

# "SERIAL MOM"

by

John Waters

Second Draft: July 22, 1992

Film opens with prologue title: "This is a true story. The screenplay is based on court testimony, sworn declarations, and hundreds of interviews conducted by the film-makers".

FADE OUT:

Fade in to second prologue title: "Some of the innocent characters' names have been changed in the interests of a larger truth".

FADE OUT:

Fade in to final prologue title: "No one involved in the crimes received any form of financial compensation".

FADE OUT:

Establishing shot of upper-middle class suburban home. We hear on the soundtrack the daily morning chatter of a family rushing to get to work and school.

Subtitle appears: "2815 Calverton Court. The Sutphin Family".

FADE OUT:

Second subtitle fades in: "Friday, September 18th, 1992. 7:08am".

FADE OUT:

Interior cheery, bright SUTPHIN kitchen. CREDITS BEGIN.

MOM, BEVERLY, a trim, fortyish, pretty Betty Crocker of the 90's, grabs the toast as it pops up and butters it. She waves cheerfully out the kitchen window to the passing GARBAGEMEN

on the back of a Baltimore County garbage truck and then turns to her husband and children and expertly begins to serve breakfast.

DAD, EUGENE, the ultimate nice guy and a dentist by trade, divides the morning paper up between himself and son CHIP, a cute semi-hip kid who is still in high-school. Daughter, MISTY, a pretty and slightly overweight college student, frantically prices the junk she plans on selling at the flea market after classes while gulping down a light breakfast.

MOM

Who wants fruit salad?

MISTY

I do, please.

MOM

(Hesitating)

That's not gum in your mouth, is it?

MISTY

(Removing it)

It's sugarless.

MOM

(Gently)

You know how I hate gum, Misty. All that chomping and cheesing...

(Begins serving her)

MISTY

Sorry, Mom. Thanks.

(To her brother, as she prices a record album)

Hey, Chip, think I could get 50c for Vanilla Ice.

CHIP

I wouldn't give ya a nickel.

MISTY

(Dreamily)

Carl can't believe how much I make

at swap meets.

MOM

(Rolling her eyes  
good-naturedly)

And who may I ask is Carl?

MISTY

Just a boy. He's picking me up this  
morning.

CHIP

Here we go again.

MISTY

He's really cute!

MOM

(Watching the cute  
little birds nibbling  
seed from the bird-  
feeder in kitchen  
window)

Cute is not enough, Misty. You know  
that.

CHIP

She sure can pick 'em!

MISTY

(Exasperated)

He goes to college with me!

DAD

Leave her alone, Chip.

(To MOM)

I think it's great she has a new  
beau, Beverly.

MOM smiles kindly, picks up a box of cereal in each hand and  
turns to the family.

MOM

Cereal anybody?

Title "SERIAL MOM" appears on the screen.

DAD

Just a little, please. Bad for the teeth.

CHIP

Always the dentist.

MOM

Chip, honey?

CHIP

Thanks, Mom.

As MOM serves the cereal, she spots a lone fly as it lands on the butter dish. Without letting on to her family, she grabs a flyswatter and begins stalking the fly with a terrifying intensity, its buzzing enough to make MOM's head explode.

DAD

(Reading paper)

Look at this!

(Reading out loud in disgust)

"Hillside Strangler gets his college degree in prison!"

MOM

(Preoccupied, stalking fly)

That's nice.

DAD

Nice?! He should have been executed!

MISTY

He killed people, Mom.

MOM

(To herself)

We all have bad nights.

(Gets ready to swat, but fly buzzes off)

CHIP  
(To MISTY)  
You'd probably date him!  
(Mimicking her)  
He's cu-uuute! Hey, Dad, did you  
ever see "Henry, Portrait of a Serial  
Killer?"

DAD  
I certainly did not.

MISTY  
You've been working in that video  
shop too long.

DAD  
And all that gore better hadn't be  
interfering with your schoolwork.

MOM stalks fly as it lands on CHIP's toast as the rest of  
the family remains oblivious to MOM's building anger.

CHIP  
I do great in school, Dad.  
(Eats toast as fly  
buzzes off)

A sickened and rage-filled MOM stalks the fly to DAD's orange  
juice glass where it secretes on the rim in closeup.

DAD  
Well, your mother's going to PTA  
today. We'll see what your teacher  
has to say.  
(Takes a big gulp as  
fly buzzes away)

CHIP  
(Giving a pleading  
look to MOM as the  
buzzing of the fly  
builds in intensity  
on the soundtrack)  
Aw, Mom! I hate Mr. Stubbins!

MOM

(Moving in for the  
kill, hissing the  
words in a rage)

Don't say the word "hate", honey.  
"Hate" is a very serious word!

MOM swats violently and we see fly splat in bloody closeup.  
("Directed by John Waters" credit appears).

Family is suddenly silent as they uneasily look up in surprise  
at MOM's ferocious attack.

MOM quickly wipes up squashed fly and smiles back at her  
family.

MOM

There. All better.  
(Suddenly all innocence)  
Anybody for scrambled eggs?

END OF CREDITS.

A loud banging is heard on the back door. MOM jumps up  
guiltily.

DAD

(Getting up from table)  
Who on earth...?

MOM opens door to two police detectives in plain clothes.  
DETECTIVE MOORE is younger and more rugged than the older  
more world-weary DETECTIVE BRADFORD.

DET. MOORE

Mrs. Sutphin?

MOM

(Nervously)  
Yes?

DET. MOORE

(Shows badge)  
I'm Detective Moore and this is

Detective Bradford.

Subtitle appears "7:26am" and then fades out.

DAD

(Taking over)

I'm Dr. Eugene Sutphin. What's the trouble, officer?

CHIP

(Excitedly)

Is there a killer loose?

DET. MOORE

No son, nothing that exciting.

MOM

This is my son, Chip... and my daughter, Misty.

MISTY

(Inappropriately making eyes at the younger cop)

Hi!

CHIP

(Seeing MISTY flirting)

Jeezzzz!

MOM

Det. Bradford, I'm sorry but we don't allow gum chewing in this house.

(Hands him a paper napkin)

DET. BRADFORD

(Spitting his gum into paper napkin)

Sorry, ma'am.

(To MOM and DAD, taking out an envelope)

We're investigating obscene phone calls and mail threats to a certain Mrs. Dottie Hinkle.

MOM  
I know Dottie!

DAD  
She lives right down the street.

DET. BRADFORD  
Could you take a look at this...

DET. MOORE  
...And tell us of anybody who might  
be responsible?

DET. BRADFORD  
(As he hands note to  
MOM and DAD)  
I should warn you... this note  
contains LANGUAGE.

MOM and DAD open note. In cut-out letters from a magazine it  
reads: "I'LL GET YOU PUSSY FACE!"

MOM  
(Recoiling)  
Oh God, really!  
(Hands it back to cop)  
This is the limit!

CHIP  
Let me see!

DAD  
Sorry, son.  
(In disgust)  
This is a matter for adults.

MOM  
Officers, I've never said the P-word  
out loud, much less written it down!

DAD  
No woman would!

MOM



(Seeing cute little  
bird land on window  
feeder)

Look officers! Life doesn't have to  
be ugly.

(In baby-talk)

See the little birdie? Listen to his  
call.

(Imitating bird call)

Peter Pan! Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

CHIP and MISTY roll their eyes in embarrassment as bird calls  
back to MOM.

BIRD

Peter Pan! Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

DAD smiles proudly as detectives look at MOM in amazement.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

A convertible pulls into driveway driven by CHIP's best  
friend, SCOTTY BARNHILL, a handsome but sullen red-neck  
teen. Next to him is CHIP's girlfriend, BIRDIE STUART, a  
sexy tom-boy with lots of savvy.

Subtitle appears: "7:41am" and then fades out.

INTERIOR SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

MOM

Chip, your ride is here.

DAD

(Looking at his watch)

Hey, I'm late for work. Bye, honey.

(Kisses MOM goodbye)

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

All exit.

DET. MOORE

Thanks for your time, everybody.

MISTY  
(Sighing)  
Bye, Detective Moore.

BIRDIE  
(Leaping out of  
convertible)  
Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Sutphin.

DAD  
(To cops, getting  
into his car)  
That's Birdie. She's a horror nut  
just like my son.

MOM  
(Fondly)  
Good morning, Birdie. This is  
Detectives Moore and Bradford.

BIRDIE  
(Overdramatic, feigning  
horror)  
I didn't do it! I swear! Don't lock  
me up! I'll take a lie detector!  
(Kisses CHIP)  
(Good-naturedly to  
COPS)  
Hi ya, boys!

MOM  
(Sarcastically to a  
sullen SCOTTY in car)  
Good morning Scotty!

SCOTTY guiltily looks up from vintage Betty Page pin-up mag  
he's reading and toots horn defiantly in response as MOM  
grits her teeth.

BIRDIE  
Hey Misty, look what I got!  
(Pulling it out of  
bag)  
A Pee Wee Herman Doll. Can you sell  
it for me at the flea market?

MISTY  
(Impressed)  
Wow! Still in the box! I sure can!  
(Looks up and sees a  
Trans Am speeding  
towards the house)  
Oh God, here comes Carl!

DAD pulls off in his car and almost collides with CARL as he aggressively manoeuvres his car up the driveway.

CARL PADGETT, a handsome jock climbs out of his car.

CARL  
(To MOM)  
You must be Mrs. Sutphin. I'm Carl  
Padgett.

MOM  
Misty's date...

CARL  
More of a friend really...

MISTY looks hurt.

MISTY  
(To CARL)  
See what Birdie gave me to sell at  
the flea market?

CARL  
(Sneering at Pee-Wee)  
That guy's a weirdo.

MOM'S smile freezes on her face as CHIP and BIRDIE hop in SCOTTY's convertible.

MOM  
(Pointing to SCOTTY  
and calling out to  
COPS as they get  
into their car)  
Now there's something you should be

interested in, detectives. A grown boy who doesn't wear his seat belts!

SCOTTY gives MOM a hateful look and peels out.

DISSOLVE TO SUBURBAN STREET.

DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD sit in their unmarked police car, drinking coffee and filling out police reports.

DET. BRADFORD

(Once again chewing gum)

Christ, that one was Beaver Cleaver's mother.

(Imitating her)

Peter Pan! Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

DET. MOORE

(Good-naturedly)

Oh, leave her alone. Mrs. Sutphin's about as normal and nice a lady we're ever going to find.

INTERIOR BEVERLY AND EUGENE SUTPHIN'S BEDROOM.

MOM is sitting on bed, dialing phone with a determined expression on her face.

Subtitle appears: "9:37am" and fades out.

In split screen, DOTTIE HINKLE, the harassed middle aged neighbor, looks at her ringing phone in her living room with suspicion and finally answers.

DOTTIE

(Angrily)

Hello.

MOM

(Speaking in disguised voice)

Is this the Cocksucker residence?

DOTTIE

(Rising to the bait  
every time)  
Goddamn you! STOP CALLING HERE!

MOM  
Isn't this 4215 Pussy Way?

DOTTIE  
(Furious)  
You bitch!

MOM  
Let me check the zip - 212 Fuck you?

DOTTIE  
The police are tracing your call  
right this minute.

MOM  
Well, Dottie, how come they're not  
here then, Fuck-Face?

DOTTIE  
(Red with rage)  
FUCK YOU!  
(Slams down phone)

MOM giggles to herself like a little kid and immediately  
redials the phone.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE. BACK DOOR.

ROSEMARY ACKERMAN, MOM's frumpy, brittle, busy-body next  
door neighbor, is knocking on door, carrying a sewing basket.

MRS. ACKERMAN  
(Calling out)  
Beverly? Beverly darling? You home?  
(She lets herself in)  
I know you are...

INTERIOR MOM'S BEDROOM.

MOM is laughing to herself listening to ringing phone while  
MRS. HINKLE, on split-screen, tries not to answer. Finally

she lunges for it.

DOTTIE

(Answering)

FUCK YOU TOO, YOU ROTTEN WHORE!!

MOM

(Disguising her voice  
in prim manner)

I beg your pardon?

DOTTIE

(Horrified but  
suspicious)

Who is this?

MOM

Mrs. Wilson from the telephone  
company. I understand you're having  
problems with obscene calls.

DOTTIE

(Mortified)

Yes, I am... I'm sorry Mrs. Wilson...  
It's driving me crazy... I've changed  
my number twice already... Please  
help me!

INTERIOR SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

ROSEMARY ACKERMAN walks through kitchen, wipes a finger on  
window ledge to check for dust and calls out Beverly's name.

INTERIOR MOM'S BEDROOM.

MOM doesn't hear MRS. ACKERMAN as she continues her phone  
conversation with MRS. HINKLE.

MOM

(Still the fake  
telephone company  
representative)

What exactly does this sick individual  
say to you?

DOTTIE

I can't say it out loud. I don't use bad language.

INTERIOR MOM'S LIVING ROOM.

MRS. ACKERMAN looks up at huge oil portrait of MOM in ornate frame hanging over couch and calls out Beverly's name. Hearing muffled voices behind MOM'S closed bedroom door at the top of the steps, MRS. ACKERMAN begins to creep up the steps.

INTERIOR MOM'S BEDROOM.

Split screen with MOM and DOTTIE HINKLE.

MOM

(Still impersonating)

I know it's hard but we need the exact words.

DOTTIE

Alright, I'll try...

(Primly)

"Cocksucker". That's what she calls me.

MOM

(Laughs hideously,  
begins speaking in  
her scary voice)

Listen to your dirty mouth, you fucking whore!

DOTTIE

(Ballistic)

GODDAMN YOU!

INTERIOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOM'S BEDROOM.

MRS. ACKERMAN hears muffled shouts and reaches for door handle.

INTERIOR BEDROOM. SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN MOM AND DOTTIE.

DOTTIE

MOTHERFUCKER!!

MOM  
COCKSUCKER!  
(Slams down phone)

MRS. ACKERMAN barges right in bedroom, almost catching MOM who expertly snaps back to normal without missing a beat.

MRS. ACKERMAN  
Beverly, are you alright?

MOM  
Rosemary, honey. Good morning. I'm fine.  
(Taking the sewing basket)  
Thanks for remembering.

MRS. ACKERMAN  
It's the least I could do.  
(Suspicious)  
I heard shouting.

MOM opens sewing box to reveal a pair of gleaming sewing scissors.

MOM  
(Slamming it shut)  
Just the damn cable TV company. You know how they are. Did you hear about Dottie Hinkle?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
Yes, I did. It's terrifying! The police were at my house this morning.

MOM  
Who on earth would want to harass poor Dottie Hinkle?

EXTERIOR DOTTIE HINKLE'S SUBURBAN HOUSE.

DOTTIE HINKLE, still angry and occasionally cursing to herself, digs in her prize flower garden out front of her



house behind ornamental wishing-well on front lawn. Subtitle appears: "2:15pm" and then fades out.

Cut to MOM, driving happily by in her station wagon as she waves to DOTTIE.

DOTTIE sees MOM, tries to look cheerful and waves back.

Cut back to MOM who looks in her rear view mirror, sees she's not being followed and suddenly screeches car into a U-turn as MOM's "Psycho Theme" plays on soundtrack MOM's face turns to stone as ripple flashback effects dissolve to that fateful day in the mall when MOM pulled up to parallel park and DOTTIE HINKLE stole her place from behind.

Ripple effects dissolve to the present as the wheels of MOM'S car skid to a stop. The car door opens and MOM's sensible shoes step out as "Mom Psycho Theme" builds.

MOM closes car door quietly, watches DOTTIE HINKLE up the street undetected and then takes the scissors from her purse and hides them up her sleeve.

As MOM sneaks up street towards DOTTIE, intercut are obsessional flashbacks of details of the traumatic parking place incident; MOM'S POV of DOTTIE pulling into space, DOTTIE'S maddening nonchalance as she snottily gets out of her car and trots right past MOM without the slightest apology, MOM'S sputtering face paralyzed with anger when she realizes there is nowhere else to park.

Back in the present, MOM starts walking faster and faster as she sees DOTTIE begin to pack up her gardening tools to go back inside her house.

Arriving just a second too late as DOTTIE closes the door behind her, MOM spots a can of gasoline near DOTTIE's lawnmower. Thinking fast, MOM dumps gas on DOTTIE's mail in the mailbox on porch, lights it on fire and runs from the flames, happily throwing a coin into DOTTIE's wishing well as an afterthought.

MOM walks as fast as possible back to her car, gets in and pulls off. Smiling evilly to herself, she drives by and sees DOTTIE HINKLE screaming in horror and trying to beat the

fire out with a broom.

EXTERIOR TOWSON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

Parking lot is filled and the few last parents are entering the building for PTA meeting. MOM speeds into lot and gets out of car. Subtitle appears: "3:06pm" and fades out.

INTERIOR CLASSROOM.

MR. STUBBINS, Chip's teacher, is winding down a one-on-one meeting with another mother, who is in tears.

MRS. TAPLOTTER

But, Mr. Stubbins, my son studies every night! He's trying as hard as he can...

MR. STUBBINS

Some teenagers just aren't college material, Mrs, Taplotter. It's nothing to cry over. Now, there are other parents waiting.

(Smugly)

...thank you for taking the time to come to PTA.

INTERIOR SCHOOL HALLWAY. OUTSIDE MR. STUBBINS' CLASSROOM.

Parents are seated in folding chairs waiting to be called in to conference. MOM comes rushing down corridor and other parents greet her.

MRS. STERNER

Hi, Beverly.

MOM

Hi, Betty. Oh, I love your outfit.

MRS. STERNER

Thanks.

(Snobbily)

It's a Liz Claiborne.

MR. STERNER

Mrs. Sutphin, where's that husband  
of yours?

(Making a bad dental  
joke and pointing to  
his teeth)

Feeling "down in the mouth"?!  
Hohohohoho!

MOM

(Smiling through her  
teeth)

You're soooo funny, Ralph...

MR. STUBBINS leans his head out of classroom and looks at  
roll book as MRS. TAPLOTTER leaves, dabbing her tears with a  
handkerchief.

MR. STUBBINS

Mrs... Sutphin?

MOM

(Excited)

Right here!

MOM goes in classroom with him.

INTERIOR CLASSROOM.

MR. STUBBINS

Mrs. Sutphin, I'm Paul Stubbins,  
Chip's math teacher.

MOM

(Shaking hands)

Nice to meet you, Mr. Stubbins.

(Handing him a tin)

A little something I baked.

MR. STUBBINS

(Peeking inside)

Oooohh! A fruit cake. Thank you,  
Mrs. Sutphin. Have a seat.

MOM

Bon Appetit!

They sit on opposite sides of his desk.

MR. STUBBINS

Chip is off to a fine start this year.

(Checking his roll book)

Focused... conscientious... participates actively in classroom discussion.

MOM

(Proudly)

He's a good boy.

MR. STUBBINS

(Suddenly serious)

There is one big problem though.

MOM'S smile freezes on her face ever so subtly

MOM

What is it, Mr. Stubbins?

MR. STUBBINS

(Spitting out the words)

His unhealthy obsession with sick horror films.

MOM

(Relieved)

He is assistant manager of a video shop...

MR. STUBBINS

(Cutting her off)

That's no excuse for a morbid imagination. I caught him drawing this in class last week.

(Unfolds lurid drawing of woman getting her tongue pulled out with the title, "Blood

Feast")  
Is there a problem at home?

MOM  
(Shocked)  
Certainly not!

MR. STUBBINS  
Divorce? An alcoholic relative?  
(Knowingly)  
Tell me, did Chip torture animals  
when he was young?

MOM  
(Furious)  
No, he did not! We are a loving  
supportive family, Mr. Stubbins.

MR. STUBBINS  
Well, you're doing something wrong,  
Mrs. Sutphin. I'd recommend therapy  
for your son.  
(Rising from his chair)  
Thank you for taking the time to  
come to PTA.

WIPE TO EXTERIOR HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT.

MOM sits behind wheel of station wagon wearing a scary smile.  
Subtitle appears: "3:32pm" and fades out.

MOM sees MR. STUBBINS exit school carrying her tin of fruit  
cake. "Mom's Psycho Theme" starts on soundtrack and she puts  
her car in gear.

Closeup of wheels of MOM's car beginning to creep forward  
MOM waves innocently to other parents as she stalks MR.  
STUBBINS to his car in isolated faculty parking lot.

A trashy teen girl, LU-ANN, sneaks a joint behind a bush  
unnoticed.

Shot of MOM's face staring at MR. STUBBINS in vengeance.

Over the shoulder shot of MR. STUBBINS walking directly in

MOM's path.

Closeup of MR. STUBBINS looking up and seeing MOM. He takes a stick of gum from his pocket, unwraps it, and pops it in his mouth.

MOM's face turns to stone at the last straw of seeing MR. STUBBINS chewing gum.

MOM's POV of MR. STUBBINS waving to her.

Shot of accelerator being floored by MOM.

Shot of MOM's car peeling out headed straight for MR. STUBBINS.

MOM's POV of MR. STUBBINS' suddenly terrified expression.

MR. STUBBINS' POV of MOM'S car speeding at him.

MOM's car hits MR. STUBBINS and sends him flying up on car hood.

Shot of fruit cake tin hitting ground and rolling.

LU-ANN, the trashy teen girl screams in horror. MOM turns on windshield wipers to wipe away blood but they only smear the blood worse.

MOM hits windshield wiper fluid button.

MR. STUBBINS' POV SHOT OF MOM's insanely happy face through bloodied water.

Suddenly MR. STUBBINS grabs on to side-view mirror and attempts to grab MOM through side window.

LU-ANN watches in horrified amazement and throws down joint like it's a hot coal.

MOM starts swerving car but MR. STUBBINS holds on for dear life, grabbing at MOM, pulling her hair.

MOM struggles and bites his hand like a snapping turtle.

Shot of sign "SLOW-SPEED BUMPS".

MOM hits speed bump and MR. STUBBINS flies over roof and lands in a heap behind her.

MOM screeches to a stop.

MOM's POV, through rearview mirror of MR. STUBBINS, still alive, struggling to his knees.

MOM smiles sweetly.

Closeup of automatic gear shift being thrown into reverse.

MOM's car backs up swerving in speed towards MR. STUBBINS.

Low-level MR. STUBBINS' POV of rear of car coming at him.

MOM'S POV of MR. STUBBINS' desperate struggle to get out of her path.

Car runs directly over him - THUHP - and chewed up wad of gum flies out of MR. STUBBINS' mouth.

MOM smiles to herself.

LU-ANN, the only eye-witness, runs away in fear.

MOM peels out and once in main parking lot resumes waving innocently to other parents as she flees.

MOM swerves car into car wash.

INTERIOR CHIP'S BEDROOM.

On CHIP's large video screen plays the ridiculously dated but still appalling scene from "BLOOD FEAST" where the madman with the corny, madeup eyebrows rips a girl's tongue out of her mouth in hokey special effects.

Subtitle reads "4:22pm" and fades out.

CHIP and BIRDIE are hooting and hollering and eating popcorn as SCOTTY looks up from his vintage nudist-camp magazine to watch in real horror and nausea.

BIRDIE

It's a sheep's tongue!

SCOTTY

Man, I just ate. Turn it off.

CHIP

Rewind it! Let's see it again!

SCOTTY

No! That shit is sickening! Put on pussy!

BIRDIE

(Torturing SCOTTY)

Look, Dick-Head!

(Gore scene replays)

SLOW-MOTION!

SCOTTY starts to gag and tries to hide it,

BIRDIE

(Looking at screen)

BLOOD FEAST!

CHIP

(Proudly)

The "Citizen Kane" of gore movies.

SCOTTY looks at gore on video, jumps up to run to bathroom, yanks open bedroom door and screams when he sees MOM standing there with a plate of chocolate chip cookies.

MOM

I don't know what it is about today,  
but I FEEL GREAT!

SCOTTY

(Gagging)

Excuse me, Mrs. Sutphin.

He runs past her to the bathroom.

CHIP



Hi, Mom.

BIRDIE

Hi, Mrs. Sutphin.

MOM looks at TV monitor and sees madman taking out heart of girl. MOM smiles inappropriately.

MOM

(Giggles)

You kids. Now Birdie, I want you to have a cookie and then run along home.

CHIP

But Mom, the video's not over.

MOM

No "but mom" for you, young man. Mr. Stubbins seems to think these silly movies are interfering with your studies.

(Turns off video with remote)

BIRDIE

(Rolling her eyes)

Oh, boy!

(Getting ready to leave)

CHIP

Mom, Mr. Stubbins is a nimrod!

SCOTTY comes back in room feeling better.

SCOTTY

Man, that one made me puke!

MOM

(Picking up SCOTTY's nudist camp magazine and handing it back to him like it's poison)

You forgot something...

SCOTTY

(Looking around  
confused)

Are we leaving?

MOM

Yes you are.

SCOTTY guiltily takes back magazine as BIRDIE drags him out.

BIRDIE

Bye, Mrs, Sutphin.

CHIP

(Affectionately)

Bye, bird-brain. See ya, Scotty.

MOM

Bye, Birdie.

(Sitting down next to  
CHIP on his bed)

Chip, honey... I know it's hard being  
a teenager but I understand... I'm  
your mother and I love you.

CHIP

Oh Mom...

MOM

(Suddenly his buddy)

Can we watch that scene again? You  
know, where he rips out her heart?

(Giggling scarily)

PLEEEASE?

CHIP looks back at his MOM in sudden confusion.

SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

SPIN-WIPE to tomato sauce topped meatloaf being taken out of  
the oven by MOM. Subtitle appears "6:30pm" and fades out.

SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

DAD, MISTY and CHIP sit around dining room table. MOM enters with the meatloaf and a smile.

MOM  
(Jokingly)  
Ladies and gentlemen, the perfect  
meatloaf!

CHIP  
Looks good, Mom!

DAD  
Nothing like a home cooked meal,  
honey.

MOM  
Misty, I made your favorite sesame  
broccoli...  
(Passes it to her)

MISTY  
Yummy. Carl says if I lose ten pounds,  
he'll take me to the University of  
Maryland Fall Mixer.

MOM  
(Appalled)  
Misty, if you want to lose weight go  
ahead, but do it for yourself, not  
for some boy you barely know.

CHIP  
Carl's a jerk!

DAD  
He certainly drives like a jerk.

MISTY  
(Getting upset)  
Carl makes me happy and that threatens  
this family, doesn't it?

DAD  
Doesn't threaten me, honey. I'm happy.

MOM

I'm happy too and we want you to be happy.

CHIP

(Mockingly)

I'm so happy I could shit.

MOM

CHIP! You know how much I hate the brown word!

Suddenly a scream from outside is heard.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

ROSEMARY ACKERMAN, the busy-body next door neighbor is running across lawn from her house to the Sutphins.

MRS. ACKERMAN

Beverly! Beverly!

INTERIOR SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

Family is getting up from table in alarm.

MOM

That's Rosemary. Something's wrong!

CHIP and MISTY look at one another and stick fingers down their throats at mention of MRS. ACKERMAN'S name.

ROSEMARY ACKERMAN runs in from kitchen in hysterics.

MRS. ACKERMAN

Turn on the news!

(To CHIP)

A teacher at your school has been murdered!

MISTY

(Appalled)

Murdered?

CHIP  
Who?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
A Mr. Stubber... or Stubbins.

CHIP  
(Horrified)  
MR. STUBBINS? That's my math teacher!

INTERIOR SUTPHIN LIVING ROOM.

DAD runs in and turns on TV as family and MRS. ACKERMAN follow and watch under MOM's framed portrait on wall.

DAD  
What channel?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
It's on all of them!

Phone rings. CHIP grabs the receiver.

CHIP  
Hello.

We see BIRDIE in split screen.

BIRDIE  
(Excited)  
Did you hear?

CHIP  
What happened?

BIRDIE  
This is so cool! It's just like a  
horror movie.

ANNOUNCER comes on TV.

CHIP  
It's on! I'll call you back!  
(Hangs up)

ANNOUNCER

...Police claim the driver of the hit and run vehicle ran down the teacher in cold blood and then backed up over his body to finish off the job. Mr. Paul Stubbins was thirty-eight years old...

DAD

(Mad)

Whoever did it should get the death penalty!

MOM yawns absentmindedly.

ANNOUNCER

...So far only one eyewitness has surfaced.

MOM looks up in sudden fear as LU-ANN, the trashy pot-smoking girl who witnessed murder appears on screen.

LU-ANN

It was a blue car... I know that much!

CHIP

That's Lu-Ann Hodges!

MISTY

She's a pothead!

LU-ANN

...A blue station wagon...

MRS. ACKERMAN

That's like your car, Beverly,

MOM

(Glaring at MRS.  
ACKERMAN)

I'm not that bad a driver.  
(Disapprovingly at TV  
screen)  
Look at her hair!

(To CHIP)  
Turn it off, honey.

CHIP  
(He does)  
(In shock)  
I can't believe Mr. Stubbins is dead.

MISTY  
You said you hated him.

CHIP  
Well... he was an asshole... but he  
didn't deserve to die!

SUTPHIN MASTER BEDROOM.

Wipe to MOM finishing a silent prayer kneeling next to bed  
as DAD reads a spy novel under the covers. Subtitle appears:  
"10:45pm" and fades out.

DAD  
(Putting down his  
book as MOM climbs  
in)  
I can't stop thinking about that  
poor teacher.  
(Turning out light on  
his side of bed)  
Goodnight, honey. Don't read late,  
we've got a big day with the birds  
tomorrow.

MOM  
(Picking up and leafing  
through "The  
Encyclopedia of Birds")  
I've identified every little birdie  
we're going to watch tomorrow on the  
Eastern Shore.

We see that underneath the cover of the bird book, MOM is  
reading "Helter Skelter". She lightly caresses a picture of  
Manson and closes the book and turns out her light.

DAD  
Goodnight, honey.

MOM  
Don't I get a kiss?

DAD  
(Moving closer)  
I just thought with all the sadness...  
you wouldn't want...

MOM  
(Snuggling up)  
We have to concentrate on life,  
Eugene.

DAD  
(Kissing her)  
It's fine with me, Beverly.  
(Kisses her again  
more passionately)  
You want to, honey? You think the  
kids are asleep?

MOM  
We can be real quiet...

DAD  
(Getting on top of  
her)  
I love that you're my wife.

MOM  
(Getting turned on)  
You're not bad yourself, coo-coo  
bird...

DAD  
(Gently making love  
to her)  
You bring me such peace...

MOM  
Oohhhh, Eugene!



DAD  
Shhhh..

MOM  
(Getting louder)  
Oooohhhh.

DAD  
Don't wake the kids...

MOM  
(Even louder)  
Ooohhhh!

MISTY'S BEDROOM.

We see MISTY, hair in curlers, pricing junk for flea market, stop and listen to sounds coming from parents' bedroom.

SUTPHIN BEDROOM.

MOM and DAD are having romantic monogamous sex.

MOM  
Oooohhh! Yeah! Yeah!

DAD  
(Really turned on)  
You're hot tonight, honey... but be quiet! Shhhh! The kids!

CHIP'S BEDROOM.

CHIP looks up from reading "Fangoria Magazine" and listens in horror to his mother's distant moaning.

SUTPHIN BEDROOM.

MOM is panting wildly, a suburban sex machine. DAD is amazed but hardly complaining.

MOM  
Yeah! Ooohhhh! Get it!

DAD

Ooh, honey, I'm ready! Now! Now!

MOM

(In orgasm, wildly  
thrashing)

Oohhhhh! Yeah! Yeah!

HALLWAY BETWEEN CHIP AND MISTY'S BEDROOMS.

CHIP and MISTY open bedroom doors simultaneously, hear their parents climaxing and look at one another in complete horror.

Fade to black.

Slow fade in to EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

Birds are heard greeting the sunrise with their happy chirping. Subtitle appears "Saturday, September 19th, 5:30am" and fade out.

INTERIOR SUTPHIN BEDROOM.

MOM, dressed for bird-watching day-trip, watches the cute little chickadees nibbling seed out of her birdfeeder on lawn through binoculars from bedroom window. DAD, half-awake, stirs in his bed.

MOM

(Tracking a  
particularly cute  
bird)

There's Dede! He's my favorite chickadee! He's here every morning for breakfast.

DAD

(Groggy)

Well, honey, chickadees breed in Alaska, you know. No wonder Dede's hungry. It's a long trip all the way to Baltimore.

MOM continues tracking the bird in her binoculars until she freezes in horror at the sight of MRS. ACKERMAN running her mouth next door to DETECTIVES MOORE and BRADFORD and pointing

to MOM's car.

Suddenly the phone rings with jangling intensity. MOM jumps.

DAD

Hello...

On split screen is obnoxious man from PTA, MR. STERNER, holding his jaw in pain.

MR. STERNER

Eugene, it's Ralph Sterner. Got a dental emergency here!

(Moans in pain)

I mean this goddamn tooth is killing me!

DAD

Well, Mr. Sterner, if you call my office, I'm sure we can see you Monday.

MOM starts shaking her head "No" to DAD just in case.

MR. STERNER

MONDAY?

MRS. STERNER, his wife, grabs the phone.

MRS. STERNER

Eugene, this is Betty Sterner, He'll die by Monday! The roots are infected! He might have a heart attack!

DAD

(Wearily)

All right, Mrs. Sterner... Nine o'clock.

MOM's face changes to purple rage as she turns to hide her anger from DAD.

DAD

(Hangs up)

I'm sorry, honey. But the birds will

still be there next week.

MOM

(Turning to face DAD,  
suddenly stoic)

It's Ok, Eugene. I understand...

I'll go fix breakfast.

(Exits calmly)

INTERIOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUTPHIN'S BEDROOM.

MOM's calm turns to immediate rage as she closes bedroom door and storms her way downstairs as "Mom's Psycho Theme" blares on soundtrack.

CHIP'S BEDROOM

CHIP is sound asleep. MOM enters in a fury.

MOM

(In his ear, loudly)

CHIP!!

CHIP

(Jumping up in fear  
from sleep)

God, Mom!

(Looking at her scary  
face)

What's the matter?

MOM

(Back to normal,  
sweetly)

Time to get up, that's all. You'll  
be late for work.

CHIP

You scared me.

INTERIOR SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

MISTY is sobbing in fury as she sits forlornly with boxed up flea-market junk. MOM enters and is startled to see her.

MOM

Honey, what's the matter?

MOM looks out back window in alarm to see DET. MOORE snooping through her box of recycled newspapers as DET. BRADFORD noses around her station wagon.

MISTY

I'm stoodup! I'll kill that bastard!

MOM

Don't say words unless you mean them,

Misty.

(Starts fixing  
breakfast)

COPS bang loudly on door. MOM jumps.

MISTY

It's him!

MOM

No, honey, it's the police.

(Opens back door)

Hello, officers.

Subtitle appears "7:10am" and then fades out.

DET. BRADFORD

Good morning, Mrs. Sutphin.

MISTY

(Subtly unbuttoning  
her blouse one button)

Hi, Detective Moore.

DET. MOORE

(Embarrassed)

Morning, Misty.

(All business)

Mrs. Sutphin, I presume you heard of  
the death of Mr. Stubbins.

MOM

A fine man. A good teacher...

DET. BRADFORD  
(Reading from notes)  
Contusions... fractures... rupture  
of numerous vital organs...

MOM  
(In sympathy)  
What a mess.

MOM sees SCOTTY pull up in driveway with BIRDIE in his convertible.

MOM  
(Seeing MISTY's eyes  
light up at hearing  
a car)  
No, honey, it's just Scotty.  
(To COPS)  
Scotty, who doesn't wear his  
seatbelts!

DAD and CHIP enter kitchen as BIRDIE and SCOTTY barge in back door.

DAD  
Good morning, Detectives.

BIRDIE  
(Dramatically)  
Nightmare on Calverton Court!

SCOTTY  
The Maryland Teacher Massacre!

DET. MOORE  
That's not funny, son.

DET. BRADFORD  
Did you drive your car to the PTA  
meeting yesterday, Mrs. Sutphin?

MOM  
(Buttering toast)  
Yes, I did.

DAD

(To cops, getting  
angry)

Detectives, what is this about?

DET. MOORE

I know this sounds weird, Mr. Sutphin,  
but the Department of Motor Vehicle's  
computer shows only one blue station  
wagon registered to a parent of any  
of Mr. Stubbins' pupils.

DAD

Surely you don't think Beverly was  
involved!

SCOTTY

(Hamming it up,  
pointing to MOM)

SHE DID IT! Aimed the car right at  
Mr. Stubbins and mowed him down!

MOM

(Quickly staring  
daggers at SCOTTY  
before patiently  
addressing COPS)

From what I understand, the eye-  
witness is a drug user.

MISTY

I got somebody you could run over,  
Mother!

DAD

Misty, that's a terrible thing to  
say!

(Putting his arm  
protectively around  
MOM)

Detectives, it's time for you to  
leave. My wife knows nothing about  
this terrible... accident.

MOM  
(Correcting him)  
Murder, honey.

SCOTTY  
(Picking up a "People"  
magazine with Ivana  
Trump on the cover)  
Now, here's a babe!

COPS see magazine cover with the "P" in "People" cut out as  
in threatening note sent to Mrs. Ackerman.

DET. MOORE  
(Suspiciously)  
Let's see that, young man.

MISTY  
(Whispering to BIRDIE  
as she ogles him  
from behind)  
Nice buns!

DET. BRADFORD  
"P" as in...

MOM  
(Glaring at SCOTTY)  
...People who don't mind their own  
business.

DAD looks at MOM suddenly, for the first time showing slight  
suspicion.

MOM  
(To DAD)  
It's Mrs. Ackerman's magazine, honey.  
(To COPS)  
Look at the subscription label if  
you don't believe me.  
(Proudly)  
I recycle my magazines.

Wipe to EXTERIOR MRS. ACKERMAN'S HOUSE.



MRS. ACKERMAN is dumping all her bottles and newspapers into the rest of her garbage without the slightest thought of recycling. Subtitle appears "10:06am" and fades out.

Cut to GUS and SLOPPY, two Baltimore County sanitation workers as they pick up bags of neighbors' recycled trash and scowl in hatred at the environmentally incorrect MRS. ACKERMAN.

INTERIOR SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

MOM, now alone, is happily separating her cans and plastic trash into proper recycle bins as she rocks out singing along with the Barry Manilow record "Daybreak" that spins on her high-fi set.

MOM

(Singing and dancing  
in place as soulfully  
as possible for her)

"It's Daybreak" If you want to believe  
It can be Daybreak!..."

MOM looks out through her kitchen window and sees MRS. ACKERMAN dumping styrofoam packing chips in with the rest of her un-recycled garbage. Freezing in horror, MOM then lunges for MRS. ACKERMAN's gleaming sewing scissors in borrowed sewing basket and begins to run out door.

Suddenly MOM sees the friendly GARBAGEMEN waving to her from truck. She quickly puts back the scissors, grabs her recycle bags, locates two "miniatures" of liquor hidden in kitchen cabinet and runs out back door.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

MRS. ACKERMAN goes back inside her house as MOM charges out to meet GARBAGEMEN with her recyclables.

MOM

Don't forget me, boys!  
(Holding up blue bags)  
All rinsed and ready to recycle!

GUS

Morning, Mrs. Sutphin.

MOM

Morning, Gus. Hello, Sloppy.

(Sneakily handing  
them miniatures)

Here you go. You work hard for the  
environment. A little drink never  
hurt anybody.

SLOPPY

Thanks, ma'am.

(Takes a big swig)

Damn! Good stuff.

(Looking at MRS.  
ACKERMAN's garbage)

Do you believe that goddamn  
litterbugger?

MOM

(Fingering a tin can)

I've told her! It takes ninety to  
one hundred years for a tin can to  
decompose but she still won't recycle.

GUS

(Also taking a guzzle)

Cost taxpayers millions of dollars  
last year but she don't care about  
the national budget!

MOM

(Deadly serious)

I HATE Mrs. Ackerman.

"Mom's Psycho Theme" begins building on soundtrack.

GUS

(Drinking, encouraging  
her)

I hate her too.

SLOPPY

(Getting tipsy, joining  
the bull session)

I HATE HER GUTS!

(Egging MOM on,  
laughing)  
Somebody ought to kill her!

GUS  
(Joking and drinking)  
Yeah, hack her up and recycle her!

MOM  
(Not kidding, in a  
trance)  
For the sake of this planet, **SOMEBODY  
JUST MIGHT!**

"Mom's Psycho Theme" climaxes on soundtrack.

INTERIOR ROSEMARY ACKERMAN'S HOUSE.

MRS. ACKERMAN is serving brunch to DOTTIE HINKLE as they drink beer together and watch "The Joan Rivers Show" on TV as JOAN interviews a fat woman in her 20's.

JOAN  
(On TV)  
...But your boyfriend was convicted  
of killing twelve people

HAG  
I don't judge him.

TV audience groans.

JOAN  
How can you love a mass-murderer?

HAG  
Easy! He's handsome. He's famous.  
**AND WE GET CONJUGAL VISITS!**

JOAN  
(To camera)  
**SERIAL HAGS! Woman Who Love Men Who  
Mutilate! We'll be right back after  
this!**

DOTTIE

Turn it off.

MRS. ACKERMAN does.

MRS. ACKERMAN

Violence is everywhere these days

EXTERIOR MRS. ACKERMAN'S HOUSE.

MOM runs up to window in a frenzy and freezes at the sight of DOTTIE HINKLE inside.

INTERIOR MRS. ACKERMAN'S HOUSE.

DOTTIE looks over and sees MOM in window and screams.

MRS. ACKERMAN

(Looking up)

Oh, it's just Beverly.

DOTTIE

She scared me.

MRS. ACKERMAN

(Going to door)

Come in, Beverly. Have some coffee

MOM

(Entering, back to normal, being so-o-o-o nice)

Just a half-a-cup.

(To DOTTIE)

Hello, Dottie. I'm so sorry to hear of your troubles...

DOTTIE

It's not fair!!

MOM

(To MRS. ACKERMAN, noticing her flower arrangement)

Are those pussy-willows?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
(Fixing the coffee)  
Dried ones. Aren't they pretty?

DOTTIE freezes in horror when she recognizes the P-word in MOM's voice.

DOTTIE  
(Alarmed)  
What did you just say?

MOM  
(Evily baiting DOTTIE  
under her breath)  
PUSSY-willows, Dottie!

MOM purposely knocks MRS. ACKERMAN's Franklin Mint Faberge Egg off table and sends it crashing to the floor.

MOM  
Dottie! Watch what you're doing!

DOTTIE  
(Horrified to see MOM  
is blaming her)  
I didn't do it!

ROSEMARY  
(Crying out, rushing  
to pick up pieces)  
My Franklin Mint Faberge Egg!

MOM  
(Helping MRS. ACKERMAN)  
Dottie didn't mean to be a clumsy  
ox. She's sorry, Aren't you, Dottie?

DOTTIE  
(Pleading)  
Rosemary, I didn't break your egg -  
she did!

MRS. ACKERMAN  
You could at least apologize, Dottie.

I collect Franklin Mint!

MOM

And we're going right to the flea market to get another one! Misty tells me there's a whole booth of Franklin Mint stuff. Dottie, you lock up.

(Evilly)

I'll take care of poor Rosemary!

DOTTIE

(Stammering in fear  
to MRS. ACKERMAN)

But... but... she... Rosemary, I heard her voice! It's her, I tell you, IT'S HER!

INTERIOR DAD'S DENTAL EXAMINATION ROOM.

DAD attempts to do dental work on RALPH STERNER, the "emergency" patient who lets out a blood curdling scream every time DAD gets the drill anywhere near his mouth.

DAD

Mr. Sterner, you've lost a tiny filling. I have to drill deeply enough to remove all the decay.

MR. STERNER

(Whimpering)

Alright... go ahead... but be careful, it really hurts!

(Opens mouth)

DAD begins to drill again.

MR. STERNER

OWWWWW!'! Goddamn you! You're hurting me on purpose!

DENTAL WAITING ROOM.

MRS. STERNER, reading an old issue of Newsweek, with Jeffrey Dahmer on the cover, jumps up and runs to her husband past

the RECEPTIONIST.

INTERIOR DAD'S EXAMINATION ROOM.

MRS. STERNER

(Running in)

Are you ok, Ralph?

DAD

Mrs. Sterner, please stay in the waiting room!

MR. STERNER

Help me, Betty! He's worse than the dentist in "The Marathon Man"!

RECEPTIONIST

(Poking her head in)

Sorry to interrupt, Dr. Sutphin, but there's two police detectives here to see you...

INTERIOR DAD'S TINY OFFICE.

DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD wait grim-faced in the office. Subtitle appears "10:35am" and fades out.

DAD

(Entering)

What is it, officers? My patient is waiting.

DET. MOORE

Dr. Sutphin is your wife a big reader?

DAD

Bird books mostly...

DET. BRADFORD

Like these we found in her garbage?

(Showing him the book)

"Urge To Kill". "Mass Murder in Houston"?

DAD

I'm sure those are my son, Chip's books.

DET. MOORE

No, they're your wife's. We checked, She bought them down at "The Browse and Learn Bookshop" along with a few other titles...

DET. BRADFORD

(Reading from notes)

"Helter Skelter", "Hunting Humans",  
Master Card reference number 7876.  
Dated June 5th.

DAD

(Seeing their  
suspicions of MOM  
are serious)

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!

DET. BRADFORD

Dr. Sutphin, is you wife mental?

OUTDOOR FLEA MARKET. EDMONSON DRIVE-IN THEATER.

Cut to MOM's face, seemingly in the middle of a frenzy as she jumps around like a crazy person. Camera pulls back and we see that she is swatting away a persistent bee as she sits with MISTY at her flea market table.

Subtitle appears "11:20am" and then disappears.

MOM

Damn these yellow-jackets! I hate 'em!

MISTY

(Angrily)

Always something isn't it?

(To CUSTOMER)

Can I help you?

CUSTOMER

Just looking.



(Walks away)

MISTY

Thanks for not buying anything!

MOM

Misty, lighten up. It's not the customer's fault Carl stood you up!

MOM looks over two rows and sees CARL walking through the flea market with a SEXPOT DATE. Her face turns to stone but she doesn't let on to MISTY.

Cut to MRS. ACKERMAN shopping passionately at the nearby Franklin Mint booth.

MRS. ACKERMAN

(To VENDOR)

Young man, this Faberge Egg is chipped.

VENDOR

Yes, ma'am, it is.

MRS. ACKERMAN

I'll give you fifty cents.

VENDOR

That's a Franklin Mint piece. Eight dollars.

MRS. ACKERMAN

Eight dollars?! Franklin Mint or not, it's damaged goods!

(Puts it back)

MRS. ACKERMAN bends over grumbling and sees a fire poker marked with a price tag of \$6.00. Sneakily she switches price tag of \$3.00 from another item.

MRS. ACKERMAN

I'll take this instead.

VENDOR

Nice one, huh? Winter's coming.

(Looking at price  
momentarily hesitating)  
Three dollars?... I guess that's  
what I marked it...

MRS. ACKERMAN smirks and pays him.

MRS. ACKERMAN comes back to MISTY's booth carrying fire poker.

MOM

(Seeing MRS. ACKERMAN's  
purchase, but still  
watching CARL and  
SEXPOT DATE in  
distance)

Did you find your Franklin Mint egg,  
Rosemary darling?

MRS. ACKERMAN

I saw one, but it was ridiculously  
overpriced!

MOM

(Seeing MRS. ACKERMAN's  
fire poker)

You want me to keep that under the  
table for you?

MRS. ACKERMAN

If you wouldn't mind...  
(Gives it to her)  
It was on sale.

Cut to CARL browsing at same Franklin Mint booth that MRS.  
ACKERMAN was shopping in earlier. SEXPOT DATE is drooling  
over chipped Faberge Egg and batting her eyes at CARL.

SEXPOT DATE

(In baby talk)

Honey, pleeease? For my little knick-  
knack shelf?

CARL

(To VENDOR)

Wrap it up for the little lady.

Cut to MOM with the fire poker partially concealed under her coat as she stalks CARL and SEXPOT DATE to baseball memorabilia booth. MOM pretends to shop nearby as CARL buys Oriole pennant for himself.

MOM follows them to concession stand where CARL excuses himself for a quick trip to the men's room. SEXPOT DATE adjusts her cleavage as she waits, much to the embarrassment of YOUNG BOY walking by.

Realizing the coast is clear, MOM darts into men's room following CARL.

INTERIOR MEN'S ROOM.

CARL is at urinal. Subtitle appears "11:57am" and fades out. MOM rushes in unnoticed and tries to enter first booth and finds it locked. She scurries to next booth and enters.

A male PERVERT in locked booth is drawing dirty pictures on the wall. He looks down and sees MOM's shoes under the stall and starts moaning sexually as he writes "EAT ME" with a magic marker.

Closeup of CARL's face as he pisses like a racehorse.

PERVERT looks through peep-hole between booths and sees MOM and moans in silent orgasm.

MOM pulls fire poker out from under her coat.

PERVERT zips up in a panic and flees bathroom in fear.

Suddenly MOM runs from her booth with fire poker drawn and skewers CARL in the back at the urinal.

CARL screams in horror as MOM pulls out fire poker with his liver skewered on the end.

CARL collapses to his knees, his head landing in urinal.

MOM looks horrified at the liver and tries to shake it off poker, panicked that someone will come into men's room.

Closing her eyes in revulsion, she pulls off liver with her fingertips and throws it on floor.

Running from men's room, she slips in gore, catches her balance, looks back at CARL's head in urinal, hesitates and finally runs back to flush toilet before escaping undetected.

MISTY'S FLEA MARKET TABLE.

A hip young couple are buying a hideous amateur oil painting of Don Knotts from MISTY.

BOY

I can't believe it! Fuckin' Don Knotts!

GIRL

(Happily)  
It's beyond ugly!

MISTY

(Giving them back  
change)  
There you go...

Cut to MOM approaching, looking happy and composed with fire poker concealed under her coat.

MOM

(Calling out)  
Misty, honey, look!  
(Holding up a set of  
cereal bowls)  
I made a killing!

INTERIOR MEN'S ROOM.

A MACHO MAN enters nibbling lamb off a shishkabob. He sees CARL's body and screams in the best Fay Ray tradition. Subtitle appears "I2:llpm" and then fades out.

MISTY'S FLEA MARKET TABLE.

MOM is showing MISTY her new cereal bowl as MRS. ACKERMAN returns.

MRS. ACKERMAN

(Upset)

I went back to get my Faberge Egg  
and some idiot bought it!

Sirens are heard in the distance.

MOM

(Caressing fire poker  
back under table,  
threateningly)

It's just not your day, is it  
Rosemary?

MISTY

(Seeing cop cars and  
ambulance enter flea  
market as customers  
start running towards  
concession stand)

Watch the booth! I'll be back!

(Runs off to join the  
crowd)

MRS. ACKERMAN

(Spotting a small  
hunk of gore stuck  
to bottom of MOM's  
shoe)

Beverly, honey, you've got some...

(Wrinkles up her nose)

...do-do on your shoe.

MOM

Ewww!

(Wipes it off on grass)

Thank you, Rosemary.

MRS. ACKERMAN notices stain with odd unease.

EXTERIOR CONCESSION STAND.

COPS are holding back CARL'S sobbing and hysterical SEXPOT  
DATE as she clutches her Faberge Egg while PARAMEDICS remove

CARL'S body from the mens room on a stretcher.

DET. MOORE and BRADFORD are roughly frisking bathroom PERVERT.

PERVERT

There was a lady in the men's room!  
I swear! A pretty little lady in the  
stall right next to me!

MISTY pushes her way through rubbernecking crowd until she finally sees CARL'S face right before the PARAMEDICS give the final zip to the body bag. She lets out a blood-curdling scream.

DET. BRADFORD looks up into MISTY's horror filled face and turns in suspicion to DET. MOORE only to see his partner making eyes with SEXPOT DATE, who in between sobs, is flirting back with all her might.

MISTY'S BOOTH.

MRS. ACKERMAN is looking in revulsion at what appears to be dried blood on the end of her fire-poker stored under the flea market table as MOM happily sells Pee-Wee Herman doll to New York dealer.

MOM

That's one-hundred fifty-eight  
dollars.

DEALER

Will you take a New York check?

MOM

Certainly.

MRS. ACKERMAN reaches down and touches the end of fire poker and almost faints when she sees red on her fingertips.

MISTY hysterically returns to booth, crying and screaming.

MISTY

Mother! It's Carl! He's dead!

MRS. ACKERMAN looks in sudden fear at MOM.

MOM

Oh, that's horrible, honey.

(Suddenly cheerful)

I sold the Pee-Wee Herman doll!!

MISTY

(Appalled)

Mother! Did you hear me?! Someone murdered Carl in the mensroom! I saw his dead body!

MOM

(Quietly, sweetly)

You got your wish.

MISTY

(Stunned)

But...

(Backs away)

I didn't wish... I didn't want him  
DEAD!

MRS. ACKERMAN gulps in horror.

INTERIOR MOM'S BEDROOM.

DAD is frantically searching through MOM's stuff and finds a scrapbook which is filled page after page with newspaper clippings about famous mass murderers. He gasps in horror and then looks between mattress and box-springs and finds a stack of letters and a few cassette tapes. He looks in shock at return address of first letter - "Richard Speck, Statesville Correctional Center, Joliet, Illinois 60434". He tears open envelope and out falls an 8x10 glossy photo of a naked Richard Speck with the inscription "To Beverly. Love, Richard Speck". Shaking his head in horror, DAD puts cassette in tape player and pushes play button. The voice on the tape booms out in bedroom, "Beverly, it's me, Ted Bundy. It's late at night six days before my execution and it's lonely here on death row..." DAD lunges for machine to push OFF button and accidentally turns on the radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

...Updating the top story of the

hour, the young man brutally murdered a short time ago in the mens room of the Edmonson Flea Market has been identified as 22 year old Carl Padgett of Towson...

DAD slams down OFF button on radio and sobs in shock.

INTERIOR "SUBURBAN CULT VIDEO SHOP".

CHIP on duty as manager, along with BIRDIE and SCOTTY and a few other horror-nut customers watch on large video monitor Joan Crawford get off a train in William Castle's "Straight Jacket". The suspense builds as Joan on video spies through a window at her husband with another woman, picks up an ax and cuts off his head. Suddenly MISTY runs into video shop in hysterics.

MISTY

Chip! Our mother is Charles Manson!

All the kids laugh uproariously as Joan screams on video "I'm not guilty" while struggling in a straight jacket.

MISTY

(Grabbing the remote  
and turning off the  
video)

(To CHIP)

I'm not kidding. Carl stood me up this morning and then he was murdered at the flea market....

CHIP

MURDERED?!!

MISTY

Yes murdered! You said you hated your teacher yesterday and he was murdered too. I don't know... maybe Mom's nuts!

CHIP

It's a cool idea, Misty! Let's make a gore movie about Mom! Better yet,



a TV series!

BIRDIE

Can I borrow your mother? My aunt is coming over to dinner tonight and she's always on my nerves.

KID

My step-father is an asshole! She could kill him!

CHIP

(Baiting MISTY)

How about Mrs. Ackerman? We both hate her!

(Playfully)

Should she be the next victim?

MISTY

No! Stop it! It's not funny. Mom might do it!

(Sobbing)

Someone else might die.

SCOTTY

(Comforting her)

I believe you, Misty. Your mother could kill - I've seen that look in her eyes!

(Timidly)

Is there a reward or anything?

DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

MOM comes through kitchen door and serves a fancy tuna casserole.

MOM

Dinner's served!

Subtitle appears "6:01pm" and then fades out.

MISTY looks at her mother in terror. DAD treats MOM with kid gloves. CHIP is completely oblivious to their concern.

DAD

Let's say grace and pray that we have the strength to understand the terrible tragedies of the last few days.

MOM

Amen to that.

(Happily)

It's been a crazy day, hasn't it?!

MISTY pales, DAD looks at MOM in fear.

MRS. ACKERMAN'S LIVING ROOM.

DET. MOORE and several other COPS are taking down every word MRS. ACKERMAN says in notebooks and on tape recorders.

MRS. ACKERMAN

...Dottie Hinkle was right - IT IS BEVERLY SUTPHIN! I tell you I saw blood right on the bottom of her shoes! Not exactly blood - it was GORE! Hanging right there like a runny nose!!

INTERIOR DOTTIE HINKLE'S LIVING ROOM.

DET. BRADFORD and several other POLICE OFFICERS are taking her statement and trying to calm her down,

DOTTIE

Nice as pie she was to me and then I hear her say it!

DET. BRADFORD

Say what, ma'am?

DOTTIE

"Are those..."

(Giving up)

I can't say the word out loud.

DET. BRADFORD

(Trying to comfort

her)  
Could you tell a policewoman the  
exact words she used?

DOTTIE  
(Being pitiful)  
Maybe...

A huge galute of a POLICEWOMAN sits next to DOTTIE and pats  
her hand.

POLICEWOMAN  
It's ok... nobody's gonna hurt you.  
(Whispering)  
Come on, let it out...

DOTTIE  
(Yelling loudly,  
startling all the  
cops in the room)  
"PUSSY" she says to me! "PUSSY  
WILLOWS!"

INTERIOR SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

The family is eating in uneasy silence.

CHIP  
(Excited, happy)  
You know Mom, Scotty thinks you're  
the killer!

MISTY chokes on her food, DAD laughs unconvincingly.

MOM  
(Laughs)  
Does he?  
(Smiling to CHIP)  
For a boy who doesn't wear seat belts,  
Scotty's awfully nosy.  
(Getting up)  
Excuse me a second.  
(Exits into kitchen)

The whole family sits in awkward silence.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

ROOKIE COP sits in cop car on surveillance duty watching the Sutphin house in eery silence.

SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

Family is squirming in their seats in nervous silence. MISTY suddenly bolts from table and runs towards kitchen.

SUTPHIN KITCHEN.

MISTY runs in. No one is there. On blackboard, written in chalk is "WENT TO THE 7-11, MOM".

MISTY  
She's gone!

CHIP and DAD rush in.

MISTY  
(Blurting it out)  
She's gonna kill Scotty!

DAD  
(No longer pretending)  
BOTH OF YOU! GET IN THE CAR!

CHIP  
(Horried)  
DAD! YOU DON'T THINK SHE DID IT??!

MISTY  
I DO! Mom's gone crazy!

DAD  
(To CHIP)  
Your mother may have some problems,  
that's all, Chip.  
(To both)  
C'mon! Hurry!

EXTERIOR SUTPHINS.

MOM peels out in her station wagon like a bat out of hell.

ROOKIE COP looks up in shock, clumsily throws the car in gear and takes off behind her. Subtitle appears "6:36pm" and then fades out.

INTERIOR MOM'S STATION WAGON.

MOM is driving like a lunatic. She sees the red light of pursuing police car in rear-view mirror and floors it as she hits play button of tape deck in car and begins singing along loudly and scarily to her favorite song, Barry Manilow's "Daybreak",

MOM

"...Ain't no time to grieve And it's  
Daybreak!!! Let it shine, shine,  
shine, All around the world!!"

INTERIOR COP CAR.

ROOKIE COP is sweating bullets speeding after MOM's car and grabs police radio.

ROOKIE

MAY DAY!! MAY DAY!!

INTERIOR MOM'S CAR.

MOM is "dancing" in place and gyrating to the beat as she belts out the finale of "Daybreak" and suddenly turns the steering wheel violently to the right.

EXTERIOR MRS. HINKLE'S HOUSE.

MOM's car veers across lawn and flattens Mrs. Hinkle's entire flower garden as she plows her way back to street.

DET. BRADFORD comes running out of house and jumps out of way as ROOKIE COP's car skids around corner and smashes into Mrs. Ackerman's wishing well decoration in her front yard.

DOTTIE HINKLE is held back by burly POLICEWOMAN on porch as she curses MOM in the distance.

DOTTIE  
You rotten mother-fucker! You lousy  
cock-sucker!

INTERIOR DAD'S CAR.

DAD is at the wheel driving with MISTY in front and CHIP in the back.

MISTY  
(To DAD)  
Turn right on Timonioum Road. Hurry,  
Dad!

CHIP  
(Scared for the first  
time)  
If Mom's a psycho, Scotty will still  
be ok, won't he?

DAD  
We hope so, son. And no matter what  
your mother is, we'll love her anyway.

INTERIOR DETECTIVE MOORE'S CAR.

DET. MOORE  
(Following the  
Sutphins, into police  
radio mike)  
Suspect's family is headed east on  
Calverton....

INTERIOR MOM'S CAR.

MOM turns off tape player and pulls to a stop on a quiet suburban street. She fixes her hair in rear view mirror, smiles, then takes out rubber dish-washing gloves and slips them on her hands.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S BEDROOM AT HIS PARENTS' HOUSE.

SCOTTY lies in bed, surrounded by vintage sexploitation movie posters that decorate his walls ("Garden of Eden", "Mud-Honey", "There She Blows"), and watches on video the

ridiculous 70's trash film "Double-Agent '73" starring Chesty Morgan.

In the credit sequence he sees Miss Morgan "photographing" men with her humongous breasts that supposedly have cameras implanted inside. SCOTTY is getting turned on. He runs to lock bedroom door, closes curtain on window and then hops under a blanket to commit the sin of self-abuse.

EXTERIOR SCOTTY'S PARENTS' HOUSE.

DAD, MISTY and CHIP pull up, run to front door and pound on it.

DETECTIVE MOORE pulls up at a safe distance behind them and watches from police car. Subtitle appears "7:01pm" and disappears.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S BEDROOM.

SCOTTY is watching Chesty Morgan on video roll about in hideous hot pants and insane 1970's platform shoes as he concentrates on her gigantic breasts and touches himself off camera. He hears banging at door, curses whoever it is, and decides to ignore them.

EXTERIOR SCOTTY'S PARENTS' HOUSE.

DAD jiggles the door unsuccessfully until CHIP slithers through an open window and lets MISTY and DAD inside.

INTERIOR DETECTIVE MOORE'S POLICE CAR.

DET. BRADFORD

(into police radio  
mike)

Suspect's family is entering house.  
Send backup to 2114 Sycamore Street.  
I've got a feeling old Mom's inside.  
I'm goin' in!

Heroic music blares on soundtrack as he leaps from car and pulls gun. Subtitle appears "7:24pm" and then fades out.

CUT to MOM staring evilly through plate glass window from

outside a suburban house.

Reverse angle shows not Scotty, but the dental emergency couple, THE STERNERS, as they sit in their dining room eating a dinner of cornish game hens.

MOM zeros in on the game hens and flashes back to "Dede" and the other cute birds in her bird-feeder at home.

As the couple viciously slice apart the game hens and stuff the meat in their mouths, MOM breaks a small pane of glass in back door to gain entry.

MRS. STERNER

What was that?

MR. STERNER

I didn't hear anything. Got any dessert?

MRS. STERNER

Dr. Sutphin said no sweets for you.

MR. STERNER

What's he know?

MRS. STERNER

How to send a bill!!

They both laugh uproariously at her bad joke.

STERNER KITCHEN.

MOM is listening in disgust, notices a limp plant, waters it thoughtfully and then jumps out of the way to hide as MRS. STERNER comes into kitchen to get a large chocolate pie.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S BEDROOM.

SCOTTY has the whole bed vibrating noisily as he watches Chesty Morgan on video in hideous green plaid bell bottoms as she "photographs" evidence with her breasts.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S PARENTS' HOUSE. HALLWAY.



DAD, MISTY and CHIP creep up the steps towards SCOTTY's bedroom.

EXTERIOR SCOTTY'S PARENTS' HOUSE.

DET. BRADFORD signals the newly arrived DET. MOORE and a small swat team in battle gear to follow him quietly to Scotty's front door.

INTERIOR STERNER'S DINING ROOM.

MR. STERNER cuts himself a second piece of chocolate pie and pigs it down.

INTERIOR STERNER'S BEDROOM.

MRS. STERNER  
(Yelling downstairs)  
Ralph, "Wheel of Fortune"'s on!!

As MRS. STERNER continues to watch TV we see her get ready for bed.

We see her change from her shoes to bedroom slippers from under the bed.

We see her brush her hair from behind the mirror.

We see her open her drawer and take out birth-control foam from inside the bureau.

We see her go to closed curtains moving ominously in the breeze and close the window from the other side.

MRS. STERNER  
(Calling out)  
Ralph, you're missing it!

MRS. STERNER takes off her dress to reveal monstrous white all-in-one bra and girdle and moves to closet door.

She opens closet door and hesitates.

We see shoe in bottom of closet move slightly.

Suddenly a mouse scurries out of shoe and runs across floor as MRS. STERNER screams,

STERNER DINING ROOM.

MR. STERNER  
(As chocolate oozes  
in his mouth)  
What is it, Betty?

STERNER BEDROOM.

MRS. STERNER  
(Still shaking)  
We have mice! I mean it, Ralph! I  
saw one!

MRS. STERNER reaches for nightgown and pulls it off hanger to reveal MOM's insane face. Suddenly MOM stabs MRS. STERNER viciously in the stomach with MRS. ACKERMAN's scissors.

MOM  
(Scarily)  
Always brush after every meal!

MRS. STERNER opens her mouth in a silent scream as MOM pulls out the scissors and stabs her again and again as a large rat in the closet runs out and begins biting MRS. STERNER's ankle at the same time.

STERNER DINING ROOM.

MR. STERNER burps in front of empty plate and hears loud thud from upstairs. He gets up from table.

MR. STERNER  
(Calling upstairs)  
Betty?

STERNER BEDROOM.

MRS. STERNER is dead on the floor with scissors sticking out of her as MOM attempts to clean up the blood with the household product, "SHOUT".

HALLWAY STERNER HOUSE.

MR. STERNER runs up stairs, suddenly alarmed.

MR. STERNER  
Betty? Betty, answer me!

STERNER BEDROOM.

MOM looks up from cleaning and smiles as MR. STERNER runs in, sees the grisly sight and screams in horror.

MOM  
(Holding up bottle of  
"SHOUT" and doing  
mock TV-ad)  
"SHOUT IT OUT".

MOM suddenly pulls scissors out of MRS. STERNER's stomach and expertly throws them like a knife at MR. STERNER's head. He ducks in the nick of time and the scissors stick in the wall.

MR. STERNER turns and runs in fear as MOM gives chase, grabbing the scissors out of the wall.

HALLWAY. STERNER HOUSE.

MR. STERNER runs down the steps screaming as MOM runs after him. She throws the scissors at him again, but just misses him.

Thinking fast, MR. STERNER grabs scissors from wall and throws them back at MOM. She ducks in the nick of time and her face goes purple with rage.

MOM  
You'll pay for that, Ralph Sterner!!

As MR. STERNER runs to back door, MOM charges back up the steps to bedroom.

STERNER BEDROOM.

MOM rushes in and watches MR. STERNER from above from bedroom

window as he runs out of house.

STERNER LAWN.

MR. STERNER runs across lawn screaming.

MR. STERNER  
Help! POLICE!!

STERNER BEDROOM.

MOM is rocking air conditioner in window back and forth until she gets it loose. Seeing him right below, MOM shoves it out window with all her might.

STERNER LAWN.

MR. STERNER looks up at air conditioner falling from above and screams the second before he is crushed like an insect.

SCOTTY'S BEDROOM.

SCOTTY is moaning in orgasm as he watches ludicrous Chesty Morgan "Secret Agent" breast footage on video screen.

OUTSIDE SCOTTY'S BEDROOM DOOR.

DAD, MISTY and CHIP look at one another in horror thinking SCOTTY's moans are cries of pain and they break down his door to save him.

SCOTTY'S BEDROOM.

SCOTTY stares in complete mortification as the Sutphin family catch him in the middle of an orgasm.

When DETECTIVES MOORE and BRADFORD and their ridiculously overprepared SWAT TEAM flood the bedroom, screaming "FREEZE" and "HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD", SCOTTY fumes in anger as MISTY and CHIP giggle in relief and DAD turns red in embarrassment.

Wipe to EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

DAD's car pulls up and the relieved Sutphin family hops out and runs to house. Subtitle appears "9:02pm" and fades out.

DAD  
Home Sweet Home! Everything's fine,  
kids!

MISTY  
(Laughing)  
I can't believe I thought my own  
mother was a murderess!

CHIP  
I'm disappointed she isn't!  
(In wonder)  
For a while there, it was like being  
in a movie!

SUTPHIN DINING ROOM.

MOM is seated happily at table. DAD, MISTY and CHIP enter.

MOM  
(Beaming happily)  
Anybody for dessert? M-m-m-m-m,  
strawberries!

Fade to black.

Fade in to ST. TIMOTHY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Sign out front announces the service: "11:00am. Holy Eucharist Service. Sermon: 'Capitol Punishment and You'". Families stream into church. Subtitle appears "10:37am, Sunday September 20th" and fades out.

EXTERIOR SUTPHIN HOUSE.

MOM, DAD, CHIP and MISTY walk out front door dressed in their Sunday finest. Suddenly their wholesome smiles freeze on their faces.

Cop cars are everywhere watching MOM's every move. DETECTIVES MOORE and BRADFORD smile hatefully at MOM, pressuring her with their high-visibility surveillance.

The family nervously gets in their car and DAD turns the

ignition.

Cop after cop after cop start up their engines.

As DAD pulls out of the driveway in his car the cops file into a procession of intimidation behind him.

INTERIOR DET. MOORE AND DET. BRADFORDS' CAR.

DET. BRADFORD

(Talking into police  
radio)

...Sutphin family proceeding west on  
Seminary Avenue. Beverly ain't goin'  
nowhere this time.

INTERIOR SUTPHIN CAR.

MISTY

(Scared)

Dad, I thought it was ok. Make them  
go away. This is embarrassing.

DAD

Just ignore the police. It's all a  
terrible mistake.

He turns on radio to music.

CHIP

Think we'll get on "A CURRENT AFFAIR"?

INTERIOR DET. MOORE AND BRADFORD'S CAR.

DET. MOORE

She's headed for church.

DET. BRADFORD

(To police dispatcher  
on radio)

I say we nail her!

DISPATCHER

(On radio)

Negative. D.A. says no bust until

lab report is back matching suspect's fingerprints on true-crime book with those on scissors and fire poker.

DET. BRADFORD

(To DET. MOORE)

She may be Beaver Cleaver's mother...  
but Jim Jones and the entire People's Temple just fucked her!

INTERIOR SUTPHIN CAR.

MISTY, CHIP and DAD listen in appalled silence to news report on radio as MOM seems unfazed.

ANNOUNCER

...the senseless killing last night of Towson couple, Ralph and Betty Sterner, brings to a total of four murders police feel may have been committed by Baltimore's first serial killer...

DAD looks at MOM in stunned disbelief.

DAD

Beverly! Not the Sterners!

MOM

(Calmly)

It's a shame. But they should brush their teeth, honey.

ANNOUNCER

(On radio)

This just came in. Police Lieutenant Ronald Habbler has publicly named a suspect in the serial killer case and it's a shocker! She, that's right, she has been identified as Beverly R. Sutphin of 2815 Calverton Court...

MISTY

Oh God!

(In despair)

Now I'll never get a boyfriend!

DAD

(Nervously)

Beverly, I've been reading all about it... is it menopause?

MOM

Oh, honey!

CHIP

Tell me the truth, Mom! It's ok with me, really! Are you a serial killer?

MOM

Chip, the only cereal I know about is Rice Krispies.

Sutphin car pulls to a stop at a red light next to car full of churchgoers. MOM turns to smile at them and all the churchgoers scream in horror at the sight of her face.

DAD

(Lovingly, painfully)

Don't worry, Beverly. We're going to get you good psychiatric help.

EXTERIOR ST. TIMOTHY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

MRS. ACKERMAN and MRS. HINKLE look up in amazement as they see the Sutphins pull into church parking lot followed by string of police cars.

The Sutphins nervously get out of car and walk towards church as the good Christian families glare at them and gossip with a vengeance.

DAD tries to be brave, MISTY hangs her head in mortification, CHIP is excited by all the attention and MOM smiles happily to appalled worshippers.

GUS and SLOPPY, the two garbagemen, dressed in their shabby church clothes wave to MOM in secret admiration.

BIRDIE's eyes light up at seeing CHIP but her suddenly



forbidding parents hold her back when she tries to join him. She mouths "I love you" to him as CHIP looks back to her parents with hurt and confusion.

As the SUTPHIN family reaches the church door, a reporter runs towards them with his cameras drawn.

REPORTER

(To MOM)

So, Mrs. Sutphin! Tell me! Are you "Serial Mom"?

MOM

Who?

DAD

(Blocking his face  
from strobing flash)

No comment!

CHIP

(To himself)

"Serial Mom"?

(He looks at his MOM  
who is perversely  
enjoying the attention)

WOW!

MISTY, who can't help but notice that the REPORTER is strikingly handsome, gives him an obviously flirtatious smile before DAD yanks her into church with the rest of them.

INTERIOR ST. TIMOTHY'S CHURCH.

FATHER STONE, a mild and kind looking Episcopal priest has just begun the service.

FATHER STONE

(On altar)

Blessed be God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit...

ALL

And blessed be His kingdom, now and forever. Amen...

The SUTPHINS take their place in a half filled pew next to appalled young MARRIED COUPLE as a still mortified SCOTTY glares in hatred and vengeance from a pew in the back of the church.

BIRDIE's face is covered in tears as she sits with her parents helplessly.

MISTY turns in her seat and searches the hostile crowd for the face of the cute REPORTER. When she spots him secretly snapping her photo, she subtly gives him a sexy pose.

EXTERIOR CHURCH.

DETECTIVES MOORE and BRADFORD wait with other COPS outside their cars as voice comes over police radio.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON

This is Captain Johnson from Homicide.  
Lab reports confirm Sutphin latent  
print of index finger on true-crime  
book matches those latent prints  
lifted from murder weapons. Bingo,  
boys! Bust the bitch!

COPS smile in silent victory as they immediately spread out and approach the church.

INTERIOR CHURCH.

FATHER STONE is giving the sermon in a kindly tone.

FATHER STONE

...Jesus said nothing to condemn  
capital punishment as he hung on the  
cross, did He?!

MRS. ACKERMAN and MRS. HINKLE nod in pious agreement.

FATHER STONE

...If ever there was a time to go on  
record against the death penalty,  
WASN'T IT THAT NIGHT?!...

DAD gulps and lovingly takes MOM's hand as MISTY and CHIP look at one another appalled while MOM continues her defiant smile.

FATHER STONE  
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT is already the  
LAW in the State of Maryland!...

DETECTIVES MOORE and BRADFORD and all the COPS begin infiltrating the church, taking places in pews and then moving forward to other pews closer to MOM.

SCOTTY beams at police presence and eagerly scoots over to let DET. BRADFORD and DET. MOORE sit with him on their way to nail MOM.

GUS and SLOPPY, the garbagemen, scowl at the police and look with loyalty to poor MOM.

FATHER STONE  
...SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, FELLOW  
CHRISTIANS?! LET'S JUST DO IT!!

ALL  
AMEN!

FATHER STONE  
Now, let us pray and humbly confess  
our sins unto Almighty God.

As CONGREGATION prays along with FATHER STONE, COPS flood the church and move towards MOM.

CONGREGATION  
...Most merciful God, we confess  
that we have sinned against thee...

CHIP AND MISTY  
...by what we have done...

BIRDIE AND PARENTS  
...and by what we have left undone...

DAD  
...we are truly sorry and we humbly

repent...

MOM

(Praying piously, but  
beginning to sniffle  
a sneeze)

...so that we may delight in thy  
will...

A BABY in the arms of a MOTHER in pew in front of MOM stares  
back at MOM.

MOM

...And walk in the ways to the  
glory...

(Starts to sneeze and  
catches herself)

...of Thy name...

ALL

Amen!

MOM sneezes and a hunk of phlegm flies out and hits BABY  
square in face.

BABY'S MOTHER screams in horror at seeing her BABY's face  
and the entire congregation<sup>1</sup> thinking she's been attacked by  
MOM, dives to the floor in terror.

COPS draw guns and leap over pews as complete pandemonium  
breaks out in church.

Just as DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD are about to grab MOM,  
GUS and SLOPPY punch the COPS in the mouth and MOM runs off.

DAD looks for MOM in a panic and realizes she has vanished.

CHIP cringes in fear as hordes of COPS surround his family  
until he is relieved to see that MOM has escaped.

MISTY gives "dramatic" poses of "fear" and "horror" as cute  
REPORTER snaps her picture excitedly.

BIRDIE escapes her parents, runs to CHIP, embraces him and  
together they take off.

FATHER STONE stares out from altar in shock as worshippers scream and trample each other trying to get out of church as police try to restore order.

SCOTTY, trying to be macho, fights his way towards front of church and for a split-second sees CHIP, BIRDIE and MOM running out back door of sacristy in escape.

SCOTTY  
THERE SHE IS!!

MOM blows a quick kiss to GUS and SLOPPY who beam in happiness at helping her escape.

EXTERIOR CHURCH PARKING LOT.

CHIP and BIRDIE are "hot-wiring" SCOTTY's car as MOM lies hidden out of view on back seat of car.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S CAR.

CHIP  
We'll show 'em, Mom. We'll go on "60 Minutes"!

The car engine starts up.

BIRDIE  
Alright  
(To MOM)  
You're bigger than Jason or Freddie now!  
(In wonderment)  
Only you're a real person!

MOM  
(Innocently)  
Do you think I'll need a lawyer?

CHIP  
(Putting on his seat belt)  
You need an AGENT!

CHIP peels out.

EXTERIOR CHURCH PARKING LOT.

REPORTER has chased DAD and MISTY to their car, still taking pictures as COPS flood the area looking for MOM.

DAD

NO COMMENT! PLEASE! My wife is missing! I'm worried sick about her!  
(Gets in car)

REPORTER

Hey, Misty! Just a few more shots, Ok? I'm Hank Hawkins from the Baltimore Sun.

MISTY

(Flirting boldly and posing)  
Hi, Hank.

DAD

(Appalled, opening passenger door from inside)  
MISTY SUTPHIN, GET IN THIS CAR!!

EXTERIOR "SUBURBAN CULT VIDEO" SHOP.

CHIP and BIRDIE hurry MOM from car and run to door of shop as CHIP fumbles for his keys to open up.

INTERIOR "SUBURBAN CULT VIDEO" SHOP.

CHIP and BIRDIE hustle MOM into the shop and lead her to the "Gore" section and open a door covered with violent video display boxes to reveal a small closet.

CHIP

In here, Mom...

MOM

But, Chip...

CUSTOMER begins banging on door.

CHIP

Get in, Mom! I have to open.

MOM

This is so silly.  
(Gets in)

CHIP closes door behind her and then inserts cassette into VCR and pushes "Play" button. On video in shop we see "Leatherface" in "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" jump out from behind a bush and hack up a male victim.

BIRDIE lets in the first customer of the day, a middle aged battle-ax, MRS. JENSON.

BIRDIE

Good morning, Mrs. Jenson.

MRS. JENSON

(Scowling at video screen where "Leatherface" chases a girl to house where he "chainsaws" his way through door as the victim screams in terror)

Haven't you had enough violence, Chip Sutphin? Turn that filth off!

CHIP

(Turning it off)  
Sorry, ma'am.

MRS. JENSON

Do you have the musical, "Annie"?

CHIP

(Rolling his eyes and getting the cassette)  
Sure do. Did you bring back "Ghost Dad"?

MRS. JENSON

(Rooting in her purse  
and handing CHIP the  
cassette)

There you go. I love Bill Cosby  
pictures.

CHIP

(Looking at cassette  
in frustration)

Mrs. Jensen, I've told you. You have  
to rewind the tapes before returning  
them!

MRS. JENSON

(Belligerently)

Why?

CHIP

Because it's the rules!

MRS. JENSON

(Defiantly)

I don't feel like rewinding it!

MOM's face turns to stone in closet.

CHIP

(Exasperated)

You see the sign! It's a dollar fine  
for not rewinding and this time I'm  
gonna charge you! \$2.99 plus one  
dollar is \$3.99!

MRS. JENSON

(Slamming money down  
and grabbing video)

Keep the change, you son of a psycho!

MRS. JENSON stomps to door and slams it behind her as MOM's  
face twists in rage as she listens.

BIRDIE

What a bitch!



CHIP

It's the influence of all those family films.

(Turning to closet)

Right, Mom?

(No answer)

Hey, Mom??...

(Still no answer)

BIRDIE

(Nervously)

Mrs. Sutphin?

CHIP

Mother?

(Opens door to reveal empty closet)

BIRDIE

Oh, shit!

CHIP

You don't think...

BIRDIE

She wouldn't...

BIRDIE runs to back of shop and sees opened door to street.

CHIP

(Panicked)

What's Mrs. Jenson's address?

BIRDIE runs to files and starts going through them.

BIRDIE

...Jenner... Jenson, Emy Lou Jenson.  
3511 Clark Avenue!

CHIP

That's right up the street! Come on!  
Just in case!

EXTERIOR "SUBURBAN CULT VIDEO" SHOP.

CHIP and BIRDIE exit in a panic and run up the street.

Hidden behind his "borrowed" car across the street is SCOTTY who has been watching them all along. He takes off on foot after them.

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S KITCHEN.

A carving knife slices through leg-of-lamb on kitchen table. Camera pans up to MRS. JENSON's happy face as she fixes herself a leg-of-lamb sandwich and exits to living room.

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S LIVING ROOM.

MRS. JENSON kicks off her shoes, excitedly pops videocassette into her VCR and climbs into her recliner for a relaxing afternoon of video pleasures. She takes a big bite out of her sandwich, twangs the remote to start the video and smiles excitedly at hearing the overture to "Tomorrow" begin over the credit sequence to "Annie", her favorite musical. Subtitle appears "12:09pm" and fades out.

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S KITCHEN.

The door handle jiggles ominously.

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S LIVING ROOM.

A large DOG rises up next to MRS. JENSON.

MRS. JENSON

What is it, Sylvester, a bird? Shhhh.  
Mommy's watching "Annie".

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S KITCHEN.

MOM looks over her shoulder to make sure no one is watching and then slowly lets herself in kitchen door. Her eyes immediately go to gleaming butcher knife on table.

INTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S LIVING ROOM.

The DOG growls.

MRS. JENSON

Quiet, Sylvester. Nobody's there.  
Shhh... Lick Mommy's feet.  
(Wiggles toes at DOG)  
Come on! Get 'em all wet!  
(Starts singing along  
with video)  
"The sun comes out Tomorrow..."

DOG growls and heads toward kitchen.

EXTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S HOUSE.

CHIP and BIRDIE stand outside looking up at house in fear.

CHIP  
(To BIRDIE)  
Come on!

They sneak to side of house.

Cut to SCOTTY watching them from a distance.

INTERIOR JENSON KITCHEN.

MOM is down on floor with mean DOG getting him to roll over and "beg" for her with gusto as "Annie" soundtrack blares from living room.

INTERIOR JENSON LIVING ROOM.

MRS. JENSON is bellowing out the lyrics to "Tomorrow" along with the soundtrack.

MRS. JENSON  
"The sun comes out Tomorrow And you've  
got to Hang on to Tomorrow Come what  
may..."

INTERIOR KITCHEN.

MOM grabs butcher knife.

EXTERIOR MRS. JENSON'S HOUSE.

CHIP and BIRDIE are below window to her TV room. CHIP gives

BIRDIE a leg-up so she can see inside. BIRDIE'S POV shot of MRS. JENSON singing along.

MRS. JENSON

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! I love you  
Tomorrow You're only a day away!"

GARAGE ROOF NEARBY.

SCOTTY has climbed up and has a direct view over CHIP and BIRDIE into MRS. JENSON'S window.

INTERIOR JENSON KITCHEN.

Hand held camera follows MOM clutching knife out of the kitchen into living room as she sneaks up on a singing MRS. JENSON.

GARAGE ROOF.

SCOTTY looks horrified to see a figure sneaking up on MRS. JENSON through window.

INTERIOR JENSON LIVING ROOM.

MOM changes her mind, puts down knife and goes back into kitchen.

GARAGE ROOF.

SCOTTY sighs in relief.

EXTERIOR JENSON HOUSE.

BIRDIE gives CHIP a leg-up and he gets a glimpse of the singing MRS. JENSON building to the finale of "Tomorrow".

MRS. JENSON

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow! I  
love you..."

JENSON KITCHEN.

MOM picks up entire leg-of-lamb by the bone as her eyes light up in homicidal glee. She leans down, kisses the DOG on the

lips, and exits back to living room.

INTERIOR JENSON LIVING ROOM.

MRS. JENSON is practically leaping out of her recliner singing along with the finale to "Tomorrow" on the credits to "Annie" as MOM creeps up behind her with leg-of-lamb.

MRS. JENSON  
"...Tomorrow! You're only a day...  
AWAAAAAY!!!"

MOM bludgeons MRS. JENSON with the leg-of-lamb on the final note of the song.

Blood splatters the happy scene on the TV screen. MRS. JENSON tries to struggle up from the floor but MOM hits her over the head again with leg-of-lamb and finishes her off.

MOM zaps the off button and softly sings to herself in the sudden silence.

MOM  
"Tomorrow!... Tomorrow!... Tomorrow!  
I love you..."

MOM bludgeons her one more time and then pushes the REWIND button in revenge.

GARAGE ROOF.

SCOTTY lets out a terror-filled scream.

INTERIOR JENSON LIVING ROOM.

MOM looks out window in search of scream and zooms right in on SCOTTY's horrified face.

EXTERIOR JENSON HOUSE.

CHIP and BIRDIE look at each other in panic after hearing SCOTTY scream and seeing him run away behind them.

INTERIOR JENSON LIVING ROOM.

The DOG is devouring the leg-of-lamb on the floor.

MOM grabs butcher knife, and takes off after SCOTTY.

EXTERIOR JENSON HOUSE.

CHIP is giving BIRDIE a frantic leg-up.

BIRDIE POV shot of MRS. JENSON's battered corpse.

The DOG lunges at BIRDIE in window.

BIRDIE screams in horror and falls to the ground.

BIRDIE

I saw blood! And it's brown! Not red  
like in horror movies, but brown!!

CHIP

(Terrified)  
Is MOM... in there?

BIRDIE

No!  
(Obsessed)  
It wasn't like gore movies at all!  
(Bursting into tears)  
IT WAS REAL!

CHIP grabs her arm and they run.

EXTERIOR JENSON HOUSE - OTHER SIDE.

MOM comes running out front, sees SCOTTY running in the other  
direction and charges after him like a bat out of hell.

UP THE STREET.

SCOTTY runs, looking over his shoulder, horrified to see MOM  
chasing him with a butcher knife.

MRS. JENSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

BIRDIE and CHIP run in fear across suburban back lawns.

BIRDIE

Oh God, I think I'm going to be sick...

BIRDIE vomits into the hot coals of somebody's outside cooking grill as horrified HOUSEWIFE looks out her window at her, about to begin cookout and screams in revulsion.

CHIP grabs BIRDIE and they run away.

EXTERIOR "SUBURBAN CULT VIDEO" SHOP.

SCOTTY's convertible awaits him as he races towards it with MOM gaining on him with every stride.

SCOTTY lunges for door handle, fumbles with key and hops in just in time.

MOM plunges butcher knife through convertible top as he puts key in ignition.

MOM

WEAR YOUR SEATBELT! IT'S THE LAW!!

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S CAR.

SCOTTY starts engine as he ducks the repeated knife jabs through his convertible top.

SUBURBAN STREET.

SCOTTY peels out, showering MOM with gravel.

A van pulls to a stop. Inside are two BURGLARS; one white, the other black. They are surrounded by obvious loot: VCR's, cameras and silverware.

MOM turns to them with knife.

BURGLAR A

What the fuck is that?

BURGLAR B

Betty Crocker gone psycho!

MOM yanks open van door and points knife inside.

MOM

(Primly)

Give me your fucking van before I  
kill you!

BURGLAR A

(Hopping out of  
driver's seat)

Yes, ma'am. It's all yours.

BURGLAR B

(Hopping out as MOM  
hops in and pulls  
off)

Drive carefully!

(To fellow BURGLAR A)

White people sure are something!

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S CAR.

SCOTTY is speeding along, relieved to get away.

SCOTTY

(To himself out loud)

Dear God... I promise I'll never  
watch a sex film again... I promise,  
I promise....

INTERIOR STOLEN VAN.

MOM switches gears like Evil Knievel and skids around corner  
in hot pursuit.

INTERIOR SCOTTY'S CAR.

SCOTTY checks rearview mirror and sees a van speeding up  
behind him.

SCOTTY

Oh shit!

(He floors it)

SUBURBAN INTERSECTION.



CHIP and BIRDIE are running down street.

DAD and MISTY are driving in other direction looking for MOM. Seeing CHIP and BIRDIE, DAD screeches on the brakes and the kids run to car in relief and jump in.

Suddenly SCOTTY roars by in his car with MOM in hot pursuit. She sees DAD and family and blows them a lunatic kiss.

DAD  
Hold on, kids!

DAD takes off after MOM in car.

A COP sees the speeding caravan as it careens around a corner.

COP  
All units! SERIAL MOM headed south  
on York Road. Proceed with caution!  
SHE'S ARMED AND FUCKIN' NUTS!!

EXTERIOR "HAMMERJACKS". Huge Rock 'n' Roll Palace.

Large signs announce "SUNDAY ROCK-A-THON. IN PERSON - 'CAMEL LIPS'"

SCOTTY careens into parking lot in his convertible. Subtitle appears "2:47pm" and fades out.

INTERIOR HAMMERJACKS.

On stage, "CAMEL LIPS", an all-female grunge-punk-metal band, dressed in their trademark skin tight slacks that gave the group their name, perform their hit song "Gas Chamber". The monstrous but beautiful LEAD SINGER bellows and snarls the lyrics as the DRUMMER, a brain dead drug idiot, hits herself on head with drumstick in between beats as criminal looking biker-chick GUITARIST plays her instrument and mock-humps it with sexual abandon.

The audience of on-the-edge kids goes berserk, guzzling beer and slam dancing with frightening intensity

EXTERIOR HAMMERJACKS.

MOM speeds into parking lot.

SCOTTY is looking over his shoulder in fear as he nears the entrance waiting in line with grunge-metal kids.

DOORMAN  
(To SCOTTY)  
I.D.?

SCOTTY  
(Panicked)  
Can I give it to you inside?

DOORMAN  
Hey, buddy. NOBODY gets inside without  
I.D.

SCOTTY fumbles for his wallet.

MOM is hurrying across parking lot staring at SCOTTY with a vengeance.

DAD and the kids speed into parking lot and jump out of car.

DOORMAN  
(Looking at Scotty's  
I.D.)  
Birthdate?

SCOTTY  
(Straining to remember  
information on his  
fake I.D.)  
Uh... December 14th, 1975.  
(Pleading)  
Please!

DOORHAN  
Ok, go ahead.

SCOTTY snatches back I.D. and rushes inside.

As horde of cop cars with lights blinking and sirens blaring screech into parking lot, MOM pushes her way up in line and

greet startled kids who recognize her.

MOM

Hi! I know your mom...

KID A

It's her!

KID B

Who?

MOM

Excuse me.

(Pushing her way up  
in line)

Age before beauty...

KID C

The murder lady! The one on TV!

KID B

Cool! Is she in a band?

MOM

(Butting ahead)

Sorry... the police are after me...

DOORMAN

(Recognizing her)

Hey, you're Serial Mom!

MOM

(Modestly)

I guess I am.

DOORMAN

(Looks up and sees  
her family and COPS  
rushing towards her)

Come on in lady. Quick!

(Hands her a badge)

Here, take this. A backstage VIP  
pass.

(Proudly)

Welcome to Hammerjacks, "Serial Mom"!

MOM

Thank you so much, you kind, kind creature.

INTERIOR HAMMERJACKS.

A parents' nightmare. Grunge-punk hell. "CAMEL LIPS" is undulating suggestively on stage screeching out the chorus of "Gas Chamber" as they mock gasp for breath, dodge beer bottles thrown from audience and punch out male groupies who rush the stage past brutish bouncers.

SCOTTY pushes his way through slam dancing crowd as he is picked up and bodily tossed through the air by frenzied mob of "body-surfing" dancers.

MOM is racing to catch up with SCOTTY.

MOM

Excuse me... coming through...  
(Snatches beer bottle  
out of boy's hand)  
Bill Flowers! You're underage!

BILL

(Laughing)  
Don't kill me, Serial Mom!

MOM

(Snatching joint out  
of hophead girl's  
lips)  
Just say NO! And COMB YOUR HAIR,  
young lady!

GIRL

(Stoned)  
Wow! It's her!  
(Proudly)  
AND SHE'S A HEAVY METAL MANIAC!!!

DAD looks horrified as he politely maneuvers his way through crowd as CHIP, MISTY and BIRDIE take over and begin "slamming" their way through crowd opening up a crowd for DAD.

The COPS flood the place. DET. MOORE sees MOM in the distance, grabs DET. BRADFORD and they begin to fight their way through crowd after her.

"CAMEL LIPS" incites the crowd from the stage to fight back against the police.

SCOTTY is running toward stage in terror, looking over his shoulder and seeing MOM gaining on him.

DAD gets caught in a mob of slam dancers and is lifted off his feet and tossed through the air by the crowd.

MISTY, CHIP and BIRDIE see DAD airborne and start slamming into the crowd to save him. MISTY and CHIP slam into big BIKER below DAD and DAD is knocked back to the ground safely.

When BIRDIE sees a slam dancer with a trickle of blood running from his nose, she starts gagging at the sight of real blood.

SCOTTY is at the edge of the stage. He sees MOM almost on top of him and leaps onto stage and runs for his life, dodging bouncers and beer bottles being thrown from audience.

MOM looks furious that SCOTTY has escaped but then looks up at theatrical light rigging overhead and then back down at SCOTTY's face as "CAMEL LIPS" tries to hit him with their instruments. MOM looks over her shoulder and sees DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD advancing on her. Ducking behind a giant speaker, out of view of the crowd MOM pulls butcher knife from purse, cuts supporting rope and sends whole set of lights crashing down on SCOTTY's head.

The crowd goes wild thinking it's more of "CAMEL LIPS" sickening theatrics.

A gang of heavy-metal chicks slam into DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD and knock them to the ground.

MOM's eyes light up in fury when she sees SCOTTY still alive, crawling out from under the lights, semi-conscious and bleeding.

BIRDIE faints at the sight of more blood.

Thinking fast, MOM swipes a hairspray can sticking out of a girl's purse and uses her VIP pass to go backstage as CAMEL LIPS reaches its deafening crescendo of musical mayhem.

As SCOTTY crawls to side of stage, MOM jumps out from a piece of backstage scenery and aims hairspray can at him.

MOM  
(Hissing)  
Buckle up, Scotty!

MOM lights the spray from the hairspray can and ignites SCOTTY's clothes in lethal flames without anyone seeing her.

SCOTTY runs across the stage ablaze as "CAMEL LIPS" plays the final deafening note of their song and the crowd gives a screaming ovation, all holding up lit lighters, thinking SCOTTY on fire is all part of the act.

DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD look to the stage in horror.

DAD gasps in fear. MISTY and CHIP stare speechless as SCOTTY falls to his knees and keels over. BIRDIE comes to and then faints again.

The LEAD SINGER thinks it's a joke, pours a little Jack Daniels on the smoldering corpse and then jumps back in comic over-reaction when the flames light up again.

MOM, now caught in the front row of laughing slam-dancing spectators, turns to her dumb-struck family, smiles and sticks fingers in her ears, mimicking that the music is much too loud.

DET. MOORE and DET. BRADFORD slamdance MOM from both sides and knock her to the ground and handcuff her.

DAD puts his arms around CHIP, MISTY and BIRDIE as they hang their heads in sorrow.

"CAMEL LIPS" and the entire audience of grunge-punks boo and jeer the police as they drag MOM out as she smiles innocently in suburban lunacy.

Slow fade to black.

Slow fade from black to EXTERIOR TOWSON COURTHOUSE. WINTER.

DAD, CHIP, BIRDIE, MISSY and her new boyfriend, the REPORTER get out of folksy lawyer, HERBIE HEBDEN'S car and follow him through crowd of hostile press-trial groupies, and MOM's punk-grunge fans, feeling the full heat of MOM's serial killer infamy. DAD wears a "Say No to the Gas Chamber" button and BIRDIE has turned hippy, wearing tie-dye clothes covered in peace signs. CHIP, on the other hand, looks cooler, wears L.A. styled outfit and carries copy of Variety. MISTY is obviously very much in love and the REPORTER seems to feel the same way about her. Subtitle appears "Four months later, Monday, January 18th, 9:46am" and then fades out.

PRESS A

Mr. Sutphin! How does your wife feel?

DAD

(Grim-faced)

Beverly is devastated by the charges against her.

INTERIOR PRISON BUS.

Female criminals are handcuffed and seated around MOM on their way to court as MOM leads them in a joyous and Disney-esque rendition of "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall". MOM sings out with insane happiness and glee.

INTERIOR COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF COURTROOM.

A "COURT TV" reporter is interviewing trial groupies as they wait in line to go through metal detectors to attend MOM's trial.

COURT TV

...And you, ma'am, how long have you been waiting to get in?

LADY A

(Beaming at the attention)

Since 5:00am. But it's gonna be worth

it! I know she's guilty!

HUSBAND A

(Leaning into the  
shot)

We've been to famous trials all over  
the country!

WIFE A

(Getting into the act)

..Manson... Watergate...

(To Lady A)

Didn't I see you at Hinkley?

LADY A

(Proudly)

I was there! My husband thought I  
was crazy but...

(Seeing Sutphin family  
getting off elevator)

LOOK! HERE THEY COME!! That awful  
family!

The hostile crowd starts craning their necks and screaming in recognition as if rock stars are making their entrance. DAD is blinded by the press's flashbulbs as HERBIE HEBDEN tries to stop CHIP from signing autographs as BIRDIE hands out "Stop the Violence" handbills. REPORTER BOYFRIEND gives MISTY the signal and she starts crying for his exclusive news shots.

INTERIOR COURTROOM.

Packed with spectators, press and security officers. The middle-class jury of seven woman and five men take their place in the jury box as Sutphin family take their seats in front row behind HERBIE HEBDEN at his defense table.

TIMOTHY NAZLEROD, the prosecutor, studies evidence photos of victim's bodies at the District Attorney's table on other side of the courtroom. He looks up in disgust as MOM makes her apple-pie entrance. Escorted by two stern-faced police matrons. Subtitle appears "10:00am" and fades out.

MOM



(Happily waving to  
DAD)  
Hi, honey!

DAD smiles back pitifully.

MOM  
(To CHIP, BIRDIE &  
MISTY)  
Kids, did you do your homework?

They give her a weak smile and nod "Yes".

JUDGE  
Quiet in the courtroom! Court is now  
in session!

MOM  
(To JURY)  
Hello, jury people. My name's Beverly  
Sutphin.  
(To startled woman  
juror)  
I like your jacket!

JUDGE  
(Losing patience)  
Mrs. Sutphin, I SAID QUIET! You are  
accused of mass murder! This is a  
court of law, not a coffee klatch!  
(Bangs gavel)  
Mr. Nazlerod, your opening statement.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Thank you, your honor.  
(Approaches JURY)  
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, my  
name is Timothy Nazlerod...  
(Smarmily)  
...and I hope we can be friends!  
(JURY stares back  
impartially)  
...I warn you, this is not a pretty  
case... Beverly Sutphin is a woman  
evil to the core...

(JURY POV shot of  
innocent-looking MOM  
staring back at them)  
...a rotten apple, if you will...  
(DAD gulps in sorrow)  
...who beyond a reasonable doubt  
killed five innocent people!!

SPECTATORS scowl hatefully at MOM.

CHIP  
(Whispering to BIRDIE,  
making excuses)  
Well... they sort of deserved it...

BIRDIE pales over the mere thought of violence.

DAD  
(To CHIP)  
Shhhhh!

He looks over and sees MISTY and REPORTER BOYFRIEND are holding hands and glares at them to stop.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...THAT'S RIGHT! SHE MURDERED THEM!...  
WITH A SPEEDING CAR... A FIRE POKER...

MOM subtly motions to MALE JUROR that he has something in his nose.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...A PAIR OF SCISSORS...

JUROR self-consciously feels around his nostrils in embarrassment.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...A TOPPLED AIR CONDITIONER!

MOM signals to JUROR that the problem is still there.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...THE LETHAL FLAMES FROM AN AEROSOL  
CAN... EVEN A LEG OF LAMB!!

JUROR blows his nose. MOM smiles happily to him that the problem is solved.

MR. NAZLEROD

...Beverly Sutphin is not a woman!...

MISTY and REPORTER are watching and move even closer together to snuggle.

MR. NAZLEROD

...SHE IS A MONSTER!!

MOM's smile turns to horror as JUROR #8 on end of second row crosses her legs and MOM zeros in on her hideous white summer shoes.

Wipe to a disheveled HERBIE HEBDEN, the ultimate liberal defense attorney, as he paces back and forth before JURY wiping his brow.

HERBIE HEBDEN

...Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm Herbie Hebden and you and I have a tough job ahead of us...

MOM is still staring insanely at JUROR's shoes.

HERBIE HEBDEN

...I have known the Sutphin family for sixteen years...

MOM is frantically scribbling a note to her attorney on a legal pad.

HERBIE HEBDEN

...Dad, Eugene, is my dentist...

DAD self-consciously smiles to JURORS.

HERBIE HEBDEN

...Chip and Misty played with my own children...

CHIP smiles to MOM's few heavymetal supporters as REPORTER

BOYFRIEND puts his arm around MISTY.

HERBIE HEBDEN

...but I've found out I don't know  
Beverly Sutphin at all!

He is trying to ignore MOM as she passes him a note that says "Juror #8 is wearing white summer shoes!"

HERBIE HEBDEN

...No one really knows Beverly  
Sutphin...

MOM writes angrily "AFTER LABOR DAY!!"

HERBIE HEBDEN

...You see...  
(He reads note to  
humor MOM)  
...Beverly Sutphin is INSANE!!

MOM

(Suddenly defiant)  
I AM NOT!

Courtroom spectators gasp as DAD's mouth falls open.

HERBIE HEBDEN

(Trying to make his  
point)  
Yes, she committed these terrible  
crimes...  
(Pleading)  
...but that doesn't make her a bad  
person.

MOM

(Standing)  
Your honor, I have a motion. I would  
like to fire my attorney, and defend  
myself!

Sutphin family looks at one another, shocked at MOM's change of plans.

HERBIE HEBDEN

Beverly Sutphin is not guilty, by  
reason of INSANITY!

MOM

Oh shut up, Herbie!

(To JUDGE)

I have the right to defend myself,  
your honor. I've read the lawbooks!  
"Ware vs. State, 1964", and "Schutte  
vs. State, 1962".

JUDGE

Mrs. Sutphin, a defendant who has  
herself for a lawyer has a fool for  
a client...

(To attorneys)

Approach the bench!

MOM smiles at DAD who looks bewildered as CHIP, MISTY and  
REPORTER BOYFRIEND give MOM the thumbs-up sign as BIRDIE  
nervously flashes her the peace sign.

JUDGE

(As bench conference  
breaks up)

Mrs. Sutphin, I have no legal choice  
but to allow you to take over as  
your own attorney.

DAD looks worried and unsure.

HERBIE HEBDEN

(Sulking out of  
courtroom, to MOM)

You'll get my bill, I mean it! A big  
one!

JUDGE

(To MOM)

How do you plead?

MOM

(Proudly)

NOT GUILTY, your honor!

Courtroom and press buzz intently at MOM's new plea.

MR. NAZLEROD

(Furious)

I call to the stand, Dottie Hinkle!

A vindictive and hostile, DOTTIE HINKLE enters the courtroom and eagerly takes the stand. As she is sworn in, MOM watches her with an evil smile.

MR. NAZLEROD

Mrs. Hinkle, did you ever receive obscene telephone calls?

DOTTIE

(Staring right at MOM)

I certainly did.

MR. NAZLEROD

Did you recognize the voice of the caller?

DOTTIE

Not at first, but then I heard the same inflection in a voice at a social gathering and I put two and two together.

MR. NAZLEROD

Who's voice was it, Dottie?

DOTTIE

(Pointing to MOM)

It was her! Beverly Sutphin! Sittin' right there!

(Dramatically to JURY)

I'm lucky I'm not DEAD!!

Wipe to MOM approaching DOTTIE HINKLE for cross-examination.

MOM

Mrs. Hinkle... do you drink?

DOTTIE

(Haughtily)  
No, I don't.

MOM  
So you weren't drunk when you received  
those alleged obscene phonecalls?

DOTTIE  
I certainly was not!

MOM  
You mean to tell me the day I came  
over to Mrs. Ackerman's... the day  
you claim you recognized my voice...  
you weren't drinking?

DOTTIE  
(Flustered)  
One beer with lunch is hardly  
"drinking".

MISTY, CHIP and BIRDIE smile at MOM's legal skills.

MOM  
So you do drink?

DOTTIE  
Socially... I'll have a beer.

MOM  
So you admit you just lied?

MR. NAZLEROD  
Objection! Argumentative!

DOTTIE  
(Rising to the bait)  
NO I DON'T, YOU BITCH!

JUDGE  
Sustained.  
(To DOTTIE)  
Watch your mouth, Mrs. Hinkle.

Press scribbles frantically, beginning to doubt witness's

credibility.

MOM quickly and sneakily mouths "FUCK YOU" to DOTTIE without the JUDGE or anyone else in the courtroom besides DOTTIE seeing.

DOTTIE

(Shocked, to JUDGE)

Did you see her?! She just said "Fuck you" to me!

MOM

(Innocently, to JUDGE)

Let the record show I'm just standing here.

DOTTIE

FUCK YOU TOO, YOU WHORE!

JUDGE

I'm warning you, Mrs. Hinkle. One more obscenity and I'll charge you with contempt of court.

DAD watches, amazed at his wife's cunning.

MOM

(Dramatically)

Mrs. Hinkle, are you insane?

DOTTIE

NO I'M NOT, YOU MOTHER-FUCKER!

Police matrons lunge at DOTTIE as she leaps from witness box to attack MOM.

JUDGE

(Bangs gavel)

Mrs. Hinkle, I find you guilty of contempt of court and sentence you to a thousand dollar fine and five days in jail!

(To MATRONS)

Lock 'er up!



DOTTIE  
(To MOM, being dragged  
out)  
YOU COCK-SUCKER! YOU LOUSY PIG-FUCKER!

MOM smiles at JURY and turns to wink at her amazed family as spectators watch, willing to give MOM, for the first time, the benefit of the doubt.

FADE OUT:

Fade in to COURTROOM HALLWAY. MORNING.

CHIP is pacing up and down yelling into a mobile phone outside MOM's trial as long line of spectators wait to get in. Subtitle appears "Tuesday, January 19th, 10:05am" and then fades out.

CHIP  
(On phone)  
...Well, you tell "Geraldo" to go to hell! I don't care what Jeffrey MacDonald's people got - he's old news! We fly first class or we don't do the show!

A YOUNG MAN angrily approaches CHIP.

YOUNG MAN  
Are you Chip Sutphin?

CHIP  
(Into phone)  
Hold on...  
(To YOUNG MAN)  
Yeah I am, but you'll have to speak to my agent...

YOUNG MAN  
Your mom killed my brother!

He punches CHIP in the mouth.

CHIP  
(Getting up, rubbing

his jaw)  
That's cool... hey look, you're Carl's  
brother, right?

YOUNG MAN  
That's right.

CHIP  
I'm sorry he's dead, but... have you  
signed off yet?

YOUNG MAN  
(Suddenly all business)  
You mean for TV or print?

CHIP  
TV, man! Farrah Fawcett's interested  
in playing my mother!

YOUNG MAN  
(Impressed, eyes  
lighting up)  
Farrah Fawcett?! Who's gonna play my  
brother? Is Jason Priestly available?

INTERIOR COURTHOUSE.

LU-ANN HODGES, pot-head witness from PTA murder is on the  
stand testifying for the prosecution.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Miss Hodges, could you describe the  
car... the one you saw run over Mr.  
Stubbins in cold blood?

LU-ANN  
(Giggling)  
I seen that movie!... On cable!

MOM stares in shock at JUROR #8 who has the nerve to give  
MOM a friendly smile back while wearing yet another hideous  
pair of white summer shoes. Trying to suppress her rage, MOM  
turns to spectator section and happily notices the faces of  
GUS and SLOPPY smiling back to her in support.

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Annoyed at his witness)  
PLEASE, Miss Hodges!

DAD looks up at the unconvincing witness from reading "The Case Against Capital Punishment".

LU-ANN  
(Obviously stoned)  
'Scuse me...  
(Giggles)  
...Well, like I told you, it was blue. The car, not the driver...  
(Laughs like a lunatic)  
Just blue... you know... like blue!

EXTERIOR COURTHOUSE.

MISTY has set up a flea market table and with the help of her REPORTER BOYFRIEND, is doing a brisk business hawking "Serial Mom" T-shirts to trial spectators.

MISTY  
Get your "Serial Mom" T-shirts while they last! \$19.95 plus tax! Master Card or Visa!

LADY D  
I'll take two. I wish they'd had something like this at the Kennedy kid trial!...

MISTY  
(Processing the charge on portable printer)  
Thanks, ma'am. Signature here and home phone.

INTERIOR COURTHOUSE.

DET. BRADFORD is on the witness stand.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...And these books...  
(Holding up "Urge to

Kill", "Mass Murder  
in Houston")  
...these disgusting books that so  
lovingly describe the sadistic acts  
of serial killers... Where did you  
find these books?

DET. BRADFORD  
(Looking at MOM  
hatefully)  
In Beverly Sutphin's trash can.

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Smugly to MOM)  
You may cross-examine, Mrs. Sutphin.

MOM takes over and smiles in conspiracy at GUS and SLOPPY  
who giggle in excitement about what is to come.

MOM  
(To NAZLEROD)  
Thank you.  
(To DET. BRADFORD)  
Detective Bradford, if I was to look  
through your trash can, what reading  
material would I find?

MR. NAZLEROD  
Objection! Immaterial!

JUDGE  
You may answer.

DET. BRADFORD  
..."Time" ... "Newsweek". My wife  
gets "Ladies Home Journal"...

MOM  
(Smiling)  
Well, this magazine was found in  
your trash just last night...  
(Holds up porno  
magazine)  
...It's called "Chicks with Dicks".

DET. BRADFORD  
(Turning bright red)  
GODDAMN YOU! THAT'S TRESPASSING!

The entire courtroom bursts into laughter except for his partner, DET. MOORE, who looks at him in shock. GUS and SLOPPY laugh the loudest.

MOM  
Don't judge people by what they read,  
Detective.  
(Smugly)  
Your witness, Mr. Nazlerod.

MOM winks to SLOPPY and GUS.

DET BRADFORD  
(Sputtering, purple  
with rage)  
I'm a married man!!

BAILIFFS forcefully remove him from the stand.

DET. BRADFORD  
(Yelling to MOM)  
I hope you get the gas chamber!

JUDGE  
The jury is instructed to ignore the  
outburst of the witness.

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Furious at MOM's  
cross-examination)  
I call to the stand Rosemary Ackerman!

Wipe to MRS. ACKERMAN on the stand holding the fire poker murder weapon tagged as evidence.

MR. NAZLEROD  
...and did you ever see the fire  
poker again after you left it with  
Mrs. Sutphin?

MRS. ACKERMAN

Yes! Thirty minutes later it was covered with blood and gore and Carl Padgett was dead!

MR. NAZLEROD

No further questions.

MOM

(Standing to cross-examine)

Mrs. Ackerman, when you left me at the flea-market, where did you go?

MRS. ACKERMAN

...Browsing.

MOM

Did Carl Padgett buy something you wanted?

MRS. ACKERMAN

I didn't want that Faberge egg - it was chipped!

MOM

Carl Padgett died for the Franklin Mint, didn't he?!

MRS. ACKERMAN

(Shocked at the suspicion being pointed at her)

NO! I could never hurt anyone!

Spectators buzz.

MOM

(Not letting up)

That was your People magazine with the letters cut out, wasn't it?

MRS. ACKERMAN

Yes, but I lent it...

MOM

(Cutting her off)  
And those were your scissors found  
sticking out of Mrs. Sterner's  
stomach, weren't they?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
(Stuttering, panicked)  
Yes... but... I didn't...

MOM  
(Suddenly, dramatically)  
Mrs. Ackerman, do you recycle?

MRS. ACKERMAN  
(Horrified at the  
sudden silence in  
court as everyone  
stares at her in  
hostility)  
No...  
(Weakly)  
I don't have room in my kitchen...

GUS, SLOPPY and all the spectators let out a howl of  
disapproval. Even the JUDGE scowls at the witness in disgust.

EXTERIOR COURTHOUSE.

REPORTER BOYFRIEND is unpacking stack of the "instant" book  
he wrote "Serial Mom - The Real Story" and autographing them  
for a line of housewives.

HOUSEWIFE A  
(To RALPH)  
Could you sign it: "To a future Serial  
Mom"?

REPORTER  
(Signing)  
Sure. You think she did it?

HOUSEWIFE B  
I have reasonable doubt.

HOUSEWIFE C

(Buying a book)  
I feel like killing a couple of people  
myself!

All the HOUSEWIVES in line begin booing and jeering MRS. ACKERMAN as she runs in terror from courthouse with GUS and SLOPPY chasing after her.

INTERIOR COURTHOUSE.

DET. MOORE is on witness stand being examined by the prosecution.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Detective Moore, did you then proceed  
to the stage area inside  
"Hammerjacks"?

DET. MOORE  
Yes, I did. Scotty Barnhill was on  
fire and he fell to his knees in  
flames.

BIRDIE looks up from reading "Ghandi" biography and gags as prosecutor hands DET. MOORE a gory 8x10 glossy photo of victim.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Would this be what you saw?

DET. MOORE  
Yes, sir. A real barbecue.

Suddenly a buzz starts in the courtroom and all heads turn to the back of the spectator section where the real life star, FARRAH FAWCETT is entering with an entourage to "observe" Serial Mom.

MOM acknowledges MS. FAWCETT with a dignified nod as DAD looks on in amazement.

DET. MOORE, the JURY, even the JUDGE crane their necks to get a better look at FARRAH FAWCETT.

MR. NAZLEROD



(Ignoring FARRAH  
FAWCETT, trying to  
continue)

Your honor!

(Impatiently)

May the photo be entered in as  
evidence and passed to the jury?

JUDGE

Huh?... oh yeah... YES.

DET. MOORE

(Star-struck)

Jeeeeeze! It really is Farrah Fawcett!

JUDGE

(Blurting out, unable  
to contain himself)

I loved you in "The Burning Bed"!

MR. NAZLEROD

(Furious at JUDGE)

No further questions!

(Smugly looking at  
MOM)

I call to the stand, Marvin Pickles.

MOM looks back in sudden fear at the prospect of this mystery witness.

INTERIOR COURTHOUSE MEN'S ROOM.

MARVIN PICKLES, the pervert from the flea market bathroom has locked himself in a stall and is scrawling "I SNIFF JURIES' UNDERPANTS" on wall.

A POLICE OFFICER enters men's room, frantically banging on bathroom doors.

COP

MR. PICKLES! MR. MARVIN PICKLES!

MARVIN

Be right out.

COP  
The Judge is waiting for you!

INTERIOR COURTROOM.

MARVIN PICKLES hurriedly enters as all heads turn to follow him to the stand. CHIP, who has joined BIRDIE and his family looks at MOM and sees her worried expression.

MR. NAZLEROD  
State your name, please.

MARVIN  
Marvin A. Pickles.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Were you in the men's room at the Edmonson Drive In Flea Market on Saturday, September 19th?

MARVIN  
Yes, I was.

FARRAH FAWCETT answers a ringing mobile phone in her purse.

MR. NAZLEROD  
Did you see anybody in the booth next to you?

MARVIN sinks down lower in witness chair so he can get a better view up MOM's skirt.

MARVIN  
I... um...  
(Turned on)  
uh...

MOM looks at him confused, still unaware of his lechery.

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Getting testy)  
Mr. Pickle! Did you see anybody in the booth next to you?

MARVIN

I... I'm not sure...  
(Really turned on,  
starting to moan)  
...I... oohhh... Excuse me...

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Outraged)  
What do you mean, you're not sure?!

MOM suddenly realizes MARVIN is looking up her skirt. In a brilliant legal maneuver she begins inching her skirt up a little higher under the table out of view of the rest of the courtroom, giving MARVIN a better view and hoping to change his damning testimony.

MARVIN  
(Eyes popping out of  
head)  
There was nobody next to me!

Housewife trial groupies start buzzing wildly in newfound support of MOM.

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Losing it)  
Mr. Pickles, you testified before  
the Grand Jury that you looked down  
and "saw a pair of lady's shoes" in  
the stall next to you.

MOM smiles like the perfect saint as she begins flapping her legs back and forth under the table, flashing MARVIN her very prim nun-like undergarments out of view of the rest of the courtroom.

MARVIN  
(Lost in his own  
perverted glory)  
Ohhhh! I just said what you told me  
to!

DAD looks over at MISTY and REPORTER BOYFRIEND who have rejoined the family in court and is horrified to see them with their arms wrapped around each other, cuddling.

MR. NAZLEROD  
PERJURY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, MR.  
PICKLES!!

MOM is flapping her legs back and forth double time as MARVIN goes into his own private orgasm.

MARVIN  
Ooohhhhhh! I made it all up! I never  
saw Beverly Sutphin in my life!

MR. NAZLEROD  
(Absolutely furious)  
You'll pay for this, Marvin A.  
Pickles!  
(Returning to seat)  
I'm turning your file over to the  
vice-squad!!  
(Sitting down)  
The prosecution rests, your honor.

MOM  
(Giving MARVIN her  
version of a sexy  
smile as he leaves  
stand)  
The prosecution has proven nothing,  
your honor.  
(To the JURY)  
The defense also rests!

The spectators burst into spontaneous applause as DAD looks at the kids in fear at the upcoming verdict.

Wipe to HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF COURTROOM.

FARRAH FAWCETT is giving an impromptu press conference to the throng of adoring reporters.

FARRAH FAWCETT  
...I feel that Beverly Sutphin is an  
innocent woman, wrongly accused. A  
normal housewife trapped in a  
nightmare of circumstantial  
evidence...

INTERIOR COURTROOM.

TIMOTHY NAZLEROD is giving the prosecution's closing argument.

MR. NAZLEROD

(Pointing to MOM)

...That's her! Henrietta Lee Lucas!  
Joan Wayne Gacy! A new face in the  
deck of serial killer trading cards...  
Find her guilty of all five counts  
of first degree murder...!

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF COURTROOM.

FARRAH FAWCETT is still pontificating for the press.

FARRAH FAWCETT

...I only hope that I can portray  
"Serial Mom"'s life on the TV screen  
with the proper dignity that this  
feminist heroine deserves.

INTERIOR COURTROOM.

MOM

(Addressing the jury  
with calm  
believability)

Look at me! I'm a normal person just  
like you are!

DAD wipes away a tear as CHIP looks at a preliminary design  
for mini-series showing FARRAH FAWCETT done up as MOM.

MOM

...But I've been framed by the  
police...

MISTY and REPORTER BOYFRIEND are now openly making out in  
courtroom.

MOM

...and perjured against by the very  
people I thought were my friends...

BIRDIE looks out of courtroom window and sees a bird eating a worm and shudders in horror as CHIP pats her hand affectionately.

MOM

...All I ask is that you have the courage to find me innocent of these terribly untrue charges...

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF COURTROOM.

FARRAH FAWCETT is "reenacting" MOM's closing argument for the enthralled press corp.

FARRAH FAWCETT

(Hammily)

...All I ask is that you find me innocent of these terribly untrue charges...

INTERIOR COURTROOM.

Dissolve to stern-faced JURORS filing back into jury box, not looking at MOM. Subtitle appears "Two days later. Thursday, January 21st. 3:20pm" and then fades out.

JUDGE

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury,  
have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

Yes we have, your honor...

JUROR #8 gives MOM a smile.

FOREMAN

...We find the defendant not guilty  
of all charges.

Courtroom erupts in pandemonium, FARRAH FAWCETT cheering the loudest. MOM turns to family who sit stunned in seats.

MOM

I'm coming home!!

DAD forces a weak smile as he turns white as a ghost.

JUDGE

(Bangs gavel in disgust)  
Court adjourned!

DAD

(Whispering to a  
shocked CHIP and  
MISTY)  
...What should I do?

CHIP

(Suddenly nervous)  
Bring her home... I guess.

BIRDIE

(Mumbling to herself)  
No more violence... No more  
violence...

REPORTER BOYFRIEND

Think she'll like me?

MISTY

(Worried)  
Just be nice to her. And try... just  
try not to get on her nerves.

MOM rushes over to DAD, free at last and gives him a big hug  
as press, fans, even the jury cheer her victory.

INTERIOR COURTROOM HALLWAY.

The stunned Sutphin family exits as MOM raises fists like  
"Rocky" to cheers of her supporters.

MOM

(Graciously accepting  
flowers, signing  
autographs, posing  
for the press)  
I love you! Thanks for coming!  
(Slows a kiss to news

team)  
Hi Los Angeles!  
(Looking into another  
camera)  
Hello Cleveland!  
(And another)  
And you too, New York!

Down the hall, inside a bank of old fashioned wooden phone booths is JUROR #8, excitedly talking on pay phone.

JUROR #8  
(Proudly)  
We did it! We set her free! I knew  
she was innocent right from the  
beginning!...

Without warning, MOM slams her way into phone booth, hangs up the call and grabs receiver out of JUROR #8's hand.

MOM  
(Snarling scarily)  
You can't wear white shoes after  
Labor Day!

JUROR #8  
(Stammering in open-  
mouthed terror)  
No... please... that's not true  
anymore.

MOM  
Oh yes it is!  
(In homicidal fury)  
Didn't your mother ever tell you?!

MOM suddenly bludgeons JUROR #8 over the head with the telephone receiver.

MOM  
Well, now you know!

JUROR #8, stunned by the blow, struggles to stay conscious.

JUROR #8



(Staggering in pain)  
But... fashion has changed...

MOM  
(Enraged)  
No it hasn't!

MOM immediately hits JUROR #8 over the head again with the telephone receiver.

As JUROR #8's screams are drowned out by the passing PRESS MOB, MOM hits her again and again with the telephone receiver until JUROR #8 collapses to the ground, her white summer shoes turned red with her own blood.

Cut back to Sutphin family, holding on to each other for dear life as the mob of supporters swell around them.

DAD  
(Realizing MOM is  
missing in the  
confusion)  
Beverly? Beverly?

MOM flies out of phone booth wearing a big smile, not missing a beat.

MOM  
Right here, honey.

PRESS  
Mrs. Sutphin, can we get a shot with  
you and Farrah Fawcett?

MOM  
Certainly.

FARRAH FAWCETT barges in and takes over.

FARRAH  
Hello, Beverly. I'm Farrah Fawcett  
(Pulling MOM rudely)  
You stand here...  
(To PRESS)  
Ok, boys, a medium two shot...

MOM  
(Trying to get on  
other side of FAWCETT)  
...but please... if I could just...

FARRAH  
(Rudely shoving MOM  
back in place)  
Stay there, Beverly.  
(Posing)  
Smile, Serial Mom!

Flashbulbs explode.

MOM  
(Hissing to FARRAH in  
the scariest, most  
threatening voice  
yet)  
THAT'S MY BAD SIDE, FARRAH FAWCETT!!

A JUROR down the hall screams in horror as she opens phone booth door and a bloody white shoe pops out.

FARRAH FAWCETT looks back at MOM in sudden fear.

MOM glares back with the face of a madwoman.

Freeze frame.

Dissolve to epilogue title card: "Beverly Sutphin is a free woman."

CREDIT ROLL.

THE END