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ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. RITA'S MINI-VAN - SOUTHFIELD, MICH. - LATE AFTERNOON
(RITA, SHANNON)

RITA PARKS IN FRONT OF AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. SHE'S STILL IN HER WORK CLOTHES -- KHAKIS, RUNNING SHOES AND A BLUE 'BED, BATH & BEYOND' SMOCK. RITA'S A STRAIGHT SHOOTING WIFE AND MOM WHO'S CHARISMA SHINES THROUGH HER MUNDANE WORLD OF MINI-VANS AND BULK SHOPPING. EVIDENCED BY THE MULTITUDE OF COSTCO BAGS IN THE BACK OF HER VAN. SHE CHECKS THE CAR'S CLOCK. IT READS 4:58.

①

RITA



Two whole minutes. Sweet.

SHE QUICKLY TAKES OUT MULTI-COLORED POST-ITS AND CATCHES UP ON COLOR CODING HER DAY-PLANNER. SUDDENLY THERE'S TAPPING ON THE WINDOW.

RITA (CONT'D)

(STARTLED) Aah!

IT'S HER DAUGHTER SHANNON, A CHUBBY NINE YEAR OLD WITH FRIZZY HAIR, STUFFED INTO HER TOO TIGHT KARATE UNIFORM. SHE HAS BOUNDLESS OPTIMISM, WITH ABSOLUTELY NO REASON TO BACK IT UP. SHANNON HOPS IN THE CAR.

SHANNON

Okay, how many have you had?

RITA

None. (OFF HER LOOK) You're not going to make me pee in a cup, are you?

SHANNON

Mom, you gotta stop drinking in the middle of the afternoon.

SHE HOLDS UP SOME EMPTY CANS OF DIET PEPSI FROM THE FLOOR OF THE CAR.

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RITA

Least I'm not with the other Moms at Starbucks mainlining lattes to get through the day. Buckle up, sweetie.

SHANNON BUCKLES UP.

SHANNON

Oh. Mrs. Foner says it's your turn to be the school crossing guard Friday.

RITA

(RE: DAY-PLANNER) Friday, friday, friday. Work. Maybe Marlene can manage the store for me. Oh wait, I know. I'll just ask the Nanny.

SHANNON

Uh, we don't have a Nanny.

RITA

We don't? Then who's that girl I keep bugging to clean the house?

SHANNON

(PLAYING ALONG) My stupid sister?

RITA

No wonder she won't leave when I fire her.

THEY SHARE A LAUGH AS RITA DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

4/6

SCENE B

INT. CLEMENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER
(RITA, SHANNON, HALLIE, KIP)

RITA ENTERS, JUGGLING THE COSTCO BAGS, HER HUSBAND'S DRY CLEANING AND THE CELL UNDER HER CHIN. A CUTE, SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BOY, KIP, TALKS ON THE KITCHEN PHONE IN THE BACK PANTRY WHILE DRUMMING ON THE SHELF WITH A PENCIL. HE WEARS A MUSCLE T-SHIRT AND CONSTANTLY SHAKES HIS SHAGGY HAIR OUT OF HIS FACE. SHANNON ENTERS, PRACTICING HER KARATE MOVES.

RITA

(INTO HER CELL) ... C'mon Marlene.

I'll inventory pillow shams and work
Midnight Madness for you.

SHANNON

Hai! (KICK) Hai! (KICK) Ow!

SHE ACCIDENTALLY KICKS OVER THE PHONE BOOK STAND.

RITA

Shannon, no karate in the house. (BACK
INTO PHONE) What if I handle
Bridezillas all week?... Really?
Thanks, Mar. I owe you big time.

SHE HANGS UP AND NOTICES A FLYER ON THE BULLETIN BOARD,
WHICH IS JAM PACKED WITH HER FAMILY'S ACTIVITIES.

RITA (CONT'D)

Rita, what is wrong with you? You've
got the 'Re-Sod the Playground Pot
Luck' Friday.

SHANNON

You know you're talking to yourself.

RITA

Am I? No, I'm not.

5/6

RITA UNPACKS THE GROCERIES WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY PREPARING DINNER. SHANNON TRIES TO BALANCE IN THE KARATE KID "GRASSHOPPER" STANCE.

SHANNON

My health teacher says you're probably having menopause.

RITA

Your health teacher? When did my ovaries become "Show and Tell"?

SHANNON

Yesterday.

RITA

Well, you just tell Mrs. Lenhoff I've got a lot on my plate right now, but it's definitely not menopause.

END

HALLIE ENTERS. HALLIE IS A PRETTY, TERMINALLY BORED FIFTEEN AND A HALF YEAR OLD, WITH JET BLACK HAIR AND PLATINUM BLONDE BANGS. SHE WEARS BROWN CORDUROY HIP HUGGERS AND A T-SHIRT WHICH BARELY COVERS HER MIDRIFF THAT READS -- "PIST." SHE ALSO HAS A NOSE AND BELLY RING.

~~HALLIE~~

~~Yeah, you went through that last year when you were a raging bitch all summer.~~

~~RITA~~

~~Oh, do I hear the sweet loving voice of my good daughter? (TO HALLIE)
Would you mind boiling the peas for me?~~

6/6