

INSATIABLE

"Pilot"

By

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FADE IN:

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

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

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Instagram. Facebook. TMZ. As a
culture, we're obsessed with
appearances.

CLOSE ON ANOTHER CONTESTANT, strutting across the stage.

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

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

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

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - REAL TIME

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

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

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

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

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Maybe I should have quit while I
was ahead.

EXT. LEGAL FIRM - DAY

Bob Anderson walks into his legal firm, "Attorneys at Law: Anderson, Anderson, Christianson, and Gentile."

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

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S CLOSET - DAY

Bob ties a perfect double Windsor with care.

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

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

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

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

INSERT: A Christmas card. "Merry Christmas from Bob, Savannah Lee, Brick, and Maggie."

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
And the icing on the cake -- the
thing that gave me the *most* joy --
was moonlighting as a pageant coach.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Bob's with Dixie Sinclair (to whom he gave a thumbs up) and her mom, REGINA (40, single and pissed). As Bob applies pink lip-liner to Dixie's mouth --

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Nothing felt more powerful than
transforming a girl into a
beautiful young woman...

He puckers his lips, Dixie mirrors. He applies lipstick.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
But it wasn't enough. I wanted to
win. And Dixie Sinclair could go
all the way. There was just one
problem. Her mother... Regina...

(CONTINUED)

REGINA

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

BOB ANDERSON

Yes. Neutral topics. No politics --

REGINA

Neutral won't win. We have a great
argument about why men shouldn't be
allowed in women's bathrooms --

BOB ANDERSON

Sounds homophobic --

DIXIE

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

BOB ANDERSON

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

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

DIXIE

I'm an atheist.

BOB ANDERSON

Jesus Christ.

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - DAY

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

PATTY (V.O.)

From a very young age, I worshipped
only two things. Cake, and the
number on the scale.

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

PATTY (V.O.)

I went on my first diet at just
eight years old...

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - DAY

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

PATTY (V.O.)
From then on, Weight-watchers was my
church, and food my higher power.

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - DAY

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

PATTY (V.O.)
I spent my whole adolescence
bingeing and starving.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

TEENAGE FANS CHEER in the stadium seats.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patty watches FIFTY FIRST DATES, eating chocolate.

PATTY (V.O.)
I was at home, alone. Watching Drew
Barrymore movies. Stuffing my face
with sugar-free chocolate...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patty watches RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS, eating fro-yo alone.

PATTY (V.O.)
Carbolite...

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patty watches THE WEDDING SINGER, and eats Cool-Whip out of the container with her hands.

PATTY (V.O.)

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

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A toilet FLUSHES. Patty exits a stall, holding a JUICE BOTTLE, walking past thin GIRLS changing into gym clothes.

PATTY (V.O.)

I was tired of being jealous of all the skinny bitches at school. It was time to take control.

Patty joins NONNIE, (17) her dorky, pimply-faced bestie at the lockers. She raises her juice bottle and drops her gym bag, announcing...

PATTY

I'm going on a cleanse.

NONNIE

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

PATTY

This time it'll be different. I'm not going through our last year of high school as Fatty Patty...

(looking in her bag)

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

NONNIE

Let's ditch! Get pizza!

PATTY

No way. Gotta get in my 10,000 steps. Oh! There's usually a spare pair in the lost and found.

Patty frantically digs through the lost and found basket and pulls out the shorts. She holds them up. A size SMALL.

(CONTINUED)

NONNIE
Yeah. Good luck with that.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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

BOB BARNUM
Hey. I wanted to wish y'all luck.

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
There was only one person I hated more than Regina Sinclair. Bob. Bag-o-boners. Barnum.

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
With his perfect hair, and his perfect smile, and his perfect beard. It was bad enough he was the DA, my nemesis in work. But he was my nemesis in every part of my life.

BOB ANDERSON
Good luck to you and Azalea, too.

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
His daughter Azalea had won every pageant in Georgia. I was dying to dethrone her.

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

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

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

PATTY (V.O.)
I was used to feeling bad about myself. High school was a nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

ACROSS THE GYM, a JOCK sings out --

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

It's Beethoven's ninth. Patty glares as a COACH approaches.

COACH
Take a lap. You're late.

As they start jogging, everyone watches them, snickering...

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

PATTY
Last... Tuesday.

And she collapses, in a heap. Everyone laughs. Except Brick
Anderson. He comes over, concerned, offering Patty a hand.

BRICK
Hey. You okay?

PATTY (V.O.)
But Brick Anderson was like a dream
come true...

Patty takes his hand. Off Patty, lovestruck...

INT. AUDITORIUM - STAGE - DAY

Azalea Barnum speaks into a mic, killing her interview.

AZALEA
No family should live in fear of
their child getting sick because they
can't afford health care. But we need
to find a practical solution...

FIND BOB ANDERSON, listening...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Dixie and Azalea were neck and
neck. It all came down to the
interview. Azalea nailed it, but I
still had hope...

Azalea steps away. Dixie takes the mic...

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

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

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

A political question. I prayed for a
miracle. That Dixie would follow my
guidance --

DIXIE

Um... the Storage Wars?

JUDGE

And... where are those happening?

DIXIE

On A & E?

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

But God had other plans...

Off Bob, palming his own face...

INT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Patty and Nonnie lurk in the freezer aisle.

PATTY (V.O.)

For the first time, I actually had
hope. That things were finally
turning around...

PATTY

I feel like a stalker.

NONNIE

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

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

NONNIE (cont'd)

Brick? Brick Anderson?

BRICK

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

BRICK
Oh God. You thought... because I
was nice to you... Wow. I gotta go.

