

Sweetwater Goats
by
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INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

A panelled room of a single-wide trailer that is furnished in antique furniture. There are framed posters of football legends all over the room. COACH DINKINS steps in front of the camera.

COACH DINKINS

I'm coach dinkins...the coach of the Sweetwater Goats. I'm certain that we have a winning team this year. We have our star athlete Arnold Carpenter. He has really come up the ranks from water boy to star quarterback. I'm fully expecting us to KICK some ASS this year--with the help of our lord Jesus. (he bows his head in prayer.)

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHIC SOUTHERN HOUSE - DAY

KEN CARPNETER and MITZY CARPENTER are dressed a little too young for their years. They look like Barbie dolls. They have not had any work done, but in their dress and demeanor they are still in High School.

MITZY

Oh, I'm just so proud of our baby.

KEN

Now, Mitzy, you know he's not a baby.

MITZY

I know, dumplin, but he always will be a baby to me.

KEN

I told you not to dote on him. Now, he's a man. A full grown man. We've been over this.

MITZY

(drying a tear)

I know. I'm such an emotional wreck someone should call triple A. I can't believe he's a senior and star quarterback.

KEN

Can't believe it, now MitzyMae, I've been training him since he was a boy....Honestly, little woman, pull yourself together.

MITZY

Okay..I'll try. And we can't say enough about coach Dinkins. He really molded our son.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFFY ANDERSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

TAFFY ANDERSON's bedroom is a shrine to a guy in a football uniform...THIS is ARNOLD CARPENTER. He looks rough and tough. Taffy is a beautiful, but touched girl. She holds her mum from last year's prom.

TAFFY

I never knew if Arnold liked me or not, but I used to think about him in our physical science class. I sat behind him. He was the smartest most handsome thing I ever met. I first met him when we were in a production of "MUSIC MAN" together. He played Winthrop and I played his little girlfriend. Who knew we would end up together?! But I just know that I'm going to be homecoming queen this year and the girls can't make fun of me anymore. We are both going to attend Sweetwater City College and maybe move to Austin or something exciting like that.

CUT TO:

INT. COACH DINKINS TRAILER - DAY

COACH DINKINS

Yes, I've never met a more dedicated sportsman in all my years teaching. He gives new meaning to the phrase "Show up BIG or go home!"

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A quick montage of ARNOLD CARPENTER running, doing push-ups, sit-ups, kicking field goals and other types of practice. He addresses the camera after taking a swig off his water-bottle. He is NOT the athlete everyone has been claiming..in fact, he has a very heavy lisp and appears very gay.

ARNOLD

I'm Arnold Carpenter. The star quarterback for the Sweetwater Goats, I guess. See, we only have 6 guys on the team because our town is so small, but the coach says with my drive and my passion I can go all the way to state, so I'm here every day at 4 am working on my routine. I know I can never live up to the fame and notoriety of last year's champion Robert Clayton. (he pulls a locket out of his jersey, and shows us a really butch guy.) But I'm gonna try. Robert is my idol. He was a year ahead of me and is now at Texas A & M. I hope to follow in his footsteps...but I've got to get my moves right. Back to rehearsal...

He begins to do toe-touches.

END OF PART ONE

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Arnold is doing sprints when his cellphone rings with the ringtone of "you're my best friend" from Queen. He stops and picks it up.

ARNOLD

Hey, Robert....I'm at rehearsal...practice. Yeah, I'm a little nervous, I don't think I'm gonna be as good without you...how is A & M? Oh, really...that's too bad...well...I'll pray to Jesus about you.

Coach Dinkins comes on to the field.

COACH DINKINS

Carpenter!

ARNOLD
 (into phone) talk to you
 later...(hangs up!) Morning,
 coach.

COACH DINKINS
 Boy, who were you yakking at?

ARNOLD
 Robert...

COACH DINKINS
 You're supposed to be in training.
 How are we gonna make it to state
 with your head not in the game.
 Okay, give me 50....

ARNOLD
 Coach...

COACH DINKINS
 Okay, whine bag, make it 100. Just,
 begin!

Arnold drops and begins to do push-ups.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFFY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

TAFFY sits eating oatmeal while her mother MELBA sips coffee.
 Melba has short hair and is dressed in overalls. For all
 purposes she could be a man.

TAFFY
 Momma, I'm looking forward to
 cheerleader tryouts...

MELBA
 Taffy, I told you "NO!" I don't
 want you trying out for those pack
 of hussies.

TAFFY
 Daddy told me.

Melba shoots out of her chair like a rocket.

MELBA
 I told you never to mention that
 dirtball again!

TAFFY

But I miss him...we were so happy...

MELBA

Happy? Maybe you...

TAFFY

I wish he didn't go hunting that day....

Melba faces the camera...

MELBA

My ex-husband Nelson was not man enough to hold our marriage together...I loved him, but he was weak....we went out hunting one morning and he just vanished...

Just then a beautiful blonde in her mid 30s' comes into the scene dressed to the nines. She carries an Avon bag. This is BRENDA SCAGGS.

BRENDA

Good morning, girls.

MELBA

Morning, Brenda. Why are you all dressed up?

TAFFY

Yeah? Got a hot date or something?
(She snorts)

BRENDA

No, Miss smart-mouth, I've got a big appointment with Mrs. Carpenter. I hope I can unload a bunch of product on her.

MELBA

Well, if this pyramid scheme falls through I can always get you a nice desk job down at the plant.

BRENDA

No thank you! I'm the #2 sales rep right behind Sally Hoffman.

TAFFY

Brenda, can you give me some make-up tips? Cheerleading tryouts are today...

MELBA

Oh, no. No daughter of mine is gonna spear that goop all over her face. No, you're naturally pretty. And we already agreed on that Cheerleading thing. NO!

TAFFY

MOM!

MELBA

Don't argue with me, young lady. I'm late.

Melba grabs her metal lunch box and hits the door. Brenda pulls out a little container of lipstick and hands it to her.

BRENDA

Use this, but don't tell mother.

Taffy smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPENTERS KITCHEN - DAY

Mitzy is listening to the praise minister on the TV while scrambling eggs. She looks outside the window and sees JACOB TAYLOR trimming the bushes. He's a handsome corn-fed boy of 17. She turns on the radio to some current pop singer. She looks at her reflection in the toaster and smiles and crosses to the door.

MITZY

Jacob...

JACOB

Yes, ma'am?

MITZY

Come here a second...

Jacob walks over to her. She stands awkwardly close to him.

JACOB

Am I doing something wrong Mrs. Carpenter?

MITZY

Oh, no...I was just hot....I mean, you look hot. It's so humid...you want some tang?

JACOB

Tang?!

MITZY

Yeah, it's what those big, strong astronauts drink...

JACOB

No, too much sugar...I'm on a strict workout diet.

MITZY

Well, I could get you ANYTHING else that you want.

She steps close to him.

MITZY (CONT'D)

Anything in my kitchen is yours for the taking...

JACOB

I'm not hungry, just hor..hot.... do you mind if I work without my shirt?

MITZY

Mind? I would be offended if you didn't.

Jacob peels off his shirt and Mitzy's dentures nearly fall out.

MITZY (CONT'D)

Woah...and let me hug you...I was listening to pastor Reynolds and today is spread the love with hugs day...

She hugs him tightly and presses her tits very close to him. Ken comes down the stairs grumbling and does not notice them together.

KEN

Mitzy! I need new socks!

MITZY and JACOB separate like two children.

MITZY

Ken, darling...I want you to meet Jacob....he's our new gardener...

KEN

Jacob, can I ask you a personal question?!

JACOB and MITZY share an "oh, shit" moment.

JACOB

Yes, sir.

KEN

Tell me honestly, you're on the "goats"...do you think my son will take this team to championship?

Jacob stares at Mitzy and Ken. This is his moment.

JACOB

Honestly...all the boys on the team hate him...the coach dotes on him and he's not a very good player...he only got the star quarterback because of Robert and we all know it.

MITZY

Now, wait a second, Jacob...you know my son is a dedicated follower of Christ, and jealousy is a big fat sin...

JACOB

Well, sure...but I should have been the star quarterback this year...not, Arnold.

KEN

All I want is the goats to win the battle...

Mitzy who has heard enough.

MITZY

Okay, no more football talk. It gives me hives...now, let's pray.

They all bow their heads.

END OF PART TWO

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

MARYELLEN SHATTICKS (30's) dressed in a skin tight leotard and a flowing angel wing outfit addresses the camera:

MARYELLEN

I'm MaryEllen Shatticks and I run the local theater here in Sweetwater...it should be called "backwater"...I didn't really mean that, but see, I'm sorta stuck here teaching high school theater, but see, I don't like to dwell on my past...this year we are mounting a little musical I wrote called "Captives in Heat". It's gonna get this town thinking about something other than those damned goats. See, I only moved here coz my husband Oscar's mother was sick...and then well, he ran off with Pixie and left me with a stack of bills higher than the national debt that are all in my name. But I'm heading back to New York as soon as I get everything paid off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Coach Dinkins address his 2 main goats: Arnold and Jacob.

COACH DINKINS

Now, boys, I've heard there's some dissention going on among the ranks...you know loose lips sink ships...

JACOB

It's true. I think Arnold is going to ruin our chances for state.

COACH DINKINS

Why do you feel this way?

JACOB

Coz, Robert set him up to replace me. They conspired against me.

ARNOLD

We did not. I won my position fair and square. You're just jealous.

JACOB

Bullshit.

COACH DINKINS

Boys! Boys! We can't have any sense of competition out on that field. NONE. ZERO! I have no tolerance for this kind of...of insubordination. Now, I want you two to shake hands and play together like real men.

They shake hands.

JACOB

(not meaning it)
Sorry.

ARNOLD

Me, too.

COACH DINKINS

Now, we're getting someplace. Now, I want the two of you to scrimmage together every morning. You are my stars...okay Jake go out for a pass...Arnold, catch.

Jacob runs out onto the field and the coach tosses the ball to Arnold who fumbles the ball, but he grasps it and tosses it to Jacob. Jacob throws it back and aims for Coach. Arnold sees it whizzing for the coach and instead of catching it he tackles the coach.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPENTERS KITCHEN - DAY

brenda is applying make-up to Mitzy's face. Mitzy is now dolled up like a teenage girl.

BRENDA

And this blush is what all the girls are wearing now.

MITZY

Oh, let me have it.

BRENDA

You look 10 years younger, Mitzy.

MITZY

10? Crap, I need to shave off 20 years here. Don't you have any magical things in that bag of tricks?

BRENDA

Well, I do have these gold masks that all the celebrities in Hollywood use...but they aren't cheap...

MITZY

Please! Money is no object.

BRENDA

They run six grand for a year's supply.

MITZY

I'll take a two year supply.

brenda takes it all in stride.

BRENDA

So, you know cheerleader tryouts are today...

MITZY

Uh-huh...

BRENDA

Taffy really wants on the team.

MITZY

Well, you know I can't play favorites...She's Arnold's girl and all, but frankly she's not talented.

BRENDA

Well, neither is Lady Gaga and look where she is...

MITZY

Right...but that Marla woman won't let her wear make up or nothing. I mean she keeps her like a pearl in a clam.

BRENDA

I'm working on that...I was thinking...what if I came on board as the glam-squad?

MITZY

Glam what?

BRENDA

The beauty department. The one in charge of making the cheerleaders glamorous...

MITZY

Even the captain?

BRENDA

Yes.

MITZY

Deal, but we have to keep this hush hush. I don't want people thinking I'm playing favorites...I am a Christian.

INT. KEN CARPENTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Funeral music plays.

KEN

Mitzy and I got married right after high school graduation. We were gonna run off to some big town like Midland or Lubbock, but...well, dad wanted me to take over his business the general store...it's actually the only store in town and I'm a big fish in a small pond...I figured why would I go to some other town when I gots everything I need right here in Sweetwater. I also hire some of the local kids at the store after school and weekends....Sweetwater has the best kids around. I'm the major sponsor of the goats along with Revered Reynolds. You can say, they are my life. The fact that my son is following in my bootprints makes me so proud and I hope he becomes as famous as I was.

INT. COACH DINKINS OFFICE - DAY

Coach Dinkins has a model football field set up and is making up plays with tiny figures.

COACH DINKINS

And Jacob can do a sneak attack
around the right flank and pass the
ball to Bo.

A hard pounding comes on the door. Coach doesn't look up.

COACH DINKINS (CONT'D)

Come in.

The door flies open and MaryEllen storms in and throws her
bag at Coach Dinkins. He ducks and it barely misses hitting
him.

MARYELLEN

God damned you, Eugene.

COACH DINKINS

What?

MARYELLEN

That cunt Colleen cut my theater
budget.

COACH DINKINS

That's not my fault, Ms MaryEllen.

MARYELLEN

Don't Ms. MaryEllen me! Your ass
sucks buttermilk. You and those god-
damned good for nothing goats.

COACH DINKINS

You need to calm down, honey.

MARYELLEN

Ahhhhh.....

In one sweep she knocks his entire football model on to the
floor.

COACH DINKINS

Get control of yourself.

MARYELLEN

No, this is war buster. WAR! I'm
gonna bring culture to this dump if
it kills me.

COACH DINKINS

There is enough room for both
football and that theater stuff you
do.

MARYELLEN

Don't mess with fire, baby, you'll
get burned.

She grabs her purse and storms out. Dinkins begins to put
his model back together and talks to the camera.

COACH DINKINS

Well, she was fired up. Woosh.
See, MaryEllen and I have been at
odds since I got the promotion by
Principal Richards to lead the
goats to victory...we used to play
for the same team as I worked hand
in hand with her in the theater
deparment, but I had to take this
opportunity as Sweetwater is a
football town. She'll understand
in time...and just between you and
me, she's a bit off base since her
husband started in with that Pixie
woman. But I'm not here to gossip.
FOCUS!

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Taffy is standing outside the auditorium where cheerleading
tryouts are. She reads her text on the phone and smiles.
Down the hallway a bitchy girl VICKY MEREDITH glares at
Taffy. Taffy's face is completely smeared with make-up. In
the background we hear another girl trying out.

TAFFY

Oh, Arnold just sent me the
sweetest text with 2 smiling faces
telling me not to be nervous. I
love him so much! But OH MY GOD,
I'm so shaky...Keep control,
Taffy...

VICKY comes up to her.

VICKY

What the hell are you doing here,
you gimpy assed thing.

TAFFY

That's not very Christian of you
Vicky Meredith.

VICKY

I'm surprised that boweavel of a
mother let you out of the house...

TAFFY

You leave my mother alone. If you don't, I'll go straight to the principal and tell.

The door opens and MELISSA BARRINGTON comes out of the door full of pride. Melissa is another local slut.

MELISSA

You're next, taffypull. (she makes a jerk off motion with her hand)

The camera follows Taffy into the room and there sits Mitzy all glammed up and wearing a "Goats" jersey looking slutty as ever. Taffy moves center stage and addresses her.

TAFFY

Good morning, Mrs. Carpenter.

MITZY

What are you gonna do for me, Taffy.

TAFFY

This is the only cheer I know.
(she breaks into it) "Shake it left, Shake it RIGHT, the goats are gonna win tonight!"

Taffy does a lame turn and then a cartwheel and ends with a big titty shake finish. Mitzy stand ups.

MITZY

Taffy, I was once a diamond in the rough...I can tell you have hidden talent, but you've got to loosen up! Shake that money-changer. You got to get these boys all fired up....Here, watch me...

MITZY does an elaborate routine as if she were 20.

TAFFY

Wow.

MITZY

I've still got it. You think you can learn that?

TAFFY

I can try.

MITZY

Never say "try"...say yes or no.

TAFFY

Yes.

MITZY

Good welcome to the cheerleading squad.

Taffy does a little happy dance...

TAFFY

Oh my god! oh, my god!

MITZY

Now, Taffy don't go all nuts on me....call in Vicky.

Taffy leaves the room....Mitzy takes a little hit off her flask.

EXT. SCHOOL BENCH - DAY

Taffy and Arnold are eating lunch.

TAFFY

And I'm on the squad.

ARNOLD

I'm so proud of you, I feel like jumping up and down!

TAFFY

I know! I know...I can't believe it myself...

She kisses him fiercely on the mouth and he is completely shocked.

ARNOLD

Easy, Taffy...kissing is a gateway to you know what...

TAFFY

Oh, Arnold loosen up that bible belt already...I'm all worked up after getting on the quaud.

ARNOLD

I know, but we have to control our urges... (he whips out a little volume of the New Testament)

Taffy grabs the book at tosses it away. She impulsively grabs his and and puts it on her tit. He squeals like a girl.

TAFFY

Come on, Arnold. Don't you want me?

Just then MaryEllen comes on the scene carrying copies of her scripts. She eyes them before clearing her throat. They jump ten feet away from each other.

MARYELLEN

Are you 2 making out?

ARNOLD

No..no....

TAFFY

We were just...

MARYELLEN

Oh, come on, you're kids...that's what you do...

ARNOLD

You ain't gonna tell on us are you?

MARYELLEN

Hell, no! I'm an open-minded thinker....but...

She sits down at the table.

MARYELLEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to know if you 2 wanted to be in the school play.

TAFFY

You've got to be joking...

MARYELLEN

No, joke. It's a potboiler I wrote called "Captives in Heat"...

ARNOLD

I've always wanted to be an actor.

MARYELLEN

This is your chance. I can offer you both the leads. We start rehearsals tomorrow.

TAFFY

This is my lucky day...first the cheerleading squad and now this?! Just kill me, now!

MARYELLEN

So, you're in?

ARNOLD

Yes! Football and theater!
(sings) "I'm the happiest boy in
the whole USA."

MARYELLEN

Excellent. Here are the copies of
the script. (she hands them
copies.) Meet me in my classroom
at 2pm tomorrow.

She stands and walks away.

TAFFY

This is a dream come true.

ARNOLD

I know. I watch GLEE every week and
dream it was me on there.

TAFFY

Let's read the script.

ARNOLD

Okay.

They begin to read the pages.

INT. TAFFY ANDERSON'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Brenda is cooking dinner while Melba reads the paper.

BRENDA

That MitzyMae nearly cleaned me out
of product today. She bought over
10 grand.

MELBA

Hmpf. You know that crap is no
good for the environment. They
probably kill have the animals on
the planet testing that junk.

BRENDA

Now, Melbie, we've been over
this...

MELBA

I know, but that damned Foreman at the Plant was up my ass all day...just digging my dick in the dirt.

BRENDA

Sorry, want a beer?

MELBA

Nah, coz I'll just get drunk and tweet something that will get me fired.

BRENDA

I do have some other news...

MELBA

You're not knocked up are you?

BRENDA

No...but...

A sudden knock comes on the back door. Melba rises and answers it. It's VICKY MEREDITH. She's crying like a child.

MELBA

Vicky...?

Vicky bursts into the room caterwauling.

VICKY

Your daughter is a fucking douche bag.

BRENDA

Vicky Mededith, what did Taffy do to you?

VICKY

She got top position on the Cheerleading squad and everyone knows that was MY spot.

MELBA

What?!

VICKY

Yeah. That's right. She came in dressed like a Tennessee whore and Mrs. Carpenter just gave her the top spot just like that. This is going to ruin my senior year.

She hurls herself down on the floor in a hissie fit.

BRENDA
Now, Vicky....

MELBA
I told her NOT to go and try out. I
forbid her.

Taffy wearing her ipod headphones enters the kitchen smiling
and singing to Lady Gaga. She sees Vicky on the floor.

TAFFY
Mom...

She tries to make a beeline for the front door but Vicky
jumps up like and runs after her swinging and cussing.

VICKY
You bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - IMMEDIATELY

Taffy runs out the front door and barely makes it down the
stairs before Vicky grabs her by the head of the hair pulls
her to the ground and begins to beat the shit out of her.
Suddenly, a gun shot goes off. They stop fighting
immediately. Melba stands on the porch with her shot gun
pointed to the sky. Brenda stands beside her with her
fingers in her ears.

MELBA
Vicky, I think that's enough. You
better run along home...

Vicky stands and walks away. Before she does, she turns
around.

VICKY
You better watch your back, Taffy.

MELBA
I said scram!

Brenda runs to Taffy and helps her up.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFFY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Melba faces the camera.

MELBA

That's why I didn't want Taffy to get all mixed up in those stupid social activities around that school. I knew it would just cause a lot of nonsense for me. All I want to do is save up enough money so I can move my family "off grid" to Mexico. I'm so tired of Texas, America and Church and State I could just spit.

CUT TO:

INT. CARPENTERS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken stands in front of a small group of kids who are training for his store. They are all local red-neck kids: BODEAN ADAMS, SKEETER RAY, DWIGHT MASON and the slutty MELISSA BARRINGTON. Each of the boys wears a "Goats" baseball cap. Mitzy serves refreshments wearing something trashy.

KEN

Now, I know you boys have your heads filled with football, but I want you to take the job here as serious as you do a game. Now this here (he holds up a battered notebook that looks like something dug up with the Divinci Code) is the BIBLE of our company. A store that prays together makes money together...

MITZY

That's right. We are family owned and operated. We think of you as our disciples. We are a family here and if you need ANYTHING don't hesitate to ask.

KEN

Why don't we start by introducing ourselves?

There is an awkward silence...Finally Mitzy eyes Bodean the most handsome out of the pack...

MITZY

BoDean, you start.

Bodean is a big strapping boy-man. He wears a confederate flag shirt with no sleeves and chews dip.

BODEAN

I'm BoDean and I'm looking forward to working for Mr. Carpenter....He's a nice guy...I play guard for the goats...I took this job so I could have some running around money....

The slutty Melissa cuts him off.

MELISSA

Yeah, so you could spend it on that trashy ass Vicky.

SKEETER

Like you're one to talk, Melissa.

MELISSA

What do you mean by that Skeeter?!

SKEETER

Why don't you tell us why you took this job...

MELISSA

What?

DWIGHT

Yeah, we all saw it posted on your Facebook page.

BODEAN

I'm taking this job so I can get in Mr. Carpenter's pants.

MELISSA

Liar. That wasn't me. I was HACKED! It was probably that bitch Vicky trying to get back at me...

KEN

Alright...well, this is getting us nowhere....let's return to the task at hand...we run a tight ship around here...

Arnold comes busting through the door riding high on his cloud.

ARNOLD

Mom, Dad...guess what? I just got cast in the school play!

The boys begin to make fun of him. His lisp, his high voice.

KEN

Quiet! Arnold, I'll talk to you after our crew meeting. Go to your room.

Arnold deflated walks up stairs.

KEN (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

MITZY

I think BoDean was telling us about his experience as a "goat".

BODEAN

Oh, yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. TAFFY/ARNOLD'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Arnold and Taffy are skyping each other. Taffy has a big black eye.

TAFFY

Vicky tried to kick my ass.

ARNOLD

Why?

TAFFY

Coz I beat her out as head cheerleader. She thinks your mom rigged the contest.

ARNOLD

But she wouldn't do that.

TAFFY

I know. I just nailed the tryout.

ARNOLD

Well, all those boys on the goats made fun of me coz I got in the school play...

TAFFY

They're just a bunch of jealous hicks. You've got talent Arnold Carpenter.

ARNOLD

So, do you. Hey, I haven't skyped Robert yet.

TAFFY

Oh, you better.

ARNOLD

Okay, I'll talk to you later. I can't wait to read this script.

TAFFY

Ok. TTYL.

ARNOLD

Nite. Nite.

They hang up. There comes a knock on Arnold's door.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Come in.

Ken comes in.

KEN

Now, son, what is all this nonsense about the school play?

ARNOLD

Yeah, Dad, I got the lead! In a musical.

KEN

But you don't sing!

ARNOLD

Yes, I can! I've been checking out all those moves on "American Idol"

KEN

Now, you listen to me Arnold Wayne. I'm not letting you be in that play. You have enough on your mind with the "goats" to get involved in something like this.

ARNOLD

That's NOT fair!

KEN

Nope, you are going to march into Ms. Shatticks office and tell her you're dropping out.

ARNOLD

NO!

KEN

What did you say to me?

ARNOLD

No! I'm not going to. I'm telling Mom.

KEN

Your mother agrees with me.

They stare at each other. Silence. A face off.

ARNOLD

Fine...Fine. I'll just starve myself and skip classes and fail all my classes and we'll never make it to state.

KEN

Arnold, you are not 5 years old.

Arnold turns his back on his father.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFFY ANDERSON'S KITCHEN - LATER

Melba, Brenda and Taffy are having a pow wow.

MELBA

This is the exact thing I was trying to avoid.

TAFFY

But, mom...

MELBA

Don't you "but, mom" me. I can't believe you disobeyed me like this.

BRENDA

Now, hon, we need to let her have some fun.

MELBA

Fun? FUN? I don't want people to make a mockery out of my daughter. I'm raising her to be a lady, not a little whore.

TAFFY

Mom, I'm dating Arnold...he's...

MELBA

He better keep his hands off you. I don't want you to get knocked up.

BRENDA

Come on, Melbie, it's only cheerleading...

TAFFY

And the school play.

MELBA

I just don't like it. I don't like her mixing around with that lot.

TAFFY

Mom, I've got to get into the world somehow.

BRENDA

Besides, I'll be at most of the practices so she can't get into that much trouble.

TAFFY

PLEEEEEEEASE.

MELBA

Oh, alright. But if I hear any crap, I'm packing us up and moving to Mexico.

CUT TO:

INT. COACH DINKINS TRAILER - NIGHT

Coach Dinkins sits in front of the computer watching vintage football players of the past like Red Grange. There comes knocking at his door. He pauses the computer and stand up and crosses to the door. He looks out and gasps. He opens the door and a completely flipped out woman stands in front of him. She is a fireball on two legs. She has matted up hair, rumpled clothes and looks like she needs a flea dip. This is his sister AMBER.

COACH DINKINS

What are you doing here, Amber?

AMBER

Is that any way to talk to your sister who just hitch-hicked cross half of Texas to see her baby brother? HUH?

COACH DINKINS

Are you drunk?

AMBER

What the hell do you think? Well, are you just gonna stand there looking like you saw the boogie man or you gonna invite me in.

COACH DINKINS

I told you to never show up here again after you ran off with that fleabag and left me with a months unpaid rent and a telephone bill....

AMBER

Shit, it says in the bible if a man slaps you, give him your other cheek. I need you (she breaks down sobbing.) He kicked me out.

COACH DINKINS

Oh, dear. Well, you can't stand there crying on my doorstep....come in but you can only stay one night and then you're on your own. I'm not the welcome mat for A.A.

She comes into the room.

AMBER

You got any strawberry wine?

COACH DINKINS

I haven't drank that crap since high school.

AMBER

Where did you get all these fancy manners? I'll take anything I can get. I haven't had a drink in nearly a week.

COACH DINKINS

You can have black coffee and the couch. Tomorrow you are on your own. I'm drawing a line in the sand here.

AMBER

Okay! Okay! Don't preach at me. Shit, I'm not in church am I?

COACH DINKINS

I just want to be clear...

AMBER

Well, can I at least take a shower...

COACH DINKINS

Yes and I'll cook you some dinner.

AMBER

Oh, my big brother. Can you fix me some Kraft Macaroni and Cheese like mom used to make us?

COACH DINKINS

Yes, but I'm not gonna stay up all night. I have football practice tomorrow.

AMBER

(cackles)

HA!

COACH DINKINS

Go take a shower Amber before I toss you out..oh, and another thing this is a smoke free trailer.

AMBER

Sure, you're the bossman.

She heads off to the shower. He turns and addresses the camera.

COACH DINKINS

Well, there goes the ball game. I tell you everytime I get a little good the Universe smacks me in the ass. Why is that?! Now, mind you, I don't HATE my sister Amber, but she is trouble...she's like a magnet for bad luck.

(MORE)

COACH DINKINS (CONT'D)

I knew something was wrong with her when she got kicked off the church bus in 6th grade. See, we were all supposed to be praying to Jesus...which I still do to this very day...we all had our heads down praying that the crazy red-headed driver would get us kids home all in one piece...you think Amber could follow the rules...HELL NO. She was kissing this bucko named rusty...Well, the church lady looked in the review mirror and freaked. She slammed on them brakes so hard that all us kids lurched forward hitting the seat in front us....she grabbed my sister by her little pony tail called her a "slut" and threw her off the bus....she had to walk all the way home.....my parents were so mad...we never went back to that church again. Sad, I like the spaghetti lunches they served.

INT. SCHOOL THEATER - DAY

MaryEllen is over by the keyboard composing and drinking a beer. She sings a little bit and writes notes to her score.

MARYELLEN

(sings)

"You touch my shoulder that way.
and I say, "Hey, let's make hay."
Oh, that good....I'm digging this.
You know, I don't claim to be a
great writer like Madonna or
nothing, but I do have good ideas.
This musical "Caged Heat" came to
me one night after I had a row with
my husband Oscar...See, we're sorta
split up one dark night. It was
like that Bob Dylan song, "Tangled
Up in Blue"

She looks up and standing in the aisle is Oscar. He's a tall lumberjack of a man.

MARYELLEN (CONT'D)

Oscar..is that you?!

OSCAR

Who do you think it is the postman?

MARYELLEN

You know there is a restraining
order on you. You better go!

He swaggers to her.

OSCAR

But MaryEllen, I can't get my mind
off of you...

MARYELLEN

I'm not a cheap slut that you can
have when you feel like it.

OSCAR

I love you, baby.

He grabs her and kisses her very Brando in "Streetcar". She
gets caught up in it and romantic music plays. But it was
just her imagination. He's not there. She opens her eyes.

MARYELLEN

Shit, why won't that man let me
be?!

She sits down at her keyboard and hits random keys making a
racket