

**Family of the Year**

"Pilot"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - SUNDAY (DAY 1)

A giant gas-guzzler drives through the desolate streets of Tatum, New Mexico, a dusty, desert town, population: 5,021.

INT. GIANT S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

The Holloway Family is dressed in their church finery. **Dick** is driving. Dick is a Southwestern businessman with an affable, not terribly bright, G.W. Bush-esque personality. **Jackie** (THINK: Annette Bening), his wife, is in the passenger's seat. She's a former beauty queen and is always extremely well-coifed, and dressed right from a Chico's catalog. **Tatum**, a junior at Tatum High School, sits in the back. She's a popular, yet sincere, Type A personality. **Boots**, a handsome, super charming, affable, yet slightly date-rapey sophomore at Duke, sits near Tatum, drinking a Corona.

JACKIE

I should have just adopted one of those African babies. I bet she'd still love me.

TATUM

Mom! I do love you. I just have a debate tournament that weekend.

JACKIE

Oh, so if you didn't have a tournament, you'd enter the Miss Tatum pageant?

TATUM

Well, no. I've been doing pageants since I was a toddler. I feel like maybe I've outgrown my tiaras.

Jackie lets out an overly dramatic cry of angst.

TATUM (CONT'D)

I'm just looking for something more meaningful in my life. What could be more meaningful than debating the economic ramifications of the procreation laws in China?

BOOTS

I find the Miss Universe swimsuit competition very meaningful.

DICK

Boots, that's enough. Now, Jackie, if Tatum doesn't want to be in the pageant, we shouldn't pressure her--

JACKIE

I'm hearing noise coming out of your mouth and it doesn't smell like onions, so I assume it must be speech and not just gas--

DICK

Well, at least it doesn't smell like Sambuca--

JACKIE

Can it, Dick. Tatum, this pageant is the first event of the year that matters. It's the launching point for the Family of the Year competition!

TATUM

Maybe what would impress the Family of the Year judging committee is hearing me talking about Chinese selective fetal reduction.

JACKIE

Chinese fetal reduction? I bet you learned that in debate, didn't you? Ugh! Debate is for chunky girls! It's not glamorous! Did it ever occur to you what you're doing to me? Now I don't get to participate in the pageant! Everyone knows I am the best pageant coach in the Permian Basin. It's a statistical fact! And I'm available to you free of charge, and you're just throwing that away.

TATUM

Mom, it's not--

JACKIE

If someone gave you a new iPod, would you just throw that away?

TATUM

No.

JACKIE

Oh, so you love iPods more than your mother! You are so spoiled. You know my parents couldn't just buy me beautiful pageant dresses. I had to sell apples on the side of the road... like a Mexican!

TATUM

Mo-oommm!!! That's horrible!

Dick pulls over. His father, **Monty**, a tough old bastard, half Boss Hog and half Dick Cheney, opens up the driver's side door.

MONTY

Out.

DICK

Dad, it's my car.

MONTY

I'm driving.

DICK

It's a two minute ride to church!

MONTY

Scooch, dammit!

Dick reluctantly climbs over the center console to get to the middle of the back seat. He's totally emasculated. Monty throws the car into drive.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Hey, Boots, I'm wearing my Duke Grandparent tie. Pretty snazzy.

BOOTS

You look dynamite, Grandpa!

Boots takes a swig, he's always so obliviously enthusiastic.

MONTY

Obviously he got his smarts from his mother.

BOOTS

I sure did! Gotta love her.

JACKIE

Unless you're Tatum.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

We hear the sounds of the Holloways fighting, as the S.U.V. pulls into the vast, tumbleweed-filled parking lot of the Tatum Baptist Church.

HOLLOWAYS (O.S.)

I do love you!/ You can't talk like  
that in front of my wife./ You've  
never loved me!

But then the S.U.V. doors all open simultaneously. The entire family gets out, smiling and looking entirely pleasant. You'd never know they'd just been fighting.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH SANCTUARY - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)

Church has started, but the dignified Holloways walk right down to the front pew, which despite a full church, has been left empty for them. On their trek down the center aisle, the Holloways silently greet everyone, including the PASTOR. Boots winks at all the ladies. Everyone in the congregation loves and respects the family. They're clearly very popular.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - AN HOUR LATER (DAY 1)

The Holloways are schmoozing with other MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION as they head toward their car. Jackie is talking to a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN who clearly adores her.

JACKIE

... it had hair and a tooth in it.  
But as soon as she got it removed,  
I swear, she looked ten pounds  
lighter.

Dick is talking to an older couple, **Larry** and **Ellen**, who are enchanted by his every word.

DICK

...so the golfer holds his one iron  
up in the middle of the lightning  
storm, and says, "I'm safe now,  
even God can't hit a one iron!"

Larry and Ellen both laugh harder than you've ever seen anyone laugh. They're so charmed by Dick.

LARRY

Ellen, do you even get it? You  
don't golf.

ELLEN

No. I don't get it. I don't. But  
Dick's just so funny!

Monty climbs into the S.U.V., and calls out to the family.

MONTY

I'm starving! Let's get to lunch,  
Holloways!

