

OPENING CREDITS:

Fairfield, CT. Scenes from a night of drinking and madness.

Amy Winehouse's "You Know I'm No Good (Ghostface Killah Remix)" plays:

A group of women toast with margarita glasses. ALLY and MEL, both forty (40), lead the charge. A drink SPLASHES the camera's lens. BAD KARAOKE. Electric-green shots.

A window SMASHED by a flying lawn jockey. Running through a golf course with a bottle of champagne and no pants. Close-up on contorted, SCREAMING (or are they LAUGHING?) FACES.

It just gets uglier and uglier.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

THURSDAY

INT. MEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams through white curtains. MELODY BLOOM is buried under grey linens, alone in a giant bed.

An alarm clock GOES OFF and the sounds of a crass talk radio show fill the room. Mel MOANS. She SLAPS at the clock.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Mom?

ROBBIE, an eight-year-old in a collared shirt and khakis, SHAKES her body.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Mom?!

MEL

Uhghh... What?!..

ROBBIE

Are you driving me to school?

MEL

What do you mean?

She turns over, sighing into a pillow.

ROBBIE

Are you going to drive me to school? I already made my breakfast.

MEL

Can't you take the bus?

ROBBIE

I have cello today. It's before homeroom.

MEL

Right. I.. I'll drive. I'm up.

Mel pushes back her covers. She's still fully clothed in a sparkling black halter top, white jeans and kitten heels. Under normal circumstances, she'd be a knockout.

Sitting up, she stops to hold down a dry heave.

MEL (CONT'D)

(head in hands)

Will you start the shower for Mommy?

ROBBIE

Mom, we don't have time. You always make me miss cello!

INT. MEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

A well-appointed kitchen - Sub-Zero, Viking range, track lighting over a giant marble island.

Mel staggers into the room. She's in a pant suit now. Her hair's a mess.

Robbie trails in, dwarfed by a cello case rolling behind him.

MEL

What do you want for breakfast?

ROBBIE

I told you I already ate!

MEL

Where are my keys?

Robbie jingles them.

ROBBIE

They were in the front door.

MEL  
I need coffee.

Robbie points to a slender travel mug on the counter.

ROBBIE  
I already made some.

She takes the mug and heads toward the fridge.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
And I put milk in it.

MEL  
I don't know what I'd do without  
you. Are we forgetting anything?

ROBBIE  
Mom!!

INT. MEL'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mel swings open the garage door. She holds up her keys and presses the button. No sound.

MEL  
Oh shit.

The garage is empty.

ROBBIE  
Mom, where's the car?

INT. "THE SOUND" RADIO STATION - DAY

The "On Air" sign is lit. This is the home of "Beach Ball & The Roach's Drive-Time Convoy", Fairfield County's #1 rock-talk morning show at 96.9 on your FM radio dial.

BEACH BALL, an overweight mass of man, leans into his mic.

BEACH BALL  
...You feeling me buddy?

He turns to THE ROACH, a smaller man with a mustache.

THE ROACH  
More trouble than they're worth.

BEACH BALL  
What about you, kid? Getting any?