

BAD MOMS

Written by

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EXT. NORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS -- MORNING

Norchester is a beautiful, leafy suburb of Boston. Kids ride bikes. Dads walk dogs. Neighbors chat with each other. And in the middle of town sits

THE NORCHESTER SCHOOL

Surrounded by playgrounds and lush fields, Norchester is the public school we all wish our kids could go to: dynamic teachers, motivated students, winning sports teams, every type of arts program imaginable -- it's perfect.

A LINE OF MINIVANS DISGORGE HUNDREDS OF K-12 CHILDREN

in front of the school as WELL-DRESSED MOMS load up their precocious KIDS with backpacks, lunchboxes, and science projects before kissing them goodbye. Then

A TOTALLY BUSTED 1985 TOYOTA CELICA

thunders up to the school blasting HIP HOP and billowing GREY SMOKE from its tailpipe. The car rumbles to a stop and a HUGE 15 YEAR OLD with a mullet and ripped jeans get out--

VOICE FROM THE CAR

Hey dum-dum you forgot your lunch!

A bag of McDONALD'S flies out of the car. The giant kid catches the bag and shambles off towards the school. Finally we reveal the MOM driving the Celica:

CARLA DUNKLER

She's wearing a low cut silver lamé top, no bra, sunglasses, and she couldn't give a fuck. FREEZE FRAME on Carla lighting up a cigarette as we smash the title over her face:

BAD MOMS

UNFREEZE as camera captures all of the other MOMS' horrified reactions to Carla. They shake their heads, disgusted...

CARLA JUST FLIPS THEM ALL THE BIRD

as she roars off down the street. The camera STAYS WITH the beautiful, super-fit, super-rich alpha mom of the school

GWENDOLYN JAMES

as she watches Carla drive off. She turns to her two best friends, VICKY LATROBE, not so bright, and MEAN STACY:

GWENDOLYN

That woman is a fucking cancer.

MEAN STACY

Why can't you get them kicked out of the school, like you did with the Mandel's?

GWENDOLYN

Because she's one-sixteenth Chickasaw Indian, and you can't fuck with that kind of diversity.

(scowling after Carla)

No, that bitch is bulletproof...

VICKY LATROBE

Couldn't you find another Indian to replace Carla?

GWENDOLYN

Vicky, I'm the President of the PTA, I'm not Kevin fucking Costner, okay? I can't just blow my ram's horn and make more Indians appear.

Mean Stacy frowns at a CLUSTER OF MOMS nearby.

MEAN STACY

Oh gross look: all the Attachment Moms are wearing harem pants today.

The ATTACHMENT MOMS, long hair, BABIES in slings, HIPPIE KIDS at their feet, walk up the path wearing baggy harem pants...

GWENDOLYN

Those bitches better vaccinate their filthy children or I swear to God I will go off--

(waving sweetly to them)

Hey Meg! Hey Shar! Love your pants!

The ATTACHMENT MOMS wave back, friendly, *heyyy!*

VICKY LATROBE

Uh-oh, the Tiger Moms are late today.

Three anxious TIGER MOMS hurry their stressed CHILDREN up the walk to the school, wheeling suitcases full of books.

MEAN STACY

Violin Camp must've run late this morning.

GWENDOLYN

Look at their fucking kids. They
look like hostages.
(smiling, to Tiger Moms)
Hey Karen call me!

ONE OF THE TIGER MOMS waves sweetly as she hurries past.

MEAN STACY

Oh God pretend to look at your
phones here comes that weird stay-
at-home mom.

A dorky stay-at-home mom, KIKI, approaches wearing a cardigan, mom jeans, and a desperate smile. She herds TWO SMALL KIDS and a pair of BABY TWINS. Gwendolyn's crew quickly looks at their phones, trying not to make eye contact, but Kiki walks right up to them, barely holding it together:

KIKI

Hey guys how are you guys?!

GWENDOLYN

Oh hey Kiki, how are y--

KIKI

I'm amazing Maddie was up all night
barfing on my hair but I'm great
I'm so happy--!

GWENDOLYN

Awesome well have a good day.

KIKI

Also Bernard has night terrors he's
really not doing okay--!

GWENDOLYN

Great I'll see you at the bake sale-

KIKI

Hey I was going to get a fun coffee
after this it's like the only thing
I do for myself every day do you
want to come with me?!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I'd really rather not but thank
you!

Kiki nods, pained/happy, and shepherds all of her kids towards the school. Gwendolyn exhales, watching Kiki:

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)

Jesus she's like two days away from driving her kids into a lake.

Just then a MINIVAN squeals up and the hero of our story

AMY MITCHELL

scrambles out, chic in a skirt suit. Amy hurries her two kids, DYLAN, 10, sweet, lazy, and JANE, 16, anxious over-achiever, out of her minivan. She smiles at a PASSING MOM.

MEAN STACY

And here's Amy, late as always...

GWENDOLYN

I love how hard she works.

VICKY LATROBE

Oh my god, such a hard worker.

GWENDOLYN

I just fucking said that Vicky.

ON AMY

as she ushers her kids up the path towards the school, handing them a comically large amount of stuff.

AMY

Okay, here are your lunches:
organic turkey club for Jane and
gluten free peanut butter and jelly
with low salt yam chips for Dylan--

She hands TUPPERWARE PLATTERS OF DELICIOUS FOOD to each of her kids. They take them, unimpressed and ungrateful.

DYLAN

What are yam chips?

AMY

I don't know, the school sent an email saying that yams are more sustainable than potatoes but to be totally honest I don't know what sustainable means I just don't want to get in trouble with the crazy food moms. Oh, and Dylan, here's what I made for your American History project--

She hands Dylan an AMAZING THREE FOOT PAPER-MÂCHÉ HEAD OF RICHARD NIXON. Dylan takes it, again unimpressed by his mom's amazing handiwork, as they near the school entrance...

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay, I love you guys *so much*.

Amy kisses both of her kids, emotional--

JANE

Not so loud, mom, Jesus!

AMY

I LOVE YOU BOTH SO MUCH I LOVE MY BABIES!

Jane and Dylan race into school, embarrassed, as Amy grins...

GWENDOLYN

Hey Amy!

Amy looks over, sees Gwendolyn and her crew, and smiles:

AMY

Oh hey! How are you guys?

GWENDOLYN

I don't know how you do it, leaving your kids and going to work every day. You're so strong.

AMY

Oh, thanks--

MEAN STACY

Don't you just *miss* them?

AMY

I do, but I also need like, money--

MEAN STACY

I had a job once but I didn't love it so I quit.

VICKY LATROBE

I design jewelry!

MEAN STACY

Jesus Christ Vicky stop saying that like it's a good thing.

AMY

Okay well, I'm late for work, so...

MEAN STACY

You're always late.

AMY

I know, it's basically the only thing I'm good at these days! Bye!

They say goodbye. Gwendolyn watches Amy race off, troubled:

GWENDOLYN

She's so likeable.

The moms shudder, equally disgusted.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON/INT. AMY'S MINIVAN -- MORNING

Amy ROCKETS through downtown Boston like Jeff Gordon at Talladega. She cuts across three lanes of traffic as HORNS BLARE. She waves -- *sorry!*

INT. COFFEE FOR THE PEOPLE -- DAY

Coffee for the People is a hip, free-trade, super-lefty coffee company. The office is all reclaimed wood and glass, and the average age of the employees is 22. HIP YOUNG GUYS play ping pong, HIP YOUNG GIRLS ride scooters and chat over cappuccinos at the espresso bar. Work is so fun!

Then Amy blows into the office, harried. TESSA, 20's, Amy's assistant with straight bangs falls into step with her:

TESSA

Hey man.

AMY

Good morning Tessa.

TESSA

The masseuse is here today, you want a shoulder rub?

AMY

Oh my God I would love that, but I don't have time. Thanks though--

They hurry into

AMY'S OFFICE

It's a classic Working Mom's Office: photos of her kids everywhere, desk in complete disarray.

Just as Amy and Tessa enter, DALE KIPLER, 24, the too way young, way too cool CEO of the company follows them in:

DALE KIPLER

Morning!

AMY

Oh hey Dale -- what's up?

DALE KIPLER

I had a dream last night. I was naked in a hotel room... Like totally naked, balls and everything-

AMY

Yup got it.

DALE KIPLER

And I walked over to the coffee maker in my hotel room...*and I saw a bag of our coffee there.*

TESSA

Cool dream Dale.

DALE KIPLER

Thanks Tessa.

AMY

So...is this your way of saying that you want to start selling our coffee to hotels now?

DALE KIPLER

No. This is my way of saying that I want you to start selling our coffee to hotels now.

AMY

Wow. Okay. Well, I'm already running all of our sales to supermarkets, restaurants and airlines, is there maybe someone else, like one of the guys who plays ping pong all day, who could run this?

Dale looks out at the young hipsters playing ping pong...

DALE KIPLER

Amy. Listen to me. We're all equal here. I'm no better than you and you're no better than me.

(MORE)

DALE KIPLER (CONT'D)

But you're way better than those guys, do you know what I mean? I can't trust them with one of my really cool dream ideas.

AMY

Right, but breaking into the hotel market is going to take a ton of work, and I'm sort of part time, remember?

DALE KIPLER

You are? Since when?

AMY

Six years ago?

DALE KIPLER

No way! You're always here!

AMY

I know, but I have a family...and stuff?

DALE KIPLER

Dude: I love family. That's why I wrote it on my arm:

Dale shows her a Gothic forearm tattoo that reads "FAMILY."

DALE KIPLER (CONT'D)

Tight, right?

AMY

I guess--?

DALE KIPLER

Cool, let me know how many hotels you can close by Friday.

(exiting, stops)

Oh hey, you coming out with us to lunch? We're doing Barbecue & Bowling!

AMY

No...? I've got to work?

DALE KIPLER

Love that. You guys really are the Greatest Generation.

Amy just watches him exit, baffled...

AMY

I miss working with grown-ups.

TESSA

Dude how the fuck are you gonna do this hotel thing on top of all the other work you have?

Amy rubs her temples, overwhelmed with stress...

AMY

I have no idea... What's my schedule for today?

TESSA

Well, you're already late for your marketing meeting...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Amy runs into a CONFERENCE ROOM where a meeting is in progress. She smiles apologetically. The PRESENTER glares...

TESSA (V.O.)

Then you've got a sales pitch to the TDI restaurant group...

-- Smiling, professional, Amy offers taster cups of coffee to SEVERAL GRAY-HAIRED EXECUTIVES, who nod, impressed...

TESSA (V.O.)

Then you've got lunch at your desk while you write your annual sales report...

-- Typing furiously, Amy eats a pathetic lunch from tupperware at her desk. Out her window, she watches ALL THE YOUNG PEOPLE in her office heading to lunch in MATCHING BOWLING SHIRTS, laughing. Amy frowns and keeps working...

TESSA (V.O.)

After lunch, you have Zumba...

-- Dressed in Lululemon, dripping with sweat, Amy Zumbas in a class full of working women. She looks seriously nauseous...

TESSA (V.O.)

Which is obviously not the ideal time to Zumba, but it's the only time I could fit it in...

The CLIPS of Amy's day start cycling faster and faster...

TESSA (V.O.)

*Then you've got a meeting with the
creepy guys from corporate...*

-- Back in her suit, Amy races into a meeting full of CREEPY CORPORATE GUYS who all leer at her lasciviously...

TESSA (V.O.)

*Followed by a second meeting to
discuss how the first meeting
went...*

-- Looking highly confused, Amy races into another meeting in a different office with exactly the same people...

TESSA (V.O.)

*After that, you've got a parent-
teacher conference at school...*

-- Amy races into her DAUGHTER'S CLASSROOM...to find class is in session, and all the kids are looking at her like: *what are you doing here?* Amy winces, *sorry!*

TESSA (V.O.)

...for Dylan, not Jane...

-- Amy races into her SON'S CLASSROOM to again find the class in session. Again, all the kids looks like: *why are you here?*

TESSA (V.O.)

...with his math tutor.

