

SNACK MOM

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Two teams of GIRLS aged six and seven play soccer.

PARKING LOT

An SUV pulls in beside a Prius with an open hatch. Parks.

A frantic woman gets out juggling multiple gallon storage bags filled with orange slices. This is SLICE MOM (mid-30s).

SLICE MOM

Excuse me, what do you think you're doing?

The other woman slides a large platter laden with red jello cups from the back of her Prius -- JELLO MOM (early 40s).

JELLO MOM

I'm Snack Mom.

SLICE MOM

Oh, no you're not. This is my game. So you can just push those right back into your car.

JELLO MOM

You had Snack Mom at the Poughkeepsie game three weeks ago.

SLICE MOM

Well, I write the schedule, so...

JELLO MOM

We can't both be Snack Mom?

SLICE MOM

There's only enough room on the table for one. Sorry.

JELLO MOM

No, you're not.

SLICE MOM

Not what?

JELLO MOM

Sorry. Obviously.

SLICE MOM
What's your problem?

JELLO MOM
That you always control everything
-- whether it's a game, dance
recital, or every. Single. P-T-A
meeting...

SLICE MOM
So your problem is not my problem.
Good to know.

JELLO MOM
And what, exactly, am I supposed to
do with all this jello?

SLICE MOM
(in her face)
I dunno -- dump it in your bathtub
and have some weird-o party with
your hubby for all I care.

JELLO MOM
(backing down)
I really wish you wouldn't speak to
me that way. I --

A deep, loud voice interrupts their prickly conversation. The
speaker is a LARGE MAN (late 30s) -- six-four, pushing three
hundred pounds -- who resembles a lumberjack, beard and all.

LUMBERJACK
Everything all right, ladies?

They notice a covered platter in his arms.

JELLO MOM
Who the hell are you supposed to
be?

LUMBERJACK
I'm Snack Mom.

SLICE MOM
(slipping away)
Not according to the schedule.

LUMBERJACK
But I haven't had it once this
entire season.

JELLO MOM
Aw, my widdle heart is breaking.

Jello Mom places the last tray of cups stacked on her roof.
Slams the hatch shut. Neither notices they're alone now.

JELLO MOM

Let me tell you something, big guy:
this game is the last thing I have
to do before my husband and I go on
a well-deserved, much-needed, and
kid-free vacation. So if you plan
on getting between me and that
snack table you have another thing
coming.

LUMBERJACK

Not if I get there first.

Their eyes lock. Narrow. It's on!

Lumberjack gets an early start yet struggles to keep his
platter covered cornering his massive frame around the aisle.

Without warning, Slice Mom jumps out from behind a Subaru
Forester. Stiff-arm clotheslines Lumberjack's throat.

He lands on his back. The wind knocked out of him. The
contents of his platter strewn all over the ground.

On the field, the REF (50) blows his WHISTLE -- FFWEEET!

REF (O.S.)

FOUL!

SLICE MOM

(grinning over Lumberjack)
What'd ya bring anyway? Burgers?

LUMBERJACK

(gasps)
They're -- pulled pork -- sliders!

SLICE MOM

Not on my watch, hillside. Orange
slices to the rescue!

She bolts for the --

FIELD

With a triumphant battle-cry but --

Jello Mom has already reached the table. Already doling out
the ramekin cups. Twisting the napkins into a neat spiral.

But before Slice Mom can charge, an older compact car screeches to a halt between them, RRRT!

A teenage girl gets out -- Jello Mom's daughter, VESSA (17).

VESSA
(runs over)
Mom!
(exasperated)
Did you take the, um, dessert I
made earlier?

JELLO MOM
I did. Yes, you finally
contributed. Congratulations.

VESSA
Those weren't for the game, Mom.

JELLO MOM
Of course they were, honey. Why
else would you put them in little
cups instead of one big dish?

The teen looks down at her feet.

JELLO MOM
(dawning realization)
Were you -- gonna have a party
while your father and I are away?

VESSA
That's the least of your problems
now. Look.

PLAYERS on the field crash directly into one another.

A PLAYER (7) tries kicking the ball. Completely missing, her feet go out from under her. She hits the ground face up -- and starts laughing hysterically.

Another PLAYER (6) staggers, lurches, backpedals, lurches again.

The GOALIE (7). Hopelessly ensnared in the net like an insect who mindlessly flew into a spider's web.

LUMBERJACK
(massaging Adam's apple)
Is my little girl -- are they
all... Drunk?

JELLO MOM
Omigod. What have I done?

VESSA
You can't ground me.

JELLO MOM
And why not?

VESSA
Because I'm not the one who got all
these poor little kids hammered.

JELLO MOM
Oh yes you did! This is so your
fault!

VESSA
Because you stole my jello?

JELLO MOM
Which you weren't even supposed to
make!

VESSA
I can so make jello, Mom.

JELLO MOM
Not with your father's vodka!

VESSA
Well, since you ruined both of our
plans, I think that makes us even.
Have a nice trip!

JELLO MOM
Not so fast, young lady!

VESSA
Gotta go! See ya when you and Dad
get back!

JELLO MOM
You're staying with me until
further notice.
(runs down sidelines)
GIRLS! STOP! Stop eating the jello!
The jello is BAD! No more!

SPECTATORS become distracted from the game.

Confusion among several GIRL TEAMMATES grows.

GIRL 1
What's wrong with the jello?

GIRL 2

Yeah, mine tastes funny.

GIRL 3

They're all sour and GROSS! Ugh!
Why did I eat four of them?

JELLO MOM

(yells to crowd)

Okay, uh, hi, folks. Great game.
Um, yeah, so, the good news is
there are jello shots for anyone
who wants them. Strawberry! Plenty
left cuz we caught most of 'em in
time, but, erm -- I mean -- the bad
news is that we think every player
from both teams has had at least
one jello shot. Thanks to my
daughter. The older one.

VESSA

Mom!

Spectators grumble displeasure.

JELLO MOM

Anyway, we're really, really,
really, really-really sorry. And we
hafta be going so, sorry again.

(cringing)

Cheers! ...Zoey? C'mon, baby.
Mommy's gotta go. Right now.

Young ZOEY (6) reaches her side.

ZOEY

I feel sick, Mama.

JELLO MOM

(grabs her hand)

You can throw up in the car,
sweetie. It's fine. Come along now.

ZOEY

Why is everybody so angry?

A flood of enraged parents spills down from the bleachers.

JELLO MOM

Hurry, please. I'm starting to
think my Snack Mom days are over.

Mere moments ahead of the pitchfork-less mob, Jello Mom and
her daughters reach her Prius in the --

PARKING LOT

Only to encounter Slice Mom. Arms crossed. Barring the way.
Her own daughter as green as her shin guard grass stains.

SLICE MOM

Well if it isn't Snack Mom of the
Year.

(smug)

I can't wait 'til the next P-T-A
meeting.

Jello Mom gets in her face again. No backing down this time.

JELLO MOM

(slams jello shot)

You rake me over the coals for this
and I'll tell everyone the
"homemade" cookies you brought to
the bake sale were store-bought.

SLICE MOM

You wouldn't dare.

JELLO MOM

(bounces crushed cup off
Slice Mom's forehead)

And not really vegan.

SLICE MOM

YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

JELLO MOM

C'mon, girls. Let's go.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Jello Mom's daughters have brightened up.

VESSA

Way to go, Mom!

ZOEY

Yeah, you finally stood up to her!

JELLO MOM

Just call me "Snack Mom Supreme."

But Jello Mom shudders looking into the rearview mirror and
puts the pedal to the metal. The Prius silently surges forth.

FADE OUT.

THE END