The rest of the family loads in. We see people in the  
parking lot watching the Holloways with admiration.

WOMAN

They are amazing.

MAN

Family of the Year, fifteen years  
running!

OLD WOMAN

They're just like the Kennedys.  
But not liberals. Thank God.

JACKIE

(incredibly pleasant)  
Bye, now! See you all at the club!

And as soon as the last door of their giant S.U.V. slams...  
the family starts fighting again.

HOLLOWAYS (O.S.)

Everyone's going to be in that damn  
pageant but you!/Did you have to  
bring up my triple bogey, Dad?/I  
just want to live my own  
life!/You're such a failure./I  
can't hear the damn game!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES:

"*Family of the Year*" ... is written across the screen in classy  
80's night time drama font. We pan across newspaper  
headlines that say "Holloways win Family of the Year Again!"  
and plaques of "Tatum, New Mexico's Family of the Year" dated  
from 1992 to 2007. Pleasant, sophisticated music plays.

FADE OUT:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TATUM COUNTRY CLUB DINING ROOM - NOON (DAY 1)

It's Sunday brunch at the Tatum Country Club, a staple in every middle class Tatum family. The Country Club is rather shabby, trapped in the 1970s. The décor looks more like the banquet room of an Airport Ramada, but it's the fanciest place in this dusty town of five thousand.

The Holloways are holding court at the table they've have for decades. We quickly move around the table, capturing bits of their conversations. Jackie is speaking to a woman with big hair and lots of silver jewelry, **Cathy**.

CATHY  
(proudly)  
Modified Atkins.

JACKIE  
I darn near thought you were Julia  
Roberts.

**State Senator Jones** walks by with a plate piled high with food. He's wearing a gaudy, turquoise, coyote bolo tie.

SENATOR JONES  
Welcome home, Boots!

BOOTS  
You too, Senator. Love the bolo.  
Turquoise is really your stone.

Dick is talking to a depressed middle aged man, **Brett**.

BRETT  
I get the kids every other weekend.  
You two are so lucky. Twenty-three  
years. How do you do it?

DICK  
Well, when you truly, truly love  
someone, you can forgive anything.

Dick kisses Jackie. They both smile. Brett leaves. Dick sniffs Jackie's breath.

DICK (CONT'D)  
(through a fake smile)  
God, you're such a drunk.

JACKIE  
 (through a fake smile)  
 It's the only way I can deal with  
 being married to a failure.

BOOTS  
 Hey Tatum, there's your boyfriend,  
 Marky Mark Anderson!

He gestures a table of lovely blond Mormons, praying.

TATUM  
 (embarrassed)  
 Shut up, Boots.

JACKIE  
 That poor family, always trying so  
 hard. I'm so embarrassed for them.  
 They would do anything, anything,  
 to be like us.

BOOTS  
 Yeah, but you gotta love the  
 Mormons. Did you know Utah sells  
 more pianos than any other state?

MONTY  
 Oh, real salt of the earth, but as  
 I've always said, there are two  
 kinds of people in this world:  
 Holloways, and those that wish they  
 were.

BOOTS  
 Hear, hear.

Boots raises his glass, and checks out a woman's butt as she  
 walks by. **Barbara Anderson**, the most genuinely nice woman  
 ever, and her son, **Mark Anderson**, the most genuinely nice son  
 ever, approach the table. The rest of their beautiful,  
 blond, Mormon family waves from their table.

BARBARA  
 Helloooo, Holloways!

JACKIE  
 So good to see you, Barbara!

TATUM  
 (a little enamored)  
 Hey Mark! Nice sweater vest.  
 (MORE)



TATUM (CONT'D)  
Boots, did you know Mark and I are  
copresidents of the Fellowship of  
Christian Athletes this year.

BOOTS  
Following in your brother's  
footsteps, I see?  
(singing)  
*I am a C. I am a C-H. I am a C-H-  
R-I-S-T-I-A-N.*

Tatum and Mark join in Boots' song.

BOOTS/TATUM/MARK  
(singing)  
*And I have C-H-R-I-S-T in my H-E-A-  
R-T...*  
(speeding up, racing)  
*...and I will L-I-V-E-E-T-E-R-N-A-L-  
L-Y!*

They all start laughing.

BOOTS  
I'm the one who decided to start  
every meeting with that one.

MARK  
You'll be happy to know we've kept  
the tradition alive.

Indeed, Boots is happy. He slyly checks out Mrs. Anderson.

BARBARA  
Monty, I just wanted to thank you  
again for judging the pageant.

MONTY  
(shoveling in shrimp)  
It's always one of the highlights  
of my year.

BARBARA  
And you are so generous to have  
Holloway Printing do the programs  
gratis, they're always so special.

JACKIE  
You know, pageants are the number  
one source of scholarship money for  
young women in this country.

MONTY  
Unless they're fat. Or ugly.

JACKIE  
Oh, you!

BARBARA  
We have some remarkable contestants  
this year. But unfortunately, for  
the first time, no Tatum.

JACKIE  
(so incredibly sincere)  
Tatum has moved on from pageants  
and we support her.

TATUM  
You do?

JACKIE  
(being a passive jerk)  
She's into debate now.

BARBARA  
Smarty pants! Now, Jackie, I have  
a big favor to ask you. Let me  
start by staying this: Every  
weekend, one of our family  
activities is that we go driving  
around in the desert looking to  
find illegal immigrants to help.  
And last weekend we found one!

DICK  
What luck!

BARBARA  
And everyone knows you are the best  
pageant coach in the Permian Basin.

JACKIE  
Barbara Anderson, now you stop it!

BARBARA  
No, I'm serious. It is a fact! We  
found a lovely fourteen-year-old  
Mexican girl, *se llama* Maria. We  
would just love to enter her in the  
pageant, but she really needs some  
polishing. It will definitely be a  
challenge, but I know if anybody  
could do it, you could.

JACKIE

I would be honored. Until we get that fence built, I agree, we need to do all we can to help those immigrants.

BARBARA

Thank you so much. I swear, you are the Family of the Century!

JACKIE

No no, we're just Family of the Year. Fifteen years running.

The Holloways smile, humbly. They all bid their good-byes to the Andersons. Jackie turns to her family.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I will be in the powder room. I need to go barf because my daughter's selfishness makes me sick.

Jackie exits. Tatum sits there feeling bad.

INT. HOLLOWAY ENTERPRISES - MONTY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY (DAY 2)

Monty is in his office working on his computer. The décor reeks of a manufactured cheesy Santa Fe style. Dick knocks, and enters hesitantly with an ad and a coffee mug.

DICK

Hey, Dad, I got a joke for you. This golfer's caught in a lightning storm, so he holds up his one iron--

MONTY

I'm busy. Out.

DICK

I just wanted to give you my ad for the back page of the pageant program. I only used two colors, so it'll be really cheap to print. I even got new headshots taken.

MONTY

(re: ad)  
You look chunky.

DICK

It's probably just the lighting.

MONTY

You know, I was doing some thinking last night at the football game. Tatum High could actually take State this year. And I was thinking about the last time we almost took State. I say almost, because my son, the kicker, missed the game winning field goal with eight seconds left on the clock. Yup, after that they called you Choker Holloway.

DICK

You told them to call me that.

MONTY

Could've been a big star, Choker.

DICK

It was over twenty-five years ago!

MONTY

Ah, Choker. You can put that ad right over there.

Dick puts the ad in Monty's In-Box.

MONTY (CONT'D)

No, over there. In the trash. Holloway Funeral Home got the back page this morning.

DICK

You're kidding me! Holloway Lumber has had that page for the last fifteen years. This pageant is one of the biggest events in Tatum! Those programs are collectors' items. This'll kill my business.

MONTY

Well, you should've thought about that when you were choking on that field goal.

DICK

Why can't you just move on? I've accomplished so much since then!

MONTY

What? You run the lumberyard,  
that's about it.

DICK

Because you won't let me near any  
of the other million Holloway  
businesses!

MONTY

Quite frankly, anyone who can't  
kick a forty-nine yard field goal  
doesn't deserve to. Goodbye.

DICK

Forty-nine yards is incredibly  
hard! Even the pros miss forty--

MONTY

Out! I have an empire to run.  
Don't choke on that coffee!

Dick leaves, furious. He slams the door. We now reveal that  
Monty is working on his MySpace page.

INT. HOLLOWAY KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 3)

The Holloway home is a brand spanking new ranch style house.  
Not quite a McMansion, but it's the largest in Tatum.  
There's lots of leather, Saltillo tiles, and overstuffed  
furniture. The furnishings are clearly expensive and  
elaborate, but not incredibly tasteful. Boots is making  
margaritas. Tatum is eating cereal.

TATUM

Boots, I'm worried that we're too  
obsessed with appearances.

BOOTS

Maybe, Tatum. Maybe.

TATUM

I'm just thinking how mad Mom is  
that I'm not in the pageant, and I  
think it's because she's afraid of  
what people will think. I mean, I  
know we've won Family of the Year  
for as long as I've been alive.  
But what does it really mean?

BOOTS

It means we get free beef jerky.

TATUM

Yeah, but when I go to college, nobody's going to care that we were Family of the Year. Maybe we should work on what would make us a true family, and just stop caring about what everybody else thinks.

BOOTS

You are so right. Margarita?

TATUM

I'm eating breakfast.

**Lourdes**, the Holloways' extremely normal and relatable housekeeper enters. She and Tatum are clearly friends.

LOURDES

Good morning, Tatum!

TATUM

Hola, Lourdes! How was Juanita's Quinceañera?

LOURDES

*¡Dios mío!* I got to ride in a Hummer Limo. So plush.

BOOTS

Margarita, Lourdes?

LOURDES

No thank you.  
(quietly, accusingly)  
I know your story, Mr. Boots.

BOOTS

Lourdes, Lourdes, Lourdes. I love what you've done with your hair!

Her hair is a mess. Lourdes gives him a suspicious look. She's got his number. Jackie enters.

JACKIE

Lourdes! I may need you to speak Mexican to that girl that's coming over today.

TATUM

Mom, it's Spanish, not Mexican.

JACKIE  
 P.C.! P.C.! P.C.! Yeesh,  
 everyone's so sensitive! I was  
 also wondering if you could pull  
 all of my old gowns out of storage.

LOURDES  
 Tiaras too?

JACKIE  
 Oh, Lourdes, when will you learn?  
 Tiaras are for winners, not just  
 for contestants.

The doorbell rings.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Could you get that, burrito?

TATUM  
 Mom! That is unacceptable!

JACKIE  
 I'm sorry, burri-TA.

Annoyed, Lourdes leaves to get the door.

TATUM  
 You are so insensitive!

JACKIE  
 What? It means "Little Burro!"  
 It's a term of endearment!

TATUM  
 You have a very colonialist  
 attitude toward our housekeeper. I  
 think you need to stop treating her  
 like a slave.

JACKIE  
 Oh God. Did you learn that in  
 debate too? Well let me tell you  
 something, Tatum Sue: when Lourdes  
 pays me to answer the door, I will  
 answer the door.

LOURDES (O.S.)  
 The Andersons are here.

JACKIE  
 Oh, puke.

INT. HOLLOWAY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

Jackie enters, smiling. Barbara and her daughters, **The Twins**, lovely, eleven-year-old Mormons, are at the door.

JACKIE  
 (so incredibly sweet)  
 Barbara Anderson! And The Twins! You girls are getting cuter every day.

THE TWINS  
 Thank you, Mrs. Holloway.

JACKIE  
 And polite as the day is long.

We now reveal a dumpy Mexican girl, **Maria**, standing next to them. Maria has a huge, awkward smile plastered on her face.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 And this must be Maria...  
 (horrible Spanish accent)  
*Mucho gusto, Maria. Me llamo Señora Holloway. Habla ingles?*

MARIA  
*No. Lo siento.*

JACKIE  
 Oh! No worries, I love a challenge. Tatum! I want you to meet someone.

Tatum enters.

JACKIE  
 (sugary sweet)  
 Tatum, this is Maria. I get to coach her for the pageant. And she doesn't speak English! Aren't I a lucky girl?  
 (sotto, to Tatum)  
 You are stabbing your mother in the heart.  
 (back to Maria)  
 Maria, Maria. My gorgeous Maria!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 4)

Maria is performing in a red, white, and blue patriotic getup. She's trying very hard, and seems to be enjoying it. Jackie enthusiastically mouths the words along with her.

MARIA

(singing, thick accent)  
*I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy / A  
 Yankee Doodle, do or die / A real  
 live nephew of my Uncle Sam /  
 Born on the Fourth of July*

Jackie turns off the music.

JACKIE

(with a smile)  
 Well, that was excruciating.

MARIA

*Gracias.*

Lourdes enters.

LOURDES

How's it going?

JACKIE

She's terrible. I could find a better contestant waiting outside a hardware store.

LOURDES

Mrs. Holloway! I find that extremely offensive.

JACKIE

Oh, Lourdes. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I open my arms to the world to welcome legal immigrants from all walks of life. You are legal, right?

LOURDES

I was born in Tatum.

JACKIE

God bless you, Lourdes Miranda.  
 God bless you. Tatum!

Tatum enters eating a popsicle and reading an US Weekly.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I hate to put you out, darling  
daughter. I'm sure you're doing  
something wonderful and  
extemporaneous. But would it be  
beneath you to show your dear  
friend, Maria, your old pageant  
routine? I have the music cued up.  
Here's your baton.

TATUM

I'd be glad to.

Ricky Martin's "The Cup of Life" starts. Tatum starts dancing and twirling. She's fabulous. Truly a star. Maria watches intently, trying to learn. Suddenly, Jackie falls on the ground and grabs Tatum's leg.

JACKIE

Oh God! Please come back! Please!

TATUM

Mom! Let go of my leg! You're  
creeping me out.

Tatum leaves. Jackie tries to regain her composure.

JACKIE

I'm sorry about that, Maria. Now,  
let's take it from the top.

EXT. HOLLOWAYS' BACKYARD - LATER (DAY 4)

Boots is standing at the side of the pool holding a tether. Dick is in the pool, wearing a floatation vest attached to the tether, and running furiously. Boots has a mini-fridge next to him. He's drinking a Corona.

DICK

Bastard just loves keeping me down,  
doesn't even care that we're Family  
of the Year. Nooo. I have to  
prove I can run the lumberyard  
before I can even touch Holloway  
Electronics, or Holloway Autoparts,  
or Holloway Teen Clothing...

BOOTS

Try to keep your palms open, Dad.  
It helps reduce resistance.

DICK

How am I supposed to run the  
lumberyard well if I can't even  
promote it?

Jackie exits the house.

JACKIE

Boots Robert Holloway, I need a  
sympathetic ear.

DICK

What? The bartender finally got  
tired of your mouth flapping?

JACKIE

Oh, just drown, Dick.

BOOTS

Corona?

JACKIE

With lime.

Boots gets Jackie a Corona out of the fridge. Boots ties the  
tether to a lawn chair. Jackie takes Boots aside. Dick  
keeps running in the background.

BOOTS

How can I help you, Mom?

JACKIE

Boots, I've got a Mexican albatross  
around my neck. This is the worst  
thing that's ever happened to me.

BOOTS

Mom, Mom, Mom. Don't you get it?  
This is the motherlode. If you can  
take that Mexican to victory, pow!  
It'll blow people's minds right out  
of the water. We'll be shoe-ins  
for Family of the Year next year.

JACKIE

Maybe you're right. But she's a  
disaster! I don't know if I can do  
it. Even with my excellent pageant  
coaching skills.

BOOTS  
 (wink)  
 I think I could help.

JACKIE  
 What are we talking about?

BOOTS  
 I'll talk to Grandpa. I have a  
 feeling he could assure Maria a  
 victory.

JACKIE  
 Oh, Boots. You are my favorite.  
 Even though I love all my children  
 the same.

DICK  
 Little help!

Dick is tangled in the cord and slowly drowning.

BOOTS  
 Gotta go save Dad.

JACKIE  
 Don't break a sweat.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 4)

Monty and Boots are walking to their table, carrying drinks.

BOOTS  
 She's a disaster, but it'd really  
 help Mom out if Maria could win.

MONTY  
 Of course, of course. Anything for  
 my Bootsie. Maria gets the crown.

Monty and Boots take their seats with the rest of their  
 family who is eating dinner at their usual table, all smiles.  
 It looks like they're having a great time, despite what's  
 coming out of their mouths through clenched teeth.

DICK  
 Gary just came up and told me how  
 great the Lumberyard is looking.  
 Everyone else in this damn town  
 respects me. Why can't you, Dad?

MONTY  
 Forty-nine yards, Dick. Forty-nine yards.

Monty then slaps Dick on the back. Dick chokes on his drink, and spits it all over himself.

MONTY (CONT'D)  
 Oops. Better learn the heimlich for the next time you *choke*.

Furious, Dick slams his napkin down heads off to the bathroom. Jackie, who is quite tipsy, turns to Maria. Maria sits quietly, smiling and savoring her steak.

JACKIE  
 How do you like your steak?

Maria just smiles and nods enthusiastically.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Tatum! Isn't she delightful?

TATUM  
 (confused)  
 She's very nice.

JACKIE  
 We worked up a new talent routine that's more suited to Maria's strengths, and she is going to light up the stage.

TATUM  
 That's great, Mom.

Jackie starts to drunkenly stroke Maria's hair.

JACKIE  
 Oh, Maria Maria Maria. You may not have outer beauty, but if we really exploit your sad sack story I bet we can fool the audience. Sometimes people mistake that kind of crud for inner beauty. You'll wind up the star of the evening.  
 (genuinely nice)  
 No one's a star like my Tatum, though. You should have seen her in her younger days. She had a fire baton number to "Push It" that was electrifying.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Absolutely electrifying. The judges at the Regional Miss Pre-Cinderella All-Stars actually stood up and clapped. One of the proudest moments of my life.

TATUM  
 (a little freaked out)  
 Mom, no one can hear you. Why are you being so nice?

JACKIE  
 Just proud of my girls. Have you ever looked at my neck, really looked at it? It's stunning. You will not see a neck like this on another woman of my age!

Jackie drunkenly smiles, and continues to stroke Maria's hair. Dick returns, livid. He now has an even bigger wet spot that covers his entire torso and front of his pants.

DICK  
 Dad, I want you to tell me what I can do right now to get that pageant cover back.

MONTY  
 Hm. You can build a time machine and go back to the past and not suck so bad at high school football.

DICK  
 That's it. Kids, we're leaving.

TATUM  
 It seems wrong to waste all this shrimp.

DICK  
 You can have it at home.

Dick grabs a handful of Tatum's shrimp and storms out. The rest of the family awkwardly looks at each other. Tatum stands up to leave. Boots quickly downs his martini and follows Tatum. Jackie and Monty keep smiling and eating.

INT. DICK AND JACKIE'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 4)

Jackie and Dick are in their large, terra-cotta, nouveau riche bathrooms with two sinks.

They are in their pajamas and angrily brushing their teeth in silence. They do their best to ignore each other. Dick finishes first.

JACKIE  
 (hateful, mouth full of  
 toothpaste)  
 Sleep tight.

DICK  
 Don't drown in your martini.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 4)

Dick walks through the Master Bedroom and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 4)

Dick walks down the hallway.

INT. DICK'S HOME OFFICE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 4)

Dick enters what is clearly his home office. It's packed with the heads of dead animals and hunting and fishing equipment. Dick gets his sad bedroll out of the closet. He rolls it out. It's obvious that he sleeps here most of the time. He gets under the covers. Tatum quietly enters.

TATUM  
 Dad? Can I talk to you for a sec?

Dick scrambles around, looking for some paper and a pen.

DICK  
 Come on in, Tatum. I was just getting some work done in here before I head off to bed with your mother.

TATUM  
 Dad, it's okay. I know you sleep in here every night.

DICK  
 Really? Well, your mother and I are very much in love. It's just that sometimes what's more meaningful is the appearance of a healthy marriage than actually having one--

TATUM  
 Dad, look, maybe we could talk about this another time.

DICK

Thank God. What's on your mind?

TATUM

I'm having a little emotional distress about this whole pageant thing. I feel really bad because I know how much it means to Mom that I do it. And she was so nice to me tonight. It was weird. I've never seen her like that. I think she may be on the verge of an emotional breakdown. And I just couldn't bear to be the cause of that.

DICK

Well, sunshine, sometimes it's okay to disappoint your parents. But sometimes it's just easier to make your parents proud and do what they want because, trust me, it can ruin your life for decades to come.

TATUM

So what are you saying, Dad? Should I do the pageant? Or should I do the debate tournament?

DICK

Let me tell you a story. Back in the forties, they brought over a bunch of African deer called Oryx to White Sands and let them loose. With no natural predators, they flourished. And now, even though they're endangered in Africa, there's too damn many of them here in New Mexico. And last year, I put in for a permit to hunt those Oryx. I was one of the lucky few that could legally shoot an endangered animal. And when I got that Oryx in my site, I took a shot. And I missed. By a good thirty yards. And do I regret it? Yes, because look around.

(gesturing to the walls)

I've got mountain lion, deer, elk, antelope, rabbit, turkey, bass, salmon, two types of trout, but I'll never have an Oryx. Never.



TATUM  
 (still a little confused)  
 So I should take advantage of this  
 opportunity to make Mom happy  
 because an opportunity like this  
 might never come along again?

DICK  
 Exactly.

TATUM  
 Thanks, Dad. Do you want a pillow?

DICK  
 Nah, this wadded up blazer is  
 actually pretty comfy.

Tatum turns out the light, exits, and closes the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 4)

Jackie is tearfully reading "The Lovely Bones." Tatum enters.

TATUM  
 "Lovely Bones" again?

JACKIE  
 It just gets better every time.

TATUM  
 Mom, I've got some great news.

JACKIE  
 What?

TATUM  
 I'm entering the pageant!

Jackie looks a little shocked.

JACKIE  
 (too big a smile)  
 Wonderful!

They hug. Tatum can't see it, but the look on Jackie's face  
 says, "Oh shit."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLOWAYS' BACKYARD - EVENING (NIGHT 5)

Dick is hitting some wiffle balls into a golf net. Boots stands by, watching. He's drinking a Yard of Beer.

BOOTS

Move the ball up in your stance,  
just a smidge.

Dick does so. He whacks it.

DICK

You know how to avoid getting hit  
by lightning?

BOOTS

Rubber shoes?

DICK

No. Hold up your one iron. Even  
God can't hit a one iron.

BOOTS

Good one! Yes! I love that joke!

Jackie comes out of the house with a chip n' dip bowl.

JACKIE

Guys, I need to talk to you for a  
sec. Yes, even you, Dick. I am  
having some severe internal  
emotional hemorrhaging here. It's  
such a strange and unfamiliar  
feeling.

DICK

What's wrong?

JACKIE

Tatum's in the pageant.

DICK

That's great!

JACKIE

No, it's not. She's screwing up  
all of my plans.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Boots had Monty arrange to give Maria a "little help." And when Maria wins, yes, I will look incredibly generous for using my talents to help this non-English-speaking immigrant rise to stardom. But then poor Tatum will look bad for being second place. I'm so torn. Ultimately, what I'm asking myself as a mother is this: What would look best to the Family of the Year committee?

BOOTS

Look within yourself, Mom. I think you have all the answers in that big ol' heart of yours.

JACKIE

Oh, thank you, Bootsie! I do have a big heart.

DICK

Listen, I think Tatum should win, but Maria should come in second. Maria will still look like a star in this community, and everyone will know that you were responsible for both the first and second place contestants. Bam. Holloways on top.

JACKIE

That's a brilliant idea.  
(kind of sweet)  
Maybe you're not retarded, Dick.

DICK

(kind of sweet too)  
Thanks, Jackie. And maybe you're not a total boozehound.

They chuckle, maybe they don't hate each other after all.

JACKIE

Thanks, guys. I have to go try to shove Maria into that swimsuit. I don't think there's enough Lycra in the whole Land of Enchantment.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (NIGHT 6)

It's the evening of the pageant. The contestants are getting ready backstage. Jackie is doing Maria's hair. It's huge. Maria looks thrilled. They're doing vocal warm-ups.

JACKIE/MARIA  
(overly enunciating)  
Apples and bananas. Epples and benenes. Ipples and bininis. Opples and bononos. Upples and bununus.

Tatum walks up to them.

TATUM  
Wow, Maria looks great!

JACKIE  
She could almost pass for an American, couldn't she?

MARIA  
(by rote)  
Reach for the stars!

JACKIE  
Perfect, Maria!

TATUM  
I just wanted to let you know that Maria's going to be awesome tonight, Mom. And it's all because of you. You really are the best pageant coach in the Permian Basin.

JACKIE  
(taken aback)  
Well. Thank you.

TATUM  
I'm gonna make you proud, Mom!  
Promise. *Buena suerte*, Maria!

Tatum heads off. Jackie looks surprisingly touched.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

Monty is at the judges' table. Dick and Boots are seated. Boots makes eyes at a girl behind him. Dick looks at the back page ad for Holloway Funeral Home. It's sparkly and has a thousand colors on it, including a hologram of a casket.

DICK  
Damn you, old man.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

It's the talent competition. Maria is in an elaborate, colorful, Mexican fiesta dancing outfit. The loud Tejano music blasts as Maria stumbles around the stage with a fake smile pasted on. It's pretty terrible, but the enthusiastic crowd claps along, totally offbeat. Jackie is standing in the wings wearing every emotion on her face with every move.

JACKIE  
*Bonita! Bonita!* I was so right,  
you just can't fit a square peg  
into an American hole.

Maria finishes with a flourish. **Jim Anderson**, the emcee, takes the stage.

JIM ANDERSON  
*Muchas gracias, Maria!* Truly a  
spicy number from south of the  
border! *Ay ay ay!* Next up,  
Tatum's one and only... Tatum Sue  
Holloway!

The audience goes wild. Tatum enters in a rhinestoned unitard. The lights go down. Beyonce's "Crazy" starts. A laser show ensues. We see Tatum in silhouette, lighting her flaming baton. The lights come up. She starts dancing. It's electrifying. But suddenly, Tatum drops her baton. There is an audible gasp from the audience. She recovers, and grabs it. She continues, but she's a little out of step from the music. She then drops the baton again. One audience member cries out in horror. Tatum, looking really flustered, recovers, but quickly drops it again. This time, it's a little too close to the curtain and it starts on fire. Tatum immediately stamps it out, but the audience is in a tizzy. They've never seen a hero fall this hard.

BOOTS  
Her costume looks great!

Jackie, in the wings, is horrified. Tatum's performance finally ends. The audience sympathetically claps. Jim Anderson doesn't lose his cheerfulness for a beat.

JIM ANDERSON

Thank you, Tatum! As the judges tally up their votes for the talent competition, I'd like to introduce some very special entertainment. Please welcome the Anderson Family Choir!

Barbara, Mark, and The Twins run out and join Jim onstage. They're all in matching yellow and red outfits. Mark plays the guitar. The Twins play autoharps.

BARBARA

We dedicate this song to all of the contestants. Know that you need to look inside of yourself, and listen to your heart.

They begin to sing an upbeat, barely recognizable version of Roxette's "Listen To Your Heart."

THE ANDERSONS

(singing)

*Listen to your heart when he's  
calling for you./ Listen to your  
heart there's nothing else you can  
do./ I don't know where you're  
going and I don't know why,  
but listen to your heart before you  
tell him goodbye.*

JACKIE

Uch. They are so shameless.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

It's intermission. The lights are on and people are milling about, starting to take their seats again. Boots is very sincerely listening to the **old woman** next to him as he sips wine out of plastic stemware.

OLD WOMAN

It was definitely liquid, but it was white and kind of chunky. I had no idea what it was. So I immediately called Dr. Neelankavil, lovely Indian fellow. Well, he told me to get to the ER A.S.A.P. So I called Janine...

Boots nods sympathetically. Dick, annoyed, is flipping through the pageant program. He suddenly stops.

CLOSE UP: On the program. We see that 6/8 of the page is a large ad with tacky stars and a Senior Yearbook photo that says "Good Luck, Kayla! You're our shining star! Love, Sharon, Ron, MeeMaw, PawPaw, and Scooter."

EVEN CLOSER UP: We zoom in to see that Holloway Lumber has a tiny 1/8 of a page ad. You can barely even tell it's a picture of Dick, it just looks like a fingerprint. But Dick is elated.

DICK

It's in! The ad is in!

Dick runs up to the judges' table where Monty is standing with the other judges. Monty is swigging out of a flask.

DICK (CONT'D)

You did give me the ad. Thank you!

MONTY

Well, maybe I don't give you enough credit. Boots reminded me that you have accomplished something since high school. You've won "Family of the Year" for fifteen years. You must be doing something right.

DICK

Thanks. That really means a lot.

Dick tries to hug Monty, but Monty just walks away. Dick still looks incredibly touched.

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER (NIGHT 6)

It's the interview competition. KAYLA has just answered her question. Jim Anderson is taking his job very seriously.

JIM ANDERSON

Thank you, Kayla. Very insightful.

A section in the audience of about 15 people cheer, blow air horns, and wave cut-outs of Kayla's face on popsicle sticks.

JIM ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Now, let us welcome Maria Cecilia Rodriguez-Valdez. Maria, if you were to be anything in a kitchen, what would you be... and why?

Maria gets a very confused look on her face. Helping her out, Jim Anderson mimes eating something.

MARIA  
 (triumphant)  
 Spoon!

Maria smiles and leaves the stage. The audience is charmed by her. Tatum enters, exuding a professional demeanor.

JIM ANDERSON  
 Tatum Holloway.

TATUM  
 Hello, Mr. Anderson.

JIM ANDERSON  
 Tatum, who is your hero...  
 (world's longest pause)  
 And why?

TATUM  
 That's a great question. I guess  
 I'd have to say, Hillary Clinton.

The crowd gasps! Even Jim Anderson looks a little flustered.

JIM ANDERSON  
 And why?

TATUM  
 Because of her anti-war stance. I  
 agree with her cut and run  
 policies. Thank you.

Boots gets a pained look on his face. Dick hides behind his program. Monty chokes on his drink. Everyone is in shock.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

Tatum walks offstage. Jackie steps in front of her.

JACKIE  
 Okay, what the hell was that?

TATUM  
 What?

JACKIE  
 I could see how you'd drop a couple  
 batons. I forgave you for that.  
 But that crap during the interview  
 competition... You know to never  
 take a political stand during a  
 competition.

(MORE)



JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Especially for a DEMOCRAT. What's  
your game, Tatum Sue?

TATUM  
Mom, I... I wanted to throw the  
pageant for you.

JACKIE  
What?

TATUM  
I thought if I did really badly,  
then Maria would win, and you'd  
look really good for taking her to  
the top.

JACKIE  
(genuinely touched)  
Oh, that's so sweet! You actually  
sacrificed something for me. For  
me! Okay. I'm gonna have a real  
mother moment right now, so brace  
yourself. Hon, I'm so sorry I  
pressured you into doing this  
pageant. I'm just worried that  
you're growing up and we're not  
going to have anything to talk  
about anymore. It's not that I  
don't want you to do debate, it's  
just that I don't know anything  
about debate. But I do know  
something about pageants.

TATUM  
Mom, don't worry. We'll always  
have stuff to talk about.

JACKIE  
But I hate China!

TATUM  
We'll find something else.  
Promise. Like did you see Amy  
Keen's dress? It looked like a  
fairy barfed on it.

Tatum and Jackie share a laugh.

JACKIE  
Yeah, but Amy was the one who  
needed to do some barfing. Fatty!  
(then)  
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh Tatum, you're such a wonderful  
 daughter. I'm so happy you're  
 going to win.

TATUM  
 No way. I sucked out there.

JACKIE  
 Your Grandpa is a judge, you know.

TATUM  
 Grandpa fixed the pageant? Oh my  
 God! This is terrible. You have  
 to tell him Maria should win-

JIM ANDERSON (O.S.)  
 I have the results! Can I have all  
 the contestants back onstage?

TATUM  
 Mom! What should I do?

JACKIE  
 Get out there. Wear that tiara  
 like it belongs to you, hon.  
 Because it does. You're the queen.

They hug. Tatum starts toward the stage, but then stops.

TATUM  
 Have I ever won a pageant  
 legitimately?

JACKIE  
 Every single one. Except tonight,  
 of course.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

JIM ANDERSON  
 Our second runner up is Leah Chism!

A disappointed girl accepts the second place flowers.

JIM ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
 It's down to the final two.  
 Standing before you is the next  
 Miss Tatum, who will represent our  
 town in the 5th Annual Fibromyalgia  
 Parade in Carlsbad.

Maria and Tatum are hugging. Tatum tries to look nervous.

JIM ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
 And the first runner up is... Maria  
 Cecilia Rodriguez-Valdez. That  
 means our new Miss Tatum is Tatum  
 Sue Holloway!

Maria is ecstatic. Dick comes up to Jackie in the wings.

DICK  
 Congrats.

JACKIE  
 Thanks. Did you know she actually  
 threw it on purpose? So Maria  
 would win and I would look good.

DICK  
 She's a good kid. Takes after her  
 mother. Except she's not an alkie.

JACKIE  
 (chuckling)  
 Yeah. And she's just like her  
 father. Except she's attractive.  
 Oh Dick, our baby eagle's learning  
 to fly. But of course, now the  
 whole damn family looks  
 incompetent.

Jackie sighs, but then abruptly switches into her public  
 persona and gleefully walks onstage. She waves to the crowd.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, everyone!

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 6)

The Andersons are thrilled. They hug an ecstatic Maria.

BARBARA  
 You were super! We're so proud!

MARK  
 Second place! Hot dog!

A **newspaper photographer** approaches the Andersons.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Congratulations, Maria. What an  
 accomplishment! Let's get a photo.

MARIA

Reach for the stars! *Hoy es el día  
mejor de mi vida!*

We now see the same Woman, Man, and Old Woman who were commenting on the Holloways earlier in the church parking lot. They're now admiring the Andersons.

WOMAN

Those Andersons, so big hearted!

MAN

They turned a desert Mexican into a second place Cinderella!

JACKIE

(noticing the onlookers)

Did you hear that? Those Andersons are moving in on us. I told you so!

MONTY

You know, I wouldn't have wasted my rigging powers on that piece of liberal crap.

TATUM

I was just doing it for Mom!

JACKIE

You should have pulled your head out of your ass, Monty, and not wasted your vote on her after you saw that terrible performance.

DICK

Hey, hey. Don't talk to him like that. You're the one who told him to do it, Drunky.

JACKIE

Oh, can it, you two-pump chump.

The reporter turns to the Holloways, who all look incredibly pissed off, except for Boots, who is offering a Corona to an underage hottie. The Holloways all line up, looking furious.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Say Cheese!

FLASH. The Holloways transform. We freeze on: the family smiling beautifully, perfect, as always.

In script, "*Family of the Year*" appears. The overly pleasant theme music begins to play as we...

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW