MOM

CBS

"Pilot"

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"MOM"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT, NAPA VALLEY - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)
(Christy, Gabriel, Edward, Janice, Steve, Lydia, Ethel, Extras)

WE OPEN ON BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE EATING BEAUTIFUL FOOD IN A BEAUTIFUL RESTAURANT IN THE HEART OF BEAUTIFUL WINE COUNTRY. IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL WE SEE CHRISTY, A PRETTY, THIRTY-SOMETHING WAITRESS, POURING A GLASS OF WINE FOR A HANDSOME, MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE, EDWARD AND JANICE.

CHRISTY

(CRYING, MASCARA RUNNING DOWN HER CHEEKS, BUT GAMELY SOLDIERING ON) I think you'll find our Napa Chardonnay to have hints of vanilla and caramel with a velvety smooth finish.

EDWARD

Are you alright?

CHRISTY

Me? I'm fine. Taste it.

HE TENTATIVELY TAKES A SIP.

EDWARD

Very good.

CHRISTY

Yeah, 2004 was a great year for this wine. Not so much for me.

SHE CONTINUES TO SNIFFLE AS SHE POURS A GLASS FOR JANICE AND THEN FOR EDWARD DURING:

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Do you have any questions about the menu?

EDWARD

(HESITANTLY) I don't think so.

CHRISTY

Alrighty, well, sip and savor, and I'll be back in a minute to take your order.

JANICE

Take as much time as you need.

CHRISTY GOES TO CHECK ON ANOTHER TABLE, STEVE AND LYDIA.

CHRISTY

(STILL CRYING) So did I talk you into that soufflé?

STEVE

Uh, yeah, two.

CHRISTY

Good call. (THROUGH TEARS) You won't wanna share.

A RUNNER HANDS HER A PIECE OF CAKE WITH A CANDLE IN IT. SHE LIGHTS IT AS SHE DELIVERS IT TO A TABLE AND PLACES IN FRONT OF AN ELDERLY WOMAN, ETHEL.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(STILL SNIFFLING) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU / HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU / HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR...

ETHEL

Ethel.

CHRISTY

Nice name. (THEN) DEAR ETHEL / HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

SHE WALKS AWAY FROM THE BEWILDERED WOMAN AND CROSSES INTO THE KITCHEN.

RESET TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A BUSTLING FIVE STAR KITCHEN. A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY. CHRISTY ENTERS TO RETRIEVE DISHES AND GARNISH THEM AS THE RESTAURANT MANAGER, GABRIEL, A GOOD-LOOKING MAN IN HIS THIRTIES, CROSSES IN BEHIND HER.

GABRIEL

Christy? What the hell is going on with you?

CHRISTY

(STILL CRYING) I can't talk now, Gabriel. I'm working.

GABRIEL

I'm getting a lot of complaints.

CHRISTY

Really? About what?

GABRIEL

About one of my waitresses having a nervous breakdown.

CHRISTY

Is it Jennifer?

GABRIEL

It's you.

CHRISTY

Me? No, these are happy tears.

GABRIEL

Maybe you should take the rest of the night off.

CHRISTY

Are you crazy?! I can't afford to do that. I have children to feed. Plus my rent's due, and then there's the bills. Credit cards bills, electric bills, gas bills, medical bills, loan shark bills --

GABRIEL

You have a loan shark?

CHRISTY

You can't borrow money from a bank to pay off a bookie.

GABRIEL

You have a bookie?

CHRISTY

You got a better way to bet on football? (THEN COMPLETELY BREAKING DOWN) Oh Gabriel, I've made so many mistakes, so many bad choices.

GABRIEL

Come here, sit down.

HE TAKES HER TO A STOOL.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Where's all this coming from? What happened?

CHRISTY

I was telling the couple at table four about the salmon special, and you know what the guy said to me?

GABRIEL

What?

CHRISTY

He said I was a very good waitress.

GABRIEL

Uh-huh...

CHRISTY

Is that all I am? A very good waitress?

GABRIEL

No, no, you're much more than that. And if it makes you feel any better, you're not really that good a waitress.

CHRISTY

You're just saying that to be nice. I've failed at everything. School, marriage, being a lesbian --

GABRIEL

Lesbian? What?

CHRISTY

I tried so hard to be gay. I just can't talk about my feelings that much.

GABRIEL

Well, you seem to have gotten over that.

CHRISTY

And then there's all those soft core porn films I made. Those don't go away, you know. They live forever on the internet.

GABRIEL

Yeah, I've actually seen a few of 'em. By accident.

CHRISTY

What do I tell my son when he sees them?

GABRIEL

(SEARCHING) You didn't know what you were doing? You were on drugs?

CHRISTY

Really? I should tell him the truth? Hmm. Maybe. And what about my daughter? She's drinking, smoking pot and having sex with some idiot boy with a chain on his wallet. But what can I do? I can't take the moral high ground. When I was her age I was doing so much worse! (THEN, REALIZING) You know, my mother told me that some day I'd have a daughter who'd punish me like I punished her. The bitch was right.

GABRIEL

Hey, that's just something moms say. My mother was a piece of work too.

CHRISTY

Really? Did your mother hide hashish in your diaper so she could cross the Turkish border? Did your mother pass out drunk on the couch with a lit cigarette so many times that you slept with a fire extinguisher instead of a teddy bear? Did your mother come to your high school graduation on a motorcycle she stole from a coke dealer she had a "trade arrangement" with?

GABRIEL

No, but she was cold and distant.

CHRISTY

Not the same thing.

GABRIEL

Look, I understand that your childhood was rough, but this is not the time to have a breakdown.

CHRISTY

I'm not having a breakdown. (REALIZING) I'm having a breakthrough. All my problems are her fault.

GABRIEL

Oh come on, Christy, that can't be right.

CHRISTY

Hey, somebody has to be responsible for my mess of a life, and it's certainly not gonna be me! (THEN) Now if you'll excuse me, I have a job to do.

CHRISTY GRABS SOME DISHES AND CROSSES OUT TO THE DINING ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTY CROSSES TO ETHEL'S TABLE.

CHRISTY

(TO ETHEL) Were you the one who complained about me? (BEFORE ETHEL CAN RESPOND) Don't lie to me, Ethel. I know it was you.

CHRISTY CROSSES OFF, AND ON ETHEL'S EXPRESSION, WE:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. CHRISTY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 1)
(Christy, Luke)

A COOKIE CUTTER RENTAL IN A WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD. CHRISTY PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY IN A BEAT UP OLD CAR. WE HEAR A WAYNE DYER SELF-HELP CD PLAYING INSIDE HER CAR.

WAYNE (V.O.)

How people treat you is their karma.

How you react is yours.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

AS SHE LISTENS:

WAYNE (V.O.)

When you judge another, you do not define them, you define yourself. Remember, a mind at peace, a mind centered and not focused on harming others, is stronger than any physical force in the universe.

CHRISTY LOOKS UP AND SEES A HALF-DRESSED TEENAGE BOY, LUKE, CLIMBING OUT HER DAUGHTER'S WINDOW. WE CAN SEE HIS WALLET CHAINED TO HIS PANTS.

CHRISTY

I swear, I'm gonna choke him to death with that stupid wallet chain.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)
(Christy, Violet)

CHRISTY ENTERS HER LIVING ROOM AND TURNS ON THE LIGHT. SHE TAKES OFF HER JACKET AS HER BEAUTIFUL, SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER VIOLET CROSSES OUT OF THE BEDROOM. VIOLET IS IN SLEEP CLOTHES AND IS RUBBING HER EYES AS IF SHE JUST WOKE UP. THEY BOTH GRAB DRINKS AND/OR SNACKS FROM THE FRIDGE DURING:

VIOLET

(FEIGNED GROGGY) Hi.

CHRISTY

I'm sorry, did I wake you?

VIOLET

That's okay. How was work?

CHRISTY

Fine. What'd you do tonight?

VIOLET

Not much. I did my homework, helped Roscoe with his science project, got him to bed, went online for a bit and then crashed.

CHRISTY

Sounds pretty boring.

VIOLET

It was alright.

CHRISTY

Violet, sit down a minute.

VIOLET

What's up?

CHRISTY

Just sit.

THEY SIT AT KITCHEN TABLE.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(CONSIDERS, THEN) I want you to promise me something.

VIOLET

Okay.

CHRISTY

If you ever go to Hawaii, please don't bring plastic bags to the beach.

VIOLET

What?

CHRISTY

The wind blows them in the water and the ancient sea turtles think they're jellyfish and they eat them and then they die. Which is horrible because sea turtles are magnificent creatures.

VIOLET

What?

CHRISTY

That's what my mother told me when she found out that I was having sex.

VIOLET

I have no idea what you're talking about. And I'm not having sex.

CHRISTY

Violet, don't lie to the woman who does your laundry. I can read the stains like tea leaves. And just so you know, I got pregnant with you when I was a teenager and - please don't take this the wrong way - it ruined my life.

CHRISTY STARTS TO CROSS OUT.

VIOLET

Why would I take that the wrong way?

CHRISTY

I love you.

VIOLET

I'm sure you think you do. (THEN) Wait --

CHRISTY STOPS.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

What was Grandma's point with the whole sea turtle thing?

CHRISTY

I don't think there was one. She liked to get drunk on vodka and Tang and watch National Geographic.

G'night.

CHRISTY CONTINUES TO HER BEDROOM.

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. CHRISTY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)
(Christy, Roscoe)

CHRISTY CROSSES INTO HER BEDROOM AND SEES HER NINE-YEAR-OLD SON, ROSCOE, ASLEEP IN HER BED. SHE TAKES A MOMENT TO ENJOY THE BLISSFULLY SERENE MOMENT, THEN PICKS HIM UP GENTLY AND CARRIES HIM OUT OF HER ROOM AND INTO HIS DURING:

CHRISTY

(SOTTO) Let's get you back in your own bed.

ROSCOE

(HALF ASLEEP) Hi, Mom.

CHRISTY

Hi, sweetie.

ROSCOE

I waited up for you.

CHRISTY

Thank you.

ROSCOE

Violet's boyfriend was over.

CHRISTY

I know.

ROSCOE

They were kissing.

CHRISTY

I'm sure they were.

ROSCOE

They took a shower together.

CHRISTY

Terrific.

RESET TO:

INT. ROSCOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTY CROSSES IN AND PUTS HIM IN BED.

ROSCOE

Are you coming to my talent show tomorrow?

CHRISTY

That's tomorrow? What time?

ROSCOE

Two o'clock.

CHRISTY

Oh honey, I have to work the lunch shift.

ROSCOE

It's okay. I'm not good anyway.

HE ROLLS OVER AND GOES TO SLEEP. SHE REACTS TO THIS, THEN:

CHRISTY

Oh, just rip out my heart.

ROSCOE

Shh, Mommy. I'm sleeping.

CUT TO:

SCENE D

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)
(Christy, Gabriel)

CHRISTY CROSSES BACK IN AND HEARS A SOFT KNOCK FROM THE FRONT DOOR. SHE OPENS IT REVEALING GABRIEL.

GABRIEL

Hi.

SHE KISSES HIM LONG AND PASSIONATELY IN THE DOORWAY, THEN:

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You feeling better?

CHRISTY

Than when I was blowing snot bubbles into the bouillabaisse? Sure. Listen, I'm gonna need to leave work early tomorrow to get to Roscoe's talent show.

GABRIEL

Geez Christy, after what happened tonight, if I give you special treatment tomorrow, people are gonna suspect that something is going on between us.

CHRISTY

You're right. We should stop doing this. Goodbye, Gabriel.

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR IN HIS STARTLED FACE. SHE WAITS AT THE DOOR. THERE IS A SOFT KNOCK. SHE OPENS IT.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(PLEASANTLY) What's up?

GABRIEL

Can you go to the school and come back in less than an hour?

CHRISTY

Absolutely.

SHE TAKES HIM BY THE HAND AND LEADS HIM TO THE BEDROOM DURING:

GABRIEL

What's Roscoe's talent?

CHRISTY

He has me for a mother and he's still a great kid.

<u>DISSOLVE TO:</u>

SCENE E

EXT. WOODCLIFF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY (DAY 2)
(Christy, Al, Extras)

CHRISTY'S BEAT UP CAR CAREENS INTO THE PARKING LOT AS SHE PARKS IN TWO SPOTS, LEAPS OUT OF THE CAR AND HEADS TOWARD THE AUDITORIUM IN HER WAITRESS UNIFORM AT FULL GALLOP.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

CHRISTY RUNS INTO THE AUDITORIUM WHICH IS COMPLETELY EMPTY AND DARK.

CHRISTY

Oh god! I missed it! Dammit, dammit,

dammit!

AN ELDERLY JANITOR, AL, CROSSES INTO THE AUDITORIUM.

AL

Can I help you?

CHRISTY

What time was the talent show?

AL

What talent show?

CHRISTY

There's no talent show today?

AL

I don't think so.

CHRISTY

Excuse me.

SHE CROSSES OUT DURING:

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF) Remember, a mind at peace, a mind centered and not focused on harming others, is stronger than any physical force in the universe.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT. ROSCOE'S FOURTH GRADE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)
(Christy, Roscoe, Extras)

THE CLASS IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A LESSON AS CHRISTY BURSTS IN THE DOOR.

CHRISTY

What the hell, Roscoe?!

ROSCOE

Hi Mom, what are you doing here?

CHRISTY

The talent show.

ROSCOE

That's not today.

CHRISTY

But you said it was!

ROSCOE

Oh. I guess I was wrong.

CHRISTY

I don't believe this.

ROSCOE

Mom, you're kind of embarrassing me.

CHRISTY

I'm embarrassing you?! I'm supposed to be at work right now and --

(PULLING HERSELF TOGETHER) I'm sorry. Carry on. Say no to drugs.

CHRISTY CROSSES OUT TO THE HALLWAY.

RESET TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AS CHRISTY CROSSES DOWN THE HALL:

CHRISTY

Oh god, I need a drink.

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 2)
(Christy, Bonnie, Extras)

THERE IS AN AA MEETING IN PROGRESS WITH ABOUT TWENTY PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE. AS WE OPEN, CHRISTY CROSSES TO THE PODIUM.

CHRISTY

Hi, I'm Christy and I'm an alcoholic.

GROUP

Hi, Christy.

CHRISTY

I've been sober 118 days.

THE GROUP APPLAUDS.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Don't applaud for that. They've been the worst 118 days of my life.

THE GROUP LAUGHS.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I wanted to stop drinking because I felt like I was falling apart, but I'm starting to see that it was actually the booze that was holding me together. Oh god, this is nuts! What are we all doing trying to be sober in Napa freakin' Valley!

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

The wine capital of the universe! It's like trying to lose weight in Candyland.

EVERYONE LAUGHS. SHE TAKES A BREATH TO COMPOSE HERSELF, THEN:

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

The truth is, I'm here because my whole life all I wanted was to not turn into my mother. And I did anyway. I drank like her, I used men like her, I blew through money like her, I was selfish to my kids just like she was to me and my little brother, I even broke a few of the same laws that she did. Funny story, you know how some women wear their mother's wedding dress? I was wearing my mom's hoodie in my mug shot.

THE GROUP LAUGHS.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm trying to be better. And I'm happy to be sober. (THEN) I'm not really. I think that's just what you're supposed to say to wrap it up.

THE GROUP APPLAUDS.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Stop it.

CHRISTY GOES TO HER SEAT. AN ATTRACTIVE, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN SITTING BEHIND HER, BONNIE, TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER.

BONNIE

(WHISPERS) You're a little old to be blaming all your problems on your mother.

CHRISTY TURNS AND LOOKS:

CHRISTY

Uch. Hi, Mom.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE K

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT SAME DAY (DAY 2)
(Christy, Bonnie, Greg, Extras)

BONNIE AND CHRISTY ARE SITTING AT A TABLE IN A QUAINT NAPA VALLEY COFFEE SHOP, THE "CHARDONNAY CAFE." CHRISTY HAS HER ARMS CROSSED LIKE A DEFIANT, SULKY TEENAGE GIRL. BONNIE IS VERY BUTTONED UP AND PUT TOGETHER. AS WE OPEN, A WAITER GREG CROSSES TO THE TABLE.

GREG

Hi, I'm Greg. Can I take your order?

BONNIE

Hi, Greg. I'm Bonnie and this my daughter, Christy.

GREG

Hi.

CHRISTY NODS.

BONNIE

(TO GREG) She and I haven't spoken in a couple of years so this is kind of a big moment for us.

CHRISTY

Oh, for god's sake.

BONNIE

What can you recommend for a mother and daughter who are reconnecting after a long, angry silence?

GREG

Um, pie?

CHRISTY

Mom, please. Just order.

BONNIE

(TO GREG) Is the green tea decaffeinated?

