MIDDLE AGE RAGE

"Pilot"

written by

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ACT ONE

INT. CRAFTSY PATSY - DAY

A frumpy, mid-40s woman, stands, NAKED, in a crafts store. * She has the face of a mom. A face that has kissed away tears, let you taste the cookie batter, given you the "look" when you're acting up. This face belongs to CAROL BOBECK, wife, mother, Oprah fan. Her day isn't going well.

CAROL
Where's the motherfucking glitter glue?!!!

CAROL (V.O.)
This is not how I thought my nervous breakdown would go... I thought it was going to be heroic, and deeply sad...

CAROL
I need Styrofoam balls, and a glue gun!

Carol tears the packaging away from a glue gun.

CAROL (V.O.)
...Almost romantic as my loved ones * watched my slow descent into madness...

Police rush in, guns drawn.

COP #1
Drop the glue gun and step away from the Styrofoam balls!

CAROL (V.O.)
...I would recover, write a book called "From Crazy to Cozy." It was going to be a selection for Oprah's book club. She was going to bring me on her show, like that James Frey liar, only my story would be true, and she would look at me and say, 'Tell us how decorating your home in shabby chic helped you come back to sanity." That was how I pictured it all happening. Not like this....

The cop tasers Carol. She jerks and twitches while making a weird gutteral noise as she drops out of frame.

TO BLACK.

SUPER: EARLIER THAT DAY... *

INT. DELI COUNTER - DAY - NOON

Carol stands at a busy Deli counter.

CAROL (V.O.)
How exactly does one end up naked in a crafts store? It starts like any other day - with the constant petty indignities that all us average nobodies endure...

The Deli Guy looks past Carol to the woman behind her.

DELI GUY
What'll it be?

Carol turns to see who he's addressing and finds her face buried in a hot blonde's ample bosom. She quickly turns back.

CAROL
(meekly)
I think I was here first--

BLONDE
...and I'd like it on an onion bagel.

CAROL
Or, well, maybe I'm wrong. I didn't see her before, so...

As the guy hands the bagel to the hot blonde, she leans forward, smooshing Carols face against the glass deli case.

DELI GUY
Okay, who's next?

Carol raises her hand from below the counter.

INT. BIG DICK'S STORE - DAY - 1PM

Up on LEONARD BOBECK, 40s, thinning hair, stress fat belly, behind the cash register. Next to him stands VELDA, A 50-ish African American woman, smelling her shoe.

VELDA
Smell that.

Just then, RENATA BOBECK, Leonard's mother, 75, regal bearing, enters from the back area, pissed.

RENATA
This is ridiculous. Where's Carol? Lunch is half an hour late.

LEONARD
She'll be here.

Just then, Carol yanks the front door open and charges in.

CAROL
Sorry! Getting waited on at the deli is--

RENATA
I'm tired of the excuses.
(re: the food)
The good news is, it's cold.

Renata exits, haughtily.

LEONARD
Don't worry about it, babe. I love it cold. When it's hot it burns. Like that old lady whose vagina got burned by coffee. I do not want anything hot near my vagina.

Carol's cell buzzes. She reads it and dashes out.

EXT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY 1:30 PM

Carol speeds over the curb. OLIVER, 11, a bit of a sad sack, waits for her. She rolls the passenger window down.

OLIVER
Mom! I forgot to get baseball pants for the Damn Yankees Song Jubilee tonight! *

CAROL *
Today is Mom's "Colour me Mine" day. *
Which I've missed for six weeks... *

OLIVER *
Please help me. Pleeease. *

CAROL *
Okay, okay. I can go next week. *

INT. ATHLETIC STORE - DAY - 2:00PM

Carol is at the counter with a pair of pants. Two ex-jocks at the register ignore her.

TONY
It's not the same since they fired Sheen-- *

CAROL
Excuse me--

GREG
Bitches and coke, man. *

They fist bump.

CAROL
Um-- Do you have these in a twelve?

GREG
A ten'll fit.

CAROL
It's too small. I need a twelve.

TONY
(as to an idiot)
It's jersey. It stretches.

CAROL *
Oh. Sure. Jersey. I knew that. What a *
ding dong! Haha. *
(then) *
I'll just take these, then. *

INT. VAN/EXT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL -DAY - 2:30PM

Carol rolls the window down, tosses the pants to Oliver.

OLIVER
(re: pants)
These are a ten!

CAROL
They stretch! See you at four!

INT GROCERY STORE - DAY - 3PM

It's packed. Carol is at the FIFTEEN ITEMS OR LESS checkout.

CASHIER
You have seventeen items. You gotta go in
another line.

CAROL
Don't the three stick deodorants count as *
one? Like oranges? *

CASHIER
(into mic)
Assistant Manager for 15 item violation.

CAROL *
No, no. I'll just not get the deodorants. *
*

ASSISTANT MANAGER *
You've abused the privilege ma'am. You'll *
have to go in another line. *

The woman behind Carol starts loading her stuff onto the *
belt, pushing Carol forward, out of the line.

