd-Sweetie...

LLOYD

What? Like how even after some good ink, Maggie still can't catch a date.

(redirecting)

Or maybe you mean like a quarter of our yard!

Reveal a huge crater cordoned off.

MAGGIE

That's your problem, Cap.

(beat)

Webworms.

(beat)

But they only burrow a few inches down. At most. You got them there, no doubt, buuuuut--

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(surveying around  
nonchalantly)  
Brown spots, that's the tell...

Lloyd is stunned a little by her knowledge. He takes a deep breath to retort.

BETTY  
(shaking her head)  
Honey, honey, we went through this  
anyway... dogs dig.

LLOYD  
Speaking of... Mags, where's Ken?  
You didn't come together? I worked  
with his uncle at the Norton's back  
in the day. Real card. Scratch  
golfer, too.

Lloyd mimes a golf swing.

MAGGIE  
Guess he didn't get the message.

LLOYD  
Shame.

Betty sucks the bottom of the glass with her straw, making an awful slurping noise.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
(mixing two ethnicities  
together)  
Si, Si, misses masta. Right away.

BETTY  
(sharply)  
AND the Polaroid. Island in the--

LLOYD  
I know. I know. I got it.

Lloyd goes to freshen the drinks. Three golden retrievers follow him away. Maggie and Betty look down on the crater.

MAGGIE  
You'd make a mint on memberships.

BETTY  
It's called freeform. Had to do it  
before the frost hit. I don't know  
why he's so screwy about it, less  
to mow anyway.



Maggie stands looking down into the pit thinking "he's actually doing it..."

BETTY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question? I saw your story and I just have to.

MAGGIE

Sure, shoot.

BETTY

Are you screwing my husband?

Maggie LAUGHS. Betty LAUGHS harder.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Figured you were too smart for that.

MAGGIE

I'm sure it's nothing, really. He's one of the most boring guys I know. In a good way, I mean. Totally. If he's not going on about the kids, it's you or the dogs or the house. He's what we call a "lifer".

BETTY

You're being overly generous, I'm sure. JoJo, Flokie, and Buck come before. One night, for the life of him, he couldn't think through why it wasn't a good idea having life insurance for them. Our dogs. It's on but the wattage is low.

Maggie looks into the pit and imagines Lloyd huffing and cursing and yelling as he digs. Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

All himself, huh? I guess he said, but I didn't realize...

BETTY

We got a late start. Ordinances, inspections, plans, estimates, etc. So there's no rush.

(she smiles)

He can play out here all he wants.

Betty looks into the pit and sees the same Lloyd Maggie did. However, this time he's not clever enough to figure a way out, literally and metaphorically.

She LAUGHS more.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What was it like, beating that man down, Maggie? Getting the upperhand? Don't tell him I told you, but Lloyd said he'd even think twice before jumping in with him.

MAGGIE

It was a reaction.

(beat)

I reacted. It just happened. And during I just gave myself to it and fought like hell.

BETTY

But you hurt him good, yeah? Just you.

MAGGIE

I... I had a little help, but I was lucky.

BETTY

Never say that.

MAGGIE

Lucky? Doesn't mean I'm not capable.

BETTY

They don't want to understand that. Never give them the power. Ever. Take it, and keep taking it.

Lloyd comes back with drinks.

LLOYD

Coming in hot!

Lloyd hands out new drinks and licks the tequila, salt and lime smattering his fingers.

BETTY

Maggie, picture, we must!

LLOYD

Polaroid. Dang it to heck!

BETTY

Deeper or wider, Sweetie. Deeper or wider...

LLOYD  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Island in the  
kitchen, be right back!

Lloyd bounds off.

MAGGIE  
So, Betty, what do you do?

BETTY  
Avon.  
(beat)  
You ever run out of that fancy  
stuff, let me know...

Maggie freezes, Betty knows it was her lipstick. Does Lloyd too?

