Contact:
Douglas Katz
hello@brooklynproducerslab.com
visit: BrooklynProducersLab.com

© 2023

EXT. VERITY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY (SUMMER)

PENELOPE PENNINGTON, 24, has got dark hair and sharp eyes and a perpetual frown between her brows that enunciates her annoyance with the world and the people in it.

She forcefully hammers the lid on the last of a dozen paint cans and drops the hammer into the grass. Standing in the yard of a dingy salt box, she wipes her hands on the rag she pulls from her back pocket.

The screen door of the house creaks open and slams shut. VERITY DEMPSY, 42, pauses on the stoop to light a cigarette. With her painted cat eyes and swags of necklace around her neck, she looks more like Penelope's bohemian older sister instead of her mother--at least that's the look she's going for.

She saunters across the weed-riddled lawn, a wigged mannequin head under her arm. She takes a deep drag from her cigarette and squints at what's in front of her: four colorfully painted dilapidated porta potties sitting along the driveway.

The first dilapidated porta potty is painted white with an uneven navy blue stripe around the middle and a rendition of a navy anchor on the door.

The second porta potty gives the vague impression of a red plane dropping black bombs on a target.

The third porta potty appears to be a school of brightly colored fish swimming in blue water.

The last porta potty is painted with horizontal brown stripes and mess of green at the top--presumably a forest of trees.

Verity takes another drag and exhales.

VERITY
I don't get it.

PENELOPE
Which one?

VERITY
Why the business we already have isn't good enough for you.

PENELOPE
I don't agree with your business model.

VERITY
You will once you get tired of paying the Man. Then you'll see who the smart one is here.

The sound of a muffled jack hammer erupts from Penelope's pocket. She frantically digs out her cell phone and silences the alarm.

PENELOPE
Shit. I've got to go in ten minutes.

Verity shoves the mannequin head at Penelope and turns back toward the house. Over her shoulder:

VERITY
Better get to it then. The rest are ready to go inside.

PENELOPE
Can you at least load the car?

VERITY
And rob you of the satisfaction of a hard day's worth of work?

Verity crushes the cigarette under her foot and lets the screen slam behind her as she disappears into the house.

PENELOPE
(to the slamming door)
As if you've ever worked a hard day in your life!

Penelope drops the mannequin head to the ground and wrestles off her paint splattered coveralls. Just then, we hear throbbing death metal. A minivan wrapped in screaming demons rounds the corner and screeches to a halt in front of the house.

The passenger door swings opens and SADIE LACKNEY, 20, spills out of the passenger side. She has red hair, eager eyes, and tattoos. Lots of tattoos. She bounds across the yard to where Penelope is kicking her coveralls to the side.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
How do you not have a chronic migraine?

SADIE
It's soothing after a while.

Sadie notices the porta potties.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Oh look, you finished. I like the Anchor’s Away model. It’s classy.
(beat)
You know, if you want, I could help you--

PENELOPE
I got it. What’s in the bag?

Penelope gestures to the small canvas bag clutched in Sadie’s hand. Sadie moves her hand behind her back.

SADIE
Don’t get pissed.

PENELOPE
Then don’t make me pissed.

Penelope lunges at Sadie and grabs at the bag. Sadie twists away and cradles the bag like a football but it doesn’t stop Penelope from prying it out of her hands.

Penelope pulls a stack of silver bangles from the bag.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Why do you always do this?

SADIE
They’re vintage! Mom is going to love them.

Waving the bangles in front of Sadie’s face,

PENELOPE
Same shit different day. It’s like you’re a masochist or something.

SADIE
I can’t take you to your doctor’s appointment next week.

PENELOPE
WHAT? No, no, no, no, no, no. Why?

SADIE
Derek needs my help at a tattoo convention in Jersey.

PENELOPE
Of course Derek suddenly needs your help.

SADIE
Can’t you get someone else to take you? Ask Cat. Or mom.

PENELOPE
I asked *you* because it’s important, Sadie! Fucking Derek.

