

"MEET THE FREEDLES"

FADE IN:

INT. FREEDLE HOUSE - DAY

BART FREEDLE (50) sits at the dining room table, eating his eggs.

Fixated on his laptop, his impeccable professional attire and intense demeanor suggest a man in whom self-importance runs deep.

With her back turned to Bart - COLLEEN FREEDLE (45), slender, and of natural good looks - tends to the small herb garden on the windowsill close by.

COLLEEN

You know how it's really hard for me to express how I feel sometimes. It's just that... Okay I can do this... I've kind of been practicing this speech for a while.

Bart engrossed on his computer.

COLLEEN

It's not that I don't appreciate where we live and having money. But, it's just that...

She takes a deep breath.

COLLEEN

I feel empty. Uhhh... emotionally unfulfilled.

Bart spots a message on his cellphone. Quickly looks at his watch, grabs his laptop and hightails out of the room.

COLLEEN

I've been feeling this way for a while, now. It's like when I talk to you on those rare occasions... It seems like I'm talking to myself.

She turns around to an empty table. A look of resignation sets in as her eyes well up.

In the living room--

On the mantle above the fireplace Colleen looks at framed photos of a much younger Bart and Colleen.

She stares intently at one of the photos of themselves, smiling wide and holding hands on the beach. A tear streams down her face.

In another photo, Bart stands next to a big, black Mercedes, pointing to the car with one hand while holding up a wad of cash with the other.

Colleen stares into the distance.

In fast forward: Through the living room windows, the day darkens and the sun begins to set.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

BART sits at his enormous desk, casually tending to his work. Out of the corner of his eye he catches a glimpse of his computer screen. He freezes.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN - Bank statement

401K Current balance: \$0.00 (frozen)

Available balance: \$0.00 (frozen)

His piercing gaze intensifies.

BART
Where the fuck...?

He looks up through the open door into the hallway.

BART
PETER...!!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bart strolls down the hallway with purpose.

BART
PETER...! PETER!

Looks around.

BART
Where the hell is everyone?

Stops in front of a door with a sign that reads: "Peter Daly, Accountant".

He slowly turns the handle and to his surprise discovers the door unlocked.

After a quick pause to survey the hallway, Bart quietly enters.

INT. PETER DALY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bart, at the desk, opens a drawer and quickly peruses files.

As he is about to get up, he sees footsteps walk by the slightly open door.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

YOLI (50), cleaning cart in one hand and vacuum in the other, saunters down the hallway.

Noticing the door ajar and the lights on, she stops and slowly pushes her cleaning cart inside.

INT. PETER DALY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the door slowly opens, a wide-eyed Bart scrambles under the desk.

Yoli with her cleaning cart, walks inside and surveys.

Under the desk--

Bart curled up in the fetal position.

MUFFLED RINGS from the cellphone in his pocket hit the air.

THUD! Bart's head hits the bottom of the desk.

On high alert, Yoli bounces her eyes back and forth.

Frantic, Bart starts smacking his pocket.

COLLEEN

(filtered, over the phone)

Hello... Bart...? Bart!

Yoli slowly approaches.

COLLEEN

(filtered, over the phone)

Bart, what happened to the money in our account?

Bart leans his head down near his pocket.

Yoli peeks her head under the desk and sees Bart curled up, having a conversation with what appears to be his crotch--

BART
(whispering)
Quit acting up. Don't do this to me right now. You just settle down.

Yoli, wide-eyed and stupified, stares at Bart as he continues whispering to his crotch--

BART
I can't right now. Knock it off.

Bart looks up. Yoli SCREAMS--

YOLI
AAYYEEE!

Terrified, she holds up a bottle of blue cleaning liquid, as one would pepper spray.

YOLI
Madre Maria me ayude!

A BLUE SPRAY of liquid goes SQUIRTING all over Bart.

Bart crawls out, FLAILING his hands around in front of his face.

BART
Ow! Slow down! Slow down!

Yoli squirts away.

BART
Alright! Stop that! El stop-o!

She stops squirting. Pauses a moment in her confusion.

YOLI
Senor Cabrone! Oh, perdoname...
Senor Freedles.

INT. FREEDLE HOUSE - NIGHT

With her cellphone wedged between her ear and shoulder, Colleen is freaked out.

COLLEEN

Bart... What the hell?! Who is that girl screaming in the background? Bart! Bart...?!

She drops the phone down on the counter and stares off.

A beat. The doorbell RINGS. Colleen heads over and opens the door.

BRANDI TYLER(35) - petite, hot, big breasts - stands there in her Daisy Duke shorts and tight-fitting t-shirt.

With a magnificent smile, she exudes her sexuality with all the resplendent subtlety of a rap star parading their bling.

Colleen with tears in her eyes.

BRANDI

What's wrong?

COLLEEN

Come in.

EXT. BACK YARD PATIO - NIGHT

Well placed solar lights illuminate the beautifully landscaped backyard that would grace the cover of "Better Homes And Gardens", quite nicely.

The girls sit at the patio porch table. Uncomfortable silence. Then--

COLLEEN

He's not coming home for dinner again.

BRANDI

Isn't that par for the course?

COLLEEN

I called him and I heard this woman screaming in Spanish in the background. He thought he hung up the phone on me.

BRANDI
What was she saying?

COLLEEN
It was like she was screaming his
pet name or something. Senor
Cu-bone. He was telling her to
slow down and be quiet. And--

BRANDI
When was the last time you two had
sex?

Colleen ponders on that. No response. Brandi is fired up.

BRANDI
That's all I need to know. Male
subterfuge 101.

COLLEEN
Sub... ter... fuge?

BRANDI
Reality checklist time,
girlfriend. Has he asked you to do
anything different in bed?

COLLEEN
Uhhh... Just like you know... not
face him when I snore.

Brandi scratches her head.

COLLEEN
Oh, and then he starts telling me
he doesn't like it when our butts
touch. I never knew--

BRANDI
Does he ignore you a lot? Appear
distant? When was the last time
you gave him a really good smell?

COLLEEN
Where?

BRANDI
Any new colognes? You told me he's
been real sarcastic lately. Do you
know - sarcasm means he's hiding
stuff? Passenger seat ever been
adjusted differently?

Colleen silent. Brandi back to her agenda.

BRANDI

Uh-huh! Listening to any new music?

COLLEEN

Well, I saw this Bruno Mars CD in the car the other--

BRANDI

Bruno...?! You know what Bruno's demographic is? Young, female and hot to trot. That sound like Bart?

COLLEEN

It could be Kelly's.

BRANDI

Any money missing from the bank accounts? He doesn't hide them from you, does he?

Colleen stares at her, wide-eyed. Silence.

BRANDI

Why don't you come over tonight. You know, have a couple drinks. Friends of mine will be there.

COLLEEN

I... I'm feeling a bit overwhelmed right now. Don't know if I should be drinking.

Brandi shoots her a look.

BRANDI

Just a little mellow get together. We'll have things there that will... uh, help you see things more clearly.

COLLEEN

Mellow, right?

BRANDI

Mellow.

INT. BRANDI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, a PARTY in full-scale mode RAGES ON. Empty beer bottles everywhere. Hard rock music BLARES.

A GAGGLE of guys and girls, from mid-twenties to mid-thirties, HOLLER, HOOT and WHISTLE.

The crowd goes crazy as Brandi prances, squats and rolls around on the floor - twirling her legs about as only a consummate pole-dancing pro would dare do.

Brandi thoroughly enjoys every minute of the adulation.

Colleen, with sundress on, sits with a big margarita glass in hand. With blazed eyes and mouth agape, she appears well-lit and highly enthralled.

Zooming in on his prey, a young, attractive GUY meanders over and plops himself down next to Colleen. This is TIM PALMER (30).

The song ends. Loud APPLAUSE AND WHISTLES from everyone.

Tim takes a hit on a joint and extends the offer to Colleen. Colleen stares.

He raises his eyebrow and shoots her a devilish smile.

COLLEEN

Okay... Why fuggin not?

She puts the joint to her mouth, takes a long drag, then lets out a huge cough. Smoke goes flying out everywhere.

BRANDI

Colleen, why don't you come up here and express yourself with some dance moves, girlfriend?

COLLEEN

Oh... No, no, no! I can't dance like that.

She laughs to herself.

BRANDI

You told me you used to dance. Let's see some of those moves of yours.

PARTY CROWD
Colleen! Colleen!

Brandi puts on a hard rock song with an infectious groove. Sensing Colleen's reluctance, Brandi grabs her by the arm and yanks her up.

Like a good little inebriated ballerina, Colleen--

Squats up and down several times - does some quick tiny steps back and forth - bends over her toes - lifts her leg straight out - tiptoes around in a circle.

The crowd goes nuts. Somehow she manages not to fall over. That is, until--

She breaks out her final coup de grace: A dozen twirling pirouettes. Her eyes roll back. She smiles, then proceeds to careen sideways across the room until--

She lands face first into Tim's lap. Colleen slowly lifts her head up to look at Tim.

BRANDI
I guess its a good time to
introduce you two. Tim meet
Colleen. Colleen, meet Tim.

COLLEEN
Me thinks it's beddy-by time.

Everybody laughs and applauds as Colleen falls on her back.

INT. FREEDLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Colleen, wasted, stumbles around the kitchen. In a fit of cotton-mouth, she laps her tongue in and out - like a dog eating peanut butter.

Uh, oh - Colleen's face tells it all: "I just came up with the most brilliant idea".

She staggers over to the pantry, grabs a box of LUCKY CHARMS and sets it down on the counter. Followed next by a half-gallon of milk and--

A LARGE, SILVER FIVE-GALLON BOILING POT.

The entire box of cereal goes tumbling into the pot, proceeded by the entire half gallon of milk.

She grabs a large soup ladle and starts chowing down. Milk goes FLYING everywhere.

Her face drenched in milk and eyelids half-open, she tilts her head back and lets out an expression of near-orgasm.

COLLEEN

Oh, God. Yes...! Oh, God!

From around the corner observing all this stands KELLY FREEDLE (20). She has the same enthralled look one gets when watching monkeys at the zoo.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart lies in bed, laptop on his belly, engrossed in his work.

Colleen stumbles in and walks up to the bed. Yanks her sundress off - down to her bra, underwear and socks - and stands there staring at him.

No response.

She hangs her breasts in bra over the top of the screen.

Still nothing.

COLLEEN

I just did something tonight I haven't done in a long... long... time.

She hiccups.

COLLEEN

I... had... fun. FUN! F... U... N. Can you say that word - fun? I knew you could. Heehee.

More hiccups.

COLLEEN

We sang and we danced and we laughed. They loved me so much. They thought I was sooooo funny.

She giggles as Bart sniffs her breasts and shakes his head.

BART

Keep spending time at Woodstock next door and you'll have no problem getting your Miss Congeniality crown back.