Betty SHOUTS to a WOMAN offscreen, Maggie looks in that direction.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Charlene, your hair! Charlie  
called, he needs a new angel!

Maggie looks to CHARLENE who is offscreen. A newcomer joins them and takes a place next to Maggie, close. She gets an odd chill and shivers. The man looks across the crevasse.

Maggie turns slowly to him.

KEN  
Holy heck, he's a madman!

Ken holds an owl statue with a bow on it.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Maggie gets out of her car and walks to another that pulls in behind her.

MAGGIE  
One sec. Ok? One sec.

KEN  
Sure I can't go ahead? I still have  
my key--

MAGGIE  
No! No. I'll only be a minute, just  
need a few things. I'll be right  
back.

KEN

Fine. I have an idea what else we  
can do then.

Peter sets his car into park and jumps out.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DUSK

Ken shuts the door of his car and peers into the bag as he  
walks into the open garage.

KEN

I keep forgetting how lousy this  
place is for cheese... No cantal?  
Like, c'mon.

Maggie grabs the bags from her car and hustles into the door  
inside the garage ahead of Ken.

He watches her curiously.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Maggie puts her groceries down quickly on the kitchen  
counter. She takes a piece of paper that was on a stack of  
envelopes, revealing the locket underneath, crumples it up  
tight then throws it in the trash.

Ken walks in behind her.

MAGGIE

I was hoping to have more time to  
clean up.

KEN

I'll take care of that. You start  
prepping.

LATER - NIGHT

Pots churn and water boils. Ken wafts the air. Maggie adds  
salt to one of the sauces.

KEN

Ah, ah, ah, this ain't Carthage,  
babe.

(beat)

Or it can be.

He gives her a peck then takes her hand in his and moves it  
away, trying to be romantic.

The doorbell RINGS.

KEN (CONT'D)  
I got it.

FOYER

Dr. Wilt stands in the doorway.

DR. WILT  
Oh, Ken, hello. I thought that was yours. What a surprise... Sorry I'm late.

KEN  
Perfect timing. You a charcuterie man? Wait, before you answer that, what're you drinking?

He wipes his face with a cloth as he meanders.

DR. WILT  
Uhh, wine, if you have it.

KEN  
(slapping his forehead)  
Ahhh wine!  
(calling to Maggie)  
We have wine?

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Yes, in the cabinet.

DR. WILT  
(looking around)  
Clean. Looks good in here, Magpie.

One box on the LA-Z-BOY catches his attention. Peeking out are the comics.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Hollywood's Greatest Cowgirl...  
where the--

Maggie walks in to say hello and notices his gaze.

DR. WILT (CONT'D)  
You know she was a pilot, too!

MAGGIE  
That's what you told me.

Dr. Wilt sees another curious item: a manila folder. He dwells on it then looks to Maggie. With Ken leering, wine in hand, in the background Dr. Wilt kisses Maggie's cheek and heads into the dining room.

He holds on to her hand and drops it, leaving her behind going into the other room.

#### DINING ROOM

They eat.

KEN

Office?! You're kidding me, Doc.  
Maggie?!

DR. WILT

No one better. Congressman Garrett's seat is coming up in a few years and that fossil hasn't passed any meaningful legislation since Truman. And now, with all this positive press, Mags has name recognition and a strong law and order message, she has a real shot.

(to Maggie)

Of course, you'll have to run Republican.

KEN

Couple of years, huh? So you're saying start on the kids sooner rather than later.

Ken squeezes Maggie's thigh under the table. She winces. Dr. Wilt sees.

DR. WILT

All I'm saying is--

MAGGIE

What I'm saying is I have my own plans, ok? And I'm talking to both of you.

KEN

That's my girl, the dreamer, and tenacious as all heck. I believe in you. Whatever you want to do.

(beat)

So Doc, how's business at DCF?  
Don't think I missed your piece in THE OKLAHOMAN.

