

RITA.

INT. REED RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kirby slowly enters the kitchen.

KIRBY
Mom? Are you here...?

A woman - forties, a little off but definitely a MILF - pops out from a doorway. She puts a hand on Kirby's shoulder, startling her. This is RITA REED.

RITA
Oh, Kirby, I didn't mean to scare you...

KIRBY
(soft chuckle)
Well, you did.

Rita moves out of the doorway, entering the kitchen and playing around at the stove.

RITA
I thought you weren't coming to tonight, Kirby... I would've had everything ready. I was preparing the Reed family special spaghetti as a surprise, but you didn't give me fair warning...

KIRBY
It's good to see you too, Mom.

RITA
Oh, honey, I really am happy to see you here, it's just -- It's the timing. You're not very good at it.

Rita rushes around, she seems so scatterbrained right now.

KIRBY
Everything OK?

RITA
Yeah. It's fine.

She rushes off -- Kirby looks disappointed. She hasn't even gotten a proper 'Welcome home' yet.

INT. REED RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

RITA is in the kitchen, making pancakes. She's got an odd smile on her face as she stares at the oven, flipping the pan...

KIRBY

Mom?

Rita turns around, beaming.

RITA

Oh, Kirby... Good morning.

KIRBY

Mornin'.

RITA

How's your head sweetpea?

KIRBY

It's fine. I'm resilient.

RITA

I can't believe what Lucas did yesterday...

Kirby looks surprised that she's moving on from the topic of her head so quickly.

KIRBY

Mom, leave him alone. You know how I was when I was his age.

RITA

Obnoxious? Practical joker?
Obsessed with movies? Seemingly
unable to clean your room? Yep,
that's Lucas all right. You two
really are one in the same when I
stop think about it.

Kirby wants to move on from this. She carefully removes the bandage on her head. Takes a whiff of the air.

KIRBY

Mmm, pancakes.

RITA

From scratch. Family recipe...

Rita smiles. Kirby glances out the window. There is the police car. She frowns. Returning her glance to Rita, she smiles.

KIRBY
It's been a while since you've made
me anything.

Rita stops. She sighs.

RITA
No need to remind me. I already
know I'm a horrible mother. I think
I'm much better at it now, though.

KIRBY
(heavy sarcasm)
What Lucas did last night? Real
quality parenting, Mom. You've
improved *tremendously*.

There's a lot of bottled up emotions just pouring out here.
Rita glares at Kirby, who just stares on back.

RITA
I've done my best, Kirby.

LUCAS
(O.S.)
I already told you.

Kirby spins to see LUCAS stood in the doorway. Visibly upset.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
It wasn't my idea.

Kirby swallows - Realizing that she has the worst timing in
the world.

KIRBY
Luc, I didn't mean...

LUCAS
No, you meant it. You did.

Lucas grabs his backpack and storms off. Rita gives an
obliviously happy smile, with the pan in her hand.

RITA
No, Lucas, don't head off yet.
You're gonna miss flapjacks...

BANG! They hear the front door SLAM shut. Rita jumps back
from the noise. She frowns, turning to Kirby.

RITA (CONT'D)
Now, would ya look at that? You've
made this more awkward than it
needed to be.

She places two pancakes on a plate for Kirby.

RITA (CONT'D)
(through grit teeth)
Enjoy. I'll be eating in the living
room.

Rita takes her plate of pancakes and storms out. Kirby just
sighs to herself.