

Bermuda  
by  
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Current Revisions by  
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EXT. BACK LAWN OF MILDRED'S HOUSE - DAY.

MILDRED, CASSANDRA, and FRANCES are lounging on three lounge chairs, fanned out and facing a kidney-shaped swimming pool. The women are sipping iced tea from large, clear glasses standing on side tables next to their lounge chairs.

Behind the women is Mildred's house and a deck.

There is a large, heavy saucepan on the table next to Mildred's chair.

FRANCES

(proudly)

I bench-pressed 240 pounds yesterday.

CASSANDRA

Barbells or free weights?

FRANCES

No, my personal trainer, Morris. We were at his place..

Laughter.

CASSANDRA

No shit. Does he have good kettle bells?

FRANCES

He sure does. And a nice gym bag. We did 50 or 60 reps.

CASSANDRA

You know you love Morris.

FRANCES

I SURE DO. I love his kettle bells.

CASSANDRA

You love his whole damned body. You two should get married.

MILDRED

Stop talking like that! Marriage is for idiots. Little Willie made the mistake of getting married. Until I fixed it.

INT. FLASHBACK. BEDROOM OF LITTLE DEBBIE AND LITTLE WILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Mildred is standing over the bed where LITTLE DEBBIE is sleeping. Mildred's legs are wide apart and her arms are akimbo. She stares with hatred at Little Debbie.

Little Debbie wakes up. She is confused. Her eyes widen in horror.

MILDRED

Little Willie wants a divorce.

Mildred stalks out of the room.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF LITTLE WILLIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Inside Mildred's red truck, parked alongside the road, Little Willie is tied up in the passenger seat. There is a gag over his mouth and he is struggling. His wrists are handcuffed.

Mildred folds up Little Willie's wheelchair and tosses it into the back of her truck.

EXT. FLASH FORWARD. BACK LAWN OF MILDRED'S HOUSE, DAY.

We are back in the present. Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances are sitting on lounge chairs around the kidney-shaped pool.

MILDRED

Nobody who's sane ever gets married!

FRANCES

Some sane people do get married.

MILDRED

Not in this family! Marriage is against my personal religion.

CASSANDRA

Mother, you need to get a life.

INT. BEDROOM IN MILDRED'S HOUSE. SAME.

LITTLE WILLIE lies on his back, unconscious, on a single bed in a small, shabby bedroom wearing only his boxer shorts. His wheelchair is folded and propped in a far corner, away from the bed so that he can't reach it.

Throughout this scene, the laughter and conversation of Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances are audible but indistinct.

On the dresser next to the bed is a jumble of medicine bottles.

As the women's voices rumble in the background, Little Willie slowly wakes up and holds his head.

Little Willie realizes what is going on and looks frightened. He raises himself up on his elbows with difficulty and looks at one of the medicine bottles.

He lies back on the bed. His head hurts. He tries to raise himself up out of the bed and sees his wheelchair in the far corner.

EXT. BACK LAWN OF MILDRED'S HOUSE. SAME.

Cassandra, Mildred, and Frances are continuing their conversation.

CASSANDRA

Frances needs to move in with Morris. This house is too much like a prison!

MILDRED

(Angry)

It's a comfortable prison with a swimming pool.

FRANCES

I sure do like Morris. But he lacks language skills He doesn't really speak English. He speaks PT. Nobody can understand it, except for trainers.

CASSANDRA

The less men talk, the better.

FRANCES

I adore a foreign accent! If a man has a foreign accent, I might let him get on top. And serve.

Laughter

MILDRED

You girls are disgusting! I'm not sure you will be invited to vacation in Bermuda.

(MORE)

MILDRED (CONT'D)  
 Bermuda is a place for  
 sophisticated poets, like me.

Mildred stands up to recite poetry, dramatically.  
 The waves upon the shore;  
 The fish within the sea.  
 I love Bermuda, and...

FRANCES  
 Don't start, Mother. You are not  
 going to Bermuda. That is one fancy-  
 assed dream. We don't even have  
 enough money for the lifestyle  
 we're living now.

INT. LITTLE WILLIE'S BEDROOM. SAME.

While the women are talking, Little Willie furtively lowers himself onto the floor and begins crawling toward his wheelchair that is folded up in the far corner of the room. He uses his hands to pull himself across the floor.

Little Willie's useless legs drag behind him. When he reaches the wheelchair, he pauses to catch his breath. He is trying to do all of this without making any noise.

Little Willie reaches for his cell phone on the high table next to the wheelchair. He reaches the cell phone, but a vase of plastic flowers falls over and crashes.

EXT. MILDRED'S BACK YARD. SAME.

Mildred, Frances, and Cassandra continue talking despite the faint crash that occurs in the background.

Cassandra and Frances are sitting in their lounge chairs. Mildred is standing because she just finished reciting her poem.

MILDRED  
 I'm like the cow puncher on a  
 train, headed for Bermuda.

CASSANDRA  
 You'll get wet. Bermuda is an  
 island.

Mildred sits back down on her lounge chair, deflated.

MILDRED

Oh, yeah. Then we need to get more money, for a cruise or a plane ride. Maybe we could work more shifts at S&M Manufacturing, make more guns. I could ask Mr. Outlaw for a favor.

FRANCES

I don't want to work more shifts.

CASSANDRA

Work stinks.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF MILDRED'S HOUSE -- SAME.

Little Willie has rolled himself in his wheelchair out the front door to the front gate of Mildred's house. He is trying to open the gate, but it's locked with a padlock.

Little Willie rattles the padlock. He is frightened and distressed.

EXT. BACK LAWN OF MILDRED'S HOUSE, SAME.

FRANCES

We don't have enough time as it is for boxing.

CASSANDRA

And tennis.

MILDRED

And poetry. Listen. We are going to Bermuda. I need moral support. Since Harry, the policeman, left me for no good reason, I need moral support.

FRANCES

It's a good thing Harry didn't press charges after he got out of the hospital. We could have done ten years, all of us!

MILDRED

I wasn't worried. His boss, the chief of police, is a special friend of mine. Praise Jesus.

CASSANDRA

Thank you, Lord!

FRANCES

Praise him!

From around the corner of the house, Little Willie extends his head, tentatively, and stares at the women. He is still in his wheelchair.

CASSANDRA

I dunno. Marriage is okay.

MILDRED

Cassandra, you are a fool. Living with a man means you have to share things with him, like the television remote, and our swimming pool. I don't enjoy sharing!

FRANCES

That means you'll be poor for the rest of your life.

CASSANDRA

Being poor stinks.

FRANCES

In the United States, men make more money than women for doing the same work. It's a national fact I'm not too crazy about. Mother, your lack of a relationship with a man means we have no money for Bermuda after you built that damned kidney-shaped swimming pool.

CASSANDRA

Mother, goddammit, I wanted a tennis court.

FRANCES

Little Willie's VA lump sum benefits are all gone thanks to you.

From behind the corner of the house, Little Willie reacts with horror to this statement.

MILDRED

This is my house, and it's my money.

CASSANDRA

I thought the money belonged to Little Willie.

Little Willie nods his head in agreement.

MILDRED

"Possession" means it's mine. I can do what I want with that money. Plus, I like the kidney-shaped swimming pool.

FRANCES

But we live here too, Mother. I needed that money to take boxing lessons.

CASSANDRA

Shaddup, Frances. You can't box, and your are not Miss George Foreman. I'm hungry. Get up. Fix me a ham and cheese sandwich.

FRANCES

Fix your own sandwich, and get me some ice cream while you're at it.

CASSANDRA

I won't do it.

FRANCES

Fix me that sandwich or I'll punch you right now, Cassandra. I'll show you who can box, Stupid Cow!

Frances and Cassandra stand up to fight each other. They see Little Willie, who rolls from the corner of the house, up the ramp, onto the back deck.

LITTLE WILLIE

(Yelling to neighbors)

Help me! I'm being held prisoner by my own family!

Frightened, Little Willie wheels himself back into the house through the sliding glass door.

CASSANDRA

(Nonchalantly)

I thought he was in a coma.

MILDRED

He got better.

FRANCES

Well you need to do something about it or we'll lose that VA disability check.



Mildred sighs, picks up the heavy saucepan, and slowly follows Little Willie into the house.

MILDRED

Children! They're always demanding something more from you.

Frances and Cassandra plop themselves back down into their lounge chairs.

FRANCES

Little Willie. Is he even related to us? He must have inherited all the recessive genes.

CASSANDRA

They say he's a military hero.

FRANCES

I don't believe it. When we were kids, he was easier than anybody to chase up a tree. Even YOU ran faster than Little Willie. You and your overweight self.

CASSANDRA

And I wanted to join the military. I should have. Not him. They told me I couldn't because I was mentally deranged. I'm not any crazier than anybody else in this country.

FRANCES

You got that right.

CASSANDRA

How'd Little Willie lose his legs, anyway? Falling out of a tree?

From off screen comes the sound of the heavy saucepan clanging on a skull. CLANG! Frances and Cassandra glance toward the noise.

FRANCES

I don't know. They say he saved some of his comrades from a bombing out in the desert. I don't believe it.

Mildred re-enters, carrying the saucepan. She slowly lowers herself into her lounge chair.

MILDRED

(Satisfied)

That should take care of it. We need that VA check. Just fifteen hundred more dollars and I can buy us that vacation in Bermuda.

FRANCES

I guess we can go along with you, mother. Since you no longer have a supportive relationship after Harry the Policeman left. You need your daughters. And I DO want to see Bermuda.

CASSANDRA

Me too, I guess. Do they have tropical fish in Bermuda?

INT. LITTLE WILLIE'S BEDROOM. SAME.

Little Willie is dazed, sitting up in bed, and on his cell phone, furtively dialing.

LITTLE WILLIE

(Whispering frantically)

Little Debbie! Little Debbie! Come and get me. I'm at Mother's house. No, I don't want a divorce. Mother kidnapped me.

EXT. BACK LAWN OF MILDRED'S HOUSE, SAME.

MILDRED

Yes, all you can eat at the seafood restaurants. And every Bermudian is rich! I heard it on NPR Radio. One hundred thousand dollars average annual income for every man, woman, and child.

FRANCES

That means four hundred thousand dollars a year per average household.

CASSANDRA

Are the men in Bermuda good-looking?

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MILDRED'S HOUSE. SAME.

Two police cars turn the corner, approaching Mildred's house. Little Debbie is in the front seat of one of the cars.

Little Willie is in the front yard of Mildred's house, waving for help from his wheelchair.

EXT. BACK YARD OF MILDRED'S HOUSE, SAME.

MILDRED

Yes, they are very colorful and fine. And they wear shorts all the time, everyday, to work. You can see their big calf muscles. Helmets on their heads, too.

FRANCES

Do they have a Platinum Gym in Bermuda?

MILDRED

Probably. Everything in Bermuda is the best.

From off screen, we hear the sound of police sirens.

FRANCES

What's that siren? What's going on?

CASSANDRA

He's escaping.

Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances get up and rush around the house toward the front yard. They see Little Debbie wheeling Little Willie toward the police cars and then helping him into one of them.

MILDRED

Little Willie must have called the police.

FRANCES

It's Little Debbie! She rescued him.

CASSANDRA

That skinny cow.

FRANCES

She can't even cook!

CASSANDRA  
Come back, brother.

MILDRED  
We need those VA benefits! Come  
back, son.

One of the police cars drives off with Little Debbie and Little Willie. The other police car stays parked at Mildred's house. A POLICEMAN exits the car and walks sternly toward the women.

EXT. FRONT OF LARGE MANUFACTURING PLANT. DAY

Sign on front of building says "S & M Gun manufacturing, Toad Hollow, South Carolina." Bumper sticker on one of the cars (an expensive Mercedes SUV) says "I love Colorado."

INT. S&M GUN MANUFACTURING PLANT - MORNING

Cassandra, Mildred, and Frances are working side-by-side assembling guns on the assembly line. They pick up the gun parts, examine them, point them at the camera and each other lazily, without getting much done.

Around them, groups of CO-WORKERS are staring and pointing at the women, whispering and shaking their heads.

MILDRED  
Now that Willie's gone, we need to  
get more money.

CASSANDRA  
I wish he would come back!

FRANCES  
Little Debbie never should have  
called the police.

CASSANDRA  
Decent folks don't call the police  
on their own families.

MILDRED  
Good thing that policeman was a  
good old friend of mine.

Laughter.

MILDRED (CONT'D)  
Yes, Jesus.

FRANCES  
Praise the Lord.

Mildred lays down the gun parts so that she can recite poetry, dramatically.

CASSANDRA  
Mother still needs to get to  
Bermuda.

MILDRED  
I see my Bermudians,  
Warm and kind,  
Running on the beach,  
Playing soccer,  
With their helmets and big calf  
muscles,  
Yeah baby!

Several co-workers listen to the poetry and clap.

FRANCES  
I'm not sure that's poetry. It  
doesn't rhyme very well. Talk to  
Mr. Outlaw about getting us some  
extra shifts. You know him pretty  
well, Mother.

Laughter.

INT. MAIN OFFICE OF S&M MANUFACTURING. SAME.

Mr. Outlaw, a short, proud, rotund man, is looking out across his manufacturing floor at the various people assembling and testing guns. The muffled sounds of a shooting range are in the distance. He is having a good day. Photos of his wife, daughter, son, dog, and BMW automobile are on his desk.

INT. S&M GUN MANUFACTURING PLANT. SAME.

CASSANDRA  
I told you -- goddammit -- I don't  
want to work any more shifts. We  
already work 35 hours per week.  
More work would cut into my tennis  
time!

FRANCES  
You don't need to play more tennis!  
You're never going to get any  
better.

Frances and Cassandra face each other, arms akimbo.

CASSANDRA

What did you say, Miss Mike Tyson!  
You can't box worth a damn!

FRANCES

You're no Venus and never will be!

MILDRED

Stop fighting. We must find a way  
to get more money. If I don't  
escape from Toad Hollow soon, my  
brain will be compromised.

FRANCES

Your brain is already compromised,  
Mother. We're lucky we didn't all  
land in jail after the Little  
Willie episode.

CASSANDRA

Lucky for us, Judge Conover was  
another one of Mother's special  
friends. Praise Jesus!

MILDRED

Yes, Lord.

CASSANDRA

Praise his name. We might have  
gotten ten years for kidnapping!

MILDRED

How can it be kidnapping when it's  
your own kid? Plus, Judge Conover  
MIGHT be Little Willie's father.

FRANCES

I wonder if I'm related to Judge  
Conover, or the Chief of Police

MILDRED

Quiet, everybody! Here comes Mr.  
Outlaw. Act like you're busy.

The three women pick up gun parts and try to fit them  
together. Staring down the empty gun barrels at each other,  
moving them along the table, and jumbling the pieces into a  
messy pile at the end of the table.

Mr. Outlaw struts in.

MR. OUTLAW

How are you lovely ladies today?

MILDRED

Peachy, Mr. Outlaw. How are you?

MR. OUTLAW

It's a beautiful day in the gun manufacturing business. We just received another order from Syria. Last week we sent a tremendous shipment to Chechnya. We're making a lot of money, ladies. A lot of money in guns and manufacturing.

MILDRED

A lot of money means you can pay us more. So we can take a vacation.

CASSANDRA

Pay for some tennis lessons.  
Install a tennis court!

FRANCES

Quiet, Cassandra!

CASSANDRA

You shut up, Fool!

MILDRED

We would like to work extra shifts, Mr. Outlaw. Anytime you need help, call us. You know where we live!

MR. OUTLAW

(Embarrassed)

Ladies, ladies! I'd be willing to add some extra shifts right now. We have plenty of orders to fill from Syria, Afghanistan, Colorado, New Jersey, and North Carolina! How about this weekend? I can take all of you this Saturday from noon to 8:00 p.m.

FRANCES

In the evening?

MR. OUTLAW

Yes, noon to twenty hundred hours. All three of you. Right here on the assembly line.

(MORE)

MR. OUTLAW (CONT'D)

We can tell the weekend foreman,  
Mr. Mandarin, to expect you. He  
can add you to the schedule.

CASSANDRA

Now?

MR. OUTLAW

Yes, now.

CASSANDRA

Can't. I have a tennis lesson this  
Saturday.

MILDRED

I need to bake a blueberry pie and  
clean the swimming pool.

FRANCES

I have a personal training date  
with Morris.

MR. OUTLAW

Well, ladies. I was just trying to  
help you. You said you wanted some  
extra hours.

MILDRED

How about raising our salaries?  
Without adding more work hours?

MR. OUTLAW

Sorry, ladies. I need all the bonus  
money available to send my son to  
college. And my wife needs a new  
Mercedes. And I'm about ready for a  
new golf cart. Ciao, ladies.

Mr. Outlaw walks away, waving to the women.

FRANCES

Well, that went over like a  
waterfall.

CASSANDRA

We messed up.

MILDRED

We got to figure out how to make  
money. Something besides work.

FRANCES

We don't really like work.



CASSANDRA

Work stinks.

The women look around the room, at the floor, at the ceiling, at each other. Nodding their heads and thinking.

The women pick up the gun parts, fit them together, look through the barrels at each other.

Graphics and B-roll shows explosions, buffaloes stampeding, rockets taking off, a light bulb. This illustrates Frances getting an idea.

FRANCES

I've got it. I have an idea. These guns are worth a lot of money. Mr. Outlaw says so. Let's learn from his example. Sell guns! It's time for me to get pregnant.

Frances places a gun part under her T-shirt.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I need to get pregnant right away so in about six months I can walk out of this damned place and take some maternity leave with me.

CASSANDRA

(Understanding)

Yes, I need to get knocked up, too!

MILDRED

(Confused)

Me, too, I want to have another baby.

CASSANDRA

You're too old to get pregnant, Mother.

MILDRED

Who's calling me "old?"

FRANCES

Instead of getting pregnant, you can just get fat.

MILDRED

Who's calling me "fat?"

FRANCES

This is all pretend, People.  
Nobody's going to get pregnant or  
gain weight. We're simply going to  
steal some guns. Sell them to the  
Russians. Or the Syrians.

CASSANDRA

Or maybe to James who lives around  
the corner from us in Toad Hollow.  
Or to Selena at the Hair Shoppe.  
She needs protection.

MILDRED

(Finally comprehending)  
I like that idea. You are very  
intelligent, Frances. I raised one  
intelligent girl.

Mildred recites poetry dramatically

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Frances is smart!  
No denying that.  
She says I should get pregnant,  
Or possibly just fat.

At other parts of the assembly line, several S&M workers  
stare at Mildred in disbelief, rolling their eyes and shaking  
their heads. They don't like this poem.

INT. MAIN OFFICE OF S&M MANUFACTURING. SAME.

Mr. Outlaw is leaning back in his desk chair sipping coffee,  
reading the morning paper. The headline on the paper says  
"Ten US troops Killed in Afghanistan."

INT. ASSEMBLY LINE, S&M GUN MANUFACTURING. SAME.

Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances are attempting to hide guns  
under their spandex shirts at they speak. This is a practice  
run, and it's not going well. The gun parts drop onto the  
floor periodically.

MILDRED

We need money, right? Selling guns  
is the best way to get it. It's  
what the American government does.  
What could be more American than  
selling guns?

CASSANDRA

Nothing. Maybe working?

MILDRED

Making a blueberry pie or building  
a swimming pool in your backyard.

FRANCES

We're going to be so American,  
we're going to be like military  
heroes.

CASSANDRA

Like Little Willie. How's he doing?  
I miss him.

MILDRED

(Wistfully)

He was an adorable child.

FRANCES

I miss Little Willie, too. Our  
younger brother. It was fun holding  
him captive in the house.

MILDRED

I don't know what he's doing. That  
skinny cow, Little Debbie, won't  
let him speak to us, or even visit.  
She says we're dangerous.

CASSANDRA

(Scoffing)

Dangerous? What harm can a bunch of  
women do?

FRANCES

Mother loved Harry the Policeman  
and look what happened to him. Six  
months in a cast and one leg  
shorter than the other.

INT. FLASHBACK. TOAD HOLLOW HOSPITAL. DAY.

Mildred, is helping her then-husband, HARRY THE POLICEMAN,  
try out his leg roller in the hospital after his leg surgery.

Harry, with one leg in a cast and bent behind him on a cart,  
wears a rumpled hospital gown and his police hat askew on his  
head.

Mildred is helping him roll the cart down the hallway of the  
hospital. They are practicing.

INT. FLASH FORWARD. S&M ASSEMBLY LINE, DAY.

MILDRED

But I was the real victim! Men are dangerous when you start falling in love with them. Men don't fall in love. Women fall in love and get themselves in trouble.

CASSANDRA

Let's practice becoming arms dealers.

The women try walking around with gun parts stuffed under their shirts. The gun parts fall out.

Co-workers on other parts of the assembly line stare at the women, puzzled.

MILDRED

We need to practice this a lot.

CASSANDRA

It's going to take a shitload of trial runs.

FRANCES

More spandex might work. Or a wonder bra.

MILDRED

Don't worry. We've got six months to figure it out. Grow our gun bellies.

FRANCES

This is a brilliant idea I've had. I must be a genius.

MILDRED

All of my children are intelligent. Even Little Willie.

CASSANDRA

Quiet, you fools. Mr. Outlaw is coming.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOAD HOLLOW. DAY.

Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances walk down the street carrying handguns and Uzis.

At first the guns are under their shirts, but now and then they pull the guns out to present them to PASSERSBY and hold up 4 or 5 fingers, indicating \$400 or \$500. The Passersby stop, listen, shake their heads in horror and walk away quickly.

While this is happening, rock music, is playing -- something sarcastic like 'Bad to the Bone.'

As the Passersby refuse to purchase guns, Cassandra, Frances, and especially Mildred become increasingly angry and frustrated.

MILDRED

How can Mr. Outlaw do this so easily? Traffic in guns?

FRANCES

He must be an expert.

CASSANDRA

Outlaw has years of experience.

The women examine their guns and point them at each other.

Little Willie wheels up slowly behind the woman. The women don't see him. Little Willie wheels away, obviously frightened. The women do not notice him.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Maybe we need to ask Mr. Outlaw for help.

FRANCES

We can't do that, Stupid. We stole these guns from him.

CASSANDRA

Who's calling me "Stupid?"

FRANCES

I'm calling you "Stupid" because you are an ignorant dumb-ass!

MILDRED

Quiet, girls. These men look as though they need to purchase some self defense.

O'LEARY and CLARK stroll down the street. O'Leary is large and menacing. Clark is the sleazy boss. They approach the women, expressionless and not talking. Each man is carrying a large briefcase. They have Irish accents.

CLARK  
(Too calmly)  
What are you ladies doing in our  
territory?

MILDRED  
Territory?

CLARK  
You might say this is our store.  
America. It's a free country.  
Right?

FRANCES  
What do you sell?

CLARK  
What do you want to buy?

MILDRED  
Nothing. We're here to sell.

CLARK  
May I examine the merchandise?

O'Leary grabs a couple of handguns from Cassandra. He  
examines the gun.

O'LEARY  
(Nodding at Clark)  
Good stuff.

CLARK  
How much?

FRANCES  
How much you got?

CLARK  
I am not here to bargain.

MILDRED  
Four hundred for the little one.  
Five hundred for the big one.  
Dollars.

CASSANDRA  
We made them ourselves.

O'Leary aims one of the handguns at a stop sign and fires. He  
misses the stop sign.

CLARK

That one malfunctioned. But your prices are decent. We'll take all you've got, except that broken one.

O'Leary hands the gun he fired back to Cassandra with an expression of disgust.

Clark and O'Leary stuff all the guns (handguns and Uzis) into their briefcases except the handgun that "malfunctioned." They hand Mildred several hundred dollars in bills. Mildred is too nervous to count the money.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You ladies did good. We want more of the same. Next Sunday. Same time.

MILDRED

We sold you all the weapons we have. Now we can take our vacation.

CASSANDRA

(Flirting)

Yes, gentlemen. Fine ladies like us deserve some time off. You interested in doing some partying?

FRANCES

I love your accents. Want to fool around?

O'LEARY

No way. I got six kids already. Thanks to the Cat-Lick church.

FRANCES

Vacation time for us, then! Good-bye?

CLARK

(Quietly, menacingly)

No vacations. You work for me, now. Me and the IRA.

MILDRED

Now, just a minute, Ass Hole. I paid my taxes.

FRANCES

Mother, Mother. Now that we've got some cash, let's try to stay alive.

CASSANDRA  
Yes, and breathing.

FRANCES  
Mr. Whatever Your Name Is -- we'll  
try to get you more guns.

CLARK  
Try. And succeed. For the good of  
Sinn Fein. Good morning, ladies.

Clark and O'Leary walk away swinging their briefcases. They  
disappear into a bar.

FRANCES  
Great. Now we're in trouble with  
the Irish.

MILDRED  
Phew, that's a relief. I thought  
they were tax collectors.

CASSANDRA  
I liked the big one. He had a nice  
accent.

FRANCES  
He wasn't interested in you. But I  
do think he liked me.

The women walk further down the street. Cassandra still has  
one handgun left -- the one that "malfunctioned."

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ROBERT'S PLACE. SAME.

ROBERT SANTEE is standing proudly in front of his store --  
Robert's Place. Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances approach.

MILDRED  
Look! It's Bobby! He used to live  
in our neighborhood.

FRANCES  
His hair looks great.

MILDRED  
His clothes look great.

CASSANDRA  
His kettle bells look great. Let's  
just say -- the entire package  
looks great.



FRANCES

You can't see his kettle bells.

CASSANDRA

I can imagine them.

Cassandra swings the handgun absentmindedly.

ROBERT

Cassandra! Is that you? Put down that weapon! Before somebody calls the police.

Cassandra suddenly remembers the gun and hands it to Mildred. Mildred stuffs it in her pocket, but the handle is still visible.

CASSANDRA

Bobby! We were in high school together. You always got really good grades.

INT. FLASHBACK. TOAD HOLLOW HIGH. DAY.

A YOUNG ROBERT SANTEE is sitting at the front of the class. He wears fashionable eyeglasses and a nice argyle sweater.

YOUNG CASSANDRA, sitting in back of the classroom and wearing open spandex, gazes admiringly at Robert as he raises his hand and answers the math problem.

EXT. FLASH FORWARD. MAIN STREET, TOAD HOLLOW. DAY.

ROBERT

(Appreciatively)  
And you always did well in gym class!

INT. FLASHBACK. TOAD HOLLOW HIGH. DAY.

Young Cassandra climbs the rope in gym class. Young Robert cheers her on from the bleachers.

EXT. FLASH FORWARD. MAIN STREET. TOAD HOLLOW. DAY

CASSANDRA

Bobby, it's wonderful to see you!

ROBERT

Call me "Robert."

FRANCES

What are you doing these days,  
Robert? Want to buy our last gun?

ROBERT

(Emphatically)

A gun? Oh, no, no, no! I own this  
men's clothing store. It's called  
"Robert's Place." Puupuu, Fubu and  
Martha Stewart. All the best lines.

MILDRED

You might need a gun for that.  
Protect you from the customers.

Mildred removes the handgun from her pocket and waves it at  
Robert.

ROBERT

Well, I might. Especially the  
customers who ask to be measured  
for suits again and again. But I've  
become a Buddhist. I don't believe  
in guns.

Mildred makes a face. She looks skeptical.

MILDRED

(Defiantly)

Good. We just sold everything we've  
got, but one, to the Irish Mafia.

ROBERT

The what?

FRANCES

Shut up, Mother.

CASSANDRA

You married now, Robert?

ROBERT

No, I'm a free man. Lots of chicks  
wanted to marry me after I opened  
Robert's Place. But I'm living the  
life of Jesus. Which means that I'm  
free.

CASSANDRA

You free for dinner?

ROBERT

Sure. After I close the store. And maybe we can see a movie afterwards.

FRANCES

Your store is open on Sundays?

ROBERT

Yes. That's the day when people have time to buy.

MILDRED

(Skeptically)

I want to see inside this store. Check out if it's real.

CASSANDRA

Me, too. I might enjoy working in a store. If I owned the place. I might even enjoy working on Sundays

FRANCES

But what about Mondays and Tuesdays? You hate work. You're always saying "work stinks."

CASSANDRA

Quiet, Frances! Depends on what kind of work. "Robert and Cassandra's Place." Now that sounds like my kind of store.

ROBERT

Comet to think of it, I need to open a new line of clothing. For women.

MILDRED

I can see it now, Shirts and pants and purses. All in size extra large. A store run by women. We could open our own store -- "Mildred's Place."

Mildred assumes a dramatic stance to recite poetry.

We like our clothes big,  
In colors bold.  
Just as long as the shoes,  
Don't make us look old.  
Or fat.

CASSANDRA

Tennis togs. Those stretchy skirts  
with the pants attached underneath.

DREAM - CASSANDRA PLAYING TENNIS

Cassandra is hot and heavy on the tennis court wearing a T-shirt with the logo -- "Robert and Cassandra's Place." Her opponent is Robert, who is losing happily.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY.

FRANCES

I can picture it now. Workout shorts. Running shoes. Boxing clothes made for women. All from our own store.

ROBERT

Anything is possible here in the United States of America; in Toad Hollow. But Robert's Place is not for sale. I built it for me and my family.

MILDRED

But you're not married. And you don't have a family.

CASSANDRA

Where are we going to eat, Robert?

ROBERT

The Quaker Coffee Shop. They make a great oatmeal brownie.

CASSANDRA

And what movie are we going to see?

ROBERT

Something American. Woody Allen, or Tyler Perry.

MILDRED

Dinner is fine. Movies are even better. But marriage is out of the question.

CASSANDRA

Shut up, Mother.

MILDRED

Robert, you want to buy this gun?

ROBERT

No guns, Mrs. Hazelton. My mother always said "use your fists to protect you; stay away from guns." And she could fight pretty well herself.

MILDRED

Was her name "Patricia?" "Punching Patricia?"

INT. FLASHBACK. TAE KWON DO STUDIO, DAY.

PUNCHING PATRICIA, dressed in a white robe and black belt, swings around and head-punches a YOUNGER OPPONENT to the ground.

Young Robert cheers her on from the sidelines as Patricia takes a bow.

The younger opponent sits up slowly from the mat, dazed.

EXT. FLASH FORWARD. MAIN STREET TOAD HOLLOW. DAY

ROBERT

Yes, that was my mother. She had a black belt in tae kwon do. She protected me, she loved me, and she gave me money to open my store before she died.

FRANCES

(Scornfully)

You had a wonderful mother. We're stuck with this.

MILDRED

(Angrily)

Patricia was okay. Not much fun. I don't remember her exploring the world or writing poetry. And she refused to join my Combat Yoga class.

ROBERT

I miss her. But life must go on.

MILDRED

Let's see your store.

INT. ROBERT'S PLACE -- SAME

Robert holds open the door to his shop so that Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances can enter. Mildred is still carrying a hand gun. She places it in her pocket (where the handle is visible) and forgets about it after a while.