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)

Something about a breakthrough anti-fungal treatment? Cah-ching, cha-ching!

DR. WILT

We have a number of trials that look promising for a range of products, in fact.

(side-eying Maggie)

And, of course, not just the general public win with these trials--the men, too, really seem to enjoy them. Some even see it as a patriotic duty of sorts, plus having some extra money in place like that can go a long way; just ask Maggie about the deodorant trial we ran a few mo--

MAGGIE

Better yet, Ken, ask what happens in the trailers. Maybe you can pull it out of him.

Dr. Wilt looks sharply at Maggie as she clears the plates.

KEN

Ok, I'll bite. What's in the trailers, Doc?

DR. WILT

I really shouldn't. They're highly sensitive, and some of the most closely-guarded experime--

KEN

C'mon! You're among friends. Not a soul.

DR. WILT

If I could I would. We're making gains that will benefit all of us in the decades to come. Do you understand how frustrating it is to not be able to share it with you and Mags and with everyone right now? But, alas, contracts, NDAs, lawyers, regulators, Boards of Directors, will always win, you understand. I've been trying to dispel this lingering nefarious notion by many that don't realize the monumental work we're doing.

(MORE)

DR. WILT (CONT'D)

And now, what's most dismaying of all, it's infected even my own family.

KEN

Sounds like some top-level work.

DR. WILT

The highest levels, my boy. The HIGHEST. And when Maggie takes Garrett's seat maybe she will have more say on what goes on there. That I will tell you.

KEN

I gotta say, you're making me want to run myself. My family and I are lifelong Republicans you know with a few connections...

(Thinking)

So, dessert, coff--

There's a KNOCK at the door.

They all look at one another a bit perplexed.

Maggie gets up to answer it.

MAGGIE

It's probably Judy. Cars and lights are an invitation to that mothwoman.

Maggie goes to answer it.

FOYER

As Maggie opens the door, Peter is revealed holding a small package wrapped in newspaper. She shuts the door to a slit.

PETER

(hushed)

I know, I know!

MAGGIE

(through gritted teeth)

Now is not the time, EDWIN.

PETER

Ouch, woah! I get it, I know. I shouldn't be here.



MAGGIE  
(tersely)  
Seriously. Not the time.

PETER  
I know I shouldn't have. But I've  
been calling. I have to leave  
tonight... just for a while.

MAGGIE  
Ok, well, go fish.

PETER  
Err, but I wanted to make sure I  
gave you this for your birthday  
present. September, right? It'll  
just be for a coupl--

KEN (O.S.)  
Who is it? Tell Judy and George to  
come get some pie already!

MAGGIE  
(to the dining room)  
Uh, yeah, yeah, it's no one, it's a  
package. Be right there.

KEN (O.S.)  
(to Dr. Wilt, muffled)  
A package?

PETER  
Who's that? You having a party or  
something? I like par--

MAGGIE  
Please leave, Peter. This is not a  
joke. Go. I'll see you... whenever.

Maggie's eyes scream at him as she hears FOOTSTEPS approach.  
It unnerves Peter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Go. Go. Now.

She forces the door closed as Ken turns the corner, dish  
towel slung over his shoulder.

He peers out the sheer curtain of the window next to the  
door. A darkened figure walks to the parked car across the  
street.

KEN  
(about the package)  
Who was that?

MAGGIE  
Dunno... haven't had a chance to  
look yet. Pie?

Maggie pushes past him towards the kitchen. He grabs her arm as she walks by, she turns to look at him.

KEN  
(growling)  
You left grounds in the machine  
again.

Ken stares at her intently, looking for something. Maggie refuses to break.

DINING ROOM

The table is half cleared and the coffee gurgles.

DR. WILT  
Everything all right?

MAGGIE  
Yup, yup, just a package.

They all pause.

KEN  
So don't leave us in suspense now.  
What is it?

MAGGIE  
I don't know...

KEN  
Well, only one way to find out. At  
least Doc can claim State Secrets.  
Show us the goods.  
(beat)  
Who did you say it was from again?

MAGGIE  
(Looking to Doc)  
Edwin... from down at the prison.

DR. WILT  
Ed... win?

MAGGIE

Edwin... Peter. He worked for you... until recently.

DR. WILT

Oh. That idiot! Left for a different job, that's right. Ken, I wouldn't worry about him. Darwin will claim him soon.

Ken grabs the paring knife from the dish rack and dangles it over Maggie's shoulder.

KEN

Shall I?

MAGGIE

No, no... I'll do it.

Maggie makes an incision across the top. And opens it holding her breath.

She lets out a prolonged gasp so as not to alert anyone to her relief.

DR. WILT

(peeking in)

Looks like you finally did it.  
Congratulations! I hear it's a big deal with the boys down there.

Sitting in the box is a mug with the DCF logo face up.

MAGGIE

Oh, that's... nice of them.

She begins to put it aside.

KEN

What? You're not going to use it?!  
You gotta! The timing couldn't be more perfect.

He removes it from the box to inspect it. He frowns. On the other side is emblazoned Capt. Lloyd Gilroy.

KEN (CONT'D)

Y'all have a weird sense of humor down there...

Ken pours Maggie a coffee in the Lloyd mug and hands it to her. He gives her a little jug of milk on the side.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Lloyd won't mind, I'm sure. Wait  
till he hears about this. Where's  
our camera? This is too good. Lemme  
get the camera.

MAGGIE/DR. WILT  
No!

FOYER

Ken slaps Dr. Wilt's back.

KEN  
Wonderful night, Doc. Can't wait  
till next time.

Ken closes the door as Dr. Wilt walks out.

He turns to Maggie, his smile morphs into a terse scowl.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(growling)  
You left grounds in the machine  
again, did I mention that?

Ken checks out the curtains, watching Dr. Wilt drive off.

KEN (CONT'D)  
I wish you didn't...

MOMENTS LATER

The garage door is cracked. On the counter is the letter  
spread out, stained with dark water and coffee grounds.

KEN (O.S.)  
Who? WHO IS HE, MAGGIE?! Was he--  
From earlier?! He sure as shit  
doesn't work down at the prison  
from what I've read. It looks like  
you're fucking an inmate!

Ken grabs Maggie's arm making sure it hurts.

MAGGIE  
He's no one! He just got out and  
needed someone to talk to. He's  
gone now! That was it!

KEN

Doesn't sounds like it to me! No way Lloyd or Carl any of the others would stand for this. No way! I don't even know what to do with you. You're on a bad track, Maggie, and it just proves you need me more than ever. I let you have your fun, and by the looks of it you sure did, but it's time to settle down now. Don't blow your reputation over some degenerate. You're smarter than that.

MAGGIE

I'm smarter now. Smarter than to get stuck with you again. You can't manipulate me anymore, Ken. I don't want your money. I don't care who your family is. It doesn't work any-

-

KEN

Manipulate?! All I've done is look out for you all our lives. Every damn time you were in trouble-- making trouble, more like it--I was there to smooth it all over. You're so crazy. You're getting hysterical!

MAGGIE

Ken... Please leave... we had our time and they were good growing up... but Boomtown it's over. Forever.

KEN

Over?! Before you even gave me another chance! I can't-- I've waited and worked, all for you. Got out from under my family like you always wanted. My whole career is to prove myself to you and it's never been enough. I don't get it! You spit in my face at every turn. No! I care about you too much to let you do this.

MAGGIE

Let me be more clear. Get. The. Fuck. OUT. Before I--

Ken smacks her across the face. She goes back into the cabinets with a THUD.

She looks around angrily. Ken laughs to himself.

KEN  
This again? Old hat.

He holds up the knife from the dining room table.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Can we just take it down a notch  
or, like, fifty? All we need is  
Judy getting the cops involved...  
and I don't want them to see you...

He puts the knife back on the counter.

KEN (CONT'D)  
...like this. Please. Let's not  
fight.  
(beat)  
Let's watch something, what's on  
ton--

Ken goes in for a hug. Maggie slugs him in the stomach.

KEN (CONT'D)  
OOF!  
(beat)  
You BITCH! Where the hell do you  
get off?!

Ken shoves her aside into the garage door. It slams shut.

There's a dull THUD behind it but neither Ken nor Maggie notice.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Calm down! You know you can get  
hurt when you act like this. Get  
up, sit down and relax. Take  
something if ya gotta. Jeezus.

MAGGIE  
I don't know how many times I need  
to say it: it's over. Whatever you  
think, it's not real.

KEN  
I said, sit down.

MAGGIE

This isn't your house. It's mine.  
Get the hell out!

KEN

What aren't you getting?! I love  
you and only want the best! I want  
to take care of you!

Ken starts toward Maggie again but something catches his eye  
and he turns confused. He watches as the knob of the garage  
door slowly turns.

It pops open a sliver with a creak.

KEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Who's there? Hello--

There's a...

CLICK

From behind it.

Ken's eyes go wide.

KEN (CONT'D)

YOU?!

Peter pushes the door aside, gun trained on Ken. He rubs the  
top of his throbbing head.

PETER

Back! BACK! Get back now!

MAGGIE

Peter! What're you doing?! Put that  
down! Get out of here! LEAVE!  
You're not helping.

PETER

I saw the whole thin--

MAGGIE

Put it down, Peter--and GO! This  
doesn't involve you! I'm ok. It's  
ok.

PETER

Not before this asshole. Call the  
cops, Mags. Do it! NOW! I got thi--

As Peter looks to Maggie, Ken throws Lloyd's mug at him.

Peter avoids it as it crashes on the wall behind him. But in his distraction Ken rushes Peter with the knife.

KEN

I'm gonna get you, you m--

Peter wheels around and pulls...

BANG.

MOMENTS LATER

Maggie leans over Ken. He lies facedown, lifeless. She looks at Peter, broken.

Peter slowly puts the gun on the counter and backs away toward the garage door, disbelieving.

Maggie, in a shocked calm, grabs the dish towel from the sink, takes the gun and wipes it down. She grips it in her hands, finger on the trigger. She looks at Peter.

Peter backs out the door using his shirt sleeve to wipe the knob as he closes it.

Maggie looks around then takes the phone off the hook.

LATER

Maggie sits with one of her homemade blankets slung over her. She holds something. POLICE buzz about the scene. In the corner, obscured by the kitchen counter, is a white sheet dappled with red spots.

An OFFICER takes her chin in his hand as another photographs her. A third asks her mumbled questions scratching notes. She zones out.

She stares at what's in her hand.

In it is her mother's locket. It's open to reveal a picture of a round, happy golden retriever, Buster. The picture is bent and crumpled as if something had been pushed against it. Some powder as well flecks it. Maggie realizes this and what it could mean as...

Dr. Wilt takes her hand and in the other offers her a bevy of pills.

DR. WILT

Maggie... Here. Take these. You'll feel better.



She looks at him as if not even knowing who he is.

FADE TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY

Peter sits one row away from the back, shifting in his seat he itches the scars on his back, briefcase on his lap. For a split second the approaching STEWARDESS is a younger version of Maggie: happy and beaming, doing what she loves, it's a Maggie he planned to see, and make, ever after.

She quickly disappears behind a PASSENGER fixing their bag in an overhead compartment.

The stewardess brings him his drink and smiles placing it in front of him.

He hands her a note. She disregards it and walks to the back.

Peter turns around to her.

PETER

Mag-- Miss, you'd better look at that note. I have a bomb.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**