

"FUR RENT"

by

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FADE IN

INT. GLEN CAMPBELL'S HOUSE - MORNING

GLEN CAMPBELL 30s a tall hunk well-pressed man, usually confident and in control, is having a meltdown on the phone.

GLEN

This is how you repay me? Take the house I built you?

Glen's house is sparse and in perfect order. He opens the cupboard door where we find row after row of perfectly aligned cups and glasses. He pulls down a travel mug.

GLEN

I'm on assignment. I go where they send me, you know that.

Glen pours a cup of coffee. A drip falls to the counter. Glen dabs the spot then spot wipes the perfectly clean counters.

GLEN

You knew it would be like this. What happened to forever? You had it engraved in our rings?

Glen picks up a book on "Repairing your Relationship" next to a wedding photo and tosses it in the empty trash can nearby.

GLEN

You agreed to file months ago. You said you'd do it right before you cleaned out our account and left town with Hernando.

Glen removes his ring and tosses it down.

GLEN

All right, send me the papers... God forbid I wait another year.

The line goes CLICK. Glen hangs up the phone.

GLEN

Damn women, can't live with them, can't shoot 'em.

(contemplates)

But if I did I could probably make it look like a suicide.

Glen picks up the photo and struggles to separate the frame.

Glen walks to a set of sliding glass doors and gazes across a field at a blue and white house in the distance.

GLEN

Never again will I fall for your kind. You sly little creatures with your sweet innocent smiles and those skin-tight clothes you use to entice us with--to make us grovel at your feet for the chance to touch what's so so fuckin' holy underneath...

Glen continues to struggles with the photo.

GLEN

From the moment you start your day you're scheming. When you apply your make-up you're scheming. When you do your nails...when you fix your hair you're always scheming--asking yourself--what can I wear--what can I say to make a man do what I want him to do today?

Glen slams the photo to the counter chipping the frame.

GLEN

I was never home because I was working to pay for her Louis Vuittons, and her Jimmy Choo shoes and all that other high priced shit.

Glen gives up and tosses the photo into the trash.

GLEN

Shit that I and 99% of the men in the world can't tell the difference what it is.

Glen turns off the coffee pot and grabs a set of keys hanging in the kitchen.

GLEN

All women are self-serving bitches...whose number one goal is to control a man's bank account--until they can find a larger one. Then, as a departing gift, they'll say it's your fault when they rip your heart out.

He heads to the table with the phone and opens a drawer. He grabs his gun and holster.

GLEN

So help me if I fall for another one...I'll have to shoot myself.

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen SLAMS the door shut. The doorbell RINGS and RINGS and RINGS.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera's house is an old style rambler with peeling blue and white paint. A small sign depicts "The Blooms".

CHERA BLOOM late 20s is a ditzzy blonde who is constantly running late.

Chera starts down a wheelchair ramp from her front door. Her feet slip out from under her and she flies up into the air. She comes down hard on her back.

CHERA

Shit.

She squeezes her eyes shut as pain wracks her body. Her face finally relaxes and she opens her eyes. She SNIFFS.

CHERA

Shit!

(beat)

Dog Shit!

Chera turns over and her back is covered in a brown mess. It's even in her hair. Across her yard a little white dog laughs.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - DAY

Glen carefully places his cup of coffee in a holder.

GLEN

I curse the next woman who crosses my path.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera gingerly walks down the ramp. She has changed into an old fashioned red and white high neck blouse. She heads to her 1969 beat up green VW. The car starts with a big old puff of smoke, so big that it obstructs the view of the street.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - DAY

Glen spies the VW ahead. Large plumes of black smoke covers the street. Glen gets on his radio.

GLEN

Fire. I have a car fire. Oh shit what street is this?

EXT. CAR - DAY

Glen battles through the smoke and tries to open the door.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Chera is busy with her iPod when a fist punches through her window spraying her with glass.

GLEN

I've got ya.

Glen grabs Chera. Chera pulls loose from his grasps, turns around and fights her assailant.

CHERA

Help me. Help.

Glen pulls back from her window, gasping for air.

GLEN

(yells)

Unlock the door.

Chera pours the contents of her purse onto the front seat, her hands search for something--she grabs it.

CHERA

You messed with the wrong chick.

Glen reaches for the inner door handle. Chera sprays him in the face with mace.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Glen reels away.

GLEN

What the fuck?

Chera jumps out of the car and chases Glen spraying her mace.

CHERA

I'm being hijacked, someone call the police.

Glen puts out his hand to stop her.

GLEN

Stop! I don't want your car.

Chera kicks him in the shin. She pounds his head with her fists. Glen backs up and finally pulls away.

GLEN

Stop it, or I'll have to shoot.

Glen pulls his gun from his holster.

CHERA

Oh my God, he's got a gun!

Chera runs back to her car. She reaches for her cell phone on the ground and kicks it. It skitters under her car. Chera ducks around her car to retrieve it, but she slips and falls.

Glen finds his way to his car. Meanwhile Chera's phone is browsing the web and she can't get it to exit. She hangs up and tries again. It still won't cancel.

CHERA

I could care less what Kim Kardashian is doing today. I need to call 911.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - MORNING

Glen grabs the police megaphone.

GLEN

Young lady, you just maced an officer of the law. Come out right now with your hands up.

Chera's phone displays the weather forecast. She pauses to look over head.

CHERA

It's gonna rain?

Chera peeks over the car.

CHERA

Huh? What? What do you mean?--How do I know you're a police officer?

GLEN

Because I'm talking to you on a megaphone from a police vehicle...

CHERA

Are you crazy?

Glen motions for her. Chera advances slowly towards the car.

GLEN

Drop the mace--get in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Glen flips the switch to unlock the door. Chera pushes on the handle at the same time and it remains locked. Frustrated Glen flips the lever again with the same results.

GLEN

Just wait.

Chera finally opens the door and climbs in.

GLEN

Why'd you mace me?

CHERA

Why'd you break my window?

GLEN

I thought you were on fire. Why'd you mace me?

CHERA

I thought you were a car jacker.

CHERA

Fire? What?

Glen points at the black cloud of smoke dissipating ahead.

CHERA

My car does that when it's warming up.

GLEN

Who would want to car jack that--thing?

Glen's face burns red. He starts to speak but holds back. He finally exhales.

GLEN

Can I see your license young lady?

Chera pulls a license out of her pocket. The photo looks like Chera but much older. He does a double take. The woman is wearing the same red and white high collar blouse.

GLEN

41? You weren't born in 41.

CHERA

Oh! That's my Grandmother's. Mine is--was in my purse.

GLEN

Was?

CHERA

I dumped it out when I went for my mace.

Glen rubs his red swollen eyes.

GLEN

Can you reach me a napkin in there?

Chera punches the button on the glove compartment but it doesn't open. She punches it again, then again. Glen reaches over just as it opens. Chera grabs the napkin and bumps into Glen's arm which hits the coffee holder spilling his coffee.

GLEN

Shit!

CHERA

Sorry.

Glen unlocks the door.

GLEN

Go get your license--and registration.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Chera heads for her car while Glen cleans up her mess.

Chera finds the license and grabs the registration from the glove compartment. She steps in a pile of dog doo.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - DAY

CHERA

Are you giving me a ticket?

GLEN

Ticket? You assaulted a police officer.

CHERA

But I thought you were a hijacker.

Chera hands him the license. He waits impatiently as she reluctantly hands over her registration.

Glen pulls out a complaint form and starts to write. Car License # _____ Glen takes a closer look.

GLEN

Your tags are expired.

CHERA

I'm planning to go to DMV, but I don't get paid 'til Friday.

GLEN

I could have you towed for expired tags.

Glen write in her information using heavy strokes of the pen.

GLEN

License number...expires... Young lady did you know your license is expired?

Chera fakes a smile. She winks her left eye at him.

CHERA

Like I said, I was planning on goin' to DMV.

CHERA
(contemplates)
I mean I didn't know that was expired.

GLEN
It says you wear glasses. Where's your glasses?

Chera winks her left eye again.

GLEN
Why do you keep winking at me?

CHERA
I think I got mace in my eye.

Chera covers her left eye with her hand.

GLEN
Your glasses?

Chera yanks the rear view mirror towards her face.

GLEN
Be careful.

Glen grabs the mirror back from her.

GLEN
(louder)
Your glasses?

Chera is oblivious to Glen as her left eye searches its socket for her lost contact.

GLEN
(insistent)
It says you wear glasses. Where are your glasses?

Chera turns to face him. Her left eye is closed and her right eye blinks repeatedly. Tears stream from her right eye.

CHERA
I wear contacts.

GLEN
Oh. Okay. Eyes blue. Wait--your license says brown.

Chera hits the center window control . Glen's window rolls down. She hits another button and the right rear rolls down. He watches dumbfounded. Chera finally finds the control for her window. Chera hangs her head out the window. Glen starts to speak. Chera yanks on the side mirror.

GLEN

Please don't touch that I have it set...Now pay attention.

Chera turns her attention back to Glen. Her left eye is red and closed. Her right eye blinks and waters. She SNIFFS.

Glen stops writing. He SNIFFS. Glen looks around. Chera follows his gaze. It settles on her feet. Chera looks down at the tell-tale brown clump.

GLEN

Did you step in dog shit?

CHERA

I fell...

GLEN

And you got in my car?

CHERA

I-I already...

Chera turns her shoe to reveal a grass encrusted splotch. Glen slams the paperwork down on the dash and sits back in his seat.

GLEN

(yells)

Didn't you smell it?

CHERA

Don't yell at me, I can't smell anything. My nose is burning.

Chera punches the glove compartment knob but it won't open.

GLEN

Stop.

CHERA

I need a tissue.

Glen pushes Chera's license back at her.

GLEN

Here's my card. Call me when you're legal...and it had better be right away.

CHERA

You're from Chicago. Aren't you out of your jurisdiction? I mean do you have the authority to even give me a ticket?

GLEN

I'm a federal agent. I have authority everywhere. Would you like me to finish this citation?

The neighbor's dog has been watching them and Chera notices.

CHERA

It's that damn dog, he shits everywhere...some days I just want to murder him.

GLEN

Get out!

Chera spills more coffee as she slides out of his car. Glen looks over at the seat, there is a brown stain on the seat and coffee is dripping down the dash and onto the floor..

GLEN

Argggghhh.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera returns to her front door.

CHERA

Great. I'm going to be late again.

Three fire trucks with SIRENS blaring approach.

GLEN

Ah shit.

EXT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - DAY

Chera pulls up to the business and parks in front of the fire hydrant. The building states "Hold 'em and Mold 'em for your landscaping needs. Spring Valley."

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - DAY

Hold 'em and Mold 'em makes ceramic pots and decorative bricks. The lobby of the building has bland gray walls and a plain gray concrete floor. A receptionist, DIANE sits at a sleek curved wooden desk among the drab. Behind her is an office.

Chera shushes DIANE as she sneaks in and covertly grabs her time card behind her. With a loud KACHUNK her time is registered. MR. HOLD mid 50s, a no nonsense boss in the nearby office looks up. Chera sneaks through a door to...

INT. PRODUCTION LINE - DAY

An assembly line full of colorful pots. Chera's boss appears a second behind her and taps her on her

shoulder.

MR. HOLD

Get into my office now!

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Glen sports a bruised eye. He sits down at his new desk. A plant encased in cellophane with a bow greets him.

GLEN

I give you two months to live.

Glen empties the remains of his coffee into the plant. The coffee leaks out the bottom and pools across his desk. It gets all over some loose papers.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

CAPTAIN GORDON and another officer walk down the hall towards Glen's office carrying files boxes.

CAPTAIN

They sent this agent down from Chicago. Now you pay attention to this guy. He's a prime example of an exemplary investigator.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The officers enter the room. The two start to put the files down, but see the spreading coffee. Glen picks up the plant which spills out even more coffee. They stack the boxes on the floor and turn to Glen.

CAPTAIN

My God man, what happened to your eye?

GLEN

It's nothing.

CAPTAIN

Looks like someone took a swing at you.

GLEN

(curt)

I said it was nothing.

The Captain sniffs. His eyes settle on a cell phone in front of Glen.

GLEN

Yes you smell dog shit.

Evidence?
CAPTAIN

Ah--sort a.
GLEN

Glen attempts to move the phone, but it smears a streak of dogshit across his desk.

CAPTAIN
Go get him some paper towels and some cleaner.

The officer returns with the cleaning supplies. Glen sprays and wipes down the desk. He lays out the copies on fresh paper towels for drying. He wraps a paper towel around the phone.

GLEN
So you have some files for me?

CAPTAIN
It's hard to believe we might have a counterfeiter in our little town.

GLEN
The bills seem to turn up during holidays, Christmas, Thanksgiving.
And they aren't that high a quality. It's beyond me how any bank
doesn't catch it.

CAPTAIN
I hear you always get your man, or woman in this case--what's your
secret?

GLEN
I like to keep my friends close but my suspects closer.

CAPTAIN
But you don't have any friends. Not here anyway.

INT. MR. HOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Chera sinks into a chair across from her boss.

MR. HOLD
You are skating a fine line young lady. Tell me why I shouldn't fire you.

CHERA
It's not my fault.

MR. HOLD
I warned you last week that I was going to enforce the three strike
rule... So why, with all the warnings would you ever in the world be
late?

CHERA

I was gonna be on time but when I slipped on dog shit and had to change.

MR. HOLD

You give me dog shit as your excuse?

CHERA

I changed real fast and I got in my car and it was warming up when this guy tried to hijack me.

MR. HOLD

Car jack you mean? You expect me to believe that someone would actually car jack the green bomber?

CHERA

You know it smokes when it warms up, but this cop thought it was on fire and I was listening to my iPod...

Mr. Hold leans forward hanging on every word.

CHERA

So he punched out my window and tried to drag me out of the car.

MR. HOLD

That is the most outrageous excuse you've ever told.

CHERA

No wait, really, he's a cop. He gave me his card. His name was...Glen--Glen Campbell.

MR. HOLD

Oh that's a good one. I'm gonna jot down that excuse for my book.

Chera digs out Glen's card and holds it up.

CHERA

See. Glen Campbell, Special Investigator.

Mr. Hold hesitates as he looks at the card. He SNIFFS. Chera hangs her head as they both spy a tell-tale sign on her shoe.

CHERA

I changed my clothes, but I slipped in it when I ran from him.

MR. HOLD

You ran from this cop?

CHERA

He grabbed me so I maced him, then he pulled a gun on me.

MR. HOLD

You maced a cop? This here Glen Campbell?

CHERA

I thought he was a hijacker.

MR. HOLD

Car jacker...Gimme that card.

Mr. Hold puts the phone on speaker and dials. Glen answers.

MR. HOLD

Hello is this Mr. Campbell? I'm Mr. Hold of Hold 'em and Mold 'em and I'm sitting here with Ms. Chera Bloom,

CHERA

Did I leave my cell phone in your car?

GLEN (OS)

Did you leave your phone? Yes you left your phone and you left dog shit all over the seat. How the hell did it get on the seat?

MR. HOLD

Am I right in assuming you detained Ms. Bloom this morning?

GLEN (OS)

(shouting)

What? She detained me, a walking disaster.

Mr. Hold motions Chera to leave. He hands her back the card.

CHERA

(whispers)

I'll never be late again I promise.

Mr. Hold takes a sip of coffee, props his feet up on his desk and smiles broadly taking in the juicy gossip.

MR. HOLD

Tell me everything.

INT. PRODUCTION LINE - DAY

Lines of pottery make their way down the line. It is Chera's job to catch the pots and box them before the end of the line. Pots that are not caught can break when they fall off the end of the line onto a rubber pad. There are quite a few broken ones. A half-dozen girls give Chera dirty looks.

CARMEN mid 20s is a happy go lucky girl. She walks up and helps Chera with the pots.

CHERA

Hey butt dialer, why were you late?

CHERA

I'm never listening to you again. I put my phone in my purse and guess what, I got hijacked and I couldn't call 911.

CARMEN

hijacked?

CHERA

Car jacked...and my phone wasn't in my pocket where I could reach it.

CARMEN

Someone wanted to steal the green bomb?

CHERA

I'll tell you about it later.

EXT. FIRST AMERICAN TRUST - DAY

Set amongst high-end shops, gold leaf adorns this historic building in all its grandeur. Well-dressed pedestrians bustle down the sidewalk in this busy part of town.

GUNSHOTS send people scattering. More SHOTS. Pedestrians turn to the sound of a VW backfiring. Chera pulls up behind a white van with a bumper sticker that states, "have you hugged your snake today." The car dies in a puff of smoke. People stare.

INT. FIRST AMERICAN TRUST - DAY

Chera waits for her appointment with a teller supervisor. She holds a loan application. Mr. CRAIG DUNN, Bank President, a slick salesman type in his 50s approaches.

MR. DUNN

Ms. Bloom?

CHERA

Yes.

MR. DUNN

Craig Dunn, Bank President. How may I help you?

CHERA

I seem to have bounced some checks but I don't know why. I didn't get an explanation in the mail.

MR. DUNN

Let me see if I can help you, every one of our customers is special to me.

Mr. Dunn glances at the beautiful line of tellers. In unison, they tilt their heads and give Chera their biggest smiles.

MR. DUNN

Step into my office. Can I offer you a coffee, soda, sandwich, snack?

CHERA

I haven't had lunch yet.

One of the tellers brings Chera a soda and some cookies.

MR. DUNN

Happy cookie.

CHERA

Huh?

MR. DUNN

I said have a cookie.

CHERA

Oh.

MR. DUNN

Our customers are like family to us. What's happening in your family Chera?

CHERA

Ah that's why I'm here. My grandmother died
(fading)
though she had plenty of money...

MR. DUNN

I'm sorry to hear that. Take another cookie, aren't they great? One of our customers brought them in and ever since we've had a standing order to purchase two dozen per day. We help them build their business. What kind of business do you have?

CHERA

I don't have a business, I want to clear up these fees.

MR. DUNN

Death doesn't come easy does it?

CHERA

Should I be talking to someone else?

MR. DUNN

(soothing)

Do you want to talk to someone? What did your pastor say?

CHERA

I don't have a business and I don't need a counselor. You won't let me into grandma's safe deposit box, and probate could take four months, but first I need an attorney...

MR. DUNN

I mean do you want to talk to someone about the loan application.

CHERA

Oh. I was just looking it over.

MR. DUNN

I bet you could use lower payments. You need the 30 year refinance.

CHERA

I wanted the line of credit? Did I grab the wrong one? I can't see without my glasses.

MR. DUNN

We can do the refinance with this form and wrap the fees into the loan.

CHERA

(overly agreeable)

We can? Oh these cookies are good.

MR. DUNN

Sure. And interest rates are 4%. Just sign this ap and we'll fill out the rest.

Chera inhales a couple of cookies.

CHERA

Is that all you need?

MR. DUNN

We'll attach your credit report and your new payments should be around \$1200.

Mr. Dunn snaps his fingers and the same teller approaches with a notary stamp. Chera hoards the cookies in her purse.

MR. DUNN

I'll have one of the girl's notarize your John Hancock and get this show on the road.

CHERA

Wait. What about these fees?

MR. DUNN

No problem I'll get the teller to reverse that charge.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The neighbor's dog lies sleeping beside the street. Chera's car flips a U-turn and parks. A large cloud of exhaust envelops the dog. The white dog is now black. It blinks its eyes dazed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

There are small bottles everywhere. Some have names Bee Mine and Bee Have. Chera pours liquid into different samples.

CHERA

Honey perfume, deodorizer or air spray...this might be the winning combination to get myself out of debt.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen applies make-up to his bruised eye.

GLEN

Walking disaster.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chera sleeps. The alarm clock depicts 7:55. Chera turns to look at the clock and springs out of bed. She catches her foot on the covers and falls flat on the floor.

CHERA

Oh shit I'm late.

INT./EXT. VW - MORNING

Duct tape holds the license plate in place and wire holds the right hand mirror as it RATTLES excitedly in the wind.

Chera wears patched-together glasses, her hair is wet and stringy, and she multi-tasks as she drives. She takes a bite of toast and holds it in her mouth, she rolls down the window and shakes her hair in the breeze up to the next red light. She takes another bite.

Chera tosses her glasses onto the dash. A contact case appears in her hand and she spits on her

finger and instantly places a blue contact over her left brown eye. The right side of the compact is empty. The light turns green as Chera squints and drives with one eye to the road and one eye closed.

SPLIT SCREEN. Through the windshield the left road is normal and the right side is far away. Chera blinks and the road becomes a BLUR.

HORNS blare as the VW dodges a slow car. Chera holds and checks the time on her cell phone with her left hand. She applies eyeliner in the mirror with her right and continues her adventure through morning traffic.

Chera digs into her luggage she calls a purse. She gives up and empties the contents of three purses onto the seat. The lipstick rolls off the seat. The car swerves as she tries to grab it. Horns BLARE.

Chera stops at the next light. Behind her, a driver, MR. VITO TORTILINO in a sedan is hell bent to catch her. The driver pulls up next to Chera and points to the side of the road. But Chera is too busy reading aloud a letter from her bank.

CHERA

Dear Ms. Bloom, it has come to our attention that you have been late on your mortgage payment for the third month in a row. Though we appreciate your business...

The light changes. Chera pops the clutch and beats the car beside her out of the start. The contents on the seat fly onto the floor. Chera switches lanes and cuts off the man beside her. Inside his car he chokes from the smoke and rolls up his window trapping the smoke inside.

CHERA

...You didn't get your payment in by the 14th and we have assessed you a \$50.00 late fee.

Chera looks down at a stack of similar letters.

CHERA

I was there on the 14th.

Chera pulls up to the next red light. She searches the mess on the floor. The other driver pulls up beside her, but when he looks over there is no one visible in her car.

Chera is on the floor searching. She comes up with a deposit slip and her lipstick.

CHERA

Ah ha, it does say the 14th. What?--All deposits made after 3:00 p.m. will be credited on the next day? But I got there before 3:00.

Chera turns the mirror and applies her lipstick.

CHERA

This notice is two weeks old.

The man rolls down his window and yells. Chera is busy fluffing her hair again. The light changes, Chera pops the clutch and leaves the man in her smoke again.

EXT. DRAGON ASS COFFEE - DAY

Below the business name is a painting of a dragon motivating a stubborn donkey with a column of fire. Paintings of cups in every size adorn the window, from 2" to 2' tall. It's a regular Alice in Wonderland visual experience.

Chera opens the car door. With a quick toss of the head her pretty blonde hair falls perfectly into place. She applies her earrings and the butterfly has transformed.

Patrons stand around trying to figure out what they want. Chera slides in beside them and orders.

CHERA

The usual.

BARISTA

Were you next?

CHERA

Come on, they're still trying to figure out what they want.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - MORNING

Chera's boss is standing at the time keeper clock. Through the window he watches Chera park next to a fire hydrant then dash inside. Mr. Hold holds out her timecard.

MR. HOLD

Do you even understand how to play Baseball? It only has three strikes.

CHERA

My alarm didn't go off.

MR. HOLD

Yet you had time to stop for coffee.

Chera fakes a smile.

CHERA

I always put in my full eight hours.

MR. HOLD

Get in there--the conveyor belt's jammed.

Chera's cell phone rings. She answers it. Mr. Hold steams.

CHERA

What? You need me to come to the bank? Today? But I need to see the eye doctor today. Can it wait?

(hushed)

I can't really talk right now.

INT. BANK - LUNCH HOUR

Chera waits outside Mr. Dunn's office. An overly excited MAN exits his office with a handful of cookies. Mr. Dunn approaches Chera. He is not smiling.

MR. DUNN

Chera, come into my office.

Chera follows like a bad little puppy dog.

CHERA

You left a message, said it was urgent.

MR. DUNN

You missed your last payment, you bounced a bunch of checks, and when we ran your credit score--your score was abysmal.

CHERA

I had enough money in my own account, but then grandma's funeral cost so much and the taxes on my property are so outrageous.

MR. DUNN

Don't worry, you're getting the loan.

CHERA

Oh thank goodness.

MR. DUNN

But we had to increase the interest to 10%.

Chera's left eye begins to blink.

CHERA

But I signed at 4.2%.

MR. DUNN

That was on the stipulation that your credit was good and it's not.

CHERA

So what does that lower the payments to?

MR. DUNN

To refinance at 10%, then there's the early pay-off penalty...

The blinking gets worse.

CHERA

What pay-off penalty?

MR. DUNN

The \$4,000 on your other loan.

CHERA

But you said that was forgiven.

MR. DUNN

On the other loan. But you don't qualify for that loan and it has to be paid before you can refinance.

CHERA

The whole \$4,000?

MR. DUNN

Yes. But you can apply for a second mortgage. Is your eye all right?

Both eyes are blinking. Mr. Dunn remains calm as Chera gets more and more excited.

CHERA

I don't want a loan then.

Chera turns to leave.

MR. DUNN

How will you pay the fees?

Chera freezes in her tracks.

CHERA

Fees?

MR. DUNN

Appraisal fee--inspection fee...

CHERA

(lost control)

I never had an appraisal or an inspection.

MR. DUNN

We sent them out yesterday.

CHERA

How'd you get in? Nobody called me. Do you have a key?

MR. DUNN

Oh that wasn't necessary. We were mainly concerned with the outside of the building.

CHERA

You can't hold me to that.

MR. DUNN

It was part of the addendum. \$350 for the inspector, \$600 for the appraisal, \$250 for the application fee...

Chera takes three large breaths. Chera sits back down.

CHERA

Say I were to finance, what would my payments come down to?

Mr. Dunn runs a few figures on his calculator.

MR. DUNN

30 year at 10% plus the 2nd mortgage at 10% you're look at \$1505 a month.

CHERA

I'm paying that right now on a 20 year loan.

MR. DUNN

So you are. Well if you don't need a loan, can I interest you in a money market CD?

Mr. Dunn motions for a teller. She guides a CUSTOMER toward Mr. Dunn's office. She holds a platter of cookies for the agreeable customer who eagerly grabs a few.

MR. DUNN

Thank you for coming Ms. Blossom.

CHERA

But I sign the papers that waived the fees.

Chera heads to the door as the customer walks in eating the mouth watering cookies.

CUSTOMER

I didn't realize I'd be talking to the President.

INT. CHERA'S CAR - DAY

Chera sits Outside the bank. She thumbs through a phone book for attorneys. There are X's through

most of them. She dials.

CHERA

I called yesterday about probate and no one's called me back. No I don't have a will. I think there's one in her safe deposit box but the bank won't let me get it. Why do I need to post a bond, I'm her only relative. Yesterday you said you would ask the attorney if I could make payments on his retainer.

The line goes CLICK.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Glen uses a compact mirror to dab make-up onto his eye. The CAPTAIN walks in and catches him.

CAPTAIN

Missed a spot.

Glen fakes a grin.

CAPTAIN

Did I tell you I'm good friends with the fire chief? He told me about a car fire.

Glen rolls his eyes.

CAPTAIN

Yet there was no fire. But he said they flushed your eyes out, you'd been maced.

GLEN

No HIPAA confidentiality in this town huh?

CAPTAIN

Why didn't I see an arrest report?

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Chera is in the toilet when the doorbell RINGS.

CHERA (OS)

Shit.

The doorbell rings again and again and again. Chera heads for the door. She opens it suddenly.

SANDRA, a 30 year-old woman versed in manipulation stands before her.

CHERA

Can I help you?

SANDRA

Can I see the room for rent?

Chera leads the way to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The girls exit the stairs to a large basement with a few nooks and crannies lots of boxes and a bunch of old misc. furniture.

SANDRA

I like it. Can I move in tonight?

CHERA

Ah, I was going to pick up a rental agreement.

SANDRA

I need a place tonight. I have cash.

Sandra waves a wad of twenties.

CHERA

Ummm, I also need a deposit.

SANDRA

Two hundred enough?

Sandra counts out ten more twenties.

CHERA

I meant to get another house key.

SANDRA

Tomorrow's fine. Do you mind if I put my own lock on my door?

Sandra produces a doorknob.

SANDRA

As a courier I have to ensure documents are secure. It's a liability thing.

Sandra expertly detaches the existing doorknob and changes it out in just a few seconds. Chera watches fascinated.

SANDRA

I'll change it back when I move.

CHERA

Wow, you're good with doors.

SANDRA

I have a few things in my car can you help me?

Chera and Sandra make a run to the basement. Chera carries a printer. Sandra carries a suitcase and bags of new clothes.

CHERA

So you're a courier?

SANDRA

Mostly bid packets and contracts, things that need to reach their destination by a certain deadline.

Chera grabs a heavy full-length mirror and hauls it upstairs.

SANDRA

I'll stick whatever I don't want outside the door okay?

CHERA

I've got to get rid of this stuff someday, it might as well be now.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pile of boxes and furniture adorn the living room. Chera leans the mirror up against a bookcase. She knocks over a bag of dog food and it spills across the floor.

CHERA

We don't have a dog.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sandra is on her laptop. The printer starts up. Sheets of twenty dollar bills spit out. Expensive clothes with tags hang in the closet.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Chera is in the kitchen getting coffee.

CHERA

I know I promised you I wouldn't sell the house Grandma, but the college lost my withdrawal form and they aren't going to reimburse any of my tuition after all. So I rented the basement.

Chera bumps and breaks the mirror. Chera grits her teeth.

Sandra appears in the kitchen carrying her purse and blowing her nails. She points to her purse.

SANDRA

Can you do me a favor? Can you help me with this letter?

CHERA

We have a mailbox outside.

SANDRA

No, I mean, can you put the stamp on it, seal it. I've got fresh lipstick and wet nail polish.

Chera licks the envelope closed and applies a stamp.

CHERA

There's something sticky on the envelope.

Chera's fingerprint is visible on the envelope.

SANDRA

I spilled some clear polish.

Sandra motions and Chera slips the letter into Sandra's purse.

SANDRA

I got an assignment, I'll be gone a day or two.

CHERA

Oh, the agreement.

SANDRA

I'll fill it out when I get back.

CHERA

Oh. Okay. Have fun.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Chera opens the door as Sandra blows on her nails. Sandra runs to her blue car and quickly drives away.

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The gas station is reminiscent of the 40s with a red and white paint scheme, old fashioned pumps and an attendant who wears an old fashioned red and white uniform. Chera pays the attendant with a \$20 bill. The attendant studies the bill as Chera pulls away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Glen gets a call from a business.

GLEN

You received some fake \$20 bills?

EXT. FIRST AMERICAN TRUST - DAY

Chera pulls into an empty parking spot behind a white van with a bumper sticker, "have you hugged your snake today." Chera rants outside the door. Inside the security guard watches her on camera pacing back and forth.

CHERA

Will this take long? I have to get to DMV?

INT. FIRST AMERICAN TRUST - DAY

TIME SLOWS DOWN as we view the pit of shiny vipers. Their lips are beautifully painted--ready to spit, their nails sharpened--ready to scratch and their beautiful attire meant to intimidate anyone who ventures in from the Wal-Mart side of town.

Eight set of narrow eyes follow Chera's every movement as she deliberates the line to stand in.

MR. DUNN

Ms. Bloom, how can I help you?

The room exhales. Cashiers move, phones RING, papers RUSTLE.

CHERA

One of your tellers called and said they needed a signature. But I didn't want the loan remember?

MR. DUNN

Come into my office.

Chera turns to face down the smiling King Cobra poised to sink his teeth into Chera's property. She follows obediently.

MR. DUNN

I see you're late on your mortgage payment.

CHERA

Yes I know. But did they reverse all the fees yet?

MR. DUNN

I'm concerned about the inspection fee.

CHERA

I still don't know why you didn't tell me they were coming out to do an inspection.

MR. DUNN

We took the money out of your account and now you have a negative balance.

CHERA

You took the money out of my account?

MR. DUNN

According to our loan agreement, we have the right to transfer funds for the fees.

CHERA

But I'm not getting the loan.

Chera looks around the lobby.

CHERA

Um, no cookies today?

MR. DUNN

Business first then a cookie.

CHERA

(agreeable)

Oh. Okay.

MR. DUNN

Now how will you be paying for the appraisal? You are currently \$150 overdrawn.

CHERA

But if you'd just reverse the fees.

MR. DUNN

We need some money today Ms. Bloom.

He signals for his receptionist who, on queue approaches with a plate of cookies. Chera breathes in the smell. Mr. Dunn holds the cookies ransom. Chera counts out \$500 in fresh bills. Mr. Dunn is very satisfied with the transaction and offers Chera a single cookie.

CHERA

These are heavenly I must buy some.

Mr. Dunn uses the cookie to guide Chera outside his door. Chera takes a bite. She spits blue chunks into her hand.

CHERA

Yuck.

Mr. Dunn ignores her as he looks over to his receptionist. Chera licks her lips then pops the pieces back into her mouth.

MR. DUNN

Nice doing business with you Ms. Flowers.

Chera Chews. She closes her eyes. She wobbles for a second, NOISES FADE. Suddenly, phones RING and noise commences and Chera staggers towards the door as if drugged.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - EVENING

Chera shops for groceries. She's a real chatter box as she pulls out two twenties and pays. Chera stops at the adjoining liquor store, grabs a bottle of wine and pulls out another twenty. She gives the clerk her life story in double time. She is so animated, customers give her sideways glances.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Chera comes through the door. The house is dark.

CHERA

Sharon? Are you back yet?

Chera plops herself down on the couch and falls asleep.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Chera looks the worse for wear. She's seeing double when she pays for her coffee. A sign on the wall states: "Beware of counterfeit \$20 bills." The Barista is an asshole today no different than any other day.

BARISTA

What can I get you?

CHERA

(short tempered)

I come here every morning and order the same thing, can't you remember?

BARISTA

I get a couple hundred customers mam either order or step aside.

CHERA

All right. All right already. I want a tall mocha. Just like yesterday and the day before and the day before that.

BARISTA

Whip cream?

CHERA

(mean)

Guess.

BARISTA

(yells)

Tall mocha no cream.

He takes her twenty and gives her change.

CHERA

(yells)

I said I want my cream.

BARISTA

I said next!

He points at a sign. "We have the right to refuse service to anyone." Chera glares back then steps aside.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Glen sits at his desk perusing files. His phones rings.

GLEN

Special Investigative Unit. You received two counterfeit bills? IGA?

MONTAGE

Glen receives two - \$20 bills from the IGA Grocery manager.

Glen receives a \$20 bill from the gas station.

Glen receives a \$20 bill from the liquor store.

INT. DRAGON ASS COFFEE - DAY

Glen talks to the Barista.

GLEN

So you think you can identify the young lady that passed these bills?

BARISTA

She's a real bitch, comes here every day, always orders the same thing, tall mocha with whip. Never leaves a tip.

Glen hands him his card.

GLEN

If she shows up again, be sure and call.

EXT. DRAGON ASS COFFEE - MORNING

Glen gets into his car. He drives away. Chera pulls up and takes Glen's vacant parking spot.

INT. DRAGON ASS COFFEE - MORNING

The Barista points out the window as Chera approaches. His CO-WORKER makes a phone call.

BARISTA

Tall mocha, with whip cream.

CHERA

You remembered. Just for that I'm going to give you a big tip.

Chera passes a twenty dollar bill and places a dollar in the tip jar. The Barista compares it to a copy of another twenty dollar bill with the same serial number.

BARISTA

(yells)

She did it!

CHERA

What? Did I win something?

MR.TORTILINO

Young lady, I have a bone to pick with you about your driving.

Chera turns as Mr. Tortilino marches through the door.

MR.TORTILINO

You cut me off.

Chera glances back and forth between the two men.

CHERA

Huh?

MR.TORTILINO

If this were Chicago I'd take you off the street permanently.

BARISTA

It's a counterfeit!

The Barista flies over the counter. Chera does a double-take. She takes a step back and the Barista falls in a heap. Mr. Tortilino has his finger up lecturing.

Chera turns around and knocks his fist into his own nose bloodying it. The Barista plows into Mr. Tortilino knocking him down. He yanks on the door which hits him in the face once again. The coffee shop patrons follow as Mr. Tortilino rolls out of the way.

MR.TORTILINO

I'm gonna kill that girl.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Chera has lost one shoe and limps to her car. As she reaches the door handle, she is tackled like a football player onto the sidewalk by the Barista.

The Barista sits on her back. Chera flails like a spoiled child. A crowd surrounds them.

BARISTA

She's the counterfeiter. She's been passing bills all over town.

He turns to the crowd with the bill and the notice.

BARISTA

Look. She did it yesterday and the day before and just now she passed me another bill with the very same serial number.

The crowd converges, spitting terms of hatred. Mr. Tortilino is happy to see Chera is getting her just desserts and takes a photo with his phone. SIRENS approach.

CHERA

You'll never get a tip from me again.

Glen pulls up and watches as two uniformed officers pull the people off of Chera.

The Barista thrusts the twenty into Glen's hand.

BARISTA

Look, the same serial number as the one she used yesterday and the day before that.

Chera is marched to the back of the cop car by the officer.

BARISTA

She's the one I told you about. She comes here most mornings. Tall mocha with whip never leaves a tip. Except for the past three days when she suddenly has money to burn.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Chera sits in the holding room at a table. Glen enters.

CHERA

You again! You're like a bad curse that keeps showing up.

GLEN

Penny.

CHERA

No. Chera.

GLEN

Chera. Can you tell me where you got the twenty dollar bills?

Chera winks her left eye.

CHERA

Like I told the officer, my roommate Sandra--Sharon paid me for her rent.

Chera's left eye twitches.

GLEN

Sharon what?

CHERA

I didn't get her last name.

Chera winks again.

GLEN

What does the rental agreement say?

CHERA

She paid me cash.

Chera winks again.

GLEN

Well where is she? Where's she work?

CHERA

She's a courier.

Chera winks again.

GLEN

Why do you keep winking at me?

CHERA

I've got something in my eye.

GLEN

You said that last time and I let you go. But I'm not going to let you go this time.

CHERA

I didn't do anything.

GLEN

Did you do a background check, get a social security number, license number?

Chera winks again. Glen hesitates. Chera puts her hand over her eye.

CHERA

(annoyed)

Will this help you concentrate?

GLEN

I'm not having a problem concentrating.

CHERA

Then why do you keep asking me the same questions that the other officer asked me hours ago?

GLEN

Who rents a room to someone without a rental agreement?

CHERA

I got an agreement and I was gonna have her sign it, but she hasn't come back yet.

GLEN

What does she look like? Height, weight, hair color, short, long.

Chera stands up and moves around.

GLEN

Can you please sit down?

CHERA

I've been lying on a bench for hours, pardon me if I don't enjoy sitting on this hard chair, my ass is sore and I need to stretch.

GLEN

What does the woman look like?

CHERA

She was in her early 30s, about 5'7", blonde hair, medium length, about 125 pounds.

GLEN

You just described yourself.

CHERA

(excited)

Her name was Sandra, she rented a room, you have to believe me I don't know the first thing about counterfeiting.

GLEN

When did you rent to her? When did you last see her?

CHERA

She rented the room Sunday night. She moved some stuff in, changed the lock.

GLEN

Changed the lock?

CHERA

She wanted her own lock, said it was a liability thing with her job. It's not like I was going to snoop or steal anything.

GLEN

And that's your story?

CHERA

I'm telling you, Sharon gave me the money. I didn't know it was fake.

GLEN

How much did Sharon give you?

CHERA

\$700. \$500 rent and \$200 deposit.

GLEN

Where's the money?

CHERA

I paid \$500 to the bank and I used the rest for bills and stuff.

GLEN

Electric? Gas, groceries, wine?

CHERA

Yes, how did you know about the wine?

GLEN

You said you paid the bank? I don't see anything here. What bank?

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen and another officer MATT MAHONEY search. Glen pulls out a bunch of overdue bills and a

handful of bank notices. He looks through an open letter which reveals an overdrawn account.

GLEN

She's deep in debt.

MATT

I'm gonna question the neighbor.

INT. CHERA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is decorated for a little girl in pink. A high shelf displays dozens of miniature carousel horses.

Glen pulls out a camera and starts taking photos. A 27" television, a life-size carousel horse, antique dressers, an old trunk and misc. items.

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma's bedroom is neat for a hippie's den and it appears as if time stood still in 1960. Glen opens a few drawers but finds nothing out of place. Matt appears at the door.

MATT

She insists Chera lives alone. No one else has lived here since the grandmother died a few months ago.

GLEN

Interesting.

INT. QUESTIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Glen sits reading a file across from Chera.

CHERA

That cell was disgusting and that woman. She told me if I ratted on her, she'd make me her bitch. Can she do that?

GLEN

Make you her bitch?

CHERA

Bust my lip and get away with it?

GLEN

You can file a citizen's arrest, but it's your word against hers.

CHERA

I can't believe you left me in that jail cell like that. I'm a tax paying citizen.

GLEN

County's worse.

CHERA

I know. I had to pay them \$600 last month. How can a single person afford to even live.

GLEN

Now concentrate. The only thing in that room was the printer used to print the bills you passed and a bunch of clothing reported stolen from Barristers.

CHERA

I never shop there.

GLEN

Why do you have a horse in your room?

CHERA

My great-grandfather carved the horses for the town's carousel.

Glen writes notes.

CHERA

It's not stolen or anything.

Chera tries to eye Glen's notes.

CHERA

Donald McCray. That's my grandfather's name.

GLEN

I'm making notes to myself, I haven't started questioning you yet.

CHERA

Is this going to take long?

GLEN

You should have a garage sale, you have a lot of old interesting stuff.

CHERA

I'm not a hoarder or anything. I had to clean out the basement.

GLEN

I didn't mean that.

CHERA

If you want to sell anything you take it to the Saturday Market. Can you see me loading down my car and taking my furniture to town?

Glen chews on a sandwich. He makes a face.

GLEN

Where did you place the ad?

CHERA

Whoever does the concessions in this town uses Miracle Whip.

GLEN

Gross.

CHERA

For me it's Best Foods or no Foods.

GLEN

The ad?

CHERA

I put it on my front door.

Glen studies her face. He turns to the file again.

GLEN

You seem to have more than your share of run-ins with the law.

CHERA

I'm a law abiding citizen, 'cept for a few tickets. Now the ham and cheese I wouldn't touch that with a ten foot pole. Guarantee botulism. A friend from work got sick on it last year.

Glen snaps his fingers.

GLEN

Listen. You were driving with an expired drivers license, expired tags and you registered your car outside the city limits in some vacant park; because of the emissions?

CHERA

You try living on my salary, paying the taxes I have to pay.

GLEN

You've got to admit your story is pretty sketchy. Especially the part about advertising the rental on the front door, for what--five minutes? And you expect me to believe it when you say she doesn't even have a key to your house?

CHERA

I'm telling you the truth.

GLEN

Are you? You've gone back and forth on the ladies name. First it's Sharon, then it's Sandra, then it's Sharon. What is it?

CHERA

It's Sharon.

GLEN

I don't believe you.

CHERA

She had the same name as one of my best friends from Taco Bell.

GLEN

One?

CHERA

Two. They are twins. Now Taco Bell, I got a job there because I loved their food.

GLEN

Would you stop talking about food?

CHERA

I'm hungry. I didn't get my mocha. No lunch, no dinner. The only thing I've had all day is a fistful of water from the sink and even that tasted like rust, EPA would have a field day with those pipes.

GLEN

So, how did Sandra get there? What was she driving?

CHERA

A blue car. I noticed it didn't have a license plate and I thought, she's going to get pulled over for that.

Glen slams his fist on the table.

GLEN

Tell the truth, there is no Sharon Stone.

CHERA

I've told you everything I know.

(crying)

I am not a counterfeiter, I am a law abiding citizen.

Chera beats her head on the table. She finally stops and sits up again. Glen stands and lectures with a pointed finger.

GLEN

But you do lie, you lied about your residence. And the only fingerprints on the printer were yours.

Chera lies her head down on the table.

CHERA

I told you I carried it in for her. I want to go home.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Glen escorts Chera to a booking Sergeant.

GLEN

You can release her. But you are not to leave town young lady.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Glen puts a photo of Chera up on his crime board. Glen prints Chera's rap sheet. The printer prints and prints and prints.

GLEN

Jesus Christ look at all the parking tickets.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Glen gets in his car to drive home. Ahead he sees a woman hobbling as she walks with one foot bare. He pulls up beside Chera and rolls down the window.

GLEN

You shouldn't be out here so late at night.

CHERA

The sergeant said they impounded my car for tickets.

GLEN

Jump in, I'll give you a lift.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

CHERA

They want a hundred bucks. I won't have that much money until Friday. The ATM said I was overdrawn by \$500 and my account is frozen.

GLEN

Maybe the bank will work with you.

CHERA

(crying)

Every one of those tellers is a bitch to me and the bank President, he made me pay fees for a loan I didn't get. I had a simple life until I met you and now it's like I'm cursed.

GLEN

I'll see if I can get your car released tomorrow.

CHERA

Why is this happening to me? Things went to hell when my Grandmother died. She wanted me to keep the house--a house I couldn't afford. But no, I'm so stupid I swore on her death bed I wouldn't sell it.

Glen pulls up to Chera's house.

GLEN

Next time have your renters fill out an actual rental application, and do a credit check.

Glen unlocks the electronic door, but Chera is too quick, she breaks the knob off the inside door handle.

CHERA

Sorry.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Glen walks around and opens the door for Chera. She hands him the broken handle. Glen fakes a smile.

GLEN's POV

Chera hobbles to her door. The heel of her shoe sticks in the wheel chair ramp. Chera struggles, then steps out of the shoe. She stabs at the key hole a few times before finding the hole.

GLEN

What a klutz.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - DAY

DIANE

You didn't call in yesterday.

Diane shows Chera a copy of the newspaper, which states, "Local Woman Arrested for Passing Counterfeit Bills."

MR. HOLD

Chera. Get in here.

INT. MR. HOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. HOLD

Did you do this? Did you pass counterfeit bills?

CHERA

My roommate gave me counterfeit bills for rent.

MR. HOLD

You didn't call in yesterday.

CHERA

They never let me use the phone.

MR. HOLD

They always let you have one phone call.

CHERA

Honestly sir, I'm not a counterfeiter, Officer Campbell wouldn't have released me if they thought I was.

MR. HOLD

Really? Officer Campbell? I'll see what he has to say, now get in there, the line is making weird noises.

Mr. Hold picks up his phone and dials.

INT. FIRST AMERICAN - DAY

Chera waits outside the President's office. Mr. Dunn motions her into his office.

MR. DUNN

What can I do for you?

CHERA

I got this foreclosure letter. But why are all these notices two weeks old?

MR. DUNN

Hmmmm. Postal cut backs I guess.

CHERA

I would of had the money but you took part of it for the inspection fee and you still haven't reversed the bounced check charges like you said.

MR. DUNN

I said I would reverse the late fee, the rest of it is out of my hands.

CHERA

But that late fee created \$600 in bounced check fees.

MR. DUNN

Do you have your full mortgage payment?

CHERA

This letter says you removed the \$500 deposit and penalized me another \$200.

MR. DUNN

Ah yes, the money launderer.

CHERA

Counterfeiter. But I didn't counterfeit anything. My roommate left me with the bad money.

MR. DUNN

So how can I help you today?

CHERA

Like I was saying today is pay day and I would have had the money to pay the mortgage if I didn't have to pay the inspector.

MR. DUNN

You don't have the whole \$1500.

CHERA

I have my pay check it's \$1000. If you reversed the fees I'd have the full amount...

Chera digs through her purse for the letters from the bank.

MR. DUNN

Oh don't worry, we can work this out.

He motions one of the tellers to come.

MR. DUNN

Please deposit Ms. Dunn's pay check in her account.

CHERA

I was here before 3:00. But I got into a slow line. I remember thinking, this was the shortest line, but she took forever. I was thinking about changing lines and I really should have because she was like making excuses to keep talking to this guy. I think she had a crush on him.

The receptionist guides someone to Mr. Dunn's office. It's Mr. Tortilino. He looks as if he wants to ring Chera's neck. Mr. Dunn greets him with a hand shake.

MR. DUNN

You look like you could use a happy cookie.

MR.TORTILINO

No. I need to have a clear mind.

INT. MR. DUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Dunn closes the blinds in his office. They view a diorama on Mr. Dunn's desk. He removes a house from the diorama and tosses it in the trash.

MR. TORTILINO

Why isn't Miss Bloom in jail?

MR.DUNN

She would be if it was a local case. But they sent in a federal investigator.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The teller returns with Chera's deposit slip and a print out of her account. Chera looks at the balance it depicts \$120.

CHERA

\$120?

TELLER

You bounced a bunch of checks today.

CHERA

But I haven't written any checks in a week.

The teller walks away.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Chera's VW approaches. The neighbor's dog is lying by the curb. His ears stand straight up, he suddenly moves out of the way as Chera makes a U turn and kills her engine in a large cloud of smoke. Chera gets out of the car. She heads to the mail box. She steps in dog shit. She looks around for the dog that has disappeared. Inside the box is more letters from the bank.

CHERA

(yells)

Quit bringing me notices.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. LLOYD KRAMER 30s is an intimidating rotund guy with an attitude. He eats a burrito that drips down onto his shirt.

LLOYD

You have a room for rent?

CHERA

Ah actually I was looking for a girl.

Lloyd pushes his way in.

LLOYD

You know it's illegal to discriminate from renting to a guy.

CHERA

It is?

Chera guides Lloyd to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

LLOYD

I'll give you first and last if you can supply a cable box to my room okay?

Lloyd opens his wallet. He has a lot of cash. Chera eyes it suspiciously.

CHERA

Can you write me a check?

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd brings in his possessions. The sky darkens ominously. Lightning flashes as a rather large box possessing something mysterious is hauled inside.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Loads of misc. furniture is strapped down to Chera's VW. Definitely not legal or safe. Chera places a box of perfume through the passenger window. She slips between the ropes and climbs in through the driver's window.

EXT. SATURDAY MARKET - MORNING

Chera pulls up. The VW comes to a halt but her furniture keeps going. A book shelf plummets to the sidewalk and splinters. Chera unties her jumble of ropes and pulls out a rocking chair, end table and other pieces off of her car.

Chera sets up at her designated booth and displays her selection of perfume and misc. furniture pieces.

MONTAGE

The market is somewhat junky. A hodge podge of tables selling garage sale items. A bright striped tent sets up and offers corn dogs for sale.

Throughout the day women come and go spraying a sample of the perfume. Chera wraps up a newspaper and swats at bees. Some women buy the fragrance, many remark it smells sweet like honey. Slowly the furniture disappears. Here and there bees start to bother the neighboring booths.

Women who sport bee stings on their faces, return demanding their money back. It begins to rain and everyone races to pack.

EXT. CHERA'S CITY STREET - EVENING

It's raining. Glen is heading home for the night. Ahead we see a cloud of smoke envelop Chera's car.

INT./EXT. CHERA'S CAR - EVENING

Glen applies a quick blast to his siren. Chera pulls over. Glen walks up to the side window. Plastic flaps in the wind. Glen raps on the side of the door.

GLEN

You can't see out your window with this plastic mam.

Chera peaks out of a hole in the plastic.

CHERA

Are you moonlighting as a traffic cop now?

GLEN

No, but you can't see...

CHERA

When it was nice I didn't have to worry about it, unfortunately no one told me it was going to rain today.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Glen clicks the door. It locks then unlocks. Chera tries the handle--no luck. He clicks, clicks again with the same results.

GLEN

Just wait.

Chera folds her arms and gives him a dirty look. The door clicks again.

GLEN

Try it now.

Chera climbs in. Her hair is wet and she's a mess. Glen quickly grabs his coffee from the drink holder in front of her.

GLEN

You can't drive with your view obstructed. It's illegal and unsafe.

CHERA

People drive motorcycles in the rain and I only need it on rainy days. Without the plastic my seat gets wet.

GLEN

It's unsafe.

CHERA

(crying)

The window cost me \$50 and they want at least \$100 to put it in, and I've got to wait 'til payday and even then I don't know if I can afford it.

GLEN

Listen. Stop.

CHERA

Every time I run into you, it costs me.

GLEN

Listen. I feel responsible for the window.

CHERA

(under her breath)

You are.

GLEN

You said you have the window right? Can you come by my house tomorrow?

Glen writes his address on his business card.

CHERA

Sycamore? Oh great we're neighbors.

GLEN

10:00 o'clock?

Chera bumps the coffee and spills some getting out. Glen rolls his eyes and holds his tongue.

GLEN

Now go straight home, I'll follow.

EXT. CAR - EVENING

Chera walks to her car. Glen takes a drink. He looks up and spits it out. Chera is wearing white pants. Her left butt cheek is wet, red underwear visible beneath. Glen attempts to put his coffee back onto the holder without looking and spills it. Glen looks at the spilled coffee dripping down the dash to the floor. Then he looks back at Chera and laughs out loud.

INT. CHERA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The clock displays 8:05 a.m.

CHERA

Oh shit!

Chera jumps up, trips on her covers and falls flat on her face. She picks herself up. She drags the covers out the bedroom door. They catch on the door and she falls again. She fights to get loose.

CHERA (OS)

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

INT. CHERA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

White mice scatter when they hear her coming. Chera flies through the kitchen. She grabs a cup and overfills it, spills sugar on the counter, spills milk then hastily shuts off the auto coffee maker and flies out the door.

The disgusting Lloyd plods up the stairs in his shorts and no shirt his man boobs visible and physically revolting. He picks lint out of his belly button as he wanders to the coffee maker. Chera walks back in the door a second later.

LLOYD

Were you late for work?

CHERA

It's Sunday.

Chera dumps out the coffee and sets the cup down next to a statuesque white mouse. Their eyes meet. Chera looks closer. Chera blinks. The mouse blinks. Chera's eyes are wide. Chera SCREAMS bloody murder and the mouse darts away.

CHERA

A mouse, a mouse, it's a mouse.

LLOYD

Where? I don't see anything.

CHERA

Oh great, you get one and it usually means there's more.

The doorbell RINGS. Chera is shaken up as she answers it. CINDY is a potential renter, a cute brunette mid 20s stands outside.

CINDY

I saw your room for rent notice at the mall. Is it still available?

Chera glances over her shoulder for the mouse.

CHERA

Yes. Yes I do have a room for rent.

Chera shows Cindy to her own bedroom.

CHERA

I'm moving out of this room and into the other one.

CINDY

Does anyone else live here?

CHERA

Lloyd, I just rented him the basement.

CINDY

I have a cat. She's rare--worth \$7,000. I could give you a bigger deposit if you let me rent from you.

CHERA

Ah geeze, I don't know.

CINDY

I can pay you first, last and a full month deposit.

Another mouse scurries past. Cindy looks down at the mouse then up at Chera.

CINDY

She's a great mouser.

CHERA

Okay!

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Chera piles her possessions into grandma's bedroom.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen hears Chera's VW as it pulls up in front of his house. Chera rings the bell. It doesn't stop ringing. Glen answers the door and finds Chera with a nail file trying to fix it.

CHERA

I barely touched it.

Stocking-footed, Glen steps outside and fixes the door bell, which sits right next to the REMOVE YOUR SHOES sign.

GLEN

It's like that. Go on in, there's coffee.

Chera gets a cup and pours some coffee. She spills a few drops on the counter. She grabs a teaspoon of sugar and spills some on the counter. She gets into the fridge and pours some milk. Glen joins her at the counter. He ignores the mess. He looks down at her shoes but doesn't say anything.

GLEN

Please, make yourself at home.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Glen fixes the window. Chera meanders out back and spies an untended garden. She starts pulling weeds, thinning and replanting perennials. Chera fills pots with flowers. She places them around the front door unbeknownst to Glen.

Glen looks up and does a double-take. He notices the spade in her left hand and a pot of flowers in the other. He looks at his front step. Chera has a streak of dirt across her face.

GLEN

You have a spot here.

Glen wipes her face, but the spot doesn't come off. Chera stands obediently as he tries again to wipe it off.

GLEN

Do you make flower baskets at work?

CHERA

Oh no, we just make the pots, we don't fill 'em or anything.

GLEN

People would pay good money for these.

CHERA

I was taking interior design classes at the community college until Grandma had a stroke and I had to drop out.

Glen opens the front door. He starts to take off his shoes but hesitates when Chera walks on past in her dirty tennies.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen heads to the kitchen cabinet and is greeted with an even bigger mess than before.

CHERA

I hope you like French Toast.

Glen nods. He gets plates down and sets the table.

Chera excuses herself and heads to the bathroom to clean up. The phone rings and Glen ignores it. The message plays.

GLEN

(fading)

You've reached the home of Glen Campbell, please leave a message after the tone, or call my cell number at...

A FLUSHING sound comes on the recorder.

CHERA (OS)

Oh shit.

(os)Something falls with a plop into the toilet.

CHERA (OS)

How will I explain that?

Glen looks from the recorder to the bathroom.

(OS)Something else falls into the toilet with a PLOP.

CHERA (OS)

Ahhhh. I can't believe I dropped that.

Glen folds his head into his hands and shakes his head. Chera exits the bathroom a few seconds later.

GLEN

Everything okay?

Her face is red. Glen notices the bulge in her back pocket.

GLEN

Do you always carry your phone in your back pocket?

CHERA

I can never find it in my purse.

Glen pushes the button on the answering machine. Chera's face flushes as the messages plays again.

CHERA

I dropped your toothbrush.

GLEN

I'm glad you told me.

Chera hesitates and makes a face.

GLEN

You weren't going to tell me?

CHERA

I took it so you wouldn't use it.

GLEN

What else did you drop?

CHERA

A razor, but you had so many I tossed it.

Glen holds back a crooked smile.

GLEN

...thanks...

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Glen washes and Chera rinses dishes. They joke and laugh.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Chera rolls her car window up and down.

GLEN

I'll see if I can figure out why it smokes. Since you don't have a dipstick I have a feeling it may have more oil than it needs.

CHERA

Look you can see my house from here. That one right there.

Chera points across the field to her blue and white house in the distance. Glen ignores the comment. He smiles and waves.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pans and Dishes CLANG and BANG. Cindy's door opens slowly. Chera's door slowly opens. The girls eyes meet.

The two women sneak to the kitchen and observe Lloyd. He wears a Kiss the Cook Apron. His butt cheeks are revealed to them and they shield their eyes and turn to each other disgusted.

CHERA

He's sleep cooking. Oh my God, I'll have to burn my apron.

CINDY

We really need to get this on Youtube. Where's your camera?

Cindy runs off and returns a second later with the camera and her hungry cat intertwined around her feet. The cat MEOWS.

CINDY

No Kitty not now.

Cindy videos Lloyd's butt. She moves up to his face. He spills some ketchup into a frying pan. He pours some juice and stirs. He opens a bag of pancake mix and pours some in.

CINDY

Yuch.

The stove top begins to smoke as it melts a plastic bowl.

CHERA

Lloyd wake up, you're burning the bowl.

Chera grabs the bowl and places it in the sink.

LLOYD

Have you seen my snake?

CINDY

Gross.

The cat's eyes dart back and forth, back and forth. Cindy looks down at the cat then back to Lloyd then back to the cat again. The cat crouched ready to pounce. Chera turns around.

CHERA

Lloyd, you need to put some clothes on.

We hear a SCREAM... interspersed with the wail of a SIREN.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cindy holds the cat tight as an officer, FRED PURDUE takes a statement. Lloyd is wheeled by, he tries to grab the cat.

LLOYD

I know you put him up to it.

Cindy flips out her camera.

CINDY

Kitty went after your hairy balls without any coaxing from me.

Lloyd tries to snatch the camera, but he's wheeled away. Fred grins as he watches the video. He hands Cindy his card.

OFFICER FRED

I need you to email me that clip.

The girls watch from the front door as the ambulance leaves.

They return to the stove and stand over Lloyd's dinner and stir the lumps with a spoon.

CHERA

Yum. Want a bite?

They burst out LAUGHING until they cry.

MONTAGE

Glen gets another file box dumped on his desk.

Chera works her job at the pottery factory.

Chera and Cindy happy dance in the living room. They mimics Lloyd's sleep cooking.

INT. CHERA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

All is quiet. A Cornish game hen thaws on the countertop. The cat eyes the meal. A six foot albino ball python appears in the kitchen and the cat SCREAMS.

INT. CHERA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Cindy walks through the door with a bag full of groceries. She discovers the python.

CINDY

Holy fuck.

The snake has a fat bulge in its stomach. Cindy panics. She looks around. She calls for Frisky. She runs to her room and back again. She corners the snake.

CINDY

You ate Frisky!

LLOYD

That doesn't give you the right to try and kill my snake?

CINDY

I swear if you don't get that fucking snake out of here.

CHERA

(screams)

Get it out of here!

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - LATER

Chera sits at the kitchen writing a check. Cindy snatches it from her hand. Cindy takes her suitcases and leaves. Chera picks up her cell phone and dials Glen.

CHERA

Lloyd is trying to blackmail me with his penis.

GLEN (OS)

Blackmail? With what?

CHERA

Cindy's cat gouged it the other night when he was cooking in the nude.

CHERA

...and Lloyd had a snake in the house. It ate Cindy's cat. She wants \$7,000 from Lloyd or me. God forbid I can't afford that.

GLEN (OS)

What the hell!

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Glen sits at his computer next to his bed talking on the cell phone. One of Chera's plants hangs next to the bed. He clicks an email from a co-worker. The email brings up a video on Youtube.com. The video of Lloyd plays on the screen.

CHERA(OS)

He's a sleep walker, and a sleep cooker, a sleep bather...and he was wearing my apron.

(crying)

I had to burn it.

(fading)

GLEN

I know an attorney who owes me a favor. Write down this number.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

White mice flee the house.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chera talks with the attorney about Lloyd.

ATTORNEY

I suggest you give him his money back. According to your policy your insurance should refund you. If he finds out about the Youtube video you could be screwed.

CHERA

But I had nothing to do with the video.

ATTORNEY

But it was your camera and she joked about putting it on Youtube.

CHERA

I think she would have told me if she did.

ATTORNEY

And this the same woman threatening to sue you for her \$7,000 cat?

INT. CHERA'S HOME - DAY

The kitchen table is full of flowered pots. Chera creates cute cards with cartoon drawings of dogs and cats, Happy Birthday, Happy Anniversary, etc.

Lloyd stops by for his rent refund check.

CHERA

You have to sign this agreement first.

LLOYD

What's it say?

CHERA

It says you won't sue me for anything having to do with your accident if I pay your and your snakes bills. And you won't sue me for any loss of pet, should your snake dies from its injuries.

Lloyd ponders.

CHERA

I have a check here, but you have to wait until pay day.

Lloyd signs the contract, grabs the check and moves out.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Baby pythons have the run of the house. Over a dozen come and go as they please.

INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR - DAY

The little white dog is heading to his dog bed. But it is occupied by a small python. The snake puts the squeeze on a stuffed toy dog. One of it's eyes pops off. A second snake pops out of the dog blanket. The dog flees through the dog door.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

In DOUBLE TIME the dog races through the dog door. He ZIPS down the sidewalk out of sight.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Three women early 30s appear at the door. The wind blows through their hair and TIME SLOWS DOWN when the three knock-outs walk through the door.

BAMBI

I'm Bambi this is Cherrie and Sable. We're college students.

Chera shows the girls around the house.

CHERA

The place only has three bedrooms. Well the basement and two rooms. I guess two of you could sleep in the basement.

Bambi opens the crawl space below the stairs.

BAMBI

Look a mattress would fit in there.

CHERA

You want to sleep in there?

BAMBI

I'm saying, we'll each pay you \$500 a room, plus deposit, that's \$2100. Or we can keep looking.

CHERA

Okay...okay. One of you can have my room.

All three women pull out checkbooks. Chera relaxes.

INT. BANK - DAY

Chera pays up her mortgage payment. The TELLER never smiles. Chera leaves the bank WHISTLING.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - NIGHT

5:00 p.m. and Chera begins her shift as everyone heads home. The parking lot is full of trees and plants and pots. Chera sizes up the work ahead of her.

MR. HOLD

You know when the nursery went bankrupt and I ended up with all their trees I thought about your suggestion.

CHERA

Great.

MR. HOLD

Some retailers stop by to place their orders. If we showcased all our products it could increase sales.

CHERA

But this will take a week by myself.

MR. HOLD

People ask me, why haven't you fired Chera for her tardiness?

CHERA

I try...

MR. HOLD

I see something in you Chera. Now do a good job and I'll put you back on days.

CHERA

I will.

MONTAGE

Chera lays out a field of black plastic over the lobby.

Chera shovels dirt into pots from a pile of dirt outside.

Chera plants trees in giant pots.

Chera plants bushes and flowers in other pots.

Chera drives potted trees and bushes on a forklift and places them in the lobby.

Chera places a pallet of bricks in the lobby using a forklift.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The white dog is black again with matted fur. He wanders the alleys. He is joined by a cat with black

matted fur.

INT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

A darkly clothed man walks across the back field towards Chera's house. Another suspicious looking man parks his car down the street and walks back towards Chera's. Another man is dropped at Chera's front door by a cab. Another man approaches walking from the opposite direction.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Her house has become a brothel. Half a dozen men wait on the couch for the half a dozen women who file them in and out of the two main bedrooms.

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Two women lead two men into Grandma's room. 60s music plays on the stereo. One man wears a hippie poncho and Elton John glasses, another toke on a joint. The men feel the groove and sway with the music as the women dance.

INT. CHERA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Next door in Chera's room. Bambi goes for a twirl on the carousel pole while Sable takes a bite from some pink cotton candy. The girls are dressed in baby doll outfits. Circus music plays as Bambi swings onto the horse back and rides it seductively. She arches backwards over the saddle, licks her lips and eyes one of the men seductively. He sidles up to her and offer her waiting mouth a corn dog.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Two men watch video screens. A bank of recorders pick up the romps in the bedrooms. Another shows the living room and another screen shows the front door and street.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through a slit in the curtain, Glen trains his telescope on Grandma's window. He grabs a hand towel and lotion. He sees the silhouette of a couple making out through the light curtain.

GLEN

She's got a boyfriend? Since when?

He throws down the lotion and the towel and spins the telescope.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - MORNING

Glen waits in Mr. Hold's office. Outside there is a hustle and bustle of excited people. Glen's head snaps every time someone walks by the window. Mr. Hold enters and shakes Glen's hand.

MR. HOLD

Mr. Campbell. Nice to finally meet you.

GLEN

Likewise.

MR. HOLD

So what brings you here?

GLEN

I just wanted to ask you a few more questions about Ms. Bloom.

MR. HOLD

I was this close to firing her. Have you had any luck finding the real counterfeiter?

GLEN

It's going. So I was milling around the lobby and I heard some rumors--well, that you were sleeping with Ms. Bloom.

MR. HOLD

When it comes to absenteeism, I have a three strike policy.

GLEN

And Ms. Bloom?

MR. HOLD

She's always late but thing is, she's good on the line and things would go to pieces without her.

GLEN

So do you know who might be intimate with Miss Bloom?

Mr. Hold waits. He studies Glen's face. Glen turns away.

MR. HOLD

Is this business or personal?

GLEN

Ahhh business of course.

MR. HOLD

You should ask her friends Carmen and Diane.

GLEN

I haven't seen her come in yet. Another late day?

MR. HOLD

She's working nights--on the garden.

GLEN

The garden?

Mr. Hold turns to his computer.

MR. HOLD

I have her starting at 5:30, half hour lunch, getting off at 1:00 Sunday through Thursday. She goes back to days on Monday.

GLEN

So last night around 9:00?

MR. HOLD

I have her on video all night, every night. Did something happen last night?

Mr. Hold clicks on his computer screen and the lobby video appears. He FAST FORWARDS the screen.

On screen the time lapse depicts Chera stacking hay with a fork lift. Then she covers the hay with black plastic. She starts placing plants and bark over the plastic. At 9:00 Chera is building a fountain.

GLEN

Did it all by herself?

MR. HOLD

She maps it out in her mind and goes to town. She's like that on the production line. If it suddenly shuts down, she can tell by the sound what's wrong. She saves me thousands.

MR. HOLD

Want to see Sunday?

Glen watches as Chera drops a pallet of bricks on a black plastic floor and creates a meandering path across the lobby.

MR. HOLD

Did you see the windows?

Mr. Hold clicks on Wednesday. Chera outlines children's Easter characters on the window.

MR. HOLD

Then she made these signs and hid these little eggs, filled them with cute little sayings, kind of an Easter egg fortune cookie thing.

GLEN

I saw that.

MR. HOLD

They're a real hit and sales have increased.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Mr. Hold and Glen meander out to the lobby which has been thoroughly transformed into a garden. A few employees mingle.

MR. HOLD

Chop, chop. Get back to work.

The stacks of hay now house a waterfall, and a fountain is alive with sparkling coins. Glen and Mr. Hold mosey down a garden path depicted with a Bunny holding a sign that states, "Hop this way..." Glen spies a hand painted Easter egg.

MR. HOLD

Go ahead.

Mr. Hold points up to the glass windows and a mural depicts a bunny rabbit hiding eggs. The colorful mural is alive with baskets, chicks, eggs and chocolate bunnies.

MR. HOLD

I can't fire her for being late. She already has a 4th of July theme planned out.

A woman's heels CLICK, CLICK, CLICK as she power walks through the lobby doors. MRS. HOLD a well-dressed determined 45 year old woman is on a mission.

MR. HOLD

My wife. She's planning our son's wedding.

Glen opens the egg in his hand. Inside is a cute bunny holding a heart with a sign that states, "You will find true love." Glen smiles... Mr. Hold greets his wife.

MRS. HOLD

Do you know how much the florist wants? Double the cost of the flowers.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bright neon lights depict a popular nightclub with partiers of all types. People dance to ROCK AND ROLL, talk, drink. The three women hit on passing men. Men offer drinks--give cheek kisses--ask about the "new girl."

Chera passes on the advances by men to dance, the others are quick to entertain. Observing in the background, Glen sits wearing a baseball hat and sunglasses. He pulls out his cell phone, waits for the crowd to clear then takes a photo.

Bambi heads outside with a slick looking older man. Sable heads to the dance floor with an overweight balding gentleman. Cherrie opens a pill box and pops a pill.

CHERA

So I can really earn \$200 in two hours?

Bambi returns to the table. She throws down a wad of cash. She turns to a nearby waitress. Chera turns to the waitress.

BAMBI

More drinks!

GLEN's POV Cherrie passes her hand over Chera's drink.

A drunk staggers and bumps against Glen's spilling his drink.

DUDE

Sorry.

GLEN

Shit.

DUDE

I said I'm sorry dude. You wanna make something of it?

Glen stands and wipes off the drink.

GLEN

Can you move now, you're blocking my view.

The man gets up in Glen's face.

DUDE

(slurring)

I say we take this out to the parking lot.

GLEN

I say you sit down and shut the fuck up or I'll have to bust your lip.

DUDE

You and what army?

Glen glances over the drunk's shoulder stretching to see what's going on at the other table. The drunk pokes Glen in the chest.

At the girl's table the balding man appears and with hand cupped over her ear, he talks to Bambi. Bambi points at Chera.

DUDE

Did you hear me? I said you and what army?

Officer Matt Mahoney in dark clothing enters the nightclub. Glen waves him over to his table. The staggering drunk turns around and recognizes the man.

DUDE

Officer Bologna.

The drunk salutes. Mahoney stares him down. The drunk does a double-take.

DUDE

No problem here officers.

The drunk slinks away without another word. Mahoney sits down and orders a drink. Glen points over at the girls.

MATT

Bambi and her posse.

GLEN

So they are?

MATT

She was once a teller at the local bank. The head teller, if you know what I mean.

GLEN

Head?

MATT

Busted up a few marriages before she met up with some shady character and moved her act to Chicago.

GLEN

Hmmmm.

MATT

Who's the new girl?

GLEN

Their landlord. I don't think she has a clue who she's renting to.

Chera passes out and her face hits the table.

MATT

Sleeping Beauty just took a nose dive.

Glen stands abruptly bumping the waitress. Matt fishes through his wallet and waits for his change.

MEANWHILE Glen makes his way towards the other table.

Bambi motions TWO men to the table. The MUSIC ENDS and the dancers exit the dance floor and head for their seats. Many mingle taking their time blocking Glen behind them.

BAMBI

Can you help us out with her?

Glen continues to trip over a crowd of people blocking his way as he tries to get to the door.

MATT

Wait up.

The men pick Chera up by either shoulder and head to the door. Bambi, Cherry and Sable follow.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Vito Tortelino waits out front in his sedan. The men put Chera in his back seat. Glen bursts through the front door.

Vito shoves a wad of cash into Bambi's hand and drives off. Bambi turns and gives each of the men a \$20. Matt exits the nightclub a few seconds later.

MATT

What'd I miss?

Glen hightails it to his nearby car. He guns the car in reverse throwing up gravel. He pulls up next to Matt.

GLEN

Don't let them go.

MATT

Right. Ah why?

INT. TRAFFIC - NIGHT

Glen weaves through traffic. He spots the sedan a half mile away. He runs a red light, HORNS BLARE and cars swerve. Another light turns red, Glen speeds through it as cars SCREECH.

The sedan makes a right. Glen punches the car. He finally reaches the same intersection and turns right. The street is dark, no car lights visible.

GLEN

God damn it.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Police officers are hauling the girls away. The girls flirt with the officers who know them.

OFFICER KARL

Sorry to have to do this Bambi.

BAMBI

Can you lose the paperwork Karl? I'll make it up to you.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A seedy motel on the edge of town. Stripped cars litter the streets. Hookers troll and interact with drug dealers. Glen pulls up to the motel next to Vito's car. Glen knocks rapidly on the door. No answer. Inside we hear SHUFFLING.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - 120 - NIGHT

Glen busts through the door. Vito points a gun at Glen.

MR. TORTILINO

Tell me why I shouldn't shoot you.

GLEN

I'm a cop. If you shoot me, your ass will be strung up in less than six months.

MR. TORTILINO

Where's your badge?

Glen slowly pulls out his badge.

MR. TORTILINO

Where's your warrant?

Glen spies Chera barely clothed on the bed.

GLEN

I came for the girl.

Glen raises his hands and walks to Chera. He bundles her in a sheet. Vito approaches waving the gun.

MR. TORTILINO

Why's this girl so special to you?

Glen swings around, disarming the man. He punches him in the nose. Vito folds. Glen empties the bullets and tucks the gun in his pocket. Vito sits on the floor holding his bloody nose.

MR. TORTILINO

You're gonna be sorry for that, I'm a well respected businessman.

GLEN

What's she doing here? Did you touch her?

MR. TORTILINO

Why you so interested in this hooker?

Glen's face turns red as he holds his breath.

GLEN

She's not a hooker. Just because you paid Bambi doesn't give you the right.

MR. TORTILINO

Bambi? You her pimp?

Glen tries to wake Chera. Meanwhile Vito pulls out his phone and starts texting.

GLEN

What's she on?

MR. TORTILINO

I didn't give her nothing.

MR. TORTILINO

(mutters)

When my lawyer gets done with you the world's gonna believe she is a hooker and you're her pimp.

A police cruiser pulls up outside and Officer Fred approaches the room cautiously. Vito recognizes him and motions.

MR. TORTILINO

You didn't have to punch me man. Hey aren't you supposed to have a warrant to bust in here like this?

Glen notices the officer. He flashes his badge.

OFFICER FRED

Drop the gun sir.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chera appears woozy as Glen guides her through the door.

CHERA

Where is everyone?

GLEN

They moved out.

The answering machine is BLINKING and Chera hits the button.

BAMBI (OS)

Hi Chera, it's me Bambi. I have to move back to Chicago and since I haven't been here more than two weeks, I was wondering if I could get half my rent and my deposit back.

CHERA

Oh great. Another renter wants an immediate refund. Did you say they all moved out?

GLEN

Bambi and the girls are hookers. We busted them last night.

CHERA

Hookers? Are you kidding?

GLEN

What were you doing with them last night?

CHERA

Last I remember, Bambi was going to introduce me to someone who had a good paying job.

GLEN

I think they put a roofie in your drink, I found you at a hotel.

CHERA

Hotel? Hookers? Drugs? Was I? Did I?

GLEN

The Doctor said no.

CHERA

No? No what?

GLEN

No you didn't have sex. And you were most likely roofied.

CHERA

Of course they were hookers. That's how they make their money. They don't have lots of boyfriends, they have lots of Johns.

The telephone rings and Bambi starts to leave a message.

BAMBI (OS)

Chera, Bambi again.

Chera punches the speaker on the phone.

CHERA

Hi Bambi, I got your message.

BAMBI

My mother is sick and I was wondering if I could get my rent back today.

CHERA

Give me your address, I'll mail you a check.

Glen shakes his head and Chera pushes him away.

BAMBI (OS)

I really need cash.

CHERA

I don't have any cash.

BAMBI (OS)

You could go to an ATM.

CHERA

I have to go the police are here.

Chera hangs up the phone and turns to Glen fully alert.

CHERA

According to the Landlord Tenant Act she has to give me 30 days written notice from the beginning of next month. Which means I get to keep all of this month's rent, and the deposit will apply to next month's rent.

GLEN

Sure, but once she gives you notice you have to advertise it for rent.

CHERA

Once she gives me written notice. I really doubt she's going to give me written notice of anything.

GLEN

So you have no intention of mailing her a check?

CHERA

Bitch almost got me raped. I'm not gonna make any kind of effort to do anything the law doesn't require.

Glen's cell phone rings and he walks into the kitchen to talk. Glen returns a few seconds later. But Chera is gone.

GLEN
 (calling)
 Chera?

From inside the closet Chera answers. Glen opens the closet door. Chera lies on a mattress in "her room."

GLEN
 You sleep in here, under the stairs?

CHERA
 Don't ask.

GLEN
 That was my boss, I'm needed at work.

Glen kisses Chera on the forehead.

GLEN
 I called a locksmith, he'll be here around 10:00. There's an officer outside if anyone comes back they'll call me.

Chera lies her head on the pillow. She feels her hair. There is a wad of pink cotton candy stuck to her head. Chera lies back down in the mess.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A half-dozen police officers and undercover vice rally around a federal officer LINDSEY. He spies Glen and breaks off from the group. He points down the hall and Glen follows.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Glen's desk is a mess. The dead plant leaks coffee staining the desk. Abandoned paper towels sop up the mess. Empty plastic wrappers from sandwiches adorn the desk.

LINDSEY
 What the hell's going on down here? I send you to apprehend a counterfeiter and now you're involved in vice?

Lindsey eyes the mess. Glen begins to clean it up.

GLEN
 It's complicated.

LINDSEY
 So complicated that I have to get a call in the middle of the night to come down here and straighten your ass out?

GLEN

They drugged her.

LINDSEY

That's not your problem. What were you doing in that bar?

GLEN

I wanted to see who she met.

He moves the plant and it spills more coffee. He gives up and throws it in a trash.

LINDSEY

You're supposed to observe and report not offend and assault.
Where's the girl? She's not at the hospital, I checked.

GLEN

I held her at my house.

LINDSEY

You should have left her at the hospital for observation.

GLEN

I don't think she had insurance.

LINDSEY

Really? Is that the reason? You'd better not be sleeping with her.

Lindsey studies his face in silence. Glen throws up his hands and shakes his head.

GLEN

She's a sweet girl down on her luck.

LINDSEY

What happened to the bad ass Glen Campbell I used to know?

GLEN

What evidence do we have besides fingerprints on a printer?

Lindsey slides a file across the table.

LINDSEY

You can add mail fraud to that list.

GLEN

Mail fraud?

Glen leaves dirt fingerprints on the file.

LINDSEY

A woman was defrauded out of \$10,000. She received this letter.

Lindsey pulls a letter encased in an evidence bag out of the file. Glen reaches out to grab it, but Lindsey holds it back.

LINDSEY

Guess whose fingerprints are on the letter?

GLEN

No way.

Lindsey opens the package.

GLEN

Look at the date; it was mailed when that Sharon person lived with the suspect.

LINDSEY

Listen to you. There was no roommate.

GLEN

I was just saying...

LINDSEY

We were able to get DNA off the envelope. You need to get a sample of Miss Bloom's DNA to make this stick. Follow her get a cigarette, soda, coffee cup.

GLEN

Mocha.

LINDSEY

You still have your sights set on Washington?

GLEN

Of course.

LINDSEY

Then wrap up this case, make your arrest. I don't wanna come back here.

GLEN

Will do.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

In grandma's bed a pile of baby snakes writhe.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera pulls up. An older lady greets her at the sidewalk.

NEIGHBOR

They sold the house. Someone from Chicago.

CHERA

I didn't know it was for sale.

NEIGHBOR

The new owners want me out right away. Could you keep your eye out for Snoopy? I haven't seen him in a couple of days.

CHERA

Sure. Okay.

NEIGHBOR

You still give him treats don't you?

Chera's jaw drops.

NEIGHBOR

Oh. I assumed you were. You're grandmother did and he was always out there waiting for you.

CHERA

(crying)

Grandma was his friend? I didn't know.

NEIGHBOR

I'm sure he's okay.

CHERA

(bawling)

Don't worry I'll find him.

The neighbors hug goodbye.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chera sits at the table crying. The door bell RINGS. Chera wipes her tears and answers the door. Diane and Carmen stand at the door bursting with excitement.

DIANE

We want to rent a room.

CHERA

You do?

CARMEN

We can make sure you get to work on time. And you know we'll pay the rent.

DIANE

We're not going to burn you like those other lowlife's.

CARMEN

And we have cash.

Carmen waves a bunch of bills in Chera's face.

CHERA

Oh my God, this is great.

INT. CHERA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The girls whoop it up with a bottle of wine.

DIANE

What happened to your neighbor?

CHERA

I haven't heard from him since the hooker thing.

CARMEN(OS)

We can show you how to pique his interest.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glen studies a file. His cell phone rings. He answers it.

GLEN

Hello.

On the phone there is a bunch of giggling.

Glen spins his telescope around and trains it on the kitchen. The three girls are visible in the kitchen. Chera is dressed in a tight pair of jeans and a low cut blouse.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DIANE

If you want to land this guy. You have to take him shopping. Try on some under things.

The two girls apply lipstick then lip gloss to Chera.

DIANE

No more of that tight lip stuff. You look like you're hiding a secret.

CARMEN

And don't bite your lip. You must have full pouty lips.

DIANE

Lip gloss is your greatest weapon. Apply liberally before you encounter the wild beast.

CARMEN

Exaggerate when you lick your lips. Do it right and guys will imagine your lips on their Johnson.

DIANE

Keep a lollipop with you at all times. If you want him to think sexual thoughts of you, put it in your mouth and lick it.

CARMEN

Remember, pouty lips, halfway open and lollipop.

DIANE

Now your eyes. Blink a lot. And cock your head slightly to the side. This lulls them into a relaxed state of mind.

CARMEN

You are feeling sleepy, you want to sleep. There is a beautiful woman here and you want to sleep with her.

DIANE

Wear a V-cut shirt. Get a push up bra.

CARMEN

Bend down so he can get a peak.

DIANE

Get a thong. Bright pink or red.

CARMEN

And be sure and bend over so he can see you're wearing one.

DIANE

They can't get that little string between your ass cheeks out of their mind.

CARMEN

Take him to Victoria's Secret. Tell him you need a new camisole.

DIANE

He will want to wait outside the store; but don't let him.

CARMEN

Tell him you need him to hold your purse.

DIANE

Once inside, start fondling underwear, show him a crotchless pair then act embarrassed like you didn't realize they were that type.

CARMEN

Shove stuff into his hands and make him choose colors. Do you like pink or blue?

DIANE

He'll be all flustered at first. Shove undies with fur into his hands. Men love the feel of furry things and that will keep his idle hands busy for awhile.

CARMEN

When you go into the dressing room, keep talking to him. Drop your underwear at your feet, then daintily kick them so they fall slightly outside the door.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen continues to listen.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - DAY

Carmen and Diane arrive at work. Diane takes her place at the reception area. Mr. Hold shows customers around the garden. A woman approaches Diane.

DIANE

Good morning how may I help you?

WOMAN

I love the garden, who did this?

DIANE

Chera Bloom, one of my work associates.

WOMAN

I didn't know you did landscaping here. I would love Chera to take a look at my lot.

Carmen looks around suspiciously.

DIANE

She's off today. Let me get your number, and I'll have her give you a call.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera sits at the table with a bunch of unemployment paperwork and a formal suspension notice from work. An open newspaper displays a caption Hookers busted on Elm. Bambi and the crew are photographed in front of Chera's house "The Bloom's" plaque on the house is displayed in the photo.

Carmen and Diane return home from work.

CHERA

Any word about lifting my suspension?

Diane waves a bunch of pink messages notes in her face.

DIANE

I could get fired for this...but people want you to landscape their houses.

Diane individually hands Chera the half dozen messages.

DIANE

We're so busy. We had a businessman from Chicago place a big order. And the newspaper took some pictures and everyone in town is stopping by.

CARMEN

Give him a few days, he'll want you back.

INT. SATURDAY MARKET - DAY

Chera unloads arrangements from her car and takes them to a new booth at the Saturday market. There are now three tents. A few new tables sell bright crafted quilts and homemade items.

MONTAGE

Chera's flowers are a hit and sell easily, and she creates cards with personalized messages.

INT. SATURDAY MARKET - DAY

The market manager approaches.

MANAGER

They sold the lot to a group from Chicago, they want to build a pawn shop.

CHERA

Pawn shop? The second hand store barely gets enough business.

MANAGER

The new owner wants to take possession at closing, they aren't offering us a lease or even a month to month contract.

CHERA

I was doing so good here.

MANAGER

Keep your eye out for another space okay?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chera shows up at the police station. She has a bouquet of flowers. It is covered in green crepe paper. She strides down the hall looking for Glen's office.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Glen smiles when he sees her.

CHERA

I cleaned up at the market.

Chera presents the flowers to Glen.

CHERA

Happy Birthday.

Glen smiles confused.

GLEN

How did you know?

CHERA

I snooped in your wallet.

Glen opens the bouquet then quickly closes the paper over it.

GLEN

Marijuana Mary!

He grabs the bouquet with his left hand and grabs Chera's shoulder with his right and marches her outside.

CHERA

What's wrong?

GLEN

Don't say a word 'til we get to the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Glen thrusts the bouquet in her lap and pulls away from the building.

CHERA

Are you mad at me? Is it the hooker thing? I didn't know. I certainly wouldn't of agreed to rent to them if I'd known.

GLEN

(mumbles)

Marijuana Mary.

INT. ABANDONED PARK - DAY

Glen pulls up to a dead end street. An abandoned park lies before them with overgrown grass and a STAY OUT sign.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - DAY

Glen turns off the car. He remains silent.

GLEN

(accusing)

Does this place look familiar to you? The address registered on your car?

CHERA

I used to come here to ride the carousel with my grandfather.

GLEN

Are you plain stupid or is this a game?

CHERA

What?

Glen opens the bouquet.

GLEN

I'm talking about the marijuana.

CHERA

That's marijuana?

GLEN

Don't tell me you don't know what marijuana is?

CHERA

Well yeah, sort of, but marijuana is green, these leaves are purple.

GLEN

Purple haze.

Light bulbs go off in Chera's head and Glen recognizes them.

GLEN

Are you--are you growing this?

CHERA

No. I mean, I didn't plant it. Maybe Lloyd.

GLEN

You and your money sucking roommates. Sharon, Lloyd, Cindy, the hookers...how can one person be so stupid?

Chera tries to open the door to get away.

GLEN

My God woman, you were selling marijuana at the Market.

Glen shoves the marijuana back into the bouquet. He notices the card, a cartoon of a dog wishing him happy birthday.

He sticks the card in his shirt pocket. Chera's tears flow as she stares out the side window. Glen pulls a piece of green crepe paper from the bouquet and hands it to Chera.

Chera takes the tissue and wipes her tears. Each wipe results in green streaks on her face. Chera blows her nose and it's suddenly green. Glen snickers. He hides it with his hand.

Chera, oblivious, dabs her eye creating a green circle around her eyes. Glen loses control. Chera continues to dry her wet face creating a green monster.

Every time she dabs it gets worse. Glen finally gets out of the car having gone crazy with laughter.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Glen leans against the car, then slides to the ground laughing. Chera gets out and walks around.

CHERA

Are you all right?

Glen continues to laugh as Chera continues to dab at her eyes and blow her nose, the color grows even worse.

GLEN

Stop!

Chera stops crying and Glen slows his giggling.

GLEN

Are you telling me you have marijuana growing in your back yard and you've been using it in your potted plants and bouquets?

CHERA

I guess.

GLEN

I guess?

CHERA

I don't see the humor. I could get arrested.

GLEN

That's the funny part.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Chera puts the bouquet down on the table and heads to the bathroom. She is shocked to see her face is green. She laughs.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The backyard is a mess as though a giant gopher plowed through the yard leaving giant holes that used to house plants.

Glen stands over the marijuana plants.

GLEN

I see you've been gardening.

CHERA

Grandma would kill me for digging up her plants. But I raised a lot of money.

GLEN

You've got 25 plants, enough for a felony. Most people know to keep it under 25.

Glen kicks at a clump of material between two plants. Chera's burnt Kiss the Cook apron. Chera fakes a weak smile.

CHERA

You never told me my face was green.

GLEN

I couldn't stop laughing.

Glen throws all the weed in a pile and douses it with lighter fluid. Chera appears at the fire with the apron on a stick and drops it on the fire.

GLEN
How many sales did you make?

CHERA
Forty.

GLEN
Hopefully no one noticed.

CHERA
They were mostly young people.

GLEN
Or maybe they did.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Glen eats a sandwich as Chera recreates Glen's bouquet.

GLEN
I stink like weed. I need a shower.

Chera finishes the bouquet, but the card is missing. Chera creates a new card of a dog digging up plants. She presents him with the bouquet and the card which states, "I'm sorry."

Glen reaches for a marijuana leaf in Chera's hair. Glen steps back and is surprised to see Chera with her eyes closed. Glen moves in to give her a kiss when something catches his eye. Chera finally opens her eyes. She turns and follows his gaze.

GLEN
Was that?--It looked like a snake. Over there on that hanging plant.

Chera squints.

GLEN
(imitating a stoner)
I must of inhaled some of the smoke.

A car pulls up outside. Chera walks Glen to the door. Glen kisses Chera on the forehead and walks away laughing.

CHERA
Thanks for the help.

GLEN
I will never forget this birthday.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Diane and Carmen entertain two men. Chera is not with them.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chera bumps off the walls as she heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

One of the baby snakes takes a drink of water from the toilet.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chera pulls on the bathroom door, nothing happens. Then she pushes and it opens.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

There is no sign of the snake. Chera throws her jacket off and it falls to her feet. Underneath she wears a long shirt. She sits down on the toilet. She wobbles. A worried look crosses her face. She burps and the look fades to one of drunkenness.

Chera attempts to stand, her feet trip on her jacket and she falls butt first into the adjoining tub. She struggles to get up again, but her feet are wrapped in her jacket and wedged between the toilet and the tub.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Glen is happy to see it's Chera.

Chera? GLEN

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Glen? CHERA

Chera looks around the bathroom. She looks at the closed door.

Where are you? CHERA

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

I'm home? Why? Are you okay? GLEN

CHERA (OS)

(crying)

I've fallen and I can't get up.

Glen loses the connection. Glen tries to call Chera back, but the line is busy.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chera butt dials her work number.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - NIGHT

The building is dark. A voice comes on the night time recorder.

RECORDER

You've reached Hold 'Em and Mold 'Em. We're sorry we are not available to take your call. Please leave a message...

MEANWHILE

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chera hears her roommates in the kitchen laughing.

CHERA

Help, I can't get up.

No answer.

CHERA

Oh my God, I swear I will never drink again.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Glen races towards Chera's house in his car.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen pulls up. The two girls with two guys are at the door leaving. Glen approaches.

GLEN

Chera home?

LINDA

Bathroom I think.

The four walk out and leave Glen at the open door. Glen closes the door behind him and walks into the house.

Chera?
GLEN

Glen heads to the bathroom.

CHERA (OS)
(calling)
Help me. I can't get up.

GLEN
Are you hurt?

CHERA (OS)
I busted my...
(trailing)

GLEN
And your friends just left you?

CHERA (OS)
Help. I'm stuck.

Glen picks the lock. He opens the door. Chera's eyes are black and makeup is running. She looks up from her contorted position.

GLEN
How'd you get down there?

CHERA
(crying)
I fell. I broke my ass.

Glen grabs her arms to help her up. Chera staggers. He grabs her bare butt. Chera stands.

He realizes her pants are down around her ankles. She realizes her pants are down around her ankles. She bends to grab them and they bump heads. Glen steadies Chera as she buttons her jeans. He walks her out of the cramped bathroom.

GLEN
What have you been drinking?

CHERA
151 rum.

Glen leads her towards her grandmother's bedroom.

CHERA
Oh God I think I'm gonna die.

Chera passes out. Glen carries her to the door.

INT. GLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Glen lies Chera on the back seat of the car. Glen drives towards his house. A black scruffy cat runs out. Glen slams on his brakes. Chera flies forward in the seat. She grabs the wire frame. Glen turns back just in time to see in SLOW MOTION Chera puke through the wire divider.

GLEN

Oh shit.

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen carries Chera to the front door. He steps in dog shit.

GLEN

Who put this curse on you?

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A lump under the covers stirs and MOANS. Glen enters the room wearing sweats no shirt.

GLEN

How you feeling?

CHERA

What happened?

Chera's hair is standing on end. Her make up is a mess. Glen smiles at the sight of her.

GLEN

Coffee?

CHERA

Please.

Chera takes a sip then hands it back. Chera looks under the covers and discovers she's naked.

CHERA

What am I doing here?

GLEN

You called me for help. Do you remember?

Chera shakes her head.

GLEN

Your clothes are in the bathroom. They're covered in puke,
(whispers)
so's my car.

CHERA

How did I get here?

GLEN

You fell in the tub and butt dialed me. I don't know why you insist on carrying your phone in your back pocket.

CHERA

Oh God, I'll never drink again.

GLEN

(matter of factly)
Yep you kept saying that.

Glen gets up and grabs Chera's clothes from the bathroom.

GLEN

Get a shower, I left you some sweats in there.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chera fresh from the shower, takes a drink of coffee. Glen knocks on the door.

CHERA

Come in.

Chera combs her hair. Her eye settles on the telescope trained on Chera's house. Chera heads towards it.

CHERA

Spying on the neighbors?

GLEN

Did I tell you how my mouth waters for your French toast?

Chera looks toward the telescope then back to Glen.

GLEN

I tell you what, you can rest on the couch and I'll make breakfast.

Chera heads out the door. Glen nudges the telescope and it spins around.

MONTAGE

Glen feeds Chera aspirin and applies a cold compress to her head.

Chera sleeps on the couch.

Glen cleans the puke out of his car.

Glen works on Chera's engine.

They watch a comedy on TV and eat popcorn.

Chera gets a text on her cell phone.

CHERA

My boss wants me to come into work.

GLEN

Shall I drive you home?

CHERA

Oh. I guess I could walk huh?

GLEN

I mean if you have to go, the car's kind of a mess--it's airing out.

Chera gets up and grabs her purse and heads for the door.

CHERA

I forgot. I'm so embarrassed.

GLEN

Forget it. It made for an exciting weekend for me.

(fading)

It's kind of lonely for me I don't know many people.

INT. HOLD 'EM AND MOLD 'EM - MORNING

Chera checks in with Diane.

CHERA

Mr. Hold asked me to come in. Did he lift my suspension?

DIANE

I don't know, he's not telling me anything.

MR. HOLD

(calling)

Chera? Get in my office.

CHERA

Yes sir.

MR. HOLD

What did I say about straightening up and flying right?

CHERA

Sir I have been.

Mr. Hold punches a few numbers on the telephone. A message plays over the phone.

CHERA(OS)

I've fallen and I can't get up.

(beat)

Oh God I'll never drink again.

MR. HOLD

Do you have a drinking problem Ms. Bloom?

CHERA

It was 151 rum and they were double shots, I had no idea. I swear I'll never drink again.

MR. HOLD

I can't afford alcohol treatment.

CHERA

I rarely drink, it's just the stress of everything.

MR. HOLD

What if I lift your probation? Will that lower your stress?

CHERA

Sure. Okay. But what do I have to decorate this time?

Mr. Hold smiles.

MR. HOLD

My son is getting married. My wife wants you to help with the flowers.

CHERA

What? Really?

MR. HOLD

...and you can work from home.

CHERA

Really? Sure.

MR. HOLD

Great. Now get in there, the production line is running slow. And Miss Bloom. No more 151 rum okay?

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen views photos of Chera. Some dowdy, some sexy, some funny. Glen watches out the window when Chera's car pulls up.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chera pulls her cell phone out of her pocket.

CHERA

Hi.

GLEN (OS)

Hi. How's the car, I have some time I can put in some new plugs.

CHERA

Ah sure, I have time.

A snake hangs on a plant over Chera's open bag. She doesn't see it. And it drops into her bag.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen opens the door. Chera's wearing a sexy V-cut blouse.

GLEN

I was researching something on the Internet, want a come up?

CHERA

Sure.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chera places her purse beside the bed on the night stand. The snake escapes and slips under the bed. Chera reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a red lollipop. She removes the wrapper and sticks it in her mouth. Glen watches. Chera slips the lollipop in and out of her mouth. She cocks her hip and stands awkwardly as she circles her lips with the lollipop. Glen's eyes widen. Chera smiles and blinks her eyes awkwardly.

GLEN

(whispers)

She wants me.

Chera drops the candy wrapper. She bends over. Glen's eyes bug out when he spies her bright pink thong. He smiles. Chera continues to act as if she is searching for the wrapper.

GLEN

She really wants me.

Glen pulls a pair of red underwear out of his drawer.

GLEN

I think these belong to you.

CHERA

(embarrassed)

I forgot all about 'em. I mean I bought a sex pack--I mean a six pack,
I didn't...

Glen hands her the panties. He pushes the hair back from her face. They kiss a long drawn out kiss.

It's a race. Glen frantically undoes his shirt. Chera unbuttons her jeans. Glen pulls her shirt over her head.

GLEN

I want you.

CHERA

Me too.

Chera slips under the covers. Glen follows.

GLEN

You drive me crazy.

Chera throws back her head in ecstasy as they begin to make love. A snake hangs over the bed from the plant and Chera SCREAMS. Glen increases his pace.

CHERA

No, no, no.

Chera rolls him over and the snake drops down into Glen's face where it hangs then swings back and forth.

GLEN

Oh shit.

Glen propels Chera through the air. She hits the wall and lands in a pile encircled in the sheet. Glen goes for his gun.

CHERA

No wait. It's a python they aren't poisonous.

Glen dangles the snake from his gun and puts it in a file box. Chera cowers in the corner holding the sheet.

GLEN

Where did it come from?

They both look over at Chera's open bag.

CHERA

It's the same kind Lloyd had.

GLEN

Could it be one of its babies?

Glen picks Chera up from the floor.

GLEN

Do you think your house is full of snakes?

CHERA

That would explain the disappearing mice.

Glen throws Chera onto the bed and jumps on top.

GLEN

Are you hiding any more snakes? I must warn you, I have ways of making you talk.

Glen looks deep into her eyes. He looks closer.

GLEN

Why is one of your eyes brown and the other one blue? Where's the other contact?

CHERA

I lost it the day I maced you.

Glen brushes the hair back from her face and studies her eyes.

GLEN

Does it cause problems; wearing only one contact?

CHERA

Sometimes. Sometimes I have a depth perception problems.

FLASHBACK

Chera punches the glove compartment and it won't open.

Chera spills Glen's coffee.

Chera bumps the coffee holder.

Chera breaks the car's door handle.

Chera bumps heads with Glen.

Chera drops Glen's toiletries in the toilet.

RETURN TO SCENE

Glen laughs and tickles her.

GLEN

Why didn't you tell me you lost a contact?

CHERA

I figured you'd arrest me for driving without my glasses.

GLEN

Can't you afford a spare?

CHERA

Every time I make an appointment, I have to straighten out something at the bank.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Glen is surprised to see there are four different messages on his phone. He hits play.

CHERA (OS)

Oh my God you feel so good.

He fast forwards the machine.

GLEN

She butt dialed me during sex?

The machine prompts one to save and two to delete. Glen hits two. The next message plays.

RECORDER

This is Special Investigator Robert Spinali, I want to talk to you about one of your suspects, please call me at....

Glen writes down the number. Then hits 2.

RECORDER

Hi Glen, this is Linda, I need to talk to you about our marriage.

GLEN

Ahhhh shit.

RECORDER

Message four.

GLEN (OS)

Want to see my snake again?

Chera giggles and the morning sex romp begins to play.

GLEN

But she was naked.

Glen looks over at the file box.

GLEN

Did you come alone?

Glen fast forwards the message.

RECORDER

Hit 1 for save, 2 to erase.

Glen glances over his shoulder and hits 1.

INT. DOWNTOWN SPRING VALLEY - DAY

Chera and the girls drive downtown in Diane's car.

DIANE

So you never came home last night.

CARMEN

Spill the beans. Did you?

Chera smiles.

CHERA

Hey stop, that's Glen's car. Let me out.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Chera spies Glen seated alone. She walks up behind him and cups her hands over his eyes.

CHERA

Guess who?

Glen is not in a happy mood. A redheaded beauty queen saunters up behind them. LINDA CAMPBELL is encased in money from her diamond stud earrings to her Faragoma shoes. Every accessory on her body is a designer original. Her perfectly styled red hair reflects the light in a heavenly glow.

LINDA

Who's your friend?

Glen jumps up to get Linda a chair.

GLEN

Linda this is Ms. Bloom. This is Linda.

Linda reaches out her hand to shake Chera's hand.

CHERA

Chera Bloom...Do you work with Glen?

LINDA

Oh God no. I'm Mrs. Campbell.

CHERA

Mrs. Campbell?

Chera is taken aback. She spins on her heels.

CHERA

I have to go.

Glen starts after her.

LINDA

You leave now and I won't sign anything.

Glen turns back and sits down. He pulls out his phone.

INT./EXT. DIANE'S CAR - DAY

Chera is crying when she runs out into the street as Diane's car approaches. She climbs in.

CARMEN

You sounded frantic. What wrong?

CHERA

He was having lunch with his wife.

DIANE

How do you know it was his wife?

CHERA

Because she said, I am Mrs. Campbell and she certainly wasn't his mother.

Chera's cell phone RINGS. Chera doesn't answer. Chera erases messages without listening.

INT.CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

MONTAGE

Mrs. Hold discusses flower arrangements.

Mrs. Hold spies a bottle of Bee Have and opens it.

MRS. HOLD

Smells sweet like honey.

CHERA

That's the problem. It attracts bees.

Chera and Mrs. Hold talk on the front porch. Mrs. Hold eyes a box of Bee Have on the porch.

MRS. HOLD

I'll give you a call tomorrow and we'll go look at ribbons.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glen's had a few drinks. He works off his frustration chipping golf clubs towards Chera's house.

INT.CHERA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chera listens to her iPod. GLASS breaks. She pulls the earplugs free and listens, but hears nothing. She heads to her bedroom.

INT. CHERA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chera finds a golf ball on the bed and a hole in her bedroom window. The ball depicts GC. She puts it in her pocket. Outside something CRASHES. Chera runs outside.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car is on the curb. The door is wide open. Glen is lying on his back under the open door.

GLEN

I slipped in dog shit.

CHERA

Serves you right.

Glen tries to sit up. He cracks his head on the door. His back is covered in shit and black soot.

GLEN

How big is that dog?

Chera closes the door. Glen sits up.

CHERA

He's a little crapper. And he's missing now.

Chera turns away. Glen grabs her hand.

GLEN

No wait please. The divorce papers. It's the only reason I was there...to get her to sign them. You have to believe me. I brought them. Oh shit I forgot them.

A car drives by real slow. A man pulls out his cell phone.

GLEN

Please, believe me, I signed them a year ago.

CHERA

You're gonna get arrested out here.

Glen takes his jacket off.

GLEN

Where'd this soot come from?

CHERA

Car exhaust.

Chera piles him into the passenger seat.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chera stands alone. Chera looks over at Glen's golf clubs sitting by the back door. Glen returns wearing sweats with a large envelope and a stuffed dog.

CHERA

(accusing)

Where did you get that dog?

GLEN

I thought you'd love it.

CHERA

This is the dog I drug around town. The one that barks and people thought was real.

Chera hits the dogs head and it does a cute BARK, BARK, BARKS.

CHERA

It sat in front of my neighbor's house you had to have seen it there. My neighbor bought it 'cause it looked like her dog.

FLASHBACK

Chera's VW drags the stuffed dog through the streets. The toy dog howls. Women Faint. People call 911 on their cell phones. Chera is pulled over and handcuffed. The officer is upset as he pulls the dog out from under the car. It's head falls off. The dog's voice box falls out onto the ground. The officer faints.

RETURN TO SCENE.

GLEN

I--I--I.

CHERA

I guess you weren't living here yet.

GLEN

So you don't like the dog?

CHERA

Are we done here Mr. Campbell?

GLEN

No wait. I signed these papers almost a year ago. So sure technically I'm married, but it takes time. I thought she filed them before running off to Mexico with her boyfriend.

CHERA

She has a boyfriend?

GLEN

I trusted her to file them and she didn't.

CHERA

But why don't you trust me? Not once did you say I don't think you were capable of committing that crime.

Chera heads for the door.

GLEN

No wait. I don't think you did it.

CHERA

Then why is it every time I see you in public you act like I'm still a suspect.

GLEN

I'm not supposed to fraternize with you.

CHERA

Problem solved.

A dog scratches on the kitchen sliding glass door. Glen opens the door and Chera is shocked to see it is the neighbor's dog.

CHERA

What are you doing with Snoopy? My neighbor's dog. Did you steal him?

GLEN

This is dog shit dog? The shit you dragged into my car?

CHERA

Yes.

GLEN

You have to ask yourself, what did you do to piss off this dog?

CHERA

I didn't give him treats.

GLEN

Treats?

CHERA

My grandma fed him treats, I didn't know that. I can't believe you didn't recognize him.

GLEN

He was black--covered in soot--soot from your car's exhaust I presume.

Glen points at his blackened jacket.

CHERA

All you had to do was ask around, anyone could tell you where he lived.

GLEN

I scoured the whole neighborhood, and all I ran into were moving vans. There's a lot of empty houses in this area.

CHERA

She moved.

GLEN

See.

CHERA

Here Snoopy.

The dog ignores her.

GLEN

Trucker.

The dog runs to Glen. Glen picks him up and babies him.

GLEN

Yeah. I'm gonna miss you too.

CHERA

She can't have dogs. I'll let her know.

Chera turns to leave.

GLEN

No wait don't go. Let me make it up to you.

Chera tosses the golf ball to Glen.

CHERA

You can start by replacing my bedroom window.

GLEN

Holy shit. That's over 400 yards. I can't believe I actually hit it.

Chera exhales steam and starts for the door.

GLEN

No wait. Let me make it up to you. Let's go out on a real date.

CHERA

Hmmph.

GLEN

(whispers)

I could get fired for this.

CHERA

Do you like weddings?

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen table is full of flower arrangements. Chera and Glen place them in boxes

CHERA

Someone stole a box of honey fragrances off the front porch.

GLEN

The bee attractant?

CHERA

I admit, it wasn't my best idea.

Chera hands Glen boxes to put in the car.

GLEN

So this will get you out of the doghouse?

CHERA

I hope so. Until my next screw up.

GLEN

Seen anymore snakes?

CHERA

Yes. I'm gonna move under the stairs and rent my room, but I have to find them first.

GLEN

How did it get pregnant?

Chera grimaces as she contemplates.

GLEN

How would you like to wake up in the middle of the night with one of those wrapped around your neck?

Chera grabs a bag of flour from the cupboard. Glen stops her.

GLEN

What are you doing?

CHERA

The pet store guy said to spread out the flour, and when they cross the floor they leave a trail.

GLEN

...which will end at the carpet.

CHERA

How would you attract snakes?

GLEN

Mice?

CHERA

I've been to every pet store in town and for some unknown reason they are all sold out.

INT. WEDDING VENUE - DAY

The wedding is set to take place in a park setting.

MONTAGE

Chera and Glen unload the flower displays and set them out.

Musicians set up.

The Hold's arrives and previews the flowers.

The white van from the bank, with the "Have you hugged your snake today" bumper sticker sits in front of the wedding.

INT. WEDDING VENUE - LATER

Glen and Chera have changed and sit among the guests.

GLEN

Smells like honey.

CHERA

It does smell like honey...my honey.

Mr. Dunn walks down the aisle wearing a white tuxedo with an elderly WOMAN. Chera turns to Glen, her mouth drops open.

CHERA

What is he doing here?

GLEN

Who is he?

CHERA

Mr. Dunn. The banker. He has cost me so much. Just because I got in a slow line.

Chera is hiding her face when Lloyd walks by in a similar white tuxedo. Mr. Dunn drops his mother at the first row with other relatives. Lloyd sits down beside her.

GLEN

It says right here, the marriage of Miss Sharon Dunn and Mr. David Hold.

Chera ducks as Mr. Dunn walks back out.

CHERA

(frantic whisper)

I never would have agreed to do this if I had known it was for his daughter. I don't want to be here.

Chera stands. The music starts and everyone stands.

GLEN

Too late.

The BRIDE and Mr. Dunn start down the aisle. Chera turns to look at the bride. The bride catches Chera's eye. She suddenly pulls down her veil. She whispers something to her father. Mr. Dunn spins around shocked to see Chera.

BRIDE

She's bad luck.

MR. DUNN

Honey if I'd known...

BRIDE

She'll ruin my wedding.

MR. DUNN

I thought she'd be in prison for passing those bills.

MONTAGE

The couple are pronounced man and wife.

The bride refuses to lift her veil.

Chera looks over her shoulder, but their aisle is blocked by a camera crew on the left and a hedge on the right.

The couple are ready to cut their cake.

The bride still won't lift her veil.

A woman SCREAMS as a bee alights on her plate.

Another woman SCREAMS as another bee buzzes her hair.

More SCREAMS and bees.

Wide-eyed, Chera looks at Glen. Suddenly the table erupts in a swarm of bees. People fall all over themselves. The cake table is bumped and the cake falls into the bride's lap. A man wearing a white tuxedo jumps up and points at Chera.

LLOYD

It's her honey perfume. She attracted those bees. You ruined the wedding.

CHERA

(surprised)

Lloyd? No. No I didn't.

MAN

Weren't you sleeping with the groom?

CHERA

No I'm not, it was Mr. Hold. I mean, I wasn't, people thought...

Mrs. Hold stalks out. The groom runs after his mother. The bride peels cake off of herself. Bees alight on the cakes and the flowers. Mr. Hold marches up to Chera.

MR. HOLD

You're fired.

CHERA

But I said I never slept with you I was trying to tell them that.

Mr. Hold points at Glen.

MR. HOLD

You should've arrested her on day one.

People throw dessert boxes at Chera. Glen grabs her hand and they trip over the camera equipment as they flee the wedding.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chera sobs in Glen's arms as he picks icing out of her hair.

CHERA

I can't go home... They know where I live.

Even Snoopy tries to console her.

GLEN

Didn't you say a box of honey perfume was missing? We never brought it in my car.

CHERA

I think someone put a curse on me.

FLASHBACK

Glen curses the next woman who crosses him.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Chera sleeps in the bedroom. Snoopy lies in her arms.

Glen sits at the kitchen table. He reads a text on his phone from Linda. "I miss you." He picks petals from a daisy.

GLEN

You love her. You love her not. You love her.

Glen pulls out a photo of Chera sleeping.

GLEN

She makes you laugh.

He looks down at the divorce papers as he plucks petals.

GLEN

She frustrates the hell out of you.

Glen looks at another photo of Chera in her geeky glasses.

GLEN

She lights up when she sees you.

Glen looks at his wife's photo.

GLEN

She turns into a bitch.

Glen looks at another photo of Chera.

GLEN

She's broke and in foreclosure.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Glen takes Chera home. Her yard has been toilet papered, and eggs splatter her windows, door and

mail box. Her plaque now displays "Bloom - ing Idiot!"

GLEN

I'll help you paint over it later.

Chera bites her lip as she holds back the tears and climbs out of the car. Their fingers linger, then she lets go.

MONTAGE

Glen at work, searches real estate sales on the Internet.

Chera is at the paint store picking out paint.

The clerk recognizes Chera and gives her a dirty look.

He mixes her a gallon of paint.

He opens the paint so Chera can see the mixed color.

Chera turns away and hides behind a display as Mrs. Hold walks by.

The clerk places the top on the can and slides it across the counter.

Chera drives home. She pulls a U turn in the street. A black cat darts out. Chera slams on the brakes.

CUT TO

The inside of the VW is completely white and dripping paint.

At the front door lies jeans and a shirt in a pool of paint.

Inside the house lies red and white painted underwear. White footsteps lead down the hallway.

We see Chera from the rear walking to the bathroom. Her head is covered in white paint and a wide stripe of white paint runs down her neck between her butt cheeks like an albino skunk.

INT. MARKET - MORNING

Chera is at the Saturday market. She wears white pants and white shirt, dark glasses and a baseball hat with white fingerprints. Chera gets more dirty looks than business. Her pots have white "paint" fingerprints.

A few more women want their money back for the perfume. No one wants to buy anything.

A baby snake appears in one of her potted plants. Two teenagers walks. One picks it up.

KID

Wow, this is a cool snake.

The kid turns to his friend.

KID

Albino ball pythons are expensive. Adults go for up to 40.

2ND KID

Dollars?

KID

Thousand stupid.

CHERA

Hunh?

KID

This is one of the most expensive snakes in the world. Adults go for up to forty thousand. Babies ten to twenty thousand.

Chera tries to stand but she sticks to her chair. She peels it away from her pants. She leaves behind a white heart outline.

CHERA

Want a plant kid? Here take this to your mother. In fact, why don't you kids just sit here, sell these and keep the money.

Chera grabs the plant with the snake and heads to her car. Confused, the kids look at the paint on their hands, then down to the paint on the chair.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A LOVE SONG plays in the background as Glen reads over divorce papers on the kitchen table. Linda Campbell stands behind him with her hand on his shoulder. She smiles at Glen and she looks like an angel but inside she's a high class bitch who knows what she wants and she wants her husband back.

Chera bursts through the door unannounced. Her beat up tennies track dirt across the living room carpet.

CHERA

Oh my God, I can't believe my luck!

Chera stops short. Glen's jaw drops. Linda snaps her neck around and observes her target with beady eyes. Her nails dig into Glen's shoulders when he attempts to get up.

CHERA

I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Chera spins on her heels and heads back towards the door. Put off, Glen pushes Linda's hands away and stands. Linda blocks his way and she throws up her hands to object.

GLEN
No, wait she's leaving.

LINDA
What?

Chera hesitates.

CHERA
(apologizing)
I should have called.

GLEN
I said freeze!

Chera freezes. Glen shoos Linda towards the door.

GLEN
I think we're done here.

Linda grabs her purse and saunters up to Chera. Chera turns around and stands her ground. Linda studies her adversary. She glances back at Glen.

LINDA
Does she always sit up and obey like this?

Glen rolls his eyes.

LINDA
If I'd known you wanted a dog to beg and fetch I would have let you have one.

Linda saunters 360 degrees around Chera examining every inch. Linda sniffs the air.

LINDA
(disgusted)
What's that smell?

CHERA
Honey.

LINDA
(Condescending)
Did you get it at K-Mart?

CHERA

I made it myself.

Linda's gaze falls to Chera's dirty tennis shoes. She cracks a smile and laughs. She studies Chera's dirty finger nails.

CHERA

They're my gardening sneakers and I don't suppose you ever get dirt under your fingernails do you?

LINDA

I have people for that.

Linda's eyes settle on the floor behind Chera. Chera follows her gaze to the trail of dirt she tracked in on the carpet.

LINDA

She's not even housebroken.

GLEN

You still here?

Linda ignores him as she continues to circle her competition. She does a double take. She zeroes in on Chera's brown eye then yanks her head to look at the blue one.

LINDA

What kind of genes do you have?

CHERA

(sarcastic)

Levis and I didn't buy them at K-Mart.

LINDA

That's not the kind of genes I meant.

Linda points from one eye to the next.

LINDA

They're different colors.

CHERA

I wear contacts.

Linda continues to study her eyes disapproving. She points.

LINDA

Where's the other one?

Chera smiles.

CHERA

I lost it in Glen's car.

LINDA

What were you doing?

Chera fakes a got ya smile.

LINDA

Hmmph.

Linda air kisses Chera as she walks on past.

LINDA

You know where to find me when you're done with this mess.

Linda exits the door with a SLAM. Glen calls after.

GLEN

Tell Hernando I said hi!

CHERA

Holy shit!

GLEN

(tattling)

You didn't tell her how you lost it.

CHERA

Your husband broke my window and I sprayed him with my mace.

GLEN

I believe she wanted to scratch your eyes out.

CHERA

How could you stay married to that bitch?

Glen grabs Chera and gives her a kiss.

GLEN

So?

(chiding)

Bursting in here without knocking first...

CHERA

Oh. Oh. The snakes. The baby snakes are worth \$10 - \$20 thousand a piece.

GLEN

What... Whhhhhhat?

CHERA

This kid at the market he said it's an albino ball python and they go for \$10 to \$20 thousands sometimes more.

GLEN

Let's look 'em up on the Internet.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Glen powers up his computer. Chera looks around for a chair. She spies the Easter egg from work. She opens it. She looks at Glen then back to the egg.

CHERA

This is my special egg. How'd you get it?

GLEN

I found it in the garden.

CHERA

You came by work?

GLEN

You were on nights. Mr. Hold said I could keep it.

CHERA

It's the only one that said that.

GLEN

You will find true love?

Chera nods her heads.

GLEN

Come on, sit on my lap. I won't bite.

CHERA

I should take off my pants first.

GLEN

Really?

Chera strips off her white pants. Her legs are checkered stained with white paint.

Glen points and bursts out laughing.

GLEN

Oh honey, you really need a new car don't you?

Glen swoops her up and carries her to the bathroom.

GLEN

How long you been under this curse again?

CHERA

Since the day I met you.

GLEN

Hmmmmm.

Glen and Chera fresh from the shower with wet hair, wear robes. Glen does a search for albino ball pythons. He narrows his search to Chicago. He clicks one link then another.

CHERA

You're so fast, If I need something, all I have to do is double click your head.

Chera flicks his head with her finger.

GLEN

Just a few days ago you were trying to figure out how to get rid of snakes, and now we're trying to attract them.

Glen places an add on a free Chicago bulletin board for albino ball pythons.

GLEN

Look, these guys say they buy exotic snakes.

Another screen opens with their business information. Glen shoots them an email.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chera lies in Glen's bed alone. Chera's phone rings.

LLOYD(OS)

I want my snakes back.

Glen walks out of the bathroom.

LLOYD (OS)

I saw the add asking if I want to buy my own snakes.

She shields the phone.

CHERA

It's Lloyd, he said he wants his snakes.

CHERA

You signed an agreement and that agreement said you will not sue for loss of pet.

LLOYD (OS)

That was my mother snake. I didn't know she had her babies.

CHERA

Because she ate Cindy's cat. You know it was worth \$7,000 right? In fact I got a letter from her today and she wants your address.

LLOYD (OS)

I'm coming come down there, you'd better not sell my snakes.

Chera hangs up.

GLEN

Cindy really wants to sue you for seven thousand dollars?

CHERA

She's giving me and Lloyd 30 days to pay or else she's filing a suit.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Lloyd shows up, Chera invites him in. Glen and her attorney sit at the kitchen table.

LLOYD

Who are they?

CHERA

My boyfriend and my attorney. He's the one that drew up the agreement you signed.

LLOYD

That was for the mother snake.

ATTORNEY

The agreement covers a contingency for any pet you may have owned while a renter at Ms. Blooms. Snakes, mice, baby snakes, baby mice...

CHERA

And it also states I would pay your bills. At the time I didn't realize that meant a \$1200 porn bill with hits like Nail'n Palin. You watched it every night for two weeks in a row.

Lloyd shrinks.

LLOYD

Fuck you.

He makes his way towards the door.

LLOYD

I saw the cat video Chera. You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

GLEN

If you try and extort any more money out of Ms. Bloom you'll have to answer to the federal government.

Lloyd leaves in a huff. Glen's phone rings and he leaves the room to take it. Chera talks to the attorney.

ATTORNEY

So your insurance didn't pay anything?

CHERA

The bank didn't make their payments when they charged me all those fees.

ATTORNEY

I'll look into it for you.

Chera thanks the attorney as he leaves. Glen returns and waves goodbye to the attorney.

GLEN

Someone wants the snakes. They'll pay \$10k apiece.

CHERA

How many?

GLEN

All of them.

CHERA

I think I know where they are.

Chera heads up to Grandma's bed. Chera throws back the covers and the baby snakes are wrapped around a stuffed horse.

CHERA

(aghast)

Winnie!

GLEN

We need a container.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - MORNING

Chera and Glen meet with an exotic pet owner. He hands them cash and they hand him the tote. They shake hands and part.

GLEN

Listen I got a phone call, some emergency. Can you handle the bank by yourself?

CHERA

Sure. Just drop me.

INT. MR. DUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chera enters the office.

MR. DUNN

Come in, come in.

Mr. Dunn holds a plate of cookies. He closes the door behind her. The lights in the office are dim and the shades drawn.

MR. DUNN

I heard you want to pay off your loan.

CHERA

I brought cash, no more bouncing checks.

He offers the cookies to Chera. Chera bites her lip. She starts forward then stops.

CHERA

No thanks.

MR. DUNN

Is it real?

CHERA

Yes it is, you can check it with your pen.

Chera eyes the cookies. Steam rises. She inhales deeply. She nods. She quickly opens her eyes.

MR. DUNN

Where did you get the cash?

CHERA

I sold some exotic snakes.

MR. DUNN

Where'd you get exotic snakes?

CHERA

A roommate left them in my house.

MR. DUNN

But does that give you the right to sell someone's pythons.

CHERA

I had every right.

MR. DUNN

I mean, when renters move you're supposed to write them certified letters and return their deposit, give them a chance to retrieve their belongings.

CHERA

He got his deposit and I couldn't mail him a notice, because he refused to give me a forwarding address. Who cares I have the money and that's what's important.

Mr. Dunn marks on some of the bills with his pen.

MR. DUNN

So I want to ask you again, how did you come up with this money?

CHERA

How did you know they were pythons?

MR. DUNN

You already passed us a bunch of counterfeit bills. This bank was hit for over \$10,000.

CHERA

It was probably my roommate.

MR. DUNN

You know what I think?

Chera guards the money as Mr. Dunn steals it with his eyes.

MR. DUNN

I think you are a counterfeiter.

INT. GLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lindsey and Captain Gordon are talking.

CAPTAIN

...keep my friends close and my suspects closer.

LINDSEY

You don't say.

Glen is on his cell phone as he walks into his office.

GLEN

Can you fax me the titles on all of those houses?

GLEN

What's going on?

LINDSEY

Tell me why I shouldn't fire you?

Captain Gordon grimaces then exits closing the door behind him.

LINDSEY

I have not one but two reports of your driving drunk.

GLEN

What? When?

LINDSEY

You crashed your car in front of the suspect's house.

He flips out a photo of Glen on the ground.

GLEN

You got someone tailing me?

He flips out a photo of Glen kissing Chera before the wedding.

GLEN

I don't think she's involved in all this.

LINDSEY

Why didn't you serve her with the warrant?

GLEN

I'm telling you. She's not that smart.

LINDSEY

Smart enough to use a cheap scanner and an average printer.

GLEN

She doesn't know how to use a computer.

LINDSEY

She's smart enough to kite checks, lie about her address, and drive without a license.

GLEN

Because she's broke.

LINDSEY

But she's smart enough to wrap you around her finger.

GLEN

She's a sweet girl.

LINDSEY

Who ran a brothel.

GLEN

Which is all bull shit and you know it.

LINDSEY

I sent you to arrest her, not defend her. No more talking. You're suspended.

GLEN

Wait. You can't I was just talking to the title company...

LINDSEY

We're serving that warrant now! Where's the girl? I know she stayed the night with you.

GLEN

Wait, you have to see the titles.

LINDSEY

Stop stalling.

GLEN

I dropped her at the bank.

INT. MR. DUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. DUNN

I said, I think you are a counterfeiter.

Chera stands up clutching the bag of cash.

CHERA

I got this money fair and square.

Mr. Dunn pushes Chera backwards and she lands on her ass.

Mr. Dunn yanks the bag out of her hand. He stands over Chera threatening to backhand her if she moves.

CHERA

You can't take my money.

MR. DUNN

Normal people don't walk around with this much cash. I bet a lot of these bills are counterfeit.

CHERA

That cash is real.

MR. DUNN

You're a money launderer.

CHERA

I am not.

MR. DUNN

Unfortunately, it's the word of a bank president against a counterfeiter.

CHERA

Test it, it's real.

Chera scrambles to her feet and lunges for the door. She throws it open and runs into the burly security guard. He manhandles Chera by the arm and throws her against the chair. She falls to the floor. The guard closes the door behind them.

MR. DUNN

Thank you Greg. Where were we? Ah yes... you hit me.

CHERA

Hit you? You just shoved me down and twisted my arm. There's cameras in here...

(beat)

Aren't there?

MR. DUNN

Not in my office. No one sees anything in here. Now where were we? Ah yes, I'll take my cash now.

Mr. Dunn grabs the cash and heads out. Chera starts to stand.

CHERA

Why are you doing this?

GREG

Don't make me hurt you again.

Chera studies the diorama on Mr. Dunn's desk. We see the world Elm. Then the word Sycamore.

Mr. Dunn returns a moment later.

MR. DUNN

Unfortunately you aren't going to make your 3:00 deadline with your counterfeit money, and after 3:00 you'll be in default and I can start bankruptcy proceedings.

Lloyd walks up to Mr. Dunn's office open door. He spies Chera inside and freezes. Lloyd turns around and beats feet.

CHERA

How do you know Lloyd? How did you know they were pythons? You set me up didn't you?

MR. DUNN

He's just another customer wanting a loan.

CHERA'S POV Chera views the diorama on the desk. Behind her house is a golf course. On Mr. Dunn's desk sits a photo of a wedding party. Chera looks closer.

CHERA

You planned to break me financially didn't you? The snakes, the mice, the porn bills.

MR. DUNN

You can't sell other people's property.

CHERA

But you think you can steal mine? What are you planning to build on my property?

Mr. Tortilino knocks then opens the door. He carries Chera's money bag and a plate of cookies.

CHERA

Who are you? I've seen you before.

MR. DUNN

Now Ms. Bloom, settle down, all is not lost. We have an offer for you.

He offers her the plate of cookies, but she turns away.

MR. TORTILINO

You can take this money and walk out that door and spend it anyway you want. Or you won't be walking out of here at all.

Mr. Dunn throws the bag of money at Chera.

CHERA

That's not my money. It smells. It's counterfeit isn't it?

MR. DUNN

This is the bag of money you brought into the bank and the video proves it.

CHERA

I could scream.

MR. TORTILINO

I don't think you realize who you are dealing with young lady.

CHERA

What some mobster? You're not--are you?

MR. TORTILINO

I suggest you take the money and run. See if you don't take the money and run, you won't be even able to walk again.

CHERA

That's it? Okay. Okay I'll take it.

Mr. Tortilino takes a bite of a cookie. He shakes hands with Mr. Dunn and walks out.

Two federal agents appear outside the office door a second later. They knock then open.

AGENT1

We received a call.

MR. DUNN

I've got your counterfeiter right here.

He grabs the bag from Chera and presents it to the agent.

MR. DUNN

She wanted to pay off her loan with this funny money.

CHERA

He's lying.

MR. DUNN

Then she hit me and tried to get away when I revealed her scheme. You can ask Greg here.

GREG

That's true. She walked in here with that cash. You can check the video.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Vito bumps into Glen as he exits. Glen does a double take.

INT. MR. DUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

The agent helps Chera to her feet and she sits in a chair.

AGENT1

Are you Chera Bloom?

CHERA

Yes.

AGENT2

Is this your money?

Chera starts crying.

CHERA

He took my money. I had real money and he switched it for this smelly cash.

AGENT2

Where did you get the cash?

CHERA

I sold some exotic snakes.

Glen appears at the door. He gives Chera a weak smile.

AGENT1

(to Glen)

Hang tight while we make our arrest.

CHERA

(crying)

I'm not a criminal.

MR. DUNN

She came in here with this money thinking she'd fool us again. She already duped us out of \$10,000.

The first agent pulls out his cuffs. He looks at Chera then Mr. Dunn.

GLEN

Please turn around and put your hands behind your back.

Chera turns around. She closes her eyes. The agent standing behind Mr. Dunn throws his handcuffs on Mr. Dunn.

Glen spins Chera around. Chera opens her eyes. Glen is grinning.

CHERA

What the?

MR. DUNN

What the hell, she's the criminal.

CHERA

What? But...

FLASHBACK

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Glen and the agents are at the white board discussing the case. Glen's phone rings. It's Chera. At first he doesn't want to answer it but he finally does.

GLEN

I can't talk now.

Glen listens as the conversation at the bank takes place over the phone. He signals the others to be quiet and he punches speaker on his cell phone.

CHERA (OS)

You just shoved me down and twisted my arm. There's cameras in here...

(beat)

Aren't there?

MR. DUNN (OS)

Not in my office. No one sees anything in here. Now where were we?
Ah yes, I'll take my cash now.

CHERA (OS)

Why are you doing this?

GREG (OS)

Don't make me hurt you again.

RETURN TO SCENE

Lindsey walks in. He shakes Chera's hand.

LINDSEY

Ms. Bloom, I'm Agent Lindsey, Officer Campbell's boss.

CHERA

Nice to meet you.

LINDSEY

Glen told me you had no part in this counterfeit ring and misplaced the paperwork.

GLEN

So he suspended me.

LINDSEY

He was trying to explain some conspiracy about home sales when his phone rang.

GLEN

You butt dialed me.

CHERA

(urgent)

He pushed me down. He switched the money. He took it somewhere. That mobster guy might have it.

GLEN

Tortilino? I just saw him leave. He didn't have anything.

LINDSEY/GLEN/CHERA

Where's the money?

Mr. Dunn leads Lindsey out of his office. The line of tellers watch wide-eyed. The bank is in lock down and the tellers are seated in the lobby and questioned.

Chera picks the wedding photo off Mr. Dunn's desk.

CHERA

This is Sharon Dunn. That's why she wouldn't reveal her face at the wedding. She saw me and pulled down her veil. She's the roommate that gave me the bad money.

Glen's cell phone rings and he answers the quick call.

GLEN

They're arresting Bambi and the crew and we'll put an APB out on Mr. Tortilino.

CHERA

Bambi?

GLEN

The girls were part of the plan to entice the men in your neighborhood to your house where they were videotaped and blackmailed.

CHERA

What? Why?

GLEN

So they'd sell out at rock bottom prices.

CHERA

But I've seen no for sale signs.

Glen walks to the display.

GLEN

The mob wants to build a casino right here on this empty lot.

CHERA

On my property?

GLEN

The title company says all the property was bought by a Chicago interest.

Chera takes another look at the photo on Mr. Dunn's desk.

CHERA

Look, Lloyd was just here. He walked in without knocking and look at this picture, he was part of the wedding party.

GLEN

You said he was the renter from hell.

Lindsey returns with the real money. Chera looks at the clock.

CHERA

I have 'til 3:00 to make the payment.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Glen grabs a teller.

GLEN

She needs to pay off her mortgage--now!

They move to the teller's station. A plate of cookies lie on the counter. The teller shoves the cookies towards Glen.

CHERA

Don't eat it. They're happy cookies.

GLEN

What?

CHERA

Every time they want your signature they give you a "Happy Cookie."

Glen breaks open a cookie revealing a blue pill.

GLEN

Hab--it cookie.

The cashier returns a paid in full receipt with a 2:59 p.m. date stamp.

EXT. BANK - DAY

It's raining outside. Chera throws her hands up and spins in the light rain.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

A new sign depicts Share a Bloom, Owner: Chera Bloom. A new delivery van is in the yard, along with an older Cadillac.

INT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

The front page of a newspaper displays, "Banker, son and daughter involved in a plot to defraud dozens. Cookies laced with drugs ensure compliance." Photos of Mr. Dunn, Lloyd and Sharon in court.

Trucker relaxes in his dog bed next to Frisky. Chera and Glen relax on Glen's couch. Glen's possessions are in boxes around the living room, including his telescope.

GLEN

So Lloyd thought the snake was still pregnant. Cindy thought the snake had eaten Frisky, but the snake had only eaten a Cornish game hen?

CHERA

And Frisky's been living with you and Trucker and you failed to tell me this?

GLEN

How was I to know this soot covered street urchin was a \$7,000 designer cat.

CHERA

The vet says she's a mixed breed.

EXT. CHERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen and Chera head across the field to a carnival in the vacant field behind Chera's house.

CHERA

I was sorry to see the VW go.

GLEN

So your grandma's Cadillac car was paid off?

CHERA

It was all there in the safe deposit box. The will, the title and a nice insurance policy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hold approach.

CHERA

I'm so sorry about the wedding.

MRS. HOLD

I have to confess, I stole your honey perfumes. I saw my future daughter-in-law kissing some guy at the rehearsal dinner and I knew she was only after our money.

CHERA

What?

MRS. HOLD

I'll pay you for the inconvenience.

CHERA

Oh God no you don't have to do that.

MRS. HOLD

You know how you told me it attracts bees?

CHERA

Yes.

MRS. HOLD

Last week the little bitch gave me a bottle of "Bee Leave," and I got stung. Thing is I think she thought it was funny. So I returned the favor.

CHERA

I'm glad it all turned out in the end.

MR. HOLD

You sure you don't want your old job back?

CHERA

I've got my hands full with landscaping thanks to you.

MR. HOLD

Referrals is the least we could do.

Booths for the Farmers Market are set up nicely. People wave as they approach. The market manager greets them.

MANAGER

I rented 20 spaces for you Ms. Bloom and we have even more people interested next week.

He hands Chera a check for \$400. Chera hands it to Glen who places it in his wallet.

GLEN

I'm the one without a job and here I was worried about you.

Chera and Glen join people dancing.