

NANCYGIRL

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THE CLIMAX (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

It's June of 2015. The Climax, a gay bar in Hell's Kitchen, throbs with men and women, most in their twenties, very hip, some shirtless, all sweaty. The crowd chants a name in unison.

CROWD

Sara-Tonin! Sara-Tonin! Sara-Tonin!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, all the way from Alabama with a banjo on her knee, let's welcome that whore, Sara-Tonin, back to The Climax.

SARA-TONIN, 29, a drag queen dressed in a neon catsuit, bursts onto the stage below a cheap plastic Day-Glo sign that spells out her name. Go-go boys surround her as she dances to a techno remix of Florence Foster Jenkins' version of "Queen of the Night." She does a handstand and spreads her legs in front of one of them.

The music comes to an abrupt stop, and as Sara descends into a full split, she lip-synchs to an old Anita Bryant interview.

SARA

(lip-synching)

If we were going to go on a crusade across the nation and try to do away with the homosexuals, uh, then we certainly would have done it on June the 8th, after one of the most overwhelming victories in the country. Um, ah, but we didn't, we, we, we tried to avoid it, and went into a place called Norfolk, Virginia, and were met with protests, and uh, um, all kinds of problems. And uh- everything-

The track continues as a go-go boy smashes a pie into Sara's face, a la Anita Bryant in Des Moines.

SARA (CONT'D)

(lip-synching)

At least it's a fruit pie!

The crowd cheers. Sara cackles and throws the remains of the pie at the audience.

EXT. THE COWER HOUSE (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

The house is a large, white-columned, southern mansion. It sits at the end of a long, curvy driveway. The front yard is dotted with expansive pecan trees.

INT. NANCY COWER'S BEDROOM (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

The bedroom is well-appointed. NANCY COWER, 60, warm eyes under salt and pepper hair, in a simple but expensive beige dress, sits on her full-sized bed. She giggles as she watches the Sara-Tonin video from The Climax on her laptop.

SARA (FROM COMPUTER)
(lip-synching)
At least it's a fruit pie.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Nancy?

She slams the laptop shut and hides it under her bedclothes.

NANCY
Coming!

WAYNE COWER, 60, handsome, smooth in a conservative suit and red tie, with perhaps unnatural dark brown hair, enters. Nancy bolts up from the bed to meet him at the doorway.

WAYNE
What were you watching?

NANCY
Nothing. I'm so nervous!

WAYNE
It's just your Bible study, honey.

NANCY
I know, but it's been so long...

WAYNE
You'll be great. Pretend like you're back in your father's pulpit.

He kisses her forehead, then strides off down the hallway.
She braces herself against the wall.

WAYNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's go!

She rushes out of the room.

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSROOM
(BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

Nancy stands in front of a group of white, middle-aged and older women. On the wall behind her is a poster of Jesus on the cross, with "He Loves You This Much" stamped above his head. All of the women have bowed their heads in prayer.

Wayne watches from the doorway.

NANCY

Father God, we, um, just pray for
your salvation for this country,
to...deliver it from its sinful
ways, just as Jesus Christ has
delivered us from ours. Ah-

She looks back at Wayne. He nods at her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Amen.

CLASS

Amen.

NANCY

Okay! Now, thank y'all for letting
me lead the prayer today. I asked
because, well, I'm sure y'all are
wondering why my husband's lurking.
He's come to...talk...um. Oh,
shoot, I forgot what I was going to
say. Wayne, save me!

WAYNE

Gladly!

Wayne walks into the room and flashes a charming smile. Nancy demurs behind him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 Morning, ladies. What Nancy's
 trying to say is that she hopes
 y'all can all come to my
 announcement on Friday night.

A very old woman, DORIS, raises her hand.

DORIS
 What're you announcing?

WAYNE
 You're gonna have to come and find
 out, aren't you, Doris? Right
 upstairs in the main sanctuary,
 this Friday night at 7.

Another, even older woman, MILDRED, perks up.

MILDRED
 You're running for Albert Dobson's
 old seat. Everybody knows it.

WAYNE
 Maybe so, Mildred. But all I can
 say right now is I plan to take a
 little break from my law practice,
 because of these dangerous times
 for our country. The media elites
 want to take away our religious
 freedoms. And I'm ready to fight
 back.

The women murmur their approval.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 So come out Friday night and I'll
 fill y'all in on my plans. And make
 your husbands come too. We need to
 show the world that God is still
 important in Alabama!

The women clap. Wayne holds out his hand to Nancy and she
 joins him, a smile fixed on her face.

INT./EXT. WAYNE COWER'S CAR (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

Wayne drives his gleaming white Mercedes out of the Church on
 the Mountaintop parking lot, Nancy beside him. The church, a
 huge, glass structure, shines behind them.

NANCY

I was so tongue-tied. I'm sorry.

WAYNE

You'll get it next time. You just need to write down exactly what you're going to say.

He taps her knee.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You'll be the sweetest, prettiest wife in Washington, D.C.

NANCY

I'm covering my gray today.

WAYNE

You are?

NANCY

Don't you want me to?

WAYNE

I want to do what whatever you want.

She nods, then looks out the window at the leafy streets and large houses.

INT. THE OTHER WOMAN HAIR SALON (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

Nancy sits in a salon chair while her stylist, CHUCK COX, 45, tattooed with multi-colored hair, taps on his iPad.

On the wall next to his mirror are taped pictures of Sara-Tonin, including a recent photo of her doing the Anita Bryant number.

NANCY

I didn't know it was out yet!

CHUCK

It's hilarious. Made me cry too. Best one since the first one I showed you.

He gives her the iPad.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Watch while I go mix your color.
But don't look at any of my photos,
your eyes'll melt. I can't wait to
get rid of that gray!

Chuck walks to the back of the salon. Nancy presses play on the iPad, and "Drag Queen for a Day," Sara-Tonin's web series, begins.

SARA (FROM IPAD)

(singing)

She was sad. She was dowdy. She had
lost her way. Now she's sickening,
please say howdy to our Drag Queen
for a Day!

Sara and her co-host, PAULA ABDUL JABBAR, 42, stand on a New York City street. Paula, a Palestinian drag queen, wears a stylish hijab and a couture gown. Sara's in a sequin dress, tiara, and a sash that reads, "Homecoming Kween."

SARA (FROM IPAD) (CONT'D)

Hello, hunties! I'm Sara-Tonin!

PAULA (FROM IPAD)

And I'm Paula Abdul Jabbar!

SARA (FROM IPAD)

And welcome to your favorite web
series, "Drag Queen for a Day!"

PAULA (FROM IPAD)

No matter how ugly your ass is, or
shitty your clothes, we're gonna
make you beautiful!

SARA (FROM IPAD)

Our queen this week is cancer
survivor Phyllis Alvarez!

Nancy grins, tears up a bit, and pulls the iPad close to her.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

The sounds of New York ring through the open window. Sara-Tonin, in ripped black jeans and a vintage Madonna T-shirt, sits across a desk from his DOCTOR, a middle-aged woman. Sara looks wafer-thin and much younger as a man than in drag. His face is buried in his hands.

SARA
I can't fucking believe this.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry.

SARA
I guess there's no point in going
on Truvada then. Fuck...fuck

DOCTOR
It's going to be okay. This isn't
1985, Sara. Your numbers are good.
We'll start the meds right away.

She writes a prescription.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
New York City has outstanding HIV
services. Outstanding.

SARA
Then I'm glad I got the fuck out of
Alabama.

The doctor gives the prescription to Sara.

DOCTOR
Start these tonight. Maria at the
front desk will give you all the
info you need. You might have some
nausea and fatigue but your body
will get used to the medication.
It's critical that you do not stop
taking the pills, okay?

Sara looks at the date on her phone.

SARA
Wednesday, June 24th, 2015.

DOCTOR
And you have to tell your
boyfriend.

SARA
My life'll never be the same.

DOCTOR
This isn't the end, Sara.

SARA
The end of what?

DOCTOR
Anything. The end of anything.

Sara nods at the doctor.

INT. WAYNE COWER'S OFFICE (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

The office is wood-paneled and austere. On the wall hangs a framed copy of the Ten Commandments and a photo of Wayne shaking hands with Jeff Sessions.

Wayne sits behind an antique, mahogany desk. DEBORAH COLBY, 31, African American, stylish in a chic Elie Tahari pants suit, sits in front of him. CONNOR BOARDMAN, 70, rotund, with the red face of a man who drinks too much, stands behind her.

CONNOR
Deborah was even able to get the black evangelical vote out down in Montgomery.

WAYNE
Great! So this would be your first congressional-

DEBORAH
Second. But I've managed a number of state and local campaigns.

CONNOR
She's got a better record than Nick Saban. Trust me, she's your girl.

DEBORAH
Woman, Connor.

CONNOR
Woman, yes, woman.

DEBORAH
Could you leave us alone for a moment?

CONNOR
See there, Cower? She's got serious balls. Y'all chat or whatever you need to do. But she's the one. She's the one.

He lumbers out of the office. Deborah turns to Wayne and smiles.

WAYNE

I'm not sure I've ever seen anyone
tell Connor Boardman what to do.

DEBORAH

I'm not afraid of rich people.
That's one of the reasons I should
be your campaign manager,
independent of what Connor thinks.

WAYNE

Nothing in this state is
independent of what Connor thinks.

She reaches into her Louis Vuitton briefcase, pulls out a
bound document, and slaps it on the desk in front of him.

DEBORAH

I wrote a draft of your
announcement speech.

Wayne opens the cover and scans it. He grins.

WAYNE

How do you know all this about me?

DEBORAH

Like what?

WAYNE

That Nancy and I got married the
day we graduated from high school.
That our son was a-

He looks at the speech.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

"Wedding night surprise?"

DEBORAH

It's my job.

Wayne smiles and keeps reading.

WAYNE

This is very, very good.

DEBORAH

Thank you.

He looks at her for a moment.

WAYNE

How did you end up a Republican?

DEBORAH
That's a disappointing question.

WAYNE
I didn't mean to-

DEBORAH
The GOP represents my values.

WAYNE
Good. You're a Christian?

DEBORAH
Yes. And a member of Evangelical
Families for Alabama. I've admired
you since you founded it.

WAYNE
Thank you. Well, welcome aboard.

DEBORAH
Independent of Connor?

WAYNE
Independent of Connor.

She shakes his hand, then pulls an iPad from her bag.

DEBORAH
Here's your schedule for the week.

WAYNE
Dang, you're prepared.

DEBORAH
On Friday, you have your
announcement at the church. You've
cleared the legal hurdles?

WAYNE
Evangelical Families for Alabama is
renting the sanctuary, so it's
technically not a church event.

DEBORAH
Your son and daughter-in-law need
to be there. His being a teacher
will play well. We'll save the
grandkids for a daytime event. I
can get you and Nancy booked on
"Bama Morning Live" on Tuesday.

WAYNE

Nancy's still adjusting to all this.

DEBORAH

I'll work with her.

She types something on her iPad. Wayne takes her in. She looks up at him. There's a moment between them.

WAYNE

Thank you for believing in me.

DEBORAH

I believe in winning, and you're going to win.

She goes back to her iPad. He smiles.

INT. FOREST GLEN COUNTRY CLUB GRAND DINING ROOM (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

The large, cream-colored room is packed with men in suits and golf attire and women in tennis dresses. Nancy, now a brunette, sits at a table with GINGER HUMBER, 59, buxom and made-up.

Ginger reaches for a bottle of champagne from a bucket by the table. She pours a glass for herself and Nancy.

GINGER

You look just like you did in high school.

Nancy pats her hair.

NANCY

Don't be silly, Ginger. I do not!

Ginger raises her glass.

GINGER

Today, I celebrate five years of being tits and cancer free!

Ginger downs the entire glass. Nancy bursts into tears.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Sweetie, it's okay.

NANCY
I can't believe I forgot!

Ginger takes Nancy's hands.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

GINGER
I know. It's totally okay.

NANCY
The thought of being up there in front of everybody on Friday is scaring me half to death.

GINGER
Take a Xanax then.

Ginger reaches into her purse and pulls out a pill bottle.

NANCY
No, no. I'd be...goofy.

GINGER
No you won't. These are the tiny ones I take before the gynecologist. They'll just make everything seem less important.

She slips the pills in the side pocket of Nancy's purse.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Just in case.

NANCY
I can't sleep, Ginger. Wayne's working every night. All I want to do is watch those Sara-Tonin videos.

GINGER
I can't tell you how it tickles me that you've gone crazy over a drag queen.

NANCY
I just think she's funny. I mean, I don't approve of that lifestyle-

GINGER
I bet your father would've loved Sara-Tonin.

A pause.

NANCY

Can you please come to the
announcement?

GINGER

Oh honey, if I set foot into Church
on the Mountaintop, I'll turn into
Carrie and start zapping people.

Nancy laughs.

GINGER (CONT'D)

This campaign'll be a cakewalk.
People'll love you.

NANCY

It's not about me. They need to
love him.

GINGER

Oh hell. I was going to wait until
dessert to give you this.

She pulls a piece of paper from her purse and hands it to
Nancy.

GINGER (CONT'D)

For you.

Nancy looks at the paper. It's a flyer, printed off the
internet, that reads, "Sara-Tonin: Ain't Nothing But the
Blues, Sunday Night, June 29th, 2015 at The Climax." Sara
wears a rainbow-colored Confederate flag around her waist, a
huge wig, and nothing else.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I've booked us two tickets to New
York City. We leave Saturday
morning.

NANCY

What?

GINGER

And on Sunday night, we're going to
see Sara-Tonin, live!

NANCY

Ginger, you've lost your mind.

GINGER

Minds are overrated!

NANCY

I can't go.

GINGER

Come on! Let me thank you!

NANCY

For what?

GINGER

For nursing me through cancer, for being my best friend for fifty years!

NANCY

Wayne won't let me.

GINGER

I'd like to see him try and stop us.

NANCY

You want to go to a gay bar in New York City?

GINGER

Nancy, I don't mean to be overdramatic, but this could be our last chance to be wild again.

NANCY

I was never wild.

GINGER

Well, it ain't too late. Come!

NANCY

Maybe.

GINGER

Think of it as a reward after your first big campaign event. I bought the tickets already. Non-refundable.

NANCY

I'll think about it!

GINGER

I'm not done with you, but I need a fucking cheeseburger.

An old man shoots her a disapproving look.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that Frederic
Hollingsworth. I'm hungry!

She looks around for the waiter. Nancy snickers, folds the paper and puts it in her purse.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

The apartment is 300 square feet, with a sofa bed across from a kitchenette, decorated with posters of Blondie, The B-52s, The Cure, and Dolly Parton.

Sara's boyfriend, MILO, 32, wiry and tattooed, frantically scrubs the grout in the kitchen counter with a toothbrush.

Sara walks in, holding his medicine.

MILO
Hey

SARA
You're on meth?

MILO
No.

SARA
Mmhmm. Totally normal to clean the kitchen with a toothbrush. Totally. You have the rent check?

MILO
Shit! Tomorrow, I promise.

Sara puts the medicine on the counter.

MILO (CONT'D)
Is that food for me?

He opens the bag and sees the medicine.

SARA
I'm positive. I just got the results. And I've been one hundred percent faithful to you.

Milo puts down the toothbrush, shakes his head, then snatches his wallet and phone from the counter. He shoves Sara to the floor, and takes off out the door, like a cartoon.

SARA (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Sara rushes out of his door and into the grimy hallway. He looks down the stairwell as the front door of the building slam shut.

SARA
Milo? Are you fucking kidding me?

He turns, dazed, and walks back into his apartment.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara picks up a picture of himself and Milo from his nightstand and throws it across the room. It shatters. He collapses in sobs.

INT./EXT. NANCY'S CAR - DAY

Nancy drives her Audi down a beautiful street. She notices two joggers running ahead of her.

The man, WJ COWER, 42, handsome, 15 pounds overweight, has on an Alabama football T-shirt. The woman, LIZA COWER, 41, blond and thin, has on very fashionable exercise gear.

Nancy lightly taps the horn and pulls over. WJ and Liza see her and walk over to the car as Nancy rolls down the window.

NANCY
WJ, you look so skinny!

LIZA
Twenty pounds down, fifteen to go.
Run in place, WJ.

NANCY
I'm so proud of you.

WJ
Thanks, Mom.

LIZA
I meant to call. I need to borrow
your pearls for Friday.

NANCY

But I was planning to wear them.

LIZA

Well, if WJ was a big lawyer like his father, I'd have my own. But I don't. So I need to borrow yours.

WJ

Thanks, Liza.

LIZA

I'm just teasing. Can you just bring them on Friday?

NANCY

Okay. I'd love to see the girls before they go to camp.

WJ

Of course, anytime.

LIZA

We need to scoot. I have a huge meeting at 2 about doing a room in the decorator show house. Pray for me!

Liza sprints away. WJ rolls his eyes and follows her.

NANCY

(under her breath)

Jesus, forgive me...bitch, bitch, bitch!

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara paces around the apartment with his phone in his hand. Paula, in jeans and a T-shirt, slumps on the sofa bed, drinking a Budweiser.

PAULA

It's not a death sentence. It's practically like dia-

SARA

Like diabetes. I know. And shut up. Breeders are so lucky you don't have to deal with this shit.

PAULA

Straight people can't get HIV? Fuck yeah! I'm throwing away all my rubbers!

SARA

You know what I mean, asshole.

Sara dials a number on his iPhone.

PAULA

Are you sure you want to do this? I can lend you a little something.

SARA

You're broker than a broke dick dog.

PAULA

Let me call Milo then. I'll straighten his ass out.

SARA

He won't answer. And we were already a month behind. Fuck him anyway! "I'd rather sink than call Brad for help!"

PAULA

Who's Brad?

SARA

The Lichtenstein.

PAULA

What?

SARA

You're such a rube. Oh my god, this is a fucking shitshow nightmare.

He bites his lip and presses call.

SARA (CONT'D)

I really thought these days were behind me- hi, Mama, it's Charles Ray.

He rolls his eyes at Paula.

SARA (CONT'D)
 I- I'm calling because I
 was...well, something's come up and
 I need some money. I know it's a
 lot but, like, around 2000?

Sara looks out the window. The Lower East Side is lively,
 pride flags everywhere.

SARA (CONT'D)
 I already have a job. It is a real
 job...this is the first time I've
 ever asked for anything since I
 moved here. Okay, well do you have
 500? Because I'm going to be a
 little short on the rent....a
 health issue popped up...just a
 little health issue. Yes. And it's
 not AIDS, it's HIV...no, Mother,
 I'm not going to fucking church.

His face crumples. Paula crosses to him.

SARA (CONT'D)
 Well, fuck you then. And I don't
 need your prayers, you backwoods
 bitch!

He slams the phone down on the counter. The screen shatters.

SARA (CONT'D)
 Perfect!

PAULA
 I have an idea.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sara's in a sequined gown and huge wig. Her face is lavishly
 made up.

Paula's behind an iPhone attached to a tripod. He sets up
 some lighting, then takes the poster of Dolly Parton off the
 wall behind Sara.

SARA
 No, no, I need Dolly.

PAULA
 Everyone needs Dolly.

SARA
The Supreme Court needs Dolly.

PAULA
I wish Dolly was on the Supreme Court.

SARA
Oh my God, me too.

Sara examines herself in the mirror.

PAULA
Ready?

SARA
(a la "Mommie Dearest")
Let's go.

Paula presses the record button and points at Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)
Hi all my little depressives! It's Sara-Tonin here to cheer you up! But I have news I need to share. And I'm gonna come right out and say it. I've been diagnosed as HIV positive. I'm okay. It's early and my numbers are good. I'll be undetectable soon, so I'll be around to entertain you whores for generations to come, goddammit!

She moves a little closer to the camera.

SARA (CONT'D)
Now I'm telling you all this because, and you know I hate to ask, but I'm going to be doing a little GoFundMe to tide me over. I'm just asking for two thousand dollars. My, um, roommate (hashtag methhead ex-boyfriend) skipped out on me, and I need a little help with the rent. There's a link below this video, and on my Facebook page. I'll send you all sorts of little trinkets if you throw this old queen a bone. I've always depended upon the kindness of strangers, because unfortunately-

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits at a desk in her bedroom, hand over mouth, and watches the Sarah video.

SARA (FROM COMPUTER)
 -my redneck family in Alabama won't lift a finger to help me. My mother told me AIDS is God's punishment for being gay, and that I would burn in Hell. I told her to fuck off-

Nancy pauses the video.

NANCY
 Oh, no. No...

She looks at a photo on her desk. It's of a handsome man in his thirties, in ministers robes, taken in the early Sixties, with a very young Nancy by his side, smiling up at him.

She finds the link to Sara's GoFundMe page and clicks it. She fills out the donor info, lingers for a moment, then closes the window.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 You're such a wimp.

WAYNE (O.S.)
 Nancy?

Nancy shuts the computer, scurries into the bed and turns out the light. Wayne enters.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 Are you awake?

She doesn't respond. He tucks her in, touches her hair, gives her a kiss on the forehead, then exits. She rolls on to her side, and looks at the ceiling.

NANCY
 God, please help Sara. Please.

She starts to cry.

INT. WAYNE COWER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wayne walks into his spartan, masculine room and removes his tie. He sits on the edge of his bed, closes his eyes and says a silent prayer.

From his briefcase, he retrieves his laptop and opens it. Deborah's company's page comes up. Wayne clicks her bio, which contains a large, professional and attractive photo of her. He zooms in on the photo.

INT. FOREST GLEN COUNTRY CLUB WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Nancy, in a T-shirt and gym shorts, walks on a treadmill. Her trainer, DAN, stands beside her.

On the television suspended above the row of treadmills, Fox News shows people in Washington celebrating the Supreme Court verdict on gay marriage. An OLD MAN a few treadmills down from Nancy shakes his head.

OLD MAN

This country's gone to hell.

DAN

Push it up to 4.5. I'm going to elevate you a bit, then we will go back to upper body if you're ready.

NANCY

Work me hard. I can do it.

She speeds up the treadmill and watches the news.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A teary Sara watches the news with Paula. Cheers pour in from the street below.

NEWSCASTER (FROM TELEVISION)

That's correct, it was a 5-4 decision. And with the ruling, same-sex marriage is officially legal in every state in America.

PAULA

I still ain't going to marry your sweet ass.

SARA

Gross.

Paula looks out the window.

PAULA

It's gonna be a helluva pride.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY (DUSK)

Wayne, in a suit without a tie, stands outside Nancy's closet. Nancy enters in a sleek, classy pink suit.

NANCY

Well?

WAYNE

It's perfect.

NANCY

Ginger helped me pick it out.

WAYNE

Like my own little Laura Bush.
Leave in about ten minutes?

NANCY

Yep.

He kisses her and leaves. She sits on the bed and takes a few deep breaths, then looks at her purse on the nightstand.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Screw it.

She gets her purse, unzips the side pocket and gets the Xanax that Ginger gave her. She pops both pills into her mouth and swallows.

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is crowded with people, all white, streaming into the sanctuary.

Wayne and Nancy enter. Nancy clutches Wayne's arm as Wayne scans the room.

NANCY

It's packed! You'll be great.
Great, just, so great! I know it.

WAYNE

You're talking my ear off, Biscuit.

NANCY

I am?

WAYNE

Your lipstick's a little smeared.

Nancy digs in her purse as Liza and WJ approach them.

WJ
You look pretty, Mom.

NANCY
Thank you. I'm nervous.

WJ
(leaning in and
whispering)
Me too. Not my crowd.

LIZA
(to Nancy)
What an sweet color. You have the
pearls?

Nancy pulls a strand of pearls from her purse and gives them to Liza.

LIZA (CONT'D)
Stand in front of me.

She does, and Liza puts on the pearls.

NANCY
They look nice.

LIZA
Thank you! That is so sweet!

Wayne waves to Deborah across the room. She motions him over.

WAYNE
Y'all need to meet Deborah.

They head in her direction.

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The sanctuary is contemporary and feels more like an arena than a church. It seats 5,000 and is full.

Connor stands at the pulpit. Wayne, Nancy, Liza, and WJ sit at the altar in chairs, as if they are on a dais. Nancy giggles and waves at the crowd.

CONNOR
I'm so proud to be here tonight to
introduce this fine Christian.
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Now you know it takes someone special for Connor Boardman to part with his money. But I've given over half a million dollars to Evangelical Families for Alabama, primarily because I believe in its founder, sitting right here. It is my honor to present the next Congressman from the sixth district of the great state of Alabama, Wayne Cower!

The audience applauds. Wayne stands, kisses Nancy, then walks to the pulpit. He shakes hands with Connor. Nancy claps goofily.

WAYNE

Thank you everyone, and especially you, Connor. You're such a fine example of pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps. We need more folks like you in this country. It feels so good to be here tonight, especially in light of happened with the Supreme Court this morning. For the last seven years, our country has been under attack, from liberals and activist judges and a President that seems to have no regard for the Constitution. When I founded Evangelical Families for Alabama, our goal was to protect the traditional family in this state from outside influences and agenda-ridden interlopers. And we succeeded. But now these judges have ripped our religious freedom away from us and from our state. They ignore God's natural law...

Nancy scans the audience. The faces blur as Wayne's words fade. She looks at Connor, sweaty, a red wine stain on his shirt. She sees a baby and winks.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

...and special thanks to my beautiful wife, Nancy.

At her name, she jerks her focus back to Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Now it's time to go up to
Washington and work for you, for
your children and your
grandchildren, before it's too
late! I'm Wayne Cower, I'm running
for Congress, God bless you all and
God bless these United States of
America!

There's much applause. Wayne motions to Nancy, Liza and WJ to
come join him at the pulpit. Liza rises and rushes to him.

WJ takes Nancy's hand and leads her to Wayne. They all smile.

EXT. SHERIDAN SQUARE (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

The streets pulsate with cheers. Paula and Sara, dressed as
Uncle Sam in drag, walk arm in arm through the crowd.

SARA AND PAULA
(with the crowd)
Loves wins! Love wins!

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP LOBBY - NIGHT

The Cowers stand in a receiving line. Deborah whispers to
Wayne as Nancy smiles dreamily. Connor cuts to the front the
line.

CONNOR
Helluva speech there, Cower.

WAYNE
Thank you, sir. Wouldn't be here
without you.

CONNOR
We need to get some men on that
court! Never thought I'd see the
day queers could get married.

WAYNE
Now Connor, we don't use that word.
It's not politically correct.

He makes air quotes when he says "politically correct."

CONNOR

Turns my damn stomach. My sister's boy lives over in Atlanta, puts on women's clothes for a living-

Nancy perks up.

NANCY

He's a drag queen?

CONNOR

What now, sugar?

NANCY

Your nephew's a drag queen?

CONNOR

He's a pervert! Tried to kill himself a few years ago, with pills. Sometimes I wish he'd used a shotgun instead.

Nancy jerks at Connor's comment.

NANCY

Please don't say that. I love drag queens.

CONNOR

You love drag queens?

Wayne grabs Nancy's hand and pulls him to her.

WAYNE

She doesn't even know what a drag queen is.

NANCY

My favorite one is called Sara-Tonin. She lives in New York but she's from Alabama and she makes me gag. She wears these fierce outfits-

WAYNE

Nancy-

NANCY

But now she's sick.

CONNOR

Sick in the head, I imagine.

DEBORAH

Thanks so much for your support,
Mr. Boardman.

Deborah and Wayne try to rush Connor away. Nancy grabs him.

NANCY

No, she's HIV positive.

CONNOR

Of course. That's what you get for
that lifestyle, sugar.

NANCY

That's what her momma said! But I
don't think I believe that.

CONNOR

Then you need to read the Bible.

NANCY

Girl, I read the Bible every day.
My daddy was a preacher.

CONNOR

I know your daddy was a preacher.
And I know what happened to him
too. Hope you're not too
sympathetic to those people.

Nancy winces.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(to Wayne)

Next thing you know your wife's
going to tell me she agrees with
the Supreme Court.

NANCY

I do.

CONNOR

What?

NANCY

I think Sara should be able to get
married.

WAYNE

No you don't. She's being silly-

NANCY

I support Sara-Tonin getting
married. I don't care.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

I love drag queens! They're gay and
I love them! Let them all get
married!

CONNOR

Are you even a goddamn Christian?

NANCY

Fuck you!

People gasp. Deborah steps between an enraged Connor and the
Cowers. It's a melee.

INT. COWER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door from the garage bursts open and Wayne enters. Nancy
follows him. Wayne pours a glass of red wine.

NANCY

I shouldn't have taken that Xanax.

WAYNE

Jesus, help me to be patient.

NANCY

I'm so sorry. But when he mentioned
Daddy-

Wayne hurls the wine glass against the wall.

WAYNE

Shut up about your daddy! You may
have cost me this campaign, why God
put me on this earth. You've become
a liability.

NANCY

I'm not a liability.

WAYNE

I've indulged you for too long.

NANCY

About what?

Wayne squares up to Nancy.

WAYNE

Your father killed himself because
he and Pastor Scott rejected God's
laws. It wasn't the arrest, it
wasn't the shame.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

It was the lifestyle. What they did was an abomination.

NANCY

No, it-

WAYNE

And I know you know that, in your heart. I know you know that. Because if you don't, you're nothing but an anchor around my neck.

NANCY

I'm not an anchor.

He turns and walks out.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm not a fucking anchor.

She starts to cry, reaches into her purse for a kleenex, and spots the flyer for Sara-Tonin's show that Ginger gave her. She pulls it from her purse, then rushes out.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy enters, with the flyer still in her hand. She sits at her open laptop, finds Sara's GoFundMe page and donates the entire 2,000 dollars.

She googles "Charities for AIDS in Alabama". She hits a link to the Magic City LGBT Center and makes a 5,000 dollar donation, then googles "gay marriage Alabama" and clicks on a link to the Human Rights Campaign. She donates another five thousand.

She picks up her phone and makes a call.

NANCY

Ginger, did you really buy those place tickets? Okay, let's go. Let's go to New York City.

Ginger's screams erupt from the phone.

INT. CHELSEA SQUARE DINER (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

The mostly empty diner is lined with wood-panelling and head shots of B celebrities from the 80s.

Sara sits in a booth, eating a grilled cheese. The email alert on his phone pings. He opens the email, a notice about the GofundMe donation.

SARA

Holy fuck! Holy fuck! Yes, gawd!
Praise Jesus! Yas, mawma! I can
afford the fries now!

A waiter nods at him. Sara stands up and spins around the diner.

EXT. THE COWER HOUSE - DAY (DAWN)

Ginger's Tesla pulls into the driveway of the large, white house. Nancy walks out the front door, with a suitcase. She gets in the car and the car screeches away.

INT. WAYNE COWER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wayne stirs in his bed.

WAYNE

Nancy?

He climbs out of bed, in conservative pajamas, and cracks his door.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wake up. I feel terrible about last
night. I lost my temper. Biscuit?

He finds a note on the floor, picks it up, and reads it. A panicked look crosses his face.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Nancy stares out the cab window, Ginger beside her. Her phone vibrates from her purse. She looks at the screen, and it's Wayne. She presses the ignore button.

NANCY

I've never done that before.

Ginger gives her a high five as the cab zips up the street.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara, dressed as a boy, paces by the door. The buzzer rings.

SARA
Jake?

JAKE (V.O.)
Yep.

SARA
Come on up!

He punches the button for a moment and then sticks his hand down his pants, pulls it out, and smells it.

There's a knock. He opens the door. JAKE, a beautiful man in his twenties, stands before him.

SARA (CONT'D)
You're way hotter than your profile picture.

Sara pulls him into the room and they make out, hard and fast. Jake flips Sara against the wall and kisses him from behind. He pulls down his jeans and Sara's shorts, spits in his hand as if he's going to fuck him.

SARA (CONT'D)
You're on prep, right?

JAKE
You're not negative?

SARA
No, honey. Poz.

He pulls up his pants and backs away.

JAKE
You should say that in your fucking profile.

He storms out the door. Sara's pants are still around his legs, his belly to the wall. He bangs his fist on the wall.

INT. COWER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Wayne drinks a scotch as Deborah reads the note Nancy left.

WAYNE
She won't answer the phone.

DEBORAH

Did you know she was so interested
in that drag queen?

WAYNE

I caught her several months ago
watching one of those YouTubes. She
said that her hairdresser had told
her about him. But I didn't know it
had gotten so crazy. I'm at a loss.
Should I ask the church to pray for
her tomorrow?

DEBORAH

No, just keep trying to reach her.

WAYNE

I was so cruel last night. I
wouldn't blame her if she never
talked to me again.

DEBORAH

There's no other reason she would
have left like this?

WAYNE

What do you mean?

DEBORAH

Anything you're not telling me? Any
indiscretions?

Wayne takes a moment. He focuses on Deborah.

WAYNE

No. Never. Not once.

DEBORAH

And Nancy?

WAYNE

Oh, heavens no. I'm the only boy
who's ever held her hand.

DEBORAH

I think she's just getting
something out of her system.

WAYNE

I hope so.

DEBORAH

Nancy's not going to be a problem.
We'll patch things up with Connor.
I'll get things back under control.

Wayne knocks back his drink.

EXT. NINTH AVENUE (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Ginger and Nancy walk down Ninth Avenue in Chelsea. Two men strut by them in full leather gear.

GINGER

They look like they know how to
have a good time!

NANCY

Wouldn't Wayne be shocked?

GINGER

This is it.

They arrive at a black, nondescript building.

NANCY

This is a restaurant?

GINGER

Yep, come on.

They enter.

INT. BUDDAKAN RESTAURANT (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Empty dishes cover the table. Nancy downs the last of her second Kir Royale, Ginger drinks her fourth.

NANCY

Whew, I've been overserved!

She smiles and takes in the room.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Isn't this just glamorous?

GINGER

It is.

NANCY

This is the longest I've gone
without talking to Wayne in...

GINGER

Forty years?

NANCY

At least. I'm a little scared.

GINGER

You're brave.

NANCY

Not like you.

GINGER

How am I brave?

NANCY

You left Travis.

GINGER

And it only took roughly twenty
years of being a doormat. And a
punching bag. Anyway, a good
divorce settlement can make you
feel invincible.

She looks at a large diamond ring on her finger. Nancy
squeezes her hand.

NANCY

Thank you for bringing me here. I
love Sara-Tonin. I really love her.

GINGER

I know.

NANCY

She's so beautiful and elegant but
also tacky and fun. I could never
be like her.

GINGER

Oh, sure you could.

NANCY

No! And I wouldn't want to be.

GINGER

Sometimes I can't tell if they love
us or are making fun of us.

NANCY

Sara loves us. She does. The way her mother was so mean to her, it makes me sick. It makes me think of when-

Nancy shakes her head and holds back tears.

NANCY (CONT'D)

- When I caught Daddy and Pastor Scott together.

GINGER

Wait, what? You've never told me-

NANCY

I'm sorry. I never told anyone, not even Wayne.

GINGER

Well, hell no.

NANCY

I called them perverts.

GINGER

Everybody thought that way then.

NANCY

Yeah, but I told Daddy he was going to Hell. He begged me not to tell Mother, told me he'd go see a doctor.

GINGER

When was this?

NANCY

The week before the arrest.

GINGER

Oh honey. Look at me.

She looks up at Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You're in no way responsible for what happened. You know that, right? He loved you so much.

Nancy shrugs.

NANCY

Sara, she's my opposite. She's so authentic. She's her own person. I know she's not a Christian but I can tell that she's a force for good in this world. I wish I could be more like her.

GINGER

You're a force for good. You are.

NANCY

You know her GoFundMe in that video? I gave her all the money.

GINGER

See, that's good! Though I'd love to see Wayne's face when-

NANCY

No, he'll never...oh, I'll think about that tomorrow.

GINGER

Okay, Scarlett! Let's get the check. I have a surprise for you!

Ginger raises her hand for the check.

EXT. FAIRYTALES LOUNGE (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Nancy and Ginger stand in front of Fairytale Lounge, a gay bar with strippers. It's a little dingy, with a sign out front that reads, "Nearly Naked Boys on the Bar!"

NANCY

How'd you hear about this place?

GINGER

Chuck the hairdresser.

NANCY

I'm scared to go in there!

GINGER

What would Sara do?

Nancy smiles and they walk into the bar.

INT. FAIRYTAILS LOUNGE - NIGHT

There are five bedraggled men in the bar, and eight go-go boys. The boys dance on the bar, dollar bills dangling from their g-strings and underwear.

Nancy and Ginger enter. Nancy sees the strippers and backs out.

GINGER

Oh no!

She pushes Nancy to the bar. The BARTENDER wears only a jockstrap.

BARTENDER

You ladies in the right place?

GINGER

Hell yes! We'll have two Kir Royales, please.

BARTENDER

Beer or liquor only.

GINGER

Then two Jack and Cokes.

BARTENDER

You got it.

He makes the drinks.

NANCY

Jack Daniels?

GINGER

Jack Daniels.

They scan the room. Most of the men glower back at them.

NANCY

I don't think these men want us here.

GINGER

Fuck 'em.

The bartender gives them their drinks.

BARTENDER

Twenty-four dollars.

Ginger gives the bartender forty bucks.

GINGER
Keep the change, sugar.

Nancy takes a sip of her drink and winces. Ginger gulps hers and eyes the bartender.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Strong, the way I like 'em.

A few of the strippers make their way over to the women.

BARTENDER
It's customary to tip the dancers
if you're going to sit at the bar.

GINGER
Not a problem!

She pulls a twenty dollar bill out of her purse.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Nancy?

She hands the money to Nancy. Nancy looks at a handsome BLOND STRIPPER

NANCY
I couldn't possibly but thank you.

GINGER
Go on!

Nancy giggles, then puts the money in the waistband of the stripper's g-string. Ginger takes a few hundreds from her purse and pulls the blond stripper to her. She whispers in his ear.

BLOND STRIPPER
I need to get permission to take a
woman back there.

He looks at the bartender, who considers Nancy and Ginger.

BARTENDER
It's fine.

The stripper jumps off the table, takes the money from Ginger, then grabs Nancy's hand and pulls her away.

BLOND STRIPPER
Come on.

NANCY
What's going on?

GINGER
Private dance, baby! Have fun!

Nancy looks stricken.

NANCY
I need to go to the bathroom. I'll
be right back.

Nancy hurries away.

GINGER
(to the bartender)
Where you from, Jockstrap?

EXT. FAIRYTAILS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Nancy runs out of the bar. She takes in the young people on the street, the pride flags, the constant stream of traffic. She turns around and marches back into the bar.

INT. FAIRYTAILS LOUNGE PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

The stripper leads Nancy into a dimly lit room.

STRIPPER
Sit here.

He points to a ratty banquette bench. Nancy sits.

NANCY
What am I supposed to do?

STRIPPER
Shhhh.

The stripper moves in front of Nancy. A sultry track plays.

NANCY
I don't know what to-

He works over to Nancy and runs his hands along the sides of her body. She shivers. He grabs her hands and moves them along his chest, down his belly.

Nancy closes her eyes. He straddles her, presses his crotch against her. She relaxes, her hands come to rest on his bare ass. She squeezes.

Her phone rings. It's Wayne. She ignores it. She moans a little.

INT. COWER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wayne's on the phone. Liza, WJ and Deborah stand around the island. He shakes his head.

WAYNE

I'm so sorry, Nancy. Come home. I miss you. I love you. God loves you. I'm sorry.

He hangs up.

LIZA

I can't believe that woman.

WJ

She'll be back.

DEBORAH

You have the "Bama Morning Live" interview on Tuesday.

WAYNE

What am I supposed to do?

LIZA

Cut off her credit card. And her ATM. She'll come crawling back.

WJ

No.

WAYNE

No, no. If she wants to go-

LIZA

She doesn't know what she wants. She'll thank you when she comes to her senses.

DEBORAH

I'm not sure this is a good idea. Wayne, can we talk alone?

LIZA

You want her back for that interview, don't you, Deborah? This will work.

Deborah grimaces and WJ shakes his head. Wayne's eyes fill with tears. He takes his credit card from his wallet, finds the phone number on the back, and calls it.

WAYNE

I need to put a hold on a credit card. Thank you.

Liza smiles and pats Wayne on the back. Deborah looks at the ground. WJ leaves.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL ROOM (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Nancy and Ginger are asleep in double beds. Sunlight peaks through the curtains. An alarm buzzes and they awaken.

GINGER

Lord, my head.

NANCY

Those waiters made my drinks too strong! I have some Aleve in my makeup bag.

Ginger crawls out of bed and heads to the bathroom. Nancy looks at her phone, sees a few messages from Wayne.

GINGER (O.S.)

We have to get moving. The massages will help.

NANCY

Massages?

Ginger peeks out from the bathroom.

GINGER

Spa day!

Nancy smiles and climbs out of bed.

INT. THE ELIZABETH ARDEN RED DOOR SALON MASSAGE ROOM (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Nancy lies on the table, her face in a cradle, covered by a sheet. A female MASSAGE THERAPIST stands at her side.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

When was your last massage?

NANCY
This is my first. I'm sorry.

MASSAGE THERAPIST
No problem. Any areas causing pain?

NANCY
My neck's been aching.

MASSAGE THERAPIST
For how long?

NANCY
Twenty years?

The therapist laughs.

MASSAGE THERAPIST
Let me know how the pressure is.

The therapist works on her neck. Nancy's face and body relax.
She closes her eyes.

INT. THE ELIZABETH ARDEN RED DOOR SALON - DAY

A blissed-out Nancy walks to the RECEPTIONIST's desk, where
Ginger awaits.

GINGER
How was it?

NANCY
I feel like I've been assumed to
heaven.

She points to Ginger's bust.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You're a little crooked.

Ginger rolls her eyes and adjusts her padded mastectomy bra.

RECEPTIONIST
That'll be 400 dollars.

NANCY
A piece?

RECEPTIONIST

No, two hundred per massage. A little pricier than Texas, I'm sure.

GINGER

We're from Alabama, honey.

RECEPTIONIST

How would you like to pay?

Ginger gives her credit card to the receptionist. Nancy playfully slaps at her hand.

NANCY

No, let me pay for something.

Nancy fishes her credit card from her wallet and gives it to the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Tip on the card?

NANCY

Yes, please. Um- 400- 80 dollars.

The receptionist runs the card.

NANCY (CONT'D)

She was so gentle but she really got into my neck where I've been having that pain and-

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, but this card's been declined. Do you have another?

NANCY

What?

GINGER

Here, put it on mine.

Ginger hands her the card.

NANCY

No, try to run it again.

The receptionist runs the card again.

RECEPTIONIST

Declined.

GINGER

Use mine.

NANCY

I've paid my bill.

GINGER

I bet Wayne cancelled it. Put a hundred dollars on there for the tip, honey.

The receptionist runs Ginger's card. Ginger signs the receipt.

NANCY

Does he think this'll make me come home?

She tears up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I hate that I get teary when I'm angry.

RECEPTIONIST

Enjoy your trip.

NANCY

I'm so sorry again. My husband is-

GINGER

An asshole.

Nancy pauses. Then-

NANCY

An asshole.

Ginger pats Nancy's back. They exit.

INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN RED DOOR SALON STAIRWELL - DAY

Nancy and Ginger make their way down the stairwell. The sounds of the Pride parade come through the door. Nancy stops at the bottom of the stairs.

NANCY

I'm going to call him.

GINGER

Facetime him! Show him where you are.

NANCY
I've never Facetimed.

Ginger snatches the phone and calls Wayne on Facetime. Wayne answers quickly. He's in his kitchen.

WAYNE (ON FACETIME)
Nancy? Oh.

GINGER
Hiya Wittle Waynie.

WAYNE (ON FACETIME)
That wasn't cute fifty years ago
and it isn't cute now.

GINGER
I think your wife has something to
tell you.

She hands the phone to Nancy.

NANCY
Hi.

WAYNE (ON FACETIME)
Please come home, Biscuit. I'm so
sorry. I lost my temper. I'm so
sorry.

Ginger nods at Nancy.

NANCY
I was going to come home tomorrow
but now, I don't know. Did you
actually think cutting off my
credit card would work?

WAYNE (ON FACETIME)
I don't know. I'm desperate.

NANCY
Why?

WAYNE (ON FACETIME)
What?

NANCY
Why are you desperate? I thought I
was an anchor around your neck.

INT. THE COWER KITCHEN - DAY

Wayne sits on a stool at the island, a glass of red wine in front of him.

WAYNE

No, you aren't. I don't know why I said that.

NANCY (ON FACETIME)

I don't know if I'm coming home.

WAYNE

Nancy, please. I'm worried about you. I'm worried you're drifting from God.

NANCY (ON FACETIME)

I'm with Ginger. I'm fine. I'm happy.

Wayne watches as she and Ginger walk out of the building, into the Gay Pride Parade.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Look!

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

The Pride parade roars full swing down Fifth Avenue. Nancy shows Wayne, still on Facetime, the view.

NANCY

Isn't it something? I better go. I don't want to drag you down.

Wayne's face sags as she hangs up on him.

GINGER

That was so badass.

NANCY

Oh, oh Lord. I feel giddy.

An ELDERLY MALE COUPLE in a convertible goes by. The car is decorated like it's a honeymoon getaway car, "Just Married" signs all over it, cans tied to the back. The couple waves, the crowd roars.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I wish Daddy had lived in a different time.

GINGER

Me too.

They maneuver down Fifth Avenue. A group of drag queens dressed as the Supreme Court Justices in multicolored robes walk by.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is awash with drag paraphernalia. Sara reads an email on his phone. Paula holds up an enormous blonde wig.

PAULA

Are you doing the Hillary Tammy Wynette bit tonight?

SARA

No. Nothing fucking sweet. Listen to this.

He reads the email.

SARA (CONT'D)

"Son, this is the final word you're ever going to hear from me." Hear is spelled "here."

Paula winces.

SARA (CONT'D)

"You've been an embarrassment to me and to this entire family since the moment you could talk. I've always thought that's why your father walked out on us. And with this latest news, I can only think that you're getting what you deserve, direct from God himself. Don't contact me again, don't contact any family members, don't even come to Alabama to visit. Nobody wants you here. I thought this would be hard for me to write. It wasn't. Goodbye, your mother."

PAULA

Jesus Christ.

SARA

No, I'm honestly relieved. Fuck her and fuck that whole state.

PAULA
Are you okay?

SARA
Yup! Tonight Miss Sara's on the
warpath. I'm not even gonna tuck.

PAULA
Then I'm stealing your tape!

He searches for the tape and finds a bottle of tequila.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Let's do shots.

SARA
Yas, mawma!

Sara grabs the bottle and take a big swig.

INT. THE OTHER WOMAN HAIR SALON (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

Chuck Cox sweeps up his station in the mostly empty salon.
The bell rings and he turns to see an exhausted Wayne in the
doorway.

WAYNE
Do you cut men's hair?

Chuck looks at his watch.

CHUCK
We close at 5 on Sunday.

He puts down his broom.

WAYNE
I just need a trim.

CHUCK
Okay. Come sit.

Wayne walks over to Chuck's chair. He points at the pictures
of Sara-Tonin.

WAYNE
Who's that?

CHUCK
That's Sara-Tonin, silly.

WAYNE

You have a lot of pictures.

He covers Wayne with an apron and spritzes his hair.

CHUCK

She's my idol.

WAYNE

Why do you idolize...him? Her? I don't know to call them.

CHUCK

I think Sara is a "her" in drag, a "him" out. Or "them." Anyway, she's fierce and hilarious. And she got the hell out of here. She came from nothing.

WAYNE

I can relate.

CHUCK

Can you? See there!

Chuck starts to trim his hair.

WAYNE

Yeah. My father was a drunk. Couldn't hold down a job. He used to beat me and my brother. And my mother. Hell, my brother joined the army before he was even called up, just to get away. Vietnam was preferable to home. I'm sorry, I don't usually talk like this.

CHUCK

Haven't you ever been to a beauty salon?

WAYNE

No.

CHUCK

It's like a bar. People talk.

They are silent for a moment while Chuck works.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

So how'd you make it out alive? Must be doing pretty well with that Mercedes out there.

WAYNE

I was smart. And I had my faith.

CHUCK

Your faith.

WAYNE

The Lord was a constant comfort.

CHUCK

Shit, just the opposite for me.

WAYNE

You're...gay.

CHUCK

(laughing)

How'd you guess?

WAYNE

My uh- my wife is Nancy Cower.

Chuck lowers his scissors and raises an eyebrow.

CHUCK

You're Wayne Cower. Of course. I read some quotes from your speech the other night.

WAYNE

I, ah- I don't judge you. We're all sinners. I just- marriage is for one man and one woman. The Bible is clear, and I believe the Bible is the inerrant word of God. I wish I didn't. It doesn't make life easier, trust me, but I'm as sure of it as I assume you aren't.

CHUCK

You got that right.

WAYNE

Nancy's gone off to New York to see Sara-Tonin perform.

CHUCK

Oh my God. Really?

WAYNE

I just need her to come back.

CHUCK

She's not coming back?

WAYNE
If you talk to her-

CHUCK
I doubt I will-

WAYNE
But if you do, please tell her I
love her.

Chuck nods.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Coming here was desperate.

CHUCK
I thought you needed a haircut.

Wayne smiles a little as Chuck continues cutting his hair.

EXT. THE CLIMAX - NIGHT

Revelers stand in front of the club. A cab pulls up and Ginger and Nancy pop out. They wear bright-colored pantsuits and look a little like they might be headed to the Opry.

NANCY
Are we supposed to get in a line?

GINGER
Ask them.

Ginger points to a group smoking. One of the men, SEBASTIAN, in a tank top and skinny jeans, overhears them. He stands with MONIQUE, who wears a pride bikini top and hot pants, her hair shaved into a Mohawk and dyed purple.

SEBASTIAN
Ask us what, sugar?

Ginger pushes Nancy towards them.

NANCY
Oh, uh, are you going to Climax?

SEBASTIAN
Not here on the street, but
definitely later, if I get lucky!

Ginger laughs, Nancy looks embarrassed.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
You from Texas?

NANCY
Alabama.

MONIQUE
Why are you going to the Climax?

NANCY
To see Sara-Tonin!

SEBASTIAN
You sure you know what you're in
for?

GINGER
Is there a line?

MONIQUE
No, just go to the door, pay the
cover. You better hurry.

NANCY
Thank you so much. Your hair is
sickening.

Monique smirks.

MONIQUE
Get close to the stage. It's fun
when she interacts with you.

NANCY
You're so sweet!

Nancy and Ginger walk towards the door.

INT. THE CLIMAX - NIGHT

The packed bar pulses with electronic music. Nancy and Ginger
enter and take the room in. A COKED-UP MAN runs up to them.

COKED-UP MAN
O...M...G! You whores are fabulous!

GINGER
Thanks sweetie.

COKED-UP MAN
Oh shit. Oh shit, you really are
old.

He laughs and stumbles away.

NANCY
What'd he say?

GINGER
Don't worry about it. Let's go down
front.

They push through the crowd, amid stares, to the lip of the stage. Next to them is a MAKING OUT MALE COUPLE and SINGLE GIRL who dances aimlessly.

GINGER (CONT'D)
You want a drink?

NANCY
Not after last night!

GINGER
I'm going to get us waters. Stay
right here.

NANCY
What?

GINGER
(yelling)
Stay right here!

Nancy nods. Ginger heads to the bar. Nancy stares at the dancing girl. The couple bump into her and spill a little bit of beer.

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Oh fuck, I'm sorry.

He dabs a napkin on her blouse.

NANCY
It's fine. It barely got on me.

MAKING OUT MAN 2
Are you Sara's mother or something?

NANCY
What? I can't hear.

MAKING OUT MAN 2
I said are you Sara's mother or
something?

NANCY
No, no, I'm just a fan.

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Oh fuck, you're so cool.

MAKING OUT MAN 2
That's so cool!

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Can we get you a drink?

NANCY
I'm fine. Thank you though.

MAKING OUT MAN 2
Huh?

NANCY
Thank you!

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Where are you from?

NANCY
Alabama.

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Oh shit.

MAKING OUT MAN 2
You know Sara's from Alabama.

NANCY
I do!

Nancy sees Ginger with water bottles.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Here comes my friend. So nice to meet y'all. Congratulations!

MAKING OUT MAN 2
On what?

NANCY
On Pride. On the Supreme Court and um..Pride!

MAKING OUT MAN 1
Thanks girl! Have fun!

Ginger arrives with the water.

GINGER
Lord this place is hot!

NANCY
It's exotic.

GINGER
Here's your water.

The dancing girl has a moment of lucidity where she sees the women drinking water.

MOLLY GIRL
Can I have a sip of your water?

She snatches the bottle from Ginger's hand, gulps it, then pours it over her head.

GINGER
She's on something.

NANCY
We can share.

She offers Ginger her water. The lights dim.

NANCY (CONT'D)
This is it! This is it!

She squeezes Ginger's arm. The lights go all the way to black. The crowd cheers wildly. A VOICE comes over the loud speaker.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ladies, Gentlemen, and everyone in
between! Welcome to The Climax!
Congratulations, you bitches! We
won! Go get married mutherfuckers!

Ginger eyes Nancy, expecting her to be scandalized, but Nancy grins.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And now, all the way from
Alafuckingbama by way of the Lower
East Side, The Climax presents the
horror, the shit show, the
virulent, oozing sore that
is...Sara-Tonin!

An original song, "Ain't Nuthin But the Blues" blasts through the speakers. The crowd screams.

Sara enters, wearing an audacious rainbow-colored pride gown. She struts to the audience, gives them the finger, then spews her beer on them. She slurs her words.

SARA

What's up mutherfuckers! I said
what's up mutherfuckers! Happy
Pride, bitches! Happy Gay Marriage
bitches! Any of you whores get
married yet?

A few in the audience cheer.

SARA (CONT'D)

Y'all picked a real winner of a
night to come see this girl get her
pussy out!

The audience erupts. Nancy is awestruck.

SARA (CONT'D)

Any of you bitches wanna marry me?
I'm single now. My prick of a
boyfriend gave me the HIV. I got
the HIV, you mutherfuckers!

She dances around the stage, then rips off her gown to reveal
a catsuit, with bulge apparent. She leaps into the air and
lands in the splits. The crowd screams.

She does a few back handsprings to the back of the stage and
runs forward. Then she spots Nancy and Ginger.

SARA (CONT'D)

Stop! Shut the fuck up! Turn off
the fucking music!

The DJ turns off the music.

SARA (CONT'D)

Everyone shut the fuck up!

The crowd dies down, a few "aw, shits" are heard. Sara stares
at Nancy and Ginger. Ginger looks uncomfortable.

SARA (CONT'D)

And what do we have here? Look, you
queers! Look at these two.

The crowd is quiet. Nancy smiles, star-struck.

NANCY

We're from Alabama too!

SARA

What's that you say, honey?

She picks up a microphone from the edge of the stage and holds it in front of Nancy.

NANCY

Um...I said- oh this is so loud! I said we're from Alabama too.

There are a few giggles in the crowd.

SARA

Really! Well why don't y'all come on up here with me?

Nancy and Ginger shake their heads.

SARA (CONT'D)

I insist! What does everyone think? You want them up on the stage? Shall we ask them a few questions? What are your names?

NANCY

I'm Nancy and this is Ginger.

SARA

(chanting)

Nancy and Ginger...Nancy and Ginger...Everybody! Nancy and Ginger!

The crowd chants their names. Nancy and Ginger relent, and are helped onto the stage by a few of the men around them.

SARA (CONT'D)

Thank you, boys. Now, now, now. Y'all are from Alabama?

NANCY

Yes. Yes we are!

SARA

And what brings you up here to the Climax?

NANCY

Ginger, this is Ginger, she got us plane tickets to come see you.

SARA

To see little ole me?

GINGER

She loves you.

SARA
Do you now?

NANCY
I- uh- yes.

SARA
You must see me on that shitty
little web series.

NANCY
Yes, ma'am, oh and it's not shitty,
it's wonderful!

SARA
Aw, now, you don't have to call me
ma'am.

There's a pause.

NANCY
I'm so sorry that you're sick, but
I know you're going to get better,
and your mama's wrong, it's not
God's punish-

SARA
I'm just so pleased you two are
here tonight. I'm so pleased that
you two came all the way from ALA-
FUCKING-BAMA to see little ole me!
You know why?

NANCY
Why?

SARA
Because it will give me a chance to
tell you what I think of that whole
rotten state and all the miserable
cunts like you in it!

The crowd screams.

GINGER
Whoa!

SARA
Coming up here like I'm a goddamn
tourist attraction, like I'm some
carnival ride.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

Then you'll go back to Alabama and
give money to your churches and
redneck politicians that do
whatever they can to destroy us.

GINGER

That's enough.

Ginger pulls Nancy to the edge of the stage. Sara goes after them.

SARA

You homophobic fuckwits and
rednecks and Republicans and racist
assholes! Fuck you all-

GINGER

Someone help us down.

SARA

My momma said I deserved to get
AIDS. You think that? You all think
that!

NANCY

No-

A few of the men help the women off the stage.

SARA

Fuck you all! Fuck Alabama. Fuck
the South! Everybody! Fuck the
South! Fuck the South!

