

EXT. ADA, OKLAHOMA, IMOGENE'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

A Toyota Corolla with an Uber sticker in the window comes in hot and makes a hard stop in front of a tidy brick rambler. IMOGENE LAWSON, early 30s, gets out, pulls her duffle bag from the backseat, and closes the door in swift order.

The DRIVER, a shaggy guy in his late 20s, rolls down the passenger side window.

DRIVER

Hey, you seem like a good person.
Don't worry; you're gonna get your
kids back.

Imogene gives him an appreciative smile and murmurs *thanks*. The Corolla speeds off. Imogene falls into the category of pretty that comes with advantages.

Under an overcast sky, Imogene strides across her lawn to the front door. From the corner of her eye she sees her NEIGHBOR on a ladder nailing plywood to a window frame. He spots her and waves. Imogene waves back with false enthusiasm and hastily goes inside.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Imogene drops her duffle by the front door and fishes her cell phone from her purse. She presses a few buttons and brings it to her ear on the way to the kitchen, pausing momentarily to examine an assortment of magazines fanned out on the coffee table and a throw blanket perfectly draped across the sofa.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

There's a note taped to the fridge:

NOTE

Cover with foil, heat at 350F for
25 minutes.

She opens the fridge revealing casserole dishes stacked like Tetris pieces.

IMOGENE

(on phone; leaving msg)
Hey, it's me. Back from the dead,
apparently. Anyway, I'm reminding
you to be here by two-thirty. No,
two.

(MORE)

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

I want to be early to show my new probation officer I'm serious about getting back custody of my boys. Okay. See you in a few hours. Oh, I like the new throw blanket. And the magazines.

Imogene dials a second number on her cell phone as she moves back into the living room.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Something out the front window stops Imogene cold.

A weathered-looking man on either side of 60 with a disheveled country-meets-metal vibe is doing his best to walk a straight line up to Imogene's front door.

Dismay twists Imogene's face. She drops to the ground and hides behind the sofa.

There's a BANG! BANG! BANG! on the door and the BELL RINGS in quick succession. Imogene crouches lower.

Now the man is at the living room window, face pressed against the glass, hands cupped around his eyes searching for signs of life. Imogene darts behind a chair. He tries two more windows, then all is quiet.

Imogene army crawls to the front living room window and peeks out to see if the coast is clear. What she sees instead is the man, legs in a wide stance, tugging on his zipper.

Imogene springs for the front door.

EXT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Imogene explodes from the house and rushes toward the man.

IMOGENE

Dad! Stop! What are you doing?

The man is Imogene's estranged father, DEWEY.

DEWEY

Nature's callin', Darlin'.

IMOGENE

You need to zip it up and leave. It's a really bad day for you to be here.

Imogene moves between Dewey and the Neighbor who has stopped hammering to watch curiously. She grabs Dewey's belongings from the ground and pushes them into his chest.

IMOGENE

I'm sorry, but you have to leave.

DEWEY

If you don't want to see your pops, that's fine. But I'm old and when you gotta go, you gotta go.

With resignation, Imogene leads Dewey inside.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dewey drops his bag at the front door and shows himself to the bathroom down the hallway.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Dewey hasn't bothered to close the door. Imogene stands guard on the other side of the wall ignoring sound of urine STREAMING into the toilet in fits and starts.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Where are my two strapping young grandsons?

IMOGENE

Why are you here?

DEWEY (O.S.)

I missed you too, Darlin'. I know it's been a few months since we've seen each other--

IMOGENE

Eight years.

DEWEY (O.S.)

--so you might not know that I went to AA a while back. And you know there's a step where you're supposed to say... different sorts of... things.

IMOGENE

Amends. You make amends.

DEWEY (O.S)
So, you know, I want to say those
types of things. To you.

The toilet FLUSHES. Dewey steps out.

IMOGENE
Where are your pants?!

DEWEY
Plus, I'm dyin', Imogene. I thought
you should know.

Imogene dives into the bathroom to find the missing pants
then chases Dewey into the living room.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEWEY
There's an experimental treatment
down in Mexico, but it's damn
expensive. But, on the other hand,
what's the good of money if you
can't buy yourself-- or your loved
ones-- a few more years of living?

IMOGENE
Listen. You need to put on your
friggin' pants and get out of here.
I have really, really important
things to do today.

Dewey, ignoring Imogene, makes himself comfortable on the
sofa, snuggling in under the throw blanket, boots sticking
out. From under closed eyelids Dewey says,

DEWEY
Listen, Sweetheart, I just need a
quick rest. I'm old and sick. Give
me 30 and I'll be out of your short
and curlies.

Imogene is about to launch a verbal attack on Dewey when,
again, something out the front window catches her eye. A
large woman runs up the driveway, purse swung over her
shoulder, casserole in hand, large breasts sloshing from side
to side. Imogene's older sister, RUTH ANNE, mid 30s, has
artificial flaming red hair to match the flame of God burning
inside her.

Imogene groans and darts for the front door.

EXT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, FRONT STOOP - DAY

Imogene slips outside and closes the door behind her. Ruth Anne shoves the baking dish into Imogene's hands and makes a show of catching her breath.

IMOGENE

I literally just left you a message. Where is your car?

RUTH ANNE

Selma saw Dewey get off the bus and called over to the salon to let me know. Naturally, I dropped what I was doing and rushed over here. I ran out to my car but I was blocked in by Hattie Mae Parker's old Caddie but Hattie was sitting under the dryer and couldn't move it. By God's good grace, Dixie Davis was driving by, so I flagged her down. Dixie gave me a ride but they were doing some roadwork down there on Maple Lane, and instead of taking a detour I just jumped out and ran the rest of the way.

IMOGENE

How are you going to give me a ride to the probation office later?

RUTH ANNE

We'll figure something out. So, what's dad doing in town?

IMOGENE

I don't know. I think he wants money.

RUTH ANNE

No, that definitely can't be it.

IMOGENE

He says he went to AA and he's dying or something--

RUTH ANNE

Dying?!

Ruth Anne pushes her way past Imogene and into the house.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ruth Anne sees Dewey on the sofa. Still gulping for air:

RUTH ANNE

Daddy! You don't look like you're dying. What ever-loving doctor told you that? Are you hungry? Here, I brought you a seven-layer bacon bean dip.

Ruth Anne grabs the dish from Imogene and thrusts it toward Dewey. On second thought, she tucks it under an arm and pulls Dewey off the sofa.

RUTH ANNE

Come on, I'll heat you up a plate. I added some brown sugar to the bacon while I was cooking it to give it that nice sweet caramelized flavor. You're going to love it.

IMOGENE

Nope! Nope, nope, nope! Dewey's not staying. He was just on his way to the bus stop.

DEWEY

Oh, I have time for a nice hot plate of Ruth Anne's cooking.
(to Ruth Anne)
You always take care of your old man. It's good to see ya, Darlin'.

RUTH ANNE

There's lots in the fridge. Imogene just got back from spending some time in this nice little rehabilitation place and some of the girls brought some dishes over. I'd steer clear of Betsy's mac n' cheese though. She uses bleu in hers and, Lordy, it's stinky--

Dewey whips around to face Imogene and gives a hoot.

DEWEY

Rehab, huh? Well, I'll be damned. I always knew you'd take after your old man.

The doorbell RINGS once politely. Perturbed, and not expecting anyone, Imogene stomps to the front door and throws it open.

It's CLEMENTINE GOODWIN, late 50s, conservatively dressed and with a seen-it-all-before look on her face.

CLEMENTINE

Hola, Imogene. You look much better than the last time I saw you. Mind if I come in?

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clementine pushes past Imogene, inviting herself inside. Imogene stammers in confusion.

IMOGENE

I thought we were meeting at your office this afternoon.

CLEMENTINE

Oh we were, but I decided to do an initial premise inspection to make sure we start off on a clean slate.
(noticing Ruth Anne and Dewey)

Oh, hola. Me llamo Clementine, Imogene's probation officer.

DEWEY

Probation officer? That's a fuckin' disappointment, Imogene.

(under his breath to Ruth Anne)

She shoulda known better than to get *caught*.

IMOGENE

Clementine, this is my sister Ruth Anne and Dewey my dad. And they were just leaving.

CLEMENTINE

Not on my account, I hope.

(gesturing to Dewey's underwear)

It looks like you're good and comfortable. This won't take but quince minutos. Besides, it'll be nice to get feel for your life and your nice familia here.

(to Ruth Anne and Dewey)

Please, take a load off.

Dewey plops on the sofa and Ruth Anne takes a seat next to him cradling her purse. Clementine launches into her spiel as she readies a breathalyzer and urine sample cup.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, Imogene. I'm sure I don't have to remind you that your going to meet with me weekly for 18 months. Of course I'll be doing some unexpected visits during that time, too. At the end of those 18 months, I will blessedly retire and pack my blender for condo in Florida. That's why I'm practicing my Spanish; there's a big Cuban population there. Anyway, if, for 18 months, you stay sober and follow every last rule of your probation, your case will be dismissed and you can put all of this behind you. Which one first?

Clementine holds up the breathalyzer and the pee cup. Imogene points to the breathalyzer.

IMOGENE

I can't wait 18 months to get my kids back. Their father will have them drinking, gambling, and playing women like a sport by the time they're fifteen.

DEWEY

I don't understand the problem.

Ruth Anne frowns at Dewey in offense. Clementine holds the breathalyzer to Imogene's lips and has her blow.

CLEMENTINE

That's not up to me; that's up to the judge. I just write the reports. But I believe kids grow up best with both their madre and their padre, and I know the court feels the same way.

Clementine notes the negative breathalyzer result in her notebook. She holds up the pee cup quizzically.

IMOGENE

I don't have to go yet.

CLEMENTINE

Well then, I'm going to do a little digging around for illicit substances. I really want to mark you down for a clean premise search, so I'm going to give you a chance to be honest with a two-minute head start.

RUTH ANNE

There aren't any bottles left. I cleaned the house myself. She thought she was being pretty sneaky hiding one in the toilet paper rolls, knowing her boys would never look there.

DEWEY

Who wants to put \$50 on Imogene?

With an apologetic look at Ruth Anne, Imogene points to a heater vent in the corner. She fiddles with the vent and pulls out a bottle. Dewey throws up his hands like, See, I told you! He reaches for the bottle but Imogene side steps him and hands the bottle over to Clementine who smiles approvingly.

IMOGENE

But your recommendation holds water, right? If you give me a good report today, I can get joint custody at my family court hearing next week?

CLEMENTINE

I don't know if you'll get custody. What I do know is, if you break your probation, you'll do worse than not get your kids back. You'll land yourself in prison anywhere from 1-10 years depending on the judge.

RUTH ANNE

Y'all, I'm getting the Word. It's time to go down to the basement.

DEWEY

The word? What kind of word? Like fartlick or somethin'?

CLEMENTINE

I think she means the Word of God, don't you, mija?

RUTH ANNE

That's right. A tornado's coming.
This one time I got the Word in
Chick-fil-a about this woman in
line behind me. I was like, Right
now, God? Right now?--

IMOGENE

Okay! Okay, I've got to fill up
that pee cup. Lets get a drink of
water in the kitchen.

Imogene directs Clementine into the kitchen. Ruth Anne
follows. Imogene turns around to see Dewey chugging off the
bottle. She lunges for it. Dewey loudly defends himself.

IMOGENE

Give it to me!

DEWEY

I'm just taking a little sip, for
God sake!

Ruth Anne rushes out of the kitchen. She sees Dewey and
Imogene struggling over the bottle and joins Imogene's fight.

RUTH ANNE

You're in AA!

DEWEY

I'm also dyin'. I need to numb the
pain.

Dewey shoves Ruth Anne to the side with his hip. Thrown off
balance, Ruth Anne drops her purse, spilling its contents--
which includes a pink gun. Imogene sees it and panics.

