



# **“CORN SNAKE”**

Episode # 2001

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1 INT. PETER'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

1

NANCY still stands in front of the mirror, staring at the DEA jacket. She snaps back to reality. Shit. And she's on the move to his dresser. She finds his wallet and sees the badge inside. She finds his gun, still holstered. She pulls it out and examines it like the scary foreign object it is to her. She carries it into the bathroom and sits on the toilet, holding the gun. She pees as she examines the weapon. She hears a voice from the other room.

PETER (O.S.)

Nancy?

NANCY

Just a minute.

She hastily wipes, then puts the gun away on the way back to the bedroom. She realizes she's still wearing the jacket. She takes it off and leaves it in the hallway. PETER smiles when he sees naked Nancy standing before him.

PETER

You are so beautiful. Come here.

He holds out his arms to her and she falls back into bed with him. He kisses her, he disappears under the covers. Pleasure and fear wrestle on her face.

CUT TO:

2 INT. NANCY'S HALLWAY/BEDROOMS - SAME TIME (NIGHT 1)

2

SHANE is in the doorway to Nancy's room.

SHANE

Mom?

Her bed is still made. No one is there. Shane continues down the hall.

He passes Andy's room where ANDY snores loudly atop his covers, clad in only boxers and a t-shirt, clutching a copy of "Rejuvenile" by Christopher Noxon!

We hear soft moans. Shane continues down the hall and the sounds of sex grow louder. He's outside Silas's door. He tries the knob and lets the door swing wide. We see MEGAN and SILAS making love on the bed. Megan's back is to Shane, but for a brief moment, Silas and Shane make eye contact. Silas is furious.

(CONTINUED)

Shane quickly runs away, back down the hall, back into his mother's room where he turns down the covers and gets into her bed, hugging her pillow and clicking off the light.

CUT TO:

3 INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)

3

Nancy is mostly dressed and searching the room. She looks under the bed. Peter sits up and addresses her backside.

PETER

Checking for monsters?

NANCY

What? Oh. No. I can't find my shoe. Sandal. It's a sandal.

PETER

So I'm guessing no breakfast.

NANCY

No. I'm not really a breakfast person. I have to have coffee in the morning, but after that, I'm good 'til lunch. Usually. Sometimes I have a bagel around ten-thirty...

PETER

I'll make you some coffee.

NANCY

No. I should go home. Ah.  
(holding up sandal)  
Found it.

PETER

Wow. You've got big feet.

NANCY

Why do you have a gun in your dresser?

PETER

Were you snooping?

NANCY

My feet used to be smaller, but I went up a size with each kid.  
(then)  
It's just sitting there on your dresser. I saw it when I went to pee.

PETER

I like your big feet.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY  
They're not like Fred Flintstone feet. They're just long. What do you do, exactly, for a living?

PETER  
I'm a DEA agent.

NANCY  
You never said anything.

PETER  
You never asked. And it's not really a job you advertise. Let me make you some coffee.

NANCY  
I need to go home.

PETER  
Wait. Wait.

Peter gets out of bed and walks up to her. He's naked.

NANCY  
You're naked.

PETER  
So were you until a few minutes ago.

NANCY  
But now it's daytime and I'm all dressed and Methodist.

He grabs a shirt from nearby and ties it around his waist.

PETER  
I want a kiss goodbye. Otherwise, I'll feel cheap and used.

She kisses him. He kisses her. They kiss.

PETER (cont'd)  
Should we make another date now?

NANCY  
I'll call you.

PETER  
Did my gun freak you out?

NANCY

Yes.

PETER

The one in the closet, right?

NANCY

I'll call you. Goodbye.

He pecks her again on the cheek and she leaves.

CUT TO:

A3 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2) A3

Nancy shuts the door behind her. *Of all the gin joints in all the world, she had to fuck a DEA agent.*

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT/INT. CELIA'S CAR - MID-MORNING(DAY 2) 4

CELIA is trying to make a left out of the mega-mall parking lot. ISABEL is in the backseat.

CELIA

Look at this. We're never getting out of here.

ISABEL

Could you turn on the radio?

CELIA

I've called the city council office over and over about putting a light here.

ISABEL

Radio?

CELIA

I can't have noise right now. I'm too annoyed.

Isabel rummages through a grocery bag that's sitting next to her. She pulls out a bag of peanut butter-filled pretzels.

CELIA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

ISABEL

I'm hungry.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

Please. Don't think I didn't see you eat and drink every sample in the store, Miss. I can't believe you weren't cut off after your seventh chai latte.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL  
Those cups are tiny.

CELIA  
Unlike you. Put the pretzels back.

ISABEL  
No.

CELIA  
Then give me the bag. I'm throwing  
them out.

Celia reaches back to grab the bag and her foot slips off the  
brake. She rolls into traffic and an oncoming car clips her.  
The bag splits open and pretzels go flying.

CELIA (cont'd)  
Great. Just perfect.

Celia pulls over and the luxury car that clipped her pulls up  
next to her. Isabel eats pretzel pieces off the seat. Celia  
gets out of the car.

RESET TO:

5 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - LATER (DAY 2) 5

A small, Latina woman in a uniform, CONCHA, is inspecting the  
damage and keening.

CONCHA  
No!! Oh no!! She be so angry.

CELIA  
This was not your fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONCHA

You tell Missus. Is you fault.

CELIA

It wasn't my fault either.

CONCHA

Si, is you fault. Please. You tell her or she make me sleep with the dog and the corn snake.

CELIA

There should be a traffic light here. Traffico Lighto. Nobody listens to me, and this is what happens.

CONCHA

The snake, he eat dead rat. She make me kill the rat.

CELIA

Doug Wilson and his merry band of idiots, just sit up there doing nothing--

CONCHA

She love this car. Every month, she pay more for this car than for me. And I no have license.

CELIA

You don't have a driver's license? Fabulous. Are you even legal? What's your name?

CONCHA

I just come out to get the dry clean and the pharmacia. The Depakote. The Adderall.

CELIA

I need to get a pen. You wait right here. Who's your missus?

Celia leans into her car to grab a pen and paper. Concha races back into her car and tears out of there. Celia sits down heavily in the driver's seat.

CELIA (cont'd)

Oh shit.

Celia stands back up and examines her ass which now has crushed pretzel and peanut butter stains on it.

CELIA (cont'd)  
Shit.

CUT TO:

6 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - LATER (DAY 2) 6

Andy is sitting at the table with a laptop in front of him and applications for Rabbinical School all around. Nancy enters through the kitchen door. She throws the Sunday newspaper on the table near him.

NANCY  
How come no one got the paper?

ANDY  
Everyone's still asleep. Do you realize that if I married a non-Jew, I couldn't go to Rabbinical school? I can go if I'm gay and my lover is Jewish. I can go if I'm single, but I'm not eligible if I marry a beautiful shiksa with blond, silky pubes waxed into the shape of a shamrock. Doesn't that seem fucked up to you?

NANCY  
I never think about it. Never.

ANDY  
Well, I do. And it's short sighted. I mean, more than half of all American Jews marry outside the tribe. Clearly there's a problem, and yet when a Jewish person is interested in pursuing his or her religious calling, if he or she fell in love with someone outside the faith, and lord knows, we don't always choose who to love, that Jew is turned away.

NANCY  
Did you make coffee?

ANDY  
A lovely Tanzanian Peaberry.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

You're not even married. Why do you care?

ANDY

Because when I see a wrong, I want to make it right. I am a seeker of justice, Nancy. It's not just about me.

NANCY

Oh my God. You're married. Are you married?

ANDY

No. I don't think so. Maybe. I don't think so. How was your sleepover?

Silas and Shane enter.

SILAS

Yeah. How was your sleepover, Nancy? Did you think to let anyone know you were taking off for the night?

NANCY

Yes. I did. Both Andy and Lupita knew how to get in touch with me, and I don't need to defend my actions to my teenaged child.

SHANE

I got scared.

NANCY

Oh, honey. You were asleep.

SHANE

I woke up.

NANCY

I'm sorry, sweetie. I didn't mean to make you nervous. I was just at a friend's house.

Nancy finishes her coffee and goes to put the cup in the dishwasher. Silas stops her.

SILAS

The dishwasher's broken.

Nancy then notices all the plates piled in the sink.

NANCY

Lupita!

SILAS

Maybe if you spent a little more  
time around here you'd know that.

LUPITA enters. The boys rummage cabinets and fridge for  
breakfast.

NANCY

Lupita, could you do the dishes,  
please?

LUPITA

The machine is broken.

NANCY

I know that. That's why I want you  
to do the dishes.

LUPITA

No.

NANCY

What do you mean, no?

LUPITA

Makes my hands crack. You need to  
get the machine fixed.

NANCY

Maybe I need a new housekeeper.

LUPITA

Maybe you have too much love and  
TRUST for me to ever let me go.

NANCY

(beat)  
...Call the repair guy and get him  
over here as soon as possible.

LUPITA

Okay.

Lupita pours herself a cup of coffee and takes a big whiff.

LUPITA (cont'd)

Tanzania?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
The nose knows!!

Lupita sits down with Andy and starts reading the newspaper.

SILAS  
So is this going to be a regular  
thing with you?

NANCY  
What is with your tone?

Megan enters wearing a long t-shirt and underwear.

MEGAN  
Morning.

NANCY  
You're not wearing any pants.

ANDY  
It's okay. I'm almost a Rabbi.

NANCY  
Shane's not. And you're a lawsuit  
waiting to happen. Go put on some  
clothes.

MEGAN  
Sorry.

Megan exits. Nancy turns to Silas.

NANCY  
I did not say that Megan could  
sleep over.

SHANE  
They didn't do much sleeping.

NANCY  
Excuse me?

SILAS  
Shut up, you spying perv.

SHANE  
I was looking for mom. It was an  
accident. An amazing accident.

NANCY  
I don't even want to know.

(CONTINUED)

Doorbell.

NANCY (cont'd)  
Lupita, could you get that?  
Please!

Lupita gets up heavily and heads for the front door.

SILAS  
You never said she couldn't stay  
over. Come on, Nancy--

NANCY  
Stop calling me Nancy. My name is  
"Mom." Or "Mommy Dearest."

Lupita walks in with a beautiful flower arrangement.

LUPITA  
(reading the card)  
"For beautiful Nancy with the long,  
elegant feet. Don't be afraid.  
Peter."

SHANE  
Eeeww.

SILAS  
Feet?

ANDY  
Nice work, Mommy Dearest.

NANCY  
Oh, dear God.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. REAR OF THE BAKERY - LATER (DAY 2) 7

Nancy and CONRAD sit at a small table on mismatched folding chairs behind the bakery, surrounded by milk crates and empty boxes. The back door to the bakery is propped open behind them. They're drinking iced lattes and talking shop. Conrad holds a sheath of papers. In the background, SANJAY unloads Nancy's Range Rover.

NANCY  
Were you mean to your mother when  
you were a teenager?

(CONTINUED)

CONRAD

I didn't live with my mother. I lived with Heylia. And you don't pull that shit with Heylia.

NANCY

I want my kids to fear me.

CONRAD

You could do what my mother did.

NANCY

Which was?

CONRAD

She shot me in the leg. I am afraid of that woman.

NANCY

Are you serious? Was she on drugs?

CONRAD

Now why you gotta go there? My mother never did drugs a day in her life.

(then)

She was a drunk. And one night she thought I was my pops. Didn't I ever tell you this story?

NANCY

I'd remember this one.

CONRAD

This is how we got in the pot business. The pain killers I got from the doctor made me sleep all the time so Heylia switched me to weed and started to meet people in the industry. Before that, she worked at Price Club.

Sanjay comes out of the back of the store.

SANJAY

Hey team! You solve all our problems yet?

NANCY

I think I may shoot Silas in the leg.

SANJAY  
That's confusing.

CONRAD  
Right now, if we liquidated  
everything and got out of the  
lease, we're looking at maybe half  
of what we need.

NANCY  
What about insurance?

CONRAD  
You got some sneaky arson plot  
behind them crazy eyes?

NANCY  
Could we?

CONRAD  
Baby, that shit only works on the  
Sopranos. I guarantee the fire  
chief is better at investigating  
arson than you are at committing  
it. You're a drug dealer, not a  
fire bug.

SANJAY  
Hey, but what if--

CONRAD  
What? What if what?

SANJAY  
Nothing. Except, why do you call  
Nancy *baby*?

CONRAD  
It's a black thing.

SANJAY  
I'm... not white.

CONRAD  
You ain't black neither.

NANCY  
He's got you there.

SANJAY  
Are you making fun of me?

CONRAD  
A little bit. But we all good.

SANJAY  
Fine. Can I get a little help  
here?

Sanjay grabs the last of the flour and goes back inside.  
Conrad puts down the papers.

CONRAD  
Anyway, baby, we got problems.

NANCY  
Did I mention that I slept with a  
DEA agent last night?

CUT TO:

8 INT. RABBINICAL SCHOOL OFFICE - LATER (DAY 2) 8

Andy sits opposite a young, hot, Israeli admissions director,  
Yael Hoffman. Yael is wearing a semi-sheer blouse with a  
design on it.

ANDY  
...so, basically, my whole life has  
been leading up to this. To here.  
The Rabbinate. It's my true  
calling.

Yael crosses her arms and assesses him. Andy feels obligated  
to fill the silence.

ANDY (cont'd)  
And as far as the Hebrew goes, I'm  
a really quick study. I know all  
the Baruch Atas already. And the  
word for jellyfish: Meduzot. And  
glida. That's ice cream.

Yael  
Do you know what *zayin b'sechel*  
means?

SUBTITLE: "Full of shit"

Yael (cont'd)  
As in, *ani cho-shevet shey ata  
zayin b'sechel*.

SUBTITLE: "I think you're full of shit"

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No. I don't think I know that one.

Yael

Okay. So this has been very amusing. I wish you all the best in your life, and now I'm done.

Andy

Wait! What. So I'm in?

Yael

You talk a lot.

Andy

A wonderful quality in a rabbi, no?

Yael

And yet, you say nothing.

Andy

Oh, Israeli snap. But I can take it. Resiliency. Another excellent Rabbinic trait.

Yael gets up.

Yael

Time for you to go. Okay. Goodbye.

Andy

Okay. Fine. Thank you for your time. I guess I'll just have to find another Rabbinical school. One that recognizes my talent. One that respects my ambition.

Yael

Yes. Our loss. Good luck to you.

Yael closes the door behind him and goes back to her desk. The door bursts open. Andy drops to his knees.

Andy

I'm begging you. This is the end of the road for me. If you don't let me into your school, I'm going to be killed.

Yael

Really? Someone holding a gun to your head saying be a Rabbi or die?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Actually, yes. And you're my last chance, Yael Hoffman, director of admissions. I beseech you. My life is in your hands.

YAEL

You have five minutes to explain yourself and no more bullshit, and I'm wearing a bra, so stop looking for my nipples.

ANDY

How did you know?

YAEL

Four minutes, fifty seconds...

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 2) 9

Nancy and Conrad enter fighting.

CONRAD

I'm out. That's it. Out.

NANCY

But he doesn't know! My kid bit his kid's foot at karate. How could he have planned that? It's just a totally fucked up random thing. He came right out and told me what he did for a living. He doesn't know.

CONRAD

The fuck he doesn't. And even if he doesn't, he will, and I'll be gone. And don't you be comin' round Heylia's no more, you hear me? You stepped in shit and you ain't gonna track it into my house.

NANCY

Conrad, I'll break up with him...

CONRAD

It's too late.

Nancy gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Are you walking out because I  
fucked a DEA agent or because I  
fucked someone else?

CONRAD

Wow. This ain't about your  
arrogant white ass. Let me tell  
you something, we wouldn't be  
having this conversation if you'd  
fucked a travel agent. Now get out  
of my way.

Conrad gets past her and exits into the bakery, letting the  
screen slam. Nancy sits down heavily. She tries to sip the  
iced latte dregs in her cup. Sanjay walks out.

SANJAY

Is everything okay, baby?

NANCY

Oh, just ducky.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING - DAY (DAY 3) 10

Celia stands at a mic before the COUNCIL in a large, sparsely  
populated civic room, demanding justice. DOUG is making  
paper footballs out of scrap paper and flicking them all over  
the room.

CELIA

...I have asked in every way I know  
how and you have ignored all of my  
requests, but that does not change  
the fact that there needs to be a  
light at that intersection! It's a  
matter of public safety.

DOUG

Celia, lights cost money.

CELIA

Isn't that what your budget is for?

DOUG

All of our money has been allocated  
for the year. We're renovating the  
chambers. Haven't you seen the  
plans? We're getting a full  
kitchen back there.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA  
I'm paying taxes so that you can  
have a kitchen?

DOUG

And a parade. And the balance of what we owe the branding firm for our new town slogan, "Agrestic, The Best of the Best-ic." And a lot of other stuff too. Now if that's everything, I wanna get home and watch the game. Are we adjourned? Great. See you next week--

(gavels, then to another councilman)

Arthur, it's your turn to bring snack, and I think I speak for everyone when I say, vegetarian pigs in a blanket are bullshit.

The meeting breaks up. Doug flicks a paper football and it hits Celia right between her new boobs.

DOUG (cont'd)

Ooh. Sorry, Celia. Although I do think that counts as a touchdown.

Off on Celia seething.

CUT TO:

All1 INT. IT'S A GRIND - EVENING (DAY 3)

All1

Nancy is sitting, nursing her eighteenth coffee of the day and flipping through a magazine. Celia approaches.

CELIA

You want a shot of jack in that?

NANCY

Celia!

Celia sits down across from Nancy, puts down her coffee, Picks up the edge of the magazine to see what it is.

CELIA

I read that. There's a great article on injecting human growth hormone to stay young. But they never say where they're getting it from. Makes you wonder if they're sucking the youth out of small brown children somewhere so actors and trophy wives can stay in business. I'm serious about the shot.

(CONTINUED)

Celia pulls a bottle of Jack out of her purse.

CELIA (cont'd)  
You want?

NANCY  
Actually, yes. I do. It's been  
one of those days.

Celia makes both their drinks Irish.

CELIA  
You heard about my car accident,  
right? Someone's maid plowed right  
into my Mercedes. And I just got  
humiliated at city council by that  
fuckhead Doug Wilson. What's up  
with you? \*

NANCY  
Nothing. Just life. Kids.  
Baking.

CELIA  
You need to get laid. Frankly, I  
do too. Are you seeing anyone?  
Maybe we could share.

Nancy quickly changes the subject.

NANCY  
Why don't you run for city council?

CELIA  
You can't be serious.

NANCY  
If you can't beat city hall, join  
it.

A huge smile crosses Celia's face.

CELIA  
Doug would lose his mind.

Oops Nancy.

NANCY  
I didn't mean run for Doug's seat.

CELIA  
Doug is up this year.

NANCY

Then maybe it's a bad idea.

CELIA

No, maybe it's a perfect idea. Show that asshole he can't treat people like shit and ignore their totally reasonable requests. I'm gonna run for city council. Thank you, Nancy. I feel so much better. Now, about getting us a boyfriend--

NANCY

Could I get another shot?

CELIA

Abso-tootly.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HEYLIA'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 4)

11

HEYLIA is making grilled cheese sandwiches with her new panini maker and carrying around her GRANDCHILD in a sling. VANEETA is at the table eating grilled cheese and drinking milk. Nancy is arranging bags of pot in a small duffel.

HEYLIA

I didn't care what shit was going on, every night, we had family dinner.

VANEETA

'Cept Friday and Saturday.

HEYLIA

Well that's the weekend. Can't expect teenagers to show up for dinner on a weekend, but every other night, we were talking about our day or arguing or giving each other the stink-eye, but we were all here. Don't you read the paper?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEYLIA (cont'd)

All sorts of studies come out  
sayin' family dinner's like  
superglue - holds you together and  
fixes everything that's broke.

VANEETA

Higher test scores, less  
depression, less substance abuse,  
better communication skills...

NANCY

You guys are better than NPR.

HEYLIA

We are NPR. Negroes Preachin'  
what's Right. And if dinner don't  
work, smack some sense into that  
boy.

NANCY

I'm not much on the smacking.

HEYLIA

Just don't be his bitch. You  
pushed him out your hooch, you can  
push him out your house. You the  
boss. You want Gruyere or smoked  
Gouda?

NANCY

Ooh. Smoked Gouda. Thank you.  
So, uh, is Conrad around?

HEYLIA

You about to lose your panini. You  
know you ain't friends no more.  
That's the deal.

NANCY

I know. I just--

VANEETA

He's out buying me a breast pump.

NANCY

Oh. I hope he's getting you the  
electric. The manual one takes  
forever.

VANEETA

Shit. Did we say electric or  
manual?

HEYLIA

I don't know. It's your ass wants to get out the house. I think you should wait so LeVan don't get nipple confusion.

VANEETA

This way you'll be able to give him bottles, Heylia. You'll bond.

HEYLIA

We bonded enough. And don't you think that once you start pumping I'm gonna sit home while you go running around with your new big tits. I got my own life too, you know.

Heylia hands Nancy her sandwich.

Conrad enters carrying a manual pump. He sees Nancy and he is not pleased. Nancy sits back down.

CONRAD

What the hell she doing here?

VANEETA

Did you get the manual? You gotta take it back. I need the-- what do I need?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY  
The Pump In Style.

VANEETA  
I need the Pump In Style.  
Electric.

Nancy takes a bite of her panini.

NANCY  
This is amazing. Can I try the  
Gruyere next time I come?

CONRAD  
(sotto)  
No next time. You stay away.

NANCY  
Heylia, Conrad's speaking to me and  
he's not supposed to.

HEYLIA  
That's right. Get your black ass  
back out the door and go buy  
Vaneeta the electric--

NANCY  
Pump In Style.

HEYLIA  
Pump in style. And take this.

Heylia wraps a panini in a paper towel and hands it to  
Conrad.

HEYLIA (cont'd)  
Now go.

Conrad stares daggers at Nancy who bites her sandwich  
spitefully and then cutesy-ly waves goodbye. He exits.

VANEETA  
(To Nancy)  
Hey, let me ask you something?  
You ever get kind of all horny and  
shit when you were nursing?

NANCY  
Why do you think I had a second  
kid?

HEYLIA  
(Covering the baby's ears)  
Okay, you two are just wrong.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CELIA'S FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 4)

12

Celia and PAM sit in the family room. The coffee table is clearly set up for more than the two of them.

CELIA

What about, "Celia Hodes, It's Time for Change"?

PAM

And then we show a big clock, and, like, instead of numbers, we have nickels and dimes and quarters. Get it? *Time for Change?* Isn't that cute?

CELIA

Okay. That's retarded.

PAM

That's really not nice. I have a nephew who's retarded and he has to wear a helmet.

CELIA

Forgive me. I wasn't aware of the headbangers in your family tree. Where are the other girls? Didn't we say four-thirty?

PAM

They're not coming, Celia.

CELIA

What do you mean? This is about Agrestic. I am clearly so much more qualified than Doug Wilson.

PAM

They all take stripper fitness class with Doug's wife Dana. It's a whole bonding thing.

CELIA

Stripper fitness class?

PAM

I can't do pole. No upper body strength.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAM (cont'd)

And Kenneth doesn't like me to do it because he thinks I'll go lesbo on him like when I took folk guitar. Do you have any peanut butter pretzels?

DEAN and Isabel enter. Isabel goes to the coffee table and tries to pour herself a drink from the pitcher.

DEAN

Hello, ladies. How goes the election planning?

Celia stops Isabel from drinking.

PAM

Oh, fine. Trying to find a slogan.

CELIA

(to Isabel)

That's grown-up juice, honey. Not for you. There's Crystal Light in the fridge.

ISABEL

When do I get to try "grown-up juice?"

CELIA

When you have a daughter who drives you to it.

DEAN

Celia, I just want to give you a heads up that Doug knows you're running against him.

CELIA

What do I care?

DEAN

He seemed pretty upset. Especially when I told him I couldn't be his campaign manager this time.

CELIA

Why not?

DEAN

Why not what?

CELIA  
Why can't you be his campaign  
manager?

DEAN  
Because you're running. I just  
assumed--

PAM  
Am I your campaign manager?

CELIA  
Maybe.

Doug storms in.

DOUG  
How dare you!

PAM  
Hi Doug.

CELIA  
Douglas. To what do we owe the  
pleasure?

ISABEL  
Would you like some grown-up juice?

DOUG  
I run unopposed. This is my thing!  
Get your own thing.

CELIA  
I tried to get my own thing. A  
light at the mall and Hillcreek  
Road, but when that thing didn't  
work out, I switched to this thing.  
I'm hoping in the end I get both  
things.

DOUG  
I am City Councilman Doug.

CELIA  
Not after the next election you're  
not. Maybe it's time to find a new  
identity. Citizen Doug? Or how  
about, "just another anonymous  
asshole, Doug."

DEAN

So you're telling me, you don't  
want me to work on your campaign?

CELIA

No. I didn't say that. It's just--  
I want to win.

DEAN

Okay. I see.

(beat)

Fuck you!

CELIA

Dean! There is a child present.

DOUG

Don't call me a child! I am a  
civic leader, and you're not going  
to take that away from me.

ISABEL

She was talking about me.

DEAN

Doug, I am so on your side.

DOUG

Thank you, compadre.

DEAN

And I'd be honored to be your  
campaign manager.

DOUG

...We'll see.

DEAN

What do you mean, "We'll see?!"

DOUG

Well, you bailed on me today. I'm  
still a little hurt.

CELIA

Could you two take your little  
pussy party somewhere else? We've  
got work to do.

ISABEL

Dad can't say fuck, but you can say  
pussy?

Off Celia's death stare.

ISABEL (cont'd)  
I'll be in my room.

Isabel exits.

DEAN  
Let's go.

DOUG  
(to Celia)  
You will rue the day.

CELIA  
Yeah yeah yeah. Rue my ass.

Doug and Dean exit.

PAM  
How about, "Celia Hodes, Making  
Friends"?

CUT TO:

13 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (NIGHT 4) 13

Nancy walks in with bags of take-out food. Dishes are still piled in the sink. Andy is at the table, writing in a notebook. Shane is playing video games with headphones on. Nancy puts down her bags and kisses Shane on the head. He doesn't take his eyes off the screen. She pulls one headphone out.

NANCY  
Dinner in ten minutes.

SHANE  
I'm not hungry. I just had Veggie  
booty.

NANCY  
Well, you're sitting with us  
anyway. Family dinner. So wash  
up.

SHANE  
Five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Five minutes.  
(to Andy)  
Plumber didn't come?

ANDY

He was going to come today, but I was out and Lupita had a hair appointment, so he'll be here tomorrow. What's in the bags?

Nancy starts unpacking boxes and containers.

NANCY

Fried chicken. And greens and beans and mashed potatoes. Family dinner. All of us.

ANDY

I've got work to do, Nance. This is my last chance to get into seminary and the admissions chick is smoking hot. Plus if I don't get in I'll be sent to Iraq.

NANCY

Glad to see your priorities in order. Now clear your crap off the table. Where's Silas?

Silas has entered from the stairs.

SILAS

I'm here. I told Megan I'd have dinner at her place.

NANCY

Well, call her and tell her not tonight.

SILAS

I made plans.

NANCY

Well, I bought chicken. And you are my son and you're going to sit down and we're all going to eat. So call her.

Nancy holds the phone out to Silas. He doesn't take it.

NANCY (cont'd)  
Take the phone.

Silas tries to walk around her. She blocks him.

NANCY (cont'd)  
We are having family dinner.

She steps closer to him.

NANCY (cont'd)  
You are a member of this family.

Another step closer. He backs up. She steps, he backs up. He's at the wall. She's right in his face.

NANCY (cont'd)  
Take this phone and call your  
girlfriend NOOOOWWWW!!!

She presses the phone into Silas and lets go. He doesn't take it. It falls to the floor. She kicks it across the room. Andy hastily gathers his things off the table. She walks over to Shane and pulls off his headphones.

NANCY (cont'd)  
Game over! Wash your hands. Andy,  
set the table, Silas, get your ass  
in a chair before I kick it from  
here to Tuesday, so help me God,  
I've had it!!!!!! We are going to  
be a family if I have to kill all  
of you, you hear me????!!!!

SILAS  
Fine. Then I'll just eat twice.

NANCY  
Eat seven times, I don't care. As  
long as you eat once with us.

ANDY  
You're really invested in this  
chicken, aren't you?

NANCY  
Shut up.

Everyone settles down at the table. Paper plates are dispersed. Food is doled out. Nancy is calming down.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER (NIGHT 4)

14

Everyone is eating.

NANCY

See? Nice. Dinner. So. How was everyone's day?

SHANE

Fine.

(beat)

I got a B on my French Test.

NANCY

Well, tres bien.

Eating.

NANCY (cont'd)

Silas?

SILAS

I take Spanish.

NANCY

Did you get any tests back today?

SILAS

No.

ANDY

I'm writing about what being a Jew means to me. If I write well, I'll be allowed to attend rabbinical school and if I don't, I'm going to be shipped overseas to die. So far I've written, "Being a Jew means I have no foreskin and I may be a Tay Sachs carrier." So, I think I'm going to die.

SHANE

What's Tay Sachs?

ANDY

It's a fatal genetic lipid storage disorder prevalent in European Jews, but you don't have to worry because your mother isn't Jewish and if you had it, you'd already be dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY (cont'd)  
Although you may still be a  
carrier, so get tested if you marry  
a Member of the Tribe.

SHANE  
Cool.

NANCY  
See? Look how we're learning new  
things.

The phone rings. Silas looks at Nancy.

NANCY (cont'd)  
We are not answering the phone  
during dinner.

The phone rings.

NANCY (cont'd)  
I mean it.

Phone rings. Machine picks up.

SHANE'S VOICE ON MACHINE (V.O.)  
Hello, you've reached the Botwins.  
We're not home right now, but if  
you leave us a message, we'll come  
home right away. BEEEEEEEEEP

SANJAY'S VOICE ON MACHINE (V.O.)  
Uh, Nancy? Hi. It's Sanjay. I  
thought you might want to know that  
the bakery is on fire. Okay. Bye.

Beat. Everyone is up. So much for family dinner.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BURNT BAKERY - NIGHT (NIGHT 4) 15

Nancy stands with Andy and a FIREMAN. The place is  
destroyed.

FIREMAN  
So it looks like your employee was  
firing up an oven when his  
cigarette lit a gas line.  
Negligence and stupidity, pure and  
simple, Ma'am.

NANCY  
Oh, my god.

(CONTINUED)

FIREMAN

I hope you're insured.

NANCY

Does insurance cover an employee's,  
um, negligence and stupidity?

FIREMAN

Should. You'll have to check with  
your carrier.

The fireman walks off. Nancy looks over at Sanjay who is slightly singed and giving a statement to another fireman. He cracks the thinnest of smiles for her benefit.

ANDY

Something tells me you're covered.

NANCY

He could have been killed.

ANDY

(quietly singing)  
*There's no business, like grow  
business, like no business, I  
know...*

She shoots him a look. Celia, laden with shopping bags, walks up to Nancy.

CELIA

Oh my God! Nancy! Your little  
bakery burned down.

ANDY

Doesn't it smell like toast?

NANCY

Yeah. Accident.

CELIA

Well, this is just awful. But  
maybe now you'll have time to do  
some work on my campaign? I'm  
running for city council. I'll  
call you and we'll figure out a  
schedule. Okay?

NANCY

Oh, I'm gonna be so busy, Celia.  
I've got to deal with insurance and  
everything...

CELIA

And I'll be there for you. And you'll be there for me. That's what friends do for one another, right? And to be honest Nancy, this was a blessing. A few more years in the muffin business and your ass would have been big enough to hatch the Cinerama Dome. So God works in mysterious ways.

NANCY

Yes. Yes he does.

CUT TO:

16 INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT(NIGHT 4) 16

Nancy paces her bedroom. She briefly checks out her ass in the mirror. Finally, she picks up the phone and dials.  
CROSS CUT with Peter's bedroom:

NANCY

Peter?

PETER

(big smile)

I was wondering when I would hear from you. You really know how to keep a guy on the edge of his seat.

NANCY

Peter, I can't do this. I'm... I really like you but I can't see you anymore. I'm sorry.

PETER

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Peter, I'm a widow. And I'm just starting to get back on my feet and I can't get involved with someone who does what you do.

PETER

Nancy, nothing's going to happen to me--

NANCY

You don't know that. You deal with drug dealers. I can't get close to you and then lose you. I just... I couldn't take that again. I need to end this now.

PETER

I've been hurt too, but I'm willing to take the risk with you. I think... I have very strong feelings for you and... what I do is mostly a desk job, Nancy--

NANCY

You carry a gun. I can't. I just. I'm sorry. Please don't call me anymore. I'm sorry.

Nancy hangs up.

End Cross Cut.

She takes a moment. She feels sad. She looks over at the flowers he sent her which are now sitting on her night table. She re-reads the card. She tucks it into her drawer.

Then, she takes a deep breath, and picks up a stack of papers. We see it's an insurance claim form. She starts filling it out. She starts to hum, "There's no business like show (grow) business."

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE