

Sara Page
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Sandwich Girls

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

OPENING CREDITS BEGIN.

POV SIDEWALK LEVEL, MOM's feet move down the alley to a fun beat. She is middle aged, but strong, statuesque.

POV moves up her body and ANGLE on her emotionless face.

She comes across a BAD GUY in the alley, illegally dumping trash. He has a balaclava on, and squeaky shoes.

Bad guy pulls a weapon out.

Mom looks at the weapon and laughs. They fight.

Their shadows flash against the wall, revealing that Mom lifts the bad guy up, spins him around, and dunks him in the dumpster.

Mom wipes her hands off and recycles the bad guy's trash properly.

From around the corner appears GARY, a dark haired young guy in trendy gothic workout clothes. He spies on the Mom from behind another dumpster.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Mom is blinded by the light as Gary snaps photos with his camera.

He retreats down the alley, leaving Mom disoriented.

OPENING CREDITS END.

INT. MOM'S OFFICE -NEXT MORNING

Mom slouches in a sweaty stupor, her feet up on the office desk. Her office reeks of years of mess and neglect.

Mom groans and ices a black eye.

A faint breeze blows in the windows.

The blinds move gently and create the shadow of bars over her.

Mom plays a voicemail on her machine. It's from her DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER

I waited so long- know what?
I'm not even mad, just
disappointed. So much for meeting
My new boyfriend. Enjoy dinner by
yourself.

Mom sits in her wheelie chair, swinging back and forth. Her blouse is wet with perspiration.

A faint knock at the door.

The fan in the corner spins.

Mom raises her sandwich up to her mouth.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MOM

Oh for the love of Pete!

She throws one half of the sandwich against the wall so hard it embeds itself there. Sizzle sounds. Smoke rises from the impact.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The smoke detector sounds off.

Mom grumbles and rummages through her desk for something to stop the alarm. She plucks out something stringy -old pantyhose.

Mom jumps up on her wheelie office chair.

The chair wobbles, the seat swinging around.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Mom wraps the smoke alarm with the pantyhose.

BEEP! BEEP! Beeppp.

She rips the smoke detector off the ceiling.

MOM

Drat! I'm coming, I'm coming!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The chair wobbles beneath her.

Mom crushes the smoke detector like paper in her fist. She chucks it at a corner of the room.

It flies across the room with a great WHOOSH! It shoots out the window, into the opposite brick building, resulting in a deafening explosion.

Jumping off the chair, Mom slips on a pile of dirty shoes and face plants into the floor.

The door shakes.

Fire truck sirens grow closer to the carnage outside.

Mom pries her face from the crater in the carpet rug.

MOM

Just hold on a minute!

Mom looks helplessly around her office at the damage.

She grabs her suit jacket from the wrack by the door in an attempt to look more presentable.

The jacket rips as she stuffs her buff arms into the sleeves.

MAN'S VOICE

Open the door!

Mom wipes sweat off her face and the jacket rips some more.

She wobbles to the door.

Just as she's about to unlock it, the door bursts out of the doorframe. It comes down with a great THUMP on the floor, sending dust bunnies flying in all directions.

It's Gary, hands on his hips. He wiggles his hefty eyebrows at her.

GARY

So, you're the superhero mom.
Smoking, are we?

MOM

The man from the alley! You owe me a
new door...

GARY

It's kinda hot. Too bad you're so old.

MOM

...And a new frame...

GARY

And ugly.

MOM

...And a new lock!

They glare at each other.

Gary shoves an old newspaper in Mom's face.

It features a full page spread of a masked superhero named 'Alley Kat'. Dressed in neon pink leotards; she lifts a car full of bad guys up over her head. Feral cats swarm around her feet.

MOM

Where did you get that?

Gary and Mom circle the office, ready for a fight.

GARY

Training a new sidekick, are we?

The Mom cocks her head to the side.

MOM

I don't know who that is.

Gary glances at the sandwich embedded in the wall, still smoking. He yanks it out and takes a bite.

GARY

Crispy... but a bit thick, aren't you?

The Mom snorts.

Gary stares at her, crossing his arms.

MOM

What? What!

GARY

Wow you really don't know who I am.

MOM

You sure look like trouble to me.

They stare at each other, like two cowboys preparing to draw.

The crunch, crunch, crunch of approaching footsteps.

They lunge at each other.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE OFFICE -CONTINUOUS

The Daughter emerges into the empty door frame. Hunched over, dressed in a cardigan and long skirt, she resembles a granny. She holds a balloon in one hand. She's drunk.

DAUGHTER

Hic! Mom?

The daughter belches loudly.

Mom and Gary both turn to look at her. Mom's in the act of tying Gary up on her desk, her knee pressed against his back.

Gary is desperately trying to eat the sandwich. The lettuce leaf is trapped in a cruel tug-o-war between his teeth and the bread.

DAUGHTER

You're both sick. This is why neither of you came to dinner last night?

GARY
Hi, beautiful.

Mom stuffs pantyhose in Gary's mouth.

MOM
Sweetie, this isn't what it looks like!

DAUGHTER
What's it supposed to look like?
I see you've met my boyfriend.

Gary squirms on the table, moaning through the pantyhose.

MOM
What?

DAUGHTER
Nevermind, why do I even bother?

MOM
You'd better watch your tone, missy!
Your grandma would be ashamed if-

Gary spits out the nylons.

GARY
Can I say something already?!

MOM AND DAUGHTER (unison)
No!

Mom shoves Gary off the desk and he lands on the floor with a loud thump.

DAUGHTER
At least I have the decency to show up when I say I will.

Gary wiggles out of his restraints and crawls under the desk.

Mom plops down with a huff in the wheelie chair. She points the fan right at her face and wipes the sweat off her face.

MOM

I'm so hot, I can't think.

From under the table Gary charts his escape course for the door.

DAUGHTER

That's just it, you don't.

MOM

Hmm?

DAUGHTER

Think, Mom!

Daughter starts bawling.

Gary books it for the door and the daughter clocks him in the face.

Gary crumples to the floor, out cold.

MOM

I do too! Look, I've been having the nicest chat with your... friend here.

DAUGHTER

He's a pervert.

Gary moans from the floor.

MOM

Sweetie! You shouldn't be friends with perverts.

The daughter lets out a howl of frustration and kicks Gary so hard he flies into the hallway, landing in a cloud of dust.

Mom stares, mouth open.

The daughter covers her face, embarrassed.

MOM

Do you have superpowers too?

Evil laughter emanates from the cloud of smoke in the hallway.

GARY

I'll take you both out. Damn superheroes!

A vein pops out on the daughter's forehead. She makes a fist.

DAUGHTER

Don't even try.

GARY

As if you even care about what happens to her. Such a bad mom.

DAUGHTER

Stop joking, Gary, it's not funny.

GARY

I'm not. In fact, I'm dead serious.

Gary leaps out of the debris and grabs the Mom by the hair, taking her hostage

The Mom lets out a yelp, she flails, attempting to hit Gary but he's out of reach.

The Daughter rips off her dress to reveal hot neon leotards. She is the Alley Kat superhero from the newspaper. She strikes an action pose.

DAUGHTER

Don't hurt my mom!

She punches Gary so hard he goes flying through the wall, leaving a Gary-shaped hole.

The Daughter stands up, muscles rippling. She sniffs loudly.

DAUGHTER

Your office...

MOM

Nevermind, it was already broken.
Are you alright?

DAUGHTER
I feel weird.

Mom plucks the untouched other half of her sandwich up off the desk, miraculously unharmed.

MOM
Sandwich? It calms the urges.

DAUGHTER
I think I need to dump Gary.

MOM
Technically I think you already did.

FADE OUT.

END.

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