EXT. HUNT'S HIGH SCHOOL - 3:30PM

HUNT BOBECK, 15, world's most annoying existentialist, waits. Carol careens around the corner, screeches to a halt.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

HUNT
(getting in)
You're 15 minutes late, Carol!
(then, re: music)
What's that horrible sound?

CAROL
It's Boy George. *
(singing) *
KARMA KARMA KARMA KARMA CHAME- *

HUNT
The eighties are dead, Carol. Boy George *
is a bald fat dude. Madonna's a whore and
Annie Lennox and David Bowie fused into
one gender-neutral person.

CAROL *
(sad) *
LEON... *

He unplugs Carol's iPod, plugs his in. Rap music blares.

EXT. OLIVER'S SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER - DAY - 4PM

Carol trolls the lot for a space. She spies one a row away.

CAROL
Hunt, We're gonna be late! Jump out, grab
that parking spot! Get the spot!

HUNT
It's two white lines on tar. And the
lines are a lie. An illusion that
corporate America has created so you
deify a material object, and don't see
them robbing you blind. Wake up, sheeple.
Unplug from the matrix.

Too late. A car zips into the precious real estate.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - DAY - 4:15PM

Middle schoolers perform songs from “DAMN YANKEES.” Carol rushes in with Hunt. The crowd laughs. Carol looks up to see: Oliver, on stage, in his TOO SMALL baseball pants, his 11 year old nutsack snugly outlined. She emits a pained gasp.

CAROL (V.O.)
So, yeah, a typical day. But, the thing that saved me, every week, the light at the end of my tunnel: my Oprah Book Club. A place to exercise my brain. A chance to read great literature.

INT. BETH ANN COOPER’S HOUSE - SCRAPBOOKING ROOM - 7PM

UP ON: Tricked out scrapbooking room. Women talk and eat. A pudgy, 30-ish gal sits like a queen in a shabby chic chair. This is BETH ANN COOPER, she can out-Oprah any of you bitches, so don’t even try. Carol sits among them.

BETH ANN
Okay, ladies. Now, since the Oprah Show went off the air, we voted to read through the book selections backwards...

The women giggle at the boldness of such an idea.

BETH ANN (CONT'D)
This week, we are on Eat, Pray, Love. What did we think?

LOIS MICKELSON
Incredibly sexually freeing. I just wish each one of you could embrace your sexual self the way Elizabeth Gilbert and I have.

MIMI DUNCAN
Yes! She is a “bitch-diva!”

The women victoriously do a white-people-fist-bump.

CAROL
Um, I’m sorry, but, I don’t get it. Maybe I missed something, why is she a hero? I mean, she dumped her husband so she could diddle an Italian in...in an ashram. I don’t know. I could be wrong, but it seems a little selfish...

There are gasps all around.

MIMI DUNCAN/PAULA KEPPLE
How dare you./This book is the essence of woman wisdom.

LOIS MICKELSON
You're the reason the Oprah channel is failing!

Beth Ann crosses to the door and opens it.

BETH ANN
Get out.

CAROL
Please don't do this. I'm one week from my 11 year pin. *

LOIS MICKELSON
You are toxic to book club.

Carol tries to have quiet dignity, like Oprah would have, if she was doing her ugly cry and her voice was quivering. *

CAROL
(voice quivering) *
A very wise black woman once said, 'When someone closes a door, God opens a window.' I know outside this door, there is a window with my name on it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE THRU WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Carol in her van, sobbing, eats a hot fudge sundae.

INT. BOBECK HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT - 8PM

Carol is in the shower. Leonard is rinsing his sinuses with a Neti pot. The phone rings, Leonard answers.

LEONARD
(handing phone to Carol)
It's Beth Ann Cooper.

CAROL
(grabbing phone)
Yes?

BETH ANN
Carol, I want to give you a chance to earn your way back into the book club.

CAROL
Anything!

BETH ANN
We're having Kendall's sweet sixteen and Doug ordered mums. MUMS. The florist is closed, we're in a panic. Could you make those glitterballs you made for prom?

CAROL
Absolutely, when do you need them?

BETH ANN
Two hours. And you're back in the book club.

CAROL
I can do it in two hours!

Carol grabs a towel and wraps it around herself. She jumps out of the shower, grabs her purse and keys and exits.

EXT. CRAFTSY PATSY'S - 8:30PM

Carol pulls up in a manic state, jumps out, slams the door on her bath towel. As she runs in, the towel pulls off.

CAROL (V.O.)
And that was the end of me. Or, of old me. I finally snapped. I was shipped to a psych ward. Things happened in there I still can't talk about, but, when I checked out, something had changed. A part of me that had been too quiet too long was awakened and three weeks later, I came home a different person...

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER...

INT. BOBECK HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Oliver picks crunchberries out of his cereal and sets them onto the table. Hunt plays his PSP. CASS BOBECK, 19, smart, hipster, makes a cappuccino from an expensive machine. It's as pretentious as it sounds, foam is her canvas and she is Van Gogh.

CASS
Hunt, put mom's yogurt out. And her special cereal. Dad's going to be here with her any minute from the "place."

HUNT
You mean The nut house? Shhh. Mom's crazy.

CASS
You guys are nature’s birth control ad.

OLIVER
What did I do?!

Cass points to his growing pile of milky crunchberries.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I don’t like the pink crunchberries. They taste like sadness.

CASS
You forgot Mom’s cereal.

HUNT
(reading the box)
‘With colon healing flax seed and 150% bran.’ That’s the most powerful bran you can get without a prescription.

They laugh. Cass takes a sip of her cappuccino.

CASS
Mm. The butter hints are so heavenly it’s like an angel spat in my mouth.
(then)
Okay, Mom’ll be here any minute. She’s very fragile. Let’s go over the protocol Dad gave us. We don’t want anything to set her off.

OLIVER
I think she would be excited that her Youtube video got so many hits.

CASS
No! Do not mention the video. Don't tell her about the phone calls, don't talk about the book club. Oliver, don’t mention the nut sack thing. It’d kill her. We have to keep her in a protective bubble, okay? Remember, she’s fragile. *

Just then the front door bursts open. Carol rushes in, a cigarette dangling from her mouth, **FOLLOWED BY LEONARD**, carrying a “Psych Ward” tote bag. * *

CAROL
Mama’s back, bitches! *

As she crushes everyone in an awkward hug, we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BOBECK'S - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Back where we left: mid-hug. Carol sees her yogurt.

CAROL
(picking up the yogurt)
What's this?

CASS
Nonfat, sugar free Yoplait light.

Carol hurls the yogurt against the wall.

CAROL
Liar!
(then, quickly)
Oh my god. I don't know what made me do that. Except, maybe, that yogurt is a liar. No woman really laughs out loud while driving in a convertible and eating yogurt. Know what makes a woman laugh out loud in a convertible?
(a beat)
Bacon.

Carol pulls a 2 lb. package of bacon out of her tote bag.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Thick sliced. *

LEONARD
Oh, thank god. I thought you'd just gone down the rabbit hole again. But, the whole yogurt thing makes sense now.

INT. BOBECK HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Carol and family are finishing up their bacon. Carol lights up a cigarette. *

CAROL
(re: cigarette) *
I picked this up inside. Cigarette's are * currency. Want coffee at dinner? One pack. Need three minutes phone time? Two packs. Want Marge Baumhoff shivved in the shower? Three packs.
(then, ominously)
Do not trust Marge Baumhoff during trust exercises.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL WARD OF HOSPITAL - DAY

A circle of women surround Carol, her arms crossed. Behind her stands a pleasant-faced grandmother, Marge Baumhoff. As Carol falls backwards, Marge steps away, letting Carol fall.

ECU: Marge leans down to Carol.

MARGE
That's for squealing about my gin juice, bitch.

INT. BOBECK HOME - PRESENT - DAY

We come back to Carol, her family watching intently.

OLIVER
What was it like, mom?

LEONARD
Ollie! She doesn't want to talk about that.
(to Carol)
Don't talk about it. We should all just shut up. You stuff whatever you want to down as deep as you need.

A beat, then:

CAROL
There was no "normal." All the rules of society were ripped away. There was no scrapbooking corner, no Color Me Mine, no fanny packs, no Skechers.
(as if it's beyond imagining)
Do you get that? Can you wrap your mind around that? Not a single woman in there even cared about a shoe that could shape and tone their calves.
(a beat, then)
It was amazing. I had no one to answer to but myself. I got to decide who I was going to be. From the ground up. And the first thing I did was confront all the lies society tells us. Like that fat free yogurt is a liquid orgasm--

A beat as they take this in.

HUNT
Were there lesbians?

Leonard thwacks Hunt.

LEONARD
Hey!

Cass stands up and grabs the car keys off the table.

CASS
Okay, we're leaving. If you guys can't behave--

CAROL
What are you doing?

CASS
Taking the idiot-savant and the a-hole to their secure locations.

CAROL
(taking the keys from Cass)
No, no. I'll do it.

A cry of concerned protests goes up.

LEONARD
I don't think you're ready, hon... to do any major stuff yet.

CAROL
I have been cooped up <u>inside</u> for three weeks. I am ready to see what's out <u>there</u>.

CASS
Okay. But, um, it's still just West Galena. Birthplace of the strip mall.

They start to exit. Carol notices something.

CAROL
Ollie, where's your underwear?

OLIVER
I don't need it.

CAROL
Since when?

Everyone avoids Carol's gaze.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Okay, what's this about? Tell me, I can handle it.

HUNT
Ever since the world saw his beans, the school bully, Dag Offenbach has been torquing Ollie's nuts with atomic wedgies. *

CAROL
What?

OLIVER
It's no big deal, Mom. I just quit wearing underwear. Everyone quit. Dag was on a nut torquing spree, so, no one wears underwear anymore. No one.

CAROL
Why don't you torque what's his name's nuts?

OLIVER
Where do you think I got the idea to go commando? He knew he'd be targeted. He engaged in a pre-emptive strike. He's a 12 year old evil genius mom.

Carol dials her cell phone.

CAROL
Yeah, this is Carol Bobeck. I need to get in to see Principal Schlicker today about Oliver getting bullied. * * *
(a beat)
Completely? Full up? All week?
(she sighs)
Okay.

She hangs up the phone.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Dammit.

OLIVER
Mom, let it go, I have my workaround.

She nods and they exit, except for Ollie. Carol stands a beat, then, dials the phone again. *

CAROL
Linda Vanatta please.
(a beat, cheery)
Linda, hi. It's Carol. Bobeck. Uh huh. Listen, the PTA meeting is coming up and I haven't discussed what refreshments Schlicker would like me to bring. I know he loves my lemon bars.
(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
(a beat)
One o clock is perfect. You're a doll. *
(to Ollie) *
That was just "boring mom" getting in the *
front door so she can sneak "ass-kicking *
mom" through the back. *

She ruffles Ollie's hair and they exit. *

EXT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Carol sees Hunt start for the front seat, edging Leonard out.

HUNT
Shotgun!

Carol runs, jumps up on the back fender and launches herself toward the open passenger door, beating Hunt.

CAROL
Infinity shotgun!
(then)
That's your Dad's seat. Forever. *

LEONARD
Thanks, babe. *

INT. CRUISER - DAY - LATER

Carol pulls up to Doolittle Middle School. As Oliver struggles with his backpack, Hunt lifts his foot to push him out. Carol gives him the laser eyes in the rear view mirror. He drops his foot.

INT. CRUISER - LATER

Hunt and Carol are now alone. Hunt leans forward between the front seats, unplugs Carol's iPod and plugs in his own. Metal music blares as Hunt pounds his hands on the seat to a drum solo. Carol's jaw clenches.

INT. PT CRUISER - DAY

Carol is struggling through traffic, squeezing through lights. She gets caught at a red light.

CAROL
Darnit. We're going to be late.

HUNT
Come on. Why is it so difficult to just get somewhere on time?

Carol guns the cruiser through the light, swerves to the side of the road and whips around to Hunt.

CAROL
Get out. Seriously get out.

Hunt, stunned, gets out of the Cruiser. Carol sits for a beat. She rolls down the passenger side window.

CAROL (CONT'D)
You think this is fun? You think it's so easy? I would LOVE to trade places with you. Have some bitch shuttle my fancy ass everywhere and I could just stare out the window and be a philosophical genius.
(then)
Get in.

Hunt gets in and sits sullenly.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, you will do my job. You will do everything I do and you will drive everyone wherever they need to go. Everywhere. If you get all the errands done and get everyone where they need to be, on time, I will raise your curfew time to midnight for three months.

HUNT
Seriously? Three months?

CAROL
If you don't you will lose computer privileges for a month.

HUNT
Never gonna happen.

CAROL
Two rules. You can't be late. Not even by a minute. And you have to do everything I would do if I was driving. Whatever weird crap pops up, you have to handle it and still be on time.

HUNT
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED, CAROL.

INT. COFFEE SNOB - DAY *

Think Intellegentsia. Pretentious baristas with attitude. *
Leonard sits awkwardly at a table. Cass sits with coffees. *

CASS
This is our secret coffee. It's pooped out by domesticated ferrets, then hand-picked by trained monkeys in the Himalayas.

LEONARD
Thanks, sweetheart.

He takes a sip.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Mm.

Cass smiles. Leonard chokes.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Sorry. I might be allergic to ferret excrement. And monkey feet.

CASS
What are we gonna do about the lady who's impersonating mom? I mean, don't get me wrong, this other lady is kind of interesting, but where's mom?

LEONARD
What do you mean? Everything's fine.

CASS
She threw yogurt against a wall and called it a liar.

LEONARD
Maybe yogurt is a liar. We don't know that.

CASS
You can't just go into denial about this, Dad.

LEONARD
Did you know raw sugar is 0 points on weight watchers?

CASS
Express a feeling, Dad.

LEONARD
I'm excited about raw sugar.

CASS
About mom.

LEONARD *
That's private. *

CASS *
(pushing) *
Have a feeling. Express an emotion. *

LEONARD *
I'm not built that way. *

CASS LEONARD
I know you have them- On the inside. *

CASS LEOANRD
Not good enough. It's just-- *

CASS *
WHAT ARE YOU FEELING?! *

LEONARD *
I don't know! I don't know what to do. I *
don't know if she's better or worse, I *
don't know whether I can trust her and I *
don't know if she's going to break again *
at any minute. So, I'm just gonna sleep *
in the den, give her some space. *

CASS *
Sleep in the den? *

LEONARD *
My parents slept in separate beds. *

CASS *
They had a sexless marriage. Wait, are *
you saying… Oh my god. Ick. *

LEONARD *
No, no. It's not that bad. But, you're *
young. Things happen as you get older, *
everything slows down. You have kids, and *
big debts, and your hormones die, so, *
yeah, it's nice, but it's not the most *
important thing. Either way, we made *
vows. We're in it for life, good and bad. *
(then) *
It feels good to finally talk about it. *

CASS *
Jesus christ. When you open up, go *
slower. Don't open with the atomic bomb *
of your dying sex parts. *

As this exchange continues we: *

EXT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY *

Carol cruises for a parking spot. She sees one, gets closer: *
It's protected by an orange cone. Frustrated, she drives on. *

INT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL - OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY *

Carol approaches the reception area: A bullpen with three *
desks, at which two secretaries, KATHY (40s), LINDA(40s) and *
THAD HAMILTON, 26, hipster, counselor, sit. It's closed in by *
a low counter and an electronically locked half-door. *

CAROL
(perky) *
Hi, Kathy, I'm here for my meeting.

Kathy doesn't look up, she just points to the wall clock.

KATHY
You missed your appointment time, so
you'll have to reschedule.

CAROL
(flustered) *
What? Oh. Um... wasn't expecting that. I *
thought I'd get in to see him today. It's *
only five minutes-- *

SECRETARY
Six minutes. Any missed appointments are
cancelled.
(handing Carol a handbook)
It clearly spells out in the school
handbook that five minutes is the cut-off
point. The principal is very busy, so
you'll have to re-schedule.

ANGLE ON: SCHLICKER'S OFFICE: Glass walls with a door. At the computer playing Minesweeper is Schlicker, mid 30s, balding.

CAROL
It was just so hard to find a spot. The *
only one available had an orange cone *
thingy in it. *

KATHY *
That is Principal Schlicker's spot.

CAROL
Oh, I didn't know that. Does he... is *
it... I mean, even if he's not using it? *

KATHY
It is held for him regardless. *

CAROL
Oh. Um. I really thought I'd get in to see him today.
(to Kathy)
Ollie has been getting bullied --

KATHY
Have you filled out the B.I.R.s?

CAROL
B.I.Rs?

KATHY
(handing Carol a packet of forms)
Bully Incident Reports. Each incident needs a separate report.

CAROL
Forms? Wait, wait. There's gotta be--

Suddenly, OS, we hear a muted Carol: "Where's the motherf*ing glitter glue?" ANGLE ON: LINDA'S DESK - She's playing a video of Carol's Crafts Store rant. Kathy and others snicker. The blood drains from Carol's face. It's humiliating. Shamed, she takes the forms and turns to exit.

CAROL (CONT'D)
(to herself)
C'mon, Carol, you beat Greazy Pat in the Friday Night bitchslapping contest-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY - LIMBO

Surrounded by rowdy women, Carol faces off against a hardened, overly made-up meth addict: GREAZY PAT. They "bitch" slap each other, then separate and circle. Carol stares intently at Greazy.

GREAZY PAT
(to Carol)
Whatchoo lookin' at?!

CAROL
I'm looking at a pretty girl whose mom didn't love her enough to show her how to properly apply make-up.

GREAZY falls into Carol's bosom and weeps. The crowd goes wild as the "referee" grabs Carol's hand and raises it high.

INT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL - OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY *

CAROL *
(to herself, turning around) *
Go back. Make a connection. *

Carol turns around and scans the bullpen. She spots a Thad Hamilton. 26 year old hipster-ish guy, *

CAROL (CONT'D) *
Thad, hi. Remember me? *

THAD *
Mrs. B! Sure. Best Sunday School teacher a kid could have. *

The office women glare at him: DON'T ENGAGE. *

CAROL *
I had to pull a snot covered peanut out of your nose once.

THAD
(laughs) *
You were awesome, Mrs. Bobeck...

He looks around...

THAD (CONT'D)
It's just the rules. *

CAROL
Do you remember? The peanut?

THAD
I remember, Mrs. B. You pulled it out of my nose, then you went to the coat room and vomited really quietly into our Judas pinata.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Several 6 year olds beat a pinata in the shape of Judas, while yelling, "Judas, Judas!" as candy falls out of him.

INT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL - RECEPTION AREA - PRESENT

CAROL
(explaining)
Kids have delicate tummies, they throw up at the sound of throwing up.

He shoots a furtive look around then, we hear the “buzz” of the bullpen door being unlocked.

SFX: ELECTRONIC BUZZ

KATHY
Thad!

THAD
It was an accident! My knee accidentally hit the unlock button.

Carol whips the door open and crosses to Schlicker's office. He drops to the floor, under his desk.

CAROL
Randy --

SCHLICKER
Is she naked?! I’m a Christian man!

CAROL
My son is being bullied.

SCHLICKER
What do you want from me?

CAROL
I just want to talk like reasonable people.

SCHLICKER
Fill out the forms!

The secretary pages for security. Carol looks up to see two security guards, hoof it around the corner.

CAROL
I want <u>action</u>. Stop acting like I’m nuts. Any mom would want this!

As the guards grapple with her, Carol won’t back down.

CAROL (CONT’D)
I made Mayonnaise Cake for you chinless bastards every month for ten years! Ten years of cocktail weiners baked into biscuit dough! Cookie dough pie! I’m through playing by the rules!!

<u>END ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

INT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL

Back where we left. Carol is ejected by the guards.

EXT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

As Carol exits, she sees a fat a 12 year old, with facial hair, hanging with a posse. He's giving some 10 year old a “purple nurple” as his gang eggs him on with “Go, Dag! Go Dag!” A teacher approaches from the parking lot.

KID #1
Rat Face Hartzel, Run!

As they run, Carol helps the bullied kid up.

CAROL
You okay, sweetheart? *

BULLIED KID
My nipples are raw.

Carol pulls a sample jar of Vaseline out of her purse. *

CAROL
This’ll keep them from being chafed. *

Carol hears Dag and his gang off screen.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Gotta go. Gotta take care of business.

Carol moves silently and swiftly as she follows Dag.

INT. BOBECK'S - NIGHT

It’s late. The house is quiet. Carol enters, home from stalking Dag Offenbach.

ANGLE ON: Her phone. She flips through photos of Dag in various locations around town.

INT. BOBECK HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

Carol enters the bedroom.

CAROL
Lennie, you’re not gonna believe--

Leonard isn’t there. His CPAP machine is gone.

INT. BOBECK'S - DEN - NIGHT

Leonard is sleeping on the couch, his CPAP machine humming. Pull back to reveal, Carol, watching him from the door. She looks at Leonard, and her heart squeezes. She grabs a blanket and carefully drapes it over him.

INT. BOBECK HOME - MORNING

We come up on Carol, eating a slice of bacon and sipping coffee with Leonard, Cass and Ollie. It's a sleepy, peaceful moment ruined by Hunt blasting an airhorn at the top of the stairs.

SFX: AIRHORN

Hunt bounds down the stairs, dressed like a commando: backpack, cammo wear, iPad strapped to his thigh, cell phone in a holster, carrying a clipboard filled with post-it notes.

HUNT
The bus leaves in two minutes! Two minutes! Anyone not on the bus will be left behind.

Carol watches as everyone weirdly leaps up and, panicked, runs to get in the car.

CAROL
(admiring)
I'll be damned.

INT. PT CRUISER - DAY

As the family piles in, we see Hunt's post-it notes on the dashboard. Some have errands/destinations written out and, underneath them, numbers. Some just have numbers. Carol sits shotgun.

HUNT
(explaining the post-its)
The green post-its contain approximate travel times to and from each location. The yellow post-its are buffers of time I have programmed into the day so any problem and I just pluck off a post it and know I have thirty more as a buffer.

CAROL
Huh. I'm impressed.

HUNT
Planning, Carol. It's the key to promptness.

CAROL
Promptness is the bastard whore of time. Don't imprison yourself in its made-up parameters. *

Carol unplugs Hunt's iPod and plugs her own in.

HUNT
(re: Carol's iPod))
Hey. That's just rude.

CAROL
I know. I'm you today.

As she tilts her seat back too far and puts her feet on the dashboard, she unwraps a tootsie pop, puts it in her mouth and leans back as "Steely Dan" plays.

INT. BIG DICK'S - DAY

Leonard, Renata and Velda stand in the showroom. Hunt bursts in with an armful of office supplies. *

HUNT
No Office Depot, line too long! School supply place! Spongebob notepads!

He dumps the stuff on the counter and runs back out.

RENATA
Why is Hunt running the errands today? Who's genius idea was this?

LEONARD
It was Carol's genius idea.

RENATA
She's bananas. Old Carol would never have allowed this.

LEONARD
Which is why I kinda like the new Carol. * She's crazy, sure, but she got Hunt up * two hours early today. She has him planning schedules, managing his time, racing all over town on her whim. And she did it in such a genius way that he thinks it's an actual competition, not a slow, subtle, beat down. New Carol, ha. I mean, who knew I would like my life a little scary?

RENATA
Still, I don't--

LEONARD
(putting his hand on her face)
Shhh. Sleep.

Renata sputters, confused, then exits without a word.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Hunt is checking Oliver off his dashboard list.

HUNT
Fifteen minutes early. You are a officially a loser.

OLIVER
Shut up.

Oliver opens the door, hops out..

HUNT
(reading)
Hey! Your flute. You have a recital today at five.

Hunt hands Oliver his flute.

CAROL
See you at five.

OLIVER
Please don't come. I'm really fine with doing it alone.

CAROL
I would never do that.

OLIVER
But this time, it would be okay.

CAROL
I promise we won't embarrass you.

Hunt tears 2 post its off the dashboard: Flute RECITAL @ 4 & DON'T FORGET FLUTE. Carol can't hide her pride.

BEGIN MONTAGE *

INT. PT CRUISER - DAY

In sped up time, we watch Hunt navigate a series of errands and obstacles, ie:

EXT. WEST GALENA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Hunt looks for parking, there is none. Carol drops her seat back to clear the way as Hunt tosses books past her into the curbside book return.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAMMED STREETS

Hunt gesticulates as he tries to weave around slow moving cars -- all driven by mini-van driving moms -- filled with babies, soccer equipment, and/or girl scout troops.

INT. RITE AID

Hunt holds up several kinds of feminine products as he consults the pharmacist.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAMMED STREET

More dashboard pounding. More post-its get torn away. Carol plays his Game Boy, her feet on the dashboard.

INT. SEARS DEPARTMENT STORE - MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Back to normal speed, on lazy MUZAK, as Hunt tries to swim upstream past the ladies at Sears. He quickly grabs men's underwear from three different departments.

INT. CRUISER - TRAFFIC JAMMED STREETS

Hunt is desperate. The floor of the Cruiser is littered with his “buffer time” post-its. Carol spills coffee on her shirt.

We build to super fast cuts of Hunt driving and running into and out of various places, ie: OFFICE SUPPLY STORE, POST OFFICE, FREEWAY, CROWDED PARKING LOT

END MONTAGE

INT. GROCERY STORE

Hunt and Carol move a cart through the aisles. Carol has switched out of her stained shirt that she spilled coffee on and into Hunt's High School Logo Sweatshirt. Carol lollygags.

HUNT
Hey! Quit playing around, I’ve got things to do! I don’t want to waste time here.

CAROL
Hey, dude, screw time. I'm not into your chronological paradigm.

She tosses a twenty pound turkey into the cart.

HUNT
Hey, put that back. I don't have the money for a twenty pound turkey.

Hunt grabs the turkey out of the cart and puts it back.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

In QUICK CUTS, we see:

*Carol tossing things in the cart and Hunt having to put them back. ie: bottles of booze, cartons of cigarettes, armfuls of condoms.

*Carol about to pull a box of macaroni and cheese from the middle of a delicate product display. Hunt runs toward her, panicked.

*Carol standing inside the grocery cart, leaning forward, her arms out to the side, ala Dicaprio in Titanic, screaming "I'm King of the World!"

During this, she sees Dag Offenbach, with his posse, shoplifting in the candy bar aisle.

INT. SAFEWAY - LATER

Hunt speeds his cart toward the registers. As he turns the corner, he's met by: long lines of carts at each register.

HUNT
Dammit! I've got things to do people!

INT. SAFEWAY - LATER

Hunt is at the register. He anxiously checks the time.

HUNT
Ha! I think I'm gonna make it.

CASHIER
Sorry, but these coupons are expired.

ANGLE ON: The cashier, holding up three coupons.

HUNT
What? No!

He pulls bills and change out of every pocket.

HUNT (CONT'D)
I don't have enough money!

As people in line groan. Hunt looks back apologetically.

CASHIER
Hey, guy, whaddya want to do?

Hunt looks back to the cashier, panicked.

HUNT
Okay, take away the uh... pot pies.

The cashier pulls the pot pies out, the tally goes down. Not enough. Hunt whittles away the groceries as Carol's gaze settles outside on: DAG OFFENBACH: **Stuffing a kid in the recycle bin.** His friends laugh. Carol's jaw clenches. *

HUNT (CONT'D)
Uh, take out the chocolate grahams, bananas, the dried apples and the--
(noticing something)
Case of condoms... dammit, mom!

CAROL
(to Hunt)
I gotta go. Pick up your sister and Dad. I'll text you when I know where I'm gonna be.

With that, Carol runs out of the grocery store.

INT. 7-11 - 1 HOUR LATER - DAY

We come up on Dag and his unruly friends at the Big Gulp soda dispenser. We **ANGLE ON:** Carol. Hidden behind the Little Debbie display rack. She's altered her appearance. Her hair is dis-shevelled, her pants hiked up too high, she's wearing a sun visor from a nearby display, pulled low. She has essentially created the perfect INVISIBLE middle aged woman. We hear the buzz of a phone vibrating. Carol looks down and reads a text. It's from Hunt: HURRY UP! FLUTE RECITAL - 15 minutes! * * * * * *

INT. PT CRUISER/EXT. 7-11 - SAME TIME

Hunt, Leonard and Cass stare out the windows of the Cruiser into the 7-11 store. They can see Carol's back, pressed against the glass, hiding behind the snack rack.

HUNT
What is she doing? We're gonna be late.

CASS
I hope she's buying that rack of snack cakes. 'Cause that's a lawsuit right there.

Just then, Dag exits the store. Carol turns to watch, her face pressed against the glass.

LEONARD
Oh, Jesus. This is not good... *

INT. 7-11 - SAME TIME - DAY

Carol, peering at Dag outside keeps looking from Dag to to her buzzing phone as text after text frantically comes in from Hunt. Everything goes quiet as we push into Carol, and hear the noise in her head.

KATHY (V.O.)
Fill out a form for each incident...

SCHLICKER (V.O.)
Is she naked?!

LINDA (V.O.)
It's the rules.

Carol's eyes narrow, zeroing in on: DAG. His baggy jeans hang low, revealing his butt crack. He's not wearing underwear. *

OLIVER (V.O.)
Nobody wears underwear anymore. Nobody.

Carol darts outside, toward Dag. She yanks his pants down exposing his pre-pubescent knob to all the cool kids.

CAROL
(pointing)
Button mushroom!

She exits at top speed, followed by some of Dag's entourage. As she books it toward the PT Cruiser and leaps in.

INT. PT CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Hunt peels out, frantic.

CASS *
Are you nuts? What if they report that? *

CAROL *
Report what? Some dowdy, overweight, *
middle aged lady. I've been invisible for *
twenty years. I just used it to my *
advantage. *

HUNT *
Mom! You screwed me! We're not gonna make *
it! I got no more post-it notes! No more!

Carol's mom compassion kicks in.

CAROL
I know a shortcut. Turn here and head down Market.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt is in heavy traffic, weaving in and out.

CAROL
Left turn! Left turn!

Leonard sticks his arm out the window and holds traffic back. Cass is facing the back.

CASS
(shouting out)
Clear! Clear!

Hunt veers into the left turn lane, then pushes into the grid-locked intersection. People yell and honk.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt is now on the freeway, gunning it.

CAROL
Take this exit.

CASS
(peering out the back)
Wait for this white car then go! Go! Go!

Hunt careens into the exit ramp, flies through the intersection, catching air.

CAROL
Right at alley!

Hunt veers down an alley like a bat out of hell. As he emerges onto a main street, we see the middle school to the right. Hunt turns in and speeds toward the parking lot.

EXT. DOOLITTLE MIDDLE SCHOOL

The lot is packed. Hunt anxiously trolls for one.

HUNT
NO! NO parking?! No!

Carol looks over and sees the spot for Schlicker, saved with the orange cone. And, coming slowly around the corner to park in it; Schlicker.

CAROL
Tap me in!

Hunt looks at her. Is this real? Carol nods. Hunt and Carol exchange places. As “SLOW RIDE” plays, Carol executes a series of intercut down-shifts and pedal play and comes “drifting in” to spin PERFECTLY into the spot.

The family piles out of the car, laughing and cheering Carol. Cass holds Carol’s arm up, like a champ. Carol kisses Leonard, grabs his ass and grinds into him. He pulls away.

LEONARD
Holy mother of--

He grabs her and they kiss again. The HEAT IS PALPABLE. Principal Schlicker furiously approaches them.

SCHLICKER
That orange cone saves my spot!

CAROL
(waving the handbook)
From nine until five. It's 5:05. You're five minutes late.

Hunt gets into Schlicker's face.

HUNT
ZING! Eat it, Schlicker!

He high fives Carol.

HUNT (CONT’D)
That was awesome, Mom.

Yeah. He called her Mom. Chalk one up for New Carol. As the family triumphantly walks toward the school, we hear:

CAROL (V.O.)
I’m different. Going nuts saved me. I discovered there are two mes: The world’s best mom and the world’s scariest crazy person, and their both important. I could only learn this in a place without rules. Some days, I mothered a meth addict who needed make up tips, but, other days, I rabbit punched Marie Coombs for stepping out of line in the sharing circle. Most importantly, after three weeks of darkness, I found the answer to a question that had haunted me for twenty years: WHAT DO I WANT? For me, for my life? What do I want?
(MORE)

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
After twenty years of eating the ends of the loaf because some cry-baby doesn't like the “butt cheeks,” of the bread, letting the “slow child” win at Monopoly so he can think he's a strategic genius, pretending an elbow macaroni frame is the thing I wanted most in the world. I want someone to say it matters. That I matter, what I do matters and what I gave up to do that matters. I'm tired of being dismissed by every punk ass, bitch ass kid, man, woman who assumes they're entitled to all the behind the scenes crap I just magically fix... like vomiting quietly so I don't upset 12 tiny tummies. What do I want? I want some goddamn respect.

INT. BOBECK MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carol enters from the bathroom, with flannel pajamas on, to find Leonard asleep in bed, his CPAP mask on, and the machine humming. Carol gets under the covers next to him and watches for a beat. She then pulls the mask off and she and Leonard share a hungry kiss.

LEONARD
(Breathless)
Are you up to this?

Carol nods.

LEONARD (CONT’D)
(Trying to catch his breath)
I'm not sure I am.

Carol puts his CPAP mask back on and straddles him. Leonard starts to take the mask off and roll over. Carol stops him.

CAROL
No. Let's do it this way. If you have a heart attack, I'm already in position to give CPR.

Leonard nods as he lies back and lets Carol take control. And we go out on a lumpy middle aged man, his CPAP machine pumping, being seduced by a lumpy middle aged woman in flannel pajamas.

END OF SHOW