-- Amy races into an empty room to find the MATH TUTOR waiting, looking at his watch, disapproving. Amy smiles apologetically and wedges herself into a tiny desk...

TESSA (V.O.)

*Then, on your way home, you have 56
phonecalls to return.*

-- Feverishly talking on her cellphone, Amy aggressively DRIVES her minivan through Boston rush hour traffic...

TESSA (V.O.)

*Also, you wanted me to remind you
to go to the grocery store...*

-- Amy weaves her grocery cart through a CROWDED SUPERMARKET, still on the phone. She dexterously grabs food-items and flings them into her cart, never slowing down...

TESSA (V.O.)

Then...after all that...

-- Amy races her minivan around a corner and pulls into the driveway of her small, cozy, suburban home. She jerks to a halt next to her husband's SEDAN in the driveway...

TESSA (V.O.)
...you get to go home...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy stumbles into her house carrying her work bag and, somehow, ten bags of groceries. She looks exhausted but smiles, happy to see her family...

TESSA (V.O.)
...and you can finally relax.

DYLAN sprints past Amy holding a cellphone as JANE chases him, furious, still in her soccer uniform:

JANE
 DYLAN YOU ASSHOLE GIVE ME MY PHONE!

They knock over a lamp and it CRASHES to the ground!

AMY
 Hey hey hey--!

But the kids race out. Amy SIGHS and lugs all her stuff into

THE GREAT ROOM

to find her husband, MIKE, watching TV with their dog ROSCOE, drinking a beer, feet up. He sees Amy and doesn't get up.

MIKE
 Oh hey babe.

AMY
 Hey.

Amy crosses to the KITCHEN AREA and puts down her bags, exhausted, as sounds of her kids' VIOLENT CHASE filter in...

AMY (CONT'D)
 So, um, did you notice that Dylan and Jane are kind of like destroying the house?

MIKE
 Oh no, I've been watching Travel Channel! We should totally go to Mongolia by the way--

AMY
Because I kind of thought you were
watching the kids.

MIKE
Me? No. I'm really not sure why you
thought that...

He watches TV as something SHATTERS in the distance.

AMY
Mike.

MIKE
Yeah babe!

Amy just looks at her husband looking dopily at her...and she
decides, for the millionth time, that it just isn't worth it.

AMY
Nevermind.

MIKE
Cool -- what're you making for
dinner?

INT. KITCHEN -- DINNER TABLE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Amy has made a dinner worthy of four Michelin stars: stunning
filet of fish, three vegetable sides, bottle of crisp white
wine, and a fresh-baked cake on a stand. The family wolfs
down the meal in silence. Mike types on his iPhone.

AMY
So. Dylan, how'd you do on your
science quiz today?

DYLAN
I got a D.

AMY
(troubled)
Oh. Wow. Do you need extra help? Or
maybe another tutor?

DYLAN
Nah, I'm good.

Frowning, Amy nudges Mike, who's still reading his iPhone:

AMY
Did you hear that, honey? Dylan got
a D on his science quiz.

Mike blindly holds up his hand:

MIKE
Nice going, bud.

They high-five as Mike keeps typing on his phone. Amy just looks at her husband, frustrated... Then she remembers:

AMY
Oh Jane, how were your soccer tryouts?

JANE
Oh my god mom don't stress me out any more than I already am!

AMY
Okay, I was just--

JANE
Coach is posting the list of who made the team at 9 o'clock tonight and I'm so nervous it's giving me a rash look at my rash!

Jane holds up her arm to reveal a RASH. Amy frowns, worried:

AMY
Oh god, baby, are you okay?

DYLAN
That looks like lupus.

JANE
Oh my God I have fucking lupus?!

AMY
No, you don't have lupus, and you're gonna make the soccer team, okay? I promise. Just don't go all black swan on me right now, okay?

INT. JANE'S ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Jane's bedroom is a shrine to all things soccer. Posters, jerseys, cleats on the floor -- soccer is her life. Insanely stressed, Jane and Amy pace in front the laptop on Jane's bed, biting their nails in exactly the same way...

JANE
What time is it now?!

AMY
Still 8:59.

JANE
COME ON!

Mother and daughter pace. Then Amy looks at her watch:

AMY
9:00! GO GO GO!

Jane lunges for the laptop and furiously types. She scans the screen...and then freaks out:

JANE
I MADE IT! I MADE THE TEAM!

They hug and jump together!

AMY
OH MY GOD I'M SO RELIEVED!

They finally stop jumping and catch their breath. Amy beams:

AMY (CONT'D)
I am so proud of you, baby.

JANE
Thanks, Mom. I never could have done this without you.

Amy smiles, touched. These are the moments that make it all worth it...

JANE (CONT'D)
Oh my God this is gonna look so pimp on my college applications! I mean I've got the grades, I've got 150 hours of community service, I've got four bullshit extra-curriculars, but playing on a state ranked soccer team?! That's huge!
(grinning, then)
Wait... *What if I don't play?! What if I'm a benchwarmer?!*

AMY
Oh baby it's fine--

JANE
No it's not fine! Do you have any idea how hard it is to get into an Ivy League school now?! They turn away Asians, mom!

AMY
Okay, that's a little racist--

JANE

If I don't make the starting line-
up the recruiters won't see me play
and then I'll have to go to a D3
college then I'm gonna go to a
crappy law school then my alcoholic
boyfriend is going to knock me up
and before you know it we're all
living in a school bus on the side
of the highway! Oh my god I need to
practice my footwork why the hell
did I eat dessert?!

Jane grabs a SOCCER BALL and hurries out, hyper-stressed. Amy just stands there, dumbstruck.

AMY

Holy shit she's so crazy.

INT. MIKE'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Amy enters Mike's home office, yawning, smiling...

AMY

Good news, Jane made the soccer--

Amy stops upon seeing Mike behind his DESKTOP COMPUTER, trying to zip his pants and use the mouse at the same time.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh my god are you--?

MIKE

No! It was just...a prostate thing--
(struggling with mouse)
Why won't this window close?!

Amy makes her way around the desk, chuckling...

AMY

You know, I've always wondered what
kind of porno you like--

Her smile vanishes when she sees that Mike is Skyping with a NAKED WOMAN with giant boobs and an even bigger bush. The naked woman sees Amy enter frame, and looks pissed:

NAKED WOMAN ON COMPUTER

Who the hell are you?!

AMY

I'm his wife -- who are you?!

NAKED WOMAN ON COMPUTER

Oh shit--

The naked woman lunges out of frame. Amy spins on Mike:

AMY

Are you masturbating with another woman on Skype?!

MIKE

No! No.

AMY

Then what are you doing?!

MIKE

(beat)

Okay yes obviously I'm masturbating with another woman on Skype.

AMY

Why are you doing that?!

MIKE

Look, I don't think I've done anything wrong here. This is very mainstream now.

Amy rubs her face, trying to get her head around this...

AMY

I don't know Mike. This really feels like cheating...

MIKE

No no no, this is definitely not cheating. I've never even touched her! If anything, this is a sign of how much I respect our marriage.

AMY

It is.

MIKE

Yes! This amazing free app allows me to fulfill all of my darkest desires so I don't have to bring you into that world. Honestly, I don't masturbate on Skype for me -- I masturbate on Skype for us.

AMY

You gotta be shitting me.

MIKE

A lot of women would be very happy to find their husbands masturbating on Skype three times a day instead of cheating on them!

AMY

You do this three times a day?!

MIKE

With my work schedule it's almost impossible, but I try to make time. Honestly, you should try it. It's very invigorating. Plus it's totally safe, you can't get herpes or AIDS--

NAKED WOMAN ON COMPUTER

Fuck you Mike I don't have AIDS!

AMY

How long have you been doing this?

MIKE

(looking at screen)
5 minutes and 22 seconds.

AMY

No, like, how many days?

MIKE

I don't remember. Not long--

NAKED WOMAN ON COMPUTER

10 months next Friday.

MIKE

Seriously Sharron--?

AMY

10 months?! Do...Do you love her?

The naked woman slowly rises up in the Skype window, curious to hear Mike's answer. Mike sweats, tense, looking between the computer and his wife.

MIKE

No. I don't love her.

The naked woman on the monitor scowls. So does Amy.

AMY

Do you have feelings for her?

MIKE

Look, you don't masturbate with someone for ten months without developing some feelings for them--

AMY

Do you have feelings for her, Mike.

A beat.

MIKE

Yes. I have feelings for her. She's actually a pretty amazing woman. She runs her own dairy farm--

AMY

Get out.

MIKE

What?

AMY

Get the fuck out of my house Mike.

MIKE

Can I let my boner go down first--?

AMY

NO!

Mike stands, painfully zips up, crosses to the door. Stops.

MIKE

Are we really doing this?

AMY

Yeah. I think we are.

Mike nods and exits. Amy just stands there, reeling... On the Skype screen the NAKED WOMAN reappears, consoling:

NAKED WOMAN ON COMPUTER

Look, I just think Mike feels really trapped right now--

Amy clears the entire desk, sending the desktop CRASHING to the floor! Then she stands there, trying to breathe...

She's about to break down crying when she hears:

JANE (O.S.)

MOM! CAN YOU PUT ON MY OINTMENT?!

Amy slumps. A mother's work is literally never done...

Amy takes a deep breath, dries her eyes, straightens her shirt, and heads off to help her daughter.

AMY
I'm coming sweetie!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER -- MORNING

The early morning sun rises over the picturesque town...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- MORNING

It's morning drop-off again. Moms park their minivans and hurry their cute kids off to school...

CARLA DUNKLER

leans against her car, sporting red fuck-me pumps and way too much cleavage. Texting on her phone, she chin-nods at a HOMELY DAD walking by:

CARLA
Looking good Jeff.

DAD
Oh, t-thanks--?

CARLA
You been hitting the speed bag?

DAD
Oh, not in like ten years?

CARLA
Well it's working buddy--

Just then JEFF'S WIFE grabs his arm and angrily hurries her husband away from Carla. They blow past

KIKI

the desperate stay-at-home mom, who shepherds her four kids towards the school, smiling, barely holding onto her sanity.

KIKI
Yay! Another day of school...just like yesterday...and the day before that...and the day before that--

Just then GWENDOLYN, MEAN STACY and VICKY approach, passing out flyers to all the moms:

GWENDOLYN

Emergency PTA meeting tonight at 5!
Tell all your friends!

KIKI

Oh I don't really have any friends
I'm very isolated at home with the
twins--!

GWENDOLYN

It's really just a figure of speech-

KIKI

I mean sometimes I meet up with
other moms in the park but we
aren't really friends we just sit
near each other--

GWENDOLYN

Great! Refreshments will be served!

Gwendolyn jams a flyer into Kiki's hand and hurries off with
her crew. Kiki looks at the flyer, deeply touched:

KIKI

Thank you so much for inviting me!

But Gwendolyn and her crew have moved on, handing out flyers.

GWENDOLYN

Emergency PTA meeting tonight guys!
If you care about your children
please come!

VICKY LATROBE

Oh shit -- The Hotness is here.

They all stop to see JESSIE HARKNESS, 30, coming up the path.
He is the school's hot English Teacher, and ALL THE NEARBY
MOMS subtly, and not so subtly, check him out.

GWENDOLYN

Good morning Mr. Harkness!

JESSIE

Morning, guys!

MEAN STACY

I love your tie today!

JESSIE

(looking at his boring tie)
Thanks...it's blue...?

The women all EXPLODE LAUGHING way too hard.

GWENDOLYN

Oh my God he's so funny!

VICKY LATROBE

He's like Lewis CK!

Jessie smiles, a bit confused, and heads off towards the school. Stacy hungrily eyes his ass as he goes...

MEAN STACY

I would let him put it in my butt.
Like in theory I'm against all butt
stuff, but I would let him go to
town back there...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Dressed in a white suit, Amy frantically makes a HUGE BREAKFAST of eggs, fresh-squeezed juice, yogurt and granola for her kids. She glances at the clock, stressed...

AMY

Okay, listen, Dad had to go out of town so I'm going to try and do everything by myself today! I think I can make it work as long as--

Just their family dog ROSCOE runs headfirst into the kitchen wall WHAM! Then he gets up and does it again WHAM! And again WHAM! The whole family just watches him, troubled...

JANE

I think Roscoe is broken.

AMY

Come on Roscoe! Not today!

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL/AMY'S MINIVAN -- DAY

Amy anxiously SPEEDS along while Roscoe sits shotgun wearing a BIKE HELMET. The kids sit in the back. Then Amy SQUEALS up to school and herds her kids out of the minivan.

AMY

Okay I only have four minutes to get Roscoe to the vet so have a great day I love you bye--

Just then TAP-TAP! Gwendolyn raps on Amy's window. Amy startles and SPILLS coffee all over her white jacket--

AMY (CONT'D)
GOOD NIGHT THAT IS HOT!

Amy frantically dabs at the spill as she lowers her window.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hi Gwendolyn!

GWENDOLYN
(handing her a flyer)
Hey babe, there's an emergency PTA meeting today at 5. Should only last 2-3 hours.

AMY
Awesome! Can't wait!

Gwendolyn walks off as Amy SQUEALS away, even more stressed:

AMY (CONT'D)
FUCK!
(to Roscoe)
Please just be okay, buddy--

INT. VETERINARIAN'S EXAM ROOM -- DAY

Amy holds Roscoe, listening to her VETERINARIAN:

VETERINARIAN
Your dog has vertigo.

AMY
That can't be a thing.

VETERINARIAN
He's going to vomit and violently shed hair for the next 36 hours.

AMY
Oh my god. Is there any medicine he can take?

VETERINARIAN
Yes. It comes from Brazil and it costs 600 dollars.

Amy exhales. This day already sucks and it's not even 9AM...

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Amy runs into the pharmacy -- to see the IMMENSELY LONG LINE waiting for the pharmacist. She slumps, and gets in line...

INT. COFFEE FOR THE PEOPLE -- DAY

Amy races into work, sweaty and stained and covered in black dog hair but determined to make this day work. She dodges a flying NERF BASKETBALL and runs to the conference room.

AMY

I'm here! Amy is here--!

Just as she reaches the conference room, the meeting lets out. Super-chill HIPSTERS exit past her.

MONOTONE HIPSTER

You have shit all over your jacket.

Amy peeks inside the conference room to see DALE shaking his head at her as he talks to a co-worker. Amy winces, fuck!

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Amy sits in the auditorium watching Dylan's 6th grade class put on a cute/horrible play. As a kid playing ABRAHAM LINCOLN drones on and on, Dylan just stands there, YAWNING, in what appears to be a donkey costume. Amy smiles, encouraging, and secretly glances at her watch, anxious...

INT. AMY'S MINIVAN -- DAY

Amy wolfs down lunch from the tupperware on her lap as she speeds through Boston. When she slams on her brakes to avoid an accident, her lunch flies all over her already stained white suit! She SCREAMS, no--!

INT. COFFEE TESTING LAB -- DAY

Amy paces in a COFFEE TESTING LAB, talking urgently on her phone. When a MAN IN A WHITE LAB COAT hands her a small tester cup of coffee, Amy shoots it down without thinking -- and then discovers it's scalding hot! She explodes COUGHING! The Lab Coat Guys just look at her, deadpan...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

Jane and Dylan sit outside of school, waiting to be picked up, annoyed. Frazzled, Amy ROARS up to the school. The van's sliding door opens and Amy yells:

AMY

I know I know I'm sorry I'm late!

Jane and Dylan hop into the still-slightly-moving vehicle...

IN THE MINIVAN

Jane angrily buckles up as Amy accelerates off.

JANE

I can't believe I'm going to be
late to my first soccer practice!

AMY

I'm so sorry, baby! I'm trying!

JANE

Yeah well try harder! My future is
on the line here mom!

As Jane starts frantically getting dressed in her soccer clothes, Amy smiles at Dylan in the rear view mirror:

AMY

How was your day, Dylan?

DYLAN

I swallowed a pen cap.

Amy slumps her head, *shit*, when--

WHAM!

Amy clips a parked car's side mirror, SHATTERING her own! She glances in her rear view mirror...then looks at the dashboard clock...then she FLOORS it away from the scene of the crime!

DYLAN

Oh crap was that a hit and run--?!

AMY

Nope! No it was not!

But Jane nods at her little brother: *it totally was!*

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- DAY

A high-intensity GIRLS' SOCCER PRACTICE is already underway on this lush green field. Then Amy squeals up and hops out with Jane, who's still getting dressed. Amy helps Jane pull on her jersey as Jane hops, trying to put on her left cleat... They hustle towards the soccer practice past

GIRLS DRILLING SHOTS ON GOAL

Amy hurries Jane along:

AMY

Go go go--!

Jane runs onto the field while Amy hurries over to COACH PATEL on the sidelines, disheveled and deeply apologetic.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Coach. This is all my fault.

COACH PATEL
(noticing her look)
Rough day?

AMY
Oh my god, it literally couldn't get any wor--

WHAM!

A ball DRILLS Amy in the head and she drops OUT OF FRAME!

CUT TO:

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- GYMNASIUM -- NIGHT

Hundreds of MOMS sit on folding chairs in the gymnasium as Gwendolyn takes the podium, wearing a headset mic.

GWENDOLYN
Hi guys. For those of you who don't know me, I'm Gwendolyn James--

One person APPLAUDS way too aggressively.

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)
Can it, Vicky.

The applause stops.

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)
I'm president of the PTA, I run my own lifestyle blog, Perfectmoms dotcom, and, most importantly, I am the proud mommy of two amazing daughters, Blair and Gandhi.

IN THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

The doors open and AMY slowly enters, looking like a disaster: her hair is frazzled, her left eye is swollen, there is coffee, and food, and god knows what else all over her once white suit. Onstage, Gwendolyn continues her speech:

GWENDOLYN

I called this emergency PTA meeting
to address an issue that radically
affects the safety of our children:
(dramatic beat)
The Bake Sale.

Amy just stands there, and says to no one in particular:

AMY

Did she just say...the bake sale?

NEARBY MOM

I-I think so?

Onstage, Gwendolyn clicks through a very polished POWERPOINT
PRESENTATION. It's like a TED Talk.

GWENDOLYN

Here is a list of toxic ingredients
that are banned from the bake sale:
no BPA, MSG, BHA, or BHT, plus no
sesame or soy and obviously no
sugar or nuts or eggs or gluten or
milk or butter or salt.

In the front row, KIKI tentatively raises her hand, confused:

KIKI

So what ingredients can we use--?

GWENDOLYN

To enforce these rules, I am
creating a Bake Sale Police Force
who will monitor the food, destroy
any offending treats, and punish
the wrongdoers.

AMY

Is this a joke? Did she say this
was a joke before I got here?

The nearby mom shakes her head, no...

GWENDOLYN

And the first volunteer for my Bake
Sale Police Force is...
(looking up, seeing Amy)
Amy Mitchell! That's what you get
for being late, sweetie!

AMY

W-What?

GWENDOLYN

Please arrive at the Bake Sale two hours early to get trained...

And then something amazing happens. Amy says the one word she never says:

AMY

No.

Gwendolyn's smile wavers, unsure she heard correctly.

GWENDOLYN

What's that now?

AMY

I've had a really long day. I've been burned, bruised, and knocked unconscious. I screwed up my daughter's first day of soccer and I hand-searched my son's poo for a pen cap he ate and my dog has vertigo and I have no help at home and I feel completely alone and old and unfuckable and I'm drowning at work and three hours ago I may or may not have committed a felony hit and run. And that was just today.

(beat)

I can't do this anymore. I can't give any more of myself. There's none of me left. And there's no way I'm going to be on your fucking Bake Sale Police Force. I'm sorry, I'm done. I quit.

All the Moms stare at her, shocked. Amy turns and walks out. Gwendolyn just watches her, aghast...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Amy exits the school like a zombie and walks into the night.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT

Amy enters this restaurant and sits at the bar, dazed.

BARTENDER

What can I get y--?

AMY

Yes.

The bartender hurries off to get her a drink...

VOICE FROM NEXT TO HER
Hey, I know you.

Amy looks over to see CARLA DUNKLER sitting next to her in a sexy top, drinking a cocktail.

CARLA
You're that chick who always drives my kid home from school when I forget-slash-don't want to.

AMY
Amy Mitchell.

CARLA
Carla Dunkler. Jesus, you look like a bag of dicks.

The bartender brings Amy a scotch. She downs it.

BARTENDER
Would you like a water--?

AMY
Leave the bottle.

The bartender hesitates, then Carla nods at him, *leave it*. He does and moves off, just as:

VOICE BEHIND AMY
Amy?! There you are!

Amy and Carla turn to see KIKI, the smiley, anxious stay-at-home mom, hurrying over to them, just so excited!

KIKI
I'm so so sorry to interrupt you guys, I just wanted to say that what you did in there was amazing! You said everything I've ever felt about being a mom but couldn't say because I'm a total spazz or at least that's what my husband says he's a doctor!

AMY
Well, thanks. It's Kiki, right?

KIKI
YES! Oh my God I can't believe you know my name!

AMY
You want to have a drink with us?

KIKI

Oh no, I can't! I have to go to the grocery store then I have to go home and clean my son's aquarium he gets so mad when I forget--!

AMY

Sit down Kiki.

KIKI

(sitting)

Yes okay I'd love an apple juice!

AMY

(pouring Kiki a scotch)

Try this instead.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER -- THE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH IS A BIT EMPTIER

The three moms are still talking and drinking, looser now.

AMY

...I just feel like we all work way too hard trying to make our kids' lives amazing and magical and it's like: they're kids, their lives already are amazing and magical.

KIKI

My daughter thinks sticks are amazing! She's not very bright.

AMY

And its turned into this crazy arms race between moms -- it's like "oh, you got a clown for your kid's birthday party? I'll get the entire cast of *Frozen* for mine."

CARLA

When I was a kid, my mom would buy a sheetcake from 7-Eleven for my birthday. That's it. And it rocked.

AMY

Yes! You'd get all jacked up on cake and off-brand soda and you'd run around the park with your friends and it was awesome! We didn't need *Frozen*! Fuck *Frozen*!

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER -- THE BOTTLE IS EMPTIER STILL

and the women are pretty buzzed.

CARLA

...you know what I hate? There are so many rules now!

KIKI

Don't punish your kids!

AMY

Don't say no to your kids!

CARLA

Go to your kid's baseball games! Tell your kid you love him every single day! Don't sleep with the janitor at your kid's school! What is this, Russia?!

Carla drinks, disgusted, as Amy and Kiki exchange a look.

AMY

Those aren't...all...terrible rules-

KIKI

Which janitor did you sleep with?!

CARLA

Rusty.

KIKI

The super old one?!

AMY

I thought he died.

CARLA

Look bitches, it's not easy out there for a single mom over the age of 40. I gotta do all the mom shit you guys do plus I gotta look sexy doing it. Not that it matters, because all guys our age want to do is fuck 20 year old girls with bald pussies. That's it. It's like, excuse me, are you 20 years old and is your vagina completely devoid of hair? Great let's get married. But an old chick like me, with alimony and a big bush and a weird kid sleeping upstairs? No way, I'm damaged goods.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

So I gotta get it wherever I can:
old guys, immigrants, the
occasional felon.

KIKI

(horrified, smiling)
You sleep with felons?!

CARLA

Oh yeah, felons are great in bed.
They're just so psyched you're not
a man, you know?

EVEN LATER -- THE BOTTLE IS NEARLY EMPTY

Amy stares off, dreamy, as Kiki and Carla listen, buzzed...

AMY

You know what my biggest mom
fantasy is? Having a quiet
breakfast...by myself.

Kiki and Carla nod in agreement.

CARLA

Yeah, that's hot.

KIKI

Sometimes when I'm driving and I'm
all alone I fantasize about getting
into a car crash. Not like a big
car crash with fire and explosions,
just like a little one, and then I
get to go to the hospital for two
weeks and I sleep all day and watch
TV and eat jello and it's all
covered by insurance and my family
comes and they're so nice to me and
Kent has tears in his eyes and he
pretends it's hay fever but we all
know why he's crying, we all know,
and my kids bring balloons and the
nurses rub cream on my feet and oh
my God it's so amazing...

Kiki notices Amy and Carla looking at her like she's nuts.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Is that like...something you guys
fantasize about too? No?

CARLA

The only thing I fantasize about is an old man with a ten inch dick who wants to buy me a car.

EVEN LATER -- THE BOTTLE IS NOW EMPTY

and the girls are pretty well sloshed.

KIKI

...and you know who doesn't deal with any of this crap? Men.

AMY

Yup. To be a great dad, all you gotta do is show up to a couple of your kid's soccer games. That's it. But if my daughter doesn't play cello and speak Portuguese and volunteer at the homeless shelter she built by hand from the fucking tree farm she's growing in our backyard, I'm a bad mom.

KIKI

Seriously, in this day and age, it's impossible to be a good mom.

AMY

So screw it...
(raising her glass)
Let's be bad moms.

KIKI

Oh my gosh this is so exciting!

CARLA

If this is gonna involve a lot of drinking, I'm in.

They splashily toast:

AMY

TO BAD MOMS!

They drink up. Kiki is plastered:

KIKI

I love you guys forever.

CARLA

Dude, we just met--

AMY

We love you too, sweetie. Now let's get you home, okay?

KIKI

No, no, no, I still need to go to the supermarket...

Kiki stands, wobbly. Amy stabilizes her, looks at Carla:

AMY

Then let's go to the supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

It's late and the market is full of exhausted, overworked MOMS. Then the SLIDING DOORS OPEN, 2Chainz kicks in, and

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA ENTER THE SUPERMARKET

like a fucking hurricane -- slo mo, hair blowing, beats pumping, and, for some reason, Carla is driving one of those electric three-wheel shopping carts.

The TIRED MOMS turn to see Amy, Kiki and Carla entering in all their glory...and they're totally blown away. One of the tired moms lips, in dramatic slo mo: "who are these bitches?"

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA ATTACK THE CEREAL AISLE

They rip open boxes of cereal and pour them in their mouths...then into each other's mouths...then they just shower each other -- and passersby -- with cereal! Then

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA RACE PAST AN OLDER EMPLOYEE

restocking the shelves, tired. Then Carla doubles back, FRENCH KISSES the fuck out of him, and races on! Then

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA ATTACK THE LIQUOR AISLE

Wearing sunglasses with the price tags still on them, Amy, Kiki and Carla mix MUDSLIDES by draining milk jugs and adding Kahlua and vodka! Booze and milk splash all over the floor!

Then, as Amy and Kiki cheer her on, Carla chugs her entire jug! 90% of the fluid splashes onto her face and clothes, but she doesn't care! When she finishes, she drop-kicks the empty jug across the store! Amy and Kiki jump up and down YAY! Then

A SECURITY GUARD STORMS AROUND THE CORNER

and charges right at them, pissed, in action movie slo-mo! Amy and Kiki turn and flee, laughing: *oh shit!* But Carla frowns and runs right at the security guard like a bull!

THE SECURITY GUARD SEES CARLA RUNNING RIGHT AT HIM

and he suddenly looks less confident -- *umm?* -- then he looks scared -- *who is this chick?* -- and then, slipping on the wet floor, he turns and hightails it away from Carla, terrified! She chases him around the corner, screaming, insane!

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA RUN THROUGH THE AISLES

high-fiving the tired moms, encouraging them, *keep going! You can do it!* One mom covers her kid's eyes, *don't look at the crazy women!* All the while, 2 Chainz blasts, until--

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA PASS AN ADORABLE BABY IN A STROLLER

and the deafening hip-hop abruptly stops, and the three moms stop to COO at the beautiful baby.

AMY

Oh my God: so cute.

KIKI

Adorable.

CARLA

I want to eat her face.

Then 2Chainz kicks in again and the moms race off again!

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA PUSH OVERFLOWING GROCERY CARTS

towards the exit. They're filled with junk food, beach chairs, inflatable toys, etc.

They descend on the SELF-CHECKOUT MACHINES and start swiping their selections. Carla pretends to fuck the face of the machine as the SUPERMARKET MANAGER watches on, frozen in horror. Then, as the 2Chainz song builds to its epic climax,

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA EXIT THE SUPERMARKET

with carts full of ridiculous items. Drinking a Bud Light tallboy, Amy flashes the TIRED MOMS the peace sign, *we out*, while Kiki dances very whitely in her cart and Carla angrily makes the "I'm shooting my wad at you" hand gesture at all the TIRED MOMS in line, who just stare, dumbstruck...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN -- THE NEXT MORNING

Dylan and Jane sit at the empty kitchen table the next morning, dressed and concerned. Jane looks at the wall clock.

DYLAN

Should we just wake Mom up--?

Just then, AMY, hungover as fuck, wearing an oversized sweatshirt and giant slippers, shuffles into the kitchen...

JANE

Oh my god! Are you okay?!

AMY

It's cool. This is just how I look when I'm incredibly hungover...

Amy pulls a HOSTESS DING DONG out of a box and starts eating it. Jane watches, worried.

DYLAN

Aren't you going to make us breakfast?

Amy looks at her kids, chewing, considering...

AMY

Yeah, no. I'm not gonna make your meals anymore...

Jane and Dylan exchange a horrified look:

JANE

But...what are we gonna eat?!

AMY

(mouth full)

I'd recommend the Ding-Dongs, but you can have whatever you want.

(shuffling off)

We're leaving in five minutes...or however long it takes me to find my pants.

She shuffles off. Jane and Dylan look alarmed...

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Wearing big sunglasses and frowzy sweats, her hair in a bun, Amy exits her house with her kids and makes for her minivan. Then she notices a COVERED CAR parked in the garage, stops.

AMY

You know what? Screw it. Let's take daddy's special car today...

DYLAN

Are...Are we allowed to do that?

Amy crosses to the car and yanks off its cover to reveal a beautifully restored red 1968 FORD MUSTANG. She smiles:

AMY

Oh yeah. Momma's gonna get you to school on time for once.

CUT TO:

THE CLASSIC MUSTANG FISHTAILING AROUND A CORNER

and ROARING through the neighborhood! Amy grins, wind in her hair, radio BLASTING ARIANA GRANDE or some other teen pop sensation! Jane sits shotgun, dancing in her seat, while in the back, Dylan holds on for dear life, his face peeled back!

DYLAN

THIS...IS...SO...AWESOME!

EXT. NORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

A group of YOGA MOMS chat by the curb when Amy ROARS up in the Mustang and SQUEALS to a diagonal stop. The YOGA MOMS look appalled but Amy doesn't care, smiling at her children:

AMY

Have a great day, kids!

Amy kisses her children as they get out of the car...

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't forget your lunch!

She throws two bags of McDONALD'S out of the car and her kids catch them, psyched.

JANE

Thanks mom!

DYLAN

You're the best mom ever!

Dylan and Jane hurry off towards the school as GWENDOLYN and her crew appear, eyeing the bags of McDonald's with horror. Gwendolyn calls over to Amy:

GWENDOLYN

We're having a PTA meeting to discuss the upcoming election at 2-- will we see you there?

AMY

God I hope not!

Amy grins and FLOORS the Mustang off, leaving Gwendolyn and her crew standing there, shocked. Gwendolyn seethes, ominous:

GWENDOLYN

This bitch is playing a dangerous game.

VICKY LATROBE

I like her red car!

MEAN STACY

Shut the fuck up Vicky.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATTE CAFE -- MORNING

Amy sits at this sunny outdoor cafe, reading a newspaper, happier than we've ever seen her. A WAITER brings her a large cup of coffee, a delicious pastry, and a side of bacon.

AMY

Oh my god this is so amazing!
(to a MOM sitting nearby)
This is amazing, right?!

MOM

(a bit thrown)
Oh. Yes. I suppose it is.

AMY

Do people actually live like this?!

MOM

Yeah? I mean, I do.

AMY

Really?! What's the secret?!

MOM

Well, I'm super rich...?

AMY

Right! That'll do it--

Amy's cellphone RINGS. She answers it:

AMY (CONT'D)
Best morning ever this is Amy!

INTERCUT WITH AMY'S BOSS DALE KIPLER

as he angrily paces in his huge ultra-hip office. TESSA and a dozen HIPSTERS sit in a circle on the floor, scared, as Dale barks into a speakerphone, furious:

DALE KIPLER
Amy, where are you? The Morning Huddle started an hour ago!

AMY
Yeah, I'm not gonna go to those anymore. They're a total waste of time.

Several employees stymie LAUGHTER. Dale reddens, embarrassed:

DALE KIPLER
Are you feeling okay Amy?

AMY
Never felt better Dale. I'm eating a quiet breakfast and reading a newspaper for the first time in 12 years, plus I just met a very nice rich lady named--

Amy nods at the nearby mom, *what's your name?*

MOM
J-Janet?

AMY
(back to phone)
--named Janet. And I think we might be best friends.

DALE KIPLER
Listen to me Amy: you need to come into the office right now!

AMY
Actually I don't, Dale. I only work for you three days a week. If you want me to work more, you should pay me to do that instead of preying on my classically female desire to go above and beyond what's asked of me--

DALE KIPLER

Whoa, no one is preying on anyone--

AMY

Because it would suck for the CEO of a company that markets itself as pro-woman and pro-mom and whose customer base is 68% female to get sued by a working mom for unfair labor practices.

DALE KIPLER

Okay! Okay! There's no need to talk about lawsuits! And just for the record, I am very pro-mom!

AMY

Great! Then act like it!
(hangs up, smiles at Janet)
You gonna finish your scone?

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORCHESTER -- SHOPPING DISTRICT -- LATER

Amy strolls down this quaint street lined with cute shops, carrying several shopping bags, WHISTLING to herself, happy. Then she dials her phone.

INTERCUT WITH KIKI

in her house, ironing her husband's dress shirts while her TWINS play at her feet, SCREAMING. She answers, stressed:

KIKI

Hello?

AMY

Kiki, it's Amy!

KIKI

Oh hey! How are you?!

AMY

I'm awesome! Hey, I just saw in the paper that the new Channing Tatum movie where he's an astronaut but he never wears a shirt is playing at the Century 12, and I wanted to know if you wanted to come with me.

KIKI

Wait...you're just gonna go to a movie?! In the middle of the day?!

AMY

Ya!

KIKI

Are we, like...allowed to do that?!

AMY

I think we are! Call a sitter!

KIKI

Oh no I couldn't! Kent would kill me if he ever found out!

AMY

How would he find out?

Kiki looks around, her heart racing...

AMY (CONT'D)

Come on, live a little...

KIKI

Okay okay okay I'm gonna do it!

AMY

Great. I'm gonna call Carla.

KIKI

Fun! I like her but I'm also very scared of her! See you soon!

Smiling, Amy hangs up and dials...

INTERCUT WITH CARLA

answering her phone, eating a hot dog and talking loudly:

CARLA

Yo.

AMY

Hey, it's Amy! Do you want to come to the movies with me and Kiki?

CARLA

I'm already here.

GO WIDE to reveal that Carla is, in fact, watching a movie at the theater. Everyone glares at her for talking on her phone:

MOVIEGOER

GET OFF YOUR PHONE, LADY!

Carla blindly flips off the entire theater and keeps talking:

CARLA
What do you bitches wanna see?

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

Amy, Kiki and Carla eat popcorn and watch as, onscreen, CHANNING TATUM, wearing a skin-tight astronaut's outfit and helmet, spacewalks outside of a space shuttle towards a FEMALE ASTRONAUT. Then he rips off his shirt. In outer space.

The moms high-five each other, *nice...*

INT. THE BISTRO -- RESTAURANT -- DAY

The moms eat lunch and have drinks at a bistro after the movie, still excited about their newfound freedom.

AMY
This has been such a great day.
Thanks for coming out with me.

KIKI
Are you joking?! This has been the
best day of my life!

CARLA
Yeah, my ex has my kid for the day
so it worked out perfect--

Carla touches the LATIN BUSBOY's hand as refills their water:

CARLA (CONT'D)
Thank you sir. Your water service
today has been exemplary.

The busboy smiles, a bit confused, and hurries off.

AMY
So is it hard sharing your son with
your ex-husband?

CARLA
Fuck no. Have you seen my son? He's
nine feet tall and all he talks
about is baseball. You know what's
interesting about baseball?

AMY
What?

CARLA
Nothing. It's a bunch of fat
rednecks standing around chewing
tobacco in their pajamas.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Honestly I wish my son was into collecting feathers -- it'd be way more interesting.

KIKI

Do you go to all his games?

CARLA

His dad does, but I just can't anymore. The last game of his I went to lasted six hours and the final score was 1 to 2. In the 17th inning I nearly took my own life. I would rather go to Iraq than to another kid's baseball game.

AMY

And how do you think your divorce affected your son?

Carla stops, looks at Amy, reading between the lines.

CARLA

You got problems at home?

AMY

What? No! No. I just--

CARLA

Because when married bitches ask me 900 questions about my divorce it's usually because they're thinking about doing it themselves.

Amy frowns...then opens up to the girls:

AMY

I found out that my husband has been masturbating on Skype with the same woman for ten months.

CARLA

HELLO!

KIKI

What's Skype?

CARLA

Did you torch his car? Because you have to torch his car, that's just standard operating procedure--

AMY

No, no, it's actually okay. I thought I'd be devastated when Mike left, but mostly I just feel relieved. And the kids don't even seem to notice he's gone.

CARLA

Kids are so fucking dumb.

AMY

The truth is...our marriage has been over for years. I just had this vision of what a perfect family was supposed to be like, and being divorced didn't really fit into that, so I didn't let my marriage end even when it was clearly over, you know?

Carla nods, sympathetic...

KIKI

Wow. I feel really grateful for my marriage now--

VOICE BEHIND THEM

Kiki?

The girls turn to see Kiki's husband KENT, 40's, handsome, preppy. Kiki immediately stands up from the table, scared.

KIKI

Oh! Hey babe!

KENT

What are you doing here?

KIKI

I'm just having lunch with my new friends! This is Carla and this is--

KENT

Who's watching the kids?

KIKI

Rosie.

KENT

But isn't that your job?

CARLA

Whoa whoa whoa check your privilege, son--!

KIKI

Yes Kent of course it is! Sorry,
I'm heading home now. Bye guys...

Kiki quickly grabs her purse, throws some cash on the table and hurries off, anxious and scared... Kent shoots Amy and Carla a look, then heads off after her.

CARLA

Nice to meet you, Ike Turner! Have
a good one!

AMY

Well. That was alarming...

CARLA

Yeah.

(beat)

On the plus side she left way too
much money so it looks like we're
gonna get fucked up.

(to WAITRESS)

*Can you send our water server over
here as soon as possible thank you.*

CUT TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

Amy pulls her Mustang up to the school, parks in a red zone,
and gets out, eating HOSTESS DONUT HOLES from a box...

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

The BAKE SALE is going on in the main lobby of the school.
ANXIOUS MOMS stand behind decorated tables selling their very
elaborate home-made confections: hand-dipped pastries,
origami brittle, personal souffles. Then

AMY DROPS HER HALF-EATEN BOX OF DONUTS ON AN EMPTY TABLE

and sits, putting her feet up. A KID instantly hurries over.

KID

Oh my God I love donut holes! How
much are they?!

AMY

Twenty bucks each.

The kid looks appalled when--

VOICE BEHIND HER

Oh my! What is this?!

Amy looks over to see GWENDOLYN and her crew approaching, carrying DAZZLING ORNATE HOMEMADE PASTRIES. Gwendolyn stops, her smile thinly masking her horror:

GWENDOLYN

Umm, are those store bought donut holes?!

AMY

Oh no, I made them by hand and then I put them in this box.

VICKY LATROBE

Oh thank god because we don't allow store-bought--!

GWENDOLYN

Seriously, Vicky?!

Vicky silences, chastened.

AMY

Look, Gwendolyn, who cares what kind of food people bring as long as it raises money for the school?

Gwendolyn and her friends recoil as if slapped.

MEAN STACY

Oh no she didn't...

VICKY LATROBE

I think she just did...

MEAN STACY

Give it to her, G.

Gwendolyn inhales, her fake smile tighter than ever:

GWENDOLYN

I care what food people bring, Amy, because this school has extremely high standards, and that's why we have the best test scores in the state, the best college acceptance rate in the state, and yes, the best artisanal bake sales in the state, six years running.

VICKY LATROBE

BOOM!

GWENDOLYN

And I believe -- no, I know -- that excellent schools build excellent children, and that's what we all want, isn't it Amy?

AMY

I don't know, I sort of want happy children?

VICKY LATROBE

Oh that's a good point actually--

GWENDOLYN

Excellent children are happy children because losers are never happy and everyone knows that!

Gwendolyn gets right in Amy's face, at her breaking point.

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)

Now I don't know what's been going on with you lately, with your weird outbursts and your terrible style, but it ends now. I run this school, and I can make life very difficult for you and your underachieving children, do you understand?

Amy stands toe-to-toe with Gwendolyn, unafraid.

AMY

Can I be honest? I think you need to chill the fuck out. Here, have a donut hole...

(offering the box)

Seriously. They're amazing. They're made in China--

Gwendolyn SWATS the box and donut holes go flying everywhere! Then Gwendolyn gets right up in Amy's face, insane:

GWENDOLYN

*You just crossed the red line
little girl -- and now I'm gonna
have to get crazy on that ass.*

MEAN STACY

Oh my God you're so fucked!

Amy swallows, scared, as Gwendolyn spins and storms off -- SMASHING into a MOM carrying a fragile gingerbread house as she goes! The mom, and the gingerbread house, go flying!

GWENDOLYN
OUT OF MY WAY, BRIE!

BRIE
(on ground, scared)
Sorry Gwendolyn!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER / INT. AMY'S MUSTANG -- DAY

Still rattled by her clash with Gwendolyn, Amy drives Jane through Norchester after school. Jane is stressed as ever:

JANE
I'm so not ready for SAT Bootcamp right now! Did I tell you that there's always a line for the bathroom because everyone is in there throwing up?

AMY
Are you serious?

JANE
Ya! Sydney Green barfs like three times a class. She's so thin.

Amy frowns, troubled, as they pull up to the SAT BOOTCAMP storefront. Several STRESSED-OUT TEENAGERS pace out front.

AMY
Wait...why are we even doing this?

JANE
Umm so I can dominate the SATs and get into a sick college and have an awesome life?

Suddenly Amy starts accelerating. Jane looks confused.

JANE (CONT'D)
Wh--? You're passing SAT Bootcamp!
Why are you passing SAT Bootcamp?!

AMY
Fuck SAT Bootcamp.

JANE
What?!

AMY
We're playing hooky.

JANE

But I need to learn this stuff!

AMY

The only thing you need to learn
how to do is relax. And I know just
where to take you.

EXT. HIGH-END DAY SPA -- DAY

Amy and Jane pull up to a lush, super-expensive DAY SPA. A
VALET whisks away Porsche's and BMWs. Jane's eyes are wide:

JANE

Mom! We can't afford this place!

AMY

I know. Just be cool.

Smiling, confident, Amy gets out and lobs her keys to the
VALET, acting very much like she belongs.

JANE

Keep her close.

Amy and Jane make their way towards the spa entrance...then,
at the last second, Amy ducks AROUND THE SIDE OF THE
BUILDING, and Jane hurries after her!

JANE (CONT'D)

Where are we going--?!

AMY

Shhh!

Amy and Jane sneak along the back of the building until they
reach a WINDOWLESS DOOR. Amy knocks twice. A beat. Then CARLA
opens the door, dressed in her white spa uniform, smiling:

CARLA

What up bitches?!

Carla looks around, then waves them inside, *hurry!*

INT. DAY SPA -- DAY

Carla guides Amy and Jane through the ultra-lux spa...

AMY

Thanks again for doing this!

JANE

Yeah this is so cool!

CARLA

No worries. You have full access to everything in the spa. Have fun--

Carla unlocks the LOCKER ROOM DOOR and they scramble inside.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Just don't pee in the hot tub because I'm gonna use it later--

Carla hurries off. Amy and Jane look around at the beautifully appointed locker room, then hug each other and jump up and down, conspiratorial and excited!

JANE

This is so much better than SAT Bootcamp!

AMY

I know! What do you want to do first?

INT. DAY SPA -- MUD BATH ROOM -- DAY

Amy and Jane lie in side-by-side MUD BATHS, relaxing.

AMY

Oh my god this is so nice...

JANE

How many people do you think have shat in here?

A beat. Then mother and daughter laugh together...

INT. SPA -- KOREAN MASSAGE ROOM -- DAY

Amy and Jane lie on wood tables as TOUGH OLD KOREAN WOMEN in panties and bras walk on their backs, supporting themselves by ropes running along the ceiling.

Wincing with every step, Jane whispers over to her mom:

JANE

Why are...these chicks...in their underwear?

AMY

I don't...know but...it feels...really good.

INT. SPA -- FACIAL ROOM -- DAY

Amy and Jane get facials, side-by-side. Their faces are covered in thick white cream.

AMY

You look like a Juggalo.

JANE

You look like Anonymous.

INT. DAY SPA -- ZEN GARDEN -- DAY

Amy and Jane recline in a zen garden wearing PLUSH WHITE ROBES while a MONK plays soothing FLUTE MUSIC in the corner. Amy and Jane inhale deeply, completely relaxed...

JANE

I'm really glad we did this, mom. I haven't felt this chill in, like, forever.

AMY

Oh I'm so glad, baby. You need a break from SATs and school and soccer and the whole dad thing and--

JANE

Wait, what whole dad thing?

AMY

Nothing! Nothing.

JANE

Does Dad have a brain tumor?!

AMY

What? No! It's just...your father and I are going through a bit of a rough patch right now.

JANE

Holy shit you're getting divorced?!

AMY

No! No. We're...probably...not getting divorced...right away.

JANE

I can't believe you're telling me this life-changing information in a rock garden while some weird monk plays the flute! What is the matter with you?!

AMY

Jane, listen. No matter what happens with your father and me, I need you to know: it's not your fault.

JANE

*Why the hell would it be my fault?!
Why would you even say that?!*

AMY

I'm sorry, I'm so not good at this--

JANE

I can't believe I'm going to be from a broken home! What are we going to do at Christmas?!

AMY

Baby, Christmas is in like 8 months--

JANE

Wait: *am I going to be a whore?!*

AMY

What?!

JANE

Debby Tiner's parents got divorced and now she gives handjobs to anyone who asks for one!

AMY

I don't think that has anything to do with her parents' divorce.

JANE

No mom, that's what happens! For the rest of my life I'm going to struggle with intimacy, and I'm going to search for approval from weird old men, and the odds of me getting divorced just went up like a thousand percent! Thanks, mom!

AMY

Baby, please--

JANE

I just don't want to be weird okay?!

Tears start down Jane's cheek. Amy puts her arm around Jane, comforting, her heart breaking for her daughter...

AMY

Sweetie, no matter what the future brings, I love you, and your dad loves you, and you will be okay. I promise.

JANE

How do you know that?

AMY

Because I'm your mom and I know you better than anyone in the world.

Jane frowns, comforted, sniffing back tears...

JANE

I just had my whole life worked out so perfectly and now it's...not perfect anymore.

AMY

I know. I did too. But maybe life is supposed to be messy, you know? And maybe trying to make it perfect is what messes everything up in the first place...

Jane nods, dries her eyes, feeling a little better...

AMY (CONT'D)

Does Debbie Tiner really give everyone handjobs?

JANE

Yeah. She's really popular now.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- SOCCER FIELD -- DAY

Carrying a bag of soccer balls, COACH PATEL walks off the field when GWENDOLYN chases him down:

GWENDOLYN

COACH! COACH PATEL!

COACH PATEL

(seeing her)

Fuck.

(smiling, friendly)

Hey Gwendolyn!

She reaches him, carrying TWO STARBUCKS BEVERAGES.

GWENDOLYN

I brought your fave -- macchiatos!

COACH PATEL

Oh thanks...?

GWENDOLYN

I wanted to chat about the starting line-up for next week's game. In particular I wanted to talk about Amy Mitchell's daughter, Jane...

COACH PATEL

Okay, but you know I can't really discuss that with you--

GWENDOLYN

Don't fuck with me Deepak that's what the last coach did and now he's coaching tee-ball in Canada.

Coach Patel swallows hard, suddenly scared...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy and Jane return home, happy and relaxed from the spa.

JANE

Thanks again mom. That was awesome.

AMY

I'm so glad you liked it, baby.

Jane crosses to the stairs, stops.

JANE

So wait -- does this mean you're going to start dating dudes?

AMY

Oh. I don't know. I hadn't really thought about it...

But then she just did.

CUT TO:

AMY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

I want to get laid.

INT. SPA -- HOT TUB ROOM -- NIGHT

Carla sits in the hot tub, on her phone with Amy. She nods:

CARLA
I'm on my way.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla roots through Amy's closet while Amy paces in her bedroom, drinking a glass of wine, nervous.

AMY
This is so scary! I haven't even thought about being with another man in like 20 years!

Just then Kiki bustles in, excited.

KIKI
Sorry I'm late I had to tell my husband I was going to a night gynecologist!

CARLA
(flipping through clothes)
Dude, what are you gonna wear?

AMY
Well, I was thinking...my sexy purple dress.

Amy pulls A VERY DRAB PURPLE LANE BRYANT MOM DRESS out of her closet and holds it up to her body, hopeful...

KIKI
I love it!

CARLA
No.

CARLA
You look like you're going to Grimmace's funeral.

Frowning, Amy hangs up the dress and flips through her closet. She pulls out a huge wool sweater/dress.

AMY
Oh! I like this one.

KIKI
Me too! It looks very warm!

CARLA
(repulsed)
Is it a dress? Or a sweater?

AMY

It's a dretter! They were huge like
five years ago!

CARLA

Were they, though?

A little desperate, Amy pulls out a BLACK FLOOR-LENGTH GOWN.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Who are you, Jackie Onassis?

Amy flips through her clothes, flustered:

AMY

I'm a mom, I don't have any sexy
clothes!

CARLA

Goddammit get me a pair of
scissors.

CUT TO:

CARLA CUTTING THE BLACK GOWN WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS

as Amy watches, horrified...

CARLA

All right, take off your shirt, I
need to see what I'm working with.

Amy hesitates, then pulls off her shirt to reveal she's
wearing a GIANT TAN BRA. Carla startles:

CARLA (CONT'D)

Holy shit look at your mom bra! It
has so much surface area!

KIKI

It looks like two tan mixing bowls
taped together.

CARLA

You could make three regular bras
out of that one mom bra!

AMY

This isn't a mom bra! This is my
sexy bra!

CARLA

(smiling, then)
Oh shit you're serious.
(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Kiki: go to her daughter's room and steal her sexy bra, okay?

AMY

Oh no, my daughter doesn't have a sexy bra, she's only 16.
(thinking about it)
Look behind her dresser.

Kiki races out--

CUT TO:

CARLA BLOWING OUT AMY'S HAIR

to a sizeable coif...

CARLA WAX-STRIPS AMY'S MUSTACHE AREA

as Kiki irons Amy's dress...

CARLA STRUGGLES TO ZIP AMY INTO HER DRESS

as Kiki slides earrings into Amy's ears... Finally

AMY STEPS IN FRONT OF HER FULL-LENGTH MIRROR

...and she looks super fucking hot. Kiki and Carla appear on either side of her and nod, impressed:

CARLA

Damn.

KIKI

You look like Elsa!

Amy smiles at her reflection -- it's been a long, long time since she's felt this sexy...

AMY

Someone call a motherfucking Uber.

CUT TO:

THE THREE MOMS EXITING AMY'S HOUSE

in SEXY SLOW MOTION, dressed to murder. Jay-Z BLASTS as the moms strut down Amy's suburban front walk like it was a fashion runway in Paris...

On the sidewalk, TWO BOYS ON BIKES stop short and gape at the hot moms coming down the path. Still in slo-mo, Amy nods at the kids, *whatup*. The kids nod back, *whatup to you*.

Then Amy passes in front of her SUPER DORKY UBER DRIVER, who's holding open the back door of his HONDA CIVIC, and slides inside...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON -- NIGHT

Establishing shots of downtown Boston at night...

INT. HILLSTONE BAR -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

Hillstone is a sexy, high-end Boston hotspot. Amy, Kiki, and Carla enter. Amy looks nervous...

CARLA

This is one of my favorite stomping grounds.

KIKI

Why?

CARLA

Because it's really fucking dark.

The girls take a seat AT THE BAR. Amy glances at the menu.

AMY

Hey, check out this typo: it says the drinks cost 25 dollars each!

KIKI

Hilarious I love typos!

CARLA

That's how much drinks cost now you fucking hicks.

Amy and Kiki exchange a shocked look. Carla scans the crowd.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Okay let's get to it: what kind of guys do you like?

AMY

I don't know! I've only been with Mike and like three other guys...
(spotting a HOT LATIN GUY)
Oo, what about a Latin guy?! I've never been with a Latin guy before!

CARLA

Whoa whoa why don't you start with a nice pudgy Jewish guy and work your way up to Latin dudes, okay--?

VOICE BEHIND THEM

Excuse me, is this seat taken?

The girls all turn to see a HANDSOME MAN IN A SUIT smiling at Amy. Amy stammers, suddenly overcome with nerves:

AMY

Yes! No! Sit. Please. Here.

As the man sits next to Amy, she hisses over to her friends:

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh my god what do I do?!

CARLA

Just laugh at his jokes and agree with all the stupid shit he says--

Amy turns back to the man, smiling, trying to be cool:

AMY

I'm Amy, by the way.

MAN IN THE SUIT

(shaking her hand)

Braden. I like your wedding ring.

Carla face-palms. Amy blushes, stammering:

AMY

Oh, no-- I'm not-- I just found this ring on the subway!

MAN IN THE SUIT

And then you decided to wear it?

AMY

Yes! Yes. Because...it makes me feel like a...princess...?

MAN IN THE SUIT

(weirded out)

Yeah I think I'm gonna sit somewhere else.

The man hurries off. Amy GROANS, full of self-loathing. Kiki leans over, smiling, ever-positive:

KIKI

You did great, sweetie, but maybe next time you should try it without your wedding ring on--

AMY

Yup, it's already off.

The CUTE BARTENDER approaches, friendly, throws down napkins:

CUTE BARTENDER

Hey ladies, where you in from?!

AMY

Oh, we live out in Norchester with our kids!

The bartender's attention instantly cools:

BARTENDER

Great what can I get you.

As Kiki orders, Carla turns to Amy:

CARLA

Also maybe don't mention that we have children--

AMY

Yup. That was my bad.

We start CUTTING QUICKLY to Amy crashing and burning with various guys around the bar:

-- Amy talks to a HIP MUSIC GUY:

AMY (CONT'D)

I love music too! Have you heard the new Ariana Grande CD?!

-- Amy talks to a VERY YOUNG-LOOKING GUY:

AMY (CONT'D)

Seriously, does your mom know you're here?

-- Amy smiles at a SUPER-HIPSTER with pink-framed glasses:

AMY (CONT'D)

Why are you wearing a costume?

-- Amy dabs a stain on some GUY's shirt with a SHOUT WIPE.

AMY (CONT'D)
This'll just keep the stain from
setting...

The man quickly pretends to see a friend and hurries off...

BACK AT THE BAR

Amy sits down with Kiki and Carla, defeated and depressed.

AMY
Guys, I suck at this.

CARLA
No you don't. What about Donnie
Wahlberg over there?

Carla nods at a guy who looks kind of like DONNIE WAHLBERG.

KIKI
Oh my god is that actually Donnie
Wahlberg or is it just a guy who
looks kinda like Donnie Wahlberg?!

CARLA
What's the difference?

AMY
Look, I think I just want to go
home.

The girls nod, sympathetic, and collect their purses... Then
a GROUP OF GUYS walk past, and one of them recognizes Amy:

PASSING MAN
Mrs. Mitchell?

Amy looks up to see JESSIE HARKNESS, the way-too-attractive
English teacher at Norchester who we met in first act.

AMY
Mr. Harkness?!

Instant sparks between the two of them...

JESSIE
Please, call me Jessie.

AMY
And I'm Amy. Hi.

JESSIE
What are you guys doing here?

AMY

Oh, we're having a girls night out.

JESSIE

Nice. So Mr. Mitchell had to stay home with the kids?

AMY

No, um, Mr. Mitchell is no longer...on the scene.

CARLA

She caught him jerking off on Skype-

AMY

That's great thank you Carla.

JESSIE

Oh my god, I'm so sorry...
(to his FRIENDS)
You guys go ahead without me.

Jessie sits down next to Amy, concerned...

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Are you doing okay?

He touches her arm. It's electric. Amy swallows.

AMY

I'm, you know, I'm suddenly doing a lot better?

Jessie smiles, warm. Amy smiles back. Kiki just watches on, grinning, wide-eyed, weird, until Carla pulls her away.

CARLA

Okay creepy let's give them some space. Come on.

Carla leads Kiki off through the bar...

KIKI

I can't believe Amy is talking to Mr. Harkness! I named my vibrator after him--!

CARLA

Can you not walk so close to me? I'm still trying to get laid.

KIKI

Sure thing you got it!

BACK ON AMY AND JESSIE

They talk by candlelight, close, intimate, connecting...

JESSIE

Yeah, I love teaching English.
Books allow kids to talk about what
they're really feeling but are too
embarrassed to say, you know?
(off Amy's dreamy gaze)
Oh no am I the guy in the bar who
won't stop talking about his job?

AMY

No! No. I love how passionate you
are about what you do...

JESSIE

You work at Coffee For The People,
right?

AMY

Yes! How did you know?

JESSIE

I don't know, I might've asked
around about you a little bit...

AMY

What?! No way! You asked about me?

JESSIE

Yeah! I've always had a thing for
you, you know that...

Amy stammers, blown away...

AMY

Actually...I did not know that...

JESSIE

Really? I always felt like I made
it way too obvious...

A beat. Then Amy lunges and KISSES him--

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

He quickly pulls away. Amy is mortified:

AMY

I'm so sorry! I haven't done this
in a really long time!

JESSIE

No it was great, you just scared
the shit out of me!

She laughs, embarrassed... Then he cradles her face gently,
and kisses her properly...

NEARBY

Carla flirts with Donnie Wahlberg-- until Kiki spastically
hits her, *look look look!* Carla turns to see Amy kissing
Jessie, and smiles, *nice*. Then Kiki raises her phone to take
a photo of them, and Carla slaps her hand down.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

The sun rises. Birds chirp. Love is in the air.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Amy wakes up in her bed, still glowing from the night before.
Her phone RINGS with a text. She quickly grabs it, reads:

TEXT FROM JESSIE: "Nice seeing you last night Mrs. Mitchell."

Amy grins and TEXTS back: "The pleasure was all mine Mr.
Harkness."

Amy holds the phone close, and smiles up at the ceiling...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- STAIRS -- MORNING

Amy bounds down the stairs, breezes into the kitchen...and
SCREAMS! Sitting, eating cereal, reading US Weekly, is MIKE.

MIKE

What up babe.

AMY

What--?! What are you doing here?!

MIKE

I want to get back together. I
never should have left you, that
was a total dick move.

AMY

What are you talking about? Three
days ago you told me you had
feelings for another woman.

MIKE

I know but then I met her in person
and she's super weird.

AMY

So that's why you want to get back
together with me?!

MIKE

No! That's not the only reason...

(thinking)

I also miss Jane and Dylan. Mostly
Dylan, but I miss Jane too.

Mike searches for forgiveness, but Amy isn't buying it...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look I just needed a break. Haven't
you ever just needed a break?

AMY

Of course I have, but I didn't blow
up my family to do it.

MIKE

Mark Feinstein facetimed with a
hooker and his wife took him back.

AMY

I don't give a fuck about Mark
Feinstein.

MIKE

Look, here's the deal: I love our
kids and I'm willing to do whatever
it takes to fix our marriage.

AMY

You'd even go to therapy?

MIKE

No way therapy is dumb!

Amy starts physically shooing Mike towards the door.

AMY

Great, thanks for stopping by.

MIKE

Come on Aim, don't be a dick! I'm
trying to do the right thing here--

They reach the door, and Mike stops, panicked:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay okay! Even though it's a total waste of time and money...and a little gay...I will go to therapy.

Amy looks at him, highly skeptical...

AMY

And you really gotta get into it too. Like you gotta feel stuff and cry and talk about your fucked up family and the whole thing.

MIKE

Babe I haven't cried since the Sox traded Nomar in '04.

AMY

(shoving him out)
Great, have fun on Skype--

MIKE

Okay okay I'll cry! I'll cry the whole fucking time! Jesus! Maybe while we're at therapy we can also talk about how you're a little crazy sometimes--

AMY

Goodbye, Mike.

MIKE

So are we doing therapy or what?

AMY

I'll think about it.

MIKE

Can I get my US Weekly back because I was in the middle of an article about Khloe Kardashian--

Amy SLAMS the door on his face and stares off, conflicted...

CUT TO:

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Amy strolls through a hallway near the gym. FEMALE SOCCER PLAYERS hustle to and fro... Then Amy sees Jane, in her uniform and cleats, sitting on a bench outside Coach Patel's office, CRYING. Amy races over, concerned:

AMY

Oh no baby what's wrong?

JANE

Coach just told me I'm not starting! I'm a benchwarmer!

AMY

What?! But you're the best forward on the team!

JANE

Oh my God my life is ruined I'm never going to college I might as well just become a prostitute!

AMY

Okay okay, settle down. Momma's gonna fix this, okay?

Jane nods, trying to pull herself together...

JANE

Okay but please don't make a scene.

AMY

Of course not, baby.

Amy looks at her daughter reassuringly, then turns and kicks open COACH'S OFFICE DOOR! Inside COACH PATEL spins, sees Amy and how pissed she is, and blurts out, terrified:

COACH PATEL

Gwendolyn made me!

CUT TO:

GWENDOLYN HOSTING A P.T.A. TEA IN THE LIBRARY

Gwendolyn sits with a group of PROPER MOMS in the library, wearing fancy hats and drinking tea out of tea cups...

GWENDOLYN

...my goal is to make this year's PTA luncheon the greatest luncheon this school has ever seen.

One of the MOMS LAUGHS, assuming she's joking. Gwendolyn shoots her an icy look. The Mom silences, shrinks.

Just then AMY blows in, furious:

AMY

How dare you bench my daughter!

The proper moms startle and turn to see Amy, her eyes afire.

GWENDOLYN

Oh hello, Amy. How are you?

AMY

You had no right to do that!

GWENDOLYN

Actually I did. Soccer is a PTA sponsored activity, and I'm the president of the PTA, so...

This is clearly news to Amy... She stammers, floundering:

AMY

Okay...well...you know...
(then, getting an idea)
Not for long.

GWENDOLYN

Oh dear, what does that mean?

AMY

It means I'm gonna run against you for PTA president!

GWENDOLYN

You can't be serious...

AMY

I'm sick of you running this school like a dictator! It sucks!

GWENDOLYN

I'm really sorry, ladies, Amy's husband recently left her and she's going through a bit of a mental breakdown right now.

Amy GASPS, shocked... The MOMS recoil, embarrassed for her... Amy points at Gwendolyn, her blood boiling:

AMY

I'm coming for you Gwendolyn!

GWENDOLYN

Okey doke!

Amy storms out. Gwendolyn smiles, completely unworried.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Amy paces in her living room, still amped up, as Kiki and Carla counsel her.

KIKI

There is no way you can beat her!
Gwendolyn has been PTA president
for the last six years!

AMY

I know, but she messed with my kid,
and I can't let that stand.

KIKI

Right, but Gwendolyn controls all
the voting blocs. She's got The
Attachment Moms, The Tiger Moms,
The Sad Moms, The Drunk Moms, The
Divorced Moms, The Black Moms, The
Lesbian Moms -- she even has the
Divorced Black Lesbian Moms, and
that is not an easy group to win
over.

Amy frowns, starting to realize just how impossible this is
going to be...

KIKI (CONT'D)

Plus if you lose Gwendolyn will
destroy you. She'll put your kids
in all the dumb classes and give
them all the crappy teachers and
forget about soccer -- your kids
won't even get milk!

AMY

But isn't that exactly why we need
to take her down? She's a bully,
and she wants to turn us all into
perfect little Nazi moms just like
her and she wants all our kids to
be hyper-stressed over-scheduled
freaks and I don't want that! My
daughter has a new rash every week
and she's only 16! We gotta fight
back against these perfect moms!

CARLA

You had me at Nazi -- let's punch
this chick right in the tits.

Amy looks over at Kiki, hopeful...

KIKI

I still think it's a really bad idea with long-term ramifications for your children but okay let's do it I'm totally in!

AMY

Okay! Let's get started!

CUT TO:

AMY XEROXING THOUSANDS OF CAMPAIGN FLYERS AT WORK

as she looks over her shoulder for her boss coming...

CUT TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

Amy, Kiki, and Carla enthusiastically hand out campaign flyers to MOMS picking up their kids for the day...

Amy staples a flyer to the SCHOOL KIOSK that reads "AMY FOR PTA PRESIDENT! COME MEET THE CANDIDATE TOMORROW NIGHT!"

Kiki slides flyers under car windshield wipers...

Carla tries to hand flyers to a group of MOMS walking past, only they refuse them. Carla chases after them, yelling at them to take the damn flyers. The moms literally jog away...

GWENDOLYN removes one of Amy's flyers from the windshield of her Range Rover. She reads it and smirks, smug...

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT -- THAT NIGHT

Finished with flyering, Amy, Kiki and Carla eat dinner in this casual family restaurant while all their KIDS eat at the next table over. The moms are in a great mood:

KIKI

So how many moms do you think are gonna come to your Meet The Candidate Night?!

CARLA

I told all the moms that if they didn't come I would fuck their husbands so hopefully we'll have decent numbers.

Amy laughs...then notices her daughter studying a textbook, stressed, over at the kids' table. Amy frowns, concerned:

AMY

Jesus that kid never stops studying...

CARLA

You're lucky. All my kid does with books is try to rip them in half.

AMY

I'm trying so hard to get her to chill out and take life less seriously, and sometimes I feel like I'm doing an okay job, but then like two seconds later I feel like I'm failing miserably. I just wish I knew how I was doing, you know?

KIKI

Yeah, the most frustrating part of being a mom is you have no idea if you're doing a good job or not until your kids are fully grown.

CARLA

Yeah, and then it's too late. They're either cool or they're meth head serial killers.

AMY

The worst part is Jane is exactly like me -- she wants everything to be perfect and of course all that does is drive you completely insane. Luckily Dylan turned out like his dad and he's lazy as shit.

The moms look over at their kids...

KIKI

Yesterday I gave Bernard the wrong juice box and he called me a cunt.

CARLA

My son still watches *Sesame Street*.

KIKI

My daughter stole money from a homeless woman.

CARLA

I have no idea who Jaxon's dad is.

AMY

My son failed Study Hall. The school said no one has ever done that before.

KIKI

Clare killed our neighbor's ferret and we all pretended it was an accident but it wasn't.

CARLA

I don't like my kid.

KIKI

One time I left Bernard at the mall on purpose.

The moms frown at their kids, troubled...

AMY

But fuck I love them so much.

KIKI

Me too I would literally die for them right now.

CARLA

Every time I think about that big dumb motherfucker going off to college I cry like a baby...

Carla looks at her giant son, growing emotional.

AMY

Damn you're gonna make me cry too.

KIKI

(pouring tears)
I'm already going! Look at me!
Children are such a gift!

OVER AT THE KIDS' TABLE

The kids glance over and see their moms all crying together.

JANE

What are they crying about now?

BERNARD

Who cares. They're so weird.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Another sunrise over Amy's house...

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Amy brews coffee while Dylan grumpily makes himself a bowl of cereal for breakfast next to her. Milk splashes all over.

DYLAN
Cooking is hard.

AMY
I know, right?

DYLAN
Hey, so where's my science project?

AMY
Oh. I didn't do it.

DYLAN
What?! But it's due today!

AMY
Yeah, from now on you're actually gonna have to do your own homework.

DYLAN
WHAT?! That's so unfair!

AMY
Oh boy--

DYLAN
I'm a slow learner, remember?! I need help!

AMY
You're not a slow learner, sweetie, you're just really entitled. Do you know what entitled means?

DYLAN
No! Because I'm a slow learner!

AMY
It means mommy and daddy have been spoiling you and now you think the world owes you something, but it doesn't.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

And if you don't learn how to work hard now, you're gonna grow up to be just another entitled white dude who thinks he's awesome for no reason and you'll start a ska band and it'll be so terrible and you'll be mean to girls and you'll grow an ironic mustache to look interesting but you won't actually be interesting and I really don't want to be responsible for putting that kind of poison into the world, so just do your homework, okay?

DYLAN

Fine. Jesus.

Dylan heads off with his cereal, totally eviscerated...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE FOR THE PEOPLE -- MAIN AREA -- DAY

Coffee for the People is as casual as ever. Young hipsters play ping pong, ride scooters, and drink coffee. A DJ spins. Amy enters, smiling, and strolls over to Tessa's desk...

TESSA

Hey man, Dale was asking about your hotel project. He seemed really miffed. Do you want to work on that this morning?

AMY

Nah. I think I'm gonna work as hard as everyone else today...

Amy walks right past Tessa to the NEAREST PING PONG TABLE where TWO HIPSTER DUDES are playing:

AMY (CONT'D)

I got next.

CUT TO:

AMY KICKING ASS IN PING PONG!

She dominates the hipsters, smashing impossible shot after impossible shot! CO-WORKERS gather around, impressed. Amy high-fives one of them after hitting a great shot! WOOO!

AMY

Oh my God this is so fun! Why didn't I play with you guys before?!

PING PONG HIPSTER #1

I don't know. You're surprisingly good for your age.

PING PONG HIPSTER #2

Hey, you wanna come to karaoke lunch with us?!

AMY

Nah, I'm gonna eat a yogurt at my desk and work on my hotel accounts.

The ping pong guys nod, not surprised...

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you! Let's go make some music!

They all LAUGH and exit. Tessa watches Amy go, concerned...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- THAT EVENING

Amy ties BALLOONS onto a sign mounted next to her front door reading "MEET THE CANDIDATE NIGHT, COME ON IN!"

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Amy and Kiki set up a very casual wine & pizza party while Carla reclines on the couch reading a magazine.

KIKI

Where are your kids tonight?

AMY

Staying with my very old neighbor.

CARLA

Is he hot?

VOICE AT THE OPEN DOOR

Knock knock?

Amy looks over to see a LESBIAN COUPLE standing in the open front doorway. Amy crosses, welcoming them:

AMY

Hi guys, come in, come in!

The women enter.

AMY (CONT'D)
Sorry no one's here yet.

LESBIAN MOM #1
Yeah we figured, what with
Gwendolyn's party and all...

AMY
Wait, what?

LESBIAN MOM #2
Oh, you didn't know? Gwendolyn
heard you were having a campaign
party so she threw a competing
party at her house.

Amy, Kiki, Carla exchange a shocked look.

CARLA
That fucking whore!

LESBIAN MOM #1
Yeah -- and she has Wolfgang Puck.

CUT TO:

WOLFGANG PUCK SLICING PRIME RIB AT A BUFFET

in Gwendolyn's beautiful mansion. The buffet is stocked with every food imaginable, and the house is packed with MOMS, eating and whispering about how delicious everything is...

Then GWENDOLYN breezes in like the belle of the ball in some ludicrous dress, smiling and greeting people as she passes.

