

BART THE SILLY

**EXT. GARDEN - MORNING**

We're thirty feet in the air, looking down at a LUSH GARDEN.

Amidst the green we spot a SPLASH OF RED... a dress, worn by a woman sprawled across the grass. This is JOANIE VON SHIPPENSBURG-JONES-SHAPIRO (44). Her once perfect hair hangs in ruins around her tear-streaked, mascara-smudged face.

She sits up and looks into the camera.

JOANIE

(surprisingly coherent)

I don't believe we've met. I'm Joanie. Joanie Von Shippensburg-Jones-Shapiro. That's a mouthful, I know. Everyone warned me about hyphenating your married name when your maiden name was already a hyphenate. But I'm not the kind of person you can tell things to. And where's that gotten me?

(a beat)

That's not a rhetorical question, I honestly have no idea where I am.

Joanie sits up...

**EXT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

... to find herself lying in a garden display at a Lowe's Home Improvement Center. EUGENE (20s), a perfectly affable stoner in a store uniform, eyes her warily.

EUGENE

Ma'am?

JOANIE

Ma'am. Ma'aaaaaam.

EUGENE

Ma'am. I don't think--

JOANIE

Maaaaaaa'aaaaaaaaaaaaaam. Just say the word. It's so weird.

(each time pronounced  
oddly, differently)

Ma'am. Maa'am. M'aam. Maaaaaa'am.

EUGENE

Is everything OK... ma'am?

Joanie looks Eugene over.

JOANIE  
Eugene, is it?

EUGENE  
Excellent eyesight.

JOANIE  
I'm only forty-four.

EUGENE  
I didn't mean to imply--

JOANIE  
What am I wearing, Eugene?

EUGENE  
Um. A dress.

JOANIE  
Wrong. I'm wearing a cherry red  
Versace midi, purchased for full  
retail the year before my youngest  
was born. It is a size too small in  
the bust and forgiving in the hips.  
It is a swagger dress, Eugene. Do  
you know what a swagger dress is?

EUGENE  
I grasp the context.

JOANIE  
So here I lay, Joanie Von  
Shippensburg-Jones-Shapiro.

EUGENE  
That's a mouthful.

JOANIE  
Mother of three. Married twenty two  
years. Under a decorative fern at  
eight AM in her swagger dress. You  
grasp context, Eugene, so you tell  
me: am I OK?

EUGENE  
Um... no.

JOANIE  
Give the boy a cigar.

EUGENE  
I don't smoke.  
(Joanie cocks an eyebrow)  
... cigars.

JOANIE  
But oh, I used to be OK.

**CUT TO BLACK**

*TITLE CARD: TWO MONTHS EARLIER*

Then WHOOSH!

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Joanie pulls back bay window curtains. Sunlight streams across her face. Everything about the room behind her leapt off the pages of 'Better Homes and Gardens'.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
More than OK.

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS ROOMS - MORNING**

Joanie's morning routine progresses with precision as she:

-- prepares "Food Network" perfect plates of waffles and fruit.

-- tosses the white laundry into the dryer, then hip bumps it closed as she turns to sort the colors.

-- opens a HUGE WALK-IN CLOSET, organized with an attention to detail normally reserved for surgical theaters.

-- dresses with purpose and checks herself in the mirror: a perfectly put together 'thrown together' look. She turns--

-- just as her toddler, ZEN (3), naked save for his superhero pull-ups, runs into the bedroom. His face is coated in peanut butter and he's waving a torn waffle.

ZEN  
Momma my waffle got broke!

Shocked Joanie stumbles back and falls into the closet.

**INT. FOYER - MORNING**

As Joanie carries a protesting Zen downstairs, the front door opens. In walks Joanie's housekeeper, MILENA (60s), with her Starbucks in one hand and her New York Post in the other.

JOANIE  
Good morning Milena!

MILENA  
Good morning, Mrs. Joanie!

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

As Milena sits at the counter in the immaculate kitchen, Joanie deposits Zen at the table where her two older children devour the breakfasts she prepared earlier.

MOONLIGHT (13), wearing a black heavy metal T-shirt and sporting a blue spiked mohawk, wolfs down his food.

MOONLIGHT  
(to himself)  
Parents were Cronus and Rhea,  
married to Hera, children were...

SHOSHANNA (16), preppy chic down to a science, precisely cuts each waffle with a knife and fork while reviewing hand-written index cards.

SHOSHANNA  
Can you keep it down? I'm studying.

MOONLIGHT  
What's it look like I'm doing?

Zen occasionally pops out of his seat but Milena, never looking up from her paper, raises her foot to block him.

JOANIE  
How's it coming, Moonlight?

MOONLIGHT  
Zeus had too many kids.

JOANIE  
They cranked out a new one every time they needed a new myth. Start with the A's. Apollo, Athena--

MOONLIGHT  
Apollo, Athena, Artemis...

JOANIE  
And you, miss future class  
president--

SHOSHANNA  
(OMG DID SHE JUST?!?!)  
Mom! The universe will hear you and  
punish my hubris!

JOANIE  
How's your speech coming?

SHOSHANNA  
Almost there, I think. A stylistic  
homage to Lincoln and Maya Angelou  
with hints of Beyonce.

JOANIE  
(checking her watch)  
It's seven seventeen, we'll review  
it at--

SHOSHANNA  
(checking her watch)  
Seven thirty four.

JOANIE	SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)
Synced.	Synced.

Zen pouts over his torn waffle. Joanie takes a jar of peanut  
butter and sits next to him.

JOANIE  
Zen, look. Waffle glue.

She smears peanut butter over both halves of Zen's waffle,  
sticking it back together. Zen smiles and takes a huge bite.  
He goes to kiss her, but she dodges his peanut butter lips  
and smooches his cheek.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
What's seven-twenty for Zen?

ZEN  
Toothbrush time!

JOANIE  
That's my little Zen monkey.  
(heading off)  
Milena, I've got the PTA board at  
eleven in the living room.

MILENA  
I will take Zen to the park.

JOANIE

What would I do without you?

Milena looks at the pristine kitchen and flips to Page Six.

MILENA

I think you'd manage.

SHOSHANNA

Oh mom! You left your phone on the counter, Bobbie Sue called.

JOANIE

Aww, Bobbie Sue. Did you both remember to send her--

SHOSHANNA

Thank you cards for our birthday gifts, yes, mom.

MOONLIGHT

Thank you cards for our birthday gifts, yes, mom.

Joanie grabs her phone and taps CALL BACK - BOBBIE SUE.

JOANIE

Good. Bobbie Sue is just the sweetest, most thoughtful human being to ever--

BOBBIE SUE (ON THE PHONE)

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT BITCH DID?!

**INT. WILLIS SHAPIRO'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING**

Joanie THROWS the door open.

JOANIE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT BITCH DID?!

A stack of blueprints sits here, assorted architectural models lie there, there's a cluttered desk hither and a wall full of pictures and awards yon.

In the center of this chaos, WILLIS SHAPIRO (40s) rides an elliptical while taking a conference call on a bluetooth earpiece, all while a Powerpoint scrolls on a huge monitor.

Joanie straightens the office as she wanders and vents.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Remember I told you? At the last meeting, she took the action to make reservations for the working lunch with the superintendent?

Willis sort of nods; he clearly remembers no such thing.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

We all agreed. Stagecoach Grill.  
The party room. Plenty of space,  
nice and private, the food is fine.  
It's in the minutes! That tramp  
texts Bobbie Sue this morning.  
"Couldn't get Stagecoach, got  
Kashmir instead." Kashmir!

WILLIS

(focused on his call)  
I ate there with Gary one time, it  
was good...

JOANIE

That bimbo knows what spicy food  
does to me, she's hoping I'll end  
up in the bathroom for an hour. And  
poor Mary Kate, she can barely read  
the menu at 'On The Border'!

WILLIS

It'll probably be a buffet...

JOANIE

I'll have to eat before the meeting  
but then I'll have to explain why  
I'm not eating at the meeting so  
I'll still look like an asshole  
because who the hell does that?!

WILLIS

Order raita, it's a yogurt...

JOANIE

The board is here at eleven thirty.

WILLIS

I'll be out. Curling practice.

JOANIE

Sex Thursday?

WILLIS

Wednesday's better.

They nod and she's gone.

**INT. HALLWAY - MORNING**

Joanie takes a deep breath, lets it soak up her stress.



MOONLIGHT (O.S.)

MOM!

Moonlight sprints in.

MOONLIGHT (CONT'D)

This is a Defcon one!

JOANIE

It's seven-thirty-three, Moon, I have your sister's speech to listen to, this can't be a Defcon one--

MOONLIGHT

I need a costume for my Zeus presentation!

Joanie's eye twitches.

**INT. SHOSHANNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Shoshanna's rehearsing her speech. Joanie opens the door.

JOANIE

Defcon one. We're rolling.

**INT. SHOSHANNA'S CAR - MORNING**

Shoshanna drives furiously, Joanie in the passenger seat tapping on her phone, Moonlight in the back seat.

MOONLIGHT

I said I was sorry!

SHOSHANNA

Sorry is not going to cover it if I'm late for school!

JOANIE

Eyes on the road, Shoshanna!

MOONLIGHT

It's a Zeus costume, Mom, we've got eight million bedsheets!

JOANIE

All of which are eight hundred thread count Egyptian cotton that I am not cutting into a toga!

(tapping her phone)

Nowhere opens before nine?!

SHOSHANNA  
There's the Walmart on route ten.

JOANIE  
No Walmart.

SHOSHANNA  
You said Defcon One!

JOANIE  
There is no Defcon Walmart! They  
treat their employees horribly,  
Rachel Maddow did a whole HOUR on--

Joanie spots a laundromat.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Pull in there!

**INT. LAUNDROMAT - MOMENTS LATER**

Joanie storms in, a woman on a mission.

JOANIE  
Who'll take fifty bucks for a plain  
white bedsheet!

**INT. SHOSHANNA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Joanie's in back with Moonlight, cutting and stitching a  
bedsheet while Shoshanna drives.

SHOSHANNA  
Eleven years of perfect attendance,  
no tardies, is not OCD bullshit!

MOONLIGHT  
Bullshit bullshit bull--

JOANIE  
Enough with the damn language!

Joanie begins to fit Moonlight's costume.

MOONLIGHT  
It's a toga, mom, it's fine!

JOANIE  
It's Zeus's toga, and just because  
I had five minutes in a Volvo is no  
reason it won't look like Zeus's!

**EXT. WOODROW WILSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING**

Shoshanna's car screeches to a halt behind a lengthy middle school drop-off queue.

**INT. SHOSHANNA'S CAR, ROAD - MORNING**

Everyone lurches, including Moonlight, dressed in what is actually a damn good toga.

JOANIE

Shoshanna, what are you--

SHOSHANNA

Look at that line, Mom! That is fifteen minutes of tardy!

JOANIE

Your sister's right, get walking.

Moonlight opens the door and tries to get out but his TOGA IS STITCHED TO HIS SEAT BELT.

Joanie scans the car. There's a decorative cloth on the passenger seat headrest. And there's the massive black binder clip holding Shoshanna's speech notes.

In a flash, Joanie grabs the decorative cloth and binder clip. She rips the toga free of the seat belt, hides the tear with the cloth, and holds it in place with the clip.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

There. A brocade.

MOONLIGHT

Zeus doesn't wear a brocade!

JOANIE

Gods accessorize! Now go!

Moonlight hops out of the car.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Wait, you need lunch money!

MOONLIGHT

No, I'm good! Aunt Angie gave me ten bucks so I wouldn't tell you she's living in the shed!

Joanie's eye twitches.

**EXT. BACKYARD SHED - DAY**

Joanie flings open the shed to find ANGIE VON SHIPPENSBURG-JONES (41) asleep on a folding lawn chair. Her flowing hippie dress would have been new age quite a few ages ago.

ANGIE  
(groggy)  
Mmm just five more minutes...

JOANIE  
Angela Von Shippensburg-Jones!

ANGIE  
Godammit, I knew ten bucks wasn't going to cut it.

JOANIE  
Are you insane?! There's squirrels and vermin and crickets and shit in here!

Joanie drags the lounge chair and Angie into the yard.

ANGIE  
I just needed a place to crash for one night. Two, tops.

JOANIE  
I'm driving you home!

ANGIE  
Can't. Tommy kicked me out.

JOANIE  
What? Why?

ANGIE  
He found out about Other Tommy. And I can't stay with Other Tommy cause of the whole Tammy thing. Then I called Carlos but a dude picked up, so he's gay now, I can take a hint--

JOANIE  
Come inside and shower.

ANGIE  
Lord yes. It was only going to be three nights. Four at the outside.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Zen plays with Legos while Milena flips through her paper. Angie enters, showered, in a towel.

ZEN  
Aunt Angie!

ANGIE  
Piggily wiggily!

Zen leaps into Angie's arms. The two snort happy pig sounds.

MILENA  
Hello, Miss Angie!

ANGIE  
Milena! Hi!  
(conspiratorial)  
Is my sister overworking you or  
beating you or anything? Cause I  
know the 'Shame on You' guys from  
the news and they pay cash--

Joanie enters with Angie's laundered clothes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(whispers to Milena)  
Say nothing. The revolution will  
not be televised.

Joanie puts the laundry down and prepares a plate for Angie.

JOANIE  
You've seriously been sleeping in  
your car for a week?

ANGIE  
And everything was fine, I found  
this park where the cops don't  
bother you overnight. But then on  
Tuesday night, two meth heads got  
into it over a pair of Timberlands  
and broke my windshield--

JOANIE  
Good God, I have to ignore a third  
of everything you say. Here.

Joanie grabs her wallet and starts laying out twenties.

ANGIE  
How many times do we have to do  
this?

JOANIE  
Until you listen.

ANGIE  
I'm not taking your money--

JOANIE  
You need it!

ANGIE  
The band has a gig at the flea  
market on Saturday, I will be fine.

JOANIE  
Oh, the band's still together?

ANGIE  
Don't say it like that.

JOANIE  
Like what? I just--

ANGIE  
"Oh, the band's still together? How  
much rejection can one human take?"

JOANIE  
You're sleeping on an Aldi bag  
pillow, apparently quite a bit.

ANGIE  
The bag, I forgot! Presents for the  
kiddos!

ZEN  
Presents!

JOANIE  
You're living in your car, you're  
not buying gifts for the kids!

Ignoring that, Angie pulls a rolled canvas from the bag. It's  
an abstract painting, like someone crossed a Picasso with a  
Rothko and kept the worst parts.

ANGIE  
For Shoshanna! A portrait of Angela  
Davis, painted it myself...

JOANIE  
The hell you say.

Next out of the bag comes a fossilized baseball mitt.

ANGIE  
This is for Moonlight.

JOANIE  
He doesn't play baseball.

ANGIE  
Maybe he'll start! And for my  
Piggly Wiggly...

Angie pulls a dusty old VHS cassette out of the bag.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
A movie!

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

Dust kicks up as Willis lays a twenty year-old VCR on the entertainment center. A plug here, a switch there, and the VCR lights up.

WILLIS  
It's alive... it's alive!

Joanie sighs at Willis's Gene Wilder impression, than hands him the tape as Zen and Angie exchange happy pig sounds.

The old school FBI warning fades. BRIGHT, UPBEAT CHILDREN'S MUSIC plays. Primary colors fill the screen and a big balloon font title appears: SING YOUR SILLIES OUT!

JOANIE  
What is this?

ANGIE  
How do you not know 'The Sillies'?  
The world's greatest kids band!

A dancing man in a GIANT DOG COSTUME bounds into frame.

BART (O.S., ON TV)  
Hey boys and girls, it's our friend  
Tails the Dog!

Zen dances happily as Bart *sings* the melody...

BART (O.S., ON TV) (CONT'D)  
*Tails is a good dog/Yes he  
is!/Tails is a good dog...*

JOANIE  
Oh, this won't get old.

ANGIE  
You hush, he loves it.

The tape cuts to THE SILLIES, a four man band in bright shirts. There's a drummer, a bassist, and a keyboardist... but the lead singer hasn't come onscreen yet.

BRAP/BRAP/BRAP! A reminder from Joanie's phone: PTA MEETING.

JOANIE  
Oh God, I'm not even close to  
ready! Angie, can you handle--

Angie's happily pig-snorting, giggling, and dancing with Zen.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Peas in a pod.

Joanie leaves. The moment she's gone, BART (here in his 30s), the Sillies lead singer, comes onscreen. Australian perfection, like someone engineered the ideal Hemsworth.

Pull in on Bart as he sings, dances, and delights... we'll be seeing more of this guy.

#### **INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

A pantsuit and two skirt suits lay on the bed.

JOANIE  
The pantsuit oozes too much power.  
I need to look approachable, not  
like I'm testifying.

EUGENE (O.S.)  
Excuse me--

#### **INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

Eugene raises his hand.

EUGENE  
All this for a PTA meeting?

JOANIE  
Oh, you sweet summer stoner. For  
any worthwhile endeavor, one must  
prepare. The right outfit is the  
right armor.



**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The Ethan Allen sofa has been pushed aside. Six expensive dining room chairs stand in a perfect circle.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
The right meeting space is the  
right fortress.

Joanie, in her green skirt suit, uses a tape measure to ensure each chair's equidistance from its neighbors.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
And you need both to face a dragon.

DING-DONG!

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Joanie opens the door to find HEATHER GIANGIARUSO (40s). Bleached blonde, built like the proverbial brick commode.

JOANIE  
Heather, what a delight.

HEATHER  
Sorry I'm early, you know how  
tardiness terrifies me.

JOANIE  
The twenty-five minutes will fly  
past, I'm sure.

The two circle each other like boxers as they speak.

HEATHER  
The stroller on your porch, is that  
the new McClaren?

JOANIE  
It is. It was on back order but we  
were able to pull some strings.

HEATHER  
It's... nice. I went with the  
YayBaby, though. Co-designed by  
Porsche, wind tunnel tested by the  
Navy. Runs six hundred more than  
the McClaren, but the difference is  
so worth it. How's Willis?

JOANIE

Excellent. His firm just won the contract to design the Ferngehsmachen Museum in Switzerland.

HEATHER

I heard about that on Fresh Air. The world's first museum dedicated to unicycle technology.

JOANIE

His concept is 'reinventing the wheel.' I was so sorry to hear about you and... Taylor?

HEATHER

Tyler.

JOANIE

Of course, Taylor was... one prior?

HEATHER

Two. What can I say, I'm weak for 'T's! But it all worked out, and the settlement left me enough to expand the fitness studio!

Heather holds up a tote bag, "GET FIT WITH HEATHER" embroidered on it.

JOANIE

(she'd heard)

I hadn't heard! Mazel tov!

HEATHER

We offer a 'Kickboxing for Matures' class, if you're interested. Our Facebook links to a discount code--

JOANIE

Oh, I've no use for social media. Rachel Maddow did a full hour on--

Milena enters carrying a homemade pie.

MILENA

Mrs. Joanie, the oven did the 'ding' sound--

Angie enters, eyes wide.

ANGIE

I smell Grandma's apple pie!

Heather seizes on this distraction to slip into the living room, where she takes out her own tape measure and begins measuring distances between seats.

JOANIE  
It's for the PTA, Angie.

ANGIE  
OK, how do I join?

DING DONG. Joanie opens the door to reveal BOBBIE SUE MCGEE (40s), a chipper, blonde haired, blue eyed, squeaky mouse of a woman dressed like a Sunday School teacher.

BOBBIE SUE  
I will cut that tramp!

ANGIE  
Now it's a party.

BOBBIE SUE  
(to Angie)  
Angie! Oh you sweet little thing!  
It's so good to see you!  
(back to Joanie)  
No, a knife is too good for her.  
Screwing up the lunch reservation,  
I'm going to kneecap the--

HEATHER (O.S.)  
(from the next room)  
Good morning, Bobbie Sue!

Bobbie Sue freezes. Joanie whispers in her ear.

JOANIE  
Treat her like the flu. Assume  
she's always there.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The whole PTA Board is seated: Joanie, Heather, and Bobbie Sue, along with--

-- JONATHAN, 30s. Trimmed beard, flannel shirt and jeans. His 9 MONTH OLD, SVEN, sleeps in a baby bjorn.

-- MARY KATE, 40s. A housewife who's just delighted to have escaped the house.

MARY KATE

Present at the August meeting were President McGee in a tasteful pleated skirt, member Giangeruso in a faux-preppy pencil skirt that emphasized her hips--

JOANIE

Mary Kate, are the minutes always this... informative?

MARY KATE

No, I accidentally took a double dose of Dexedrine that afternoon so I was paying extra attention to everything. Anywho, skip ahead, skip ahead, the election for fundraising chair was won by member Von Shippensburg-Jones-Shapiro...

(soft applause)

... after which outgoing chair Giangeruso swore the election had been rigged and quote "hoped the committee would burn in hell like the Judas's they were."

HEATHER

And I sincerely apologized for that. It was the wine talking.

JONATHAN

Seven chardonnays can get lippy.

BOBBIE SUE

Now, on to the first order of business. New Madam Fundraising Chair, the floor is yours. Literally. It's your house.

Joanie moves to a cloth-covered easel in the corner. When she turns back to the room, Angie has already taken her seat.

ANGIE

Just waiting on the pie.

JOANIE

After the meeting, Angie.

Angie looks over the hunky Jonathan, niiiiice and slow.

ANGIE

I can wait. Hi there.

Jonathan waves politely.

JOANIE

Now. As my and Angie's mother  
always used to say--

ANGIE

Only hookers wear fishnets with  
Converse?

(Joanie glares)

I can't talk if I'm eating pie.

**MOMENTS LATER**

As Angie digs into a slice of pie...

JOANIE

Our mother, a PTA fundraising  
legend way back when...

(murmurs of assent)

... always said that failing to  
prepare is preparing to fail.

Joanie yanks the cloth from the easel to reveal a  
professionally printed graph outlining last year's  
fundraising efforts.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Last year's fundraisers earned a  
perfectly acceptable \$250,000 for  
the new library.

Heather arches an eyebrow at 'acceptable'.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

This year? We're finishing that  
library.

Joanie flips to the next placard: a fund-raising thermometer  
topping out at \$500,000.

ANGIE

(mouth full)

Holy shit.

BOBBIE SUE

Five hundred thousand dollars?

JONATHAN

In one year?

JOANIE

With focused effort, we can do it.

MARY KATE

With a focused sugar daddy, maybe.

Joanie hands out spiral-bound presentations.

JOANIE

There are four thousand five hundred and seventy four students enrolled in this district. This report describes each of their familial socioeconomic demographics on seven axes.

As the board leafs through Joanie's report, she flips to the next placard. A picture of a kids in matching BUSHWOOD SCHOOL DISTRICT T-SHIRTS.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

We'll start with our traditional T-shirt sale, always a surefire bet to foster school spirit...

The next placard: wintry landscapes.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

We'll coordinate a bake sale around the high school winter concert, historically the most well-attended extracurricular event of the year.

JONATHAN

The chart running from page twenty four to thirty makes that clear.

Next placard: carnival rides.

JOANIE

We'll run Carnival Night in the spring, with its standard twenty dollar per family fee...

MARY KATE

Oh, spring carnivals are much better than autumn! Last year I got so lost in that corn maze!

HEATHER

That wasn't a corn maze, Mary Kate, you wandered into a greenhouse! Madam President, point of order.

Bobbie Sue looks to Joanie, who nods. *It's OK.*

BOBBIE SUE

The floor recognizes Member Gian--

HEATHER

You've got winter and spring covered, madame chairperson, but what about fall?

JOANIE

Once the T-shirt sale ends, we'll really kick things off with a massive fall fundraising event!

BOBBIE SUE

Oh goodie! And that will be...

JOANIE

(a beat)

A surprise.

HEATHER

A surprise? Bobbie Sue, I'm sorry, this is **bull**--

BOBBIE SUE

-- **bull**-lieve it or not, the most comprehensive fundraising plan I've ever seen! Joanie: your mother would have been so proud!

Polite applause from everyone but Heather.

**EXT. VON SHIPPENSBURG-JONES-SHAPIRO HOUSE - DAY**

Cars pull away.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Jonathan exits the hall bathroom carrying a crying Sven.

JONATHAN

Aw, buddy, settle down, that diaper had to go--

Angie stands just outside the bathroom, poised to pounce.

ANGIE

Lend you a hand?

Angie takes Sven and coos baby noises. Sven LAUGHS.

JONATHAN

Wow, you're going to have to give me your--

Angie slips a piece of paper into Jonathan's hand.

ANGIE  
Any other requests?

JOANIE  
(entering)  
Jonathan, have you met my sister?

ANGIE  
Her single, younger sister.

JONATHAN  
Yes! I was just saying that Scott  
and I have to give her a call,  
we're always looking for sitters.

Jonathan takes Sven from the still smiling but now red-faced  
Angie and leaves.

JOANIE  
Almost too easy.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Joanie begins resetting the furniture.

ANGIE  
That Heather chick's not your  
biggest fan, is she?

JOANIE  
Well, I did take her job.

ANGIE  
Was she bad at it?

JOANIE  
She brought in more money last year  
than any fundraising chair in  
Bushwood PTO history.

ANGIE  
Even mom?!

JOANIE  
By ten grand.

ANGIE  
So what was wrong with her? Aside  
from her exceptionally smackable  
vibe, I'll give you that much.



Joanie pulls some flyers from her Fundraising folder.

JOANIE

These were Heather Giangieruso's  
ideas of 'PTA fundraisers'.

"PILATES FEST FUNDRAISER", "5K FUN RUN", "GET READY FOR  
SUMMER: BMI READINGS & TANNING SAFETY CLINIC", all blaring  
the 'Get Fit With Heather' logo across the top.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

What would mom have said?

ANGIE

That Pilates was dad's favorite  
Greek island.

JOANIE

So I campaigned for her position,  
won it fair and square, and now--

ANGIE

-- you're going to double her up?

JOANIE

That's the plan.

ANGIE

Even though you have no clue what  
your first event will be?

Joanie freezes for just a split-second.

JOANIE

I wouldn't say I have no clue.

ANGIE

I would. If you did, it'd be right  
here in Kinko's four color.

JOANIE

The T-shirt sale is tradition. The  
fall fundraiser will be the first  
event that I plan as chair. It has  
to be perfect. Perfect.

(a beat).

Anyway. I have two other events  
booked. I'm costing marketing  
collateral. I'm auditing the  
University of Phoenix's marketing  
seminar for a third time--

ANGIE

God, you need to get laid.

Joanie's jaw drops at the impertinence.

JOANIE

Not that it is any of your business  
but Willis and I have an  
exceptionally regular sex life.

ANGIE

Thank you for proving my point.

JOANIE

You know something? You can kindly  
leave my home!

Joanie storms off into the kitchen--

ANGIE

Hey! You said I could stay a night!

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

-- with Angie on her heels.

JOANIE

And then you made subtle  
accusations about my love life.

ANGIE

They were subtle? Joanie,  
everything about you these days  
runs on fifteen iPad reminders. Are  
you ever the least bit spontaneous?

JOANIE

Just stop! You're not really  
interested in my and Willis's  
private time!

Angie mouths 'private time', awed by this choice of phrase.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

You're simply jealous that I have  
goals! Real, attainable goals that  
don't involve defrauding a  
transient--

ANGIE

Oh come on, one time!

JOANIE

--or fronting a *Poison* cover band--

ANGIE

Heart covers! I would never--

JOANIE

--but you've never cared enough  
about anything to work for it, so  
you need to dig at people who do!

ANGIE

Joanie, you dropped out of SUNY  
Oswego to marry an architect.  
You're the PTA fundraising chair.  
You pay a housekeeper to read Page  
Six eight hours a day. I mean...

JOANIE

What? You mean what, Angela?

ANGIE

That yes, these goals are real. But  
are they yours?

That knocks Joanie back on her heels.

JOANIE

What does that even mean?

ANGIE

Whatever, mom.

JOANIE

I am my own woman, Angela! And  
believe me when I tell you --

Joanie storms off again, now into the Den. Angie follows.

**INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS**

They interrupt Milena and Zen dancing happily to the Sillies.

JOANIE

-- I've never felt more fulfilled,  
more satisfied, than I do at this--

Joanie sees Bart and freezes in her tracks.

MILENA

Mrs. Joanie, look! Zen loves this!

Joanie doesn't hear Milena. Right now, she wouldn't hear a  
jet plane if it landed in the next room.

MILENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (distorted, fading)  
 Mrs. Joanie? Are you OK...

Joanie's reality warps. The TV grows larger and the rest of her world goes **BLACK**.

**INT. JOANIE'S IMAGINATION - DAY**

The music from the Sillies video plays on, but morphs; it remains an upbeat drum/synth/guitar combo, just... different.

Joanie's eyes go wide.

Before her stands Bart, dressed as George Michael in the "I Want Your Sex" video. And now it clicks: that's what we're hearing. A children's band arrangement of "I Want Your Sex."

BART  
*There's things that you guess/And  
 things that you know/There's boys  
 you can trust/And girls that you  
 don't...*

He takes Joanie by the hand. They dance FILTHY choreography.

BART (CONT'D)  
*There's little things you hide/And  
 little things that you show/  
 Sometimes you think you're gonna  
 get it--*

Bart dips Joanie, his face inches from hers. Her whole body cries out for his kiss. He leans in--

**INT. DEN - EVENING**

Joanie's eyes flutter and she FAINTS. Everything goes **DARK**.

BART (V.O.)  
*-- but you don't and that's just  
 the way it goes.*

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

Eugene cocks his eyebrow.

JOANIE  
 Put that eyebrow down, young man.

He tries to but overcompensates.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Go on, say it.

EUGENE  
The first time you saw him? Ever?

JOANIE  
If it hadn't happened to me, I  
wouldn't have believed it either.  
But he just... his eyes and his  
shoulders and those hips... His  
hair was like he ignored it on  
purpose but it was still perfect.  
And ohhhh when he'd sing, even  
about Tails the damned Dog...

TASHA (40s) stops her shopping cart full of potted plants.

TASHA  
Hold on. You're talking about Bart?  
Bart the Silly?

Joanie nods. Tasha rounds on Eugene.

TASHA (CONT'D)  
Son, my boy watched the Sillies  
every day from ages two to five.  
Don't you doubt this woman. That  
man could get. It.

EUGENE  
OK, I'll take your word on this  
dude. So then what?

# **INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Milena stares into the refrigerator, at a complete loss.

MILENA  
(calling to the next room)  
The soy milk?

JOANIE (O.S.)  
No, the oat milk!

Milena moves Joanie's seven different milks around.

MILENA  
How long are you off of your feet?

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

While Zen makes his action figures fight, Joanie lays on the couch with an ICE PACK on her head and her iPad in her lap.

JOANIE  
 (calling to Milena)  
 Doctor Weiss says two days. I told him I'd only fainted and banged my head on the coffee table, but I guess that's a big deal? Now, once the griddle's hot--

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Milena can't figure out how to turn the oven on.

JOANIE (O.S.)  
 -- pour three inch cakes and lower the heat to seventy five.

MILENA  
 Ummm... OK!

JOANIE (O.S.)  
 What would I do without you!

Milena shrugs, helpless.

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

Joanie scrolls through Google results for 'IDEAS FOR AMAZING PTA FUNDRAISERS'.

JOANIE  
 Too much overhead... that's racist... that's illegal... that's racist and illegal...

Joanie's eye drifts to the Sillies tape atop the VCR. She absentmindedly hums 'I Want Your Sex', but then takes a deep breath and refocuses her attention on her iPad...

... until Zen's head pops over the top of it.

ZEN  
 Tails!

JOANIE  
 Huh?

ZEN

Tails doggie! Watch Tails doggie!

She looks to the VHS tape. *It'll be fine, right? That was just a one-time thing, surely...*

JOANIE

OK, fine. Tails doggie.

Joanie pops the tape in the VCR. The Sillies theme plays. Zen dances as Bart begins to sing...

**INT. JOANIE'S IMAGINATION - DAY**

And Joanie's suddenly right back in her filthy, imaginary dance with Bart, only now it's on FAST-FORWARD.

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

CLUNK. Joanie's iPad has fallen to the floor, jolting her back to reality.

ZEN

Potty! Zen go potty!

Zen scurries off.

JOANIE

That's enough of whatever this is.

Joanie hurries to the VCR, pushes EJECT, and hides the cassette under the couch as Zen returns.

ZEN

Sillies?

JOANIE

The Sillies had to go home, honey, it's late in Australia. Do you want to watch Elmo?

ZEN

Sillies!

JOANIE

What about Bluey? She's Australian!  
(**terrible** accent)  
Daddy! Bingo's done a naughty!

Zen grabs the TV remote and pushes a button.

ZEN  
YouTube Sillies!

Hundreds of Sillies YouTube thumbnails appears onscreen.

JOANIE  
Who taught the toddler technology!

As Zen scrolls through thumbnails, Joanie notices wisps of gray in Bart's hair in more recent videos. Her jaw slackens.

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

JOANIE  
God as my witness--

TASHA  
He's hotter today, right?

JOANIE  
Salt and pepper are not just for eggs.

**INSERT - JOANIE'S IPAD**

An Amazon checkout page. Joanie taps NEXT DAY SHIPPING.

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

Joanie rips open an Amazon package to reveal a DVD BOX SET, "THE COMPLETE SILLIES."

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

Half of the DVDs lie unwrapped on the coffee table.

BART  
*It's potty time/Time to rock this  
potty out/It's potty time across  
the land/everybody, lend a hand...*

As Zen does his toddler-best to imitate Bart, Joanie sits blissed out on the couch. Time passes, the sunlight changes.

**LATER**

Two more DVDs have been unwrapped.



On the TV, Bart and the Sillies dance at a playground. Bart mimics being on a see saw, his legs pumping legs up and down, up and down, uuup and doooooowwwwn.

Joanie's in heaven. Zen climbs on the coffee table. The sunlight changes again as more time passes.

**LATER**

All of the DVDs have been unwrapped. On the TV, Bart croons in a mock-Elvis jumpsuit.

BART (CONT'D)  
*I can't help/falling in love with  
 school...*

While Zen lies on the couch half asleep, Joanie lip syncs silently with Bart's tune. *I can't help...*

Wait... something's BUZZING. Joanie searches the couch. She finds her iPad wedged in the cushions, blaring an overdue reminder: ORDER T-SHIRTS FOR FUNDRAISER.

**INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Milena shoves the dishwasher closed and flicks it on.

MILENA  
 Ha. Score one for the housekeeper!

Joanie sprints in, hands Zen to Milena, and runs out.

JOANIE  
 NEED YOU TO WATCH HIM A MINUTE  
 MILENA THANKS!

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

At her laptop, Joanie types furiously into the WOLLENSTEIN T-SHIRT BULK ORDERS web page form, then clicks SUBMIT.

ORDER CONFIRMED.

She gasps in relief and falls back on her bed.

**INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Joanie reenters.

JOANIE  
 OK Milena, I can take him--

But now there's another sound, a disturbing GURGLE coming from the dishwasher. Joanie turns to find a WALL OF BUBBLES flowing from the appliance, spreading across the floor.

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

The worst is under control: Shoshanna and Moonlight help Milena scoop the last of the bubbles into the sink.

MOONLIGHT

So you just have to put regular detergent in the dishwasher?

SHOSHANNA

Don't even think about it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Angie looks at Joanie with genuine surprise.

ANGIE

You were pretty clear, 'one night and gone'.

JOANIE

I know, and I'm sorry. But with me laid up and Milena so helpless--

ANGIE

She wouldn't be so clueless if you ever let her do anything.

JOANIE

But she does everything wrong!

ANGIE

She just does things differently than you would.

JOANIE

Exactly what I said! And besides, Zen loves having you around.

ANGIE

Doesn't he though? And hey, the Sillies, right?! Can I call 'em?

JOANIE

They're a hit!

ANGIE

Plus that singer, huh? Not too hard on the eyes.

JOANIE

Oh, really? I hadn't noticed.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Willis enters to find Joanie on the bed, wearing her most suggestive negligee.

WILLIS

Is it Wednesday?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

As the Sillies dance in front of an animated jungle, Joanie stares at the PTA Calendar on her iPad.

**FALL FUNDRAISING EVENT: TBD** stares right back.

The Sillies song ends. The DVD's end credits roll.

Joanie's phone BUZZES, a text from BOBBIE SUE: *BUSY PLANNING THAT BIG FALL FUNDRAISER? I HOPE? HA HA!*

The DVD credits finish, the Main Menu reappears. Zen snatches up the remote, starts pushing buttons, and accidentally opens the 'Extras' Menu.

Another text from Bobbie Sue: *LOL JK NO PRESSURE LUV U BYE*

Zen clicks on one of the DVD extras: SYDNEY BATTLE OF THE CHILDREN'S BANDS, 2009.

Another Bobbie Sue text. *NOT REALLY JOKING PLEASE THINK OF SOMETHING LUV U BYE.*

Zen, wildly mashing random buttons, maxes the TV volume. As the Battle of Bands extra plays, the sound ROCKS the living room, literally shaking the windows.

Joanie jolts, takes the remote and lowers the volume, rendering the DVD's audio understandable...

JOANIE

Zen, what is the rule about noise--

BART (ON TV)

--decided the start the Sydney Battle of the Children's Bands.  
(MORE)

BART (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 We think it's a wonderful way to  
 give back to the community...

Onscreen, Bart and the Sillies play to a packed auditorium.

BART (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 ... raising money for countless  
 charities while having a blast!

Joanie's jaw slowly drops as she looks from Bart... to all  
 those fans... to the '\$1,000,000 Raised' subtitle.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Angie sits at the table reading 'COOKING FOR DUMMIES'.  
 Shoshanna marches up to her, clears her throat, and...

SHOSHANNA  
 Ladies and gentlemen of the  
 faculty. Fellow students. True  
 progress begins not by looking  
 forward, but rather inward.

ANGIE  
 Sorry, sweetie, is this an  
 intervention? Because those aren't  
 usually solo gigs--

SHOSHANNA  
 I need feedback on my class  
 president speech.

ANGIE  
 Oh, Shoshanna, this is way more  
 your Mom's specialty--

SHOSHANNA  
 SO WHERE IS SHE?!

Joanie RUNS into the kitchen, a woman possessed--

JOANIE  
 THIS SPONTANEITY CRAP IS SOMETHING!

-- and then she runs right back out. Angie and Shoshanna look  
 to one another, then chase after Joanie.

#### **INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Joanie hurries up the stairs, Angie and Shoshanna trailing.

SHOSHANNA  
Mom, I emailed you my speech! I'm  
not sure the middle passages are  
flowing like they--

JOANIE  
I'll read it later, hon, right now  
I have to organize a battle of  
children's bands!

Joanie hurries into her bedroom and SLAMS the door.

SHOSHANNA  
What is going on in this house!?!

ANGIE  
Spontaneity!

SHOSHANNA  
Spontaneity sucks!

Shoshanna storms off. Angie follows Joanie.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Joanie holds her phone between her head and shoulder while  
tapping on her iPad, chaotic multitasking in motion.

JOANIE  
(to the phone)  
Well how many do you seat?  
(a beat)  
You call that an arena?

ANGIE  
A battle of children's bands?!

JOANIE  
Don't ask me what happened, I don't  
know what happened, all I know is  
that one moment I'm on the sofa,  
the next I've called an emergency  
PTA Meeting--

#### **INT. BOBBIE SUE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The whole PTA has convened at Bobbie Sue's home, where the  
aesthetic is "If Prairie Home Companion threw up on you'.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
 -- to present my big fall  
 fundraiser, the first ever Bushwood  
 Battle of the Children's Bands!

Joanie again stands before an easel of placards, but these are all hastily drawn in marker and say things like: BANDS: A LOT OF THEM! And LOCATION: WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT!

ANGIE (V.O.)  
 And what did they say?

The PTA members stand and applaud. Balloons and streamers fall from the ceiling. A banner unfurls that says "Joanie The Genius". Heather sobs in the corner.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
 They thought it was a flawless  
 plan. No notes. Named me  
 Fundraising Chair for life.

#### INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

ANGIE  
 Really?

JOANIE  
 SARCASM, ANGELA!

#### INT. BOBBIE SUE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The real PTA stares at Joanie in confusion. Heather barely stifles her laughter.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
 They didn't see it. I didn't make  
 them see it. But I will.

#### INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Joanie paces and taps on her iPad.

JOANIE  
Zero lessons on 'running a battle  
 of the bands'!? YOU'RE FAILING ME,  
 MASTERCLASS!

ANGIE  
 OK, come in off the ledge. Do you  
 have any idea many battles of the  
 bands I've been in?

JOANIE

No.

ANGIE

(thinks a moment)

Me neither, 2013 through 2016 are just gone. But that's OK! Every battle of the bands starts with the same question: where.

**EXT. TOMMY AND JAKE'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - DAY**

Joanie's car pulls up outside the kind of dive bar you don't 'go to', you 'end up at'.

JOANIE

Oh for Christ's sake, Angela! What if somebody sees me going in there?

ANGIE

I dunno, they might think you're rad as fuck? Come on. We've gotta talk to the venue whisperer.

JOANIE

That's absolutely not a thing.

ANGIE

Oh, it is. Everyone in local rock knows that when you need a venue, you talk to Tommy.

Angie heads for the bar's entrance. Joanie follows.

JOANIE

Wait, Tommy? Your ex!?

ANGIE

Just chill. This is about music. All the personal shit won't even come up.

Angie opens the door.

TAMMY (O.S.)

WELL LOOK WHOSE WHORE FACE JUST WALKED IN!

ANGIE

Unless Tammy's working.

**INT. TOMMY AND JAKE'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - OFFICE - DAY**

Bad paneling, shag carpet, cheap lighting, and cheaper furniture. The walls are covered in signed photos of semi-famous bands in dollar store frames.

Angela and Joanie sit across from the desk as, outside the door, we hear OTHER TOMMY (40s) and TAMMY (40s) in a full on screaming match. Details are muffled but at various points we definitely make out "SLUT", "SKANK", and "THE CLAP".

*(NOTE: As mentioned, there are two Tommys in Angie's life: even though we're meeting this one first, he's 'Other Tommy' and is named as such.)*

JOANIE

It's cozier than I expected.

ANGIE

Oh, Tommy's always had an eye for design. He's got this same carpeting in his van.

The door opens and in scurries OTHER TOMMY; long scraggly beard, Rolling Stones t-shirt, ripped jeans.

OTHER TOMMY

Sorry about that--

Angie hugs Other Tommy. We hear a mug SHATTER in the hall.

TAMMY (O.S.)

DON'T HUG THAT CRACK WHORE!

ANGIE

LOVE YOU BUNCHES, TAMMY.

OTHER TOMMY

SHE'S WITH HER SISTER, CHRIST  
JESUS! GIVE HER NINETY SECONDS!

(silence)

You got thirty seconds.

JOANIE

(right into pitch mode)  
Good morning. I'm Joanie Von Shippensburg-Jones-Shapiro, fundraising chair of the Bushwood Parent Teacher's Association, and I was wondering if I might--

OTHER TOMMY

Lady, I meant thirty seconds.



TAMMY (O.S.)  
THE HELL DOES SHE WANT, TOMMY?

OTHER TOMMY  
WORLD PEACE, HOW THE FUCK WOULD I  
KNOW, YOU WON'T LET HER TALK!

JOANIE  
I'm producing a battle of the bands  
PTA fundraiser and I need a venue.

OTHER TOMMY  
How many bands?

JOANIE  
No idea.

OTHER TOMMY  
How many tickets you want to sell?

JOANIE  
A lot.

OTHER TOMMY  
You've really thought this through.

JOANIE  
Angie said you were step one!

Angie blushes.

OTHER TOMMY  
She did, did she?

TAMMY (O.S.)  
THAT BITCH DON'T NEED ONE STEP, SHE  
NEEDS TWELVE!

ANGIE  
GO CLEAN YOUR CAULDRON, TAMMY.

JOANIE  
Listen, Mister Venue Whisperer sir--

OTHER TOMMY  
Mister *what*?

JOANIE  
Mister Venue Whisperer. You.

Other Tommy stares blankly. Angie blushes deeper.

ANGIE

Yeah, the nickname is kind of a  
'me' thing...

TAMMY (O.S.)

YOU WANT NICKNAMES, I'VE GOT SOME!

OTHER TOMMY

OK, so this is a fundraiser.

JOANIE

Yes.

OTHER TOMMY

You want to raise a lot of funds.

JOANIE

Hence the name.

OTHER TOMMY

You need a big venue.

JOANIE

(a beat)

OK..... how?

**INT. JOANIE'S CAR - DAY**

Joanie ain't happy as Angie drives.

ANGIE

So perhaps getting to see Tommy was  
an unstated secondary goal of this  
expedition, yes--

JOANIE

"All about the music, personal shit  
won't come up," I can't believe I  
let you talk me into going there!

ANGIE

He said he'd make some calls--

JOANIE

I CAN MAKE CALLS, ANGELA. I needed  
expertise, not to be used as an  
excuse to get thirty seconds of  
facetime with the guy you left for  
Other Tommy!

ANGIE

No, he's Other Tommy.

JOANIE  
Wait, so who's the other Tommy?

ANGIE  
Oh, that's just Tommy.

JOANIE  
So this Tommy is Other Tommy and  
the other tommy is just Tommy?

ANGIE  
You're finally getting it.

JOANIE  
ALL I GOT TODAY WAS DERMATITIS FROM  
A BAR!

Joanie's phone rings: WILLIS.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Is everything OK?

WILLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
Oh yeah, peachy, but hey, some  
delivery guys just dropped off some  
T-shirts, asked me to sign for 'em.

Joanie hears Bart singing in the call's background, and  
starts to drift into blissfulness.

JOANIE  
Sure. That's fine...

WILLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
Ok, if you say so. Hey, Zen's  
really into this Sillies band, huh?

JOANIE  
Huh? Oh! Yes! Zen's sure into that  
band, he sure is! Zen is.

WILLIS (ON THE PHONE)  
So where should I put these...  
four hundred or so boxes??

JOANIE  
Just put them... wait, how many!?

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Joanie pulls up to find delivery men unloading HUNDREDS OF  
BOXES OF T-SHIRTS. Joanie runs out of the car.

JOANIE  
What's going on here!?

DELIVERY MAN  
Bulk delivery from Wollenstein T-Shirts. Are you Joanie... Von Shippen... wow, that's a mouthful.

JOANIE  
This is crazy! I only ordered four thousand shirts!

DELIVERY MAN  
Hey, pretty close!

He hands her a copy of the invoice. 40,000 units, \$207,000 due, ALL SALES FINAL.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)  
You're just one zero off!

As the Delivery Men keep dropping boxes, Angie's phone rings. It's a call from 'Other Tommy'.

ANGIE  
Vindication!  
(answers on speaker)  
Talk to us.

OTHER TOMMY (ON THE PHONE)  
So I can put you in touch with the dude who runs the Cromwell Arena.

Joanie snatches the phone.

JOANIE  
Holy shit, the huge place just off the parkway?!

**INT./EXT. DRIVEWAY/TOMMY'S OFFICE - INTERCUTTING - DAY**

OTHER TOMMY  
But there are two things.

TAMMY (O.S.)  
YOU'RE BATSHIT, THE CROMWELL WON'T TAKE GIGS WITHOUT HEADLINERS.

OTHER TOMMY  
That's one of the things, yes. You'll need a headliner.

JOANIE  
A whatliner?

OTHER TOMMY  
Someone who'll put suburban butts  
in seats on a school night. Cause  
it will be a school night.

JOANIE  
Oh, a headliner! Sure, yes, we can  
get one of those.

ANGIE  
We can?  
(Joanie gently kicks her)  
We absolutely can, Tommy.

OTHER TOMMY  
The second thing, they want to know  
how many bands.

Joanie and Angie look at each other... how many, indeed?

**EXT. BUSHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

On the marquee: "AUDITIONS: BATTLE OF THE CHILDREN'S BANDS".

**INT. BUSHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Joanie, Angie, and the rest of the PTA watch--

-- A wholesome 'Donny and Marie' duo armed with acoustic  
guitars and white teeth sing about how happy Mormon kids are.

-- A quartet in flannel play Rage Against The Machine's  
'Killing in the Name' with alternate lyrics: "YES, MOM, I'LL  
SURE DO WHAT YOU TELL ME!"

-- An ANTI-VAX BARBERSHOP QUARTET sings about the evils of  
mercury.

-- A group of SIX YEAR OLDS whose drum kit reads 'AN ACTUAL  
CHILDRENS BAND' hoist their instruments.

SIX YEAR OLD LEAD SINGER  
Anyway. Here's Wonderwall.

**INT. BUSHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Thirty-seven bands wait onstage. The PTA board members  
consult their notes, looking spent.

MARY KATE

How many acts would you usually  
have in one of these things?

ANGIE

Five or six. Any more and the  
organizer's just trying to get  
laid. I was in a twelve band show  
down the Jersey Shore this one  
time? That bastard had the balls to  
hand me a chili dog and ask me to--

BOBBIE SUE

Five or six, there's the takeaway.

JONATHAN

But how do we choose?

All eyes go to Joanie. She has no idea. But she remembers--

**INSERT - THE T-SHIRT INVOICE**

--the invoice for 40,000 t-shirts, ALL SALES FINAL.

**BACK TO THE AUDITORIUM**

Joanie stands.

JOANIE

Congratulations, you'll all be part  
of the Bushwood Battle of the  
Childrens Bands!

CHEERS from the stage drown out the PTA's GASPS.

HEATHER

We can't handle a production of  
this scale! Bobbie Sue, say  
something!

BOBBIE SUE

Well... this all technically falls  
under fundraising's purview, but...

JOANIE

Everyone relax; 37 bands nets  
\$9,250 in registration fees,  
which... at the moment, we... need.

Jonathan opens the PTA bank account on his phone.

JONATHAN  
Need? That's crazy, we have over--  
(sees the account)  
Christ on a cracker.

JOANIE  
Listen, there was a... a slight  
issue with the T-shirt order--

The other board members lean over Jonathan's shoulder; the account shows a negative balance and a recent \$207,000 debit from W'STEIN T-SHIRTS. As PTA Members ask panicked questions over one another...

WILLIS (O.S.)  
Um, excuse me? Am I too late?

Joanie looks to the stage to find Willis, a guitar in his hand, standing with the rest of the bands.

JOANIE  
Willis? You want to audition?

WILLIS  
If that's OK.

JOANIE  
Um, sure, I just... you play music?  
On a guitar? Guitar music?

WILLIS  
I used to, In high school. I'd  
kinda forgotten all about it until  
Zen got into that band on Angie's  
tape. So I dug this out of the  
closet, and, well... hold on...

Willis plays a charming children's song about a lost sheep. He's got a great, natural Tom Chapin vibe.

ANGIE  
(soft)  
Joanie, he's really good!

Joanie doesn't answer, her brain is maxed out processing what she's seeing. Willis. Singing.

A devilish smile curls her lip.

#### **INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Willis steps out of the bathroom, wearing only BLACK PANTS.

WILLIS  
OK, now what?

Joanie's on the bed, stitching something onto a long sleeved red t-shirt... a 'Sillies' patch.

JOANIE  
This came with the DVDs... there.

She hands the shirt to Willis, who pulls it on. He's now effectively cosplaying Bart.

WILLIS  
So... you really think Zen would  
get a kick out of this?

JOANIE  
Oh. Oh yes. I think... yes.

She hands Willis his guitar. He sits on the bed and strums.

WILLIS  
You gotta shake, shake, shake--

Joanie POUNCES ON HIM, knocking him to the floor.

JOANIE (O.S.)  
SHAKE THOSE SILLIES OUT!

# **INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

A WOMAN (70s) in Joanie's audience nods.

WOMAN  
I get it. I made my husband dress  
up like that painter one time.

JOANIE  
Oh? Picasso? Jackson Pollack?

WOMAN  
No, the one from TV. With the hair.

JOANIE  
(a beat)  
You made your husband dress up like  
Bob Ross?

Everyone slowly turns to the woman, who nods contentedly.

WOMAN  
Happy trees, dear. Happy little  
trees.



**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Joanie lies in bed, watching Willis's sleeping face.

She slips out of bed and tiptoes from the room.

Willis's eyes open. He's faking sleep, and seems troubled.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Three in the morning. Joanie sits at the table, laptop open.

JOANIE

OK. Headliner time. This will work,  
gonna make em see, make em see...

She Googles 'BOOK THE SILLIES'.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

And it's all for the school. All  
for the school. All for--

A few results for Sillies branded children's books... but  
that's all. Joanie cocks a surprised eyebrow.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

The hell? No booking agency?

She deletes the word BOOK, Googles only THE SILLIES.

First result: the band's Wikipedia page. CLICK. A typical  
band wiki. Overview, Songs. History... Breakup.

Joanie gasps: BREAKUP. She CLICKS on...

'Long-simmering resentments'

'Lead singer Bart Van Dyke'

'Ran off with Russian supermodel'

And a picture of Bart posing next a Porizkova-level beauty.

Joanie GROANS and drops her head onto her keyboard.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Moron. Moron. You absolute--

But when Joanie looks back to the screen, she sees that her  
head plant has scrolled the browser down to a link, the sight  
of which makes her lose all track of time and space.

Bart Van Dyke occasionally books appearances via Facebook!

CLICK.

Facebook opens: *You must be a member to access this content.*

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
I don't have to post anything,  
right? I just...

One username and password later, Joanie is scrolling Bart's Facebook fan page. Pictures, articles, videos...

... and comments, all from 40-50 year old women. *So hot! Still got it!*

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Is this what I've become? One of--

A number catches her eye: *450,145 people like this page.*

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
-- half a million pathetic hussy  
groupies! Unbelievable. Let's get  
this the hell over with...

She clicks the **Book Bart** link.

A form opens. One of its required fields is **VENUE**.

Joanie looses a primal GROAN of frustration, slams her laptop shut, and heads back to bed.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
At least nobody knows I did that.

A beat. The laptop BEEPS. It BEEPS again. And KEEPS BEEPING.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Breakfast sausages sizzle on the stove. The dishwasher hums. The dryer BUZZES. Angie opens the dryer, reaches in...

ANGIE  
Hmmm. Five more minutes.

Joanie enters the room, sleepy but still seething.

JOANIE  
Sorry, I know I'm behind schedule  
but I can still...  
(sees the sausages)  
... cook.

ANGIE

No worries, I've got it. I gave Milena the day off.

JOANIE

That's not enough for everyone.

ANGIE

Shoshanna said she'd eat later, wanted to go running before school.

JOANIE

Running? Shoshanna?

ANGIE

Teenager, your height, dresses like Nordstroms knocked up Hollister? Think that was her.

JOANIE

Oh. OK... you restarted the dryer?

ANGIE

Can't be too careful with linens.

JOANIE

Um. Great. Don't forget to--

ANGIE

Second dryer sheet? Handled.

Joanie looks around the kitchen. All is perfect. Without her.

JOANIE

Willis! I'll bring Willis his coffee...

ANGIE

He said he'd get some at the airport.

JOANIE

The what?

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - EVENING**

Joanie runs to Willis's car as it's pulling out. He stops and rolls down his window.

JOANIE

I'm so so SO sorry, hon, I forgot all about your curling tournament!

WILLIS  
It's OK, really.

She leans into the window, smiling.

JOANIE  
Hey. Last night was pretty--

Willis pulls away a bit. Joanie flinches; *what was that?*

WILLIS  
It was... different.

JOANIE  
Oh. OK. I mean... different can be good... can't it?

WILLIS  
(can it?)  
I'm sorry, I don't know what I'm...  
It's fine, hon. Really.  
(pecks her on the cheek)  
I'll call you from Chicago.

Willis drives away, leaving a confused Joanie.

SHOSHANNA (O.S.)  
What did you think of my speech?

Joanie freezes, then turns to find Shoshanna on the sidewalk, having just finished a run.

JOANIE  
It's got a lot going for it. I want to give it one more read before I--

SHOSHANNA  
I put a read receipt on the email.  
You haven't even opened it!

Shoshanna storms past Joanie, who chases her.

JOANIE  
Honey, I'm sorry, it's been a--

No dice. As Shoshanna goes through the door, we hear--

OTHER TOMMY (O.S.)  
I CAN'T WITH YOUR MIXED SIGNALS!

ANGIE (O.S.)  
MIX THIS, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Other Tommy storms out as Shoshanna storms in, causing everyone to briefly panic at each other's sight.

OTHER TOMMY SHOSHANNA  
SORRY! WHO THE HOLY HELL?!

JOANIE  
It's OK, he's the Venue Whisperer!

THE WHO? SHOSHANNA

ANGIE (O.S.)  
HE'S THE BULLSHIT WHISPERER!

Angie storms out on Other Tommy's heels. As she and Other Tommy argue, Shoshanna hurries inside the house.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
The balls on you to show up--

OTHER TOMMY  
Pot, meet kettle! Who walked into  
who's bar?

ANGIE  
That was business, that was music!

JOANIE  
Um, excuse me, just one second--

OTHER TOMMY  
Sure, and I'm the first step now,  
huh? Probably your fifth at least!

ANGIE  
Oh, so Tammy knows you're here  
right now? Speaking of pots and  
kettles?

JOANIE  
Just wondering if the Cromwell  
Arena might have called...

OTHER TOMMY  
(to Joanie)  
You got a headliner yet?  
(to Angie)  
And Tammy doesn't own me!

ANGIE  
I deserve better than this!

Other Tommy throws his hands up and leaves .

JOANIE  
He just showed up here this morning, unannounced?

ANGIE  
Yup. Well, last night.

JOANIE  
(nods, a beat)  
Wait, **what?!**

The buzz of Joanie's phone distracts her. It's a text from Bobbie Sue: YOU FINALLY JOINED FACEBOOK!

That jolts her. She taps out a reply: UM NO.

Bobby Sue replies: SURE YOU DID! WHEN YOU JOIN IT NOTIFIES YOUR WHOLE ADDRESS BOOK!

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
IT HOLY SHIT WHAT?!

She hurries back inside, leaving Angie and Tommy fighting.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Joanie opens her laptop, still open to Facebook. 520 FRIEND REQUESTS, 347 NOTIFICATIONS, and climbing.

*OMG YOU FINALLY CAVED/BETTER LATER THAN NEVER/SO GOOD TO SEE YOU POST SOME PICS OF THE KIDS*

JOANIE  
Delete, delete, how do I--

A message appears from Heather: ONE FOLLOW? THE SILLIES? LOL!

Joanie accidentally clicks on Heather's profile. As she's trying to log off, she notices Heather's profile banner:

**THIS WEEKEND - 50% OFF AT "GET FIT WITH HEATHER"  
ALL PROFITS BENEFIT THE BUSHWOOD PTA!**

#### **MINUTES LATER**

Joanie's on her phone, pacing.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
I should at least be consulted,  
Bobbie Sue! I'm fundraising chair,  
not Passive Aggression Barbie!

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)  
 (out of breath)  
 Joanie, the whole thing with the t-shirts leaves us needing money! And Heather's studio already had this promotion going, so--

There's a faint sound behind Bobbie Sue... workout music.

JOANIE  
 Hold on... are you at her studio right now?

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)  
 (suddenly nervous)  
 What--oh! The music, no, I'm, um, it's one of those YouTube videos--

HEATHER (O.S.)  
 Kick it out, girls, you'll never get this from a YouTube video!

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)  
 OH NO SOMEONE HACKED MY PHONE GOTTA GO LOVE YOU BYE!

#### **INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Joanie paces, phone in one hand, a t-shirt in the other.

JOANIE  
 But how would I know I can't return 40,000 t-shirts?! There must be other Bushwood School Districts!  
 (a beat)  
 Just work with me! I made a mistake, yes, but I am not some...

Joanie's eye lands on her laptop, still open to Bart's Facebook page with its 450,145 followers.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
 SOME PATHETIC HUSSY GROUPIE!

And with that, something truly weird happens... BART'S PROFILE PICTURE TURNS AND SPEAKS.

BART  
 No. You're Joanie.

TASHA (O.S.)  
 This is getting spooky.

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

Tasha squinches her forehead. Eugene nods in agreement.

EUGENE

Like when Terry from hardware came  
in after the Phish show and tried  
to fight the Halloween inflatables.

JOANIE

Guys, I know it was my imagination.  
Give me some artistic license OK?

**BACK TO THE BEDROOM**

BART

You make togas in Volvos. You make  
things perfect.

This calms Joanie. In her mind, a plan clicks into place.

JOANIE

(to the phone)

If you won't give me a refund, can  
I pay for alterations?

**MOMENTS LATER**

Joanie's typing on Bart's Facebook page:

JOANIE (CONT'D)

For one night only... Bushwood  
school district... will become...

She inserts a photo of the altered t-shirts: the 'BUSH' in  
'BUSHWOOD' is struck through, and above it is written 'BART'.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

The Bartwood School District!

Beneath 'BARTWOOD' she's added 'First Annual Battle of the  
Children's Bands' and a screengrab of Bart's profile pic.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Commemorative t-shirts... go on pre-  
sale tomorrow... Joanie.

POST. An immediate reply: *Nobody signs Facebook posts.*

JOANIE (CONT'D)

I'M NEW HERE, JANET. YOU WANT A  
SHIRT OR NOT?

A beat... and then replies start rushing in.



*I'll buy ten!            Anything for Bart!            How do I pay!*

Joanie smiles. This might work.

**MOMENTS LATER**

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Wait, how much for rush shipping?

**INT. WILLIS SHAPIRO'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING**

Joanie opens Willis's desk drawer. Willis's corporate Amex lies inside. She hates to do this... but it's the only way.

JOANIE (O.S.)  
Ready for the number?

**INT. DEN - AFTERNOON**

Joanie enters, spent from that ordeal. She picks up the Sillies DVD and smiles at the calming sight of you know who.

JOANIE  
Zen! Time to watch the Sillies!

Zen runs into the den wearing a Darth Vader helmet, belting the Imperial March from 'Star Wars'.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Joanie's on the phone as Zen waves a toy lightsaber.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you showed him  
'Star Wars', Willis! He's three! I  
don't care if you were two, it was  
the eighties! Kids were bouncing  
around in station wagon trunks, we  
know better now!  
(hangs up)  
Zen! Star Wars tonight, Sillies  
tomorrow. OK?

Zen just keeps whacking the sofa with his lightsaber.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Good lord, let the rest of this day  
be calm.

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Shoshanna angrily shovels mashed potatoes onto her plate.

SHOSHANNA  
This is absolutely unacceptable!

JOANIE  
(WTF was that?)  
I just asked if you wanted  
asparagus...

SHOSHANNA  
You think this is about asparagus!?

Shoshanna slams down her fork and stomps off. Silence ensues,  
broken only by Zen motorboating his mashed potatoes.

MOONLIGHT  
I thought it was about asparagus.

Shoshanna storms back in wearing WORKOUT CLOTHES.

SHOSHANNA  
My speech is in two days, Mom! Two!

Joanie's face goes red.

JOANIE  
Shoshanna, I'm sorry, let's go--

SHOSHANNA  
I have to go work out.

JOANIE  
OK, tomorrow we'll take all the--

Joanie notices Shoshanna's workout bag... it's a GET FIT WITH  
HEATHER duffle.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
What. Is. That?

SHOSHANNA  
Got it for signing up at my gym. I  
was helping the PTA, right?

JOANIE  
Shoshanna! Shoshanna, get back --

Joanie starts to follow Shoshanna, but here comes Zen running  
in the other direction, wearing his Darth Vader mask and  
waving a VIBRATOR like a lightsaber.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE--

Angie's face sinks as Moonlight bursts into hysterics.

ANGIE  
Sorry! That's mine! He must have  
gotten it out of the dishwasher--

JOANIE  
Out of the what now?!

Joanie tries to collect the vibrator without touching it.

ZEN  
Lightsaber! Lightsaber!

JOANIE  
No it very much isn't!

Moonlight has almost passed out from laughing.

MOONLIGHT  
The Empire's Striking Back now!

JOANIE  
Moonlight! Homework! Go!

Moonlight leaves. Joanie hands Zen a turkey baster.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Use this! It's straighter!

Zen accepts the swap and runs off.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
Angela. Von-Shippensburg. Jones.

ANGIE  
Don't full name me.

JOANIE  
What do you have to say for  
yourself?

ANGIE  
At least he didn't grab the good  
one?

Joanie opens the dishwasher to find an arsenal of sex toys.

JOANIE  
My dishwasher!?

ANGIE  
What, how do you clean yours?

JOANIE  
Clean my what -- I am married!

Joanie grabs a plastic bag and a pair of salad tongs, then uses the tongs to move Angie's toys from the dishwasher to the bag. This first one is quite large.

ANGIE  
Be careful, that's Barry.

JOANIE  
I'm not engaging with that.

ANGIE  
I'll say.

JOANIE  
And what is that supposed to mean?

ANGIE  
It means you seem stressed, even for you. It might not be the worst idea if you--

JOANIE  
(hands Angie the bag)  
Stop! Stop before an image pops into my head that'll never leave!

ANGIE  
Fine, you do you. Or don't.

**EXT. VON SHIPPENSBURG-JONES-SHAPIRO HOME - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

The next morning.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Joanie stares at her iPad, open to the t-shirt order form. Despite everyone's Facebook promises, only 12 have sold.

JOANIE  
Worthless hussy groupies.

She opens Bart's Facebook page and drops another link to the T-shirt sales page. It's the third post like it in a row.

Joanie sighs, then looks into Bart's Facebook profile.

JOANIE (CONT'D)  
What have you done to me?

Like before, Bart profile pic starts talking back.

BART  
No idea what you mean.

TASHA (V.O.)  
She's getting spooky again...

EUGENE (V.O.)  
Let her cook, I'm adjusting to it.

JOANIE  
This isn't me. I've got systems.  
And systems to manage my systems. I  
don't screw up t-shirt orders or  
put 37 bands onstage at once, or...

BART  
Dress your husband up like me?

JOANIE  
You saw that?! It doesn't matter!  
(beat)  
I don't know what your brand of  
Australian sorcery is, but I think  
about you all the time. Even when  
there are things I need to focus  
on. Things I want to focus on.  
Things I used to live for--

BART  
And why is that?

JOANIE  
I don't know.

BART  
Don't you? Are those other things  
ever perfect? Truly perfect? Joanie  
perfect? And here, you and I...  
maybe we're...

Joanie closes her eyes as a shiver runs through her body.  
When she opens them, the profile pic gone back to normal.

**INT. DEN - MORNING**

Joanie marches into the den holding up the Sillies DVD.

JOANIE  
OK, Zen, seriously! It's time for--

Zen runs past, dressed as a Stormtrooper.

ZEN  
REBEL SCUM! REBEL SCUM!

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Angie carries laundry into the kitchen, singing to herself.

ANGIE  
What about love, don't you want  
someone...  
(that wasn't right)  
Don't you want someone...

Her phone buzzes; a text from OTHER TOMMY. *Still sorry about the other day. Talk?* It's the eighth Angie hasn't replied to.

She puts the laundry down, then stands back up and SCREAMS when she finds find Joanie suddenly in front of her.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
WARN A WOMAN.

JOANIE  
That's... Heart, is it?

ANGIE  
Her majesty Ann Wilson, yes.

JOANIE  
It sounds good.

ANGIE  
What do you want?

JOANIE  
What do you mean what do I--

ANGIE  
After forty years, I know what it means when you compliment me. What--

JOANIE  
I CAN'T STAR WAR ANYMORE.

ANGIE  
Thought so. I'll take Zen to the park after I load the dishwasher.

JOANIE  
I'll load the dishwasher, just stop  
the Jedis and the Yodas and the  
furry things.

ANGIE  
Wookies?

JOANIE  
Shorter.

ANGIE  
Oh you're there. Yeah, time to tap  
out.

**INT. HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Joanie opens the dishwasher and steps back in surprise.

JOANIE  
Dammit, Angie!

**FROM INSIDE THE DISHWASHER**

The door slams, and we're in **BLACK** for a moment. Then the  
dishwasher re-opens and one curious eye peeks in.

Joanie opens the dishwasher and takes out Barry. She looks  
him over, half terrified, half... not?

BART (V.O.)  
You and I, here, maybe we're...  
perfect?

She takes a roll of Saran Wrap and carefully wraps Barry.

**INT. DEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Joanie's hand slips a Sillies DVD into the player. The music  
PLAYS. Bart dances on screen.

BART (O.S.)  
*You gotta shake, shake, shake those  
Sillies out--*

Everything around Joanie fades to black.

**INT. JOANIE'S IMAGINATION - DAY**

Shirtless Bart appears. Joanie's in her Swagger dress.

MUSIC begins, a tango version of 'Shake Your Sillies Out.'  
Bart and Joanie dance a FILTHY tango. As the first verse  
peaks, Bart spins Joanie -- right into WILLIS'S ARMS.

WILLIS

Hey hon!

**INT. DEN - AFTERNOON**

Joanie, half under a blanket, SHRIEKS and almost leaps off  
the sofa until she thinks better of it.

JOANIE

Willis!

Willis stands in the entrance to the den, suitcase in hand.

WILLIS

Whoa! Didn't mean to scare you!

JOANIE

Your tournament--

WILLIS

We got knocked out in the second  
round so I switched to an earlier  
flight. Whatcha watching?

JOANIE

(collecting herself)

Oh, I don't know... Angie took Zen  
to the park, I must have dozed off--

WILLIS

Is something buzzing?

Joanie glances to the blanket.

JOANIE

That, um... OH. That! That. That...  
started when I put the video on.

As Willis heads to the entertainment center, Joanie reaches  
under the blanket. As he taps the DVD player, she flicks off  
Barry and the BUZZING STOPS.

WILLIS

Ah. That was all.

ZEN (O.S.)

Daddy's home!

Zen, fresh from the park, leaps into Willis's arms.



WILLIS  
Hey buster!

Angie follows, winded.

ANGIE  
Isn't the park supposed to tire him  
out?

WILLIS  
Zen, you want to hear something?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Willis sits on a stool with his guitar. Zen sits on the floor in wide-eyed anticipation.

WILLIS  
*My boy Zen/My little boy Zen/I love  
him now like I loved him then...*

Joanie and Angie watch from the doorway. Willis's song is simple, but has a catchy beat and a fun melody. When it ends, Zen claps like he wants Metallica to come out for an encore.

ZEN  
MORE SONG! MORE SONG!

ANGIE  
Willis, that's good stuff!

WILLIS  
Aww, thanks, Angie--

ANGIE  
No, I'm serious. I've sang with  
eighty six bands over the years and  
not a lot of them could put  
together a tune like that.

WILLIS  
Yeah, that song just... came to me  
on the flight home.

Angie's expression changes. Now she's getting an idea.

ANGIE  
Hey, how would you feel about--

JOANIE  
Angie, just a minute, there's  
something I need to tell Willis.

WILLIS

And... there's something I need to tell Joanie.

ANGIE

OK, you guys do the spouse thing. Willis, are you free tonight?

WILLIS

Yes, why?

ANGIE

Keep it that way.

Angie takes out her phone, opens the string of unanswered texts from Other Tommy and starts typing as she walks off.

WILLIS

You first.

JOANIE

OK, so: the PTA had a credit crunch, and I'm sorry, I... I used your company Amex for something.  
(his face sinks)  
But it's OK! Once t-shirt sales pick up, and they will or I'm going to cut some hussies, I'll pay back--

WILLIS

We have to pay that off. Tomorrow.

JOANIE

Oh... OK. Don't you usually have a window of a few weeks to--

WILLIS

I quit the firm. This morning.  
(a long beat)  
We'll be fine for a year or two, while I give this a shot.

Willis motions to his guitar as Joanie stares, dumbstruck. As he continues to speak, his words fade to silence to her.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

(fading out)

I know we should have talked about this, but... I've got music in my soul. And if I don't get it out...

The room goes **DARK**, then we fade back up to...

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

Joanie's audience has doubled in size. The crowd passes a Domino's box down the rows, everyone taking a slice.

JOANIE

If there's a rock bottom to this story, that was... close.

EUGENE

A wise old man once said... sorry, I paused in anticipation of you shutting me down.

JOANIE

Eugene, I'm doing an emotional support open mic in a Lowe's. I'm in no position to shut anyone down.

EUGENE

A wise old man once said that your mistakes are the only things you can truly call your own.

JOANIE

Billy Joel is a wise old man?

EUGENE

When you're high enough.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The furniture is moved, the carpet's rolled up, and musical instruments fill the room. Willis, in sweats and an old concert tee, stands at a mic.

WILLIS

*Well the sun's gone down/and all  
over town/kids of every age hear  
the exact same sound...*

A keyboard and bass join in. Angie's on keyboard and, to her right, TOMMY (40s, the 'other' Tommy, that is) plays bass.

Other Tommy plays lead guitar, and CARLOS (20s), Angie's third ex, plays rhythm guitar.

In front of Willis, shaking maracas and tambourines, are Moonlight and Zen. The song doesn't suck and everyone's really into this.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Milena bops her head as she washes dishes. Joanie enters.

JOANIE  
Et tu, Milena?

MILENA  
Hey, it's catchy!

Joanie paces, texting Shoshanna: *Hon, I'm sorry. Please reply.* This text chain has been very one sided of late.

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Carlos, you missed the key change!

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Angie is in Carlos's face, pointing at the music.

CARLOS  
I thought that was the next verse--

ANGIE  
Was it there the first time we played it? The second? The eighth! No! It's here! It's always been here! Play it right!

TOMMY  
You're hot when you're steamed.

ANGIE  
You shut it, you had your chance.

She turns to Zen and Moonlight, now as sweet as can be.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
And you two little angels, you're doing so good! Are you having fun?

Moonlight is too taken aback to respond, but Zen nods crazily, having the time of his life.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

As Joanie watches rehearsal from the hallway, in comes Shoshanna in workout gear. Joanie doesn't see her at first.

ANGIE (O.S.)  
It's in F, Tommy! What the hell!

SHOSHANNA

Why has the Partridge Family moved  
into our living room?

JOANIE

Oh. You're talking to me now?

Shoshanna huffs and starts off up the stairs.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Your father quit his job and is  
starting a band with your aunt!

That stops Shoshanna.

### IN THE LIVING ROOM

Shoshanna peeks around the corner at her father, brothers,  
aunt, and three apparent gang members singing.

SHOSHANNA

Who are the Sons of Anarchy extras?

JOANIE

Your aunt's... friends.

SHOSHANNA

That's the first thing I've  
understood this month.

Shoshanna exits to the kitchen. Joanie starts to follow, but  
stops to watch Angie lead rehearsal. In charge. Confident.

As Angie passes Other Tommy, he tries to whisper something in  
her ear, but Angie raises her hand to stop him.

ANGIE

I told you, Tommy, this is music,  
that's it.

OTHER TOMMY

But--

ANGIE

Listen, I... just... Let's take it  
again. From the change.

As the band resets, Joanie watches Other Tommy watch Angie.  
There's something in the way he looks at her. Something real.

Now Joanie looks to Angie, sees her glance back at Other  
Tommy. That same something real flashes across her face.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Shoshanna sits at the table. Joanie sits across from her and starts to speak... but stops, and looks at Shoshanna. Really looks, like she just did at Angie. Shoshanna seems defeated.

Joanie doesn't realize it, but her posture matches Shoshanna's. They sit together in exhaustion. Brokenness.

Milena notices this mother/daughter moment and slips quietly out of the kitchen.

JOANIE  
I hate to say it...

SHOSHANNA  
So do I...

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)	JOANIE
They don't suck.	They don't suck.

SHOSHANNA  
Moonlight doesn't look thrilled.

JOANIE  
That's how thirteen year-olds look.

SHOSHANNA  
Is that how I looked?

JOANIE  
No. You looked like... me.  
(a beat)  
Honey, if you need help with your campaign, I'll drop everything and--

SHOSHANNA  
I don't need help with my campaign, Mom. I cancelled it.

Shoshanna leaves Joanie alone.

**INT. BOBBIE SUE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The FRONT DOOR OPENS and in rushes Joanie.

JOANIE  
Evening all, I've had such a--

Joanie realizes she's walked into the middle of a meeting.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Was this a seven o'clock start?

(a beat: it sure was)

I'm... I'm sorry, everybody. It's just been--

HEATHER

You've got a lot on your plate, don't you, Joanie?

BOBBIE SUE

Well. Now that Joanie is here, we can move on to Fundraising...

HEATHER

We could have done that anyway.

BOBBIE SUE

Yes, but now we can do so without infuriating anyone whose home we may be in. So. Fundraising!

JOANIE

Yes. Fundraising. The Battle of the Bands... doesn't exist. Due to a... due to my mistake with the t-shirt fundraiser, we have no seed fund. An attempt to repurpose those shirts into something marketable has collapsed. With no headliner, we've no way to secure the venue. The whole thing is a catastrophe.

A terrible silence.

JONATHAN

That's... bleak.

MARY KATE

Well, let's look at the silver lining... I'm sorry, I thought that was going somewhere.

BOBBIE SUE

No fundraiser in PTA history has ever lost money.

JOANIE

No, not until... mine.

HEATHER

Bobbie Sue. With all due respect, it's time to revisit the fundraising chair's plan.

BOBBIE SUE

The H-E-double hickey sticks it is,  
there's no mechanism to--

HEATHER

Article 17b of the bylaws. If a  
majority of the board has concerns  
about a previously approved motion--

BOBBIE SUE

There's no majority.

HEATHER

-- then said majority can move to  
rescind that previous motion.

BOBBIE SUE

There's no majority!

MARY KATE

Actually--

JONATHAN

We're worried about Joanie's plan,  
too. It's... aggressive.

MARY KATE

Like Hulk Hogan in the eighties  
aggressive.

BOBBIE SUE

Well. This is mutiny. And I'm sure  
if I dig into whatever byways--

HEATHER

Bylaws.

BOBBIE SUE

-- you're using to pull this, this,  
coup de grace--

HEATHER

Coup d'etat.

BOBBIE SUE

Shut up, you know I don't speak  
Italian! This is all very screwed  
up and I should kick you out of my--

JOANIE

They're right. My tenure has been  
an unmitigated disaster. But now  
I'm recommitting myself to--



HEATHER  
Your family?

JOANIE  
I'm sorry?

HEATHER  
You're recommitting yourself to your family, yes? Because Shoshanna is at my gym daily. And quite frankly, it doesn't seem like she wants to be anywhere else.

Joanie pours ice water down Heather's blouse. A catfight breaks out, which the other board try to stop.

JONATHAN  
Joanie! Heather! You two are both behaving like--

MARY KATE  
Like Hulk Hogan in the eighties!

Bobbie Sue finally separates Joanie and Heather.

BOBBIE SUE  
THAT'S ENOUGH, THE TWO OF YOU!  
(a beat)  
OK. You want to vote with your 'bylaws' and your 'rescinds' and other words I suspect you just made up, let's do it! All those in favor of suspending Joanie's fundraising plan, raise your hand!

Mary Kate's hand goes up.

JONATHAN  
I'm sorry, Joanie.

Jonathan's hand goes up.

Heather, a shit-eating grin of victory on her face, raises her hand to cast the third and deciding vote.

HEATHER  
Now. Let's all talk about a PTA fundraiser that might actually, you know... happen.

From her gym bag, she pulls a stack of already printed (that bitch!) flyers for...

The FALL FAMILY FUN FITNESS FUNDRAISER at *Get Fit With Heather*. Beneath the fundraiser's name is a picture of a young woman laughing as she kickboxes her way to health.

It's a picture of Shoshanna.

**INT. JOANIE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Joanie sits, tears streaming down her cheeks, as the last of the PTA members' cars pulls away from Bobbie Sue's house.

Inside the house, Bobbie Sue turns out her living room light.

**EXT. BOBBIE SUE'S STREET - NIGHT**

Joanie's car pulls away from the curb and starts to drive.

Then it stops in the middle of the street, pulls a K-Turn, and PEELS OFF in the opposite direction.

**INT. TOMMY AND JAKE'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - NIGHT**

Joanie enters. TAMMY (40s), whom we're finally seeing for the first time (and who looks exactly like we imagined), calls out from behind the bar.

TAMMY

Look who's flying solo. Your sister at a homewreckers' convention?

JOANIE

Tammy. In the flesh. Listen. My sister has her faults. In fact, since the age of 17, I've kept an alphabetized list of those faults. But one fault she does not possess is meanness. Which means Tommy would be a thousand times better off with her than with a bitter harpy in desperate need of both a legitimate hair care routine and a quality exfoliant. Now, please excuse me. I've business within.

Joanie leaves a speechless Tammy as she marches into--

**INT. TOMMY AND JAKE'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - OFFICE - NIGHT**

-- to find Other Tommy at his desk, strumming his guitar, practicing one of the children's band's songs.

JOANIE

I'm bad at asking for help. I've always considered it a sign of weakness.

OTHER TOMMY

You say 'hello' weird.

JOANIE

But when the person in question stands to gain by helping me, I can trick myself into thinking I'm actually 'forming an alliance'.

OTHER TOMMY

And that's... healthy?

JOANIE

Oh, let's not start asking those questions now. Do you want to be with my sister?

OTHER TOMMY

(a beat)

I like her. I always have--

JOANIE

Not my question. Do you want to be with her? See the difference?

Other Tommy swallows, but sees, and nods.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Then cancel your plans.

OTHER TOMMY

I'm honestly flattered you thought I had any.

JOANIE

We're putting together a battle.

# **MONTAGE - VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BAR - NIGHT**

To the tune of 'Never' by Heart:

-- Joanie sets up her beloved easel with blank placards. On the first, she writes VENUES.

-- Other Tommy tosses out names. Joanie writes 'em down.

-- Joanie and Other Tommy make phone calls. Joanie starts SCREAMING at someone. Other Tommy's impressed.

-- Names get crossed off the Venues list. Joanie adds Pros and Cons for the three that remain:

**CROMWELL      PRO = HUGE      CON = BOOKING FEE, NEED HEADLINER**

**STARLAND      PRO = GREAT TECH      CON = OWNED BY TOTAL DICK**

**MELODY BAR      PRO = CHEAP      CON = MIGHT GET STABBED**

Joanie and Other Tommy look to each other and cross out MELODY BAR.

-- Joanie and Other Tommy work on a "SET LIST" placard.

-- More phone calls. Now Other Tommy's SCREAMING at someone. Joanie's impressed.

-- Other Tommy crosses out STARLAND, underlining 'OWNED BY TOTAL DICK' as he does. That leaves one possible venue:

**CROMWELL      PRO = HUGE      CON = BOOKING FEE, NEED HEADLINER**

-- Joanie logs into Facebook on Other Tommy's computer and posts a DISCOUNT COUPON for the Bartwood t-shirts.

-- IN THE BAR, Other Tommy hangs a sign in front of a rack of T-shirts: "\$10 - HELP THE KIDS, YOU CHEAP FUCKS". Then he ducks QUICK as Tammy whips a beer mug at him.

-- OUTSIDE THE BAR, Tammy gets tossed out on her ass. A suitcase flies after her.

-- BACK IN THE OFFICE, shirt orders come in on Facebook.

-- OUT IN THE BAR, bar patrons buy some t-shirts.

-- BACK IN THE OFFICE, someone's shared the Facebook post: it's Bobbie Sue: LET'S HELP OUT JOANIE! More orders ding in.

EUGENE (V.O.)

Hold on--

NEEDLE SCRATCH ON HEART'S "NEVER".

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

EUGENE

You did all this in one night?

Joanie can't believe Eugene interrupted her flow.

JOANIE  
 Of course not! I'm consolidating  
 events to maintain narrative flow!  
 WORK WITH ME, EUGENE!

**BACK TO THE MONTAGE AND THE MUSIC**

-- IN THE BAR, Other Tommy works his phone. More patrons enter. More shirts sell.

-- BACK IN THE OFFICE, Jonathan and Mary Kate have shared Joanie's post, too. More orders come in. A pop-up appears that someone's flagged the post as offensive: Heather.

-- Other Tommy and Joanie add up t-shirt sales, then high five and strike through ~~BOOKING-FEE~~.

Only one hurdle remains: **NEED HEADLINER**.

Joanie pulls up Bart's Facebook, clicks that 'Appearances' link, types 'CROMWELL ARENA' into the Venue field...

**EXT. A VERY NICE HOUSE IN AUSTRALIA - DAY**

The backyard of a tasteful ranch home. An inground pool, chaise lounges, all lit by a lovely sunset.

Bart rests on one of these chaises. His phone, lying on the table beside him, rings.

BART  
 Hello?  
 (a beat)  
 Hello, is anyone--

OTHER TOMMY (V.O.)  
 Hey! Yes! Hold on sorry, yes...

**INT. TOMMY AND JAKE'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - OFFICE - NIGHT**

Other Tommy has picked up Joanie's phone, since she lies passed out on the floor next to him.

OTHER TOMMY  
 Is this... Bart?

**INT. BOBBIE SUE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

A just woken Bobbie Sue sleep staggers to her Keurig as she sings John Denver's *Annie's Song* to herself.

BOBBIE SUE  
*You fill up my seeeeenses/like a  
 night in the forest...*

She scrolls through Facebook as coffee brews.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)  
*Like the mountains in HOLY SHIT SHE  
 DID IT! HA HA!*

Bobbie Sue tosses her phone in glee and switches songs.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)  
*I'm gonna knock you out, ha!/Mamma  
 said knock you out, ha!*

The phone lands on the floor, open to a new Facebook event:

**ONE NIGHT ONLY  
 THE BUSHWOOD PTA'S BATTLE OF CHILDREN'S BANDS  
 WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS THE SILLIES**

**EXT. CROMWELL ARENA - DAY**

*TITLE CARD: THREE WEEKS LATER*

The sign reads PTA FUNDRAISER BATTLE OF THE BANDS, FEATURING THE SILLIES! The parking lot is full.

**INT. ARENA LOBBY - DAY**

Bobbie Sue watches giddily as a huge crowd forks over ten bucks a head. People buy snacks from Mary Kate, fifty/fifty tickets from Jonathan, and raffle tickets from Heather, who slips brochures for her fitness center into everyone's hands.

Bobbie Sue nods. This is going very well. Except...

BOBBIE SUE  
 Mary Kate? Have you seen Joanie?

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Joanie, in her bathrobe, looks over her entire wardrobe. She picks up one dress. Drops it. Picks up another. Drops it.

And then her eyes land on the SWAGGER DRESS.

**INT. ARENA GREEN ROOM - DAY**

Teeming with activity as THIRTY-SEVEN CHILDREN'S BANDS prepare. Everyone's tuning guitars, hammering out set lists, making last minute costume fixes.

Angie leans against the wall, scribbling notes.

ANGIE

So we open with Bedtime Bedtime  
Bedtime, then it's Potty Wars.

TOMMY

We should close with Lego Blocks.

OTHER TOMMY

We've never nailed the key changes  
on Lego Blocks.

ZEN

LEGO BLOCKS! LEGO BLOCKS!

WILLIS

I feel like Playdate Blues shows  
off my upper range better--

BART (O.S.)

Oh? What's your upper range?

Everyone freezes; they all know that voice.

Zen sees the man standing behind his dad. For the first time in his little life, he's speechless.

WILLIS

Holy cow... you're...

It's Bart and the Sillies. And yes, Bart looks perfect.

BART

I'm Bart, mate. Good to meet ya!

Bart shakes Willis's hand as every other band swarms over.

WILLIS

It's an honor. I'm Willis, this--

ANGIE

(shoves Willis aside)  
Holy hell, you guys really made it!

BART

We wouldn't have missed it for the  
world, miss...

ANGIE

Angie, I'm, um, hi. I'm--

Bart kisses Angie's hand, sending shivers down her spine.

BART

Pleasure's all mine, Angie.

(to Willis)

Now seriously, mate, how high is your upper range? I need to scope out the competition.

WILLIS

*Well, I can actually get pretty high up there when I try!*

General applause from the room.

BART

*That's good but keep on trying!*

Bart ends that phrase so high that only dogs can hear it, but does so beautifully. The room applauds. Bart playfully jabs Willis in the shoulder.

BART (CONT'D)

No worries, mate! Second place isn't so bad!

Bobbie Sue enters.

BOBBIE SUE

They're here! Well of course they are! Sillies! You... Australians you! We have a special dressing room just for you!

As Bobbie Sue ushers the Sillies out, Bart gives Willis a 'catch you later' wink.

ANGIE

"Second place ain't so bad?" I say we whoop their down unders.

But Willis looks... intimidated.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Joanie's car cruises through traffic.



**INT. JOANIE'S CAR - DAY**

Joanie's got her Swagger Dress on and her makeup looks sharp, but she nervously taps the steering wheel.

JOANIE

He's going to be bald now. He'll be fifty pounds heavier and bald. He's going to be bald, and fat, and he'll have a conspiracy blog.

**INT. ARENA LOBBY - DAY**

Joanie enters the mob of activity and spots Bobbie Sue.

JOANIE

Bobbie Sue! Bobbie!

But with dozens queued for tickets, Joanie can't get Bobbie Sue's attention. She notices a sign pointing to a hallway that reads 'PERFORMERS ONLY.'

**INT. ARENA HALLWAY - DAY**

Joanie moves down the 'Performers Only' hallway.

JOANIE

Willis! Angie! Anybody, I--

The door opens, and there stands Bart.

BART

Hey. Are you the gaff tape lady?

Joanie just stands there. Staring.

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

The audience leans in.

**INT. ARENA HALLWAY - DAY**

Neither Joanie nor Bart has moved.

JOANIE

No. I'm not the gaff tape lady.

BART

Oh. OK.

And with that, Bart closes the door.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
It wasn't there.

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

TASHA  
What wasn't?

JOANIE  
Anything I'd felt in the living  
room. Anything I'd felt watching  
him on screen, ever.

**MONTAGE - QUICK FLASHBACKS - VARIOUS MOMENTS**

Snippets of Bart, singing and dancing.

JOANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For months, whenever I'd hear him,  
my spine would sparkle like someone  
had sprinkled fairy dust down it...

**BACK IN THE ARENA HALLWAY**

JOANIE (V.O.)  
... but in that sterile,  
fluorescent hallway... he was nice  
looking. But it hadn't been real.  
Any of it. But what was real? What  
brought me real joy that night?

**INT. BATTLE OF THE BANDS - AFTERNOON**

Willis's band rocks on, belting out Playdate Blues. The crowd  
dances and cheers. Joanie watches from the wings, smiling.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
Watching Willis play. My kids  
dance. My sister frickin' owning  
it. And that's when it hit me.

Joanie zeroes in on Angie playing the keyboards.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
This was the first time I'd ever  
seen Angie perform. How many gigs  
had she played five minutes from my  
house? I mean, sure, they were in  
bars behind lube shops, but I could  
have been there.

**INT. BATTLE OF THE BANDS - NIGHT**

Bobbie Sue stands center stage.

BOBBIE SUE  
And the winner is...

Bobbie Sue looks into the wings, where each of the 37 bands waits on tenterhooks.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)  
Hey, do you guys have a name?

The bands look to one another, confused.

ANGIE  
Wait, which of us?

BOBBIE SUE  
Willis, Angie, weird Tommies,  
what's your band called?

WILLIS  
Oh. Um... No idea...

BOBBIE SUE  
The winner is the NO IDEAS!

MASSIVE APPLAUSE. Willis, Angie, the kids, Carlos, and the Tommies collect a plastic trophy from Bobbie Sue.

In the wings, Joanie cheers loudest.

**INT. JOANIES AND WILLIS'S SUV - NIGHT**

Everyone's in the SUV, even the two Tommys, crammed into the folding seats.

JOANIE  
You were wonderful! Zen, Moonlight,  
you guys were great!

ZEN  
WONDERFUL!

MOONLIGHT  
Big deal, I shook maracas.

ZEN  
MARACAS!

TOMMY

Hey, kid. I spent three years  
shaking maracas for the Rolling  
Stones. Don't knock it.

MOONLIGHT

The who?

TOMMY

No, the Stones.

JOANIE

And Angie. I'm so sorry. All the  
gigs I've missed over the years,  
I'm going to make it up to you. I'm  
even going to start listening to  
Ann and... Norma?

ANGIE

Nancy, you doofus.

Angie leans in close to Other Tommy.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Joanie told me everything you did  
to get this thing off the ground.  
Maybe you're not always bullshit.

TOMMY

She tell you I kicked out Tammy?

Angie gasps: Joanie left that detail out.

Joanie turns to Willis.

JOANIE

And hon, you...

Joanie loses some of her steam when she sees Willis's face.  
He's just looking ahead, a bit blankly.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Honey? You OK?

WILLIS

I wish Shoshanna had been there.

The SUV grows a little quiet.

# **INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Joanie stands in the mirror, admiring her dress.

She turns to find Willis in the doorway, and looks him up and down with anticipation.

He looks back with trepidation.

WILLIS

We need to talk.

JOANIE

I was thinking of something that didn't involve talking.

(he doesn't respond)

But it could involve talking, if that's what--

WILLIS

You know that thing you do where you keep talking so the other person never has a chance to say the uncomfortable thing?

JOANIE

I'm familiar with it, yes.

WILLIS

I... don't know how to say this...

JOANIE

Just say it. You're the one who was so keen on talking, just--

WILLIS

I've met someone.

A long pause.

JOANIE

Do I know her?

WILLIS

That's the... it's not... a her.

Joanie's processing, processing, processing...

JOANIE

Wait, what?

WILLIS

I know this is hard to understand--

JOANIE

Hard, what's hard? Last month I was married to a straight architect, now I'm married to a gay children's musician and I never even got a divorce.

WILLIS

-- but I know what I feel. I felt it in the living room, watching him on the screen... For months, whenever I'd hear him, my spine would sparkle like someone had sprinkled fairy dust down it...

**INT. ARENA GREEN ROOM - FLASHBACK**

Willis looks deep into Bart's eyes.

WILLIS (V.O.)

... and now, standing in that sterile, fluorescent green room... he was more than nice looking. It was real. All of it had been real.

**BACK TO THE BEDROOM**

Joanie' still processing.

JOANIE

Bart!? Bart's not gay!

**INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE - FLASHBACK**

A closet opens. In slip Bart and Willis, kissing.

**BACK IN THE MASTER BEDROOM**

WILLIS

OK, that's one theory...

(a beat)

I don't know what to say. I'm sor--

JOANIE

Not that. I don't care if you don't know what to say, if you don't say anything, just don't say that. That's what you say when you break a glass or dent the car or overcook the eggs. But not now. Not now!

A long pause. Willis can't look at her, nor she at him.

**EXT. VON SHIPPENSBURG-JONES-SHAPIRO HALLWAY - NIGHT**

KNOCK, KNOCK. Angie, wearing an oversize 'Heart' t-shirt, opens her door. All traces of sleep vanish from her eyes when she sees Joanie, face wet with tears.

JOANIE

What do you say when there's  
nothing to say?

ANGIE

You follow me.

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

This place makes Tommy's dive look upscale. Teamsters and bikers belly up to the bar. BLISTERING HEAVY METAL blares over the jukebox.

A bartender lines up SHOTS for Joanie (still in her dress) and Angie. They down them. Angie slams her glass on the bar.

ANGIE

ANOTHER!

**MINUTES LATER**

Karaoke time. Angie's on stage belting out 'Who Will You Run To'. Joanie's dancing on a table.

**MINUTES LATER**

Now Joanie's belting out 'Nothing At All'. What she lacks in talent she makes up in gusto.

**MINUTES LATER**

Both sisters belt 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart'. They are PLASTERED. They have NEVER been more alive.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Last call!

ANGIE

GET FU--

**EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

An unseen bouncer tosses Angie and Joanie out.

JOANIE

Uber?

ANGIE  
I don't even know her!

Angie laughs so hard that she tips over into a bush.

**INT. UBER CAR - NIGHT**

Angie and Joanie lean against their backseat windows while their UBER DRIVER (50s) wishes he were anywhere else.

JOANIE  
 You drink a lot, right?

ANGIE  
 Oh yeah.

JOANIE  
 Did we overdo it?

ANGIE  
 Only one way to tell.

Joanie pitches forward and vomits on the Uber driver.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
 That's the way.

**EXT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - NIGHT**

Angie and Joanie stand on the curb as their Uber PEELS OUT.

ANGIE  
 Could be worse.

THUNDER RUMBLES. The sisters run for the Lowe's.

**INT. LOWE'S GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

Her story having come to a close, Joanie looks at the audience with a 'Well, that's it' look on her face.

TASHA  
 Well. I'm sorry your husband left  
 you for your imaginary side bae.

JOANIE  
 Oh, it's not Bart. He's not gay.

TASHA  
 That's one theory. What to do now?



JOANIE

I don't know. I haven't processed--

TASHA

Oh, honey, we know you don't know.

JOANIE

Oh... so... what do you mean?

Someone's fired up a display grill to cook hamburgers for the crowd. Eugene starts passing them out.

TASHA

Look at us. Three rows deep, all with places to be. Yet here we sit, trying to wrap our heads around you. Now, some of us may just be curious, like when you slow down on the highway to watch a car fire.

About seventy five percent of the group raises their hands.

JOANIE

Thank you for your honesty.

TASHA

But that leaves the rest of us. Now listen. Everyone finds themselves passed out under a decorative fern at some point in their lives. Except it's not always a fern.

EUGENE

After my girlfriend broke up with me, I did shrooms for three days and woke up under the merry go round at Six Flags.

TASHA

That merry go round was your decorative fern, Eugene.

A woman in the back row stands up.

WOMAN

When my husband left me for his secretary, I just watched Gilmore Girls reruns for a year and a half.

TASHA

Lorelei and Rory were your decorative ferns.

A man in the front row stands up.

FRONT ROW MAN

After my wife died, I really got into decorative ferns.

TASHA

And sometimes the decorative fern is actually a decorative fern.

JOANIE

So my decorative fern is a decorative fern but it's not even my decorative fern?

EUGENE

It belongs to the Lowe's corporation, ma'am.

JOANIE

Eugene. Please. It's Joanie.

TASHA

Your fern is trickier. I don't think you realized you needed a fern until you saw one. I think that, all your life, you were taught to think you wanted... azaleas, maybe?

EUGENE

Orchids. Beautiful but high maintenance.

TASHA

Big status symbol if you keep 'em blooming.

EUGENE

On the aisle four endcap, if anyone's interested.

TASHA

And your fern may have turned out to be plastic, but it was real enough to make you see... that you never really wanted orchids.

ANGIE (O.S.)

I kept trying to tell her.

The person flipping burgers turns around. It's Angie.

JOANIE

How long have you been there?

ANGIE

Did you think I left? I've been  
here the whole time you've been  
'Guiding Light'ing it up there.

TASHA

With a sister like this, you don't  
need any fern.

Joanie smiles at Angie, who smiles back.

JOANIE

Thank you. You've all... well,  
twenty-five percent of you have  
been a huge help. Even you, Eugene.  
Though you shouldn't smoke weed  
this early.

EUGENE

Oh, I'm still high from last night.

ANGIE

You ever roadie for a kid's band?

EUGENE

No ma'am. I have my dignity.

ANGIE

Fair enough.  
(to Joanie)  
We going home?

JOANIE

Gotta make one stop first.

ANGIE

Can we hit Dunkin' on the way? I'm  
still seeing three of you.

**INT. HEATHER'S FITNESS - GROUP CLASS STUDIO - MORNING**

Heather leads a packed kickboxing class.

HEATHER

And STRIKE two three four PUNCH IT  
OUT six seven eight--

In the front row, keeping up with Heather, is Shoshanna.

SHOSHANNA

--punch, two three four--

The studio door SWINGS open. In walk Joanie and Angie.

HEATHER

And KICK two three four...  
(sees Joanie)  
What the FUCK six seven eight...

JOANIE

Don't mind us, it's just a good old  
fashioned intervention.

ANGIE

They're fun!

Class screeches to a halt as Shoshanna sees her mother.

SHOSHANNA

No! You don't get this! You don't  
get to march like a hero and--

JOANIE

I'm sorry, that's all I--

SHOSHANNA

Everything I did, everything I'd  
worked for, it was all coming  
together! But when I needed you--

JOANIE

I flipped the script! And I didn't  
see who else I was flipping!

SHOSHANNA

It wasn't your script to flip!

JOANIE

But I wrote it! Every word! I wrote  
it when I color coded your tights  
to your shoes to your barrettes in  
preschool! When I gave you a  
personalized day planner on every  
birthday! Or when I planned your  
college visits by ranking twenty  
schools on nine axes and reviewing  
the heat maps on vacation!

ANGIE

This was worse than I knew.

JOANIE

But I did it because I thought  
there was a way. A path. That my  
mom was only happy because she'd  
cracked some code. But was she  
happy? I don't know!

(MORE)

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Because she's gone now and we never talked about anything but PTA fundraisers and color-coordinated outfits. And all that turned out to be a field of orchids when what I wanted was a fern! A real fern!

ANGIE

I'll explain that part later.

JOANIE

Shoshanna, there's no one path to perfect. There's not even a perfect. And that's OK, that's more than OK. I just want you to go out there and chase your ferns. And I'd rather you failed spectacularly doing that then just get by chasing my orchids.

The other students begin to cry and file out, speaking softly (I have to call my mom/My niece's birthday was Tuesday, I never even called...) as Heather tries to make them stay.

SHOSHANNA

This campaign, it was going to be just you and me. For the first time since Moon was born, just... us.

ANGIE

But there are a million ways for you two to be together. Especially if the PTA isn't in the way.

Joanie looks at Angie. She's right.

JOANIE

Heather?

HEATHER

I have nothing to say to you right--

JOANIE

You want to be fundraising chair again?

Heather looks around the empty class, then back to Joanie.

HEATHER

I have very complicated feelings about you right now.

SHOSHANNA

Join the club.

Joanie and Shoshanna hug.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Shoshanna and Willis sit at the table. He's talking, and she's listening. We can't hear them, and both have been crying, but it's OK now. They're holding hands.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
And that's how we got here. It took  
Shoshanna a bit of time.

**SAME LOCATION**

Now it's Moonlight talking to Willis. They hug.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
Moonlight took it better than I  
expected.

**SAME LOCATION**

Willis gives a delighted Zen a horseback ride.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
And Zen took it exactly the way I  
thought he would.

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

Joanie taps on her iPad.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
You might say it took me a long  
time to figure things out. But that  
depends whose calendar you're  
looking at.

She's on the SUNY Oswego website, creating a student profile.

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Milena and Angie decorate a big cake: HAPPY GRADUATION!

They carry it to the table where EVERYONE sits: Joanie, the kids, both Tommys and Carlos, the whole of the PTA... and Willis, who's holding hands with Bart, in a Pride shirt.

JOANIE (V.O.)  
Mine says I'm right on time.

As the room sings 'Happy Graduation' (once Tommy takes a smiling Angie's hand), we move out of the kitchen...

... and down a hallway full of framed pictures, landing on Joanie's diploma from SUNY Oswego. In Music Management.

#### **EXT. MUSICFEST - DAY**

A good sized outdoor auditorium, with lawn seating full of happy-looking families and bouncing toddlers.

The marquee reads "ON THE MAINSTAGE: THE NO IDEAS FEATURING BART VAN DYKE"

#### **EXT. MUSICFEST - BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Here's Joanie, a headset on and a clipboard in her hand.

JOANIE

And after cue ninety six, add in  
the puppy gobos! Got it? Good.

She turns to find Angie, Bart, Willis, the two Tommys, Carlos, Moonlight and Zen, all in matching outfits.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Listen up! You're on the second  
Sippy Cup Desperadoes finish. Open  
with Play Date Blues and finish  
with the Sillies Tribute Act! Like  
we rehearsed! Got it? Good! Now go!

As the band rushes on stage, Joanie's phone buzzes. A text from Shoshanna. *Break a leg today. How's the crowd?*

Joanie replies. *Full house. Don't \*you\* break a leg today.*

Shoshanna replies with a picture of her holding a KICKBOXING TROPHY. And the text: *I did... just not mine ;-)*

ANGIE (O.S.)

Ladies, gentlemen, and kiddos! Are  
you ready to ROCK?

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Joanie smiles as the band's set begins.

**THE END**