Robert and Cassandra break away from the pack as Robert shows her around the store, his arm around her waist.

Cassandra is visibly delighted, throwing up her hands and getting closer and closer to Robert.

Mildred and Frances move around clumsily, unfolding shirts and knocking things off the shelves.

Robert is visibly distressed at what Mildred and Frances are doing, but he tries to be polite. As soon as they knock clothes off the shelves, he hurries to pick them up, refold, and replace them.

Mildred, Frances, Robert, and Cassandra meet in the tie section. They walk around the store together leisurely as they discuss Robert's life.

MILDRED

Robert! This is a very nice store!  
How much money do you make?

ROBERT

Well, I....

CASSANDRA

(Distressed)  
Mother, be more polite!

MILDRED

With all that inherited money, I  
would have opened a pool supply  
store! Or a Combat Yoga studio! Not  
this.

ROBERT

I like my store the way it is. Most  
of my customers are repeat  
customers. They bring in their  
friends and family.

MILDRED

Which means that you make tons of  
money.

FRANCES

Mother, you're as rude as a buzzard.

CASSANDRA

Quiet, both of you.

ROBERT

Running a store is hard work. If you put love into it, the business pays off. I make money, but I'm not Bill Gates.

MILDRED

How much work can a store be, really? You put the stuff on the shelves and you take people's money. Most of it is just sitting around, waiting for customers, and shooing away homeless people.

CASSANDRA

Mother, you're an ignorant pig!

ROBERT

(Condescendingly)

Retail business is more complicated than that. You have to select the right "stuff," as you put it, and charge people the right prices. As soon as you get too greedy, the customers abandon you for Ultramart.

FRANCES

I hate Ultramart. The stores are way too big -- like an airplane hangar. Or a circus tent.

CASSANDRA

Ultramart stocks only the cheapest tennis rackets. And the tennis balls are not even vacuum-packed!

Robert, Frances, Mildred, and Cassandra move toward the shoe section of the store. None of them see that Mr. Outlaw is trying on shoes.

FRANCES

Buying a tennis racket at Ultramart is like buying a gun from S&M Manufacturing. They both might misfire.

The three women laugh. They still haven't seen Mr. Outlaw.

MR. OUTLAW  
I beg your pardon.

MILDRED  
Oh, Mr. Outlaw. How are you doing?

Mr. Outlaw stands up and points to the gun in Mildred's pocket.

MR. OUTLAW  
Is that one of my uzis?

MILDRED  
Oh, no, sir. It's a hand gun. I bought it at Pander Mountain.

CASSANDRA  
And their prices are a lot lower.

MR. OUTLAW  
Yes, I heard Dick Cheney buys his guns there.

MILDRED  
Thanks for the tour, Robert. We've got to be going.

Mildred tries to push Cassandra and Frances toward the door so that all of them can escape Mr. Outlaw.

MR. OUTLAW  
That IS one of our guns! I recognize the red mark on the handle. You ladies are prancing around on a Sunday carrying one of our weapons.

FRANCES  
Really, it's not what you think. We didn't steal any of your guns! We bought this at Pander Mountain.

MR. OUTLAW  
We don't sell that model to Pander Mountain. I'm going to have to suspend all three of you ladies while I investigate this incident.

MILDRED  
Robert -- why don't you take Cassandra to dinner or wherever? You're not interested in this.



Mildred pushes Robert and Cassandra away from Mr. Outlaw.

ROBERT  
(Standing his ground)  
Seems like you're in trouble.

Mildred gives up pushing Robert and easily pushes Mr. Outlaw out the door of Robert's Place, leaving Robert and Cassandra behind. Frances follows Mildred and Mr. Outlaw out the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOAD HOLLOW. SAME.

MR. OUTLAW  
What were you ladies thinking?  
Stealing guns is a felony.

MILDRED  
What about making guns? Is that a  
felony?

MR. OUTLAW  
You know it isn't! I provide a  
service to the community.

MILDRED  
You mean population control?

FRANCES  
Mother.

MR. OUTLAW  
You ladies are not to come near S&M  
until I've completed my  
investigation.

Mr. Outlaw walks away in a huff.

MILDRED  
You're going to miss us, Buddy  
Outlaw! You're going to miss my  
cherry pie! And the deep tissue  
massages.

EXT. MILDRED'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - SAME

Mildred and Frances drive up to the curb in Mildred's red truck. They get out of the car slowly.

FRANCES  
What a disaster! Now we have no  
guns and no jobs.

MILDRED

We still got four hundred dollars  
for the guns.

FRANCES

That's not enough to do anything --  
much less travel to Bermuda. I can  
spend \$400 on underwear.

EXT. MILDRED'S BACK YARD. SAME.

Mildred and Frances step onto their back porch and  
unexpectedly encounter O'Leary and Clark swimming in their  
swimming pool wearing ugly bathing suits and smoking cigars.

Mildred and Frances scream.

MILDRED

Get out of my yard!

FRANCES

You're stinking up our pool.

CLARK

Ladies, ladies, no need to get  
agitated. We came for more guns.  
Jumped in for a swim.

MILDRED

We don't have any more guns.

FRANCES

We gave you everything...

CLARK

But we want more.

O'LEARY

More guns.

MILDRED

I'm calling immigration.

CLARK

Don't do that ladies. We'll go in  
peace.

O'Leary and Clark slosh their way out of the pool.

MILDRED

Shoo, shoo, get lost!

FRANCES

And don't come back.

O'LEARY

Hey! Don't threaten us. We're the ones threatening you.

MILDRED

Nobody threatens Mildred!

CLARK

Ladies, be good. And get those guns for us. Or we'll be back for more than a swim.

O'Leary and Clark disappear around the side of the house.

FRANCES

Now we REALLY need to get to Bermuda. And not just for a good-time vacation.

INT. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Robert and Cassandra have returned from their date. Both look very happy. Mildred and Frances are pacing around the living room looking nervous.

CASSANDRA

Robert, you're so smart!

ROBERT

I just can't get excited about a religion that prays for high-quality tennis balls.

MILDRED

What about comfortable men's shoes, with tassels? Those are worth praying over. I need a new pair myself.

ROBERT

Cassandra needs to convert to Buddhism. With some gospel music thrown in.

MILDRED

We still don't know the answer to that burning question. How much money do you make? And can you get us to Bermuda? Fast..

ROBERT

What? I cleared about one hundred thousand dollars last year. Of course I was living on my own.

MILDRED

One hundred thousand dollars. Like the per capita income in Bermuda?

ROBERT

Bermuda?

FRANCES

Mother is crazy about Bermuda. She's planning to escape there. I mean take a vacation.

ROBERT

(Nonchalantly)  
I've been there.

MILDRED, FRANCES, AND CASSANDRA

(Amazed)  
You've been to Bermuda?

ROBERT

Yes, I vacationed there last year. And two years ago. The beaches have this clear water, and you can see little yellow and blue fish. It's a great place for snorkeling.

Mildred grabs Robert by the arm.

MILDRED

Was it wonderful? Was it spectacular?

ROBERT

Yes, I had some relaxing vacations there. Of course I was by myself, which was kind of lonely.

MILDRED

What a waste. We could have been there with you. All three of us.

ROBERT

Or I might have taken Cassandra. Just Cassandra!

MILDRED

It's a place the whole family needs to see -- even Little Willie.

FRANCES

Now that he escaped, he doesn't live with us anymore.

ROBERT

Your brother escaped? From where? From prison camp?

FRANCES

You might say that. He and Little Debbie decided not to press charges.

ROBERT

I heard he joined the military. Why would he press charges?

MILDRED

(Wistfully)

They say that the hardest part about being in the military is coming back home afterwards. Adjusting to civilian life.

ROBERT

I've heard that myself. It must be hard coming home. Especially after being in some kind of prison camp.

CASSANDRA

(Nervously)

Come on, Robert. Let's go take a walk.

Robert and Cassandra exit the front door of Mildred's house, arm in arm.

MILDRED

I don't trust that guy. He might date Cassandra. He might even marry her if she goes crazy over him. But what's he going to do for us?

FRANCES

What are you talking about?

MILDRED

Robert makes a shitload of money. We deserve some of that. I want Robert to pay us a dowry.

FRANCES

Cassandra is not worth any money. She's not working. We all just got fired from S&M.

MILDRED

Sure, but we can get other jobs.

FRANCES

Not so easy these days. Besides if Robert marries Cassandra, his money will be our money. Family money.

MILDRED

Hmmm. I like the sound of that. How do we get at it? Do we need to lock him up?

FRANCES

No, Mother. Enough of the kidnapping. This time we need to try blackmail. The in-law type of crime.

INT. MAIN OFFICE OF S&M MANUFACTURING. DAY

Mr. Outlaw is waving his arms and yelling at Mildred, Cassandra, and Frances. We do not hear what he says. The music playing is "Will it Go Round in Circles," or something indicating trouble.

Mr. Outlaw waves his hands at the door and the three women file out.

MILDRED

Ha! He thinks he's going to send us to jail? He should be serving time. The wages he paid us were criminal.

CASSANDRA

(Skeptically)

He did sound angry. I don't want to go to jail.

FRANCES

Now might be a good time to leave for Bermuda. What with these possible felony charges, and Sinn Fein after us.

MILDRED

I can handle Buddy Outlaw. He's married to that nincompoop wife of his, Betty Poop or whatever her name is.

FRANCES

Betty Lou Outlaw.

MILDRED

She has small boobs and crooked teeth. No competition for me. I'm more worried about those thugs in our swimming pool.

CASSANDRA

What thugs?

FRANCES

The Irish gun buyers with the cute accents. They want more weapons. They took a swim in Mother's pool.

CASSANDRA

Ha! I missed that!

MILDRED

You were out with Robert.

CASSANDRA

Maybe we should call the NRA.

MILDRED

Not a bad idea.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ROBERT'S PLACE -- DAY.

Little Willie is talking to Robert Santee. Little Willie is very animated. We don't hear what he is saying. The music is something menacing like "Move, Bitch" by Ludacris.

Little Willie finishes his tirade and then rolls quickly down the street, away from Mildred, who is approaching Robert's store.

Robert stands tapping his foot in disbelief, shaking his head and waiting for Mildred.

MILDRED

(Yelling after Little Willie)

Son, come back! I need to talk to you. You still owe me rent!

ROBERT

Woman, are you crazy? You held him prisoner in your house for six months and you think he owes you rent! That's kidnapping!

