

"I'M SO DONE"

Pilot: "One Tough Cookie"

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

RACHAEL BERMAN-HARRIS, (30's, half-awake, strawberry blond, white Chef jacket embroidered with 'Owner/Chef' Sweet Bytes Bakery) sits at her laptop in the living room holding a hand full of bills. She opens her company's financial documents then lowers her head.

BRAD HARRIS, (30's, Levi's and a plaid shirt with sleeves rolled up) enters from the kitchen. He approaches, then wraps his arms around her presenting a small paper bag and a travel coffee mug that reads "Happy Wife, Happy Life."

RACHAEL
We're not having sex, Brad.

BRAD
That's not why I...

Rachael eyes Brad's work clothes.

RACHAEL
You got the remodel job?

Brad grimaces.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Are you kidding?

BRAD
I'm in a slump. Even Willie Mays had slumps.

RACHAEL
His slumps didn't affect our income.

BRAD
What if my crew works on your retail space? You get that open, it'll help business.

Rachael presents a stack of bills.

RACHAEL
I'm paying the business and our bills. I can't buy materials.

BRAD
They don't need materials. They can demo. And you can pay them later.

Rachael hands Brad a utility shut off notice for the house and an envelope with cash. Brad eyes the cash.

RACHAEL
Please pay our utility bill.

BRAD
I thought that automatically came
out of our bank account.

RACHAEL
It's hard to automatically come out
when there's nothing there, Brad.
So now it's overdue.

Brad stuffs the envelope into his back pocket.

Rachael's PHONE RINGS. She eyes it, because her mother is
calling unusually early in the morning.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Are you okay? Why are you awake?

BRAD
(mouthes quietly)
Who is that?

Rachael muffles her phone.

RACHAEL
(to Brad)
You told my mother?

Brad tries to melt into the background.

BRAD
I was trying to figure out the best
way to tell you.

RACHAEL
And your best idea was...

Rachael imitates Brad's earlier grimace.

BRAD
That's what she did.

RACHAEL
(into the phone)
We're fine, Mom. Go back to sleep.

Rachael hangs up her phone.

BRAD

It's amazing how guilty she can make you feel with a facial expression.

RACHAEL

Welcome to my childhood.

DANIEL BERMAN-HARRIS, (their 10-year-old son) sleepwalks into the living room in hockey-themed pajamas.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Daniel... hey buddy?

BRAD

Wait. He's sleepwalking. If we wake him, he could be...

(whispers)

traumatized.

Daniel opens the back door and steps outside, then stops and pees into a potted plant with a sigh of relief.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh -- your favorite flowers.

RACHAEL

This is all because you taught him to pee in the backyard when he was little.

BRAD

Every kid does that.

(under his breath)

So do I.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - KIDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael follows Daniel back to the kids bedroom, then he slowly climbs up the ladder to the upper bunk bed. He is asleep the minute his head hits the pillow.

STACY BERMAN-HARRIS (their 7 year old daughter, drama queen, needs nightly bedtime soothing) sleeping in the bottom bunk wakes up.

STACY

Mom, what's going on.

RACHAEL

Nothing, it's four-thirty in the morning, go back to sleep.

STACY

Can you sit with me for a minute? I won't be able to go back to sleep if you don't.

RACHAEL

Okay -- one minute. I need to get to the bakery, honey.

Rachael lies next to Stacy, gently rubbing her back to soothe her back to sleep.

PUGLY BERMAN-HARRIS (their very old pug-nose family therapy dog clinging to life, wheezes when he breathes and constantly licks to self soothe) nudges the bedroom door open.

STACY

Hi Pugly.

RACHAEL

Stacy.

She quickly shuts her eyes. Pugly begins to profusely lick Rachael's ankle.

Rachael rubs Stacy's back a little harder now because she is not going back to sleep.

STACY

Mom, you're hitting me. Are you mad?

RACHAEL

(in a firm voice)

I'm not mad. This is a different kind of soothing that kinda just knocks you out, honey.

Stacy is finally quiet. Brad gingerly opens the bedroom door.

BRAD

Hey, when are you gonna be done?

Daniel wakes up.

DANIEL

Why is everyone in our room?

RACHAEL

Oh my God. Never. I'm never done!

BRAD

Have you seen my keys?

STACY

They're on the kitchen counter.

RACHAEL

I'm done. I have to go to work.

DANIEL

Wait, I taught Pugly to fetch.

Daniel throws a small hard rubber bouncy ball, Pugly snatches it in midair, then accidentally swallows it.

RACHAEL

Oh my God!

Everyone huddles around Pugly lying very still on the floor.

DANIEL

He usually brings it back to me, in his mouth.

RACHAEL

You might have to wait at the other end this time.

STACY

You killed him.

Brad pries Pugly's mouth open, then eyes the ball lodged in his throat. He pulls a pair of needle nose pliers out of his back pocket, then very cautiously retrieves the ball.

Daniel and Stacy praise Brad for saving Pugly's life.

DANIEL

Wait, there were three balls.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. There's a twenty-four hour ER vet on my way to work.

With an exasperated sigh, Rachael, scoops up Pugly, exits to go to the veterinary hospital on her way to the bakery.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - KITCHEN - DAY

MARIA SANTIAGO (20's, Baker, dressed in a baker's jacket) holds a broom in the Sweet Bytes kitchen with an eight and a half by eleven glossy photo of JESUS, her muscular dance instructor taped to the handle. The MUSIC soars, Maria busts out some advanced salsa moves.

Rachael enters the kitchen with a medicated Pugly. She's impressed with Maria's dance moves and even more impressed watching Jesus on the video Maria plays on her laptop.

RACHAEL
Maybe I should go to salsa class.

MARIA
(out of breath)
See, I told you.

JESUS (O.S.)
Excellent. Okay. Lets do some jump
and squat exercises.

MARIA
Common Chef. Jump and squats.

RACHAEL
Maria, you don't have kids, and I
don't wanna ruin this for you...
But after you do, jump and squats
will never be the same. Nor will
sneezing.

Rachael eyes a completed chocolate cake on her way to the office to lay Pugly down to rest.

Maria continues to dance to SALSA MUSIC in the background.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
(loudly over the music)
Thank you for decorating that
chocolate cake, Maria.

Maria continues to dance.

MARIA
(out of breath)
No problema.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - OFFICE - DAY

Rachael lays Pugly in his make-shift bed, then pets him.

RACHAEL
I'm glad that X-ray showed you did
not swallow the other two balls.
You rest, I'll be right back.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - KITCHEN - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS, Rachael washes her hands, then lightly dusts the stainless steel prep table in front of her with flour. Then slaps a large ball of dough on the table. Maria continues to dance in the kitchen.

Using a rolling pin, Rachael finishes rolling the dough ball into a thin sheet. Then uses a stainless steel multi-wheel pastry cutter to cut the dough into four inch squares.

The other STAFF MEMBERS arrive, Maria finishes her dance in grand fashion. They give her a STANDING OVATION. She stashes the broom with Jesus' photo attached in the broom closet.

JENNY WHITFIELD (30s, African American, sous chef, white chef jacket) walks in late.

JENNY

Sorry I'm late. I had a fender bender. I mean, one out of every three cars on the road here in Silicon Valley drives themselves. Right? Why can't they merge? I don't understand.

Rachael places the last square of dough onto a full size aluminum sheet pan, then adds filling and folds the pastries.

RACHAEL

We need to talk.

JENNY

But I'm never late.

Rachael uses a food prep squeeze bottle adding strawberry custard filling to each pastry, folds them, then puts the Aluminum sheet pan into the oven.

RACHAEL

About more customers. Every other business I know has a website and at least a Twitter account.

JENNY

Bobby's working on that. Bobby?

SERIES OF SHOTS. Rachael continues baking, uses a biscuit cutter to cut out circles in the dough she has already rolled out. She mixes a blueberry filling in a bowl and adds it to the pastries laid out before her.

RACHAEL
 (yells to the room)
 Maria, can you write happy birthday
 Gloria on the chocolate cake you
 decorated, please?

MARIA (O.S.)
 Yes, chef.

Then she adds whole blueberries on top and folds them in half. Rachael brushes each of the pastries on the aluminum sheet pan with an egg wash and places it into the oven.

BOBBY THOMAS, (20s, hardcore gamer, always wearing a gaming headset) navigates through several empty cans of energy drinks that line the floor around him. Rachael eyes the computer screen a couple feet away.

RACHAEL
 (to Bobby)
 Oh my God -- is that our website?

Bobby holds his hands out in front of himself, then nervously shakes them and clenches his fists, then addresses Rachael.

BOBBY
 (nervous laugh)
 I hope not. That's "Call of Duty".
 (into headset)
 No -- Not you, Dude... My boss. I
 gotta go.

RACHAEL
 Is our website done?

Bobby, agitated, grabs his hair pulling it straight up, then lets go.

JENNY
 It keeps crashing. People have to
 literally call us on a telephone to
 place an order.

BOBBY
 I'm on it. But I did create a
 Twitter account and blasted it out.
 (into headset)
 Dude... I didn't say awesome bro --
 I said I gotta go.

RACHAEL
 Oh my God. Bobby. Get our website
 up and running. Please.

Maria, fluent in English and Spanish, yells in Spanish at the pastries she's making as if they are misbehaving. Rachael and Jenny dash over to Maria's station.

MARIA

(in Spanish)

What is wrong with you. If you don't stop this you are going into the garbage.

RACHAEL

Maria, what's wrong?

Maria, startled, makes a salsa move, shimmies her upper body until her oversized breasts are perfectly adjusted.

MARIA

Everything is perfecto. Some people sing when they work. This is just me singing. You know that.

Rachael shows Maria a better way to fold her pastries.

RACHAEL

If you fold them like this, they won't give you so much trouble.

MARIA

Thank you, Chef. Hey, salsa dancing tonight? Jesus, moves so sexy. When he dances with me, muy caliente.

JENNY

A-huh, you seen that video? I got two left feet and I'm thinking about goin.

RACHAEL

I'd love to. But I have this business, two kids, and a husband. I'm exhausted all the time.

Maria does a little salsa and shimmy, fanning herself.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - OFFICE - DAY

Rachael and Jenny enter the office, Pugly lies in his make-shift bed.

JENNY

Is that dog alive?

RACHAEL

Unfortunately... Yes -- I mean not, unfortunately. I don't want him to die. But he just lingers. He's a lingerer. He's hanging on by a thread. I honestly don't know what's keeping him alive. And this morning, he swallowed a ball. And that didn't kill him.

They both eye Pugly.

JENNY

He hasn't moved.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. I don't hear him breathing.

JENNY

Quick, give him resuscitation. Is there such a thing as dog mouth to mouth.

RACHAEL

(hysterical)

His face is flat. What do I blow into, a wrinkle? I mean, I love this dog. I will do it. I will do mouth to mouth with this dog right now. I will do mouth to face if I have to.

Rachael grimaces, closes her eyes and puts her mouth over Pugly's face. He doesn't respond. She palpitates his chest.

JENNY

Oh -- that's disgusting.

RACHAEL

He looks so peaceful.

JENNY

Because he's dead.

Rachael, determined to bring him back, tries mouth to face one more time. Pugly snorts, spits, wakes up, startles them both.

RACHAEL

Nope, he's not. He's still with us. I told you. This dog never dies. He is here and ready to give therapy. Aren't you Pugly?

Pugly gently licks Rachael's face, Rachael gargles with mouth wash.

JENNY

If that was my dog, he'd be dead
right now.

EXT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - SIDEWALK - DAY

A young female, dressed business casual, intently paces up and down the sidewalk checking a business card, then looking at an empty storefront. A construction crew works inside.

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER opens the door. The young female, very intense and animated, presents him with a business card. He escorts her into the building.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - OFFICE - DAY

Bobby enters with the Construction Worker.

BOBBY

Sorry to bother you Chef. There's a
woman here to see Jenny.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I work for your husband, he said
not to bother you, but this lady's
very pushy.

RACHAEL

Where is she?

MARALEE YANG (20's a self absorbed event coordinator for Facebook) bursts in like she owns the place. Bobby and the construction worker exit.

MARALEE

Hi Jenny.

JENNY

(to Rachael)

This is the woman that hit me.

MARALEE

I'm MaraLee Yang, event coordinator
at Facebook. Nice to meet you.

Rachael and MaraLee greet each other.

MARALEE (CONT'D)

Jenny gave me her business card,
after I -- we accidentally met
getting off the freeway.

JENNY

Just one second. You ran into me,
sister.

MARALEE

Insurance will handle that. I have
a bigger problem. My dessert
caterer cancelled. Can you handle a
large cookie order?

RACHAEL

(to Jenny)

Of course we can. Right?

JENNY

My neck is really starting to ache.

MARALEE

It's our "Annual Women in Tech"
event -- it's a big deal. And it's
tonight. But we can keep it simple.
Just a variety of cookies.

JENNY

I see what you're doing.
(rubbing her neck)
Oh boy that hurts.

MARALEE

Look, you're a locally owned female
business. You'd be doing me the
favor.

Rachael writes down details.

RACHAEL

Okay, when and where?

MARALEE

Building twenty, on campus -- at
five o'clock. We need three
thousand cookies.

JENNY

Say what? My back is starting to
tighten up.

MARALEE

Our budget's ten thousand dollars.

JENNY
For cookies?

MaraLee gives her an embarrassed nod, yes.

MARALEE
This is Silicon Valley.

JENNY
Oh -- wow, I'm feeling a lot better.

RACHAEL
We'll see you there.

A very happy MaraLee exits, then Rachael and Jenny celebrate.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
Forget Twitter. Just go sit on that off ramp.

They both stop, take a deep breath, then fix their hair and straighten their chef coats. Jenny calls Maria into the office.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
We need three thousand cookies.

MARIA
No problem. Prep, mix, bake. Next week, no problem.

JENNY
The event's tonight. Five o'clock.

Maria hyperventilates.

MARIA
Dios mío, muchos problemas.

RACHAEL
We can do this, Maria. Here take Pugly with you.

Maria, not sure how to hold the dog, awkwardly takes Pugly.

MARIA
It's okay to take the dog into the kitchen? Around the food?

RACHAEL
He's a therapy dog. His job is to make you feel better. Besides, hair is protein, right?

MARIA
Is he alive?

RACHAEL
I think so. But either way, he'll
be good therapy.

Maria exits the office. Rachael's PHONE RINGS, she answers.

MALE SOUNDING VOICE (V.O.)
Rachael?

RACHAEL
(into the phone)
Who's this?

INT. HAPPY HEAD SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A retail store that specializes in pipes, bongos, roach clips and other paraphernalia used by drug users.

PAT DUNG (40s Transgender Taiwanese, stocky Iraq War Veteran, with blue hair and a name tag that reads: "Pat-Owner") greets customers, 1970's psychedelic MUSIC plays in the background.

TSUNG-HON (40s Taiwanese, Pat's girl friend in a High-Neck Sequin Column Gown) and TINGTING (20s Taiwanese, Tsung-Hon's daughter in High-Waist Straight Jeans and Cropped Sweater) fake smiles, criticize people in Taiwanese when they enter.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

PAT
This is Pat, from Happy Head Shop.

RACHAEL
Did you place a cookie order?

PAT
No. Your mother's here.

Pat puts the phone on speaker, then hands it to...

Rachael's mother, ALICE BERMAN, (60s, dressed in a hippy hemp robe and Marijuana Enthusiast inspired slippers) stands near Pat's counter, then frowns at Pat's sheepish grin.

Tsung-Hon and TingTing help a heterogeneous group of characters, a SURFER DUDE, CONSTRUCTION WORKER and a HOOKER looking for different products. They overhear Alice's emotional phone call and take her side.

ALICE

Where are you Rachael?

RACHAEL

At the bakery, Mom. I work for a living. Someone in my household needs to. I mean, I tried to push the kids to get a job. But apparently, there are laws against that.

The customers gather around Alice, then listen intently.

ALICE

You call baking work? You know how many times I baked for you kids when you were growing up?

HOOKER

Yeah... A lot... I bet.

RACHAEL

Who's that? What's going on?

ALICE

I was getting ready for the climate change rally and walked outside to find my cellphone. The door closed. I'm locked out. Are you happy now?

CONTRACTOR

Yeah Rachael... Are you happy now?

The other customers and Pat nod their approval of the question.

RACHAEL

No. Actually, I'm not happy. I haven't been happy for a long time now. My husband is outta work, I'm paying all the bills, and I've got two kids that aren't old enough to get a job yet. Quite disappointing, actually.

ALICE

I've been trying to call for an hour. God forbid I was laying in a gutter somewhere bleeding.

SURFER DUDE

Yeah. Then you'd have to call like an ambulance. Or a pair of medics.

The Hooker starts crying, the construction worker puts his arm around her to comfort her. She angrily pushes him away.

HOOKER

The only time I saw my mother was when she came home for clean underwear. I grew up thinking everybody ate TV dinners and watched the movie 'Pretty Woman' by themselves every night. I wish you were my mother, Alice. I saw that movie like, two hundred and forty-seven times.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. Really? How many times have I baked cookies to support your rallies, Mom.

CONTRACTOR

(whispers to Alice)
She might have a point, Alice.

ALICE

I don't know, Rachael. Just get over here right away. Pat, and all my new friends have seen me in my robe and slippers. With no bra on.

Jenny hastily returning with Pugly.

JENNY

(whispers to Rachael)
It worked. Maria and crew are happily making cookies.

RACHAEL

I'll be right there, mom.

Jenny hands Rachael Pugly and her purse.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Good boy, Pugly.

Rachael heads to exit the back door to pick up her mother.

EXT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - DAY

Brad, zoned into playing online poker on his cell phone, pushes Stacy a little harder this time on the backyard swing.

Daniel spots the other two hard rubber balls. Excited he did not kill Pugly, he rushes to get them.

He turns to show Brad just as Stacy's feet hit him, spinning him around and forcing him head first into a rusty nail in the fence.

Daniel walks up to Brad, then yanks on his shirt. Brad, horrified, looks down and sees Daniel smile through a ton of BLOOD RUNNING down his forehead.

DANIEL
Dad I didn't kill Pugly. Here are
the other two balls.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad bursts through the back door, guiding Daniel onto the couch. His forehead continues to bleed profusely.

Stacy runs in behind them, crying.

STACY
I'm sorry, Daniel.

BRAD
Where does Mom keep the bandages?

DANIEL
I don't know, you're the parent.

Brad, texts Rachael, then tosses his cell phone on the couch and darts through the house, unsure which way to go.

STACY
Hurry up dad, he's changing colors.

Stacy picks up Brad's phone and takes a picture of Daniel's bleeding cut, then posts it on TikTok.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - KITCHEN - DAY

Rachael us just about to leave to pick up her mother when...

Her PHONE DINGS with a text. INSERT: PHONE, a CHYRON appears of Brad texting Rachael, it reads, "Brad: I don't want you to panic. I know how you get, you panic a lot. But bring lots of bandages home as soon as possible! Thumbs up emoji."

BACK TO SCENE

RACHAEL
(to Jenny)
Oh my God! He never uses emojis.

CLOSE on Jenny as she grabs their large commercial first aid kit off the wall and hands it to Rachael.

JENNY

We'll bake till you get back.
Hurry.

Rachael clings to her purse, Pugly, and a large first aid kit, then rushes out the back door to her car.

INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She calls Brad, he answers.

RACHAEL

(into the phone)
I'm Jewish, Brad. Telling me not to panic makes me panic even more.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad rummages through a linen closet.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

BRAD

Why don't we have bandaids Rachael?

RACHAEL

Of course we do. Who's hurt? How bad is it?

BRAD

Daniel cut his head on a large nail on the back fence.

RACHAEL

You're telling me you knew there was a large nail?

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad darts into the master bathroom, digs through the medicine cabinet, no luck.

BRAD

Yes, Rachael. I knew there was a large nail. I'm tired, Okay? I pushed Stacy on the swing, and she kicked him head first into a large rusty nail.

RACHAEL
Oh my God! A rusty nail!

BRAD
Right now I need bandaids, Rachael.

RACHAEL
Oh my God. I'll be right there.

INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She researches cuts with a rusty nail on her cell phone.

RACHAEL
Hey Siri, what happens when you get
a cut with a rusty nail?

PHONE BEEPS, Siri responds, female voice.

SIRI (O.S.)
Okay. I found one option, the Rusty
Nail cocktail lounge on Fourth
Street. Does that one sound good?
Would you like me to call?

RACHAEL
Oh my God. Hey Siri, look up
tetanus on WebMD.

PHONE BEEPS again.

SIRI (O.S.)
Okay. I found this on the web for a
web-based doctor on Tenth Street
near you. Check it out.

Rachael's CALL WAITING BEEPS, she clicks over to answer Uncle Allan's call.

RACHAEL
Yes, Uncle Allan?

EXT. DRUG STORE - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

UNCLE ALLAN (Rachael's Uncle, 60s, dressed in an Elvis costume) stands in front of the drug store holding a bag of first aid supplies and watching a video on his phone.

INSERT: PHONE, a live TikTok video plays of Daniel's cut.

BACK TO SCENE

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

UNCLE ALLAN

Stacy posted a video on TikTok. The cut looks deep.

RACHAEL

Brad said it was a rusty nail.

UNCLE ALLAN

Stop on your way home and see if you can get something for tetanus.

RACHAEL

I don't think they have over-the-counter tetanus medicine. I don't know. I could ask. Hello? Do you have tetanus medicine? Like a Tylenol? A tetanus Tylenol? No, I don't think so.

UNCLE ALLAN

Call Brad's sister, she's a nurse.

INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rachael calls the County Medical Center, where Brad's sister works.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Santa Clara County Medical Center. What's your emergency?

RACHAEL

Is Nancy Drucker there?

WOMAN (O.S.)

(hard-nosed and bitter)
Hold on.

She transfers Rachael's call.

INT. HOSPITAL - BUSY PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NANCY DRUCKER, (40s, jaded nurse, Brad's sister) covered with blood, works with two orderlies to try and control a patient thrashing around and moaning in obvious pain. The PHONE RINGS.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

RACHAEL

Nancy, from the time you get cut by a rusty nail how long till tetanus sets in?

NANCY

Rachael? I'm prepping someone for surgery. Stabbed six times. You don't want to know.

Rachael grimaces as she overhears the patient thrash and moan in pain.

RACHAEL

A minute? Ten minutes? How long? Can your mouth freeze shut?

The scene behind Nancy escalates. The medical monitor showing the patient's vitals going down. Two doctors in scrubs rush into the room.

NANCY

Just put some ointment and a bandaid on it. He'll be fine.

Nancy's attention is diverted back to the patient lying on the gurney.

RACHAEL

Is there tetanus ointment?

One doctor grabs a defibrillator.

NANCY

Any ointment. He'll be fine. If not, take him to emergency.

RACHAEL

But we have a high deductible.

A sudden solid TONE from the medical monitor fills the room indicating the patient has flatlined.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daniel is resting on the couch, he's wearing a San Jose Sharks hockey team t-shirt that reads: "I'd rather play hockey than eat" as he surfs on Brad's phone. Brad has duct-taped a panty liner to his cut. Rachael enters.

RACHAEL

All you could find is a panty liner?

BRAD

The box said super absorbent.

DANIEL

Does this mean I'm gonna get a period?

RACHAEL

No, honey. That privilege is, unfortunately, just for girls. What do you know about periods?

DANIEL

It's all on Google, mom.

Rachael removes the panty liner.

Stacy enters the room sobbing in her favorite t-shirt that reads "Drama Queen" and a panty liner duct-taped to her forehead.

Rachael gives Brad a quizzical look.

BRAD

She had a headache. We're outta Tylenol.

STACY

Am I gonna get a period too?

DANIEL

Yeah, 'cause you're a girl. Duh.

Stacy sprints out of the room.

STACY

(yells)

I don't want a period!

Uncle Allan enters unannounced, with an assortment of bandaids. Inspects Daniel's head.

UNCLE ALLAN

You need to get him to the emergency room right away.

BRAD

(to Uncle Allan)

Don't you ever knock?

RACHAEL

I haven't told you. He moved into the attic. Kinda like you didn't tell me about your crew coming.

BRAD
Why's he dressed like Elvis?

RACHAEL
He's rehearsing his comeback special. Impersonating Elvis, Buddy Holly and Ricky Nelson.

Brad shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

BRAD
Get your shoes, Daniel.

Rachael digs into her medical kit.

RACHAEL
Keep your feet elevated.

UNCLE ALLAN
Where's... Pugly?

Everyone looks at Uncle Allan and freezes, an awkward beat of silence.

UNCLE ALLAN (CONT'D)
Don't tell me he finally died?

The room comes alive again.

STACY
Daniel killed him with a rubber ball.

DANIEL
No -- I found the other two in the backyard.

RACHAEL
I took him to the vet and to work to keep an eye on him. And, actually he was giving therapy today. He did really well. But he's still in the car. A little lethargic.

UNCLE ALLAN
I'll get him.

Uncle Allan exits to get Pugly.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - KITCHEN - DAY

Jenny removes baked cookies from the oven in the kitchen. The Crew mixes more cookie dough, then places them on aluminum sheet pans.

Maria salsa dances across the kitchen to place an aluminum sheet pan of cookies into the oven. Bobby exits the walk-in refrigerator balancing the remaining ninety eggs on three teetering egg flats. Maria and Bobby collide.

Bobby, with his gaming headset on, stands, raw egg dripping from his head to toe.

JENNY

Those were the last eggs.

BOBBY

I can run to the store.

JENNY

I need you to keep making cookies as fast as you can. Please.

BOBBY

For sure, I'm on it.

Bobby returns to his station.

MARIA

Are there any food distributors we don't owe money?

JENNY

Everyone we know, we owe. I'll text Rachael. She'll be back soon.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachael finishes dressing Daniel's cut.

DANIEL

Thanks, Mom.

RACHAEL

(to Daniel)

You're gonna be fine, honey.

Rachael's PHONE DINGS with a text from Jenny, INSERT: PHONE, a CHYRON appears, it reads, "Jenny: Don't panic, but we are out of eggs. Bring some back with you. Thumbs up and heart emoji."

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD
 (reading Rachael's face)
 Trouble?

RACHAEL
 Jenny, they need eggs. We got an order for three thousand cookies for Facebook and the event's tonight.

Rachael's PHONE RINGS, INSERT: PHONE, she sees that it is Alice calling and lets it go to voicemail.

BACK TO SCENE

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
 Oh my God. I forgot about my mother. She locked herself out again.

BRAD
 Go get her. We'll pick up eggs and meet you at the bakery.

Rachael exits the Berman-Harris household to go to Happy Head Shop.

INT. HAPPY HEAD SHOP - DAY

Rachael enters, Alice is surrounded by Pat and her new friends.

ALICE
 I could have been raped and killed by the time you got here.

Tsung-Hon and TingTing make fun of Rachael in Taiwanese.

TSUNG-HUN
 (in Taiwanese)
 She looks as uptight as she sounds on the phone.

TINGTING
 (in Taiwanese)
 She looks constipated.

RACHAEL
 I'm sorry, what?

Tsung-Hon and TingTing, big fake smiles.

TSUNG-HUN

You so pretty.

TINGTING

Very pretty. You are very pretty.

RACHAEL

Thank you.

HOOKER

What took so long, Rachael?

RACHAEL

Don't start with me, sister.

ALICE

You'd be lucky to have a sister like her.

RACHAEL

She's a hooker, Mom.

Alice shoots a confused look at the hooker. The hooker reluctantly nods that Rachael is right.

PAT

Hello, I'm Pat.

RACHAEL

I really appreciate you taking care of mom.

ALICE

That's embarrassing, Rachael. It gives the impression that my emotional state is dependent on a man.

(looks to Pat)

Man right?

PAT

I'm non-binary and identify as they, them. But, it's okay.

(to Rachael)

Alice and I always have a good time when she's here.

Pat smiles and nods his head to Alice, she sheepishly grins.

The Contractor, Surfer Dude, and Hooker exit Happy Head Shop.

Rachael's PHONE DINGS with a text from Jenny, INSERT: PHONE, a CHYRON appears, it reads, "Jenny: Brad brought eggs and help, need you now!"

BACK TO SCENE

RACHAEL

Alright, mom. We gotta go.

INT. SWEET BYTES BAKERY - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Rachael and Alice enter.

Brad, chef hat and jacket, waives to Rachael, then takes cookies out of the oven. Rachael jumps in to help.

JENNY

(announces to the kitchen)

The event starts in thirty minutes.

SERIES OF SHOTS of baking scenes with Rachael cracking eggs into a mixing bowl, adding flour, then mixing the ingredients. Daniel adds chocolate chips.

Bobby puts cookie dough balls, evenly spaced, on aluminum sheet pans, laid out on a stainless steel table. The rest of the crew puts them into the oven and assembles pastry boxes.

JENNY (CONT'D)

We're almost done. Go change.

Rachael exits the kitchen to change her clothes.

SERIES OF SHOTS of scenes in kitchen. Alice helps the rest of the Crew box cookies. Uncle Allan holding Pugly, meandering, eating cookies.

Maria, with Stacy, dressed in a chef hat and oversized chef jacket, covered in flour, break eggs together and make more cookie dough. Laughing and speaking Spanish, Maria shows Stacy a dance move, Stacy posts a video on TikTok.

Rachael returns to the kitchen, black Spanx pants, skirt, looks down at the tee shirt she is wearing, it is her daughter's rainbow glitter unicorn t-shirt.

Everyone in the kitchen freezes, staring at Rachael. She looks up, everyone quickly looks away.

RACHAEL

Obviously grabbed the wrong one.

STACY

That's my shirt! Mom, you're stretching it out.

RACHAEL

(grabs her own breasts)
 What, these things haven't stretched out anything in years. They've shrunk to nothing because of you. There won't be any stretching of anything anymore.

MARIA

Salsa tonight? Jesus will love that shirt.

BRAD

Who's Jesus?

MARIA

My Salsa teacher. I offer to take her for lessons. No bueno.

Bobby and Daniel take the last boxes to Rachael's car.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. I'm late. Thank you, everyone.

JENNY

I'll take my car and meet you.

Rachael and Jenny exit. Brad slips his crew, working on the retail space, a box of cookies, then he takes the kids, Uncle Allan, and Alice home. Maria heads to salsa class. The rest of the crew goes home.

INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - EVENING

Rachael is boxed in by fifteen Facebook employee shuttle buses, lined up to take them home. She carefully maneuvers her way around them and finally enters the Facebook campus.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. These busses are a nightmare.

EXT. FACEBOOK BUILDING TWENTY - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Rachael arrives late with two carts full of pink boxes. Jenny holds the door open, Rachael rushes up the walkway to the door with the first cart.

Racing through the doorway, the front wheels of the cart catch on the threshold, which throws Rachael and the cookies head over heels onto the floor at MaraLee's feet.

MaraLee, poker-faced, looks down at Rachael.

Rachael slowly rises, then dusts herself off. Straightens her rainbow unicorn tee-shirt.

RACHAEL

I am so...

MaraLee promptly holds up her hand. Rachael looks to Jenny.

JENNY

She wants you to text her.

RACHAEL

I'm standing right in front of her.

JENNY

Just do it. Please.

INSERT: PHONE, A CYRON appears on MaraLee's phone with Rachael's text, it reads, "Rachael: I am so sorry."

BACK TO SCENE

Without looking up from her phone, MaraLee texts back. INSERT: PHONE, a CYRON appears on Rachael's phone with MaraLee's text, it reads, "MaraLee: Bummer. But I love your shirt, where did you get it."

BACK TO SCENE

Rachael and Jenny laugh, then she texts MaraLee. INSERT: PHONE, a CYRON appears on MaraLee's phone with Rachael's text, it reads, "Rachael: From my daughter's closet."

BACK TO SCENE

MaraLee giggles, texts Rachael again. INSERT: PHONE, a CYRON appears on Rachael's phone with MaraLee's text, it reads, "MaraLee: Is that an online store? Can you like send me the link?"

INT. FACEBOOK BUILDING TWENTY - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rachael and Jenny finish setting up what is left of the cookies as the Women in Tech Event is about to begin.

JENNY

I need to get to my sister's birthday.

RACHAEL

Thank you so much. You made this happen.

JENNY

It was a team. Including your family. Brad really came through.

Jenny exits.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN, a seasoned Comedian, is the keynote speaker for the Women In Tech, Facebook Event, waiting to go on stage. He walks up behind Rachael, then tries a cookie.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN

Hey. These are better than bacon.

RACHAEL

It's my mom's recipe.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN

Have you tried sprinkling these with bacon bits? Because that's the only thing that could make them any better.

RACHAEL

They're kosher.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN

What's better than kosher cookies with bacon bits?

RACHAEL

When they're made with Aunt Mary?

Danny McGraffin reacts, stops, looks at the cookie, laughs.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN

Edible kosher cookies?

RACHAEL

I have a lot of happy customers. And they get the munchies and want more. It's a win, win.

A Production Assistant with a headset and clipboard rushes over to Danny, then motions to him that he is on.

DANNY MCGRAFFIN

Do you mind if I take a few?

RACHAEL

Of course. Take as many as you like.

Danny McGaffin stuffs his pockets with a few cookies

INT. FACEBOOK BUILDING TWENTY - ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Danny McGaffin walks on stage for the Facebook event to a huge round of applause, eating one of Rachael's cookies. The applause piques Rachael's curiosity.

DANNY MCGAFFIN

(eating and talking)

Mmmmm... This is such a good cookie. You guys are really missing out.

The audience laughs, Rachael, standing in the wings watching, gets lost in the moment.

DANNY MCGAFFIN (CONT'D)

(eating as he speaks)

About six months ago, I was watching a late night hair loss commercial. They were selling a serum that you massage into your scalp every morning. And in about three months, it grows hair.

Danny McGaffin takes another cookie bite between lines.

DANNY MCGAFFIN (CONT'D)

So, I looked in the mirror. And I noticed that, by golly, my hair is thinning. Just like they said on the commercial.

Danny takes another bite of cookie.

DANNY MCGAFFIN (CONT'D)

So I bought a bottle and massaged it into my scalp every day for three months.

He takes another bite of cookie.

DANNY MCGAFFIN (CONT'D)

That was a lot of work. And I didn't grow any hair on my head. But now, I have to shave my fingertips.

Then he takes another bite that goes down the wrong pipe.

Danny McGaffin starts choking, and turning red. He falls on the floor. The audience thinks he's joking, and they laugh out loud.

INT. FACEBOOK BUILDING TWENTY - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Production Assistant, with headphones and clip board, realizes he is not joking, rushes up to Rachael backstage.

STAGE PRODUCER

These are your cookies. Get out there and fix this.

She pushes Rachael onto the stage.

INT. FACEBOOK BUILDING TWENTY - ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rachael approaches Danny McGaffin, lying on the stage of the Facebook event, choking.

RACHAEL

(takes it personally)
What are you doing choking on my cookies? They're so good.

The audience is roaring out loud now, thinking it's part of the show. Danny McGaffin grabs his own throat, still choking.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

(eyes the audience)
I'll save you in a minute. But couldn't you just chew and swallow it correctly? You had to choke?

The audience is in tears, laughing.

Rachael gets Danny McGaffin back on his feet, maneuvers around to the back of him, then performs the Heimlich Maneuver. Repeating the process until Danny coughs up the cookie.

The audience goes crazy laughing and applauding. Rachael, initially stunned, looks to Danny for advice.

DANNY MCGAFFIN

(whispers to Rachael)
Take a bow, smile and wave. It's all part of the show kid.

Rachael takes a bow, smiles and waves to the audience.

DANNY MCGAFFIN (CONT'D)

(to the audience)

Wow! She really is a unicorn. The only baker I know that backs up her work. Seriously, how many bakers do you know that will save your life if you choke on their cookies?

The audience laughs and applauds loudly.

INT. BERMAN-HARRIS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

In the living room, Rachael and Brad hug and the kids are on the couch with Pugly watching television. Uncle Allan walks through eating a cookie, in costume, on his way to the attic announcing that Elvis is leaving the building.

BRAD

Sounds like the event went well.

RACHAEL

We recovered after I spilled half the cookies. But, there were still way more than we needed.

They get affectionate.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

We couldn't have done it without you and the kids.

BRAD

The kids were great, right? But that was crazy how Danny McGaffin chocked on your cookie -- on stage.

RACHAEL

I was horrified. But he played it off like the pro he is. He's so funny. When I was watching from backstage, I saw the way the audience responded. The laughs, the applause. It was enticing. And when the production manager pushed me out onto the stage, that was surreal.

BRAD

You know what I think? You are one tough cookie.

Rachael gives Brad an playful quizzical look.

BRAD (CONT'D)

The way you handled everything today, and still managed to make the cookie delivery. And you always keep your sense of humor. You're very funny. That's why your crew loves you so much. You make them laugh. You make me laugh. You're my favorite mom, baker, and comedian. Hey -- What if you bake by day, then tell jokes at night? You never know.

Brad and Rachael affectionately embrace.

The power goes out, the room is completely black.

RACHAEL

Brad! Oh my God! Seriously?

BRAD

But I just said nice things.

STACY

Mom, I was right in the middle of my show.

DANIEL

Can't you guys handle your finances?

UNCLE ALLAN (O.S.)

(from the attic)

Now Elvis and the Electricity have left the building.

RACHAEL

Oh my God! Where's that envelope?

FADE OUT.

THE END