

ME & YOU

By

Sean Lavery

MANAGEMENT: BRENDAN BRAGG/HAVEN ENTERTAINMENT
WGA#:1961590

Based on a true story. Especially the Facebook stuff.

ACT ONE

INT. PANERA BREAD - MORNING

SEAN LAVERY (30's, tired, new-ish dad) stands with a baby stroller, scrutinizing the menu above him. He peeks in on his SLEEPING BABY, JACK (2, fiberglass cast on left arm), then "knocks on wood," which grabs the attention of the CASHIER.

SEAN

Oh, no, sorry. I wasn't knocking to get your attention... I was just being a superstitious Catholic... I mean, not, like, Scorsese's *Mean Streets* Catholic, just-- Hey, how's the Chicken Tortellini Alfredo?

CASHIER

It's pretty good I guess.

SEAN

"Ingest 750 calories and die one day before you are destined to die" good? Or "just okay"?

CASHIER

Umm... I'm really not sure...
(looks to Jack, frowns)
How'd the little guy break his arm?

SEAN

Oh, he didn't. That's just... it's a therapy cast. He doesn't really use his right hand so we put that on his good hand to help strengthen his bad-- weaker, his weaker one.

CASHIER

Oh... Does that work?

SEAN

(knocks on counter again)
Well it's only day one... but he has an *amazing* work ethic.
(then to menu, quickly)
So can you just tell me that the Chicken Tortellini Alfredo won't make my heart explode and then I'll say, "I'll take the Chicken Tortellini Alfredo" and stop talking your ear off.

CASHIER

The Chicken Tortellini Alfredo
won't make your heart explode.

SEAN

You know, I think I bookmarked the
nutrition guide on my phone, so...

Sean, a bit frazzled, pushes the stroller to a table nearby.
As he scrolls through his phone, FUTURE JACK (20's, wearing a
hand and foot brace) sits down in the chair across from him.

FUTURE JACK

Don't worry, Dad. I'll outlive you.

SEAN

I'd appreciate that, Future Jack.

FUTURE JACK

Also, stop dramatically repeating
Chicken Tortellini Alfredo over and
over. You're not Aaron Sorkin.

SEAN

You just said Chicken Tortellini
Alfredo, not me.

FUTURE JACK

Yeah, but I'm your inner monologue
in Grown Up Future Jack form. So
any words that come out of my mouth
are-- well, you're just talking to
yourself, dude.

SEAN

Jack, I come here to write all the
time. If I order...

(bites his tongue)

it I'll always want to eat... it.
And what if eating it today is the
difference between my heart
exploding on a Wednesday and my
heart exploding on a Saturday?

(knocks on wood)

You'll most likely get married on a
Saturday-- We won't make you get
married on a Sunday to save money,
we'll spare no expense... I need to
be there for that stuff. And--

(beat, then, looking down)

Actually, can I please just sit
here, and watch *Dunkirk* on my phone
like a normal, tired parent?

FUTURE JACK
Dad, I'm going to be okay.

SEAN
Yeah?

FUTURE JACK
I don't know. Again, I'm not real.

SEAN
Then why'd you say you will be?

FUTURE JACK
Because you feel bad about putting
a cast over my one functional hand,
which makes me basically handless.

SEAN
I know. I mean, part of me thinks,
"it's just a cast." But really it's
not just a cast... Are you
miserable? Are we terrible parents?

FUTURE JACK #2 (O.S.)
Yes! Yes I am. And yes you are.

REVEAL FUTURE JACK #2 (also 20's, also wearing a hand and
foot brace) standing by the soda fountain. As he casually
pours himself a soda using only one fully functioning hand:

SEAN
But you look fantastic. Your right
hand looks loose, your gait seems
pretty symmetrical. And, well, you
very impressively operated the soda
fountain with one hand, so--

FUTURE JACK #2
Don't treat everything I do like I
won the Super Bowl, okay? I poured
myself a fucking Mountain Dew.

SEAN
I pushed you too hard, didn't I?

FUTURE JACK #2
Or not enough. I don't know. Do you
for real not understand how your
imagination works, dipshit?

FUTURE JACK
Take it easy, Future Jack #2.

FUTURE JACK #2

Blow me. You were always his favorite.

FUTURE JACK

Well yeah, I'm the version of us that doesn't grow up to resent dad for trying too hard. Or not trying hard enough.

FUTURE JACK #2

How can you not resent him? I mean, did you hear him with the cashier?
(imitating Sean)
"Oh. Uh... Oh, it's a therapy cast. Feel bad for me, I'm a 'special needs dad' and a fucking idiot."

SEAN

Would you rather me say, "He has cerebral palsy from a massive left hemispheric stroke at birth, which, as a result, weakened the entire right side of his body, but new research shows that "constraint induced motion therapy" in children under three can be highly effective in creating new neural pathways, hence the cast we put on my baby's one, fully functioning hand"?

FUTURE JACK #2

Well. Sorry I'm such a burden! I didn't realize that WHO I AM is such an embarrassment to you.

SEAN

Embarrassed? No. I don't want you to ever think that I'm embarrassed by whatever version of you you grow up to be. And I certainly don't want to make you ever feel like you "did this to me."

Sean looks in to the stroller, addressing Present Jack.

SEAN (CONT'D)

When you were first born I made a promise to you that no matter what--

FUTURE JACK #2

If I recall, you made a lot of promises back in the NICU.