IMOGENE

Fucking A, Ruth Anne!

Just then, Clementine enters. Imogene lunges for the gun and
shoves it back in Ruth Anne's purse. She jerks the purse on
to her shoulder and tries to play it cool but looks guilty as
hell.

CLEMENTINE

Imogene. If you're holding the
purse, then you're holding the gun,
and you're violating your
probation.

Imogene thrusts the purse into Ruth Anne's hands.

RUTH ANNE

I'm sorry. I forgot I had Patsy in my purse--

Clementine gives Ruth Anne a hard stare, then rips the bottle from Dewey's hands and turns to Imogene:

CLEMENTINE

Imogene, I can tell you're a good girl. But if you want your boys back you have to be very careful about who you associate with. They're gonna drag you down.

IMOGENE

Listen, he showed up out of no where, and I wasn't even going to let him in but he was about to pee on my lawn and I didn't want the neighbors call the cops. Normally I wouldn't even worry about it but they're from California and I--

The WAIL of a weather alarms blast from everyone's cell phones. As Ruth Anne digs through her purse, Imogene looks at her screen.

IMOGENE

We're on a tornado watch.

RUTH ANNE

What did I tell you?

DEWEY

I'm not going down in the basement because some fucking low-level moron bureaucrat issued a tornado warning. I'm out of here. Where are my pants?

IMOGENE

Here, I'll give you bus money.

RUTH ANNE

You're not getting your pants back until you get your fanny downstairs. It's dangerous out there.

Wind GUSTS outside, a tree branch SCRAPES against the window.

DEWEY

It's not the first time I've done the walk of shame, Darlin'.

RUTH ANNE
Oh for goodness sakes.

Ruth Anne extends the bottle of alcohol to Dewey. With a nod, he takes it and opens the door to the basement. Imogene, Ruth Anne, Dewey, and Clementine descend down the stairs.

INT. IMOGENE'S HOUSE, BASEMENT SHELTER - DAY

It's a catchall for crap and a few emergency supplies. Under the sickly glow of the florescent lights and the rising WHINE of WIND GUSTS,

IMOGENE
Did anybody bring the pee cup down here? I can just go behind some boxes in a corner over there.

Dewey settles in clutching his bottle of vodka.

DEWEY
So, Clementine...Clem. Sounds like an STD? I bet all the kids called you Clem-ydia growin' up.

Imogene jumps in between Clementine and Dewey.

IMOGENE
So, Clementine. I've been thinking about my community service. Since Ruth Anne and me have the salon, I was thinking I could do something with that. There's an organization that gives women makeovers and helps them with job interviews--

BANG! The basement door slams open. It's MARION, Imogene and Ruth Anne's mom and CHUCK, her husband. Marion, who's never far from a cigarette, thinks its still the 90s. Chuck, who's pot belly is only slightly bigger than the chip on his shoulder, is full of hot air and conspiracy theories.

IMOGENE
Mom, what are you doing here?

DEWEY
(points to Chuck)
And what the fuck is he doing here?

Chuck puffs up his chest, but Marion plows into Dewey:

MARION

No! What the G-D frick are you doing here? And where are your pants? You look like a friggin' pervert.

Imogene steps in between them, trying to loosen the tension.

IMOGENE

He's here because he's dying.

MARION

Dying?!

RUTH ANNE

And he wants to make amends.

IMOGENE

There' an experimental treatment in Mexico--

MARION

He's not dying! He's just scrounging around for more money!

RUTH ANNE

(to Dewey)

You don't need more money, right, Daddy? I've been sending you enough?

MARION

(scoffs; to Dewey)

You piece of cow pucky. You've been taking money from my little girl, too?

RUTH ANNE

Too? What do you mean too?

MARION

(to Dewey)

We made a deal a long time ago that I send you money and you keep your sorry ass away from my girls and my grandbabies.

RUTH ANNE

What did you just say?

DEWEY

They're just as much mine as they are yours, Marion.

MARION

Everything has a price in your book.

(turning to her girls)

Better one big gut punch up front than a whole bunch of little pricks that bleed you to death from the inside.

CHUCK

(to Marion)

Hold up. Am I understanding this correctly? You've been sending *our* money to this ass hole *for years*?

MARION

Not now, Chuck.

CHUCK

Now that's not right, Marion! It's just not right! I'm always taking a backseat to *them*. What other things are you hiding from me, huh? You know how important trust is and you just--

Imogene pipes up:

IMOGENE

Clementine! Clementine, this is my mom Marion, and this is her husband, Chuck. This is Clementine, my probation officer.

CLEMENTINE

(to Marion)

Mucho gusto, señora. Imogene's got herself into a bit of trouble, but I can tell she's a really lovely girl. Muy bonita.

CHUCK

Don't kid yourself.

(gestures to Dewey)

The apple doesn't fall far from the fuckup tree. And why the hell are you speaking Mexican?

DEWEY

I am not a fuckup!

The HOWLING WIND has now added a THRUMMING sound outside. Ruth Anne stands on some boxes to see out of the small basement window.

RUTH ANNE
It's raining out there.

IMOGENE
It will pass. These things never
last long.

RUTH ANNE
If you say so.

CLEMENTINE
(turning to Dewey)
I do need to clear something up,
Dewey. Are you dying? Because if
you're not dying and you and
Imogene are telling everyone you
need money for treatment, well
that's fraud.

IMOGENE
I'm not asking anyone for money!
I'm just repeating what he told me!

DEWEY
Of course I'm dying!
(beat)
Isn't everyone dying from the exact
moment we're born? And don't we all
want to prolong our time on this
Earth for as long as we can?

CHUCK
If his jaws are jacking, he's
spouting some sorta lie. Dewey here
already has a warrant out for his
arrest in the state of Arkansas for
passing counterfeit bills.
(pointing to Marion)
She won't let me turn his lying ass
in.

MARION
Shut your pie hole, Chuck.

CHUCK
Well you won't! I park in a
handicapped space *one time* because
my sciatica was acting up and I'm
the god damn antichrist. He goes
and--

Clementine looks at Dewey.

DEWEY

Look here, I haven't been charged with anything! *If* I passed counterfeit money-- and I'm not saying I did--, it would have been unbeknownst to me.

Clementine swings a finger between Ruth Anne and Marion.

CLEMENTINE

And you two have been sending him money?

(turning to Imogene)

And he's staying here with you? That's harboring a fugitive, Imogene.

IMOGENE

What?! I'm not harboring any fugitive! I told you! He just showed up today!

CLEMENTINE

I'm obligated to call the police now to report outstanding warrants, querida. Que lastima.

IMOGENE

But you don't have to put it in your report, right? Since, I swear on my life, I don't have anything to do with this?

CLEMENTINE

The police will do an investigation and your name is going to show up in the police report, Imogene. It's not going to reflect well--

IMOGENE

This right now has nothing to do with me! I went a little sideways when my marriage was breaking up and I let my drinking go too far--

CHUCK

Pft. You were driving with your kids in the car. And we had to bail you out of jail, which you still haven't paid us back for.

Marion's eyes steel and she takes a deep drag.

IMOGENE

But my life is back on track now. I went to rehab and I paid my fines and I'm doing good. I will do anything--anything-- to get my boys back.

CLEMENTINE

Imogene, you just need to be enfermo. No, wait. Paciente.

Imogene gathers herself.

IMOGENE

Do you have any kids?

CLEMENTINE

Nada. God didn't bless me with any. Such is life, mija.

RUTH ANNE

Bless your heart.

IMOGENE

I always thought I'd maybe like to be a surrogate for someone who really wanted kids but couldn't have them.

CLEMENTINE

I couldn't think of a greater gift. Que gran corazon tienes.

IMOGENE

Do you still want them? Kids, I mean? Because I'm still young enough, and I could--

CHUCK

Are you bribing your probation officer with a kid?!

IMOGENE

What?! No! You didn't let me finish what I was going to say!

CHUCK

It certainly sounds like you're offering to hard boil your fucking eggs for her! And that's a felony. Not the hard boiling part, the bribing part.

IMOGENE

I'm not bribing her with a kid!
(to Clementine)
I'm not bribing you with a kid!

CLEMENTINE

Of course you're not. You wouldn't
do that.

CHUCK

Well that's a fucking relief
because your two little accidents
carrying on *his* DNA is enough.

Marion picks a piece of tobacco off her tongue.

MARION

Surprises, Chuck. Little surprises.
Not little accidents.

CHUCK

Let's face it, we'd all of been
better off if he'd just sat around
jerkin' his fuckin' gherkin instead
of--

Suddenly, with a GROWL Dewey pounces on Chuck and puts him in
a headlock. Chuck pries Dewey off, and both men wrestle each
other to the ground.

Wild punches and mutual pony tail pulling. Dewey pins Chuck
with his knees, his crotch firmly in Chuck's face. The women
cringe.

DEWEY

Who's the fuckup now?

Thrashing, Chuck gags:

CHUCK

God! Your dick smells like fuckin'
rotten broccoli!

Chuck manages to free an arm, his hand finds a baseball bat.
THWACK. Dewey pitches to the side. Chuck rolls on top.
Sliding the bat under Dewey's chin, Chuck pulls up hard.

The women try to pull Chuck off Dewey but he's like a wild
animal.

Ruth Anne pulls out the pink gun from her purse, leveling it
at Chuck.

RUTH ANNE
Get off my daddy!

IMOGENE
Ruth Anne!

CLEMENTINE
Everybody, let's just calm down.

Imogene lunges for Ruth Anne and forces her arm to the side.

IMOGENE
Someone take the gun! I'm not
touching it! I'm not touching it!

Marion swiftly disarms Ruth Anne and expertly removes the clip.

Losing her weapon doesn't stop Ruth Anne. With a primal WAIL, Ruth Anne kicks Chuck squarely in the testicles.

Chuck stiffens and falls to the side in the fetal position. Dewey pulls himself to his feet, wheezing:

DEWEY
Tie him-- tie him--

Imogene and Ruth Anne hog tie Chuck's feet and hands.

IMOGENE
(to Clementine)
We're doing this in self-defense!
Self-defense!

CHUCK
(still gasping)
You're all fucking crazy! Every
last one of you

BANG! The gun goes off.

Chuck screams in agony. Shot in the foot, his pinky toe blown off.

The group turns to Marion, holding the gun. She exhales a deep drag of cigarette,

MARION
Musta left a round in the chamber.
It think it was an accident.

CLEMENTINE
We need to call an ambulance.

IMOGENE

No, don't! It will be on the record.

Everyone turns to Imogene except Chuck who's still hollering. The WIND RATTLES the cellar door, and RAIN POURS down.

IMOGENE

(to Clementine, calmly)

Okay, none of this ever happened, so none of it will go in your report. Nothing about Ruth Anne's gun. Nothing about accidentally shooting anybody because it was an accident. Marion's going to drive Chuck to the hospital--

MARION

No hospital. I know a guy.

CHUCK

(crying)

Don't do this to me, Marion. I love you. More than *him*, that's for god damn sure. We have plans. *Our* plans. You and me. All I ever wanted was for us to be together. We're good together, Marion. We'll get through all this, I know we will.

(sobbing loudly now)

Fluffy bunny, Marion. Fluffy bunny.

MARION

Christ almighty! You're giving me a headache.

Marion slams the clip in the gun and BANG! shoots Chuck in the head.

IMOGENE

Shit. Shit. Shit.
Was that fucking necessary?!

CLEMENTINE

Ay dios mio.

MARION

You have no idea what a shame it really is.

IMOGENE

What about your fucking grandsons?!
Now how am I going to get them
back?

RUTH ANNE

We are but instruments in the hands
of God...

DEWEY

Fluffy bunny?

Marion sets the gun down on a box.

CLEMENTINE

Imogene. Imogene, look at me. Let's
go to the police and get all this
straightened out. Think about your
boys.

IMOGENE

No, no cops.

