

**FRUIT FLY**

(A ONE-HOUR PILOT IN SIX PARTS)

Written by

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**FADE IN**

**SUPER - PART ONE - GOT TO BE REAL**

**INT. RICKI'S SUBURBAN BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY**

**RICKI** (23), androgynous, in a wife beater, breasts bound by an ace bandage, hair in a short, tight pony, flexes before a floor-length mirror.

Her bedroom walls are a chaotic mess of fashion magazine ads with glimpses of late 90s boy band posters underneath.

A neglected sewing machine, piled high with junk, and a bare dress form occupy one corner. Nearby, an assortment of thrift store dresses fill a rolling rack.

An over-sized teddy bear, in a black bra, garter and fishnet stockings, slumps on a Lovesac.

Propped in the other corner - a life-size, RuPaul cut-out, hands on hips, defiant, decorated with homemade foil stars and Christmas tinsel, keeps watch.

She balls up a tube sock, open her jeans, shoves the sock into her men's tighty-whities. Zips up. Flexes again. Slips on an oversized, purple hoody.

**INT. DUSTY, WHITE 2014 SUBARU FORESTER - DAY**

Ricki, in a trucker cap, flies down a busy, urban freeway.

A faded Lyft decal, taped to the windshield, flaps, while a miniature disco ball swings from the rear view mirror, all to the beat of Cheryl Lynn's *GOT TO BE REAL*.

RICKI  
(belting along)  
*"What you find - ah  
What you feel now  
What you know - ah"*

She blows a bubble. Pop. Stretches the gum over her teeth. Grins a leathery, blue grin. Chuckles at her reflection.

Her phone buzzes. She picks it up, peers over her 1970s tortoise-shell, thrift store sunglasses.

**INSERT** - Ricki's phone - Text: *"Failure is the condiment that gives life its flavor."... "BTW, I need my car. Now!"*

She flings the phone on the passenger seat. Sips a Big Gulp.

The phone buzzes again.

Irritated, she grabs it.

**INSERT** - Ricki's Phone - Lyft App: *"You have a ride request."*

She hits accept, drifts into the right lane, cuts off an adjacent car.

The driver lays on their horn. She flips them off.

RICKI  
*"To be real..."*

She races down the exit ramp.

**EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - TEN MINUTES LATER**

Ricki pulls up in front of a posh downtown high-rise.

Curbside, **LIZZIE** (23), expensive attire, designer specs, spiked heels, struggles with a glittery pink suitcase.

Ricki pops the trunk. Hops out.

She comes around the back of the car, meets Lizzie.

RICKI  
I'll get that.

She lifts the suitcase, places it in the trunk. Slam. They hop in. Depart.

**INT. SUBARU FORESTER - URBAN FREEWAY**

Ricki, at the wheel, changes the Disco to a 2010s pop hit.

RICKI  
How're the tunes?

Lizzie, stops texting, looks up from her phone.

LIZZIE  
Huh? Are you talking to me?

RICKI  
Is the music okay?

LIZZIE  
Yeah... Whatever.

Engrosses herself in a text.

RICKI  
This reminds me of high school.

She decreases the volume.

RICKI  
You went to Jefferson, right?  
Class of 2015!

Annoyed, Lizzie lowers her phone.

LIZZIE  
That's ancient history.

Lizzie rolls her eyes.

RICKI  
Lizzie! We graduated together.

She looks at Ricki, blank.

RICKI  
It's me, Ricki... Ricki Saunders.

LIZZIE  
That's really weird. Didn't you  
used to be a girl?

RICKI  
No. Yes. I still- Technically, I-  
Just because I'm not into glam,  
like every other air-headed-

LIZZIE  
- I'm in the middle of something  
epic and would like to not have  
this conversation. It's boring.

She resumes texting.

Ricki, deflated, tears up. Switches the music back to her  
beloved Disco.

LIZZIE  
And turn off that annoying retro  
crap. Sounds like a cat in heat.

Ricki pulls to the side of the road. The car jerks to a stop.

RICKI  
That's it. Ride's over. Out.

Lizzie looks up, not sure what's happening.

RICKI  
Are you dense? I said, get out!

LIZZIE  
No way. I'll miss my flight.

RICKI  
High school was nothing but a bunch  
of self-consumed, soul-sucking  
assholes. And you were the worst!

Lizzie doesn't budge.

Ricki, furious, exits the car. Yanks opens the rear door.

RICKI  
Bitches walk!

Lizzie grabs her purse. Scrambles out of the vehicle.

Ricki slams the door. Hops back in. Tires squeal. She's gone.

LIZZIE  
You still have my suitcase!

**EXT. SIDE OF FREEWAY**

**LIZZIE'S POV**

The car pulls over. Ricki climbs out, goes to the hatch,  
removes the suitcase, gets back in. Speeds off.

The suitcase slowly rolls into traffic.

Seconds later, a car **SMACKS** into the suitcase. Bras, panties,  
shoes, make-up case, explode all over the freeway.

Lizzie loses her shit.

LIZZIE  
Fucking, freak loser! No wonder  
everybody hated you!

**INT. SUBARU FORESTER - LATER**

Ricki sings along to *FUNKYTOWN* by Lipps, Inc.

RICKI  
*"Gotta make a move to a town that's  
right for me  
Time to keep me movin', keep me  
groovin' with some energy  
(MORE)*

RICKI (CONT'D)

*Well, I talk about it, talk about  
it, talk about it, talk about it"*

She parks in front of a Goodwill, turns off the car.

**EXT. BUS STOP IN FRONT OF GOODWILL**

A bus pulls up. **FELIPE** (38), an effeminate, lithe, Latino, cheekbones for days, swiftly deboards.

Seconds later, FOUR "MEAN GIRLS" follow him off the bus. They trail closely behind, giggle, mimic him.

Felipe abruptly about faces, spits at the girls.

FELIPE

Putas!

He ducks into the Goodwill.

**INT. GOODWILL**

Ricki peruses the women's clothing section. Chooses a gaudy caftan, holds it up, returns it to the rack. Moves on.

At the end of an aisle hangs a blue satin, 80s formal with massive shoulder pads. Ricki makes a dash for the dress,...

but, Felipe swoops in from out of nowhere. Blocks Ricki. Yanks the dress off the rack.

Ricki latches onto a sleeve.

He tugs back.

FELIPE

What is this? Filene's fucking  
basement? Let go!

He glares at her. She releases her grip.

Felipe holds up the dress, reads the price tag.

**INSERT** - Tag - "\$35.00."

He hands her the dress. Wanders off.

Ricki rushes to a mirror,  
struggles to pull on the dress,  
only gets as far as her head and one arm.

Shit.

**EXT. BUS STOP IN FRONT OF GOODWILL**

Felipe, perched at the end of the bench. Smokes.

Ricki, Goodwill bag in hand, steps in front of him..

He looks up, blocks the sun with his hand.

FELIPE

Hmph, it's Miss Grabby Hands. What do you want?

She offers him the shopping bag.

RICKI

This should be yours. The color is perfect with your skin.

Felipe, reluctant, takes it from her, peers inside.

She walks away, pleased. He watches her go.

**INT. DEEP FRIED STATE - A GOURMET DONUT SHOP - DAY**

Ricki, in a short queue, mesmerized by the glorious, tray-lined shelves of multi-colored, frosted donuts.

The queue inches up. She doesn't budge.

A **SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN** (50s), in a white fur, taps Ricki on the shoulder. Ricki glances back. The Snotty Businesswoman waves her forward.

Ricki, annoyed, turns her back. Scratches the back of her head, her middle finger extended.

SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN

Rude!

RICKI

(over her shoulder)  
D'ya think?

An **ELDERLY MAN**, at the head of the queue, moves aside.

Ricki eagerly steps up to the counter, grins from ear to ear.

RICKI

'Sup, Ian? Looking kinda glazed.

**IAN** (22), a lanky, slightly femme barista, perfect hair, closes the register. Smiles.

IAN

LOL, dude. Donut humor. That's awesome. The usual?

RICKI

Nah. Today, I'm in the mood for something amazing. Surprise me.

IAN

Obviously vanilla's out. So, do you want it super-enhanced? Or should I lay the Ian sampler on you?

RICKI

Tough choice. You make 'em both sound so enticing.

IAN

Yeah. I'm just getting warmed up.

RICKI

Is that long phallic, pink one cream filled?

The Snotty Businesswoman audibly groans.

SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN

I don't have time to listen to your nauseating, gay, sex talk.

Ricki whips around, gets right in her face.

RICKI

Chill, lady! You'll get your baker's dozen.

IAN

The line is getting kind of long. Maybe you should order.

She turns back to Ian.

RICKI

Alright, I'll take three caramel crullers and a twelve ounce latte. Extra foam. I like mine creamy.

He rings it up. She hands him a wad of crumpled ones. Ian opens the drawer, smoothes the bills, starts to make change.

RICKI

Don't bother, dude. We're cool.

Ricki turns to the Snotty Businesswoman.

RICKI  
Living creatures were murdered for  
that hideous coat. Just sayin'.

The Snotty Businesswoman brushes by.

SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN  
You're what's wrong with this  
country.

Ricki gives her the stink-eye.

SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN  
Just saying.

Ricki, furious, joins the pick-up line, checks her phone.

**INSERT** - Ricki's Phone - Text: Bookended by smiley faces and  
two thumbs up, *"Be the change you wish to see in the world."*

She responds with a "smiling pile of poo emoji."

Her phone pings.

**INSERT** - Text: *"Due to a recent customer complaint, you are  
suspended for two weeks, effective immediately."*

RICKI  
Fuck!

A **HIPSTER BARISTA** sets a to-go cup on the counter.

HIPSTER BARISTA  
Ricki. Twelve ounce, extra creamy.

**INT. RICKI'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Ricki, cross-legged, in a silver sequin tube top over a long-  
sleeved t-shirt and sweat pants, leans against the headboard.

She flips through her high school year book. Stops on a page.

**INSERT** - Year book page - Ricki, flat hair, awkward in a  
paisley print dress, stares back. She flips the page to...

Lizzie's nauseatingly-perfect, senior portrait, smack in the  
center.

Ricki tears out Lizzie's page, crumples it up...

RICKI  
Sayonara, bitch.

...then dumps the entire year book in the trash.

She moves to a dressing table, RuPaul clippings frame the mirror.

Pulls on a matted blonde wig, shoves loose strands of hair under the elastic band, gives her skull a light pat.

She walks into a darkened corner. Flicks on an elbow lamp, which sheds light on...

a stack of LPs propped against a 60s stereo console.

She picks an LP from the stack. Slips the vinyl from its sleeve. Slaps the disc on the turntable. Sets it in motion.

The familiar crackle of a needle on vinyl fills the room.

#### **NAOMI AND PETE'S BEDROOM**

A thumping, muffled Disco beat rattles the bedroom walls.

In bed, a couple lie back to back. The restless body on the right clumsily switches on a bedside lamp.

**PETE** (48), pasty, balding, thick porn-stache, overdue for a haircut, throws off the blanket. Sits up.

Pete nudges the snoring body next to him.

They whine, tighten the pillow over their head.

Pete jabs them. They swat at him with their free hand.

PETE

Naomi! Wake up!

**NAOMI** (41), in a flannel nightgown, with a hairstyle she's had since high school, lifts the pillow.

NAOMI

Knock it off, Pete. It's Monday.  
Stick to the rules.

PETE

I'm not- I can't sleep. That goddam  
music's driving me nuts.

Naomi looks at him, holds the pillow over her face.

NAOMI

(muffled)

It's a little hard to breathe.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
 (peaks from under pillow)  
 But you should try it.

Naomi rolls onto her side. He pokes her. She GROANS.

PETE  
 Do something! She's your kid!

NAOMI  
 I'm not the one who can't sleep.

Pete, pissed, climbs out of bed, stomps across the room, yanks open the bedroom door.

The Disco grows in intensity.

He disappears into the pitch black hallway.

### **RICKI'S BEDROOM**

She jumps on the bed. The elbow lamp, now a makeshift spot, casts her elongated shadow onto the walls and ceiling.

The stereo blasts Patrick Hernandez's *BORN TO BE ALIVE*. Ricki gestures wildly, sings along.

RICKI  
*"People ask me why I never find a  
 place to stop  
 And settle down, down, down  
 But I never wanted all those things  
 People need to justify  
 Their lives, lives, lives..."*

Heavy pounds on the door.

Ricki stops. Cocks her head. Shrugs. Resumes her antics.

RICKI  
*"...Yes we were born, born, born,  
 (Born to be alive)"*

The door flies open. Pete barges in. Ricki freezes.

PETE  
 What the hell?! It's two AM.

RICKI  
 And I care, because...?

Pete busts a gut, points at her.

PETE  
 What are you supposed to be?

Ricki yanks off her wig, hurls it at him.

Instead, the wig lands on the turntable. The needle skids across the record, emits a horrible scratch.

She darts to the door. Slams it in Pete's face.

RICKI  
I'm installing a lock! Asshole!

**SUPER - PART TWO - WE ARE FAMILY**

**INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER**

*RuPaul's Drag Race* plays on a huge flatscreen TV.

Ricki, in her masculine daily attire, hair stuffed under a trucker cap, pathetically twerks to the EDM from the screen.

She clasps a chip bag and soda, consumes chips between gulps.

The song ends.

Winded, she chugs a huge portion of soda.

**INSERT - RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE CLIP**

A drag queen in a shimmery spandex jumpsuit pants center stage, clasps her hands in anticipation.

RUPAUL  
Y'all need to step your pussy up.

RICKI  
You heard, Mama Ru. Lame.

Naomi, laundry basket in tow, enters, blocks the TV.

RICKI  
Uh, RuPaul's on. Sashay away.

Naomi stands firm.

RICKI  
I got suspended. Remember? I'll look for a job tomorrow.

Ricki plops on the overstuffed, plaid sofa.

NAOMI  
*"The day is what you make it! So why not make it a great one."*

Ricki zeroes in on the exact same, framed, inspirational quote on the wall behind Naomi. Looks back at her mom.

RICKI  
That one's framable.

Naomi points at the TV.

NAOMI  
TV off! Now! Smart ass!

Ricki sets down her soda, mutes the TV.

RICKI  
What did I do to piss off Pete-the-cheat this time?

Naomi pulls a pair of men's y-front briefs from the basket.

NAOMI  
I was putting away laundry and came across these. Care to explain?

RICKI  
They're... comfortable?

NAOMI  
And when I dug some more, I found two more pairs and this.

She holds up a purple dildo.

NAOMI  
Do we need to schedule a session with Doctor-?

RICKI  
- It's not what- I'm fine. You're the prude who can't fucking deal.

Naomi throws the dildo at her, storms out.

RICKI  
Mom! Wait! I was kidding.

NAOMI (O.S.)  
*"Try to be a rainbow in someone's cloud."*

RICKI  
I don't do rainbows!... Or ponies!

She unmutes the TV.

**INSERT - RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE CLIP**

An ecstatic drag queen wipes away a streak of mascara that rolls down a heavily-rouged cheek.

RUPAUL  
Shantay, you stay!

**EXT. RITZY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY**

The Subaru Forester pulls up to a faux New England style, red brick McMansion. A ridiculously huge American flag flies atop a thirty foot pole.

**INT. SUBARU FORESTER**

Ricki downs her latte, tosses the empty cup onto the litter-filled passenger seat, dons her cap, exits the car.

**EXT. RITZY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - FRONTWALK**

She closes the door. Starts up the walk.

**DEREK** (28), surly, tattooed neck, exits the house, pulls on a leather jacket, blazes by, shoots Ricki a smug look.

DEREK  
Kinda late for the party, dude.

Ricki gives him the once-over.

He reaches the street, climbs into a spanking new, silver BMW, speeds off. The vanity license plate reads, "WHIP-IT."

**EXT. HAL'S MCMANSION - FRONT PORCH**

Ricki steps up to the front door. Rings the bell. Waits.

After a moment, **HAL** (43) appears. His salt and pepper, military-style haircut is mussed. His bathrobe hangs open. He frowns at Ricki, pulls his robe closed, tightens the sash.

RICKI  
Wassup, Hal?

HAL  
Please, don't call me that.

RICKI  
Grumpy. May I come in, dad?

HAL  
I told you to call before dropping  
by. Did anybody see you?

RICKI  
Just some sleazoid. Who was he  
anyway?

HAL  
My... paperboy.

RICKI  
Really? Does he deliver papers in  
his brand new Beemer?

HAL  
Why are you here? I already gave  
you money this week.

RICKI  
I need a few more bucks, until  
driving picks up. It's really slow.

HAL  
You were suspended again.

RICKI  
Exactly how old is your paperboy?

Hal produces a fifty from a pocket, hands her the bill.

She turns to go.

HAL  
So, it's wham bam, thank you, dad?

RICKI  
Quoting what's-his-butt?

HAL  
Get back here.

Ricki goes back, gives him a distanced hug. He pats her back.

HAL  
That fifty better last longer than  
a couple days.

She heads to her car.

RICKI  
Is that the Walmart I'm-more-  
American-than-everyone-in-the-  
entire-neighborhood-size flag?

HAL

I love this country and I'm not  
ashamed to show it.

Hal shuts the door.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU FORESTER - PETE AND NAOMI'S DRIVEWAY - LATER**

Ricki pulls into the driveway.

The garage door slowly opens, reveals Pete, arms folded. He  
shakes his head.

She backs into the street. Parks.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Backpack in tow, Ricki walks up the driveway.

The garage door starts to lower. She stops in her tracks,  
gives Pete the finger.

He squats. Waves. The garage door closes.

**INT. RICKI'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The room is a shambles, clothing strewn everywhere.

Ricki blazes in, opens her backpack, pulls out a neon-green  
satin dress, lays it on the bed.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Dinner's about ready.

RICKI

Meatloaf is vomitous!

NAOMI (O.S.)

*"When one is hungry, everything  
tastes good."*

RICKI

Does that include roadkill?

**DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Pete, in a stretched-out wife-beater, swills a beer. Scoots  
closer to the table.

Naomi brings in a meatloaf, sets it down. Pete reaches for  
her butt. She swats his hand, slips by.

Naomi sits opposite Pete, scoops a heap of mashed potatoes onto her plate. Absentmindedly adds another. And another.

The mound grows. Pete watches in amazement.

She stops, looks at her plate, then the nearly empty bowl.

NAOMI  
I must be hungry.

PETE  
Where the hell is... It?

RICKI  
I prefer **they**, dickwad.

Ricki, in an ill-fitting used gown, poses in the entry.

PETE  
Holy Christ. Get a load. Dressed like a girl, twice in one month.

RICKI  
I'm properly attired for dinner. What's your excuse, slob?

Ricki sashays past Pete.

PETE  
Who's gonna wear that ugly thing?

RICKI  
I don't know. Somebody.

PETE  
Waste of time.

RICKI  
Waste of air!

NAOMI  
You two are giving me heartburn.

Ricki clomps to the table. Plops into the chair.

NAOMI  
You're so talented. I still don't understand why you quit school.

RICKI  
You know why, Mom! Drop it! Okay?!

NAOMI

You got kicked off Project Runway.  
So! Does that mean you give up on  
your dreams and stop designing?

RICKI

Nina said my clothes belonged on  
homeless transvestites.

PETE

Save the loser talk for after  
dinner. I want to eat.

RICKI

Then eat. Nobody's stopping you.

PETE

Will **they** pass the potatoes?

Ricki grabs the bowl, takes the last remaining spoonful.  
Hands the bowl to Pete.

He peers into the empty bowl. Slams it on the table.

PETE

I'm eating in the kitchen.

Pete takes his plate, grabs the entire meatloaf. Leaves.

NAOMI

Come back, you big baby. I'll give  
you some of mine.

Ricki grins with satisfaction.

#### **RICKI'S BEDROOM - A COUPLE HOURS LATER**

Ricki, on a ladder, attaches Christmas lights to the ceiling.

The stereo blasts Village People's *IN HOLLYWOOD (EVERYBODY IS A STAR)*.

Deep in thought, Ricki hits a bent nail with a pink, plastic  
hair brush. The ladder wobbles.

The music stops.

Ricki turns to find Pete, his hand on the stereo volume.

RICKI

I was listening to that.

PETE

When do I get my ladder back?

RICKI  
Never, as long as I'm alive.

The ladder wobbles.

Pete comes over, steadies it.

RICKI  
I don't need your help.

PETE  
Break your neck and I get blamed.

RICKI  
Don't you have pervy magazines in  
the garage to go jerk off to?

PETE  
Oh, I did that already today.

Ricki spits right in his face.

RICKI  
Gross pig!

PETE  
Entitled fucking brat!

Pete leaves. Slams the door.

**HALLWAY - RICKI'S BEDROOM DOOR - LATER**

A used tampon hangs, like a talisman, from a thumb tack in  
the middle of the door. Below, a hastily scrawled message  
reads, "*Back off, lech!*"

A Disco beat comes from inside the room.

**RICKI'S BEDROOM**

Ricki, in a tattered 70s prom gown, lies on her back, stares  
at the Christmas lights on the ceiling.

The door flies open.

RICKI  
Fuck off, perv!

Naomi stands there, arms akimbo.

NAOMI  
It's your mother!

Ricki turns toward the door.

NAOMI  
Take that vile thing down. Now!  
What if your stepfather saw that?

RICKI  
Maybe he'd finally get the hint.

Ricki goes to the door.

NAOMI  
Why do you choose to provoke him?

RICKI  
- It was your choice to dump dad  
and marry El Creep-o.

She removes the tampon. Drops it in the wastebasket.

NAOMI  
I did not dump- Your father left  
because he was gay. I had zero to  
do with that.

RICKI  
Not because you got so fat?

Naomi slaps her across the face.

Ricki recoils, puts her hand to her cheek.

NAOMI  
Oh, my God.

She scowls at her mother.

NAOMI  
I'm so sorry. I don't know what  
came over me. My hormones have been  
off the rails-

RICKI  
- That's a lame excuse.

She promptly grabs her backpack and a hoody.

NAOMI  
You're not going out dressed like  
that!

Ricki blows by Naomi.

NAOMI  
Don't you dare take my car!

Naomi tears the sign off the door. Crumples it up.

Pete emerges from a door down the hall.

PETE

Can you two keep it down?

NAOMI

Oh, go back to bed!

She throws the crumpled sign in his face.

**SUPER - PART THREE - BOOGIE WONDERLAND**

**INT./EXT. SUBARU FORESTER - DEEP FRIED STATE - LATER**

Ricki, her cheek inflamed, sits across the street.

She eats a burrito, watches Ian close up shop.

Ian turns off the lights, exits, locks the door.

He hops in his beater VW, drives away.

She starts the Forester, follows.

**INT. NAOMI'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Naomi, in a bathrobe, lit by the bluish glow of the TV screen, devours a sandwich.

The TV plays a late-night talk show. The voices faint.

Pete walks in. Shakes his head.

Naomi stops mid-bite.

NAOMI

No cracks about my eating.

PETE

How dumb do I look? Coming to bed?

NAOMI

I can't sleep. I feel awful about-

PETE

- Jesus Christ. Her still? I can take your mind off things, if-

NAOMI  
- Is that all you think about?!

PETE  
You won't regret it.

Naomi shoots daggers at Pete. He leaves.

She bites hard into her sandwich.

**EXT. WUNDERBAR - URBAN GAY CLUB - MINUTES LATER**

A rainbow flag hangs limp above the entrance.

Ricki pulls up, parks a few spaces behind Ian.

He exits his car.

**INT. SUBARU FORESTER**

Ricki ducks down. Ian walks by. She peaks above the dash.

**THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

Ricki watches two CLUBGOERS enter the bar.

She finishes off a Hostess Snoball, slurps a soda, gets out.

**EXT. WUNDERBAR - URBAN GAY BAR - SIDEWALK**

Ricki sheepishly approaches the entrance. Pauses in front of a garish poster.

**INSERT - GARISH POSTER**

**"TONIGHT ONLY! SNATCH-O SUPREME! BE AFRAID!  
BE VERY AFRAID!"**

She steps toward the door, stops, retreats to the curb.

A **MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT** emerges from the club. He's small, but not quite a little person. He leans against the wall, lights a cigarette, takes a puff, eyes Ricki.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
You part of Snatch-o's crew?

RICKI  
Me? No. I'm not anybody.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
Wasn't sure with that outfit.

RICKI  
Left in a hurry. No time to change.

Ricki paces to and fro, looks down the block, stops.

RICKI  
Did the show start?

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
*Disney On Ice* would tour Hell  
before drag shows start on time.

RICKI  
A queen on *RuPaul's Drag Race* is-

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
- That reality TV shit's fake, you  
know. Even RuPaul.

She looks at him, disbelief on her face.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
If you want real, you need to  
experience Snatch-o Supreme in the  
glorious, shape-shifting flesh.

He stubs out his cigarette, starts to go inside, pauses.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
One night only. You do not want to  
miss this. Joining us?

RICKI  
I guess so. Sure.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
Hopefully you'll pick up some  
fashion tips, cuz your look, it's  
fucking tragic.

He digs in his pocket, produces an LSD tab, offers it to her.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
It's mandatory. Maximum effect.

She takes the tab, pops it in her mouth, follows him inside.

**INT. WUNDERBAR - ENTRY**

The door closes behind them.

They're plunged into blackness.

Deafening CLUB MUSIC pumps.

RICKI  
It's like a cave in here!

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
Give it a minute!

RICKI  
I can't see anything.

MAN IN A PURPLE SATIN TOP HAT  
You'll adjust! Be sure to hydrate!

He recedes into the black, abandons her.

Ricki feels her way through the maze-like club entrance,  
which is a mass of confusion.

Doors, of all shapes, sizes and colors, line the corridor.

She pulls on the knob closest to her. It doesn't open. She  
tries a few more, with the same results.

RICKI  
How do I get in?... Hello?!

Laughter echoes through the corridor.

RICKI  
If this is a joke, it's not funny!

Suddenly, a shaft of light becomes visible through a parted  
curtain at the end of the corridor. Ricki shuffles toward it.

She reaches the curtain, pushes through, emerges into...

### **WUNDERBAR**

A cavernous room, packed with outrageously-dressed TRENDIDS.

High above the massive dance floor, a giant, mirrored  
mushroom slowly rotates, shoots beams of light into her eyes.

The energy is charged.

Ricki, mesmerized, soaks it in.

A DOG FURRY hurries by. Collides with her. The dog barks. She  
jumps back.

A new song begins. Ricki moves to the edge of the dance floor, watches ECSTATIC DANCERS invade the space.

SMARMY DEEJAY (V.O.)

In just five minutes, the outlandish and offensive Snatch-O Supreme takes the stage. So grab your favorite libation, secure a spot and prepare to be violated. Your life's about to change.

The room erupts in rapturous screams.

SMARMY DEEJAY (V.O.)

Damn! I'm in the wrong fucking profession, if lip-synching to tired Disco, half-naked, gets that kind of reaction.

The crowd cheers louder.

Ricki makes her way through the club, reaches the amoeba-shaped bar. She squeezes herself between two incredibly tall, **BEARISH LEATHERMEN**. The taller of the two peers down at her.

BEARISH LEATHERMAN #1

Look at itty-bitty you down there.

She looks up at him.

He bats his glittery, mascaraed eyelids, bares a set of silver-capped teeth.

She stares back in wonder.

Bearish Leatherman One reaches over her head, hands his partner a blue cocktail garnished with a pink umbrella.

Bearish Leatherman Two removes the umbrella, stirs his drink with his index finger, pops his finger in his mouth, draws it out slowly, then hands the tiny umbrella to her.

BEARISH LEATHERMAN #2

It's just your size. Don't think it's rain tonight though.

The men clink their glasses, wander off.

She watches them disappear into the heaving throngs.

Ricki turns toward to the bar. There, located across from her, is the man in a purple satin top hat.

He points at her, winks. She waves back.

He lifts up a bright, green cocktail.

Ricki shrugs, displays her empty hands.

He signals the **SAGE BARTENDER**, who comes over. Whispers in the bartender's ear.

The bartender looks at Ricki, nods.

Then, poof, the man in a purple satin top hat vanishes.

The bartender comes over, proceeds to make a drink.

SAGE BARTENDER

Your friend asked me to prescribe something to help the medicine go down. So, show me your tongue. I'd like to know what I'm dealing with.

Ricki opens her mouth, sticks out her blue-tinged tongue.

The bartender closely inspects her tongue.

SAGE BARTENDER

Oooh, child. Aren't you lucky!

RICKI

I am? Why?

The bartender beckons her to come closer. She does.

SAGE BARTENDER

(confidentially)

You've been gifted a one-way trip to the outer limits of queer enlightenment. Are you ready?

RICKI

Can I bring a change of clothes?

The bartender mixes a pink fizzy drink, places it in front of her.

She looks at the mysterious concoction, raises her eyes, lowers them back down, contemplates, then...

seizes the glass, gulps the majority of the pink liquid, takes a deep breath, exhales.

SAGE BARTENDER

Careful. Don't lose your head.

He walks away.

Wide-eyed, a look of slight panic appears on her face.

SMARMY DEEJAY (V.O.)

And now, you beautiful freaks, the moment you've all been salivating for. I bring you a goddess of the underworld, a diva with devilish charms, the ultimate psycho bitch to scratch your deepest, depraved itch. The one, the twisted, ... Miss!... Snatch-o!... Supreme!

The crowd goes into a frenzy, rush toward the stage.

Ricki finds a safe spot on the edge of the dance floor.

The club lights dim.

An earsplitting din fills the room. Drums pound. Sirens wail.

Ricki covers her ears.

Spastic strobes flash, illuminate the crowd. Everything appears to move in slow motion.

The curtains part and there, bathed in green light, stands...

**SNATCH-O SUPREME** (age indeterminate), a fleshy drag queen in a red, sequined gown and three-foot high, white bouffant wig. If Divine had an evil twin, this would be her.

She remains frozen, her back to the audience, arms raised.

The crowd goes nuts. Massive applause, cheers.

Snatch-o pivots toward the audience. Her face is a garish green. Lipstick forms glistening ruby drips from her lower lip, as if she just feasted on a fresh, bloody kill.

Snatch-o shakes her enormous breasts, soaks in the adoration.

The music begins. Snatch-o goes through the motions, as if she's intoxicated. She stumbles clumsily around the stage, snarls, wags her tongue, antagonizes, flips off the audience.

The crowd eats it up.

Suddenly, the stage goes black.

The strobes return. Blind the room.

Chaos erupts, on stage, as FOUR SEXY DEMONS, rush out. They encircle Snatch-o. She swats at them.

The demons tug, tear at her clothes. Sequins and bits of her dress scatter everywhere.

Snatch-o tries to fend off the demons, but they overpower her, strip her to her bra and panties. Snatch-o's exposed flesh jiggles.

Spent, she collapses to the floor, lies motionless.

The demons jab at her, become bored, slink off stage.

Total Blackout.

The audience goes berserk with a deafening roar.

Colored lasers, directed at the giant mushroom, blink on. Swirling beams of light shoot throughout the room.

The music intensifies, becomes even more frenetic.

Ricki, transfixed, navigates through the shifting bodies. Makes her way toward the stage.

The REVELERS around her distort. Stretch. Limbs become rubber. Faces elongate. Become pink, blue, purple, orange.

Everyone one around her cheers, their words slurred, drawn out, no longer comprehensible.

Ricki reaches the stage. Steadies herself.

Then, in another dramatic shift, blinding white lights, at stage-level, beam directly into the crowd's eyes.

Ricki raises her hands. Tries to block the harsh light.

There, in the glare, stands Snatch-o in a long, pastel blue, flannel nightgown, her face crusty and peeling, her wig, now reddish-brown, limp, stringy, damp.

Snatch-o bares crooked, yellow teeth. She lets loose a terrifying, gurgled, demonic growl.

Her head rotates a full 360 degrees.

The audience shrieks, gasps, withdraws.

From Snatch-o's mouth, a nasty, thick, pea-green liquid erupts, cascades down the front of her nightgown, splatters on the floor and the audience gathered near the stage.

Everyone recoils. ***What the fuck is happening?***

Snatch-o reaches out with gnarled, claw-like hands.

She laughs a deep, throaty laugh. Then...

SNATCH-O  
(demonic voice)  
*"Your mother sucks cocks in Hell."*

A tribal rhythm starts. Snatch-o writhes, grimaces to the rhythm. Two DANCING PRIESTS in black cassocks enter. They provoke, cast holy water, thrust crucifixes at her.

She wails in agony. Tries to fend them off.

Ricki moves along the stage, nears one of the priests.

He comes closer. He looks like Ian or someone identical.

RICKI  
Ian?! Holy shit, dude!

She waves frantically.

RICKI  
Yo! Ian!! It's me, Ricki!

He ignores her, grabs Snatch-o by the wrist. The second priest grabs Snatch-o's other wrist. They violently yank her from side to side.

Snatch-o frees herself. Hurls both priests toward the wings. They tumble into the darkness.

Snatch-o spins like a dervish, slows, jerks to a halt, slumps forward, drops to her knees. The music ends.

The crowd erupts in cheers, stomps their feet.

CROWD  
Snatch-o! Snatch-o! Snatch-o!

Snatch-o slowly rises, curtsies long and low, one leg extended behind her.

RICKI  
RuPaul is way better.

Snatch-o shoots Ricki a cutting glance. Exits the stage.

The curtain closes.

An EDM track plays. The crowd disperses.

Ricki makes her way to the side of the stage. Climbs up. Crawls across the dusty, black surface.

Her hand touches something. She inspects the object; it's a portion of Snatch-o's sequined gown. She stuffs it in her pocket.

Slips underneath the curtain.

#### **WUNDERBAR - BACKSTAGE**

Surrounded by stacks of crates and kegs, she stands, feels her way toward light from a slightly ajar door, dead ahead.

Just then, a TATTOOED GOTH slips into the dressing room, leaves the door wide open.

She ducks behind a scrim. Waits. When it appears no one is coming, she creeps up to the door, peeks in.

#### **RICKI'S POV**

Inside the cramped room, a dozen CAST MEMBERS celebrate.

**EVAN**, Ian's twin, the dancing priest, grabs hold of the Tattooed Goth, kisses him on the mouth.

Suddenly, everything distorts, whirls around her.

#### **END RICKI'S POV**

Ricki staggers to the scrim. The spotlights above blur, spin. She loses her footing, stumbles into the light.

She trips. Hits her head, **SMACK**, on the wooden floor.

#### **WUNDERBAR - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Ricki, out cold, on a soiled, tattered couch. Snatch-o and the cast members crowd around her, gawk.

SNATCH-O

What the fuck is that? And how did  
get it in my dressing room?

Ian kneels next to the couch, Evan next to him.

IAN

She's my friend. Can everybody just  
back up and give her some air?

EVAN

You heard him, ladies. Back your  
asses up and let her-

Ricki maons, starts to awaken.

SNATCH-O

If any of you say anything cute  
about Kansas or a freakin' Wizard,  
I will slap you right back to Oz.  
This bitch included.

IAN

She's injured. Be nice.

EVAN

(aside, to Ian)  
She was being nice.

Ricki's eyes open. She glances around, moans louder.

IAN

Ricki? It's me, Ian. Are you okay?

She rubs her eyes.

#### **RICKI'S POV**

Ian and Evan's faces merge into one, separate, blur, merge  
again, separate, sharpen.

RICKI

There are two of you? Cool!

Ian and Evan, look at one another.

RICKI

This is so freaking trippy!

Everything goes black.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. - TWO HOURS LATER**

Ricki, head bandaged, bruised cheek, sits propped up.

A window into the corridor frames Naomi and Hal. They yell at  
one another, their faces inches apart.

Naomi breaks away from Hal. Barges into the room.

NAOMI

Hallucinogens? What's next? Heroin?

Ricki rolls her eyes.

NAOMI

*"If you can quit for a day, you can  
quit for a lifetime."*

RICKI  
Who slipped you a 12-step pamphlet?

NAOMI  
They're on a rack by the nurses'  
station. It says, "Admitting you-"

RICKI  
Mom! For once, can you not sound  
like a stupid Hallmark card?

Hal enters the room, followed by Pete. Hal moves to Ricki's  
bedside, crowds Naomi.

RICKI  
Hey, daddy. Thanks for coming.

NAOMI  
So, now, he's your hero?

RICKI  
I was only saying, "Hi."

HAL  
Is that what you do with my money?  
Buy drugs from illegals?

RICKI  
I didn't pay for them.

Pete snickers. Hal shoots him a look.

HAL  
What exactly in your twisted brain  
makes free drugs humorous?

NAOMI  
I can't have you at home setting  
this kind of example for the baby.

What? They all look at Naomi. She bursts into tears.

NAOMI  
(blubbering)  
I'm pregnant! At forty one!

RICKI  
Oh, my god. That is so gross. Is  
that why you're so bloated?

NAOMI  
I should have listened to  
your grandmother and put you  
up for adoption.

RICKI  
(mimics Naomi)  
... And put you up for  
adoption. Blah, blah, blah.

NAOMI

That's it. She's yours now, Hal.

Naomi leaves. Pete follows.

HAL

You've really done it this time,  
kid. Get dressed. Looks like you're  
coming home with me.

Hal leaves the room.

She slides out of bed. Dresses.

**INT. HAL'S MCMANSION - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER**

Ricki, bandaged, nestles under a beige bed spread, in a beige room with beige curtains; in fact, everything's beige, except for a presidential portrait of Reagan above the headboard.

She clutches the remnant from Snatch-o's dress, gazes at the light glinting off the red sequins.

RICKI

I'm ready!

She rolls onto her side, tucks the relic under her pillow, switches off the bedside lamp.

**SUPER - PART FOUR - LET IT WHIP**

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE**

**INT. WUNDERBAR - ONSTAGE - NIGHT**

Club music pounds.

Lights flash from beneath the closed curtain. A fog machine coughs out a pathetic mist, dies.

A solitary, silhouetted figure moves from the wings to the center of the dimly lit stage, positions themself.

SMARMY DEEJAY (V.O.)

Here she is, losers, a goddess of  
the Goodwill, a diva with a donut  
habit, a pathetic fashion school  
drop-out,... Ricki!... Hold on, who  
the fuck is that?

Ricki, backlit, faced away from the curtain, strikes a pose.

A thunderous roar erupts. Drums pound. Sirens wail.

From the other side of the curtain - Catcalls, half-hearted scattered applause, then...

The curtain opens. Stage lights bathe her in red.

She remains frozen, in her ill-fitting, thrift store dress and ratty wig, her back to the audience, arms raised.

The music stops. The crowd falls silent. A pin could drop.

Ricki awkwardly pivots toward the audience, her bruised face wan, her lipstick a sloppy, horrid pink. She forces a smile.

The audience, dumbfounded, murmur, stare.

The music begins.

Ricki obviously makes up the motions as she performs.

The audience mocks her, jeers. A beer bottle flies by her.

Suddenly, the stage goes black. Blinding strobes blink on, illuminate the crowd.

Disoriented, Ricki stares into the flashing lights. Suddenly, chaos erupts, on stage, as FOUR PAUNCHY DEMONS, encircle her.

She runs, futilely attempts to defend herself.

The demons grab. Tear at her dress. Bits of cloth and sequins fly everywhere.

Snatch-o appears from out of nowhere, goes after her.

SNATCH-O

You're not stealing my act.

Snatch-o yanks off Ricki's wig.

Ricki punches Snatch-o square in the mouth.

Unfazed, Snatch-o puts her hands on her hips.

SNATCH-O

(with **Hal's** voice)

Wake up! It's after ten! You're not sleeping all day.

**END DREAM SEQUENCE**

**INT. HAL'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM**

Ricki's head pops out from under the beige bed-spread. The bandage hangs loose, reveals a nasty bruise on her forehead. A single red sequin stuck to her cheek.

Hal, in a jogging suit, looms over her.

HAL

There's a list of chores on the fridge. Get started. I'm going for a run.

She whines.

HAL

Say hello to your future.

He walks out.

RICKI

Dad! I need some money!

HAL (O.S.)

In your dreams, kid!

RICKI

You're a sadist!

HAL (O.S.)

You got that right!

**HAL'S STATE OF THE ART KITCHEN - LATER**

Ricki, toast jutting from her mouth, removes the chore list from the refrigerator door. She gives it a once over. Throws it in the trash.

**HAL'S OFFICE**

Ricki enters, heads for the desk. She pulls open drawer after drawer, only to find well-organized office supplies, neatly organized papers.

She closes the drawer, steps back. Thinks. Rushes out.

**HAL'S BEDROOM**

Ricki bursts into a huge, opulent master bedroom.

A California king, with a mountain of pillows, beckons.

She retreats to the hallway. Runs back into the room, leaps onto the bed. The pillows, airborne, scatter everywhere.

Ricki rolls on the mattress, gazes up at herself in the mirrored ceiling. Giggles.

She scrambles off the bed. Heads for the master closet.

#### **MASTER CLOSET**

The door pops open. The lights blink on. She waltzes in.

Racks of expensive suits, solid-colored pastel shirts and shelves of Italian leather shoes line the perimeter.

Ricki searches the drawers - dress socks, ties, white t-shirts, white boxers. Boring!

She looks around, spots a men's fur coat, makes a bee-line. She yanks the coat from its hanger. Slips it on.

Ricki models the coat in front of a floor length mirror.

She jams her hands into the pockets. Hold on!

Ricki pulls out a \$100 bill. Score! Stuffs the money into her sweatpants. Digs deeper in the pockets. Produces a key. Considers it a moment, then spots a drawer with a lock.

She darts to the drawer. Inserts the key. Score again!

Ricki unlocks the drawer. Pulls it open.

#### **RICKI'S POV**

Neatly laid out is a collection of S&M paraphernalia: a whip, dog collar, handcuffs, rope, ball gag and a leather hood.

