

Mindy Mather's Mom

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

The outdoor Café tables are occupied with a variety of HOLLYWOOD TYPES. Among them-

A scruffy SCREENWRITER pounds on a lap top as he mouths what he is typing. An empty coffee mug and remnants of a bagel and egg sandwich sit on his table-

Two STARLETS: one on her cell phone, the second text messaging on a PDA. An uneaten chocolate croissant, cut in half, sits in the middle of their table-

A 20-something male POSER, in dark sunglasses, sips a cappuccino while "reading" a 400+ page classic novel-

Three OLD CODGERS drink mugs of straight black coffee, eat donuts, and flip through the trades-

OLD CODGER #1 flicks at the page in front of him.

OLD CODGER #1
I read for that role.

A waiter weaves his way through the tables toward a trio sitting at the edge of the outdoor seating area of the Café. He carries a tray containing-

A bottle of flat water and a glass, a canned energy drink, and an ice-blended coffee topped with a mound of whipped cream and drizzled in chocolate with an oversized straw.

The three people at the table are cute MINDY MATHER, 14, flashy MINDY'S MOM, early 30's, and Mindy's uber-publicist, ROGER, early 40's.

Mindy's Mom takes a piece of paper from her oversized bag, unfolds it and slaps it onto the table.

MINDY'S MOM
(to Roger)
I brought a list. I swear to God, I
don't know why we have to pay you
when I do all the work.

The waiter places the canned energy drink in front of Mindy, the water and glass in front of Roger and the ice-blended in front of Mindy's Mom.

Mindy's Mom glares at her drink, heaves a sigh, and grabs the waiter by the arm with her gaudily manicured hand.

MINDY'S MOM (CONT'D)
 I ORDERED the *drink du jour*, you
 imbecile.

The waiter retrieves the ice-blended, tosses it into a nearby
 trash receptacle and walks away without a word.

MINDY'S MOM (CONT'D)
 (to Roger)
 Did you see that? He didn't even
 fawn over her. I'll have his job.

ROGER
 (with obvious disdain)
 You very well might.

Mindy's Mom looks at her list.

MINDY'S MOM
 #1: I want you to leak to the press
 that Mindy is doing a nude scene in
 her next film -- full frontal.

ROGER
 She's fourteen!

MINDY'S MOM
 Everybody knows that fourteen is
 the new twenty! The director her
 third-rate agent sent us to
 yesterday didn't go for it either.
 What's wrong with you people?

ROGER
 Tell me you didn't pitch an
 underage nude scene to Spielberg.

MINDY'S MOM
 That man wouldn't know a good idea
 if an alien phoned it in to him.
 (looks around)
 Where in the Hell is my drink.

Mindy's Mom snatches the energy drink from Mindy's hand, mid
 sip, takes a swig, then slams the can on the table.

ROGER
That man is one of the highest
 grossing filmmakers of all time!

MINDY'S MOM
 Yeah, that's another thing. He's
 going to have to double his offer
 before I'm interested.

She looks down at her chest and cups her own breasts.

MINDY'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Momma needs a new pair of boobs.

Roger takes an 8 x 10 glossy proof from his brief case and hands it to Mindy's Mom.

ROGER
 This is the photo, *from the re-shoot*, that we think we should go with for the "Rising Stars" spread.

The Café MANAGER approaches the trio with a *drink du jour* for Mindy's Mom and places it gingerly in front of her.

MANAGER
 Ma'am. I apologize for the mix up.

The manager retreats as Mindy's Mom gets a magnifying glass and a flask from her bag. She pours from the flask into the drink in front of her.

She also takes a drink directly from the flask before returning it to her bag.

Mindy's Mom examines the photo with the magnifying glass, looks around and grabs a fork off the tray of a passing waiter and scratches a large X through the photo.

She tosses the photo in Roger's direction.

MINDY'S MOM
 Her nose looks like Mount What 'Cha Call. Have them *try* -- again. And make sure they *hint* in the article that I have a dreadful disease. You decide which one. -- It'll create sympathy.

ROGER
 (sarcastically)
 Yeah, that would do it.

Mindy's Mom sits back in her chair as if struck by the brilliant idea of the decade.

MINDY'S MOM
 Better yet, that sonofabitch father of hers could die in a suspicious "accident." -- What do you think?

ROGER

Trust me. You don't really want to know what I think.

MINDY

Roger, please have Mr. Crawford file the declaration of emancipation. I want it go ahead with it.

MINDY'S MOM

Why you ungrateful, little brat! After all I've sacrificed to make you a star?

She looks at Roger.

MINDY'S MOM (CONT'D)

I suppose this is your idea. You really think you can get away with it?

Mindy rises from her chair.

MINDY

(loudly)

And I want it stated -- in no uncertain terms -- that she can no longer address herself as "Mindy Mather's Mom" every time she opens her big, fat, botoxed mouth.

Mindy does a half twirl and walks away from the table among gasps, smiles, stifled laughs, and nods from Café customers. The Poser claps slowly as he watches Natalie depart.

MINDY'S MOM

(yells)

You get back here this instant! I made you! Without me you're NOTHING!

She turns to Roger.

MINDY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Where are the damn paparazzi when you need them? You can't buy publicity like this!