

"NO-GOOD MAXINE"

by
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INT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - EVENING

The trailer house is modest, messy. A few deer heads hang on the walls. Piles of mail on the counter. A ratty La-Z-Boy in the living room.

CLOSE SHOT - DINING ROOM TABLE

We SEE several frozen solid, still-boxed microwave dinners hit the kitchen table. Each one thuds against the cheap, wooden top.

MEDIUM SHOT - CARL, RAY, JACK

As they sit at the table, obviously ready to eat, but taken aback by what has been set before them. Maxine's husband CARL (mid 40's, blue-collar) is simple, a hard worker. Maxine's sons, RAY (10) and JACK (13), examine the boxes quizzically. None of them know how to proceed.

Carl turns around, toward the kitchen.

CARL
Maxine, Maxine.

CLOSE SHOT - MAXINE IN THE KITCHEN

Leaning against the counter, she chews on a toothpick. MAXINE (mid 40's, weathered) wears a flannel shirt; her hair is haphazardly pulled back.

MAXINE
No need to yell, Carl. I'm right here.

CARL (O.S.)
What's this?

MAXINE
Dinner.

CARL
We ain't got a microwave.

MAXINE
That's true, Carl.

Silence.

CARL (O.S.)
Maxine, this seem **strange** to you?

MAXINE
I'm not sure.

Silence.

CARL (O.S.)
It's cold. We supposed to eat it?

Maxine exhales and adjusts herself.

MAXINE
You get to telling one of your
hunting stories that dinner will
heat right up.

Maxine thinks.

JACK (O.S.)
(laughs)
Hot air.

We HEAR the sound of Carl slapping the back of Jack's head.

JACK (O.S.)
Ouch.

CARL (O.S.)
I know what she means.

RAY (O.S.)
Heat mine up, too, Dad.

Maxine can't be bothered by the argument.

CUT TO:

INT. MAXINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She lays in bed, staring at the ceiling, eyes wide open. Her hair is down and she wears a old night gown. Beside her Carl snores loudly. Her thoughts don't allow her to sleep.

Maxine looks to Carl then gets up quickly.

EXT. YOLANDA'S TRAILER HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Maxine stands outside throwing pebbles at Yolanda's bedroom window.

MAXINE
Psst. Yolanda.

Maxine throws a larger rock against the Yolanda's trailer. We HEAR a loud thump.

Finally YOLANDA'S (40's, appearance-conscious, round) head pokes through the bed sheet she hangs over the window. Her eyes are barely opened and she has curlers in her hair.

YOLANDA
Who's that?

MAXINE
It's me.

YOLANDA
Maxine? I heard that thump in my dream. Thought you was drinking again, cursing me and everything else in the world.

MAXINE
How do you know I ever cursed you?

YOLANDA
How do I know you didn't?

Yolanda stares at Maxine.

MAXINE
Well, get dressed.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Maxine and Yolanda walk along the dark, trafficless road.

YOLANDA
If I knew we were hiking I would have worn my galoshes. Course then I'd have to wear my pink eye shadow.

(beat)
Hey, you give any more thought to selling that make-up. I been looking at the brochure. Sounds kind of fun. You sell enough they give you a pink Cadillac.

MAXINE

(laughs)

How much foundation you got to sell
before they give you that gaudy
car?

YOLANDA

I don't know.

MAXINE

A lot. And you think all those
pretty women in the suburbs are
going to buy make-up from trailer
trash like us?

YOLANDA

We can sell it in the park.

MAXINE

Ain't enough people in the park.

Maxine pulls ahead of Yolanda.

YOLANDA

You better hope your daddy doesn't
hear you from heaven. Talking about
trailer trash.

MAXINE (O.S.)

He's not hearing anything right
now.

YOLANDA

(looks up)

God, forgive her.

(beat)

Your daddy would be tempted to
reden your behind.

Yolanda catches up with Maxine.

MAXINE

There you go, talking to the sky
again.

YOLANDA

So you never talk to things that
can't answer?

MAXINE

(pointing)

C'mon, it's a little further.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - THE CULVERT - MOMENTS LATER

Yolanda and Maxine look through an empty culvert. Maxine is stoic, thoughtful. Yolanda is utterly confused. She looks at Maxine and back to the culvert.

YOLANDA
It's empty.

MAXINE
I know.

They stand. Then Maxine examines the culvert again.

YOLANDA
So you're telling me that certain items of interest are stashed in this culvert from time to time.

Maxine rises slowly.

YOLANDA
(continuing)
Stuff that's meant for you?

MAXINE
Seems like it.

YOLANDA
And you just take those items home, cause their supposed to be yours?

MAXINE
I guess so.

Yolanda looks in the culvert again.

YOLANDA
So this just magic or are you full of it?

MAXINE
That's why I brought you out.
You're my second opinion.

Yolanda shakes her head.

MAXINE
(continuing)
Just this afternoon I found a huge box of microwave dinners just sitting here, frozen solid.

YOLANDA

Maxine, you don't have a microwave.
Besides, how'd they stay frozen
when it was, what, fifty degrees?

MAXINE

I know. And...

YOLANDA

(interrupting)

And? Carl been hitting you on the
head or something?

Maxine looks around the perimeter of the culvert.

MAXINE

Few days ago I found a package of
socks for little Ray. He's wearing
through clothes so quick these
days. All his old pairs were filled
with holes as if mice had been
eating at them.

(beat)

A few days before that it was some
kibble for the dogs.

(beat)

Hell, last week I found two gallons
of milk.

Silence. They look at each other. Yolanda marches away.

YOLANDA

You treat a friend like this?

MAXINE

Yolanda.

Yolanda stops and turns to Maxine.

YOLANDA

I know I'm not savvy, but I got
book smarts and I know you're older
than me, but a prank like this is
just a...

MAXINE

(placating)

Yolanda.

YOLANDA

Shhh. I'm coming up with something.

Maxine impatiently waits while Yolanda thinks.

YOLANDA

(continuing)

A prank like this is just... the refuge of a sad, sorry, ugly person.

(beat)

I believe I read that somewhere.

Yolanda walks again. Maxine jumps in front of her.

MAXINE

Yolanda, when I discovered this culvert... This was a few weeks ago, right before Aunt Flo was coming to town... I was walking home from work and what do I see peeking out from the culvert but a jumbo box of Tampax.

(beat)

Without that I would have been tying an old T-shirt between my legs.

(beat)

This culvert knows me or something.

Yolanda and Maxine look at each other for a moment. Yolanda marches off again.

YOLANDA

I am a beautiful person, Maxine. I carry myself that way.

Yolanda gestures at herself.

YOLANDA

(continuing)

You can regard yourself however you want, but don't drag me down, too.

(to herself)

Sad, sorry...

(louder; to Maxine)

I know I'm right. You've always been afraid of buying Tampax anyway.

Maxine follows after her in no particular hurry.

INT. YOLANDA'S TRAILER HOUSE - DAWN

Maxine and Yolanda sit after returning from the culvert. Coffee cups sit nearby. Yolanda is carefully applying make-up. We HEAR a clock ticking and birds rustling outside.

MAXINE

I like your blue fingernail polish.

Yolanda looks at her fingers.

YOLANDA

That's called Robin's Egg. Not the right color. Been looking for something to match this eye shadow. But I'll do.

(points to eye; beat)

Stop trying to change the subject.

MAXINE

Fine.

Silence.

YOLANDA

If you're looking for advice, I got none for you. Besides, seems pretty simple to me.

(beat)

Something's looking out for you.

Could just laugh and take it.

Instead you're sulking around.

Yolanda shakes her head. Maxine thinks.

YOLANDA

(continuing; frustrated)

If you're not poking fun at me then why you dragging me into this?

MAXINE

Said yourself that you're book smart. Take advantage of those community college courses of yours and tell me why this is going on.

YOLANDA

I took a psychology seminar and two cosmetology classes.

MAXINE

That's school ain't it.

(beat)

You know things.

YOLANDA

Now you're kissing up.

They sit silently.

YOLANDA
 (continuing)
 Besides, I'd just be theorizing.

MAXINE
 So theorize; try me.

YOLANDA
 Fine, you've caught a lucky streak.
 Happy?

MAXINE
 I know that ain't it.

YOLANDA
 (quickly)
 Then maybe the universe feels sorry
 for you. Damn, Maxine.

Silence between them. Maxine thinks.

YOLANDA
 (holding back a laugh)
 You got a magic culvert that knows
 you.

MAXINE
 (unamused)
 That's what I'm afraid of.

Maxine lays back. Yolanda offers her some make-up. Maxine shakes her hand.

MAXINE
 (smirks)
 You want to believe me real bad.

YOLANDA
 Why do you think I let you in?

They sip coffee.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Maxine slogs through a day at work in the diner. She wears a dress uniform. Pouring coffee, bussing and wiping tables. Any smile she musters is half-hearted, forced. Maxine disdains her job, but knows she has no choice in the matter.

Her boss, DONALD (30's, chubby), watches her closely. He is quick to keep her on task.

INT. DINER - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Maxine paces back and forth trying to convince herself to enter her supervisor's office. She is reluctant, fidgety. We HEAR her shoes clicking against the tile floor. She puts on a tough face and walks in.

INT. DINER - DONALD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Donald sits at his desk talking on the phone. Maxine enters and immediately begins talking.

MAXINE

Look, Don. I'm trying hard to make ends meet. But with Carl being laid up and all...

Donald interrupts by putting his finger up, asking her to wait. She does so impatiently. Eventually he hangs up the phone.

DONALD

(shuffling papers)
What is it?

MAXINE

Carl hasn't been able to work since he took that fall. Any chance of me getting more shifts? I don't mind doubles.

Donald can't find the papers he's looking for. Frustrated, he stops searching.

DONALD

Maxine, think about it this way: how many people we got living in this town?

Maxine shrugs.

DONALD

(continuing)
Take a guess.

MAXINE

Maybe fifteen hundred.

DONALD

The last census reported that we got seventeen hundred and thirty three residents living in the city limits. Now, I know this because I'm on the city council.

(beat)

And that's counting the trailer park and the development out north.

(beat)

Not many folks, is it?

MAXINE

What about my shifts?

DONALD

And how fast do you think news travels in our small town?

(beat)

All those people who are bored out of their minds... People whose only fun is watching lights burn out at the Conoco and counting cars on Main Street. See, what they're not bored with is spreading news. Hell, they'll latch on to any juicy little piece of gossip that makes things more... interesting.

Maxine's demeanor becomes defensive.

MAXINE

But Don...

DONALD

We all know about you.

Maxine opens her mouth but decides not to speak.

DONALD

(continuing)

You think the whole town hasn't heard about you're little crime spree over at the Corner Market?

MAXINE

That's not fair.

DONALD

Stealing all sorts of things. Canned veggies, potato chips, toothpaste. How long that go on for? Weeks? Months?

MAXINE

Don...

DONALD

(interrupting)

Now, I hired you because I'm a good man, a community man. I'm providing you complementary rehabilitation services. And I aim to keep you on the straight and narrow.

Donald leans back in his chair.

DONALD

(continuing)

Giving you more shifts might get you to thinking you're being rewarded... Like you're deserving.

(beat)

You got to do good before the rewards come. Just the way it works.

(beat; leans forward)

The schedule stays as it is.

Maxine thinks, looking at the floor.

MAXINE

I only said I needed it. Never said anything about being deserving.

She walks out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AT THE CULVERT - THAT DAY

Maxine walks by the culvert. She walks in and out of frame, her head on a swivel the whole time, staring at the culvert.

Maxine re-enters the frame and approaches the culvert, obviously apprehensive. After checking for other people, she gets on her hands and knees and looks into it.

MAXINE

Son of a gun.

EXT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - DAY

Maxine walks toward her home carrying a small, modest microwave oven. She holds back a smile.

INT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maxine bounds into the house.

MAXINE

Boys, Carl. Get those microwave dinners out of the freezer.

Carl limps out of the bedroom.

CARL

It's three thirty in the afternoon.

Maxine stands before him holding the microwave.

CARL

(continuing)

That what I think it is?

MAXINE

Thought we should try it out.

CARL

(excited)

How's it work?

Maxine moves into the kitchen and plugs in the microwave. Carl follows.

MAXINE

You turn this dial.

Jack and Ray walk into the kitchen as Carl is retrieving a microwave dinner from the freezer.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THAT MOMENT

They watch it cook. Moments later, Carl pulls it from the microwave and burns himself, but continues to smile. They cook three more dinners and eat together, tickled at their new gizmo.

INT. MAXINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxine and Carl lie in bed, each looking at the ceiling.

CARL

That's one of the fastest hot meals I've had, Maxine.

(smiles)

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
Better be careful, I might get to
gaining weight.

Carl kisses Maxine on the cheek.

MAXINE
I know you try to keep a girlish
figure.

CARL
That's right.
(beat)
I've never seen you smile so much
as you did tonight. Not in a while.
Smiling like something up and bit
you on the funny bone.

MAXINE
Carl...

CARL
(interrupting)
You must have done right by Donald
for him to give you that microwave.

MAXINE
(apprehensive)
Yeah.

CARL
And you knew it was coming today,
didn't you?

MAXINE
Yeah.

CARL
So you was just teasing us last
night with those bone-cold dinners?

MAXINE
I know you like a joke.

Silence.

CARL
You're a good woman, Maxine. You
work hard. You keep me and the boys
happy.

MAXINE
I wouldn't go so far, Carl.

CARL

Says who?

MAXINE

No. I mean... What if we don't have a right to such nice things.

CARL

(looks at Maxine)

I imagine you've got a right to whatever you get. Good or bad, must have done something to earn it.

Carl lays his head on Maxine's stomach, she rubs his head.

CARL

Remind me tomorrow, I'll go by the diner to thank Donald.

Maxine thinks.

MAXINE

Just write him a letter, Carl. I'll take it to him.

CARL

You don't think I ought to do it face-to-face?

MAXINE

No.

CARL

Whatever you say, Maxine.

CLOSE SHOT - MAXINE

As she stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Maxine walks to work. She tears up the letter Carl has written to Donald and scatters the pieces along the road.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Maxine at work in the diner. She stands, content, behind the counter.

She pours coffee for the regulars and carries food to the tables. For once she moves easily through the space. Maxine is not beaming from ear to ear; she wouldn't do that. But she seems acceptant for a moment. She seems at peace.

From time to time, Donald stares at her suspiciously.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Maxine walks away from the diner. Donald throws his coat on and approaches her from behind.

DONALD
Maxine, give you a ride home?

Maxine ponders, wanting to walk so she can check the culvert. She looks in the distance. She turns to Donald's smug face; she knows there's no choice.

MAXINE
Sure.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Donald's car passes by the culvert.

EXT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine exits Donald's car quickly.

MAXINE
Thanks, Donald.

Donald leans out the driver's side window.

DONALD
Welcome.

He does not drive away. Maxine gets to her front door and turns toward him.

MAXINE
Well, get going.

DONALD
(smiles)
Just looking things over.

Finally Donald backs out. As he does, Carl opens the front door. Carl can only wave to Donald before Maxine forces him back inside.

INT./EXT. - YOLANDA'S TRAILER - LATER THAT DAY

Maxine knocks on the front door. Yolanda pulls it open.

MAXINE

Wanna go for a walk?

Yolanda sighs and exits, closing the door behind her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine and Yolanda walk. Maxine can't wait to see what's there. Yolanda is lagging behind, picking the polish off her fingernails, trying to muster some belief in Maxine's words.

MAXINE

And guess what it was this time.

YOLANDA

A copy of the King James Bible.

MAXINE

C'mon, Yolanda.

YOLANDA

(looks up momentarily)
I give up.

MAXINE

A microwave oven.

YOLANDA

(unimpressed; picking)
Praise God.

MAXINE

I told you, it's not religious like that.

YOLANDA

But this culvert knows you?

MAXINE

Knows me well.

YOLANDA

So how come it hasn't given you a jingling piggy bank?

MAXINE

I don't need it yet?

(beat)

I don't know.

YOLANDA

Probably some person just messing with you.

MAXINE

Nah.

YOLANDA

Could be hidden cameras all around here.

(beat)

They're doing some kind of experiment on you. I've seen TV shows about that.

(smiles)

Someone's laughing at you from a white van.

MAXINE

Then they're hearing everything we say.

YOLANDA

Yep.

MAXINE

Then they'd like to know about that time with you and Stupid Sammy Duncan.

YOLANDA

That was one time.

MAXINE

(laughing)

No one's hearing nothing, Yolanda.

Yolanda laughs, too.

MAXINE

(continuing)

It's just us and culvert.

Yolanda sighs, rolls her eyes.

MAXINE

(continuing)

And it ain't talking.

YOLANDA

What do you reckon it will say when
it does?

MAXINE

I don't know, but I hope it's worth
hearing.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AT THE CULVERT - CONTINUOUS

Maxine bends down to look in the culvert.

MAXINE

Let's see.

Maxine searches the culvert up and down, but there is
nothing. Yolanda stands by looking at the woods.

MAXINE

Empty.

YOLANDA

You sure?

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOMENTS LATER

They walk home. Yolanda is still picking at her fingernails.

MAXINE

Why are you making that racket?

YOLANDA

Picking the polish off my nails.

(beat)

Wrong color. Not even close. Ain't
no variety down at the drug store.

MAXINE

You check the mall.

YOLANDA

Department stores? Hell no. They
see my empty pocketbook coming from
a mile away.

(rambling)

You know they got secret colors
they only show to people with
money. Hell, they probably got some
machine that can create the exact
color I'm looking for. It's a
conspiracy.

MAXINE
You watch too much TV.
(beat)
Guess you better start selling your
make-up door-to-door.

YOLANDA
I know.

Yolanda touches her stomach; she is hungry.

YOLANDA
I'm likely to slap whoever's doing
this.
(beat)
Dragging me out at dinner time.

MAXINE
You talk tough.

YOLANDA
That's because I'm not the one with
the free goods.

EXT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maxine and Yolanda trudge to the trailer. Donald's car is
outside; the motor is running. Yolanda splits off in the
direction of her trailer.

YOLANDA
You having company for dinner?

MAXINE
No.

YOLANDA
(pointing)
You are now.

Maxine quickens her pace and bounds up her trailer steps.

INT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Donald is moving toward the door.

DONALD
Mighty nice appliance you've got
there, Maxine. Explains that smile
doesn't it.
(beat)
(MORE)

DONALD (cont'd)
What's the town going to say when
they see this?

Donald exits. Maxine stares him down.

THE KITCHEN --

Carl microwaves a cup of water, watching it boil and overflow. Maxine moves toward him but does not speak. She waits.

CARL
This might be the nicest
contraption we've ever had.
(beat)
Named it after you. Maxine Junior.

MAXINE
I like it, too.

CARL
I thought about starting to drink
tea just so I could have an excuse
to heat water real fast.

MAXINE
(half-smiles)
Looks like you don't need an
excuse.

The microwave counts down. We HEAR it ding.

CARL
I'm sure sorry I hurt my leg,
Maxine.
(beat)
Didn't mean to make things crooked
for us.

MAXINE
We're getting by.

CARL
That's what I told Donald.

MAXINE
What else did you tell Donald?

CARL
Not much. He was just looking at
the microwave. He said it was real
interesting. Just kept saying
"interesting" over and over.

Silence.

CARL

(continuing)

When I was rolling around on the ground with my leg throbbing, looking up at that long ladder I remember thinking two things. The first was that I should have been wearing my safety harness.

Maxine smiles.

CARL

The second was that I hope Maxine doesn't have to break herself to make ends meet, especially with me laid up again.

(beat)

Hell, I'll love you whether we're living on a street corner or in a mansion down by the water.

MAXINE

I know, Carl.

CARL

Then you must be doing wrong just to...

(beat)

Just to torture yourself?

MAXINE

What are you getting at, Carl?

CARL

Me and Donald was talking...

MAXINE

(interrupting)

And?

CARL

(looking at floor)

You stealing again, Maxine?

MAXINE

No.

CARL
 (reluctant)
 So what about the microwave and the
 new clothes and the kibble and the
 food?
 (beat)
 That just appearing like magic?

MAXINE
 What if it is?

Silence. Carl doesn't want to yell.

CARL
 You're the smart one, Maxine.
 Always have been. If you say you're
 not stealing...
 (stares into microwave)
 Whatever you've got going on, I
 hope there's a reason.

MAXINE
 Me too.

EXT. MAXINE'S TRAILER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine carries the microwave outside, setting it down by the
 trash cans. She moves deliberately, angrily. Yolanda watches
 her from the window while picking at her fingernails.

Maxine re-enters the trailer and comes out with Carl hobbling
 behind. They walk to a nearby shed.

CARL
 You sure about this? It's awful
 heavy.

MAXINE
 It's in the shed, right?

CARL
 Yeah.

Maxine enters the shed, rustles around, and exits with a
 large sledge hammer. It is heavy, but she takes it
 confidently. Maxine walks past Carl toward the road.

CARL
 Maxine, this seem queer to you?

MAXINE
 Yes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

Maxine carries the sledge hammer down the road. The sun is setting and few cars drive; their headlights shine on Maxine's face periodically. She reaches the culvert.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AT THE CULVERT - CONTINUOUS

Maxine stands next to the culvert, ready to swing the sledge hammer. She looks both ways, sees there are no cars coming and takes a swing. We HEAR the metal clash. The impact buzzes Maxine's hands. She leans the sledge hammer against her legs and rubs her hands together.

MAXINE

That hurt you more than it hurt me.

She picks up the hammer and swings again.

MAXINE

(continuing)

I liked giving up on salvation...
And then here you come...

She swings.

MAXINE

(continuing; exerting)

Making me hope things that I swore
off.

She swings.

MAXINE

(continuing)

Keeping me from being comfortable
in Limbo.

Her swings become harder. A car passes her, but Maxine keeps swinging. She is doing very little damage.

MAXINE

Truth is, if I deserve anything
it's Limbo.

(beat)

Not much else. So leave me alone.

(beat)

I'm just no-good Maxine. I'm
definitely no better and hopefully
no worse.

She swings again, very hard, and bends the culvert just slightly. Maxine seems surprised.

ANGLE ON CULVERT

The edge is bent.

BACK TO SCENE

Maxine goes to swing again, but drops the sledge hammer on the ground. Her curiosity is getting the best of her as she wonders, just for a moment, if the culvert might have an answer. She looks both ways for cars and slowly lowers her head to look inside.

Inside the culvert the dusk light reflects off a plastic bag. We can not SEE what is inside it, but the bag is free of dirt as if it has just appeared. Maxine looks, raises her head and looks again.

Finally, Maxine stands, throws the sledgehammer to the side and walks off screen. The frame is empty.

Maxine marches back on screen, reaches the culvert, and snatches the plastic bag from it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Maxine walks. She appears to have something bubbling inside her: not anger, but an excitement she's holding back. Suddenly she starts to run.

We watch Maxine run along the country road, faster and faster. A slight smirk crosses her face, the sleepiness leaves her eyes. She runs all the way home.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine runs by rusty trailer houses. People mull around, staring as she shoots by.

INT./EXT. YOLANDA'S TRAILER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine, breathing heavy, knocks on Yolanda's door. Yolanda answers wearing curlers and a heavy, green facial mask.

Yolanda stares at Maxine.

YOLANDA

Maxine, I've already got my mask on. I'm not going out with you again.

MAXINE

Hush.

Maxine places the plastic bag in Yolanda's hands.

ANGLE ON PLASTIC BAG

It is filled with a stack of money, all different denominations. Yolanda can only stare.

BACK TO SCENE

MAXINE

I imagine this'll get you into the department store. Find that blue you're looking for.

Maxine walks away. Yolanda opens the bag, feels the money.

YOLANDA

How many different shades of blue you think there are?

Maxine turns.

MAXINE

Must be a lot.

Maxine smiles and slowly walks away. Yolanda watches her, keeping the door open.

LONG SHOT - MAXINE - CONTINUOUS

In front of Maxine we see her trailer as she walks toward it. On the way she walks past the trash can next to which sits the microwave. Maxine circles back around, grabs the microwave and cradles it in her arms. She climbs the stairs to her trailer, enters, and the screen door slaps shut behind her.

FADE OUT.

THE END