

Popular: Senior Year
"Girls, Girls Everywhere, and Not
a One to Sit"

by

The Wild Pikachu

POPULAR: SENIOR YEAR

GIRLS, GIRLS EVERYWHERE, AND NOT A ONE TO SIT

TEASER

FADE IN:

EST. A CITY SKYLINE - DAY

When the panoramic shot passes a few familiar landmarks—such as the Space Needle—it becomes clear that the city in question is Seattle.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

As the scenes close into more detail, however, it also becomes clear that this Seattle isn't quite the same: most of the cars are pointed, bullet-like; and a few float above the streets instead of rolling along them. A shot of workmen taking down a worn sign that reads "Happy New Year 2026" sets the time clearly. The scene finally focuses in on a gleaming blue-and-green geodesic dome that seems to float above the waters of the bay. As the shot closes in further, a stylized sign reading "REIGNDOME" slides by; the blank wall of the dome swells to fill the screen, and—

CUT TO:

INT. THE REIGNDOME

A state-of-the-art basketball arena, which is also apparently deserted. The scene is sweeping across the empty stands when—

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hey!

The panning movement stops suddenly.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Down here!

The shot drops precipitously, to a grown-up Mackenzie McQueen, dressed in a Seattle Reign uniform and standing in the middle of the court, basketball in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKENZIE
 (to the camera)
 Hi. I'm Mackenzie McQueen, of the
 Seattle Reign.

INSERT: THE REIGNDOME CEILING

A set of WNBA Championship banners is hanging from the
 rafters.

A sharp whistle brings the shot back down again.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 Yeah, those are nice—but it's not
 what I wanted to talk about.

She starts meandering around the court, casually dribbling the
 basketball.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you the weirdest
 question I ever got in an
 interview. It was, "How did you
 turn out so normal, when your
 family is so strange?"
 (considering)
 Well, first of all, I'm glad
 people think I'm "normal"...but I
 have to tell you, I didn't just
 have a strange family. Not that
 they aren't strange—I mean, I
 have two older half-sisters, who
 are step-sisters to each other.
 Kinda makes us a triangle—like
 the old triangle offense twenty
 years ago?
 (beat)
 Never mind—nobody uses it
 anymore. Anyway, it wasn't just
 them. During my first formative
 years, everyone I was around was
 strange. You wouldn't believe
 some of the things that happened.
 (reflecting)
 There was this one day...I don't
 even think I was six months old
 yet. And this one day was just, a
 complete symbol of my whole world
 growing up.
 (chuckling)
 The thing is, people swear to me
 that this day, never happened.
 But I remember.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I know, you're thinking I was too young to remember anything. But I have excellent neo-natal memory. The doctors say so. It's some gene—the same thing that lets me see the seam in the three-two zone, every time.

(frowning)

At least, I think it's the same gene...

(shrugs)

Hey, what do I know? I got a C-minus in bio-genetics. But I do remember that day...and if there's two things I'm really, really good at, it's remembering things, and basketball.

With that, she turns and flips up an effortless shot that goes whishing through the basket, fifty feet away.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

(grinning)

See? Watch, and learn.

WHITE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MCQUEEN DINING ROOM - MORNING

The household is more hectic than normal, especially for a Saturday: Sam is sitting at the table, munching on an orange while tapping away on her laptop; Jane is in the kitchen, cooking; and Mike is standing nearby, with the phone jammed against one ear and his hand over the other. And in the middle of it all, smack in the center of the dining room table, is Mackenzie, lying snug in her bassinet.

MIKE

(shouting)

What?! I can barely hear you!...
 No, Jeff, you're going to have to
 speak up!... What?! When?!...
 No, that's impossible... I said,
 that's impossible!...

JANE

(calling)

Brooke! Breakfast!

BROOKE (O.S.)

Coming!

MIKE

All right...all right!!... I'll
 be there as soon as I can!

As he hangs up the phone and turns to Jane, she is already rounding on him, spatula in hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jane—

JANE

No, Mike, no! I've got three
 houses to show before noon!

MIKE

Honey, I have to take this
 meeting. There's just no way I
 can get out of it.

JANE

Look, we decided we needed the
 income from my real estate
 business. There isn't going to BE
 any income if I start backing out
 of showings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At an impasse, they do the logical thing: together they turn to Sam.

JANE/MIKE

Sam—

SAM

(without looking up)

Uh, nope, guys, I have a job too, remember? I have to be at the paper by—

A car horn honks outside.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's Lily now. Gotta go.

Sam snaps the laptop shut and gathers it up, heading for the patio door. With her hand on the handle, she turns back.

SAM (CONT'D)

You know, all this scheduling might be easier if I had my own car...

JANE

Nice try.

SAM

I'm just saying—

JANE

Go!

