

JOY

Written by

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Based on the life of Joy Mangano

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Close on A WOMAN'S FACE. All we hear is her breathing as she stares straight into BRIGHT LIGHTS, paralyzed with fear. After a moment, we hear a man speaking through a radio.

VOICE FROM RADIO
Joy, that's you.

Nothing.

VOICE FROM RADIO (CONT'D)
Joy, go ahead. Joy.

Her eyes look around blankly. After a moment--

VOICE FROM RADIO (CONT'D)
We gotta get her outta there.

Off this, we FLASHBACK TO--

SUPER: LONG ISLAND. 1982.

INT. ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH HALL.

An ITALIAN-AMERICAN WEDDING RECEPTION is in full swing. A 98 year old man plays the accordion and sings "Papa loves mambo" with a lot of energy. People are dancing, having a ball. There is a long table with a FEAST of FOOD set up, buffet style. OLD WOMEN talking. KIDS running around.

ANGLE ON JOY, 30 , a CHEERFUL BRIDE, who stands at a table in her wedding dress talking EXCITEDLY to the guests, holding a NAPKIN. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER IN ONE SHOT AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE ROOM A'LA GOODFELLAS.

JOY
(playful)
Ooh, I don't know where my husband is. I've already lost him and we've only been married twenty minutes!

Joy's BEST FRIEND RONNIE, 30, a SASSY, ITALIAN BETTE MIDLER approaches. She holds a plate and eats while she follows Joy.

RONNIE
Tony's eating. I made you a plate. It's at the table. Let's go.

JOY
I'm coming.
(to guests)
How's the ziti though, guys?
Rosati's did everything. Is it okay?

RONNIE

Joy. Come on.

Joy heads off, Ronnie behind her. She runs into an older FEMALE RELATIVE.

OLDER WOMAN GUEST

Joy, congratulations! I just had my uterus out. I'm not even supposed to be here but I don't listen to doctors.

JOY

Oh--Auntie Olga! I'm so grateful that you came. Go sit. Did you get a plate? I'm gonna make you a plate.

RONNIE

Joy.

Joy and Ronnie move through crowd, passing JOY'S MOTHER, TOOTS, 60-ish, who stands by herself. As she talks to her mother, Joy squats down, uses the NAPKIN in her hand to help a little girl get a stain out of her dress.

JOY

Here you go, Marie. Mom, you're still standing here? Why don't you sit?

TOOTS

Did you notice your father spray-painted his bald spot? Who does he think he's fooling? He's not fooling her.

They both glance over to a table where Joy's father RUDY sits like a KING with his arm around a ROBUST woman in an ill-fitting MARILYN MONROE DRESS. His hair looks shiny.

JOY

Mom, let it go. Just for today.

Toots walks off, muttering to herself.

TOOTS

He's glossy. He looks like a children's toy.

This is Joy--everything to everyone.

JOY

Club soda. See. All gone.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you!

The little girl runs off. Joy stands up next to Ronnie. She brushes her dress off, takes it all in.

JOY

Wow. Best day of my life. It happened.

Ronnie notices a GROUP OF MEN that has congregated in one spot. They watch a WOMAN WITH HUGE BREASTS walk by. They ogle and cat call to the woman, amused by themselves. The woman knows they are watching her, she keeps walking, insecure.

RONNIE

Look at these animals. You think they've never seen a set of boobs in their life. We're married to these people. Good luck, we just got shot down the hatch. That's it. End of story. We're in it.

Suddenly a VOICE comes over the loud speaker.

VOICE (O.S)

This song is dedicated to my bride.

Joy and Ronnie look to the stage. Joy's husband, TONY MANGANO, has the microphone. He is 1980's GORGEOUS. Thick, curly brown hair, dimples. There is something about this guy. He meets eyes with Joy.

JOY

Come on, they're not all bad.

RONNIE

Joy, even the best dog is two meals away from bein' a wolf.

TONY

This is a song that says it better than I could. From the lyrical genius. Baby, here's a little Tom Jones for ya.

The lights GO OUT. A DISCO BALL turns on and paints the room with lights. A SPOTLIGHT comes up on Tony, who now has his jacket off, his sleeves rolled up, and his back to the crowd in a DRAMATIC pose. Las Vegas has just shown up to the party. The band begins playing. The crowd goes WILD.

Tony TURNS AROUND. His SHIRT is UNBUTTONED down to his belly button and his HAIRY CHEST on display. He is SERIOUS. He plays to the crowd. This isn't the first time he's done this.

TONY (CONT'D)
*With these hands...I will cling to
 you...I'm yours forever and a
 day...*

He JUMPS OFF THE STAGE onto the DANCE FLOOR, lands and spins, effortlessly. Everyone cheers. He starts making his way over to Joy.

RONNIE
 Uh-oh, he's comin' this way. He's
 comin' over.

TONY
*With these hands, I will bring to
 you, a tender love as warm as
 May...*

He turns his backside to the crowd and circles his hips. Women cheer. Ronnie puts her hand up to shield them from her view. Joy laughs, blushing. Tony signals the LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN that the group of men was ogling.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Who wants to dance? Come here,
 sweetheart.

The woman shyly comes toward him. He twirls her around and dips her with one hand. Joy rolls her eyes and laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)
*With this heart, I will sing to
 you, long after stars have lost
 their glow...*
 (the woman keeps looking
 at another woman in the
 crowd)
 Who's that? Is that your sister?
 (The woman nods)
 I've never danced with two sisters
 before!

Tony pulls the sister up and dances with them both, one on each arm.

TONY (CONT'D)
*And with these hands I will provide
 for you...*

He spins them both out and back in. They all sway back and forth, sensually. The woman next to Joy is uncomfortable. Joy fakes being mad, pointing her finger at him playfully.

TONY (CONT'D)
*Should there be a stormy sea I'll
 turn the tide for you...*

They pivot and we see that one of the women's hands has made its way to Tony's ass. Just as Joy becomes slightly visibly uncomfortable, Tony spins the women back into the crowd.

TONY (CONT'D)
Ho! It's my wedding day! Where's my wife?

He searches the room. Locating Joy, he turns ALL of his attention on her.

TONY (CONT'D)
There she is. Come here baby.
Isn't she beautiful, everyone?

Joy blushes, shaking her head.

TONY (CONT'D)
She's more beautiful than Crystal Gayle.

The crowd ahhs. This wins Joy over. He pulls her up and dances closely with her as he BELTS IT OUT in her face--

TONY (CONT'D)
*NOOOO, I'll never. No, I'll never
LET YOU GO!!!!...*

They kiss. There is a dance break in the song. They dance.

TONY (CONT'D)
Well, whattaya think? You still wanna be Mrs. Tony Mangano. You haven't changed your mind yet?

JOY
I don't know. I guess I will under one condition.

TONY
What's that?

JOY
You have to sing that song to me every day for the rest of my life.

TONY
You got it, baby!

Tony gets infused with energy.

TONY (CONT'D)
*Oooohooohhhh!!! And I'll never, NO
I'll never...*

He spins Joy and continues singing...

The song continues over card: 7 YEARS LATER.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Very humble, BLUE COLLAR SUBURBAN home. Some DEAD BUSHES in the front. A DECORATIVE GRAPEVINE WREATH on the front door warms the look of the place.

TONY (O.S.)
*" Long after stars, have lost their
 glow...!"*

Tony's voice still belting, only now it's from the shower as Joy is in the kitchen preparing breakfast for their THREE KIDS--CHRISTIE 7, BOBBY, 6 AND JACKIE 4. They are engaged in LIVELY morning chatter.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*AA-AA-AA-AA-AAAND, with these hands,
 I will provide for you!"*

JOY
 Who wants toast?

CHRISTIE/JACKIE
 I do/Me!

Joy puts toast in the toaster and pushes the lever down.

BOBBY
 Not me! I hate toast.

JOY
 Let's not say 'hate'. Toast is just cooked bread. How can you not like cooked bread?

CHRISTIE
 I love cooked bread. I love toast.

BOBBY
 I'm not hungry.

JOY
 Three bites. Come on, Bobby. You need your energy for school.

Suddenly smoke starts pouring out of the toaster.

JOY (CONT'D)
 Oh no.

CHRISTIE/JACKIE
 What happened mommy?

Joy starts to fan the smoke, trying to stay cheery.

JOY
 (staying cheery)
 This toaster likes to burn
 everything all of a sudden. It's
 okay. What is goin' on with this
 thing?

Joy unplugs the toaster. She examines it.

CHRISTIE
 Is it on fire?

JOY
 No, no, no.

She studies the inside of the toaster. TONY enters in his
 towel. He's all man.

TONY
 Sompn' on fire?

JOY
 (taking care of business)
 No, no, we're not on fire.
 Everything's fine.

Tony walks through the smoke and opens the fridge. He pulls
 out a piece of STEAK from a TUPPERWARE container.

Joy takes FOIL out of a drawer.

TONY
 (taking a bite)
 Baby, where's my interview suit?

JOY
 I got it pressed. It's in the
 closet in the plastic.

Joy tears off just the right size of foil. She slides the
 foil in the toaster next to the toast so that the hot rods do
 not overcook the bread.

TONY
 Daddy's got a big interview today.
 Gonna get in the potato chip
 business. If things go well, start
 thinking about an above ground
 swimming pool, that's all I'm
 sayin'.

Joy puts three pieces of toast back in.

KIDS
 Yay!!/Yes!!

JOY
 (playful)
 A pool? They don't want a pool.

KIDS
 Yes we do!!!

Joy watches the toast. Adjusts the foil. Tony looks at her.

TONY
 Babe what are you doin'? Listen, on the way home I'm gonna pick you up a new toaster.

JOY
 We don't need a new toaster.

TONY
 Come on. It's a toaster.

JOY
 (alarmed but trying to keep it light)
 We don't have the money for a new toaster. I can fix it.

TONY
 Yeah you're gonna spend all day tinkering with it when you could be doin' other stuff.

JOY
 It's not that big of a deal. Please don't spend any money. We gotta pay the electric bill.

TONY
 (plays to the kids)
 What do we need electricity for? The Flinstones didn't have electricity. We just need a dinosaur, you know.
 (gets a mischievous look)
 You know what I think we need?

The kids eyes' go wide. They know what's coming.

TONY
 A tickle'o'saurus!

KIDS
 A tickle'o'saurus!

Tony lunges at the kids, tickling each one, as they SCREAM with joy.

KIDS
 Ahhh!/NO!!/Tickle ME daddy!

Then he comes over to Joy, threatens to tickle her.

TONY
What about Wilma? Is Wilma
ticklish?

JOY
Don't. Ahhhh!! NO!!!!
(laughing)
Alright, go get dressed! You're in
a towel! You are in a towel!!

Tony goes off down the hallway where only Joy can see him. He RIPS the towel off while walking.

TONY
No I'm not.

We see his BARE ASS as he walks into the bedroom.

JOY
Oh my--Get dressed!

Joy shakes her head, laughing.

CHRISTIE
What's he doing?

JOY
Your father's a caveman.

Three perfectly toasted pieces of bread pop out of the toaster.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. LATER THAT MORNING.

Kids are at school. Joy finishes up the breakfast dishes.

Joy mops her kitchen floor. The mop pushes around the food and dirt rather than picking it up. She grabs a paper towel, gets down on her hands and knees and cleans the floor with a paper towel.

She makes beds.

INT. BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS.

It looks like an UNDERGROUND FLORIST down here. There are tables set up with BASKETS on them full of different items-- SILK FLOWERS and LEAVES, sticks, bunches of fake berries, ribbon, pine cones, and pruning shears. Everything is very neat and organized.

We see various shots of Joy grabbing from the different baskets and glueing LEAVES, BERRIES, FLOWERS, MINI-PINE CONES. She takes a RIBBON and ties it at the top, then holds it up to check her work. It is a VERY PRETTY DECORATIVE GRAPEVINE WREATH. She sets it aside and grabs more twigs.

EXT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy loads the boxes into the back of her car.

INT. FLOWER SHOP.

ROZ, the owner, stands in front of a cooler full of flowers. Joy holds a bunch of wreaths. She's less put together than Roz.

ROZ

I don't need anymore, Joy.

JOY

Are you sure? I have this harvest theme one, and this one is very warm looking, and I have a few Hanukkah ones with dreidels.

ROZ

I still have a few left over from last week.

JOY

That's okay, I thought I would check.

(disappointed, then)

How are the kids?

ROZ

Oh, Joy. I hate saying this. I think Vinny's got something wrong with his brain. I mean nothin serious. This kid's a mess. Last week he was lying down looking for someone to run over him cause he thought he would survive. He wants to be on 'That's Incredible.' This kid. Johnny says he's gonna be a stugatz (idiot). Every night I pray he gets healed of whatever this is.

JOY

He's ten. You know I told you about my cousin Geoffrey, the smart one? He teaches at MIT now, and when we were kids he pretended he was a dog for two years.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

We were on summer vacation and he was crawling around on the beach barking.

ROZ

(baffled)

Really.

JOY

Yeah. I think they just go through these phases. It could be a sign that he's really smart.

ROZ

That makes me feel better. The dog thing I couldn't handle. I would have taken him to the pound.

They laugh. Joy goes to leave.

ROZ (CONT'D)

You know what? Why don't you leave me a couple of the Hanukkah ones?

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Joy enters with Jackie in one hand and an almost full box of wreaths on the dining room table.

JOY

Hello? Tony?

No answer.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE.

Evening chaos with kids. Joy is at the stove with MULTIPLE POTS going. Buzzer going off, etc. Toots models a NEW FANCY DRESS as if she's standing in a department store, oblivious to the fact that Joy could use a hand.

TOOTS

It's an exact replica of the dress Nancy Reagan wore at Frank Sinatra's birthday party. Remember the picture I ripped out of Vogue magazine at Dr. Mozingo's office? This is it. I mean the replica. Joy. Joy look. Look at my dress.

Joy runs to the boiling pot, steals a glance at Toots.

JOY

Yeah, it's nice mom. Christie, Bobby, Jackie, go wash your hands!

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)
 (to Toots)
 What's this dress for?

TOOTS
 It's for the next thing. The next
 thing I have.

Joy tries to get the pasta pot to the sink.

JOY
 Its just you already have so many
 dresses.

TOOTS
 I'm supposed to have dresses. You
 think if you walked into Nancy
 Reagan's closet it's just gonna be
 filled with long shorts? Can you
 unzip me now? Joy?

Joy has her hands full.

JOY
 Bobby, tv goes off! Let's go guys!

TOOTS
 I mean I've got the room. You know,
 it's just me now. I'm alone.

JOY
 Mom, it's been fifteen years.

TOOTS
 Well I still have space in my
 closets. Do you know how lonely
 that is? Empty closets in your own
 house?

Joy looks at the CLOCK. 6:40. She's concerned.

TOOTS (CONT'D)
 It's odd he hasn't called. That's
 not like Tony.

JOY
 Sometimes it is. Sometimes he gets
 a drink with Joe and Peter.

The kids enter. Christie has overheard and looks worried.

CHRISTIE
 Is everything ok?

JOY
 Everything's fine.

TOOTS

Well it's almost 7. Oh God, I hope
it's not the worst.

JOY

He's fine.
(cheerful)
Alright, everybody, sit down!

INT. HALLWAY.

Joy picks toys up off of the floor. She picks up Tony's towel
from earlier. Glances at the clock. 10:45.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

It's dead quiet. SAME CLOCK READS 1:28. Joy sits on the
couch, folding laundry. There is a lot of folded laundry
around her. Finally the door opens. Tony enters, quietly,
wearing different clothes carrying a small duffel bag. Joy's
relief quickly turns to disappointment. She stops folding.

JOY

Must have been some job interview.

Tony is surprised to see her up.

TONY

Geez, babe. You scared me. What are
you doin'?

JOY

Waiting for you.

Tony, feeling caught, puts his duffel bag on the couch.

JOY (CONT'D)

Where were you?

TONY

I was at the job interview.

JOY

Okay. That was 10 am.

TONY

It didn't go so well.

JOY

(calm)
So what then? You don't call me?
You don't come home til 1:30 in the
morning? Where have you been?

Pause.

TONY
I was at the track.

JOY
What?

TONY
I had to blow off some steam, okay? The interview was a mess. They told me they already hired someone yesterday but they didn't want to cancel. So it was a waste of time. Anyway I knew you'd be disappointed. So, I'm sorry baby.

JOY
(getting angry)
You went to the track? Why wouldn't you call? I didn't know where you were. Do you know the thoughts that have been going through my mind?

Tony sits next to her and puts his hand on her leg.

TONY
I said I was sorry.
(turning on the charm)
What kind of thoughts were you having?

She pulls away.

JOY
Tony I'm serious.

TONY
I'm serious too. What kind of thoughts were you having? Were you thinking about the 600 dollars I won on the number 7 horse in the third race?

JOY
No.

TONY
And how I made another 200 on a little horse named 'Joy's Toys'? I'm serious, that was the name of the horse. This horse had great legs.

JOY
(shakes her head,
disappointed)
I can't believe you went to the track.

TONY
Yeah but I won.

Joy is speechless.

JOY
Goodnight Tony--

TONY
Wait. Before you go to bed, you
should open this bag. Real quick.

Tony puts his duffel bag in front of her. Joy is reserved.

TONY (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

She sighs, reluctantly opens the bag. She takes out a BRAND
NEW TOASTER. She shakes her head, only slightly amused.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's a four-slice with multiple
heat settings. It's a Cuisinart.

He takes out a WAD OF CASH and puts it on the couch.

TONY (CONT'D)
The rest I thought we could take
care of the electric bill. I know
you were worried about that, and
then...whatever else you think.

She doesn't know what to say.

JOY
Tony, this isn't the way--

TONY
Come here.
(Joy is not caving)
Come here.

Tony puts on the charm, walks toward her.

TONY (CONT'D)
You haven't been to sleep at all?
You've been up this whole night?

He stands, puts his hands on her hips, kisses her neck.

Don't. JOY I'm sorry about that. TONY

TONY (CONT'D)
I don't know how I can make it up
to you.

JOY
 (softening)
 Well whatever it is it's not
 happening tonight.

TONY
 Oh yes it is.

JOY
 (slowly caving)
 No it's not.

TONY
 I think it is.

JOY
 Well it's not.

TONY
 Let me ask you a question.

He starts to unbutton her shirt.

TONY (CONT'D)
 How do these buttons come off? Do
 you just--take'em off? Like one,
 two...

As he unbuttons her shirt, Joy gives in. Shakes her head.

JOY
 Tony, you wear me out.

EXT. RUDY'S AUTOBODY SHOP. DAY.

The wall is COVERED with posters of LARGE BREASTED WOMEN in BIKINIS on motorcycles, washing cars, bending over in a g-string over the hood of a car, etc.

Joy stands with her father RUDY, a small-framed man, while the KIDS PLAY in the background. Behind them through a window we see TWO GOOMBAHS sit playing cards.

JOY
 Something's rubbing up against the
 tire. Tony wants you to look at it.

RUDY
 Yeah of course. But first there's
 someone I want you to meet.
 (yells outside)
 Viv!

VIV, A mid-60's CHUBBY, JOVIAL WOMAN enters. Her body is out of proportion--very round in the middle with skinny bird legs. She's doing her best to look professional but she's busting out of the top and the sides.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Joy, this is Viv. She's my new office manager and uh...we're together. She's a model.

Joy's been through this before.

JOY
Right. Wow. Hi, it's nice to meet you.

VIV
Hi Joy! I've heard so much about you! I'd love to have you all over sometime and cook for you in my apartment!

JOY
Oh. Um...yeah. Sure...

Behind them, A CAR pulls into the garage. TWO MEN get out. One is wearing a very nice suit. This is MATTY THE HORSE.

The goombahs playing cards get up and greet the two men. Rudy sees Matty.

RUDY
You know what, why don't you two get to know each other. I'll be right back.

Rudy walks hurriedly toward the men.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Hey Matty!

Joy stands alone with Viv, feeling awkward.

VIV
You have beautiful children.

JOY
Thank you.

Joy sees Rudy and Matty walk around the car. Matty talks about the car.

VIV
My children are all grown up. They don't talk to me anymore. I don't know why.

JOY

Oh, that's too bad. I'm sorry.

Joy sees Rudy nod agreeably at Matty.

VIV

They blame me for a lot I guess.
Kids love to blame their parents.
And maybe something happened with
my third husband.

Rudy and Matty step back and talk while the goombahs TAKE THE PLATES off of the car.

VIV (CONT'D)

He was Australian. He was just
culturally different. And I think
he might have taken money from
them. From their bank accounts.

JOY

Oh, wow. Yeah, maybe that's what it
is.

Rudy and Matty shake hands. Joy makes out what Matty says.

MATTY

Okay then. Have a wonderful
Tuesday.

RUDY

Hey, what's not to like?

Rudy is really trying to impress this guy. He follows behind Matty.

RUDY (CONT'D)

You know, from time to time I get
Yankee tickets, we could go, you
know, see a game.

Matty pats him politely on the shoulder.

MATTY

My family's got a box.

The two goombahs begin stripping the car as A BLACK CADILLAC pulls up.

RUDY

Yeah. Okay, so we'll talk soon.
Good seeing you guys. Yep. Great!

Matty AND HIS PARTNER get into it and drive off. Rudy comes back over, proud.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 Look at this. You two are hitting
 it off like sisters.

VIV
 (laughs)
 Oh Rudy, no! Okay, maybe. I don't
 know. Wouldn't that be fun?!

RUDY
 Viv, go get me a beer.

VIV
 (loves it)
 He's always tellin' me to do stuff!

Joy forces a smile. Viv walks off. Joy looks at Rudy.

RUDY
 Hey. So whattaya think of Viv, huh?
 She's pretty hot to trot.

JOY
 Yeah she's great dad.

RUDY
 She's the finest woman I've ever
 known. I wanna bring her over on
 Sunday for dinner to meet the kids.

Beat.

JOY
 Dad, what's he doing here?

RUDY
 (bragging)
 Uh, I just did a thing for him so
 you know, he drops this thing off.
 It's business.
 (then)
 Let's take a look at that fender.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Joy drives with groceries in the back, singing to Gregory
 Abbott "Shake You Down." She spots what looks like TONY'S
 CAR going the other way. She does a double take. Was that
 Tony? She turns around and follows him. He pulls into a
 MOTEL. Confused, she keeps driving. After a few seconds, she
 pulls over, breaths, turns around, and pulls into the MOTEL
 PARKING LOT.

EXT. SUPER 8 MOTEL. MOMENTS LATER.

A two-story outdoor motel that has 20 rooms with their doors facing the parking lot. Joy stands next to the car that she saw. A small box of TOM JONES 8 TRACK TAPES sits on the seat. TONY. Joy looks up at the different motel rooms, tortured over what to do. She finally makes a move into the MOTEL LOBBY.

INT. SUPER 8 MOTEL. FRONT DESK.

A 50-ish FEMALE DESK CLERK watches a game show.

DESK CLERK
Philadelphia.

GAME SHOW HOST
And the answer is...The ocean.

She turns off the tv.

DESK CLERK
Hi, can I help you?

JOY
Hi. I need to find out if you have a Tony Mangano checked in here?

DESK CLERK
I'm sorry I can't release that information, ma'am. We have a privacy policy.

JOY
Oh. He's actually my husband. I'm Joy Mangano. Here's my I.D.

Joy anxiously hands the clerk her driver's license. The clerk looks at it. The clerk gets a strange look on her face. She KNOWS SOMETHING. The clerk and Joy share a look.

JOY (CONT'D)
Tony Mangano is the name. Ring any bells? He would have checked in sometime today. That's his car right there. And I--I just gotta know if he's here.

DESK CLERK
(regretfully)
I'm sorry ma'am. I can't just release information about a guest. I could lose my job.

JOY
 Okay. I understand, I'm sorry. I
 don't want to break any rules. I'll
 just wait.

The clerk is surprised as Joy politely takes a seat in one of the guest chairs across from the clerk with her hands folded in her lap.

Joy fidgets nervously, frequently checking out the window up at the motel room doors.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME. MOMENTS LATER.

Joy looks out the window. The clerk finishes up a task, then sees Joy still sitting patiently.

DESK CLERK
 Do you know the date today?

JOY
 Uh...the 19th.

DESK CLERK
 Are you sure it's not the 28th?

JOY
 The 28th? No it's the 19th.

The desk clerk looks at Joy.

DESK CLERK
 Oh I don't know. I'm pretty sure
 it's the 28th. I'm gonna go to the
 bathroom, but I'm pretty sure today
 is...number 28.

Joy is confused. The desk clerk gets up and as she exits, opens the door of the WOODEN CABINET of room keys behind her.

Joy computes this. After the woman exits, she gets up and takes the number 28 room key from the rack and heads outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL OUTDOOR WALKWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Joy self-consciously walks up the stairs, passes the different rooms until she reaches room 28.

EXT. MOTEL. CONTINUOUS.

Wide shot of Joy walking along the upstairs walkway. She opens the door and goes in. A moment, then...

Joy comes out of the room, closes the door, gathers herself, walks back down the walkway and down the stairs. Tony comes out with a TOWEL around his waist, looks around PANICKED, watching Joy go down the stairs.

TONY
Joy! Joy, wait!

A WOMAN walks out of the motel room. She is wrapped in a BED SHEET. Tony and the woman stand there dumbfounded.

Joy hurries into her car and drives off.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOME. KITCHEN.

The three kids are giggling. Joy stares off into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN. LATER THAT NIGHT.

A clock reads 10:15 p.m. Joy is focused on making lunches to keep from going crazy. She hears TONY'S CAR pull up outside.

EXT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

She stands on the front porch watching him get out of the car. He walks part way up and stops.

TONY
Joy--

JOY
No. No, Tony.

TONY
Listen its not--
(Starts over)
We were talking--

JOY
(quickly)
Are you kidding me? Don't.

TONY
Baby--

TONY walks toward her. Joy backs up, skittish. He registers this.

TONY (CONT'D)

Joy come on. Its freezing cold out here.

JOY

You're not coming in here. Go wherever you go, but you can't be here.

TONY

(sees a NEIGHBOR come onto their porch)

Come on. Let's go inside and talk about this.

JOY

There's nothing to talk about. I put the kids to sleep. They are in bed. Not tonight, Tony. You, you go away. Please.

TONY

So, what, you're not going to let me explain?

JOY

Ok. Explain.

TONY

Number one. You need to calm down. You're flying off the handle here.
(reaching)
Look I slipped okay. I slipped.

JOY

So this was the first time.

He hesitates.

JOY (CONT'D)

Please have enough respect for me to tell me the truth.

He doesn't say anything. This confirms it for Joy.

JOY (CONT'D)

How could you do this?

She starts to cry. Tony moves in, starts rubbing her back.

TONY

Joy. Joy come on. I love you. You're the mother of my children. You're my family. You're the only woman that will ever truly mean anything to me.

JOY
Right. So what are the others? A reflex?

TONY
(thinks he's got her)
Come on, let's go inside.

Beat. Joy is determined. Doesn't move.

JOY
No. You can still see the kids whenever you want--

TONY
What?! What are you talking about?! Joy. So you're gonna break up our family over this?! You are not doing this.
(pause)
What are you gonna do without me? You thought about that?

JOY
I'll take my chances.

TONY
Well this is just fucking great. What was I supposed to do, huh?! You wanted all this.
(waves at their house)
I'm out here just trying to keep up.

JOY
Wow. Okay, so its MY fault. I did this.

Joy opens the door, starts heading in the house.

TONY
Where am I supposed to go?

JOY
(stops, turns)
Don't you have a motel room?

Tony looks at Joy. His head DROPS, he turns and walks down the driveway.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy closes the door, in shock. She turns around and sees three little pairs of shoes on the floor by the door.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE. THE NEXT MORNING.

Joy sits with Ronnie and her husband Dante, a VERY short, round, Italian man, re: Danny DeVito with a full beard and very full head of hair.

RONNIE

Animal. You're lucky I wasn't there, Joy, I would have left a crime scene. If Dante ever did anything like that I'd tie him to the roof of the house and set the house on fire.

DANTE

Hey I'm sittin' right here.

RONNIE

You know what? Take those short legs out of here so I can talk to my friend in private. She's grieving!

DANTE

Why you mad at me? I didn't do nothin'.

RONNIE

You're all animals that's why! I'm surprised you don't EAT each other!

Dante gets up and walks down the hallway.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

He's drivin' me nuts. You know what he did this morning? He electric-shaved his chest in the bathroom sink and clogged the whole thing up.

DANTE (O.S.)

It was just the hair around my shirt line!

RONNIE

Just around your shirt? It looked like someone was cuttin' a carpet in there. A curly, black, coarse carpet! I can't use my sink now, it's like someone shoved a raccoon down the pipes. I tell you what, it better just be your chest hair and not anything else!

DANTE (O.S)

What about when you flushed a tampon and ruined the entire Easter weekend!

RONNIE

You cheat on me I'll light that chest hair on fire, I swear to God!

Joy starts to cry. Ronnie turns her attention to Joy, tries to lighten the mood.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I still can't believe you didn't call me. Why didn't you call me?

JOY

I don't know. I just--it was all happening so fast and I--I had to get the kids and then...I don't know.

RONNIE

Well listen. You're the closest thing to a sister that I'll ever have. Lord knows I prayed for one but God gave me four brothers.

(looks up to the heavens disapprovingly)

Four mamalukes.

(then)

But you're my family too, Joy. And we're gonna get through this.

JOY

When I was a kid, I always knew about the women in my dad's life. I could hear my parents arguing about it all the time. And they would call the house. My mom would cry in the bathroom. But I remember this one day, one of'em came to the door and I was right there in the dining room and she told my mom she'd been with my dad. But she felt bad cause she didn't know he was married and she thought my mom deserved to know. And when she was leaving, she looked at my mom kinda confused and she said "I'm surprised he runs around. You look like a wonderful lady." And my mom...she just went upstairs and went to bed and she never really came out. I'm 6 years old, making dinner for my brother.

RONNIE

You did the right thing, Joy.
You're doin' the right thing.

Ronnie lights a cigarette. Joy pulls herself together. Wipes her eyes.

JOY

I gotta get a job. Since Tony lost his last job, we're already way in the hole.

RONNIE

Well you know, there's the job fair at church on Sunday.

Joy nods, lost.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

One foot in front of the other, Joy.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE. EVENING.

POV through Joy's living room window--Joy sits across from her three kids, who sit on the sofa with their hands in their laps like three peas in a pod. Joy gives them the news.

INT. JOY AND TONY'S HOUSE. NIGHTTIME.

Joy climbs into bed. She lays down facing Tony's side of the bed. She stares at it, then she quickly flips over facing the other direction. Bobby enters.

BOBBY

Mommy?

Joy turns to see all three kids standing there.

JOY

Alright, come on in. Just for tonight, okay?

All the kids run in.

JOY (CONT'D)

Everybody in. Good.

BOBBY

Mommy, will we still get to go to the Mets games?

JOY

Yep. We'll still do everything we did before.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

Daddy won't sleep here, but you'll still see him and do fun things with him and I promise nothing else is gonna change. We're still going to be one big happy family.

The kids settle to go to sleep.

LATER.

The kids are all asleep. Joy is WIDE AWAKE, staring at the ceiling. She shifts. She shifts again. Unsettled, Joy reaches into her night-stand drawer and grabs a SONY WALKMAN and switches it on. It's Richard Marx, "Right Here Waiting": "*Oceans apart, day after day, and I slowly go insane...*")

INT. JOY'S KITCHEN. MORNING.

Joy is on the phone with Toots.

TOOTS

Terrible. This is just terrible. I've been a wreck all day thinking about this. I'm just devastated. I've been light-headed and dizzy. I had to take three Advil, Joy.

JOY

I'm sorry, mom. I'm sorry.

TOOTS

Tony! I just can't believe this. Tony is gone, that's it. It's over.

JOY

Yeah.

TOOTS

Joy, are you sure? Are you sure you want to do this?

JOY

What? Mom. I saw him. I saw.

TOOTS

But why divorce? Why so extreme?

JOY

Mom, you're divorced.

TOOTS

Not till after you were grown. And I would have never left your father. He left me. I would have stuck it out.

(MORE)

TOOTS (CONT'D)

As much of a ga-ga-gatz (dickhead) as your father was, at least he kept a roof over our heads.

JOY

I don't want to spend my life sitting behind the door until morning.

TOOTS

What else is there? Joy, don't try to do this on your own. You don't know what you're getting yourself into.

INT. CHURCH HALL.

A sign on the door says "JOB FAIR TODAY." Joy enters with her kids, they are dressed having come from Church.

Joy stands at the doorway and surveys the room: There are a bunch of TABLES set up. A few UNEMPLOYED PEOPLE talk to different company reps, some sit and read brochures, some wander around with a LOST LOOK.

She notices the priest, FATHER BENEDETTI, talking to a company rep at the EASTERN AIRLINES table.

FATHER BENEDETTI

They are legal citizens but many of them don't speak English. They are very hard working. I have several families.

Standing with the priest is a small group of Dominican people. They look desperate.

COMPANY REP

If I hear of anything I will let you know.

FATHER BENEDETTI

Thank you so much.

The priest turns to Joy as he escorts the group to another table. He PATS JOY ON THE SHOULDER as he escorts the group to another table. Joy walks up to the Eastern Airlines table.

JOY

Hi. I've flown your airline before.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES.

Joy stands behind the ticket counter. First day jitters.

JOY

I can help you over here.

Off Joy's hopeful look, we begin Joy without Tony MONTAGE:

-wears her EASTERN AIRLINES uniform, forces a big smile, greets Christie and Bobby as they get off the bus.

-picks up Jackie from Toots' house.

-cooks dinner while helping kids with homework.

in the basement pulling clothes out of the dryer.

-at supermarket in work uniform with three kids.

-at her kitchen table, balancing her checkbook.

-a MAN hands her a DINER APRON.

-now in a DINER UNIFORM, carrying plates, making her way through a busy diner.

-in DINER UNIFORM at Toots's house, loading sleeping children into the car.

-in basement making more elaborate wreaths. She's doing it.

-mops the diner alone at night.

-Joy finishes mopping the basement, sits down tired.

-sleeps on the couch while her kids watch TV

-sleeps in break room at Eastern Airlines.

-at McDonald's with the kids, sees a dad tickling his daughter in line as she laughs. Then glances over to a couple in love.

-at Toots' house late at night-- Joy, in her Airlines uniform, loads her sleeping children into her car.

-Joy stands in her FLOODED BASEMENT next to a BUSTED WATER HEATER. A workman gives her an estimate as wreaths and all her supplies lie under the water and float by.

-Three kids in Joy's bed. Joy tries to get in, there's not much room. She makes the most of a corner, falling asleep.

INT. JOY'S BATHROOM.

The kids sit in the tub. Joy pours hot water from a pot into the tub. She tries to keep their spirits up.

JOY
 You know, this is how people did it
 in the old days. They didn't have
 automatic hot water. How's that, is
 that warmer?

JACKIE
 I'm still cold mommy.

INT. JOY'S KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Joy tests the water in one of the pots and burns her finger.

JOY
 Ow! Shit.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. EVENING.

Joy, looking very worn down in her DINER uniform, tidies up
 the living room. She looks through the front window to check
 on the kids, who are sitting on the curb with their
 suitcases. She looks at the clock. It's 5 PM.

EXT. CURB. JOY'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Disappointed, she comes outside. The kids look at her,
 worried.

JOY
 He'll be here. He probably just got
 caught up at work and he's on his
 way. Sometimes on Fridays there's a
 lot of traffic and its much harder
 to get here.

CHRISTIE
 He's a deadbeat.

JOY
 Christie!

CHRISTIE
 I heard at school that a deadbeat
 is a dad that doesn't show up and
 he doesn't always show up.

JOY
 He does. He just--Your father is
 your dad. He's a part of us, we are
 a part of him. He's our family and
 we're all connected and we need to
 love each other, okay?

Suddenly, Tony's car motors up, TOM JONES music blasting. Joy is relieved.

KIDS

Daddy!!

Tony gets out of the car, beaming. He looks FRESH AND RESTED. He's dressed well, full of energy. Like he's just come back from vacation--the OPPOSITE of how Joy looks. He's carrying a plastic bag. Joy adjusts her skirt and smooths her hair.

TONY

Hey guys!!!

KIDS

Daddy!!/Hi Daddy/Let's go!

CHRISTIE

You're late.

TONY

I know. I'm sorry. I went somewhere and was getting you guys something and it took longer than I thought.

KIDS

What?/What is it?!

Out of a bag, Tony takes out a bunch of souvenirs--hats, shirts, flags, that all read RIVERHEAD RACETRACKS. The kids are excited. Joy silently reacts to this.

JOY

Great stuff! Wow! Okay guys, seatbelts!

The kids open the door and pile into the car. Tony and Joy are left alone.

TONY

Hey.

JOY

Hey.

TONY

Hey.

JOY

Okay, so um... Sunday morning?

TONY

Yeah. Sunday.
(then)
How ya doin?

JOY

Good.

Awkward pause. Joy goes to the car.

JOY (CONT'D)

Gosh! What am I gonna do without you guys?

JACKIE

You're gonna work.

JOY

Yes, yes I am. Come here.

She kisses each of them as Tony gets into the drivers seat.

JOY (CONT'D)

I love you.

KIDS

I love you/Bye mommy.

Joy closes the door. She watches the car pull away with her THREE KIDS FACES pressed up against the window waving at her. Christie looks concerned.

Joy stands there too long. A heaviness comes over her. She turns, starts to adjust her work uniform.

INT. DINER.

Different shots of Joy running her ass off. Busy night.

INT. DINER. MIDNIGHT.

Joy, TIRED, takes a bin full of glasses and plates through the swinging doors into the kitchen. She grabs a MOP out of the corner and comes back out to behind the counter area and starts to mop. As she's mopping, the DIRTY WATER is POOLING on the floor. Joy grimaces at it.

She goes to put the mop in the WRINGER and the winch/wringer jams. She jerks it to try to un-jam it, but it's stuck. She uses her bare hands and tries to wring the mop out, but something unidentified and disgusting comes off on her hands. Frustrated, she tries the wringer again. It won't budge. She jerks it again hard, the winch BREAKS. Joy slips, takes a HARD, VIOLENT FALL onto the floor.

Joy lays on the dirty floor without moving. This is her life.

After a moment, she sits up, rubs her hip with her hand, in pain. She grabs the mop and angrily THROWS IT across the floor.

She leans up against the cabinet and looks around the room. There are still lots of tables left to be bussed. The clock reads 12:30. She slowly and carefully pulls herself up, grabs a bus-bin, and goes back to work.

INT. DINER. 1 AM.

Joy puts on her coat and heads to the door. She stops, remembering something. She heads back into where she fell. The mop still lies there. She picks the mop up, sticks it in the bucket, and rolls it back into the kitchen by the mop handle, into it's designated corner.

She stares at the mop. She stares at it for a very long time.

INT. RUDY'S AUTOBODY SHOP. DAY.

Joy sits alone at a large workbench in a corner, SKETCHING SOMETHING, intensely focused. In the background, the men go about their business.

ANGLE ON: her hand grabbing a wooden BROOM HANDLE out of the hardware store bag. She lays the BROOM HANDLE on the table.

ANGLE ON: a TAPE MEASURE measures the length and width of the broom handle.

ANGLE ON: a HUGE SPOOL of ROPE comes out out of the bag and begins to make LOOPS with it.

Two of the goombahs and Rudy work on getting a car up on the lift. DOMINIC addresses Joy from across the room.

DOMINIC

Hey Joy. So what you working on?

JOY

A project.

DOMINIC

Yeah, what kind of project?

JOY

Just this idea I have.

RUDY

My daughter the inventor. She's like--who's that broad that makes all those crafts, that tv broad?

ANTHONY

Martha Stewart.

RUDY
 (mocking)
 Yeah, she's Martha Stewart. Ever since she's a kid I'm tripping over these gadgets she likes to make.

Goombah number two, ANTHONY, amuses himself--

ANTHONY
 I wish she could invent me a sandwich. I'm starving.

JOY
 From the looks of it, Anthony, you don't need another sandwich.

MEN
 Ohhhh!!!

Joy remains focused.

DISSOLVE TO:

The men eat their lunch, talking and glancing over at Joy, who's still at it. She tugs on a wire and pulls it again. FRUSTRATED, SHE TAKES THE WHOLE THING APART. They chuckle.

We see VARIOUS SHOTS of JOY BUSY AT WORK, looping rope, rigging PVC piping to the broomstick, taking it apart AGAIN.

More shots of Joy RE-DOING the same steps--measuring and sawing more piping, re-fitting the piping onto the broomhandle, carefully finessing the wiring. Determined.

She stretches her back and legs, the clock reads 4:30 pm.

A few customers come in and out.

Joy stares at the project. She grabs DUCT TAPE out of her hardware store bag and takes her tape measure out again.

The guys start shutting the place down, leaving for the day.

Joy looks at her finished project as it's laid out on the table--a HAND-MADE PROTOTYPE OF A MOP. She's pleased.

Rudy walks up and looks at the prototype. It's not pretty. It's rigged with duct tape, wires everywhere and piping. IT HAS A LEVER ATTACHED THAT PUSHES TWO METAL RODS DOWN THAT SQUEEZE THE MOP. He's confused. He grabs her sketch of it and glances at it. He looks from the sketch to the prototype.

JOY
 The drawing's not great but it's all in my head. The lever pushes the rollers down and wrings it out.

Joy demonstrates proudly. She pushes the LEVER down. The mop BREAKS APART. A bunch of pieces fall to the floor. Rudy is not impressed. As he walks out--

RUDY

Alright. Make sure to lock up.

Joy goes to THROW the mop, but catches herself. Frustrated, she throws the pieces in a bag and gives up.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE. EVENING.

On the way into the house, Joy drops the bag of mop parts in the trash.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE.

Joy gives her kids a bath, dunks a washcloth in the water.

JOY

Okay, come here Jackie. Come here.

Jackie offers up her BACK for Joy to wash. Joy WRINGS OUT A WASHCLOTH. While wringing it out, she watches her WRIST. She dunks the washcloth and DOES THE MOTION AGAIN. And again. She thinks.

The kids are quiet. Watching her. Jackie, with her back to Joy, waits to be washed.

BOBBY

Mom what are you doing?

Joy dunks the washcloth one more time. She wrings it. It's quiet as the kids stare at her.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE.

Joy fishes the discarded mop parts out of the trash.

INT. JOY'S BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS.

Joy has the PROTOTYPE on the table and pours all of her parts out of a bag onto the table that was once covered in wreaths. She quickly takes parts off of the mop.

She goes to work at it again...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOY'S BASEMENT.

Joy is asleep on the table. The clock reads 6 a.m. A voice wakes her up.

CHRISTIE

Mommy?

Joy jolts up to see Christie standing there in her pajamas. It's daytime. Joy forces a smile.

JOY

Hi.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Kids play in the backyard. Ronnie stares at Joy through the smoke from her Virginia Slim.

RONNIE

I think it's genius.

JOY

Really?

RONNIE

It's a 'self-wringing' mop.

JOY

Yeah.

RONNIE

I gotta try this.

Ronnie gets up. Joy hands her the mop. Ronnie dunks it in the water, twists the handle and wrings it out while never having to put her cigarette down. It's easy.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Look at this!
How did you do this?

JOY

I wrote it down, and then I just started putting it together.

RONNIE

I've never seen anything like this.
Other people are gonna want one of these.

JOY

You think?

RONNIE

I need one. My hands look like bird claws from all the cleaning chemicals. My nails don't fit into the gloves.

JOY

The wreaths always helped with bills and stuff and now that i'm not doin'em... I don't know, you really like it? You think people might buy something like this? Like I could sell'em?

RONNIE

I think you could sell the shit out of 'em.

INT. JOY'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Rudy, Viv, Ronnie, Dante sit at the table. The kids sit at a separate kids table. Joy cleans. Rudy is holding court.

RUDY

So Joey Gallo gets whacked.

JOY

Dad. The kids.

RUDY

Sorry. Joey Gallo gets gunned down--

JOY

Dad.

Joy puts an espresso down in front of Rudy.

RUDY

--at that restaurant on Mulberry and Elizabeth street. They shot him in between seafood courses.

JOY

That's almost 20 years ago now.

DANTE

I remember that.

RUDY

Umberto's Clam House--Matty the Horse's restaurant. Matty was there the night Joey was killed, so the FBI got to thinking maybe he might have had something to do with it.

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)

So Matty and I had done some business on the up and up over the years. Little stuff. I get a call. It's Matty. He's breathing heavy, I could barely understand him on the phone. Tells me he needs to go on the lamb from the government.

Joy puts a piece of pie in front of Rudy. She dutifully scoops ice cream onto his plate. He digs in.

RUDY (CONT'D)

He's gotta get outta town. He says "Rudy. You gotta do me a favor..."

Joy joins in, she's heard this story before.

RUDY (CONT'D)

You're the only one I can trust."

JOY

"You're the only one I can trust."

RUDY (CONT'D)

I met him at a Dunkin' Donuts on Queens blvd. I drove him and Benny Cohen all the way to Florida in my Buick Regal.

DANTE

Jesus Christ.

RUDY

True story. As I live and breathe.

VIV

Were you scared?

RUDY

I'm a man. In a time like that your natural instincts take over.

Viv is impressed. Mission accomplished.

RONNIE

So let me get this straight. You drove a murderer all the way to Florida with his murdering friend so that the cops couldn't put them in jail for murdering people.

JOY

(sarcastic)

Somethin' to be proud of, Dad.

Joy sits down at the table with a Yellow Pages and flips through. Rudy is annoyed at her for pulling focus.

RUDY
 What are you doin? We're in the
 middle of dinner.

JOY
 Can I show you something?

INT. JOY'S BASEMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

Joy, Ronnie, Rudy and Viv Ronnie are looking at the mop.

RUDY
 I still don't get it. I mean I
 don't mop, so...

RONNIE
 It wrings by itself. You don't have
 to break your back to bend down,
 and stick your hands in dirty
 water. It's genius. You heard it
 here first. She's tuned into
 something. Every housewife in
 America is gonna want one of these
 mops.

RUDY
 Alright, take it easy.

Rudy looks at the mop.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 This looks different from the one
 you showed me.

Rudy holds the mop awkwardly. Viv sits and unwraps a candy.
 Joy flips through the Yellow Pages.

JOY
 Yeah I fixed it. This one's right.

RONNIE
 What we should do is we make a
 bunch of'em. And we can do a show!
 A presentation, in front of like
 store owners and stuff.

JOY
 Yeah. This takes a long time to do
 each one by hand. We need to find a
 way to make more.

RUDY
 Whoa whoa whoa. Put the Yellow
 pages down, it's embarrassing.
 (cocky)
 What you need is to get a mold
 made.

RONNIE

A what?

RUDY

A mold. They'll take your main part there and make a mold of it, so then you can get a hundred or a thousand of these things whenever you want. And quick. That's what the pros do.

JOY

That's what I want to do.

RUDY

They're expensive.

VIV

Rudy you know people. Isn't there somebody you could call?

RUDY

(showing off)

Well sure, yeah. I got a guy out in LA. Evan Reynolds. Runs Avalon Industries. Makes all my parts. I'll make a call.

Joy is excited and very grateful.

JOY

Great! Thanks, Dad!

RUDY

But you two need to figure out how to move these things. That should be your focus.

JOY

(smiles)

Ok.

RUDY

I mean it! I'm puttin' myself on the line here. It's gonna be up to you guys to move these things.

Joy and Ronnie smile at each other.

INT. FACTORY.

A HUGE SIX BY SIX SLAB OF STEEL IS Poured AND STAMPED. Joy's mop is being born.

INT. JOY'S LIVING ROOM.

HUGE boxes are stacked up taking up most of the living room. Joy opens one, grabs a mop head, starts putting pieces together. She ASSEMBLES HER FIRST OFFICIAL MOP.

EXT. A&P. EARLY MORNING.

Joy and Ronnie stand in the parking lot in front of the store. Ronnie holds the bucket and Joy holds one of the mops. Ronnie nods at a woman walking toward them.

RONNIE
Here she comes. Our first customer.

JOY
Hi.

The woman keeps walking. They watch her in silence a moment.

RONNIE
Wait. We need a plan. Why don't I wrangle'em, I lure 'em in, and then you hit'em with the pitch.

A CUSTOMER passes by. Ronnie goes out towards her.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Ma'am. I noticed you have very dry, scaly hands.

The woman walks away, visibly angry.

EXT. DELICATESSAN. - LATE MORNING

Joy is demo'ing the mop for someone.

JOY
It has a locking device here on the handle and this part twists, and when you twist the handle, see the pin slides under, the loops tighten, and they wring themselves out.

The woman starts walking away.

JOY (CONT'D)
And... good bye.

Joy and Ronnie look defeated.

EXT. DRUG STORE -NOON.

Ronnie greeting another woman.

 RONNIE
 Hi. Does your husband pee all over
 the floor?

The woman keeps walking. Joy looks at Ronnie.

 RONNIE (CONT'D)
 What? That's what I use my mop for.

EXT. SMALL HARDWARE STORE - AFTERNOON

As she demos, Joy is falling more in love with her invention.

 JOY
 I have to say this sliding
 mechanism is my favorite part. See
 I put a little tension rod for
 additional pressure, This design is
 very good.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE PASSING JOY AND RONNIE AND
 SHAKING THEIR HEADS AT THEM "No." "No." "No."

EXT. LAUNDROMAT. PARKING LOT. - DUSK

Ronnie and Joy put a bunch of mops in trunk and close it.
 They sit in the car.

 RONNIE
 I still think we just need a better
 location.

Joy nods, but she's clearly feeling defeated.

INT. TOOTS'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Toots, on the PHONE, is glued to the Home Shopping Network.
 The kids watch, bored. Joy enters, tired, but forces a smile.

 JOY
 Hi!

The kids RUSH to her.

 KIDS
 Mommy/I missed you/Can we go home?

 JOY
 Hey mom--

Toots shushes Joy, talking on the phone.

TOOTS
 Uh-huh. Okay. It's a Visa--this is
 so exciting-

As Toots reads off her credit card number into the phone.

CHRISTIE
 Mom. She won't turn it off.

ANGLE ON: T.V. A female host's voice talks over an image of
 two porcelain horses.

T.V. HOST
 And we're running out of time for
 these porcelain horses, mother and
 fawn. Only FIVE minutes left for
 the amazing price of 19.99 and
 we're gonna throw in this ladies
 embroidered cosmetic bag. Chrystal,
 tell us about this bag!

CHRYSTAL
 Well its Le Sportsac, need I say
 more?

JOY
 (to kids)
 Okay. Kids, get your stuff. Run up
 and get your shoes on, let's go.

The run off. Joy is upset with Toots. When she hangs up-

TOOTS
 How did it go today?

JOY
 Um...We're figuring it out. Have
 you been watching this all day?

TOOTS
 They sell anything you can think
 of, Joy. It's incredible. I'm
 gonna have these horses on the
 mantel by Tuesday.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)
 I can't find my other shoe!

TOOTS
 It's in my room, honey!

JOY
 Mom you can't just plant the kids
 in front of the tv all day.

TOOTS

Well you were gone a long time,
Joy.

JOY

I told you 3:00. I asked you if it
was gonna be too much.

TOOTS

I just didn't think you'd really be
gone that long, that's all.

JACKIE

I'm hungry.

JOY

(to Toots)
Did they eat?

TOOTS

I offered, Joy, but there's not a
lot in my cupboards. I'm alone.

JOY

Alright guys, come on. Lets go get
some dinner.

INT. K-MART PARKING LOT. NEW DAY.

Ronnie and Joy stand with a bunch of mops. They gear up.

RONNIE

Okay. New day. Fresh start. Great
spot.

JOY

At least this place has a little
more traffic.

Ronnie, seeing two women approach, hurries around to the
front and pretends to be a customer. She loudly overacts.

RONNIE

Wow, this looks interesting. I'm in
such a hurry today, what's this?

The woman gives Ronnie a weird look and keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

Joy pulls the mop out of the bucket and accidentally
splatters water on someone.

JOY

Oops. Oh. It's just so light. But still durable. I'm not trying to brag. But this is-- bye.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE PASSING THEM AND SHAKING THEIR HEADS AT THEM AS THE DAY PASSES. "No." "No." "No."

DISSOLVE TO:

Joy and Ronnie are EXHAUSTED. They sit on the CURB, defeated. Ronnie calls out to people as they walk by, who IGNORE her.

RONNIE

Hey. Ponytail! Ponytail and blue shirt. Hey! Crew cut! Crew cut and flip-flops. Glasses and bangs. You snooze you lose!

JOY

Stop.

Joy, laughing, puts her hand over Ronnie's mouth to stop her, but it's too late--They are delirious. A woman passes them pushing her kids in a cart. She wears VERY TIGHT HOT PINK STRETCH PANTS--too tight. They're not very flattering.

RONNIE

Stretch pants. Pink tights!

JOY

Ronnie--

WOMAN

(whips around, pissed)
What did you say?

Joy and Ronnie sober up.

RONNIE

Nothing. I just said stretch pants. I was trying to get your attention. So now that we're here--

WOMAN

I heard you making fun of me.

RONNIE

What? No.

WOMAN

Just because I didn't stop to talk to you, you insult me?

RONNIE

I wasn't insulting you, I swear to God. You had pink stretch pants on so I called out 'Pink stretch pants.'

WOMAN

Do you have permission to be out here? Does the store manager know? I think he should know you're out here making fun of his customers.

The woman heads into the store. Joy rushes to her.

JOY

NO!!! Please. Don't. Please. My friend has a big mouth.

RONNIE

All I said was stretch pants!

JOY

We've been out here a little too long and it was totally out of line that my friend said that. We're just delirious, that's all it is.

WOMAN

It's not nice.

JOY

I'm sorry. There is NOTHING wrong with your pants. Please. Please don't tell the manager.

The woman stares at them. Then, she breaks down.

WOMAN

You caught me on a bad day for this, you know. I've had a very hard day.

JOY

(immediately empathetic)
Oh no! What happened?

WOMAN

(emotional)
My son flushed his underwear down the toilet this morning and backed up the sewage in my house.

JOY

Oh my god.

WOMAN

Yes. When I woke up to get out of bed, I stepped in toilet water. Then as I was walking to shut the toilet off, I stepped on a floater.

JOY

A what?

RONNIE

It's poop. She stepped on a piece of poop.

JOY

That's horrible! I'm so sorry. I feel terrible that we added to it.
(then)
How old is your son?

WOMAN

He's five.

Joy BECOMES COMPLETELY HERSELF, now, just relating to the woman, conversationally.

JOY

Oh, I have a five year old! He stuck a raisin up his nose a couple of weeks ago and I had to take him to the EMERGENCY ROOM and it cost me 300 dollars to have them take it out with the tweezers. I've been in those days when it's just one disaster after another.

(Hands her a mop)

Here. Have this.

WOMAN

You don't have to give it to me for free.

(looking at the mop)

How does this work?

JOY

(conversational, casual)

Oh. It's really easy. You know how when you normally mop, you dunk and then wring, but it never quite picks everything up and it makes a mess?

WOMAN

Yeah I always end up getting down on the floor-

JOY
With paper towels...

WOMAN
With paper towels...

WOMAN (CONT'D)
To clean up the mess from the
mopping after I mop.

JOY
Exactly. This mop does all in one.
With this mop I don't get the dirty
water slushing all around, I don't
have to put my hands in there, and
it's easier on my back cause I'm
not bent over struggling with that
wringer. And the head comes off so
I can throw it in the wash or
bleach it. I love it.

WOMAN
Wow. You made this? This thing's
unbelievable.

A FEW PASSERSBY notice the STRETCH PANTS WOMAN ENGAGING WITH
JOY AND their interest is peaked. One WOMAN stops to look.

WOMAN #2
What is this?

JOY
(turns to her)
Um, it's a mop.

WOMAN #3 (O.S.)
You selling it?

Joy, caught off guard, turns to see ANOTHER WOMAN standing on
the other side of her.

JOY
Oh, yes. Hi. Yeah it's for sale.

Ronnie steps back in.

RONNIE
She made this, you know. She
designed it herself.

WOMAN #2
You're kidding.

JOY
Well you know I got tired of--I
don't know how you feel about
cleaning, but I HATE mopping. I
mean, I don't like cleaning in
general..who does, I guess.

TOOTS (CONT'D)
 (trying to distract Joy)
 Anyway, how did it go?!

JOY
 Good. We sold 27 mops.

CHRYSTAL (ON TV)
 How many?!
 (back to audience)
 My friends, we just passed the
 95,000 mark of these, we only have
 5,000 left. And from the looks of
 it, we are going to run out in just
 minutes. This has been a record-
 breaking Home Improvement
 weekend...

Joy notices that on the screen, it says NUMBER SOLD, it is already gone up BY 200 in about fifteen seconds. Joy stares at the counter as the number keeps quickly rising.

EXT. PARKING LOT. K-MART- DUSK

Joy and Ronnie after another long day. Ronnie gives change to one last BUYER as Joy puts the one unsold mop in the car...

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
 Oh no! Are you all out?

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, blonde, pretty, has exited the store.

JOY
 No, actually we have one more.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Oh good. I'll take it. I had to run
 in and get cash from my boyfriend.

JOY
 (joking)
 Hmmmm. Where can I get a boyfriend
 who hands me cash?

Just then, TONY appears. The woman addresses him.

YOUNG WOMAN
 This is it, honey, see?

Joy is SHOCKED. Tony sees Joy. He goes WHITE.

RONNIE
 Ohhhh...

YOUNG WOMAN
 This thing is cool.

TONY
Hey Joy.

JOY
Hey.

TONY
Ronnie.

RONNIE
Tony.

YOUNG WOMAN
You guys know each other?

TONY
This is my...ex-wife.

The young woman looks surprised.

WOMAN
Really.

She stares at Joy. Joy, self-conscious, smooths her hair.

TONY
Joy this is--Michelle.

JOY
Hi.

Michelle sizes Joy up. Joy holds the mop in front of her to try to cover a COFFEE STAIN on her shirt. Michelle looks right at it.

TONY
What are you guys doin out here?

JOY
(humiliated)
We're selling these. I made'em and we're just out here selling them. To people. It's been a good day.

Awkward pause.

TONY
Where are the kids?

JOY
At my mom's.

More awkward silence.

TONY
Right. Okay. Mops, huh?

JOY
People really like'em.

TONY
(sincere)
That's great. Anyway, um, well I
guess I'll see you next weekend for
the kids.

JOY
Yep. Okay, bye!

Michelle stands there awkwardly.

MICHELLE
Can I still get a mop?

RONNIE
It's the least you can do.

EXT. TOOTS'S HOUSE.

Joy sits in her car, pulling herself together. She's been crying.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Joy strains to carry a full laundry basket to the couch. Her feet are KILLING HER. She sits to rub them. Turns on the tv.

Channel 29 comes on. Two hosts demonstrating a DUSTBUSTER. She watches them with growing interest.

INT. AIRPORT.

Joy, in uniform, is on a pay-phone.

JOY
Hi. I wanted to know how people go
about submitting a...product for
your show?

EXT. KMART.

Joy talks to Ronnie.

JOY
You submit a sample and they review
it and they decide if they think
it's good enough to go on the air.

RONNIE
Well, what are we doin out here
then?

INT. POST OFFICE. DAY.

Joy tinkers with MOP SUBMISSION materials. She and Ronnie reluctantly hand the mop over the counter. They watch nervously as the POSTAL CLERK flings it into a bin behind her.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. BACKYARD. DAY.

Jackie is arguing with Bobby.

JACKIE
(to Bobby)
You're stupid!

Jackie hauls off and HITS BOBBY with the bat.

BOBBY
OW!!!

INT. HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy pulls a sweatshirt over her head and runs down the stairs as the PHONE IS RINGING, yelling out to the kids.

JOY
What happened?!

Joy runs into the kitchen and answers the phone.

JOY (CONT'D)
Hello?

BOBBY (O.S)
She took my bat!

VALERIE
Hi, Joy? This is Valerie from HSN.

JOY
Hi Valerie.
(to kids)
Guys! Jackie! Shh!!!

VALERIE
Is this a bad time?

JOY
No, no, no, it's great.

VALERIE
Hi. First off, we want to thank you
for your submission.

JOY
Uh-huh.

Joy, while on the phone, goes to the door and watches as Bobby yanks on the bat, but Jackie won't let go.

BOBBY
Give it!!

JOY
(cupping phone, to kids)
Jackie give Bobby the bat.

Joy makes a signal to her kids. They keep fighting.

VALERIE
We get hundreds of thousands of
submissions a year and we carefully
review every single one.

JOY
Right.

VALERIE
After careful review of yours--

JOY
Jackie!
(cupping phone)
Give Bobby the bat.

VALERIE
--we decided to give it a shot.

Joy doesn't make the shift.

JOY
What?

VALERIE
We're going to debut your mop on
the 19th.

Joy is speechless.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Joy recovers from her shock enough to reply.

JOY
Yes. I'm here. Thank you. That's
good news.

Jackie is SCREAMING. Bobby holds one end of the bat and DRAGS JACKIE around the backyard, as she keeps her grip on the bat.

JOY (CONT'D)

Bobby!!

VALERIE

Are you sure this is an okay time?
I can call you back a little later.

JOY

No, no, no. It's fine. I'm sorry.
Can you hold on one second?

Joy goes outside, stretches the phone cord out the door. She cups the phone and speaks URGENTLY in a YELLING WHISPER.

JOY (CONT'D)

Get over here. Everyone. Listen. We are all a family. Do you know what that means? We are a team. We have to LOVE each other and help each other. We are all we have. This is it. Let's hug. Lets not fight. I am on the phone so please just give me this!! I'm begging you! Love each other!

The kids stop, stare at her, thrown by her passionate plea.

JOY (CONT'D)

(back into phone)
Sorry Valerie.

VALERIE

We are gonna need a few things from you. We need a logo. We need a name for the mop. And we need 7,000 units.

JOY

Seven--thousand.

In the background, Jackie hands Bobby the bat. He gives her the ball.

VALERIE

Yes. Electronic retailing happens fast and in a lot of volume, so we have to be prepared.

JOY

That's no problem. No problem.
Okay. Oh. Okay.

VALERIE

Great.

JOY

Thank you. Thank you.

Joy hangs up. The kids are looking at her.

JOY (CONT'D)

They liked it. They like the mop.

The kids stare at her.

INT. RUDY'S AUTOBODY SHOP.

Joy stands across from Rudy and Viv.

RUDY

Okay. Evan Reynolds can handle the 7,000 and he'll have 'em done in a week.

JOY

(smiles)
Okay.

RUDY

But you gotta pay him 15 grand.

Joy's mouth drops.

JOY

Whoa.

RUDY

You're lucky, trust me. He's cutting you a deal 'cause of me.

JOY

I know. I just don't know how I'm gonna come up with that kind of money.

RUDY

Well don't look at me, I got you this far. I can't hold your hand the whole way. I got my own business to run. You're gonna have to get creative.

Joy thinks.

INT. BANK.

Joy sits nervously at a desk. The KIDS play behind her. The BANK MANAGER points at her PAPERWORK on the desk.

BANK MANAGER
Just sign here. And here. And here.

We see the document LOAN AMOUNT is for 15,000 dollars. Joy signs two of the dotted lines hesitantly. At the last line, she stops. The bank manager senses her anxiety.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
A lot of people use their homes as collateral for loans. For emergencies, you know, you need some cash. It's not like you're signing your house away. As long as you make the payments, your house stays yours.

Joy takes a very LONG BEAT. She looks at the loan document, looks at her kids, looks at the BANK MANAGER. Then, Joy signs on the last line.

INT. KINKO'S COPIES. CONTINUOUS.

Joy and Ronnie manage their five kids while busy at work, drawing, printing, gluing and copying.

RONNIE
What about...
(dramatically)
Mop-tastic?

Joy isn't sure.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
It's a play on words, do you hear it?

JOY
Yeah I hear it. I just don't know.
(then) What about Mop N'Go. Mop.
N'go.

RONNIE
Go where? Where are you gonna go? What does that mean? Here's the thing. I think Moptastic is something that would stop me in my tracks. It's dramatic. It's--it's MOP-TASTIC.

JOY

I like Moptastic, I just wanna explore other options too, you know, that's our first idea. Is there anything else?

RONNIE

What about Mop Thunder. It's the power behind it.

JOY

The Wringer.

RONNIE

Mop Til You Drop.

JOY

The Mopper.

RONNIE

I'm still leaning towards Moptastic. I don't see how you couldn't.

JOY

1-2-3-Mop.

RONNIE

Mop...tastic. I keep coming back to that.

JOY

I just want it to feel a little more personal, you know. It's--I made it myself.

RONNIE

Yeah. It's like you gave birth. Except it was a mop.

A LIGHT-BULB goes off in Joy's head. She looks at Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

What? What did I say?

INT. SAME. MOMENTS LATER.

A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER comes out of the PRINTER. It reads-- THE ORIGINAL MIRACLE MOP! Underneath it reads "Keeps your hands dry" "featuring self-wringing action." "\$19.95 Value." Joy and Ronnie share an approving look.

INT. CHURCH HALL. JOB FAIR.

Joy talks to Father Benedetti.

INT. RUDY'S SHOP. DAY.

BOXES of MOP PARTS are opened and half-opened, everything is in DISARRAY. Ronnie is on the phone at the desk.

RONNIE
Uh-huh. Okay.

Outside, there is a GUN-SHOT. Ronnie jumps.

In the garage area, Joy assembles mops at a very rapid pace. Next to her are Viv and Dante, who chat leisurely as they work VERY SLOWLY.

VIV
So, where do you work?

DANTE (TO VIV)
At Allstate Insurance. Twenty years! Yep.
(proud)
And they've been trying to fire me since day one.

VIV
Why?

DANTE
I don't know. But I'm sticking it out. They ain't getting rid of me.

JOY
Guys. While you're talking can you please put some mops together?

Joy is worried. This is impossible. They are interrupted by arguing outside. Joy rushes outside.

EXT. SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

They find Ronnie arguing with the goombahs.

JOY
What's going on?

RONNIE
What's goin on? I'm trying to have a professional conversation and I keep gettin' interrupted by gunfire.

DOMINIC
Relax. It's just a little target practice.

RONNIE

What?! What do you need target practice for? What is this, the wild west?! Shootin' at tin cans?? Jesus--

Viv and Dante come out to see what's going on.

DANTE

Ronnie, get inside!

RONNIE

Don't tell me to get inside. You get inside!

DOMINIC

Why don't you both get inside!

It's chaos. Joy tries to quiet them but just adds to it.

JOY

Hey! Hey everybody take it easy! Guys! Guys!

Everyone is yelling. Just then, a BUS pulls in at the end of the shop's driveway, catching everyone's attention. They all turn and look toward the bus. It gets quiet.

The door opens. A LITTLE DOMINICAN WOMAN walks off of the bus. Then another. Then a man. They are like the people Joy saw at the job fair, but many more. Men, women, older ones. Joy, Ronnie and the men watch as the whole bus unloads. The last person to get off is Father Benedetti. He walks up to Joy.

FATHER BENEDETTI

They don't speak English but they're legal and they need jobs.

Joy's jaw drops. Ronnie is in shock.

RONNIE

He appeared like Moses.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

Rudy has people filling out paperwork/W-2 forms.

RONNIE

What if we made an assembly line? Like in the sweat shops?

VIV

We're going to need food.

JOY

(smiling, to workers)

Wow. Okay. Let me think of the best way to do this. Umm...Why don't you guys come over here. And you two, over here.

(to a woman)

Hi! I love your scarf.

The woman does not understand. Joy escorts her to a table and we begin the--

7,000 MOPS MONTAGE! :

-Joy demonstrates to employees how to put together the mop.

-Joy as part of the assembly line.

-Joy at Eastern Airlines, listening to a supervisor's lecture, nodding her head, trying to be present.

-Joy rushes into the autobody shop in her Eastern Airlines uniform, with ALL THREE KIDS, carrying a bunch of PIZZAS. The employees smile.

-Joy and kids in assembly line (kids helping in a fun way).

-Joy rushes into the diner late, rubbing bleeding callous on her hands.

-Different CROSS-FADES of Joy getting in and out of her car, with and without kids, in different uniforms, always with hands full, and with her head hitting the pillow exhausted, in different work uniforms.

-Joy takes her temperature and coughing.

-Joy enters auto shop in her Eastern Airlines uniform, sick, and carrying three HUGE 6 foot SUB-SANDWICHES in with her kids in tow. Ronnie concerned.

-Joy works on mops alone in the empty shop as clock reads 12:00 pm. Falling asleep on the table.

-Joy works at the busy diner.

-Joy listens to angry customer at Eastern Airlines.

-Joy nervously puts a BIG stack of bills aside.

-Joy and Ronnie open a box, revealing a HUGE CAKE that says "7000 MOPS!" Everybody cheers!!

-The clock reads 12:00 am as Joy and Ronnie and the workers help finish loading 7,000 mops into the HSN truck.

Joy takes Viv's coat. Underneath, she's wearing a shirt with HUGE puffy sleeves. There is a piece of crumpled paper stuffing that peaks out from under one of the sleeves. As Viv quickly tucks it back in, it makes a crinkling sound. Then--

RUDY (CONT'D)

(re:Viv)

This one. She only wears the best.

JOY

Ahhhh!! Okay, deep breath, deep breaths.

Rudy has to pass by Toots to get to Joy.

RUDY

Toots.

Toots turns her head away dramatically and doesn't say anything. Ronnie breaks the silence.

RONNIE

Why don't you all go out into the living room and give us some room, here. Too many cooks.

TOOTS

(being dramatic)

Joy. I'm gonna go upstairs.

Joy rolls her eyes.

JOY

Mom. You're gonna hang out upstairs by yourself?

RONNIE

That's okay. Toots go ahead. I'll come get you when it starts.

INT. JOY'S LIVING ROOM. A LITTLE LATER.

The TV is on HSN. Two hosts stand behind a table with decorative bowls on it, in the middle of a sales pitch.

They are ALL, kids included, gathered around the television, talking excitedly. Joy is laughing but extremely nervous.

DANTE

Wait a second these guys sold 36,000 potpourri holders!? Get the hell out of here-

RONNIE

Dante, with the chatter! Stop your lips from moving.

DANTE

Why you bustin' my chops?

The TV cuts to a MALE HOST standing on a SET that is built to look like a GARAGE. He's holding JOY'S MOP.

JOY

Quiet everybody. This is us!

Joy holds Christie close.

MALE HOST

Hi. I'm Mike Gable and this is our special Deal of the Day.

JOY/RONNIE

Ahhh!/ SHHHHHH!

MALE HOST

And fellas, this one is for us.

Joy looks confused.

MALE HOST (CONT'D)

How many times have you been in the garage, you know, up to your elbows in the grease and grime. You're changing the oil, building a deck, doing household projects, and all of sudden things get real messy. You've got anti-freeze, mud, or some sort of dirty fluid all over the garage. Now what!?

RONNIE

What the hell is this guy talking about??

MALE HOST

You need to mop. And I hate mopping. Everybody hates mopping. Mopping is boring, am I right? Well here's the thing: if you HAVE TO mop, this is your guy right here. The Miracle Mop.

The HOST puts the mop in a bucket of DIRTY WATER, making the mop dirty and then applies the dirty water to the floor. He starts to get flustered.

MALE HOST (CONT'D)

All you do is push, sorry, you pull this part here and you twist it....

The HOST has no idea how to use the mop. He vamps.

MALE HOST (CONT'D)

Then see how this part wrings the water out.. Okay, now the thing about this thing is that this part comes on and off.

He searches for the switch near the mop head.

MALE HOST (CONT'D)

There's a lever under here that you just pull and this mop head pops right off. Or is it a button. Something's tangled. I know this is supposed to be a button, does this eject? Haha. Oh! Here we go.

He's lost.

MALE HOST (CONT'D)

Look at the way this works in the water. A real miracle. Folks, we've only got a few of these left and a couple more minutes...

The screen reads 12 sold.

The room is quiet. No one knows what to say. Joy is stunned. After a beat she gets up abruptly and TURNS OFF the TV.

RONNIE

Joy--

Before Ronnie can say anything, Joy is ON HER WAY into the kitchen and dialing the phone. Everybody just watches her.

JOY

Hi. Valerie please. This is Joy Mangano. Ok will you please tell her to call me as soon as she gets a chance? It's urgent.

JOY'S KITCHEN. A LITTLE LATER.

Ronnie stands with Joy.

JOY

Hi, its Joy Mangano again.

JOY'S KITCHEN. LATER.

People are cleaning up, gathering their stuff.

JOY

I'm sorry. I just hadn't heard from her yet.

JOY'S HOUSE. LATER.

Everybody files out, leaving.

RUDY
Not good. Not good.

TOOTS
Joy. You tried. It was the best you could do. The Martorella women are cursed. It's in our blood.

Joy is somewhere else.

RONNIE
What the hell was that?? Joy. You okay?

INT. JOY'S KITCHEN. MORNING.

Joy on phone again. Kids in background.

JOY
Okay I will hold until she's ready. I can wait as long as it takes.

She is surprised when Valerie promptly comes on the line.

VALERIE
Mrs. Mangano.

JOY
Valerie. What happened?

VALERIE
Sometimes items we put up just don't hit with the viewers. Unfortunately your mop was one of those cases. I'm sorry.

JOY
But the mop was marketed completely wrong. It was sold as a shop mop. Everything was wrong.

VALERIE
I'm sorry, Joy. We'll send the load back to you. You can expect it by end of next week at the latest.

JOY
Wait! Wait. Don't send any loads back yet. Cause I need to show you how to do it. If you give it another shot, the right way, people will buy it.

VALERIE

It's not my decision. The sales determine the fate of the product and this product, as you could see, did not perform well.

JOY

But it's because of the demo. The demo was done wrong.

VALERIE

I'm sorry. Like I said I don't make these decisions.

JOY

Who's decision was it then?

INT. HSN. RECEPTION AREA.

A RECEPTIONIST sits at the front. (WHERE IS HSN and how does Joy get there?) Joy enters holding her mop and bucket. She speaks very politely.

JOY

Doug Briggs.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?

JOY

I'm here to see Doug Briggs. My name is Joy Mangano.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay.

(looking at appointment list, confused)

Do you...have an appointment?

JOY

No. I just need to speak with him briefly.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. Well. Mr. Briggs is in a meeting right now.

JOY

Perfect. Where is he at?

The receptionist is surprised. Joy is not being deterred.

RECEPTIONIST

Ma'am--

JOY
You know what? I'll just find him.

Joy smiles, breezes past the receptionist and down the hall.

RECEPTIONIST
Ma'am--

JOY
I'm not dangerous. I'll just be a
minute. Not gonna hurt anyone.

The receptionist pushes a button on her switchboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Mark. Mark?

The receptionist doesn't know what to do. Joy goes down the first hallway and starts looking at the different doors with the people's names and their titles. A few employees walk right by her. They're too busy to notice her. She doesn't see Doug's name. As she turns around changing directions, she bumps into the JANITOR, an older man.

JOY
Oh! I'm so sorry. Excuse me.

JANITOR
Haha! You are going fast.

JOY
I am. I'm sorry. I'm looking for
Doug Briggs. I'm supposed to have a
meeting with him right now. Do you
know where he is?

JANITOR
He's in 2B. You gotta take the
stairs.

JOY
Thank you.

INT. UPSTAIRS HSN HALLWAY.

Joy finds 2B. She knocks.

VOICE FROM INSIDE
Yeah it's open.

Joy enters the room without hesitation. There's a LONG TABLE, 15 men. A BOARD MEETING. Joy is caught off guard. One of the men, WALT, speaks up.

WALT
Can I help you?

She quickly recovers, shuts the door behind her and addresses the room.

JOY

Yes. I'm here to see Doug Briggs.

All of the men look over to ONE OF THE MEN. It's clearly DOUG BRIGGS. He addresses Joy.

DOUG BRIGGS

And who are you?

JOY

I'm Joy Mangano. You botched my demo.

DOUG BRIGGS

I what?

JOY

You botched my demo.

DOUG BRIGGS

Does anyone know what this woman's talking about?

WALT

Last night, Joy's mop sold twelve units in the H.I. slot.

DOUG BRIGGS

Oh. Miss Mangano, I see this all the time. You have a brand new product, and you think everyone is gonna buy it. Sometimes reality doesn't match our dreams.

JOY

Let me ask you a question. Would you use a toaster to open a can? Would you use a fork to paint a wall? No you wouldn't. That joker you had out there last night was trying to sell my household mop as a garage tool to men. People aren't gonna buy something if they don't know what it's for.

DOUG BRIGGS

We did the demo the way we saw fit.

Another man leans to the guy next to him.

JERRY

(under his breath)

It's always the demo, huh? Never the product.

Joy barrels forward.

JOY

There's nothing wrong with this product. This product--my FIVE year old could use it. That's the whole reason I made it. This mop is SIMPLE.

WALT

Okay Joy well thanks a lot for that, we are gonna get back to work-

JOY

(to Doug)

Do you pee standing up?

DOUG BRIGGS

Excuse me?

JOY

Do you pee standing up?

DOUG BRIGGS

Uhh...Yes.

JOY

Have you ever mopped around the toilet?

(turns to the table)

When was the last time any of you mopped your bathroom floor?

(nothing)

Well, let me tell you how it works. The floor is covered in urine. It collects in a big halo around the toilet. And there's other stuff on the floor too. Its disgusting. So your wife mops it up. She dunks her mop in the urine-water, takes the same mop into the kitchen and mops that floor, where your babies crawl on their hands and knees and drop their pacifier, and then they stick that pacifier back in their mouths. While this is happening, your wife is trying to wring the thing out, chapping her hands, breaking her back and eventually getting down on her hands and knees to finish the job that the mop can't do. She spends most of her day this way, getting up and down on and off of the floor. And then you come home, after your busy day at the office, and your long commute home, and you wonder why you don't get laid.

The men are all quiet.

WALT
 Alright. Well, thank you Miss
 Mangano, we're right in the middle
 of--

DOUG BRIGGS
 Hang on.
 (thinks)
 Jerry do we have time on Wednesday
 for Joy?

JERRY
 I don't know. It depends on what we
 decide to do with the grout demo.

JOY
 (under her breath)
 Grout? How many times a year do you
 use grout?

Doug shoots her a look.

JERRY
 If we keep grout on Wednesday
 there's a Thursday promo slot.

DOUG BRIGGS
 What about today?

Joy lights up.

JERRY
 Today the only flexibility we have
 is cosmetics. Right before the Rugs
 and Lighting Extravaganza.

Doug thinks. He looks at Joy.

DOUG BRIGGS
 Ok Miss Mangano. You think you can
 run my network? You're going on the
 air in 20 minutes.

JOY
 Me?

DOUG BRIGGS
 You. I did it my way. Now it's your
 turn. That way we won't have to
 have this meeting again.

On Joy's horrified look.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE.

Joy and Ronnie's kids play in the background. We intercut with Ronnie and Joy, who is on a business phone in the GREEN ROOM at HSN.

RONNIE
Fifteen minutes??

JOY
Yeah.

RONNIE
Where are you?

JOY
I'm in some room, there are people,
I don't know what is happening.
Something came over me Ronnie, I
couldn't stop myself.

RONNIE
Okay. We're going to Vito's soccer
party and I'll turn it on at the
restaurant. You alright?

JOY
Yeah. No. I don't know.

Joy hangs up. She's facing a MIRROR. A friendly man, GEORGE, does her make-up. He chats away happily to her, but all she hears is the CONVERSATION of the WOMEN BEHIND HER.

WOMAN #1
Do we have wardrobe for her?

WOMAN #2
No I just found out two seconds
ago.

WOMAN #1
Let me see if I have something.

A man walks up.

MAN
I gotta take her George. Joy. We're
gonna have you walk now.

GEORGE
What? Well that's gonna have to do.

George takes her smock off. Joy follows the walk across the room, passing other HOSTS--BEAUTIFUL, perfectly groomed models, who sit on their break, chatting. Joy takes it in.

MODEL #1
 Good luck! /Break a leg/ Who is
 that?

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

They walk down the long hallway. The man with her talks into his headset.

MAN
 Copy. I've got Joy. We're heading
 to set. About thirty seconds.

People move and run around her very quickly. Joy is intimidated by the fast-paced atmosphere. A WARDROBE PERSON cwalks up. Another WOMAN WITH PAPERS runs up to her.

WOMAN WITH PAPERS
 Joy we're gonna need you to sign
 this release.

WARDROBE
 I've got pants for her.

MAN
 She doesn't have time.

INT. SET. CONTINUOUS.

They come around a corner onto a huge soundstage. The set is made up to look like a country kitchen. There is a lot of action around her. People are darting past, hurried and hectic.

SEGMENT PRODUCER
 Oh! Great. Okay. I'm gonna need you
 to stand right here.

A HAIR PERSON comes up and sprays a bunch of aerosol hairspray. Joy breathes a bunch of it in.

SEGMENT PRODUCER (CONT'D)
 Joy this is your mark. Okay. Don't
 go outside the blue tape, but don't
 look down at the blue tape. Just
 know that you can't go outside of
 it.

A SOUND GUY walks up and puts a mic cable up her skirt. Her eyes go big. The sound guy signals to her blouse.

SOUND GUY
 Your blouse. Can you grab it?

She reaches in and finds the mic, clumsily pulls it out. As she gets mic'd, two p.a.'s Are talking.

P.A.

Do we have a mop? Where's the mop?

P.A. #2

What?

P.A.

The thing she's selling.

A SEGMENT PRODUCER walks up with another HOST and hands Joy the MOP.

SEGMENT PRODUCER

Here, ya go, honey. This is Chrystal. She's gonna host with you today. She's basically just here to cue you and you go ahead and let'her rip.

JOY

Ok.

Joy looks up at Chrystal--a TALL, LONG-LEGGED, FLAWLESS LOOKING BLONDE. Joy has never seen a woman like this up close.

CHRYSTAL

Hi! Well, are you ready?

Joy smooths her pants. She nods unsure. As Chrystal gets mic'd, Joy mumbles to herself.

JOY

Fuck. Fucking...Doug Briggs.

She hears a voice in her earpiece.

DOUG BRIGGS (O.S. IN EARPIECE)

Joy.

JOY

Yeah.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Doug sits in front of a huge MONITOR that shows what home audiences are seeing. As they prep Joy, the monitor shows two women on another soundstage selling designer eyewear.

DOUG BRIGGS

It's Doug. You ready?

JOY

What? Yes.

(then)

Did you hear me say fucking Doug
Briggs?

DOUG BRIGGS

We all did. Joy, 15 seconds.

JOY

Okay.

INT. HSN. CONTINUOUS.

Joy stands ALONE in the dark.

PRODUCER

We're going in 10, 9, 8--

All of a sudden, it goes DEAD QUIET. The BRIGHT STUDIO LIGHTS
COME ON. Joy squints but can make out the hand of the camera
man signaling them to go.

CHRYSTAL

Well good evening here on HSN I'm
your host Chrystal Gaines and we
are gonna end this Thursday with
our incredible Deal of the Day. If
you've ever been frustrated with
mopping, I can absolutely relate,
and boy do we have the perfect
product for you. It is called the
Miracle Mop--It's the first ever
self-wringing mop. So easy to use.
And here to tell us more about it,
the woman who created it, Joy
Mangano. Joy, I can't wait to hear
about this mop. How does it work?Joy is completely frozen. WE NOW ECHO THE VERY FIRST SHOT OF
THE MOVIE WHERE WE CAME IN ON JOY.

DOUG BRIGGS (V.O. IN EARPIECE)

Okay Joy that's you.

Nothing.

DOUG BRIGGS (V.O. IN EARPIECE)

(CONT'D)

(through earpiece)

Joy, go ahead. Joy.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Doug checks the monitor. On the bottom, there is a RED LINE that indicates the VOLUME OF CALLS coming in for the eyewear. In BLACK LETTERS on the screen it reads the NUMBER SOLD. And on a smaller monitor that reads NUMBER OF CALLERS WAITING.

The RED LINE on Doug's monitor is DIVING. Joy is paralyzed.

DOUG BRIGGS
(through earpiece)
We gotta get her outta there.

INT. PIZZA PLACE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy and Chrystal on the TV, as Ronnie, Dante and all of their kids watch Joy and Chrystal on the tv, on pins and needles.

RONNIE
Uh-oh. Oh no.

DANTE
She's got the stage fright. That's it. It's over.

RONNIE
Dante! Come on, Joy.

INT. HSN. CONTINUOUS.

Chrystal, not sure what's wrong with Joy, keeps talking like a pro.

CHRYSTAL
Like so many of us, you must have been so tired of getting your hands down in that dirty water, chapping your hands and breaking your back to wring it out. Am I right?

JOY
Yeah. That's right. That's...what happens.

CHRYSTAL
Unbelievable! And now, I'm told you designed this mop yourself. And you assembled this. This is not some factory-made item, this is a hand-loomed, hand-made mop.

JOY
Yeah, I-I made...the mop.

Joy looks like her head's going to explode.

INT. PIZZA PLACE. CONTINUOUS.

They watch as Chrystal covers for Joy.

 CHRYSTAL (ON TV)
Next time you're looking 35 to 40
dollars for this mop. I'm so
excited to be a part of this. This
is so exciting. Isn't it, Joy?

Joy nods, frozen in fear.

 RONNIE
Oh my God.

Ronnie grabs a NAPKIN, looks at the tv, and scribbles something on the napkin. She runs to the pizza cook.

 RONNIE (CONT'D)
Richie let me use the phone. I need
the phone!

 RICHIE
I'm takin' an order. Come on, I
already let you use the tv!

He turns his back on her.

 RONNIE
Aww, come on!

Ronnie thinks fast, swipes her purse off the counter and goes flying out the door.

 DANTE
Where you goin?!

EXT. PIZZA PLACE. CONTINUOUS.

Ronnie runs outside in the POURING RAIN, searches frantically. She sees something and RUNS ACROSS the street in the rain, reaching into her purse.

INT. HSN.

Joy is now demo'ing the mop.

 JOY
Um, you just...and then you pull
the handle up--

Joy turns her back to the camera. Not a flattering angle.

 DOUG BRIGGS (V.O. IN EARPIECE)
Joy turn around.

Joy turns around.

JOY

Excuse me. And then you pull the handle right here, and you twist, and that way you don't have to bend down and do it. And then, um, you-- you pull and you twist, scuse me.

DOUG BRIGGS (V.O. IN EARPIECE)

Stop saying excuse me.

JOY

I'm sorry.

DOUG BRIGGS (V.O. IN EARPIECE)

Don't talk to me, do the mop.

P.A. (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Get in the blue tape!

Joy realizes she's out of the blue tape, steps back. She is completely disoriented.

JOY

So, it basically.....wringings?

Joy looks like she's given up/burst into tears.

CHRYSTAL

Exactly! No more water all over the floor. You fall and you slip a disc--this is happening to people every day all over the country.

(then, very relieved)

It looks like we have a caller. We are talking to Lynette in Queens. Hi Lynette! How are you tonight?

LYNETTE

Hi Chrystal! I love this mop!

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS.

It's Ronnie. She's standing in the pouring rain at a PAYPHONE across the street from the pizza place. We INTERCUT between Ronnie on the payphone and Joy and Chrystal at HSN.

RONNIE

I just bought one. Listen, I have a story for Joy I just had to share.

CHRYSTAL

We'd love to hear!

RONNIE

Well, my son is very mischievous.
He loves flushing things down the
toilet.

Joy looks up.

CHRYSTAL

You're kidding.

Joy clues in a little, curious.

RONNIE

So the other day, I hear the toilet
flush and I wake up and my radar
goes off, so I think--oh no, what
has he put down there now? So I
step out of my bed and my feet sink
into four inches of water and
literally flooded my entire
upstairs. I spend the whole day
cleaning and my husband gets in
there and pulls out my favorite
pair of HOT PINK STRETCH pants.

Joy, KNOWING this is Ronnie, nods. She's instantly calm and
relaxed.

JOY

You're kidding. How did he get a
pair of pants in there?

RONNIE

I don't know, you know how boys
are.

Ronnie is getting SOAKED, but continues to play with Joy.

JOY

How old is your son?

RONNIE

He's FIVE.

JOY

(humoring Ronnie, playful)
I have a five year old too and let
me tell you, the things they get
into.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The NUMBER SOLD starts climbing. 5...

CONTROLLER

Here we go.

Doug looks at the screen and the RED LINE starts to RISE.

INT. HSN STUDIO.

Joy is starting to have fun.

RONNIE

Anyway after sopping up basically water from the toilet all day, I got so excited about this WASHABLE MOP-HEAD.

JOY

Right. Lynette, you know what's great about the mop-head?

RONNIE

I'm dying to know.

JOY

We give you two of them. So while you're washing the one you just dirtied, you always have a back-up one to switch it out with.

RONNIE

I love that! That's why I am gonna buy one for each of my sisters.

JOY

(laughs)
Oh, you have sisters.

RONNIE

I have four sisters...

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

CONTROLLER

Look at this.

Doug looks at the monitor. 500 callers waiting. 325 sold.

INT. STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

CHRYSTAL

Well, thank you, Lynette. And we actually have some callers waiting now, so we're gonna have to let somebody else in.

RONNIE

Yes, thank you and I LOVE THIS MOP!

JOY
Thank you, Lynette!

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS.

Ronnie hangs up, hopeful. She looks around, soaking wet. She heads back across the street.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Doug cannot believe his eyes. The line climbs dramatically up. The screen reads 600 sold.

INT. STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

Joy talks with another customer.

CUSTOMER (V.O)
My mother is always so critical of
my house.

JOY
Oh, tell me about it. Does yours
check the corners? Mine likes to
comment on how dirty the corners
are in my kitchen and then watches
HSN while I clean.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Doug is amused. The numbers rapidly climb. 1700 SOLD. 900
callers on hold. 5 minutes left.

INT. STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

Joy is laughing.

JOY
Well technically cleaning is a form
of exercise, don't be so hard on
yourself!

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

3700 MOPS. 3 minutes to go. 1000 callers on the phone.

JOY
It has made my life easier and I
believe whole-heartedly that it
will make yours easier too, Carol!

INT. CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

6200 mops. 1 minute to go.

Doug and the others watch as the numbers climb to 7000 mops!

INT. PIZZA PLACE. CONTINUOUS.

Ronnie walks in, breathing heavily and soaked. Dante looks at her dumbfounded.

INT. STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

HOST

And it looks like we've run out of mops. But don't let stop you from calling. You can put one on back-order and we'll have it to you A.S.A.P. Don't' hang up that phone. Joy, thank you. It has been an honor to be a part of your HSN debut.

Joy is so relieved, now very much herself.

JOY

Thank you. I'm so glad we got through that first part, I was so nervous, I almost peed my pants.

Chrystal looks at Joy.

CHRYSTAL

Haha alright. Well we're gonna go to Shannon, who's standing by with a grout shield that's gonna blow your mind.

The segment producer signals to Chrystal and Joy that they're done. A sigh of relief is heard throughout the room. Chrystal looks at Joy as she takes her mic off.

CHRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Great job, Joy. Way to pull it out.

JOY

Thank you.

Chrystal smiles and heads out. The PA comes to help Joy take off her mic. Joy's hands shake. She is in shock. Doug approaches.

DOUG BRIGGS

Well. I think at this point me
telling you that you were right is
a little anti-climactic.

Joy smiles.

DOUG BRIGGS (CONT'D)

People really connected with you
out there. You okay? You seem a
little out of it.

JOY

Yeah I--I'm happy that I'm gonna
keep my house.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE. NEXT DAY.

Ronnie, Dante, their kids and Joy's kids are finishing
dinner. Everybody cheers. The kids run to her.

EVERYONE

Yay!!/Mommy!

Joy is happy. She looks at Ronnie.

JOY

Hi, Lynette.

RONNIE

(shrugs)
I panicked.

EXT. MAILBOX. JOY'S HOUSE.

Joy opens the mailbox, sifts through a stack of bills. She
opens an envelope. She pulls out a NOTE: "Congratulations.
Sincerely, 'Fucking Doug Briggs'."

Behind the note is a CHECK. Joy's face lights up.

BEGIN MONTAGE--

-The mailbox opens again. A hand puts a STACK of BILLS in it
and puts the flag up. Pull back on Joy, very satisfied.

-At HSN, Joy in business meeting with Doug. He trains her.

-Joy throws away her Eastern airlines uniform.

-Joy runs water in the bathtub. It's fixed! Kids jump in.

-Joy, with Jackie in her arms, pulls a garage door to reveal
a WAREHOUSE SPACE. Ronnie stands with her. Ronnie walks in.
They both smile. The kids run into the warehouse, excited.

-HSN. Joy, now slightly more confident than the first time we saw her, stands with Chrystal. Chrystal throws it to Joy. This time, Joy does not hesitate.

-Mets game. Joy, with kids, cheering on a home run.

-HSN. Joy in the middle of a segment with a caller. She's in the groove.

-HSN. GREEN ROOM. Joy walks out of HSN with the MODEL HOSTS, all putting their coats on. She looks as polished as them.

-JOY'S WAREHOUSE. The beginnings of a business. The warehouse, although nothing glamorous, bustles with activity. There is a small assembly line. The same Dominican people who helped assemble mops before now they wear light blue polo shirts like the ones Ronnie and Joy wore at KMART. There is shipping area where boxes are brought in. Ronnie sits at a desk on the phone, yelling at someone. Joy sits at a desk with a little GRAPEVINE WREATH behind her on the wall. She stands up, stretches, and looks around, happy.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Joy leads the kids BLIND-FOLDED out of the kitchen through the sliding glass door to the backyard.

JOY
Okay. Take'em off.

The kids take their blindfolds off and their faces LIGHT UP.

REVEAL an ABOVE-GROUND SWIMMING POOL FULL OF WATER and ready for use. Inside of it are inflatable POOL TOYS, and Joy has set up MINI BEACH CHAIRS for them. It's blue-collar fancy.

KIDS
AHHHHHH!!!!!!/A POOL!!!!

EXT. JOY'S BACKYARD. LATER THAT AFTERNOON.

Joy and Ronnie's kids play in the pool, having the time of their lives. Joy has a table set up with balloons, etc. Rudy, Viv, Ronnie, Dante, watch the kids swim. Toots is in Joy's ear.

TOOTS
I just gotta get out of that place.
It's too small. It's like living in a mouse house, Joy. We gotta get me out of there.

JOY

Mom, can we talk about this later?
I got a lot going on right now, I
can't talk about it now.

TOOTS

You can't? Or you won't? Cause
there's a big difference.

JOY

I can't.

TOOTS

I see. I don't ask for much. But
you have some success and there you
go and leave us all behind.

CHRISTIE

Mommy, come in the pool!

A buzzer goes off inside the house.

JOY

Oh, guys, I can't! I gotta put the
chicken in.

Joy goes into the house.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Joy enters and is met by TONY, who has rounded the corner. He
looks dapper, wearing summer clothes and holds a big birthday
gift.

TONY

Hey.

JOY

Hey.

Joy is in a good mood. He looks outside at the pool.

JOY (CONT'D)

Where's Michelle?

TONY

No. We're not. Anymore.
(looks out to pool)
Wow. There it is, huh?

JOY

Yep. They've been having so much
fun they're turning to prunes but I
don't have the heart to take them
out.

Tony turns from the pool to look at Joy, intensely.

TONY
How ya doin?

JOY
Good.

He studies her for a second, smiles that winning smile.

TONY
You look different.

JOY
I do?

TONY
Yeah. You look good.

Joy reacts. Tony back-peddles.

TONY (CONT'D)
I mean not like you didn't look
good before but--

JOY
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

TONY
(sincere)
I'm serious. I'm trying to
compliment you.

JOY
(playful)
Go play with your kids.

Tony walks past Joy. She shakes the moment off and watches as he goes outside.

JACKIE AND BOBBY
Daddy!!!/Daddy are you gonna swim?

TONY
Are you kidding? That's what I came
for. Hi Christie.

CHRISTIE
(unenthusiastic)
Hi.

Tony takes off his shirt, down to his swim trunks, and cannonballs into the pool, making a huge splash. This wins Christie over and kids all erupt with laughter.

KIDS
Daddy!/Hi Daddy/Daddy watch me!

Joy watches them from the kitchen. Looks like old times.

EXT. BACKYARD. MOMENTS LATER.

Joy and Ronnie bring food out. Tony is in the water with the kids still. Tony has one of those big WATER GUNS that shoots a HUGE stream of water.

TONY
Wait, was it you? Or you? Or...all
of you!

Tony squirts them all and they scream with excitement.

TONY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. You know who I think
needs to get wet?

He looks over at Toots.

TOOTS
Tony, no!!

Tony squirts a tiny squirt in Toots' direction, teasing her.

TOOTS (CONT'D)
Tony!!
(laughs)
I can never be mad at you.
(then)
It's such a shame.

KIDS
Get me again daddy!/Squirt me!!

TONY
You know what I think? I think
maybe we need to get your mom into
her bikini, get her into the pool.

Joy's head whips around.

JOY
Nobody wants that, thank you.

TONY
That's what you think.

Joy looks at Tony like WTF??

RONNIE
Don't hold your breath, Tony.

Tony squirts Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Tony, I swear to God, don't you dare.

Tony turns to Joy, squirts a little squirt in her direction.

JOY

Don't.

Again.

JOY (CONT'D)

Stop it.

Tony starts squirting Joy a little by little and she's running from it. He fills up the gun. He stares at her, threatening.

JOY (CONT'D)

Don't squirt me.

Tony UNLOADS. Joy screams, ducks, and the stream from Tony's gun NAILS VIV in the back of the head, who happens to be behind Joy and looking the other way. It BLOWS a HAIRPIECE off of the top of her head, revealing a bald spot.

RUDY

Jesus Christ.

VIV

Whoop!

Viv quickly fixes it. Everybody BUSTS out laughing. Joy is IN HYSTERICS.

JOY

Viv!!! I'm sorry! Viv, I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were behind me. Oh my god. Oh my God.

Viv laughs, good-naturedly.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE. LATER.

They all walk out, happily. Joy notices a BRAND NEW, WHITE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE with a WHITE TOP is parked in front.

JOY

Wow. New car, huh?

RUDY

Yeah. This thing is slick. I took Viv to the Dinner Theater the other night and the valet couldn't stop talking about it. He sees cars all day. He parked it right up front.

VIV

I told Rudy everyone should own a convertible once in their life.

Joy and Tony share a look. They are connecting. Rudy and Viv walk off.

JOY

Great dad.

TONY

Well, I better get going too. Come here.

Tony squats down to hug the kids. They are tired.

JACKIE

Daddy, don't go away.

TONY

I have to go. I gotta go sweetie.

JACKIE

When are you gonna come back?

TONY

I'll see you in two weeks. Okay? Two weeks.

JOY

Why don't you guys go brush your teeth, it's way past your bedtime.

They turn and go.

TONY

Thanks that was a fun time.

JOY

(smiling)
Yeah, it was.

TONY

Boy, that pool. The kids went crazy for it, huh?

JOY

Yeah.

Tony looks at her as if he's going to say something. Joy wants to say something but doesn't.

JOY (CONT'D)

Drive safe.

TONY

Yeah.

INT. HSN OFFICES. EVENING.

A PARTY. People eat pizza, drink out of plastic cups. A banner reads "Congratulations Joy! Best New Product!" Joy sits drinking out of a plastic cup. Doug finishes a speech.

DOUG BRIGGS

And I just want to say it's been a fantastic ride this last quarter, thanks to Joy and her ...what's the name of that mop again?

People laugh. Joy looks at him "very funny."

DOUG BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Seriously. This thing has really been picking up momentum. For those of us who have worked closely with Joy, there is no doubt that we've only scratched the surface with what this woman is capable of. And so, it is my pleasure to announce that as of next week, we will be moving the mop to Prime Time.

Joy's face lights up. Everybody claps for her.

JOY

Thank you!

People resume socializing. Joy takes in the scene. She feels proud. Doug comes over.

DOUG BRIGGS

You know you get to take that banner home with you. You got a spot for that?

JOY

(playful, smiles)

No. I was thinking of you taking it. So you remember how you almost made a really, really big mistake.

DOUG BRIGGS

I'm still hearing about that, I guess.

JOY

Sorry.

INT. SAME. A LITTLE LATER.

Less crowd noise, less people. Joy and Doug talk.

JOY

I don't know, I've always kind of done stuff like this. When I was a kid this one summer I built a tree house.

DOUG BRIGGS

Oh yeah, so did I, me and my brother. We had an observation deck.

JOY

Oh, yeah. Mine was seven stories.

DOUG BRIGGS

What??

JOY

Yeah. It had a pulley system so you could put something in a box and move it from one level in and out of the house.

DOUG BRIGGS

Geez. Wow. How old were you?

JOY

I think I was 9.

DOUG BRIGGS

(laughing)
Get out of here.

JOY

Yeah then I worked at a vet when I was fourteen, and these animals used to come in from getting hit by cars out on the highway, so I made this glow in the dark dog collar.

DOUG BRIGGS

(amused)
Really.

JOY

Yeah I actually sent it to Hartz, and they never got back to me.

DOUG BRIGGS

Wait, didn't they--

JOY

Yeah. They came out with the same one like a year later. And then I made this one-man-band thing, where I duct-taped a bunch of instruments together--

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)
 (stopping herself)
 I know, I'm weird.

DOUG BRIGGS
 Yeah, you're a weirdo.

JOY
 Hey. All that stuff is what got me
 into college.

DOUG BRIGGS
 What school?

JOY
 (regrets she said that)
 Uh...Harvard.

DOUG BRIGGS
 Harvard!?

JOY
 Yeah. No, I didn't go. I got in. I
 was gonna go. But, my parents
 divorced at that time, so I stayed
 home. My Mom needed me there. She
 was really distraught.

DOUG BRIGGS
 So you stayed home from Harvard.

Joy nods.

DOUG BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Harvard.

JOY
 Yeah you can stop rubbing it in
 now.

Doug is flabbergasted.

DOUG BRIGGS
 Sorry it's just--Wow. I could
 never do that.

JOY
 I didn't really have a choice. It's
 okay. A year later I enrolled in
 Pace University so I did go to
 school eventually. College.

DOUG BRIGGS
 No. I mean I could never ask my kid
 to do that. I'd never forgive
 myself.

Joy absorbs this.

DOUG BRIGGS (CONT'D)
 You know where we should send that banner? Send it to Hartz. Those bastards stole your idea.

INT. JOY'S BASEMENT. LATER.

On Joy's hand, hammering.

Turn around on her, looking around at her old work station. The area is a mess. Among the clutter is remnants from the wreaths. She starts to clean up. She steps back and admires the BANNER from HSN, hung above her old work station.

INT. HSN. STAGE.

Joy and Chrystal are doing their thing.

CHRYSTAL
 And that concludes our time with Joy and her amazing Miracle Mop! We have broken the sales record for the segment at 40,000 mops! Folks we have just witnessed HSN history.

JOY
 (on top of the world!)
 Unbelievable! Now if you haven't gotten through yet, don't worry, we're gonna keep the after hours lines open and you all know how that works. Just give us a call and you can place your order. Thank you so much! Good night!

INT. HSN. STAGE. HALLWAY.

Joy walks off stage. Doug approaches Joy, over the moon.

DOUG BRIGGS
 Joy! Wow.

JOY
 I'm sorry! I knew we were over-selling, but I didn't know what to do.

DOUG BRIGGS
 There is nothing to apologize about here. You broke a record. Don't worry. But we had 10,000 ready in the wings, so you've got two weeks to get us the other 30,000.

JOY

No problem. We'll get on it.

Joy smiles, confidently. Doug smiles and walks off.

INT. RUDY'S AUTOBODY SHOP.

Joy sits across from Rudy at his desk.

RUDY

Avalon wants to go up to six dollars per mop.

JOY

What? Why?

RUDY

They feel that now that the volume's increased, they wanna up their price.

JOY

That doesn't make sense. The cost per mop should be less with a bigger order.

RUDY

That's not the way they're doing it.

JOY

What? They can't. We can't do that. I can't make a profit that way. I'm out of business that way. I can't afford to sell them. At that price, I lose money on every mop I sell.

RUDY

Well, you're gonna have to cut back somewhere else.

JOY

Cut back? There's nowhere to cut. We need to talk to them.

RUDY

I did. These guys are not gonna budge on this. This is what it is.

JOY

Well they can't do that. This isn't right.

RUDY

This is business. Believe me. I know how this works. This is how this works, Joy.

JOY

Well then I wanna talk to them. Where's the contract?

RUDY

Contract? There's no contract.

Joy freezes.

JOY

Wait a minute. We don't have a contract with these people??

RUDY

I told 'em what we needed. They made it. Now they wanna change the price.

JOY

That's why you need a contract.

RUDY

Joy. I've worked with these guys a long time. They run a good business, but you know they got expenses too.

JOY

What?! Their expenses? What about us? What about our business? I have two weeks to produce 30,000 mops. They're putting this whole thing in jeopardy. We have to take the molds somewhere else. We'll get bids.

RUDY

Sweetheart. You're talking to a 30 year entrepreneur on this. It's not that easy. And you don't wanna get caught up bickering over six bucks when you got a big order hangin' over your head. Let's just get the mops made. We'll worry about it on the next order.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

Joy sits with Ronnie. Kids play in background.

JOY

I can't believe he wouldn't get anything in writing.

RONNIE

I don't know. At this point maybe we need to ask ourselves if he really knows what he's doing. I mean, it's his generation. For cryin' out loud, look at our families. They used to trade carpet cleaning for a salami at the deli and then trade that for a set of white walls. I don't mean any disrespect but, you've come this far. And now you can't move forward because he...he blew it.

Joy thinks about this.

JOY

I just wanna talk to them.

RONNIE

We have to try to figure this out the best we can. And for now, we should keep him out of the loop, cause he's not helping.

Joy knows this is true.

INT. JOY'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy is on the phone. A voice-mail.

VOICEMAIL

Avalon Industries.

Beep.

JOY

Hi I'm looking for Evan Reynolds, my name is Joy--

The machine hangs up on her.

She tries again. The same thing happens.

DISSOLVE TO:

Joy hangs up, frustrated.

DISSOLVE TO:

Same again. Again. Again.

INT. LAW OFFICE.

A modest but professional law office. Joy sits in front of a lawyer. JOHN CALCAGNY. A HOT-SHOT in his 40s.

JOHN CALCAGNY

You're doing the right thing. It's absolutely necessary to get everything in writing. I'll draft you up a contract with the terms of the agreement, and date that you need them delivered by. Once he signs it, the deal is formalized.

JOY

Right. Okay.

JOHN CALCAGNY

But you have to get that signature.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE.

Ronnie opens the door to reveal Joy.

JOY

I'm going to California.

RONNIE

To Avalon?

JOY

Yeah.

RONNIE

When?

JOY

Tomorrow.

RONNIE

Do they know you're comin'?

JOY

No.

RONNIE

What if they don't budge on the price?

JOY

I get my molds back and take'em somewhere else.

Ronnie looks at Joy through the smoke of her Virginia Slim.

RONNIE
I want to meet Steve Garvey.

EXT. APARTMENT.

Joy stands there with the kids and their sleeping bags.

JOY
You sure this is okay? I know it's
not your weekend.

TONY
It's no problem. Come on guys! Who
wants to play Atari?

KIDS
Yay! Daddy!

INT. LAX.

Plane lands. Welcome to Los Angeles!

INT. HAWTHORNE CALIFORNIA. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX. DAY.

Joy and Ronnie drive a rental car. All of the buildings look
the same, offices with attached warehouses.

Ronnie pulls into a parking spot. Joy and Ronnie get out of
the car and enter through a door with the address number
above it.

INT. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Joy and Ronnie enter. Two YOUNG 30-ish men, in shorts and
sandals behind a COUNTER, look at paperwork. They are
drinking SHASTA. One, JACK, holds a CLIPBOARD. The other one
is Victor. Joy and Ronnie put on their best business
attitudes.

JACK
Can I help you?

JOY
Yes, hi. I'm looking for Evan
Reynolds.

JACK
Uh, Evan's not here.

JOY
Oh. When will he be back?

JACK
No way to know. He's on vacation.

JOY
Okay. I need to get in touch with him. My name is Joy Manganano and he makes parts for my mops.

Victor EXITS as if to not even paying attention to her.

JOY (CONT'D)
You might know my father, Rudy. He's been handling the business end of things up until now, but I have some business with Evan that I need to resolve immediately. Is there a number where I can contact him?

JACK
Yeah, well, like I said, he's on vacation.

JOY
Ok. Can we call him?

JACK
He doesn't have a phone where he is.

JOY
Ok. Do you have a manager that's here? Somebody in charge while he's gone?

JACK
Unfortunately. Evan's the only one in charge. Everyone else is just workers.

JOY
(sigh)
So then no one can help me? To retain the business I'm doing with you? No one can talk to me about this right now, and no one can be reached by phone. There's nothing that can be done. Is that what I'm getting?

JACK
Leave me your number and I'll have Evan call you at his earliest convenience.

JOY
Which means never.

Joy looks at Ronnie, who nods.

JOY (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I'm gonna have a truck here in an hour. Please have the molds for my mops ready to go. I'm gonna have to take'em out of here.

MAN #1

Yeah, we don't have any molds here.

JOY

What do you mean you don't have any molds here? You don't have my molds?

JACK

No.

JOY

Then why does everything that's shipped to my warehouse come from this address?

JACK

Maybe it's a misprint.

JOY

What? How could it be a misprint? Ronnie where's the shipping slip?

Ronnie exits.

JOY (CONT'D)

Why are you giving me the run-around? This is Avalon Industries?

JACK

Yes.

JOY

Evan Reynolds is the CEO of this company.

JACK

Yes.

JOY

Then you have my molds.

EXT. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Ronnie, grabs a folder out of the car. She closes the door and sees Victor standing in the street directing four other guys, who are quickly wheeling 6 X 6 steel slabs into the back of a truck. MOLDS!!!! Ronnie DUCKS behind her car.

RONNIE

Holy shit.

INT. AVALON OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

JACK

I don't know what to tell you, lady. I don't have any molds here. And you're starting to get on my nerves.

JOY

Oh, I'm sorry. I would hate to get on your nerves. I have been sending royalties to a man named Evan Reynolds, who has been available enough to cash those checks, but now, just as he is trying to jack up the price on me, pulls a disappearing act. Now you stand here telling me this. I'll tell you what. I'm coming back in an hour with a U-haul and somebody better produce my molds. You think I'm on your nerves right now? I haven't even started.

There is a pause.

JACK

Whoa, that sounds so scary.

Joy grabs ONE of the EMPTY SHASTA CANS down on the counter, and SLAMS it down, crushing it.

JOY

I know you're up to something. And I will find out what it is.

She walks out, never breaking her stare from him. He stares at her, totally unfazed. He laughs.

EXT. OFFICE.

Joy exits. She buckles, holding her hand.

JOY

Ooh. Ow.

Ronnie is crouched behind the car as the truck is pulling away. Joy looks at Ronnie confused.

RONNIE
They put the molds in the back of
that truck.

JOY
What?

Joy sees the truck disappear down the street.

JOY (CONT'D)
Get in.

Joy and Ronnie jump in the car. Joy is in the DRIVERS SEAT.

Joy tears out of the parking lot, makes a right onto the street. She sees the TRUCK cruising about four small blocks up stopping at a stop sign, then making a RIGHT. Joy accelerates.

RONNIE
Steady, Joy.

When Joy hits the stop sign at the corner, she slowly breezes around the corner without fully stopping.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Joy!

JOY
No one's around.

They are now on HAWTHORNE BLVD, a busy street.

RONNIE
Oh Lord. Lord be with us.

They see the truck up ahead in the far right lane.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
There he is. Get over!

Joy puts her blinker on to get to the right. The car on the right won't let her in. Ronnie yells at the man, waves her hands.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
She's trying to get over!

JOY
Come on!

The car will not let her in. They won't even make eye contact.

JOY (CONT'D)
I know you can see me. Really?
Thanks a lot.

RONNIE
(to the other driver)
Oh that's just rude!! Yeah I'm
talking to YOU. You're a rude
person. I know you can see us. Out
of the side of your eye!

The truck now makes a RIGHT turn up ahead, passes a GAS STATION. Ronnie calls out to Joy.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
He's turning!

JOY
Ahh, gotta go, gotta go, gotta go..

RONNIE
Oh my god. This is not healthy.

JOY GETS CALM and LASER FOCUSED. She SEES THERE IS SPACE AHEAD BETWEEN THE CAR IN FRONT OF HER AND THE CAR THAT WOULDN'T LET HER IN. She accelerates and drives IN BETWEEN the two cars in front of her, RIDING the DOTTED LINE, then cutting IN FRONT OF a low-rider.

With more cars in front of her, Joy drives up into the gas station driveway and breezes through the gas station, passing several pumps.

A WOMAN comes out of the MINI-MART holding drinks. She sees Joy coming and GASPS. Joy skillfully maneuvers her way around the woman and comes out on the other side and makes her way down onto the street, cutting the corner.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(to the woman)
Sorry! We're in a chase here!

Joy and Ronnie spot the truck up ahead. Joy floors it to catch up, but the light goes RED when they are about 100 ft out. It's a BUSY INTERSECTION. JOY thinks, then STEPS on the gas, accelerating.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Joy, wait. Joy...Oh God. Lord
Jesus. Bless this car. Bless this
car!

Ronnie closes her eyes as Joy BLOWS the LIGHT. Cars from the other direction slam on their breaks, stopping just short of them as they fly through the INTERSECTION. It's as if in slow motion, the BRACE THEMSELVES, but they get through! Joy and Ronnie look at each other.

JOY/RONNIE
Ahhh/Thank you God!

Their faces turn to horror as they look forward. The truck has stopped dead ahead in front of them.

RONNIE
Stop!!!!!!

RONNIE/JOY
SHIT/WATCH OUT!

Joy's SLAMS the brakes. Too late. She SLAMS into the back of the TRUCK.

Victor jumps out.

VICTOR
Whoa! Whoa, are you guys okay?
What happened?

Joy and Ronnie get out of the car. Victor recognizes them. He hurriedly clambers to get back in the truck.

JOY
What the hell is going on here??
Uh, where are you taking my stuff?

VICTOR
I don't know what you're talking about.

JOY
You have my molds in the back of truck.

A POLICE CAR CHIRPS as it PULLS UP. A POLICEMAN gets out.

JOY (CONT'D)
Officer, thank God! These men have stolen property in the back of that truck. My property.

VICTOR
Officer. I don't know who these ladies are or what they want. I'm just making a delivery. I come at the corner, I slow down to turn and they bang into me. I don't know what they're talking about.

JOY
What?! You know me. Officer, if you open up the back of this truck, you will find 6 steel manufacturing molds. I use them to make a mop and they stole them.

OFFICER

A mop?

JOY

Yes, a mop.

RONNIE

It's a top seller at HSN.

OFFICER

My wife watches that.

(to Victor)

Open up the truck.

VICTOR

Listen she's crazy.

OFFICER

Yeah you wanna go to jail? Open up the truck.

Victor signals to his partner, who opens up the truck. In the back are ALL OF JOY'S MOLDS. The cop looks at Joy.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

How do I know these are yours? Do you have any paperwork, any proof, anything that proves it?

JOY

Yeah, I don't have a receipt but they send me shipments every month.

OFFICER

Listen, unless you can present me undeniable proof right now, I can't give you this property.

JOY

This is crazy.

OFFICER

(to the men)

I need to see your manifest and your drivers license.

(to Joy)

And I need your drivers license as well.

JOY

What? You're gonna give me a ticket?

OFFICER

You blew a red light. You're lucky I don't do worse.

JOY

What about all my molds? My whole life's in there.

OFFICER

You'll need to take that up with an attorney.

EXT. HIGHWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Joy and Ronnie stand there while the cop writes Joy a ticket. They watch as the truck PULLS AWAY with Joy's stuff in it. Joy is distraught.

INT. LAWYERS' OFFICE.

Joy sits across from the lawyer, JOHN CALCAGNY.

JOHN CALCAGNY

Pay the ticket. We have a bigger situation on our hands. I looked into Avalon Industries. I have a buddy on the west coast and...this is all confidential, but Avalon is under federal investigation.

JOY

They are? What for?

JOHN CALCAGNY

Racketeering, money laundering, violation of the interstate commerce Act. The whole thing is under a bigger investigation into-

JOY

(nodding her head, she knew this) I knew it. So Evan Reynolds is a crook.

JOHN CALCAGNY

Evan Reynolds doesn't exist.

Joy tilts her head.

JOY

Okay./Then who's been cashing my checks?

JOHN CALCAGNY

Avalon, and a couple other companies on the west coast, are shell corporations owned by Matty Aianello. You know, he's--

Joy's looks like she seen a ghost.

JOY
Matty the Horse.

JOHN CALCAGNY
They take the proceeds from
bookmaking, loansharking, drugs,
and launder it--

JOY
I know what they do.

JOHN CALCAGNY
So, that being said, Avalon is not
just the sole manufacturer on your
mop. I just found out they own the
patent for the mop.

JOY
We own the patent. We filed the
paperwork.

JOHN CALCAGNY
No, you don't. Who hooked you up
with Avalon?

INT. RUDY'S AUTOBODY SHOP.

Rudy stands with some guys in the garage.

Joy's car pulls up. She gets out, slams the car door, and
STORMS into the garage.

RUDY
Hey, sweetheart. You alright?

JOY
Why did you do it?

RUDY
Do what?

JOY
Why did you do it?

RUDY
What are you talking about?

JOY
I went to California. To Avalon. I
know what's going on.

Rudy sobers up. The men get up and exit. Joy holds her stare.

JOY (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?

RUDY

Why did you go out there? I told you we'd figure it out.

JOY

You gave my patent to the mob.

RUDY

Wha-I, I--

JOY

The business is gone. It's gone now.

RUDY

You're delusional. Nothing's gone. Why don't you calm down. You don't know anything about what you think you know.

JOY

I don't know anything? I know you lied to me. I know you stole from me. You sold me out. You gave it all to the mob. Matty Aianello owns my business. What am I missing? Is there more?

Beat. He starts to explain.

RUDY

I owed them money, okay? I thought I could hand the patent over, then buy it back once things got going.

Joy nods, "Of course."

JOY

So you used me. You took everything I worked for and gave it away, like it was nothing.

RUDY

I didn't know it was gonna turn into a big deal okay? It's a mop. I didn't think it was gonna go this far.

JOY

Great dad. Another vote of confidence.

RUDY

Hey. You needed help. I got you the molds. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't have a business right now.

JOY

Without the patent, there IS no business.

RUDY

The patent is just a piece of paper, Joy. You don't understand.

JOY

Stop telling me I don't understand! YOU don't understand. You know so much about how business works? You're the big entrepreneur? Hows that worked out for you, dad? Your bus company went under. The weight loss program lasted four months. And the shop? I don't even know how you stay afloat.

RUDY

Because of the relationships that I've spent 30 years building.

JOY

You're nowhere because of them!

RUDY

You know not everyone gets lucky the first time out the gate. Not everybody gets the breaks you've had, Joy.

JOY

This has nothing to do with luck. I worked hard, dad. And I hoped this would work out. I hoped my dreams and your dreams would go together on this. But you're only in it for yourself. My whole life you've been looking for the better situation. You did it to mom, you did it to us. And you're still doin' it. You wanna be the big man. You want the big shot car the valet parks up front. You want to be one of them. But you know what? You're not one of them. You're a stiff. You're a mope. And you know what those mob guys think of you? They think your a sucker. A poor businessman always with his hand out.

RUDY

What about you!!?? You're so god-damn bull-headed, you don't take the time to think anything through. I told you not to go out there!! But you, you gotta go out there. Cause you're so much smarter than everybody else. You know it ALL. You did the same thing with Tony. No wonder he was looking for a way out!

This hangs in the air. Joy is devastated. After a beat--

JOY

I'm your daughter.

Rudy says nothing. Joy turns and walks away.

INT. MAC DONALDS.

The kids eat and Joy stares off into space.

INT. TOOTS'S HOUSE. EVENING.

Joy stands in front of Toots, who sits on the couch.

TOOTS

I've got the shingles.

Joy nods, "of course."

JOY

(to the kids)
Guys, go play.

The kids run upstairs.

TOOTS

I've been so worried about you and the kids, and how your father could do this, Joy. And anyway I just woke up today in so much pain, and I had these two bumps on my waist and so I took myself in cause I knew you were probably up to other things and anyway Dr. Mozingo says I'm under stress and I've got the shingles. It's a virus, Joy. It's just all so much--

JOY

I'm sorry.

TOOTS

You know, I hate to say it but I
always knew this was gonna go down
in flames.

JOY

Gee, thanks mom.

TOOTS

You take after me, and you're
father is gonna get the best of us
every time. It's big business, Joy.
You're just a girl. We're not made
for it.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Joy and the kids enter. Bobby flips the tv on. Joy looks a
little off. She walks out of the room.

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Joy lays down on the bed in her clothes and conks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM.

It's dark, the shades are drawn. There is no way to know what
time it is. Joy is asleep. She hears the door squeak open and
hears Jackie's voice at the door. A beam of light hits Joy's
face.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

Jackie leave her alone.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Why is she sleeping again?

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

She's tired. Leave her alone.

JACKIE (O.S.)

(sadly)
Mommy?

The door CLOSES. The conversation has roused Joy. She stirs,
then sits up. She looks around the room. It's messy.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS. DAY.

Joy comes down the stairs. As she walks, we see that some
TIME HAS PASSED. The house is a mess.

There are little piles of clothes all over the place. Half-folded piles of laundry. Take-out food containers. An old tv dinner sits on the living room table. Tv is on downstairs. She hears Christie in the kitchen arguing with Jackie and Bobby. She can't make out what they're saying.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Joy enters. The kids sit at the kitchen table in their designated spots, eating.

CHRISTIE
Because I said so. I'm the oldest
and I said so.

BOBBY
Hi, mom.

JOY
Hi. What's going on?

BOBBY
Christie made dinner and we don't
like it.

CHRISTIE
They won't even try it. Everybody
has to take three bites, that's all
I ask.

JOY
Oh. What is it?

CHRISTIE
Pickles on crackers. We're out of
bread so the crackers is the bread
group. And the pickles are the
vegetable group.

It's all on the table. And there are TOY TEA CUPS.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
I couldn't reach the cups.
(turns to kids, mom-like)
Jackie that's not a real bite. You
know the rules. No dinner, no
dessert.

Joy looks at Jackie. Her hair is matted. Christie, stands with her APRON on, looking like a woman in charge. Bobby's SHIRT is on INSIDE OUT with the TAG in the front. The kitchen, like the rest of the house, a mess. This picture, a snapshot from Joy's childhood, is all too familiar. She takes it in. Just then, they hear the front door open.

TONY (O.S.)

Hello!

Tony enters. He takes in the scene. He can't hide his shock.

TONY (CONT'D)

Wow. Hey, guys.

KIDS

Hey, dad.

JOY

Hey. What are you doing here?

TONY

Christie called me.

Joy looks at Christie. Christie stares back at her, ashamed.

CHRISTIE

I'm sorry, mommy.

JOY

It's ok.

TONY

You know what guys? Why don't you guys go play upstairs and I'll talk to mommy for a minute and we'll all go get some cheeseburgers. Daddy's gonna take you out to dinner.

KIDS

Yay!!

The kids run off. Tony sits across from Joy at the table.

TONY

So?

JOY

So.

TONY

(sympathetic)

Looks like things are gettin' a little crazy. I think we gotta figure something out here.

JOY

(breaks down)

I don't want to figure any more things out. I'm tired. I can't do it anymore. Everything I care about, they rip it apart. That's what they do. I just can't fight against it anymore.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)
I wish I could stop feeling this way but I'm done. I'm worn out.

TONY
Joy. You'll find a way to fix this.

JOY
No. There's no way to fix this one. If I fulfill the order, I owe money and lose my company. If I don't fulfill the order, I lose my company and my reputation, or I go up against the mob. And we all know how that ends.

Beat. After a moment--

TONY
You know that night? When you kicked me out--

JOY
Tony I don't wanna--

TONY
Just wait. That was enough for you. That was the end of it. You made the decision even though you had no back up. And then you went and did this great thing, which we both know never would have happened otherwise.

Joy looks up at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
You take your best shots when you're down. Of all of the options here, there's only one that isn't a guarantee of losing everything. And as far as the mob goes, they're animals. But you've survived much worse than anything they could do.

JOY
What?

TONY
Your folks.

Joy cracks a smile "very funny."

TONY (CONT'D)
I'm serious. You deal with Toots every day. She's a hundred times worse than the mob.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Joy, you don't see it, but everything you've already done is harder. You've taken care of everybody. These kids. These kids are great. You did that. You worked all these jobs and then you built this mop and you made something of yourself.

(beat)

You've never been a quitter. You're gonna find a way. I know I wouldn't try and get in your way. Between you and the mob, my money's on you.

Joy sits there.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take the kids for the night. You get some more rest.

INT. JOHN CALCAGNY'S OFFICE.

JOHN CALCAGNY

When is the deadline?

JOY

Ten days.

John thinks.

JOHN CALCAGNY

Well, there's only one option that can get the molds back in time to fulfill the HSN order.

JOY

Okay. What?

JOHN CALCAGNY

We file an emergency request for a temporary restraining order. It's not the kind of restraining order you hear about in domestic cases. This TRO is filed when there is an emergency need for something to happen immediately. For example, to prevent the demolition of a building, or to stop a sale of a company from happening. It's specifically used for urgent and timely cases like yours.

JOY

Okay.

JOHN CALCAGNY

We file, saying we need to be heard tomorrow. The court will grant us a hearing within two days, then we go in and present our evidence. It's not a formal trial, the whole case is heard in one day. But we do go in front of the judge. And he summons the Avalon guys in. We have to prove that not only are we in the right, but that if the court doesn't step in now, grant us an injunction, and get the molds back immediately, it will be a massive loss. One you can never recover from.

JOY

That's us. That's me.

JOHN CALCAGNY

Yeah but hold on.

John looks distressed.

JOY

What's wrong?

JOHN CALCAGNY

The courts don't like these cases.

JOY

Why?

JOHN CALCAGNY

Judges want cases to go forward in a traditional fashion, to play themselves out. They stand by the system that's in place, no risk or appeal. They feel a TRO is asking for special treatment. They feel if the system is good enough for everybody else, it should be good enough for you. TRO cases are virtually impossible to win. This is a one shot deal. A Hail Mary pass. If you win, you have a chance of victory going forward. If you lose....it's over.

Joy has a determined look in her eyes.

JOHN CALCAGNY (CONT'D)

Not to mention we're going up against the mob.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE.

RONNIE
I say you take it to 'em.

DANTE
What the hell are you talking
about? Matty the Horse doesn't fool
around.

RONNIE
I say to hell with 'em. I say we
take the mop, the molds, the
warehouse, the trip to California
and shove it the whole thing up
their fat Italian asses, Joy.

DANTE
What?! Do you hear yourselves??
They buy judges. That trucking
company got that big judgment. I
read in the paper They found that
judge living in Hawaii. Living
there. Sipping pina coladas!
Ronnie, you're stayin' home.

RONNIE
The hell I am. I wanna see these
goons sweat.

DANTE
Oh they're gonna sweat alright.
While they're digging your grave.

JOY
Tony says they don't come after
wives or kids.

DANTE
Okay. I'll tell everybody that when
I'm giving your eulogy.

Dante storms out, then turns around.

DANTE (CONT'D)
The two of you are FUCKED. This
whole thing is fucked!!

He leaves.

RONNIE
Thanks for gettin' him tuned up. I
love when he gets like this.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Joy and Ronnie sit in front of a mountain of paperwork.

RONNIE

All of June is in red binders and
July is in blue. August is orange.
My anal retentiveness is really
coming in handy.

JOY

It's a gift.

They hear a muffled BOOM outside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Joy and Ronnie walk out of the warehouse. At first they see the dumpster on FIRE. They see a BLACK CADILLAC speeding away. They look at each other. Suddenly, there is another boom as the DUMPSTER behind them goes up in FLAMES. They look at each other, sober.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE. NIGHTTIME.

Joy sits nervously in her kitchen going over paperwork.

SUDDENLY, there is a banging at the front door. She is FRIGHTENED. She grabs a knife and goes to the door. She gets the courage to look through the peephole. She breathes a huge sigh of relief and opens the door. It's Rudy.

JOY

What are you doing here?

RUDY

Can I come in?

Joy rolls her eyes and gestures for him to come in. Rudy sits on the couch.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Oh. The kids are asleep?

JOY

It's 11 o'clock, dad.

RUDY

Right. Yeah.

JOY

What's goin' on?

RUDY

Look, I know things have been a little tense.

Joy just looks at him.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning. This TRO thing? You can't do it, okay? You gotta call it off.

JOY

(disbelief)

I'm not cancelling the hearing, dad.

RUDY

Come on! This has gone way too far. People are gonna think I can't control my own family. Its embarrassing.

JOY

Yeah, that sounds tough, dad.

Beat. Rudy sighs, deeply.

RUDY

I'm 69 years old, Joy. And I know you don't think that much of me. You think I'm a bad father, but I remember some good times. Times with your mom even. You think I'm a failed businessman, but you kids never starved and were never forgotten on your birthdays. Maybe it ain't much. But, well-I can't change the past. I can't. Tomorrow they're gonna call me up there. They're gonna make me their witness. And they're gonna ask me about all of it: the mop, the paperwork, you. What am I gonna do? In front of everyone, you're going to force me to make a choice. So I'm asking you: please don't make me make this choice.

JOY

You don't understand, dad. If I were you, there would be no choice.

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM.

Joy lies in bed, WIDE AWAKE, anxious. She looks at her kids, who are sleeping peacefully. She puts her WALK-MAN on again and turns it on.

INT. COURTHOUSE.

Joy and John sit in one of the rows. Behind them is Ronnie, Dante (wearing sunglasses as a disguise), and Toots. It's quiet. Rudy and Viv sit on the other side. Rudy cannot make eye contact with Joy.

Suddenly, the doors open and an entourage of EXPENSIVE SUITS AND BRIEFCASES enters. Their entrance breaks the silence and the sound of their shoes echoes the room. They pass her, as if in slow motion, none acknowledging her except the last one, Matty the Horse, who stares Joy down as he walks past her and sits down, still staring at her.

The men sit. The entire room sits in very awkward silence.

Finally, the BAILIFF enters.

BAILIFF

All rise, the honorable Judge David Brady.

They all rise as the JUDGE enters. The judge speaks, humorless. Joy is intimidated.

JUDGE

Alright, have a seat.

They all sit.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

We're hear today because plaintiff Joy Mangano is moving for emergency release of an affirmative injunction forcing defendant Matthew Aianello to relinquish certain manufacturing molding equipment related to the production of a mop. Counselor, you may make your argument.

John stands up. Joy is extremely nervous.

JOHN CALCAGNY

Thank you. Joy Mangano is the inventor of the Miracle Mop. She created the product on her own.

(MORE)

JOHN CALCAGNY (CONT'D)

Early on, she sought the assistance of her father in production of certain molds that are fundamental in the manufacturing process. Unbeknownst to her, her father made a deal with Mr. Aianello to produce the molds. As production increased, Mr. Aianello made unreasonable cost demands that made production and distribution of said mop impossible. This effort at conversion by the Defendant has been catastrophic for Ms. Mangano's business, for herself, and for her children. We are asking the court to grant Ms. Mangano possession of her manufacturing molds in order for her to fill a very large order made by the Home Shopping Network. If the court does not grant this, tens of thousands of orders will go un-filled, and Ms. Mangano's business and reputation will be destroyed. We have sufficient evidence to support our claim.

Various shots of John presenting evidence, engaging with the judge.

A shot of her first SKETCH of the mop.

A photo of her and Ronnie at KMART. Shot of a proud Ronnie.

Joy hands the bailiff a video tape. He pops it into a VCR.. It's the video of Joy on HSN.

CHRYSTAL

Well good evening here on HSN I'm your host Chrystal Gaines and we are gonna end this Thursday with our incredible Deal of the Day...

Joy looks nervous as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

Matty's lawyer is now standing. Joy is sitting.

MATTY'S LAWYER

Well, having seen the video, I'll take two.

There is laughter from the courtroom. Even the Judge laughs. Joy looks worried.

MATTY'S LAWYER (CONT'D)

Unfortunately the only thing this video proves is that this woman can sell mops. And none of the other evidence is binding with relation to legal ownership of the mop. Your honor, our client owns the patent for this mop. Its all here in plain black and white.

He presents the PATENT to the judge.

MATTY'S LAWYER (CONT'D)

The law is clear here. We are asking the court to acknowledge this for what it is - a family dispute. A petty feud. We understand that, unfortunately, Miss Mangano's business is failing. No one's sadder about this than my client.

(turns to Joy)

I know you're divorced and are raising three children and it must be very hard. We sympathize with your financial struggles, but we also think we all know what this is-

(turns back to the Judge)

It is nothing more than a money grab. We are simply asking the court to uphold our legally binding contract. Thank you, your honor.

JUDGE

(looking at patent)

Counselor, who is Rudy Martorella?

MATTY'S LAWYER

The plaintiff's father your honor.

JUDGE

Mr. Martorella, please come take the stand.

Rudy stands up and makes his way to the stand.

BAILIFF

Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

RUDY

I do.

JUDGE

So, Mr. Martorella, according to this document you transferred ownership of the patent to Mr. Aianello. Is that true?

RUDY

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

How did you acquire the patent in the first place?

RUDY

I filed it at the office.

JUDGE

No, why did you file it? Are you the inventor of the mop?

Rudy is visibly uncomfortable.

RUDY

Uh, well, for a while I was kickin' it around, you know, it's not the only thing I thought about inventing. I thought of an ashtray on a stand that sits by the couch--

JUDGE

Did you invent the Miracle Mop? Yes or no.

Rudy looks over in JOY'S DIRECTION, but not at her. He looks in Matty's direction. Long pause. He nervously fidgets.

RUDY

Yes.

The room reacts. Joy is let down. Viv gets up, takes her purse, and leaves the room, shaking her head.

JUDGE

Thank you, lets take a recess so I can look over some of this.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

JOY, TOOTS, RONNIE, and DANTE exit the court room. JOY is devastated.

RONNIE

(to JOY)

I can't believe this. Stugatz!

TOOTS
When that man dies I will step on
his dead body.

 JOY
Mom!

Matty approaches.

 MATTY
Excuse me. May I have a word with
you, Joy?

 JOY
Uh. Yeah, sure. Let me find my
attorney.

Joy looks around for John.

 MATTY
This'll only take a minute. You
don't need him.

 JOY
Okay
 (to her group)
Guys?

Toots and Dante walk away. RONNIE doesn't. Matty looks at
her.

 RONNIE
I'm part of the company.

Matty shrugs.

 MATTY
Joy, my attorneys tell me you're
gonna end up with nothing. They say
it's a slam dunk. I feel terrible
about this. This is your family.
And you're arguing with each other.
Family is not supposed to be like
this. I want this to be over. I
want to make it right.

 JOY
I'm glad to hear you say that.

 RONNIE
Me too.

 MATTY
I wanna settle this between us,
right here and now.

JOY

Okay.

MATTY

I would like to offer you twenty thousand dollars. You withdraw your claim to ownership of the patent. You walk home with somethin' in your pocket. And nobody's hung out to dry.

JOY

Twenty thousand dollars.

MATTY

(sympathetically)

Yeah. Its starting to get embarrassing in there, you're own father testifying against you. That can't be easy for you personally. I admire you though. You came here, you gave it your best shot.

JOY

Yeah. I don't think I'll take the deal.

MATTY

What?

JOY

No, thank you. What you're doing isn't right. And your offer is insulting.

RONNIE

I agree with that.

MATTY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. No one's trying to insult you. We're having a business discussion here.

JOY

I don't wanna do your kind of business.

MATTY

I'm talking about 20 grand here. It's that or zero when I go back in there and win this case.

JOY

Well it's not over yet.

Matty's demeanor changes. We see the mob boss in him.

MATTY

I was tryin to be nice. For your dad.

(close to her face)

But you're just like him. A fuckin' mooch with big plans and no pocketbook. I'm gonna bury you in there. And I'll see you in a couple of weeks when you come beggin me for money.

He walks off. Joy and Ronnie are very scared.

RONNIE

Okay. So now we know. We got that squared away.

SMASH CUT TO:

TOOTS

Are you out of your mind?!

Joy and Ronnie are back with Toots and Dante.

JOY

Mom, I can't just sit here and let this go. I've tried and I can't go down like this.

TOOTS

You are gonna go down. You're going down! You should have taken the money. Cause now you're gonna end up with nothing. And have thought about your mother? I come all the way down here riddled with the shingles and you pull this on me?

JOY

Mom, this has nothing to do with you.

TOOTS

Of course it has to do with me. Who do you think's gonna take care of kids when these people are done with you??

JOY

Wait a minute. Am I supposed to think that would be you?? Since when has that ever been you, mom?

TOOTS

Shame on you for talking to your mother this way.

(MORE)

TOOTS (CONT'D)

Your father destroyed me. And he's gonna destroy you. And you want me to sit here and watch it happen.

The courtroom DOORS open. People begin filing back in.

JOY

No one's asking you to stay. In fact, I don't want you to. Unless, for once in your life you can find a way to be a mother and root for me. What's it gonna be Mom? You staying or going?

Toots stares at Joy for a long beat. She grabs her purse off the bench and heads into the courtroom.

TOOTS

The man's never even picked up a mop in his life.

This comment hangs in the air. John appears.

JOY

Where were you? I've been looking for you.

JOHN

I had to go for a walk. Clear my head.

JOY

We need a plan, do you have a plan?

JOHN

I think so.

Joy is panicked. The bailiff flags them into the courtroom.

BAILIFF

Come on. Let's go.

They enter the courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Back in session. Rudy is at the witness stand. John stands up.

JOHN

So, you invented the mop? Is that right?

RUDY

Yes.

JOHN

Wow. That must be exciting to see something like this take off for you.

RUDY

Yes, yes it is.

JOHN

So, why was your daughter on TV, not you? The inventor?

RUDY

She handles the creative part. I do the business part of the deal.

JOHN

Who handles the inventing part?

Matty's attorney stands up.

MATTY'S LAWYER

Objection. He's asking the same question over and over.

JUDGE

Upheld.

(to JOHN)

Do you have any new questions? One that hasn't been answered already?

John is searching. He sees Joy. She signals to him.

JOHN

One second, your Honor.

John comes to Joy. They whisper.

JOY

I need to talk.

JOHN

What?

JOY

Tell him you want me to talk.

JOHN

Joy, you don't want this to turn into a quarrel here.

She is dead stern.

JOY

Please. Do it.

John turns to the Judge.

JOHN
Your Honor, Ms. Mangano has
something she'd like to say.

JUDGE
By all means.

She grabs the mop off of the display table.

JOY
Your Honor. Will you please ask
Rudy to mop the floor?

MATTY'S LAWYER
Objection--

Joy looks at the judge.

JOY
He invented it, I just want to see
him use it. Ask him to come down
and mop the floor.

JUDGE
Overruled.
(turns to Rudy)
Mr. Martorella.

The judge signals for Rudy to come down to the floor. Rudy
reluctantly gets up, embarrassed, and walks down to Joy. Joy
hands him the mop and bucket.

JOY
There's no water in here, but you
know what to do.

Rudy, shaking his head, trying to act cool, dunks the mop in
the bucket, fumbles with the sliding mechanism a bit, pushing
instead of pulling, barely pulling it off. It's not a CLEAR
RESULT. Rudy looks at the judge, throwing his hands up as if
to say "See, I did it."

JOY (CONT'D)
Sorry. One more thing. Can you ask
my dad to take off the mop head and
put it back on?

Rudy tries to take the mop head off. He can't figure out
where the button is. He tries a few different unsuccessful
ways.

JOY (CONT'D)
May I?

Joy takes the mop and detaches the mop head in a millisecond.
She then puts it back on and works the wringer. She turns to
the judge.

JUDGE

Mr. Martorella, you may sit down.

Rudy goes back to his chair. Joy goes back to her table and turns to the judge, matter of fact.

JOY

This mop isn't the first thing I've invented. Its just the first thing anyone has ever bought. Its really amazing seeing people buy this thing. It makes me feel something I've never felt before. Proud. I'm sure these guys have that same feeling. Because they have the 'paperwork' right there that says they own, conceived, and created my mop. They were the ones slipping on the floor of Sam's Diner at midnight. They were the ones that figured out you need to put a pin in the mop or it won't work right. Or that if you slip your finger over the housing when you're assembling it, you'll get your skin pinched every time. Right guys? They have to know about the skin pinching. Because they have the paperwork. It says this mop is theirs. You could tell by the way they talk about it. Its personal for them. It's their blood, sweat, and tears. I don't have that paperwork. It was taken out from underneath me. While I was busy trying to make this thing happen, I was betrayed. And I guess honesty and integrity don't have a receipt. There's no patent for hard work.

(beat)

My whole life people have been telling me you can't do this and you shouldn't try that and you don't deserve this. It's been like noise in my head for a very long time. I just wanna walk away from all the noise. To you, it's a mop. To me, it's a way out. All I'm asking for, your honor, is what has always been mine. And the paperwork to prove it. Thank you.

The judge nods. He is quiet for a long time. He calls the bailiff over and whispers to him. The bailiff walks out of the room, then comes back with more paperwork. Joy watches every move. The judge finally speaks.

JUDGE

Where are these mop molds being held?

MATTY'S LAWYER

In California at our Avalon facility.

JUDGE

Okay. Counsel, contact the facility and have them load the manufacturing molds, all parts dealing with the manufacturing of these mops to be loaded onto trucks and shipped here immediately.

MATTY'S LAWYER

Okay.

JUDGE

And take them to Ms. Mangano's warehouse.

MATTY'S LAWYER

Your honor?

JUDGE

I'll further order a sheriff's escort to accompany the trucks to make sure that nothing mysteriously happens to the trucks along the way. I am not only granting the TRO. I hereby grant all legal rights to the Miracle Mop and it's proceeds to Ms. Mangano.

RONNIE

Oh my God.

MATTY'S LAWYER

We have the patent--

JUDGE

I'm nullifying the patent. It is to be re-filed in the name of Joy Mangano.

There is an audible reaction from the room. He turns to Joy.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Good luck to you.

He hits the gavel. Ronnie bursts into tears. Everyone on Joy's side erupts in celebration. Ronnie, runs to Joy, they hug each other. They all hug. Joy hugs Toots, who is completely dumbfounded. She hugs Ronnie very tightly.

As she hugs Ronnie, Joy looks over Ronnie's shoulder, across the room to Rudy.

Rudy sits isolated, no longer part of the family, no longer respected by the mob. Shamed. He looks pathetic. Joy watches him. A hint of sympathy comes across her face.

Joy's group excitedly starts to head out the door. Last in line, Joy stops where Rudy is sitting. A beat. Then...

JOY

We gonna see you for dinner on Sunday?

RUDY

Yeah. Yeah that'd be good.

INT. JOY'S OFFICES. CHYRON: 1 YR LATER.

Joy is walking through what are now STATE-OF-THE-ART OFFICES. She is made-over, a new and improved version of herself. Confident, polished, elegant. Ronnie comes up to her, wearing a business suit. Ronnie talks to her as they walk.

RONNIE

Joy, Dante's on his way with the kids for pizza night.

JOY

Great.

They pass by the secretary's desk.

JOY (CONT'D)

Mom, pizza in a half hour.

REVEAL Toots, who is on the phone. She acknowledges Joy but stays focused.

TOOTS

Thursday she's in meetings all day but that Friday after lunch there's an opening.

Joy and Ronnie still walking, they head up stairs.

RONNIE

Also, we need to remind the warehouse of the new back-order.

JOY

Yep.

RONNIE

And the head of sales wants a meeting tomorrow.

JOY
Tomorrow is no good.

RONNIE
Well, you talk to him.

Ronnie peels off. Joy opens an office door that reads HEAD OF SALES. TONY is inside working.

TONY
Hey-

JOY
Hey, I can't meet tomorrow, Bobby's got the science fair.

TONY
Oh that's right.

JOY
How's Monday though?

TONY
Monday's good.

JOY
Okay. The kids are almost here. Meet us in the green room in 20 minutes for pizza?

TONY
(smiling)
Yeah.

Joy smiles, exits his office. She walks to a door that has a decorative grapevine wreath hanging on it. She enters. On the wall is a WOMAN'S DAY MAGAZINE COVER that has been framed with JOY AND HER KIDS on the cover. "Mother of Invention".

Joy opens the closet, takes her blazer off, and hangs her blazer up. The blazer slides off and falls to the floor. She hangs it again. It slides off again. Joy holds the hanger up, stares at it, slides her fingers along the corners of the hanger, and we go off on her, wheels turning...a new invention is brewing!

CHYRON:

In the next few years the Miracle Mop sold over 10 million units.

It's sales were only outdone by Joy's next invention: The Huggable Hanger.

Today Joy's products have grossed over a half billion in sales.

If you asked her today, she would say her proudest achievement is her children.

