

VIGIL AUNTIE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAGOON - 22 YEARS AGO - DAY

A jet boat slices through tropical, aquamarine waters.

EXT. JET BOAT - DAY

KALINO, a shirtless native, straps a parasailing harness on **DAN** and **DEBBIE BORDERS**.

On a chaise lounge nearby, Pablo's **WHALE OF AN AMERICAN WIFE** eats chips and suns her rolls.

DAN

Isn't this awesome! Nothing but
crystal clear water and blue sky.

Hair in a tight braid, Dan and Debbie's daughter, **YOUNG VICTORIA**, 10, watches, fretting. Nervous, she adds sunscreen to her already zinc-coated nose.

YOUNG VICTORIA

Hammerheads patrol these waters.

Dan gives Young Victoria a consoling smile.

YOUNG VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It's true, Dad. I read it in
National Geographic. It's totally
freaking BB out.

She motions to her sister, **YOUNG BLYTHE 'BB' BORDERS**, 8. Sunburned and oblivious, BB's practicing armpit farts in her lime green bikini.

DEBBIE

(to Young Victoria)

Oh, honey. Relax. We're having fun
on our vacation.

Kalino checks the harness. Then gives Dan and Debbie a toothless grin and thumbs up.

All smiles, they return the gesture.

Young Victoria's lip trembles.

YOUNG VICTORIA

What if something happens to you?

DAN
 Nothing's gonna happen - you're
 such a worry wart.

Kalino releases the automatic winch and the parasail lifts Dan and Debbie into the air.

Dan WAHOOS! and Debbie waves as Kalino snaps a photo.

Young Victoria bites her lip. Behind her, Young BB jumps up and down, waves like a madman to their parents.

Suddenly Young BB slips - falls hard on Whale Wife's chaise lounge. The chair flips sideways and Pablo's Fat Wife crashes into the winch. The gearwheel spins out of control.

Young Victoria lunges for the winch switch. Misses as the last inch of cable spins off the reel.

YOUNG VICTORIA
 NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mom waves and calls to Victoria.

MOM
 Take care of your sister! We'll
 call you when we land!

Dad snaps one last CHILDHOOD PHOTO of his girls -

Standing side by side, Young Victoria and Young BB shield their eyes from the sun - BB is waving like crazy - Victoria stares in disbelief as Mom and Dad disappear from view.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL - PRESENT - DAY

The CHILDHOOD PHOTO, now framed, hangs askew.

VICTORIA's 32-year-old reflection appears in a mirror near the frame. Tugging her hair in a tight bun, she pins it in place. Adjusts the lapel of her business suit just so.

She stares at the crooked photo as she dons her coat. Unable to stomach the disarray, she straightens the picture.

Satisfied, she lets herself out. The front door locks closed.

The photo skews again - ever so slightly.

INT. BB'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

A annoying alarm clock BEEP, BEEP, BEEPs.

A hand reaches for the clock - bumps a frame holding the same CHILDHOOD PHOTO. Glass shatters as it hits the floor.

BB (O.S.)

Shit!

Hair a tangled mess, **BB**, 30, punches the clock's off button. Shoves the body in bed next to her.

BB (CONT'D)

C'mon. I gotta get my kid up for school.

SOME GUY with big wood rolls over in the bed. His leopard print undies wedged up his crack.

SOME GUY

How bout we deep fry your twinkie instead?

His hairy arm slides around BB's waist. She giggles as he drags her closer.

BB

Only if you wake him for school first.

EXT. VICTORIA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Victoria raises her keys - deactivates the alarm on her orange Volvo and climbs in. This is the safest car in America - it even has roll bars.

Closing the door, she dons a HELMET and clips the chinstrap.

The back-up warning BOOPs as the Volvo creeps down the driveway. Victoria checks the rearview and looks both ways - empty street. She repeats the process, just to be safe.

INT. BB'S APARTMENT, HALL - DAY

Still in his undies, Some Guy knocks on a door with police tape stretched across it - a skull and crossbones over that.

SOME GUY

Hey, kid? Time for school.

The door opens just a crack.

DYLAN

Who the hell are you?

SOME GUY
Derek. Got a little drunk last
night. Your mom gave me a ride...

DYLAN
I bet she did.

Some Guy grins at the innuendo.

SOME GUY
You bet your ass, kiddo. Now, come
on. Chop chop. Need some adult time
with uh... uh...

DYLAN
Her name's BB.

SOME GUY
Cool. Yeah. BB.

The door closes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Volvo does 5 under the speed limit. Cars surge around it,
drivers HONK, some flip the bird.

INT. BB'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Smoke billows from the toaster. BB uses a knife to stab the
burning pop tart. She gets a 110V zing - then grins, like it
was a rush.

BB tosses the tart on a plate for Derek (Some Guy). Sprawled
at the counter, he's still in his undies.

DYLAN BORDERS, 14, enters the kitchen - backpack slung. In a
Clash T-shirt and faded jeans, he's as cynical as they come.

DYLAN
Any tarts left?

BB
Sorry, baby. Guests first.

Dylan eyes Some Guy - particles of burnt pop tart in his
mustache as he munches down.

SOME GUY
Worked up an appetite this morning.
Woo! Damn.

Dylan eyes the freak show.

DYLAN
Screw you.

EXT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Corporate home to the law office of Nailem, Lovitt and Bragg.
The orange Volvo pulls into the underground parking lot.

EXT. BB'S HOUSE - DAY

BB exits the house in her Applebees shirt and apron.

BB
You don't have to be a smart ass. I
like him. Might be a keeper.

Dylan saunters behind her, skateboard under arm, head bowed
in teenage resignation.

DYLAN
Didn't you meet him like yesterday?

BB
Doesn't mean you can't get a feel
for someone. A heart doesn't lie.

DYLAN
Hope you at least used a condom.

BB grimaces. Whoops.

The next door neighbor, **MR. TIMMONS**, digs in his garden.

MR. TIMMONS
Morning, neighbor.

BB waves. Turns to open her car door.

MR. TIMMONS (CONT'D)
Casual Friday?

BB looks down. No skirt! She's in a shirt, apron, shoes, and
that green thong. She scowls at Dylan...

BB
Real nice, Pickle. Thanks for the
head's up.

Dylan shrugs as BB stomps back to the house. He gives Mr. Timmons a sad look, climbs in BB's crappy car and slouches.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NAILEM, LOVITT AND BRAGG - DAY

A provocative bottle of massage oil sits at the center of the deposition table. The label touts **REV-RAM**.

Attorney Victoria sits next to her clients - a bank of **ANGRY DEFENDANTS** in a class action lawsuit.

VICTORIA

My clients are seeking compensation
for pain and suffering due to
permanent side effects sustained
while using Mr. Rancid's-- product.

She snaps on a latex glove - picks up the bottle of **REV-RAM**.

Across from her is **LAWYER DOUG KING** - high powered sleaze with a porn-stache. Next to him is **ZIP RANCID** - punk rocker turned inventor.

Lawyer Doug holds out his hands-

LAWYER DOUG

Whoa, whoa, whoa-- First of all,
you look sharp, lady lawyer.

Doug stands dramatically, as if he's a guest star on Law and Order. Begins to circle the table.

The Defendants know he's scum. One of them, JANE, pretends to rub her cheek with the middle finger of her **BRIGHT BLUE HAND**.

LAWYER DOUG (CONT'D)

Second, **REV-RAM** - which was
invented by Mr. Rancid here - has
been called a 'magic potion' by
several celebrities. It's
unfortunate that your clients were
misusing the product when said
(indicates air quotes)
'side effects' occurred.

VICTORIA

Never-the-less, said
(indicates air quotes)
'potion' hurt my clients.

Zip leans forward, runs a tongue over his pierced lip.

ZIP

Please, people. Show me the effects. I - must - see - them.

All five Defendants expose different body parts. Jane has blue hands, two others have blue backs. **MRS. PARKER** has blue hands and a blue mouth. The final Defendant, **MR. PARKER**, stands - starts to unzip his pants.

VICTORIA

Whoa! It's okay Mr. Parker.

Victoria indicates Mrs. Parker's blue hands and mouth.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Between you and Mrs. Parker, we get the idea.

Zip is in ecstasy.

LAWYER DOUG

Vicki babe...

The nickname crawls into Victoria's ear like a wasp.

VICTORIA

It's Victoria.

LAWYER DOUG

Yeah, whatever. We'd like to settle and keep this off the news. Zip's got an image to uphold.

Zip is etching his skin with a razor blade when he feels Lawyer Doug and Victoria staring at him.

LAWYER DOUG (CONT'D)

Fifty-thousand bottles have been sold. We can't be responsible for a *handful* of misuses.

Victoria stands and smooths her bun. Carries the *REV-RAM* with her as she strolls behind the Defendants.

VICTORIA

My clients have read the label. Nowhere does it indicate that the user may become a permanent member of Blue Man Group.

She rounds the table - uncorks the bottle and holds it out to Lawyer Doug.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Would you like to read it aloud,
 Mr. King?

LAWYER DOUG
 (nervous)
 That's okay. I know what it says.

VICTORIA
 More like what it doesn't say.

Victoria steps behind him.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Gosh, you seem a little tense Doug.
 Perhaps I could help with that.

She pretends to pour oil on her hand.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Massage?

He wards her away.

LAWYER DOUG
 No, I'm fine.

RANCID
 Use it, man. Come on.

VICTORIA
 Might do you a world of good.

Disgust knots Victoria's face as she lays her gloved hand on
 Doug's temple.

The pompous lawyer catapults out of his chair.

LAWYER DOUG
 Sonuvabitch!

Using his tie, Doug wipes furiously at his unscathed temple.

Victoria reaches across the table. Slides the settlement
 papers in front of Doug's chair.

VICTORIA
 Try not to get any *REV-RAM* on it.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NAILEM, LOVITT AND BRAGG - DAY

Victoria's gloved hand places the bottle of *REV-RAM* in a
 large glass case as if it was weapons-grade Plutonium.

Standing back, she admires an array of dangerous items now retired due to her efforts: rainbow-hued VIBRATOR, CHAINSAW, 5" STILETTOS, GRENADE LIGHTER, canister of WART AWAY, etc.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Saving the public from yet another
'miracle' product?

At the front desk, receptionist **BRUCE** wears a head-set, primps a Bird of Paradise bouquet.

VICTORIA
Someone has to keep unsuspecting
innocents out of trouble.

BRUCE
Oooh, and speaking of trouble. Your
sister's called like ninety times.

Victoria sighs. Closes the trophy case door.

VICTORIA
If only I could put her in here.

BRUCE
Hermetically sealed, just like your
little love shack.
(gestures to her crotch)
Might be time to get that thing
back in salty waters.

It's too close to home and she winces.

VICTORIA
Night, Bruce.

Victoria steps on the elevator - faces front.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
And FYI - too much salt can lead to
stroke and heart disease.

BRUCE
Only if you swallow!

The elevator doors slide closed.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator opens to a lower floor. **SECURITY GUARD FRANK** moves to enter - seeing Victoria, he retracts in fear.

SECURITY GUARD FRANK
I'll catch the next one.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Victoria walks to her Volvo. Passes a BLACK 'MAGMA MOLTEN' SEDAN tucked away in the shadows.

Helmeted, Victoria drives out of the garage.

The Molten discreetly follows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Volvo cruises an industrial area. Parks by an open bay door.

INT. INSURANCE CLAIMS CENTER - DAY

A blackened mound sits under an overhead spotlight. Once a car, it's now an unrecognizable mass of burned metal.

Victoria circles the wreck - making notes on a clipboard.

VICTORIA
What happened here?

DALE, a pent up claims adjuster, tries not to ogle her.

DALE
Damn shame, Vicki. Couple of
innocent kids took Dad's Magma out
for a drive.

VICTORIA
It's Victoria.

Dale doesn't hear her. His eyes roll back as if the crash is his personal memory.

DALE
The windows were down. Emotions
running high. Summer heat. Hormones
bristling under skin. Her fingers
groping. Exploring. Tongue kissing.

His eyelids flutter as if he's a medium. His voice rising and falling in dramatic cadence.

DALE (CONT'D)
He couldn't help it. The car was
built for speed. So fast...

VICTORIA
Dale... DALE!

DALE
(snaps to)
What was I saying?

VICTORIA
The car...

DALE
Oh, yeah. The car.

He straightens his tie. Digs a finger under his collar.

DALE (CONT'D)
Deer ran out. He braked. But the
car didn't stop. Hit a guardrail
and burst into flames. They
struggled to get out but it was
hot... So hot.

Dale digs again under his collar. Sweat beading on his
forehead. His lips pursed.

DALE (CONT'D)
Flames licking. Eating their flesh.
Consuming them in the black fire of
eternal passion-

VICTORIA
DALE!

DALE
Sorry, Vicki!

VICTORIA
My name's not Vicki!!

DALE
Yeah, anyway - all three died.

VICTORIA
I thought there were only two in
the car.

Dale shakes his head.

DALE

Deer didn't pull through-- But
that's not the worst of it.

Dale hits the lights. Victoria GASPS as they illuminate an
entire warehouse filled with Magma's burnt to hell.

VICTORIA

Magma's going to fry for this.