MILDRED

Like I tolf the judge -- who happened to be a personal friend of mine and maybe Little Willie's father -- how can it be kidnapping when it's your own kid?

ROBERT

I'm no lawyer, but holding a grown man prisoner and stealing his VA disability benefits for the purpose of building a swimming pool sounds like kidnapping to me.

Cassandra walks down Main Street toward the store, bawling.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm not sure I want to marry your daughter. Everybody get inside.

INT. ROBERT'S PLACE -- SAME

ROBERT

Mrs. Hazelton, you have broken the law!

MIDLRED

Whatever happened to the ethical side of the law? I raised that boy for 18 years as a single mother -- not a cent from his daddy. Then Little Willie went off to fight that war in Iraq over oil, for the United States, and I say he owes me money. The judge owes me money. This whole damned country owes me money. And when I try selling guns -- weapons that I assembled with my own hands -- to buy me a little old vacation in Bermuda -- what happens? More criminal charges. Where is this country headed?

ROBERT

I must say. You do make a cogent argument.



Cassandra sobs even harder.

Several CUSTOMERS look hard at Cassandra. The customers return shirts to the shelf. They exit the store, hastily.

MILDRED

Of course. I was president of my debate team in high school.

ROBERT

But kidnapping your own son? All of this is making me wonder about the sanity of your family. Should I marry one of your daughters?

Cassandra screams in agony.

MILDRED

So, don't get married. Marriage is evil. Go away, Robert, get lost! Leave us alone.

CASSANDRA

Mother, you dumb-ass! How are you going to flee the country without Robert's help? You have Irish goons in your swimming pool.

ROBERT

What?

MIDLRED

I don't need anyone's help with Sinn Fein.

ROBERT

I fell in love with Cassandra. In my family, that means I want to marry her. But how much pain am I willing to suffer with you as my mother-in-law?

MILDRED

Like I said. Get lost.

ROBERT

What if Cassandra and I married, and we had a daughter who joined the military. Would you steal her benefits?

MILDRED

Of course not. Women need to band together.

Mildred pauses dramatically before reciting poetry:

Mothers and daughters,  
Working together,  
Knitting and cooking,  
Stroking the leather.

Now if you had a son, that would be  
a whole different story. He would  
be fair game.

Cassandra approaches Mildred with her hands stretched out as  
if preparing to strangle her.

ROBERT

Not all men are bad! Remember -- I  
paid your bail money.

MIDLRED

Most men are not as nice as you,  
Robert Santee. And how do I know  
you won't get Cassandra pregnant  
and then leave?

ROBERT

You always think the worst! Where  
is the love, Mildred?

MILDRED

I lost it in the back of a  
Volkswagen Beetle.

ROBERT

That must have been a tight  
squeeze.

Frances enters the store.

FRANCES

Mother, we lost you in the crowd at  
Zebra Hardware. Did you find the  
staple gun you wanted?

MILDRED

No. I ran into Little Willie. He's  
been telling Robert, here, some  
stories about us. Now he's off his  
feedbag about Cassandra. He has  
second thoughts. And who wouldn't  
with all that junk she has in the  
trunk?

CASSANDRA

(Extremely distressed)

Robert, I thought you loved my figure!

ROBERT

I do, but your family seems kind of strange.

CASSANDRA

I am NOT my mother. And I don't intend to turn into her, either.

ROBERT

That's good news, because I can't afford to pay your bail more than once or twice per year.

FRANCES

Even Donald Trump couldn't do that!

CASSANDRA

I want to live on my own, for once. Robert and I can be a real family. With Love in the house, not just greed.

MILDRED

(Defiantly)

I can take care of myself and my girls. I don't need the government, or marriage, or any stinking man.

ROBERT

But that's the problem, Mildred. You need to rely on others once in a while. Think about love. Think about peace. Think about your family once in a while.

MILDRED

None of that stuff is getting me my trip to Bermuda. Family. What about family money?

ROBERT

Money is not always the answer.

MILDRED

The airfare and hotel package to Bermuda cost two thousand dollars per person. Money is the answer.

ROBERT  
(Exasperated)  
That's it. I need romance in my  
life, but I'm not a money lending  
business. I'm out of here.

Robert stomps off toward the back of the store.

Cassandra begins screaming and punches Mildred in the face,  
boxer style. Mildred falls backward, unconscious, onto a  
chair for trying on shoes.

FRANCES  
(Impressed)  
Cassandra, forget about tennis.  
You're pretty good at boxing.  
Should I call an ambulance?

INT. MILDRED'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Mildred and Frances are sitting on a couch and an armchair.  
Mildred holds a bag of ice covering one eye.

Frances is lying on the couch, sighing forlornly.

FRANCES  
I need some time off. I might go  
work out with Morris.

MILDRED  
Don't say his name. I don't want  
another destructive romance in the  
family.

The doorbell rings. Before Mildred or Frances can get up to  
open the door, Mr. Outlaw barges into the living room.

MR. OUTLAW  
You women have a lot of nerve. You  
stole at least 25 guns.

MILDRED  
You didn't give us time to steal  
any more.

MR. OUTLAW  
Mildred, you are reprehensible.  
What happened to your eye? A  
jealous wife I suppose.

FRANCES  
No. Cassandra punched her.

MR. OUTLAW

Good for her! It's about time your children took some revenge. Frances, if I were you I'd move out immediately.

Mr. Outlaw pauses and rocks back and forth on his shoes.

Got anything to eat?

MILDRED

Fix your own damned food.

MR. OUTLAW

Don't mind if I do.

Mr. Outlaw heads for the kitchen. We can hear the sound of pots and pans rattling around.

MR. OUTLAW (CONT'D)

Hey! Who's swimming in your pool?

FRANCES

Oh, no.

MILDRED

Must be that Irish scum.

MR. OUTLAW

(From off screen)

They're wearing plaid bathing suits. And smoking cigars.

MILDRED

Do me a favor. Open the screen door and tell them to get lost.

From Off screen we hear Mr. Outlaw opening the door and yelling.

MR. OUTLAW

Hey, you! Get lost! Shoo! Before I call the police.

After a few seconds, Mr. Outlaw steps into the living room carrying a ham and cheese sandwich on a plate. He sits on the couch and bites into the sandwich.

MR. OUTLAW (CONT'D)

Who were those guys? I made them leave.

FRANCES

Gun runners. They bought some of our guns for Sinn Fein.

MR. OUTLAW

My guns.

MILDRED

"Possession" meant they were mine. Before we sold them.

MR. OUTLAW

You have an interesting interpretation of the law, Millie. It's one hundred percent wrong.

MILDRED

If you're so gung-ho on the law, why don't you have those Sinn Fein guys arrested. For trespassing.

MR. OUTLAW

I might just do that.

INT. ROBERT'S PLACE -- DAY

Sunday afternoon. Robert is puttering around the store, in a troubled state of mind. He shoos out one or two HOMELESS PEOPLE. He folds shirts and pants and places them on the shelves. He sighs.

After about 10 seconds, KAREN enters the store. Karen is a small, sneaky seductive woman. She says one thing and does another. She is always hitting on men.

Karen is dim-witted. She has an Australian accent.

Karen pretends to look through the clothing, but she has really entered the store to look for Robert.

Karen stands near Robert and tries hard to get his attention.

ROBERT

(Warily)

May I help you find something?

KAREN

You surely can. I'm looking for some clothes.

ROBERT

What kind of clothes?

KAREN  
Men's clothes.

ROBERT  
For your husband?

KAREN  
I'm not married.

ROBERT  
For your father?

KAREN  
No, Silly. He buys all his clothes  
in Charlotte.

ROBERT  
(Confused)  
Well, what then?

KAREN  
(Seductively)  
I'm just looking for some clothes.

ROBERT  
Okay. I'm confused. Maybe you  
prefer to wear men's clothing  
yourself. Maybe you're one of those  
lesbian women.

KAREN  
(giggling)  
Oh, no, Silly. I like to wear  
dresses all the time. I came to  
your store to meet YOU. I was a  
friend of your mother, Patricia.

ROBERT  
(Wistfully)  
They called her "Punching  
Patricia."

KAREN  
I never heard the "punching" part.

ROBERT  
She died three years ago. Very  
tragic! I wish my mother were here  
right now to give me some advice  
about love. I am in love, but my  
fiancee's family is kind of  
strange.

KAREN

Maybe your mother has come back from the grave, through me, to give you some advice.

ROBERT

(Disgusted)

That's a horrible thought! Mother did not traffic in Halloween candy. She was not a witch. She was a wonderful mother.

KAREN

(Grabbing Robert's arm)

No worries. Your mother and I worked together in the accounting department at the State Lottery Office. She was always telling me about you, and your store. And your holidays in Bermuda.

ROBERT

(Tearfully)

My holidays in Bermuda? I have some new friends who want to travel to Bermuda. And a wonderful woman who wants to go into the clothing business with me. Cassandra, come back, honey! Come back, Big Mama.

KAREN

Forget about Cassandra. Maybe she doesn't want you. I do. I mean, your mother told me to look you up. And now that I'm looking, I see that you look pretty good.

ROBERT

(Confused)

What are you talking about?

KAREN

I think your mother was worried you might need someone to take care of you after she left this planet.

ROBERT

(Resentfully)

I don't need anyone to take care of me. I need someone to love me. I need a companion in commerce. I need a funny woman with a a big sense of humor.



KAREN  
I have a big sense of humor.

ROBERT  
Not big enough.

KAREN  
It can get bigger.

ROBERT  
Please don't bother. I need someone  
with a gigantic sense of humor.

Robert cups his hands indicating a large ass.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
And besides, I don't like women of  
your fill-in-the-blank persuasion.  
I refuse to date Australian women.  
No kangaroo women at my house.

KAREN  
(Adamantly)  
I am not Australian. I'm Tasmanian  
and proud of it. Part Aboriginal,  
too.

ROBERT  
I thought all Tasmanians spun  
around and made growling noises.

KAREN  
That was just a cartoon. But I can  
do those things, if you like.

ROBERT  
(Scandalized)  
Thank you for coming into my store,  
but I think it's time for you to  
leave. Miss Karen, you reminded me  
where my priorities lie. With  
Cassandra. Even if her mother did  
commit multiple felonies.

Robert tries to push Karen toward the door leading out of his  
store. Karen resists, easily. She is much stronger than  
Robert.

KAREN  
Would your mother have approved of  
that? Would she want you to date a  
criminal? I heard about Cassandra.

