

LIFE DURING WARTIME:  
(PILOT EPISODE - NOWHERE FAST)

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. WIND TURBINE FIELD / 300 FEET UP - DAY (1991)

High above the Coachella Valley, a disgustingly fat, late-Summer fly weaves through a vast field of rotating turbines.

A fierce wind whips up, knocks the fly off-course and forces it to lose altitude. The fly dives toward an indistinct human figure, far below, on the desert floor.

EXT. WIND TURBINE FIELD / GROUND LEVEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The strong gusts kick up a dust cloud and knock a tumbleweed into the inert, facedown body of...

PATRICK "PUCK" DUNNE (31), who is naked, emaciated and sun-burned. Puck sweats profusely and he struggles for breath.

Puck raises his head, looks toward the towering turbine, squints, and lifts a dirt-coated hand to block the sun.

An immense shadow darkens him, then another and another, like the wings of a massive predator descending.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.C.)  
(broken, static, echoing)  
Y... there! Th... facil... is o...  
limits. Vac.. th...pr...ises. Now!

Puck struggles to stand and, once he's erect, defiantly thrusts a clenched fist in the air.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Sec....ity's be...lerted!

His hand switches to a contemptuously raised middle finger, directed toward an overhead, surveillance camera.

Puck emits a DESPERATE WAIL, abruptly turns his back and faces the scorching sun.

A bead of sweat makes a trail down the mud-caked indentation of his spine, and slowly rolls around a raised, half-dollar sized, purple lesion, located above his buttocks.

The fly reappears, lands on the lesion and hungrily licks at the disease.

Puck furiously swats the fly away and staggers down the path.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MAKE-UP TRAILER - DAY (THREE YEARS EARLIER)

Puck (28) dozes on his back, as a MAKE-UP ARTIST (30's) applies bronzer to his sinewy torso.

MAKE-UP ARTIST  
Turn over for me.

Puck doesn't budge. She nudges him.

MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Wake up, Puck... Flip.

Puck GROANS and rolls onto his stomach.

MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Ease up on the partying, will you.  
I can only work so much magic. And  
spend some time in the sun too. You  
live in LA, you know.

PUCK  
I don't sunbathe. It reminds me of  
the desert... I hate it there.

She continues to apply bronzer, but stops when her hand encounters a small purple blemish on his lower back.

She eyes her hands, grabs a towel and furiously scrubs them.

MAKE-UP ARTIST  
We're done here.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / POOL - DAY

A busy FILM CREW set up a shot near the diving board.

Puck, in a terrycloth robe, walks onto the set.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
(over a bullhorn)  
Places, everyone.

The crew scramble to their positions.

Puck sheds his robe and steps onto the diving board. He glances around.

Twenty feet away, the make-up artist whispers to BETHANY (20), a Barbie-like, fake-tanned actress in a micro bikini.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Places includes you too, Bethany.

Bethany comes over to the diving board. Puck extends his hand. Bethany slaps it away.

PUCK  
Why are you acting so weird?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
What's wrong now, Bethany?

BETHANY  
I need to speak to my agent.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Later. We're behind schedule.

Bethany storms up to the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (35).

BETHANY  
Why isn't Marshall directing?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
That's none of your concern.

BETHANY  
Well, I'm not kissing him! I don't feel comfortable.

Puck comes over and joins the discussion.

PUCK  
What's going on?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
She refuses to kiss you.

PUCK  
Huh? It's a mouthwash commercial.  
It's in the script.

BETHANY  
I demand to speak to Marshall!

MARSHALL (55), the paunchy, bearded director, walks up.

MARSHALL  
Why aren't we shooting?

BETHANY  
I'm not kissing him! He has AIDS!

All set activity ceases. The crew stare.

PUCK  
 What the hell are you talking  
 about? That's bullshit.

BETHANY  
 Everybody knows you're gay.

PUCK  
 So? What does that have to do--?

BETHANY  
 Either he goes or I go.

PUCK  
 Then fuck off and go!

MARSHALL  
 Everybody take ten!

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Puck, in street clothes, takes a swig from a flask, while he pees into a paper cup. He zips up.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY / BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

Puck emerges from the port-a-potty. He carries a gym bag and the paper cup. Puck SLAMS the door.

A small group of CREW MEMBERS, gathered nearby, look his way.

PUCK  
 If that prick thinks he can.. Have  
 you guys seen Marshall?

A CREW MEMBER points in the direction of the pool.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / POOL - DAY

Marshall consoles Bethany, who cries on his shoulder. Puck walks up.

PUCK  
 Marshall!

Marshall turns. Bethany shields herself behind him.

MARSHALL  
 I fired you. Why are you still--?

PUCK

She sucks your cock and you lose your spine? If anyone has AIDS, it's you, Marshall. Everyone knows you'll fuck any piece of trash that slithers out of the LA bus station.

BETHANY

You can't talk about me like that? Don't let him talk about--

PUCK

Wake up, sweetie. You're blowing television's worst director.

MARSHALL

Get the hell out of here, asshole!

PUCK

Eat shit, Marshall!

Puck hurls the cup of urine at Marshall.

The urine hits Marshall, square in the face, but also splashes on Bethany.

The surrounding CREW GASP.

MARSHALL

What was that?! Piss?!

BETHANY

Oh, my god! I'm suing!

Marshall lunges for Puck, punches him in the face, and knocks him to the ground.

MARSHALL

Your career's over, Dunne. Someone get this faggot off my set!

A couple of CREW MEMBERS look at one another.

CREW MEMBER

No way, man. I don't want AIDS.

Puck unsteadily gets up from the pavement.

PUCK

Fuck all of you!

Puck hobbles away.

INT. SLEAZY GAY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Puck, several empty shot glasses scattered in front of him, sits hunched over in a darkened bar.

His nose is bloodied. His left eye is partially swollen shut.

A DATED 70'S DISCO HIT THUMPS.

A scrawny MALE STRIPPER, in an ill-fitting jockstrap, gyrates on a near-by platform. The pathetic lighting illuminates him with a sickly green tint.

Puck lifts his head and motions to the stripper.

PUCK

I can show you how it's--

He slips off the stool and hits the floor with a HEAVY THUD.

EXT. L.A. SIDEWALK / SLEAZY GAY STRIP CLUB - DAY

Puck, disheveled, sits propped against a lamppost outside the strip club. A PASSERBY stops and drops a dollar bill on the sidewalk next to him. Puck looks up and barks...

PUCK

I'm not homeless.

The passerby jumps back and hurries away.

INT. PUCK'S EX'S APARTMENT / ENTRY - DAY

Puck, still slightly drunk, sneaks into the apartment. He tiptoes quietly, but collides with the entry table.

PUCK

Shit! Stupid place for a--

SCOTTY (O.S.)

Puck?... Come in here, please!

INT. PUCK'S EX'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Puck timidly rounds the corner to find his ex, SCOTTY (33),

Scotty's BOY TOY (22), and Puck's agent, JOCELYN (40). The three are lined up like a tribunal on a mauve sectional.

SCOTTY

Oh, my God! Your face!

PUCK  
Is this an intervention? Can I at  
least pee first?

BOY TOY  
Get real, dude.

PUCK  
What's pencil dick doing here?

Boy Toy puts his arm around Scotty.

JOCELYN  
Patrick, doll, we're concerned and  
want what's best for you. But  
honestly, I can't be expected to  
manage your career if you--

<p>PUCK I don't need you anymore, Jocelyn.</p>	<p>JOCELYN (CONT'D) ... keep up with these antics. This is the third--</p>
--	--

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Jocelyn! Marshall axed me. I'm  
finished. Fait accompli.

BOY TOY  
Loser. No wonder Scotty dumped--

PUCK  
Fuck off! Seriously, why is he--

SCOTTY  
Cool it, both of you!... I said you  
could stay here until you got back  
on your feet. Instead, you lose job  
after job, disappear for days, come  
home intoxicated and bloody... And  
I'm sick of it... Puck, either you  
let Jocelyn take you to rehab or  
you pack your things and leave.

Pucks lays on the floor.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Get up!

PUCK  
Someone! Kick me!.. Jocelyn, you're  
wearing stilletos. Let me have it!

SCOTTY  
I can't be part of this insanity  
anymore. I've tried and I'm done.

Scotty breaks down. Boy Toy comforts him.

Puck sits up.

PUCK

So, that's it? You're gonna throw me out?... Where am I supposed to go? You know I'm not welcome back there... Scotty? Jocelyn? You can't do this. Guys?! Come on.

JOCELYN

If we didn't care, we wouldn't... Try and understand. This is coming from a place of love.

PUCK

If this is love, then I don't fucking need it!

EXT. PUCK'S EX'S APARTMENT / PARKING LOT - DAY

Puck pops the trunk of his rusty Toyota Corolla. He hurls a pile of clothes onto a greasy, spare tire rim. He slams the trunk. It fails to close. He slams it again. It latches.

He looks up at the second floor window, where his "family" peer down at him. He waits, but no one motions for him to come back inside. Instead, he lowers his head, goes to the driver's door and climbs inside.

Puck sits a moment, keys in hand, and stews.

And, as if he's fleeing a heist, Puck starts the engine and guns the motor. The car emits a cloud of exhaust, tears out of the lot and swipes the curb as it rounds the corner.

EXT. RUNDOWN SILVERLAKE APARTMENT - DAY

Puck climbs the exterior steps of a rundown Silverlake apartment building. Bags of garbage, graffiti, LOUD RAP MUSIC, and SNIPPETS OF AN ARGUMENT paint a grim picture.

Puck reaches the second floor walkway and KNOCKS on #209.

An Hispanic woman, GLORIA (60's) opens the door. She takes one look at Puck and furiously SLAMS the door.

PUCK

Gloria! Wait!... I know I'm the last person you want to see. But I'm in trouble.

Puck's plea is met with silence.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
I can explain, if you'll let me.

GLORIA (O.C.)  
Go away!

PUCK  
Don't be like that. You know how much Dominic meant to me.

GLORIA (O.C.)  
That's bullshit!

PUCK  
I didn't know he was sick. I mean, seriously, what did he expect? We weren't boyfriends anymore.

Puck POUNDS on the door. It starts to rain.

GLORIA (O.C.)  
I'm calling the police.

PUCK  
Gloria!... Come on! Please! I need a place to stay, just for a day or two... Do it for Dom. Have a heart!

From the adjoining apartment's window, an ANGELIC CHILD (6) peers at Puck through a part in the bedsheet curtains.

Puck sadly smiles at him. The boy sticks out his tongue and ducks behind the curtains.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Little shit!

EXT. RUNDOWN SILVERLAKE MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Puck dashes to his car in the torrential rain. He fumbles for his keys, drops them, and they slide underneath his car.

PUCK  
Fuck!

He gets on his hands and knees and reaches for the keys.

INT. PUCK'S CAR / TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

Puck, soaked, sits at a red light. He listens to the RADIO, as heavy rain pummels his windshield.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
Drivers are advised to remain  
inland, as the storm continues  
to batter the coastal, etc...

Puck looks up as a rain-blurred figure of a WOMAN passes near the front of his car. He stares, transfixed.

PUCK  
Gwen? Is that...? No way.

She pauses momentarily, turns toward the vehicle, then her image is brushed away with a pass of the wiper blades.

The light turns green.

INT. PUCK'S CAR - DAY

Puck, tears in his eyes, speeds east on Highway 10. The Los Angeles skyline fades into the misty haze behind him.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 10 / RIVERSIDE EXIT - DAY

Puck pulls off the freeway and into a roadside truck stop. The car, overheated, bellows steam from under the hood.

He gets out of the car, raises the hood, and scalds his hands. The steam envelops him.

EXT. SCUZZY ROADSIDE TRUCK STOP - DAY

Puck, in dark sunglasses, plunks six economy-sized bottles of vodka onto the checkout counter.

The SURLY CHECKOUT CLERK shoots him a disapproving look.

Puck grabs a bag of Cheetos and a pack of Twinkies from a display rack and drops them next to the booze.

PUCK  
There! That should meet my daily  
nutritional requirements.

He hands the clerk a scuffed and cracked credit card.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT / PUCK'S CAR - DAY

Puck, sits in the driver's seat, the door ajar. He opens a bottle and chugs a generous amount of vodka. He shoves the bag with the other bottles in the back seat.

He looks at his watch and pulls the door closed.

He starts the car. The FAN BELT SQUEALS. He drives off.

INT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY / PUCK'S CAR - DAY

Puck's car enters the Coachella Valley and traverses the seemingly endless stretch of massive turbines.

Puck rolls up his window and turns on the air. The air-conditioner kicks on, makes a GRINDING NOISE, then kaput.

Puck pounds on the dashboard.

PUCK  
Perfect fucking timing!

EXT. SAGUARO SANDS TRAILER PARK - DAY

Puck's car enters the gate of a Palm Springs trailer park.

The streets are densely lined with immaculately kept, vintage trailers, circa 1960. Yet, it all appears a bit lifeless, exuding the manicured sterility of a military base.

The CAR RADIO BLASTS an 80'S CLUB HIT.

INT. SAGUARO SANDS TRAILER PARK / PUCK'S CAR - DAY

Puck glances over the top of his sunglasses and slows down in front of a faded pink trailer with a covered porch. The trailer, in need of fresh paint, pales in comparison to the others. Roses, in desperate need of pruning, climb the lattice. The porch swing hangs uneven, one side noticeably lower than the other. A garden gnome lays flat on its face.

EXT. SAGUARO SANDS TRAILER PARK / FADED PINK TRAILER - DAY

Puck stops, slinks from the car and goes to the front door. He rings the BELL, sets the gnome on its feet, and waits.

Nothing.

He steps back, surveys the neighboring trailers, then returns to the door. He presses his face to the glass, peers inside, then discretely jostles the door handle.

LUCINDA (O.C.)  
Do you need help, young man?

Puck, startled, turns to find LUCINDA SHIELDS (76), a stern woman with a face like a dried apricot. Lucinda is decked-out like Old Glory - a stars and stripes visor covers her gray, slicked-back hair. She sits authoritatively at the wheel of a fire engine red golf cart, adorned with miniature U.S. flags.

PUCK  
Not really... Thanks.

Lucinda doesn't leave.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem? Did the fourth of July parade ditch you?

Lucinda's pinched face tightens. She glares at him.

LUCINDA  
This is a no parking zone. Guests may park in the lot adjacent to the clubhouse.

PUCK  
Good to know. I'm looking for--

LUCINDA  
Kindly move your vehicle.

PUCK  
Damn, lady. Don't get your Bermuda shorts in a wad. I'm on it... Can you at least tell me if Gwen Sparks still lives here?

LUCINDA  
She's out with the garden club. They're due back around five. Now, if you don't mind, your vehicle is blocking the middle of the road.

Puck leaves the porch and squeezes between her golf cart and his bumper. As he passes, he shoots her an insincere smile.

He climbs in his car and starts the motor. The RADIO BLASTS, loud enough to wake the dead. He pulls off at a snail's pace.

Lucinda follows, aggressively close. She HONKS at him.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)  
(yelling over the radio)  
Turn down that racket!

Puck thrusts his arm out the window and flips her off.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE / POOL - DAY

Puck, a good distance from the pool, forces open a patio umbrella. He ducks under and plops down on a chaise.

He sneaks a drink from a bottle concealed in a paper bag.

He lights a cigarette, takes a few puffs, then notices a sign nearby prohibiting smoking. He scoots away from the sign and continues to smoke.

Located near the shallow end, JORGE (19), the pool boy, drags a skimmer across the pool's surface.

PUCK  
(lifts his sunglasses)  
Hey, uh, do you know any of the  
residents around here?

Jorge wears a Walkman. A barely audible, HIP-HOP BEAT escapes from the headphones.

Puck tries to get his attention and waves his arms.

Jorge stops and stares open-mouthed at Puck, who gestures, "Take off your headphones."

PUCK (CONT'D)  
No habla English, amigo?

Jorge disregards him and goes back to his work.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
What a friendly bunch.

Puck takes another drink from his paper bag and lays back on the chaise.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE / POOL - LATER

Puck, no longer shaded by the umbrella, now sunburned, is awakened by a nudge, to find a POLICEMAN looming over him.

POLICEMAN  
Do you have identification?

PUCK

Not on me. What's going on?

POLICEMAN

We received a complaint about drunk and disorderly conduct.

PUCK

Do I look drunk and disorderly?

The Policeman kicks Puck's paper bag. The half-empty bottle rolls across the concrete.

POLICEMAN

Does that belong to you?

Puck shrugs.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Get up.

Puck, a bit wobbly, stands.

A HANDFUL OF RESIDENTS, including Lucinda, watch from outside the fence.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

According to the information I was given, you were seen attempting to enter a secure residence.

PUCK

Is that what that bitch told you?

POLICEMAN

Young man, you best be advised to monitor your language.

PUCK

Sorry, officer.

POLICEMAN

What's your purpose for being here?

PUCK

A family member lives here. I just drove in from LA. She wasn't home and I was going to go inside and wait for her, but the door was locked and then that woman started to hassle me. So, I came here to wait. I had a drink. I fell asleep.

The Policeman eyes him for a moment.

POLICEMAN

What's this family member's  
address?

PUCK

358 Ocotillo Trail. It's just  
around the corner.

POLICEMAN

Show me.

PUCK

Let me just grab... I don't want to  
litter.

Puck, retrieves the vodka bottle from the ground, then starts to lead the Policeman from the pool area, when...

A white van, emblazoned with the cartoon logo of the trailer park (a cheery, saguaro cactus with sunglasses and a toothy grin) enters the complex. The van stops a few yards away, directly in front of the clubhouse.

A YOUNG MALE DRIVER comes around and slides open the door. A few OLDER LADIES exit the van and join the spectators. The driver closes the door and gets back in the vehicle.

As the van pulls away, GWEN SPARKS (71), seated in the rear of the vehicle, turns her head toward Puck.

PUCK (CONT'D)

What the...? That's weird.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PINK TRAILER / PORCH - DAY

KINGSTON (early 40's), Gwen's tightly wound, bear-like, male nurse, helps Gwen from the van and leads her to the porch.

The van pulls away.

KINGSTON  
Just one small step.

Gwen slowly lifts one foot, as Kingston steadies her. Gwen steps onto the porch.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)  
Atta girl. You've got it.

Puck walks up with the Policeman.

PUCK  
Ummm. Excuse me.

Kingston turns to Puck and the Policeman. Gwen, oblivious, continues to look straight ahead.

KINGSTON  
Yes. Can I help you?

POLICEMAN  
Do you know this man?

KINGSTON  
No. Can't say I do.

PUCK  
I'm Puck... Who are you?

KINGSTON  
Kingston, Mrs. Sparks' nurse.

PUCK  
Well, Mrs. Sparks happens to be my mother.

Gwen doesn't look at Puck, but instead latches onto Kingston.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Hey, Gwen. It's me. I'm back.

She emits a MOURNFUL GROAN.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 Yep, that's her alright.

Puck turns to the Policeman.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 Now do you believe me, officer?

KINGSTON  
 I need to get my patient inside.  
 I'll let you two sort out whatever  
 this might be.

Kingston takes Gwen inside.

PUCK  
 Am I free to go?

POLICEMAN  
 I'm serving you with a citation.  
 Hopefully that will discourage you  
 from public consumption.

The policeman hands Puck the citation and leaves.

Puck stuffs it in his pocket and lights up a cigarette.

A squat, elderly man, ALVIN (85), strolls by with his pug, ROCKET. The pug bears a strong resemblance to his master. Rocket manically BARKS at Puck, lunges for him, and nearly yanks Alvin off-balance.

ALVIN  
 Rocket! You stop that. What's  
 gotten into you?

Alvin drags Rocket away. Puck shakes his head.

PUCK  
 (under his breath)  
 God. Even the dogs are assholes.

Kingston opens the front door.

KINGSTON  
 She's settled. Now, do you mind if  
 we take this from the top?

EXT. TRAILER PARK / UP THE STREET - DAY

Lucinda, parked a safe distance away, spies on the activity at Gwen's trailer through a small pair of binoculars.

Through the binoculars: Kingston holds open the door. Puck goes inside and Kingston closes the door.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Gwen, unresponsive, sits at the kitchen table. Kingston seats himself next to her and feeds her bits of a graham cracker.

Puck grabs the bottle and a glass.

PUCK

It's been a day. I need a drink.

KINGSTON

Um, alcohol is discouraged in this--

Puck proceeds to pour himself a drink.

PUCK

Don't mind me... So, um, why wasn't I called? Isn't there some kind of contact list?

KINGSTON

Yes, but in her case it was blank.

PUCK

Typical. Nobody holds a grudge like old Gwen here.

KINGSTON

Then there's bad blood between you?

PUCK

That's an understatement... Try a lifetime of toxicity.

KINGSTON

How can I trust you're who you say you are?

PUCK

You can't and my ID won't help. Gwen kept her stage name, which pissed off both her ex-husbands. She hoped the public would remember her, long after her movie career tanked. Obscurity came knocking.

Puck reaches for a graham cracker. Gwen visibly tenses.

KINGSTON

Why aren't there any photos of you?

PUCK

Look around. Tell me what you see besides shrines to herself. What's visible is what really mattered. I was an inconvenience.

Puck downs a large portion of his drink.

PUCK (CONT'D)

What's wrong with her exactly?

KINGSTON

I don't divulge patient information with people I've just--

PUCK

I've got it! She's obsessed with Esther Williams. She was her stand-in at MGM. When I was a kid, she'd keep me up to watch *Million Dollar Mermaid* on the late show. She has every video. I bet she's made you watch a few.

KINGSTON

I can recite the dialogue verbatim.

PUCK

Would a stranger know that?

KINGSTON

They wouldn't... Gwen suffered a stroke 2 years ago, which severely affected her speech and motor skills. It's been a tough road back. And believe me, you missed the worst of it. I was hired because she requires constant care.

PUCK

So? You live here?

KINGSTON

For the time being. I get a day off now and then. But it's fine. I've never had an easier patient. As long as she's fed and bathed, we have good days. Don't we, darlin'?

Kingston caresses Gwen's cheek. She lowers her face toward his hand.

PUCK  
 (shaking his head)  
 Unbelievable.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

KINGSTON  
 Let me get that.

Kingston rises and goes to the door.

Puck offers Gwen a graham cracker, but she turns away.

KINGSTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Evening, Lucinda. What brings you  
 by?

LUCINDA (O.S.)  
 Just making sure nothing's amiss.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Lucinda stands on the porch, she faces Kingston.

LUCINDA  
 A suspicious man was poking around  
 earlier. He frightened a few of the  
 neighbors and he reeked of alcohol.

KINGSTON  
 Oh, him. He's right inside. Puck?!  
 Someone to see you.

Puck appears at the door, drink in hand. Kingston leaves.

Puck opens the door, which forces Lucinda to step back.

PUCK  
 You called the cops on me.

LUCINDA  
 I received numerous calls and as a  
 ranking member of the HOA, it's my  
 duty to look out for our tenants,  
 who happen to be elderly and feel  
 unsafe when they see someone, such  
 as yourself, lurking about. After  
 our encounter earlier, I felt I had  
 to take the necessary precautions.

Puck glances down at the binoculars around Lucinda's neck.

Lucinda quickly shoves the binoculars inside her windbreaker.

PUCK

Kindly inform the tenants they'll see me lurking about regularly and to just get over it.

LUCINDA

Am I to assume you'll be staying here for a period of time?

PUCK

I don't know. It's up in the air at the moment.

LUCINDA

You should know the HOA rules state that occupancy is limited to two persons per unit. If both you and.. What's that nice colored boy's name?... Kingsley, is it? Well, if you're both going to reside here, you'll need to petition the HOA.

Puck steps out onto the porch.

PUCK

Are you kidding? This trailer is my mother's and I'm her guest. Explain to me how one iota of what goes on here is any of your damn business.

Lucinda steps closer.

LUCINDA

My role is to see that community standards are upheld. Following the rules is what keeps the peace. When I receive complaints about noise or come across vehicles blocking roads or, in your case, discover a peeping Tom, my duty is to investigate and confront the offender. That's precisely why it's my business.

Puck steps even closer to Lucinda.

PUCK

Uh-huh. Well chill, because you won't receive any complaints about raucous music, late night visitors, pool side orgies, or anything else on your list of infractions, if that's what's causing your brain to swell. I suggest you make better use of your time locating a stray

(MORE)

PUCK (CONT'D)  
cat or, I don't know, trapping a  
rabid chihuahua. Good night.

Puck steps inside and slams the door in Lucinda's face.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Puck returns. Kingston gives Gwen a drink of water.

PUCK  
What's up that bitch's ass?

KINGSTON  
Lucinda's been the queen bee around  
here for the last few years. And  
you? You just kicked the hive.

PUCK  
Well, she better back the fuck off.

Gwen, agitated, begins to fidget and MOAN.

Puck starts to top off his glass.

Gwen lashes out and knocks the bottle out of Puck's hand. The  
BOTTLE SMASHES to the floor.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, Gwen! You did that on--

Gwen WAILS and starts to flail her arms. Puck draws back.

KINGSTON  
It's okay, sweetie. No worries.  
I'll clean it up.

Kingston tries to calm her. Gwen becomes hysterical.

PUCK  
Why is she acting like that?

KINGSTON  
Obviously, you upset her. Go out-  
side, please. I've got this.

Puck takes his drink and leaves.

EXT. PINK TRAILER/PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Puck steps out on the porch, drink in hand. He stands near  
the door and eavesdrops on Kingston and Gwen.

KINGSTON (O.S.)  
 Calm down. Breathe deeply. We'll  
 deal with him tomorrow.

PUCK  
 (yells in the door)  
 I'm not the bad guy here.

He downs his drink, sets down the glass and storms off.

EXT. PARKING LOT/ PUCK'S CAR - DAY

Puck walks across the parking lot. The sky is a soft pink.  
 The sun sits just behind the San Jacinto Mountains.

Puck opens his car and grabs the shopping bag with the five  
 bottles of vodka. He closes the door and moves to the trunk.

Puck pops open the trunk and shoves two of the bottles behind  
 the empty rim. There is no tire.

Puck spots TWO ELDERLY LADIES near the clubhouse. They watch  
 him. He opens a bottle, toasts them, takes a healthy swig and  
 screws on the cap.

He grabs a few articles of clothing off the heap and wraps  
 the three remaining bottles in a crumpled blazer.

He slams the trunk; it doesn't close. He raises and slams the  
 trunk three more times; it finally latches on the third try.

PUCK  
 Fucking piece of shit car!

Puck looks at the ladies, who clutch one another by the arm.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 Enjoying the show?!

They hurry off.

INT. PINK TRAILER / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gwen, content, soaks in a bubble bath, as Kingston sits close  
 at hand, engrossed in a People magazine.

Gwen, almost like a baby, softly COOS.

KINGSTON  
 After your bath, we'll get your  
 dinner. Then an early bedtime.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Puck enters with the liquor tucked in the blazer.

He listens for any noise, then quietly opens a few cabinets, which are nearly empty. Clearly these won't do.

He glances around, then opens the cabinet below the sink.

Quickly, he opens the bag full of vodka, removes two bottles and shoves them to the rear of the cabinet. He rearranges a box of dish detergent and roll of paper towels to hide the booze.

He takes the remaining bottle and leaves.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / PORCH - NIGHT

Puck stands on the porch, opens the bottle and takes a drink.

Down the street, a GAGGLE OF OLD LADIES stand gathered near the street corner.

One of the ladies, BETTY (77), a helmet-haired woman in an American flag sweater, with a facelift so tight she looks a bit cross-eyed, gestures in Puck's direction.

The ladies clearly discuss him, as they all look his way, whisper, and shake their heads in disapproval.

PUCK

Have any questions, ladies?

The women act as if they've been caught spying.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Did you catch the weather report?

They don't respond, but he's gained their attention.

PUCK (CONT'D)

It's going to be cloudless skies  
tonight. Perfect for a full moon.

And with that, Puck turns his back, drops his pants, and shakes his bare buttocks at them.

The ladies SHRIEK WITH DISGUST and flee.

Puck HOWLS WITH LAUGHTER.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PINK TRAILER / GWEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kingston helps Gwen, now in a nightgown, into bed. Gwen lays down and helplessly looks up at him.

KINGSTON

There's no need to worry. I'm here.

Kingston pulls up the covers and turns off the bedside lamp.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / PORCH - NIGHT

Puck broods on the crooked porch swing, a half-empty bottle of vodka sits at his feet.

The SOUND OF MULTIPLE TELEVISION SHOWS fills the night, with LAUGH TRACKS, TV ADS, THEME SONGS and MUFFLED GUN SHOTS.

The screen door pops open. Kingston comes outside with a sandwich on a plate.

KINGSTON

Here's something solid.

Kingston sets the plate on the swing next to Puck.

PUCK

You don't like me, do you?

KINGSTON

You're welcome. Enjoy the sandwich.

Kingston turns to go inside.

PUCK

Aren't you going to tell me how she's doing?

KINGSTON

She had her dinner and now she's in bed. She'll be asleep soon... I've never seen her that agitated. It was quite an effort to calm her.

Puck takes a bite. Kingston watches him discerningly.

PUCK

Hmmmm, peanut butter. Gwen used to make these when I was... Uh, what's the disapproving look for?

KINGSTON

I'm not entirely sure I should say.

PUCK

Don't be shy. Lay it on me.

KINGSTON

Fine. I think your surprise arrival was disruptive. I can see your presence is upsetting. And it's obvious you drink too damn much and Gwen doesn't approve.

PUCK

Insightful. Anything else?

KINGSTON

My job is to make sure your mother is calm and cared for, and to see she feels protected and safe. I'm not convinced you staying here is optimal for her well-being.

Puck sets the plate down.

PUCK

This is my mother's home and I... I have nowhere else to fucking go.

KINGSTON

Who knows why you've turned up, out of the blue, after so long. But we need to figure out just how this is going to work.

Puck looks away.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

I'm going to go check on Gwen. There's other food in the fridge, if that isn't to your liking.

PUCK

It's fine. Thanks.

KINGSTON

I'll make up the sofa. You know, a little rest might do you some good.

Kingston picks up the vodka bottle.

PUCK

Hey, I'm not done with that.

KINGSTON

I think you are.

Kingston goes inside.

Puck takes another bite, then pushes the plate away.

He stands, teeters on the edge of the porch, and steps out into the moonlit street.

EXT. TRAILER PARK STREET - NIGHT

Puck saunters up the street and gazes upward.

The moonlight gives the trailers a bluish hue, as the palms loom like shaggy silhouettes against the starlit sky.

From one of the darkened porches, comes...

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Nights like these make the universe  
utterly incomprehensible.

Puck stops and searches for the source of the voice.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Although, this might contribute a  
wee bit.

The faint flame from a cigarette lighter reveals CHARLOTTE (93), a petite, elderly woman. Her kind face, ancient, but luminous, glows like a plump, yet craggy, orb.

Charlotte lights a joint, takes a deep drag and COUGHS.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Feel free to join me. My doctor  
would crap himself, if he knew I  
smoked all this myself.

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S TRAILER / PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Puck joins her on the porch. Charlotte hands him the joint.

CHARLOTTE

Go easy. It's powerful stuff.

Puck takes a puff, COUGHS, and attempts to hand it back.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You hang on to it awhile, honey.  
I'm already flying higher than TWA.

They silently take in the peaceful night. Charlotte watches him as looks at the night sky.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It's a perfect night for pondering, now that all the old bitties have shut their traps. The only time the caterwauling stops is when they're tucked in with Johnny Carson.

Charlotte CHUCKLES to herself.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So you're Gwen's Patrick?

PUCK

How did you know that?

CHARLOTTE

Us old farts, we tend to take notice when we see flashing police lights. It's not usually a good sign. News of your arrival spread like wildfire... I'm Charlotte.

Charlotte pats the seat next to her. Puck sits.

PUCK

I go by Puck... Seems I pissed off the neighborhood gossip. She's out for blood.

CHARLOTTE

Getting on Lucinda's bad side will assure you get noticed. I should know, I've been on that tyrant's shit list for years... I did something right... Uh, If you've had enough, I'll take back my spliff.

Puck returns the joint. Charlotte lights up and takes a hit.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

If you'll allow me, a word of advice. If it's anonymity you crave, avoid hanging out poolside getting sloshed. That kind of behavior, and simple being upright, under sixty and male in the proximity of horny widows... Catch my drift?

PUCK

I do... Thanks for the pot. I think  
I need to clear my head before  
heading back. It's been a pleasure.

Puck stands up. Charlotte hands him the joint.

CHARLOTTE

That's on the house. And drop by  
anytime. I'm always home and happy  
to receive visitors. If I don't  
answer my door, I'm either on the  
shitter or gone to meet my maker.

Puck steps off the porch.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Oh, um, keep your drawers up. Al-  
though, I've heard it was something  
to behold. Sorry I missed it.

Pucks gives her a slight grin and slips off down the street.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Puck opens the gate and slips into the pool area. The pool  
light shimmers and casts bands of blue onto the nearby palms.

Puck goes to the pool's edge. He gazes down, lost in the  
patterns and undulations of the water.

GWEN (V.O.)

(echoing, from the past)  
Come on, silly. Jump. There's  
nothing to be afraid of. Mom's  
right here. I'll protect you.

PUCK

Liar.

Puck turns and walks away.

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kingston relaxes on the worn sofa. The room is lit solely by  
the electric flicker of the television.

Pucks enters and quietly closes the screen door.

KINGSTON

You've returned. I thought I might  
have scared you off.

PUCK

No, I don't frighten that easily.

KINGSTON

I was planning on going to bed after this show. But, if you need to lay down...

Puck perches himself on the arm.

PUCK

In a minute... Kingston, we got off to a bad start earlier.

KINGSTON

True. Tomorrow's another day.

PUCK

No, really. I've got to make this work and my history with Gwen--

KINGSTON

That's none of my business, your relationship with your mother. I'm not here to help heal old wounds or get mixed up in family drama. My purpose here is to care--

PUCK

I get that. I do. Just hear me out.  
(pointing at TV)  
Do you mind?

Kingston grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Thanks... I'm dealing with a lot right now. You've likely noticed. But I promise to stay out of your way and I won't interfere with your duties... And I'll try to keep my drinking to a minimum, that is if you agree to let me stay.

KINGSTON

Mind if I sleep on it?

PUCK

Sure. I guess.

Kingston arises and leaves.

Puck looks around the room, goes over to the bookshelf and

grabs a video cassette from a collection of tapes. He slips the tape from its case and inserts it into the VCR.

As the tape plays, Puck retreats to the sofa and lays down.

Puck lowers the VOLUME, as a scene from "**Million Dollar Mermaid**" appears on the screen:

A youthful Esther Williams holds tight to a metal ring, while she's lifted high above a flame and smoke encircled body of brilliant blue water.

Far below her, a formation of swimmers create a swirling kaleidoscope around a large black iris.

Esther beams, her exaggerated smile slightly betrays the terror of dropping from such a tremendous height.

The MUSIC SWELLS.

Esther pauses a moment, cocks her head, smiles even more broadly, releases her grip, plunges to the bullseye below and disappears below the surface, barely making a splash.

Puck drifts off to sleep.

BEGIN DREAM

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Gwen (35), now a 1950's "Donna Reed version" of herself, HUMS A CHEERY TUNE at the stove and pours pancake batter onto a griddle. The batter SIZZLES when it hits the grease.

Gwen gracefully glides to the refrigerator, opens the door and grabs a carton of eggs and a butter dish. She gently nudges the door closed with a slight bump from her hip.

She returns to the stove and drops a pat of butter into a hot skillet. The butter melts and SPUTTERS.

Quickly, she grabs an egg, cracks it on the rim of the skillet and, with one hand, deftly plops the whites and yolk dead in the center. The frying EGG CRACKLES LOUDLY.

Puck walks into the room, half asleep, and rubs his eyes.

PUCK  
Mom? What are you doing?

GWEN  
(sweetly)  
Making your breakfast, silly.  
(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm predicting a nasty headache when you wake up. It's a wonder you can function with the insane amount of alcohol you've consumed. Not to mention the reefer you smoked with that pothead Charlotte. She has some pretty potent marijuana. I'd exercise a little caution there.

PUCK

Why are you dressed like that? I don't get it.

Gwen stops, places her hands on her hips, and looks at him.

GWEN

What's not to get? You've become a pathetic, alcoholic piece of shit like your father. And, if you continue down the same path, I'll have to kick your sorry ass to the curb too. Am I being fucking clear? Now sit down and eat your pancakes. I made them special.

Puck sits down and Gwen slides a plate in front of him. A cheerful, pancake face smiles up at him.

END DREAM

INT. PINK TRAILER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Puck wakes at the SLAM OF THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR.

He gets up, stops, puts a hand to his forehead and walks unsteadily toward the kitchen.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Puck enters the kitchen.

Gwen, in her nightgown, sits at the table with a bowl of cereal in front of her. She stares down at the bowl.

Kingston, his back to Puck, pours himself a cup of coffee.

KINGSTON

Sit tight. Milk's on its way. We're out of half and half.

PUCK

A little quieter, please. My head.

Kingston turns to him.

KINGSTON

Look who's finally awake, with a doozy of a hangover, no doubt.

Kingston sits next to Gwen, pours milk over her cereal and begins to feed her.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

There's coffee. I figured, with the fifth of vodka you drank yesterday, a kick start might be in order.

Puck goes to the coffee maker and pours a cup.

PUCK

Did someone say, "pancakes"?

KINGSTON

Do I look like Betty Crocker? I do cereal.

PUCK

Why are you up so early?

KINGSTON

7:15? That's a late start for us. Our morning usually starts at six.

PUCK

I'm going to ease into the day with a smoke. You know where to find me.

Pucks leaves.

KINGSTON

He must have been a joy to raise.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / PORCH - DAY

Puck, on the porch steps, his eyes hidden behind a pair of sunglasses, stubs out a cigarette.

Betty and her geriatric entourage power walk up the street. As they approach, they move to the side farthest from Puck.

Puck smirks and toasts them with his coffee mug.

BETTY

Pay him no mind, girls. Look away!

They quicken their pace, their noses in the air as they pass.

On their heels, Lucinda pulls up abruptly in her golf cart.

LUCINDA

You're hereby informed of this  
afternoon's emergency HOA session.  
Today's topic, neighborly conduct,  
should be of particular interest to  
you. Be there. Good day.

Lucinda starts to pull away.

PUCK

What time?! And where?!

LUCINDA

(shouts over her shoulder)  
The clubhouse. One o'clock. Sharp.

PUCK

Fuck that shit!

And she's gone.

KINGSTON (O.S.)

What did you do to piss her off?

Puck turns to Kingston, who lingers in the doorway.

PUCK

You heard that?

KINGSTON

Me and the entire neighborhood.

Puck lifts his mug in the air.

PUCK

Is there more coffee? I'm empty.

KINGSTON

I'm not your boy.

Kingston disappears back inside.

PUCK

I was only asking!... Everybody's  
so sensitive around here!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Puck lays on the couch, an ice pack held to his forehead.

Kingston and Gwen enter the room, both in swimsuits. Gwen wears a bathing cap. Kingston carries a pool bag.

They stop at the foot of the couch.

KINGSTON

So nice to see you're settling in.  
If you want to be productive while  
we're at the pool, I suggest you  
get rid of the booze you hid so  
poorly under the sink. And I don't  
mean by consuming it in a high-ball  
over ice.

Puck doesn't respond.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

If you won't, I will. And don't try  
hiding them again, because I know  
every inch of this trailer.

Puck responds with a salute.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Don't skip the HOA meeting. Lucinda  
will see to it that every day is a  
living hell, otherwise. Believe me.

Kingston leads Gwen outside and closes the door.

When the coast is clear, Puck dashes for the kitchen.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Puck goes straight for a vodka bottle under the sink.

He opens the bottle and takes a huge swig.

He proceeds to the avocado green, wall phone and picks up the handset. He dials.

First a RING, then a CLICK on the other end of the line,  
and...

A MUFFLED MESSAGE emerges from the earpiece. While the  
message plays, Puck drinks heartily from the bottle.

BEEP.

PUCK

Hey, asshole. It's me. I thought, not that you deserve it, you'd appreciate knowing I'm not drunk and in a ditch. Wait, I'm getting drunk as I speak. And I plan to get so stinking shit-faced, that I'll forget making this call. So, don't discount that ditch just yet.

INT. PUCK'S EX'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scotty, stands near the answering machine, while Pucks leaves the message. He tears up as Puck speaks.

PUCK (V.O.)

(from message machine)

Anyway, I didn't quite make it to rehab, as you probably guessed, but I may as well have because I've descended into some kind of fresh hell, as Dorothy Parker once said. To elaborate further, I'm at my mother's. Yes, I've sunk that low. Not that she's taken notice, because she had a stroke and sits around in a fog all day. And, to plop a big, fat, juicy cherry on top, she hasn't responded to me, except to lash out in a rage. So, yeah, thanks for kicking me out, I'm having the time of my life. Who knew interventions were such a blast? Why, it's practically a day at Disneyland. I'd send a postcard, but I can't find one with Mickey saying, "Fuck You!", in rainbow glitter. Wish me luck, because I'm not sure how long I'll last here... Give my best to princess tiny meat. Yes, I've seen it; so has half the population of West Hollywood.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PUCK

Oh, take my name off the outgoing message. I don't want anyone to get the wrong idea and think we're still friends. Because, we're not.

He SLAMS down the phone and takes another swig.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Kingston and Gwen enter the fenced in area. He guides her to a chair, sits her down, rummages in the pool bag and brings out a tube of sunblock. He gently applies the sunblock to Gwen's face and shoulders.

INT. PINK TRAILER / BEDROOM - DAY

Puck rifles through a dresser, but all that's there are clothes wrapped in plastic. He shoves the drawers closed.

Exasperated, he goes to the closet and pushes aside the clothes on the rod. Behind them he finds a stack of boxes. Puck retrieves a worn box, labelled "*Q's Movies*", and places it on the bed. He pulls open the flaps.

The box is filled with hand-labeled VHS tapes. Puck digs under the layer of tapes and finds an outdated video camera. He removes the video camera, sets it on the bed, and pushes the box aside.

Puck returns to the closet and retrieves another box from the stack. This box is labeled, "*For Patrick.*"

He places the box on the bed and opens it. Inside are items from his childhood: baby clothes, a worn and misshapen Teddy Bear, grade school photos, drawings, children's books, a few toys, and...

a framed family photo of Gwen (mid-40s), stunning, and "Q" (mid-30s), a tall, mustached man, well-dressed, every hair in place, and YOUNG PUCK (8), who holds a grey kitten.

Puck holds up the photo and inspects the image. The photo is water stained and the glass cracked, a line bisects his face. Puck runs a finger along the crack.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY (TWENTY YEARS EARLIER)

Gwen and "Q", in the same clothes as the photo, stand in front of a perfectly manicured, California bungalow.

Gwen, all smiles and giddy, RINGS the DOORBELL. "Q" pinches her ass. Gwen slaps his hand and gives him a frown.

The door opens to reveal, MRS. BREWSTER (70's), an elderly

woman, in a plain housedress and apron.

GWEN

Hello, Mrs. Brewster. We're here to retrieve Patrick... Oh, this is my new husband. We were just married.

"Q" wraps his arm a little too aggressively around Gwen's waist and pulls her close to him. He kisses her neck.

Mrs. Brewster appears a little shocked.

GWEN (CONT'D)

It all happened in a flash. That's Vegas for you... Where's Patrick? I hope he wasn't a bother.

MRS. BREWSTER

Oh, he's been a peach, such a sweet and gentle boy. I'll get him.

Gwen squirms away from "Q" and straightens her dress.

"Q" goes for her again, but Gwen swats him.

"Q"

What's with you and the prim and proper act?

GWEN

Not here. The neighbors can see.

Young Puck rushes out the door into Gwen's arms.

GWEN (CONT'D)

There's my boy! Didn't I tell you he's handsome?

"Q"

Yeah. Hey, buddy. I'm your new dad. But, uh, you can call me "Q".

Puck looks up at him suspiciously.

GWEN

There's a surprise in the car. It's grey and furry. But be careful.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PINK TRAILER / BEDROOM - DAY

Puck tosses the "family" photo into a wastebasket.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Kingston guides Gwen through the shallow end of the pool. She floats on her back and gazes serenely at the sky.

Just outside the fence, Puck strolls by with the video camera hoisted on his shoulder.

Kingston watches Puck enter the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

A SMALL GROUP OF RESIDENTS sit in a semi-circle by the dais at the opposite end of the room. Lucinda, on the dais, leads the HOA meeting.

LUCINDA

My three encounters with him have  
been quite unpleasant--

Puck bursts in. He lets the DOOR SLAM.

Everyone turns to look at him.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil!

PUCK

Sorry I'm late. What did I miss?

LUCINDA

We're discussing your behavior.

PUCK

Good thing I'm here to correct any  
inaccuracies.

Puck locates a stool and drags it closer to the group. The legs LOUDLY SCRAPE across the floor.

The group continues to watch him, as he sets up the camera. Puck holds up the cord and looks questioningly at everyone.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Got a plug around here?

Lucinda folds her arms in exasperation.

LUCINDA

Would you kindly quiet down?

Puck ignores her, locates an outlet, plugs in the camera, finally sits down, and joins the others in the semi-circle.

PUCK

Carry on. I'll fill in any fuzzy details for those of you suffering from short-term memory loss. If you'd like a reenactment... just holler. I used to be a thespian.

Puck turns on the camera, rests it on his shoulder, and pans around the circle.

LUCINDA

What is it you're doing?

PUCK

Recording the meeting. Duh! Isn't it obvious?

LUCINDA

Your gadget isn't required. We have a secretary who takes notes.

Lucinda waves a gavel towards Betty, who holds up a note pad and pencil.

PUCK

This method is much more efficient. I can videotape every second of every meeting from now on. That way nothing's omitted or misconstrued. It'll keep everyone honest.

LUCINDA

You were asked here to address your abhorrent behavior, not to become a member of the board.

PUCK

Is that an option?

Puck looks at the group. They avoid his glance.

PUCK (CONT'D)

No?!... So, does that mean every person here is one of your lackeys?

LUCINDA

Absolutely not, that's not what it means. Everyone here holds a democratically-elected position.

PUCK

How is it fair that I'm excluded?

LUCINDA

You'd like to be on the board?...  
Okay, we'll put it to a vote and  
see how that goes. All in favor of  
making, Mr.... What's your name?

PUCK

Dunne.

LUCINDA

...in favor of making Mr. Dunne a  
member of the board, raise your  
hand. And I would advise each of to  
make your consideration carefully.

PUCK

Wait. Shouldn't someone second the  
motion? I'd like it to be official.

LUCINDA

Would anyone care to second Mr.  
Dunne's motion?

Puck looks around the circle. No one raises their hand.

PUCK

I'll second the motion.

Lucinda, irritated, slams down the gavel. BANG!

LUCINDA

You can't second a motion you  
brought forth. That isn't pro-  
cedure.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

I will, then.

Everyone turns, as Charlotte makes her way to the front of  
the room.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

If you ask me, I think he'd make a  
fine addition. Things have gotten  
pretty goddamn dire around here and  
this place could use some fresh,  
young blood. Shake things up some!

Puck turns, looks defiantly at Lucinda and gestures, "Well?"

Lucinda glares at Puck.

Puck aims the camera directly at Lucinda.

LUCINDA  
 (bristles)  
 All in favor?!

Puck and Charlotte immediately raise their hands. No one else moves a muscle.

PUCK  
 The world is watching.

Faces glance around the room.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 It's a free country. Don't be  
 intimidated by her.

Puck points the camera at each individual member and, as he pauses on each person, a few reluctant hands are raised.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 That's right people. Hold 'em high.

From the show of hands, it's clear Puck has won.

CHARLOTTE  
 Well, Lucinda, it appears you have  
 a rebellion on your hands.

PUCK  
 What? I'm a board member?... Fuck,  
 yeah!! I'm a board member!

Puck, smiling broadly, goes to high-five the old lady next to him, but she recoils.

LUCINDA  
 This meeting is adjourned!

Lucinda BANGS the gavel and storms off.

The group watches her, as she shoves open the door and exits.

PUCK  
 I take it that didn't go the way  
 she planned... Tough shit!

Puck stands and rushes to the dais.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 (a la Sally Field)  
*"I haven't had an orthodox career,  
 and I've wanted more than anything  
 to have your respect. The first  
 time I didn't feel it, but this  
 (MORE)*

PUCK (CONT'D)  
*time I feel it, and I can't deny  
 the fact that you like me, right  
 now, you really like me."*

The group look back at him, dumbfounded.

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Puck, triumphant, walks into the empty room.

PUCK  
 I'm back...! Where is everyone?

KINGSTON (O.S.)  
 I'm in the kitchen.

Puck heads for the kitchen.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kingston, arms folded, stands in front of the sink. Vodka bottles are lined up on the counter, one is nearly empty.

Puck rushes in.

PUCK  
 I've got some stellar news...  
 Oh, shit. I meant to... I forgot.

KINGSTON  
 Please. I'm not an idiot.

PUCK  
 It was a tough morning. I had to  
 face Kuntzilla from the HOA. I was  
 waiting for you to watch me do it.

Puck makes no move towards the sink.

KINGSTON  
 I'm right here. Now's as good a  
 time as any.

Kingston steps back and clears the path to the sink.

PUCK  
 I'm capable, you know. I don't need  
 you around here telling me what to  
 do. I'm in complete control.

KINGSTON  
 If that's the case, be my guest.

Puck looks at Kingston with a smug, defiant stare.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)  
You really don't want to make me do  
it. There will be consequences.

PUCK  
This is bullshit... You're fired.

KINGSTON  
Whatever you say.

Kingston promptly walks out of the room.

PUCK  
So, that's it?! You were just  
calling my bluff?!

No answer. Puck goes after him.

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Puck enters the room to find Kingston with a suitcase.

PUCK  
What's that?

KINGSTON  
The consequences... Your mother is  
napping, but should be awake around  
four. I made up a dinner plate for  
her. You should buy groceries soon,  
because there isn't much to eat. I  
meant to go shopping, but I forgot.  
If you need assistance, emergency  
numbers are by the phone.

Kingston moves toward the door.

PUCK  
Wait a second. I was only joking.  
You're not really leaving?!

KINGSTON  
You just said you're in complete  
control. Clearly you think you can  
handle it and I'm no longer needed.  
Say goodbye to Gwen for me.

Kingston leaves.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Puck storms into the kitchen and grabs a vodka bottle. He unscrews the cap and puts the bottle to his lips.

No sooner is the alcohol in his mouth than he immediately spits it into the sink.

PUCK

That motherfucker thinks he can get  
in my head.

Puck lifts the bottle to his lips. But before he can drink, comes a FRAIL MUMBLED VOICE from behind him.

GWEN (O.S.)

(barely intelligible)  
King...? King...? Where...?

Puck lowers the bottle and turns. Gwen, her robe loose around her, stares at him with a frightened look on her face.

PUCK

What? You want Kingston?

Gwen backs away.

PUCK (CONT'D)

He went to get groceries. He'll be  
back... You should sit down.

Puck goes to her and, without hesitation, Gwen lets him take her by the hand.

He guides her to the table and gently helps her into a chair.

GWEN

Hun-gry.

Gwen tries to stand up.

PUCK

You stay sitting. Kingston fixed  
you a plate. I'll get it.

Gwen looks at him, with a slight glimmer of trust, and sinks back into her chair.

Puck goes to the fridge and grabs a plate of macaroni and cheese. He places it in the microwave and sets the timer.

The microwave whirs to life with an ELECTRIC HUM.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Dinner will be ready in no time.

Puck goes to Gwen and sits across from her.

They silently eye one another, as if they're alien beings from rival planets, unsure of how to initiate communication.

The MICROWAVE CHIMES.

Puck goes to the microwave. He wrenches open the door, retrieves the steaming plate and places it on the table.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
You need a fork.

Puck searches the drawers.

Gwen reaches for the burning hot macaroni and cheese.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Where are they? Any intelligent person would put them next to--

GWEN  
Hun... gry. PUCK (CONT'D)  
Gwen, no! You'll burn your--

Gwen takes a handful of scalding hot macaroni and SCREAMS.

She shoves the plate away and spills the food across the Formica tabletop.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Dammit! I told you not to--

Gwen emits a HORRIBLE WAIL and waves her hands in the air.

Puck dashes to the freezer and grabs an ice tray.

He rushes over to the sink, empties the tray and promptly brings her a handful of ice.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
It's okay. Just hold onto these.

He takes Gwen's hands, places the ice cubes in her palms and cups her fingers around them. Gwen WHIMPERS.

Puck blows on her hands, as she gradually calms down.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
It'll feel better. I promise.

GWEN

Eat...

PUCK

Yeah, right.

Puck jumps up and finds a fork. He returns to the table.

Puck fills the fork with a small portion of food, blows on it and guides the fork to Gwen's mouth.

PUCK (CONT'D)

It's not like we're scraping it off the floor.

She eagerly accepts the food and practically inhales it.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Slow down.

Puck feeds her another forkful. Gwen gulps it down.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Didn't that asshole feed you lunch?

EXT. LUCINDA'S TRAILER / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Lucinda sits and smokes on her front porch. She angrily drags on a cigarette.

Alvin casually saunters by with Rocket.

ALVIN

Evening, Lucinda. I'm on my way to Bingo. Can I save you a seat?

Lucinda doesn't respond and simply glares at him.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Well, then, um, have a pleasant evening.

Alvin scurries off.

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen, now calm, comfortably relaxes on the couch.

Puck turns on the TV to a late 80's cop show. A car chase appears on the TV screen, but...

Gwen fusses, so Puck grabs a tape, inserts it in the VCR and joins her on the couch.

The tape plays "*Neptune's Daughter*", an MGM, Esther Williams' extravaganza, featuring an elaborate swimming sequence of shapely young women in silvery bathing suits and matching sequined caps.

PUCK

Isn't that you third from the end?  
It's hard to tell. I guess that's  
the point, right? You were made to  
look alike, but Esther, she was in  
Technicolor.

Puck looks over at Gwen who is transfixed.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Why am I asking you?

The ORCHESTRA swells, as Esther sheds her cloak to reveal a skin-tight, gold, body suit and spiky crown. She rises on a platform obscured by gushing water. The music crescendoes and Esther makes a daring leap from 50 feet in the air.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Amazing. They must have shot that a  
dozen times to get that take.

Puck looks over at Gwen who has her eyes closed.

He leans close to her.

PUCK (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Gwen? Are you asleep?

No response. Puck covers her with an afghan. He stops the movie and lowers the TV volume.

PUCK (CONT'D)

See, who needs that control freak  
anyway? I've got this.

Puck sits back on the couch, pulls Charlotte's half-smoked joint from his shirt pocket, lights up and takes a puff. He stifles a COUGH.

Puck heaves a relieved sigh and lets his gaze wander.

He takes another hit, lays down the joint and sinks deeper into the couch. His eyelids lower and he's... out.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Rows of tables and chairs are occupied by NUMEROUS SENIORS, bingo cards spread before them, markers poised and ready.

BINGO CALLER

We must be getting close. Keep a sharp eye on those cards. Here we go... B - fourteen... That's B--

LAVENDER RINSE LADY

Bingo! That's me! I've got Bingo!

A hubbub of excitement erupts as everyone looks around for the winner.

LAVENDAR RINSE LADY, seated near the front, waves her arms excitedly.

BINGO CALLER

Alvin, check her card. Last time she had Bingo her hearing aid was off and so were her numbers.

Alvin dashes over to Lavender Rinse Lady to check her card.

A commotion breaks out at the back of the room. A number of ladies SCREAM.

BINGO CALLER (CONT'D)

It's only Bingo ladies. We don't know if she's a winner--

Near the entrance, Gwen, her nightgown torn, WAILS IN ANGUISH. A few bloody scratches are visible on her arms.

Betty, seated close to the door, runs over to her.

BETTY

Gwen, what are you doing out alone?

GWEN

(babbling)  
Man... House...

BETTY

Why isn't someone watching you?

A group gathers around. Gwen becomes even more distraught.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Don't crowd her. Let her breathe.

Betty, with VIRNA (75), ditzy, in an ill-fitting wig, and TWO SENIOR WOMEN, guide Gwen toward the door, through the crowd.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE / POOL - CONTINUOUS

The women ease Gwen into a folding chair and try to calm her.

BETTY

Gwen, honey, you're with friends.  
See, it's us, Betty and Virna.

Gwen, fear in her eyes, glances from face to face.

VIRNA

Do you suppose she was attacked?

BETTY

I'm pretty sure I know what's going on. You two take Gwen to my place. I'll be back to check on her soon. Virna, come with me.

Betty storms off. Virna scrambles after her. The two senior women lead Gwen away.

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Puck, sprawled on the couch, snores while **"The Tonight Show"** plays on the TV.

JOHNNY CARSON (O.C.)

*"The last time she was on our--"*

LOUD KNOCKS ON THE DOOR, which is slightly ajar.

Puck wakes and looks around. He notices Gwen is not there.

PUCK

Oh, shit.

Puck rushes to the door.

Betty and Virna stand side by side, their arms folded.

BETTY

Who's in charge here?

PUCK

She was asleep. I only dozed off for a minute. Is she okay?

BETTY  
Just as I suspected. Nobody.

Betty pushes her way inside. Virna tags along.

PUCK  
Hey!... Excuse me! What makes you think you can just barge in here?

BETTY  
I'll just grab a few of your mother's things and be on my way. Virna, keep an eye on this one.

Betty breezes off to the bedroom. Virna takes an officious stance, folds her arms and glares at Puck.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Puck sulks on the couch and watches a soap. He looks like he hasn't slept a wink; his hair is greasy, his clothes are wrinkled, dark circles have formed under his eyes.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Puck ignores it and turns up the volume on the TV.

The phone continues to RING.

Unbeknownst to Puck, the door opens and Kingston enters.

KINGSTON  
Puck!

Puck jumps.

PUCK  
Damn it! You scared me.

Kingston shakes his head in disgust, grabs the remote and lowers the TV volume.

KINGSTON  
Look at you! You're a mess! Have you been drinking all night?

PUCK  
No, I haven't. I was worried about Gwen. I couldn't sleep.

KINGSTON  
What do you know? There is a conscience in there.

PUCK

I'm not a monster. I have feelings.

KINGSTON

Yeah. You wear them on your sleeve.  
Listen, the ladies are bringing  
your mother back soon and I said  
I'd handle things. So, make your-  
self scarce.

Puck lowers his head, like a kid being sent to the principal's office, and gets up. Kingston points to the door.

KINGSTON (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're pathetic. Can you  
just go to the pool for now?

Puck nods his head and leaves.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Puck opens the gate and enters the pool area.

A SMALL GROUP OF LADIES perform water aerobics to a 60'S EASY LISTENING HIT. They stop when Puck approaches.

PUCK

Don't stop because of me.

The ladies resume their activity.

Puck goes and sits under an umbrella, and as he views the trailer park, abuzz with life, his mood changes. He watches a pair of golf carts pass and the DRIVERS greet one another, a GARDENER with shears shapes a ficus hedge, a COUPLE OF WOMEN LAUGH under a bright orange awning, Alvin cheerily walks by and stops as Rocket does his business.

Then, Lucinda swiftly pulls up next to Alvin and SCREECHES to a halt. Rocket BARKS at her.

LUCINDA

Alvin! Do I have to remind you to  
clean up after that mutt again?

Alvin adamantly shakes his head, "No."

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

Don't try my patience. You know  
what will happen if you do.

Lucinda tears off, zips up the street, and pulls in front of an ASIAN WOMAN, as she walks to her trailer. Lucinda hops out

of the golf cart and saunters up to her. The woman freezes.

Puck watches the altercation from his vantage point.

Lucinda dominates the woman physically and points at her overgrown garden. The woman cowers as Lucinda chastises her.

FLASHBACK

INT. GWEN'S 60'S BUNGALOW / PUCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1968)

Young Puck lays in bed and reads a comic book. Next to him, the grey kitten, curled up, sleeps on his pillow.

"Q" peaks into the room and leans on the door frame.

"Q"

What are you reading there, buddy?

Puck doesn't answer. "Q" slips into Puck's room and quietly closes the door.

"Q" (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue?

(chuckles to himself)

It's a good thing, you know, that you don't talk much. Kids that keep quiet get special treatment.

Puck peers up at him, fear in his eyes.

"Q" (CONT'D)

You're not one of those momma's boys that bawl at the drop of a hat, are you?

Puck shakes his head, "No."

"Q" sits on the bed and picks up the kitten from the pillow.

"Q" (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. But, just to be sure...

"Q" squeezes the kitten, until it CRIES.

"Q" (CONT'D)

Your furry little friend will get a lot more of that...

He releases the kitten.

Puck scoops up the kitten and clutches it to his chest.

"Q" (CONT'D)  
 ...if you say a single word about  
 our game this afternoon.

"Q" taps Puck on the forehead.

"Q" (CONT'D)  
 What goes on between me and you,  
 stays in there... Got it?

Puck nods, "Yes."

END FLASHBACK

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Puck watches as Lucinda berates the Asian woman, gets back in her golf cart and drives away.

The woman stands there, visibly in tears, and sobs.

PUCK  
 (yells, to the woman)  
 Hey?! Are you all right?

She looks over at him, embarrassed, and darts inside.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 That evil bitch!

INT. PINK TRAILER / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gwen lays on the sofa, as Kingston takes her temperature.

Puck bursts in.

PUCK  
 Somebody needs to put a stop--

Kingston silences Puck with his hand.

KINGSTON  
 Not now.

PUCK  
 Sorry. Is she all--?

KINGSTON (CONT'D)  
 Not right now, Puck. Okay?

PUCK (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. Sure. I'll leave you to it.

Puck goes to the kitchen.

INT. PINK TRAILER / KITCHEN - DAY

Kingston enters to find Puck at the kitchen table. Set before him are the remaining bottles of alcohol.

KINGSTON  
What's all this?

PUCK  
Consider it a gesture of good will.

Puck takes the bottles to the sink and immediately pours them down the drain.

Kingston observes from across the room.

As the last drops of vodka swirl down the drain, Puck tosses the bottles in the garbage and turns to Kingston.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
I hope that counts for something.

KINGSTON  
Puck,... you need to sit down.

Puck sits.

PUCK  
Okay. Let me have it. I know I've been a total jackass--

KINGSTON  
That's not it... not at all. Your mother has pneumonia. She's very fragile and needs more care than I can provide. I called an ambulance. I'm moving her to the hospital.

PUCK  
No. She was fine last night. She can't... It's my fault. Isn't it?

KINGSTON  
Anything could have triggered--

A SIREN interrupts him.

Kingston leaves the kitchen, as KNOCKS can be heard from the other room.

Puck doesn't follow.

EXT. PINK TRAILER / STREET - DAY

An ambulance, its lights flashing, is parked in front of Gwen's trailer.

A commotion ensues as NEIGHBORS emerge from their homes. They congregate, WHISPER amongst themselves, and strain for a better look.

PARAMEDICS bring Gwen out on a stretcher. Kingston follows.

The paramedics slide Gwen into the ambulance.

Pucks emerges from the trailer and runs up to the vehicle.

PUCK  
I'm her son.

PARAMEDIC  
You can join her.

Puck looks over at Kingston. Kingston gestures, "Go ahead."

PUCK  
No... I probably shouldn't. You go.  
She trusts you.

Kingston hesitates.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I want you to. Just let  
me know how she is.

Kingston climbs in and sits next to Gwen. He takes her hand.

He looks back at Puck.

The paramedics close the doors, climb into the ambulance and drive away.

Puck, all neighbors' eyes on him, stands in the street.

He starts to cry, pushes past them, and quickly walks away.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

EXT. TRAILER PARK / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As the sky darkens, street lights emit their yellow glow.

Puck opens the trunk to his car.

He rummages under his jumbled belongings and pulls out a bottle of vodka. He unscrews the cap and drinks. He tosses the cap and it CLINKS into the darkness.

He slams the trunk and... it closes. Puck shakes his head in disbelief.

He turns and walks toward the pool.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Puck enters the pool area, bottle in hand. He takes a drink.

He makes his way to the pool's edge, kicks off his shoes, sits, and lowers his legs into the still, dark water.

The pool light blinks on.

Puck's pant legs, now drenched, hang heavy. He half-heartedly kicks. The ripples emanate from his legs, make their way across the pool's surface, then return.

Puck takes a huge drink. The alcohol dribbles down his chin and soaks his shirt front.

He lifts his face to the sky, tears run down his cheeks.

Puck pulls his legs from the water and stands. He shuffles along the pool's edge, from the shallow end to the deep. He drinks, but gags on the alcohol.

When he reaches the deep end, he rocks unsteadily on the edge and gazes at the water. Puck raises his arms to his side.

GWEN (V.O.)

(echoing, from the past)

Come on, silly. Jump. There's nothing to be afraid of. Mom's right here. I'll protect you.

PUCK

Stop lying to me!

Puck releases the bottle; it smashes on the concrete deck.

He steps back, peers down at the shattered glass, then deliberately plants his feet in the shards.

He grimaces and stifles a cry of pain.

Puck steps forward and places his bleeding feet on the edge.

Blood drips from his toes and forms red streaks in the pool.

"Q" (V.O.)  
(echoing, from the past)  
I knew it! You're afraid!

PUCK  
Go to hell!

"Q" (V.O.)  
Ha! Momma's boy can't swim.

Across the pool, Gwen, now a 50's version of Botticelli's "*Birth of Venus*", gradually comes into focus. Her long blond hair, weightless, floats around her. Attended by diapered cherubs, she glides across the water, her arms stretched out as she beckons to him.

GWEN  
I've got you, Puck. You'll be all  
right. I won't let you sink. Jump!

Puck reaches out, then plunges, face first, into the water.

INT. POOL / UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Puck, his limbs slack and splayed, sinks, amid rivulets of blood.

He raises his head. The pool's surface becomes further and further away, as he sinks deeper and deeper.

Puck lowers his head and a glaring light blinds him.

He lifts his hands and reaches for the distorted, wavering beacon.

Puck attempts to speak underwater, but only a lung's worth of air emerges.

He panics, grabs for the giant bubble, tries to retrieve it, but his breath fragments into a thousand bubbles that slip through his spread fingers.

Puck's face freezes in terror.

He is drowning.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, an arm closes around his chest and forcefully pulls him backwards, away from the light.

Puck breaks the surface and GASPS, as he's dragged to safety.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Nearly lifeless, Puck is lifted from the water and laid on the pool's edge.

He rolls onto his side. Water spews from his mouth.

Puck COUGHS and struggles for air.

As his choking subsides, Puck barely opens his eyes.

Crouched over him is a person of indeterminate gender. They have blond, stringy, wet hair, wiry limbs without an ounce of muscle and a kind, sympathetic face. They're a ragtag version of Gwen's "Venus", waif-like and ethereal, having gone through the wash cycle, devoid of any glamour.

This is HALCYON.

Puck, disoriented, attempts to sit up.

Halcyon pushes him back down and...

HALCYON  
(signs in ALS)  
Stay. Breathe.

Puck, weakened, reaches out and latches onto Halcyon's drenched and sagging shirt.

PUCK  
(sputtering)  
Am I dead?

HALCYON  
(signs in ALS)  
I'm not an angel.

Puck closes his eyes and goes limp.

END OF TAG