

The Second Fattest Housewife in Westport

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Writer's Third Draft

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TEASER

KATIE (V.O.)
*I don't like to compare my life to
9/11, but today is my 9/11.*

We see a FOR SALE SIGN. Fresh dirt below. It's just gone up.

INT. THE OTTO KITCHEN - MORNING

KATIE OTTO, late 30s, appealing, is looking out the window at the 'for sale' sign. It's in front of her next door neighbor's house.

KATIE (V.O.)
*Fat Pam is moving away. She's
taking her Lane Bryant gear, her
secret fudge recipe and her husband
Arnie -- who shakes hands like a
male ballerina -- and heading to
Vermont. Fats love Vermont. It's
all that bundling up and sitting
motionless in front of fires and
feeling content with life and their
thighs -*

Katie's thoughts are INTERRUPTED - she POUNDS on the kitchen WINDOW.

KATIE
(yelling)
Hey hey hey! Do not pee in the
yard!

KATIE'S POV: ANNA-KAT, 5, adorable, solidly built, like a firm pillow, is squatting on the front lawn.

KATIE (CONT'D)
*That's Anna-Kat. I forgot to take
my pill because my first two kids
broke my brain and then...*
(weakly)
*Surprise. Don't get me wrong, I
love her, she's amazing, I can't
imagine our family without her, but
that's five years of my life I'll
never get ba --*

Katie's thoughts are CUT OFF when HARRISON, 12 - clean cut, self assured beyond his years - ENTERS. He's wearing a blue and white checked button down shirt and faded Nantucket Reds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRISON

Mom, I've thought about it, and I refuse to participate in the school food drive on principle.

KATIE

And what principle is that?

HARRISON

Westport 'homeless' people have better stuff than we do. Nude Norman rides a bike that's worth more than our car. And when he does wear clothes, they're Mrs. Halloran's cashmere hand-me-downs.

KATIE

He's mentally ill, Harrison.

HARRISON

Norman isn't going to get a job if it's open season on free cans of creamed corn --

We TUNE OUT Harrison and TUNE INTO:

KATIE (V.O.)

I'm not gonna lie to you, we boned it pretty bad with that one. Harrison has one goal in life: to be rich.

WE SEE: Harrison's bedroom, with the now-trendy "Spend, Save, Give" Jars: three see-through jars labeled to help kids develop good values and money sense. Harrison only puts money in the 'SAVE' jar, which is nearly filled up.

KATIE (V.O.)

Right now he's saving up to buy another share of Apple stock. Because he wants to be filthy, dirty, insanely rich. And it sure doesn't help that we're raising him here, in Westport, Connecticut.

EXT. WENTWORTH ST. - MORNING (ESTABLISHING)

Huge houses. Stone walls. Horses, helicopters, yachts.

KATIE (V.O.)

We're not even a little bit rich, in case you were wondering.

EXT. THE OTTO CULDESAC - ESTABLISHING

Big house next to big house. Not exactly McMansions, but not mansions either. It's a very Westport Look. Imagine if Martha Stewart built a house in 2006 on a little less than an acre.

PULL IN TO REVEAL

EXT. THE OTTO HOUSE - PRESENT

A simple home, tiny in comparison to its street-mates, set back in a nice lawn.

KATIE (V.O.)

*Our Castle -- the only remaining
1960s split level house - complete
with bad siding and a single car
garage - in this cul-de-sac filled
with Westport mansions.*

Every other house has a sign with a name like "Whispering Fields." The Otto house just has a red mailbox that says "Ott" with a crude turtle painted by a toddler.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - BACK TO PRESENT

The kitchen door SWINGS OPEN and Anna-Kat enters.

ANNA-KAT

I'm getting great at peeing
outside.
(proudly)
Dry socks.

Anna-Kat pulls up a step stool and begins to wash her hands OCD-ELABORATELY at the kitchen sink.

KATIE (V.O.)

*Anna-Kat has a touch of the
anxieties. Not Rain Man anxiety,
but it's not in the family
newsletter.*

QUICK CUTS

- The clock shows 11:13. Anna-Kat is staring at it, completely motionless.

- Anna-Kat turning all the cans in the pantry so the labels are perfect.

- Anna-Kat touches her dad's left nostril three times before she sits on the couch

RESUME SCENE

Anna-Kat is holding her wet hands up in the air like a surgeon after scrubbing in. Katie dries them for her.

KATIE (V.O.)
She's my favorite. That's right, I said it. I said it in my head.

Anna-Kat hands her mom a stack of papers.

ANNA-KAT
 You need to read page two of the report and then sign that page and also check my work.

KATIE
 Why? Wait, don't even answer that. Your father was in charge of the Solar System project so he's gotta deal with the aftermath. Upstairs.

INT. THE MASTER BATHROOM - SAME TIME

JEFF OTTO, 30s, glasses, smart-looking, is on the toilet. There's some high-brow classical music playing and he's goofing around on his iPad.

KATIE (V.O.)
My husband Jeff, at rest in his natural habitat. He works for a brainy public TV show, which explains the snobby music and all of our mugs. Mommies of the World, I ask you: what would happen if we all took a half-hour dump every morning?

QUICK CUT TO:

STOCK IMAGE OF THE GEARS OF THE WORLD GRINDING TO A HALT.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - PRESENT

Katie is strapping a SCUBA MASK onto Anna-Kat while her thoughts keep on rolling.

KATIE (V.O.)
Seriously, why hasn't the women's movement addressed this? I haven't even made it through last spring's Pottery Barn catalo --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA-KAT

What about the plops? I don't
wanna hear any plops.

Katie takes Anna-Kat's hands and puts them over her little ears, tucks the papers under her arm, and opens the bathroom door.

KATIE

Easy-peasey chicken squeezeie.

ANNA-KAT

(hands covering ears)

Lemon squeezeie. Agg, I can still
hear!

Katie SHUTS Anna-Kat inside the bathroom, and walks down the hall, knocking on a closed door as she passes.

KATIE

Breakfast, Taylor.

KATIE (V.O.)

*I should probably prepare you for
my oldest. Let's make it easy.
Class pictures.*

First -- A homely bucktoothed first-grader with a weird eye.

Next -- A third-grader with an eye patch and half-smile.

Finally -- a junior-higher with thick glasses strapped to her head, blue braces and bony all over.

RESUME SCENE

TAYLOR, 14, walks down the stairs. She's drop dead gorgeous, a colty, America's Next Top Model type, NOT MADE-UP at all.

KATIE (V.O.)

*We didn't even notice until Fake
Uncle Curtis came to our barbecue.*

FLASHBACK -- THE BARBECUE

Taylor, wearing a bikini, is bouncing on a trampoline while FAKE UNCLE CURTIS, 60s, LEERS at her.

INT. THE KITCHEN - PRESENT

Taylor enters.

TAYLOR

Morning, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE
I un-froze you a bagel.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

Katie leans against the counter and watches Taylor put cream cheese on her bagel.

KATIE (V.O.)
I figure I've got about one good month left with Taylor before she stops listening to anything I say. And so, I'm dropping my wisdom on her every chance I get, all the while I'm pursuing the ultimate mother/daughter fantasy...

KATIE
Do you want to watch Dirty Dancing together this weekend?

TAYLOR
Uh, nope.

KATIE
I've been dreaming about it since you were a baby. You cannot say 'no' to me on this.

TAYLOR
Uh, pretty sure I can.

Taylor takes her bagel and heads back upstairs.

KATIE
(calling after her)
You know, you're lucky. My mother never talked to me about anything when I was growing up. I spent half of sixth grade with a sweatsock in my underpants, convinced I was dying.

KATIE (V.O.)
Yeah, that's a lie. It happened to this Pakistani girl I used to know who was raised by her grandfather.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Anna-Kat, SCUBA-MASKED, COVERING HER EARS and FIERCE, watches as her father fills out her school forms while he's on the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE (O.C.)
Kids! Time to go!

EXT. THE OTTO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Otto kids are climbing into the minivan with their school stuff, while Katie stares at her neighbor's house.

KATIE (V.O.)
(wistful)
*Oh, Fat Pam. How I will miss you,
my ham-assed, jolly, plus-sized
neighbor, on this, my personal
Katrina/Titanic/9-11 --*

TAYLOR
Oh god Mom, here comes Nude Norman.

ANGLE ON: NUDE NORMAN (20s), who sports a head of wild, insane-genius hair and is wearing a multi-colored older woman's cashmere sweater. He's riding an expensive Pinarello bicycle and is headed right towards them.

HARRISON
I can't be late for English again.

KATIE
Hop in quick, kids. We don't have
time for charity chit-chat.

Katie jumps in the driver's seat, quickly slams the door.

Anna-Kat looks out the window at Norman, who is cycling and waving cheerily.

ANNA-KAT
He's not naked.

KATIE
Yeah, well, to be fair to him, it
was only that one time.

Katie hits the gas on the minivan and takes off.

KATIE (V.O.)
*For the love of all things, where
was I? Oh, yes. My Hindenburg-
Katrina-Titanic-9-11 day? Once Fat
Pam is gone, I'm going to be the
second fattest housewife in
Westport.*

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLL CREDITS INTO:

ACT ONE

EXT. WESTPORT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

Katie, holding Anna-Kat's hand, WATCHES as Harrison breezes past the FOOD DRIVE TABLE, manned by the school Principal. Harrison does an 'I got nothing' move with his hands - like a magician with nothing up his sleeves - and keeps on walking.

KATIE

(to Anna-Kat)

Have a good day, sweetie.

She gets down to Anna-Kat's eye-level.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Remember how Dr. Ellie taught you to do that little secret thing with your fingers when you feel like you need to do something with numbers to relax yourself? Try that today. Especially in gym class.

ANNA-KAT

Okay, Mommy.

Katie watches as Anna-Kat walks confidently towards the building. When she gets to the bottom of the bank of cement steps, she does an elaborate series of up and backs - up three steps, down two, up three, down one, etc. - WHILE ALSO DOING WEIRD THINGS WITH HER FINGERS HELD UP IN THE AIR.

KATIE

(re: Anna-Kat)

Oh God help her.

Katie heads in the direction of a bunch of Westport mothers.

WE SEE: A perfect mommy, in workout gear. Amazing body. Close ups of tight high ass.

Then more perfect mommies. A fair percentage with fake boobs. Shiny hair, Lululemons, green juice in ball jars, shaved legs. Oh, wait: waxed legs.

KATIE (V.O.)

Perhaps you're wondering how they do it. They're hungry all the time. You want to look like that, at this age, after having kids? Say bye-bye to solid food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WE SEE: more perfect mommies. Including one named Suzanne, early 40s, strained and trying VERY hard.

SUZANNE

Katie! You've got something on the back of your shirt.

KATIE

(looks over her shoulder at her shirt)

That's pizza. I thought it came out in the wash.

SUZANNE

How did you get a pizza stain on the back of your shirt?

KATIE

Honest answer? I was either wearing it backwards when I ate the pizza or I'm wearing it backwards now.

(checks the tag)

Yeah, now.

SUZANNE

I love you, Katie. You're so real!

KATIE (V.O.)

Yeah, I get that a lot. "You're so real" is Westport mommy code for "You shouldn't be eating that or wearing that or driving that and why do you have hair all over your jacket." Every time I hear it, I want to rip somebody's eyes out.

KATIE

(big smile)

Thanks, Suzanne.

Katie saunters up to two MISFIT MOMMIES, off to the side of the herd, and says under her breath:

KATIE (CONT'D)

What do you say, bitches? Second Breakfast?

INT. PINTEREST-WORTHY WESTPORT CAFE - THAT MORNING

ANGELA, 30s, black, artistic-looking, is in the middle of a rant while Katie and DORIS (30s, Korean) listen in, best-friend-like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Celeste never even wanted to carry a child! She was convinced it would ruin her vagina!

Doris and Katie exchange looks, meaning: 'Well, it kinda does.'

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And yet now she's fighting me for the last vial of our family sperm! She's out there dating with her still-perfect vagina and wants to take my sperm! It's completely unfair. Ugh, new topic. Is it too early to drink?

Angela signals for a drink.

KATIE

(deep breath; how do you follow that?)

Well, I've got news.

(beat)

Pam just put her house on the market.

DORIS

Fat Pam?

ANGELA

Non non-stick Pam?

DORIS

The Pam who you've seen below-the-waist naked approximately ninety-seven times, because she has no bathroom curtains and you text us every time it happens?

KATIE

Yes. That Pam. She's moving to Vermont. And I'm going to be the second fattest housewife in Westport.

DORIS/ANGELA

No way./Not possible.

KATIE

Name two women around here fatter than me.

Doris and Angela silently wrack their brains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (it's really true; kill me
 now)
 Oh my God.

DORIS
 Katie, the women around here are
 freaks. There's nothing wrong with
 you. You're beautiful and amazing.
 Besides, why do you even care?

KATIE
 Why do I care? That I'm this close
 to being the second fattest woman
 in an entire town? Why do I find
 that troubling? Is that what you're
 asking me, Doris?

The waitress arrives with food.

DORIS
 (not at all mean)
 And going on a diet is out of the
 question.

ANGELA
Completely out of the question!
 That is giving in to them!

KATIE
 Honestly? It is pretty low on my
 list of possible solutions to this
 problem. I mean, Jeff pretty much
 wants to have sex with me all the
 time anyway. I don't really want to
 give him any added incentives. You
 should have seen us last night.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jeff hops in, pulling off a long black sock by the toe-end,
 while Katie trails behind him. They're dressed for a night
 out.

KATIE
 Sex on a full stomach, after
 midnight, against my will? This
 counts as two checks on the
 Spreadsheet. Three if I don't make
 you wear the lavender eye mask.

JEFF
 (don't be silly)
 You know I love the way you look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start to kiss while Jeff pulls off his other sock.

KATIE
I ate something weird.
(then)
I'm giving myself four checks.

There's more kissing and some standing-up, marital groping, then:

JEFF
You feel... different.

KATIE
Different how?

Jeff takes a step back and palms Katie's tummy. Then he pokes at it with a finger, completely fascinated.

JEFF
Like a brand new bag of flour.

KATIE
It's the Spanx. I forgot I was even wearing them.

JEFF
Let's get them off.

Jeff starts to pull on them from the bottom of the thigh, completely ineffectively.

KATIE
That won't work, they're hooked to my bra.

JEFF
What? Why?

KATIE
If you do it right, it turns gut into boob.

JEFF
(admiring)
They do look good.

KATIE
Well they should, they're one-third gut.

The two struggle to pull off Katie's Spanx together, and we go:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. WESTPORT CAFE - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON: Very empty, very big plates.

The waitress drops the check. Katie, Angela, and Doris look at each other. They're a little content, a little ashamed.

KATIE

I feel good.

ANGELA

Me too.

DORIS

I always feel a tiny bit sick but not in a bad way.

(then)

Is your shirt on backwards?

EXT. SPINNING STUDIO - LATER

Angela, Doris, and Katie walk by a bunch of sweaty perfect mommies, who are coming out of spin class.

KATIE (V.O.)

Assholes.

The three of them keep walking. They make a distinctive posse.

INT. THE OTTO KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON: Anna-Kat, who is staring at the kitchen clock, completely motionless, holding a raw hot dog. The clock says 7:13.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL Katie, Jeff, Taylor and Harrison are sitting at the dinner table, starting to eat.

KATIE

Taylor, tell your brother how well you did with your can project last year.

TAYLOR

(teenage boredom)

I did very well.

HARRISON

Mom, this constant doling out of freebies violates my conservative principles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

What are these "principles" you keep talking about? Have you ever thought maybe you're just being mean and lazy? Jeff, talk to him.

JEFF

I think you might be being mean and lazy.

KATIE

Taylor brought cans and pastries to the Clough Elders Home every week for 6 months. She even helped Vi White exercise.

HARRISON

And then she died on the floor of the common room watching "Dancing With The Stars", right?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

JEFF

It disturbed a lot of people.

HARRISON

I think I should be allowed to be who I am.

KATIE

Well, you're not. Get used to it.

HARRISON

If I said I thought I might be a girl on the inside, you'd let me wear a skirt to school? I'm just saying.

CLOSE ON: The kitchen clock, which clicks to 7:14. Anna-Kat walks over to the table, holding her hot dog. She sits at her seat.

ANNA-KAT

I don't have any friends.

KATIE

Of course you have friends, sweetie.

ANNA-KAT

Today it was because I wouldn't hold hands in partner tag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

Why won't you hold hands in partner tag?

ANNA-KAT

Because I don't want to catch people's invisible germs.

KATIE

What? What are you talking about?

ANNA-KAT

That's how you get sick.

KATIE

(with conviction)

That is not how you get sick, Anna-Kat.

JEFF

Pretty sure it is.

Katie stares hard at her husband. "We're supposed to be helping her with this stuff" goes unsaid.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Right.

(to Anna-Kat, with no conviction)

Germs are made up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Katie is sitting on the couch with her feet in Jeff's lap.

KATIE

Okay, I've come up with a few ways to slow this whole Fat-Pam-leaving-town train down. To throw a wrench in the works, as it were.

(off list)

Number one. Rent out our junk room to one of those guys so we can get on that website everyone checks.

JEFF

(dry)

The pedophilia website?

KATIE

I think they prefer the term 'sex offender.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEFF

You want to put a child molester
into our junk room?

KATIE

Not a real molester. Just one of
those nineteen year-olds who got
caught banging the wrong sixteen
year-old. I'm not insane, Jeff.

JEFF

(obviously no)
What else you got?

KATIE

Remove tires from car and park on
lawn.

JEFF

Next.

KATIE

Adopt several pitbulls.

JEFF

No.

KATIE

Dress up Anna-Kat as Jon Benet
Ramsey and have her prance around
potential buyers.

JUMP TO:

KATIE (CONT'D)

Remove all curtains and become a
naked house.

JUMP TO:

KATIE (CONT'D)

Take in Urban Youth or just people
who "seem terrorist-y".

JEFF

I wish we had an HR department in
this house.

JUMP TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KATIE

Borrow elderly person who wanders
and likes to chat and play board
games.

JUMP TO:

KATIE (CONT'D)

Put two hogs in yard.

JEFF

You actually wrote that on the
paper?

KATIE

And I put a star next to it. Come
on, Jeff. You have to say yes to
something or I'll be forced to use
my best judgement.

JEFF

Just a thought. Instead of trying
to scare off all the bony buyers --

Katie smiles big: she's taught him well!

JEFF (CON'T) (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be easier to get a nice
large...er...ish-type gal to buy
the house instead?

KATIE (V.O.)

*And there it was, like a beacon in
the night. A solution as obvious as
a fox in a henhouse. If it was a
chimp it would have eaten my face
off. I was going to have to find
myself a ripe fatty and get her
into Fat Pam's house, and fast.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Katie drops her robe and steps on her bathroom scale. We are
CLOSE ON HER FACE as she looks down at the number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE
Sweet baby Jane.

Katie puts her robe back on and starts to brush her teeth, with resignation.

KATIE (V.O.)
*I'm not going to say the number.
Let's just say, I weigh what a thin
woman would weigh if she was seven
months pregnant and had just eaten
a toddler --*

The bathroom door bursts open. It's Harrison.

KATIE
Yo. Five seconds ago I was stark
naked. You're growing up. You need
to knock.

HARRISON
That's solid advice, Mom.

Harrison starts to dig around under the bathroom sink.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
This food drive has gotten out of
hand. They're trying to bribe us
with extra credit. And you know how
much I love extra credit.

Taylor enters and Katie throws her hands up in mommy
frustration.

KATIE
Honestly, why do we have doors
here? You clearly are both itching
to see me nude.

Taylor grabs a shirt that is drying on the towel rack.

TAYLOR
Mom, please stop texting me about
Dirty Dancing. I said I'm not
interested.

KATIE
Fine. I'll stop. Now do me a favor
and talk to your brother about
puberty.

TAYLOR
(mortified)
Oh my god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Taylor exits quickly. Harrison pulls out some pink deodorant and sprays it under his wispy-haired pits.

KATIE
(disgusted and confused)
That's my deodorant.

HARRISON
I know. Dad's smells like Dr. Ron
and yours is clinical strength.

He puts it down and heads out the door.

KATIE
(calling)
Listen to me, Harrison. Bring in
some cans of food for the food
drive today. And that is a direct
order!

EXT. WESTPORT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - A BIT LATER

The kids get out of the minivan and head into school. Then Katie pulls over to the cluster of perfect mummies, and Doris and Angela climb in.

KATIE (V.O.)
*Oh, in case you were wondering,
there she is: Westport's first
fattest.*

WE SEE a brunette wearing Eileen Fisher and chunky jewelry, comfortable as all hell in her own skin. She BENDS DOWN to tie her son's shoe and it's a good two square yards of ass.

INT. FAT PAM'S FORMER HOME - LARGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Katie, Doris and Angela enter to find a smattering of predictably thin, well-dressed women looking around. There are tasteful flowers everywhere and healthy food laid out on the marble counter. Our girls move about as though they are tethered together.

ANGELA
This place is huge.

DORIS
It's spectacular.
(to Katie)
It's pretty weird that this house
is right next to your house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Yeah. I live in a tear-down. Don't rub it in.

ANGELA

What exactly are we doing here?

KATIE

We're looking for the right kind of buyer, so we can keep the wrong kind of people out of the neighborhood.

DORIS

You should not say that to a black person. Or to a Korean person.

KATIE

Let's just try to find ourselves fatty, okay? And everyone else? Just find a way to discourage them.

ANGLE ON: Angela, talking to a thin woman:

ANGELA

It could just be window cleaner. I mean does anybody really know what meth SMELLS like?

ANGLE ON:

DORIS

I think it's the good kind of Radon. That's a thing, right?

ANGLE ON:

KATIE

We call it the murder house but who knows why.

JUMP TO:

Angela, Doris, and Katie sit down in a row on the couch. They scan the room. The crowd has thinned out.

DORIS

What is that woman over there wearing? Is that a Fitbit?

WE SEE: A thin, pretty Westport type (Viv, 30s), opening up the media center cabinets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA
Yeah, it's a Fitbit.

DORIS
But she's wearing two of them.

ANGELA
Yeah, she is.

DORIS
One on each wrist.

ANGELA
Yeah.

Beat.

DORIS
I LITERALLY CANNOT CONCEIVE of a
reason a person would need to wear
two Fitbits.

KATIE
And why is she opening every single
cabinet?

DORIS
She will not stop it with the damn
cabinets. What is wrong with her?

ANGELA
One of us needs to go over there
and talk her out of this place.

KATIE
It's no use. There hasn't been a
single fat person in this place all
afternoon. I might as well accept
it. I'm going to be Vice Fattest.

DORIS
You can't give up.

KATIE
Oh, I think I can. We should leave.

The front door OPENS and they turn hopefully.

But, it's a very thin man. Damn it!

Then, Katie's eyes widen as a perfectly rotund specimen
follows the thin man inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And there she is: FAT BUYER (30s, large), the very picture of chubby sweetness. Katie just might be okay!

EXT. THE OTTO'S HOUSE - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

INT. THE OTTO KITCHEN - EVENING

Anna-Kat is staring at the kitchen clock again, motionless, while Jeff and Katie clean up around her.

KATIE

I think it might actually work. She seemed to really love the house.

JEFF

Was she nice?

KATIE

So nice. So so nice.

JEFF

Good. Great. See? Nothing to worry about.

The clock flips to 6:14 and Anna-Kat begins to move again.

KATIE

(to Anna-Kat)

You know we're super proud of you, right?

ANNA-KAT

For holding hands during germ tag?

KATIE

Yes, no - it's not germ tag. We're proud of you for trying something new. And for doing something that was very hard for you to do.

Jeff looks at his phone.

JEFF

I just got an e-mail from Harrison's teacher. Apparently, today he brought in 'a single can of expired cat food' for The Poor.

KATIE

(are you serious?)

You are not serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

I am serious. What's the best way
for us to handle this?

But Katie is already on the move.

KATIE

(yelling)

Harrison!

INT. HARRISON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harrison is at his desk, doing homework. Katie stalks in and heads over to his bookshelf.

HARRISON

Hey Mom. What are you doing?

She grabs Harrison's Save Jar (from the Spend, Save, Give jars we saw in the teaser).

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Hey!

KATIE

(re: jar, pissed off)

You just lost it all, my friend.

HARRISON

That's for my Apple stock! I'm
twenty-eight dollars away from
getting another share!

KATIE

This money is going straight to
some poor people. Of my choice.

HARRISON

I worked hard for that money. This
is straight-up communism!

KATIE

You're right. It is communism. And
I'm --

(thinking aloud, but
directed at Harrison)

Who was worse, Lenin or Stalin?
Pretty sure Stalin killed the most
people.

(to Harrison, thrusting
her head at him
dramatically)

I'm Stalin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katie heads out, carrying Harrison's jar of cash.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Anna-Kat is standing at the top of the staircase.

ANNA-KAT

I think I'm sick.

KATIE

I don't think you're sick, honey.

Anna-Kat bolts into the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

Jeff and Katie are conferring outside Anna-Kat's room.

KATIE

Her temperature is a hundred and two.

JEFF

Poor girl.

KATIE

I'm curious.

(fake sincerity)

Do you think this could be partner-tag related?

JEFF

A bunch of snot-nosed kids, running around, holding hands with each other during a gym class right before lunch? I'm no epidemiologist, but --

KATIE

I knew it.

JEFF

What?

KATIE

She gets this from you!

JEFF

What are you talking about?

KATIE

I am straight-up mentally healthy in the germ department, Jeff. You once dared me to lick a hotel room

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE (CONT'D)
remote control and I did it without
blinking. Then you had to walk
naked to the ice machine and you
almost got arrested.

Beat.

JEFF
Do you have any idea what they find
on hotel room remote controls?

KATIE
This is your mess in there. And
unless you want our sweet daughter
to never hold another human's hand
for the rest of her life, you need
to go in there and fix it.

INT. ANNA-KAT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff and Anna-Kat are sitting next to each other, propped up
against the headboard, having a heart-to-heart.

JEFF
And what I'm trying to tell you is,
friends are more important than
germs.

ANNA-KAT
(doesn't quite buy it)
Friends are more important than
germs.

JEFF
They are. Friends are very
important, and someday you're going
to have a lot of them, because you
are what we call an original.
(then)
But still, always remember to wash
your hands.

ANNA-KAT
Okay.

JEFF
And sometimes use Purell --

KATIE (O.S.)
Jeff.

JEFF
Friends are more important than
germs.

EXT. THE OTTO CULDESAC - THE NEXT MORNING

Harrison is wearing a button down shirt with a tie and talking somewhat formally to Nude Norman. After a moment, the two SHAKE HANDS and Norman cycles off.

A car drives by and we follow it to...

EXT. THE OTTO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FAT LADY BUYER parks her car and walks over to Katie, who is pulling up weeds.

FAT LADY BUYER

Well, you convinced us. We've put in our offer. Well over the asking price.

KATIE

Really? Are you serious? You have no idea how happy I am!

Katie goes in for the hug.

KATIE (V.O.)

(hugging)

She's so fat my fingers can't even touch! They're searching for each other, they're searching, wait - it's like God touching that guy's finger on the ceiling of that church!

FAT LADY BUYER

We're really excited about the house. Of course, we wouldn't have to buy a house at all if Dave's schizophrenic mother would just go ahead and die already and give us her place.

The woman laughs, and Katie laughs right along with her.

FAT LADY BUYER (CONT'D)

(between us gals)

We were a little worried about all of the Jews and the rich blacks around here.

KATIE

The ah, what's that now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT LADY BUYER

The Jews and the rich blacks. In Westport. There are a lot of them, right? And gays "raising kids" together?

(conspiratorially)

I guess we just do our best to avoid them, right?

KATIE (V.O.)

And there I was, caught hard between my admittedly small better nature and my fierce desire to NOT be the second fattest housewife in an entire town full of perfect people. Did I really want a fat, racist anti-Semite who doesn't dig gay people living next door to me? And how was I ever going to lead my kids in the right direction if I didn't obey my own somewhat-compromised moral compass? Could I even do such a thing, just to keep from becoming the second fattest housewife in Westport?

KATIE

(no, she can't)

Aw damn...

SMASH TO:

KATIE (V.O.)

But it was too late. The damage had already been done.

A SOLD SIGN IS SLAPPED UP. It swings forlornly.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE OTTO KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Taylor is unloading the dishwasher as Katie folds Anna-Kat's laundry on the kitchen counter (there's only one of each kind of sock.) Katie is humming "I've Had The Time of My Life."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeff passes through, grabs a soda, hears the humming.

JEFF

I would rather eat a squirrel than
listen to this again.

Jeff exits.

TAYLOR

Mom. I don't want to see that movie
with you.

KATIE

What are you talking about? I'm
having the time of my life, folding
these socks. I'm not trying to send
you a secret message. About how
much fun we could have together
tonight.

TAYLOR

I really don't get your weird
obsession with this.

KATIE

I thought you always wanted to see
Dirty Dancing. And I wouldn't let
you until you were old enough. And
now you're old enough, but you
don't want to see it anymore.

TAYLOR

I do want to see it.
(then)
Just, not with you.

KATIE

But I'm your mother. I'm the
perfect person to see it with. We
can talk about birth control,
abortions, that guy I hooked up
with in the Catskills whose name I
can never remember.

TAYLOR

Yeah. All that, I don't want to
hear.

Katie takes this in.

KATIE

Really. Huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Can you promise not to talk to me about it?

KATIE

During the movie or after?

TAYLOR

Both.

KATIE

For now or forever?

TAYLOR

(thinks, then)

Until I'm sixteen or pregnant, whichever comes first.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Taylor, Katie, and Anna-Kat are sitting on the sofa, watching Dirty Dancing together, a mom's dreamy snugglefest. Anna-Kat is wearing large HEADPHONES and watching a cartoon on an iPad.

BABY (ON TV)

This feeling is more real than anything I've felt in my entire life! I'm me when I'm with you. And I've never been me before. Do you know what that's like? To go your whole life and never have a chance to be you? And I'm scared of walking out of this room and never feeling the rest of my whole life the way I feel when I'm with you.

Katie's eyes are wide with happy excitement. And her mouth is shut. But just barely.

EXT. THE OTTO CULDESAC - MORNING

Birds chirping. Sprinklers turning on.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katie is SITTING ON THE TOILET, flipping through last spring's Pottery Barn Catalog, enjoying a rare moment of toilet-solitude when --

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Mo-om! Front door for you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katie folds down the page and wipes herself, with mommy resignation.

INT. THE ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two Fitbits (Viv) is at the door. She's talking to Jeff as Katie approaches.

VIV

Apparently some schizo old lady
died somewhere and the offer ahead
of us fell through. Serendipity!

JEFF

Lucky us.
(to Katie)
Right honey?

Jeff and Katie lock eyes: it's Two Fitbits!

VIV

(not a compliment around
here)
Your house is so cozy.

KATIE

Thank you.

VIV

It's adorable. Really, it is.

KATIE

(clipped)
Yeah. I know. Thank you.

VIV

And I am going to love getting my
hands on you.

KATIE

Excuse me?

VIV

I used to be a big girl. I figured
it out. I can totally help you.

KATIE

Yeah. That sounds delightful.
(then)
How many steps are between our two
houses?

VIV

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Don't act like you don't know the answer.

VIV

You caught me. Thirty-three!
We can do some walking in the mornings!

KATIE

Yeah, that will not be happening.

VIV

I love it. I love you. You're so real!

(then, pulling a long
strand of hair off of
Katie)

You've got some hair on your bathrobe.

KATIE (V.O.)

And there it was again. The damning Westport 'you're so real.' And suddenly, well, things got even realer.

There's a light knock on the open door. Nude Norman stands at the entrance. He's wearing one of his signature ladies' cashmere sweaters.

VIV

(startled by his
appearance)

Oh, hello there.

NORMAN

(slight bow)

Madame.

Viv makes a quick exit as Katie moves towards Nude Norman. All of a sudden, Anna-Kat is right at Katie's heels.

ANNA-KAT

Hi.

Anna-Kat tentatively extends her hand to Nude Norman. He loudly hacks into his hand and then shakes her hand with it. Jeff and Katie both react, just as Anna-Kat turns to Katie and whispers--

ANNA-KAT (CONT'D)

Friends are more important than germs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATIE
(whispered, alarmed, the
good Mom)
Still. Go wash your hands.

JEFF
I'll dry.

Anna-Kat and Jeff head off to the kitchen to do some OCD hand washing.

NUDE NORMAN
(to Katie)
I'm sorry to intrude. Harrison said
I could find him here?

Katie pauses, with a quizzical look on her face. She's about to call Harrison when he appears, looking a little concerned.

HARRISON
Uh, it's okay Mom, I've got this.
Hi, Norman.

KATIE
Oh no, I'm not going anywhere.

Norman smiles and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a wad of cash.

NORMAN
I finished the yard work no breaks,
double time, just like you
suggested. The Westphals and the
Fleishers want me back next week.
We're in business!
(then)
Here's your cut.

Harrison quickly grabs the money and thanks Norman, who walks off towards his six thousand dollar bike.

KATIE
Seriously, Harrison?

HARRISON
I lined up the jobs for him, Mom. I
made a few calls. It's a little
thing called capitalism.

KATIE
(not totally happy)
And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRISON

(beat)

And I will donate a portion of the proceeds to the food bank.

KATIE

Twenty percent.

HARRISON

Five.

KATIE

Fifteen.

HARRISON

Six.

KATIE

Eighty.

HARRISON

Ten?

Katie thinks, then shakes his hand.

KATIE (V.O.)

When you have kids, they're "little you's" for a pretty long time. And it's nice. It is. Don't let anyone ever tell you it isn't.

WE SEE: Anna-Kat and Katie, wearing MATCHING PJs and similarly mussed hair, making waffles.

KATIE (V.O.)

The thing is, if you do your job right, one day you wake up and they aren't you anymore.

WE SEE: Harrison and Norman seated on the front steps, Harrison pointing to a piece of paper, all business.

KATIE (V.O.)

So Harrison figured out his own way to help the homeless while managing to earn money for his Apple stock.

WE SEE: Harrison putting his cut of Nude Norman's earnings into his 'Save' jar.

KATIE (V.O.)

And Taylor will still not let me talk to her about Dirty Dancing,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KATIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 although I've tried to find ways
 around it.

WE SEE: Katie doing some dance moves from Dirty Dancing.
 Taylor gets up from the couch and leaves the room.

KATIE (V.O.)
 And Anna-Kat, well, Anna-Kat will
 always be --

Katie's thoughts are INTERRUPTED - she POUNDS on the kitchen
 WINDOW.

KATIE
 (yelling)
 Hey hey hey! No peeing in the
 yard!

KATIE'S POV: Anna-Kat, squatting on the lawn, giving a
 (completely nonsensical) cheerful thumbs-up to her Mom.

KATIE (V.O.)
 And the new skinny bitch next door
 likes to keep reminding me how
 'real' I am. For a while it really
 bugged me. But then, I don't know,
 I guess it hit me: shouldn't we all
 be real? Isn't that kind of the
point of life? To be who you
actually are?

Now, the Otto family is gathered around the table, eating
 dinner, smiling, laughing, joking around, UNDER:

KATIE (V.O.)
 And, as a parent, isn't that what
 we're supposed to be doing? Showing
 our kids how to be real?

ONE MORE SHOT OF DINNER TABLE: Anna-Kat is standing next to
 the table dancing with a hot dog in her hand while the others
 laugh. SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: Katie's face, looking at herself in the bathroom
 mirror, pulling at her face a little, scrutinizing... and now
 talking to the camera.

KATIE
 So yeah, I'm the second fattest
 housewife in Westport. This is me,
 being real. I'm not thrilled about
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KATIE (CONT'D)
it. But I'm owning it. Oh, and
also?

SMASH TO:

KATIE (CONT'D)
(with a winning smile)
I'm eating this.

FREEZE FRAME ON: the perfect cupcake, as Irene Cara's "What a
Feelin'" kicks in big, at the 2:58 mark on the Spotify Radio
Edit...

END OF SHOW