ROBERT

(Sighing)

No, my mother did not like thieves.  
Or anybody with a criminal records.

KAREN

(Nonchalantly)

For example, I don't have a  
criminal record. Let's go get some  
Chinese food

ROBERT

Well, it is time for me to close  
the store.

KAREN

We could eat at the Goose Inn down  
the street.

ROBERT

Don't they use monosodium  
glutamate?

KAREN

Is that the kissing disease? In  
that case, I want some.

Karen pinches Robert's underarm and successfully drags him  
toward the door.

ROBERT

Please Karen, you're hurting me.

EXT. GOOSE INN RESTAURANT - SAME

The exterior of Goose Inn reveals a sleazy Chinese restaurant  
on Main Street, Toad Hollow.

Passersby (the same ones we saw earlier refusing to buy guns  
from Mildred) exit the restaurant, either carrying take-out  
baskets or holding their stomachs in agony.

INT. GOOSE INN RESTAURANT - SAME

Robert and Karen are sitting at a small table with plastic  
carry-out plates of food in front of them. Plastic forks.  
Wooden snap-apart chop sticks.

As they talk, Robert pokes at his food, stirring around the  
rice and eating small, dainty bites every once in a while. He  
is love sick for Cassandra.

Karen has three egg rolls, hot mustard, duck sauce, and some fried rice in front of her. She bites seductively into an egg roll. She chews like a lawn mower.

Robert is lost in thought. Karen tries hard to get his attention.

ROBERT

(Musing)

I wish my mother were here right now to give me some advice. They called her "Punching Patricia."

KAREN

(Rolling her eyes)

You said that already.

ROBERT

She was a wonderful mother. She gave me advice about business. Not so much about romance. I'm new at romance. This is the first time I've fallen in love.

KAREN

What is love? I've never understood. And why does it make people sick?

ROBERT

Love is the way I feel about Cassandra. I want her to be here with me, right now. Except Cassandra does not eat monosodium glutamate. She only eats healthy food.

KAREN

She must eat a lot of it.

ROBERT

(Angry)

You stop that right now! Stop saying mean things about Cassandra.

KAREN

(Shrugging)

It's obvious she's overweight. So is her mother. Everybody knows that about the Hazelton women.

Karen picks up a plastic fork and the plate full of fried rice and begins shoveling rice into her mouth. She makes disgusting noises, like a lawn mower or industrial vacuum.

Robert looks around the room to discover the source of the noise. When he sees that it's Karen, he is surprised.

ROBERT

(Standing up)

What kind of a disgusting noise is that? Like a saw mill. Is that how they eat in Australia?

KAREN

(Mouth full)

Tasmania. I told you I'm from Tasmania. And I have some aboriginal blood.

ROBERT

When you eat, it sounds an industrial vacuum.

KAREN

(Giggling)

Thanks. In Tasmania we consider that a compliment. The more noise you make while you're eating, the more calories it burns. That's why Tasmanians are all so skinny.

ROBERT

Now I'm prejudiced. Because of that noise, I don't like Australians or Tasmanians.

KAREN

(Smiling)

If we move to Tasmania, you'll have to learn to make that same noise when you eat.

ROBERT

(Horrorified)

Who says I'm moving to Tasmania?

KAREN

Oh. I'm sorry. Your mother said you needed help with your store. Opening new branches. Well, in Hobart, the capitol of Tasmania, you could open a store and make lots of money. Because they don't have enough men's clothing boutiques.

Robert stands up and begins moving away from the table.

ROBERT

My mother was incorrect. I don't need any help running Robert's Place, unless Cassandra and I decide to expand and carry women's clothing. And I'm not leaving Toad Hollow.

KAREN

(Shrugging)

Good luck with that plan, Robert. This food is delicious. We don't have this kind of Chinese food in Tasmania. Maybe I should open a Goose Inn in Hobart. I could make a fortune.

Robert runs away.

Karen holds the plastic plate close to her mouth and shovels in the rice, making loud noises.

EXT. TOAD HOLLOW AIRPORT - DAY.

Planes take off and land on a sunny day at Toad Hollow airport.

Mildred and Frances drive up to the curb in Mildred's red truck. Mildred jumps out of the truck. Frances follows her reluctantly, after hauling the suitcases from the car.

INT. TOAD HOLLOW AIRPORT - DAY.

Mildred, who has a black eye, rolls her luggage quickly across the floor of the airport, excitedly waving an airplane ticket.

Frances follows, dragging her suitcase.

Mildred and Frances meet in the security line, just before removing their shoes and placing them on the conveyor belt.

As they women talk, a TSA GUARD tries to move them along.

MILDRED

Up, up, and away. We're off to Bermuda. Thanks to Robert Santee!

FRANCES

Who wants to get rid of us.

MILDRED

Does the reason matter? We have our tickets. And a hotel room on the beach.

FRANCES

I hate to fly. And I miss Morris.

MILDRED

Forget about that personal trainer. He doesn't have enough money for travel!

FRANCES

What has that got to do with it? Morris is a wonderful person.

Mildred gets a pat-down from the TSA Guard who finds an Uzi hidden under her shirt.

TSA SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am, you can't take a gun on the plane. I'll have to confiscate this.

MILDRED

(Angry)

That gun is worth a lot of money.

FRANCES

Oh, for heaven's sake, Mother. Give her the gun! Do you want to go to Bermuda or not?

MILDRED

I want to go.

FRANCES

Then hand over the gun.

Mildred hands over the gun and makes her way through security. Then she runs excitedly toward the terminal, pushing and gliding her roller bag.

Frances lags behind, dragging her luggage.

EXT. BINLAY PARK, TOAD HOLLOW - DAY

Robert Santee enters from one side of the park. Cassandra enters from another place. They are searching for each other.

Cassandra is four months pregnant.

At some point, Cassandra and Robert find each other, embrace and kiss.

ROBERT

Do you have an Uzi under your shirt?

CASSANDRA

No. I'm pregnant. My mother is probably going to kill me because of this, if I don't kill her first.

ROBERT

A baby! Wonderful! I love you, Cassandra. Let's get married. Just keep me away from your mother. I sent her to Bermuda, but eventually she might be coming back.

CASSANDRA

She is evil! I've been living upstairs at the Tennis Center since I punched her in the face. If she's gone to Bermuda, maybe I can sneak back into the house.

ROBERT

She's gone, all right. I bought tickets for her and Frances.

CASSANDRA

Good. The Tennis Center stinks!

ROBERT

What ruined your mother? Turned her into a criminal? She grew up in the same neighborhood as my mother. And Punching Patricia was a saint!

CASSANDRA

I dunno. My mother has been punched around. By life.

ROBERT

Everyone gets punched around by life. People handle stress differently. Not everyone turns to kidnapping. Or gun trafficking.

CASSANDRA

My mother thinks she's Donald Trump.

ROBERT

Why would anyone want to be Donald Trump? He's ugly, he's Irish, and he has big smelly feet. Remember that magazine cover? Gross.

CASSANDRA

Trump has lots of money. But why? He deserves nothing. I bet he goes to Bermuda whenever he wants. And plays tennis for free!

Robert squeezes Cassandra.

ROBERT

Forget about Trump. Obviously he can't keep a woman happy. That's where I'm better than he is.

Robert and Cassandra kiss.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We should name our daughter, Patricia, after my mother.

CASSANDRA

No. "Mildred." I punched my mother in the face. I knocked her out. I feel kind of bad about that.

ROBERT

She deserved it. And when we tell Mildred we're getting married, she's going to start World War III.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOAD HOLLOW. DAY.

Mr. Outlaw, driving his fancy black Mercedes SUV pulls up to a parking space on Main Street, close to Robert's Place.

On the bumper of Mr. Outlaw's car are two stickers. "I [heart] Colorado," and "Friends of the Toad Hollow Police Association."

Mr. Outlaw gets out of his car and stands on the sidewalk looking up and down the street. He is searching for somebody.

Mr. Outlaw sees his targets off in the distance.

Cut to -- Further down the sidewalk, O'Leary and Clark are strolling around, watching for people who want to buy or sell guns. They are cool, bored, carrying the usual briefcases. Clark is carrying a paper cup full of coffee.



Suddenly they see Mr. Outlaw. They become agitated. Clark dumps his coffee in the bushes.

CLARK  
Who's that bugger?

O'LEARY  
Guy at the gun lady's house. Chased us away.

CLARK  
Nobody chases us away!

O'LEARY  
Said he would call the Bobbies on us.

CLARK  
Them women must be holster humpers.

MR. OUTLAW  
(Falsely polite)  
I beg your pardon. You gentlemen are loitering.

CLARK  
Nothing says we can't walk on this sidewalk.

MR. OUTLAW  
I say.

CLARK  
Who are you?

MR. OUTLAW  
I'm the one who manufactures those guns you're stealing.

CLARK  
We didn't steal nothing.

MR. OUTLAW  
What's in those briefcases?

O'LEARY  
We bought these guns.

MR. OUTLAW  
Maybe the police should decide.

Mr. Outlaw attempts to grab O'Leary's suitcase. O'Leary knocks Mr. Outlaw to the ground.

Both Clark and O'Leary mistake this altercation for a fun barroom brawl and instead of running away, pile on top of Mr. Outlaw after tossing their briefcases aside.

Clark and Outlaw punch O'Leary in the face and body.

CLARK

I love a good fight.

O'LEARY

Punch him in the face!

MR. OUTLAW

Help! Help! Get off of me you goons!

CLARK

Even better when we're sober!

TWO POLICEMEN who happen to be riding their horses along Main Street, enjoying the sunny day, hear Mr. Outlaw's cries for help.

FIRST POLICEMAN

What's going on here?

SECOND POLICEMAN

This appears to be a fight.

CLARK

(Looking up)

He tried to grab my briefcase.

FIRST POLICEMAN

What's inside the suitcase?

O'LEARY

Guns. Our guns.

MR. OUTLAW

They've been stealing from my factory. I'm Buddy Outlaw.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Mr. Outlaw!

FIRST POLICEMAN

My brother works at your plant!

The First Policeman helps Mr. Outlaw to his feet.

MR. OUTLAW

Arrest these men!

CLARK

We didn't do nothing.

The Second Policeman grabs Clark and puts handcuffs on him. O'Leary takes off, running. The First Policeman mounts his horse and takes after O'Leary.

EXT. ABOVE BERMUDA - DAY

An aerial shot shows the Bermudian islands. Blue, beautiful. There is a harbor with cruise ships and smaller vessels docked there.

EXT. BERMUDA AIRPORT - DAY

Mildred descends from the plane onto a regular runway. Nothing special, but Mildred is excited.

Mildred jumps up and down waving her arms.

Frances stands and watches her.

The people entering the airport are every color, very integrated. All doing well. This excites Mildred.

EXT. ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA - SAME

In a pleasant port TOURISTS and BUSINESS PEOPLE stroll around. A BERMUDIAN MAN wearing the traditional Bermudian pith helmet and shorts walks by. Mildred sees him and goes berserk with joy.

Frances stands by, watching patiently.

EXT. ST. CATHERINE'S BEACH, BERMUDA - DAY

Mildred and Frances sit on lounge chairs, much as they did in Mildred's back yard. But now they are on a Bermudian beach, and the weather is great. Mildred seems very happy. Frances is not so sure.

Next to the women are side table with large glasses of lemonade or iced tea or alcoholic drinks on them. A bag of ice is on the table next to Mildred.

In the background, HAMILTON, a steel drum player from Bermuda, is playing the drums and watching the women. Since Hamilton is sitting on a stool, it is not apparent at first that he is a dwarf.

Mildred still has a black eye. Every once in a while she applies the bag of ice to her eye.

MILDRED

Bermuda! This is the life I want to lead. Sun. Sand. Clear water. A bag of ice from the hotel. Yellow and blue tropical fish.

FRANCES

There's no difference between here and Toad Hollow.

MILDRED

(Alarmed)

What are you saying? This is Bermuda! You can't swim in our backyard. And there's no sand there.

FRANCES

We have a pool. Remember? You bought it with Little Willie's VA disability benefits.

MILDRED

Sure, I remember. But Toad Hollow is NOT Bermuda. We don't have yellow and blue tropical fish in Toad Hollow. Or the ocean. Or men wearing helmets and shorts. Or steel drum players. That guy is cute. Short, but cute. A real gentleman.

FRANCES

Who? That steel drum player has been following us.

MILDRED

Hamilton? He's just a good buddy of mine.

FRANCES

Mother. A male acquaintance who is just a friend? That's not like you.

MILDRED

I'm different when I'm in Bermuda.

FRANCES

Different is good.

MILDRED

What do you mean?

FRANCES

I'm bored and looking for some change, is all. Bermuda may be paradise to you, but I miss Toad Hollow. And I miss Morris!

MILDRED

You don't miss Morris. And you don't miss Toad Hollow. How can you miss any place with "toad" in the name?

FRANCES

Toad Hollow is home! I miss Little Willie. I even miss Little Debbie. But most of all I miss Cassandra. She and Robert live in another neighborhood now, far away from us. I wonder what changed Robert's mind.

MILDRED

Some skinny woman from Tasmania scared him off. He figured Cassandra was a better deal Ha! She'll be back home soon.

FRANCES

Cassandra is afraid to come home.

Mildred carefully probes her black eye and reaches for the bag of ice.

MILDRED

Cassandra isn't afraid of much. Other people might be afraid of her.

FRANCES

Cassandra loves you, Mother. That's why she punched you. To show her love.

MILDRED

I've heard that one before.

FRANCES

I wish you two could get along. So we could all have tea together or something.

MILDRED

Why? You and Cassandra were always fighting.

FRANCES

Me and Cassandra? What about you and Cassandra?

MILDRED

Cassandra is an excellent fighter. She fights with everyone.

FRANCES

Exactly. She was the best opponent to fight with, ever. Notice how I let her win, sometimes? And she knew how to dodge and jab. Remember how she took you out?

Mildred and Frances laugh.

MILDRED

Well, I do miss Cassandra a whole lot. Too bad she and Robert decided to vacation in Italy instead of Bermuda.

FRANCES

Who would choose Italy? They have vipers over there. And communists.

MILDRED

Robert is a bad influence. But he has lots of dough.

FRANCES

Yes, and he paid our bail, for the gun smuggling thing.

MILDRED

Thank goodness Mr. Outlaw dropped the charges.

FRANCES

He was never going to do anything to us.

MILDRED

Yes. Outlaw is a pushover. One ham sandwich, one slice of cherry pie, a quick massage, and he's not angry any more.

FRANCES  
Praise Jesus.

MILDRED  
Yes, Lord.

FRANCES  
Praise him.

MILDRED  
After that last deep-tissue  
massage, he could hardly stand up.

FRANCES  
How do you do it, Mother?  
Immobilize men?

MILDRED  
It's all in the wrists.

Hamilton, the steel drum player, steps down from his stool.  
It now becomes apparent that he's a dwarf.

Hamilton approaches the women.

HAMILTON  
Good morning, Ladies.

MILDRED  
Good morning. How are your  
chickens?

HAMILTON  
My chickens are doing just fine.  
They love to scratch. May I offer  
to play a musical selection for  
you?

FRANCES  
That would be nice.

MILDRED  
But don't expect a tip.

HAMILTON  
No tip.

FRANCES  
How about "Bolero?"

HAMILTON  
I don't know that one.

MILDRED

Well then, "Move, Bitch" by  
Ludacris.

HAMILTON

I can't play that one, either. How  
about I choose something.

MILDRED

Knock yourself out. So I don't have  
to.

Hamilton returns to the steel drums and begins playing a  
Caribbean tune.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

That's nice. He wants me.

FRANCES

Please! The steel drum player and  
any person from Bermuda, is out of  
your league!

MILDRED

He's four feet tall. And he raises  
chickens.

FRANCES

News flash. Everybody in Bermuda  
raises chickens. Even though they  
make one hundred thousand dollars  
per year, every man, woman and  
child, they still raise chickens to  
show they are down to earth. Not  
snooty.

MILDRED

That man is not snooty! I bet if I  
were Wonder Woman with the power to  
make myself invisible, and I went  
into Hamilton's house, he'd be  
farting and dancing around the  
coffee table, just like everybody  
else.

The women drink their beverages.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I can be sophisticated, too.

FRANCES

I don't think so, Mother. You  
kidnapped your own son.



MILDRED

So what? I needed his money.

FRANCES

Was that your excuse for conking him on the head with a saucepan?

MILDRED

Yes, it's the American way. Remember that vice president who shot his friend in the face?

In the background, Hamilton happily plays his steel drums, oblivious of the heated conversation going on between the women.

FRANCES

Now after all of this, Cassandra is expecting a baby.

Mildred stands up.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Oops. That was a secret.

MILDRED

A baby? At her age?

FRANCES

Cassandra is 30!

MILDRED

At any age, a baby is bad news!

FRANCES

Don't worry. It will be a girl.

MILDRED

Just as long as she doesn't get married. And I don't have to babysit.

FRANCES

I may babysit.

MILDRED

Find yourself a real job.

FRANCES

I think they're naming her "Mildred."

MILDRED

Some kind of trick to get me to agree...

Hamilton stops playing the steel drum, climbs down off the tall stool and approaches the women. He holds his hand out to Mildred.

HAMILTON

Care to have dinner with me, Ms. Hazelton?

MILDRED

Sure. Sounds like a blast. What're we eating? Chicken?

HAMILTON

I have a romantic seafood place in mind.

MILDRED

Yellow and blue. Blue and yellow.

HAMILTON

I'll pick you up at eight. On my Vespa.

Hamilton ambles back to his steel drums.

FRANCES

Maybe he does like you.

MILDRED

(disgruntled)  
I'm irresistible.

FRANCES

Or he wants a quick American visa.

MILDRED

A quickie? I can give him that.

FRANCES

While you're having dinner with Steel Drum, I'll Skype Morris.

EXT. BINLAY PARK, TOAD HOLLOW - DAY

Little Willie, Little Debbie, Robert, and Cassandra and sitting side-by-side on garden swings in Binlay Park. Homeless People are sleeping under the bushes and on the sidewalks.

Little Willie, Little Debbie, Robert, and Cassandra all look worried.

ROBERT  
(Resigned and worried)  
We're all expecting babies. How about that.

LITTLE WILLIE  
(Worried)  
Do... not.... tell.... Mother.

CASSANDRA  
Well, she's going to find out someday.

LITTLE DEBBIE  
Soon.

ROBERT  
I don't want to be around when that happens.

LITTLE WILLIE  
When are they coming back from Bermuda?

CASSANDRA  
Next week.

LITTLE WILLIE  
Does she know about your wedding?

CASSANDRA  
No.

Everybody looks worried except the Homeless People, who are asleep or stoned. Cassandra looks at Robert. Little Willie looks at Little Debbie. Cassandra looks at Little Willie and shakes her head in disbelief that he is her brother.

EXT. BERMUDIAN SEAFOOD RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Multicolored couples are entering the restaurant. There are lights and the sound of soft music.

INT. BERMUDIAN SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - SAME

Mildred and Hamilton (in a booster chair) are seated at a large table piled high with seafood and salads, plus a decorated cake. The cake is tall and has the word "Bermuda" on top.

Island music is playing in the background.

Hamilton and Mildred are both digging into food, chewing too much to talk. DINERS at other tables look at them in amazement.

HAMILTON

Pass the oysters, please.

MILDRED

Mashed parsnips. I want another round of those.

HAMILTON

You can't beat seafood.

MILDRED

Yellow and blue. Or vegetables.

HAMILTON

This is the island life.

MILDRED

I like a man who knows how to eat. None of those Skinny Kennedies for me.

HAMILTON

Sure. I'm not related to any presidents.

MILDRED

So, Ham -- why would you ever want to move to the US? Give up all this?

HAMILTON

I don't. I was hoping you would live here on the island with me.

MILDRED

You do have excellent manners, but my family is back in the States. How could I survive without my family?

HAMILTON

I could be your family.

MILDRED

No. Kids count for something. They provide entertainment.

HAMILTON

(Admiringly)

I heard you kidnapped your own son.  
How could you do that?

MILDRED

I needed the money.

HAMILTON

My son works at a bank managing  
junk bonds. He would never lend me  
any money.

MILDRED

That was my problem. Neither would  
Little Willie. And he had that VA  
disability check coming in. How  
could I resist kidnapping him?

HAMILTON

I agree with that, Mon. Children  
need to support their parents! And  
my son wears a helmet to work every  
day!

MILDRED

(Intrigued)

Your son wears a helmet?

HAMILTON

Yes, Mon.

MILDRED

I love those Bermudian men in  
helmets.

HAMILTON

(Suggestively)

I could wear a helmet.

MILDRED

I'd like to see that! But I warn  
you Mr. Steel Drums Short Guy, I am  
nobody's housewife! We don't get  
married in the Hazelton family.

Frances comes barging into the restaurant, bumping into a  
WAITER and nearly spilling the water at someone's table.

FRANCES

Hey, Mother! Mother!

MILDRED

What? I'm in the middle of an important dinner.

FRANCES

Morris wants to get married! He proposed to my over the computer! He said "Yaboodnick!"

HAMILTON

Ha, ha! I knew you were joking, Mildred.

MILDRED

What?

FRANCES

That means he wants to get married right away. It's romantic!

MILDRED

The Hazelton women do not believe in romance!

Mildred, frustrated, smashes her hand into the large Bermudian cake.

HAMILTON

Maybe you were not joking.

EXT. BERMUDIAN BEACH - NIGHT.

Hamilton and Mildred are walking on the beach. Mildred is upset. Her arms are crossed. She walks quickly, ahead of Hamilton, then stops and fumes, waiting for him to catch up.

Hamilton struts along happily. Despite his short stature, he is sure of himself.

HAMILTON

Come on, woman, you know you want me.

MILDRED

That's not the point. You're a nice, romantic kind of guy. Very dangerous.

HAMILTON

Nobody's called me "dangerous" before. I like that.

MILDRED

My daughters are betraying me. They are falling in love, just like my son did with Little Debbie.

HAMILTON

Kids lead their own lives. My son, Oliver, is six feet tall! He plays tennis. I used to carry him on my shoulders. Now he carries me on his shoulders. It's embarrassing.

MILDRED

Where is his mother?

HAMILTON

I don't know. And I don't care. She plays the trombone in a band somewhere.

MILDRED

You should try and find her.

HAMILTON

No. Because I'm going to America with you.

MILDRED

Oh, go get lost in a tempest!

Mildred stomps off the beach, upset.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Hamilton and Mildred are on a flight together, sitting in two seats next to each other. Mildred is depressed and angry.

Frances, sitting a row behind them, is excited about seeing Morris again. She is ecstatic, texting on her ipad.

INT. TOAD HOLLOW AIRPORT - DAY.

Hamilton enters the airport jauntily, very happy. His clothes are in a backpack. He pushes a cart with large boxes on it marked "steel drums."

Mildred who is depressed, enters the terminal doorway slowly, dragging two suitcases on wheels.

Frances rushes into the airport and runs down the stairs, pushing past Mildred, toward the luggage carrel.

She runs into the arms of MORRIS, a weird-looking, fit man with a strange hairdo.

FRANCES  
Home, at last!

MORRIS  
(Speaking gibberish)  
Hefflo!

EXT. BINLAY PARK, TOAD HOLLOW - DAY

This is the day of Frances' and Morris' wedding. Rows of lawn chairs are set up for the guests.

Hamilton is playing the steel drums. He is dressed in a fancy suit because he will also be performing the ceremony.

The wedding has a workout theme, and everyone except Hamilton is wearing fancy, glittery shorts and T-shirts; red running shoes.

Little Debbie, Little Willie, Mr. Outlaw, and Karen are among the wedding guests. Little Willie and Little Debbie are nervous, afraid to meet up with Mildred. Little Debbie is now visibly pregnant.

Mildred enters, talking with Robert and Cassandra, who is very pregnant. Mildred greets the WEDDING GUESTS. Little Willie and Little Debbie shy away from her.

ROBERT  
This wedding is a lot of trouble  
I'm just glad Cassandra and I  
eloped.

MILDRED  
Did you have any choice, with  
Little Mildred on the way?

CASSANDRA  
(Threateningly)  
Actually, Mother. He did.

Karen sidles over to the conversation. She has her eye on Robert.

KAREN  
Hello, everybody. My name is  
"Karen."



CASSANDRA

Yes, I've heard all about you. Back off, bitch.

KAREN

No need to get huffy!

Karen walks away toward the buffet table. She reaches the food and starts stuffing shrimp into her mouth.

ROBERT

Who invited Karen? Now we're going to have to listen to her eat.

CASSANDRA

I did.

MILDRED

I cannot BELIEVE Frances is marrying that Morris fellow. He can't even speak English.

CASSANDRA

(Sarcastically)

Morris and Cassandra have been doing it for years. Who cares if he doesn't speak English?

ROBERT

At least he has a job. And now Frances is becoming a personal trainer!

MILDRED

You would look at it that way. The world is all about money!

ROBERT

(Astonished)

Me?

MILDRED

(Reciting poetry,  
dramatically)

My last daughter gets married;  
I don't understand,  
Why she would choose.  
This strange-talking man!

All the wedding guests clap, especially Hamilton, who stops playing the drums and applauds noisily.

HAMILTON

Everybody! The bride and groom are coming!

Wedding guests make way for Morris and Frances as they enter, both wearing bright, elaborate workout clothes.

MILDRED

I do love her wedding shorts! And those glittery sneakers!

ROBERT

I special-ordered the bride's and groom's outfits all the way from Charlotte.

MILDRED

I can't say I was expecting you to have such good taste!

CASSANDRA

Eat a sea pork, Mother! Robert is the best.

Mildred mills around the crowd and runs into Little Debbie. Mildred sees that Little Debbie is pregnant.

MILDRED

ACCH! What? You too! I have to say I'm against this population growth. No chance that kid is going to look like me!

Little Debbie hurries away, terrified.

Hamilton stops playing the drums and climbs up onto a stool so that he can conduct the marriage ceremony.

HAMILTON

Please gather around for the ceremony uniting these people in matrimony -- or whatever you want to call it! I do NOT have a notary's license yet. The bride and groom do not seem to care.

Frances and Morris, wearing outlandish workout clothing, stand before Hamilton and hold hands.

The wedding guests, Robert, Mildred, Cassandra, Karen, and Mr. Outlaw crowd around Frances, Morris, and Hamilton.

MILDRED

This is exciting. I've never been to a wedding before.

CASSANDRA

Thank goodness you were in Bermuda when Robert and I got married.

ROBERT

I was afraid she was going to crash the reception.

MILDRED

Yeah. And for Christmas he's sending me to Australia.

CASSANDRA

We can hardly wait.

HAMILTON

Do you, Francesca, take Morrison, here, as your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, to bench press and to plank, for richer or poorer, to love and to cherish, even when his treadmill is broken?

CASSANDRA

They wrote their own vows. So sweet.

FRANCES

I do!

HAMILTON

Do you, Morrison, take Francesca, here, as your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, to train and to cherish, even when she's dumpy and out of shape?

MORRIS

(Speaking gibberish)

Phoo phoo, doo, doo. Yaboodnick!

Little Willie and Little Debbie look at each other, alarmed at the way Morris is speaking.

HAMILTON

I'm told that means "yes" in Morrison's special language. Praise Jesus! You may kiss the bride!

Morris and Frances kiss. The crowd cheers uproariously.

MILDRED

Praise, Jesus! I can't help myself.

MORRIS

(Speaking gibberish)

Keeka weeka. Yow yow. Borneo!

FRANCES

I'm beginning to understand him!

MILDRED

What happens if this guy gets arrested? He won't be able to identify himself or plead not guilty.

ROBERT

Maybe that's a good thing.

MORRIS

Wanna bwanna, memo ho famay!

FRANCES

That means he's hungry.

Morris wanders off to the buffet table and starts putting food on a plate. He nods at Karen who is still at the buffet table, eating.

ROBERT

Who truly understands another human being? Only Buddha understands!

MILDRED

We're going to have to hire ourselves a houseful of Buddhas to understand this guy.

CASSANDRA

Mother, stop exaggerating. Frances can translate for us.

MILDRED

It's like I've been saying. The schools in Toad Hollow are terrible. All the important lessons, like talking and fist fighting, have to be taught at home or the kids don't learn anything.

ROBERT

Morris has a job. He's a personal trainer. They all speak the same language. All grunts and pointing.

MILDRED

It's the Platinum Gym lingo. PG Latin. I'm just glad I don't have to learn a special foreign language to be with a man. They're hard enough to understand as it is.

FRANCES

That's the beautiful thing about Morris. Most of the time I don't understand him.

MORRIS

(Nodding)

Plutonium. Brezhnev. Krakow.

Morris wanders off and heads toward the buffet table, weaving in and out among the guests.

FRANCES

Morris might be from a different planet.

ROBERT

I wouldn't be surprised if he were extraterrestrial. Can he fly or do anything unusual like that?

FRANCES

Just his own special language. And amazing strength.

CASSANDRA

He might be able to read our minds, but with him speaking his own special language, how would we know?

MILDRED

It would be better if he could fly. Then he could go get takeout really fast. From Lizard's Thicket.

FRANCES

Or McDonald's.

Off to the side of the reception, Morris flies a few feet over to the buffet table to get second helpings.

Only Little Willie and Little Debbie see him. Horrified, they run away from the party.

MILDRED

Well, I guess I am happy for you  
Francesca.

Mildred and Frances hug.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I've been telling Frances for years  
that she ought to get married.

CASSANDRA

Hog shit.

FRANCES

Even if you hate marriage, Mother,  
getting hitched is the right thing  
for me.

ROBERT

But are you legally married?  
Really? And does it matter? In Toad  
Hollow, all you have to do is say  
you're married, and poof -- you're  
married!

MILDRED

Unfortunately, it's not so easy  
when you try to get divorced.

CASSANDRA

Don't say that word, Mother!  
"Divorced." We need some men in the  
family to earn a dollar for every  
dollar, rather than 72 cents.

MORRIS

Je ne sais pourquoi. Je suis marie.  
Hoo hoo, boo boo, choo choo. Allez  
Allez. Juventus.

MILDRED

Maybe on another planet, marriage  
would be good for me. But for now,  
I'm into traveling to Bermuda. And  
Australia. Combat yoga. And my  
swimming pool.

ROBERT

Whenever you want to leave for  
Australia, your tickets are ready,  
Mother Mildred.

Hamilton walks over to join the group. He hugs Mildred.

MILDRED

Well, somehow I have to find some money so that Hamilton can come with me to Australia. Swim around in the coral reef together.

CASSANDRA

You should check out the Australian Open. Travel in January!

MILDRED

Yes, Serena always wins. And so do I.

Mildred strikes a dramatic pose to recite poetry.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

They say family is best;  
And love saves the day.  
But I savor life more,  
When I travel far away.

\*\*\*\*END\*\*\*\*