

THE PARENT CLUB

Pilot: *Chaos Theory*

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TEASER

A woman's voice is heard.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Well, you all know why I'm here.

FADE IN:

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

A community party is crowded with locals.

Stalls and games adorn the pavements.

CLAIRE (42), a prim Caucasian woman, stands poised on stage, with a look of determination.

DAVE (43), her nervous-looking Caucasian husband, hovers behind.

A crowd distracted by other things mills around in front of the stage.

Claire seizes the microphone, which lets out a loud squeal.

CLAIRE
Hi, everyone. I'm Claire Anderson,
and the excitable cop with the track
gun is my husband, Dave.

Dave offers a half-hearted smile and waves.

There are boos from the audience.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
My son, Jack, is somewhere in the
crowd, but I'm sure most of you
already know who he is. I seem to
spend most of my days apologizing for
one of the two.

Claire chuckles and scans the largely disinterested audience.

A few awkward laughs scatter among the crowd.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
But I'm sick of saying sorry.

Claire turns slightly towards Dave.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 We're not the only parents in the neighborhood with problems, and I think it's time to do something about it.

CROWD MEMBER
 Like what?

CLAIRE
 Maybe we can all help each other, Y'know? Like a parenting club.

Claire extends her hands, nervously smiles.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 Who knows, it might even be fun.
 (zestfully)
 What do you say, folks?

There's a momentary awkward silence.

The audience roars with laughter.

END TEASER

EXT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

JEN (37), a timid Asian-American woman, hesitantly pulls onto the Andersons' driveway. Stops to see:

Bubbly JESSE (28), an attractive Caucasian woman, and-
 Militant CHARLES (29), an Afro-Caribbean man, hover with their ears pressed to the front door.

JEN (V.O.)
 Nope!

Jen backs off the driveway.

Jesse turns to watch her depart.

Jesse and Charles hear muffled voices from inside the home.

WILFRED (O.S.)
 Black people don't do stupid shit like this.

The door flies open, revealing WILFRED (64), a cantankerous Afro-Caribbean man with his chest puffed out.

ILENE (63), an Afro-Caribbean woman with a scowl and her arms folded tightly, steps behind Wilfred.

Jesse and Charles freeze, caught in the action.

Charles looks up at Wilfred's disappointed glare.

ILENE
(to Wilfred)
You were saying?

Wilfred points at Charles.

WILFRED
He likes white chocolate, so he don't count.

Ilene rolls her eyes at Wilfred.

ILENE
Oh, behave!

She smiles and motions to the waiting couple.

ILENE (cont'd)
Come on in.

Jesse and Charles sheepishly enter the house.

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The home has an ultra-modern interior, open-plan, with monochrome furniture that's meticulously arranged.

Wilfred creeps ahead into the lounge.

Trailing behind are Charles, Jesse, and Ilene.

A dog sniffs Wilfred's butt.

Wilfred scowls and waves his hand.

WILFRED
Scram, before I ship you off to the kebab factory.

The downcast mutt hurries out of the room.

Jesse smiles at Ilene.

JESSE

(to Ilene)

I'm Jesse, aka "white chocolate".
Ironic really, I much prefer dark. I
guess we have something in common
there.

The ladies laugh.

ILENE

I'm Ilene, the grouch over there is
Wilfred. Don't mind his mood. He
hasn't had his nap yet.

Wilfred wanders over to edgy-

IRISH (43), a wiry, rugged Caucasian man with tattoos,
wearing a Watneys Red Barrel hoodie.

IRISH

Did the newbies bring any booze?

Wilfred shakes his head.

WILFRED

Not a drop.

IRISH

Barbarians!

Jesse, Charles, and Ilene join-

ARMANI (32), an imposing African-American woman sitting at
the dining table.

Armani gives the new arrivals the once-over but says
nothing.

ILENE

Everyone, this is Jesse and Charles.

The others respond with pleasantries.

While unwrapping the finger food in the kitchen, Claire
waves.

CLAIRE

I'm Claire. Glad you could make it.
Make yourselves at home.

Ilene nods over at Armani, who smiles.

Armani gets the hint but speaks up with little enthusiasm.

ARMANI

I'm Armani, aka the crazy bitch that held a kid up at gunpoint... With his own gun.

Smirking, Charles gestures a "finger gun."

Claire stares pointedly at Armani.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Your cards are marked, lady.

There's a knock at the door.

CLAIRE

Irish, be a darling and get that for me.

IRISH

Aye.

Irish saunters over and swings the door open to reveal Jen, who stands there with drooped shoulders.

IRISH (cont'd)

I thought finger food was the only thing on the menu. Now we can add Asian cuisine.

Jen looks at Irish with disgust.

JEN (V.O.)

I'd rather inject myself with Smallpox.

Jen grimaces, ducks into the house, and scampers into the lounge.

Irish admires the rear view as she passes.

Jesse shows a flash of recognition for Jen.

JESSE

You decided to join us, then?

All eyes turn to Jen, who avoids everyone's gaze.

JEN

Err.

CLAIRE

Oh, so you know Jen?

CHARLES

We saw her when we arrived. Wilfred seemed to scare her off, but looks like she's made of stronger stuff than that.

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

I just feel nervous meeting new people.

CLAIRE

We won't bite, except for maybe Irish.

Irish gnashes his teeth at Jen.

ARMANI

Jen? Is that your real name, or just a name you adopted so that Westerners could say it?

Jen gapes at Armani.

Irish steps in front of Jen, shielding her.

IRISH

(to Jen)

Leave this to me, my love. I've had my fair share of interrogations.

Irish narrows his eyes at Armani.

IRISH (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

The name's Irish. And that's all you're getting. Alright?

Armani rolls her eyes.

ARMANI

Everyone knows you're the friendly neighborhood supplier.

CHARLES

Supplier of what?

Irish waves his hand.

IRISH

Don't mind her. She's the greatest expert on everything.

Irish steps aside and gives Jen a supportive nod.

Jen smiles back.

JEN (V.O.)
 God give me strength to work with
 this lot.

Jen nods and smiles at Claire.

JEN
 I like this parent club idea. It's
 exactly what I need.

CLAIRE
 You're not the only one. As you may
 know, my son Jack can be a bit of a
 handful.

WILFRED
 Handful?

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

Super: A week earlier

Neighbors eat, drink, and socialize.

Kids run around playing and having wholesome fun.

JACK (6), a mischievous devil, is the sole exception.

He gleefully shoots a potato gun into the crowd, hitting
 Wilfred in the crotch.

JACK
 Bull's-eye!

Wilfred's eyes bulge as he rolls around, clutching his
 injury.

A sharp intake of breath emanates from the crowd, who wince
 in empathy.

WILFRED
 (whimpers)
 Son-of-a-bi...scuit!

Jack disappears into the crowd with an evil sneer.

Claire, mortified, stands over Wilfred.

CLAIRE

I. Am so. Sorry.

Wilfred can't speak but manages to shake his fist at Claire.

Jack aims the gun at Irish.

Claire notices and lurches towards Jack.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Jack! Don't you dare.

Jack fires, hitting Irish in the ass.

Irish squeals like a pig, clutching his buttock.

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wilfred leans towards Irish.

WILFRED

I bet if I check the kid's skull, I'd
find the mark of the beast.

Claire gapes with horror.

IRISH

Steady on, Wili m'boy. Getting shot
in the crotch has clearly made you
crotchety.

The group laughs.

Wilfred flashes an irritated expression.

WILFRED

You weren't laughing when you took
one in the ass.

IRISH

If you're referring to my prison
time, those stories are greatly
exaggerated.

Charles does a double-take at Irish.

Irish winks as he finishes off a beer.

WILFRED

If anyone should be locked up, it's
John Wayne's juvenile delinquent.

IRISH

On Christ, if it wasn't for that trigger happy daddy of his, I'd've kicked him from here to Kingdom come by now.

Claire is stunned into silence.

Jesse nods and smiles.

JESSE

He's a handful, alright. Pretty good aim, though, for his age.

Charles wanders over with a mixed drink in a plastic cup.

CHARLES

If that were me, I'd be aiming my hand at that kid's ass.

Irish smiles and nods, approvingly.

IRISH (V.O.)

It so warms me heart to hear a pretentious upscale millennial share me sentiment.

Armani looks at Charles with admiration, her gaze lingering.

JESSE

I'd rather that hand be on my ass than the kids'!

IRISH

Violence breeds violence, am I right?

Jesse nods in agreement.

ARMANI

Lucky I was there. I showed that little tearaway who's boss!

Claire looks flabbergasted.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Lucky? You must be demented.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

A determined Claire crouches, taking calming breaths.

Jack stands in front of her, defiant posture. He clutches his toy gun in one hand and a potato in the other.

Jesse and Charles watch the spectacle, eating popcorn.

Armani and Irish loiter a few paces behind, smoking.

Claire rests her hand on Jack's shoulder.

CLAIRE

Jack, I've asked you once already.
Now, stop shooting everyone.

Jack's eyes narrow. His purpose resolute.

JACK

But I'm a cop, Mommy. And cops shoot bad guys. That's what daddy says.

CLAIRE

Don't be silly. There's no bad guys here.

JACK

Well, daddy says that black people-

Claire wraps one hand around Jack's mouth, tightly locking the back of his head with the other.

She looks up at Armani's disapproving glare, fronts an awkward smile, and mouths an apology.

Armani glowers.

Jack wriggles out from Claire's arm lock.

ARMANI

Enough of this crap.

Armani stalks over, dwarfing Jack.

Jack instinctively leans away from her imposing presence.

Armani wrests the gun from Jack, points it at his chest.

ARMANI (cont'd)

You were saying?

Claire steps forward.

CLAIRE

I can handle my son.

Armani scowls at Claire.

ARMANI

Oh no! I want to hear what Donald Trump Junior has to say about black people.

There's a tense, staring stand-off between adult and kid.

A petulant Jack stomps his feet.

JACK

You're mean! I hate you!

Armani stomps her feet, more animated, body jiggling.

ARMANI

What a shame. I'm growing so fond of you.

Claire snatches the gun out of Armani's hands, throws it in her handbag. She tries to square up to towering Armani.

CLAIRE

That is a six-year-old child, for Christ's sake. What is the matter with you?

Armani acquires a smug expression and calmly replies.

ARMANI

You're welcome.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse rolls her eyes and folds her arms.

JESSE

We use more refined tactics in our household. Well, one of us does, anyway.

CHARLES

I knew this was a bad idea. Why did I even agree to this?

JESSE

You didn't. 'Big Jim' did.

Armani confidently raises one eyebrow.

CHARLES

I have no recollection of that.

JESSE

If you're more focused on where the blood is rushing than on what I'm trying to tell you, that's your problem, not mine.

Armani takes a particular interest.

ARMANI

Big Jim, eh? Just how big are we talking?

Jesse scowls, Charles chuckles.

IRISH

Didn't anyone tell you? It's not the size but how you use it.

Charles and Wilfred appraise Irish, who tenses under their scrutiny.

IRISH (cont'd)

I wear a size eleven, thank you very much.

Armani shakes her head and chuckles.

Charles glances at Irish's feet and raises one eyebrow.

CHARLES

You're no eleven.

Wilfred checks out Charles' feet.

WILFRED

Nor are you.

Everyone laughs. Charles & Irish withdraw into themselves. Armani notices.

ARMANI

Shoe and cock size are entirely unrelated.

Armani throws Charles a supportive wink.

JESSE

Who cares? I'll take a smooth tongue over a big, ahem, feet any day.

Wilfred is mortified. His eyes lock onto Charles.

WILFRED (V.O.)
Note to self. No sharing drinks with
Mr Lick'ems over there.

Sensing Wilfred's scrutiny, Charles smiles politely. Wilfred winces.

Dave swaggers into the living room wearing his policeman's uniform.

He waves as he speaks.

DAVE
Hello everyone. Sorry I'm late.

Everyone except Ilene is consumed by laughter, oblivious to Dave's entrance.

Dave slouches into the kitchen to retrieve a beer and crackers.

Ilene clears her throat and throws Jesse a withering look.

ILENE
I didn't come here to listen to your
bedroom antics.

Everyone glances away, embarrassed.

Dave makes a snoring sound.

WILFRED
I'm sorry, are we boring you?

Dave sarcastically throws his hands up.

DAVE
No! It's a miracle! You've cured my
insomnia.

ARMANI
(to Wilfred)
Between him and Jen, I'm not sure
who's more disengaged.

Jen stares into space. Irish clicks his fingers at her.

IRISH
Nap time is over, young lady.

JEN
Sorry. I was a bit distracted.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

A girl in her late teens finishes singing a karaoke song, leaves the stage to limp applause.

FAN (17) an Asian-American girl, grabs her and smooches for long enough to draw everyone's attention.

Jen balks as she sees them, puts her hands over her eyes.

After the kiss, the girl winks at Fan and swooshes away.

Fan saunters over to Jen.

FAN
Hey Mommy, look, I'm playing nice
with the other girls like you always
wanted.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Ilene lurks behind Dave, assessing the finger food.

She takes a bite of quiche, gags, swallows with difficulty.

She grabs a large plastic glass, pours some of the bargain white wine. She coughs before downing the entire drink.

ILENE (V.O.)
Someone needs cooking lessons in
addition to parenting tips.

She pours another wine, retreats to Wilfred, foists the quiche onto him. Wilfred takes a reluctant nibble.

He makes a sour face at Ilene.

WILFRED
(whispers)
What in the world of white privilege
is this?

Wilfred discreetly spits the quiche into his hand, feeds it to the dog, who whimpers.

Dave catches Wilfred feeding his pooch quiche.

DAVE
Enjoying the food, old man?

Wilfred fronts a smile. Vigorously nods his head.

Dave feigns disgust.

DAVE (cont'd)
Feeding that to my dog is animal
abuse.

Ilene chimes in.

ILENE
Behold the fowls of the air: for they
sow not, neither do they reap, nor
gather into barns; yet your heavenly
Father feedeth them. Are ye not much
better than they?

DAVE
Lady, what are you on about?

Wilfred folds his arms tightly.

WILFRED
She's saying people take priority
over animals, Inspector Clouseau.

Dave ignores Wilfred and appraises everyone in the room.

A comic book speech balloon appears above Dave's head.

DAVE (V.O.)
(Wilfred)
Asshole!
(Ilene)
Thinks she's in charge.
(Irish)
Thinks he's funny.
(Armani)
Ticking time bomb.
(Jen)
Neurotic and boring!
(Jesse & Charles)
Super Boring!

Dave reaches for a personal safety alarm and pulls the pin,
letting out a high-pitched whine.

Everyone's hands fly to their ears. Their eyes plead with
Dave to turn it off.

He fumbles to replace the pin.

There's a collective sigh of relief from the guests.

DAVE
Evening folks. I'm Officer Dave
Anderson, and I shall be your host
tonight.

Dave bows with a flourish.

Armani throws a bemused look at Claire and Dave. Leans into
Wilfred.

ARMANI
I can only assume that was a drunken
night in Vegas gone horribly wrong.

Wilfred nods approvingly and chuckles.

WILFRED
That, or she's faking just enough to
win our trust before shipping us off
to a private island as sacrifices for
their Demon God.

Armani acquires an odd expression and discretely backs away
from Wilfred.

ARMANI (V.O.)
I'm not sure who's worse, you or him.

Jack comes down the stairs, stops in his tracks, goggling.

JACK
(loud whisper)
Daddy.

DAVE
Hey son, I'll be up in a moment,
okay?

Jack slowly gazes around at everyone.

JACK
Why are all these black people in our
house, Daddy?

Charles smirks, glancing at Jesse.

CHARLES (V.O.)
We're stealing all your women.

DAVE
Upstairs! Now!

Dave rushes over to Jack and drags him back upstairs.

Claire buries her face in her hand.

CLAIRE

And here I am, apologizing yet again.

IRISH

Bit late for apologies. You should've thought of that before letting the little critter out those long legs of yours. Best you can do now is a muzzle.

Jen narrows her eyes.

JEN (V.O.)

You might wanna see if they do a two for one offer.

WILFRED

(excited)

OR. We could go old-school. Throw some of Ilene's Holy Water over the kid and see what happens.

ILENE

WILI!

Claire gesticulates.

CLAIRE

Look, kids can be like parrots. They hear something and just blurt it out without thinking.

IRISH

Well your parrot blurts like a bigot.

Claire takes a deep breath.

Ilene claps for a moment.

ILENE

That's another reason why we're here. So we can better understand each other, as well as our kids.

(to Claire)

Shouldn't we get on with it, then?

Claire nods and politely smiles.

CLAIRE

Let me start by thanking you all for coming. To be honest, I didn't expect anyone to turn up.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

Wilfred, recovering from Jack's potato gun assault, stands by a booth with his hands protecting his crotch.

Stood beside him is, Irish, who caresses his own wound.

Dave, dressed in his police uniform, strides over to Wilfred with a mischievous grin.

DAVE

Excuse me sir, this is a family event. Can you please remove your hands from your genital area?

Wilfred raises his hands and wags his finger in Dave's face.

WILFRED

You're out here policing the streets but you can't police your own damn child. You know what that boy needs, right?

Dave looks over at Ilene, struggling to distract Jack with a balloon.

DAVE

A more powerful toy?

WILFRED

A good strapping.

Irish nods in agreement.

DAVE

I don't recall soliciting your opinion, old man.

WILFRED

Since I am older-

Wilfred looks Dave over for effect.

WILFRED (cont'd)

-And, no doubt, wiser, perhaps you should consider my opinion. Because your boy's hardly a finishing school graduate. Look at him.

Ilene claps her hands in front of Jack's face. Jack stands to attention.

DAVE
Looks like you've given the old girl
plenty of practice.

WILFRED
(to Irish)
Wow, Kindergarten Cop over here
thinks he's got the golden ticket to
easy parenting. Get someone else to
do it. Good one.

Irish holds his hands up, wanting no part of it.

Dave glares at Wilfred, marking his card. Vice versa.

DAVE
He's six. What's your excuse?

Jack wriggles away from Ilene, grabs his toy gun out of
Claire's bag. Shoots Ilene's balloon, then some other
balloons - Pop! Pop! Pop!

Dave, aggravated by the situation, turns and marches into
his nearby house.

Irish taps Wilfred on the shoulder, nods over at Dave.

IRISH
Y'know he's only peeved off because
you were right.

Wilfred sighs.

WILFRED
Probably. But I was only trying to
offer some fatherly advice.

IRISH
I know, brother.

Dave comes out of his house with a starter pistol. He calmly
holds it upward and fires.

There's a crisp, loud BANG.

Jack is stunned into silence, as is everyone else.

All the Afro-Caribbean people run for cover.

Wilfred drops to the floor and looks around in a panic.

Jack stares at his father for a moment.

Dave waves to him to come home.

Jack runs up to stand next to Dave, who then yells over at Wilfred.

DAVE
Hey grandad! That's how you police
your own damn child.

Wilfred gets up and wipes himself off.

WILFRED
Of all the stupid things.

There's a mixture of uproar, confusion, and disdain from other onlookers.

Claire scurries towards her house, then swerves towards the empty stage.

Worried, Dave scrambles onto the stage behind her. Jack disappears into the crowd.

Claire grabs the microphone, which lets out a loud squeal.

All eyes gravitate to the stage.

Claire freezes with stage fright.

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
YOU CAN DO IT!

CLAIRE
Hi, everyone. I'm Claire Anderson,
and the excitable cop with the track
gun is my husband, Dave.

Dave puts up a half-hearted smile and waves.

There are boos from the audience.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
My son, Jack, is somewhere in the
crowd, but I'm sure most of you
already know who he is. I seem to
spend most of my days apologizing for
one of the two.

Claire titters.

A few awkward laughs scatter among the crowd.

Claire chuckles and scans the largely apathetic audience.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
But I'm sick of saying I'm sorry for
them.

Claire turns slightly towards Dave.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
And, we're not the only parents in
the neighborhood with problems. I
think it's time to do something.

WILFRED
Took you long enough.

Dave narrows his eyes at Wilfred.

CLAIRE
The first step to solving a problem
is admitting you've got one, right?

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
He's behind you.

Claire shuffles and recomposes.

CLAIRE
The second step - seeking help. As
you've seen, this jackass-

Claire inclines her head towards Dave.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
-only knows how to hide behind a gun.

Dave shrinks backward.

The crowd laughs.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Maybe we can all help each other,
Y'know? Like a parenting club.

Claire extends her hands, nervously smiles.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Who knows, it might even be fun.
(zestfully)
What do you say, folks?

There's a momentary awkward silence.

The audience roars with laughter.

Seeing Claire sink, Dave pulls out his starter pistol, fires it into the sky.

Laughs become hysterical.

In B/G, Wilfred trembles behind the popcorn stand.

Claire seethes at Dave.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
I rest my case.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

WILFRED
I certainly had no intention of being here.

Ilene throws Wilfred a warning look.

Wilfred flops into a chair, pouting with resignation.

CLAIRE
Well, you all know why I'm here.

IRISH
Yeah. 'cause it's your gaff.

Wilfred sniggers.

CLAIRE
What I would like to know is why you're all here.

IRISH
I don't mind going first, but I need a drink. Claire, you got any whiskey? Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, Glenmorangie, or anything from the Glens.

Claire nods over at her guest.

CLAIRE
On the scotch already, must be bad.

KITCHEN

Claire rummages in a cupboard, retrieves a whiskey bottle, pours a generous amount, no ice.

LIVING ROOM

Claire returns to the front room and hands off the drink.

Irish nods in appreciation as she hands him the drink.

IRISH

Grand.

Irish winks. Claire bows her head and bustles away.

IRISH (cont'd)

Let me begin then. Me son, Connor,
he's a slippery one, alright. I know
he's up to no good most of the time,
but he's bloody hard to catch.

Claire gives Irish a wry look.

CLAIRE

Sounds vaguely familiar.

Everyone laughs.

Irish swigs and shudders as the stiff drink takes hold.

IRISH

The other day, he's acting shiftier
than ever. Then, I see him take a
little plastic bag out of his
rucksack when he thinks I'm not
paying him any mind.

Irish glances around the room.

IRISH (cont'd)

Now, I'm no stranger to little
plastic bags filled with trouble. So,
I called him out on it. Then boxed
his ears. And what do you think that
cocky little bugger did?

Armani sits forward, intrigued.

ARMANI

Go on.

IRISH

The brazen ballbag hit me back twice
as hard! That'll teach me for getting
him boxing lessons.

Jesse gives Irish a probing look.

JESSE

Violence breeds violence, eh?

IRISH

Exactly. He's my kid, alright. Proper right hook on him.

Jesse's eyes bore into Charles.

Charles rolls his eyes.

CHARLES

Clearly, this guy-

Charles points his thumb towards Irish.

CHARLES (cont'd)

-doesn't know how to raise a respectful child. But that doesn't mean he was wrong to employ physical discipline.

Jessie rears back with contempt.

JESSE

Employ physical discipline? Using violence against a child and dressing it up with a euphemism doesn't make it any less contemptible.

CLAIRE

There's always another answer.

WILFRED

Yes, we saw you use those methods to great effect the other day.

ARMANI

Yeah, if you back down, get down to their level, try to reason with 'em - they'll walk all over you.

JEN

Violence just escalates things.

Dave folds his arms tightly and nods in agreement.

DAVE

Smacking Jack doesn't help, it just winds him up more, prolongs the fight.

Wilfred rolls his eyes.

WILFRED

That's rich coming from a cop. Your people's violence has prolonged the biggest fight of them all.

Dave strides over to Wilfred gets right up in his face. Wilfred meets him head-on, defiant.

DAVE

My people are out there saving your ass daily. Show some respect, old man.

WILFRED

I save my own ass.

Claire puts her hands in the air.

CLAIRE

Whoa! We're getting way off topic.

In B/G, Jack emerges at the top of the stairs holding an air rifle. He shoots it at the ceiling, which makes a loud pop.

Jack flees back to his room.

Claire darts after him.

Wilfred snaps out of the stand-off with Dave and dives behind the couch.

Some plaster falls from the ceiling.

Shocked silence falls.

Irish nods his head approvingly.

IRISH

Gotta hand it to the kid. A sure-fire way to settle a dispute is to blow the place apart. Worked for the IRA every time.

Jesse and Jen gape at Irish.

Charles suppresses a laugh.

Jen looks up at the crack in the ceiling, shrugs.

JEN

I know a good plasterer.

DAVE

So do we. They just refuse to come back.

Armani chimes in.

ARMANI

Between you and Dirty Harry up there, I am not in the least bit surprised.

Wilfred peers around the sofa and attempts to slip away without anyone noticing.

ILENE

Wili?

Wilfred stands to attention.

ILENE (cont'd)

I never thought I'd ever say these words, but you were right.

Wilfred points to himself in disbelief.

WILFRED

I'm way too old for this shit.

Ilene nods in agreement.

ILENE

Never, in all my life, have I seen such lost souls.

Wilfred spins 180 degrees and bowls towards the front door.

WILFRED

I told you! We do not. Belong. Around. These crazy-ass, gun-toting, whip-cracking PEOPLE!

Ilene acquires a resolute look and stands tall.

ILENE

You don't look any worse for the wear. And I ain't about to abandon these people. God obviously sent me here for a reason.

Wilfred appears baffled.

WILFRED

Wait a second, you're not saying you want to help these people, are you?

ILENE
God's work ain't always easy, baby.

WILFRED
These people don't want your help,
Ilene.

Wilfred turns to the group.

WILFRED (cont'd)
Do you?

Everyone nods yes except Charles.

Ilene looks self-satisfied.

Charles nods towards Dave.

CHARLES
Some of us need it more than others.

Wilfred slumps in the corner of a couch away from the group.

ILENE
There's only one way this club is
gonna work. Rules and structure.

Dave pulls a whiteboard out of a cupboard with a flourish.

DAVE
Ta-da!

Dave points to it.

DAVE (cont'd)
Everyone should suggest a rule, and
I'll jot it down on this.

Irish shakes his head.

IRISH (V.O.)
A whiteboard in his own house? Now
I've seen it all.

Armani leans back with a skeptical face.

JESSE
What if we disagree with a rule?

Everyone ponders for a moment.

JEN
(mumbling)
We could vote.

Only Armani registers Jen's comment.

ARMANI
We could vote on each rule. The
majority vote wins.

JEN (V.O.)
Is there an echo in the room?

The group nods in agreement, while Jen sulks.

Irish ponders.

IRISH
Rules? Voting?

Irish picks up his empty scotch glass.

IRISH (cont'd)
Gonna need another o' these.

Jen looks to Armani, who nods, acknowledging her idea.

ARMANI
Don't worry. I'll soon make a woman
of you, and they'll be begging you to
shut up.

Jen wrinkles her nose.

ARMANI (cont'd)
Or not.

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

All but Wilfred, Armani and Irish sit around the whiteboard.
Dave stands beside it.

The whiteboard reads:

Parent Club Rules

1. Claire and David are the hosts. What they say is final!
2. No abuse (Verbal or Physical)
3. No racist, prejudiced, discriminatory comments
4. No politics
5. No outside narcotics or alcohol
6. No non-members
7. No lying
8. No leaving mid-session
9. No judgment
10. No discussing the sessions outside of the group

Jesse giggles.

JESSE
 So the last rule of Parent Club is
 that we can't discuss Parent Club.
 Whatever next, Dave and Jack are one
 and the same?

Jesse smirks at her own joke, and Jen giggles.

Irish emerges into the room with Armani, swaggers over to
 the whiteboard, appraising it.

IRISH
 Jesus. The only thing missing is No
 Blacks, no Irish, no dogs.

The dog barks at Irish as if speaking to him.

DAVE
 He usually only does that during
 training.

Dave scrutinizes Irish and Armani.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Where did you guys creep off to?

IRISH	ARMANI
The whizzer.	The ladies' room.

Irish and Armani exchange an awkward look.

IRISH
 Alright, Columbo, you got me. I snuck
 out for a dirty spliff, okay?

Armani scuttles back to her chair.

Jesse sniffs as Armani passes her.

JESSE
 (mutters)
 Interesting perfume.

Armani ignores the comment.

DAVE
 You're constantly flirting with my
 wife, and now you bring drugs into my
 home?

IRISH
 Whoa! I don't touch drugs. And herb
 is mother nature's cure for
 depression.

(MORE)

IRISH (cont'd)
 Legal in most states, I'll have you know. Including this one, but you should know that.

DAVE
 I don't care. It's my house. My rules.

IRISH
 Oh, c'mon, Dave. Pull your head out yer arse, and look around already. It's not the 1960s, no more. Science has proven psychedelics to be an effective cure for anxiety and depression, and that's why I smoke okay.

DAVE
 Well, next time you better bring your script that says medicinal use. Or better still, not bring any dope at all.

Irish and Dave stare each other down intensely.

Wilfred snores in the chair.

Ilene shakes her head.

ILENE
 Sorry, tonight's meeting has been too much excitement for the old boy.

Everyone laughs.

Wilfred's sleepy eye pops open for a moment.

WILFRED
 (mumbles)
 I heard that.

Wilfred immediately falls asleep again.

JEN
 I have a question.

Jen is barely audible.

Armani gestures at Jen, urging her to speak up.

I-

JEN

JESSE

How can we guarantee no one lies?

Armani looks at Jen pointedly.

Jen retreats.

IRISH
Oh, I know exactly what'd loosen our
tongues.

Jen gives Irish a disdainful look and leans into Armani.

JEN
Preferably something that doesn't
require therapy afterwards.

Irish nods and returns a playful smile.

IRISH
(to Jen)
Y'know the best way to hide your own
depravity is to deflect it onto
someone else. But my proposal is-

Irish leans forward and speaks in a low voice.

IRISH (cont'd)
(shrugs)
Psilocybin. The right dose is enough
to relieve the nerves in any tight-
arse, no matter how hard they clench.

Irish makes a face at Jen.

Jen looks away, embarrassed.

Claire leans into Dave and whispers.

CLAIRE
Is he talking about inhibitions or
sex? I can't tell any more.

DAVE
I haven't understood a word he's said
all day. I just smile and nod every
so often.

Irish scrutinizes Claire and Dave.

IRISH
What're you two whispering about?

DAVE
Err, nothing! I was just telling my
wife you talk a lot of sense.

Horrified, Claire glares at Dave.

DAVE (cont'd)

What?

Claire droops her head and shoulders.

CHARLES

Psilo-what-now?

IRISH

Psilocybin. Derived from mushrooms.
Entirely vegan, don't worry.

Charles appraises Irish as he pontificates.

CHARLES

I'm usually a good boy.

Jesse's doubtful look says otherwise.

ARMANI

Sometimes just the right amount of
naughty is enough.

Charles chuckles while focused on the floor.

JESSE

Oh, he knows.

CHARLES

I could be persuaded to shelve the
halo for a good cause.

JESSE

I'll be damned if I let you misbehave
without me.

IRISH

So that's Jesse and Charles, Claire
and Dave-

Claire winces.

IRISH (cont'd)

-Well, that was easier than I
thought.

Irish directs a probing look at Armani.

ARMANI

Hell, I'm a single mum of three kids.
I'll take anything that passes for a
party these days. Jen?

Jen looks on with disbelief.

JEN
Can we all get a grip here please?
Are we seriously talking about taking
drugs to be better parents?

IRISH
Drugs? Perish the thought. Just
nature's truth serum.

Jen glances away from Irish's gaze, strides towards the door.

ARMANI
What's the matter, sweetie, afraid of
what the truth might look like?

Jen pauses and turns towards the group, head bowed.

JEN (V.O.)
Maybe.

ARMANI
Besides, no leaving mid-session. Now
sit your narrow ass back down.

Jen perches on the chair nearest the door.

Armani offers Ilene a probing look.

ARMANI (cont'd)
Where do you stand on a little truth
enhancement?

ILENE
Ain't no hiding my truth. Unless he's
asleep.

Ilene waves at snoozing Wilfred.

IRISH
Wilfred, ma boy, you snooze, you
lose... the right to choose. That makes
it a full house.

The group glance at each other in agreement.

IRISH (cont'd)
I better get foraging. Who can make
it taste palatable?

Irish's eyes settle on the food that Claire had prepared.

Claire also glances over at the food surreptitiously.

IRISH (cont'd)
Tasty and modest, my kinda girl.

Irish gives Claire a cheeky wink.

IRISH (cont'd)
You know you wanna.

Dave throws a protective arm around Claire.

Claire sighs with resignation.

CLAIRE
At the very least, I can control the dosage.

Dave whispers into her ear, annunciating each syllable.

DAVE
Pla-ce-bo.

Irish flashes Dave a shrewd look.

Dave nervously shifts in his chair.

IRISH (V.O.)
You can't fool old Irish, copper.

ILENE
(to Claire)
I'll get here early and help you spice things up a bit.

DAVE (V.O.)
Is she talking about the food or our sex life?

Jen holds her head high, strong posture, raises her voice.

JEN
I don't want to sit here and repeat this again. We need an agenda.

IRISH
Jesus, what is it with you guys and paperwork.

CLAIRE
One problem a week. Who's first?

Claire moves her gaze around the room.

Everyone looks away.

IRISH
You can't start with me 'cause I'll
just ruin you for other problems.

Armani gives Irish an appraising stare.

ARMANI
Well, I certainly ain't as screwed up
as you.

Armani sighs and purses her lips, gathering her thoughts.

ARMANI (cont'd)
I'm really struggling to get my son
to take me seriously about smoking
weed.

JESSE
You reap what you sow, hun.

Armani rears back, offended.

ARMANI
Don't judge me. You don't know me.

ILENE
Now, now ladies.

ARMANI
My son Izaak, he's only 15. Good boy,
really, but the green stuff got its
claws into him. I've tried everything
to convince him to stop, but nothing
works.

Jesse rolls her eyes.

JESSE
Everything but setting a good
example.

ARMANI
Bitch! I wish you would-

Ilene throws her hands up.

ILENE
Hey! People, we need to leave that
sort of hostility at the door.

Ilene checks her temper and composes herself.

ILENE (cont'd)
Thanks, Armani, for sharing your
problem. Gives us something to think
about for next week.

Armani gives Ilene a grateful nod.

Jack creeps into the room.

JACK
(whining)
Daddy!

WILFRED
That's my cue to leave.

Everyone's attention snaps towards Wilfred.

Dave gets up, picks up sleepy Jack and leaves the room.

Wilfred stretches off towards the door.

Other guests follow.

Claire dashes after them, brandishing pen and paper.

CLAIRE
Everyone give me your numbers so I
can set up a group.

IRISH
Don't tell me Dave's deleted it
already.

CLAIRE
Perish the thought.
(acidic)
I think you'll be an indispensable
member of the group.

IRISH
Ain't it the painful truth.

Claire hands him the paper and pen with a stern look.

Irish scrawls his number down.

IRISH (cont'd)
Just no dick pics, alright?

Irish winks.

IRISH (cont'd)
A cleavage shot wouldn't go amiss,
though.

Armani dry-heaves.

Charles cracks up.

INT. THE ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Claire perches on the edge of the bed, phone in hand,
typing.

CLAIRE
Hey Dave, how's about this: "So
lovely to meet you all-"

Dave gives a contemptuous snort.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
"Same time next week. I look forward
to a constructive discussion."

Claire nods to herself. Presses send.

DAVE
I admire your optimism.

SHOW PHONE SCREEN

ARMANI TEXT: "I look forward to the food [WINK EMOJI]"

IRISH TEXT: [Photo-shopped picture of Armani, holding
oversized bags of cannabis. TITLED: HIGH HYPOCRITE]

ARMANI TEXT: [MIDDLE FINGER EMOJI]

END SCREEN SHOWING

Claire hangs her head. Dave chuckles.

CLAIRE
Can we at least say no Irish?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END