

SMILF

"A Fun-Size Bag of Candy and Three Boxes of Wine"

or

"The Maltese Episode"

Spec Script

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This catches Bridge off guard, and she's kinda into it.

Amidst his grotesque grunts, Casey asks...

CASEY (CONT'D)

Can I see you again tomorrow?

Bridge begins to form a smile when--

The bathroom doorknob twists open. It's Larry.

Shit. She pulls the shower curtain across the lining of the tub - covering Casey sprawled out over her body.

LARRY

(groggy)

Hi, Mama.

Ignorant to his mother fornicating behind the curtain, he waddles over to the toilet.

BRIDGE

Hey, Baby!

Casey looks up at Bridge and smiles, oblivious that Larry's there.

CASEY

Oh, I'm your "baby," huh?

He keeps going at it with Bridge. Trying to keep him quiet, she covers his mouth with her hands. Oh God: Casey's a fan of that.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(muffled through Bridge's fingers)

Let me see you tomorrow.

Larry plops onto the toilet.

BRIDGE

(to Larry)

Aw, you gotta go, Baby? Go for Mommy.

Casey's eyes go wide, happy as ever: he pulls out.

Suddenly, Larry flushes the toilet as Casey climaxes all over the wall above Bridge's head. SPLASH.

Larry leaves, closing the door behind him.

Casey's exhausted; his head lies flat on Bridge's chest. She looks annoyed as ever.

BRIDGE

Fine, yes: I'll see you tomorrow.

Casey smiles.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Now cleanup my Grecian bathtub.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

3

INT. ELIZA'S APT - LIVING RM/KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

3

An egg cracks, splattering into a frying pan over a stove.

ELIZA

It went all over the wall?

ELIZA chuckles as she cracks another egg. Bridge sits nearby as Larry plays in the neighboring living room; REGINA watches over him as she studies.

BRIDGE

Yesss. He left right after and didn't even bother to cleanup. It was a total bitch.

Regina is disgusted.

REGINA

I don't approve of most things you do, Bridge, but a filthy sexscapade in a bathroom, with your innocent child present, has got to take the cake.

BRIDGE

That's kind of you to think of it as a cake-worthy experience, Regina. But it's not my fault Casey has a sporadic fire hose for a penis.

(to Larry)

Larry thinks it was just Mommy having her bath time.

LARRY

Bubbles went everywhere!

ELIZA

Isn't this the second time this week? What's the real deal?

BRIDGE

What?

ELIZA

Come on. Something else happened; you're holding something back.

Bridge grits her teeth.

BRIDGE

Casey asked to spend the night and he wants to see me later today.

Eliza and Regina drop what they're doing and give Bridge a joint look of dumbfounded-ness, jaws to the floor.

ELIZA

Excuse me?

REGINA

Even *I* know that's a premature escalation.

ELIZA

Who the hell does this boy think he is? Girl, you gotta be careful. "Fuck-buddy" shit like this can go to "boyfriend-buddy" shit real fast.

BRIDGE

You think so?

REGINA

Questions like that can only mean he's trying to get more serious.

BRIDGE

Why would an 18-year-old, Harvard rich-boy have interest in getting serious with *me*?

ELIZA

Why would he have interest in you? Bridge, you are a hot-ass, lil mama! You're out shooting hoops almost everyday of the week - you've got the fit body of a minx!

BRIDGE

Really?

LARRY

Minx!

ELIZA

You must be the best fuck this little Conan O'Brien has ever had!

BRIDGE

You're right! He's all over me sometimes; he must *really* have a thing for me!

(beat.)

Oh man, I can't do this with Casey, though. He's an 18-year-old kid who doesn't know how to tie a tie and cums in his eye.

REGINA

Okayyy, I'm going to go study in my room.

Grossed out, Regina gets up and exits.

ELIZA

(to Bridge)

Let the poor boy down easy. You need to tell him how you feel.

BRIDGE

You're right.

She looks off in thought, and suddenly makes a start for the door, grabbing Larry on the way.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

You're right. I need to end things before it gets worse. Not just for my sake, but for Casey, too.

Eliza calls out to them as they make their exit out the front door...

ELIZA

Don't be too *hard* on him!

SLAM--the door closes.

4

EXT./INT. TUTU'S HOUSE - DAY

4

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Bridge bangs on the front door with Larry in her arms. No answer.

LARRY
Hide-and-peek?

BRIDGE
Yes, she *is* hiding, Larry.

She knocks again.

BRIDGE
Tutu!

A voice mutters something from inside...

TUTU (O.S.)
What? I'm busy!

BRIDGE
"Busy?" Tutu! I need you to watch Larry for the afternoon! I have...
(beat. She looks at Larry)
Pertinent business to attend to!

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM

We see that TUTU is all curled up and comfortable on the couch with JOE. They're watching an early, classic film on TV.

Bridge yells inaudible claims through the closed door.

TUTU
You see what I gotta deal with?

JOE
Parenthood?

A commercial break hits and

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS

Revealing Tutu and Bridge caught in the doorway.

TUTU
Turner Classic is in the middle of their annual *Humphrey Bogart* marathon. This better be good.

She shivers in delight at the idea of Humphrey Bogart.

BRIDGE

Can you watch Larry? I've got...
work at Ally's.

LARRY

Hide-and-peek!

TUTU

"Hide-and-peek?" Larry, today's a
holiday: the Humph on Turner
Classic. This is no time for games.

BRIDGE

Can you take the time out of your
busy day of sitting on the couch to
look after your grandson?

LARRY

Hide-and-peek!

TUTU

Why don't you leave him with Rafi?

BRIDGE

Are you serious?

TUTU

Bridge, you see what I gotta deal
with in there?

She points back to Joe on the couch. He waves.

TUTU (CONT'D)

That body of bones is gonna leave
me untouched like an overflowing
ocean until the day I die. I gotta
have my time with the Humph,
Bridge. Let me have this. For the
love of the Humph.

BRIDGE

You're unbelievable.

Bridge storms off the stoop with Larry and leaves.

LARRY

Hide-and-peek!

5

INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S APT - DAY

5

RAFI stands in the doorway, Bridge and Larry on the other side. In the background, NELSON sits on the couch watching TV.

RAFI

For the afternoon? Yeah, one hundred percent. Would love to spend some time with my Lar-Bear.

Rafi takes Larry off Bridge's hands, no problem.

BRIDGE

Oh, thank God. Thank you, Rafi.

RAFI

What is it exactly that you've got going on?

BRIDGE

Oh, uh, you know, just some work at Ally's. Some very...very important business to attend to.

RAFI

That's great! Good to see you're still working hard on those kids.

BRIDGE

...Yeah. Alright, well I gotta run. I'll see you later tonight!

Bridge exits.

Rafi and Larry head into the

LIVING ROOM.

RAFI

Larry's gonna hang out with us for the day!

They sit next to Nelson on the couch.

NELSON

Oh, how lovely!

(to Larry)

Larry, do you know who *Humphrey Bogart* is?

We see that the same Humphrey Bogart marathon blasts on TV.

6

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

6

SWOOSH. A pantry door swings open to reveal ALLY perusing through a super healthy assortment of food. She looks like she's on the edge of frustration.

ALLY
Where the hell...

Unsatisfied, she slams the door shut and begins searching throughout the rest of the kitchen.

ALLY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
IDA!

There's no response.

Casey walks in.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Have you seen my pearl earrings,
babe? I can't find them anywhere.

CASEY
Why would your earrings be in the
kitchen?

IDA finally enters, unenthused as per usual. She and Casey exchange a glance and smile at each other.

ALLY
There you are!

CASEY
I'll get out of your hair.

He exits. Ally starts to slowly speak to Ida as if she doesn't understand English.

ALLY
*Ida. I, hired you, for help. Help.
I, would like, for you, to be more
present, in my dire hours of need:
My pearl earrings are missing.*

IDA
(clearly fluent)
I'll see if I can find them.

The housemaid apathetically turns away. Suddenly, to Ally's pleasant surprise, Bridge enters.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Thank God you're here.
 (to Ida, pointing at the mess
 she's made, still like Ida
 can't understand her)
 Take care, of *this*.

Ally embraces Bridge.

BRIDGE

What's going on over here?

ALLY

I didn't schedule you to tutor
 Rivers today, did I? Did you forget
 something here? You don't need
 money, do you?

BRIDGE

Oh, uh, no no, I--

ALLY

Good, perfect. You came at the *best*
 time.

Ally escorts Bridge into the kitchen.

ALLY (CONT'D)

My pearl earrings are missing.

She puts a hand to her mouth, covering it from Ida, and
 nonchalantly points at her maid.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I think it's you-know-who.

BRIDGE

I'm actually here to see Casey.

ALLY

(caught-off-guard)

Casey? Why do you want to see
 Casey?

BRIDGE

Oh, um, well Casey asked to...speak
 with me about school! He has some
 questions regarding school.

ALLY

Oh! How studious of him. Yes, he's
 most likely up in his room.

Bridge smiles and nods. She exits for the room.

Ally watches her leave, and then realizes she's left alone with Ida. Ida does a poor job picking up the mess.

ALLY
 (to herself)
 I knew I should have hired that
 Russian girl.

7

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Bridge opens the door to see Casey studying on his bed. He jumps with a start and foolishly tries to tidy the place up.

CASEY
 Oh shit, hey! I wasn't expecting to
 see you this early.

He goes in for a kiss, and Bridge doesn't really reciprocate it. Damn, it's awkward.

She clears her throat.

BRIDGE
 Yeah, I thought I'd swing by. Look,

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
 I wanted to talk to you
 about something.

CASEY
 I need to tell you
 something.

They uncomfortably chuckle it off.

CASEY
 You first.

They sit down on the bed. Bridge looks lost at where to start...

BRIDGE
 Um, oh God. Do you--do you want to
 just both go--

CASEY
 At the same time?--

BRIDGE
 Yeah, same time.

CASEY
 Uhh, sure. Yeah okay.

Silence. Bridge and Casey look at each other, taking a breath. And then--

BRIDGE
I think we should stop fucking--

CASEY
I'm flunking out of college.

Beat.

BRIDGE / CASEY
Shit.

Shit.

POP TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

8 INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S APT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 8

Humphrey Bogart's face flickers on the TV. Larry swooshes past: he's running circles around the couch.

On the couch are Rafi and Nelson, cuddled into one another. They look on in amazement at the kid's energy.

LARRY
Hide-and-peek! Hide-and-peek!

He hops in front of the TV, covering the screen (more importantly, covering Humphrey Bogart).

RAFI
Hey, Lar c'mon. Nelson can't see, bud.

LARRY
Hide-and-peek!

NELSON
No, no it's okay. We've been indulging ourselves with the Humph for long enough.

She clicks the TV off and rises from her position.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Say goodbye to the couch potatoes, and hello to the hide-and-peek-aroos!

RAFI
Is that supposed to be a play on
"kangaroos?"

NELSON
It can be a lot of things.

Nelson and Rafi share a playful smile.

NELSON (CONT'D)
One versus two?

RAFI
Uno y dos. First to find Larry Bird
wins.

LARRY
Hide-and-peek!

NELSON
Alrighty, Larry you go run off and
hide.

RAFI
And we'll find you.

As the adults close their eyes and start counting down,
Larry runs off. He bolts into...

THE BEDROOM

Larry finds a closet door and swings it open. He scans the
small space and makes the decision to tear out a shirt,
throwing it overhead onto the floor. He goes for another as
we...

CUT TO:

9

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - ALLY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

9

An expensive blouse flies in the air.

Ally is sitting on the floor, tearing through a dresser
while chowing down on carrots and hummus. The bedroom has
piles of clothes and clutter strewn about: an environment
that parallels Ally's distressed despair almost too well.

Behind Ally stands Ida. She apathetically picks up Ally's
mess as the room is ripped to pieces.

ALLY
(mouth full of carrots)
I can't find them!

Ally crosses to her vanity set, Ida close behind.

All of the jewelry is neatly placed out, but there are no pearl earrings in sight.

ALLY (CONT'D)
I don't understand!

Ally starts flinging open drawers and rummaging through them. She now reverts to just eating the hummus with her fingers. Handful after handful.

ALLY (CONT'D)
(indistinct mumbling)
I juus hab dhem dhenougher dey.

Suddenly, her eyes widen in awe, and, with a swallow, she desperately pulls out the bottom drawer of the vanity set and places it onto the top desk. She treats it with a surprisingly large amount of care, as if whatever is supposedly in the drawer is very special.

A reverse POV reveals the hopeful, watery-eyed look on the desperate housewife's face.

CUT TO:

10

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

10

A reverse POV reveals Bridge, mouth agape, in disbelief.

She stands, looking down at Casey and his Harvard books on his bed. They're in silence as Bridge evaluates what just happened.

BRIDGE
Wait, so let me get this straight.
You didn't ask to see me today
because you *like* me, you asked to
see me because you're failing
school?

Casey does a double-take.

CASEY
Woah woah, you think I have
feelings for you?

BRIDGE
(relieved and not paying
attention)
And to think I was about to break
your heart because you've been
(MORE)

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
 needy, when really you've just
 been...

(a pause of realization)
 using me for sex and tutoring.

CASEY
 Backup - you think I *like* you?
 Like, *like like* you?

BRIDGE
 You're the one saying a bunch of
 romantic shit when we have sex like
 you've been memorizing a Nicholas
 Sparks book, or something.

INSERT OF NICHOLAS SPARKS BOOK ON BED.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
 You son of a bitch.

CASEY
 Look, I thought we had an
 understanding: I make nice and fuck
 you, and you help me with school.

BRIDGE
 When was that *ever* an
 understanding!? Your body might be
 in Harvard, Casey, but your head's
 in your ass.

She makes her way for the door.

CASEY
 Well, soon there will be nothing of
 me in Harvard at all.

Bridge stops in her tracks, and with a moment of reflection,
 she turns.

BRIDGE
 I know what you're doing, but it's
 not going to work.

CASEY
 Are you going to help me out, or
 what?

ALLY (O.S.)
 NOOOOO!

A shriek beckons throughout the house. Bridge and Casey
 share a look of concern.

11

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - ALLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

11

Bridge bursts through the door to see Ally sitting on the floor, looking defeated. Ally has an empty drawer in front of her, and her hands are covered in hummus. She's crying the ugliest cry you've ever seen, and Ida watches, content, in the corner.

BRIDGE

Oh my God.

ALLY

Bridge! It's gone!

Bridge, extremely caught-off-guard, approaches Ally.

BRIDGE

What is? Your dignity? The hell are you talking about?

Casey appears in the doorway.

ALLY

My prized, heirloom jewelry box. It's disappeared faster than my mojitos on Mother's Day. My pearl earrings are always in that box.

BRIDGE

And where are your earrings now?

ALLY

Gone! Everything's gone!

BRIDGE

...Right. Do you know where you put them last? Retrace your steps, it's not like they've been stolen or anything.

Ally's eyes widen.

ALLY

(pondering)

"Stolen."

She quickly rises in determination with the look of vengeance in her eyes. She's having a revelation.

ALLY (CONT'D)

You're right, Bridge. They must have--they *had* to have been stolen.

BRIDGE

Okay, well that's not what I meant at all.

ALLY

Someone stole my jewelry box and earrings! I'm going to catch the dirty, little slut that took from me!

Ally storms out of the room; Bridge and Casey share a look of concern. You gotta be kidding me.

Ida rolls her eyes and exits.

12

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

A mysterious door swings open. Ally enters into a dim-lit, family, home theater room. There's a massive TV covering the wall. Bridge and Casey follow behind her.

BRIDGE

(aside to Casey)

The hell is she doing?

Ally flips on the TV and changes it to a special input. Suddenly, a plethora of smaller video panels pop up on the TV, each showing a different room within the house. Casey's and Bridge's eyes widen.

CASEY

Oh no, it's the security cameras for the house.

Bridge's jaw drops to the floor.

BRIDGE

Holy fuck. I thought your mom was crazy before, but this takes it to a whole new level.

Ally takes a seat and starts rewinding all the camera footage with the remote control.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

(to Ally)

Uhh, how far back do these go?

ALLY

Far enough. Mr. Daddy had the cameras installed a while ago. He likes to watch *Mrs. Daddy* while he's at work.

Ally smirks a devilish smile.

CASEY
Jesus Christ, I'm gonna throw up.

BRIDGE
Is there a fucking camera in every room?

ALLY
You got to keep the whole place covered, Hun. That's foreplay 101.

BRIDGE
(under her breath)
Holy shit.

Grossed out, Casey runs his hands through his hair. Bridge quietly grabs him by the collar and pushes him against a wall by the exit.

BRIDGE
(whispering to Casey)
If your mom finds us having sex in the house we are beyond fucked. Beyond fucked!

Bridge and Casey are pale with fear.

CUT TO:

13 INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S APT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 13

A pillow is lifted from the couch to reveal Rafi "seeking."

RAFI
I'm gonna find you, Larry!

Larry isn't there. Rafi and Nelson are combing the room, looking for the kid.

NELSON
Larry! Oh, little Larry!

RAFI
He's good. He's a smart kid, but I wasn't expecting him to be *this* good.

Rafi checks under the couch while Nelson looks behind the TV.

NELSON

You'll have to look harder if you plan on finding your young man of mystery. Lucky for me, I've got Steve Irwin in my blood. God rest his soul.

Rafi looks behind the window curtain.

RAFI

Talk all ya want, Miss Koala-bear. I know my son like the back of my hand.

Larry's not there. Panic slowly starts to settle in on Rafi and Nelson.

RAFI

Larry? Lar-bear? Come on out for Daddy.

NELSON

Where is the little bugger?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Nelson and Rafi search the apartment for Larry...

A) INT. THE KITCHEN - Nelson opens a cabinet door, and Rafi checks the pantry. Larry isn't there.

B) INT. THE BATHROOM - Rafi whips open the shower curtain. Nelson looks under the sink. Larry isn't there.

C) INT. THE BEDROOM - Rafi checks under the bed, and Nelson opens the dresser drawers. Larry isn't there.

END OF MONTAGE

14

INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S APT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

Rafi and Nelson open their closet door. Looking in, it's revealed that it's just clothes. Clothes everywhere, and Larry nowhere.

The couple looks at each other, their faces painted with anxiety.

RAFI / NELSON

Shit.

CUT TO:

15

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER ROOM - AFTERNOON

15

Ally's face is lit with the reflecting TV images. She sits mesmerized, looking at the videos. Bridge and Casey remain in the back shadows of the room. Ally's constantly rewinding and rewinding the footage, but there's no sight of anything.

Suddenly, Ally's eyes ignite in horror.

Ally's POV reveals TWO PEOPLE on the security video. A MAN and a WOMAN are having sex in her bedroom.

Ally abruptly stops the tape.

The life drains from Bridge's and Casey's faces.

BRIDGE
(panicking)
Keep the--keep the tape going! Why
are you stopping? That's nothing,
don't stop the tape!

Bridge sprints to Ally.

As she gets closer, it's revealed that Casey is the man in the video. He's receiving fellatio on his mother's bed from an indistinct woman that is *not* Bridge.

Bridge stops in her tracks; her jaw drops in shock.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
Stop the tape!

Ally and Bridge simultaneously turn and look at Casey in disgust. His face is whiter than snow. GULP.

POP TO BLACK.

16

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

16

Casey dejectedly sits on a barstool, his head held low, as Ally paces in front of him. Holy hell is she pissed.

ALLY
In my bedroom?! What were you
thinking, Casey? My
fifteen-hundred-thread sheets are
covered in that whore's pussy juice
because of you, you careless,
Charlie Sheen wannabe!

Bridge passes in the hallway and looks on.

Ally threatens her son for the possibility of this woman stealing her possessions, and grounds him.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I swear to God, if I keep going through these tapes and discover your little "mistress" stole my jewelry box, you're going to rue the day your father comes home, you horny little dick!

Suddenly, amidst Ally's tirade--WOOSH

BEGIN FILM NOIR DREAM SEQUENCE

The world turns to black and white, the lighting becomes dark and dramatic as light seeps in through the window shades, and a smoky haze covers the room.

Bridge now wears 1930s detective garb: a long, drifting overcoat matched with a floppy, tilted hat.

BRIDGE (V.O.)

Ya don't see much double-dealin anymore these days. Especially from young punks like Casey "The Firehose" Daddy. But I've been wrong before.

Bridge takes a long drag from a cigarette.

She watches Ally and Casey. Ally looks like a natural Ingrid Bergman from *Casablanca*, and Casey, a rotten, wife-beater-wearing thief roped-up to an interrogation chair.

BRIDGE (V.O.)

I thought he loved me. But he's just a kid. A kid that deceives and thieves just like any other street rat. Did he and his new girl steal his mother's pearls? Who knows. All I know is I want payback. And a lady gets what a lady wants.

SLAP--Ally slaps Casey across the face. Bridge exits.

17 **INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 17

Bridge strolls in, and it's strewn with cobwebs, and the TV buzzes with snow.

 BRIDGE (V.O.)
Ya think ya know a person.

The footage of Casey with the other woman juts back and forth on repeat.

 BRIDGE (V.O.)
And then just like that, they learn ya a new one. Well, I'll learn him somethin good. I'll expose his new broad. Oh, that'll learn him.

Taking a drag from her cigarette, Bridge turns the TV off--SNAP.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME** 18

SLAP. Ally strikes Casey's face again.

She goes to the sink and washes her hands from her son's blood.

 ALLY (V.O.)
Men are so goddamn ignorant. And the worst kinda man is a live one.

Ally whips out a cigarette. She strikes a match.

 ALLY (V.O.)
They think they get the world. I wasn't aware the world included my prized pearls. If Casey "The Firehose" Daddy thinks he and some broad can just get away with my pearls, then the fire department just ran dry, Honey.

Ally takes another drag from her cigarette.

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE MALTESE PEARLS."

She pats Casey on the cheek and exits.

CUT TO:

19

INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S APT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

19

Still in the 1930s dream sequence, Rafi sits on the bed in a baggy detective suit as Nelson stands by the closet in the highest of fashion. They're in deep thought, and dramatic lighting and haze cloud the room.

Rafi smokes a cigarette.

RAFI (V.O.)

Larry Bird, Larry Bird. A lost boy hidden in his shroud of hide-and-seek. What can I say? His mother would not be pleased to hear of his sudden disappearance. But answers and my son are two things I currently don't have.

Rafi rises and walks to Nelson.

RAFI

I don't know what to do. Bridgette will be no help to us.

NELSON

You've gotta pull yourself together. I know an older dame who would kill to help your boy.

Nelson grabs an old, wind-up, landline phone from the nightstand and dials. She puts a cigarette holder up to her lips and blows a cloud of smoke.

RING--she places the phone up to her ear, Rafi over her shoulder.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Oh, Great Tutu. We've come in dire need.

CUT TO:

20

INT. TUTU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

Clouded by a mysterious haze of smoke, Tutu answers Nelson's call. She's dressed in magical drapes of fabric like a gypsy.

TUTU

Ready or not. Here I come.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME** 21

SMASH--Bridge kicks down Casey's door.

She rummages through his smoky room, turning over bedsheets, papers, books - you name it.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATER ROOM - SAME TIME** 22

Ally sits fixated on the cobwebbed TV screen as she rewinds even further through the footage. She's watching and watching and watching.

And then she finds it: the footage reveals that she, Ally, drunkenly "stole" (or in this case, misplaced) her own jewelry box.

Ally's eyes widen as she takes a final hit from her cigarette.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 23

Bridge makes her own discovery: Casey's phone.

It's an old, wind-up landline. On the phone is a written note of an unlisted number. It's been circled several times, and the digits of the phone number are worn down on the dial.

Bridge takes another long drag from her cigarette as she redials and calls the number. A ringing echoes in...

END FILM NOIR DREAM SEQUENCE.

RING RING RING. Bridge stands in Casey's room, dressed as she was earlier - the room and the house now looking back to normal.

Bridge takes another hit from Casey's vape and looks at his cell phone that she's holding. The screen reads the same, circled number.

She pulls his cell phone up to her ear. Suddenly, the sound of another cell phone receiving a call rings off in the house. Bridge's eyes light up: jackpot.

24

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

24

Bridge walks through the home, searching for the source of the ringing.

Ida stands by the sink, washing the dishes, as a phone lights up, going berserk on the island counter.

Bridge stops in her tracks; she looks confused.

Ida peers at the buzzing cellphone, and her eyes perk up. Now Bridge is *really* confused. Ida quickly dries her hands, but now seeing Bridge in the corner, she quickly goes for the phone.

Before Ida can get her hands on it, Bridge lifts the phone from the counter. The caller ID reads "Casey."

Bridge is utterly dumbfounded.

Slowly but surely, Bridge hands the phone over to Ida, and plays it off with a timid grin.

BRIDGE

I think it's for you.

Ida smiles foolishly, embarrassment fills her eyes.

The room is silent. All that sounds is the crying cellphone.

Bridge's finger secretly hangs up Casey's phone, and Ida's phone goes quite.

Bridge awkwardly leaves the kitchen, eyes wide with her new discovery.

BRIDGE

(aside to herself)

Holy shit.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

25

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KIDS PLAYROOM - EVENING

25

Bridge steps into the doorway and sees Casey and RIVERS playing videogames. Perched on a couch, Rivers is whooping Casey's ass, and, discouraged, Casey takes it.

BRIDGE

Is your mom really making you hangout with your brother as punishment?

CASEY
(unenthusiastic)
Yeah.

BRIDGE
(to Rivers)
Shouldn't you be studying or
something?

RIVERS
I don't have any homework. You did
it for me already.

BRIDGE
Oh. Right.

Bridge walks in front of the TV and turns off the video
game.

RIVERS
Hey!

BRIDGE
What about your phone? Why don't
you go play with that instead? I
need to talk with Casey.

Rivers whips out his phone but stays on the couch.

Bridge sighs, grabs the kid's cellphone, and tosses it out
the door.

BRIDGE
Go. Fetch.

Rivers leaps up and chases after the device, leaving Bridge
and Casey on their own. Casey sits in remorse.

CASEY
This is not how I expected today to
go.

BRIDGE
I mean, you fucked a woman in your
mom's bed, Casey. How *did* you
expect this to go?

Bridge takes a seat next to him.

CASEY
I--

BRIDGE

And you've been sexing it up with her, and also me. Simultaneously. That means "at the same time." But you probably wouldn't know that because you're failing college.

Casey can't even look her in the eye.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Did you expect that using me for sex would also help you use me to cheat your way through school? You *do* see what's wrong with that, right?

CASEY

I mean, to be fair, it's wrong of you to be using me for sex too ya know.

Bridge grits her teeth.

BRIDGE

Touchè.

CASEY

Look, I'm sorry, okay? I really am. It may have taken getting caught fucking a chick in my mom's bed and flunking out of Harvard, but I get it now.

Bridge tosses a cellphone at him. It's Casey's phone.

BRIDGE

Don't call her a "chick," you dingus. I ran into Ida.

Casey's eyes widen; his face goes pale.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you fucked your housemaid. I one-hundred percent do not approve, but to be honest I can't help but to be impressed.

CASEY

(cocky)

How could I not fuck Ida? She's my housemaid, that's like every man's sex fantasy come true!

BRIDGE

This isn't something to boast about, asshole. If your parents find out it was her, she'll lose her job.

CASEY

Oh dear God, don't tell them. Please don't say anything to my mom.

BRIDGE

I won't say anything. But I'll only keep your horny, little secret if you stop being such an ass and try harder in school.

They share a gaze with one another, and Casey makes a decision.

CASEY

You've got a deal.

They shake hands.

26

INT. RAFI'S & NELSON'S / TUTU'S - SAME TIME

26

Intercutting between Tutu and Nelson's phone call, we see Rafi, Nelson, and Tutu are all back to wearing their original clothes.

Rafi and Nelson are in the bedroom, and Tutu is still crashed on her living room couch watching *Casablanca*. She's on speaker phone.

NELSON

Do you have any tips on how we might be able to find the little bugger?

RAFI

He's a wiz at this game, Tutu. We gotta find him!

Tutu isn't paying any attention to them. Instead, she quotes Humphrey Bogart as her response.

TUTU

"...You never will. I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going, you can't follow. What I've got to do, you can't be any part of."

Suddenly, Larry appears behind Rafi and Nelson, but the adults are too involved with Tutu to notice. Larry's ears perk up at the sound of Tutu's voice on the phone.

TUTU (CONT'D)

"...I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world."

Rafi and Nelson don't know what to make of what Tutu is spewing.

NELSON

Umm. Well alright.

RAFI

What do you mean "three little people," huh?

Larry gets closer, and, no longer in hiding, he speaks.

LARRY

Tutu!

Rafi and Nelson flip out.

RAFI

Larry! Oh, Lar-bear!

NELSON

There you are, kiddo!

Tutu stares at her TV, paying no attention to the loud reunion sounding off from her phone. Instead, she bursts into tears watching *Casablanca*.

TUTU

True. Beauty.

RAFI

Thank you!

Tutu grabs a hand full of popcorn.

CUT TO:

27

INT. ALLY'S CAR - SAME TIME

27

Ally's hand grabs an old, Snickers Fun-Size bag from a crumb-filled car seat. She lifts the bag, and rummages through her car. Nothing.

Defeated, Ally plops into the driver's seat.

An old bag of McDonald's stares at her from the dashboard. She picks it up.

ALLY

At least I haven't lost you, Big Ron.

She reaches in for some left-over fries. Instead, her hand hits something hard. THUNK.

Puzzled, Ally pulls the object out. It's the jewelry box. She screams in excitement. Opening the box, Ally finds her pearl earrings.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Mama's here babies, Mama's here!

Ally hugs the box and smiles. She puts on the earrings as she pops some week-old french fries into her mouth.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Victory never tasted so stale.

CUT TO:

28

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

28

Ally struts in like a superstar with her jewelry box. Bridge and Casey stand by the island.

BRIDGE

Alright, Ally. I'm going to take off--

ALLY

Take off everything, Mama's found her babies! WOOHOO!

Ally shows off her earrings and jewelry box to the two of them.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Thank God I found these.

(to Casey)

I don't know what I would've done
if your cock-loving Queen stole
from me...but mystery's solved!
Sorry if I overreacted earlier,
Sweetie. You're in college, you're
supposed to have fun. But have fun
on my Egyptian sheets again, and my
pearls won't be the only balls in
my jewelry box. Capeesh?

Ally makes a scissors-cutting gesture with her fingers.
Casey gulps and nods. Ally smiles, playfully taps her son on
the cheek, and exits.

BRIDGE

(playfully)

"Capeesh?"

Bridge chuckles and extends her hand for a handshake. Casey
shakes it obediently.

CASEY

"Capeesh."

The two of them exit.

Yet in the background, a small, kitchen TV set plays on the
countertop.

We push in to see that it's the damn Humphrey Bogart
marathon. *Casablanca* is in it's final moments, airing the
iconic last scene. The audio is on and we hear the Humph
say...

HUMPHREY BOGART

"Louis, I think this is the
beginning of a beautiful
friendship."

SNAP--the TV clicks off.

POP TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.