

FADE IN:

INT. AKRON, OHIO - SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shaun Cassidy wails with scratches and pops from a worn-out 45 record player. Baby dolls crammed into one corner of the room. Disney posters and cut-outs of teen heart-throbs.

DOLORES THOMPSON - 12, tall and scrawny - stands in front of the mirror wearing a bra over her Charlie's Angel's t-shirt. She takes off the bra and winds a measuring tape around her chest. She's flatter than a pancake.

DOLORES

Shoot!

Dolores plops down in a chair. A big Barbie head sits on the dresser. She smears blue eyeshadow on the Barbie's eyes and picks it up.

DOLORES

(continuing)

Well hello there, Barbara! My but your breasts are looking perky today.

(in Barbie voice)

Why thank you, Dolores, and yours too.

Dolores brushes make-up on her own eyes. She turns Barbie to the mirror and compares their reflections.

DOLORES

(continuing)

When I grow up I'm gonna live in a high-rise apartment. I'll sing in a big nightclub and during the day I'll go to movies. And I'll never have to see my stupid brothers again.

The record ends. Another plops onto the turntable. Dolores hears the muffled sounds of stomping feet from down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROBERT & DENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolores tries the door. It's locked. She whispers urgently.

DOLORES

You guys keep it down!

Silence. Then giggles. Dolores walks down the hall.

It's lined with pictures. A school photo of Dolores with big teeth. Her brother Denny screaming on Santa's lap. Baby pictures and family photos in cheap frames.

Dolores stops at a door. She creaks it open.

INT. JANICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolores's mother JANICE THOMPSON - 32 - lays spread-eagled on the bed sleeping. Her uniform crumpled over a chair.

Dolores sneaks in and hangs her mother's bra on the chair.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dolores takes a big gulp of kool-aid, leaving a purple moustache. She pulls a pot out of the fridge and lifts the lid - leftover macaroni and cheese. She puts the pot on the stove, adds a stick of butter and turns on the flame.

A LOUD THUMP from the boys' bedroom, then a SCREECH.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROBERT & DENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolores bangs on the door.

DOLORES

You guys better cut it out,  
you're gonna wake Mom up!

More giggles. She tries the door again. It opens. Dolores stands in the doorway, her mouth gaping open.

ROBERT - nine, and DENNY - six, stand in the center of the room with huge grins on their faces, suckers in their hands. Suckers are plastered all over the walls around them - green, red, orange and yellow.

DOLORES

(continuing)

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING?

Dolores marches over to Robert and grabs for the candy. He runs. Dolores chases him around the room while Denny watches, screeching in delight.

ROBERT

Get her, Denny! Stick one on her!

Denny takes up the chase.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The macaroni bubbles on the stove.

INT. ROBERT & DENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolores runs from the boys, screeching.

DOLORES

Stop it! I'm gonna tell!

Denny plants a sucker on her arm, and she ducks the other way, her face red and angry.

DOLORES

(continuing)

STOP! Mom said I could spank you guys!

She runs into the corner. The boys gleefully pounce on her.

Denny tickles her while Robert sticks a green sucker to her forehead.

DOLORES

(continuing)

Sto--HOP!

Dolores laughs uncontrollably. She throws them off, grabs a sucker and chases them around the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The macaroni burns in the pot. Smoke curls up to the ceiling.

INT. ROBERT & DENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dolores chases the boys, holding the green sucker out like an eyeglass.

DOLORES

Ha, ha, ha -- now you're green, you big boogers!

ROBERT

We are not!

Dolores lunges for Denny. He tries to cram himself into the corner. Dolores chases him into the closet and slams the door shut. He screams.

JANICE (O.S.)

DOLORES!

Janice's FOOTSTEPS thump loudly down the hall.

Janice stomps into the room, her hair a mess. Dolores and Robert gape at her, suckers plastered to their shocked faces. Denny screams from inside the closet.

DENNY (O.S.)

Mommy!

The smoke detector goes off with a piercing shriek.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dolores slaps peanut butter onto bread, the blackened pot on the counter. She snuffles, clanking the knife into the jelly jar.

Denny giggles from his bedroom. Dolores turns with a frown, the knife dripping jelly on the floor.

INT. ROBERT & DENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Bionic Woman on tv. Janice sits on Denny's bed in her nurse's uniform, reading a story. She mimes the characters in a tired voice, wiping her nose with a kleenex. Robert lays in bed playing with a G.I. Joe doll.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dolores spits in Denny's sandwich and stuffs it into a baggie. She writes his name on the lunchbag.

Janice enters. Dolores glances at her. She snuffles.

JANICE

Did you finish the lunches?

Dolores nods. Janice pours a cup of coffee and sits down.

JANICE

(continuing)

That was a very irresponsible thing you did, Dolores.

Dolores dumps the knife in the sink, tight-lipped.

JANICE

(continuing)

There could've been a fire. What if I wasn't here?

Dolores busies herself wiping the counter.

JANICE

(continuing)

Dolores, I'm talking to you.

DOLORES

I know.

JANICE

Then stop giving me attitude.

Dolores turns to face her mother, arms crossed.

JANICE

(continuing)

You know you could've burned the house down!

DOLORES

It wasn't my fault, Mom! They don't listen to me!

JANICE

But you were careless! I've told you time and again, when they give you trouble, you come and get me! I don't even wanna think about what could've happened if I wasn't here.

Dolores turns back to the counter.

DOLORES

You're never here. So what?

JANICE

Excuse me?

DOLORES

You're never here, and when you are you're always sleeping.

JANICE

Listen to me, young lady. I am out there working my ass off to pay the bills around here, and you will show me some respect!

Dolores turns her back and screws the lid on the jelly jar.

JANICE

(continuing)

And now I have to shell out more money we don't even have to hire a babysitter!

Dolores whips around.

DOLORES

What for?

JANICE

I have to, Dolores.

DOLORES

I don't need a babysitter, I'm not a baby!

JANICE

Then stop acting like one!

Dolores throws Janice a glare and shoves the peanut butter

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