

Skate & Destroy (Her)

"Pilot"

Created By  
Jessica Traxler

Written By  
Jessica Traxler

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## ROLLER DERBY RULES

### BASICS

Roller derby is a **contact sport** played by two teams of five members **roller skating counterclockwise** around a track.

Game play consists of a series of short matchups ("**jams**") in which both teams designate a scoring player (the "**jammer**") who scores points by **lapping members of the opposing team**.

The teams attempt to assist their own jammer whilst hindering the opposing jammer, in effect, **playing both offense and defense simultaneously**.

The other four members in a jam are "**blockers**."

One blocker can be designated as a "**pivot**"-- a blocker allowed to become a jammer in the course of play.

The **bout** is played in two periods of 30 minutes. Point **scoring** occurs when a **jammer laps members of the opposing team**. Each team's blockers use body contact, changing positions, and other tactics to assist its jammer to score while hindering the opposing team's jammer.

### POSITIONS

**Jammer**-- Scores points by lapping opposing team members.

**Blocker**-- Assists the team's jammer to progress through the pack and hinders the opposing jammer by preventing them from passing. They are responsible for maintaining a pack.

**Pivot**-- They act as blockers, and assist their jammer out of the pack while attempting to prevent the opposing jammer from leaving their pack.

### PLAY

Play begins by blockers lining up on the track's starting line (the "**pivot line**"). The jammers start from the "**jammer line**," a second starting line **30 feet behind the pivot line**.

With a starting whistle, the blockers may begin to skate; when either the last blocker in the pack crosses the pivot line or the blockers' actions result in there not being a pack, a set of two short whistles signals the jammers to start.

*[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roller\\_derby](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roller_derby)*

*<http://static.wftda.com/rules/wftda-rules.pdf>*

**Skate & Destroy (Her)/ "Pilot"**

TEASER

*"IT'S THE GOOD GIRLS THAT KEEP DIARIES; THE BAD GIRLS NEVER HAVE THE TIME." -- TALLULAH BANKHEAD*

FADE IN:

INT. TD GARDEN - NIGHT

BLEACHERS

SPECTATORS take their seats. Some have signs, wear face paint, funny wigs and costumes. But nearly everyone has a red, plastic cup of beer in their hands.

CENTER TRACK

A shiny, vintage microphone descends the rafters, caught in the hand of a goofy-looking man in a plaid suit and matching bow tie, QUENTIN MCGOVERN, 40.

QUENTIN

Welcome to Rip Her to Shreds,  
Ladies and Germs!

CHEERS and APPLAUSE!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I am your host and commentator,  
Quentin McGovern and I'll be  
letting you know all the ups and  
downs of the night's evening.  
Hopefully there's a lot more downs  
than ups because I love when those  
girls take a tumble in those  
skirts, showing me exactly what  
their mamas gave them. Don't you?

CHEERS from the audience!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Oh, wait,  
before we get started, you want to  
hear a joke about my dick?  
Nevermind; it's too long.

LAUGHTER from the audience.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I'd know you'd like that, you  
 perverts. Let's get this show on  
 the road, shall we? Give it up for  
 The New England Girls Roller Derby  
 League!

CHEERS!!!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 Tonight we got Plymouth's Jens For  
 Jesus battling Boston's own Succ-U-  
 Bi!!

CENTER TRACK

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 All right. Let's bring them out!  
 They may be playing for the Lord,  
 but you're the ones that worship  
 them-- THE JENS FOR JESUS!!!

LOUD APPLAUSE as 12 chaste-looking, cookie-cutter women ENTER  
 the arena on roller skates to Thurston Harris' "*Little Bitty  
 Pretty One*" in purple and white uniforms. On the back of  
 their shirts their corresponding names: Jen #1, Jen #2, Jen  
 #3, etc.

The Jens circle around the track waving to the crowd.  
 Occasionally they pepper their square entrance with a  
 synchronized trick or two.

CENTER TRACK

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 JENS FOR JESUS, GUYS! COME ON, GIVE  
 IT TO THEM!

APPLAUSE for The Jens.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 The second team coming out here--  
 What can I say about these girls  
 that hasn't already been said, or  
 written on a bathroom wall...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BED

A pretty blonde musters up enough strength to sit up. She's a wreck: hair all over the place, make-up smeared across her face... Wild night.

She looks to her right. Then her left. She's sandwiched in between TWO NAKED MEN.

REAGAN  
(mouths)  
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

This is REAGAN WEBB, 21, a party girl that clearly gets in over her head at times.

She staggers out of bed in nothing but a thong. A massive tattoo of a pair of black, angel wings takes up her entire back.

Reagan grabs her clothes and sneaks out.

INT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A stunning Indian woman, MALA KUMARI, 27, wears a 'Legalize Gay' T-shirt as she happily makes her way down the sidewalk stapling flyers to telephone poles and lamp posts.

INT. VIOLET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

An attractive Asian woman, VIOLET XIAO, 34, roller skates into the apartment. She's sweaty and exhausted in her sweatshirt and gym shorts.

She checks her voicemail. No messages. A look of disappointment looms on her face.

She skates into the adjoining bedroom.

A beat.

She chucks her skates out into the common room! They hit the far wall, making a deep impression in the plaster! Whoever it was probably should have called...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

COLBIE SCOTT, 30, an attractive black woman in jogging shorts and tank top, waits at the light to cross the street. As she waits, she stretches and bends her limbs.

A fire truck turns the corner. The FIREMEN aboard CATCALL and WOLF-WHISTLE at her as they ride by. Annoyed, she makes an obscene gesture with her hand and mouth (cunnilingus).

A FIREMAN, distracted by her, loses his balance and falls off the truck into the street!

Colbie cackles then jogs across the street toward Franklin Park.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We PAN SLOWLY around the cozy, suburban home-- seemingly designed for the likes of *New England Homes Monthly*-- as the crisp, fall morning of bird chirping and elegant breezes wafting in through the bedroom window, are interrupted by the hard noise of MANLY GRUNTING.

BED

We reach the bed to find a MAN thrusting himself atop a WOMAN...who looks very unenthused about what's happening on her at the moment.

The woman is OLIVE BAXTER, 32, a spunky, voluptuous size 16 red-head. She's not so much bored, as she is disappointed. We get the feeling Mr. Jackrabbit has had this problem with our girl before.

MAN

Oh, God, baby, you are so wet!

He finally looks at her, needing confirmation.

OLIVE

Oh. Yeah. Um, so...slippery...?

MAN

Sopping wet, baby. Slip 'n slide.

Ew.

OLIVE

Uh-huh. And you're...like a rock...?

He nods.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

A big, hard rock. The rock of Gibraltar.

MAN

Oh, fuck, yeah! You love it, don't you?

OLIVE

Yeah. The best... Yay.

And with that, the man orgasms with what can only be described as the possible noise a dying owl would make, then collapses on Olive's chest, sweaty and exhausted.

MAN

You are the best lay I've ever had.

OLIVE

Aw. Sweet.

She gives him a dismal pat on the head.

She climbs out of bed, searching for her clothes.

MAN

Somebody's wearing their sad face...

She rolls her eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

...Come on, Olive. Not this song again. You knew what this was from the beginning.

OLIVE

And from the beginning, you told me you were unhappy and getting a divorce. It's been a year and nothing's changed. Nothing.

MAN

Not true. The sex is way better now. Especially when you're angry.

He tries to pull her back to the bed.

OLIVE

No. Stop. Come on, I said stop. I don't want to--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Wyatt! Wyatt?! I'm home!

MAN

Oh, shit. Caroline.

OLIVE  
I thought she was--

MAN  
Get out!

OLIVE  
What?!

MAN  
Shhh. Get out. Now.

OLIVE  
Where the hell am I supposed to go?

MAN  
Home.

OLIVE  
I meant go out of the house, moron!

MAN  
Shhh. She's coming up the stairs!  
The window.

OLIVE  
We're on the second floor.

MAN  
It's the window or the wife. You  
pick.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Olive tries her best to shimmy her way down the side of the house on the lattice fence. But it may not help that she's wearing a dress and in her haste forgot to put her underwear back on. As evident of them being clutched between her teeth. And remember the gentle, fall breeze...? Not a pretty sight for the neighbors so early in the morning.

She attempts a soft step down the fence and--

CRASH! She falls straight to the ground...with her dress risen to her chest, exposing her lady parts once again. She quickly covers herself and stands, looking around nervously.

Covered in dirt and grass, she hobbles toward the gate door. She can't get it open.

OLIVE  
God hates me.

She makes an attempt to climb over the door, and as soon as her weight is on it, it swings open, letting her out.

She slides down the door, straightens herself as best she can and tries to walk away with what little dignity she has left...while missing a shoe.

ROLL CREDITS OVER THEME SONG (Blondie's "One Way or Another").

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

I/E. TRUMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A dark-haired man opens the door, and a young woman flops into the apartment from the other side, banging her head against the wood floors.

MAN  
(English accent)  
Bloody hell.

The man is clearly annoyed by the presence of the young woman fallen into his apartment. He's average-looking, with a sweet boyish charm that adds to his physical appeal, despite the scowl on his unshaven face-- TRUMAN HUGHES, 36.

But it's a wonder why he would have such a look on his face, given the pretty girl picking herself up off the floor. She's a nymph, with her long, wavy hair and bohemian chic clothes, but don't get it twisted, she's got a mean right hook-- GILLIAN SAWYER, 26.

TRUMAN  
Did you sleep outside my door all night?

GILLIAN  
You wouldn't talk to me and I didn't finish what I wanted to say.

He EXITS the apartment, pushing her out as well.

CORRIDOR

TRUMAN  
(locks door)  
I thought it evident when I slammed the door in your face last night that I was not interested in what you had to say.

He approaches the elevators.

GILLIAN  
But you have to hear me out.

TRUMAN  
No. I don't think I do.

He walks down the corridor to the stairs; the elevator taking too long for him. She's on him like white on rice.

GILLIAN

Truman, I am sorry. I'm so sorry.

TRUMAN

Heard all this before, numerous times. Means nothing.

GILLIAN

An apology always means something. Especially one coming from me, because no one in the history of the world will ever be as sorry as I am.

TRUMAN

Oh, now we're speaking in hyperbolic statements?

GILLIAN

It's not hyperbolic to express how guilty I feel.

TRUMAN

Guilt. Is that the only emotion you have to offer?

GILLIAN

No. I have sorrow. I have regret. I have shame--

TRUMAN

What about embarrassment? Or disappointment?

GILLIAN

I do. I have both of those. I feel every emotion someone who fucked up royally could possibly feel!

He stops. Stares at her hard. Hope on her face, dying for him to be forgiving.

TRUMAN

Tsk. Nope. Not good enough I'm afraid.

He takes the last flight of stairs with her on his tail.

GILLIAN

Do you know how hard it is to do this? To beg you like this?

TRUMAN

Complaining, are we?

GILLIAN

No!

TRUMAN

Sounded as such.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The DOORMAN holds the door open for Truman and Gillian. They EXIT the high-rise apartment building.

GILLIAN

I would never complain about how difficult this is for either of us.

DOORMAN

(heavy Boston accent)  
Morning, Mr. Hughes.

TRUMAN

Morning, Brian.

Brian takes notice of Gillian.

DOORMAN/BRIAN

Well, where have you been, missy?  
Come over here. Don't be such a stranger.

He gives her a big bear hug and she giggles like a 5 year old girl.

BRIAN

(to Truman)  
You give her the boot or something?

TRUMAN

Tried to. She's unfortunately very resilient.

BRIAN

Naw. You throw out glass, not a diamond.

Gillian smiles. Touched at his compliment.

TRUMAN

My car, Brian?

BRIAN

Rico is bringing it around now.

Brian rushes back to the door as a SNOOTY-LOOKING WOMAN carrying a small dog in her arms EXITS the building.

GILLIAN

You're treating me like I'm a  
goddamn murderer!

Truman's car, an all black '71 Dodge Challenger, pulls up to the curb.

TRUMAN

You are! You killed our  
relationship!

The VALET climbs out of the car. Truman gets in.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Stop coming around or next time  
I'll have security remove you.

He turns into the street and takes off. Leaving a tearful Gillian on the sidewalk in a cloud of exhaust smoke.

INT. MALA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHOWER

Mala listens to a radio promotion of a roller derby bout on her shower radio. She SQUEALS with excitement! The DJ dedicates the following song to both teams playing this Friday and all roller derby enthusiasts! She rocks out to The Go-Go's "*We Got the Beat*" as it plays.

MONTAGE

Colbie jogs up to her apartment.

A half-dressed Reagan ENTERS her colossal mess of an apartment.

Colbie showers. The curtain opens and a naked Gillian joins her. Colbie nonchalantly continues to clean herself while Gillian washes her hair. Normal routine for the both of them.

Wrapped in a towel, hair wet, Reagan grabs clothes off her cluttered bedroom floor sniffing them for odor. She finds one that's not too funky and ENTERS her bathroom with it.

Commuter train. Olive, dirty, with leaves in her hair, drinks from a bottle hidden by a brown paper bag.

Reagan ENTERS a parking garage. She climbs atop a '64 Norton Atlas 750 motorcycle and peels out of the garage almost running over an OLD MAN.

Colbie and Gillian EXIT their apartment building. Gillian climbs into a white, work truck. On the side of the truck is a logo: SAWYER & SONS PLUMBING CO. Colbie hails a cab.

Violet-- perfect and polished in her dark pants suit-- ENTERS the cubicle office of *The Boston Globe*. She takes a seat at her desk. A sign hanging over her head reads: OBITUARIES.

Mala and another WOMAN make eyes at each other on the bus...until the woman's HUSBAND glares at her.

Colbie's cab pulls up in front of The Boston Public Library.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, MCKIM BUILDING - BATES HALL - CONTINUOUS

TABLE

LINCOLN MURPHY, 33. A handsome man that exudes something earnest about him, adding to his appeal.

He sits at a research desk flipping idly through a book. His hands are moving but his eyes stay focused on something elsewhere:

COLBIE. She looks the physical embodiment of every man's library fantasy. She walks briskly down the center aisle, as she places unreturned books onto her cart in between answering questions from jittery GRAD STUDENTS.

Lincoln's attention is interrupted from Colbie.

LINCOLN'S POV - ADJACENT DESK

A TRIO OF MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS snicker amongst each other at something... ONE BOY holds up a book to the other two with a crudely drawn penis taking up an entire page.

Suddenly, Colbie appears. She snatches the book from the boy and smacks him hard upside his head with it!

Lincoln pays close attention to her mouth:

COLBIE  
(stern whisper)  
Get the fuck out of my library you  
little shits before I beat you to  
death with a dictionary!

The boys quickly scramble out of the building! Lincoln suppresses a laugh at the whole scene.

Colbie tosses the book onto her cart and continues down the walkway around the other side.

Lincoln grabs an index card and scribbles something on it. He tucks it into a book. He grabs all his things and makes his way out of the library before she reaches his desk.

Colbie grabs the books from Lincoln's desk.

BOOK

The index card pokes out of a book with her NAME written on it. She pulls it out: **"There's nothing sexier than an authoritative librarian."**

Colbie smiles at the note left for her.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SERVICE and KITCHEN STAFF rush about between the kitchen and the dining room setting up to open for lunch in between being verbally abused by a heavysset man in a chef's coat with a thick Boston accent-- FRANK, 44.

STOVE

A black man, PIERRE, 37, the *saucier*, boils sauces at the steel, industrial stove.

Gillian in a flannel shirt, jeans, hair in a ponytail, approaches. She drops a heavy tool kit atop the stove.

GILLIAN

Dishwasher will work fine tonight, but it won't last long. Try and get that cheap asshole to buy another one. As much as I love getting paid, it's ridiculous and a waste of money having me come down here and fix it every other Wednesday.

PIERRE

*Et bon après-midi à vous aussi, ma chérie.*

GILLIAN

Sorry, Pierre. Good afternoon to you, too.

PIERRE

(Haitian accent)  
And why the sad look on our face this morning, *chérie*?

GILLIAN  
Him. Always him.

PIERRE  
We're not talking about Frank and  
his broken dishwasher, are we?

GILLIAN  
No.

Two raven-haired, identical twins-- WHITNEY and WENDY, 25--  
in server uniforms, ENTER the kitchen.

WHITNEY  
Hi, Gillian.

WENDY  
Hi, Gillian.

GILLIAN  
Ladies.

Frank approaches.

WHITNEY  
Bye, Gillian.

WENDY  
Bye, Gillian.

They scurry out of the kitchen.

FRANK  
Hey, yo! You done with my  
dishwasher? I'm not paying you to  
slow my kitchen down!

GILLIAN  
I fixed it for now, you belly-  
aching slob!

FRANK  
What the fuck does "for now" mean?

GILLIAN  
It means your penny-pinching ass  
needs to buy a new one or continue  
seeing my angelic face.

FRANK  
No fucking way! That thing's got a  
lifetime guarantee!

GILLIAN  
Yeah? Does it say that in the  
owner's manual, or did the guy  
whose truck it fell from make that  
fragmented promise?

FRANK

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I don't need this grief this early. We'll talk later. I gotta see what's taking my maitre'd so fucking long to get to work.

Frank EXITS.

GILLIAN

He may be the only person I've ever wished got small pox.

PIERRE

No, no, *chère*. In Haiti such things happen if wished enough.

GILLIAN

Pierre, do you know voodoo?

PIERRE

I know only food. Good food.

GILLIAN

(disappointed)

Oh.

PIERRE

I do know a spell or two though.

GILLIAN

You know you shouldn't have said anything, right? Because now you have to fucking teach me.

PIERRE

For him?

GILLIAN

Yes. I'm pathetic...in case you couldn't tell.

Pierre laughs.

PIERRE

No. You don't want to trick your lover. That is how you found yourself where you are now.

GILLIAN

Don't remind me. I don't want to talk about me anymore. How was your weekend, Pierre?

PIERRE

It was lovely. I spent it with my  
*amoureux*.

GILLIAN

What's she like? Is she beautiful  
and Haitian with smooth mahogany  
skin and long dreadlocks?

PIERRE

No.

He puts a spoon with a bit of sauce on it to her lips. She  
accepts his tasty offering.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

He is funny and German with fair  
skin and hair like wheat.

GILLIAN

You're gay?! I love gay black men!  
Next to Puerto Rican street queens  
you're my favorite!

He laughs again.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Does this mean you'll be mine and I  
can call you at 2AM and cry and  
you'll eat ice cream with me and  
always tell me I'm pretty?

PIERRE

No. It means we will drink wine and  
eat *Tassot et Banane Pesé* and talk  
of love and courage. No crying.

GILLIAN

Will you at least teach me a spell?

PIERRE

Yes. I will teach you a spell to  
keep you safe and bless those that  
you love.

GILLIAN

That sounds...boring as hell.

PIERRE

Good things helps you grow. And get  
your *amoureux* back. When you are  
good in your heart, it shows, and  
other people will love the good  
inside you.

She thinks about his words a moment...

GILLIAN

Why not? If *Tassot et Banane Pesé*  
and a shitty spell helps me get  
Truman back, I don't see the harm.

PIERRE

Neither do I.

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

REAGAN

(to student #1)

You can't be serious, Kenny?

STUDENT #1/KENNY

As a heart attack. It's an ugly  
truth but a truth no less: "Money  
is the barometer of a society's  
virtue."

REAGAN

Oh, my God. You really just quoted  
Ayn Rand. That woman has the same  
ideology as a comic book villain.

KENNY

Okay, look, you sighted Maslow's  
Hierarchy of Needs as part of your  
argument. The second step to self-  
actualization is 'safety', meaning  
security, part of which would be  
financial security.

REAGAN

I see where you're going with this  
and it's cheap.

STUDENT #2

Appropriate phrasing given the  
discussion being had.

KENNY

Money is of the utmost importance  
within human life and existence.

REAGAN

Unfortunately. My argument is  
simply that such a material is  
given that much importance because  
we as a society have given it  
supreme value.

KENNY

But that still doesn't mean that  
"Money is the root of all evil," is  
an accurate belief to hold.

STUDENT #3

And what would be?

KENNY

"Money alone sets all the world in  
motion."

REAGAN

What if I said that those that  
believe in the latter perpetuate  
the former, thereby making my  
hypothesis true?

KENNY

I'd be inclined to disagree, and  
we'd be right back where this  
argument started.

He flashes a smile at her. He's not a bad looking guy. Short,  
dark hair. Midwestern, farm boy charm coupled with conviction  
pouring from every syllable. Too bad she doesn't like the  
words that make it out of his mouth.

She glances at his messenger bag. There's a Mitt Romney 2012  
button pinned to it.

REAGAN

(under her breath)  
Figures.

KENNY

Do you come from money?

REAGAN

Why?

KENNY

It's always been my experience that  
people who attempt to devalue money  
are typically people who've always  
had it.

She's taken aback. Called out.

PROFESSOR

Possibly. But we will save that for  
another class. Engaging discussion  
once again Mr. Foster and Miss  
Webb. Thank you.

INT. SIREN ENTERTAINMENT - CONTINUOUS

An a-typical one floor office shrouded with cubicles. But as WE MOVE ALONG, we notice the whole office is filled with WOMEN. Various women of all shapes, sizes, colors, and ages speaking into headsets.

We make our way to Mala sitting in her cubicle. Her feet propped up on her desk as she doodles in a sketch pad.

MALA  
 (talking into headset)  
 Oooo...that feels really good...  
 Yeah. I love when you touch me  
 there... Don't stop...

She MOANS seductively, but by the expression on her face it's apparent it's all an act.

MALA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, no, don't please. I'm begging  
 you... Please, your majesty.  
 Please... Oh, God! I can't take it!  
 You're so good! So good! I beg  
 you...! I am at your complete  
 mercy! Whatever you want...! Oh,  
 no! I can't! I can't put my mouth  
 there...!

A HEFTY WOMAN in a frumpy dress and large eyeglasses approaches. Mala covers the mouth piece of her headset with her hand.

HEFTY WOMAN  
 You want anything from the sandwich  
 shop across the street?

MALA  
 O'Malley's, O'Shea's, or  
 O'Donnell's?

HEFTY WOMAN  
 O'Shea's.

MALA  
 (into headset)  
 Oh, your majesty, you taste so  
 good...  
 (to Hefty woman)  
 Uh, a salami sub; no tomatoes--  
 (into headset)  
 ...Oooo, yeah. All down my neck--  
 (to Hefty woman)

(MORE)

MALA (CONT'D)  
 Small chowder, and a slice of cream  
 pie.

The Hefty Woman writes it all down on her notepad.

MALA (CONT'D)  
 (into headset)  
 Mmmm. Clean me good with your  
 tongue.

HEFTY WOMAN  
 "King George?"

Mala covers the mouth piece again.

MALA  
 I love this guy. He's original.  
 King George and the American  
 debutante he holds captive in his  
 castle tower.  
 (into headset)  
 Oh, your majesty, I'm already so  
 drained from your endless power  
 over me. We can't continue!  
 (to Hefty woman; rolls her  
 eyes)  
 Takes him forever to come though.

HEFTY WOMAN  
 So does my "naughty nurse" guy.

Mala reaches into her pocket and hands the Hefty Woman a  
 twenty. The Hefty Woman turns to EXIT--

HEFTY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey. Lisa said you're a figure  
 skater. Is that true?

MALA  
 (to Hefty woman)  
 No. She means 'roller girl'.

HEFTY WOMAN  
 What's that?

Mala, MOANS and GASPS seductively into her headset as she  
 reaches into her purse and hands something to the Hefty  
 Woman: the flyer she was posting around the city.

MALA  
 Come. And bring the hubby.

HEFTY WOMAN  
 Okay.

The Hefty Woman EXITS.

Mala keeps MOANING, eventually reaching her fake orgasm with one long SCREAM! And not a single heads turns or looks up. Just another day at the office.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DE BEAUX CHEVEUX SALON - CONTINUOUS

White. Everything. The walls, ceiling, floor, sinks, chairs, mirror frames, reception desk, everything. The only thing managing any color are the diverse WOMEN inhabiting the place, as either CLIENT or HAIR STYLIST (wearing all black uniforms).

Olive trots in with a sour look on her face. The morning she's had...

OLIVE'S STATION

She comes to her station and sets up. The other girls are already on their first clients of the day.

YOLANDA (O.S.)

Oh, girl. You look like shit.

Olive turns to the Puerto Rican girl dying a CLIENT'S hair beside her.

OLIVE

I feel like shit. I drank a 40 on the train.

YOLANDA

The train? Why were you on the train? You didn't. Tell me didn't or I'll throw this damn dye in your face!

(off her look)

What the hell is wrong with you, *mamá*? I thought you wanted to be in love and shit like that?!

OLIVE

I do.

YOLANDA

Well, trying to be with another woman's husband is not the way to go about it. Because if it was me, and I found out, all you better do is run, because I'm coming for you. And I can be a scary-ass bitch.

(to client)

Ain't that right?

CLIENT

Scary like a motherfucker.

Olive is taken aback a moment by the WASP-y, middle-aged woman's reply.

YOLANDA

And you better pray she doesn't find out. Because if she's scary, and crazy like me, she'll take a razor blade to your face.

OLIVE

Thanks for the imagery, Yolanda.

CLIENT

I once threw scolding hot water on my husband's ex-girlfriend. Half her body is still covered in burn scars.

OLIVE

Oh, my God. How long were you in jail?

CLIENT

Jail?  
(laughs)  
Sweetheart, I have money.

Olive rolls her eyes.

DING! The front door opens and in walks JESSE MICHAELS, 32, a man so sexy it should be illegal that he's out in public. Tall, dark hair, million-dollar smile, built like an Adonis. It just isn't right some people are this beautiful.

Every pair of female eyes locks onto him, like a starving lioness on a gazelle by the watering hole all alone... Well, almost every woman. Olive is too wrapped up in self-pity to appreciate such a sight.

JESSE

Hi, ladies.

WOMEN

(dumbstruck)  
Heyyyyyyy...

CLIENT

Who is this delicious young man?

YOLANDA

God.

Jesse approaches Olive.

JESSE

Hey. I called you last night like a million times. You okay?

(off her look)

You're not okay. What's the matter?

OLIVE

I don't want to talk about it.

JESSE

You weren't with that guy were you?

(whispers)

The married one?

OLIVE

No, Jesse, I wasn't! Jesus! I wish everyone would leave me alone about that!

JESSE

Okay. I'm sorry. I'm an asshole. Was just...worried about you. You always pick up when I call.

OLIVE

I know. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snapped at you. Crazy-bitch moment.

He caresses her shoulder. We get the impression Jesse likes Olive more than she realizes.

JESSE

It's alright. Just glad you're done with that guy.

Yolanda eyes her: "*Lies we're telling now?*" Olive eyes her back: "*Fuck. Off.*"

OLIVE

What did you want to talk to me about?

JESSE

Nothing. Nothing in particular that is. Just wanted to talk. Can we go to O'Shea's on your lunch hour?

OLIVE

I'm actually going to work through my break today. I was late--

YOLANDA

Like 2 hours.

OLIVE  
--and I need to make up for it. Lot  
of clients today.

JESSE  
All right. I'll call you later  
tonight then.

OLIVE  
Sure.

JESSE  
Goodbye, Ladies.

WOMEN  
(dumbstruck)  
Heyyyyyy...

Jesse EXITS, a little confused by their response.

CLIENT  
I'd let that man spit in my mouth.

YOLANDA  
You nasty. I like it.

INT. SAWYER & SONS PLUMBING CO. - CONTINUOUS

Gillian sits at her desk filing invoices while taking a few  
pulls on a bottle of Sam Adams.

Jesse ENTERS.

JESSE  
You don't think it's a little too  
early for a beer.

GILLIAN  
Fuck off, cuz. I got 99 problems.

JESSE  
Please. We both know you only have  
one.

He takes a long pull of her beer.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
You fix Frank's shitty dishwasher?

He takes a seat at his desk across from her.

GILLIAN  
For now. Cheap, fat asshole.

JESSE

You're in such a good mood. I love it.

She flips him off.

He wheels his chair over to her and turns her around in order for her to look him in the eye.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey. He's an asshole.

Tears well in her eyes.

GILLIAN

He's not. I slept outside his door.

JESSE

Gilly--

GILLIAN

Would you forgive me?

JESSE

Yes. You didn't throw a baby off a bridge, or drone my house!

GILLIAN

But if I broke your heart...?

JESSE

I'd forgive you. And because I did, because I love you, I'd forget eventually, too.

She hugs him. He holds her.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh, Gilly-Bean...

She breaks their embrace and wipes the tears from her eyes.

GILLIAN

That's enough of that. This isn't West Virginia.

She finishes the rest of her beer.

JESSE

Can I say something?

GILLIAN

If it makes me cry again I'll eat your heart.

JESSE

You're going about this the wrong way. Truman is head-strong and stubborn.

GILLIAN

Like all men.

JESSE

More than most because he's British. "Stiff upper lip." Part of it is to torture you on purpose, and the other part is to keep that reserve, out of fear that if he forgives you, and takes you back, you'll lie to him again and keep secrets. He loves you, and he's angry that he does. Because everything in him is telling him to let you go, but his heart is fighting a good fight against all that. So he's wrestling with a choice.

GILLIAN

And what am I supposed to do about that?

JESSE

Take the choice away from him. Pleading for forgiveness is just asking questions. He's got plenty of that. Give him answers. Stop pleading.

She smiles.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What?

GILLIAN

How do you know this much about romance?

JESSE

*How I Met Your Mother*. I watch it, then do the opposite. Plus, I've spent the last 21 years in love with my dead sister's best friend. So, there's that...

GILLIAN

I love Olive, but she's stupid the way she looks past you.

JESSE

You could also argue I'm just as dumb for not telling her.

GILLIAN

You're right. I could.

JESSE

Are we pathetic?

GILLIAN

Yes.

JESSE

Just checking.

He wheels back to his desk after getting a smile from Gillian.

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, MCKIM BUILDING - BATES HALL -  
CONTINUOUS

TABLE

Reagan, surrounded by research books, chews on the cap to her highlighter as she reads the textbook in her lap.

A beat.

KENNY (O.S.)

I hate seeing this place empty.  
It's kind of sad.

Reagan glances up from her book.

REAGAN

I like it. I hate when there's hordes of people here. Harder for me to study.

KENNY

When's the last time you've seen a horde of people at a public library?

REAGAN

Finals, mid-terms.

KENNY

Ah, well, that's usually when I study at home.

Her concentration is heavily in her book again.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
(points to her book)  
Poli-Sci?

REAGAN  
No. African-American Studies.

He chuckles. But his smile vanishes, taking note of the serious look on her face.

KENNY  
Sorry.

Her eyes roll back down to her book.

A beat.

Kenny takes a seat.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
We're always going at it in class.

REAGAN  
I'm not your type.

KENNY  
And you're not mine, but there's something... I think you're interesting.

REAGAN  
In what way?

KENNY  
I don't know. Just... I like arguing with you. It's the best part of my Wednesday.

REAGAN  
You need better Wednesdays then.

KENNY  
Maybe.

REAGAN  
Look, the girl you debate with in class every week is not the same girl that walks out the door when class is over.

KENNY  
So you say, but here you are in the library, studying.

REAGAN

It's early yet, only four o'clock.  
Wait 'til ten.

KENNY

And what happens at ten?

REAGAN

Wouldn't you like to know.

KENNY

Clearly I would.  
(off her look)  
You think I'm a tool.

REAGAN

Your words, not mine.

KENNY

I can see how *you'd* get that  
impression, but I'm not. I mean, I  
do have my moments, but for the  
most part I think I'm pretty dark.  
Pretty wild, too.

REAGAN

Beating off to your baby-sitter  
fantasies using the models from an  
American Apparel ad isn't what I'd  
call wild.

KENNY

That's not what I think about when  
I masturbate. Not lately anyway...

REAGAN

What do you want, Kenny?

KENNY

A date.

REAGAN

A date?

KENNY

Yes.

REAGAN

I don't exactly date.

KENNY

That's a shame because I don't  
exactly do casual.

He stands.

REAGAN  
Why? Too *liberal* an encounter for  
you?

KENNY  
Yes.

REAGAN  
I thought you were 'wild'.

KENNY  
I am. On a date. See you next  
Wednesday.

Kenny EXITS.

INT. TD GARDEN - HOCKEY RINK - CONTINUOUS

The CROWD CHEERS loudly at the fight on the ice!

TWO HOCKEY PLAYERS on opposing teams throw punches at one another! It's all so quick and brutal, hard to tell one player from the other! REFS stand by watching, afraid to intervene. It's too ugly. PLAYERS from both teams cringe and wince at the assault in front of them.

Blood splatters and globs hit the ice. A tooth hits the ice and skittles across it like a skipping stone on a lake.

This is the kind of fight that'll be talked about on *Sportscenter* the next morning.

The player in the Boston Bruins jersey uppercuts the other player, knocking his helmet off his head! In quick succession he follows it with two hard jabs, dead center in his face, and a right cross! Done. The other player topples to the ice, knocked out cold.

The CROWD goes wild! As do the rest of the "Big Bad Bruins."