Marion takes a hard drag, evaluating Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

I'm not making any judgements here.
Clearly this was an extenuating
circumstance--

DEWEY

Ya know, pigs are nasty fuckers who
will eat anything.
(leaning against the wall)
I know a pig farmer down the road
who will turn his head for the
right price.

Clementine gives a disbelieving little laugh. Imogene looks
at Chuck's dead body. A loud sound fills the basement: the
DRUMMING of hail outside.

IMOGENE

Okay, new plan. Marion will go
home. In three or four days she'll
call the cops and tell them Chuck
went out looking for UFOs and never
came home.

CLEMENTINE

You can't be serious!

IMOGENE

This will work. It will. And then
you can write your report and give
me an A--

CLEMENTINE

This is insanity--

IMOGENE

I'll get custody of my boys and we
can all go on like none of this
ever happened.

CLEMENTINE

Imogene, your boys shouldn't be
around any of this... or you.

A storm siren WAILS.

MARION

You hear that? A tornado musta
touched down.

DEWEY

These things always turn out to be
nothing.

RUTH ANNE

If you say so.

The lights flicker out. HAIL DRUMS harder. WIND RAGES louder.
Everyone goes quiet, waiting.

Imogene eyes Clementine who is checking her phone for a
signal. Imogene's fingers curl around the handle of a shovel.

Imogene winds up, WHACKING Clementine in the side of the
head.

Clementine collapses to the side, her eyes wide in shock.
GURGLING, she looks like a dying fish.

MARION

Was that necessary?

IMOGENE

Actually, it was. She was going to
write me a bad report, then I'd
never get my boys back.

RUTH ANNE

At least you kept it clean.

DEWEY
(after a beat)
The pig farmer's going to charge
extra for two.

CLEMENTINE
Uno cerveza mas, por favor.

Clementine goes limp. She's dead.

DEWEY
(to Marion)
Fluffy fucking bunny is your god
damn safe word! Oh come on!

Imogene bends over Chuck and grabs his shoulders.

IMOGENE
Ruth Anne, grab his feet. You two
get Clementine.

MARION
Where the hell are we going?

IMOGENE
I'm on a budget.

EXT. IMGOENE'S HOUSE, CELLAR DOOR, BACK YARD - DAY

The cellar door bangs open.

IMOGENE
Mother Nature will do it for free.

The sky is ominous, but the yard is quiet.

IMOGENE
Where the fuck is the tornado?!

MARION
(lighting a cigarette)
Looks like it passed over us.

IMOGENE
What about the fucking Word?, Ruth
Anne?

RUTH ANNE
I'm not God! He just speaks through
me.

IMOGENE

(to Dewey)

How much for two? Seriously, do you think he'll give me a discount?

DEWEY

We'll see.

(beat, to Marion)

I always knew you loved me.

Marion winks at Dewey.

INT. AMERICAN LEGION BUILDING, FOYER - DAY

GROUP OF VOICES (O.S.)

God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I
can, and the wisdom to know the
difference.

There's a TV mounted in the corner. The NEWS ANCHOR grimly relays the news:

NEWS ANCHOR

Today marks the six month
anniversary of the F4 tornado that
devastated the community of Ada,
claiming 7 lives and leaving 2
people missing--

Pictures of Clementine and Chuck appear next to the other 7 victims.

Imogene comes through a door off the foyer. She glances up at the TV on her way out the front door.

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION BUILDING, PARKING LOT - DAY

There's a car waiting for Imogene. She gets in the passenger side.

INT. RUTH ANNE'S CAR - DAY

Ruth Anne greets Imogene from behind the wheel and turns to two tween boys in the backseat who are engrossed in their phones.

RUTH ANNE

Boys! Give your mama a kiss.

Imogene's SONS snap to attention and crawl over the center console to give Imogene a kiss on the cheek. Imogene ruffles their hair.

 IMOGENE
 Pizza tonight!
 (beat)
 But no ham.

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION BUILDING, PARKING LOT - DAY

The car pulls away from the curb.

FADE TO BLACK.