GREG

Yes.

BONNIE

Do you promise? If I have caffeine after two, my sleep is ruined.

GREG

I promise.

BONNIE

Okay, Greg. But if I wake up in the middle of the night I'm calling you.

GREG

(CHARMED, CHUCKLES) I'll give you my number.

CHRISTY

Just kill me.

GREG

(TO CHRISTY) And for you? We have a lovely selection of local wines.

CHRISTY

I'll have a bottle of each.

BONNIE

She's kidding. We're both in Alcoholics Anonymous.

CHRISTY

Mom, it's "Alcoholics Anonymous" not "Alcoholics tell your waiter." (TO GREG) Water is fine. Here, take this knife away from me.

SHE HANDS HIM HER KNIFE.

GREG

(TO BONNIE) Good luck.

GREG CROSSES OFF.

CHRISTY

Unbelievable.

BONNIE

What?

CHRISTY

You just turned our waiter against me.

BONNIE

You helped. (THEN) So when were you going to tell me you quit drinking?

CHRISTY

Never, I think.

BONNIE

Not that you care, but I have two years clean and sober myself.

CHRISTY

You're right. I don't care.

BONNIE

Well, regardless, it has really changed my life. You'd be so proud of me. I have a steady job, I exercise, I'm in a book club, I go to church, I'm growing azaleas, I even pay taxes.

CHRISTY

Oh wow, I am proud. Now you're like... <u>everyone</u>.

GREG RETURNS WITH THEIR DRINKS AND PLACES THEM ON THE TABLE DURING:

GREG

Here we go.

BONNIE

Oh, Greg honey, can I trouble you for some water without ice? Ice isn't good for my digestive system.

GREG

Of course.

GREG CROSSES AWAY WITH HER GLASS.

CHRISTY

Really? Ice? I think your digestive system has seen worse than ice.

BONNIE

Excuse me?

CHRISTY

Mom, I've watched you lick cocaine crumbs out of a shag carpet.

BONNIE

Well, waste not, want not.

GREG RETURNS WITH THE ICE-FREE WATER.

GREG

Here we go. (TO CHRISTY) I hope you're being nice to your mother.

CHRISTY

Go away, Greg.

HE CROSSES OFF.

BONNIE

When was the last time you talked to your brother?

CHRISTY

I don't know. Why?

BONNIE

No reason. He's doing quite well, you know.

CHRISTY

I'm happy for him. What's your point?

BONNIE

No point. (BEAT, THEN) It's just funny to me, because he grew up in the same horrible house you did with the same horrible mother, and he's thriving.

CHRISTY

Yeah, funny. And for the record, I'm doing great too.

BONNIE

Really? Because your daughter says you're hanging on by your fingernails and sleeping with your boss.

CHRISTY

Wait, when do you talk to Violet?

BONNIE

We talk all the time. And we're Facebook friends.

CHRISTY

I don't want her talking to you.

BONNIE

She has to talk to someone. She's sexually active, drinking, smoking grass. Sound familiar?

CHRISTY

What? You're making this about me?

BONNIE

It's okay. I've come to understand that you were the best daughter you could be. My job is to forgive you, which I do.

CHRISTY

Oh my god! <u>You</u> forgive <u>me</u>?!

BONNIE

One day at a time with a little help from Jesus and Dr. Drew.

CHRISTY

Excuse me, but if anybody needs to be forgiven, it's you and I don't and I never will! There is hardly a day I can remember that I didn't come home to an empty house.

BONNIE

Don't be so dramatic.

CHRISTY

While other mothers were cooking dinner, you were cooking meth.

BONNIE

Otherwise known as working.

CHRISTY

I don't want you in my life. And while you're at it, stay away from my daughter. She may need a better role model than me, but it's certainly not you.

CHRISTY EXITS. GREG CROSSES OVER.

GREG

Everything okay?

BONNIE

My daughter hates me.

GREG

I'm sorry.

BONNIE

What time do you get off work? I could use a lap to cry on.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE L

INT. RESTAURANT - SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 2)
(Christy, Gabriel, Claudia, Extras)

THE LUNCH SERVICE IS DONE, THE RESTAURANT IS TRANSITIONING TO DINNER. GABRIEL IS AT A TABLE COUNTING RECEIPTS. A VERY UPSET CHRISTY CROSSES IN.

CHRISTY

I'm so sorry, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Where the hell have you been?

CHRISTY

Oh my god, it was one thing after another. First, Roscoe got the day wrong on the talent show --

A BEAUTIFUL, ELEGANTLY DRESSED, THIRTY YEAR-OLD WOMAN, CLAUDIA, CROSSES INTO THE RESTAURANT.

CLAUDIA

Hey honey, ready to go?

GABRIEL

Oh, sure. Just a sec.

HE NERVOUSLY PUTS THE PAPERS AWAY DURING THE FOLLOWING.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Christy, you know my wife Claudia.

CHRISTY

Oh yeah. Hi, Claudia. Nice to see you again.

CLAUDIA

You too.

GABRIEL

Okay, let's go.

CLAUDIA

Bye-bye.

CHRISTY

Bye.

GABRIEL AND CLAUDIA EXIT.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF) I don't know how, but this is my mother's fault.

SHE SITS DOWN, DEFEATED, AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE M

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER (DAY 2)
(Christy, Violet, Roscoe, Gabriel, Baxter, Luke)

CHRISTY COMES HOME TO FIND ROSCOE PLAYING A VIOLENT VIDEO GAME WITH HIS GOOD-LOOKING, SCRUFFY, THIRTY-SOMETHING DAD, BAXTER.

ROSCOE

Hey, Mom! Dad's here!

CHRISTY

(TO HERSELF) Oh boy, do I need it to be tomorrow.

BAXTER

(WHILE PLAYING) Hey!

CHRISTY

What are you doing here, Baxter?

BAXTER

Father can't visit his son?

CHRISTY

Not when he's six months behind on child support.

BAXTER

I'll be right back, Roscoe. Don't be afraid to hit the hookers with a bat.

HE CROSSES OVER TO CHRISTY IN THE KITCHEN WHERE THEY CAN TALK PRIVATELY.

BAXTER (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry about the dough. I've just had a rough couple of weeks.

CHRISTY

I've had a rough couple of years, Baxter.

BAXTER

Yeah well, you're looking really good.

CHRISTY

Do not flirt with me. What do you want?

BAXTER

I was hopin' for sex with the ex, but you seem a little grumpy.

CHRISTY

Get out.

BAXTER

Hang on, this might cheer you up. I think I've got a way to pay you your child support.

CHRISTY

I'm listening.

BAXTER

Remember my friend, Loopy?

CHRISTY

Let me see, Loopy, Loopy... This is tough, there's so many Loopys.

BAXTER

Long, brown hair, lazy eye.

CHRISTY

Oh yeah, that Loopy.

BAXTER

Well, he knows a guy who can hook us up with a couple of kilos of premium Sonoma kush. All I need is two thousand dollars to buy in.

CHRISTY

Wait a minute, you wanna pay child support by borrowing money from me so you can buy pot?

BAXTER

No, so I can sell pot. Geez Christy, there's no money in buying pot.

VIOLET'S BOYFRIEND, LUKE, COMES OUT OF VIOLET'S BEDROOM, BAREFOOT, JEANS WITH WALLET CHAIN, NO SHIRT. HE SEES CHRISTY.

LUKE

(STARTLED) Oh. Hey. Hi.

CHRISTY

What are you doing here?

LUKE

Um... studying?

BAXTER

You let Violet have boys over while you're gone?

CHRISTY

No, I do not.

BAXTER

I'm just sayin', it sets a bad example for Roscoe.

CHRISTY

Okay, drug dealer, do not tell me how to parent my children. Besides, the one in the bedroom sleeping with this idiot is not even your kid.

LUKE

I said we were studying.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. CHRISTY OPENS IT REVEALING GABRIEL.

GABRIEL

I'm so sorry.

CHRISTY

I have no time for you now.

SHE CROSSES IN, HE FOLLOWS.

GABRIEL

You know I can't divorce Claudia. Her father owns the restaurant. I'm pretty sure he'd fire me. I'd be homeless.

VIOLET CROSSES OUT IN SWEATS AND T-SHIRT.

VIOLET

(TO CHRISTY) Oh, you're home.

CHRISTY

(RE: LUKE) I can't believe you're bangin' this clown.

VIOLET

We were making love, mother.

LUKE

And studying.

VIOLET

Shut up, Luke. (THEN TO CHRISTY) I love him.

CHRISTY

Oh god! Violet, love has nothing to do with a relationship.

GABRIEL

That's really hurtful.

CHRISTY

Oh, just go home to your wife!

VIOLET

Luke and I have been together for like a year. You only started noticing when you stopped drinking.

CHRISTY

You're right, I haven't been a very good mother and I'm sorry, but --

VIOLET

But what? You want me to forgive you?

CHRISTY

Yeah, that'd be awesome.

VIOLET

Why should I forgive you when you can't even forgive your own mother?

CHRISTY

That's different.

VIOLET

How?

EVERYBODY LOOKS AT HER AS SHE STRUGGLES FOR AN ANSWER.

CHRISTY

Okay.

SHE TAKES OUT HER CELL PHONE AND DIALS.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE, WHILE LOOKING AT VIOLET)
Hello, Mom, it's Christy. I just want you to know that I forgive you for everything you did when I was growing up. Not only that, I wanna apologize for all the pain I put you through. I know you only wanted what was best for me, and it must've been awful to watch me make so many stupid mistakes. One of which is rolling her eyes at me right now... No, it's better that you don't talk. Bye-bye.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(HANGS UP, THEN TO VIOLET) There.

I've forgiven my mother.

VIOLET

You are so lame.

VIOLET CROSSES BACK TO HER BEDROOM.

CHRISTY

(CALLING AFTER HER) Oh, come on, that was great parenting!

ROSCOE

(CALLING FROM THE COUCH) Hey Dad! If you hit the hookers enough times, they give you your money back!

BAXTER

(TO CHRISTY) Smart kid.

CHRISTY

(NODS) A little less each time you visit.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - ANOTHER NIGHT (NIGHT 3)
(Christy, Bonnie, Violet, Greg)

AN EXHAUSTED CHRISTY, IN HER WAITRESS UNIFORM, CROSSES INTO THE HOUSE.

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTY CROSSES IN TO FIND BONNIE DOING THE DISHES WHILE VIOLET SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE DOING HER HOMEWORK.

CHRISTY

Hello?

VIOLET

Oh hi, Mom.

BONNIE

Hello, sweetie.

CHRISTY

What are you doing here?

BONNIE

I just thought I'd help out while you were at work.

CHRISTY

We don't need any help.

VIOLET

Yeah we do. Bonnie made Roscoe and I a hot dinner.

CHRISTY

Yeah but --

VIOLET

It was hot, Mom. Like on TV. (THEN) Goodnight, Bonnie.

SHE KISSES HER GRANDMOTHER AND CROSSES DOWN THE HALLWAY.

CHRISTY

She calls you Bonnie?

BONNIE

We're like sisters.

CHRISTY

Is Wallet Chain in her bed?

BONNIE

Absolutely not.

CHRISTY

That's good.

BONNIE

I made it very clear that if she and her fella want to have sex, they should break into an empty house and use the master bedroom.

CHRISTY

It is a family tradition.

BONNIE

Are you hungry? 'Cause I made dinner.

CHRISTY

Yeah, I heard. No thanks, I ate at the restaurant.

BONNIE

How about some tea?

CHRISTY

Okay.

CHRISTY SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. BONNIE CROSSES OVER WITH THE TEA KETTLE, TEA BAG AND CUP DURING:

BONNIE

I'm so glad you and I have a chance to start over.

CHRISTY

Forgive me, but I'm still somewhere between paranoid and suspicious.

BONNIE

Of course I forgive you.

CHRISTY

(SIGHS, THEN) You know, I apologized for being a crappy daughter. Is there anything you wanna say to me?

BONNIE

I love you with all my heart.

CHRISTY

And?

BONNIE

I appreciate your apology.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

SHE CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT TO REVEAL GREG, THE TWENTY-FIVE YEAR-OLD WAITER.

GREG

Ready to go?

BONNIE

Let me just get my bag.

SHE CROSSES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN TO GET HER BELONGINGS.

CHRISTY

Mom, what are you doing?

BONNIE

Oh, don't worry. He's way too young for me. (THEN, SOTTO) And he's married.

BONNIE CROSSES OUT ONTO THE PORCH, AND SHE AND GREG CROSS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

CHRISTY

(TO HERSELF) Married. What a whore.

AND AS SHE SIPS HER TEA, WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW