

Episode Eight: More and More Actors

“The little lady leaving so soon? Hope that drink wasn’t too much for her sweet little heart.”
Nancey’s eyes were glued to the door. **CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!** Three more drinks dropped down in front of the seasoned sheriff. “Here’s your next round hun. Check up on that baby for me will ya? But don’t let me find out that you said something to hurt her feelings. I’ll drown you in those drinks you love so much!” Nancey looked down into the three mugs before her.

There was no sign of her reflection.

GULPI GULPI GULPI

“I gotcha I gotcha Meredith. Let me get the next round.”

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

GULPI GULPI GULPI

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“Uhhhhh...Fuckkkk...” A few hours and many, **many** drinks later, Nancey stumbled outta the saloon.

She stumbled.

And stumbled

And stumbled

And stumbled

And **STOPPED**.

Just short of home. There was her door...

And Lucy’s...

...

I do. And even if you don't, I believe in you.

CHICK-CHICK!

“Why? Why would you sa-HURK!”

JINGLE! TMP! TMP!

Nancey burst into her apartment past all her roommates and into the bathroom.

HURK-SPLASH! “KOUHGK! HUARK!”

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She found her reflection.

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FSNNNNNNNNNN!

After waking up on the cold bathroom floor Nancey hit her normal morning routine. The cold water did just as good a job of washing away her hangover as usual. And from the sounds of things, or rather lack thereof, she wasn't the only one not having a perfect day... **KER-CHAK!** But eventually she scraped herself together and stood out in the hallway...

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Damn, the kid doesn't usually take this long... There's no way she's hung over from that one sip.

She barely had anything... Hmmm

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

CRASH! DUMBLE! BWAM!

ERRRRRRRR...?

Lucy slooooooowly poked her head outta her apartment. “Everything alright kid?”

“Yeah yeah, yeah I'm alright. I'm just gonna trail a little bit behind you today. I'll catch up and find you or something later alright.”

“Err... Okay little gun, that drink ain't still hitting you is it? I mean you barley took a sip.”

“Nah nah nah nah nah, I'm just... I'm workin' on something, ya gotta trust me. It's going to be cool as hell!”

“Uh, alright... Well, you know where to find me.”

“Yup yup yup. See ya.”

ERRRRRRRR...?

KER-CHAK!

TMPI TMPI TMPI

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SPLUH-SPLAT!

Nancey opted to skip the diner, spending her day meandering around the water tower. She watched the sun rise, sun set, and the multiple cycles of muddy waters wash through the neighborhood. Between her stints of sleep, skimming magazines, and pacing atop the tower **KACUSHHHH!** She too found herself stained by the brown waters.

Having gone the whole day without seeing her... **PUARI FWOOSHI!** "SHIT!" Lucy's moonlit arrival shocked...

"Ms.Nancey! Ms.Nancey! Hehehe!"

"Jesus kid...I didn't know you had a Phoenix-Factor."

"Oh, yeah I got one. But look at this!" **BOING!** Lucy bounced in place holding a thick stack of papers. **FLIP-FLAPI!** "I looked on the whoooooole internet and I found a buncha auditions and screenplay readings and all that kinda cool stuff. It was a lot harder to find a printer than you would think. But ya know it's not like we do anything here anyway. So I'm sure if you snuck off for a day or two, old man Walt wouldn't notice. I mean, look, between me and you, I wouldn't say anything anyway so do what you gotta do sis."

"..."

"D-didja hear me?"

"Yesterday, why did you say you believed in me? You and I barely even know each other. Why did you say it?"

"How well do I have to know you to believe in you? I mean if anything, all I've ever seen you do is act."

"And what exactly do you mean by that?"

"Ya know that whole jaded cowgirl character you play." **CHICK-CHICK!** "Hey character or not, don't point that shit at me. I on't play that"

"So why're you here kid, **really?**"

"I came to capture this country. I'm taking it right from under my mother's nose."

"Fuck up! You're her daughter! Shouldn't you be getting fit for a wedding dress or something!?! Save that belief shit for someone else! I'm nobodies charity case, and I'm not a fuckin' pilgrimage!"

"Alright so what do you wanna do!?"

"C'mon kid me and you, right now. Let's make a fuckin' movie! Right here!"

Lucy set her papers down.

Nancey's revolver faded out've her hand and back into her holsters.

FWOOSHI!

During the day, the elder sheriff had been glueing her finished beer cans to the water tower's underside. Trembling under the weight of their standoff, a single drop seeped from the container.

Nancey held her hand over her revolver.

Lucy balled a fist.

(It fell.)

Nancey's finger twitched.

Lucy's eyes glimmered in the moonlight.

(And fell.)

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DRIPI

“Hm!”

“Hm!”

SPLAT-PUARI

The white projectiles meeting in the air initiated it.

CRUNCH!

If Nancey didn't already have a gap Lucy definitely would've given her one. The young lady's punch rattled her brain. ***WHOOSHI*** Nancey threw a wild hook, Lucy slipped right under it ***CRACK! CRACK!*** “Gahh!” Nancey stumbled back. ***CHK-CHK! SPLATI***

“Shit!” She stuck Lucy's feet to the ground. ***WHOOSHI*** Lucy bent backwards landing on her hands to duck a kick. ***But. SPLATI*** Nancey stuck those to the ground too.

WHAMI

Nancey kicked Lucy in the arch of her back. Standing overtop of her she put the guns down and balled her fists up. **CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!** "I SWEA-!" **SPLAT!**

"I don't wanna hear, shit you have to say!" **crunch.** "You, you, y-you prance around here like shit is sweet!" **crunch.** "Knowin' you come from a damn golden ticket! You don't know shit I go through!" **crunch!** "Everyday I watch my life pass by me!" **crunch!** "I'm stuck here. I'M STUCK HERE!" **Crunch!** "EVERY DAY IS THE SAME, AND THEY ALL WILL BE UNTIL I DIE!" **Crunch!** "But I don't care. No matter what I'm going through, no matter how much it hurts. I am nobody's goddamn charity case you hear me!" **CRUUNCHH!** "Y-you can't fix me with a few searches and a goddamn printer!" **CHK-CHK!** **Crunch!** "And everyday is the same. The sun turns and it turns and it turns...but I don't go anywhere." **CRUUNCH!** "It's just, you'll never understand."

"Hrrg!"

CRUNCH! "How'd you!" **SPLAT!**

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Shattering her confines Lucy lunged at her colleague. She had gripped Nancey's gun just as it fired, and now both their hands were bound together. **SHF-SHUFFLE!** Closer than ever before both girls shuffled around the water tower. **TMPI!** Lucy kicked Nancey's leg, she stumbled forward **CRUNCH!** into an uppercut. **WHOOSH!** Nancey swung her free hand. **PAPI!** Lucy caught her wrist. **SQUEEZE!** "Gahh!"

Lucy puuullllllled her head back.

CRACK!

CRUMBLE! CRUMBLE! CRUMBLE!

Her gag order'd been cancelled.

"SHE DIDN'T RAISE ME!"

"Ah...ahhhh...ahktuuahhh..."

"M-Ms.-Ms.Nancey..."

Moonlight filled her vacant eyes. **FWSHING!** Her glue faded. **TMPI TMPI TMPI!** She limply stumbled around the tower, struggling to stand. Her arms hung loosely at her sides.

CRICK-CRACK! Her hands rigidly groped the air, they were looking for something, **anything** to hold onto.

“Woah woah woah! Stop! Stop!”
Nancey’s unoccupied body flirted with the edge of the tower.
Lucy extended a hand.

SLAPI

Anything...but that.

WHOOSHI

“MS. NANCEY!”

TMPI TMPI TMPI

WHOOSHI

PUARI “C’mon!”

PUARI “Hrrrg!”

PUARI GRAB!

PUARI PUARI PUARI PUARI PUARI

“Shit!”

THUDI

RUMBLE-FRUMBLE-DUMBLE!!!

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“...Aughhhh...Fuckin’ hell... Ms.-Ms.Nanceyy... Y-You’re alright?”
They landed in the middle of town accompanied by a cloud of sand. Walter’s statue obscured their view of the stars...and then...

“You two uhhhh, you two alright?”
So did the real one.

“O-Oh shit uh uh uh!”

EHHHRRRRRK!

...Nancey's body rose...

CRICK! CRACK! CRICK!

An eeeeerie smile infected her face.

“The kid was a bit bummed there's been no action, soooo we ran a little sparring match, and things just got a bit out of hand... **R IIIIIIII GHT?**”

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“Wh-what the fuck?”

“HARI HARI HARI! I think you hit our friend Lucy a little too hard Nan! It's alright little lady you can't win 'em all!” **WHOOSHI WHOOSHI!** “Before your next squabble come to old Walt and I'll show you a thing or two!”

“Welp that's enough fun for today. I'll catch you two in the morning.” Hands in her pockets, Nancey just... Walked away.

“Who... Who is she?”