REVEAL: the player laying down the law, kicking ass and taking names, is none other than their 'enforcer'-- TRUMAN! He gives him the 'two fingered salute' (the UK's middle finger)!

TRUMAN  
Twat!

Referees escort him off the ice to Bruins fans CHEERING his name: HUGHES! HUGHES! HUGHES!

But Truman could care less. That fight wasn't about hockey. There's something else he's pissed about. Or *someone else* he's pissed at...

EXT. TD GARDEN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The lot is nearly empty, save for the players' cars and that of the arena staff.

BRUINS PLAYERS EXIT the arena. A HANDFUL OF PRETEEN BOYS hang by the door waiting. Truman EXITS. The boys beg for his autograph. He signs everything they have appreciatively. The boys are beyond grateful and run off in excitement. It's the first time we've seen Truman smile. A genuine, happy smile.

He walks to his car--

TRUMAN'S POV - CAR

Violet sits atop the hood of his car.

VIOLET

Hey.

TRUMAN

...Hi.

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

VIOLET

You didn't return my calls. So I thought I'd see why.

TRUMAN

I'm sorry. I, um...

VIOLET

Did we not have a nice time the other night?

TRUMAN

...We did. I did--

VIOLET

Okay.

She puts her hand on his thigh.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Let's have more nights like that then.

TRUMAN

I can't give you what you're looking for Violet.

VIOLET

And what am I looking for?

TRUMAN

Seems like you want something serious. And I can't.

VIOLET

(scoffs)

Why not?

TRUMAN

"Why not?" Maybe because I found out 3 weeks ago that my girlfriend told me the biggest lie she's been keeping our whole relationship. And maybe because--

VIOLET

You still love her.

TRUMAN

This isn't a movie. Just because I was done wrong by the girl doesn't mean I'm over her by the end. And it definitely doesn't mean I'm any eager to start on something else. *Someone else for that matter.*

VIOLET

So what you're telling me is: you're still wallowing.

TRUMAN

You seem annoyed. As though you somehow forgot to factor that into some sort of plan.

VIOLET

No plan, Truman.

TRUMAN

Really?

VIOLET

You're making me sound like some fairy tale villain.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

The wicked witch that doesn't want the prince and the princess to kiss at the end. And why not? I look evermore the part.

TRUMAN

You fishing for compliments? Want me to tell you you're sexy?

VIOLET

Am I?

TRUMAN

Very. But no.

VIOLET

So you've said. Can't fault a man for being honest.

She opens her door.

TRUMAN

I can take you home.

VIOLET

The subway is fine.

TRUMAN

It's dark. Late.

VIOLET

I'll be fine.

She EXITS the car and closes the door. She leans down into the open window.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

No one messes with the wicked witch.

TRUMAN'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

He watches her EXIT the lot.

INT. PUCK YOU BAR - CONTINUOUS

A hockey-themed bar flooded with PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS and FANS alike. Among them are: Olive, Gillian, Colbie, Jesse, and Mala. They occupy the same table, riddled with empty beer bottles.

Holding down the rowdy BAR TOP is a tattooed pin-up-- ERIN,  
36.

She'd chew you up and spit you out before you could even call for help. As evident by her throwing a beer in a MAN's face then clocking him!

ERIN  
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY BAR!

The man is immediately rushed out by TWO REGULARS.

Erin hops over the bar toward Colbie's table.

OLIVE  
What happened?

ERIN  
Oh, that guy? Asshole. He said Bard Park was a better player than Bobby Orr!

OLIVE  
(mocking)  
The nerve!

ERIN  
Exactly! Fucking yuppie, Cape Cod motherfuckers.

She grabs all their empties.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
I'll bring another round.

Erin EXITS.

JESSE  
I am genuinely scared of Erin. I mean it. She frightens me.

MALA  
But she's hot.

JESSE  
Wicked fucking hot.

MALA  
I'd totally let her spit in my mouth.

OLIVE  
Is that really a thing?

Everyone grows quiet, avoiding eye contact with her, sipping their beers. Question answered.

In avoiding Olive's question, Colbie's attention is drawn to--  
LINCOLN, at the pinball machine.

COLBIE  
I'll be right back.

PINBALL MACHINE

Colbie approaches. She taps him on the shoulder.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
Hi. How are you?

He looks scared. Nervous. Like a child who's lost in a mall and approached by a stranger.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
You okay?

He wants to say something. Badly. But thinks the better of it.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
(signs)  
*I'm sorry. I thought you could read lips.*

**NOTE: all Sign Language is specified in dialogue with italics.**

He's stunned. He looks as though he's 3 seconds from cardiac arrest.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
*I'm a little rusty, but--*

Panicked, Lincoln runs off, slamming hard into Erin with her hands full of beer bottles that come crashing to the floor!

ERIN  
'Excuse me' works every time, you fucking toonie!

But Lincoln is already gone.

COLBIE  
Should've opened with a joke.

Colbie returns to her table of friends.

TABLE

OLIVE  
Who's Erin screaming at now?

GILLIAN  
Who cares? Who was that hot guy you  
were talking to?

COLBIE  
"The Stalker."

GILLIAN  
Oh, my God!

MALA  
You have a stalker?

COLBIE  
No. Yes! So creepy!

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
He's harmless.

GILLIAN  
Why? Because he's deaf?

MALA  
Deaf? Deaf? OLIVE

JESSE  
Deaf?

OLIVE  
You're being stalked by a good-  
looking deaf man?

COLBIE  
Very good-looking.

GILLIAN  
She said to Diane Sawyer on  
*Dateline* about kidnappers who  
intend to eat their victims. I'm  
pretty sure it's a good thing he  
ran off like he did. He probably  
forgot about that teenage girl he  
has hog-tied in the boiler room of  
his apartment building.

COLBIE  
Don't put that in my head!

GILLIAN  
That's where it needs to be!

COLBIE  
(teenage girl impression)  
Ugh, God, mother! Message received.

GILLIAN

Thank you. I got to get out of here. Early job tomorrow.

MALA

I should get going, too.  
(to Gillian)  
Can I get a ride with you?

GILLIAN

Sure.

Mala grabs her jacket. Gillian and Mala EXIT.

Jesse chugs the rest of his beer.

JESSE

And then there were two. I'm going as well. Early job tomorrow, too.

COLBIE

The same one Gillian's working on?

JESSE

Yup. Chances are she'll piss off the client and I'll have to come in and do some smooth-talking so we can still get paid.

OLIVE

Don't act like you don't love playing the 'hero'.

JESSE

You know me too well, my friend.

He stands and grabs his jacket.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Paid the tab when you all went to the bathroom...together. Colbie, let me know if you're deaf serial-rapist needs a good talking to...or in his case, a strongly worded letter.

COLBIE

Haha.

He pecks both women.

JESSE

Practice. Tomorrow, at four.

They nod. They'll be there; no worries.

Jesse EXITS.

(long beat)

OLIVE

I told Jesse I stopped seeing Wyatt.

COLBIE

Any particular reason why we did that?

OLIVE

He's so disapproving sometimes. He gets this look on his face. This disappointed look. Not fatherly, but...heartbroken sort of. Like a piano just landed on his chest.

COLBIE

His big, powerful, manly chest.

OLIVE

Focus. Being vulnerable here.

COLBIE

Sorry.

OLIVE

I let him down a lot. Especially since Roxie died. I couldn't stand having him give me that look again.

A beat.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Nothing? Nothing at all?

Colbie shrugs.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You don't want to judge me? Not even a little?

COLBIE

Not my style. Besides, I save my best judgements for Reagan.

OLIVE

Liar. But thank you.

Colbie winks at her.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, FITNESS & RECREATION CENTER - 4 COURT  
GYM - CONTINUOUS

ELEVATED JOGGING TRACK

THIRTEEN WOMEN speed around the track in roller skates. Among the 13 women are Colbie, Olive, Gillian, Reagan, Mala, Erin, the bartender, the twins Whitney and Wendy. And 5 other women of varying races, body types, and ages: **DIXIE, NAOMI, IONE, ANNETTE,** and **BELLE.**

Jesse stands off to the side, clocking each girl with his stop watch as they skate around the track.

JESSE

Good hustle, Gillian. Bend those knees, Reagan! Come on, ladies! Two more laps! You run every morning, Colbie, so there should be no reason as to why you look sluggish right now!

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, FITNESS & RECREATION CENTER - 4 COURT  
GYM - MINUTES LATER

ELEVATED JOGGING TRACK

Each woman circles the track, gaining speed. One-by-one they jump over a hurdle sat on the track beside each other.

JESSE

Good. Good. Come on, Dixie. You're next. Bend those knees like I told you.

Dixie comes barreling down the track toward the chairs! She jumps--! And eats shit as she crashes into the chairs then rolls 3 feet down the track!

Jesse skates toward her.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You okay?

DIXIE

Yeah.

JESSE

Shake it off and do it again.

DIXIE

Okay.

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, FITNESS & RECREATION CENTER - 4 COURT  
GYM - MINUTES LATER

ELEVATED JOGGING TRACK

Jesse waits at the chairs.

JESSE

All right, Dixie, let's try this again. Remember to bend your knees.

MALA

(to Dixie)

Don't try to jump right when you reach the chairs. Do it about 3 seconds before you do. And you don't have to go so fast. Go at your own pace.

Dixie nods.

Dixie circles around the track.

She takes Mala's sound advice and leaps just a few seconds before she reaches the chairs! She makes it, landing perfectly on the other side!

CHEERS from her encouraging teammates!

JESSE

Very nice, Dixie.

Jesse blows his WHISTLE!

EXT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, FITNESS & RECREATION CENTER - SUNSET,  
LATER

Practice over. The women EXIT, gym bags on their shoulders, gear in hand.

REAGAN

I am so fucking sore. I need a rub down.

OLIVE

Doubt you won't find someone to grant your wish.

REAGAN

I did meet a guy a couple nights ago...two actually...

(chuckles wryly)

I could call Kenny.

Gillian catches up to them.

GILLIAN  
Who's Kenny?

REAGAN  
A boy in my sociological theories  
class. But it's just a teasing  
thought.

GILLIAN  
Why?

REAGAN  
He's an Ayn Rand quoter, and  
Republican.

Ew. OLIVE Ew. GILLIAN

REAGAN  
From Nebraska.

Eww! OLIVE Eww! GILLIAN

REAGAN  
My point exactly. I am getting  
nowhere near that.

OLIVE  
Guess there's a first time for  
everything.

Reagan flips Olive off. Olive blows her a kiss.

Mala rushes up.

MALA  
Ladies, margaritas tonight?

REAGAN  
Not tonight. Got to head to the  
library.

MALA  
You kids and your education. Olive?  
Gilly?

OLIVE  
I really just want to veg-out and  
watch *Bridezillas*.

GILLIAN  
What Olive said.

MALA  
Oh, come on, you guys! Don't leave  
me to go out with just--  
(whispers)  
--Annette.

Their attention turns to Annette, on her cellphone, furiously snapping at the person on the other end in German.

OLIVE  
What's wrong with Annette? She's  
great. I've seen her crack a  
fucking watermelon with her thighs!

MALA  
Really?

They all nod, having seen her do it.

REAGAN  
Plus, she always buys.

Sold.

MALA  
Fuck you guys. I'm going out with  
my best friend, Annette.

GILLIAN  
Try not to get too wasted though.  
Annette's a monster when it comes  
to alcohol. It's like tap water to  
her.

MALA  
I can hold my own.  
(to team)  
WHO'S THE BADDEST BITCHES IN ROLLER  
DERBY?!

WOMEN  
WE ARE!

MALA  
AND WHO'S GOING TO KICK ASS  
TOMORROW NIGHT?!

WOMEN  
WE ARE!

MALA  
CAN I GET A 'WHOO'?!

Each of them kiss their hand then smack their ass.

WOMEN  
WHOO!

MALA  
Thank you!

EXT. COLBIE/GILLIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Colbie EXITS a yellow taxi pulling up to the curb.

She stops in her tracks. Lincoln. On her stoop. With flowers.  
He stands and approaches her, still a little timid... He  
hands her the flowers.

COLBIE  
*Thank you.*

LINCOLN  
*You're welcome.*

Awkward silence...

COLBIE  
*You know, most women would be  
terrified to find a man she didn't  
know on her stoop...*

He immediately looks horrified. Apologetic.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
*I'm just teasing! Sorry.*

He nods, relieved.

LINCOLN  
*I don't want you to think I'm...  
It's very hard for me to approach  
women. And it's even harder to  
approach you.*

COLBIE  
*Why?*

LINCOLN  
*You don't remember, but you helped  
me once. At a cellphone store.  
About a year ago.*

(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

*I couldn't get the sales clerk's attention, and when I finally did, he was rude to me, and impatient with me being deaf. And you stepped in and told the guy off and helped me buy a phone.*

He takes his cellphone out of his pocket.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

*This phone. You used your number to call my phone, trying it out with me, but I never called. I just figured you were only being nice. But then I saw you one day, on a flyer, for roller derby. And I went to the game and someone there told me you work at the library... I come in every day, trying to work up the nerve to talk to you--*

COLBIE

*But instead you leave me notes and follow me home.*

LINCOLN

*Oh, no! It's not like that! I followed you home once, because you left early one day. You were sick. I thought you might've needed to go to the hospital. After that, it just kind of became a thing. Seeing if you were okay...*

She smiles.

COLBIE

*Can you read lips?*

LINCOLN

*Yes.*

COLBIE

*Good. Because my signing is terrible.*

LINCOLN

*It's not that bad.*

COLBIE

*What did I mess up on?*

LINCOLN  
*You signed 'teasing' wrong. You  
said 'pleasing'.*

He takes her hands and signs 'teasing' correctly. His touch.  
Intimate in his demonstration. They share a moment...

COLBIE  
Anything else I miss?

LINCOLN  
*A few others. But it's okay. I got  
it.*

They share another moment. Close. Staring into each other's  
eyes... He moves in, slowly, ready to kiss her. Their lips  
almost touching--

COLBIE  
Are you a cannibal?

LINCOLN  
*What?*

COLBIE  
Do you, or have you, ever had the  
desire to eat another human being?

LINCOLN  
*No!*

COLBIE  
Are you a murderer?

LINCOLN  
*No.*

COLBIE  
Rapist?

LINCOLN  
*No.*

COLBIE  
Pedophile?

LINCOLN  
*Absolutely not!*

COLBIE  
General, all-around crazy person?

LINCOLN

*I have been known to stalk  
librarians and wait outside their  
apartment buildings with flowers.  
But other than that...*

She eyes him. Deciding. Should she...?

CUT TO:

INT. COLBIE/GILLIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's dark, save for the moonlight shining through the windows.

FLOOR

Lincoln fucks Colbie like a champion on her living room rug. They're naked and covered in perspiration. It's all powerful lust, and spontaneity. As made evident by their clothes leaving a trail from the front door to their feet.

COLBIE

(orgasms)  
Oh, Christ!

Lincoln comes with a hard thrust and manly GRUNT, biting back any other noise he might make. He's so careful...

They lie in each others' arms a moment trying to recover their breath. He kisses her. A romantic kiss. The kind to end all kisses. He does like her. A lot.

COLBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! What's your name?

They laugh.

LINCOLN

*Lincoln.*

COLBIE

Lincoln. You are really good at this.

LINCOLN

*You should see what I can do in a bed.*

He stands. Then in one quick move sweeps her off the ground and into his arms. She giggles as he carries her to her bedroom.

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, MCKIM BUILDING - BATES HALL -  
CONTINUOUS

TABLE

Reagan flips through research books, transferring notes onto her laptop.

She pulls her attention away from her work long enough to notice Kenny pass by. A small wave and smile her way.

She finds herself returning the same polite wave.

Kenny EXITS the reading room.

He didn't stop to talk to her... Reagan draws her concentration back to her computer, dismissing the meager slight.

INT. ISLAND CREEK OYSTER BAR - DAY

BOOTH

Olive sits across from the married man, WYATT, 40, whose second story window she bounced out of a few days ago.

OLIVE

This is very hard for me to say,  
but Wyatt...

WYATT

What is it, honey? You can tell  
me...unless you're pregnant. Oh,  
God! Are you pregnant?  
(bangs table angrily)  
Are you fucking pregnant?!

OLIVE

No! But it's nice to see how you'd  
react if I told you I was. Which  
brings me to my point: we can't see  
each other anymore. The other day  
was one of the most embarrassing  
moments of my life. I shouldn't be  
sleeping with a man that makes me  
feel that way. I'm better than  
that! You don't respect me, Wyatt--

WYATT

Of course I do.

OLIVE

No. You don't. And how could you,  
if I don't respect me either.

WYATT

W-W-What do you mean? You saying sleeping me is terrible? There's something wrong with that?!

OLIVE

Yes. There is--

WYATT

'Cause fucking you ain't no picnic either sometimes!

OLIVE

Excuse me?

WYATT

I mean, sometimes when you're on top, you're practically crushing my lungs; I feel like I'm wrestling a goddamn hippo!

Whoa. All the air has just been sucked out of the room. Olive is speechless at his hurtful crack. He knows he's wrong, but pride goeth before a fall...

WYATT (CONT'D)

So, uh, don't tell me you don't respect yourself, because I don't respect myself neither. I should be with better, too.

Olive...smiles. A tight, wryly smile that causes her lunch date pause.

OLIVE

How did I not see you were like this? I must really dislike myself...

She stands, grabbing her purse.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What I meant, was that I didn't respect myself for sleeping with a married man. Or thinking that's all I deserved; a cheat.

She drops a few bucks on the table.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Lunch is on me.

EXT. ISLAND CREEK OYSTER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Olive EXITS the restaurant. We stay with her as she continues down the street. Her head is held high as she pounds the pavement in her designer shoes.

She reaches the end of the block. She presses the crosswalk button, mashing it impatiently. The traffic signal not bending to her will makes her take a deep breath. Fuck it. She bounds across the street without waiting, drawing the ire of a NIGERIAN CABBIE.

She keeps on down the sidewalk. Another deep breath. Fidgeting with herself as she walks. Every 3 steps she loses a little something; her stride loses its prideful saunter.

And she can't do it anymore. She breaks. Tears run down her face.

ALLEY

She tucks into an alley, leaning against the brick side of a coffeeshop, and SOBS. What Wyatt said hurt. Another insult added to the 17 years of other horrible things said like that.

She takes her cellphone out and dials.

OLIVE

...Jesse? Fucking voicemail... I wish to God you answered your phone right now. He was so mean. He said such awful things, and I just needed to talk to you. I needed to talk to you so bad. Jesus. I miss her. For a split second I almost called her. Still have her number in my phone. She always knew what to say. You always know what to say.

She nearly loses it again.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

But, um, ig-ignore me. I'm stupid. I'm an idiot. Erase this voicemail.

She hangs up.

She takes another deep breath, and quickly counts to 10. She wipes her tears away and EXITS the alley.

BACK TO:

INT. TD GARDEN - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

CENTER RINK

QUENTIN

...What can I say about these girls that hasn't already been said, or written on a bathroom wall... You want brutal?

CROWD

YEAH!

QUENTIN

You want down-and-dirty?!

CROWD

YEAH!

QUENTIN

You want blood?!!

CROWD

YEAH!

QUENTIN

You want hot?!! Sexy?!! You want to come in your shorts right now?!!

The crowd CHEERS!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

No! No! I don't think you can handle it! I don't think you're ready!

The crowd BOOS at Quentin.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. I'll give it to you. I'll let you have it. Just this one time. Don't abuse the privilege though. Ladies and Gents, roller derby enthusiasts, and just plain violent, horny motherfuckers-- last year's state champions, SUCC-U-BI!!!

Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar On Me" plays. The crowd goes wild!

VIOLET

Violet rolls her eyes at the trashy rock song intro.

TRACK

Olive skates out first in her team's blue and yellow uniform. She grabs a male spectator and mashes his face into her busty cleavage, letting him motor-boat her before skating off.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Team captain, "Pearl Necklace."

Colbie skates out next.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's co-captain, "Honey Goodnight"  
herself! The horniest roller girl  
in all of Mas-sack-chuetts.

She slides her underwear off under her skirt and tosses it into the crowd.

BLEACHERS

THREE MEN get into a fight over the garment.

TRACK

Reagan next. She has a bottle of Jack Daniels in her hand.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She may be the baby of the team,  
but she's no stranger to trouble.  
It's "Goldicocks," folks!

She skates along the track pouring whiskey into spectator's cups before downing half the bottle herself.

BLEACHERS

Kenny, among the spectators, laughs at Reagan's crazy intro.

TRACK

Mala. She flashes the crowd.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And the mocha mama, "Kama Sutra" is  
causing a scene!

SECURITY hold back fans as they try to hop over onto the track.

HEFTY WOMAN

The Hefty Woman Mala works with, and her HUSBAND, laugh and CHEER with everyone else.

TRACK

Gillian, in Goth makeup, skates onto the track holding a sign: JESUS CAN SUCK IT!

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Give a hand to the anti-christ  
herself, "Joy Rider!"

Erin grabs a beer from a fan then blows it on the flame from a lighter in her hand, creating a giant fireball.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That was fairy-powered, "Pixie."

Annette and Dixie skate onto the track. They hold an end of a poster of the Jens For Jesus. They tug-of-war on it, eventually tearing it in half, encouraged by the audience.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The Amazonian goddess of war,  
"Athena," and her partner in crime,  
the goddess of love, "Aphrodite!"

Naomi ENTERS doing cartwheels and splits.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Showing off her limber physique is  
the bendable, "Ambi-Sextrous." My  
favorite player by the way.

Belle grabs a FEMALE FAN from the crowd and rams her tongue down the unsuspecting girl's throat...not that the female fan seems to mind.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
That's what I'm talking about! It's  
"Vampiress!"

Ione wears a crown on her head and blows kisses at the crowd.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
And it's the prim, but never  
proper, "Duchess."

Whitney and Wendy ENTER next, throwing condoms into the bleachers.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
And last but definitely not least--  
The always-practicing-sex duo, "The  
Wonder Twins!" SUCC-U-BI, PEOPLE!

Standing ovation from the crowd!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Sponsored and owned by "The  
Punisher" himself, Bruin bad boy,  
Truman Hughes!!

LUXURY BOX

A SPOTLIGHT is shown on Truman.

He waves humbly to the crowd as they CHEER and APPLAUD for him.

Lincoln ENTERS the luxury box. Truman is taken aback. Lincoln hands him a note: **I'm a friend of Colbie's. She told me I could watch the game in here with you.**

TRUMAN  
And why are you giving me a note?

Lincoln motions for Truman to turn the paper over: **I'm deaf.**

TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
Well, as long as you've got a note  
from your mum...

Lincoln takes the paper and scribbles on it, then hands it back to Truman: **I read lips though... Asshole.**

TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

Lincoln ignores him and turns his attention to the game.

CENTER RINK

QUENTIN  
Now let's get this mother-humping  
derby on a roll!

The women from both teams line up.

REFEREE  
Form your packs, ladies!

Both teams form their "packs." The "pivot" from both teams line up at the pivot line. Their three "blockers" behind them.

Olive plays pivot. Colbie, Gillian, and Annette are blockers.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Jammers at your line!

The "jammer" from each team lines up 30 feet behind their pack. Reagan plays jammer for Succ-U-Bi.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Jam formation!

They put their helmets on.

The ref blows his WHISTLE! Both packs skate counterclockwise along the track.

Olive looks back.

OLIVE  
Stay close, Annette.

Annette keeps close to her pack.

Succ-U-Bi are faster. They pass where the front of the pack was initially lined up. The ref blows his WHISTLE twice! Both jammers take off.

Reagan flies down the track!

QUENTIN (O.S.)  
Goldicocks is down the tracks like  
she's on the 405 in a white bronco!

The Jens attempt at blocking her, but Colbie grabs hold of her arm and weaves her to the front of the pack.

JEN #5, the jammer, reaches out for her blocker's hand. She grabs hold. Her blocker whips her like a belt to the front of their pack! She takes off, nipping at Reagan's heels!

OLIVE  
What the fuck?

A surprise move from the weakest team in roller derby.

QUENTIN (O.S.)  
Holy shit! Nice whip it from The  
Jens.

COLBIE  
Gillian! Get her!

Gillian swings ahead of Olive. Olive, Colbie, and Annette body check the blockers on The Jens!

QUENTIN (O.S.)  
But the Succ-U-Bi clearly aren't  
having it!

They try to catch up to Gillian.

Jen #5 sees Gillian coming. She skates as fast as she can.

The pack forms behind Gillian. Gillian bumps her foot on Jen #5's skate, tripping the poor girl, flat on her face!

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Was that a dirty move, ref? I don't know, but that holy, little number is hurting bad.

GILLIAN  
Maybe you should pray to Jesus to make you a better jammer, bitch.

Reagan makes her first lap. And scores the first point in the game.

CHEERS from the fans in the bleachers!

BLEACHERS

KENNY  
Yes!

QUENTIN (O.S.)  
And the Succ-U-Bi have it, 1 to nothing.

TRACK

GILLIAN  
(to Olive)  
I hope the rest of the game isn't this easy. Otherwise we're going to have a very boring night.

INT. ARENA - RINK - LATER

BENCH

Colbie YAWNS. A dull, bored expression on her face. She sips her beer lazily in between taking a drag from her cigarette.

QUENTIN (O.S.)  
And it's 15-3, Succ-U-Bi in the first half.

The rest of the Succ-U-Bi look just as uninterested.

IONE

(English accent)

I hate playing these cunts. They're so sodding dull.

MALA

I think even the crowd's asleep.

DIXIE

I doubt people are asleep.

LUXURY BOX

Truman and Lincoln are fast asleep in their seats.

CENTER RINK

A HORN blares, signaling the end of the first period.

QUENTIN

All right, for those of you still alive out there, that is the end of our first half with the Succ-U-Bi leading 18-4. And thank God for small favors. Roller derby fiends, put your hands together for our half-time show, with tonight's Plymouth pretties, Jens for Jesus!

Appreciative APPLAUSE from the audience.

The Jens take center rink. Half of them with an instrument in their hands.

JEN #1 holds an acoustic guitar in her arms.

JEN #1

Hello. I'm Jen #1 and we've got a great song for you folks tonight. You'll find it's more than appropriate for tonight's event. And we just want to thank the Almighty God for helping us find the perfect fit to entertain your listening ears.

BENCH

BELLE

Oh, my God. They're going to sing "*I'm the Happiest Girl in the Whole USA*" again.

REAGAN  
I'm too sober for this.

CENTER RINK

No. No, G-rated Christian country number. Instead, a 60's folk song-- Melanie's "*Brand New Key*." The Jens without an instrument HARMONIZE and SING backup vocals.

JESSE

Jesse pinches the bridge of his nose, looking very annoyed.

JESSE  
I. Hate. This. Song!

OLIVE  
Uh-oh. Hulk angry.

Jesse turns to his team seated on the bench:

JESSE  
**Skate and destroy!**

That's all they needed to hear. They light up like kids on Christmas morning.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Gilly, Annette, and Olive--  
blockers. Mala-- jammer. Erin--  
pivot. End this game. Now!

Mala and Erin fist bump. They love when he's brutal like this.

CENTER RINK

The Jens finish their sugar-y, folk number. MEAGER APPLAUSE from the bleachers.

Quentin ENTERS the center of the rink.

QUENTIN  
Well, uh, thank-thank you for that  
Jens For Jesus. It was...cute.  
(under his breath)  
And fucking ridiculous at the same  
time.  
(to crowd)  
One more time for the Jens For  
Jesus!

SCATTERED APPLAUSE...

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Right. It seems The Jens haven't been playing so rough during the first half, but they might make a strong comeback in the--

SPECTATOR

YOU SUCK, LOSER!

QUENTIN

HEY! DO I COME TO YOUR JOB AND KNOCK THE DICK OUT OF YOUR MOUTH?!

CHEERS from the audience! They're awake now.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Lost my cool. As I was saying, let's hope The Jens can pull it together in the second half.

A HORN blares, signaling the beginning of the second half.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Let's get ready to tumble!

Both teams form their packs at the ready. The Succ-U-Bi put on their helmets, ready for battle...

The ref blows the whistle-- and before The Jens can consider moving, our girls attack! Punches, slaps, tackles! They take them out, right at the starting line!

The crowd goes wild, CHEERING on the "girlfight" below them!

BENCH

The rest of the Jens watch in terrified awe as their fellow Jens get annihilated and the refs fail miserably attempting to break it up!

They skate as fast as they can toward the EXIT, but it's too late. The rest of the Succ-U-Bi are there, blocking the EXIT, waiting for them...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TD GARDEN - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Erin spits a glob of blood into a emesis basin. Her hair is a wreck, she has a bruised cheek, and her uniform is ripped right down the middle, exposing her bra. But there's a smile on her face as she smokes a cigarette.

A MEDIC caters to a bite on her forearm.

ERIN

And what's your name, sexy?

MEDIC

There's no smoking in the venue.

Erin purposefully blows smoke in his face.

Quentin approaches. He takes a drag from her cigarette.

QUENTIN

Another great fucking game.

ERIN

Agreed.

REVEAL (akin to the *Gone With the Wind* Battle of Atlanta Injuries scene): all the girls, Succ-U-Bi and The Jens, are tended to by MEDICS. Must have been some brawl...

EXT. TD GARDEN - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Kenny EXITS the arena, squeezing through FANS as they crowd our girls with praise and pleas for autographs.

His eyes wander around the parking lot. He's looking for her.

KENNY'S POV - CAR

Reagan is practically being mauled by a MALE FAN as they eat each other's faces against his Hummer...much to Kenny's disappointment.

LINCOLN

Colbie approaches him. Her lip is bleeding, uniform torn.

LINCOLN

*What the hell happened to you?!*

COLBIE

Cat scratch. You should see the other bitch.

She grabs him and kisses him. He playfully bites her lip, tasting her blood.

COLBIE (CONT'D)  
I can't tell if you're trouble, or fun.

LINCOLN  
*Can I be both?*

COLBIE  
Not big on trouble, sir.

LINCOLN  
*Then we'll say I'm fun.*

Olive, Jesse, and Gillian approach them.

JESSE  
Are you guys all right?

COLBIE  
We're fine.

OLIVE  
Where's Mala?

CUT TO:

INT. TD GARDEN - LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STALL

We hear a woman's loud, SEXUAL MOANS from inside the stall. And see one of her legs. A Jens For Jens jersey on the floor beside it.

We can't see her completely, but it's Mala knelt before the unseen Jen in the stall. The MOANING caused by Mala going down on her.

BACK TO:

EXT. TD GARDEN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAN  
I'm sure wherever she is, she's fine.

GILLIAN'S POV - TRUMAN

Gillian makes to approach him, but stops when Violet comes out of nowhere and slides up to Truman.

They chat for a minute and then Violet climbs into the passenger seat of Truman's car. They drive off.

COLBIE  
Hey. You okay?

GILLIAN  
Truman just gave Violet a ride home.

COLBIE  
What? Why?

GILLIAN  
I don't know. But I will definitely find the fuck out.

JESSE

JESSE  
You okay?

OLIVE  
I'm fine. I think I broke Jen #6's pinky though.

JESSE  
That's not what I meant.

The crying voicemail...

OLIVE  
Oh, um... Right as rain now.

JESSE  
You sure?

OLIVE  
Yeah. I fell apart for a second, but big girls don't cry, right?

JESSE  
He say that to you? Was he despicable like that--

OLIVE  
You know, I don't... Doesn't matter. Should have taken your advice and never have been seeing him in the first place.

JESSE  
I only... I think you're better than you realize, Olive.

OLIVE

I know. That means a lot. And I'm  
sorry I lied.

She gives him a meager hug.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted. I'm going home. I'll  
call you tomorrow.

Olive makes a quick EXIT.

Jesse approaches Colbie and Gillian.

JESSE

Where'd you say that asshole Wyatt  
lives again?

Wicked smiles on all three of their faces.

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

WYATT'S WIFE opens the front door, stepping from the  
threshold. A confused, puzzled look on her face as she takes  
tentative steps forward.

WYATT'S WIFE

Wyatt?

WYATT'S WIFE POV - WYATT

Wyatt tries his best to keep his balance as he trots like a  
newborn calf on a pair of roller skates while wearing nothing  
but ladies' underwear. His wrists are also duct-taped  
together, and there's a sock stuffed into his mouth.

The loses his balance and falls to the bushes!

Caroline helps him up. She takes notice of the underwear;  
scrawled across them in permanent marker: **Slip 'n Slide.**

Judging by the angry scowl on Caroline's face, such a phrase  
isn't lost on her.

Wyatt spits out the sock in his mouth.

WYATT

Caroline?

INT. JESSE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jesse, Gillian, and Colbie watch as Wyatt pleads with Caroline as she turns on the hose and sprays him. Then ENTERS the house, SLAMMING the door behind her!

Wyatt tries with all his might to climb out of the bushes, but it's hard when you're on roller skates. And you're hands are tied. And you're mostly naked.

The three of them cackle with the greatest sense of pride.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS over Melanie's "Brand New Key."

THE END