#### **END RICKI'S POV**

Ricki, appalled, closes the drawer, returns the fur to its hanger. Exits.

#### **INT. HAL'S MERCEDES - MINUTES LATER**

Ricki drives a luxurious, black, S-class Mercedes Sedan.

RICKI  
Paperboy?! What a load of BS.

**INT./EXT. HAL'S MERCEDES - GOODWILL CURBSIDE**

Ricki pulls up in front of the Goodwill.

She spots Felipe outside the store. He goes inside.

She hurries from the car. Heads for the entrance.

**INT. GOODWILL - WOMEN'S CLOTHING SECTION**

Felipe, before a mirror, inspects a worn and yellowed wedding dress. Tests the zipper. Sniffs the armpits.

Ricki, wanders up, positions herself nearby, sorts through a rack of evening dresses, discretely watches him.

He catches her spying in the reflection.

She ducks.

FELIPE

Seriously, girl?! I know you're there. I just saw you.

Ricki slowly emerges from behind the rack. Smiles.

FELIPE

You're the girl from the bus stop. Are you stalking me?

RICKI

No. I'm shopping. Just like you.

She goes back to digging through the clothes.

Felipe walks to the aisle opposite her. Returns the wedding dress to the rack.

They both search the racks, exchange a few side glances.

FELIPE

That dress you gave me didn't cost no ten bucks. When I looked at the tag, it said thirty-five.

RICKI

A girl's gotta do, what a girl's gotta do to be fabulous.

FELIPE

Don't get caught. Cuz' you wanna know what's not so fabulous? Wearing an orange jumpsuit.

(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

(beat)

What size are you? A ten?

RICKI

More like a generous twelve.

FELIPE

You plus-sized girls have all the luck. Us skinny bitches get stuck with worn-out dish rags. I mean, look at this garbage. And I can't do shit with these circus tents either. No offense.

RICKI

I can sew.

He stops shopping. Extends a sinewy arm over the rack.

FELIPE

Felipe. And you are...?

RICKI

Ricki.

They shake hands.

**INT. DEEP FRIED STATE - LATER**

Ricki and Felipe sit at a corner table. She devours a box of assorted donuts; he nurses a cup of black coffee.

RICKI

You've never eaten a donut? I don't believe you.

FELIPE

Do I look like donuts are part of my diet?

RICKI

Maybe a donut hole or two.

Ian sidles up. Felipe gives him the complete up and down.

IAN

Dang, Ricki. Are you okay?

RICKI

Yeah. No apparent brain damage.

IAN

Dude, that is one choice bruise.

ANTSY CUSTOMER (O.S.)  
Hello? Is anybody working here?

                  IAN  
I, uh, need to, you know. Latte  
duty calls.

He trots back to the counter.

                  FELIPE  
So, that's the guy? You made him  
sound so... big.

Ian keeps an eye on them from the counter.

                  FELIPE  
He's cute. Not my type, though. I  
like my men with a little muscle  
where it matters and a whole lot of  
meat where it counts.

Ricki looks repulsed.

                  FELIPE  
Wait a minute, sister! You haven't  
seen it! Have you?

                  RICKI  
We've never gone out.

                  FELIPE  
He doesn't know you wanna do the  
sausage shuffle. Does he?

                  RICKI  
No! Ewww.

                  FELIPE  
And you come here everyday?

She nods. Felipe shakes his head.

                  FELIPE  
That's a shitload of lattes, girl.  
I'm doing something about this  
sorry-ass situation, right this  
very second.

Felipe jumps up, heads to the counter.

                  RICKI  
Felipe! Don't!

Ricki watches him chat up Ian. Felipe's arms wave effusively, gesture toward her.

Ian looks over.

She turns away, chomps into an old-fashioned.

Felipe returns.

FELIPE

Clear your calendar, cuz Saturday  
you've got a cream-filled night of  
debauchery with donut boy.

Ricki looks toward Ian. He gives her a huge grin.

RICKI

I can't believe you did that.

FELIPE

Your pussy will thank me. Now, we  
need to find a way to turn this...  
(waves a hand at Ricki)  
into something resembling sexy.

**INT. NAOMI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Ricki bursts in through the front door, to find Pete on the couch, pants around his ankles. Porn on the TV.

RICKI

Omigod!

She immediately shields her eyes.

Pete scrambles, quickly covers his crotch with a doily.

PETE

What the-? Didn't we kick you out?

RICKI

Just here to get my stuff.

Sounds of a female reaching orgasm come from the TV.

She rushes through the room.

RICKI

Objectifying scumbag!

PETE

Your crap's in the garage.

RICKI  
Not wasting any time erasing me.

PETE  
I'm having my own kid. So, yeah,  
you got that right.

She about faces, leaves. Pete raises the volume.

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - DRIVEWAY - AN HOUR LATER**

Hal's Mercedes, jam-packed with Ricki's stuff, is backed up in the driveway. Ricki places RuPaul in the passenger seat. Ru's head sticks out the sunroof.

Pete appears in the driveway. Positions himself in front of the car.

PETE  
Did you take any of my shit?

RICKI  
Tell my mother I got my junk and  
I'm no longer her problem.

Ricki gets in the car. Starts the engine.

Pete doesn't move. She lays on the horn.

He leaps aside. She accelerates, zips by.

RICKI  
Your fly's down, perv!

Pete, on the ground, checks his crotch.

**INT. TACKY STRIP MALL NAIL SALON - DAY**

Naomi enters. A doorbell chimes. She waits.

When no one shows, she turns to go.

GLAM NAIL TECH (O.S.)  
Hello! Can I help you?

Naomi turns toward the voice.

A **GLAM NAIL TECH** (30s) walks up. She is made up to the hilt, big hair, gaudy jewelry, bejeweled nails, the works.

GLAM NAIL TECH

Sorry, I was in the storeroom. You can't hear a thing back there. Did you have an appointment?

NAOMI

No. I was hoping Esmerelda was here. We go back to high school.

GLAM NAIL TECH

Esmerelda? Oh, she doesn't own the salon anymore. I do.

NAOMI

We spoke in March. She didn't say anything about selling.

GLAM NAIL TECH

It was kind of sudden. She went downhill fast after her diagnosis.

Naomi, in shock, takes a quick breath, covers her chest.

GLAM NAIL TECH

Breast cancer. She barely had time-

NAOMI

- Oh, my god! I have to go.

She rushes out.

**INT. HAL'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Ricki enters to find Hal nursing a whiskey.

RICKI

'Sup, Daddy-o?

HAL

First off, my car was taken without my permission.

RICKI

Sorry. I'll ask next time.

HAL

Damn right, you will. And, second, my bedroom is off limits. Why were you in there anyway?

RICKI

I had to escape Ronald Reagan. Then I kind of lost control.

HAL  
I see you ignored the chore list.

RICKI  
I went to mom's to get my stuff.  
I'll do them tomorrow. I swear.

Hal shakes his head, downs his drink.

HAL  
I need a refill. Parenting is  
fucking stressful.

He takes his empty glass, leaves.

RICKI  
Can I set up my studio downstairs?

HAL (O.S.)  
Knock yourself out.

RICKI  
Been there, done that.

He doesn't respond.

RICKI  
Um. Hello! That was funny!

**HAL'S UNFINISHED BASEMENT - LATER**

Ricki, on the phone, sets up her studio. Cardboard RuPaul watches over her.

RICKI  
4675 Waverley... Yes, it's a big  
house... Don't come before eleven.  
My dad might still be home... We  
only have time for one dress... I'm  
not that fast... Got it?... Ciao!

She hangs up, sets her phone down.

HAL (O.S.)  
(from upstairs)  
I'm going to bed. Need anything?

RICKI  
An industrial-grade sewing machine.

HAL (O.S.)  
When I see evidence of you doing  
your chores, I'll consider it.

Ricki unfurls tangled Christmas lights, goes to an outlet, plugs them in. The lights cast a warm glow through the room.

She takes in her new environment, looks pleased.

**SUPER - PART FIVE - I NEED A MAN**

**INT. HAL'S DINING ROOM - DAY**

Hal, in dress pants and dress shirt, sits at the dining room table. He TYPES, acutely focused on his laptop.

Ricki slowly strolls by the doorway. Glances in. Departs.

She reappears, passes by slower, in the other direction.

HAL

Ricki? What are you doing?

RICKI (O.S.)

Nothing.

HAL

Your constant pacing is making it impossible to concentrate.

RICKI

(she peeks in)

Sorry.

(beat)

Aren't you going to work today?

HAL

It's my firm. I go in when I want.

Hal sets back to work.

RICKI

Hope everything's under control.  
Good help is so hard to find.

She disappears around the corner.

He stops typing.

HAL

Hey! Get your butt back in here.

She immediately appears in the doorway.

HAL

What are you up to?

The doorbell rings.

RICKI  
I've got it.

She dashes out of the room.

Hal listens - A door opens. Whispers. The door closes.

Ricki returns.

HAL  
Who was that?

RICKI  
It wasn't the paperboy, if that's  
what you're wondering.

HAL  
Who was it?

RICKI  
A Jehovah's Witness. I think.

Hal gets up. Leaves the room. She follows.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Hal opens the living room curtains, looks outside.

#### **HAL'S POV**

Across the street, Felipe, cell phone in hand, spots Hal,  
promptly beats a retreat down the block.

#### **END HAL'S POV**

HAL  
Don't they walk around in pairs?

RICKI  
Maybe his partner got run over by a  
bus or decided to become a Krishna.

HAL  
I've got a deposition to prepare  
and it's not going to get done with  
this nonsense.

He leaves.

Ricki goes to the window. Texts on her phone.

**EXT. HAL'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Hal's Mercedes backs down the driveway, into the street.

**EXT. DOWN THE STREET - SECONDS LATER**

The Mercedes approaches Felipe, who acts nonchalant, fake chats on his phone.

The car slows. The window lowers.

Felipe reverses course, hurries off. The car leaves.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Ricki gestures to Felipe. He hastens up the walk.

**ENTRY**

She pulls open the door, yanks Felipe inside. He carries a crumpled, brown paper bag.

RICKI

Why weren't you answering my texts?

FELIPE

You ride the bus and tell me what kind of signal you get.

RICKI

Did my dad see you?

FELIPE

Was he the pedophile in the Mercedes?

RICKI

This isn't a joke. Fox News has him believing every Latino is a drug-dealing, job stealing, rapist. The fact you're in his house would completely freak him out.

FELIPE

Tell me again why I'm here. Because if I'm gonna get shot by some white supremacist, I'm hauling my brown ass right out of KKK-ville.

RICKI

His guns are locked up. Relax.

FELIPE

Uh-huh. I've heard that before.

Felipe peeks into the living room.

FELIPE

Rich. I thought so.

RICKI

My dad's rich, not me. I'm being forced to live here, as a punishment.

FELIPE

Uh-huh. It sure looks like torture.

**INT. NAOMI AND PETE'S HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Naomi stares intently at a computer screen.

**INSERT** - PC Screen - Google search for divorce attorneys.

She scrolls down the page.

A door slams somewhere in the house. She freezes.

PETE (O.S.)

I'm back!... Naomi?!

She closes the Google page. Opens Solitaire.

NAOMI

Up here!

PETE (O.S.)

Where's dinner? I'm starving.

NAOMI

Guess you'll starve! I'm busy!

**INT. HAL'S BASEMENT - RICKI'S STUDIO - A COUPLE HOURS LATER**

Felipe zips up the back of Ricki's new electric-blue dress.

RICKI

What about the length?

FELIPE

Sexy bordering on slutty. Perfect.

RICKI

Your turn. What d'ya got?

From the bottom of the worn paper bag, Felipe produces a neon pink piece of fabric with contrasting neon orange polka dots.

RICKI  
Oooh. Bringing back the eighties?

FELIPE  
In all its day-glo fierceness.

RICKI  
This calls for huge shoulder pads.

FELIPE  
Make 'em Krystle Carrington huge!

RICKI  
Who is she?

FELIPE  
Dynasty! Alexis! TV's greatest bitch fight!... You best hold on to your tits, girl. Cuz, your world is about to be rocked.

A door closes upstairs.

RICKI  
Shit. My dad's home.

#### **HAL'S DINING ROOM**

Hal sets down his briefcase. Pours himself a whiskey.

Ricki enters in her new dress, worn over sweat pants.

HAL  
Not sure those go together.

RICKI  
I'm not done with it yet.

HAL  
It's way too short. If you need money for clothes, just ask. I don't expect you to-

RICKI  
- If you think it's ugly, just-

HAL  
- I'm happy you're designing again.

Ricki nervously dawdles.

HAL  
Out with it. What do you want?

RICKI  
Can I borrow your car? I ran out of zippers. And I need to finish this for a date.

HAL  
Only if you promise to come right back and that you're not going to a gay bar to buy drugs.

RICKI  
That was last week.

He hands Ricki the keys. She starts to leave.

HAL  
Hold on.

He pulls out his wallet, offers her a fifty.

RICKI  
Can you make it a hundred?

He starts to return the bill to his wallet. Ricki grabs it.

RICKI  
Fifty is fine. Thanks, Dad.

She darts out.

**GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Felipe lies curled up in the trunk of Hal's Mercedes.

FELIPE  
Where's the Nazi?

RICKI  
I told you, he's not a Nazi. He's a Log Cabin Republican.

FELIPE  
So, he's sexually repressed. Probably into getting peed on too.

RICKI  
I'm not discussing my dad's sexuality with you.

Ricki hands Felipe his paper bag.

RICKI

I'll let you out when it's clear.

She SLAMS the trunk.

**INT. HAL'S MERCEDES - 15 MINUTES LATER**

Felipe, now in the passenger seat, rolls down the window.

FELIPE

I felt like I was in the drag queen  
Underground Railroad. Ten more  
seconds and I would've suffocated.

RICKI

Is everything always this traumatic  
for you?

FELIPE

Well, I need an oxygen tank if I'm  
gonna get stuffed in there again.  
It needs padding, too.

RICKI

Give it a rest. You're not riding  
in the trunk again.

FELIPE

Drop me off here. I want these  
bitches to see me get out of a  
fancy car.

Ricki pulls over. Felipe goes to get out.

RICKI

Are we on for Saturday? I could  
really use some help getting ready.

FELIPE

Bring Cuervo Especial. Not any of  
that cheap stuff.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Felipe exits the car, like Beyoncé arriving at the Grammys.

The Mercedes drives away.

Whoops and hollers rise above the street noise.

**TWO SNARKY QUEENS** on a nearby stoop, point, carry on.

SNARKY QUEEN #1  
Whose car was that, skank?

SNARKY QUEEN #2  
Probably her pimp's.

SNARKY QUEEN #1  
Not giving five dollar BJs to high  
school jocks anymore?

Felipe saunters away, a broad grin on his face.

**INT./ EXT. HAL'S MERCEDES - DEEP FRIED STATE - LATER**

Ricki pulls up in front of the donut shop.

Inside, Ian mops the floor.

She watches him work for a moment, then pulls away.

**SUPER - PART SIX - I'M COMING OUT**

**INT. HAL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

A red pair of lacy panties and bra lay on the coffee table.

Fox News plays on the TV.

Ricki, in men's PJs, severe bedhead, passes by the doorway.

Hal, in his recliner, coffee in hand, calls out.

HAL  
You! Front and center!

She reappears in the doorway.

RICKI  
I just woke up. Can it wait?

HAL  
No.

She comes in. He points at the undergarments.

HAL  
These were in my car. Any idea who  
they belong to? Because, I know you  
don't wear Victoria's Secret.

RICKI  
 Those?... They're for... a project.  
 I wondered where they went. Thanks.

She scoops up the lingerie.

HAL  
 Get dressed. You're coming with me.

**EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY**

Ricki and Hal stroll along a row of used, mid-sized sedans.

RICKI  
 Seriously, dad? You can buy a used  
 car almost anywhere. Why did we  
 have to come here?

HAL  
 Because, I like a deal.

Pete exits the sales office. Walks toward them.

HAL  
 And here he is.

Pete walks up, a guilty look on his face.

PETE  
 Hal? Something I can do for you?

HAL  
 I don't know, Pete. You tell me.

Pete glances at Ricki. She looks away.

**INT. SYDNEY'S NEW, USED KIA CADENZA - LATER**

Ricki, as happy as a clam, drives in her new, champagne-colored 2013 Kia Cadenza. The curled Lyft logo is freshly taped to the windshield.

The stereo blares Blondie's *CALL ME*. She sings along.

RICKI  
*"Take me out and show me off  
 And put me on the scene  
 Dress me in the fashions of the  
 nineteen eighties  
 You're a man, no in-between  
 You know what your words can mean  
 Call me..."*

**INT. DEEP FRIED STATE - DAY**

Ricki strolls into the donut shop, gets in line.

Ian is nowhere to be seen.

Directly in front of her is the Snotty Businesswoman.

