

CHILDREN'S PARTY WAR

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN FENCED-IN BACKYARD - SUNNY DAY

A tall wooden fenced corner.

FOSTER (V.O.)
(a Southern twang)
What makes a hero?

FOSTER (40), in a GOLD SUPERHERO SUIT, is thrown into the fenced corner. He looks like Buzz Lightyear, but all gold.

FOSTER (V.O.)
No idea.

Foster is PUNCHED in the face. He falls to the ground.

FOSTER (V.O.)
I do children's parties.

Reveal the entire backyard. It's a child's birthday party. Several KIDS stare in horror as TWO DEPUTIES, in red wigs and clown-face, KICK Foster, who lies at the base of a fence.

BLUBBERING KIDS
They're killing Astro Gold! Killing him! Why won't they stop? Why?!

CLOWN DEPUTY 1
'Cause Astro Gold's a bad man!

The Clown Deputies pull STUN-GUNS, pointing them at Foster.

FOSTER (V.O.)
All this wouldn't be happening if
Harley hadn't dumped me yesterday.

The Clown Deputies FIRE electrodes into Foster. He convulses.

INT. HARLEY AND FOSTER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Foster (40), a hulking man, limply stands. He sports cowboy boots, tight Wrangler jeans, and an even tighter "Bouncer" t-shirt, accentuating his gut. He has a mullet haircut.

SUPERIMPOSE: YESTERDAY

FOSTER

Let me get this straight. You just woke up today, decided to quit stripping, become a children's party entertainer, and I'm dumped.

He stares at HARLEY (35) who stands. A fiery FILIPINA REDNECK with a Texas twang. She would be gorgeous if she wasn't wearing gobs of make-up and a PINK glittery PRINCESS DRESS.

HARLEY

No, I woke up yesterday, decided to quit stripping and become a children's party entertainer, then I express ordered everything on Amazon. And, yes, you're dumped.

FOSTER

Why?

HARLEY

You're a fat, forty-year-old drunk, who beats people up every night.

FOSTER

You just changed your entire life to be a children's party entertainer and you hate kids.

HARLEY

I don't hate kids! That ain't true!

FOSTER

Our anniversary at Chili's, bae! We waited an extra hour just to avoid sitting next to that family with three kids. Why? You hate kids!

HARLEY

I don't hate 'em! Kids just scare the shit outta me is all. I'm facing my fears so's to have a better life, Foster. Something I don't expect you to understand.

She shoulders a duffle bag and walks over to the front door.

FOSTER

What about our dream, Harley?

She crams a FLUFFY PINK PRINCESS TIARA onto her head.

HARLEY

I grew-up. You didn't.

She EXITS, slamming the door. Foster bursts into tears.

INT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - A SAD SHITTY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. On the STAGE, LIVELY (40), a stripper, leans against her stripper pole, asleep. At her feet, a FEW OLD DRUNKS sit before the stage. They stare off into the abyss.

FEMALE CLUB DJ (O.S.)
Come on, Lively, wake-up, dammit!

Lively wakes, gaining her bearings, then, she lazily dances.

FOSTER (O.S.)
You don't touch the girls, Randy!

Before the stage and on

THE FLOOR - SAME

Amongst tables and chairs, Foster grips RANDY by the collar, who stares, wild-eyed, as Foster PUNCHES him in the face.

FOSTER
They touch you, Randy!
(aggressively shaking him)
Understand me, Randy?!

Randy nods, gargling in compliance. Foster tosses him to the floor. Randy lies, groaning. Foster heads over to

THE BAR - SAME

Foster grabs a whiskey neat off the counter and takes a sip.

WYLIE (O.S.)
You beat Randy bad tonight.

Foster looks to WYLIE (10) who sits on the bar. He's an African American kid. His feet dangle as he grins at Foster.

FOSTER
Break outta the back room again?

WYLIE
Spurleen went to the bathroom so I bolted, but how come you beat-up Randy so bad? More than usual even. I didn't see Randy touch anyone.

FOSTER

He always does and I could see him thinkin' about it. He was gonna.

WYLIE

Don't worry, Foster, I won't tell on you or anything, but I'm just sayin'. Kinda messed up is all.

Foster sighs, looking over to Randy, who crawls for the exit.

FOSTER

Sorry, I beat you so bad, Randy.

RANDY

You was right to do it. I was just about to touch one of them girls. I was gonna touch 'em real good too.

FOSTER

Need a ride to the hospital?

RANDY

No, I'll make it. I'll make it.

Randy crawls out the doorway, EXITING. Foster salutes him, then takes another sip of whiskey. Wylie watches him drink.

WYLIE

How come you drink so much?

FOSTER

Check out this scar, dude.

Foster shows off the top of his forearm. A LONG SCAR runs across it, from wrist to elbow. Wylie gingerly touches it.

WYLIE

Whoa, what happened to it?

Foster leans across the bar counter, grabbing a fresh glass.

FOSTER

Welp, a long time ago, a real big bastard broke it in a few places.

WYLIE

How big a bastard? Bigger than you?

Foster grabs the soda gun, squirting Coke into the glass.

FOSTER

Hell yes he was bigger than me. The man was ten stories if he was an inch. Only fight I ever lost.

Foster finishes filling up the Coke, then hands it to Wylie.

FOSTER

The point is, my arm never healed right. So, it hurts all the time.

WYLIE

And that's why you drink so much?

FOSTER

That's why I drink so much, kid.

He CLINKS his glass against Wylie's. They both take a drink.

WYLIE

Can I hire you to beat somebody up?

FOSTER

Got a bully at school?

WYLIE

Naw, my Dad. He's back and he's trying to take the club from my Mom. She's upset all the time now. My Dad's suing her for it and everything. So will ya beat him up?

FOSTER

Well, Wylie, my standard fists for hire fee is ten grand. Five hundred up front and the rest on delivery.

Foster takes another sip as Wylie mulls it over, then:

WYLIE

Okay, ten grand it is, but you gotta wreck my Dad's face. I'm talkin' bloody. He loves his face.

MAMA BEAR (O.S.)

Wylie!

Foster and Wylie look to the end of the bar. Miffed, MAMA BEAR (40), stands. She's an African American tired woman. Her t-shirt reads, "*I'm Mama Bear, welcome to my Honey Hole.*"

WYLIE

Hey, Mom.

MAMA BEAR
Spurleen?!

SPURLEEN (O.S.)
I'm right here, Mama Bear!

Standing just outside the WOMEN'S RESTROOM DOOR is SPURLEEN (35), a PALE THIN stripper in nipple-tassels and sweatpants.

MAMA BEAR
You're supposed to be in the back room watching the kids and Wylie got out again. What are you doing?

SPURLEEN
I had to go to the bathroom.
(sniffing and fiddling
with her nose)
I couldn't hold it, ya know?

Mama Bear takes Wylie by the hand, helping him hop down from off of the bar, then Mama Bear walks Wylie over to Spurleen.

MAMA BEAR
Take Wylie back to the room and if you go to the bathroom one more time. Just one more. You're fired.

Wylie and Spurleen head off down a hallway. Mama Bear gets behind the bar, cleaning it. Foster takes a sip of whiskey.

FOSTER
It's criminal keeping Wylie and them kids locked up in that back room dungeon you call a daycare.

MAMA BEAR
You know what else is criminal?

FOSTER
What?

MAMA BEAR
You drinking up all of my booze!

She snatches the whiskey out of his hand.

FOSTER
Does it have to be Spurleen-the-snort-queen back there with 'em?

MAMA BEAR

Spurleen's back there with 'em
'cause she's the worst dancer I
got. Hell, I don't have any good
dancers now that Harley's gone.

Foster lays down a business packet. The cover pictures a
DOMINATRIX-style LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD who paddles a happy
howling WOLF-EARED MAN. It says: "Burlesque Fairy Tails"

MAMA BEAR

What's this?

FOSTER

Me and Harley's dream.

MAMA BEAR

Huh?

FOSTER

This is how we're gonna get Harley
back here again and how we're gonna
get this place back onto its feet.

MAMA BEAR

You sayin', there's somethin' wrong
with my club, boy?!

FEMALE CLUB DJ (O.S.)

Uh, Mama Bear?

MAMA BEAR

What?!

Mama Bear looks to the

STAGE - SAME

SADIE BEE (30), an African American CLUB DJ, stands with a
microphone in hand. At the base of the stripper pole, Lively
is curled up asleep. The rest of the club is entirely empty.

SADIE BEE

Lively's asleep again and
everyone's gone home. Can I stop?

MAMA BEAR (O.S.)

Yeah, Sadie Bee, you can stop.

BACK TO:

THE BAR - SAME

Mama Bear looks to Foster.

MAMA BEAR

Okay, so, you may have a point. My place could use some juicin' up.

FOSTER

Just imagine it. We do burlesque, so we don't pay any naked fees. Harley trains all the dancers. We pack this place every night. Not with Randy and the riff-raff. It's classy now, so it's packed with regular type folk. Me, your head of security, with one of those high-tech earpiece thingys on my head. It'd be tight. Aw, can't ya see it?

MAMA BEAR

Yup. Didn't know you were such a dreamer.

FOSTER

I s'pose I am. I'm the dreamer, Harley's the schemer.

MAMA BEAR

So, what's the catch, big man?

FOSTER

Full partnership.

MAMA BEAR

You, me, and Harley, that it?

FOSTER

Just you and Harley. I'm not greedy. I just wanna work here. Go on. Take a look at the packet.

She picks up the "Burlesque Fairy Tails" packet, but before she can flip through it. RING. She looks to her cell phone. She drops the packet, picking up her cell phone.

MAMA BEAR

(into phone)

What?!

She walks out of the bar area, disappearing around a corner.

SADIE BEE (O.S.)

I hate this job, bruh.

Foster looks to his left. Sadie Bee stands beside him.

FOSTER
Because of the pay?

She leans across the bar, grabbing a beer. She pops the top.

SADIE BEE
No, it's ruined my sex-drive. I thought being a strip club DJ would be awesome. Tits at work and tits at home, but it ain't awesome. I've seen too much. I know too much.

FOSTER
Ruined the illusion for ya, huh?

SADIE BEE
Exactly! Now, I've got performance issues. Worst case of DVS ever.

FOSTER
DVS?

Sadie Bee adjusts her crotch as she takes a swig of beer.

SADIE BEE
Dry Vagina Syndrome. It's like the goddamn Sahara Desert down there, but I can't quit! I need the money.

FOSTER
Money or love, huh?

SADIE BEE
Speakin' of love, I heard Harley dumped you. What did you do, bruh?

FOSTER
Nothing.

SADIE BEE
Maybe that's the problem.

FOSTER
I got a plan to get her back, but, if that don't work out, think I could stay with you tonight?

SADIE BEE
I don't know. I already got one broke-ass roommate.

FOSTER

I thought Bud was doing good now
that he's a drug dealer.

EXT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - BACK ALLEY - SAME

Near some dumpsters, BUD (35), stands. He's a REDNECK STONER.
Before him is LARRY (13) in an "*Ozark Middle School*" t-shirt.

BUD

Sorry, Larry, no more trades. New
policy. Green for green, bubba.

LARRY

But these are quality. From Mexico.

Larry offers up a sack of FIREWORKS. Bud stares at it.

BUD

I can't, Larry. Sadie Bee's gonna
throw me out if I don't start
making some actual money. Sorry.

LARRY

But, Mister Bud, I need that weed.
There's this girl and she'll only
hang out with me if I have weed.

Bud sighs, then shoves a baggy of weed at Larry. Larry takes
the weed, dropping the sack of fireworks at Bud's feet.

LARRY

Thank you, Mister Bud, thank you!

INT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - THE STAGE - LATER

Spurleen horribly dances on the stage. Foster, Sadie Bee, and
Bud all sit at the foot of the stage. Each hold cups of beer.

BUD

Greatest fear? Dying alone.

Bud throws a red packet of firecrackers onto the stage.

SADIE BEE

Mine's not having another orgasm.

She throws some bills onto the stage. Spurleen dances harder.

BUD

What about you, Foster?

FOSTER
Clowns. No question.

BUD
Clowns? You got a story there.

FOSTER
Yup.

SADIE BEE
You wanna tell it, bruh?

FOSTER
Nope, don't care to relive it.

Sadie Bee throws more bills. Spurleen grins, dancing harder. Bud throws another packet of firecrackers at the stage, which Spurleen catches. She stops, staring at him, as she seethes.

SPURLEEN
Seriously? Firecrackers!

BUD
They're quality. From Mexico. Real choice razzle-dazzle stuff, baby.

She throws the firecrackers. They bounce off Bud's forehead.

SPURLEEN
Better have my alimony on Friday!

MAMA BEAR (O.S.)
Foster!

Foster turns to

THE BAR - SAME

Mama Bear holds up the "Burlesque Fairy Tails" packet.

THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Foster stands at the counter. Behind the bar is Mama Bear. On the counter is the "Burlesque Fairy Tails" packet.

MAMA BEAR
(tapping the packet)
I wanna do this, but if you want Harley and me to be fifty-fifty partners, I'm gonna need some money up front. Ten grand at least.

INT. HARLEY & FOSTER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRIP (38), in a classic PRINCE CHARMING outfit, stands. He massages Harley's shoulders, who sits in a chair. She works on their "*Children's Parties by Trip*" day-planner. She is still in her pink glittery princess dress.

TRIP

So how's it looking, my lady?

HARLEY

Just from that one party we did, we booked a shit-ton more. We're locked-in for the next month.

TRIP

I told ya we'd make bank. My face makes suburban moms go wild. What does my face do for you, baby?

He bends down, STEALING a KISS from her. She struggles.

FOSTER (O.S.)

Seriously?!

They stop, looking to Foster. He stands in the FRONT DOORWAY.

FOSTER

Cheating on me, Harley! You got about ten seconds to live, pal.

TRIP

Don't mess with me, bro! You don't know who I am, but I know who you are! I know all about you and all the unwarranted ass-kickings you do down at the club. Randy told me so.

FOSTER

You know Randy?

TRIP

He's my cousin!

FOSTER

Randy's a good dude, just kind of a skeezy pervert is all.

Trip whips out a CAN of MACE, pointing it at Foster.

TRIP

This is for Randy, you bastard!

Trip rushes at Foster, hitting the button and spraying the mace, but its backwards, so it sprays Trip into his own face. Trip drops, grabbing his face. Foster stares down, shocked.

FOSTER

Dang, dude. You okay?

Foster helps Trip to his feet, who quickly shoves him away.

TRIP

Don't touch me, bro! Just don't!

Trip stumbles out the front doorway. Harley looks to Foster.

HARLEY

Thanks a lot, Foster.

FOSTER

What did I do?

She rushes over to the front doorway, shouting after Trip.

HARLEY

We're still on for our party tomorrow, right, Trip?!

TRIP (O.S.)

Yes! Just keep that animal boyfriend of yours away from me!

HARLEY

Will do. Good night, partner!

She SLAMS the front door, then turns back to Foster.

FOSTER

Really? Cheating on me now?

HARLEY

I can't cheat on you if we're already broken up, dummy!

FOSTER

So, you admit it!

HARLEY

Nothing's going on. It's just business. So, Trip stole a kiss. Can ya blame him? Look at me.

FOSTER

You are so full of crap, Harley!

HARLEY

I am not full of crap! Nothing happened. In fact we were working, we just booked a shit-ton of parties for the next month.

She holds up the "*Children's Parties by Trip*" day-planner.

FOSTER

Well, what am I s'posed to think? You been acting so crazy lately I don't know what to believe anymore.

HARLEY

I ain't crazy, Foster, I'm just pregnant with your child! Why do you think I quit stripping and took up doing children's parties? I wanted to start a legit business and get over my fear of kids.

FOSTER

But we can't have kids.

HARLEY

Well, my doctor says different.

FOSTER

You don't have a doctor.

HARLEY

Yes, I do!

FOSTER

What's his name, then?!

HARLEY

His name is Doctor...Ian Malcolm.

FOSTER

Never heard of him.

HARLEY

You wouldn't. He's in the next county over, but he confirmed it. Even with our issues, he said it's possible. Life, uh, finds a way.

FOSTER

Life, uh, finds a way?

HARLEY

Yup.

FOSTER

That ain't no answer, that's the theme to Jurassic Park! And Dr. Ian Malcolm is Jeff Goldblum!

HARLEY

Fine, I haven't been to the doctor, but I'm still pregnant. I know it.

FOSTER

How?

HARLEY

Women's intuition, dummy!

FOSTER

No such thing and no dream for you!

HARLEY

What do you mean, no dream for me?

FOSTER

I was gonna make our Burlesque-Fairy-Tails dream come true, but you ruined it by lying to me!

HARLEY

How did I lie to you?

FOSTER

You're not really pregnant and you just cheated on me!

HARLEY

I told you nothing happened, but maybe it should. Maybe Trip should be my new boyfriend. He's a business man not some mullet-headed drunk who beats people up nightly!

FOSTER

By the time this is over, you're gonna be beggin' to take me back.

HARLEY

By the time what's over?

BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Foster, duffle bag in hand, stands at the closet. He yanks a golden superhero costume, a star-spangled superhero costume, and a blue/white princess dress from off their hangers.

HARLEY (O.S.)
You're stealing my costumes?!

He looks to Harley, who rushes over to him.

FOSTER
You're lucky I'm leaving anything.

HARLEY
I don't get what you're doing!

FOSTER
I'm gonna raise ten grand!

HARLEY
Ten grand?

He blows past her, heading into the

LIVING ROOM - SAME

Unbeknownst to her, he slyly grabs the "*Children's Parties by Trip*" day-planner and quickly shoves it into his duffle bag.

HARLEY
So, you're gonna do parties too?

He zips up his duffle, then quickly turns back to her.

FOSTER
Against y'all.

HARLEY
Put those costumes back right now!

Foster looks to the couch, spying a COSMIC GOLDEN HELMET.

HARLEY
I ain't playing with you, Foster!

He grabs the cosmic golden helmet and crams it onto his head, then he shoulders his duffle bag, heading for the front door.

FOSTER
Play-time's over, princess.
(opening the front door)
Y'all better get ready for war.

He EXITS, slamming the door. Harley bursts into tears.

INT. BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sadie Bee stands amongst boxes labeled "*Kiddie Crap.*" Bud sits on their couch. Before him is a coffee table covered with weed, cocaine, and several toys. Bud does a bong rip.

SADIE BEE

When are you gonna sell all this kiddie crap you traded your drugs for? You're s'pose to sell it all online so you can get some actual money and pay your rent for once!

BUD

I'm on it, Sadie Bear.

He exhales a cloud of smoke, then snorts up a line of coke.

SADIE BEE

Start selling your drugs!

He ZOOMS a *Dukes of Hazzard* General Lee matchbox car across the coffee table, then has it "jump" over a line of cocaine.

BUD

YEEEEEEEEEE-HAAAWWWWWWWW!

SADIE BEE

I'm gonna to kill you, Bud. Just straight up murder you to death.

BUD

You're becoming a serial killer.

SADIE BEE

Huh?

BUD

They all have performance issues.

She lunges, grabbing him by the throat with both hands.

SADIE BEE

Wow, I can feel the life leaving your body. It feels amazing. Powerful. Better than sex even. I am becoming a serial killer. Time to cross the line of no return...

Bud's eyes bulge, while Sadie Bee's widen with elation until KNOCK-KNOCK. Sadie Bee stops. They look to the front door.

BUD

You expecting anyone?

SADIE BEE

No, you?

Foster ENTERS, golden cosmic helmet on his head.

BUD

Is that an Astro Gold helmet? Dude,
I'll give you a bag of weed for it.

Sadie Bee looks to Bud, then starts choking him again. Foster rushes over and pulls Sadie Bee off Bud, who rubs his throat.

BUD

She was tryin' to serial kill me!

SADIE BEE

I was doing society a favor!
(looking to Foster)
What're you doing here, Foster?

FOSTER

You wanna quit workin' at the club
and get your sex-drive back, right?

SADIE BEE

Of course, but--

Foster holds up a finger, shushing her. Then he looks to Bud.

FOSTER

You wanna quit trading your drugs
for kiddie crap and make some real
money, right?

BUD

(rubbing his throat)
Yes.

FOSTER

Then get ready to suit-up 'cause
it's children's party time, guys.
All three of us. Together. Imagine.

Foster unzips his duffle bag, pulling out the three costumes.

FOSTER

A dazzling, yet, ice-cold princess.

He tosses the blue/white princess dress to Sadie Bee.

FOSTER

America's favorite rogue patriot.

He tosses the star-spangled superhero costume to Bud.

FOSTER

And a golden god from the stars.
 (holding up a golden
 superhero outfit)
 All we gotta do is suit-up 'n show-
 up. Our costumes will do the work
 while kids worship at our feet and
 their moms shower us with money.

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE - SUNNY DAY

A bundle of multi-colored balloons cling to the home's mailbox. A tall wooden fence contains the home's backyard.

FOSTER (O.S.)

What about Harley?

SADIE BEE (O.S.)

Harley still thinks the party is in
 like two hours, but I called and
 changed the time to right now.

A RUSTY HONDA pulls into the driveway.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Our TRIO are in COSTUME. Foster, looking like a golden Buzz Lightyear, is behind the wheel. Sadie Bee, looking like a Frozen knock-off, sits shotgun. While Bud, looking like a Captain America knock-off, lounges in the backseat.

FOSTER

So Harley and Trip will show up
 late like a coupla dumb-dumbs?

Sadie Bee holds up the "*Children's Parties by Trip*" planner.

SADIE BEE

Yup, we're also getting five
 hundred bucks for this party.

Bud happily pops a joint into his mouth, sparking it up. Sadie Bee whips out a flask, taking a nip.

FOSTER

Now, I figure to become the
 children's party monopoly we gotta
 set a serious standard here today.

SADIE BEE

Let's do it!

BUD

Yeah, let's entertain some kids!

Sadie Bee and Bud smile, nodding, until their smiles drop.

SADIE BEE

How do we entertain kids?

EXT. THE REAR OF FOSTER'S RUSTY HONDA - SECONDS LATER

The costumed Foster, Bud, and Sadie Bee stand at the OPEN TRUNK of the CAR. Foster holds up a sheathed SAMURAI SWORD.

SADIE BEE

A samurai sword?

FOSTER

Not just any samurai sword, this is an exact replica of one from a little known post-apocalyptic film called *Steel Dawn*, starring...

(unsheathing the sword and showing off a signature)

...Sir Patrick Swayze.

BUD

How's that gonna help us?

FOSTER

It's not, but it'll help me for when I do my martial arts display.

He does a sword swing: "PEE-YAH." And a leg kick: "HA-ZAH."

SADIE BEE

But what're we supposed to do?

FOSTER

Guys, it's not hard, don't think so much. Just channel your inner hero.

SADIE BEE

Inner hero? The hell is that?

FOSTER

The person or idea that drives you to be heroic. Mine is obviously the Swayz'. Bud, who lives inside you?

BUD

Jesus.

FOSTER
No, who did you idolize as a child?

BUD
Oh, that's easy, Bo Duke from *The Dukes of Hazzard*. No question.

FOSTER
Why?

BUD
He has sweet-ass blonde feathery hair, plus, he saves the day every week by jumping his car: YEEEE-HAW!

FOSTER
Channel that. Got it?

BUD
Yeah.

FOSTER
Feel better?

BUD
Yeah!

FOSTER
Sadie Bee. Inner hero. Go.

SADIE BEE
Xena: Warrior Princess.

FOSTER
How come?

SADIE BEE
'Cause every week she'd save Gabrielle by kicking and hacking through a bunch of goons with her sword, all after going AYLALALALAH!

FOSTER
Jealous of my sword now?

SADIE BEE
Extremely, bruh.

FOSTER
Next party, it's yours.

SADIE BEE
Baller.

FOSTER

I also got supplies for y'all.

Foster pulls BALLOONS and COLORED MARKERS out from his trunk.

FOSTER

Bud, you paint kid's faces.

Foster slaps the colored markers into Bud's hand.

BUD

With markers?

FOSTER

It's easier, paint's a mess.

BUD

Makes sense.

FOSTER

Sadie Bee, you do balloon animals.

Foster slaps a packet of long balloons into her hand.

SADIE BEE

How?

FOSTER

Blow 'em up, then twist and fit 'em together to make animal shapes.

SADIE BEE

Don't I need one of those pumps?

FOSTER

You don't smoke, you'll be fine.

BUD

What're you gonna do, chief?

Foster pulls a WATERMELON from his trunk, giving it to Bud.

FOSTER

That watermelon.
(raising his sword)
Plus my sword. Equals...
(cutting the air)
...awesome!

SADIE BEE

No watermelons, they're racist.

BUD

How can a fruit be racist?

SADIE BEE

They just are!

FOSTER

But if I'm gonna cut it up with my sword skills, in a way, I'll be vanquishing racism. In fruit form.

SADIE BEE

There's probably some holes in your white logic, but damned if I can see any. Do it. Hack that fruit up.

FOSTER

Sweet. Now, I figure since this is an Astro Gold themed birthday party, I need a big entrance. So, y'all should go on in first. Do your stuff. Warm 'em up. Then, I'll show up and when I give the signal, Bud, you toss the melon my way and I'll vanquish it in an Astro Gold sword-wielding-martial-arts display show! Big entrance, see? Next, I slap the kids fives, collect our money, and then, it's beer o'clock.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT PORCH - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A COSTUMED Sadie Bee and Bud stand on the front porch. Bud holds the watermelon. The door opens. ANGIE DIMES (37) stands. She's a tired, yet, sexy working-class CAUCASIAN mom.

ANGIE

Well, don't you two look marvelous!

BUD

Thanks, Missus Dimes.

ANGIE

(saluting him)

You're welcome, Major Patriot! And it's miss. I'm fresh off a divorce. Blech. Men. Never again, ya know?

SADIE BEE

Preachin' to the choir, sister.

ANGIE

It's Angie. Just call me, Angie.

SADIE BEE

You got it, Angie.

ANGIE

You're the one I spoke with on the phone, right? Sadie Bee, is it?

SADIE BEE

Yup, Sadie Bee. That's me.

ANGIE

Well, you certainly match your voice, honey. Just a feast for the eyes. And a black Winter White?
(fingering Sadie's dress)
I love that. Sexy.

BUD

African American, please.

ANGIE

Huh?

BUD

Sadie Bee ain't black. We're s'posed to say "African American."

SADIE BEE

Don't mind this one. I over-shot political correctness with him.

Bud flashes a big toothy grin, still gripping the watermelon.

ANGIE

Speaking of political correctness, why are you holding a watermelon?

BUD

It's for the Astro Gold show.

ANGIE

Astro Gold show?

BUD

It's gonna be razzle-dazzlicious.

INT. FOSTER'S RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster sits, sipping on a flask. BING. A text from Harley: "Hey, idiot. Did you steal our party planner?" He smiles.

FOSTER

I sure as heck did.

He texts back: "At a party now, bring it #partywarwinning." Suddenly, it RINGS. A FaceChat from "Harley." He picks up.

HARLEY

You're unbelievable! Taking food
out of your unborn child's mouth.

FOSTER

Harley, stop, you're not pregnant.

HARLEY

(holding up a note)
Boom! Went to the doctor this
morning and I'm legit pregnant!

FOSTER

You're lying. That note ain't real.

HARLEY

(pointing at the note)
See the signature?

FOSTER

Life really did, uh, find a way?

HARLEY

How does it feel to be your
deadbeat-rodeo-clown Dad?

FOSTER

Hey, you don't say that!

HARLEY

Aw, did I strike a nerve?

FOSTER

You know, you did!

HARLEY

Good! Oh and you wanted a war? You
got one, we'll be there soon, jerk!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - FENCED-IN BACKYARD - SAME

KIDS play, running about the fenced-in yard. Bud/Major
Patriot sits on the BACK PORCH. GINGER BOY (7) stands before
him. Bud colors onto Ginger Boy's forehead with a RED MARKER.

BUD

So, long-story-short, Spurleen, ex-
wife and love of my life, calls the
cops on me and it weren't even my
weed or bongos. You believe that?

GINGER BOY

Your wife who died on 9/11, Major?

Ginger Boy turns his head, looking to Bud.

BUD
Don't move! You don't wanna ruin
the General Lee's paint-job, do ya?

GINGER BOY
No.

Bud colors harder onto Ginger Boy's forehead.

BUD
YEEEEEEEEEE-HAWWWWWWW!

EXT. THE PICNIC TABLE - SAME

Sadie Bee/Winter White sits at a PICNIC TABLE, tying off a long inflated balloon. PRINCESS BOY (8), in a matching Winter White dress, stands before her. He holds a nail file.

SADIE BEE
Here's your balloon sword.
(shoving it at him)
AYLALALALALALALALALALALAH!

PRINCESS BOY (O.S.)
I don't want a balloon sword!

Princess Boy jabs his nail file into her balloon sword. POP.

PRINCESS BOY
You're Winter White. I want a
snowflake. White. Blue. Deadly, yet
delicate. Perfect, just like me!

SADIE BEE
Okay, how many balloons do I need?

PRINCESS BOY
A bunch, so, start blowing!

Sadie Bee blows into a balloon with all her might. She shakes, turning red, but the balloon remains limp. She stops.

PRINCESS BOY
You need one of those pumps.

SADIE BEE
(out of breath)
Thanks...for...the...tip.

She blows into the balloon again with all her might. No go. She stops, desperately catching her breath. Bud walks up.

BUD
I'm markeded out. How you doin'?

ANGIE (O.S.)
A confederate flag?!

Sadie Bee and Bud look to Angie who stands, pointing at the Ginger Boy's forehead, which sports a fresh CONFEDERATE FLAG.

ANGIE
Is this permanent marker?!

She licks her thumb, attempting to rub off the flag. No go.

BUD
It's just the General Lee's paint-job...oooooh! That's why black folks give me looks when I wear my *Dukes of Hazzard* shirt. Teachable moment.

Miffed, Sadie Bee stands, but immediately sways.

SADIE BEE
Whoa, balloons--

Sadie Bee passes out, face-planting into the yard.

BUD
We got a princess down!

Angie rushes over and quickly turns Sadie Bee onto her back.

ANGIE
It's okay, I'm a nurse.

Angie gives Sadie Bee mouth to mouth. Bud nervously watches.

BUD
Please don't die, Sadie Bee. I didn't mean to be racist. I didn't!

Sadie Bee wakes, gasping. She blinks, looking up to Angie.

SADIE BEE
You just turned my waterworks back on. Cured my DVS with your hot wholesome suburban Mom-ness. You're the opposite of a naughty stripper.

ANGIE
Wait, you think I'm hot?

Sadie Bee grabs her and they kiss. Which quickly turns into a locked MAKE-OUT session. They roll off and across the lawn.

FOSTER (O.S.)
It's Astro Gold time!

Foster/Astro Gold stands atop the yard's wooden fence.

FOSTER
Bud, the watermelon! Throw it so's
I can show off my sword skills.

He cocks back his samurai sword like a baseball player.

BUD
I'm on it, chief.

Bud LIGHTS a belt of FIRECRACKERS taped to the WATERMELON.

FOSTER
Wait, are those firecrackers?!

BUD
Razzle-dazzle time, hoss!

Bud, spins, gaining momentum, then SLINGS the flickering melon into the air. It sails straight at Foster until BOOM. It explodes. He SCREAMS, falling into the yard. Kids LAUGH.

Foster quickly gets to his feet, looking to a BIG CHUNK of WATERMELON. He sloppily hacks at it with his samurai sword.

FOSTER
Take that you explosively
delicious, yet, racist fruit!

SOME KID
Yeah, kill that fruit, Astro Gold!

Foster taps his elbow like a wrestler, then does an elbow drop onto the watermelon. SPLAT. He holds up a chunk.

FOSTER
Racist fruit?
(taking a bite)
Dead as hell.

All the Kids CHEER as Foster gets to his feet.

FOSTER
And now, a martial arts display.

He does a punch: "HI-YAH." And a leg kick: "HA-ZAH."

EMMY (O.S.)
Astro Gold doesn't do that!

EMMY (8), the birthday girl, sporting a "Birthday" tiara and a pageant dress, shoves her way to the front of the crowd.

FOSTER
And who might you be?

EMMY
Emmy, this is my birthday and I don't want you martial-arding!

FOSTER
How come?

EMMY
'Cause you're Astro Gold.

FOSTER
So?

EMMY
You're a playboy-astronaut turned superhero after your ship crash-lands into the sun, where Helio, god of the sun, uses his golden magic to turn you into a fire-fueled intergalactic do-gooder.

FOSTER
That backstory is ridiculous.

EMMY
You conjure fire and blow things up, but you DON'T martial art.

FOSTER
Well, Emmy, I'm gonna have to...

Foster roundhouse KICKS a standing birdhouse.

FOSTER
...disagree with you!

EMMY
Mom, he's not Astro Golding right!

Emmy looks to the

BACK PORCH - SAME

Angie and Sadie Bee are now making-out on the porch. Bud stands, watching them and eating a chunk of watermelon.

ANGIE
Mommy's busy, have him do the cake.

BACK TO:

THE PICNIC TABLE - SAME

Emmy stands before the picnic table, staring at her unlit "Astro Gold" birthday cake. Foster and the Kids stand nearby.

EMMY
You heard her, conjure some fire
and light my cake, Astro Gold!

The Kids start chanting, "Conjure fire, light the cake!"

FOSTER
Fine, everybody stand back!

Emmy and the Kids stand back as Foster whips out his FLASK. He does a quick swig, then SPITS onto his samurai sword.

FOSTER
Does anyone know what's better than
a samurai sword?

PRINCESS BOY
A snowflake?

FOSTER
Nope, a samurai sword that's...
(lighting it)
...on fire!

He holds up the FLAMING SWORD. The Kids "Ewww" and "Awwww."

FOSTER
Only trouble is, there's a ton of
Astro Gold related villains between
me and the cake. You kids point 'em
out and I'll vanquish their butts.

Foster heads for the birthday cake, as Kids SHOUT and POINT-OUT invisible villains, of which, Foster quickly "vanquishes" by swinging his flaming sword here: "HA-ZAH!" And there: "BOO-YAH!" And behind him: "BEE-YO!" Foster reaches the cake.

FOSTER
One more unlit villain left.

He stares down the cake, then with a deft ninja-like stroke of his flaming sword, the candles are lit. The Kids CHEER.

HARLEY (O.S.)
Hey, party imposter!

Harley, in her pink glittery PRINCESS DRESS, stands. By her side is Trip, sporting his classic PRINCE CHARMING ensemble.

FOSTER
Guess I missed a few villains.

Foster stabs his extinguished-smoking-sword into the ground.

HARLEY
Just give me back Trip's party planner and leave, Foster!

TRIP
Yeah, otherwise you'll be sorry!

HARLEY
Trip, don't, you're better seen, not heard. Just let me handle this.

TRIP
Whoa there my lil' Filipino filly. I appreciate your feisty attitude and tight tushy, but I'm the boss. So, I handle things. Got me, honey?

HARLEY
(through her teeth)
Fine, you handle things, boss.

Sadie Bee and Bud quickly rush to Foster's side.

SADIE BEE
What're they doing here? They shouldn't be here for another hour.

FOSTER
All part of my new plan. I'm gonna knock Trip off his party throne by kicking his ass here and now, we instantly become the children's party monopoly, Harley begs to take me back, I do and I don't become my deadbeat-rodeo-clown Dad.

SADIE BEE
Your deadbeat-rodeo-clown Dad?

Angie, a chunk of watermelon in hand, walks up to Sadie Bee.

ANGIE
Wanna share some watermelon, sexy?

SADIE BEE
Don't mind if I do.

They MAKEOUT/EAT the melon together, stumbling off and away.

TRIP
You better give back the party
planner, Foster! I called the cops.

HARLEY
You called the cops?

TRIP
Yup, friends of mine. I volunteer
for them on the weekends and they
volunteer for me with parties.

FOSTER
He's bluffing, cops ain't comin'.

BUD
But I got drugs, in your car, hoss!

Bud takes off running, then quickly jumps over the fence.

TRIP
Give up the party planner or go to
jail. What's it gonna be, Foster?

FOSTER
I'm gonna go with option three.

TRIP
Option three?

FOSTER
Cage match.

TRIP
This isn't WCW. It's a backyard!

FOSTER
We can pretend there's a cage
encompassing the entirety of the
backyard, dummy! What's wrong, too
afraid to fight me? Winner gets the
party planner, reign over the
entire town, and the girl.

HARLEY
Girl? You're fighting over me?

FOSTER

And the party planner along with
reign over the entire town, but
yes, a fight for your hand too.

HARLEY

Well, don't! Trip and I are not
together! Nothing happened and
you're still dumped, Foster!

FOSTER

I don't care about you anymore
either, Harley! In fact, I don't
care about girls anymore at all!

TRIP

Glad you could finally come out.

FOSTER

I'm not gay, stupid, but I applaud
anyone who is and has the courage
to come out and proclaim it.

TRIP

What do you know about courage?

FOSTER

I know you haven't agreed to our
cage match yet.

TRIP

For the party planner and reign
over the entire town?

FOSTER

Yes.

TRIP

Okay, but it's your funeral. Cage
Match! Cage Match! Cage Match!

The Kids catch on, chanting "Cage Match," as Foster and Trip
slowly begin to circle one another, staring each other down.

HARLEY

My God, you're both idiots.

TRIP

She doesn't understand.

FOSTER

'Cause this is a man's game.

TRIP

That's right and when you play a man's game, you pay a man's price.

FOSTER

A price you're gonna pay.

TRIP

Nope, you're gonna pay it.

FOSTER

We'll see, come on.

TRIP

You come on.

FOSTER

I am coming!

TRIP

I'm coming too!

FOSTER

We're coming together then!

PRINCESS BOY

I think they're gonna kiss, y'all.

Trip and Foster rush at each other. Trip whips out his CAN of MACE and SPRAYS Foster right in the face. He drops.

FOSTER

Mace in my face! It burns!

Trip tosses his can aside and immediately gets Foster into a standing full-nelson. Foster is completely incapacitated.

TRIP

I'm a better fighter than you, bro!

Trip gets Foster down, pinning him to the ground.

TRIP

Say, I'm better.

FOSTER

Never.

Trip grabs Foster's arm, wrenching it behind his back.

FOSTER

Okay-okay-okay, you're better!

TRIP

Now say, you've never been in a
fight and you pee the bed at night.

FOSTER

I'm not saying that.

Trip bends back Foster's finger. He SCREAMS as the Kids
chant, "Never been in a fight, pee the bed at night!"

TRIP

Say it!

FOSTER

I've never been in a fight...

TRIP

And you...?

FOSTER

...pee the bed at night!

The Kids all LAUGH and CHEER. Harley steps up.

HARLEY

That's enough, Trip.

Trip stands. Foster turns over, looking up at Trip, who
turns, walking away. Trip stops.

TRIP

Oh, I almost forgot, I won.

Trip turns back to Foster who picks up a chunk of watermelon.

TRIP

I'll take my party planner now.

Foster throws the chunk of watermelon. It explodes on Trip's
face. The Kids all point and LAUGH at Trip who rubs his face.

TRIP

Nobody disrespects my gorgeous
face. Nobody! You better get ready.

FOSTER

Get ready for what?

TRIP

For me to disrespect your face by
Karate chopping it in half!

Trip, cocks back his hand, then let's out a BATTLE CRY as he
rushes at Foster, who lies on the ground.

Foster looks to his left. The sword still stands, stuck in the ground. Foster grabs it, blocking his face with the blade as Trip brings down his hand SLICE. His pinky lops off.

TRIP

My pinky, you cutoff my pinky!

FOSTER

It got in the way of my sword.

Trip holds up his hand, his pinky stump GUSHES BLOOD.

TRIP

I need a hospital!

Trip runs about, SQUIRTING BLOOD all over the Kids as they SCREAM until Angie steps in, grabbing Trip and SLAPPING him.

ANGIE

Calm down, I'm a nurse. Now, let's get you inside, I'll call the hospital and we'll get your pinky sewn back on. Let's go ya big baby.

She ushers Trip into the house. Harley looks to Foster.

HARLEY

I can't believe you did that!

FOSTER

Believe it, you scheme-happy witch!

HARLEY

You better start showing me some respect, Foster. I'm about to be the mother of your child.

A FEW LITTLE GIRLS come up, touching and surrounding her.

HARLEY

I hate children, their gross tiny fingers are all over me!

She shoves the Little Girls away, then Harley runs out of the yard, passing TWO UNIFORMED DEPUTIES, both in RED WIGS and full-on CLOWN-FACE. They stare in shock at the yard and all the blood-splattered-confederate-flag-foreheaded children.

DEPUTY CLOWN 1

My God, Foster's creatin' a white supremacist Satanic kiddie cult.

DEPUTY CLOWN 2
 He's even makin' that African
 American princess eat watermelon!

Deputy Clown 2 points to the

BACK PORCH - SAME

Sadie Bee sits, a mouthful of watermelon.

SADIE BEE
 Watermelons are racist.

BACK TO:

THE PICNIC TABLE - SAME

Foster gets to his feet, sword in hand, and covered in blood.

DEPUTY CLOWN 1
 Drop the sword, freak!

FOSTER
 Cops? Trip wasn't bluffing and
 they're clowns too. Cop clowns!

Foster drops the sword and runs for the fence.

DEPUTY CLOWN 2
 Get him!

Foster clambers up the fence, but Deputy Clown 1 pulls Foster
 down, then slings Foster against the fence. Deputy Clown 2
 quickly PUNCHES Foster in the face. He falls to the ground.

All the KIDS stare in horror, as the Two Deputy Clowns
 repeatedly KICK Foster, who lies at the base of the fence.

BLUBBERING KIDS
 They're killing Astro Gold! Killing
 him! Why won't they stop? Why?!

DEPUTY CLOWN 1
 'Cause Astro Gold's a bad man!

He punctuates this with a KICK to Foster's gut, then Deputy
 Clown 2 steps on Foster's chest, pinning him to the ground.

DEPUTY CLOWN 2
 This is what happens when you
 muscle in on Trip's turf, Foster.

Both Deputy Clowns pull STUN-GUNS, pointing them at Foster. The Deputy Clowns FIRE electrodes into Foster. He convulses.

INT. OZARK TOWN JAIL - A CELL - DAY

Foster, still in costume, sits, his back against the wall.

FOSTER

I'm no hero and now I'm gonna follow in my deadbeat-rodeo-clown Dad's footsteps too. I lost the party planner so no money, no burlesque fairy tails, and no Harley. That's my story. Randy?

Foster looks across the cell at Randy, who lies, sleeping.

FOSTER

Goddammit, Randy.

DEPUTY CLOWN 1 (O.S.)

Bitch all you want, Foster, but you ain't getting out, we gotcha, boy.

Deputy Clown 1, no longer in a wig or clown-face, stands on the other side of the bars. His name-tag says, DEPUTY DINGLE.

FOSTER

What am I even being charged with?

DEPUTY DINGLE

Children's party terrorism, racism by way of a watermelon force-feedin', and the attempted cult recruitment of several minors by way of sacrificing Trip's pinky to the devil. Satanism. Hell, you're guilty of all the "isms," son!

FOSTER

None of those are crimes.

DEPUTY DINGLE

He says they ain't crimes, Berry!

Dingle looks over to DEPUTY BERRY, who stands, formerly Clown Deputy 2, as he is also no longer in a wig or clown-face.

DEPUTY BERRY

He's right, Dingle, they ain't official crimes, but that's okay 'cause he ain't officially under arrest neither. Remember, Dingle?

DEPUTY DINGLE

Oh, yeah, nothin's official this week. All off the record and all bail money right into our pockets.

FOSTER

When Sheriff Buford and the other deputies get back from their fishing trip down in Texas, you two are gonna be in big trouble.

DEPUTY BERRY

No, Trip says we won't be in trouble. He's our new idea buddy.

FOSTER

Trip's your new idea buddy?

DING-DING.

DEPUTY BERRY

Oop, that's the sound of more bail money for our pockets.

Deputy Berry heads off and away. Foster looks to Dingle.

FOSTER

Just lemme out, I'll get some money and bring it right back to you.

DEPUTY DINGLE

You're only getting out if somebody bails you out and that ain't happening. You're trapped, boy.

DEPUTY BERRY (O.S.)

You're free to go, Foster.

They look to Deputy Berry, who holds up a big wad of cash.

DEPUTY BERRY

Wylie's bailin' you out.

Deputy Berry steps aside, revealing Wylie. He grins.

WYLIE

Hey, Foster.

FOSTER

Hey, kid.

DEPUTY DINGLE

But Berry, that ain't legal, we can't let a minor post his bail.

DEPUTY BERRY

Sure we can, unofficial bail money
for an unofficial arrest, remember?
Five hundred unofficial smackers!

EXT. OZARK TOWN JAIL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Foster and Wylie, pushing his bike, walk through the lot.

FOSTER

Don't worry, I'll pay you back.

WYLIE

No, it's part of our deal, Foster.

FOSTER

Our deal?

WYLIE

Five hundred up front and the rest
of the ten grand on delivery. Now,
you cut-off my Dad's pinky, which
is pretty cool, but you still gotta
finish the job. You still gotta
bloody his face. He loves his face.

Foster stops as does Wylie. Foster stares at him.

FOSTER

Trip is your Dad?

WYLIE

Yeah, and he's still suing my Mom
for the club. It's getting worse
now too, I think she might lose it.

FOSTER

But I thought Trip was like the
established party king around here.

WYLIE

No, children's parties is just
another one of my Dad's schemes.

INT. BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Sadie Bee and Bud sit on the couch. Foster stands, while Bud,
a joint hanging from his mouth, doctors Foster's tased
wounds. Wylie stands, investigating a sack of fireworks.

WYLIE

Quality, real razzle-dazzle stuff.
(then, looking to Foster)
Why don't you just finish the job,
Foster? Bloody my Dad's face.

FOSTER

'Cause I'll just go back to jail
and Trip'll still get the club. Ow!

Foster looks down to Bud, who continues to doctor his wounds.

BUD

Sorry, this is gonna sting a lil'.

FOSTER

Thanks for the heads up.
(back to Wylie)
The best thing to do is expose Trip
for what he is: an unheroic
schemer. We'll beat him at his own
game, children's parties. Then we
make the ten grand, do the deal
with your Mom, and we all win.

SADIE BEE

No, we don't. Burlesque Fairy Tails
is you and Harley's dream, Foster.
What do me and Bud get out of it?

BUD

Yeah, what about us, bubba?

FOSTER

I'll get you both positions at the
club of course. Real classy ones.

SADIE BEE

Can I be the dominatrix burlesque
ringmaster with a whip and all?

FOSTER

Who else would it be?

SADIE BEE

Baller.

BUD

Can I be a bouncer like you, hoss?

FOSTER

You can work under me. Ow!

Foster looks down to Bud, still doctoring his wounds.

BUD

Again, this is gonna sting a 'lil.

WYLIE

Just bloody my Dad's face and I'll give you the ten grand right now.

SADIE BEE

Do you really have ten grand?

BUD

Yeah, do ya, Wylie?

WYLIE

Not on me, but I know where to get it. I'm resourceful. I know stuff.

FOSTER

No offense, Wylie, but you're just a kid and this is a grown-up game.

WYLIE

Fine! Play it your way, but you're not gonna beat my Dad at children's parties. You guys royally suck.

SADIE BEE

We do royally suck.

WYLIE

I can help you not royally suck.

FOSTER

How, Wylie?

Foster grabs a beer, joining his friends on the couch.

WYLIE

Children's parties. Being a hero? It's more than your costumes. You gotta sacrifice yourselves.

FOSTER

Sacrifice ourselves?

WYLIE

Like the Astro Gold song, says.
(singing)
"He flew into space, sacrificed himself for the human race, but now he's gold, full of thrust, he's the one we all trust, gold-don't-rust!"

Sadie Bee, Bud, and Foster all blankly stare at Wylie.

FOSTER
The hell you talkin' about, kid?

WYLIE
Kids don't want you three assholes!
(pointing to the costumes,
which hang on a chair)
They want them! You gotta pretend.

SADIE BEE
Like, act?

WYLIE
Exactly and I can tell y'all what
to do. How to act and everything.

SADIE BEE
We still don't have any parties. No
more party planner no more parties.

WYLIE
There's a birthday party tomorrow.
Biggest of the year. Jimmy Pitts.

SADIE BEE
So what? We crash it?

BUD
Can we do that?

FOSTER
Who's gonna turn away free
entertainment? We'll look the part.

SADIE BEE
So we do the party, then what?

FOSTER
If we do a good job, we'll book
more. Harley and Trip booked all
their parties off of just one party
they did. Booked a shit-ton.

SADIE BEE
This could work.

WYLIE
I wanna go, be a part of the team.
I can be Astro Gold's miniature do-
gooding clone, Captain Nugget.

FOSTER
I don't think so, Wylie.

SADIE BEE

No, he should, Wylie will be like our plant. He can influence the kids to benefit us. Our inside man.

BUD

"Inside man," I like that.

WYLIE

Well, Foster? Am I in?

FOSTER

Okay, kid, you're in.

Wylie stares at Foster's mullet.

FOSTER

Why are you staring at my hair?

WYLIE

Gotta sacrifice yourself.

EXT. A HIGH-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

A STONEWALLED PROPERTY runs alongside the high-class neighborhood street. A line of cars wait to get through the

GATES TO THE PITTS' PROPERTY - SAME

A SECURITY BOOTH check-point rests at the gates. Foster's rusty Honda idles, near the front of the line of cars.

FOSTER (O.S.)

I look like a Wall Street idiot.

WYLIE (O.S.)

You look like Astro Gold, now your hair won't stick out of the helmet.

INT. FOSTER'S RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster/Astro Gold, minus the helmet, sits behind the wheel. His hair is now clean-cut. Wylie/Captain Nugget, in a tiny Astro Gold outfit, rides shotgun. FIREWORKS rest on his lap. Sadie Bee/Winter White and Bud/Major Patriot sit in the back.

WYLIE

Pull up, it's our turn.

Foster pulls up, stopping at the security booth.

FOSTER

What do you guys think? My hair.

SADIE BEE

Looks good, man. Just one question.
Any stock market tips, Thurston?

Bud and Sadie Bee burst out laughing.

FOSTER

I took one for the team! Sacrificed
myself! I don't see you selfish
idiots sacrificing yourselves!

KNOCK-KNOCK. Foster rolls down his window. A SECURITY GUARD
stands in the window of the booth. He holds a clip-board.

GUARD

State your business.

FOSTER

We are children's party
entertainers, sir. Here to
entertain children. At a party.

The Guard consults his clip-board.

GUARD

You're with... "Parties by Trip?"

FOSTER

Yup, good ol' Trip. He just tells
us when and where. Wow. Pretty
tight ship. More security inside?

GUARD

It is the mayor's house.

The Guard ducks into his booth. Foster looks to Wylie.

FOSTER

Jesus, you didn't say it was the
dadgum mayor's house, Wylie.

WYLIE

Guess y'all better not fuck up.

FOSTER

Wylie, watch your mouth and Bud, if
you light that joint, I'll break
every single one of your fingers.

Bud sits, joint in mouth. Sadie Bee grabs it, looking to him.

SADIE BEE
Yeah, sacrifice yourself, Bud.

The Guard pops out from his booth. He holds up a tag.

GUARD
Put this on your dash, Astro Gold.
Go on in and have fun, you guys!

EXT. GATES OF THE PITTS' PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER

The Gates OPEN. Foster's rusty Honda drives through and onto

THE PITTS' PROPERTY - SAME

Green kept acres as far as the eye can see, all covered with maple trees, gazebos, bouncey-castles, corn-dog/cotton-candy venders, a petting zoo, and children. Hundreds of children.

WYLIE (O.S.)
Welcome to Jimmy's front yard.

SADIE BEE (O.S.)
More like a plantation! I mean, a really awesome county fair-style plantation, but still.

Foster's car drives down a cobble-stone road, toward a HUGE WHITE MANSION that rests in the middle of the property.

FOSTER (O.S.)
Crap, security's everywhere.

Several black-suited SECURITY GUARDS are scattered amongst the property, all have earpiece communicators on their heads.

FOSTER (O.S.)
They got earpiece thingys too.

BUD (O.S.)
Earpiece thingys? So what?

Foster's rusty Honda pulls up, parking by other parked cars.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster looks back to Bud.

FOSTER

So, aside from being awesome, all those dudes mean business. So, nobody do anything stupid.

Sadie Bee whips out her flask, taking a nip.

BUD

Hey, if I can't have weed, you can't have no whiskey, Sadie Bee!

Bud grabs her flask. They get into a slap-fight.

FOSTER

Hey, Heckle and Jeckle. Focus!

Foster yanks the flask out of Bud's hands. They both stop.

FOSTER

Wylie, if you would.

Wylie looks back to Bud.

WYLIE

Major, since General Otherness killed your wife on 9/11 you are now the living lethal weapon on terror. Foreign and domestic, sir.

BUD

I hate General Otherness.
(saluting)
Got it, Coach!

Wylie looks to Sadie Bee.

WYLIE

Winter, since the curse, anyone you touch turns to ice, but remember, the witch who cursed you is also your sister and she really just cursed you to save your life.

SADIE BEE

I'm one icy bitch, but it's complicated. Got it, Coach.
(pointing)
Look, you guys!

EXT. PITTS' MANSION - FRONT YARD - SAME

Trip, also dressed as ASTRO GOLD, and Harley, in a GREEN and glittery cosmic-looking princess dress, walk across the front lawn. They stop, getting their party supplies organized.

BUD (O.S.)
He's Astro Gold too?

WYLIE (O.S.)
And she's Princess Venus.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Our trio look to Wylie.

FOSTER
Princess who?

WYLIE
Astro Gold's...your other half.

SADIE BEE
How do we expose Trip for the unheroic schemer that he is while he's dressed like Astro Gold too?

EXT. PITTS' MANSION - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sadie Bee and Bud walk up to Harley and Trip.

HARLEY
You guys are booked too?

BUD
Yup, totally legit. All of us.

HARLEY
It's a good thing too, with all these kids. Believe you me.

Harley pulls Sadie Bee aside.

HARLEY
Is Foster okay since jail?

SADIE BEE
He's fine. He's better than fine.
Come on, Bud. Let's go set up.

Sadie Bee and Bud head across the lawn towards a GAZEBO. Harley looks to Foster's car as Trip puts his arm around her.

TRIP

Let's go entertain some kids, babe.

Harley quickly shrugs off his arm.

HARLEY

I told you! It's strictly business.

TRIP

Sure thing, my lil' filly-pino.

EXT. PITTS' MANSION - BACKYARD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Bud/Major Patriot sits at a table covered with FACE-PAINTS. A line of children stand before him. Ginger Boy is back and at the front. Bud paints a BLACK BEARD onto Ginger Boy's face.

GINGER BOY

Finally, my beard! Now I can be General Otherness, your arch nemesis, and I'll suicide bomb you.

BUD

Yup, when I'm all done with your face, you can suicide bomb me good!

EXT. GAZEBO - SAME

Sadie Bee/Winter White sits, making balloon shapes for kids. She twists a few balloons into the shape of a snowflake.

SADIE BEE

Yes, look at that. Perfect.

Sadie Bee kisses her BALLOON PUMP.

PRINCESS BOY (O.S.)

Finally! Can I have it now?

She looks to Princess Boy, who stands, eager for the flake.

SADIE BEE

Sure, sweetie.

Sadie Bee hands her snowflake balloon to Princess Boy.

SADIE BEE

Careful not to touch me though. You don't wanna turn to ice, do you?

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster and Wylie sit in the car. Foster nips his flask.

WYLIE

What's wrong?

FOSTER

I hate birthdays.

WYLIE

Even your own?

FOSTER

Especially my own and if any clowns show up today, I'll friggin' lose it, man. You don't see any, do ya?

WYLIE

Just the one behind you. He's right outside of your window.

Foster shuts his eyes and starts SCREAMING.

WYLIE

There's no clown! I was kidding!

Foster stops screaming and looks over his shoulder. Nothing.

FOSTER

Oh, thank God.

WYLIE

Why are you so scared of clowns?

FOSTER

"Heroes aren't born, they're cornered." That's what my Dad used to say. Of course he died in a corner being mauled by a bull.

WYLIE

Huh?

FOSTER

Like most men, my Dad had a dream of becoming a hero. A champion bull-rider is what my Dad wanted to be.

WYLIE

Did he do it? Become a bull-rider?

FOSTER

No, he weren't good enough, so by the time he was my age he was just a brokedown rodeo clown who got cornered and kicked every night by bulls while people laughed at him. So, when he'd come home afterwards, he was the bull. The drunken bull.

WYLIE

You mean, he'd beat you up?

FOSTER

Yup, the worst one was on my tenth birthday. He shows up, in clown face and all. He gets rough with my Mom and I get in the way. Stupid.

WYLIE

What happened?

Foster shows off his SCARRED ARM. Wylie stares at it.

WYLIE

Your Dad's the one who broke your arm? He's the real big bastard?!

FOSTER

Yup, ten stories if he was an inch. My arm never healed right.

WYLIE

Why'd your Dad do that though?

Foster begins to take a sip, but stops, staring at his flask. Foster tears up, then throws his flask out of the window.

WYLIE

Whoa, are you okay?

FOSTER

I just had something in my eye.

WYLIE

Foster, you so full of shit.

FOSTER

I know, don't tell anyone.

WYLIE

Don't worry, I won't. I used to cry in my corner sometimes too because of my shitty Dad 'n all. Know what always made me feel better though?

FOSTER

What?

Wylie holds up a ROMAN CANDLE and a roll of DUCT-TAPE.

WYLIE

Strapping on a fat roman candle,
entertaining the crap outta some
kids, and saving the day!

EXT. PITTS' MANSION - BACK YARD - LATER

At the base of a MAPLE TREE, Trip/Astro Gold stands atop a picnic table. He holds a BLACK MAGICIAN HAT.

TRIP

Who's ready for a magic show?!

All the kids, parents, and entertainers gather around Trip's table. Trip pulls a FLOPPY RABBIT PUPPET from his black magician hat. He puts it on his hand and makes it talk.

FLOPPY RABBIT PUPPET

Yay, Magic!

The CROWD stares back silent, disgusted looks on their faces.

WYLIE (O.S.)

Astro Gold doesn't do magic!

Trip looks to the crowd. In front is Wylie/Captain Nugget, who stands with Sadie Bee/Winter White and Bud/Major Patriot.

TRIP

Wylie?

WYLIE

I'm Captain Nugget, imposter!
You're a fake. Some dumb magician.
If you were really Astro Gold,
you'd fly around and blow stuff up.

ALL THE KIDS

Yeah, fly and blow stuff up!

HARLEY

Come on guys, give the magic a
chance. It's cool, I promise.

The kiddie riot subsides and Trip smiles.

TRIP
 Thank you, Princess Venus.
 (to his rabbit puppet)
 So, what's up first, Floppy?

FLOPPY RABBIT PUPPET
 I love flowers, Astro Gold.

TRIP
 You do? Well...

Trip reaches into his hat, pulling out a bouquet of flowers.

TRIP
 Whataya think of these, Floppy?!

FLOPPY RABBIT PUPPET
 They're beautiful.

Suddenly, the flowers go limp in Trip's hand.

TRIP
 Now they're dead, Floppy.

FLOPPY RABBIT PUPPET
 That makes me sad, Astro Gold.

GINGER BOY
 That makes you weak, Floppy!

The KIDS all LAUGH. Harley puts her face in her hands.

BUD
 That's right, kids, Floppy is weak
 and we all know the real Astro Gold
 doesn't hang out with weak puppets.

The CROWD of KIDS look to Bud/Major Patriot.

BUD
 Ya see, I'm friends with the real
 Astro Gold and you ain't him, bub.
 The real Astro is on his way and
 he's not happy with you, magician.

Bud looks above Trip to

A MAPLE TREE - MIDWAY UP - SAME

Foster/Astro Gold clings to a limb. He gives a head nod.

BACK TO:

THE PICNIC TABLE AREA & CROWD - SAME

Bud nods, pulling a BOOM-BOX from his bag. He pushes "play."

HARLEY

Look, I'm Princess Venus and I know
my man, Astro Gold, and this guy!
(pointing to Trip)
Is most definitely Astro Gold!

The CLASSIC ROCK-STYLE Astro Gold song, "Gold-Don't-Rust,"
blares from the boom-box, which Bud now holds over his head.

The CROWD of KIDS look to Bud/Major Patriot, Sadie Bee/Winter
White, and Wylie/Captain Nugget as Foster/Astro Gold falls
from the tree. He lands in a good crouch beside Trip's table.

WYLIE

(pointing)
The real Astro Gold is here!

The CROWD and Harley look in awe at the crouched Foster/Astro
Gold. He stands, arms open, as "Gold-Don't-Rust" crescendos.

FOSTER

It's good to be back on Earth!

The Crowd of Kids CHEER.

FOSTER

Now that the real Astro Gold is
here, let's get Jimmy's cake lit!

MRS. PITTS nods, lighting the candles on a birthday cake.

TRIP

I'm Astro Gold too!

They stop cheering and look to Trip, standing atop the table.

FOSTER

I ain't no genius, but there's only
one Astro Gold. Am I right, Jimmy?

JIMMY (9) looks up to Trip, then he looks back to Foster.

JIMMY

But how can I tell which of you is
the real Astro Gold though?

FOSTER

I'll show you, mind if I borrow
some of your cake flammage? I broke
my wrist blasters on the flight in.

Jimmy nods, then Foster shoves his wrist at the candle lit birthday cake. The WICK of the roman candle taped to Foster's arm, LIGHTS. Trip stares down at the flickering roman candle.

TRIP

Is that a Roman Candle?

Foster quickly points his flickering wrist up at Trip.

FOSTER

Yup and it's razzle-dazzlicious.

A FIREBALL SHOOTs from Foster's wrist and HITS Trip in the chest. Trip falls off the picnic table and lands in the yard.

TRIP

Jesus-butt-fucking-Christ!

Everyone GASPS. Mrs. Pitts grows livid, staring at Trip.

MRS. PITTS

He just cursed our lord and savior!
(looking about)
Security?! Remove this nasty man!

FOSTER

Not to worry, ma'am, I got him.

Ginger Boy, black bearded now, points at the grounded Trip.

GINGER BOY

Kill the infidel, real Astro Gold!
General Otherness commands it!

Sadie Bee bursts up from the CROWD OF KIDS, holding aloft the samurai sword, as her and SEVERAL KIDS do the Xena War Cry.

SADIE BEE & KIDS

AYLALALALALALALALALALALAH!

Trip gets to his feet, looking about.

TRIP

What the...?

A FIREBALL ZIPS past Trip's head. He looks to Foster, who approaches, flickering wrist pointed at him.

GINGER BOY

Kill him, real Astro! Blow him up!

All the kids start chanting, "Blow him up, blow him up!"

FOSTER
I'm on it, kids! Don't worry! He
won't outrun my balls of doom!

TRIP
Yes, I will!

Trip runs. Foster gives chase, arm pointed, as they run down

A HEDGE ROW - SAME

Foster chases after Trip, who runs, wide-eyed.

FOSTER
Admit you're not Astro Gold!

TRIP
Never.

A fireball shoots, hitting a BUSH near Trip--WHOOSH.

TRIP
Oh God!

FOSTER
Admit it!

Another fireball shoots, grazing Trip's shoulder.

TRIP
Gah! Okay, I'm not Astro Gold!

FOSTER
Now say you've never been in a
fight and you pee the bed at night!

TRIP
I'm not saying that.

A fireball hits Trip in the back. He falls down.

BACK TO:

THE PICNIC TABLE AREA & CROWD - SAME

Harley covers her mouth, stifling her laughter. The CROWD of
KIDS CHEER, watching the hedge row fireball battle. Sadie
Bee, Wylie, and Bud all stand together, watching as well.

BUD
Thank you, Larry, wherever you are.

LARRY (O.S.)
Dude, I'm right here.

Bud looks to his left. Larry stands right beside him.

BUD
Oh, hey, Larry. How'd that lil'
trade of ours work out for you?

Larry smiles, putting an arm around a MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL.

LARRY
Nice, Mister Bud, real nice.

BUD
Love, makes the world go round.

BACK TO:

THE HEDGE ROW - SAME

Trip tries to get up, but can't. Foster catches up to him.

FOSTER
Last time I took off your finger.

Foster points his flickering wrist at Trip's face.

FOSTER
This time I'll take off your face
unless you admit everything!

TRIP
Okay, I'm not Astro Gold, I've
never been in a fight and I pee the
bed at night! Just don't torch my
gorgeous face! Please, not my face!

Trip sobs in a fetal position. Foster looks to the CROWD.

FOSTER
Imposter grounded. Birthday secure.
Thanks to the real Astro Gold and
friends, it's safe to party down!

Foster points his wrist skyward, shooting fireballs into the air. The Crowd of Kids, their PARENTS, and Harley all CHEER.

EXT. PITTS' MANSION - FRONT LAWN - LATER

Bud/Major Patriot, Wylie/Captain Nugget, and Sadie Bee/Winter White are hoarded by a CROWD OF PARENTS. Sadie Bee books parties into her "Children's Parties by Foster" day-calendar.

GINGER MOTHER

My daughter's birthday is next week. I must have y'all, I must!

BLONDE DAD

My boy's is this week!

PUDGY MOTHER

My Larry's Bar Mitzvah is tomorrow! Is that enough notice to book you?!

Nearby, Foster stands with MAYOR PITTS, his wife, and Jimmy.

MAYOR PITTS

That was a heck of a show, Astro Gold. A heck of a goddamn show!

MRS. PITTS

Herman, language!

MAYOR PITTS

Sorry, dear.

JIMMY

He saved the day, Dad. He really did. Grounded that fake Astro Gold.

MAYOR PITTS

Yes, he was a nasty one, wasn't he?

FOSTER

I had to make sure Jimmy got a good birthday. Was it okay, Jimmy?

JIMMY

The best, Astro! Gold-don't-rust!

MAYOR PITTS

Indeed, it doesn't, this should keep you nice 'n shiny for a while.

Mayor Pitts shoves a WAD of CASH into Foster's hand.

FOSTER

Wow, thanks, Mayor Pitts.

HARLEY (O.S.)

Good job, Astro Gold.

Foster and Mayor Pitts look to Harley, who stands nearby.

HARLEY

Could I borrow him for just one second, Mayor Pitts? Just one.

MAYOR PITTS

Please, take your time, princess.
(nudging Foster)
Way to go Astro Stud. Herman likey.

MRS. PITTS

Herman, don't be vulgar!

MAYOR PITTS

Sorry, dear.

A BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

Harley faces Foster.

HARLEY

I guess you're the new children's party king, huh?

FOSTER

Looks that way.

Foster removes his golden cosmic helmet.

HARLEY

Whoa, your hair. You look--

FOSTER

Like a wall street idiot! I know.

HARLEY

I was gonna say handsome.

FOSTER

Really?

HARLEY

Grown-up.

TRIP (O.S.)

Harley!

Several feet away, Trip stands, SECURITY GUARDS holding him.

TRIP

Come on, we gotta go!

The Security Guards escort him off. Harley looks to Foster.

HARLEY

We got another party to get to.
God, Trip's the worst. An idiot.

FOSTER

Look, the thing with you and Trip,
I mean, you didn't really cheat on
me or anything. You didn't, right?
'Cause if you did, while pregnant
with our child, that's messed up.

HARLEY

No, Trip just stole a kiss. It's
strictly business between us.

FOSTER

I believe you.

HARLEY

So, what do we do now?

FOSTER

I got something in mind.

HARLEY

What?

FOSTER

A question for you. A legit one.
The answer will make our baby legit
too. Clench our happily-ever-after.

Foster gets on one knee.

HARLEY

I'm not really pregnant.

Foster pops back up to his feet.

FOSTER

Ya mean life didn't really, uh,
find a way? You were lying?!

HARLEY

The doctor's note was a fake.

FOSTER

Why, Harley?!

HARLEY

I just woke up the other day and realized that I do want kids by means of adoption or science or whatever and for that to become true, I had to change. We both did. I knew you'd never quit bouncing. You love it too much. So, I lied.

Foster pops his golden cosmic helmet back onto his head.

FOSTER

You're dumped, Harley! You!

HARLEY

You don't mean that.

FOSTER

With all my heart. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a shit-ton of parties to do, ten grand to make, and a burlesque dream to fulfill.

MONTAGE OF FOSTER & FRIENDS WEEK OF PARTY PERFORMANCES--

--In front of a NEW HOSPITAL, Foster/Astro Gold cuts a BIG RED RIBBON with a pair of BIG SCISSORS. A CROWD of PEOPLE, Winter White, Major Patriot, and Captain Nugget, all CHEER.

--In her apartment, Harley crosses off a scheduled party in her "Children's Parties by Trip" day-planner.

--At Larry's "Major Patriot" Bar Mitzvah. Bud/Major Patriot, tongue out, paints onto TWO KIDS' FACES at once.

--Inside her apartment, Harley crosses off several scheduled parties, until she loses it, ripping apart her party planner.

--At a "Winter White" Birthday Party. Winter White/Sadie Bee, running chain-saw in hand, carves an ice sculpture. She turns off the chain-saw and presents her ICE SCULPTURE. KIDS cheer.

--Harley searches through clothes in her closet. She stops on a hanger sporting NIPPLE-TASSELS and a G-STRING. She sighs.

--END OF MONTAGE.

INT. BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Bud/Major Patriot and Sadie Bee/Winter White ENTER.

SADIE BEE
Blech! What a long-ass week.

BUD
Preachin' to the choir, bubbetta.

They aggressively peel off their costumes.

SADIE BEE
Thank God we're off tomorrow.

BUD
Amen to that, Sadie Bear.

Foster/Astro Gold and Wylie/Captain Nugget ENTER.

WYLIE
You guys don't have to do it.

FOSTER
Dude, we're doin' it.

SADIE BEE
We're doing what now?

BUD
What's happening?

FOSTER
I know tomorrow is supposed to be our day off, but it's Wylie's birthday. We're doing his party.

SADIE BEE
But I'm leaving with Angie tonight. We're going to a fancy lake cabin.

WYLIE
It's no big deal, guys. Really.

FOSTER
Yes, it is and Sadie Bee's doing it. We all are. When and where?

WYLIE
Ten in the morning. Ozark Park.

Wylie heads over to the front door.

FOSTER
Hey, Captain Nugget.

Wylie stops at the front door.

FOSTER
Happy Birthday, man.

WYLIE
Thanks, Astro Gold.

Wylie smiles, then EXITS. Foster strips out of his costume.

SADIE BEE
Foster, I can't do his party
tomorrow. I already have plans.

BUD
Me too, I'm supposed to meet with
Spurleen 'cause we "need to talk."
Sounds like a promising meeting.

FOSTER
You're both doing his party!

SADIE BEE
Wylie said he didn't care.

FOSTER
Because of Jimmy Pitts' birthday
party, which was Wylie's idea, we
booked a shit-ton of parties and
made five grand this week. One more
week and I lock down the Burlesque
Fairy Tails deal with Mama Bear.

SADIE BEE
We're more in one grand territory.

FOSTER
What do you mean?

SADIE BEE
I had to pay rent, plus the cabin I
got for Angie and me wasn't cheap.
Right on the lake. Real nice. So,
we're more in one grand territory.

FOSTER
You used four grand on rent and
some fancy cabin?!

SADIE BEE
No, I only used three grand.

BUD
I pulled a grand. All paid up on my
alimony with Spurleen, why'd ya
think she wanted to meet with me?

FOSTER

Oh my God.

BUD

I know, right?! I got a good feeling we might get married again.

Foster grabs his car keys.

SADIE BEE

Where are you going?

FOSTER

To the club to talk to Mama Bear. You two morons don't spend anymore money while I'm gone. Got me?!

SADIE BEE

Look, Foster, I get that your pissed about you and Harley.

BUD

Yeah, you still love her, hoss.

FOSTER

No, I don't still love her!

SADIE BEE

Then don't treat us like shit 'cause we have lives and you don't.

FOSTER

I gave you lives! Bud, you were trading weed for kiddie crap. Sadie Bee, you were on the road to sexless serial killing. Both of you should be kissing my ass every second of every day. I own you.

SADIE BEE

You've changed, Foster! Up and changed right into Trip.

BUD

Boom, there it is, bubba.

FOSTER

How 'bout you're both fired. No more parties, no more money, and no more Burlesque Fairy Tails for you!

SADIE BEE

Great!

Sadie Bee heads for her room.

BUD

Good!

Bud heads for his room.

FOSTER

Awesome!

Foster EXITS. All three SLAM their doors at once.

INT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - NIGHT

Spurleen dances on STAGE with zero enthusiasm. Before the stage, a FEW OLD DRUNKS sit. They stare off into the abyss.

THE BAR - SAME

Foster stands at the counter. No one is behind the bar. Foster looks around for a moment, then he looks to the STAGE.

FOSTER

You call that dancing, Spurleen?

TRIP (O.S.)

That's no way to talk to my future wife, Foster, come on now, friend.

Foster turns back to the bar. Trip stands behind it.

FOSTER

What are you doing back there?

TRIP

I'm workin', bro, and seriously don't talk to Spurleen like that. We're getting married.

(sniffing and fiddling
with his nose)

We got heaps in common. Heaps.

Trip wipes the counter with a rag. Foster grabs his hand.

FOSTER

What are you doing back there?!

Trip yanks his hand free.

TRIP

I'm working, Foster! This is my place now. I own it.

FOSTER

Bullshit.

TRIP

No bullshit, Mama Bear crumbled. We settled. Didn't even go to court.

FOSTER

Why would she settle?

TRIP

That's all lawyer stuff and I had me a real good one, ya know?

FOSTER

That's just perfect!

TRIP

Hey, now, don't worry, brotha. I'm interested in your lil' dream too.

Trip tosses down the "Burlesque Fairy Tails" pitch packet.

TRIP

Funny what you can find just lying around behind a bar counter. I read it and I love it! Wanna partner-up?

FOSTER

Absolutely not.

TRIP

No hard answer now, think it over, brotha. Hey, let's do some shots.

Trip pours up a couple of whiskey shots. He picks up a shot.

TRIP

Come on, do a shot with me. A victory shot between victors. You're the new children's party king and I own the strip club.

FOSTER

No.

TRIP

Aw, come on, don't be like that. I'm down to forgive 'n forget and you did some bad shit to me, bro.

FOSTER

Hey, I didn't do anything you weren't asking for, bro.

TRIP

You turned Wylie against me. My own son! That's pretty messed up!

FOSTER

No, you did that all by yourself.

Trip bursts out sobbing.

TRIP

You're right, my son hates me and it's all my fault. He hates me!

FOSTER

Wylie doesn't hate you.

TRIP

He doesn't?

FOSTER

Well, yeah, he kinda does.

TRIP

I knew it!

Trip goes back to blubbering.

FOSTER

Stop crying. Jesus, man.

TRIP

I'm good, just do a shot with me.

Foster sighs, then he picks up his shot. He holds it out. Trip nods, picking up his shot. They toast and then shoot.

FOSTER

Wylie wouldn't hate you, ya know? If ya just spent time with him.

TRIP

Like what?

Trip pours two more shots.

FOSTER

You going to his party tomorrow?

TRIP

Party?

They grab their shots, gesture a quick toast, and shoot.

FOSTER
Wylie's birthday.

TRIP
Oh, yeah. Three O'clock, right?

FOSTER
No, ten in the morning. Ozark Park.

Trip whips out a baggy of cocaine as he sniffs.

TRIP
I'm glad we're doin' this. Our
future is all that matters.

FOSTER
We don't have a future, Trip.

TRIP
We could.

Spurleen's song and dance ends. Trip does a bump of cocaine.

STRIP CLUB DJ (O.S.)
Okay, put your hands together for
Spurleen. Next up we have, Harley!

A new song begins. Foster turns, looking to the stage. Harley
in nipple-tassels and a g-string, dances. The OLD DRUNKS
immediately throw bills. Foster shoots Trip a deadly look.

TRIP
Don't look at me. You're the one
that took all the parties. Harley
wanted a job and I gave her one.

Foster smirks, then looks back to the stage. Harley dances.
She locks eyes with Foster, then she dances harder,
incorporating the pole. Pretty miraculous stuff. BILLS FLY.

TRIP
I bet you want her to stay safe.
All the girls. Do our deal, bro.

INT. KIDS' BACKROOM DAYCARE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

No kids. Dirty broken toys. Trip and Foster sit at a little
table. A CANDY LAND BOX rests on the table between them.

FOSTER
I don't wanna play Candy Land.

TRIP

I do, I love candy!

Trip removes the lid, revealing that the box is filled with BIG CLEAR BAGS of cocaine.

TRIP

This is the real business, Foster-boy. The club's just my new front.

FOSTER

Do you mean to say, children's parties was your old front?

TRIP

Tax reasons.

Trip dumps a bunch of coke onto the table. He chops lines.

FOSTER

What about your deputy friends?

TRIP

They ain't my friends. In fact, I'm pretty sure they been stealin' from me. A rather large sum of money has gone missing from my trove back here. Yes, sir. A rather large sum.

FOSTER

A rather large sum?

TRIP

The point is, the strip club's not the best front as is.

FOSTER

That's why you want it to be Fairy Tails, huh? More family friendly.

TRIP

Exactly, a nice burlesque cover. Plus with you involved, the mayor's little golden boy and a badass bouncer, we'll be legit as can be.

FOSTER

Can I think it over?

EXT. BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Foster's rusty Honda pulls into the lot and parks.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster sits behind the wheel. A moment, then he pops open his glove compartment. A bottle of Jack Daniels. He grabs it.

FOSTER
 (to bottle of Jack)
 Whataya think? Do the deal, make
 our Burlesque Fairy Tails dream
 come true, and watch over Harley.
 (beat)
 You're no help, Jack.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - DAY

Foster wakes. He still sits in the driver's seat. The bottle of Jack in his lap. Mama Bear, miffed, stands at his window.

FOSTER
 Mama Bear, what're you doin' here?

He opens his door, stepping out and into

BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT PARKING LOT - SAME

He holds the bottle of Jack as he closes the door. Mama Bear, two cups of coffee in her hands, stares at him.

MAMA BEAR
 Gonna make Wylie's party today?

FOSTER
 Yeah, what time is it right now?

MAMA BEAR
 Seven. Are you drunk?

FOSTER
 No, didn't even crack the cap. See?

He holds up his bottle of Jack. It's full and unopened.

FOSTER
 Mama Bear, I swear, I'm more sober
 than I've ever been in my life.

She softens, smirking, then offers a coffee. He takes it.

MAMA BEAR
 Sucks doesn't it?

FOSTER

Sure does. Hey, why'd you just hand over the club to Trip like that?

MAMA BEAR

Wasn't a choice really. Trip was threatening sole custody of Wylie, but today isn't about Trip. It's about Wylie and I'm glad y'all have been hanging out. Wylie's perked up lately. Believe it or not, I think you've been a good influence.

FOSTER

A good influence? Me?

MAMA BEAR

So, we'll see you and your friends at Ozark Park in a few hours?

INT. BUD & SADIE BEE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Foster KNOCKS on Sadie Bee's door.

FOSTER

Sadie Bee? You in there? Look, you're not really fired, okay?

Foster opens the door. He flips on the light to

SADIE BEE'S ROOM - SAME

The room is empty. A Xena poster hangs on the wall. The Winter White Dress rests neatly on a made-bed. Foster nods.

FOSTER

Fair enough, enjoy the lake with your lady, princess. You earned it.

JUST OUTSIDE OF BUD'S BEDROOM DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Foster stands at the closed door. He begins to knock, when:

BUD (O.S.)

Love is dead. Oh, God, it's dead!

Foster furrows his brow, then he opens the door to

BUD'S ROOM - SAME

Bud stands in his room. He wears only his bathrobe and clutches a bottle of whiskey. He's WASTED out of his mind.

BUD

Oh, bubba, Spurleen! She's getting re-married. Re-married to Trip!

FOSTER

But I thought you two had a date.

BUD

We did this mornin'. Just wanting more alimony money. Wedding money!

Bud takes a deep swig of whiskey.

FOSTER

Gonna hog all that?

BUD

Huh? Oh, sorry.

Bud hands the bottle to Foster, who promptly puts it behind his back. Foster puts an arm around Bud, leading him to bed.

FOSTER

Sadie go before you got the news?

BUD

Yes, for her lovey-dovey getaway!

Foster gets Bud into bed. He passes out.

EXT. HARLEY AND FOSTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Foster/Astro Gold stands at the front door. It opens. Harley, wearing a silk robe, stands. She coldly stares at him.

HARLEY

Well, look who it is. Want me back now that I'm stripping again?

FOSTER

No.

HARLEY

Oh.

Foster blows past her and into the apartment.

INT. HARLEY AND FOSTER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - SAME

Harley turns to Foster, who heads over to the wall.

HARLEY
What're you doing?

Foster goes straight to a hanging signed *Road House* poster.

FOSTER
Just gotta get this for Wylie and
then I'll be out of your hair.

He takes the poster down and off the wall.

HARLEY
Giving it to Wylie? You love that
poster. It's signed by the Swayz'.

FOSTER
I know, but it's Wylie's birthday.
He loves *Road House* more than I do.

HARLEY
Oh, that's really sweet.

Foster moves for the exit, but Harley blocks it.

FOSTER
Please get out of my way. Wylie's
party is in like half an hour.

HARLEY
Are you doing it alone?

FOSTER
Yeah.

HARLEY
Why?

FOSTER
'Cause I'm an asshole, now move!

HARLEY
Let me be your princess today.

Foster purses his lips.

FOSTER
Okay, but you have to do what I say
today. Promise?

EXT. OZARK PARK - LATER

The park is empty. No Wylie. No Mama Bear. No birthday party. Foster's rusty Honda pulls into a space, facing the park.

INT. FOSTER'S PARKED RUSTY HONDA - SAME

Foster/Astro Gold is behind the wheel. He stares blankly through the wind-shield. Harley/Princess Venus sits shotgun.

HARLEY

What time is the party?

FOSTER

Ten.

HARLEY

It's five past. Are you sure?

EXT. MAMA BEAR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Foster/Astro Gold and Harley/Princess Venus stand before the front door. Foster holds the *Road House* poster. He KNOCKS.

FOSTER

Mama Bear? Hello?

The door cracks open, revealing part of Mama Bear's face.

MAMA BEAR

Sorry, I should have called.

FOSTER

What gives?

Mama Bear begins to sob. The door opens further, revealing the other half of her face. She has a mean-looking BLACK-EYE.

HARLEY

Oh, my God. Are you okay?

FOSTER

What happened?

MAMA BEAR

Trip.

INT. MAMA BEAR'S HOME - LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Harley/Princess Venus doctors Mama Bear's eye with some ointment. Foster/Astro Gold looks on.

MAMA BEAR

Trip was here when I got back from seeing you. Pissed that he wasn't invited to the party. I don't know how he found out about it. I don't.

FOSTER

I'm an idiot. I told him. I'm sorry, Mama Bear. How's Wylie?

MAMA BEAR

Not good.

FOSTER

Can I see him?

INT. WYLIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The walls are plastered in superhero posters, including Astro Gold. Wylie sits in a chair, facing the corner. The door opens. Foster ENTERS. He holds the signed *Road House* poster.

FOSTER

Got you a present.

WYLIE

Is my Mom okay?

FOSTER

Yeah.

Foster leans the poster against the wall.

WYLIE

She's not really though, is she?

FOSTER

No.

Foster goes to Wylie.

WYLIE

I won't grow-up to be like him, will I? Tell me I won't, Foster.

Foster crouches to Wylie's level.

FOSTER

My old man, biggest bastard of all, remember? I turned out okay, right?

A moment, then Wylie HUGS him tight. Foster puts a hand on Wylie's head as he sobs. Foster stares off into the abyss.

EXT. MAMA BEAR'S HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Foster/Astro Gold walks out of the house, heading for his parked rusty Honda. Harley/Princess Venus trails behind him.

HARLEY
I'm going with you!

FOSTER
Harley, no, and you promised to do whatever I said today. Promised!

INT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - DAY

Foster/Astro Gold steps inside. No customers. Spurleen horribly dances on stage. She's in a white bachelorette veil. Trip, in a groom suit, stands at the foot of the stage.

FOSTER
Hey, Trip.

Trip turns and spots Foster, who approaches.

TRIP
Welcome to my wedding reception.
Just got hitched this morning!
Here to seal our deal, partner?

FOSTER
Yup.

Foster PUNCHES Trip square in the face, causing him to fall against a table. His nose gushes blood.

TRIP
You broke my nose! Why?!

FOSTER
You don't touch the girls, Trip!
They touch you! They--

A full BEER BOTTLE SMASHES over Foster's head. He falls to the floor. Spurleen, gripping the broken bottle-neck, stands.

SPURLEEN
We touch you, got it.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NEAR SOME DUMPSTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Spurleen watches as Trip throws Foster against a wall. Trip PUNCHES him in the face. Foster falls to the ground, dazed.

TRIP

My nose don't even hurt! I've done
enough coke to kill a horse today!
PS, deal's off tough guy!

Trip KICKS Foster in the face. Spurleen sidles up to Trip.
She hands him a vile of coke, he puts the vile to his nose.

TRIP

Wait, my nose is broken.

FOSTER

Guess you'll just have to blow it
up your ass, Trip.

Trip STOMPS on Foster's SCARRED arm. CRUNCH. Foster SCREAMS.

TRIP

Wow, that broke easy.

Foster begins to sway. Trip tosses his vile of coke aside as
he gets down to Foster's level. He grabs Foster by the face.

TRIP

No, don't you pass out on me. Say
I'm better. Say it!

FOSTER

Never.

TRIP

Cut his face!

Spurleen steps up, broken bottle-neck in her grip. She shoves
the jagged bottle into Foster's cheek, cutting it until...

HARLEY (O.S.)

Hey, Spurleen!

Spurleen turns in time to catch a face full of Harley's party
bag. Spurleen is sent reeling until she trips and falls onto
her back, cracking her head on the concrete. Spurleen is out.

Trip looks to Harley, who stands, her party bag cocked.
Foster tries to get to his feet, but can't. Police SIRENS
begin to sound in the distance. Harley looks to Trip.

HARLEY

Hear that, Trip? I called the
police. They're on their way!

TRIP

You mean my deputy buddies?

HARLEY

No, not your buddies. Sheriff Buford and the other deputies are back from their fishing trip down in Texas. Back and they're pissed. Now, you just stay right there until the sheriff gets here, boss.

TRIP

Oh, you wanna play. That it? You wanna play, my lil' filly-pino?

She drops her bag and PUNCHES him in the face. Trip stares.

HARLEY

No, I don't wanna play. I want you to stay put.

He swings at her, but she ducks and jabs one into his kidney.

HARLEY

Ever tell you how Foster and I met?

He swings again, but she ducks again, working his ribs.

HARLEY

The brawl of twenty-sixteen.

He swings, connecting with a back-hand to her cheek. She stops, tonguing the inside of her cheek. Trip grins. She punches him in the throat, he drops to his knees, gasping.

HARLEY

As I was saying, Foster was outnumbered and alone until I stepped in. We got things under control.

She casually picks up a wooden plank, looking it over.

HARLEY

Also don't ever call me your lil' filly-pino again. I don't like it!

She breaks the board over Trip's head. CRACK. Trip falls onto his back, grabbing onto his head. She tosses the plank aside.

HARLEY

Now, as I said, just stay put. If not? You'll be a real mess by the time they come to take you away.

But Trip sweeps her leg and Harley goes down. Trip miraculously springs to his feet. He grins, looming over her.

HARLEY

How?!

TRIP

Cocaine, baby! Nothing can stop me!

He gets on top of her, holding her down.

TRIP

I'm gonna snake more than a kiss
this time, honey, sound good?!

FOSTER

Trip, don't!

Trip looks to Foster, who shakily stands on his feet.

TRIP

Stop me, hero.

Harley KNEES Trip in the GROIN. He looks to her, pained, then he SLAMS her head against the ground, dazing her. Trip grins. Foster stumble-tackles Trip to the ground. Foster quickly gets atop Trip. Foster uses his good arm to choke Trip.

FOSTER

I'm gonna serial kill you! Not the
fake Sadie Bee way! For real! Dead!

SEVERAL DEPUTIES, including Dingle & Berry, appear at the end of the alley. All grip NIGHT-STICKS. They quickly approach Foster and Trip, whose eyes bulge, while Foster's burn with rage. Deputy Berry swings his stick down onto Foster's head.

INT. OZARK HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S ROOM - DAY

Foster/Astro Gold wakes in a hospital bed. His face is bandaged and bruised. A FRESH CAST is on his arm. Harley/Princess Venus sits at his bedside, stroking his hair.

FOSTER

Are you okay?

HARLEY

You're the one with the broken arm.

Foster looks to his fresh cast.

FOSTER

And it's not even my birthday.

Harley smirks. A look of worry crosses Foster's face.

FOSTER
Did I serial kill Trip?

HARLEY
No, but he wishes you did.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAMA BEAR'S HONEY HOLE - SIDE ALLEY - DAY

An unconscious Foster lies on the ground, while Trip along with Deputies Dingle and Berry stand over him. Harley/Princess Venus sits against the wall, while SEVERAL OTHER DEPUTIES squat near her.

Trip rubs his throat, looking down on an unconscious Foster.

TRIP
He tried to kill me!

SHERIFF BUFORD (O.S.)
Enough!

All look to SHERIFF BUFORD, who stands. He's a walrussy redneck, fishing hat on his head and in a SHERIFF UNIFORM.

TRIP
Sheriff Buford?

SHERIFF BUFORD
A whole week fishing and not one goddamn bite. Now, all this shit!

DEPUTY DINGLE
We done good while you was gone though, Sheriff. Good until Foster! He's trouble. A party terrorist!

HARLEY
That ain't true, Sheriff. These three have been up to all kinds of schemes while you've been in Texas.

Sheriff Buford spies the vile of cocaine on the ground.

SHERIFF BUFORD
Ya know, Harley, aside from being my favorite dancer, you've always been a straight shooter. So, I think you're right. Anyone care to explain this bit of booger-sugar?

He picks up the vile, showing it off to his OTHER DEPUTIES.

Angie, in a white NURSE OUTFIT, stands in the doorway.

ANGIE

Take it easy with that arm, stud.
The good news is since we set it
right this time, your arm will heal
properly and it won't hurt anymore.

FOSTER

Hey, aren't you and Sadie Bee
supposed to be at some lake cabin?

ANGIE

We were, but after I heard about
you, she wanted to come right back
and see if you were okay. They all
wanna come in and see you, Foster.

Sadie Bee, Bud, Wylie, and Mama Bear ENTER. Mama Bear holds a
big candle-covered CAKE. Wylie is strapped with a BACKPACK.
Wylie comes over to Foster. Wylie stares at his bruised face.

FOSTER

You should see the other guy's.

WYLIE

Bloody?

FOSTER

Gushing, kid.

Wylie grins, then unshoulders his backpack. Bud steps up.

BUD

You okay, bubba?

FOSTER

Fine, how're you drunk?

BUD

Aces. No more alimony payments.
Spurleen is married and in jail.

Mama Bear places a candle-covered CAKE on Foster's bed-tray.

FOSTER

We doin' your party now, kid?

WYLIE

Nope, yours.

FOSTER

Huh?

MAMA BEAR
Wyllie's idea.

WYLLIE
I thought that since you hate your
birthday, you should have a new
one. Today's your birthday now!

Wyllie upturns his backpack onto Foster. HUNDREDS of LARGE
BILLS fall out and all over Foster. Everyone stares.

FOSTER
What's all this?

WYLLIE
Ten grand. Our deal. You bloodied
my Dad's face. He loves his face.

FOSTER
I'd heard somebody took a large sum
of money from Trip's trove.

WYLLIE
I told you I knew where to get it.
I'm resourceful. I know stuff.

Wyllie looks to a shocked Mama Bear.

WYLLIE
Light Foster's cake, so he can make
a wish and blow out the candles!

She lights the candles. Foster closes his eyes, breathing in.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HARLEY & MAMA BEAR'S BURLESQUE FAIRY TAILS - NIGHT

A line of customers wrap around the block. Bud, in a suit,
tie, and an earpiece thingy, GUARDS the FRONT ENTRANCE. Bud
waves in a LADY, who kisses him on the cheek. He grins.

INT. HARLEY & MAMA BEAR'S BURLESQUE FAIRY TAILS - SAME

On the stage, wearing a microphone headset, is Sadie Bee.
She's dressed in a DOMINATRIX-style LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD
OUTFIT. She PADDLES a bent-over Randy, who howls with glee.

At a table, Angie watches Sadie Bee. She blows her a kiss.

THE BAR - SAME

Mama Bear and Harley, both in sleek black dresses, stand behind the bar. Harley is very pregnant. Foster, in a "KID BOUNCER" t-shirt, leans against the counter. He and Harley kiss, then she puts down a plate of little sandwiches.

INT. CHILDREN'S BACKROOM DAYCARE - SAME

FAIRY TALE MURALS cover the walls. SEVERAL KIDS play on a new carpet, while others watch *Jurassic Park* on a BIG TV. Wylie pulls an Astro Gold doll from a box labeled "Kiddie Crap."

FOSTER (V.O.)

What makes a hero?

Foster ENTERS, plate of little sandwiches in hand. KIDS rush over to him. Foster raises the plate, out of their reach.

FOSTER (V.O.)

No idea.

Wylie and the other KIDS grab onto Foster, pulling him to the floor. All the KIDS DOG-PILE onto Foster as he STRUGGLES.

FOSTER (V.O.)

I just played one once back before
life, uh, found a way.

FADE OUT.