Penelope launches the stack of bracelets across the yard and storms to the hysterically shrieking mini van. She pounds her palms on the driver’s side window.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Hey, asshole! You’re a fucking dick, you know that!

Through the glass we see FUCKING DEREK flip two birds at Penelope then reach for the stereo. The music gets louder. Penelope keeps yelling.

SADIE
(yelling over the music)
What are you doing?!

PENELOPE
He does this every time I need you for something!

SADIE
So you toss my bracelets?

Penelope realizes her phone is ringing and whips it out of her back pocket. Her mood suddenly changes when she looks at the screen. After a split second frantic search, she sprints past Sadie to the tree lined porta potty and dives in.

INT. PORTA POTTY - DAY

Penelope answers, phone at one ear, finger plugged in the other.

PENELOPE
Hey, Will. You got something for me?
(beat)
So it’s big enough?
(beat)
Okay, I’ll be down in a few hours.
(beat)
What?! You cannot sell it to Benny Suarez. I’ve been looking for months!
(beat)
(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Fine. Give me twenty minutes and *do not* let Benny anywhere near it!

EXT. VERITY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Penelope ejects herself out of the porta potty and sees Verity hastily coming down the front steps and Sadie finding the last of the far flung bracelets. She meets them in the middle of the lawn.

VERITY
I thought that might be Derek.

Verity waves flirtatiously toward the mini van. The music lowers a few notches.

PENELOPE
I need you to do the deliveries today.

VERITY
I can't.

PENELOPE
Why?

VERITY
I'm on my period.

PENELOPE
This week, too? Shouldn't you be going through menopause by now?

VERITY
Actually, it's about time Cat learned the family business. We'll have her do it.

PENELOPE
Keep Cat out of this.

SADIE
I can do it if you need me to.

Penelope's jaw tightens.

PENELOPE
I'll give you half my cut.

VERITY
She'll be out any minute now. We'll let her know.

Penelope and Verity are locked in a death match stare down. Sadie cuts in between them and puts the stack of bangles in Verity's hands.

SADIE
So, I was down on 41st and saw these in a shop and thought of you. They're vintage.

Verity takes the bangles and studies them intently.

VERITY
Everybody loves vintage.
(beat)
Until it applies to a woman. Then she's just old.

Sadie deflates.

A young girl with a swarm of thick curls around her head explodes out of the house and leaps off the front stairs, charging at Penelope.

CAT DEMPSY, 16, wears a wide-eyed idealistic naiveté along with her designer clothes that look like they've been pulled from the depths of a thrift store rack. At her heels is her bedraggled ugly little dog, SIR CHARLES BARKLEY, who is wearing a Harry Styles t-shirt.

CAT
Penelope! Tell her to give me my keys!

VERITY
(to Cat)
Why on Earth would I have your keys?

CAT
(to Penelope)
I looked in the freezer and they aren't there this time! She, like, think she owns me or something!

VERITY
Cat, sweetheart, calm down. Here, I have something for you.

Verity hands Cat the stack of bracelets which Cat looks at with disgust.

CAT
I don't want your old bracelets, I want my keys!

Sadie is crushed. Again. Penelope swipes the bracelets from Cat's hands and feeds her hand through them.

PENELOPE
They're *vintage*. And they're mine.

VERITY
Okay, okay. I'll help you look for your keys. I need you to run a few errands for me today anyway.

Verity smiles broadly at Penelope and turns to Cat, pouting, toward the house.

CAT
Seriously? If it's outside the scope of our agreement, I'll require separate additional funding.

Penelope quickly steps toward Verity, bringing herself nose to nose, her voice a low growl.

PENELOPE
Fine, you can have my full cut.

VERITY
And innocence lives to see another day.

Cat notices the painted porta potties.

CAT
As if they weren't bad enough before! This is embarrassing!

PENELOPE
They're prototypes and it's called branding!

CAT
I know all about branding! I've got forty-eight thousand followers on Instagram!

PENELOPE
You're *dog* has a forty-eight thousand followers on Instagram!

Verity pushes Cat through the front door and slams it.

Penelope turns to look at Sadie who's slamming the door to mini van. Throwing her arms in the air, like *What did you expect?*, Penelope yells,

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Every single time!

The music returns to full volume and the tires spin. Penelope lets out an irritated breath.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

The building was originally an old McDonalds. The sign tacked to the front of the building reads Rochester Motor City, No Credit? Still Get It!

A flatbed truck, the tires low on air, the body high on rust, sits out front.

INT. USED CAR LOT OFFICE - DAY

Past the point of politely sitting, Penelope is standing, palms flat on the desk, aggressively pleading her case to WILL, 24, the used car salesman. His tie is undone and he's leaning back in his chair, trying to escape the harassment.

PENELOPE
Come on, Will. I can't afford that payment!

WILL
There's nothing I can do about it, Pens. You have to put more down if you want a lower payment.

PENELOPE
I told you, that's all I have right now. But I'll have more in a week. Let's just sign the contract today and I'll give you the rest when I get it.

WILL
I can't do that, Pens.

PENELOPE
Will! Will. You know me. I'm good for it.
(beat)
Remember when I gave you the hand job under the lunch table in the cafeteria?

WILL
You traded me for my Funyuns and a can of Dr. Pepper.

PENELOPE
See? It was a fair trade. And, if you remember correctly, I followed through. Just go ask your boss. Please?

Will pleads with his eyes, *Please don't make me*. He gets up anyway. Through the office windows Penelope watches him consult with a man in a cheap tie and ill fitting shirt leaning against the water cooler. The men both look in her direction.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A black SUV swerves over the double yellow on the twisting mountain road.

INT. SUV - DAY

MUSIC - a pop song blasts from the radio.

On the passenger seat and floorboards are mannequin heads wearing wigs.

So is Verity. A blond bob. She's fumbling with the hinged opening at the bottom of the upside down mannequin head wedged between her thighs. She finally gets it open and plunges in her fingers, fishing around. She pulls out a joint and looks as if she's won the lottery. Tossing the head to the passenger seat, she mines the center console for a lighter.

Lighting the joint between her lips, she inhales deeply and holds it. Rolling down the window, she exhales through the crack.

She shifts her eyes back to the road. In front of her is a cyclist slowly puffing his way up the hill in the middle of the lane. The joint drops to her lap as she screams,

VERITY
OH MY GOD!

Her tires screech as she swerves hard to the left and avoids missing the cyclist. She lays hard into the horn.

VERITY (CONT'D)
FUCKING BIKE RIDER! USE THE FUCKING BIKE LANE!
(beat)
What the fu---

A look of pain flashes across her face. She scrapes frantically at the folds of skirt in her lap, lifting her ass out of the seat. She finds her missing joint that's seared a hole through her skirt and into her thigh skin and flings it out the window. She jerks the SUV half off the road and skids to a stop.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Jumping from the vehicle, Verity feverishly lifts her maxi skirt up around her waist to get a better look at her thigh.

VERITY
Shit. Shit. Shit.

The HONK of a semi-truck horn sounds. The SQUEAL of tires.

Verity brings her eyes into focus in front of her. They widen out of her head.

She sees the gigantic bug splattered grill of a semi truck.

SMACK!

The SUV, minus the driver side door-- and Verity-- sits quietly on the side of the road.

After a moment, the road cyclists huffs past the doorless SUV.

INT. USED CAR LOT OFFICE - DAY

Penelope puts down the pen on a stack of papers as Will sits relaxed behind the desk.

PENELOPE
I *really* appreciate this. Next week --two weeks at most-- you'll have the rest of the money. I swear.

Penelope reaches across the table and shakes Will's hand. He surreptitiously wipes it on his pants as he stands. Penelope's phone rings. She answers it.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Hello?
(mouthing to Will)
Your zipper is down.

Will gropes at his zipper. Penelope's face twists in alarm.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Sadie. Sadie. Calm down. What’s wrong?
(beat; then annoyance)
Jesus fucking Christ.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONSULTATION ROOM - NIGHT

This isn't your corporate, run-of-the-mill body factory. Antiques, goblet drapery, old world polish. A gigantic, disconcerting surrealist painting of someone or something getting sucked up to Heaven. Or maybe it's Hell.

Still pretty much in shock, Penelope, Cat, and Sadie are scrunched together on a plush settee. Barkley, dressed in a black sweater, is on Cat's lap.

Opposite them is PAUL, the funeral director, of indiscernible age and sexual orientation. He pours tea from a silver tea pot into delicate porcelain cups.

PAUL
Penelope, Sadie, Cat, it's very nice to finally meet you, though I wish it could have been under very different circumstances.

CAT
I'm, like, an orphan now.

SADIE
Shhh... you're not an orphan, Kit Kat. You still have your dad and us.
(beat)
Actually, I'm the orphan here.

PENELOPE
Except that you're an adult.

SADIE
I know, but *my dad* died--

We hear the harsh tinkling of a tea cup and saucer as Paul, his hands trembling, passes the sloshing cups to the sisters.

PAUL
I'm sorry. I don't know if you know this, but your mother and I-- dear, dear Verity and I-- were very close fr--
(verklempt)
We were very cl--

Paul scrunches in on himself, smothering his mouth with a hand.

SADIE
Um, no...I didn't...
(turning toward her sisters)
Did she mention to you...?

Penelope flashes her a dismissive look. After an awkward moment Sadie moves to comfort Paul but he shoots up a hand: "Stop." He composes himself.

PAUL
My apologies. I must maintain my professionalism, and seeming as how I don't know how long I'll be able hold it together, I'm going to get straight to the point. Did your mother share with you her latest last wishes?

PENELOPE
She wanted her ashes spread in a fireworks display.

SADIE
Are you sure? I thought the outer space thing was her latest idea?

CAT
Uh, no. She's going to be turned into a diamond that I'm going to wear as a necklace.

SADIE
Why do you get to wear her? She was our mom, too.

PENELOPE
You can keep her. I've been wearing her around my neck my whole life--

PAUL
Actually, she had something quite different in mind. Something far more beautiful, more... organic.

The sisters look at Paul expectantly.

PAUL
She quite literally wanted to return to the Earth in the purest, most natural way possible. She wanted wolves to feed on her bones. To be set out to sea so that sharks can come 'round to feed.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
Then devoured by flames and her ashes thrown in the wind.

CAT
So, she wants to be turned into, like, dog kibble or something?
(turning to Sadie)
Do sharks eat kibble, too?

PAUL
It's the most beautiful request I've ever heard, really.

Paul begins to weep.

CAT
I don't understand.

PENELOPE
It seems like she would have mentioned this one to us, Paul.

PAUL
Well clearly the Universe snatched her away from us before she had time to tell you. We'd heard a song with such lyrics on the radio and she became somewhat obsessed with it.

SADIE
I think I know the so--

PAUL
So obsessed, in fact, she'd scream those lyrics from a place of raw, animalistic desire. An intimacy that is sheer proof of God.

So Verity was boinking the funeral director.

PENELOPE
You know what, Paul, we're going to go with the diamond idea. So, if you could just do what you need to do so that we can get that whole thing done--

PAUL
Your mother was a remarkable woman with extraordinary talents, and her last wish was very clear. Loud and clear.

CAT
(to her sisters)
What is he saying?

SADIE
Paul, I think--

PAUL
This isn't a discussion. It was her last request.

PENELOPE
Paul--

PAUL
You must take her.

CAT
Who? Where?

PAUL
I insist.

PENELOPE
No, Paul, we're not--

PAUL
Now. You need to take her now. The truth is, I don't trust myself alone with her. Even without a cranium...

The sisters recoil.

PAUL
It went missing in the accident. It happens.

Paul leans forward, his face contorted in desperation.

PAUL
I'm begging you. Take her. Please.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The tattoo-wrapped minivan is backed up to the loading dock. A single light shines above the double steel door.

The door hitches open. The sisters struggle through it carrying a black body bag. They clear the door and it slams shut.