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

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

IN SLO-MOTION -- a crown is placed on Azalea Barnum's head.
PAN OVER to Dixie, who's keeping a brave face...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Dixie blew it. I was crushed... But
I had to keep a brave face.

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

REGINA
This is your fault. For trying to
dim her light --

Bob is distracted by Barnum, who gives him a thumbs up.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Barnum. I wanted to break off his
thumb, shove it right up his --

REGINA
I want my money back. Or else.

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

Regina rushes the stage, hip-checks Azalea and grabs the mic.

REGINA
I *demand* a re-match!

BOB ANDERSON
Regina, you can't --

REGINA
Dixie was disturbed. Distressed.
Because of him!

(CONTINUED)

She points at Bob Anderson, Salem witch-style.

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

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

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

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

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

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

PATTY (V.O.)
I thought it was the worst day of
my life. But looking back, it was
one of the best.

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

PATTY (V.O.)
Because it brought me and Bob
Anderson together.

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

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

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

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

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob enters to find a a frumpy 17-YEAR-OLD GIRL and her equally frumpy MOTHER.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Regina never formally pressed charges. Because she made it all up. But it was four months later and she had ruined my reputation.

BOB ANDERSON
Bob Anderson. Nice to meet you.

He shakes the Mother's hand. As he shakes the daughter's hand, a PANTY LINER falls from her shirt.

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
What the hell is that?

GIRL
A panty-liner. My pits get sweaty.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Nobody respectable would hire me to coach their daughters. Just freaks and losers.

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Bob stands across from a GIRL who's tattooed from head to toe. Her head is shaved, and spikes stick out of her scalp.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I was dying to get back into coaching. I felt empty without it.

BOB ANDERSON
Okay, so you have an alternative look. I... can work with that...

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Bob smiles at a CUTE CURLY-HAIRED GIRL. This looks promising.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
But I was running out of options...

BOB ANDERSON
You kind of have a Shirley Temple thing going on. Smile?

(CONTINUED)

The Girl smiles, revealing four filthy teeth with braces on them. Anderson clenches his jaw, rubs his temples.

INT. ANDERSON LAW OFFICE -- DAY

A clearly disheartened Anderson exits his office.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
My legal career wasn't going any
better... Since the incident, I
hadn't brought in a single case.

He turns to his secretary, MAUDE (late 70s, blue hair.)

BOB ANDERSON
I should probably just kill myself.

MAUDE
Probably. But first, your father
wants to see you in his office.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I was sure I was about to be fired.

Nervous, Bob looks toward his father's office door.

INT. ROBERT ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

PAN ACROSS A NEWS PHOTO of ROBERT ANDERSON (65, a silver fox and Southern Gentleman) standing with an OLD WHITE GUY. The headline reads: "Attorney Robert Anderson defends Imperial Wizard's Right to Free Speech."

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

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

Find Robert at his desk, trimming his nose hairs, using the camera application on his iPhone as a mirror.

BOB ANDERSON (O.C.)
Hey, Dad.

Startled, Robert jumps, nicking the inside of his nostril.

ROBERT
Dammit, Bob. Sit down.

Bob does. Robert eyes him for a moment. Shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)

You had so much potential. A gifted litigator. Civil, criminal, there was nothing you couldn't do. But you had to go and ruin it. Playing Princess, like some kind of --

BOB ANDERSON

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

ROBERT

I'm not firing you. Yet.

(off Bob's surprise)

I may have a case for you. And it's defending a teenaged girl. She punched a homeless guy --

BOB ANDERSON

Seriously? I'm trying to rehabilitate my image --

ROBERT

You'd be doing it pro bono.

BOB ANDERSON

Wait. I've been wanting to do pro bono work for years. You called it liberal nonsense. So why are you --

ROBERT

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

BOB ANDERSON

You said, "to me," twice.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bob sits across from Angie, Patty's mom. She takes his hand.

ANGIE

Thank you so much for meeting with me. I've begged every lawyer in town to take on my daughter's case. But nobody cares enough to do it pro-bono --

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON

I consider myself an advocate for
the underdog.

Angie eyes him for a long beat.

ANGIE

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

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

BOB ANDERSON

Ms. Bladell, I assure you. The
accusations were ludicrous. I'm a
champion of women. Especially young
women. I want to touch as many of
them as I possibly can.

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

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)

Regina Sinclair was pissed her
daughter lost. She wanted revenge --

ANGIE

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

BOB ANDERSON

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

ANGIE

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

BOB ANDERSON

And *he's* suing *her*?

ANGIE

Well. She did break his nose.

BOB ANDERSON

She must have had a reason. Did he
threaten her? Provoke her?

ANGIE

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

(CONTINUED)

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

ANGIE (cont'd)
You can imagine, it's not easy,
looking like that... having a
mother who looks like me...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I didn't have to imagine. I had
lived through it. Bullied.
Marginalized. My own yearbook
filled with insults...

He flips through the yearbook, with sympathetic interest.

ANGIE
I was almost Miss Georgia, back in
the day. But I got knocked up. Had
Patty. Started working at Chili's.

But Bob isn't listening. He reads the inscriptions aloud:

BOB ANDERSON
Dear Patty. Have fun at fat camp
this summer.
(another)
If I have sex with your rolls, will
it feel like a --
(closes the book)
That's disgusting.

ANGIE
I blame myself. I'm a single mom --

BOB ANDERSON
That can be tough, go easy --

ANGIE
I was a drunken whore.

BOB ANDERSON
Oh. Well...

ANGIE
But now I'm sober. And I really
want to do right by her. Her
arraignment is in two days. Can you
help us, Mr. Anderson?

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

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

BOB ANDERSON

I got a case! We're celebrating!

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

SAVANNAH LEE

We're not. Nobody's coming to our gala. Regina Sinclair sent an email to the entire PTA.

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

REGINA (V.O.)

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

BOB ANDERSON

It is creepy. But not *exactly* incestuous --

SAVANNAH LEE

You're missing the point! We have to do something! I'll talk to Emmylou Barnum -- she has influence --

BOB ANDERSON

Absolutely not. Andersons don't ask for help. Especially from Barnums --

SAVANNAH LEE

Stop. I worked *hard* to start the Foundation. If we want to get back into high society, we have to play the game --

ANDERSON

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

Savannah Lee gives him a long look. Busted. She pivots:

SAVANNAH LEE

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

(CONTINUED)

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

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - BRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob's son, Brick, lays on his bed, listening to Adele. His sister, Maggie, studies on the floor. She rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE
Adele? Again?

BRICK
You don't like it, get out --

MAGGIE
I can't. Dad's with mom in the kitchen. They're "celebrating."

BRICK
Gross.

Now, Bob enters --

BOB ANDERSON
Dinner's ready.
(then)
Adele? Again? You got dumped a month ago. Suck it up, buttercup --

BRICK
I gotta go. I have a date.

As Brick exits, Bob's pleased. He turns to Maggie. Smiles.

MAGGIE
You have something on your pants.

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

EXT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE/INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brick gets into a car with an OLDER MAN with a MOUSTACHE.

MOUSTACHE
What'd you tell your parents?

BRICK
That I'm out with some girl...

Off this mystery, as they drive away...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I had decided to go for a plea
agreement. Settle for probation.
Given the circumstances, I figured
the best I could do was keep Patty
out of jail, and move on.

Bob approaches Angie, who's waiting with a beautiful BLONDE
who's cheaply dressed, wearing make-up from Walgreens.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
But I didn't have all the facts.

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

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

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Broken jaw. Liquid diet. She must
have lost 70 pounds...

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Her fashion sense was in her ass,
but still... She was a diamond in
the rough. A beauty queen waiting
to happen -- my chance for
redemption. I just had one
question...

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

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

Off Bob, smiling like a maniac...

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

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

He opens the door for Angie and Patty...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
For assault, I mean. Because
convicted felons can't be beauty
queens.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Angie and Patty head toward the courtroom --

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

Angie stops in her tracks.

ANGIE
What happened to settling?

BOB ANDERSON
Pretty girls don't have to settle.

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

INT. DINER - DAY

Bob and Patty sit in a booth. As a WAITRESS delivers coffee:

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

PATTY
Can I ask you something, Mr.
Anderson?

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON
Call me Bob --

PATTY
Are you banging my mom, Bob?

BOB ANDERSON
What? No -- why would you --

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

BOB ANDERSON
They don't understand you like I do.

Patty eyes him, skeptical.

PATTY (V.O.)
Nobody understood me. Not even
Nonnie.

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

Patty gives him an incredulous look.

PATTY (V.O.)
But Bob and I were kindred spirits.

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

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

BOB ANDERSON
Of course -- without the extra
padding, you're exposed. You've
lost your first line of defense.
But that's okay. Because now... you
have me.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bob walks toward the police station, briefcase in hand.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Patty admitted to throwing the
first punch. But we could still
build a case for self-defense.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Bob sits across from an OFFICER, who pulls out a file.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Unfortunately, her written
statement didn't help our cause.

Bob reads aloud, with horror...

BOB ANDERSON
"Nobody calls me fatty"?

OFFICER
(shrugs)
She musta written it thirteen
times. She was hopped up, on
painkillers --

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
She sounded like a pissed-off fat
girl. And that was going to be a
problem.

EXT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

As Bob walks up, briefcase in hand...

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

INT. BOB BARNUM'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob Barnum pours Bob Anderson water from a crystal pitcher.

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Or I could just ask Bob-Beaver-Beard-
Barnum to drop the case altogether...

BOB BARNUM
I'm not dropping the case.

BOB ANDERSON
Why not? It was self-defense --

BOB BARNUM
My witness tells another story --

BOB ANDERSON
What witness? Who?

BOB BARNUM
Oh -- you didn't know? The 7-Eleven
Clerk says he saw her strike first.
My advice -- pro bono? Go back to
the judge. Cop a plea.

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

INT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE -- DAY

An immaculately decorated antebellum mansion. Savannah Lee
sits at a perfectly set table as EMMYLOU BARNUM (40, but
looks 30, a natural beauty) gracefully pours tea...

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)
I know I was supposed to hate
Emmylou Barnum. But I didn't.

SAVANNAH LEE
Thanks, Emmylou.

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It would kill my husband if he
knew... But the truth is, I wanted
to be just like her.

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

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)
She was the President of the PTA,
the Church Sisterhood, and the
Junior League. Plus, she hadn't had
a lick of plastic surgery, and she
still looked ten years younger than
me, even after all my Botox.

(CONTINUED)

Now, Bob Barnum enters --

BOB BARNUM
Thanks for lunch, babe.

He tongue kisses Emmylou. Savannah Lee watches, awestruck.

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)
And to top it all off, she had the
sexiest husband in town...

SAVANNAH LEE
Hey, Bob. Do I get a kiss, too?

Barnum chuckles and points at her -- good one. He thinks she
was kidding. She wasn't. As she watches him exit...

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)
I wanted more than Emmylou's help.
I wanted her *life*...

EMMYLOU
What can I do for you, honey?

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

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

SAVANNAH LEE
What if I offered you a quid pro
quo?

(off Savannah Lee)
I know your son's selling chocolate
bars, and he's dying to win first
prize. And he forfeited last year
because you got caught buying them
all yourself --

EMMYLOU
Allegedly --

SAVANNAH LEE
So you've been falsely accused.
Like my Bob...

(off Emmylou)
I'll buy *all* your chocolate if you
get us our RSVP's. It's win-win.

(CONTINUED)

EMMYLOU
(she considers, then)
I hope you brought your checkbook.

Off Savannah Lee, smiling, she sure as shit did...

INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

Bob Anderson talks to the Ginger Clerk as he restocks candy.

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

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

BOB ANDERSON
Wait -- what?

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

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

A concerned Bob walks and texts...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Clearly, we had our work cut out
for us. But it wasn't a lost cause.

He sends a text...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
A former legal client of mine
worked in the clerk's office and
she owed me a favor -- she'd make
sure we got a sympathetic judge....

He hits send. Then heads to his car...

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I'd just have to paint a pretty
picture...

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nonnie tries on jeans while Patty writes in her journal...

(CONTINUED)

NONNIE (V.O.)

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

PATTY

Those look good on you, take 'em.
They're too big on me now.

Nonnie takes them off, tries on another pair.

NONNIE (V.O.)

But now that she was skinny, other people were paying attention. Where were *they* when she ran out of Weightwatcher points? When she was eating leftover cake from the trash?

NONNIE

Hey, there's a Drew Barrymore marathon this weekend. We could hole up. Order in pizza --

PATTY

I gave up pizza. Did I tell you Bob called me pretty?

Nonnie rolls her eyes. Only like a million times.

PATTY (cont'd)

No one ever said that to me before --

NONNIE

I do. *All* the time.

PATTY

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

NONNIE

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

PATTY

God, no. Please...

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

NONNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

Which means I actually have a shot!
Worst case scenario, he diddles me?
Sure as hell beats being a 17 year
old virgin. No offense.

NONNIE

I am not a virgin!

PATTY

Using tampons doesn't count.

Now, Patty's phone rings. It's "Way Back Into Love" from Drew Barrymore's MUSIC AND LYRICS. The Caller ID reads: Bob.

PATTY (cont'd)

Ohmigod, he's calling me!

Patty steps out into --

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

She fluffs her hair and puts on a sexy voice.

PATTY

(into phone)

Hey, Bob...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Bob wears super shorty shorts as he works out his abductor muscles, thigh-master style. He speaks into a Blue-tooth.

BOB ANDERSON

You were wrong. There *is* a witness.
The 7-Eleven clerk says he saw you
hit first. Which means we need to
create a new narrative -- turn you
into a damsel in distress. But if
it's going to work, I need you to
commit. Can you do that for me?

Patty grins, infatuated...

PATTY

I'm all yours. One hundred percent.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

INT. NONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Patty and Nonnie sit on the couch, watching FEVER PITCH.

NONNIE
I don't buy it. Nobody's as
obsessed about *anything* as Jimmy
Fallon is about baseball...

PATTY
(checks her phone)
I gotta go. Bob's taking me shopping.

As she stands, grabbing her purse, Nonnie's pissed.

NONNIE
What? What about the Drew Barrymore
marathon --

PATTY
DVR it -- we'll watch it tomorrow.
I gotta go. Bob's waiting.

And with that, she exits. Off Nonnie, fuming...

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Bob watches as Patty gets her hair done.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
Patty's hearing would be her very
first pageant. Which meant
appearances would be everything.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MAKEUP COUNTER - DAY

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

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

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bob and Patty peruse the racks. Bob pontificates.

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

(CONTINUED)

Bob pulls a white dress. Patty makes a face.

PATTY
No way. White'll make me look *fat* --

BOB ANDERSON
Trust me. This is what I do.

Patty considers, then takes the dress to the dressing room...

INT. NONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nonnie sits in the dark, eating popcorn, watching Drew Barrymore in E.T. Nonnie's miserable. Finally, she gets up...

NONNIE (V.O.)
I couldn't just sit around watching movies while Patty was under that predator's spell...

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - PATTY'S ROOM - DAY

Nonnie climbs through Patty's window, landing in a heap...

NONNIE (V.O.)
I had to stop her before she did anything crazy...

MONTAGE:

A) Nonnie lays in Patty's bed. She smells Patty's pillow.
B) At the bathroom sink -- Nonnie uses Patty's toothbrush
C) Nonnie goes through Patty's underwear drawer. In the back... Patty's journal. Jackpot!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Patty comes out wearing the white dress, looking stunning.

PATTY
How do I look?

BOB ANDERSON
Like you need a pearl necklace.

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

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
There. Now you look like a *winner*.

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

INT. CHILI'S - KITCHEN - LATER

While Angie eats corn chips from the bin, Nonnie shows her the journal, heart-shaped doodles and all. Angie's appalled.

ANGIE

You broke into my house? Stole my daughter's journal? That's crazy --

NONNIE

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

ANGIE

She has a crush. It's normal. You're obsessed. With Patty --

NONNIE

I am not --

ANGIE

You're jealous. If you *really* cared about her? You'd just be happy she was happy.

Nonnie glares at her. Pissed.

NONNIE

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

Off Angie, bested by Nonnie...

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Patty and Bob load shopping bags into his trunk.

BOB ANDERSON

Remember... your testimony is about more than just the facts. It's a *seduction*. Tomorrow, we'll start working on what to say --

PATTY

I'm free tonight --

BOB ANDERSON

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

(off her, disappointed)

Start reading about famous seductresses. Katherine the Great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
Cleopatra. Anyone who used their
beauty for power.

Off Patty, considering...

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patty sits on the couch, watching television, enthralled.

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

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

PATTY (V.O.)
Amy Fisher. The greatest seductress
in American history...

Patty leans forward, studying her every move...

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

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

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

INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

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

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Patty and the Clerk make out against a dumpster. She's bored,
he's super into it. He tries to grab boob, but she pulls away.

PATTY (V.O.)
Amy didn't give it up to Joey
Buttafuco right away. I had to put
him off...

PATTY
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

When?

PATTY

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

CLERK

What? No --

PATTY

Good. I'll call you.

She exits, leaving him slack-jawed and blue-balled...

INT. BANQUET HALL - GALA - NIGHT

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

BOB ANDERSON

Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer.

(to another GUEST)

Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer.

SAVANNAH LEE

You could just say "thanks for
coming."

Now, Maggie and Brick enter, in a rush --

BOB ANDERSON

Where have the two of you been?

MAGGIE

I was waiting for Brick --

BRICK

I was on a date.

BOB ANDERSON

With who?

Before Brick can answer, ROBERT enters.

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)

Welcome to the gala for Anal
Cancer!

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

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Dammit Bob! What the hell are these?

BOB ANDERSON

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

ROBERT

So for ass cancer --

BOB ANDERSON

Anal. Show some respect. For Mom --

ROBERT

-- you picked... brown?

Maggie and Brick share a look.

BRICK

It does seem like a bad choice.

BOB ANDERSON

(an awkward beat)

All the other colors were taken. It was either brown, or share with HPV.

ROBERT

(stoic)

Your mother would be so proud.

As Robert moves off to find a seat, Patty rushes in, still in her slutty Amy Fisher clothes.

BOB ANDERSON

Patty. What are you doing here?

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

PATTY

I wanted to tell you -- I took care of the clerk. At the 7-Eleven. He won't be a problem --

BOB ANDERSON

What do you mean? What did you do?

(then)

You know what? I don't want to know.

SAVANNAH LEE

(approaching them)

Who the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON
Savannah Lee. This is Patty, the new
client I told you about. Patty, meet
my wife --

SAVANNAH LEE
(to Bob)
Can I speak to you for a moment?
Alone?

She pulls him aside --

BOB ANDERSON
What's the problem?

SAVANNAH LEE
For starters, she looks like an under-
aged hooker --

BOB ANDERSON
We're still working on her look --

SAVANNAH LEE
And we're trying to rehab your
reputation. Need I remind you, you
got accused of being a *child*
molester? Why would you invite her
here?

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

SAVANNAH LEE
Ask her to leave or I will.

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

BOB ANDERSON
Patty, hey. Maybe we should just
talk tomorrow -- Oh holy Jesus...

He's distracted by Regina and Dixie, who have just entered...

PATTY
What's wrong?

BOB ANDERSON
It's Regina and Dixie Sinclair. The
ones who accused me...

Patty turns to check them out. Before Bob can stop her, she
beelines for Dixie and Regina...

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

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

REGINA

(Cheshire smile)

That's quite an outfit. How old are you, sweetheart?

Before Patty can answer, Savannah Lee grabs her by the arm.

SAVANNAH LEE

That's it. Time to go.

PATTY

But I --

SAVANNAH LEE

Security!

She waves over a burly SECURITY GUARD. Bob's horrified --

BOB ANDERSON

Stop! You want to kick someone out, try Regina and Dixie --

SAVANNAH LEE

You want to make us look worse?

(to the Security Guard)

This young lady doesn't have a ticket. Please escort her out.

As the Security Guard does, Bob mouths, "I'm so sorry."

CUT TO:

EXT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

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

PATTY (V.O.)

It wasn't Bob's fault. His wife was a shrew. But I was already driving a wedge between them. The Long Island Lolita would have been proud...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. CHURCH - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Angie, spilling her guts, teary.

ANGIE

I'm worried about my daughter... my finances. And I'm crawling out of my skin, because I can't drink.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Angie's at an AA meeting, sharing. A HOT, TATTOOED GUY rubs her shoulder, supportive.

ANGIE (cont'd)

I don't know what to do. Or how I'm going to fill this God-sized hole.

PUSH IN on the Tattooed Guy's Face. He an idea. SMASH TO:

INT. CHURCH - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Tattooed Guy collapses against Angie. They just had sex.

TATTOOED GUY

Better?

ANGIE

No.

She pushes him off her and pulls up her underwear...

TATTOOED GUY

Have you tried candy? Chocolate?
When I first got sober, that always worked for me...

Off Angie, willing to try anything...

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angie enters, carrying a plastic bag full of candy. She unloads it on the coffee table in front of Patty, who's still in her slut-gear, watching TV on the couch...

PATTY

What's all this?

ANGIE

Not vodka. What are we watching?

PATTY

Drew Barrymore movie. Poison Ivy.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE
What's it about?

PATTY
A teenager who seduces her best
friend's hot dad. It's like The Amy
Fisher story. But more nuanced.

Angie shrugs, sounds interesting. She tears into a package of
peanut butter cups. Offers one to Patty. Patty declines.

PATTY (cont'd)
That's how I got to 200 pounds.

Angie puts down the peanut butter cup. Eyes Patty's outfit.

ANGIE
Are those my shorty shorts?

PATTY
Yeah. Is that okay?

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

Now, Angie can't control herself. She grabs the peanut butter
cup, and shoves the whole thing in her mouth...

INT. BANQUET HALL - GALA - NIGHT

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

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

DIXIE
You mean... kill him?

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

REGINA
There was *something* going on between
him and his jailbait buddy. Whatever
it is, we have to find out.

And then Regina sees Bob heading toward them --

REGINA (cont'd)
Hey, diddle-diddle.

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON

Whatever you're up to, please stop.
I know you're scared if you let all
this go, you'll look as dumb as
Dixie did. But you *know* I never
laid a hand on her --

DIXIE

Plenty of people *think* you did --

BOB ANDERSON

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

He eyes her outfit. She's wearing red and pink.

REGINA

See? Right there. That's abuse. You
scarred her self-esteem --

BOB ANDERSON

I *helped* her! You're the one who
home-schooled her. Taught her to
think like a Klansman --

DIXIE

What's wrong with that?

Now, Savannah Lee approaches, gesturing -- it's time.

BOB ANDERSON

Excuse me, I have a speech to make.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

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

BOB ANDERSON

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

He locks eyes with Regina and Dixie.

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)

But so many are affected, and don't
seek treatment. They're embarrassed
by the symptoms. Diarrhea.

REGINA makes a loud FART sound. Bob presses on.

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)

Anal itching.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER FART SOUND.

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

ANOTHER FART SOUND. ON SAVANNAH LEE, whispering to Brick.

SAVANNAH LEE
Seriously? What is she, five?

Brick snickers. Savannah Lee gives him a death look.

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

BRICK
Does he even know what he's saying?

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

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

BOB ANDERSON
(gritted teeth)
Barnum.

BARNUM
Sorry we're late! Azalea just won
Miss Magic Jesus!

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

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

EMMYLOU
A deal's a deal. Hey, I told the
Junior Leaguers about you -- you're
smart. We could use some new blood.

Ssavannah Lee smiles, thrilled. And then she notices --

SAVANNAH LEE
Bob... You shaved! You look ten
years younger!

(CONTINUED)

BOB BARNUM

Just ten? I was going for fifteen --

ANDERSON (O.C.)

Are we done?

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

ANDERSON (cont'd)

Or is shaving your beard more
important than saving someone's
anus from cancer?!!

Off Savannah Lee, furious...

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

BOB ANDERSON

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

SAVANNAH LEE

You ruined everything! All my hard
work! Now I can't join the Junior
League! We're back to square one --

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

Except I wasn't.

Now, the doorbell RINGS.

BOB ANDERSON

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

EXT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Patty stands outside Bob's house with a bouquet of flowers.

PATTY (V.O.)

Poison Ivy was very instructive. I
realized, if I wanted to get close
to Bob, I needed to get close to his
wife. Show her I wasn't a threat.

Bob answers the door. Savannah Lee flanks him, displeased.
Patty hands a surprised Savannah Lee the flowers.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

Mrs. Anderson. These are for you.
I'm sorry for crashing your party.
Is there anything I can do to make
it up to you?

Off Savannah Lee, considering...

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah Lee pops the trunk of her car.

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)

Patty was clearly obsessed with my
husband. And I wanted her out of
our lives.

She takes out the BOXES OF CHOCOLATE from Emmylou Barnum.

SAVANNAH LEE (V.O.)

I knew she was a former fatty. And
I figured, maybe if I gave her
enough rope, she'd hang herself...

EXT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob watches Patty load Savannah Lee's chocolate into her car.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

Patty was a saint for helping out
my wife. A coach's dream come true.
Brains. Beauty. And now service? We
just needed to win our case...

BOB ANDERSON

Don't eat those. You need to fit
into the new clothes we bought --

PATTY

I won't. I swear.

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

BOB ANDERSON

Save it for your testimony...

INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

REGINA

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

CHASE

It's fine. Shouldn't be hard to catch up with them both, if something's really going on.

REGINA

So how does this work?

CHASE

I follow him. Take notes. Pictures. Once I have enough, I'll send you a complete file. What you do with that information is entirely up to you.

Off Regina, plotting...

INT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

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

PATTY

...I just snapped. I could take it from my mom. My peers. Even my Weightwatchers leader.

(rage building)

But this guy? Who smelled like booze, and piss, and onions --

BOB ANDERSON

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

PATTY

I'm trying...

She's frustrated. He considers for a beat.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

She had the body, the face, the hair... But I needed her insides to match her outside.

BOB ANDERSON

Come with me.

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

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
Quit cupping the cooter.
(then)
How do you feel about what you see?

PATTY
I don't know...

BOB ANDERSON
Dig deep. Close your eyes and just
tell me the truth.

Patty closes her eyes. Takes a breath. And then:

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

BOB ANDERSON
You think you deserved what
happened outside of the 7-Eleven?

Tears spring to Patty's eyes. She nods, humiliated.

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
You didn't. You were a victim. Of
bullying. Of society --

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

BOB ANDERSON
You were sick. Scared --

PATTY
I still want to eat all the time --

BOB ANDERSON
So why don't you?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

What if I can't do it?

BOB ANDERSON

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

EXT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. REGINA SINCLAIR'S HOUSE - DAY

Regina waters a Donald Trump Chia pet and checks her phone. Sees the PHOTO TEXT of Patty's face in Bob's hands. Regina texts back: "Not enough. I want more..."

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

It was the day of the hearing. I had filed the motion to dismiss. And everything was in order. Patty looked great...

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

We got a sympathetic judge.

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

And Homeless Guy didn't even bother to show up. But it was still up to me to prove self-defense.

Bob sees Patty give a flirtatious wave to the 7-Eleven Clerk.

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)

Which meant Patty had to be more convincing than the Clerk...

Now, Bob sees the Clerk locks eyes with Patty, recognizing her from their tryst. His jaw drops. Bob leans into Patty--

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON
What was that?

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

BOB ANDERSON
Don't say another word.

Bob checks his witness list. It reads: Donald Resnick... 7-
Eleven Clerk. On Bob, wheels turning...

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

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
...And stick it to Bob-Ballstache-
Barnum. So I took a leap of faith.

BOB ANDERSON
The defense calls Donald Resnick...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Bob Anderson questions the Clerk.

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

The Clerk doesn't take his eyes off Patty. Bob follows the
Clerk's sight line. Patty licks her lips seductively.

CLERK
I... ah...

The Clerk glances at Patty, who makes a tongue gesture.

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

He looks to Patty, who pushes her boobs together.

CLERK
I... don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

Bob Anderson looks to Patty, who just grins. Barnum stands --

BOB BARNUM
Objection, your Honor! That's not --

JUDGE COOPER
You'll get your chance to cross-examine, Mr. Barnum. Let the witness give his statement.

CLERK
I was up late the night before, playing Dungeons and Dragons. I must have been tired. I don't remember anything. I'm sorry.

Bob Barnum looks like he's going to shit a brick. Bob Anderson looks like he might pop a boner.

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

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

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

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

BOB ANDERSON
So what did you do?

PATTY
I defended myself. There was no one else to save me, but me.

BOB ANDERSON
Nothing further, your Honor.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

BOB BARNUM

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

PATTY

(beat)

He called me a fatty.

BOB BARNUM

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

PATTY

I don't remember writing that --

BOB BARNUM

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

PATTY

Yes but --

BOB BARNUM

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

PATTY

No. Definitely not.

BOB BARNUM

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

PATTY

(glaring, sarcastic)

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

(then, sweetly)

It was the worst day of my life. I was heartbroken. Alone. And this man -- this aggressive, drunken man -- came at me. So I protected myself. Can you blame me?

BOB BARNUM

Actually, I can --

PATTY

So -- what? I deserved what happened to me, just because I was fat?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATTY (cont'd)

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

(to the Judge)

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

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

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bob, Angie, Nonnie, and Patty exit the courthouse, elated.
Chase the P.I. watches nearby as Angie congratulates Bob --

ANGIE

Case dismissed? You're amazing --

BOB ANDERSON

Patty's amazing. It was all her --

NONNIE

(to Patty)

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

PATTY

It's balls that Homeless Guy wasn't there to see me win.

(then)

Can we file a countersuit?

ANGIE

Why? He's *homeless* --

PATTY

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

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

BOB ANDERSON

The best revenge is a life well-lived.

(off her confused look)

Beauty is power, Patty. You could be a role model for girls who struggle with their weight. Show them what's possible. Help change the system from the inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON (cont'd)
(off her curious look)
Pageants. I'd like to coach you.

PATTY
Pageants?

ANGIE
Like... beauty pageants?

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

ANGIE
I know, she looks like me at her
age --

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

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

BOB ANDERSON
With me, on your team? I really
think you have a shot at being the
next Miss USA. Whaddya say?

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

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

ANGIE
Absolutely not. I don't want an
accused child molester shopping for
bathing suits with my under-aged
daughter. Stay away. From both of
us.

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

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. ANGIE'S CAR - DRIVING**

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

PATTY

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

ANGIE

Calm down, eat a donut --

NONNIE

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

ANGIE

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

As she pulls into a CHURCH PARKING LOT, a sign reads: "AA MEETING, 7:30PM." As they get out of the car...

ANGIE (cont'd)

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

PATTY

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

ANGIE

C'mon. I'm sixty days sober. Today was supposed to be about me.
(then, realizing)
Crap. Those donuts were supposed to be for the meeting --

PATTY

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

Angie just glares at her.

(CONTINUED)

NONNIE

I'm not a lesbian, by the way.

INT. NAIL SALON - NIGHT

Anderson and Savannah Lee get mani-pedis side-by-side.
Nearby, Chase gets his eyebrows waxed and eavesdrops.

BOB ANDERSON

Her mother was jealous. It was
written all over her face --

SAVANNAH LEE

Maybe she just didn't get the whole
"pageant thing." Some people don't.
(she's one of them)
I, for one, am happy you're done
with that girl --

BOB ANDERSON

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

SAVANNAH LEE

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

BOB ANDERSON

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

SAVANNAH LEE

You make it sound like he ruined
your life. He's the DA. He's just
doing his job --

BOB ANDERSON

Was he doing his job when he
cheated off of me all through high
school and then didn't even have
the human decency to invite me to
his post-graduation kegger?

SAVANNAH LEE

Bob. Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON

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

SAVANNAH LEE

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

BOB ANDERSON

That is so not true --

SAVANNAH LEE

You thought you could use Patty to
beat Azalea --

BOB ANDERSON

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

GIRL'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hi Mr. Anderson. Mrs. Anderson.

They turn to see who's speaking to them. It's Azalea Barnum,
Bob Barnum's daughter... and she's heard their entire exchange.

SAVANNAH LEE

Azalea. Wow. What are the odds?

AZALEA

I work here.

SAVANNAH LEE

Excellent. Good for your character.
I gotta go pick up Maggie from
soccer. Give your parents my best.

Savannah Lee exits, waving her wet nails in the air.

BOB ANDERSON

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

AZALEA

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

Anderson regards her. Then, with compassion.

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON

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

She nods, understanding. A long beat. Then --

AZALEA

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

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

MANAGER

Azalea! The phones --

AZALEA

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

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

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Angie holds up her 60 day chip, while she speaks.

ANGIE

... and I'm just going to keep
coming back, one day at a time.

People clap.

AA CHIP PERSON

Thanks, Angie. Anybody else
celebrating sixty days?

A SCRUFFY MAN raises his hand. As the Chip Person gives
Scruffy Guy his CHIP and a HUG, PATTY leans in to Angie --

PATTY

Who's that guy? He looks familiar --

ANGIE

Never seen him before.

SCRUFFY GUY

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

GROUP

Hi, John.

(CONTINUED)

Patty furrows her brow, trying to place him. Nonnie notices Brick Anderson, sitting across the room next to the Older Guy who we saw him with earlier. Nonnie whispers to Patty --

NONNIE
Dude. *Brick Anderson*...

PATTY
Shhh...

SCRUFFY GUY
When I first came in here, I never thought I'd make it a day. So...
Sixty. That's a real miracle.

Nods around the room.

SCRUFFY GUY (cont'd)
I lost my job. My home. But I didn't admit I had a problem until I punched a teenaged fat-girl in the face...

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

INT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

AZALEA
Bob. Come on in.
(he does)
Want a drink? It's a 21-year-old
Elijah Craig.

ANDERSON
No thanks. It's older than you are.

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

AZALEA
I'm an old soul.
(downs her drink)
Come upstairs. I want to show you
my wardrobe for Miss Salty Grits.

Bob hesitates. Should he leave? But Azalea pulls him along...

INT. CHURCH - LATER - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

BRICK

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

PATTY

I know who you are. Excuse me.

Patty beelines for the Homeless Guy, leaving a bewildered Brick. Brick turns to the Older Man.

BRICK

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

OLDER MAN

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

ON NONNIE, as she catches up with Patty.

NONNIE

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

PATTY

Whatever. I want to get back at *that* guy.
(points to Homeless Guy)
He thinks he can hurt me, and then sue me, and then just move on with his life? I'm gonna *screw* that guy.

NONNIE

You mean, like, screw him over?

Patty smiles, her plan crystalizing...

PATTY

I mean like... bang him.

NONNIE

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

PATTY

Can you imagine his face when he realizes he just had *sex* with the fatty who brought him to rock bottom? He'll be humiliated --

(CONTINUED)

NONNIE

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

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

PATTY

I'd rather have revenge.

Nope. Patty walks away and approaches the Homeless Guy.

PATTY (cont'd)

I dug your share. Wanna grab coffee?

The Homeless Guy sees this gorgeous blonde talking to him,
and he can't fucking believe it. And he sure as shit doesn't
recognize her. Yes. Yes, he would like to get coffee...

INT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE - AZALEA'S ROOM

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

AZALEA

What do you think of this?

BOB ANDERSON

Nice. Perfect for your body type.

AZALEA

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

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

EXT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase snaps pictures. Oh shit...

INT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

BOB ANDERSON

Jesus -- Azalea -- please --

AZALEA

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

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON
Except we're not at the Louvre.
We're in your bedroom --

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

She moves toward him. Then, SLAM! A door downstairs. He jumps.

BOB ANDERSON
Oh God. Your parents.

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

BRICK (O.S.)
Azalea!

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

BOB ANDERSON
Brick?

AZALEA
Brick.

BOB ANDERSON
I thought you guys broke up --

AZALEA
He wants to talk. You gotta go.

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

EXT. BOB BARNUM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patty rolls off the Homeless Guy, finishing the sex.

PATTY
Take *that*, Homeless Guy.

HOMELESS GUY
I have a name. It's John.

PATTY
Don't care.

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

(CONTINUED)

He reaches over to the bedside table, and takes a long pull from a bottle of vodka. So much for sixty days sober.

PATTY
That's disgusting.

HOMELESS GUY
So's smoking. Want a cigarette?

She shakes her head, no. He shrugs, rolls away from her, pulling cigarettes and matches out of his pants pocket.

PATTY
You don't know who I am, do you?

And then she sees he's passed out. Drunk. She nudges him.

PATTY (cont'd)
Hey. Wake up. Homeless guy.

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

PATTY (V.O.)
I had hit rock bottom. I lost my virginity to a sociopath. And I didn't even get my win.

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

PATTY (V.O.)
It didn't matter what I looked like... I still felt empty.

Feeling more lonely than ever, Patty wells up...

PATTY (V.O.)
And I would have done anything to make that feeling go away.

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

PATTY (V.O.)
It was Divine Intervention. A sign from God herself. What would Drew Barrymore do?

Patty spits out the chocolate. She takes a swig from the Guy's bottle, washing it down. Then she dumps the booze all over the Guy, who's still asleep.

(CONTINUED)

She takes one of his cigarettes. Puts it in her mouth, and lights a match. But she doesn't light the cigarette. She holds it over the Guy...

PATTY (V.O.)
Would she become her very own
Firestarter?

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

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

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
I had hit rock bottom. I was out of
options.

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

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

God, he hates himself. He SCREAMS. Hitting himself with the toupee. Then, Bob opens the glove box, revealing -- A HANDGUN. He takes it out, turns it over in his hands. Holy shit... is he going to kill himself? Or someone else?

BOB ANDERSON (V.O.)
And then, I got my answer. Like a
message from God himself...

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

ANDERSON
(into phone)
Hello?

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

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patty quietly goes back into the room, looks at the Guy, still asleep. Peaceful.

(CONTINUED)

She exhales, picks up the chocolate bar. She looks at it for a moment... And then... She grabs the book of matches, strikes one, and she fucking lights the Guy on fire!

She looks to the camera, with full blown crazy eyes, and smiles... AND WE -- SMASH TO BLACK.

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

INT. JAIL - PRIVATE VISITATION ROOM - DAY

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

-- RYAN SEACREST. Bob sits. A long beat.

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

SEACREST
I want to give you a chance to
clear your name. On television. I'm
thinking -- a one-hour exclusive.
Or maybe a docu-series --

BOB ANDERSON
Why would you help me? What's in it
for you?

Seacreast regards him for a long beat. Then...

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

WTF? BOB ANDERSON'S FACE FILLS THE SCREEN. Did he kill someone? And if so, who? Off this mystery... SMASH TO BLACK -- for real, this time. And off this, we --

END PILOT.