

SHERMER, ILLINOIS

Pilot

written by

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EXT. CHICAGO PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

Aerial footage of Chicago. We land on a gorgeous penthouse building, push in and see--

INT. CHICAGO PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

CLAIRE CLARK, 40-50, sits on her couch watching QVC.

Is that Molly Ringwald? This white-collar pouty princess wears a very familiar pink blouse, brown gypsy skirt and brown suede boots.

She is numbed out on the gleaming smiles of the QVC hosts chattering away on the TV.

INT. PENTHOUSE WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

INTERCUT with ANDREW CLARK, 40-50, her husband.

In their spare room/gym, he wears old Shermer High sweats. *Is that...Emilio Estevez?*

He flexes in the mirror, evaluating. Does a quick series of push ups. He gets up. He does a hyper dance move. Stops, noticing the early stages of a gut.

Back to Claire, staring dazedly at the television.

TV/QVC INSERT:

A cheerful woman shows off a set of silver figurines to the host, the sound far and tinny.

CHEERFUL WOMAN ON TV

--Yes indeed, these are 100% platinum.

HOST ON TV

Isn't that something!

CHEERFUL WOMAN ON TV

Isn't it just? And for you viewers at home, these can be yours for only 8 simple installments of \$49.95. What a deal, Jeannie!

HOST ON TV

A real steal, Nancy!

Andrew enters, sweating and winded.

He grabs the milk carton out of the fridge and guzzles it, coming behind her and watching. The milk streams down his throat and face.

CLAIRE

What do you think of these for the foyer?

Andrew looks at them, weary.

ANDREW

We don't need another set of those, Claire, come on.

CLAIRE

What do you mean, *another*? These are platinum.

The HOUSE PHONE rings. Andrew goes to answer it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Don't tie up the line, I'm ordering the candlesticks, Andrew. I'm a grown fucking woman.

Caller ID announces--

CALLER I.D.

Call--from--Shermer, Illinois.
Call--from--

Claire whirls around in her chair. She and Andrew exchange a look as Andrew picks it up.

ANDREW

(hesitant)

Hello?

(beat, then warmly)

Whoa, blast from the past. How's it goin', man? How you feeling?
What's--

Andrew's eyes wander to the floor, his face contorting as he gets the news.

Off Claire's crestfallen face, the first 2 chords and a 'hey-hey-hey-HEY' and we're falling into "Don't You Forget About Me..."

DISSOLVE TO:

Over Simple Minds, the following introductions are intercut with traveling footage--first aerial, then street-level--of Shermer, reintroducing us to that formative neighborhood.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMERON FRYE, 40-50, in a faded old Red Wings jersey with red-rimmed eyes, holds the phone to his chest with that same zoned-out look of old.

ALLISON REYNOLDS, 40-50, rubs his shoulders--and a gaggle of kids run to him.

Allison kisses his head, walks away, and we follow her into the bathroom.

INT. CAMERON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison wipes at her eyes, re-applies her eyeliner--a beat.

She grabs something from her bag, rips it open, downs it, wipes her mouth. Pixie Stix.

We follow her out--

INT. HALLWAY/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Allison approaches the open front door in a smart red blazer with an American Flag pinned to her lapel.

REPORTERS await her on the stoop. She *beams* confidently, peak Hillary.

Flashbulbs go off, a din of questions rises, and in a FLASH we dissolve to...

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

A big portrait of John Candy as Uncle Buck hangs above the couch of a hip loft apartment.

MILES RUSSELL, early 30s, and his sister MAIZY, early 30s, are dressed matchy-matchy in red and blue sweatsuits (or onesies).

They lean on each other morosely, looking through a scrapbook together. They despondently pick a giant pancake. A telephone is in the frame.

INT. BENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling windows adorn JOHN BENDER (40-50)'s swanky corner office. He is packing a briefcase at his desk.

He rakes his hands through his hair and looks out the window at New York.

INT. DUCKIE'S SECONDHAND BOUTIQUE - DAY

With red-rimmed eyes, DUCKIE DALE (40-50) hangs some glorious, glamorous items up in his whimsical, West Village-style thrift shop.

His face grows contemplative, wistful. He picks up the phone, dials 1-847-...and hangs up, conflicted.

He hands keys to an associate, grabs his jacket and bag, and walks out into the San Francisco streets.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A packed commercial airplane.

NEAL PAGE, 70s, hugs a briefcase to himself tightly as he sandwiches his way to his middle seat at the very back. It is like Jenga.

When he is finally settled and buckles his seatbelt, exhaling with relief--

Everyone stands up and begins to move forward. With fatigue, he begins to get back up--

INT. SAM BAKER'S APT - DAY

A grown SAMANTHA BAKER in a chiffon, sweetheart-neck dress (40s).

She swipes at tears as she puts a candle in a cupcake, lights it, and blows it out.

INT. KEVIN MCCALLISTER'S BUNKER - DAY

A rundown building that looks like a meth lab. The windows are blacked out.

A grizzled KEVIN MCCALLISTER (mid-30s) sits next to a telephone. He smokes a cigarette absently.

Hanging on the walls are maps that look like pincushions, news clippings, sketch renderings--like Will Crawford stalking Hannibal Lecter.

He gets up suddenly and we continue to--

EXT/INT. KEVIN'S PANEL VAN- MOMENTS LATER

A similarly blacked-out panel van, dented and scratched to high hell.

Kevin gets in and pulls out into the road. He picks up speed, his eyes narrowed, cigarette smoldering between his lips.

INT. BRIAN'S HOME - DAY

A room covered in plaid/tartan wallpaper, a twin bed against the wall.

BRIAN JOHNSON (40-50) sits at his desk, a composition book open at his fingers.

We see bits of the titular opening letter of "The Breakfast Club" in various stages of being written, then scribbled out.

Frustrated, Brian rips out a page, balls it up, throws it into the basketball hoop above the wastebin. He tries again. "Dear Mr. Hughes..."

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER

"As you walk on by...will you call my name..." fades out as Brian walks down the street, a fresh paper in his hand. He swipes at his eyes.

He ends up at a white colonial house that looks awfully familiar.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian knocks on the door.

FERRIS BUELLER, 40s-50s, is on the other side of it. Still in his printed sweater vest, adorned with a bowtie--but now in collared shirts and chinos, the perpetual twinkle in his eyes long extinguished.

This Ferris has evolved from popular wild child to...Principal Rooney.

He takes the paper from Brian, thanks him, and closes the door. His wife PATTY (*is that Sarah Jessica Parker?*) appears in the hallway.

FERRIS
It hasn't hit me yet.
(beat)
(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It seems impossible that I'm here,
and he's not.

Patty nods her head, restrained.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Well. Better get back to it.

Patty comes to give him a kiss, but he demurs. She squeezes his shoulder and leaves the room.

Ferris, numb, settles in at the old-timey TELEPHONE TABLE. He picks up his corded, SEE-THROUGH PHONE and dials a number. A beat.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Hello, is this Samantha Baker?

(beat)

Hi Sam, Ferris Bueller.

(beat)

Bueller? Yes. I--oh, yes, feeling
much better, thank you. Listen,
Sam, I'm afraid I have some bad
news, I--

(beat)

Oh, you've heard. Oh. Listen, Sam,
it would mean an awful lot to, to,
all of us here in Shermer if you
might be able to attend his
memorial service, and--

(beat--pitying)

Is that right? Well, a very Happy
Birthday to you.

Off Ferris' face--

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

Claire and Andrew ride, silent and shocked, in the car.
Overlong silence.

CLAIRE

I wonder who's going to be there.

Andrew looks at her.

ANDREW

You can't be serious.

CLAIRE

What? All I said was--

ANDREW
--you know *exactly* what you mean.

CLAIRE
Oh please. Like you're not going to
freak out if you see that basket-
case. Come on.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW
She won't be there.

CLAIRE
How do you know?

ANDREW
She's a Senator now. She can't
just--.

He shrugs, clearly not wanting to talk about it.

CLAIRE
Poor baby.

ANDREW
Did he tell you he was going to be
there?

Claire, an O of indignance.

CLAIRE
Excuse me? I have not talked to
John Bender since--

ANDREW
Don't bullshit me Claire, I'm not
in the mood.

CLAIRE
How dare you.

ANDREW
I just--the guy--he nearly got you
killed, he treated you like shit,
he--

CLAIRE
He had issues.

Andrew sneers and gives a dark laugh.

ANDREW
Understatement of the year goes to
Claire--

Claire grabs at her face, tearful.

Distressed, she fishes open a bottle of pills from her purse
and pops...several.

CLAIRE
I need you to not, right now.

Andrew looks at her worriedly, a little ashamed.

They drive, her swiping at tears rolling down her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE 94-W, ILLINOIS - DAY

An aerial view of a motorcade--black town car after black
town car--and smack in the middle is a tomato-red FERRARI.

INT. CAMERON'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Cameron drives, holding hands with Allison in the passenger
seat.

A young intern, JONATHAN (20s, type A, anxious and nebbishy),
outfitted in an earwig and a smart suit, sits bitch in the
back.

ALLISON
I don't know why I'm even trying to
make this happen.

JONATHAN
It's because Tuesday the house will
be voting on--

ALLISON
I *know why*, Jonathan.

She takes a deep and shaky breath. Composes herself. Raises a
handheld dictation device to her mouth.

She practices, reviewing.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 (thinking)
 Ladiesandgentlemen,
 thelastseveralyearshavefoundusmired
 in... mired in...ah.

She resets herself, closes her eyes, and dives in whole-hog.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 --Have found us mired in a growing
 war with sugar, with seemingly no
 end in sight. Sweeteners, both real
 and artificial, are systematically
 added to virtually all prepared
 foods any given American would find
 in their neighborhood supermarket.
 From salad dressings to pasta
 sauces to canned goods--we are
 consuming far more sugar than
 intend to or even realize. That's
 why my campaign platform--

In the middle of a promising stride, she is interrupted by a
 CRACKLE from Jonathan's earwig.

Cameron turns around and gives him the look of death.

Jonathan, abashed, pulls out his Blackberry and furiously
 begins texting another member of the staff.

Allison breathes, starts again--but Jonathan's furious thumbs
 are click-click-clicking.

JONATHAN
 I am so sorry, Senator Reynolds.

With resigned compassion, she turns off the recorder.

ALLISON
 It's fine Jonathan, I'm--distracted
 anyway. I won't be able to get my
 thoughts out right until--this is
 dealt with.

Jonathan pulls a pixie stick out of his inside pocket and
 offers it to her.

JONATHAN
 Ma'am?

ALLISON
 Thank you.

She takes it with a small smile. Cameron smirks.

He turns on the radio to Roger & Zapp's "Radio People."

A beat of her savoring the sugar. Blackberry clicking and bings continue.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

If papers ever get wind of this, my
"Sweet Enough" campaign is toast.

(beat)

Is MacArthur having a grand
meltdown back there, for God's
sake?

JONATHAN

Well Ma'am, the drivers are saying
there is no exit 30B.

Allison spins around.

ALLISON

What? Of course there is. We just
passed a sign for it a few miles
back. Are they blind?

JONATHAN

I don't know, Ma'am.

From Cameron's POV, we see a sign: "EXIT 30-B, SHERMER".

The black town car ahead passes it, continuing down the
highway.

ALLISON

Where are they going? Tell them
they'll have to turn around,
Jonathan.

CAMERON

There's no exit going East.

ALLISON

Oh, that's right. Oh well...they'll
figure it out.

He puts on his blinker and begins to move to the right.
Jonathan's eyes widen and--

MATCH CUT TO: