

Carol guns the cruiser through the light, swerves to the side of the road and whips around to Hunt.

CAROL

Get out. Seriously get out.

Hunt, stunned, gets out of the Cruiser. Carol sits for a beat. She rolls down the passenger side window.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You think this is fun? You think it's so easy? I would LOVE to trade places with you. Have some bitch shuttle my fancy ass everywhere and I could just stare out the window and be a philosophical genius.

(then)

Get in.

Hunt gets in and sits sullenly.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, you will do my job. You will do everything I do and you will drive everyone wherever they need to go. Everywhere. If you get all the errands done and get everyone where they need to be, on time, I will raise your curfew time to midnight for three months.

HUNT

Seriously? Three months?

CAROL

If you don't you will lose computer privileges for a month.

HUNT

Never gonna happen.

CAROL

Two rules. You can't be late. Not even by a minute. And you have to do everything I would do if I was driving. Whatever weird crap pops up, you have to handle it and still be on time.

HUNT

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED, CAROL.

INT. COFFEE SNOB - DAY

Think Intellegentsia. Pretentious baristas with attitude. Leonard sits awkwardly at a table. Cass sits with coffees.

START →

CASS

This is our secret coffee. It's pooped out by domesticated ferrets, then hand-picked by trained monkeys in the Himalayas.

LEONARD

Thanks, sweetheart.

He takes a sip.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Mm.

Cass smiles. Leonard chokes.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Sorry. I might be allergic to ferret excrement. And monkey feet.

CASS

What are we gonna do about the lady who's impersonating mom? I mean, don't get me wrong, this other lady is kind of interesting, but where's mom?

LEONARD

What do you mean? Everything's fine.

CASS

She threw yogurt against a wall and called it a liar.

LEONARD

Maybe yogurt is a liar. We don't know that.

CASS

You can't just go into denial about this, Dad.

LEONARD

Did you know raw sugar is 0 points on weight watchers?

CASS

Express a feeling, Dad.

LEONARD

I'm excited about raw sugar.

CASS

About mom.

LEONARD  
That's private.

CASS  
(pushing)  
Have a feeling. Express an emotion.

LEONARD  
I'm not built that way.

CASS  
I know you have them-

LEONARD  
On the inside.

CASS  
Not good enough.

LEONARD  
It's just--

CASS  
WHAT ARE YOU FEELING?!

LEONARD  
I don't know! I don't know what to do. I don't know if she's better or worse, I don't know whether I can trust her and I don't know if she's going to break again at any minute. So, I'm just gonna sleep in the den, give her some space.

CASS  
Sleep in the den?

LEONARD  
My parents slept in separate beds.

CASS  
They had a sexless marriage. Wait, are you saying... Oh my god. Ick.

LEONARD  
No, no. It's not that bad. But, you're young. Things happen as you get older, everything slows down. You have kids, and big debts, and your hormones die, so, yeah, it's nice, but it's not the most important thing. Either way, we made vows. We're in it for life, good and bad.  
(then)  
It feels good to finally talk about it.

CASS  
Jesus christ. When you open up, go slower. Don't open with the atomic bomb of your dying sex parts.

As this exchange continues we:

END

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