The crowd joins in the chant. Ginger and Nancy push their way through towards the door.

GINGER

Let us out!

Some of the men are in their faces now, chanting "Fuck the South"

GINGER (CONT'D)

Get out of our way!

She pushes the men aside, spills drinks, as the crowd chants.

SARA

Fuck you! Go back to Alabama where
you belong!

A spotlight follows them and Sara sees the devastated Nancy. A flicker of regret passes over her face. Nancy and Ginger leave the bar.

Everyone turns back to look at Sara. She doesn't know what to say.

SARA (CONT'D)
Who's ready to get fucked up!

The crowd cheers.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits quietly on the bed. Ginger paces.

GINGER
I'm so angry.

NANCY
It's okay. I just want to take a bath.

Nancy walks into the bathroom. Ginger sits on the bed and tries to pull herself together.

GINGER
(to herself)
Fuck it!

She gets her purse and crosses to the bathroom door.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Hey, Nancy, I'm going to run out for some Tylenol, okay? That Aleve upsets my stomach.

NANCY (O.S.)
Okay.

GINGER
Need anything?

NANCY (O.S.)
No.

GINGER
Shake it off, honey.

Ginger grabs her purse and heads out the door.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits on the edge of the bathtub and makes a call.

NANCY
 (into the phone, after a
 moment)
 I'm so sorry. You were right. I've
 been lead astray. You were
 completely right.

INT. BACKSTAGE AT THE CLIMAX - NIGHT

The room is shabby, bare bones. Sara sits in front of the
 makeup mirrors, Paula next to him in men's clothes. Another
 drag queen, RACHEL DOZITALL, removes her makeup.

PAULA
 I mean, it was brutal.
 (in an Australian accent)
 You're such a bitch, Ja'mie!

SARA
 I've had a bad couple of days.

PAULA
 Those poor, sweet women.

SARA
 Why don't you go fuck them, Paula?

PAULA
 Maybe I will.

Paula gathers his things. Sara wipes off his eye makeup.

SARA
 Everyone doesn't have to be so
 goddamn quiet!

RACHEL
 Fuck you Sara.

SARA
 Fuck you Rachel.

PAULA
 Bitches...cool it.

Ginger appears in the doorway.

GINGER

Excuse me.

The queens turn to look at her. Paula laughs.

SARA

Oh God.

GINGER

I'd like a word with you.

SARA

How'd you get back here?

GINGER

Security was real tight, Madonna.

PAULA

You got balls, lady.

He extends his hand to Ginger, who shakes it.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'm Paula Abdul Jabbar.

GINGER

Ginger Humber. I've seen your web show. I need a moment with Sara.

RACHEL

I'm Rachel Dozitall, and I ain't leaving, bitch.

Ginger pulls two twenties out of her purse. The queens smirk and take the money.

PAULA

Come on, Rachel. We'll be outside if you need us.

SARA

I can handle it.

PAULA

Nice to meet you. I like redheads. Let Sara know if you like Palestinians.

He winks at her and they leave. Sara continues removing makeup.

SARA

What?

GINGER

The woman who came to see you tonight, her name is Nancy Cower. If you have any kind of conscience about what happened, if you want to apologize-

SARA

Why should I apologize?

GINGER

Well, for one, you massacred a true fan.

Sara rolls her eyes and goes back to her make-up.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You know, you can put on your make-up and high heels but that doesn't mean you know what it's like to be a woman.

SARA

And you can come to New York and see drag shows but that doesn't mean you have a fucking clue what it's like to be a faggot in Alabama.

GINGER

Then we're equal. Matter of fact, since my double mastectomy, I strap on a pair of fake tits everyday too.

SARA

I wouldn't have known.

GINGER

I'll take that as high praise.

They consider each other a moment.

SARA

I've had a really bad week.

GINGER

I know. Nancy told me. She saw your video.

SARA

Why is some old lady in Alabama watching my video?

GINGER
Middle-aged, and because she loves
you.

SARA
Why?

GINGER
It's complicated.

SARA
You don't know?

GINGER
Well, you remind her of her father,
I think. He was a preacher. And he
was in love with his another
preacher that worked at his church.

SARA
Oh, God. Where?

GINGER
In Cullman, Alabama.

SARA
Holy shit! Where they out?

GINGER
Lord no they weren't out. It was
1970. They would have been tarred
and feathered. But they did get
busted by the cops having sex in
his car. They used to print your
name in the paper when that
happened.

SARA
Bitch please, they still do. "The
degenerate homosexuals!" As if
straight guys wouldn't flash their
cocks at the urinal if some chick
was in there giving blow jobs. What
happened to them?

GINGER
Her dad hung himself from a tree in
their yard. Nancy walked out the
front door to go to school and
there he was, swinging. The other
man, Scott, left town, knocked
about, died of AIDS in, like 1988.
Typical story back then. Not like
today.

SARA

Yeah.

GINGER

Her husband's one of those crazy right-wingers, like the people you were yelling about on stage. He's about to run for Congress.

SARA

She looks like one of them Republican wives.

GINGER

People aren't always how they look. You of all people should know that. She'd kill me for telling you this, but who do you think gave all that money for your FundMe or whatever it's called?

Sara stiffens. Ginger takes a pink card out of her purse. She holds it out for Sara.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Mm-hmm. Like I said, people aren't always how they look. So, if you want to apologize, here's my number.

Sara doesn't take the card.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I'll just leave it on the table, right here, then. And now, I've said all I have to say. You're a hell of a performer. Good evening, Madam.

Ginger walks out of the room. When she's gone, Sara takes the card and slides it into his purse.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy's in bed. Ginger enters, retrieves her nightgown and slips into the bathroom.

NANCY

Are you okay? I was about to call the police.

GINGER (O.S.)
I went to talk to Sara-Tonin.

Nancy sits up.

NANCY
You did not.

GINGER (O.S.)
I did, at the Climax.

NANCY
You did not!

GINGER (O.S.)
I did.

NANCY
What did she say?

GINGER (O.S.)
Not much.

NANCY
What did you say?

Ginger reenters in her nightgown, which looks expensive.

GINGER
I told her how much you loved her.

NANCY
Was she any nicer?

GINGER
No, she wasn't. Go on back to
sleep.

NANCY
Goodnight. Ginger, you're a great
friend. You are.

Nancy puts her head on the pillow. Ginger climbs into the
other bed and turns out the light.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ginger awakens. Nancy's bed is empty and made up. She bolts
up, turns on the light, and finds a note on the nightstand,
which she reads.

GINGER

Goddammit.

She falls back on her pillow.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM AIRPORT - DAY

Nancy exits the airport, wearing an unattractive jogging suit, takes out her phone and sends a text. She makes her way over to the taxi stand when an abrupt honk stops her. She turns to see Wayne's car as he lowers his window.

WAYNE

I thought I told you to wait under
the Delta sign.

Nancy gets into the car.

INT./EXT. WAYNE COWER'S CAR - DAY

Nancy settles into the passenger seat. Wayne takes her hand.

WAYNE

I'm so glad you're back.

NANCY

Thank you.

WAYNE

Everyone's waiting for you at home.
We've been praying together.

Nancy nods.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean those
awful things I said. I've been sick
about it, Biscuit. I love you very
much. I'll try to be better.

Nancy nods. She looks out the window as he drives away from the airport.

NANCY

I love you too. I've been confused.

WAYNE

I know. The Lord will help you. Can
you promise me something though?

NANCY

What?

WAYNE

No more of that drag queen. And maybe not so much of Ginger, either?

Nancy nods.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I just want to keep you safe.

NANCY

Yes, I know...thank you.

WAYNE

You don't have to thank me. It's my job.

She nods. They drive on.

INT. COWER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

WJ and Deborah sit on white sofas. Liza looks out the window. She wears Nancy's pearls.

LIZA

I've seen this coming for years. There's something just wrong about her.

WJ

No there isn't.

LIZA

You're such a mama's boy.

DEBORAH

She's back now. Let's be positive.

LIZA

Girl, please.

DEBORAH

My name is Deborah.

Liza rolls her eyes and turns back to the window.

LIZA

Here they are.

WJ
Be civil, Liza.

LIZA
I'm always civil! When have I never
not been civil?

WJ shrugs. After a moment of silence, Nancy and Wayne enter
from the front door.

WAYNE
Look who's back.

WJ and Liza rush to Nancy and hug her.

LIZA
We were so worried about you,
honey.

WJ
I'm glad you're home, Mom. I hope
you had a good time.

LIZA
A good time?

NANCY
Thank you.

WAYNE
Let's say a prayer.

Everyone stands in a circle, holds hands and closes their
eyes.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Father God, we just want to thank
you for the safe return of our
sweet Nancy. And we just want to
pray that she's happy to be home,
happy to be in the fold of your
heavenly embrace, and that you, oh
holy Jesus, can ease whatever
forces trouble her soul. Help me to
be a better husband to her, and
help us all to know that you're the
only answer. In Jesus' name we
pray, amen.

ALL
Amen.

They all look at Nancy.

NANCY

I'm sorry, everyone. I've been lead astray.

LIZA

You must be exhausted. Why don't I take you into your room so you can lie down?

Liza winks at Wayne as she moves Nancy and her suitcase towards her bedroom.

WAYNE

That's a good idea, Biscuit.

They exit.

DEBORAH

She seems fine.

WAYNE

She will be.

WJ

This campaign isn't good for her.

WAYNE

This breakdown has been coming for years. It has nothing to do with the campaign.

WJ

I don't know about that.

There's a pause.

WAYNE

WJ, you don't know what you're talking about-

DEBORAH

Why don't we go into your study and do some interview prep.

WAYNE

Fine.

He looks at WJ.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

We'll continue this later.

They leave.

WJ
(under his breath)
Fucking asshole.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liza guides Nancy into the bedroom. Nancy sees that her computer is no longer on her desk.

NANCY
Where's my computer?

LIZA
Wayne took it away. He thought it was your gateway. Do you want me to help you unpack?

NANCY
No.

Nancy puts her suitcase on the foot of the bed and unzips it. She starts to open it but Liza holds it closed.

LIZA
Nancy, can we chat for a second?

She sits her on the bed.

LIZA (CONT'D)
This campaign is a big deal, and not just for you and Wayne, but for me too. It could mean a lot for me, for my business.

NANCY
I know.

LIZA
And I know you don't want to mess that up-

NANCY
Liza, I-

LIZA
Please don't interrupt me, sweet thing. I don't want to have to give up being nice to you. After this stunt, I don't even know if I'll be comfortable having the girls around you.

NANCY

What?

LIZA

Jesus wants Wayne to win this election, and I'm just not going to have you or Satan or Ginger or whatever that transvestite you're obsessed with ruin it.

NANCY

She's not a transvestite, she's a drag queen.

LIZA

I wouldn't have it if I were Wayne. He's so kind to you and loves you so much, and you run around like a lunatic. It's embarrassing. So just keep your head down and smile and don't mess this up, okay? Now get some rest.

NANCY

Can I have my pearls?

LIZA

What did you say?

NANCY

I said I want my pearls back.

Liza smiles.

LIZA

I know you think I'm mean. But God has a plan for this family. Now get some rest.

Liza struts out of the bedroom. Nancy crosses to her desk and sits. She looks at the picture of her and her father, then opens her desk drawer, puts the photo inside, and closes it.

Her phone rings. She sees that it's Ginger and declines the call.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ginger sits on the bed, on the phone.

GINGER

Nancy, just wanted to let you know
I'm going to stay up here for a few
extra days, see "Kinky Boots."
Maybe you'll come walking back
through that door...I love you now.
Call me.

She hangs up.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy stares into space. Wayne enters.

WAYNE

Still can't sleep?

NANCY

No. Did everybody leave?

WAYNE

Hours ago. You're just riled up.
Here.

He hands her a pill.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

It's an Ambien.

NANCY

I don't want it.

WAYNE

You need to sleep. We have the
interview tomorrow.

She nods and takes the pill.

NANCY

What am I supposed to say?

WAYNE

All you have to do is smile and
look as pretty as you are. Liza
picked out your outfit. Now go on
to sleep. I love you so very much.
I really do.

NANCY

I love you too.

She rolls over and closes her eyes. He walks out.

INT. WBHA BIRMINGHAM TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Wayne and Nancy sit on a sofa on the homey set of "Bama Morning Live!" Next to them, in a leather chair, is an attractive host, CYNTHIA FOLEY, 29. A studio audience of about fifty watches.

Deborah stands behind a camera and gives Nancy and Wayne a thumbs up. A producer points at Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

And welcome back, y'all, to "Bama Morning Live!"

The audience applauds.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Thank you! We're here today with the new candidate for Congress, Wayne Cower, and his wife Nancy. Thanks so much for joining us!

WAYNE

Thank you for having us, Cynthia. I'm a fan.

Nancy shellacks a smile on her face.

CYNTHIA

Aw, that's sweet. Tell us all why you've decided to run for Congress, Mr. Cower?

WAYNE

Call me Wayne. Cynthia, I've been an attorney in this great state and country for over thirty years. But what I have seen in the last seven years under this administration has made me very afraid. And I thought, I could complain or I could go to Washington and fight for my fellow Alabamians.

The studio audience claps.

CYNTHIA

Mrs. Cower, would you agree with what your husband said about our country?

NANCY

I would.

Cynthia pauses for a moment to let Nancy expand. She doesn't.

CYNTHIA

Okay, and how did you feel about the Supreme Court ruling on Friday, Mr. Cower?

WAYNE

Friday was a dark day for America, indeed. It was a rejection of God's laws and the peoples's will by activist judges.

The audience applauds.

CYNTHIA

Would you agree with that, Mrs. Cower?

NANCY

I would.

CYNTHIA

Are you sure?

NANCY

Yes...yes, I agree with my husband.

CYNTHIA

That's odd, because we were just sent a copy of a donor list to HRC Alabama, the leading proponent for gay marriage in the state and the country. And your name, Mrs. Cower, is on the list.

The audience titters. Nancy's eyes dart at Wayne and Deborah.

WAYNE

What?

She hands a piece of paper to Wayne. He scans it.

CYNTHIA

Right there.

She points to the name.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Cower, would you like to comment?

NANCY

I- I'm sure it was a mistake. I don't remember donating anything to anybody.

WAYNE

Aw, this is a prank. Where did you get this?

CYNTHIA

After we got this, we did a little digging. There are other donations.

NANCY

I thought I was giving money to support traditional marriage.

CYNTHIA

Then why did you make a donation to the Magic City LGBT Center? This information was not hard to find, Mrs. Cower.

Wayne is red-faced.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Do you not agree with your husband's views on homosexuality? On gay-

WAYNE

That's enough!

CYNTHIA

These are important questions. Voters have a right to know.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT- NEW YORK CITY- DAY

Sara sits on the bed, watching the news, jaw on the floor.

WAYNE (FROM TELEVISION)

I said that's enough! How dare you with this "gotcha" journalism!

ANCHORPERSON (FROM TELEVISION)

The reporter continued to question Mr. Cower until he stormed off.

(MORE)

ANCHORPERSON (FROM TELEVISION)

Once again, the wife of a rising evangelical Alabama teapartier and congressional candidate has given tens of thousands of dollars to gay rights causes. It's unclear as of yet exactly how much, but sources say upwards of 20,000 dollars.

He grabs his purse, rifles through it, then pulls out the pink card Ginger gave him. He dials the number on it.

SARA

Hello? Um-

He looks at the name on the card.

SARA (CONT'D)

Ginger? This is Sara-Tonin.

INT. SHERATON FOUR POINTS HOTEL (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Ginger sits on the bed, on the phone, the tv on the news.

GINGER

Well, hello there. Yes, I'm watching now. No, she's in Alabama, obviously.

Ginger smiles.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I have a better idea, if you're up for a trip.

She smiles and clicks off the tv.

EXT. WAYNE COWER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Satellite news trucks line up in front of the building.

INT. WAYNE COWER'S OFFICE - DAY

Wayne is behind his desk with a copy of the New York Times. Liza and WJ are on a sofa against the wall, and Nancy sits in front of Wayne. Deborah enters, hanging up the phone.

DEBORAH

That was Reverend Harper. He's willing for Nancy to speak during the eleven o'clock service this Sunday.

NANCY

I don't want to.

LIZA

We need to put an end to this insanity, Nancy.

WJ

Come on, y'all. It's not like this district's going to elect a Democrat.

DEBORAH

No, but there are rumblings that Patton Baxley may jump in the race. And that Connor would throw his support to him.

WAYNE

You see, son?

DEBORAH

I'll write the speech. All you have to do is read it.

NANCY

What's it going to say?

WAYNE

That Satan got to you and played with your perception of things, maybe that you're an alcoholic. That you've asked for Christ's forgiveness and begged for mine, and that you hope everyone can see past your feeblemindedness and still vote for me.

LIZA

It needs to say something about being against same-sex marriage.

NANCY

That I'm an alcoholic?

WAYNE

We need an excuse for your behavior.

NANCY
You're ruining my life.

WAYNE
What did you say?

NANCY
Nothing.

WAYNE
I'm ruining your life? You'd be on
all fours scrubbing bathrooms if it
weren't for me. I saved you!

Nancy erupts from her chair.

NANCY
That's bullshit! That is bullshit!
I worked all through your college
and your law school and I raised WJ
and you wouldn't be half where you
are without me!

Her face turns red and her eyes fill with tears. Wayne stands still.

LIZA
I told y'all she's not stable.

WJ
Liza, shut up.

DEBORAH
Let's give them a moment.

Deborah and Liza leave. WJ squeezes his mother's shoulder as he passes and closes the office door. Wayne is quiet. He considers her.

WAYNE
What has happened to you?

NANCY
I was fine. I was fine until you
decided to get political.

He stands up from behind his desk.

WAYNE
I've done everything for you. I've
worked my whole life to satisfy
you. I've always been faithful, did
you know that? And there have been
many, many temptations.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

But Jesus gave me the strength to say no, I will not act on this. No, I will be faithful to my wife. And now you've disrespected me and you've disrespected God. I feel ashamed.

Nancy turns away. He crosses to her and kneels.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to snap, Biscuit. I'm sorry. I'm under so much pressure. I promise I'll be a better husband. I know I wouldn't be where I am without you. Will you speak for me on Sunday?

Nancy nods.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you.

He crosses back to his desk and picks up the phone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Send everyone back in.

Deborah, Liza and WJ enter.

LIZA

Is she calm now?

Wayne nods.

DEBORAH

Let's get back to work.

WJ kneels by his mother while everyone else ignores her. He takes her hand. She squeezes it.

INT./EXT. WJ'S CAR (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

WJ drives his Audi, a hand-me-down from his mother, through the gates of Elmwood cemetery. Nancy sits in the passengers seat, flowers on her lap. They pull up alongside a gravesite.

WJ

Want me to come with you?

NANCY

No, I'm fine. Thank you, son.

WJ

Mom, you know you don't have to do this on Sunday.

NANCY

I think I do.

WJ

I'm not voting for him.

She turns to him, smiles, pats his hand and gets out of the car, with the flowers.

EXT. ELMWOOD CEMETERY (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

Nancy stands in front of two gravestones, one reading "Mary Sims Tipton 1926-1997" and "Joseph Bell Tipton 1925-1970." She puts freesias and lilies on her father's grave. She closes her eyes.

EXT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

It's a bright Sunday morning. Police direct cars into the parking lot, which is dotted with news vans and satellite trucks.

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP BASEMENT FELLOWSHIP HALL - DAY

Nancy sits on a folding chair, looking over her speech. Wayne fixes his tie in a mirror. Deborah stands over Nancy as she reads.

NANCY

Can't I just use my own words?

WAYNE

No, it's perfect.

DEBORAH

Thank you.

Nancy looks back down at the speech.

WAYNE

I need to go show my face. I'll come get you when it's time.

DEBORAH

You'll be great, Nancy. People want to love you.

Wayne and Deborah leave. Nancy sits for a moment, looks around at the tables, the hymnals, the Bibles, the pictures of Christ.

GINGER

(whispering)

Nancy!

Nancy turns as Ginger creeps into the room. She bolts out of her chair.

NANCY

How'd you know I was here?

GINGER

It's all over the news, honey. I brought someone to see you.

Ginger walks over to the doorway, makes a motion, and Sara enters the room, in high, Southern Sunday School drag.

NANCY

Holy shit.

SARA

Hi, Mrs. Cower.

NANCY

What- why are you here?

SARA

To apologize. And to thank you, face to face.

NANCY

What?

SARA

For the money you gave me, and everything else you've done.

NANCY

(to Ginger)

You told her?

SARA

I figured it out. I hate the way I treated you, Mrs. Cower.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

This isn't an excuse, but that day I had just gotten an email from Mom that disowned me. And then I saw you out there that night and you looked so Southern, like Anita Bryant had crashed my show. And I just, I lost it. I'm so sorry.

Nancy looks towards the door.

NANCY

Wayne can't see y'all here!

SARA

Not one of those crazy evangelicals has ever done anything like what you've done, gone against your husband, supported us. You're a hero in New York. All the queens love you.

NANCY

They do?

SARA

Yes. Mrs. Cower, you've helped me way more than I ever helped you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Ginger points to the speech in Nancy's hand.

GINGER

Is that what you're supposed to say up there?

NANCY

Yes. Wayne's campaign manager wrote it.

GINGER

Can I see it?

Nancy gives it to her and Ginger scans it.

GINGER (CONT'D)

This is repugnant.

She hands it to Sara, who reads it.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this.

NANCY

If I want to stay married, I do.

SARA
(referring to the speech)
You don't believe this shit.

Nancy takes a moment.

NANCY
I don't- no. But not all
Evangelicals are crazy.

GINGER
Come with us now. We can-

Wayne walk in, sees Sara and Ginger and freezes.

NANCY
They surprised me.

WAYNE
Hello, Ginger.

GINGER
Waynie.

WAYNE
And what's your name?

SARA
Sara-Tonin.

WAYNE
Your Christian name.

SARA
Sara-Fucking-Tonin.

WAYNE
You people always have to be so
difficult.

SARA
Right back at ya, sweetass.

WAYNE
(to Nancy)
It's time. You two can see
yourselves out.

SARA
Gladly. I get the heebies standing
in here anyway, girl.

WAYNE

It must be so easy to live any way you want. I'm sort of jealous. But I'll pray for you.

SARA

Save it, bitch.

WAYNE

I didn't make the rules. It's the Bible that says you're a sinner, not me. You don't get to pick and choose.

GINGER

Of course you do, Wayne. What'd you have for breakfast this morning? Bacon? A nice sausage patty?

NANCY

Bacon

GINGER

But Wayne, the Bible says pork is-

Wayne shoots Nancy a withering look.

NANCY

Y'all should go.

GINGER

We'll be sending spirit from the back.

SARA

Oh, I almost forgot! I brought you a present!

She reaches into her purse.

WAYNE

Get out!

SARA

Jesus, drama queen! I'll give it to you later.

Ginger grabs Nancy's hand and squeezes it.

GINGER

Your father would be so proud of everything you've done.

She leaves with Sara, who flicks Wayne off as they exit.

WAYNE
Why were they here?

NANCY
They just showed up.

WAYNE
They just showed up.

NANCY
Yes. They're worried about me.

WAYNE
Are you ready?

NANCY
Go find a seat. I'll be up in a second.

WAYNE
Okay. Thank you for doing this. I know it's not easy.

He kisses her then leaves. Nancy pulls out a tube of lipstick and applies it in the mirror. She dries her eyes.

INT. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAINTOP SANCTUARY - DAY

Parishioners stand and sing "Softly and Tenderly." Wayne, Liza, WJ and Deborah are on the front row. Ginger and Sara stand at the back of the church, where the parishioners gawk at Sara.

A handsome preacher, REVEREND HARPER, stands at the main pulpit. The hymn ends and everyone sits.

REVEREND HARPER
Thank you, that was lovely. Jesus is calling, indeed. My brothers and sisters, I know you've been paying attention to what's happened with our own Wayne and Nancy Cower. Well, Nancy's here today to give a testimonial and set the record straight. Nancy, come on out now.

Nancy emerges through a doorway behind Reverend Harper. The church is dead quiet. Nancy walks towards the pulpit, her shoes clip-clopping on the marble floor. She sees her family and Deborah. Liza wears Nancy's pearls. Wayne nods at her and WJ smiles.

REVEREND HARPER (CONT'D)

Go on ahead.

She steps up to the pulpit, leans into the microphone, clears her throat, opens her speech, and reads.

NANCY

Hello, I'm Mrs. Wayne Cower and I would like to thank Reverend Harper for giving me the chance to testify today. As many of you know, I've recently been seduced by unrighteousness. God has shown me that it is important to share my story, so that others can avoid the mistakes that I have made. Before I begin, I must ask for forgiveness from my husband and my family for supporting homosexual and liberal causes. I would also like to ask for forgiveness from all of you. And finally, I ask for forgiveness from God. I have been wrong and I am sorry. I was lead astray by Satan and so-called friends, and my donations are in no way a reflection of my true beliefs. But there's a reason I was such an easy target for evil forces. As some of you may know, my father was a Methodist minister who drifted away from Jesus. When I was 15 years old, he committed suicide after an arrest for engaging in homosexual activities in public. I know now that he was a typical example of what the homosexual lifestyle can lead to. And his selfishness is what damaged me and left me vulnerable...left me...

She shakes her head and looks up at Ginger and Sara. Sara reaches into her purse, pulls out a sash and holds it up. It reads "Drag Queen for a Day!"

Nancy squints, reads it, and gasps. Sara points to her and blows exaggerated kisses at her. She beams, then looks into the stage lights focused on her.

The lights dim, turn colorful. The church morphs into an audience like the one at the Climax, cheering for her, chanting her name.

A spotlight shines on her. Her makeup is exquisite, her hair in an early 60s bouffant, the sash that Sara brought her around her neck. She waves and tears up.

Wayne's voice breaks through her reverie.

WAYNE

Nancy?

She snaps back into the room. Wayne rises from his pew and walks towards her.

NANCY

Wow. I- I - this is a bunch of bullshit.

Wayne rushes towards her as the churchgoers titter. He tries to pull her away from the pulpit, which she grips.

NANCY (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm going to talk. I'm going to talk now!

Wayne pulls harder. Reverend Harper moves to help Wayne. Ginger and Sara rush from the back of the church.

SARA

Get away from her, you bitch!

Wayne lets go.

NANCY

You want me to do this on Rachel Maddow? She's called! I'll do it!

Wayne backs away.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't read any more of this speech.

She crumples the speech up and throws it on the ground.

NANCY (CONT'D)

My father's name was Joseph Tipton Bell. He was gentle and loving, a wonderful preacher and a great father. And gay. But he loved Jesus as much as anyone I've ever known. And he was as kind and compassionate as anyone has ever been.

Some churchgoers grumble and a few leave. Others take videos.

NANCY (CONT'D)

When I was fifteen, I learned my father's secret. And I told him that unless he changed he would go to Hell. He died- no, committed suicide the next week and I've spent the rest of my life feeling just, so guilty. But the night I gave away all that money was the most exhilarating night I've had in decades. And it was the first time the guilt started to fade a little. And that has to have something to do with God. So I'm not sorry.

SARA

My queen!

NANCY

I'm not sorry that I supported The Human Rights Campaign or The Trevor Project or The Magic City LGBT Center. I loved helping the LGBT...and all those other letters I can't remember.

Liza stands up.

LIZA

How dare you shame that pulpit with that talk!

WJ

Liza, sit down.

LIZA

Everyone knows she's been insane for years.

She turns to the crowd.

LIZA (CONT'D)

She's been insane for years. Wayne's a saint for putting up with her.

WAYNE

No-

SARA

Don't you talk about her like that, you whore!

She runs towards Liza.

LIZA

Get away from me, you freak!

Liza shoves Sara.

GINGER

Oh hell no!

Ginger launches herself at Liza and they fall to the ground. Sara rushes over to help Ginger but Reverend Harper springs down the stairs from the altar and holds her back.

WJ tries to pull Liza off Ginger. The church erupts into chaos. Wayne and Deborah help WJ pull Liza away from Ginger. Nancy bends down to the microphone.

NANCY

Stop it! Everyone! Stop it now!
Now!

Everyone freezes. Liza and Ginger stand up. Sara straightens her wig. Wayne flops on a pew.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What is wrong with us? Jesus said, "Judge not, and you will not be judged; condemn not, and you will not be condemned; forgive, and you will be forgiven." Well, I'm going to do my best to live up to those words from now on. I know you all believe every word in the Bible is true. And your reasons are real and complicated. But I think I believe in the different kind of Jesus than y'all. I can't pretend to believe things I don't anymore. But please don't hold Wayne accountable for my behavior. He's a good man. And it's time for me to be a good woman. I...uh...I guess that's all I have to say for now. Except Liza, I'm taking back my pearls.

She walks over to Liza and holds out her hand. Liza takes off the pearls and gives them to her, then shoots her a bird. WJ pushes her hand down.

Nancy looks over at a flattened Wayne. He smiles slightly and then turns away from her. She nods.

She joins Ginger and Sara, and they link arms and strut down the aisle, out of the silent church and into the bright Alabama sunshine.

INT. NANCY COWER'S CONDO (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - DAY

It's one year later. Nancy wears an attractive, well-fitting pantsuit and her pearls, her hair back to salt and pepper, but worn in a stylish bob.

She watches the 6:00PM news on a television at her homey, stylish condo. Cynthia, the former host from "Bama Morning Live!", sits behind the anchor's desk.

CYNTHIA (ON TELEVISION)

Cower won 68 percent of the vote to Patton Baxley's 32 percent, and as there is no Democratic nominee, he is the presumptive winner. You may remember Cower and his former wife, Nancy, from my interview that went viral last year on-

Nancy clicks off the television, then grabs her purse and heads out the door.

EXT. MAGIC CITY LGBT CENTER (BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA) - NIGHT

The building, a low-slung warehouse on the south side of Birmingham, is decorated with pride flags. People pour in through the illuminated front door.

INT. MAGIC CITY ACCEPTANCE CENTER MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The meeting room, utilitarian, has been turned into a dressing room for Sara-Tonin and Paula. They sit in front of vanity mirrors, in robes, and do their make-up. Ginger watches Paula intently.

GINGER

But I don't understand how you make your nose that pointy.

PAULA

Highlights, babe. Here, let me show you.

He puts powder on her nose then kisses her. She giggles.

There's a knock and Nancy enters, with BILLY DUNHAM, 18, Caucasian, thin. He wears jeans, sneakers, and a Bowie t-shirt.

NANCY
Hey, girls!

SARA
So, have you thought about it?

NANCY
We'll talk about it in a little
bit.

SARA
You have to do it! You have to!

NANCY
Sara-Tonin, Paula Abdul Jabbar,
Ginger Humber, I'd like to
introduce y'all to Billy Dunham.
Billy's our first resident at the
shelter. He joined us last week.

SARA
Where are you from, Billy?

BILLY
Deatsville, down by Montgomery.

SARA
Oh my God! I'm from right by there.
Congrats, you got out!

Billy nods.

SARA (CONT'D)
Have you ever been to New York?

BILLY
Nope.

SARA
Come visit with Nancy sometime.
I'll introduce you to my fiancée!
He's a music teacher and he once
met David Bowie!

BILLY
Really?

PAULA
Your parents kick you out?

BILLY
Um, my, my mom did.

SARA

Girl, have a seat! Let me tell you what happened to me! When I was 16, my mother kicked me out too. I thought I was going to die on the street, I was terrified...

Sara talks and Billy smiles a few times. Nancy watches them as Sara's words fade away. She exchanges a smile with Ginger.

WJ (V.O.)

It's an honor to introduce my mother tonight. I'm so proud of the work she has done and the change she has brought to this community.

INT. MAGIC CITY LGBT CENTER BASEMENT - NIGHT

A diverse crowd has assembled in the basement of the center. The room is decorated with posters for the new shelter.

WJ stands on a small stage which is really a few platforms shoved together. He talks into a microphone, and isn't wearing a wedding ring. Ginger and Billy are on the floor just in front.

WJ

I'm especially thankful for her help with my daughters as I learn to navigate being a single dad. The truth is, I always knew my mother was a bit of a badass. And I'm glad the rest of the world is finally finding out too. Everyone, here she is, Nancy Cower.

The crowd applauds. Nancy steps onto the stage, gives WJ a hug, then takes the mic.

NANCY

Thank you for your support, WJ.

She turns to the crowd.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And thanks to everyone for coming tonight to celebrate the opening of the Joseph Tipton Bell Shelter for LGBT Youth. None of this would have been possible without your donations and support.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

We're profoundly grateful, and I know that my father would be too. I especially need to thank Ginger Humber, not just for her financial gift, but for her friendship and encouragement.

The audience applauds.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This has been a year of change in my life, of challenges to me and my faith. But I thank God for it. It's been so rewarding that it's led me to think about how else I could make a difference. When I told our special guest tonight that I was, um, having some big ideas, she pumped me up and never let me forget that I inspired her just as she inspired me.

SARA (O.S.)

That's right, my queen!

Nancy giggles.

NANCY

She even got to googling and found a place called the, let me see if I can get this right, The College...ugh. Sara?

Sara runs out onto the stage.

SARA

Y'all don't see me.

The crowd laughs. She whispers in Nancy's ear, then runs off.

NANCY

The Women's Campaign School at Yale University, which trains women to run for political office. I figure this is a good time to tell y'all that I'll be attending it in a few weeks. And, if all goes well, I'll be using what I learn there to run for Birmingham City Council in the fall. We're coming!

The audience cheers. Ginger gives her a thumbs up.

SARA (O.S.)

Yas! Yas!

NANCY

Thank you! I'll keep you posted!
And now, it is my great pleasure to
present our special guests tonight,
all the way from New York City,
Alabama's own Sara-Tonin and her
special guest, Paula Abdul Jabbar!
Take it away, girls!

Sara and Paula rush onto the stage, in stunning drag, and hug Nancy. Nancy steps off the stage to the waiting Ginger and Billy. The music kicks in, a wild, fast techno track.

Sara and Paula begin an intricate routine, as Nancy and Ginger cheer in the audience. Billy stands beside them and sways a little. Nancy grabs his hand and raises it into the air. Everyone claps as Sara and Paula whip the crowd into a frenzy. Billy smiles. Nancy laughs and screams and dances.

FADE OUT.