

TICK-TOCK

"Pilot"

Written By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JUDY'S STORE - DAY

JUDY LOTT, the owner of an eclectic store that sells all sorts of items, is behind the counter. She's thirty-six, struggles with being ten-to-twenty pounds overweight, and is radiant in her own special way.

The store's usually busy, but there's a lull. Judy opens up a tub of Cool Whip and scoops a few helpings into a bowl. She then takes a can of whipped cream and sprays a large amount on top of that. She picks up a spoon and starts eating. She has a small television on.

DR. PHIL (ON T.V.)

... You've heard this before: a woman over the age of thirty-five is more likely to get hit by lightnin' than she is to get married. It's a fact!

Judy rolls her eyes.

DR. PHIL (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)

... Or at least it used to be! I'm about to tell you a sure-fire, guaranteed way to snag that fella and have that wedding you've dreamt about since you were a little girl!

Judy's ears perk up.

DR. PHIL (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)

So, are you ready to say goodbye to bein' single?

JUDY

(through mouthful of
food)

Yes!

A MAN enters the shop wearing a Statue of Liberty mask. He quickly approaches the counter and pulls out a gun.

GUNMAN

Your money, now! All of it!

CLOSE ON: Judy's shocked expression.

JUDY (V.O.)

Oh my god! It's true what they say about situations like these!

INT. BLACKNESS - FLASHBACK

JUDY (V.O.)
 ... Your life does flash before your
 eyes!

CHYRON: January 14, 1972

JUDY'S POV as she enters the world for the first time.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOCTOR
 It's a girl!

The doctor holds up Judy -- her new parents are thrilled.
 There's no crying from Judy -- in fact, she coos and smiles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 ... And if I didn't know any better,
 I'd say she was flirting with me!

JUDY (V.O.)
 Of course I was flirting with him.
 He was a doctor. I may have been a
 baby, but I wasn't an idiot.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: March 7, 1980

A roomful of second-graders is saying the pledge of
 allegiance. We PUSH through to find an eight-year old girl
 hiding in the back, wolfing down the last bit of her sandwich.

JUDY (V.O.)
 I think I stopped pledging allegiance
 to the flag when I realized I couldn't
 eat it. Anyway, that's me, and that
 was my lunch. It wasn't even 8:30 am.

Little Judy inhales her dessert, a pack of Yodels.

JUDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Cute, huh? Me and food. There's
 something really special about your
 first dysfunctional relationship.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - FLASHBACK - LATER THAT DAY

Two girls are twirling a long jump rope. Little Judy, huge
 grin on her face, jumps in and says a jump-rope rhyme:

LITTLE JUDY

Bo Bo skee watan toton, eh eh, say
boys are rotten! Itty bitty watan
toton, bo bo skee watan toton, bo bo
skee watan toton, boom!

She jumps out, then, panting, sits down next to a BOY.

LITTLE JUDY (CONT'D)

I don't really think boys are rotten.
I also don't have any idea what a
"watan toton" is. Hi! I'm Judy!

She smiles at the boy the only way she knows how -- big. A
beat. He moves away, slowly at first, then at a quicker
pace. She watches him leave. Her smile never falters.

JUDY (V.O.)

Back then, boys thought I was a bit
much...

INT. CLUB MED HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

CHYRON: January 18, 1998

We PAN a trail of clothes leading to a bed.

JUDY (V.O.)

... When I grew up, though, I learned
how to get around that issue.

ARRIVE AT twenty-six year old Judy and a random guy going at
it on the bed. Then:

JUDY (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, can I ask you something?

RANDOM GUY

Yeah?

JUDY

I know it's Club Med, and we met an
hour ago, and we're drunk, and we
already did it twice, and you probably
can't even remember my name...

RANDOM GUY

I can't.

JUDY

It's Judy, hi. Anyway, could you do
me one favor? It would mean the
world to me, and it would make me
feel a lot better about myself.

RANDOM GUY

Okay.

JUDY

Will you take off your socks?

A beat. He takes off his socks and throws them on the floor.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I love you.

They start going at it again.

INT. CHURCH CONFSSIONAL - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: April 29, 1998... Three months later

JUDY

... Anyway, father, I don't know anything about him, I don't even remember his name. The only thing I have of his are these...

Judy holds up a pair of socks.

PRIEST

Well, certainly, pregnancy out of wedlock is a serious matter. But it seems you understand the gravity of your situation. I'm heartened by that. I'd like you to recite the act of contrition and say three Hail --

JUDY

No, no, wait, I don't want absolution.

PRIEST

You don't?

JUDY

No. You see, I've decided to end the pregnancy. I was always told the church is here to comfort us, so I was hoping you'd come with me to the clinic. I don't feel comfortable asking anyone in my family.

PRIEST

But you feel comfortable asking me.

JUDY

I don't have anywhere else to turn.

PRIEST

I'm flattered. I need to remind you, though, of the church's position on this matter. Long story short, we're against it.

Judy starts to cry.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

My child, even in our darkest hours --

JUDY

(big smile)
Got you!

PRIEST

What?

JUDY

I'm having the baby!

PRIEST

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

JUDY

I'm having it, father! But the church, well, you guys are such sticklers about the whole thing, I decided to pull your leg a little. I wish I could have seen the look on your face -- "will you come with me to the clinic?"

Judy laughs.

PRIEST

So this was... a joke? You came to confessional to pull a joke?

JUDY

Come on, don't you get sick of all the same old, boring confessions? Even priests have to have fun.

PRIEST

Yes, well, I suppose the important thing is, you're keeping the baby.

JUDY

Actually, I'm considering the black market. I know the church forbids abortion, but selling it, that's okay, right?

PRIEST

Yes, that's okay.

A beat. Judy bursts out laughing. The priest smiles.

INT. JUDY'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - LATER

CHYRON: June 12th, 2001

Judy is visiting her parents. She's lovingly feeding a bottle to her infant son, WORM. He's wearing a ONESIE that says, "Thank God for one-night stands." Judy's mom, SANDY, is pouring some drinks while her dad, KEN, reads the paper.

JUDY

... I don't make enough money temping, my place is too small, I've really got to step it up if I'm going to support my little butter bean here! It'll be hard, because, as you're aware, I can't do anything. Luckily, Grandpa's trust kicks in if I get married, or have a baby out of wedlock --

SANDY

He knew you so well.

JUDY

I want to use the money to open a store where I can sell all my favorite things. It may be these cherry-shaped earrings I'm wearing, or music I like, or pants that are waistline-friendly. The point is, I'll sell things in the store I use and love.

SANDY

That sounds nice, Joodles.

JUDY

Thanks, Mom. I'm brainstorming names, any ideas on what I should call it?

KEN

(not looking up from
paper)

I know what you should call it...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SHOPPING AREA - BACK TO PRESENT

The sign over the store reads "WORTHLESS JUNK".

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - SAME TIME

Yup, there's still a gun pointed at Judy. The TV is blaring.

GUNMAN
Turn off that TV!

JUDY
Um, actually, there was something important Dr. Phil was about to --

GUNMAN
Turn it off!

JUDY
Okay, okay!

She turns off the TV.

GUNMAN
Let's go, the cash, hand it over!

JUDY
Um, uh, I'm sorry, but there's only a few dollars in the register.

GUNMAN
I've studied this place, I know you have a safe in the back! Open it!

JUDY
M-my assistant is the only one who knows the combination. He's not here.

GUNMAN
What do you mean? You're the owner!

JUDY
I don't want to be able to get at the money. I would spend it all on cake.

GUNMAN
Are you kidding me?!

He moves the gun closer to her head. Judy gulps.

JUDY (V.O.)
Well, that's it. I'm never going to see my son again. I'm never going to find that special someone, I'm never going to get married...

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

CHYRON: Four weeks ago...

Judy and her gorgeous sister NICKI, thirty-two, are shopping for a present for their mom. As they peruse the store...

JUDY

... I will find that special someone,
and I will get married!

NICKI

I know, but a singles hike? Does
anyone meet that way? It's so dusty.
And there's all that dog poop.

JUDY

Look, the transition from "young and
loose" to "young-ish and marriage-
minded" isn't easy, okay? I've raised
my standards, I have to try harder.

NICKI

The last few years, you've treated
getting married like it's your job.

JUDY

At my age, you're supposed to!

NICKI

You take it too far.

JUDY

I do not.

NICKI

You hired an assistant.

JUDY

Yeah, well, I've got e-mails to read,
profiles to edit, pictures to
photoshop so I look really attractive
but not so amazing guys won't be
disappointed when we meet in person,
it's a lot. I needed help.

NICKI

Judy, it's 2008. Your behavior,
well, it's sort of... anti-woman.

JUDY

What?! That's not fair! I own my
own business, I'm a semi-functioning
single mother, I donate money to a
women's shelter... so blow me!

NICKI

Okay, okay, forget I brought it up.

(then)

None of this stuff is Mom's taste.
Where do they keep the ugly clothes?

Judy holds up a hideous blouse.

NICKI (CONT'D)

Yikes. Will you pay for it and get it wrapped? I'll give you half later.

JUDY

I suppose you want me to put Kyle's name on the card.

NICKI

Is that a problem?

JUDY

No, it's just that... if it's from the three of us, why do I have to chip in for my lesbian sister's boyfriend-slash-beard's share?

NICKI

Shhh! You are so passive-aggressive!

JUDY

You're passive-aggressive!

NICKI

I care enough to give you constructive criticism, and you attack me! What if one of my patients had heard that?!

JUDY

Okay, okay, calm down. I'm actually glad you brought this up.

NICKI

I brought this up?!

JUDY

I've been thinking about your situation, and I've made some decisions for you, which you should know about.

NICKI

Really.

JUDY

You're a lesbian who happens to be a gynecologist, Nicki. It's not a crime, except maybe in Utah. It's time we tell the world.

(then)

Wow, I feel like a huge weight's been lifted off my shoulders.

NICKI

We're talking about my shoulders,
Judy! I know what I'm doing! Women
are in a vulnerable enough position
in those stirrups, they don't want
to worry about some dyke licking the
speculum after they're done with
their exam!

JUDY

Ewww.

(then)

Let's admit what this is really about:
Mom and Dad knowing. They're hipper
than you give them credit for -- Mom
bought a pair of Skechers last week.

NICKI

Will you stop it! Please respect my
choices! God! I wonder what it
would be like to have a supportive
sister!

JUDY

That's funny, I wonder what it would
be like to have a supportive sister!

NICKI

Just stop being a pill and put Kyle's
name on the card!

(then)

By the way, if you're going on a
hike in this heat, you may want to
lighten up on the makeup, Zsa-Zsa.

JUDY

Thank you for being so supportive!
And FYI, I've been spinning every
day! I won't even break a sweat!

EXT. NATURE TRAIL - FLASHBACK - LATER THAT DAY

The singles hike. Judy's makeup is pouring off her. She
approaches a cute guy.

JUDY

So, isn't it great to be out in
nature, and, you know, just be all
natural? I love it!

One of Judy's fake eyelashes falls onto her upper lip.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Judy. What's your name?

As beads of sweat continue to form on Judy's forehead, we:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - BACK TO PRESENT

... More sweat on Judy's forehead. The gun is inches from her. She doesn't know what to do. Then it occurs to her:

JUDY

Wait, wait, Hank -- my assistant --
he'll be back any minute!

INT. BEAUTY STORE - SAME TIME

HANK JENKINS, Judy's African-American assistant, twenty-eight, tough and imposing, approaches the counter, a jar in his hand.

HANK

Do you carry this cellulite cream in
the economy size?

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - SAME TIME

JUDY

When he gets here, he'll open the
safe, and then you can rob us!

GUNMAN

So, what, I wait? You have some
magazines for me to read or something?

JUDY

Ha! That's funny!
(then)
I'll put up a "closed for inventory"
sign, lock up, it'll totally work!

A beat. The gunman considers Judy's proposal.

INT. BEAUTY STORE - SAME TIME

Hank is still talking to the clerks.

HANK

... I know you said there isn't an
economy size cellulite cream, my
boss said there is, maybe I'm not
remembering right. Maybe it's super
economy size, or extra-value tub.

The clerks try not to snicker.

CLERK

We'll check in the back.

HANK

Thanks.

(hates this, off a
list)

Also, she wants a lavender-and-honey
exfoliating scrub with one of those
little bath scrunchies.

Again, they hold back their snickers.

HANK (CONT'D)

Can I just give you the list?

CLERK

No, we need to go over it, make sure
you're getting the right stuff.

The clerks stifle another laugh. Hank stares at them.

HANK

You know, I was in Iraq. I was
captured and held by Saddam's army
for seventy-two hours. They did
some pretty horrific things to me.
You guys? You're making me miss
them. Can I please just give you
the list?

CLERK

I'm sorry, store policy.

HANK

(grits his teeth,
then)

One tube of "bye-bye" blemish avocado
acne gel, one green tea herbal beauty
mask...

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Judy has locked up and put out the "closed" sign.

JUDY

So, obviously you can't tell me your
real name, what should I call you?

GUNMAN

I don't care.

JUDY

Dirk. I've always liked that name.
It's rugged.

The gunman pulls at his mask. He's breathing heavily.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Dirk?

GUNMAN
It's hard to breathe in this thing.

JUDY
So take it off.

GUNMAN
Yeah, right.

JUDY
You don't have to worry, Dirk, I'm
not good with faces, I totally
wouldn't be able to identify you.
If you took your pants off, that
would be a different story.

He actually laughs a little.

GUNMAN
Oh, what the hell, I'm going to blow
town after this anyway...

He begins to take off the mask.

CLOSE ON: Judy. A look of shock slowly washes over her face.

JUDY (V.O.)
Oh my god... he... he...

She stumbles backwards a bit. Her pulse quickens.

JUDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... he's gorgeous!

REVEAL: "Dirk" is indeed quite handsome. Judy gives him a
coquettish smile, and we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - A LITTLE LATER

Judy can't help but steal glances of the gunman.

JUDY (V.O.)

Oh my god, his eyes are so blue I would let him kill me just so people could say we had a history together.

(then)

Stop it, Judy! He is unavailable. Though, pathetically, not as unavailable as some men I've dated.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Dirk, do you mind if I eat something?

GUNMAN

No, I don't mind.

Judy picks up her bowl and starts eating.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

What is that?

JUDY

Oh, it's, um, Cool Whip. With whipped cream on top. Can you believe someone as thin as me can eat like this? It's a medical miracle.

GUNMAN

Aren't Cool Whip and whipped cream the same thing?

JUDY

I love how you completely skip over the fact that I'm eating toppings by themselves. It's really gentlemanly of you. Anyway, to answer your question, no, they're not the same thing. A few years ago, I switched to Cool Whip because it lasts longer than whipped cream, though I don't know why since I eat the whole tub in like five minutes anyway. So, I'm eating ice cream with Cool Whip one day, and I realized it wasn't going well. I faced facts: I missed the real stuff. It tastes creamier, more whipped, y'know?

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

So I put my bowl in the freezer, went to a store and got some whipped cream -- it was eleven pm, by the way -- came home, put whipped cream on top of the cool whip on top of the ice cream, and it was fantastic. It blew my mind. I eventually realized I don't even care about the ice cream that much, so I decided to cut out the middle man. I've been eating the two together ever since.

GUNMAN

So... when did you say your assistant was getting back?

JUDY

(laughs)

Because my story was long-winded, right? Ha! Like I said before, you're funny!

JUDY (V.O.)

And he's not wearing a ring... stop it!

JUDY (CONT'D)

It's a blessing to have a great sense of humor. Most guys don't, there are so many losers out there -- I know, I've dated most of them.

EXT. JUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: Three weeks ago...

MILT pushes a buzzer on a call box. After a few seconds...

JUDY (FROM INTERCOM)

Hello?

MILT (INTO INTERCOM)

Hi, it's me, Milt. Your date.

JUDY (FROM INTERCOM)

Oh my god, our first thing in common! You're punctual! Come on up!

The door to the lobby buzzes and Milt goes in.

INT. JUDY'S FRONT ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Judy, half-dressed, frantically runs around her apartment.

JUDY

Oh, god, I can't find my giant curler!
How can it be lost? It's giant!
It's a giant curler!

She rushes into her bedroom. A beat later, Milt pokes his head through the front door, which was left open a crack.

MILT

Hello?

JUDY (O.S.)

Come on in, Milt, sit down, I'm, uh,
on the phone, I'll be out in a sec!

MILT

Okay, sounds good.

Milt strolls over to the couch, sits, picks up a magazine and starts leafing through it.

WORM

Do you like tap-dancing?

Slightly startled, Milt looks up and sees a very cute ten-year old boy staring him in the face.

MILT

Uh, yeah. Sure.

Worm hits a button on the stereo and starts tap-dancing. Milt smiles politely. After a few beats, he ends with a big flourish. He stares at Milt. Milt claps.

MILT (CONT'D)

Wow, in her e-mails, Judy didn't
tell me her son was so talented.

WORM

Did you know boys from fatherless
homes are nine times more likely to
drop out of high-school, twenty times
more likely to end up in a gang, and
ten times more likely to commit rape?

MILT

Uh, no. I didn't.

WORM

That's why my mom made me learn how
to tap-dance. She says you rarely
see a tap-dancing rapist.

Worm sits down next to Milt.

WORM (CONT'D)

I like you. I'm going to give you some info that would normally take you awhile to figure out. Some people consider my mom loud and obnoxious. She sweats a lot. She's good in bed, but that's balanced out by how emotionally needy she is. Basically, she's a mess. No one would blame you if you ran for the door right now.

MILT

(a beat)
How old are you?

WORM

Ten.
(then)
On the other hand, she is really pretty, don't you think?

MILT

I do, yeah.

WORM

(pulls out a picture)
This is what she looks like before she has her makeup on and stuff.

Worm shows the picture to Milt. Milt raises an eyebrow. He looks at Worm quizzically. Worm pulls out a pair of socks.

WORM (CONT'D)

These belonged to my dad.

Judy enters. She looks great. She beams at her son.

JUDY

So, Milt, I see you've met Worm!

MILT

Yes, though he didn't tell me his name. Worm. That's interesting.

WORM

It's a nickname. My mom ate the worm at the bottom of a tequila bottle the night I was conceived.

JUDY

Worm, stop singing my praises, Milt already wants to marry me so badly it's embarrassing.

Judy picks up the phone.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Just letting my neighbor's daughter know we're ready for her, Milt, she's baby-sitting.

(shaking her head as she dials)

"Milt." You're too young and cute to be a "Milt." Milt's a seventy-year old accountant who wears sock garters and calls people "toots." I'm going to call you "Dirk" instead.

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - BACK TO PRESENT

Judy is calling Hank as the impatient-looking gunman watches.

JUDY

Don't worry, Dirk, I'm sure there's a good reason why he's not back yet...

(then, into phone)

Hello, Hank? Where are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HANK'S CAR - SAME TIME

Hank is driving his car.

HANK (INTO PHONE)

I had to go to three stores to find the new cellulite cream in the economy size. And before you ask, I am not trying it on myself first, I don't care how much you beg me, okay? That moustache bleach you made me test a few months ago? After that I tried to let my beard grow, and my moustache wouldn't come in. I looked like a black Amish man.

JUDY (INTO PHONE)

When will you be back?

HANK (INTO PHONE)

Maybe an hour? I'm grabbing lunch.

JUDY (INTO PHONE)

No, no, come back now, I need you!

HANK

Well, too bad, other people need to eat too, you know.

JUDY (INTO PHONE)
 Fine, fine, you can have my sandwich,
 I don't want it.

HANK (INTO PHONE)
 (wary)
 What kind is it?

JUDY (INTO PHONE)
 Uh... roast beef.

HANK (INTO PHONE)
 Really? That's my favorite.

JUDY (INTO PHONE)
 I know! Anyway, see you in, like,
 ten minutes, okay?
 (hangs up, to gunman)
 Are we happy?

GUNMAN
 Thanks for doing that.

JUDY
 Well, Dirk, you do have a gun.

GUNMAN
 I want you to know, it's not like
 I'm going to take your money and
 spend it on fancy clothes or trips.
 I really need it.
 (his voice cracks,
 emotional)
 For something important.

JUDY
 I understand...

JUDY (V.O.)
 Wow. He's so in touch with his
 feelings. And he's really opening
 up to me. I think for a first date,
 this is going really well. Okay,
 technically, it's a hold-up. But
 it's going really well...

INT. MILT'S CAR - FLASHBACK

Judy and Milt are on their way to the restaurant.

JUDY
 Well, ten minutes in. It's going
 really well, huh, Dirk?

MILT

It is, it is.

(then)

You know, your son, well, um...

JUDY

He told you how emotionally needy I am and that I'm good in bed.

MILT

(surprised she knows)

Yeah, he did.

JUDY

Sorry, you're the competition -- he has a huge oedipal complex, which totally makes no sense to me! I mean, yes, he is my life, and the sole focus of my smothering, overbearing love. But still...

MILT

It is quite the mystery.

JUDY

Isn't it?

(laughs, then)

Did he show you that picture of me without makeup?

Milt nods.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(howling)

Oh my god, he is such a little riot! If you and I ever slept together, he'd probably come into our bedroom and hack you to pieces in your sleep! But as you know, I'm great in bed, so it would be worth it for you.

Judy laughs some more, and despite the gruesome description, Milt finds himself laughing, too.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(still very giggly)

So, did he tell you how I wear a girdle sometimes?

MILT

No. He didn't mention that.

JUDY

Oh. Really. That's because it's not true. At all. It's a falsehood he sometimes tells my dates.

INT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - LATER

Judy and Milt eat their appetizers. Two random older COUPLES are dining at the next table. Judy and Milt overhear...

WOMAN

... When it's your daughter, you worry. We really want her to meet someone. You know what they say, a woman over thirty-five has a greater chance of getting hit by lightning than she does getting married.

JUDY

(sotto to Milt)

This is embarrassing, I had no idea they would seat us next to my parents.

MILT

(laughs, then)

I like your broach.

JUDY

Thanks, Worm gave it to me.

MILT

I imagine that's one of the advantages of a son with an oedipal complex. Lots of gifts.

JUDY

(laughs, then)

It's weird, it actually gets a little warm sometimes, I have no idea why...

INT. WORM'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - SAME TIME

Worm is watching Milt on a webcam hidden in Judy's broach.

JUDY (ON WEBCAM)

So, tell me more about you...

MILT (ON WEBCAM)

Well, it's what you already read in my profile... I'm a day trader at Goldberg-Thomkins, I like rafting, I love my Phillies. Boring, huh?

Worm nods "yes" as he types this info into Milt's "file" on his computer.

INT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - SAME TIME

JUDY

No! I love hearing about manly stuff, I think the really hard part of being single is that Worm is missing a male presence in his life and -- oh my god, that could be you!

More laughter. Judy smiles at Milt. A warm beat.

MILT

Wow. So, do these things usually go well for you? Because they don't for me. Not that I'm assuming you think this is going well.

JUDY

You are very presumptuous and I am leaving.

(smiling, then)

No. Things don't usually go this well. I know we haven't even finished our appetizers yet, but... I like you. This could all change by the time the main course comes, but screw it, I'm going to live in the moment.

MILT

Me too.

A beat. Milt gazes at Judy. She notices.

EXT. JUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLASHBACK - LATER

Judy and Milt exchange a small sweet kiss.

INT. JUDY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - A LITTLE LATER

Judy enters. She's on cloud nine. TIFFANY EVANS, her sixteen year-old neighbor/baby-sitter, is there.

JUDY

Oh my god, Tiffany, I had the best time! Everything okay with Worm?

TIFFANY

Yeah, he's asleep. So you had fun?

JUDY

Yes! You have to do a reading for me right now! I need to know if Dirk and I have a future together!

TIFFANY

No, I can't! I have homework!

JUDY

Get real, it's Friday night.

TIFFANY

Leave me alone!

JUDY

Kitten, you have to stop running from it: you're a psychic. A real one. You shouldn't be embarrassed, you should be proud!

TIFFANY

Well, I'm not! It's weird, I don't want to be a psychic! I'd rather be a cheerleader!

JUDY

Come on, Tiff-el. Please. For me?

TIFFANY

Ugh. Get me some tea leaves.

JUDY

(happy, then)

Oh, crap! I don't have any!

TIFFANY

Do you have anything else with leaves?

Judy thinks.

JUDY

Artichokes?

TIFFANY

(a beat)

That'll work.

INT. JUDY'S KITCHEN - HALF-HOUR LATER

Judy rips a leaf off the artichoke. She hesitates.

JUDY

Can I dip it in butter, or will that ruin the spirits and stuff?

TIFFANY

No, you can dip it.

Judy dips the leaf in butter, scrapes it clean, then puts it on a plate.

She eats a few more quickly and throws them on the plate. Tiffany studies them.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I hate to tell you this, Jude, but I don't think this is the guy.

JUDY

What? No! That's not fair!

TIFFANY

Don't blame me! It's what I'm seeing! I didn't even want to do this, I was supposed to go to my friend Bethany's and watch "Gossip Girl"! God!

JUDY

Okay, okay. But it's not always reliable, right?

TIFFANY

Right. Maybe the artichoke wasn't ripe enough.

JUDY

Exactly. So I'm going to be hopeful about Dirk because we had a really great time.

Judy starts nervously eating the rest of the artichoke.

TIFFANY

For the record, what I'm seeing is, the way you meet the guy you end up with? It's going to be a really unusual story, really unique. Just FYI...

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - BACK TO PRESENT

Judy is watching the gunman pace. Suddenly, Tiffany's words resonate and her eyes widen with realization. A beat later, Hank finally arrives. He unlocks the door, then enters.

HANK

Why is the store closed? More importantly, where's that sandwich?!

The gunman quickly approaches Hank and shows him his gun.

HANK (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
I have got to quit.

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - MOMENTS LATER

As the gunman re-locks the door...

JUDY

(sotto to Hank)

... So all we have to do is give him
the money, and he won't hurt us.

(then)

Does my hair look okay?

HANK

(confused, then, sotto
to Judy)

Okay, here's the thing: I made a
deposit in the bank yesterday. Except
for your emergency copy of "The
Secret," there's nothing in the safe.
It's empty.

Judy reacts and we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Judy and the gunman are standing behind Hank, who's kneeling in front of the safe. He hesitates.

GUNMAN

Well? Open it.

Hank stares at the gunman, then glares at Judy.

JUDY

Dirk, can you and I talk? Alone?

GUNMAN

What about your assistant?

JUDY

You could lock him in the closet.

Hank reacts. The gunman thinks it over, then, to Hank...

GUNMAN

Give me your cell phone.

Hank gives his phone to the gunman. Then, to Judy:

HANK

Before he locks me up, let me have that sandwich. I'm starving.

JUDY

I made that up to get you back here. There's no sandwich. I have some Cool Whip if you want it.

Hank stares daggers at her.

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The gunman locks the closet from the outside.

GUNMAN

(to Hank in closet)

Don't think about trying to get out of there or anything.

HANK (O.S.)

If I did get out, the only thing I would do is strangle her.

GUNMAN

(to Judy)

Okay, what's so important?

JUDY
Why don't we sit?

They sit. A nervous Judy takes a breath.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Wow, I'm shaking. I don't know if it's the holdup, or those dimples of yours.
(nervous laugh, then)
Anyway... I feel like you and I, even this early in our, let's call it our "relationship," we communicate very well. You put things in a way I can hear them, and vice-versa.

GUNMAN
Okay.

JUDY
So I'm going to tell you something, and it isn't what you want to hear, gulp. But hopefully we're at a point where that's okay.

GUNMAN
Uh-huh...

JUDY
You are such a good listener, Dirk. It's a really attractive quality in a robber. Anyway, here's the thing...
(trying to make light)
Apparently, and I did not know this, Hank took the money from the safe yesterday and deposited it. The only thing in there is a copy of "The Secret," which, by the way, you are welcome to. If you haven't read it, it will change your life.

The gunman stares blankly at Judy.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Judy's now in the closet with Hank. It's a very tight squeeze, there's hardly room for one person, let alone two.

JUDY
(pounding on door)
Dirk, talk to me, this isn't like you!

GUNMAN (O.S.)

Just shut-up until I figure out what I'm going to do!

JUDY

(to Hank)

Wow, he's upset. Whatever he needs that money for, it must be really important. I'm worried about him.

HANK

What about us?! There's three square feet in this damn closet! You couldn't have suggested locking us in the bathroom?!

As Judy scrunches up against him, he realizes...

HANK (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, wait a minute...

Hank pulls out another cell phone. Judy gasps.

JUDY

I thought you gave him your phone!

HANK

Shhh! This is my brother's phone, he left it at my place last night. I was going to go by and give it to him after work. Thank you, God, for this present!

Judy watches nervously as Hank puts the phone to his ear.

INT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: Two-and-a-half weeks ago...

Lunch with Mom. She opens Judy and Nicki's gift and holds up the ugly blouse.

SANDY

What a beautiful present!

NICKI

Yeah, you can wear it with, um... isn't it nice?

SANDY

Oh, I almost forgot the card...
(opens it, reads front)
"Happy Birthday to the woman who brought us into the world..."

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

(opens it)

"... and won't ever let us forget it. Love, Nicki and Judy." Hmmm. I prefer the more emotional cards, but this is nice.

NICKI

(not happy)

Is that all it says?

SANDY

(looks closer)

Oh, I'm sorry, there's more... it's in the corner, it's a bit smaller. Hmmm...

(putting on her glasses)

"And Kyle"!

Nicki glares at Judy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, Nick-el, I like Kyle so much. You have such good taste in men -- and blouses!

Judy rolls her eyes.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BACK TO PRESENT

Judy grabs the phone from Hank and closes it.

HANK

What are you doing?!

JUDY

Calling for help is a mistake, Hank. He's just temporarily misguided. I have good taste in men, trust me.

HANK

Oh my god. You have a crush on him!

JUDY

Pffft, a crush on him, what am I, seven? I don't have a crush on him. I just think he and I could have a future together. Obviously, there would have to be some changes.

HANK

Are you crazy?! What happened to "raising your standards"?!

JUDY

He is sensitive, bright, in touch with his feelings, and not that it matters, but he's also gorgeous. Yes, he's not perfect, but it's important to not be so picky.

HANK

Picky?! He's robbing you at gunpoint!

JUDY

It's a crime of desperation! Besides, it's not like I'm the first person who's fallen for her captor, there's a name for this, isn't there? What is it, you were a marine, you should know... Stockholm Syndrome!

HANK

Stockholm Syndrome describes people who have been kidnapped and then brainwashed over months and months, not desperate crazy ladies who own nick-nack stores and have been held up for five minutes!!!

JUDY

Wow. We need to work on your people skills, or you will never get a girlfriend.

HANK

Give me that phone back!

JUDY

No!

HANK

Give me the damn phone!

He grabs for the phone and they begin to wrestle over it.

INT. JUDY'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: Two weeks ago...

Worm is watching TV. Judy enters through the front door and looks around.

JUDY

Hi, sweetie. Have you seen the phone?

WORM

(re: cat)

I think it's under Yumsters.

JUDY
Itty-witty-bitty-ditty Yumsters!

Judy lifts up YUMSERS and grabs the portable phone. She turns it on and puts it to her ear.

JUDY (CONT'D)
(dejected)
There's no messages. Did anyone call for me?

WORM
No.

JUDY
Worm...

WORM
No one called!

JUDY
If you are lying, I will make you take ballet lessons, I swear to god!

WORM
There were no calls, I'm not lying!

JUDY
I don't understand. Dirk and I had such a good time on our date. It's been a week, and nothing.

WORM
Why do you have to go out on dates anyway? You have me. I love you.

JUDY
Aw, I love you, too, Worm. You're the most important man in my life. But you see, well, I have needs, and --

WORM
I'm not saying you can't sleep around. I'm just saying you don't need a husband.

Judy smiles. She takes a beat.

JUDY
The thing is, sweetie, sometimes, on rare, rare occasions, I get insecure. Now, you, you're genetically programmed to love me, and I thank god for that, I do.

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

But I need to find a man who... how do I put this? A man who, of his own volition, fully sees me for who I am. And marries me for it. Does that make sense?

WORM

You read too many self-help books.

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK BACK OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

The gunman is staring at the safe, unsure of what to do.

JUDY (O.S.)

Dirk? Could you let us out? I have a proposition for you...

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - SAME TIME

HANK

Does the proposition involve Cool Whip, or whipped cream? Oh, that's right, you like both.

Judy shushes Hank as the door opens.

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GUNMAN

Well? What is it?

JUDY

I want you to see something. Hank, show it to him.

HANK

I don't know what you're talking about.

JUDY

Hank!

Judy reaches into Hank's pocket. He tries to stop her, but she pulls out the cell phone.

HANK

Oh, that.

GUNMAN

What?! How...?!

JUDY

Don't worry, Dirk. Yes, we have a cell phone. We could have called for help. But we didn't.

GUNMAN

Why didn't you?

JUDY

Because we're on your side. Right Hank?

HANK

Yes. Of course we are.

JUDY

So, this robbery? It didn't work out. There was nothing to steal, it happens. Why don't we just pretend you never even tried to hold us up?

GUNMAN

Are you serious?

JUDY

Yeah, I am, Dirk. You know why? Because people have given me second chances before, so I want to give you one. I know life dealt you a tough hand recently, but you have to have faith that the thing you want is right around the corner. You have to be optimistic!

INT. JUDY'S FRONT ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: One week ago...

It's raining outside. Judy enters. She goes immediately to the phone. She puts it to her ear. The look on her face tells us there are no messages.

EXT. JUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLASHBACK - LATER

A very upset Judy is in front of her building standing in the downpour. She's holding an empty can of Diet Coke on top of her head. Nicki pulls up in her car and gets out. She has an umbrella.

NICKI

I got your message, what the hell are you doing?! It's pouring!

JUDY

Yeah, well, Milt -- and he is a Milt, he's such a Milt -- he never called after our date. There was tongue, and still, no call! So I'm trying to get hit by lightning.

NICKI

What?! Why?!

JUDY

Because the next time I hear someone say, "After thirty-five a woman's more likely to get hit by lightning than she is to get married," I want to tell them, hey, guess what? I have been hit by lightning!!! So I guess that means I have a really good chance to get married!!! So there!!!

NICKI

And the Diet Coke can on your head?

JUDY

It's a conductor!

NICKI

Judy, come here, get under the umbrella, this is crazy!

JUDY

No! People survive getting hit by lightning all the time, I'll be fine!

NICKI

Judy, it's not even a thunderstorm! There is no lightning!

JUDY

There isn't?

A beat. Judy falls to her knees, crying. Nicki goes over to her, kneels down, and puts the umbrella over them.

JUDY (CONT'D)

My lesbian sister does better with men than I do.

NICKI

Judy...

JUDY

Don't you get it? That's why I get upset about putting Kyle's name on cards! You're right to get angry, I am passive aggressive!

NICKI

Forget about that and calm down. It's going to be okay.

JUDY

No, it's not! I'm thirty-six going on fifty, I'm fat, and I'm alone. And I'm always going to be alone!

More crying. Nicki puts an arm around her. A beat.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to say anything?

NICKI

Like what?

JUDY

Like, "You're not fat and you're not going to end up alone!"

NICKI

Judy, I don't know if you're going to find someone.

JUDY

What about the fat part?

NICKI

(thinks, then)
I think "fat" is definitely an exaggeration.

JUDY

Oh my god, you suck at this!

NICKI

What do you want me to say?

JUDY

(through tears)
Something!

NICKI

Look... this guy Milt? I never met him, but something tells me he probably has a tenth of the personality you have.

(MORE)

NICKI (CONT'D)

And you're all optimistic about a relationship because you had a great time on your date, but the truth is, what you really had was a good time with yourself. And he was lucky enough to be tagging along.

JUDY

That's sort of complimentary to me.

NICKI

Of course it is, Judel. I love you.

JUDY

So you're saying I'll find someone one day who's more of an equal?

NICKI

No, I'm not saying that. I have no idea if you will.

JUDY

What is wrong with you?!

NICKI

I can't tell the future, Judy! I have no idea if you'll find a guy like that! I don't even know if a guy like that exists! But I do know one thing, because I know you: you'll never stop looking, okay? You'll never stop trying to find him.

JUDY

Oh, trust me, I'm stopping.

NICKI

For a few days, maybe.

JUDY

No! I'm sick of being hurt! That's it, I'm finished, I'm never going to put myself out there again!

NICKI

Give me a break.

JUDY

I won't!

They get up and start walking back to Judy's apartment.

NICKI

Yes, you will.

JUDY
No, I won't!

NICKI
Yes, you will.

JUDY
No, I won't!

INT. WORTHLESS JUNK - BACK TO PRESENT

Judy is writing her number on a piece of paper. She hands it to the gunman.

JUDY
So, anyway, here's my info. If you're feeling low, or ever need to talk about anything, or you just want to, you know, hang out, please call. I'd really like it if you called.

The gunman stares at the piece of paper. He puts it in his pocket. He heads towards the door.

GUNMAN
Thanks. For everything.

He exits. A beat. Judy and Hank stand there.

JUDY
Okay, so there was no kiss, which, under the circumstances, I suppose, would have been inappropriate. But still, I'm a little disappointed.
(then)
Do you think he'll call?

HANK
I'm going to lunch.

Hank heads towards the door.

INT. JUDY'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Worm is playing with his PSP, JUDY is watching "Miss America."

JUDY
You really should put your game down and watch this with me.

WORM
What's so great about it?

JUDY

Nothing. It's awful. I don't know why I watch it.

(then, re: TV)

That swimsuit is not attractive on her.

The phone rings. Judy answers it.

JUDY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello? Holy crap, hi!

(then, surprised)

What?!

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - A DAY LATER

Judy is on one side of a glass partition.

JUDY (INTO INTERCOM)

... Well, let me just say, this is really bad timing. I, like all women, have a cycle. And I'm not talking about my menstrual cycle, which I have learned men don't like to talk about. I'm talking about my "self-esteem" cycle. If you had caught me at the right time, I'd be saying, "Don't worry, I'll wait for you, I don't care how long they keep you in this hellhole!" That's the "I'm going to die alone and I'll latch on to anyone as long as he's breathing" part of my cycle. But that's not where I'm at right now. I'm at the part where I amaze myself by remembering I actually do have some self-respect, and I realize saying "I'll wait for you" would be crazy since I barely know you. And I deserve better. Much better.

REVEAL: It's Milt on the other side of the glass.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Ten counts of insider trading. Unbelievable. Though it is a halfway decent excuse why you didn't call.

(then)

How did they catch you?

MILT

I have no idea.

INT. WORM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Worm, holding his father's socks, whistles as he works at his computer.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - SAME TIME

MILT

Listen, Judy, I --

JUDY

I don't want to hear it. Goodbye, Milt. And by the way, for the record, I do wear a girdle sometimes that belonged to my grandmother. It's a miracle device that, quite frankly, I'm surprised has gone out of vogue, and it makes me feel better about myself. And I don't think there's anything wrong with that.

Judy hangs up the intercom phone. She has a confident and hopeful look on her face.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW