

QUEEN MAEVE

THE BOYS #103 "Get Some" - 10/2/17 (WRITER'S DRAFT)

12.

CONTINUED: (5)

Sc. 1

FUNK (CONT'D)

We get to the real Miley at the end of the first act. No one wants to wait.

CHOW

Exactly. It's exactly what you're going through.

STARLIGHT

How do you exactly know what I'm going through, exactly?

(silence)

Look, I'm sorry. I appreciate the effort, I do. But I'm fine with my old outfit.

STILLWELL

(interjects)

We're not.

STARLIGHT

(a beat)

Excuse me?

STILLWELL

Did you not hear me? I didn't say it in Urdu.

STARLIGHT

It's my body. I have the right to choose how much of it I show.

STILLWELL

That's true. You do. You just won't be doing it in The Seven, unless your sweet cornfed ass...

(re: the outfit)

Is wrapped the fuck up in that.

HOLD ON Starlight, stunned. Trying her best to appear prideful and save face, she slowly rises. And walks out...

INT. SEVEN TOWER - TRAINING ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Mortified, Starlight cuts through the gym on the way to her chambers. She passes Queen Maeve, who is skillfully kicking the shit out of THREE HULKING MEN (her sparring partners). Maeve clocks Starlight's angry gait. Calls out to her:

QUEEN MAEVE

Hey, You-Tube! One thing to kick the shit out of a skinny-ass frat boy -- why dontcha come over here and show my real men whatcha got?

STARLIGHT

(as she walks by, curt)

Not in the mood.

(CONTINUED)

1/8

The Boys

START

QUEEN MAEVE
(well, la-di-da)
What crawled up your ass?

Starlight stops. Dangles her new outfit. A beat. Maeve shrugs, *so?*... Clearly, Starlight's not getting any of that Thelma and Louise bonding shit from this Queen Bee. Starlight scoffs, *never mind*. Starts to walk off.

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
Hold up, sister.

Maeve strides over to Starlight. Stops. Studies her. Then studies the outfit. Then studies Starlight again. Finally:

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
Let me get this straight. You kick and punch and claw your way over hundreds of other Supes to achieve the single highest spot that a woman -- or any man for that matter -- can achieve in our business. A spot on The Seven.
(off Starlight)
And now you're going to blow it because your outfit is skimpy?

STARLIGHT
(re: the outfit)
Are you kidding? Look at this. It's a total disgrace.

QUEEN MAEVE
Tits make money, honey. Shocker.

STARLIGHT
I won't wear it. It's not me.

QUEEN MAEVE
You think it's me? Honey, that's a fucking burka compared to the dental floss and pasties I run around in.
(a beat, Starlight shrugs)
Look, do what you want. But speaking from experience, you got two choices. You either start focusing on the big picture of what you've got -- a chance to kick ass and take names and do what you love instead of dwelling on the annoying little shit. Or you just quit.
(beat)
My advice. Rub some dirt in it and deal...

And I really hope you take it. Maeve doesn't say this last part, she's too emotionally bludgeoned, but her expression softens ever so slightly -- and Starlight knows it's what she means. As Starlight absorbs this, with the utmost sincerity:

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
(points with her thumb)
Hey, I'm gonna go fuck these studs.
Want one? Take two if you like,
they're hung like mastodons.
(gives a little wink)
May be a little 'unclenching' where
it counts is just what the doctor
ordered.

STARLIGHT
(a beat)
Um... rain check? Thanks, though.

QUEEN MAEVE
(suit yourself)
Fine, I'll take all three. One for
each funhouse.

Maeve turns and walks toward her male harem. Off Starlight, this Maeve's one strange but oddly likable Alpha-bitch, we:

STOP

EXT. ACROPOLIS - PARTHENON - ANCIENT ATHENS - DAY (TV AD)

Queen Maeve, in the noble ROBES and GRIFFIN-HEADED CROWN of the goddess ATHENA NIKE, clutching her AEGIS and SPEAR, steps out from the fluted columns of the PARTHENON. Before her, a throng of TOGAED WORSHIPPERS, commoners tossing flowers and pouring libations. As she drops her robes, revealing a Wonder Woman-like outfit that highlights her toned Amazon-warrior body, they all bow their heads in deference:

SULTRY V.O.
Maeve... Where the salt of the earth
meets the aroma of a Queen. Premium
scents and Eau de Toilette.

Click! The channel changes to:

EXT. RACETRACK - INFIELD AND STANDS - DAY (TV SPOT)

An ecstatic ESPN REPORTER, mic clutched, stands in the infield of a motor speedway converted to a track and field venue. The stands are empty, but a slew of grounds workers are setting up podiums and VIP seating sections and such.

REPORTER
Don't miss it! A-Train versus The
Blue Bolt! The race of the CENTURY!

We ANGLE on the track, where a bright-eyed young Supe, BLUE BOLT, is doing squat thrusts. A slew of trainers look on.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Can The Seven's own human Hermes
keep his titled as the fastest man
alive?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3/8

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Queen Maeve. In full regalia. Has wedged herself into a chair in a cheerful second grade classroom. Sits across from a petite and pretty Teacher (late 20s). An empty chair next to Maeve.

START

MID-CONFERENCE.

TEACHER

I've moved their desks apart, but Jacob's still bothering him --

QUEEN MAEVE

Oh God that's awful. I'm so sorry.

TEACHER

Then today he pushed Drew Hoffenberg -- quite hard -- I saw it happen this time --

Ouch.

QUEEN MAEVE

Is he all right?

TEACHER

He fell, split his lip. His mother had to come and pick him up.

The guilt.

QUEEN MAEVE

I'm just... so sorry. So. Sorry. This is not like Jacob. At all. He's a good boy.

TEACHER

That's why I called you, and his father in.

Empty seat noted.

QUEEN MAEVE

Mark texted me. He's on his way.

TEACHER

Can you tell me anything that might be going on in the home...?

(off Maeve's hesitation)

Any changes?

(beat)

Anything Jacob might be going through that would explain his behavior?

QUEEN MAEVE
I... don't know.

TEACHER
Sorry...? You don't know...?

QUEEN MAEVE
It's hard with my schedule, I
travel a lot. For work.
Obviously.
(beast)
And the hours can be... I don't
have a lot of control. I just...
He lives with his Dad.

TEACHER
But you still see him. Of course.

QUEEN MAEVE
I missed our last weekend together.
Maybe that's what this was
about...?

TEACHER
(judging)
Could be.

A long silence. The worst torture in the world for Maeve.

Just then MARK (early 40s) hurries in. A rumped, touseled
man in glasses --

MARK
I'm sorry I'm late. I'm sorry.
(beat)
I spoke to the principal. Jacob's
on this new ADD medication.

Queen Maeve, surprised. Mark hands the medicine to the
teacher.

MARK (CONT'D)
I called his doctor. I'm taking
him off of it. Today.
(looks at Maeve)
We're taking him off of it.
(to Maeve)
Right...?

QUEEN MAEVE
Right.

As she and Mark speak, off Queen Maeve looking miserable.

STOP

START

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- FLASHBACK -- FIVE YEARS AGO -- NIGHT

POUNING ON A DOOR. Hinges rattling. A guy in sweats rushes in. This is Maeve's soon-to-be-ex-husband MARK (late-30s). Looks through the peephole -- OH NO -- opens the door.

QUEEN MAEVE BURSTS IN. IN UNIFORM.

MARK
(waking up)
Jesus, Maeve...?

QUEEN MAEVE
Where is he? Where's *Jacob* ?

He follows her.

MARK
What the hell is this?

QUEEN MAEVE
I need to see him. I need to see
him now.

Queen Maeve pushes past him, stops at her son Jacob's bedroom door. He's eight. Sleeping peacefully. A homemade mobile of planets above his head. GLOWING STARS FILL THE CEILING. A Queen Maeve figure at his bedside.

He pulls her away, whispered --

MARK
You need to go. Maeve. I'm done fighting. The judge will sort it out tomorrow and this will finally be done --

QUEEN MAEVE
Listen to me Mark.

MARK
I've had enough.

QUEEN MAEVE
(wheels turning)
I'm giving you full legal custody.

WHAT!? This is the last thing he expected her to say. A huge shift for him.

MARK
Are you serious?

QUEEN MAEVE
I'll call my lawyer in the morning.
Cancel the hearing --

They step away from the bedroom...

MARK

But... but... that's crazy. Just like that? You said over your dead body --

QUEEN MAEVE

I have conditions. One condition.
(thinking, then)
You have to keep Jacob far away from me.

Head spinning --

MARK

What!?

QUEEN MAEVE

I'll sign away everything.
Holidays. Long weekends. I'll blame work.

MARK

Like hell you will. No. I say no. Out of the question. This isn't about keeping him away from you -- you're his mother -- I just want him to have a normal life.

QUEEN MAEVE

It's my only condition.

She's dead serious.

MARK

This is nuts. It will break his heart.

Her eyes well with tears. Trying to keep it in --

MARK (CONT'D)

WHY!? WHY!?!? You tell me why.

QUEEN MAEVE

He's in danger, Mark.

MARK

Danger? From who...?

QUEEN MAEVE

(hesitates)

Me.

The tears leak. She brushes them away. Mark sees just how afraid she is...

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
Someone threatened... my family.
Someone... powerful.

He realizes this is about protecting him too.

MARK
No... No. Maybe we could --

QUEEN MAEVE
Stop. Just stop. It's not safe.
Just listen.

(beat)
If I don't care about Jacob, if I
don't seem to care...

MARK
No. NO. There has to be another
way. I'll take him out of the city
-- as far as I have to --

QUEEN MAEVE
Do you think I'd do this if there
was any other way? Any place you
could hide, any place in the world
you two would be safe...?

Their eyes meet. There's still love there.

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
I'll see him as little as I can.
This is the only way.
(beat)
Promise me. If you love Jacob.
(If you still love me)
Please. I'm begging you.

Mark searches her gaze. He has no choice.

MARK
God-DAMN-it!

QUEEN MAEVE
Thank you.

She stands. Wipes her eyes. Goes to the bedroom.

Queen Maeve looks at Jacob. Peaceful. Innocent. Her whole
world. Everything she loves. She backs away. Her face
hardens. She puts her hand on her sword pommel and strides
out.

STOP