With an exaggerated sigh, Sam sails through the door, just as Brooke comes into the room. Mike practically pounces on her.

MIKE

Brooke! You have to watch Mac this morning.

Brooke is caught totally off-guard.

BROOKE

Huh—what? But—I've got plans!

JANE

We're sorry, but you're just going to have to break them.

BROOKE

Wait, how come I have to be the one who has her day ruined?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE
 (kissing her forehead)
 Because you're the only one
 without a job.

Mike tosses a tie around his neck and grabs his suit coat on his way out of the room.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (over his shoulder)
 I'll see you tonight!

As Brooke plops down in her chair despondently, Jane sets a plate of scrambled eggs down in front of her.

JANE
 Here, honey, eat up. I have to
 get ready for my showings.

With that, Jane rushes out, leaving Brooke and Mackenzie alone. Brooke picks at her food, glowering over her plate at Mackenzie.

BROOKE
 You know, for someone who can't
 talk, you're a lot of trouble.

The baby just peeks over the edge of the bassinet and coos.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brooke is half-reclined on the sofa, reading, with Mackenzie's bassinet firmly ensconced on the coffee table.

The phone rings, and she reaches lazily over her head to grab it.

BROOKE
 (into the phone)
 Hello?... What?—No... No, you
 don't understand, I'm watching
 Mac... No, I, I couldn't
 possibly... What?... All right,
 all right... Fine.

Brooke hangs up the phone and throws another aggrieved look in Mackenzie's direction.

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - LATER

ANGLE: THE FRONT DOOR

The doorbell rings, and when Brooke opens the door, Lily is standing on the front stoop.

BROOKE
(grumbling)
This better be important.

LILY
(earnestly)
I wouldn't ask otherwise, Brooke.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S CAR - MOVING

Mackenzie is safely secured in the back seat.

BROOKE
So, where are we going?

LILY
The County Records Office Annex.

BROOKE
Isn't everything closed on Saturday?

LILY
The annex is open in the mornings.

BROOKE
I still don't understand.

LILY
(patiently)
Okay—it's really simple. I just need you to get ahold of an old EIR.

BROOKE
E-I-what?

LILY
Environmental Impact Report. Look, these developers are trying to do an end-run around the Planning Commission.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (CONT'D)

But, if we can get our hands on the EIR that was done back in '74, that'll force the City Council to open up the review process.

Brooke shakes her head, clearly letting most of Lily's explanation go over her head.

BROOKE

Fine, fine, whatever. What I don't get is why you need me to go get this environmental thingee.

Lily pauses for an embarrassed moment.

LILY

Well...they kinda know me.

Brooke prompts her to go on.

LILY (CONT'D)

(peevied)

All right—I admit maybe I've been a little...aggressive...in the past.

BROOKE

If you go in there, they'll throw you out.

LILY

They can't throw me out, it's a public office. But they could take five years to find the report.

BROOKE

This sounds more like Sam's department. Why isn't she helping you?

LILY

She's very wrapped up in her newspaper gig. I mean, I'm completely supportive and all. But she never seems to have any time for anything else anymore.

BROOKE

(rolling her eyes)

I know...I hardly ever see her around the house.

(considering)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Not that we were doing a lot of sisterly-bonding stuff anyway.

LILY

(looking over)

Are you two still fighting?

BROOKE

No—besides, we were never really fighting in the first place. We just...

(shrugging)

I don't know.

(beat)

What about you and Josh?

LILY

Us? Oh, we're fine.

After a moment of silence, Lily notices Brooke looking at her speculatively.

LILY (CONT'D)

What?

BROOKE

Nothing.

Another long silence.

LILY

Okay, Brooke, you went with Josh back when he was the star quarterback, right?

BROOKE

(cautiously)

Yeah...

LILY

Was he...really into the whole football thing?

BROOKE

(considering)

Well...yeah. But that was a long time ago.

(rolling her eyes)

God, I wouldn't want anyone remembering what I was like a couple years ago.

(beat)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LILY

It's probably nothing. I'm probably just being completely paranoid.

BROOKE

(insistent)

What?

LILY

Okay...you know how George asked him to help out with the team a couple weeks ago?

BROOKE

Yeah...

LILY

Well, since then he's been spending more and more time on football. Don't get me wrong— just because football's a bunch of testosterone-loaded jocks running around a field making fools of themselves and wasting everyone's time for three hours, doesn't mean I want him to give it up just for me.

BROOKE

Did you give him the testosterone-loaded speech?

LILY

Maybe I should.

(beat)

So?

Brooke gazes out her side window for a moment before turning back.

BROOKE

You're right. It's nothing.

LILY

Brooke!

BROOKE

I'm serious! Look, when I was going with Josh, football was, like, his whole life. He was turning pro, okay? You don't just get that kind of commitment back by hanging around a few practices.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Don't sweat it— even if he does...dilly-dally around the field, it won't last very long. He's got too many other things to worry about.

LILY

(sourly)

I don't think I want to be something he "worries about".

BROOKE

I didn't mean it like that.

LILY

Yeah, I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARKING LOT

as Lily's car turns in and pulls up to the entrance of one of the buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S CAR

Lily hands Brooke a piece of paper.

LILY

Okay, here's what you're looking for. Remember, they're bureaucrats in there—be assertive.

BROOKE

Right. Assertive.

LILY

But not aggressive. You need them to help you.

BROOKE

Don't worry. I'm good with the charm.

Brooke opens the passenger door and steps out.

LILY

And don't you worry about Mac and me, we'll be fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (CONT'D)

I have a bunch of politically correct and environmentally sound activities planned.

BROOKE

(leaning in the window)

I think she's a little young to get ecology.

LILY

(wagging her finger)

You're never too young.

She looks to the back seat.

LILY (CONT'D)

Come on, you—let's let Brooke do the important work, while we have some fun.

(to Brooke)

Call me.

As Lily drives off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE REIGNDOME

where Mackenzie is lazily spread out over one of the courtside seats.

MACKENZIE
 (to the camera)
 ...so, there I was with Aunt Lily,
 and—

A soft ring interrupts Mackenzie's train of thought.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 (holding up a finger)
 Hang on.

She reaches down and produces a miniature cell phone, which she puts to her ear.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Hello?... Oh, hey, I was just
 talking about you... No, I
 haven't forgotten... Yes, I'll
 meet your little delegation at the
 airport, and I'm sure they'll be
 thrilled... Relax, Aunt Lily,
 I've got it all taken care of.

She puts away the phone and shakes her head.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 That's one thing about being a
 WNBA player—everybody and their
 grandmother wants tickets.
 (beat)
 Okay, where was I? Oh, right—
 spending the morning with Aunt
 Lily...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT

The front door opens, and Lily enters, carrying Mackenzie's bassinet in her hand and a diaper bag slung over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
 (calling)
 Josh? Jo-osh!

Silence is the only response. Lily starts to look around, concerned, but then sniffs the air, and glowers down at Mackenzie good-naturedly.

LILY (CONT'D)
 Smells like someone needs their
 diaper changed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE KITCHEN TABLE

Lily sets Mackenzie down on a towel, and picks at her diaper critically.

LILY
 Ewww...disposable? Don't they
 know how much of America's
 landfills are taken up by
 disposable diapers?

She looks in the diaper bag briefly, but comes up disappointed.

LILY (CONT'D)
 (to Mackenzie)
 You hang on—I'll be right back.

Lily goes away for a couple of moments, then reappears holding a cloth diaper and some safety pins.

LILY (CONT'D)
 Good thing the lady from the Anti-
 Pampers league left samples.

CUT TO:

FAST-MOTION MONTAGE

of Lily changing Mackenzie's diaper, with a few false starts, spills and oopses along the way.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Lily emerges from the kitchen, carrying Mackenzie in the bassinet.

LILY
 There, isn't that better than
 those nasty ol' disposables?
 (beat)
 Now, where do you suppose Josh
 went to?

Coming around the end of the sofa, she spots a note lying on the end table. She sets the bassinet down on the sofa and picks up the note.

LILY (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Lily, went to practice, back after
 a while, Josh.

Lily scowls down at Mackenzie.

LILY (CONT'D)
 You know what this means, don't
 you?

Mackenzie stares up at her.

LILY (CONT'D)
 That's right—we've got some
 testosterone to squelch.

Lily is about to pick up the bassinet when the phone rings. She changes direction and picks up the phone.

LILY (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Hello...? What?!... I can barely
 hear you!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. A ROOM

A dim, dusty room. Brooke is standing next to a rickety copier, holding her cell phone.

BROOKE
 I said, I'm in the basement! Do
 you have any idea how big this
 report of yours is?! Eleven
 hundred pages!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE (CONT'D)

And they won't let you take it, you have to make a copy of it! Do you know how long it's going to take to copy this thing?!

LILY

Brooke, don't worry.

BROOKE

Don't worry?! I'm down here copying my ass off and all you can say is "don't worry"?!

LILY

I mean, I'll come help you. You can slip me in through the back door.

BROOKE

But, what about Mac?

LILY

I'll—just don't worry. I'll get Josh to look after her...

She takes the phone away for a moment.

LILY (CONT'D)

...as soon as I can find him.

BROOKE

What?

LILY

Uh, nothing. Brooke, I'll be there as soon as I can.

BROOKE

(matter-of-factly)

I'm going to die here. They're going to find my fossilized remains next to this copy machine.

LILY

You're being over-dramatic. I'll be there soon—so keep copying!

Brooke growls and flips her phone shut.

Meanwhile, Lily looks down at Mackenzie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY (CONT'D)
 First we squelch the testosterone,
 then I go help Brooke.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S CAR - MOVING

with Mackenzie once again secured in back.

LILY
 You know, all that macho jock
 stuff—that really isn't Josh. I
 mean, he might act that way
 sometimes, but underneath he's
 really kind, and sweet, and
 caring—

Lily glances back at Mackenzie.

LILY (CONT'D)
 We'd better get to school fast.

SWEEP CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

The field looks more like a lake; a thin sheen of water covers
 the infield. Lily stands behind the chain-link fence, again
 carrying Mackenzie and the diaper bag.

LILY
 (wonderingly)
 Water football?

CARMEN (O.S.)
 (hushed)
 Psst! Lily!

Lily looks around, and finally spies Carmen's head peeking out
 from around the corner of one of the buildings. She walks
 over.

LILY
 What are you doing hiding back
 here?

CARMEN
 Shhh! I'm hiding from Sugar
 Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
What?! Didn't you work everything
out?

CARMEN
Well...not exactly.

LILY
You sound like a Hertz commercial.
What do you mean, "not exactly"?

CARMEN
We hang out and stuff, but...

Lily motions her on.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
...we just...never really talked
about...you know, stuff.

LILY
Carmen, he's a guy. Guys don't
talk about "stuff". Well, unless
you corner them.

She gestures at the washed-out field.

LILY (CONT'D)
So, I thought there was a
practice?

CARMEN
Oh, I think a sprinkler broke. I
heard Coach Krupps tell the guys
to head somewhere else.

Lily waits expectantly, but no more details are forthcoming.

LILY
Well?! Where??

CARMEN
Uh, I wasn't really paying
attention. Why is it so important
to find the football team, anyway?

LILY
I don't need to find the whole
team—just Josh.

CARMEN
(uncomprehending)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY

I have to stop the insidious pull of intramural sports, before Josh slides back into the morass of the jock lifestyle.

CARMEN

You got that out of a brochure, didn't you?

Lily shoots Carmen a dirty look.

LILY

You have NO idea where they went?

CARMEN

Sorry.

LILY

(thinking)

It must be one of the other high schools.

Lily starts to walk away, but Carmen puts out a hand to stop her.

CARMEN

Hold on! Are you nuts? Do you know how many places they could have gone? You can't just drag a baby all around town looking for Josh!

Lily looks down at Mackenzie as if she'd forgotten she was there, and shakes her head.

LILY

I don't know what I was thinking.

With one smooth motion, she thrusts the bassinet and the diaper bag into Carmen's hands.

LILY (CONT'D)

Thanks a million, Carmen.

Before Carmen can react, Lily runs off.

CARMEN

(calling)

Hey! That's not what I...

(trailing off)

...meant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Defeated, she looks down at Mackenzie, and immediately perks up a bit.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 (cooing)
 Hi there, little baby girl.

Out of the blue—

MARY CHERRY (O.S.)
 (from behind)
 Well, hey there!

Carmen jumps, and then spins around, hand over her heart.

CARMEN
 God, Mary Cherry, don't do that!
 I almost dropped Mac!

Mary Cherry comes up and peers down into the bassinet.

MARY CHERRY
 So this is Brooke's lil sister,
 huh? Mama always says there's
 three things the world can't have
 enough of: sunshine, babies and T-
 bills.

Carmen shrugs gamely.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 Hey, I know! You aren't doing
 anything, are you?

CARMEN
 (cautiously)
 Uhhh...I guess not—

MARY CHERRY
 Come on, then!

Mary Cherry grabs Carmen's arm; and, on cue, the Cherry limousine pulls up in the parking lot.

CARMEN
 (suspiciously)
 Come on where?

Mary Cherry herds Carmen and Mackenzie to the limo and bundles them in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHERRY LIMO - CONTINUOUS

MARY CHERRY

I think it's high time that we
introduce little Mac here to one
of the most hallowed, most sacred
traditions of female existence.

CARMEN

Huh?

MARY CHERRY

Why, shopping, of course.
(calling forward)
To the mall, James!

The limo pulls away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE REIGNDOME

Where Mackenzie is sauntering down the sideline with a basketball in her hands, unconsciously dribbling as she walks.

MACKENZIE

...Mary Cherry, she's quite a character, you know. I mean, today everyone just sees her as this really serious businesswoman, but I could tell you some stories...

For a moment she gets lost in a reverie; then she flicks the ball away.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

...but I won't. Except for the mall...

FADE TO:

EST. THE MALL PARKING LOT

A humongous mall, surrounded by an even more humongous parking lot, into which the limo glides magestically.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHERRY LIMO - CONTINUOUS

CARMEN

The Megamall? Isn't that starting off a bit...strong?

MARY CHERRY

Why mess with less when you can skip to the best?

The limo stops and, without waiting for the chauffeur, Mary Cherry opens the door and steps out, followed by Carmen (and Mackenzie).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (flipping her sunglasses down)
 Ladies, let's get ready to shop.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

An extended, quick-cut montage of the two girls and baby making the rounds of various elegant boutiques. Many ritzy salespeople fawn over them—especially Mackenzie—giving way to several sequences of Mary Cherry and Carmen trying on clothes and accessories, plus Mackenzie in a number of outrageous fashion get-ups. All of this is interlaced with shots of the back of the limo filling up with bags.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHERRY LIMO - LATER

Mary Cherry and Carmen drop into the back seat, spent.

MARY CHERRY
 Whooh! Like my Mama says, shoppin'
 is the best way to exercise.

She looks over at Carmen.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (accusingly)
 But you didn't buy anything,
 Carmen.

Carmen holds up two small bags.

CARMEN
 Sure I did. Not all of us have
 platinum cards to wave around.

MARY CHERRY
 Sad, but true.
 (beat)
 You know what? I am famished.
 Let's eat!
 (to the chauffeur)
 Home, James!

EFFECT CUT TO:

INT. THE CHERRY DINING ROOM - LATER

It's a huge, lavishly decorated room, of course, featuring one of those impossibly long tables. Mary Cherry are sitting across from each other near one end, with Mackenzie perched on the table nearby.

CARMEN
(looking up and around)
You mean to tell me, you eat here every day.

MARY CHERRY
Don't be silly—where else would I eat?

A very proper butler appears, carrying two covered silver platters. He sets them down in front of the girls, removes the covers with a flourish, and retreats. Carmen stares down dubiously at an assortment of exotic delicacies.

MARY CHERRY (CONT'D)
Well? Don't just sit there starin' at it—dig in!

While Mary Cherry attacks her food, Carmen picks up a fork, takes a tiny piece of something at random and nibbles on it.

A heavy door slamming in the distance makes them both jump.

CHERRY CHERRY (O.S.)
(from another room, growing louder)
...dang those two-timing little varmits!

Cherry Cherry stomps into the room furiously.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
...forked-tongue snake-oil salesmen—

The instant that she sees Carmen, she freezes in mid-sentence, a plastic grin covering her face.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
My, I didn't know we had company.

MARY CHERRY
(getting up)
Mama, you remember Carmen? From school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY CHERRY
 (irritably)
 Of course I do. What, do I look
 senile?

As Mary Cherry struggles to catch up, Cherry Cherry goes up to the bassinet and peers down quizzically.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 Well, now, who's this young-un?

She looks up at Carmen sharply.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 You're not one of those teenage
 unwed mothers, are you?

CARMEN
 Oh—oh, no, she's not mine! I
 mean, I'm just—

MARY CHERRY
 This is Mackenzie McQueen. You
 know, Brooke's sister?

Cherry Cherry gives her daughter a freezing look.

CHERRY CHERRY
 Child, I have thirty-nine cousins.
 I don't need help keeping family
 relations straight.

CARMEN
 (curiously)
 Excuse me, did you say thirty-nine
 cousins?

CHERRY CHERRY
 Lor', yes. Why, our family's got
 more kin than fireworks durin' the
 Fourth of Ju-ly.

Before Carmen can respond to that, Cherry Cherry peeks under Mackenzie's blanket, and something catches her eye.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)
 My gawd—is that a safety pin???

Carmen takes a look herself.

CARMEN
 Uhhhh...I guess so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHERRY CHERRY

Well! No child in this house is going to have her diaper done with common safety pins!

(calling)

Maria! MARIA!!!

A maid appears in one of the doorways.

MARIA

Si, Senora Cherry?

CHERRY CHERRY

Get diaper pins.

(shooing)

Go, go!

MARIA

Si, Senora Cherry.

Maria disappears.

CARMEN

Mrs. Cherry, that's really all ri—

CHERRY CHERRY

Oh, hush up! It's not like anyone's makin' any use of 'em now, right, Mary Cherry?

MARY CHERRY

(meekly)

Yes, Mama.

The maid reappears, holding a pair of jeweled pins.

CHERRY CHERRY

Well, don't just stand there—put 'em on!

The maid scurries to put the pins on Mackenzie's diaper, something she tolerates without much fuss. Carmen gapes at the pins.

CARMEN

Are those...real??

CHERRY CHERRY

(offended)

Why, of course! Nothin' in this house is fake!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mary Cherry clears her throat; her mother looks down for a moment.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)

Well, none o' the jewels, anyway!

Carmen is still looking at the pins.

CARMEN

You mean, when Mary Cherry was a baby, she wore those?

CHERRY CHERRY

(guffaws)

Oh, the stories I could tell you about that daughter o' mine...

Mary Cherry starts to get up; Carmen follows obligingly.

MARY CHERRY

Er, maybe we oughta just leave Mama alone—

CHERRY CHERRY

Sit!

The girls plop back in their seats. Mary Cherry leans back.

CHERRY CHERRY (CONT'D)

Now, then: When Mary Cherry was just a few months old, she...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

A short sequence of Cherry Cherry regaling stories upon Carmen, while Mary Cherry cringes in embarrassment. Meanwhile, Mackenzie sits in the middle of it all, gurgling and making baby sounds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CHERRY MANSION

Mary Cherry and Carmen emerge from a side door, with Carmen carrying Mackenzie.

CARMEN

You know, your mother's really... interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY CHERRY

I swear, Carmen Ferrera, if you repeat one word of any of that to anyone—!

CARMEN

(laughing)
Don't worry. I don't think anyone would believe me, anyway.

She looks down at Mackenzie.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I guess we'd better get to Lily's.

MARY CHERRY

Lily's?

CARMEN

Well, Lily was watching her, but then she went looking for Josh, so—

SLIDE CUT TO:

EXT. JOSH AND LILY'S APARTMENT

The Cherry limo pulls away, leaving Carmen and Mackenzie on the sidewalk. After waving goodbye, Carmen turns and heads up the walk to the apartment's front door. She rings the doorbell once, twice.

No answer.

CARMEN

(looking skyward)
Lily, where are you?

A noise from behind makes her turn around, where she sees Sugar Daddy strolling up the walk.

SUGAR

Yo, Carmen!

CARMEN

Sugar Daddy? What are you doing here?

SUGAR

Just come lookin' for my man Josh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMEN

Weren't you at practice? Lily said Josh was there.

SUGAR

Naw, Coach Krupps let me off, 'cause I had to work on my wrestling moves. So, what about you?

CARMEN

Me?

SUGAR

Yeah, what are you doing here?

CARMEN

Oh—Lily stuck me with Mac here, I was just seeing if she could take her back.

(shrugs)

But nobody's home.

Sugar Daddy bends over and waves at Mackenzie.

ANGLE: MACKENZIE'S POV

up at Sugar Daddy waving and making baby-talk.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

That's my Uncle Mike. Everyone called him "Sugar Daddy" when I was a kid.

(beat)

I still don't know why.

Meanwhile, Carmen is looking around despairingly.

CARMEN

Dammit, Lily, why'd you stick me like this?

SUGAR

Hey, you wanna hang here, I'll hang.

Carmen turns away.

CARMEN

(brushing him off)

That's okay, you don't have to bother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SUGAR

Carmen!

CARMEN

(turning back)

What?!

SUGAR

I don't know! I don't know what
the deal is with us anymore! You
want to hang with me, you don't
want to hang with me...what is
that?!

CARMEN

I really don't want to talk about
this right now.

SUGAR

(frustrated)

I thought that's what you wanted
to do, was talk!

CARMEN

Well, not now!

Sugar Daddy makes a disgusted noise.

SUGAR

(muttering)

Girls!

CARMEN

I gotta go home. My mom's
expecting me.

Carmen takes a few steps down the walk, clearly unhappy, while
Sugar Daddy lingers behind.

She stops and half-turns back.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(neutrally)

Wanna come with?

Sugar Daddy considers that.

SUGAR

(suspiciously)

Are we gonna have one of those
emotional heart-to-heart talk
things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARMEN

Ummm...not if you don't want to.

SUGAR

Deal.

Carmen waits for him to catch up, and together they walk off.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRERA LIVING ROOM - LATER

The front door opens and Carmen and Sugar Daddy walk in.

CARMEN

Mom?!

Mrs. Ferrera appears from another room.

MRS. FERRERA

I'm glad you remembered—
(seeing Sugar Daddy)
Oh, hello.

CARMEN

Mom, you remember Sugar Daddy?
He's on the football team?

SUGAR

And the wrestling team.

MRS. FERRERA

Yes, I think I do remember.

CARMEN

He, um, I mean, we were walking...
I was walking home and he just,
um...

MRS. FERRERA

Carmen, I'm not Mommie Dearest.

CARMEN

Who?

MRS. FERRERA

Never mind. I mean, you don't
have to worry about having your
friends over.

CARMEN

Oh, good. I mean, um, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. FERRERA
(pointing at Mackenzie)
That's not another one of those
wierd school projects, is it?

Carmen follows her mother's finger.

CARMEN
Oh! No, no, this is Mac McQueen,
Brooke's little sister? Lily was
watching her, and then she, um,
kinda roped me into doing it...

MRS. FERRERA
Carmen, don't forget we have a
meeting to go to.

SUGAR
(whispering aside)
Meeting?

Mrs. Ferrera hears him, though.

MRS. FERRERA
A.A. I've been sober for four
months and twelve days. Carmen?

CARMEN
I know, I know, I'm looking for
Lily right now. And Brooke.

SUGAR
Can't you just call Lily on her
cell?

CARMEN
Lily doesn't have a cell phone.
She says the microwaves irradiate
your brain cells. Or something.

SUGAR
Oh.

CARMEN
Mom, I'm gonna try calling Lily
again.

As Mrs. Ferrera waves them off absently, Carmen takes Sugar
Daddy's hand and leads him out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Come on.

SLIDE CUT TO:

INT. CARMEN'S ROOM - LATER

Carmen is sitting on the bed with the phone. Meanwhile, Sugar Daddy stands in the middle of the room, looking around but being careful not to touch anything. Finally, Carmen sighs and hangs up the phone.

SUGAR

No answer?

CARMEN

Lily's not home, Brooke's not home...

SUGAR

Hey, what about Brooke's cell phone?

CARMEN

Tried that. It's either off or out of range.

Sugar Daddy spots Carmen's computer.

SUGAR

Hey, are you online? Cool, man, so am I! Give me your screen name, I'll IM you sometime.

Carmen gets between him and the computer and hastily pushes a stack of hardcopy sheets out of sight.

CARMEN

(covering)

You know what—my account's all screwed up right now. But, hey, there's always the phone.

In turning around, Carmen bumps into Sugar Daddy, and for a moment they stand uncomfortably close, until Carmen backs away.

SUGAR

Hey, if this is freakin' you out—

CARMEN

(hastily)

Me? No. I mean, unless you—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUGAR
I'm cool.

CARMEN
Good. I mean, me too. 'Cause,
obviously—

SUGAR
Right—

CARMEN
—there's no—

SUGAR
I hear you.

CARMEN
—Sure. Right.

There is a second's worth of awkward silence.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Maybe we ought to go in the
kitchen.

Sugar Daddy is already headed out the door.

SUGAR
Gotcha.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRERA KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Ferrera is waiting for Carmen and Sugar Daddy when they walk into the kitchen.

MRS. FERRERA
Carmen, it's almost time to go.

CARMEN
I know, but I couldn't find
anyone.

SUGAR
I better jam.

Carmen looks at Sugar Daddy.

CARMEN
You couldn't...?

Sugar Daddy realizes where she's headed, and backs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUGAR

Oh, no. No, no, no...

CARMEN

Don't worry, it's okay.

He heads to the kitchen door.

SUGAR

Okay, well, I'll see you Monday?

CARMEN

Sure. Call me sometime.

SUGAR

(nods)

Catch ya later.

After Sugar Daddy leaves, Carmen looks at her mother.

CARMEN

Well...there's only one place I
can think of to leave Mac.

FLIP CUT TO:

INT. THE CHRONICLE - LATER

Sam is busy at her desk when Mackenzie's bassinet gets plopped down in front of her. She looks up to see Carmen already backing away.

SAM

(stunned)

Huh??

CARMEN

Sorry, Sam, I wouldn't do this,
but I can't find anyone else...

SAM

Hey—wait—!

CARMEN

Sorry!

Carmen turns and flees before Sam can protest further. Sam throws out her hands and looks around open-mouthed, as if expecting a reasonable explanation to appear out of thin air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE REIGNDOME

Mackenzie is sitting on the court, her hands wrapped loosely around her knees, for the first time unsmiling.

MACKENZIE

Sam...I don't know what to say
about Sam.

She looks off, faraway, and her shoulders slump a little.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I just...I wish everything hadn't
happened the way it did.

Coming back to the moment, she shrugs fatalistically.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

That's all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CHRONICLE

Sam is still working, with Mackenzie's bassinet perched on a file cabinet next to the window. Art Fleischer walks by, stopping to look over curiously.

FLEISCHER

(off-handedly)
Gee, Sam, I didn't even know you
were pregnant.

SAM

(looking up)
What? Oh! This is Mac—
Mackenzie.

FLEISCHER

Ah, the mysterious sibling who
always seems to be asleep whenever
I visit your house.

SAM

Yeah, look, I'm really sorry, I
know she isn't supposed to be
here, but she just got dumped in
my lap, and I haven't had time to
try to find anyone to take her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEISCHER
(waving her off)
It's all right. She doesn't seem
to mind it.

Indeed, Mackenzie seems to just be staring out the window,
fascinated by whatever is outside.

FLEISCHER (CONT'D)
Oh, I need you to run down to the
vault and pull some old copy.

He hands her a sheet of paper. She jumps up and takes a step
before stopping.

SAM
Oh, wait, I can't take Mac down
there—

She looks around, perhaps hoping for a solution to appear—
and one does, in the form of Harrison, who walks in
unsuspecting. Sam jumps on him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Harrison! Harrison, I need you to
do me a really huge favor,
pleeeeeease?

HARRISON
Uhhh...

She picks up the bassinet and thrusts it at him.

SAM
Here, just take Mac home, okay?
And if nobody's there, stay with
her? I swear, I will owe you so
big if you do. Please?

Harrison starts to say something, but reconsiders.

HARRISON
Um...okay.

Sam gives him a quick kiss.

SAM
Great! I love you, you're a
lifesaver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Without further ado, she takes off, leaving Harrison a bit befuddled.

EFFECT CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brooke is pacing the floor, approaching panic.

BROOKE
 (into the phone)
 What do you mean, you can't find her?!... I don't believe this... I have to go looking... What do you mean, calm down?! YOU LOST MY SISTER!!

The front door opens, and Harrison trundles through, carrying Mackenzie. Brooke's eyes go wide when she sees them.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 I'll call you back.

She tosses the phone aside and rushes up to Harrison.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, where did you find her?!

HARRISON
 (shrugs)
 I went to see Sam, and she was there. Sam asked me to take her home.

BROOKE
 (blinking)
 She was with Sam?

Harrison just shrugs again.

Brooke takes the bassinet and sets it back down on the coffee table. Sitting on the sofa, she leans over and tickles Mackenzie's chin.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Hi, there... I'm so sorry about today. I promise I'll make it up to you.

Mackenzie just looks up at her, giggling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harrison takes a couple of steps towards Brooke.

HARRISON

Brooke...

BROOKE

(without looking up)
You don't have to hang around.

HARRISON

It's okay—

BROOKE

Maybe I don't want you to hang around.

HARRISON

(pained)
Brooke...can't we...?

BROOKE

Can't we what?

HARRISON

I don't want to fight with you.
I—I just want to talk.

BROOKE

Well, I don't want to talk.

HARRISON

Brooke, please—

She leaps to her feet, throwing up her hands.

BROOKE

What?! What are we supposed to talk about? You and me?

(glaring)
You and Sam?

HARRISON

What's that supposed to mean?

BROOKE

You went to see her, didn't you?
Sam?

HARRISON

(defensively)
Yeah?

BROOKE

You didn't come to see me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRISON
Were you even here?

BROOKE
Okay, no, but that's totally
beside the point.

Harrison rubs his eyes.

HARRISON
Brooke...

BROOKE
This is just impossible.

He takes a few quick steps and gathers her up in his arms.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Harrison, please—

In response, he kisses her.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
No...I don't want...I can't
want...

She breaks away and turns her back to him, arms folded.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Just go.

For a moment Harrison just stands there; then, with a shake of his head, he turns and walks out, while Brooke buries her face in her hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCQUEEN DINING ROOM - EVENING

Mike, Sam, and a very subdued Brooke are sitting around the table, eating dinner, when—

JANE (O.S.)
My God!

Concerned, Mike pulls his chair back.

MIKE
Honey? Is everything okay?

Jane comes into the dining room holding Mackenzie, who is clad only in her diaper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE
Look at this!

Mike gets up and goes over to them.

MIKE
I didn't know we used cloth
diapers.

JANE
We don't but—not that, this.

Jane hoists Mackenzie up so that Mike can see one of the jeweled pins. Catching the gleam, Sam gets up and takes a look herself, whistling. Only Brooke seems uninterested.

MIKE
Is that real?

JANE
I don't know. Sure looks like it.

She hands Mackenzie to Mike, removes one of the pins and holds it up to the light.

INSERT: THE PIN

JANE (CONT'D)
There's...a little cherry on it.

MIKE
Did Mrs. Cherry give us anything
like that?

Mike hands Mackenzie back to Jane so that she can re-pin her diaper.

JANE
(frowning)
Not that I know of.

She turns to Brooke, with Mike and Sam following suit.

JANE (CONT'D)
Brooke? Care to explain this?

Brooke shrugs listlessly.

SAM
(playing)
Yeah, Brooke, did something happen
today you wanna tell us about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE

I guess you'd just have to ask
Mac.

Jane's eyes narrow.

JANE

Very funny.

MIKE

Honey, whatever it is—we can
worry about it tomorrow, right?

JANE

Well...I suppose so.

With that, Mike and Sam sit back down, and Jane, holding
Mackenzie, joins them at the table.

As the scene pulls away:

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

So, there you have it: a typical
day in my life as a baby. So when
people ask me, "How did you turn
out so normal?", I always
answer...

(chuckling)

...I have no idea.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END