

Warriors and Survivors
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FADE IN:

I./E. BOBBI'S CAR / STREET, CHATTANOOGA - DAY

Behind the wheel, ERNIE, a man in his 50's. His wife BOBBI rides in the passenger seat.

On her lap, a bag with their lunch from a fast food chain.

She sticks her hands into the bag for some fries.

Playfully, Ernie slaps her hand in reproach.

A new song comes up in the radio. She turns the stereo volume up and keeps going for the fries.

By his reaction, we can tell what's playing is a mutual favorite. It's "The Warrior Queen" by Momma Rae.

MOMMA (V.O.)

"...by Tomirys' son there will be
blood. An eye for a tribe, your
troops for a tooth, touch my kin
and die..."

They look at each other as the chorus approaches and Bobbi grabs a few fries as if it was a microphone.

BOBBI

(They both sing) "I'm your warrior
queen, born to be free. Mess with
my queendom, I'll put your head by
my bed, your eyes on a plate,
blood in a cup, just like wine..."

The car approaches an intersection. The light is green.

They exchange glances as they sing without a care in the world.

All of the sudden they get impacted by another car.

The impact flips them over and sends them sliding upside down across the intersection.

Ernie grabs fiercely onto the steering wheel as it glides across the pavement. He turns the wheel by instinct, even though this has no effect.

The car finally comes to a halt and he sighs in relief.

ERNIE

Are you okay?

Ernie looks at Bobbi to see she's unconscious and covered in blood.

ERNIE

Honey?

Ernie takes his seatbelt off and drops headfirst into the roof of the car. He recovers quickly and grabs her face, as he tries to look into her eyes.

ERNIE

Bobbi, honey.

He sees she's not reacting and freaks out.

ERNIE

(Screams) Bobbi!

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

At the intersection, the vintage pink convertible Cadillac that struck them.

From it emerges, MOMMA, a woman in her 80's looking and dressing way younger.

Momma walks away from the wreckage into the incoming traffic without paying attention to it.

A few people rush to the flipped car, while others just look or record with their phones.

OBSERVER 1

There's an old lady in the street.

OBSERVER 2

Call nine one one.

OBSERVER 3

Is that Momma Rae?

Momma keeps walking towards us with her gaze lost. As she gets closer, we see a thick drop of blood roll down her forehead.

OBSERVER 1

(Star struck) Oh my god, that's Momma Rae!

With quivering lips, Momma gives a faint smile.

She seems in shock, with no idea of what just happened or where she even is.

We see a camera FLASH.

Momma's eyes react to the imaginary flash.

There's another FLASH and Momma lifts her hand as if trying to block it.

INT. RED CARPET EVENT - FLASHBACK

Looking dashing in her early twenties, Momma walks the red carpet, holding hands with her husband HENRY.

The press and paparazzi hustle their way get to her while desperately snapping pictures at her.

By her reaction, we can tell that this is the first time she's given this celebrity treatment. She seems uneasy at first but starts to embrace it little by little.

She lets go of Henry's hand and gracefully steps forward, to claim her celebrity status.

Henry gives a step back letting her enjoy her moment.

C.U. of her face as the flashes bounce off her joyful cherub face.

RETURN TO SCENE.

As the cameras FLASHES cascade upon her, she gives up on trying to block them and welcomes them with a big smile, giving a rundown decadent rendition of the scene we just witnessed.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

MONTAGE TITLE SEQUENCE.

This sequence consists mainly of a TV interview from the late sixties. The titles superimpose the image as newspaper headlines and magazine clippings.

About 40 privilege fans sit in the TV studio as MOMMA is been interviewed on what appears to be a top rated show.

INTERVIEWER

Just when we thought we had you
pinned as the Nashville music
princess...

Momma gracefully interjects.

MOMMA

Chattanooga.

The Interviewer smiles.

INTERVIEWER

Sorry, Chattanooga. I should've
said Tennessee...

She interrupts once more.

MOMMA

Queen.

The Interviewer is caught off guard.

Momma looks around like looking for support from the her fans.

MOMMA

I'm no princess. No.

AUDIENCE

No.

She smiles slyly.

MOMMA

I'm the queen from Chattanooga
Tennessee and American music.

The audience goes wild into cheers and applause.

She gloats.

INTERVIEWER

I stand corrected, your highness.

MOMMA

(To the audience) Off with his
head?

Looks at him then at the crowd.

MOMMA

Or should we spare him?

She takes requests from the crowd as she playfully weighs her
options.

Momma pretends to reluctantly have to spare his life.

MOMMA

You may ask your question now.

The Interviewer reads from his cards.

INTERVIEWER

After your "French Lick" album; one of my favorites, which epitomized your country roots. You went into a totally different direction with "Pirate Tom and the Lucifer Gang".

MOMMA

(Smiles) I did.

INTERVIEWER

I would say it is the first country concept album, but I'm not sure it can be called that; a country album.

MOMMA

(Playful) Well it was done by the queen of country music, in America, this great country of ours. To me, all American music is country. It's our music and we're America.

INTERVIEWER

All your previous albums were produced by your husband and parter Henry L. Addison, but this album was co-produced by Bob Dylan himself.

MOMMA

Yes it was.

INTERVIEWER

Yet, putting all the juicy rumors aside; he's not credited as a producer.

He clearly tries to hit a nerve with the rumor comment but she doesn't budge.

MOMMA

Yes he was.

(MORE)

MOMMA (CONT'D)

If you look into the record sleeve you'll see one Robert Zimmerman, credited as producer. (Pause) Just before print there was a paperwork stalemate between his and my record company. We were ready to go, so we went with his none stage name. Everyone agreed to do what was best for the album.

INTERVIEWER

So nothing to do with the rumors?

She seems annoyed but plays it cool.

MOMMA

I don't know what rumor it is you keep bringing up. (Plays to her audience) You see, I don't read the gossip columns.

INTERVIEWER

So everything was kosher then?

Her face drops. We can tell she just popped out of character.

INTERVIEWER

Everything okay?

Momma freezes.

She then looks of screen to see Henry stoically standing there.

She takes a breath while looking at him.

She snaps back a the interviewer.

MOMMA

Sorry, didn't understand the question.

INTERVIEWER

I asked if everything was okay then?

MOMMA

(Sorry) I didn't understand that word you used.

INTERVIEWER

Kosher?

MOMMA

Yes, that one.

She tries to bring back her charm but now it feels forced.

MOMMA

It's not French. (To the audience)
At least, not a word I was taught
at school, mon cheri.

The Interviewer looks at the audience and excuses himself.

INTERVIEWER

I'm afraid that's all the time we
have left.

The crowd laments it's over.

The Interviewer gets up and bows.

INTERVIEWER

Until next time, my queen.

Momma smiles graciously and stays in character until the
cameras stop rolling.

As soon as they cut, the interviewer approaches her for some
chatter but she blows him off.

Momma rushes to Henry almost crashing onto him.

She grabs her purse from him and takes out a cigarette. She
lights it up.

MOMMA

Let's get out of here.

She storms off, leaving all her fans hanging.

INT. PAM'S DINNER - DAY

The dinner is a cross between a Johnny Rocket's and a Hard Rock
café. It's music themed with a well crafted americana flavor to
it.

The place is packed.

We follow a family as they're being led to their table. The
phone RINGING and the camera pans ditching the family, closing
into the phone.

A female EMPLOYEE in rockabilly clothes picks it up.

She puts the phone to her chest and looks around.

She grabs by the arm a skinny young waiter dressed as Chuck Berry, BEN.

EMPLOYEE
Have you seen her?

BEN
(Shrugs) She's in the back, I guess.

EMPLOYEE
Go get her.

BEN
But...

EMPLOYEE
It's urgent.

We follow Ben as he goes to the back for "her".

He goes across the kitchen to the restricted area in the back.

As he walks, he passes by several other employees, paying little to none attention to any of them.

He looks around unable to find "her". He's about to turn back when all of the sudden hears something behind the door of the janitor's room. It was the sound of something falling to the ground.

He get's closer while trying to prick up his ears.

His eyes widen as he hear sex sounds coming from behind the door.

INT. JANITOR ROOM/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A very pregnant PAM is having intense sex with OLIVER. She's a beautiful thirty something on her heavy side, even if she wasn't pregnant. He's tall and handsome, yet about thirty pounds over from being considered so.

Ben awkwardly lifts his knuckles to knock on the door.

He stops midway and looks to both sides before bailing.

At end of the hall he sees some co-workers pretending to ignore the situation.

He laments to have been seen. Now can't bail out.

Pam starts to climax and it's loud.

Two employees approach from the opposite side of the hallway and as they figure out what's going on inside, speed up to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Pam sighs and adjust her skirt.

PAM
Did you come?

Oliver is about to answer but she interrupts him by biting on his lower lip.

PAM
Who cares.

She slaps him on the butt.

PAM
You're my bitch.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
I'm your bitch.

She kisses him on the lips.

OLIVER
I have to get going.

PAM
Me too.

Ben sees that the door is about to be opened from the inside and jumps back, giving a few steps further trying to get as much distance as possible from the door.

Pam and Oliver come out of the room as Ben pretends to just be getting there.

Pam kisses Oliver ignoring Ben's approach.

PAM
Thanks, I needed this.

Ben clears his throat to make his presence known.

BEN
Excuse me, you have a call.

She practically ignores him.

PAM
Take a message.

BEN
I was told it was urgent.

PAM
(Smiles) Urgent?

She looks at Oliver.

PAM
(Enthusiastic) It must be the
bank. The loan got approved.

Oliver gives her a supportive smile.

PAM
You're my lucky fuck.

She kisses him again and turns to leave.

PAM
(Sings) You're my lucky fuck, my
happy, lucky fuck.

She then looks at Ben and encourages him to join her on the
chorus.

PAM
He's my happy fuck, fuck, fuck.

Ben doesn't jump in and she insists.

PAM
Come on. He's my happy fuck. Fuck
fuck fuck.

BEN
(Reluctantly) Fuck, fuck.

PAM
(Emphasizes) Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Pam cheerfully reaches the phone as the Employee tries to warn
her but she's too hyped to pay any attention.

Pam brings the phone to her ear.

PAM
This is Pam.

Her face drops reflecting the gravity of the news she's been
told.