(MORE)

FUTURE JACK #2 (CONT'D)

Like, what happened to going to church every Sunday if I pull through?

FUTURE JACK

Sundays are busy. He takes us to the Farmer's Market so Mom can have some free time to herself.

FUTURE JACK #2

What about, "And I'll never get drunk again." You were all hungover last weekend from that Phish show you went to with Uncle Brandon. And by the way: Phish? Get a life.

FUTURE JACK

Exactly. He needs a life to recharge that sweet Dad power.

SEAN

And if you listen to their early studio stuff you'll understand why--

FUTURE JACK #2

He also promised he'd never look at porn. And I know for sure that he jerked off one night while it was Mom's shift to get me if I woke up.

FUTURE JACK

Maybe he used his imagination. I mean, look at how vivid we are.

SEAN

Gross! Gross! Look, I don't know what I'm doing, but I just want to do it right, okay? And the one promise I made that I'm going to keep is that no matter what happens, it's me and you. Always.

FUTURE JACK

Okay, Dad. Me and you.

FUTURE JACK #2

(fake snoring then)

Sorry, I fell asleep but my response to whatever you said is: I hate you. And I hate the Red Sox, I hate Tom Brady and I hate all the Fast and Furious movies except for the second one.

SEAN

I'll take it. Having a favorite implies you've seen them all, which means I'm at least somewhat in your life.

Sean steels himself and returns to the cashier, confident:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I will have the black bean soup... unless there is a lower sodium item available that I am not aware of?

As Future Jack #2 storms out, we FLASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

ANNA DALLINGER (35, sweet demeanor, dressed in the nicest Yoga pants Target has to offer and girly *Dr. Who* fan girl shirt) searches through toy bins in her son's "friendly forest"-themed bedroom. She looks down at what she has thus far collected (a few puzzles, some Play-Doh) and furrows her brow, not satisfied. As she picks up her phone we ANGLE ON ANNA'S FACEBOOK PROFILE PHOTO (a picture of her, Sean and Jack, in a plastic cranial helmet, at a pumpkin patch). Through VOICEOVER, Anna NARRATES AS SHE TYPES A POST in the comment field of a Pediatric Stroke group.

ANNA (V.O.)

Hi all! We just started a month long constraint session with my son (22 months, right hemi). I'd love to hear your suggestions for occupational therapy/CIMT activities we can do at home. He'll be in a cast 24/7 for 3 to 4 weeks. Has anyone done constraint with a kiddo that young? He's still pretty non-verbal and I'm worried about him getting upset and frustrated so I'd like to plan ahead for some really engaging activities that will motivate him to use righty. Thanks in advance!

Anna sighs, nervous, then puts her phone down and walks into the closet for more toys. WE HEAR BEEP AFTER BEEP on her phone. She walks out of the closet and sees that her post is blowing up. As she smiles and opens Facebook, we ANGLE ON THE THREAD and HEAR THE VOICES OF EACH WOMAN WHO HAS POSTED:

KRISTY THIBODEAU (V.O.)
I don't have the heart to do it.

JOEANNE MANBERG (V.O.)
Following.

GINA CAMPISANO (V.O.)
Following.

SUSAN HOFFMANN (V.O.)
THEY ACTUALLY CAST THIS YOUNG?!?!

LAUREN SCHAEFFER (V.O.)
Okay, ladies. I'll say it again.
Just turn on notifications for the
post. No need to type "following."

JANICE HAYDEN (V.O.)
My daughter, now thirteen, screamed
the whole time, lasted two days.
She still insists it's abusive.

ASHLEY NAVARRO (V.O.)
Janice Hayden, how old was your
daughter when casted?

JANICE HAYDEN (V.O.)
Ashley Navarro, ten.

As Anna continues scrolling, each post chipping away at her:

ASHLEY NAVARRO (V.O.)
Janice Hayden, ten is too old.
Current literature says start CIMT
as early as possible. You shoulda
had an orthopedic specialist bi-
valve the cast to take off and on.

JANICE HAYDEN (V.O.)
Ashley Navarro, we have an ortho.
If I casted when she was three, she
wouldn't have been able to pick up
sippie in her crib at night,
possibly getting dehydrated.
Dehydration lowers the seizure
threshold which can lead to DEATH.
And I don't need to be corrected on
when to cast my daughter. Denver
Children's isn't a dumb MAGA twat
like you.

KERRI DOHERTY (V.O.)
Following.

Anna, near tears, begins typing to defend herself:

ANNA (V.O.)

Hi all, gotta be honest here and say I've lost a lot of sleep over whether or not to go through with this and since the cast is already on, I'm trying to--

Before Anna can finish typing, the MODERATOR interrupts and:

BECCA FLINN - MODERATOR (V.O.)

Okay. There's a lot of unnecessary arguing going on here. I hope you got some helpful information. I'm turning off commenting now.

ANNA

(sotto, near tears)
...stay positive and not second guess my judgement.

Anna, now more concerned and vulnerable, HEARS the front door open and:

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks in with Jack, who runs to hug Anna. As they embrace, she stares into his eyes, smiling.

ANNA

Hello, my sunshine.
(then, intense, to Sean)
Did he nap?

SEAN

Thirty-two minutes. On. The. Dot.

Anna rolls her eyes, wishing he'd napped longer.

ANNA

(to Jack, slow, patient)
Alright, my love, ten more minutes and then our friend Trinda is going to come over to play, okay?

Jack gives off an unintelligible laugh-howl and waddles off.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You and me both, Baby Boy.
(to Sean, smile now gone)
Can I just have a minute to myself?
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

I need to mentally prepare before Trinda walks in and bluntly states all of Jack's delays... as if we're not already hyper-aware of them.

Sean and Anna clear the carpet, picking up toys, etc.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Also, she never takes her fucking shoes off...

Sean pauses, then looks to Anna, full of confidence. HE SEES the two Future Jacks on the couch. Future Jack gives him a thumbs up. Future Jack #2 gives him the finger.

SEAN

I'll do Trinda today.

ANNA

Oh, I'm just venting. Plus it's his first session with the cast on.

SEAN

Exactly. Look, I know I'm not some checked out sitcom dad, but let's be honest, when it comes to therapies you're the captain of the team and I'm... the kicker-- Not even, a kicker scores points. I'm the water boy. And you don't need a water boy, you need a co-captain. Or at the least a franchise player.

ANNA

(smiles appreciatively)
Really?

SEAN

Yeah. There's a reason there's two "I's" in responsibility-- because it's yours and mine.

ANNA

(does air math, then)
There's actually three "I's" in responsibility. Did you mean "there's no "I" in team"?

SEAN

No. But yeah, that. I'm tired.

ANNA

Okay. Well I'll do speech tomorrow?

SEAN
(opening iCal on phone)
At ten? Great. I can go to the gym.

ANNA
(also consulting iCal)
Could you be home by eleven-thirty for PT though? I haven't washed my hair in... six days? Eight days. Well, tomorrow it'll be nine.

SEAN
Sure. Here or the park?

ANNA
Depends on the weather. Just text Joann in the morning.

SEAN
Got it. And I know you offered to do Music Class on Friday so I could work, but I think it'd make him happy if we both went.

ANNA
Or, controversial since that class is basically a dollar a minute, we could skip it and go to the zoo...?
(trying to sell it)
He's working so hard.

SEAN
Yeah. He deserves a family day. Plus Golden Road just opened a beer stand and you know how I love to crush me some "Zoo Brews."

FUTURE JACK
Classic Dad joke.

FUTURE JACK #2
You're an embarrassment.

Anna smiles, charmed at his dorky dad humor. Just then, there is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. They both jump, not prepared.

ANNA
Of course she's five minutes early!
(sighs, collects herself)
No. Stay positive. She's the best. She's highly recommended. We need her. Jack's well-being trumps her--

SEAN
Shitty, C-minus bedside manner?

ANNA

Ha. You're a lenient grader... With a weird rogue eyebrow.

Anna plucks one of Sean's eyebrows, gives him a kiss, then grabs his phone to FACETIME HER PHONE. She leans his phone against the TV and sneaks off. Sean opens the door to REVEAL TRINDA EPSTEIN (50's, holding a blue Ikea bag full of toys).

TRINDA

So... How's it going so far?

FUTURE JACK #2

Defend your family, speak up and tell that bitch to take her goddamn shoes off.

As she enters, very much not taking her shoes off:

FUTURE JACK

Or, you know, say nothing and set an example by taking the high road.

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Anna sits on the bed surrounded by a make-shift command center: iPad open to Facebook; iPhone FACETIME SPYING on Trinda; Kindle Fire open to Candy Crush; laptop screen full of mom blogs. Anna turns the volume up on her phone and:

TRINDA (OVER PHONE/FACETIME)

...I've heard some people say they've seen significant bursts in speech while casting as well, which would be nice for you guys because Jack is VERY delayed in his speech.

SEAN (OVER PHONE/FACETIME)

(very diplomatic)
Yep. We're... working on that.

TRINDA (OVER PHONE/FACETIME)

Do you have a speech therapist?

ANNA

You know we have a fucking speech therapist, lady. She works at the same agency as you.

Anna mutes her phone. She notices a PRIVATE FACEBOOK MESSAGE on her iPad. She opens it and we ANGLE ON THE MESSAGE TO SEE:

HARPER MCKAY (V.O.)
Hey there, your post broke the Internet before I could comment. Yikes! Anyway, friend request WarriorMama1989. She's done constraint a few times and constantly posts suggestions and activity ideas. We recently did a round with our son and this was my holy grail. Good luck!

Anna instantly friend requests WarriorMama1989. Within seconds she HEARS a beep confirming her request.

ANNA
(coaching herself)
Alright, if it's too negative or judge-y, unfriend immediately, okay? Okay. Deal? Deal.

She clicks on the profile, causing her screen to emit a GOLDEN GLOW. As Anna basks in this light, we ANGLE ON:

INT. WARRIOR MAMA 1989'S HOUSE - ON ANNA'S IPAD - CONTINUOUS
THIS IS SHOT LIKE ANY INSTAGRAM STORY OR FACEBOOK LIVE VIDEO.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (30's, put together but not quite duck-face; dressed head to toe in Lululemon) walks and talks -- every corner of her house has been retro-fitted into a baby therapy gym full of adaptive gear and equipment (trampolines, sensory activity area, swing in the doorway, mounted parallel bars for walking). It all looks amazing and effortless.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989
Hey, you guys. It's Thursday morning, which means Nathan has horse therapy with dad, so I always use that time while they're at the ranch to set up our snack and morning OT activity.

She REVEALS an adaptive bowl (suction on bottom, scooped higher on one side to prevent spills) full of fruit snacks.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (CONT'D)
Today I whipped up some homemade fruit snacks -- no poisonous artificial dye in this house -- and I cut them in shapes that encourage Nate's fine motor skills and really help him work on his pincer grip.

She moves to a table that has a peg board as a table top (so that things can be pegged in and not knocked over).

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (CONT'D)

You know, the brain is so plastic at this age, which makes it crucial for me to take advantage of every opportunity for therapy before those neural pathways close up.

She puts some large Lego-like blocks (with dinosaurs hand painted on the side) on the table. As she pulls the pieces apart WE SEE that the blocks are a puzzle. Stack three together to complete the picture.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (CONT'D)

Now this particular brand is only sold at specialty stores in the UK, but you can easily track them down.

(showing off each piece)

We'll pop them together for fifteen minutes, then pull apart for another fifteen. And to really motivate Nathan I painted some of his favorite dinosaurs on at the weekly "Special Needs Moms" paint night I host... it's really important to stay active and vocal in the community...

RETURN TO:

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Anna, jealous, amazed, intimidated, overwhelmed, all the feelings, watches this video with her jaw completely dropped.

ANNA

Holy fuck. This is too positive.

Anna begins furiously Googling so fast that it almost makes her lose her breath. She picks up her phone, then, anxiously:

ANNA (CONT'D)

(quick, into phone)

Hi, not sure if this is a sporting goods or toy department question, but I'm looking for a specific trampoline with two support handles?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

And also do you guys sell parallel bars, and maybe a drill strong yet sensitive enough to drill through graphite?

(beat, then)

Yes. Other than completely failing as a mother my day is fine, thanks.

(beat, then)

Yes, I'll hold-- But wait, do you guys sell Mobo brand tricycles??!!

Anna bites her lip, really needing them to have this stuff.

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Trinda sits holding up a peg board full of colored pegs. Jack attempts to pull them off with his right hand. Sean sits by.

TRINDA

Okay, one more, mister man and then we are all done for today...

SEAN

Show Dada how strong you are.

Jack knocks one more peg off. Sean hugs him, proudly.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Yes! Buddy?! I know that's not easy for you, but you did it. Good job!

TRINDA

You know, he did pretty well considering how tired he is.

SEAN

Eh, he actually took a pretty good nap today... for him.

TRINDA

He's tired. You need to get him to nap longer. Sleep is important. Especially for someone whose had such a significant brain injury.

(nonchalantly packing up)

Do you mind if I put some kinetic tape on his arm to loosen it up?

SEAN

Oh yeah, sure. He usually responds really well to that...

Trinda pulls out a roll of kinetic tape.

TRINDA

Okay, let's sit him in your lap.

Sean pulls Jack onto his lap. Trinda extends Jack's arm out. He kicks and fusses as she leans over to apply the tape.

TRINDA (CONT'D)

Hold his arm for a sec.

Sean does so. As Jack continues to struggle, Sean furrows his brow -- something is off. A beat. Sean is registering an unfamiliar feeling. He looks down and SEES HIS WRIST AND PART OF THE TOP OF HIS HAND HAVE BEEN VERY UNINTENTIONALLY RESTING ON THE SIDE OF TRINDA'S BOOB THE WHOLE TIME. Trinda, focused on Jack, takes notice and nonchalantly adjusts her body.

SEAN

Sorry.

TRINDA

Almost got it... Annnd, good job.

Jack now has a long strip of tape spiraled around his right arm (it looks like a giant band-aid). Trinda quickly gets up and walks to the door, seemingly lost in thought. Sean, terrified, fighting paralysis, timidly follows.

SEAN

So... see you next week?

TRINDA

Yep. But, hey, before I go--
(stops herself, exiting)
Never mind. Have a great weekend.

As Trinda exits and Sean shuts the door:

FUTURE JACK #2

You touched her boob!!!! That is full on assault.

FUTURE JACK

Easy, Number 2. It was more like a long, unintentional graze.

FUTURE JACK #2

Long graze, my ass. It was a honk.

SEAN

What?! I can't honk a boob with the top of my hand!

FUTURE JACK

I think we're overreacting. We were squirming. Plus Dad said sorry.

FUTURE JACK #2

You think sorry is good enough? In this climate?

SEAN

(dazed, looking at hand)

It's not. You're right... Oh God, I can still feel it on there.

FUTURE JACK #2

I hope it feels good. Because your inability to keep it in your pants just cost me the best occupational therapist in the valley.

As Sean paces, now in a full blown panic:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sean frantically tidies up the apartment.

FUTURE JACK
We can fix this.

SEAN
I really didn't mean it.

FUTURE JACK #2
Do you think that makes Trinda feel any better? Or un-fucks my future?

SEAN
You're not helping.

FUTURE JACK #2
Oh, I'm not helping you? What about me? I'm already up against incredible odds, with the course of my life hanging in the balance, and now I have to reconcile with having a dad convicted of a sex crime.

FUTURE JACK
That's a bit of an exaggeration. I don't think we need to do the door-to-door thing just yet.

SEAN
(calling off)
Anna...!

Anna, in a panic, rushes out of the bedroom.

ANNA
What? Is he okay? What's wrong?

SEAN
Yeah, sorry. He's fine. Just letting you know Trinda's gone.

Anna sighs, relieved, clearly battling some PTSD.

ANNA
(softening, then to Jack)
Did you work so hard, Baby Boy?

As she grabs her purse and puts Jack's foot brace on:

SEAN

He did. Annnnd, well...
(breathes deep, then)
Well, just before Trinda left--

ANNA

(rolling her eyes)
The nap thing? I heard. Thanks so much for dealing with her today. I know it's not easy for you to hear those things either, but you do it for me and because it's what's best for J, and we really, really love you for that.

Future Jack smiles in agreement, touched.

SEAN

(backing down, stuttering)
Um... No problem... I in...
Responsibility. Team... words.

FUTURE JACK #2

Wow. When this Tit-Gate ends in divorce I want to live with mom.

SEAN

Where are you going?

ANNA

Long story short: I broke the Internet. Then the Internet broke me. The cast is too harsh and I'm not special needs mom'ing hard enough for Jack. So I'm turning our apartment into a baby gym.

Anna gleefully marches to the door with Jack. As they exit:

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't say no! We love you! Bye!

FUTURE JACK #2

You just lied to my mother, which is less "responsible, co-captain" and more full on piece of shit.

FUTURE JACK

He didn't lie. He just didn't tell her what happened. To protect her. Because we can handle this like the franchise players we are.

FUTURE JACK #2

Either way, she's going to be crushed.

FUTURE JACK

Dad, just call Trinda and explain the situation. It was an accident, and she won't be offended that you're overly sensitive to the issue. That's a good thing.

SEAN

You know what? You're right.

Sean picks up his phone and dials. It rings once. He panics and throws his phone on the couch as if it bit him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I can't do it.

He RUNS INTO THE OTHER ROOM and RETURNS with his laptop.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I can't do it. Not flying blind. I need to script it out.

(talks as he types)

Interior: Sean Lavery's apartment.

FUTURE JACK #2

Jesus Christ.

FUTURE JACK

Hey, come on, it's his process.

As Sean toils away:

INT. TARGET - LATER

Anna wipes down a cart with a disinfectant wipe as Jack wanders to the dollar bin. An older, GRANDMOTHER TYPE gives them a smile and looks to the cast.

GRANDMOTHER TYPE

Boys will be boys.

Anna politely smiles back, uncomfortable that she and Jack are a magnet for attention and sympathetic glances.

ANNA

Yeah...

(then moving on, to Jack)

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
Alright, Little Bear, you can pick
out one--

Jack, with his casted hand, points to several items and
whines. Anna is about to get stern, but softens.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Okay. Three things is fine.

She notices a MIDDLE AGED LADY smirk. Anna can't help but now
HEAR WHAT SHE IMAGINES THIS PERSON IS THINKING.

MIDDLE AGED LADY (V.O.)
Yikes, you can't give in like that.
But, some moms just can't. Say. No.

As Anna and Jack continue walking she begins to notice
several sympathetic smile-frowns. She notices ANOTHER LADY.

ANOTHER LADY (V.O.)
Heartbreaking. And the poor little
guy's being dragged around Target.

Then YET ANOTHER LADY.

YET ANOTHER LADY (V.O.)
A cast on in the middle of summer?
That little boy must be so hot. I
wouldn't leave the house.

Anna realizes that every person she passes looks at Jack's
cast. She is suddenly compelled to check her phone.

INT. WARRIOR MAMA 1989'S CAR - ON ANNA'S PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Warrior Mama 1989 parks her car and unbuckles her seatbelt.
Her son (NATHAN, 2) is in a carseat behind her.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989
When we're out in the world it's
always important to tune out the
sad stares and dirty looks. This is
our third round of constraint
casting, and in all that time I've
had ignorant, nosy strangers assume
Nathan is in a cast because I was
neglecting to watch him in a
dangerous setting or, even worse,
abused him. One time at Whole Foods
a woman actually asked if CPS was
aware of his injury. CPS!
(MORE)

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (CONT'D)

But I tune that out as my focus is laser trained on Nathan and his happiness at all times. And I actually like to take advantage of those opportunities to educate people about what the actual face of a disability looks like. Lashing out at ignorance is just poor parental modeling. I say stay strong and let them stare!

INT. TARGET - CONTINUOUS

Anna speaks into her phone:

ANNA

Siri, what does CPS stand for?

SIRI (OVER PHONE)

CPS stands for Child Protective Services. It is the major system of intervention of child abuse and--

Anna mutes her phone, uncomfortable with that level of potential criticism that had clearly never crossed her mind. Just then, Jack tries to run off, but Anna is able to catch him by his casted hand. ONE MORE LADY looks on and winces.

ONE MORE LADY (V.O.)

What kind of a mother grabs a child's cast like that?

ANNA

(sighs, to Jack)

The one time I actually need a song about trains or tractors stuck in my head to drown out the judgement and you got nothin', huh?

Anna looks to the lady, trying to stay strong.

ONE MORE LADY (V.O.)

Probably the kind of mother that's always staring at her phone instead of preventing her child from breaking his arm...

Anna snaps. She's fantasized about enough judgement today. She covers Jack's ears and unleashes in a yell-whisper:

ANNA

It's not broken. And I don't neglect my kid. In fact, some would call me a helicopter parent! The cast is therapeutic, because he has cerebral palsy from having had a fucking stroke, okay?!

The lady is taken aback and tries to avoid eye contact. Anna, mortified, plops Jack in the shopping cart and runs off.

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sean, now wearing a pink pussy hat, paces back and forth, reading his "scene" aloud to the Future Jacks.

SEAN

"Sean wears his wife's pussy hat from the women's march that he very much wanted to attend with her in solidarity, but did not in order to ensure his son can get a much needed, uninterrupted nap."

(to the Jacks)

I know I won't read these action lines out loud to her, but it just helps me get in the right mindset.

(back in)

"He picks up the phone and dials. It rings for a beat, then: Trinda, a highly respected, brilliant occupational therapist answers."

FUTURE JACK

(as Trinda)

Hello?

SEAN

Hi, Trinda, this is Sean Lavery. I just wanted to talk to you about accidentally touching your breast today. It happened in the heat of the moment -- a moment when I was one hundred percent focused on your applying tape to my son's arm and in no way meant to make any sort of sexual advance towards you. I can honestly say that I feel so bad that, even though I did not actually feel your breast on my hand until it was too late, the feeling is burned on my hand.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Metaphorically. Your talent is unprecedented and I would be remiss if I did not formally apologize for unintentionally touching your breast - an unprofessional thing to do in a professional setting. Though my intentions were unintentional, I understand that my intent in no way discredits whatever you may feel. Please know that I take this very seriously and I hope you can accept my apology.

(turns to next page)

Hard cut to--

FUTURE JACK #2

(dumbfounded)

Hey Future Jack, does something ever make you feel so uncomfortable that your butthole tingles?

FUTURE JACK

Yeah... Dad, maybe... less is more?

SEAN

What if I delete "heat of the moment"? Will that soften it?

FUTURE JACK/FUTURE JACK #2

No.

SEAN

Really? You both think so? Oh God, what should I do?!

Sean again paces the apartment, tidying up.

FUTURE JACK

Just call Trinda.

FUTURE JACK #2

Just abandon us so Mom can find someone better.

Sean picks up the phone, then instantly hangs up, now angry.

SEAN

You know what? Fuck this. We don't even like her. And she always makes your mom, who is, like, a legit Super Mom, feel shitty.

Sean walks to a desk and pulls out a huge binder labeled "Jack." He pulls out a business card and picks up his phone.

FUTURE JACK

What are you doing?

SEAN

What's best for us.

(dials, then into phone)

Hi this message is for Pamela. We received your card from our pediatrician, Dr. Liddy, a while back and we'd like to set up an appointment for you to maybe start seeing our son, Jack, who is almost three, for occupational therapy. He had a stroke at birth and, well, I'm sure you'll have a lot of questions that my wife can do a better job of answering, but if you could call me back at 818-555-5555 we'd love to meet with you. Thanks!

FUTURE JACK #2

This is bad. She doesn't do home visits, remember?

FUTURE JACK

It's just a harmless voicemail.

FUTURE JACK #2

Harmless? He basically just fired Trinda. All these ladies know each other. She's going to call Trinda to get her notes so she can skip the assessment, and Trinda is going to be like, "What? He honked my boob." And then word will get around that Dad's a creep-o and not professional with therapists and no one will work with us and then-- I mean, what did he think he could just erase Trinda from his and Mom's iCal and it would go away?

SEAN

(staring at phone)

No...

Future Jack looks over Sean's shoulder, then, to #2:

FUTURE JACK

He's deleting Trinda from his iCal.

INT. TARGET - CHECKOUT LINE/FRONT OF STORE - LATER

Anna pushes her cart (overflowing with a trampoline box and other gear) towards the exit. She SEES the WOMAN SHE YELLED AT and quickly hides with Jack within a rack of clothing. Jack LOVES it. A beat. Anna pokes her head out. She's gone. The coast seems clear. She darts out with Jack and:

EXT. TARGET PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Anna sprints to her car she realizes that JACK HAS STOLEN SOMETHING (he has a woman's tank top in his hands). Frazzled, she scrambles back to the entrance but sees the woman she yelled at heading her way. Anna frantically yells to the SECURITY GUARD/RECEIPT CHECKER:

ANNA

My kid took this by accident.
Catch!

Anna throws it and TOTALLY MISSES her target. She shrugs her shoulders and turns back for her car. She opens the trunk and quickly realizes that THE TRAMPOLINE WILL NOT FIT. It won't fit in the back either. She puts Jack in his car seat and then opens the trampoline box, placing each piece on the floor of the car. As she does this, she looks up and SEES the woman she yelled at DRIVING BY IN HER CAR. IN SLOW MOTION, they LOCK EYES. Anna steels herself, ready for an argument.

The car stops and the woman rolls down her window.

WOMAN ANNA YELLED AT

Hi there, I need to apologize for my ignorance and insensitivity back in the store. I honestly never knew that children could have strokes. Or that cerebral palsy was such a broad term that could apply to someone who appears so high functioning. I guess you really never know what someone has going on, so thank you for shedding some light on that.

ANNA

It's okay. Thanks so much for saying that.

WOMAN ANNA YELLED AT

You look like you could use a friend. Would you like to grab a coffee sometime?

Anna smiles. That could not have gone any better. Her phone DINGS, SNAPPING HER OUT OF IT. She blinks, REVEALING THAT ANNA IMAGINED THAT ENTIRE SPEECH. THE WOMAN SILENTLY DRIVES BY, frozen, staring straight ahead, clearly afraid of Anna.

ANNA

Oh God, I'm forever the psycho at Target to that lady I'll never see again!

Her phone DINGS again. ANGLE ON HER PHONE TO SEE TRINDA APPOINTMENTS BEING DELETED FROM HER ICAL. She double takes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What is happening?

Distracted and embarrassed, she shuts Jack's door then goes to get behind the wheel, but HER DOOR IS LOCKED. She quickly returns to Jack's door, but THAT'S ALSO LOCKED. Anna pats herself down, then -- holy shit, I locked my kid in the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Sean, still wearing pussy hat, answers his phone.

ANNA

(trying to remain calm)
Everything is okay, but--

SEAN

I touched Trinda's boob! Well, it was less of a touch and more of a graze, but it was not consensual.

ANNA

Well, looks like we're both going to jail because I locked Jack in the car at Target. So can you--

CLOSE ON SEAN, running out of the apartment, panting:

SEAN

I'm already running to you! And can I really go to jail for that???

As Anna, guilty, looks to Jack, happy as can be in the car, and Sean sprints as fast as possible, we:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TARGET PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Anna finishes singing another round of "Wheels on the Bus" to Jack (still locked in the car).

ANNA

...alll... through... the town.

JACK

(playful, sing-songy)

Wa-wa! Wa-wa! Wa-wa!!!

Anna's heart sinks at the thought of him needing water.

ANNA

I know, Little Bear. You must be
thirsty. Dada will be here soon.

(self deprecating)

Luckily I only like to compromise
your safety when we're walking
distance from home.

Anna presses her forehead against the window so that Jack can see her face. Her phone DINGS.

ANGLE ON ANNA'S PHONE TO SEE a FACEBOOK NOTIFICATION FROM WARRIOR MAMA 1989 in "Trader Joe's Moms of So-Cal". WE HEAR Warrior Mama 1989's voice as ANNA scrolls, reading the post.

WARRIOR MAMA 1989 (V.O.)

Hey mommas, husband getting out of
rehab today (thirty days sober,
y'all!), so I'm looking for some
cake recipes. No refined sugar and
non-GMO ideas only. Plz and thanks!

Anna, a little shocked, tilts her head, thinking. The crack in Warrior Mama 1989's veneer gives her pause.

She looks up and SEES Sean (still wearing pussy hat) in the distance, SPRINTING towards them like a maniac. She smiles, CLOSES THE APP and presses down on it. As she WATCHES IT JIGGLE with the X in the corner, she puts her index finger to the window. Jack puts his casted hand up to the window in an effort to "touch fingers" E.T. and Eliot-style with her. Their reflections in the window mesh with one another.

ANNA

What do you say, Baby Boy, you want
to help me get out of my own head?

She puts the phone (app still jiggling) up to the window. Jack again taps the window with his casted hand, then Anna squeezes her finger between the phone and the window so that her and Jack can "together" delete Facebook from her phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Fair warning: this is just until
the cast comes off.

ANGLE ON SEAN RUNNING INTO THE PARKING LOT. REVEAL Future Jack happily riding on a bike next to him (right leg strapped into peddle, right hand strapped on handle bars) while Future Jack #2 hover-floats on his other side.

FUTURE JACK #2

Losing Trinda is the beginning of
the end for me, so I won't actually
live to be this age, hence my
floating next to you like a ghost.

As #2 quickly ZOOMS OUT OF FRAME like a *Scooby-Doo* ghost:

FUTURE JACK

Ignore him. He's just talking shit.

As Sean continues running, he notices Future Jack wincing, trying to smile through a little pain. He's not peddling super even and having a hard time keeping his right hand gripped on the handle bars even though it's strapped in.

SEAN

Funny, I kind of thought as this
Trinda situation got worse that
he'd be the one to lose abilities.

FUTURE JACK

It doesn't work that way, Dad.
Helping me become the best person I
can be isn't the same as fixing me
to make sure I'm the most able-
bodied person I can be... And I'm
lucky to say that you know that.

SEAN

You were always my favorite. And
you can tell #2 that.

Just then, Sean reaches Anna and triumphantly hugs her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be amazing if he just
rose to the occasion and unlocked
the door himself with righty?

Sean taps on the window, almost encouraging this to happen.

ANNA

(kindly)

Probably not the best moment for a therapy moment.

SEAN

Oh, yeah, totally.

Sean unlocks the car. Jack screeches with "both my parents are here!" excitement. Anna jumps in and hugs Jack profusely. As tears start streaming down her face:

SEAN (CONT'D)

(consoling her)

Honey, please don't beat yourself up. This happens to people all the time. I mean, you put your purse in the car seat for months before he was born to prepare for it, so--

ANNA

Exactly. I'm not upset. I'm happy.

(as she kisses Jack)

I get so wrapped up in all this special needs stuff that I forget how *lucky* I am to be able to appreciate something like locking my kid in the car. It makes me feel like a normal mom.

Sean jogs over to a tree, knocks on it, then runs back and hugs Anna tightly. As they look into each other's eyes:

SEAN

No way. You're so much better than that. And he knows it... He and I are the lucky ones.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sean lugs the trampoline parts into the living room, followed by Anna and Jack. Anna notices Sean's "script" and picks it up. WE STAY ON HER FACE as she reads. Her facial expressions take us on an incredibly journey from humored, to uncomfortable, all the way to "I am mortified for you."

ANNA

This is-- wow. Your brain is a lot.

SEAN

I apologized right away. And I know she's the best but don't worry, I've already contacted another OT, and I can go to sensitivity training to prove to any therapist or agency that I'm not--

Anna effortlessly picks up her phone, then:

ANNA

(into phone)

Hey, Trinda. It's Anna -- Jack Lavery's mom. I'm good, thanks. So I was talking to Sean and, well, he said you wanted to talk to him about something but then you stopped yourself. We just wanted to make sure everything was okay.

(rolls her eyes)

Yeah... But Sean isn't like that.

Sean hits himself on the forehead ("We're fucked!").

ANNA (CONT'D)

No, he'd be fine with us painting Jack's nails... Yes, any color.

Anna shrugs ("Whatever.") Sean's eyes go wide ("Whaaaat?").

ANNA (CONT'D)

I agree, it's an interesting idea to help bring awareness to his right hand, but I'd like to wait a few more days and let Jack get used to the cast first.

Sean nods proudly, impressed by her confidence and advocacy.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And speaking of, could we add a few extra sessions while he's casted? We reached out to someone else just in case since we know how booked up and in-demand you are, but--

Anna gives Sean a loving wink.

FUTURE JACK #2

Mom fucking rules.

FUTURE JACK

She is our Yoda.

FUTURE JACK #2
What's a Yoda?

FUTURE JACK
You know, from *Star Wars*?

FUTURE JACK #2
You mean *Empire*, dick bag?

FUTURE JACK
Ha! You're just pretending to hate *Star Wars* because Dad loves it, but secretly you love it which means secretly part of you loves Dad.

A beat, then as both Future Jacks walk into Jack's room.

FUTURE JACK #2
No! Dad made me say that because he's in a confident mood. Ugh, I wish he couldn't control me.

ANNA
(still on phone)
Great, we have no problem doing a few Saturdays and Sundays... Okay, well Sean wants to talk to you.

Anna smooshes the phone to Sean's face. He panics and picks up his script. Anna snatches it away ("No way, man").

SEAN
(breathes deep, then)
Hey Trinda, I'm sorry I touched your breast today. It was--
(softens, beat, then)
You know, when we were taping Jack's arm...?
(looking at Anna)
Oh, you were caught up in the heat of the moment and didn't realize?

Anna and Sean both wince at this term, "gross."

SEAN (CONT'D)
Okay, well, I felt bad, and now I feel stupid but... well, sorry... Yes, see you Saturday. Thank you.
(hangs up, to Anna)
Thank you. There's no one I'd rather do this with than you.

ANNA
(shrugs shoulders sweetly)
We're a family.
(smiles, then)
So... Ready to assemble our second
trampoline?

SEAN
(smiles lovingly)
Always.

OVER MUSIC ("Love Stained" by TV on the Radio), we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEAN AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - MONTAGE

WE SEE A MONTAGE of Sean, Anna and Jack assembling the trampoline and going through their NIGHTLY BEDTIME ROUTINE.

-Jack scatters the pieces of the trampoline all over the living room. He kicks over a box of screws. Sean tries hard not to be annoyed. Anna makes a game out of it.

-Anna puts a wrench in Jack's right hand and helps him pretend to screw some screws in.

-Anna and Sean, both beat red, struggle to stretch the trampoline material into place. Sean gives up and falls over. Jack jumps on him. Anna jumps on Jack.

-Finally done, Jack basks in the glory of having two trampolines. They celebrate, helping him jump from one to the other.

-Anna slices up some fruit and avocado. She places it on Jack's high chair next to a bowl of macaroni and cheese and french fries. Sean, with cartoonish exaggeration, yells "Dinner time!" and yanks Jack off the trampoline.

-As Sean spoon feeds Jack (both of them watching a YouTube video on an iPad), Anna looks on cooking dinner.

-Sean, in the kitchen, pulls out two syringes and draws up some medicine.

-Jack, in the bathroom, tries to swipe toilet paper off the roll USING HIS RIGHT HAND. He occasionally succeeds. Anna calls out to Sean, who runs in to a pile of toilet paper. They both celebrate as if they have just won the Super Bowl.

-Sean struggles to make room in a corner of the living room for their second trampoline.

-Anna puts a plastic bag over Jack's cast, then playfully plops him into the bath tub amidst a pile of toys.

-Sean vacuums as Jack (naked) and Anna dance around to a music video playing on the TV.

-Anna holds a marker in Jack's right hand and helps him cross off the day on their large laminated wall calendar full of appointments and therapeutic routines and reminders.

-Jack, now in pajamas, lies on Anna's lap as Sean reads to him (very animated, full of Dad jokes).

-Anna zips a sleep sack on to Jack. Sean squirts one of the syringes full of medicine into his mouth, then kisses him on the forehead.

-Sean and Anna gently sing as Anna rocks Jack back and forth and Sean TURNS OUT THE LIGHT.

-They close Jack's door and walk to the baby monitor plugged in on their ottoman. Sean puts his arm around Anna as they watch Jack peacefully roll around in his crib, not fussing. They look to each other, amazed at how calm he is.

-As they serve themselves food from the kitchen and walk to settle down on the couch We END THE MONTAGE and:

SEAN

(struts, seductively)

So. I thought... maybe I could...
demonstrate this boob graze for
you?

ANNA

(smiles, then, slowly)

If that's code for binge-watching
House Hunters... With all of our
clothes on...

(another beat, then)

Then yes.

SEAN

(accepting her answer)

Definitely. That works, too.

As Sean and Anna share tired smiles and plop on to the couch, definitely not having sex, we FLASH TO:

END OF SHOW