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MOM: [Late 30's – Early 40's]

Attractive. Funny. Warm. Sarcastic. Loves her kids, but can dish it out.

DAD: [40-ish]

Great comic timing. Rugged, but can let down his guard. He's tried again and again to connect with the kids... Now cynicism has crept in.

DAUGHTER: (SARAH) [13-14]

Attractive and funny. She makes awkward attempts at asserting her independence.

SON: (DAVE) [16]

Comedic. Can pull off a naïve confidence that makes him think he has his parents all figured out.

MOM: (*Referring to kids*) Must be hard for them. To know I'm right and be too cool to admit it. Especially Sarah. Who's now calling me by my first name. Well, those strips she so into? Original Recipe. That's the taste I've always loved. (*smugly*) So I guess she's a lot like her mother.

DAD: (*Gestures behind him*) My kids. I See 'em about 5 minutes a day. When they *need* something. Money, a ride... y'know. When I try and reach out, and introduce 'em to a classic, like the great taste of *Original Recipe*? They couldn't care less. Well, guess what? I give up.

SON: Okay, I know what this looks like. Like I'm eating what *my parents* are eating. Wrong. Although, they'd *love* that. Then they'd be able to pretend we have something in common. Whatever. Let 'em eat their "Original Recipe"... I got *strips* - 'cause I know what tastes good...

SARAH: (*Points to parents*) Those are my parents. I *tolerate* them. I don't ask for much. I just want to pick my friends, wear what I want, and come home whenever. But they're just clueless. I mean, they're eating Original Recipe, but I got strips – which taste like, awesome, and they're -