CAT
(slightly hysterical)
Oh my God! Tell me again why we're doing this right now?! It's literally insane! And disgusting!

SADIE
Don't think of it as mom. Think of it as... a gigantic sausage.

CAT
She doesn't feel like a sausage!

PENELOPE
The alternative is Paul making sweet tender love to Verity's headless body.

CAT
You can't be serious right now?!

At the back of the mini van, with the body bag propped on a hip, Penelope fumbles with the rear door. It's locked.

PENELOPE
(to Sadie)
You locked the door?!

SADIE
We left our purses in there. Hold on a minute. Back up a couple of feet.

CAT
I mean, if he does this on the regular, he really needs to join a twelve-step program!

Sadie struggles to reach in her pocket for the keys while holding up Verity. The van lights blink as the FOB unlocks the door. Ten seconds feels like ten minutes as the women wait for the rear hatch to automatically open. Barkley is waiting there anxiously.

The sisters fumble their mother's bagged body into the back.

INT. VERITY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Boho-style with plants (alive and dead). The dining room right off the small foyer has been converted into Verity's at-home wig business. Mannequin heads donning wigs of all styles and colors line book shelves, sit on tables.

There is a tall chair banked by mirrors. Pictures of Verity alone or with Cat line the walls. A clock ticks in the silent house.

INT. VERITY'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Penelope, Sadie, Cat, and Barkley burst through the front door. They fling their belongings to the ground and race to the bedroom.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unmade bed. Dirty dishes and half-full wine glasses on the nightstand. Most of the closet draped over a rattan chair.

Penelope and Sadie begin frantically searching around the room -- in the closet, under the bed, around the nightstand. Cat stares transfixed at the bed with a disgusted look on her face.

PENELOPE
(to Cat)
What are you doing?

CAT
I can't believe she was, like, humping the funeral director! I'm seeing it in my head! I can't get it out! I can't get it out!

PENELOPE
Just stop thinking about it!

CAT
Once you've walked in on your mom having sex with someone who isn't your dad even though she's still married to him, it's not far of a reach to picture her having sex with, like, everyone!

PENELOPE
Can't you repress it like everyone else?

SADIE
I found it!

Sadie pulls a file-folder size box from under a pile of clothes next to the nightstand and holds it out in triumph. Penelope marches over and attempts to rip it from Sadie's hands but Sadie holds on.

SADIE
I've got it.

PENELOPE
Give it to me, I know where to look.

SADIE
I said I've got it.

Sadie tries to wrestle it back. Their tug-of-war turns into a brawl and they drop the box. Pictures, papers, mementos scatter on the ground.

SADIE
Why are you so controlling!

PENELOPE
You're the one that didn't let go.

Sadie, getting to her knees, starts to help Penelope gather everything back into the box. Penelope's eye lands on a small sprawl of envelopes. She maneuvers her way in front of Sadie, giving her a slight shove backward into the nightstand, knocking a glass of wine to the ground.

SADIE
What the hell?!

PENELOPE
Grab a towel from the bathroom!

Irritated, Sadie huffs to the bathroom. Penelope furtively grabs the envelopes and stuffs them into her waste band then covers them with her shirt.

Sadie comes back with the towel and blots at the mess. Penelope hastily looks over the sprawled papers before shoveling them back into the box, setting aside a few magazine clippings.

Cat is still staring at the bed with a twisted look on her face.

CAT
Like with the cross-eyed guy at the grocery store! And the furry UPS driver! This-- all of this-- is seriously going to affect me, like, at the DNA level and I'm going to pass it along to my great great-grandchildren---

Penelope grabs the clippings, then, saving Cat from her mental torment, pries her from the bedroom. Sadie tosses the towel to the side and follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAT
--Like, I have this best friend I met in a chat group who is going through some serious shit right now, but it's so obvious, with everything I know about her mom and her mom's mom, that it all stems from her mom's mom's mom's trauma from being neglected as a child.

SADIE
What did you find?

Penelope reads off the clippings one by one.

PENELOPE
Well, there’s mixing her ashes with paint and then commissioning a five foot nude memorial portrait. See requested picture attached.

Penelope flashes a boudoir picture of Verity to her sisters. They grimace.

SADIE
No, that was a few years ago.

PENELOPE
There’s an article about Keith Richards snorting the ashes of his dead father.

CAT
Oh my God, no. I don’t put anything non-certified organic in my body.

PENELOPE
That was before the coral reef thing, anyway. Oh, Sadie, I think this was your idea. Mixing her ashes with tattoo ink then getting matching tattoos.

SADIE
She didn’t like that idea very much.

PENELOPE
This one's easy. She wanted to be cremated and put in an urn-- except the urn is a life-like replica of her head.
(beat)
Oh good. We can put it on the mantel.

SADIE
That one came right before the firework show.

Penelope flicks through more clippings.

CAT
I like the diamond idea. As long as it's not *too* big.

SADIE
Paul told us what she wanted.

PENELOPE
Paul also wanted to do nasty things to Verity's corpse.

SADIE
I'm just saying, I think we should do what she wanted.

PENELOPE
Are you out of your mind?
(gasps)
You must be fucking kidding me!

Penelope holds up a scrap of violet paper, letting the rest fall to the floor.

CAT
What? Do you think the diamond will be too gaudy? Like, bigger than a cocktail ring?

Sadie snatches the paper out of Penelope's hand. She quickly reads it, a smug look of satisfaction on her face.

SADIE
Paul was right! Sharks. Wolves. Fire. Wind.

Penelope snatches the paper back.

PENELOPE
It’s four words scribbled on a piece of paper! It doesn’t mean anything.

SADIE
You know it exactly what it means.

PENELOPE
She’s dead, Sadie. You can’t try win her approval anymore.

SADIE
I don’t care. I’m doing this one last thing she wanted.

Penelope looks like she’s swallowing a bitter pill the size of a soccer ball.

PENELOPE
Fine. Sharks. Wolves. Fire. Wind.

CAT
Wait. Doesn’t that mean she has to be, like, in pieces or something?

Penelope looks at the sky silently asking God: Why me?

EXT. JIMMY’S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small old house in a not-so-nice part of town. In the driveway is a brand-spanking-new cherry red F-150. A pair of steel testicles hang from the tow hitch, right below the license plate that reads BTMEAT. The mini van is parked in front.

Penelope knocks on the door, a wigged mannequin head under her arm.

A burly, tattooed man answers the door. JIMMY, early 30s, looks like a hardened heavy weight boxer. A look of anguish washes over his face.

PENELOPE
Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Hey, Pen. I heard about your mom.

Jimmy steps out and bear hugs Penelope, burying his face in her neck and inhaling deeply. Penelope stiffens.

JIMMY
She was a helluva woman.

PENELOPE
Yeah, I've heard that before.

DAISHA and KIMMY, young, callused women fill the doorway. They're identical twins except Kimmy has a slight bulge in the belly.

KIMMY
What the fuck is *she* doing here this late?

JIMMY
Go back inside, Kimmy.

DAISHA
Isn't she delivering shitters instead of weed these days?

JIMMY
I'm gonna deliver my fist to your face if you two don't get back in the house.

Kimmy flips Jimmy off and slams the door.

JIMMY
Goddamn, Kimmy's s-i-s-t-e-r is a fucking cunt. But she's helpin' us out a lot because Kimmy havin' my kid and the little asshole is makin' her sicker than a dog.

PENELOPE
Oh! That's so... wow. Good for you?

JIMMY
(noticing the mannequin head)
You're back to doing deliveries already? Maybe you should think about taking some time off, huh?

PENELOPE
Yeah, no. I was actually hoping to make a trade.

JIMMY
Oh yeah?

PENELOPE
Well, Verity had some pretty asinine last wishes, and I need to... prepare her remains, uh, properly.

JIMMY
Yeah, it *is* much better policy to scatter the evidence. Where's her body now?

Penelope opens her mouth to set the record straight but decides against it and instead nods to the tattooed mini van.

PENELOPE
Like I said, I want to trade. For your services.

She flips back the hinge and pulls out eight baggies of pot and a baggie of pills from the mannequin head.

JIMMY
No disrespect, Pens, but what you got there is about my usual order and these are unusual circumstances.

PENELOPE
Ok? So what do you want?

JIMMY
Oh, I don't know. You got somethin' else to sweeten the pot?

PENELOPE
Like what?

JIMMY
You remember what you did for my birthday that one time?

PENELOPE
Seriously? That's Kimmy's department now.

JIMMY
Not that. The banana cream pie. It was fucking delicious! Damn! How about one of those?

PENELOPE
I don't have time to make a banana cream pie!

(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
I don’t have much more, but I’ll bring you everything I’ve got when I pick her up. How does that sound?

Jimmy sticks his hands in his pockets and looks downward.

JIMMY
I don’t know, Pens. You know I’m still on parole and everything.

EXT. JIMMY’S HOUSE - NIGHT - 10 MINUTES LATER

Jimmy leans in driver side door of the mini van and leans his head in.

JIMMY
So, I’ll meet you down at Grady’s in a couple a hours. I’m early shift anyway, but we need to get you in and out of there before Old Man G gets there and makes you pay for your own product.

PENELOPE
Are you sure you want to do it at the grocery store? Seems a little unsanitary.

JIMMY
Well, I can’t do it here. Kimmy’ll castrate me. You know she’s still jealous of you. Oh, and hey, speaking of testicles, bring an ice chest; it’s gonna be hotter than scrotum in leather. And pull around the rear to the loading dock.

He pushes onto Penelope a deep kiss and a big smile before stepping away from the mini van.

Penelope points to his fly. He zips it up. The minivan pulls away.

EXT. GRADY'S GROCERY STORE - BACK ALLEY - PRE-DAWN

Cat’s decrepit station wagon slowly pulls around back to the loading dock. Jimmy is leaning against the wall drinking from a quart container of chocolate milk. He crushes the finished carton and tosses it aside as the car rolls to a stop in front of him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BUTCHERY ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Jimmy leads the sisters into the butchery room. Cat is carrying Barkley. Sadie is bringing up the rear, carrying a picnic basket-size ice chest.

The sisters' eyes take in the take-your-pick variety of knives, bone axes, 25" bone saws, and heavy duty meat cleavers that line a magnetic strip on the tile wall above the prep table. There's a comic sign next to it that says: "A good butcher would love to handle your meat. Loin Breast Thigh Rump."

JIMMY
It's always easier when you have the right tools. *And*, it was nice not having to be creative with her head, ya know?

Jimmy stares a second too long at Penelope before he opens the walk-in cooler and reveals gigantic slabs of meat hanging from midevil looking metal hooks. He wheels out a cart with butcher paper wrapped packages stacked the size of a Costco pack of toilet paper. He slams the door closed with his foot.

Sadie drops the cooler. Cat dry heaves.

SADIE
I changed my mind.

PENELOPE
(to Cat)
Stop it! Because if you're going to be barf, I'm going to barf.

Barkley licks his chops and jumps from Cat's arms. He cannonballs to the cart to try and get himself a piece.

Jimmy picks up Barkley who's aggressively barking and trying to wiggle free to get to the packages.

JIMMY
(to Barkley)
Whoa, little buddy.
(to the sisters)
So, here she is. I did some steaks, chops, and cutlets, a couple of racks, and some ground with what was left over. Oh, and two rump roasts, obviously. I was going to give you some lunch slices, but it seemed unnecessary.

Penelope is stoic except for her rapidly blinking eyes. Sadie gives a beaming pseudo smile. Cat, trying not to gag, looks horrified. Jimmy grabs Barkley by the scruff and holds him to the side.

JIMMY
And I hope you don't mind, but I did a quick 10-minute pressure marinade using the ole' Interrogator over there.

Jimmy gestures to the industrial pressure marinator that looks like a gigantic stainless steal rock tumbler.

JIMMY
Your mom used to come in for my white wine and fresh herb marinated pork chops, so I thought she might like it. My own sort of tribute, you know?

PENELOPE
(gesturing to the machine; barely audible)
Did you sanitize—

JIMMY
Okay then, let's get her packed up.

Jimmy hands Penelope Barkley then gives her head a caressing stroke before turning to find the ice chest. He picks it up.

JIMMY
Is this what you brought?

SADIE
Yeah?

JIMMY
This isn't going to hold even one of her rump roasts packed in ice. You bring anything else?

SADIE
No?

JIMMY
Alright. Give me a minute.

Jimmy leaves through the swinging doors. Penelope shoves Barkley back into Cat's arms.

PENELEOPE
That's the ice chest you brought?

SADIE
How was I supposed to know how big she'd be?

CAT
I bet what ever he brings back is cheap plastic full of BPAs.

Jimmy busts back through the swinging doors carrying an extra large 150-quart cooler.

JIMMY
Old Man G always carries a couple of these during the summer.

PENELEOPE
It's our lucky day. How much do we owe you?

JIMMY
Don't worry about it. When you guys get back we'll give it a good rinse and none will be the wiser, if you know what I mean.

Jimmy loads the packages into the cooler as if they’re nothing more than your run of the mill sirloin steaks, layering with ice as he goes. Barkley escapes Cat's arms again and tries to pull a package from the ice chest next to Jimmy's feet. Cat looks helpless to move, so Sadie retrieves the tenacious dog.

JIMMY
So, listen. This is very important. Keep the lid sealed unless you’re packin’ it with ice. Don’t keep liftin’ the lid to get a beer or nothin. A cheapo ice chest like this won't keep her fit for consumption for very long. Got it? Okay, let’s get you out of here before Old Man G gets in.

Unable to peel their eyes away from the ice chest, Penelope and Sadie nod: “Yes.” Cat nods: “Not a chance in hell.”

EXT. GROCERY STORE - REAR ALLEY - DAWN

The old station wagon sits by the front door. This baby's seen better days. Odometer pushing 200,000. Grease stained interior. Vinyl cracked like desert clay. Hastily stuffed duffle bags tossed in the cargo area.

Jimmy hauls the ice chest onto the driver-side folded-down back seat of the station wagon and shuts the passenger door. Cat is already in the backseat, Sadie up front.

PENELOPE
Thanks for... thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY
It was my pleasure.

Jimmy bear hugs Penelope and holds on. He goes in for a kiss, which Penelope reluctantly reciprocates. She then climbs into the driver's seat and wrenches the door closed.

JIMMY
Uh, Pen?

PENELOPE
Oh yeah, sorry.

Penelope hands Jimmy three wigged mannequin heads. Jimmy taps on the hood as the car pulls off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAWN

The station wagon pulls to the entrance/exit of the parking lot. Brake lights.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAWN

CAT
Ohmygod. Ohmygod. Ohmygod. I can't breathe. Ohmygod. This has got to be, like, literally illegal.

SADIE
(as if convincing herself)
We're doing what she wanted, what she asked for. We're making her happy—

CAT
Making her happy! She's dead! And in a bunch of tiny pieces in an ice chest next to me in the car! Holy fuck!
(Dry heave)

PENELOPE
(to Cat)
Stop doing that! You're seriously freaking me out!
(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
(to Sadie and Cat)
We’re going to have to be extremely careful driving and strictly obey all traffic laws.

SADIE
Let’s just take her back to Paul’s to be cremated.

Barkley escapes Cat’s arms and jumps on the top of the ice chest, trying unsuccessfully to claw his way in.

PENELOPE
Who the hell knows what Paul would do with her now, Sadie.

CAT
Can’t we just dump the ice chest off a bridge somewhere! I was not wrong about the BPAs, by the way.

PENELOPE
We're doing this exactly as she wanted, then I'm done. Then we’re going to live a normal fucking life.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAWN

The right blinker comes on and the station wagon pulls out of the parking lot onto the main road.