



RAPUNZEL

Fairy Tales are for Children

Written by

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INT. - CLUB LATEX - NIGHT

MUSIC: bumping hip-hop and smooth R&B.

Inside the neon wonderland, adult entertainers are hard at work extracting the cash from a mix of businessmen and roughnecks while armed security guards keep the ladies safe.

D.J. (O.C.)
*Alright ATL, show the ladies some
love. We've got a new performer
making her debut here tonight at
Club Latex. Please welcome to the
main stage: the lovely Lady Godiva!*

A young woman with extremely long blonde hair emerges from the curtains straddling a child's stick horse. She pulls a lollipop from her lips and pauses to give it a sexy lick.

Godiva drops the toy and somersaults onstage in high heels. She hands the taffy to an admirer and acrobatically springs forward to launch herself into her routine.

She vaults forward with gymnastic ease. Her thighs grip high on the chrome pole and she gracefully rotates down with her golden locks cascading like a waterfall.

Her lithe frame descends. Whistles and cheers follow as the bills fall like leaves to her feet. She whips her hair and prowls the stage like a panther to collect her money.

Lollipop in mouth, the drunken fan reaches out and touches her fabulous follicles, breaking the touch barrier and triggering a response from the bouncers.

Two men in black polos approach lover-boy and guide him back to his buddies. The grateful dancer adjusts her stiletto and mouths *THANK YOU*. One of them pauses to stare at Godiva's hair as he helps his partner settle down the rowdy customer.

He releases the man's arm and spots a long blonde strand on the patron's sleeve. He slips it into a pocket and returns to his station, smiling to himself as Lady Godiva finishes her ballet-inspired routine.

INT. - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

While the other dancers smoke, laugh, and count the evening's take, BARBARA Gothel sits by herself with her trademark hair in a neat braid. She stashes a wad of cash in her purse alongside a pink cellphone with a cracked screen. Voluptuous, tattooed LUCILLE Jackson takes an adjoining seat to meet the talented newcomer.

LUCY
Hey girl, you new here, huh?

BARBARA
Oh, hi. Lucy, right?

LUCY
Call me Juice. You do that
gymnastics thing with the hair.

BARBARA
I'm Barbara.

LUCY
Where you from, sweetheart?

BARBARA
All over. Well, Kansas originally,
but we moved a lot.

LUCY
You a long way from Kansas, baby.

BARBARA
Got here Tuesday. Hoping to afford
a car by next week if I'm lucky.

LUCY
Shit, look at you. With those moves
and that hair, you don't need luck.

BARBARA
I made more tonight than I did my
last 3 months teaching gymnastics.

LUCY
You in the ATL now, baby. Them
SWATS boys like to make it rain.

Lucy raises her own phone to snap a glamour shot of herself and a string of selfies with her new protégé. With practiced ease, the women playfully pose and share a laugh.

BARBARA
I was so nervous. Today's been like
some kind of fairy tale, y'know?

LUCY
Shit. Fuck Prince Charming. I'd
rather be the Evil Queen. Fact.

EXT. - RUNDOWN HOUSE - SUNRISE

A minivan pulls into the driveway of a weathered home in a sketchy section of West Atlanta. The deadbolted door warns NO TRESPASSING and BEWARE OF DOG. The yard is overgrown and tall weeds hide a broken tricycle. A tethered pit bull stops drinking from a collapsed kiddie pool and sits at attention.

JD CARPENTER grabs a paper bag from the passenger seat and closes the door. He adjusts his belt, complete with pepper spray and sidearm, and stretches in the early morning air. His black polo shirt reads GRIMM SECURITY. JD approaches the formidable dog and AKIRA's tail wags at his master's return.

JD CARPENTER
What'd you get into?

JD wipes a speck of blood from the dog's muzzle and spots a mangled raccoon carcass in the grass. He pulls a sausage biscuit from the bag and kneels to feed his good boy.

JD CARPENTER
Here you go, Kiki.

The hound inhales the snack while JD unclasps the animal's braided-steel cable. He pulls the blonde hair from a pocket and winds the long strand around his finger before grabbing his keys and walking to the fortified entrance of his home.

JD CARPENTER
C'mon, let's go wake up Mommy.

EXT. - CHEAP MOTEL - AFTERNOON

With her hair under a Braves cap, Barbara dons sunglasses and exits her room balancing a basket of laundry on her hip. Texting on a new pink cellphone, she climbs into a white Mini and chirps the tires leaving the parking lot.

EXT. - CHEAP MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

At the rear of the motel, a graffiti-covered billboard advertises the upcoming Dragon Con. JD's minivan pulls out from behind a dumpster and merges into traffic.