

"Mandy Mayhem"

by  
Mandy May Cheetham

An Original TV Pilot

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**EPISODE TITLE: CLEANING OUT MY CLOSET**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. CAR. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY**

We hear her before we see her. MANDY JONES (Caucasian, 30s) is crying... and laughing, as a heavy bass line thumps loudly in her car. On her dashboard is a single sticky note claiming

'It's Never Too Late to Be Who You Might Have Been.'

Her hands grip the steering wheel, although her car sits on the side of the New York interstate. Her long, red hair whips the tops of her knuckles, presumably because she is wailing her head around.

She raps.

MANDY

Whhaaoowww. Straight Outta Compton.  
Straight Outta Compton.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY**

DEREK (Black, Skinny, 40s) and Chris (Black, Afro, late 20s) stand outside of their beat-up, green Toyota, parked behind Mandy's BMW SUV - we can hear her music, and her yell-rapping. A female police officer (NELL) approaches the men. A second female officer (RAMCHUCK) is in the police car running plates. Chris indicates Mandy.

CHRIS

This crazy bitch won't get out of her car.

DEREK

(calmly) We have tried to approach the vehicle several times but the woman inside keeps yelling obscenities at us.

MANDY

(from inside the car, with gusto)  
Squeeze the trigger, and bodies are hauled off/You too, boy, if ya fuck with me!

CHRIS

It's N.W.A.

DEREK

--What?

MANDY (IN BACKGROUND)

The police are gonna hafta come and  
get me...

CHRIS

She's screaming N.W.A. lyrics.  
*Straight Outta Compton* I think.

DEREK

West Coast!

OFFICER NELL

Do you think she has a weapon?

CHRIS

I think she's insane.

Officer Ramchuck walks over to them.

OFFICER RAMCHUCK

Which one of you is Derek Stewart?

DEREK

I am.

OFFICER RAMCHUCK

You are under arrest for breach of  
a restraining order.

DEREK

What?! Against who?!

Angle: Officer Nell, a bit green and clearly nervous, speaks  
into the megaphone as she approaches Mandy's car.

OFFICER NELL

Ma'am, please step out of the  
vehicle with your hands up.

Spontaneously, Mandy steps one foot out of the car. We PAN UP  
from her stiletto, along khakis and a sweater-set to reach a  
tear-streaked face with hair so wind blown she could be in an  
80's hair spray commercial.

She raises her hands in the air, but is so engaged in her convulsive rapping that her arms flail along with the beat - sort of like the Muppet Grover - if he were a gangster... having a nervous breakdown.

MANDY

Ninjas start to mumble/ They wanna  
rumble/ Mix em and cook em in a pot  
like gumbo.

All four people (Derek now in hand cuffs) react to Mandy's bizarre behavior. Derek enjoys it, despite his current situation.

DEREK

... Ninjas!

Mandy chest pumps. Then twerks wildly. Officer Nell jumps, startled.

MANDY

you'd better duck/cause Ice Cube is  
crazy as fuck/As I leave, best  
believe I'm stompin', but when I  
come back, boy, I'm comin straight  
outta Compton!!!!!!

On the last couple of lines Mandy throws her head back with arms wide open and screams to the sky. She shakes wildly with tears and laughter and gangster-ness.

Officer Nell Tasers her. Mandy drops to the ground.

Title Card: MANDY MAYHEM

Title Card: Eighteen Hours Earlier

#### **INT. MANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Mandy lies awake in bed with her snoring husband, DAN JONES (mid-40s, well-fed). She tries to stop the snoring/suffocate him by plugging his nose and covering his mouth. He sputters, but doesn't wake.

She puts her hand on his throat - this turns her on a little - she rubs up against him. No response. Not discouraged - she gets up and goes into her walk-in closet.

**INT. MANDY'S CLOSET - NIGHT**

The closet looks like the inside of a Gap store. All solid colors, khakis and round-toed pumps. There is a giant, well-organized Vision Board on one of the walls - under it, atop a dresser - trophies from her cheerleading days, and awards for her many volunteer contributions.

She straps on a pair of 12 mini-strapped, yellow-camo stilettos. She does a slinky dance in the full length mirror.

She hums *Drunk in Love*.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Mandy struts over to the bed in burlesque mode. Dan snores. She climbs on the bed and straddles his face, standing - she does her slinky dance with her hands on the wall - feeling sexy, she 'drops-it-like-it's-hot.'

Dan is startled awake, sits up, and head butts her in the vagina.

DAN

What in the hell?

MANDY

(squeaking) Ouch!

DAN

What are you doing? What the hell are you wearing?

MANDY

I wanted to surprise you.

DAN

Yep. Well, you probably gave me PTSD. There are more subtle ways to get my attention.

MANDY

It's been 6 months.

DAN

(changing the subject) Where did you get those shoes?

MANDY

I bought them as an early birthday present.

DAN

How much?

(beat)

MANDY

Seven hundred.

DAN

You're joking.

MANDY

I'm declaring bankruptcy.

DAN

What are you talking about?

MANDY

I'm letting go. I just... there's no way I can recover from this. China told me today that they're dropping my order, I have no back up, my customers are turning against me, my reputation is ruined, I can't refund the payments...

DAN

So dramatic.

MANDY

Please don't patronize me. This is the hardest decision I've ever made.

DAN

You are giving up.

MANDY

Or, I have explored all of my options - including asking my husband for financial help, and nothing is ...

DAN

...You know how I feel about mixing business and pleasure, Mandy.

MANDY

I don't understand how you can  
compartmentalize like that.

DAN

And that is why your business is  
failing.

(long pause)

Mandy gets up off the floor and limps out of the room,  
slamming the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mandy sits on the couch wrapped in a blanket with a bottle of  
wine in her hand. She is crying softly, and rocking back and  
forth.

She raps.

MANDY

Used to be a housewife/ I got a new  
life/ harem full of men/ cause none  
of them could satisfy/ old dreams  
of picket fences sentimental and  
unjustified/ music is my crack pipe

JAKE JONES(Caucasian, 15) sweet and awkward, enters the room.

JAKE

...Mommy?

MANDY

(composing herself) Hey, what are  
you doing up?

JAKE

I heard the door slam.

MANDY

I'm sorry honey. Your Dad and I had  
a disagreement.

(beat)

JAKE

Nice shoes.

MANDY  
You like them?

JAKE  
Not really, no.

MANDY  
Why not?

JAKE  
They're kind of inappropriate.

MANDY  
(singing) *Freedom's just another  
word for nothing left to lose...*

JAKE  
Huh?

MANDY  
Janis Joplin, babe. Business  
dissolves, marriage unravels, ass  
starts to sag - I'm going down in  
style - with symbols of freedom on  
my feet.

JAKE  
Oh.

(beat)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Are you ok?

MANDY  
I will be. Always am.

(beat)

MANDY (CONT'D)  
(realizing she is freaking him out)  
Hey - don't you worry about your  
old Mom. It's just a little set  
back. You've got your own concerns  
I'm sure.

JAKE  
Like whether I will lose my  
virginity before global warming  
melts the planet?

MANDY  
Exactly.



They sit for a moment. She takes his hand.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Go back to bed now. We have a busy day tomorrow.

JAKE

What's tomorrow?

MANDY

Well - A) it's my birthday, and 2), people are coming to pick up the cheerleading equipment from the garage.

JAKE

You're not doing cheerleading anymore?

MANDY

No babe. Nothing to cheer about... I have to sell it to pay the creditors.

JAKE

Oh.

(beat)

MANDY

Ok. Time for bed honey ...

JAKE

Ok.

Jake does not move

MANDY

(forcefully, for her) Good night, Jake.

(beat)

JAKE

Good night.

He still sits there, puts his head on her shoulder. They both close their eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MANDY'S KITCHEN - MORNING**

Mandy enters her sunny kitchen loaded with groceries and her birthday cake - still wearing, and teetering in, her *freedom shoes*. She spots a bouquet of peonies still wrapped and opens the card - it's from her Granny Peg and reads:

'You only glow more with age.'

She smiles, picks up the cake to put it away - trips on her own feet and crushes the box between herself and the fridge. She looks at the cake. Ruined.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Trying to stay positive - Mandy hits play on her iPod. A slinky song comes on and she flirts with herself in the mirror. She strips off her trench coat - and lets it drop to the floor. She quickly picks it up and hangs it neatly in her walk-in closet.

She raps.

MANDY

I wanna rhyme like Jay-Z turning  
out Bey, like Macbeth Act One,  
Scene Three, like Oprah on a  
shopping spree...

She glances up at her vision board. It is covered in her Yellow Sticky Notes: 'Believe,' and 'Ask And It Is Given'. There is a photo of her family - only Dan's face is covered with a Pink Sticky Note. Mandy snatches it up, in mid rap --

MANDY (CONT'D)

Like the spice in Earl Grey Tea --

The note says; 'End of the road babe - time for you to go it alone ~ love Dan.'

MANDY (CONT'D)

(roaring, guttural) God  
DAMNNNNNITT!!

ANGLE: Jake, in his room, freaked, as he hears her roar turn into a laugh.

BACK TO: Mandy as she runs to the bathroom and throws up.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Jake races out the side of the house and jumps on his bike. Pedals furiously away. A car pulls into the driveway and Sissy (late 20s), Mandy's yoga/life coach gets out of her white VW Cabriolet.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S BATHROOM - MORNING**

Sissy enters and finds Mandy in the bathroom - staring into the bowl.

Sissy

What happened?

Mandy

(despondent) I'm frozen in my pain body.

Sissy

Don't be selfish. Jake just took off like a bat out of hell. He doesn't need to see you like this.

Mandy

I'm a terrible mother.

Sissy

Thoughts become things, Mandy. You have created all of this by making wishes for change and then not going with the flow of the universe to allow them to happen.

Mandy

I don't quite follow your logic.

Sissy kneels down beside her.

Sissy

You co-created this. You told me yourself that you wanted out of your marriage, and your business was making you miserable, and now it's all falling apart and you're acting surprised?!

MANDY

Wow. You've been hanging around Dan too much.

SISSY

We thought it would be better coming from me.

Mandy turns to face Sissy.

MANDY

We? What we?

SISSY

(quickly) You must know that Dan and I have been seeing each other for awhile Mandy. Listen, I never meant for it to happen like this, but from a divine perspective I can really see the perfection in this situation, you know? ... God brought us all together so you could have your freedom. It's poetic.

Mandy looks at her freedom shoes. Then at Sissy. Sissy smiles a knowing, ethereal smile. Mandy grabs Sissy by the back of the head and tries to drown her in the toilet.

MANDY

You are so full of shit!!!

Sissy fights back and hits her in the face. Mandy retreats.

SISSY

Rot in hell.

Sissy leaves with a wet face and puke chunks in her hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CAR. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Derek and Chris roll along the freeway in Derek's forest green 1998 Toyota. *Twist of Fate* (Olivia N-J) is playing loudly through Derek's factory speakers. Chris attempts to change the song. Derek karate chops his arm.

DEREK

Get your hands off that dial sucka.

CHRIS

Come on man. At least close the windows if you're going to listen to this.

DEREK

Air conditioner is broken. Expand your musical mind, man. This was the shit back in the day.

Derek turns up the music. Chris ducks down in his seat, then reaches over from below to change the song. Derek, singing, grabs his arm to stop him. The car swerves.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S CAR. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Mandy is driving in silence. We see the car in front of hers (the Toyota) swerve. She glances at a Yellow Sticky Note pasted on her dashboard.

MANDY

'Everything Happens for a Reason.'

She grabs it crumpling it up, then rolls down the window and throws it out. The wind swirls in blowing her hair around her face. She fights back tears and cranks the music:

Public Enemy, *Fight the Power*.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Derek and Chris continue to battle over the stereo.

CHRIS

What's up with you dude? You've been dating too many white girls.

DEREK

Naaw man...actually, maybe you're right... No. No. You're wrong...

CHRIS

You know I'm right! And this cheeseball party you said we'd do ...

CUT TO:

**INT. MANDY'S CAR. HIGHWAY - DAY**

In a moment of inspiration - Mandy rips all of the notes off the dash and throws them out the window. She can't quite reach the final note

'It's Never Too Late to Be Who You Might Have Been'

As she leans across to grab it her foot involuntarily presses on the accelerator and Derek's swerving car sideswipes her onto the shoulder. They pull over.

Mandy sits, frozen, in her seat with Public Enemy blaring.

She starts to laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. ROAD SIDE - EARLY EVENING**

Derek and Mandy sit in cuffs leaning against a pair of trees. Nell and Ramchuck are still talking to Chris. She lets out a groan.

DEREK

...You okay?

MANDY

Sore. Mostly just mortified.

DEREK

You drunk or something?

MANDY

My husband left me to sow his wild oats with my 28-year-old life coach. Pretty sure I was having a nervous breakdown.

DEREK

I've never seen a white woman have a nervous breakdown to an N.W.A. track.

MANDY

Yes, well. Hip hop helps me with my rage issues. It's my *therapy*.

DEREK

That's funny. I listen to Metallica when I wanna rage.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

I actually did a show with  
Metallica once in Bristol.

Mandy's mortification deepens.

MANDY

Oh my God. I was there! Glastenbury  
1992. You're Fatlip from the  
Pharcyde.

DEREK

In the flesh.

MANDY

I got Fatlip arrested.

DEREK

Nah, I have a vengeful ex-wife...  
she got me arrested. She's up to  
some bullshit that isn't true,  
trying to get money from me that I  
don't have. I shouldn't have been  
paying her in cash, but it made me  
feel good - like it did when things  
were going well for me with  
Pharcyde.

MANDY

(sings) Don't it always seem to go -

DEREK AND MANDY

(singing together) that you don't  
know what you've got 'til it's  
gone.

MANDY

(quoting Mos Def) Jonie Mitchell  
never lie, lies.

They lock eyes solemnly.

DEREK

Word.

MANDY

Word.

She starts to cry.

DEREK

Oh, hey hey, don't cry. It's all  
good. (to Officer - trying to stand  
up) Can we get some sort of tissue  
here?

OFFICER NELL (O.C.)  
Please remain seated, sir.

Mandy gives in to her tears and becomes a mini-mucus factory.  
Derek shimmies over to her and offers his shoulder.

MANDY  
I don't want to mess up your  
outfit.

DEREK  
Please... cause that's not a good  
look.

She acquiesces.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Ah, man. I can feel the mucus  
through my shirt.

They start to laugh.

A vehicle rolls up.

MANDY  
Oh, thank God.

Jake runs over.

JAKE  
Mommy!

MANDY  
Oh, honey I am so sorry about this -  
what a traumatic day for you! (to  
Derek) Jake lost his innocence  
today.

DEREK  
Wow. Congratulations man. I  
remember my first time. I didn't  
find out we were related until  
later.

JAKE  
What?! No!

MANDY  
Oh no, Jake is still a virgin. I  
mean his parents splitting up and  
my getting arrested is a bit of a  
loss of innocence for him.



DEREK

Oh ya? Like some Holden Caulfield  
shit.

MANDY

Exactly.

JAKE

What?

DEREK

(to Jake) You know 'Where do ducks  
go in the winter'?

Jake is confused.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You should read more.

PEG SHERIDAN, Mandy's 70+-year-old Grandmother, barrels over -  
shrouded in colorful clothing and wearing thick framed art-  
dealer glasses. Ramchuck follows quickly behind.

GRANNY PEG

Amanda darling! Way to stand your  
ground! You have set a fine example  
of how to handle the oppressive  
regime that is the state highway  
patrol. (To Officer Ramchuck) Which  
in no way is a reflection on the  
fine police work you do as an  
individual duckling...

OFFICER RAMCHUCK

Officer *Ramchuck*.

GRANNY PEG

...but seriously, these fucking  
rabid dogs hide in the bushes  
waiting for the first sniff of  
neurotic housewife they can find to  
seize and tase. My husband was a  
defence attorney, though a lot of  
good that's done me, and I'm here  
to tell you that *dancing* is NOT  
threatening behavior, TO DANCE IS  
TO LIVE! Even death threats, when  
set to music, are merely an  
exercise in free speech! This is  
the Pussy Riot incident all over  
again!

(MORE)

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)  
(to Ramchuck) Did you know Pussy  
Riot means 'deranged vaginas' in  
Russian? HA HAAA! I love it! (to  
Derek) Well hello, Handsome.

DEREK  
Hello.

MANDY  
(fan-girl) Granny Peg, this is my  
friend Fatlip. He hit my car. He's  
a rapper. Fatlip - this is my  
Granny Peg.

GRANNY PEG  
Pleased to meet you, Fat-Lip.

OFFICER RAMCHUCK  
We're going to let you off with a  
warning Ms. Jones - I suggest you  
enter an anger management program.

GRANNY PEG  
Nonsense. My grand-daughter just  
turned 40, she lost her business,  
her home, and her husband left her  
for a younger woman. That explains  
her episode - what explanation do  
you have for your partner's  
unnecessary use of force? I'm sure  
Chief Harper will be able to help  
us discover the answer to that  
question. He was a close personal  
friend of my husband's. Sat with  
him on the internal justice  
committee.

Nell approaches on her cell - looks urgently at Ramchuck.

OFFICER NELL  
Yes, sir.

OFFICER RAMCHUCK  
Right.

Ramchuck bends down to un-cuff Mandy and Nell un-cuffs  
Fatlip. Peg taps Ramchuck on the butt.

GRANNY PEG  
Thatta girl!

JAKE  
Oh God.

OFFICER RAMCHUCK

Now listen, I don't care who you  
are . . .

Granny Peg turns and waltzes back to her car, followed by the  
two officers and Jake. Mandy turns to Derek.

MANDY

Thank you so much for your  
kindness. It made this all slightly  
less humiliating.

DEREK

For sure. But hey - you got some  
lyrical skills - just maybe find a  
more appropriate venue next time.

Long pause as they consider each other. Jake runs back over.

JAKE

Mom, can you hurry up please?  
Granny Peg is being antagonistic.

MANDY

Right.

Mandy tries to wipe-off the snot on Derek's shirt.

DEREK

Ya, don't.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - GRANNY PEG'S HIPPIE COMMUNE  
BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Sightly dingy, well-lived-in room with plants, worldly  
treasures and a full bear-skin rug complete with teeth. It's  
Grey Gardens meets a '70s love den.

A naked man, SAM, (50-60), sits on the love seat watching  
"M.A.S.H." on TV. Granny Peg, Mandy and Jake enter.

GRANNY PEG

(to Mandy) I am going to rename  
this room *the freedom room* in your  
honor. Have you met my lover Sam?

Sam stands up politely, 'full Monty'.

SAM

Hi Gang! Welcome home.

JAKE

Oh God.

Jake turns around and faces the wall.

GRANNY PEG

Oh Jake! The human body is natural  
and shameless.

Jake turns reluctantly back around. He tries to find a 'safe'  
place to look, but there is TAXIDERMY everywhere. His eyes  
rest on what looks like a stuffed bull's penis.

JAKE

Oh God.

MANDY

(covering; awkward)  
Nice to meet you, Sam.

Sam sits back down. Resumes watching TV.

JAKE

(To Granny Peg) Why is he sitting  
on a towel?

Sam FARTS loudly as he laughs at something on TV.

GRANNY PEG

He has some digestion issues honey.  
You gotta love em for all they are!

MANDY

Well there's a lot of him to love.

GRANNY PEG (BARKING)

SAM!

Sam jumps.

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)

Dress for mess-hall. On the table  
in five.

Sam stands up, salutes, then turns to exit. Jake turns toward  
the wall again. Peg slaps Sam's ass on his way out as we hear  
the laugh track from the TV.

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D (CONT'D)

(to Jake) Set the table please. All  
of the creature pieces go in these  
drawers.

She points to an open drawer filled with pieces of dead animals. Jake looks in and gags.

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)

Don't get your knickers in a knot.  
They're for my taxidermy mash ups!  
Physical representations of our  
totem animals. They help people to  
manifest their true hearts'  
desires! ... I'm selling them on  
eBay.

Peg picks up a dead ferret with a chicken's beak. Waves it.

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)

'Fowlet.' For a long, hairy pecker.

She bustles happily into the kitchen. Jake eyeballs Mandy.

JAKE

How long do we have to stay here?

Mandy turns off the TV and starts clearing the bits and pieces of dead, half-stuffed animals from the dining table.

MANDY

Just until I figure some things  
out, ok? Think of it as an  
adventure. You will be exposed to  
new things!

Jake picks up what looks like a shaved squirrel with a patch of pubic hair on its head and pig's ears. One of the ears falls off and he drops the concoction.

JAKE

*I like old things.*

MANDY

I'm sorry that you have to go  
through this, buddy. I had to live  
with Granny Peg when my parents got  
divorced.

Jake does not respond.

MANDY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying - I get it. It  
sucks not to be in your own room.

JAKE

Why did we have to leave the house?

MANDY

I just couldn't be there. It's like  
a prison of memories.

Jake, dejected, tries to pick up the squirrel again. Mandy takes it from him gently, and fights back tears. Jake protectively tries to cheer her up.

JAKE

I'm never getting married. Not even  
Kim Kardashian can keep a husband  
and she's like the perfect woman.

MANDY

Don't give up on marriage! It may  
be a cesspool of emotional  
malfunction, but you'll be way  
better at it than I was!

Jake nods. Confused.

Sam (dressed in a caftan) walks in and chimes tiny finger symbols to announce dinner - frazzled, they both jump.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING/DINING ROOM. GRANNY PEG'S - EARLY EVENING**

Sam, Granny Peg and RITA (30s, buxom, Southern) sit at the table, eating, with Jake and Mandy.

RITA

Well it's nice to finally meet  
y'all. (to Mandy) Peg tells me you  
are a regular renaissance woman!  
You own a cheerleadin' business,  
you're a spoken word artist,  
political volunteer,...

MANDY

Yes, well I'm not doing the  
business thing anymore, and the  
artistic side of me died a long  
time ago (indicates Granny Peg)  
*She's* the accomplished one.

ANGLE: Granny Peg and Sam are fondling each other under the table. Peg giggles.

JAKE

Oh God.

Jake makes creations with his food to avoid all eye contact, only occasionally looking up to gawk at Rita's breasts.

RITA

Sorry to hear about your situation with your husband. My Daddy was like that - he has eight children with nine different women - my Momma was the one he stayed with. Now Momma's a classy, well-educated, southern lady, but cross her and she's as fierce as a wild turkey stuck in a storm drain.

JAKE

(confused) Eight kids with nine women?

RITA

Twins. One used to be a man.

Mandy and Jake are *more* confused.

RITA (CONT'D)

Daddy was a real scallywag when he met Momma, but the first time he tried to cheat - Momma tackled him right there in the front yard and just pressed her foot right down on his cheek and said: 'You ain't goin' nowhere. We created this child, and you're gonna help me figure out what to do with it!...'...(wistfully) I think all those years of workin' Daddy over really took a toll on Momma.

MANDY

I guess we all have our unique ways of dealing with rage.

JAKE

My Mom pretends she's Eminem when she gets angry.

RITA

Well aren't you just the sweetest thing! (To Mandy) You rap?

MANDY

In the closet, mostly. No one needs to hear an old, white lady rap about ironing.

Peg stands up and opens her shirt to Mandy, revealing her naked breasts.

GRANNY PEG  
(challenging) Call yourself old again.

JAKE  
Oh God.

RITA  
(laughing) Oh Peg! You're just the bees knees! (to Mandy) My manager and I were just saying how it would be cool to have a hot white chick rapping on my next album.

JAKE  
Whoa! You have an album?

RITA  
Sure do, darlin'. I'd love to let you hear it! That is if your girlfriend wouldn't be too jealous!

JAKE  
I don't have a girlfriend.

SAM  
That'll change, soldier - you're in the love shack now.

RITA  
Heck - I can even give you a few pointers. My Daddy taught me everything I know about the good 'ole sport of courtin'.

JAKE  
'Courting?'...like in old sitcoms when guys bring flowers and candy?

RITA  
In my Daddy's day it was a corsage and Saran-Wrap.

GRANNY PEG  
Ha! For me it was Quaaludes and chocolate cherries.

JAKE  
What are Quaaludes?



MANDY  
Eat your salad.

JAKE  
It's too hard to chew.

RITA  
It's kale. You have to massage it  
before you eat it.

Rita reaches over and starts massaging his kale. Jake is equally repulsed by Granny Peg and Sam, turned on by Rita, and uncomfortable that his mother is watching him.

Fearing his man-parts may explode - he jumps up to escape to the bathroom.

MANDY  
Jake?

Running, he trips violently on the back end of the bear skin rug, twisting his ankle and falling flat on top of it, his head lands eyeball to eyeball with the dead bear. Jake freezes in horror - then faints..

MANDY (CONT'D)  
Jake!

**INT. LIVING/DINING ROOM. GRANNY PEG'S - EARLY EVENING**

Jake lies on the couch with his foot wrapped, and a kiddie band-aid on his head. Mandy sits beside him. Granny Peg is giving his ankle a Reiki treatment.

JAKE  
... I cannot stay here.

MANDY  
It won't be for very long, honey. I promise.

JAKE  
Mom. I'm a member of PETA.

GRANNY PEG  
All of my animals died of natural causes duckling, and frankly, carnage is a necessary stage in the circle of life!

He starts to cry. Mandy feels terrible and hugs him. Peg starts chanting quietly.

Mandy's cell phone rings

MANDY  
(to Jake) Did you call your Dad?

Jake nods - she hands him the phone.

JAKE  
Hello? Hi Dad. Ya, I'm ok. Can I  
stay with you at home tonight?  
Please?

Mandy and Peg exchange a look.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
...Mom?

MANDY  
(hurt; to Jake)  
Are you sure?

JAKE  
Kinda.

GRANNY PEG  
Let him go, sugar.

MANDY  
You're sure...

JAKE  
Ya.

Mandy fights back tears.

MANDY  
Ok.

Granny Peg ushers Mandy into the kitchen.

**INT. GRANNY PEG'S HIPPIE COMMUNE BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN -  
CONTINUOUS**

GRANNY PEG  
You have every right to be upset  
honey.

Mandy leans into Peg for a hug.

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)  
Don't you worry your little tuckus.  
He's a teenager.  
(MORE)

GRANNY PEG (CONT'D)

Blaming you for his misfortune is a right of passage.

MANDY

Everything I thought I was working for is gone.

GRANNY PEG

Ain't nothing but shit comes from sittin' on the pity pot. Now buck up, Buttercup - you and me got a date with Jack Daniels.

CUT TO:

**INT. MUFFY'S KARAOKE & GRUB PUB - NIGHT**

Peg and Mandy sit at a table in front of a small stage. A CAPED-MAN dressed in a black leather cape and chaps over white jeans is singing 'Total Eclipse of the Heart'.

MANDY

Seriously Gran - I appreciate the sentiment, but I'm really not in the mood for this right now.

GRANNY PEG

Nothing warms a sour heart like a little karaoke, Peaches. Granny Peg is on in two songs. If you don't get into the spirit by then - we skedaddle.

MANDY

Deal.

The Caped Man ends with a flourish. The Karaoke Host - HANK STYLES (mid 60's) - clad in snakeskin hat, boots and a bow tie - takes the mic.

HANK STYLES

Give it up for Norman! We wish him good luck in all his future endeavours! Next up - Internet Cred!

INTERNET CRED (early 20s, white) approaches the stage with his game face. He begins to sing 'LOSE YOURSELF' by Eminem (or some other rap song we can afford the rights to).

He starts to 'lose it' after the first two lines. It's a train wreck. Hank tries to help him by backing him up on the chorus.

HANK STYLES (CONT'D)

Lose yourself. Mu ma ma na la GO!  
(gives up, to audience) Come on  
gang - someone come and help the  
man out!

GRANNY PEG

(to Mandy)

Go and save us from their misery,  
duckling. PLEASE!

MANDY

One of his friends will go up.

They continue to butcher the song. No one else goes up.

GRANNY PEG

For the love of God, child. *Lose  
yourself!*

Peg shoves Mandy out of her chair and taps her butt toward the stage. There is a grateful smattering of applause from the audience. Mandy takes a mic and starts backing Internet Cred up at first, not wanting to take over, but gradually gets into it - losing her fear. Internet Cred stops rapping and stands awkwardly behind her.

By the chorus, Mandy is lost in the song. REALITY DISSOLVES into Mandy's *FANTASY*: the room goes dark, and the stage lights get brighter. Suddenly we are in a large arena and Mandy is on an elevating riser taking her up through a cloud of smoke. LASER HOLOGRAMS of TUPAC and BIGGIE appear at her side to hype up her fierceness.

MANDY

So here I go it's my shot/ feet  
fail me not/ this may be the only  
opportunity that I got.

*This is Mandy's moment.*

She finishes the song and stands in a triumphant end pose. The stadium erupts in chants and applause.

BACK TO REALITY: 4 of the 10 people in the beer-stained bar go ballistic.

Internet Cred celebrates by attempting to grind on her.

HANK STYLES

Wow!! That was complete mayhem!  
Thank you Miss.. Mayhem!!

GRANNY PEG  
(proud, clapping)  
That's my girl!!

Mandy stands for a moment lost in the light and breathing hard.

HANK STYLES  
Next up - 'Granny Gams!'

Mandy goes back to her table and inhales her gin and tonic, still breathing hard. She can't quite believe what she has just experienced.

Mandy is approached by a WAITRESS(20's).

WAITRESS  
That was so awesome. Where'd you learn to throw down like that?

MANDY  
Yo! MTV raps?

WAITRESS  
Oh. Is that a reality show?

MANDY  
No. They used to play music videos on MTV.

Blank stare from the waitress.

MANDY (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

WAITRESS  
What's your name? Mayhem?

MANDY  
Mandy.

WAITRESS  
'Mandy Mayhem'. So dope. I never would have seen that coming. You want another gin? It's on me.

MANDY  
Yes.

WAITRESS  
I'm an aspiring musician myself.

MANDY

Wow. That's really brave.

Angle: Granny Peg is on stage rocking her rendition of Metallica's *Enter Sandman* as a sultry, spoken, cabaret number.

MANDY (CONT'D)

I seem to be surrounded by musicians today.

WAITRESS

Maybe someone's trying to tell you something.

She walks away. Peg's shirt lands on their table.

HANK STYLES

Bra stays on, Granny Gams!

A tussle begins on stage as Hank tries to keep Peg from taking off her bra. Peg keeps crooning.

Waitress returns with a drink and a flier. She hands the flyer to Mandy.

WAITRESS

One of my boys runs this hip hop karaoke party in Williamsburg. You would kill at this!

MANDY

Hip Hop Karaoke! That's amazing - and terrifying. I wouldn't have to freestyle, would I? I tried to freestyle at a party once. I rapped about masturbating with bananas.

WAITRESS

No. No freestyling.

Mandy looks at the flier and sees Fatlip's photo on it as the special guest judge. Mandy takes this in - maybe someone *is* trying to tell her something.

MANDY

It's a competition?

WAITRESS

Ya... you gonna do it?

Mandy's POV: Peg and Hank's tussle has escalated and the song has been cut.

Peg is trying desperately to keep hold of the mic as Hank removes her from the stage. With one fist in the air she sings:

GRANNY PEG  
*You don't own me . . .*

Mandy turns back to the waitress and raises her glass.

MANDY  
Oh what the hell... to hip hop  
karaoke!

The two women clink glasses.

**FADE OUT**