Ricki taps her on the shoulder. She turns around.

RICKI

You were wrong. FYI. He's not gay.

The Snotty Businesswoman looks puzzled.

RICKI

Donut boy. And it just so happens,  
we have a date. Tomorrow night.

SNOTTY BUSINESSWOMAN

I'm sure you'll be incredibly happy  
together.

She turns away from Ricki.

RICKI

Yeah. We will. Whatever.

Ian emerges from the back, sets a tray of donuts on a shelf.

RICKI

That's him! Not gay!

He slips into the back room.

Ricki hops out of line, quickly goes after him.

**DEEP FRIED STATE - BACK ROOM**

Ian, hard at work, labors over a tray of raised glazed.

Ricki pokes her head in.

RICKI

Hey, dude.

He looks up from his chore.

IAN

Oh, hey, dude.

RICKI

What ya doin?

IAN  
Double jimie duty... Maureen  
bagged on us.

RICKI  
Awesome. I mean, not awesome.

IAN  
Exactly. Nobody glazed like her.

IAN  
So, uh, about tomorrow-

RICKI  
- If you need to cancel, it's-

IAN  
- No. We're still on. I was just,  
um, wondering what you like to eat.

RICKI  
Right! Food!... I eat anything.  
Well, most anything.

IAN  
Okay. Me too. Yeah.

They silently stare at one another.

IAN  
So, uh, can you drive maybe? My  
brother needs my car.

RICKI  
I can, as a matter of fact.

More awkward silence. Nervous glances.

IAN  
I kind of need to, you know, focus.  
My boss gets mad when the jimmies  
aren't distributed evenly.

RICKI  
Oh, sorry. Working man. I get it.  
Tomorrow night.

IAN  
Yep, tomorrow night.

RICKI  
See you at seven. Closing time.

IAN  
How did you know I close at seven?

RICKI  
Wild guess. Bye.

Ricki quickly ducks out.

**INT./EXT. RICKI'S KIA - DEEP FRIED STATE PARKING LOT**

Ricki slides into her car. Checks her phone.

**INSERT** - Ricki's phone - Text: *"Welcome back to the fleet. You have a ride request."*

Ricki opens her app and there, staring back at her, is a ride request from... Who else? The Snotty Businesswoman.

RICKI  
Are you effing kidding me?

She deletes the request.

The Snotty Businesswoman comes outside, checks her phone.

Ricki starts her car. Honks.

The Snotty Businesswoman looks her way.

RICKI  
Bitches walk!

Ricki flips her off. Drives off.

**INT. NAOMI AND PETE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Naomi, seated in bed, composes a text.

Pete, on his side, turns toward her.

PETE  
Why do you bother?

NAOMI  
Because, I'm her mother.

PETE  
That's not what I meant.

NAOMI  
Maybe you'll understand when you're a real father.

He angrily rolls over. Switches off his lamp.

Naomi sends the text.

**INT. HAL'S BASEMENT - RICKI'S STUDIO - SECONDS LATER**

Ricki sews. Her phone buzzes. She picks it up.

**INSERT** - Ricki's phone - Text: *"Things turn out best for people who make the best of the way things turn out."*

**INT. NAOMI AND PETE'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Naomi's phone BUZZES. She quickly grabs her phone.

**INSERT** - Naomi's phone - Text: *"OMG, mom. Really?.... Thanks, though.... Heart emoji."*

She smiles, slides under the covers, turns off her lamp.

**INT. HAL'S ENTRY - SATURDAY NIGHT**

Ricki, in sweats, arms loaded with her new dress, a hair dryer, shoes and make-up case, stands at the bottom of the stairs. Her hair slicked back.

RICKI

I'm leaving!

HAL (O.S.)

Use the back door when you come in.  
I'm entertaining tonight.

RICKI

Fine. I don't want to see some  
gross middle-aged orgy anyway.

Hal appears at the top of the stairs.

HAL

That's how you dress for a date?

RICKI

Hardly. A friend's helping me with  
my hair and stuff.

Ricki heads to the door. Opens it.

HAL

I'll be here. Call, if you need  
anything.

RICKI  
Did you bump your head or  
something?

HAL  
No. Why?

RICKI  
You're acting... parental.

HAL  
Get out of here. Go have fun.

RICKI  
Make sure the paperboy knows your  
safe word.

She leaves.

**INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER**

It looks like a thrift store bomb detonated. Second-hand  
furniture, lamps, curtains, art. Everything pre-nineties.

A 70s stereo console plays explicitly erotic Disco.

Felipe lounges on his unmade bed, lights a joint, blows a  
huge cloud of smoke. Throws back a shot of Cuervo Especial.

FELIPE  
Girl, what's the fucking hold up?

RICKI (O.S.)  
I'm arranging things.

FELIPE  
What have you got to arrange?

RICKI (O.S.)  
More than you.

FELIPE  
Says the girl who's never tucked.

RICKI (O.S.)  
Don't rush me.

FELIPE  
This joint is the only one I've got  
and, if you want some, you best get  
your ass out here. Pronto.

RICKI (O.S.)  
I'm coming. God, you're bossy.

The RECORD SKIPS. Felipe rushes over to the turntable.

FELIPE  
What the freaking fuck? Roommates!  
Can't keep their hands off my shit.

He moves the needle forward.

Ricki emerges from the bathroom, in her new dress. She wears a minimal amount of poorly applied make-up. Her hair flat.

She's pathetic.

RICKI  
Here I am.

Felipe looks at her, unimpressed.

RICKI  
What's wrong?

FELIPE  
Below your neck says, do me now,  
Papi, but from there up it says,  
I buy meth at the bus station.

RICKI  
You're so mean.

FELIPE  
If you can't take criticism, stay  
home watching *The Bachelor*, cuz  
that's the closest you'll come to  
getting laid.

Defeated, she plops on the bed.

RICKI  
This isn't about getting laid.  
(beat)  
Help me. I make clothes for girls,  
I don't know how to wear them.

FELIPE  
Isn't that why you came to me?

She nods.

FELIPE  
Then, get over here. We've got a  
shitload of work to do.

She trudges over to the dressing table, sits.

FELIPE

First, remove that cheap crud you lifted from the bodega.

RICKI

I didn't steal it.

He hands her a jar of cold cream and a box of tissues.

FELIPE

Rule number one is start with a good foundation, one you got at the mall. The Macy's make-up counter has tons of free shit. It'll take a few visits to get all the samples you need for a full face. But they love it when us queens show up.

RICKI

Promise you won't turn me into a drag queen.

FELIPE

And why, exactly, do you think I would do that?

#### **FELIPE'S BEDROOM - ONE HOUR LATER**

Ricki, her hair a giant cascade of curls and volume, faces Felipe, who applies the final touches.

FELIPE

We're almost done.

RICKI

I can't move my face.

FELIPE

Do you need to?

RICKI

Uh. We're going out to eat. I'll need to chew.

FELIPE

Don't. That's why God made straws.

He produces two falsies.

RICKI

Why do I need those?

FELIPE  
Big tits give you confidence.

RICKI  
I have boobs.

FELIPE  
Really? Who can tell what's going  
on under those baggy sweatshirts?

RICKI  
What's wrong with my boobs?

FELIPE  
So many questions.

RICKI  
I'm nervous.

He places the falsies in her hands. Ricki just holds them.

FELIPE  
Don't expect me to stuff your bra.

She shoves the falsies into place. Makes adjustments.

RICKI  
Now can I look?

FELIPE  
Prepare to be amazed.

He steps aside.

Ricki sees herself in the mirror. Her eyes widen, her mouth  
drops open.

SHE IS A DRAG QUEEN!

RICKI  
Holy! Shit!

FELIPE  
Something's missing.

RICKI  
Yeah, subtlety!

Felipe takes an eyebrow pencil, sharpens it.

RICKI  
Promise you're going to stab me  
with that.

FELIPE  
Shush. You talk too much.

He adds a generously-sized beauty mark to her cheek.

FELIPE  
Voila!

He steps back. Marvels at his handiwork. Gets teary.  
Ricki leans closer to the mirror.

RICKI  
I feel like an alien.

FELIPE  
Doesn't everybody?

RICKI  
Is that me in there?

FELIPE  
Yes! And you look fabulous.

RICKI  
I'm itchy.

Felipe hands her the tequila.

FELIPE  
Drink this.

She takes a huge swig. Shudders.

RICKI  
Okay. I'll try it. Just this once.

Felipe reaches for the tequila.

She clutches the bottle to her chest.

RICKI  
Uh-uh. Jose's coming with me.

**END PILOT**