GWENDOLYN
Wolf the crab is divine! The
program will start in five minutes
ladies! In the meantime please
enjoy Koko Malumbo and the Nigerian
Boys Choir!

Gwendolyn smiles at an AFRICAN CHILDREN'S CHOIR in the corner as they launch into a cover of "Teach Your Children."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy, Carla, Kiki and the Lesbian Moms sit on the floor of Amy's living room, eating pizza and drinking wine, depressed.

AMY

I can't believe Gwendolyn would do this...

KIKI

I'm so sorry, sweetie...

CARLA

I know a guy who'll burn her house down if that's a call you want me to make.

Amy just frowns at all the CASES OF CHEAP WINE in the corner.

AMY

What are we gonna do with all this wine...?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GWENDOLYN'S MANSION -- NIGHT

The MOMS sit in rows of chairs in Gwendolyn's huge living room, listening to her give a speech into a headset mic:

GWENDOLYN

...raising children capable of competing in the global marketplace isn't just an economic issue, it's a matter of national security. To discuss this issue further, I'd like to welcome the Former Head of CENTCOM, General David Petraeus.

IMPRESSED APPLAUSE as DAVID PETRAEUS makes his way to the front of the room. Gwendolyn takes a seat next to a MOM...

THIRSTY MOM

So sorry to bother you, Gwendolyn, but where's your bar?

GWENDOLYN

That's really not what tonight is about, Cara.

Gwendolyn smiles tartly. The mom frowns. Then she covertly pulls out her phone and texts: DOES AMY HAVE BOOZE?

CUT TO:

AMY CHUGGING A GLASS OF WINE

and then HIGH-FIVING the Lesbian Mom next to her! The moms are sitting on the floor, buzzed, playing that drinking game where you hold your iPhone to your forehead. Everyone is laughing and yelling and having a blast:

CARLA
DRINK AGAIN! DRINK AGAIN!

AMY
Why do I have to drink again?!

LESBIAN MOM #1
Because you said the clue word!

AMY
What--?! I don't understand how
this game works! Fuck!

Laughing, Amy drinks more wine as the moms keep playing. Then-

THIRSTY MOM
Hello--?

The moms all turn to see the THIRSTY MOM entering Amy's house. The second she sees the game they're playing, she chucks her purse aside and charges inside, psyched:

THIRSTY MOM (CONT'D)
Oh hell yes!

CUT TO:

INT. GWENDOLYN'S MANSION -- NIGHT

Petraeus sits as Gwendolyn stands, addressing the MOMS:

GWENDOLYN
Thank you General Petraeus. Now for
the next 45 minutes I would like to
talk to you about the advantages of
year-round school...

A BORED MOM in the audience gets a TEXT on her phone. She opens it-- and startles to see it's a SELFIE OF THE THIRSTY MOM drunkenly flipping them the bird while Amy, Kiki, Carla, and the lesbian moms don gangsta poses all around her! It looks crazy fun! The text reads: COME TO AMY'S U BITCHES!

Wide-eyed, the mom looks around and sees that ALL THE MOMS IN GWENDOLYN'S HOUSE are getting the same text -- and smiling.

CUT TO:

A LINE OF MOMS STREAMING INTO AMY'S HOUSE!

Old school hip hop plays and A FEW MOMS dance with each other in Amy's living room, happy and free! Amy circulates with bottles of wine, pouring drinks for everyone who wants one! A DRUNK MOM grabs Amy, looks her in the eye:

DRUNK MOM

This is the best PTA meeting ever!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GWENDOLYN'S MANSION -- NIGHT

Gwendolyn watches the last MOMS hurry out of her mansion...

GWENDOLYN

You sure you can't stay?

DEPARTING MOM

Sorry I only have my sitter til 9!

The moms race out, leaving Gwendolyn's giant house empty save for VICKY and MEAN STACY. Gwendolyn frowns, disturbed...

GWENDOLYN

Well. That ended a lot earlier than I expected...

VICKY LATROBE

You don't think...they're all going to Amy's party, do you?

MEAN STACY

Don't be fucking stupid Vicky, we had Wolfgang Puck and David Petraeus, what does she have?

An awkward silence.

MEAN STACY (CONT'D)

We should go.

GWENDOLYN

I'll drive.

INT. WHITE RANGE ROVER -- NIGHT

Gwendolyn, Mean Stacy and Vicky drive through Norchester at night, tense, looking for Amy's street...

MEAN STACY

I'm sure her party is super-lame. Amy is so poor.

They turn down Amy's street...and their jaws drop:

VICKY LATROBE

Holy shit.

Amy's party is going off! MINIVANS clog both sides of the street as MOMS eagerly stream into Amy's house! BASS THUMPS as MOMS drink and laugh on Amy's front porch. One MOM already lies face down on Amy's front lawn, passed out.

Gwendolyn, Stacy, and Vicky stare in disbelief... Then:

VICKY LATROBE (CONT'D)

That looks awesome!

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

A line of moms down shots then slam down their glasses down on the dining room table! Carla yells at them: *ANOTHER!*

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The entire room is now packed with MOMS dancing like women who haven't cut loose in years -- wild, reckless, alive! TIGER MOMS dance with ATTACHMENT MOMS dance with WAY TOO JEWISH MOMS dance with GAY DADS dance with WORKOUT MOMS...

IN THE HALLWAY

KIKI AND ANOTHER MOM show adorable pictures of their kids to each other on their phones -- until Carla blows past, SWATS their phones to the floor, and charges onward, insane!

A LARGE MOM BREAKDANCES

as everyone CLAPS and CHEERS her on! She spins around and around and even tries to helicopter on her head...

IN AMY'S BEDROOM

A WEIRD MOM garishly paints her face with Amy's make-up...

IN THE HALLWAY

Carla makes out with ONE OF THE LESBIAN MOMS, then turns and makes out with the OTHER LESBIAN MOM...

IN THE KITCHEN

A MOM shows KIKI how to do whippets out of a Cool Whip can...

IN THE BACK YARD

THREE MOMS drunkenly do double-dutch while ANOTHER MOM stands on a dirt-bike, expertly bouncing on one wheel, while nearby WOLFGANG PUCK smokes a joint with TWO HIPPY MOMS, laughing...

IN AMY'S LIVING ROOM

Amy dances with the mob of women, having a blast, until the song finally ends. Then CARLA stands on Amy's coffee table:

CARLA
WELCOME TO MEET THE CANDIDATE
NIGHT! NOW PLEASE WELCOME YOUR
CANDIDATE AMY...FUCKING...MITCHELL!

The moms APPLAUD as Amy climbs up onto her coffee table. Out of view, GWENDOLYN, MEAN STACY, and VICKY quietly slip into the back of the room and listen...

AMY
Hey guys, thanks for coming out! I don't have a speech or anything, I just wanted to say that I think we all do way too much stuff, and if I'm elected we're gonna start doing way less! Less PTA meetings, less bake sales, less luncheons, less bullshit!

The moms ROAR their approval! In the back, Gwendolyn looks genuinely surprised by the moms' fury...

AMY (CONT'D)
Our kids need a break too! School starts way too early! And why do they have six hours of homework a night?! Our kids have no time to be kids anymore! And do they really need to take five standardized tests a week?! We shouldn't be teaching our kids to be good test takers we should be teaching them to be good people!

Even MORE RABID APPLAUSE. Gwendolyn rolls her eyes...

AMY (CONT'D)
Who gives a shit if our kids don't go to Harvard?! My boss went to Harvard and he's a total douche!

The crowd CHEERS as Gwendolyn looks horrified...

AMY (CONT'D)
Also I think we should all stop doing Zumba! There's no science supporting it plus you look super embarrassing when you do it!

The crowd hesitates a bit, not...totally...behind her...

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay I could be wrong about Zumba,
but I think I'm right about the
other stuff! So if you're tired of
being overworked and under-
appreciated and if you're tired of
your school making you feel like
shit while slowly driving your kids
insane or if you're just a mom who
wants to do less, then vote for me!

THE CROWD GOES NUTS! Smiling, Amy steps down from the coffee
table as MOMS swarm her, hugging her, high-fiving her, taking
photos with her like she's famous! Some are even crying:

CRYING MOM

I love you so much Amy Mitchell!

INSANE MOM

Can we have a playdate?! I want a
playdate with you so fucking bad!

INTENSE MOM

I will do whatever you tell me to.

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Gwendolyn, Stacy and Vicky stare in disbelief:

MEAN STACY

This basic bitch is going to win
the election...

GWENDOLYN

No she's not -- because I'm gonna
hit her where it counts.

VICKY LATROBE

You're going to punch her in the
vagina?!

GWENDOLYN

I literally don't even know why we
hang out with you anymore.

VICKY LATROBE

Because our kids play lacrosse--

But Gwendolyn is gone. Stacy and Vicky hurry out after her...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

The party is over -- and Amy's house is decimated. Bottles, cups, and trash are everywhere. Amy, Kiki and Carla sit on the kitchen counter, eating cookie dough from a tube, happy.

AMY

You know the best thing about a mom party? Everyone leaves at 11:00.

CARLA

I made out with a lot of women tonight.

KIKI

I really like whippets--!

MAN'S VOICE IN HALLWAY (O.S.)

Hello?

Amy looks at her friends, confused. Then JESSIE appears in the kitchen doorway, ruggedly handsome -- and a bit confused. Amy straightens, surprised:

AMY

Oh hey! What are you doing here?

JESSIE

Umm, you kind of...booty-texted me?

AMY

What?!

Carla hops off the counter and grabs Kiki--

CARLA

Great party Aim we'll see ya later.

Carla and Kiki hurry out. Amy smiles, understanding...

AMY

I'm sorry, I think Carla booty-texted you with my phone.

JESSIE

Thank god, because what she wrote was deeply disturbing.

Amy laughs. Then there's an awkward pause.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

So should I...like...go?

Amy looks at him...considers...

AMY

No. You really shouldn't.

A beat. Then they start making out like crazy, driving each other around the kitchen, upsetting glasses, bowls, plates!

With his free arm, Jessie clears the kitchen counter and bottles and cans CRASH to the floor! He lifts Amy up onto the counter as she pulls off his shirt! Amy stops for a second and takes in his incredibly chiselled physique:

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck yeah.

She pulls him down on top of her OUT OF FRAME...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Amy and Jessie collapse back on her bed, sweaty, exhausted, post-coital. Amy smiles, extremely satisfied.

AMY

Mm, that was nice...

Jessie just stares at the ceiling, wide-eyed, his mind blown.

JESSIE

I don't-- I can't-- What was that thing you did at the end?

AMY

I don't know. I just came up with it in the moment.

JESSIE

Honestly, that was by far the best I've ever had.

AMY

Really? Aww...

Amy smiles, a bit proud. Jessie looks over at her, smitten:

JESSIE

I've never met a woman like you before, Amy...

AMY

That's because you're very young and you haven't met a lot of people yet. But thanks, you're very sweet.

JESSIE
Can I go down on you again?

AMY
Ya! Sounds great!

Jessie grins and eagerly scoots downward...

CUT TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- LATER THAT NIGHT

It's very late and the school is dark and empty and ominous. Then Gwendolyn's Range Rover quietly pulls up and Gwendolyn, Stacy, and Vicky get out and make for the entrance...

VICKY LATROBE
*I still don't understand what we're
doing here!*

MEAN STACY
*That's because you're fucking
stupid.*

Gwendolyn unlocks the front door and they slip inside...

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- GIRLS LOCKER ROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Gwendolyn, Stacy and Vicky walk briskly through the spooky locker room, past rows of lockers, until Gwendolyn finds the one she is looking for. Using a master key, she unlocks the locker and starts riffling through someone's GYM BAG...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Carrying overnight bags, Amy's kids return home--

JANE
Hello?

Then Jane and Dylan stop cold: the house is a disaster. Empty wine bottles and beer cans are everywhere. Lamps are broken. A RANDOM MOM sleeps on the couch. Jane looks disturbed:

JANE (CONT'D)
What the fuck...?

Then Amy shuffles down the stairs, hungover, in her robe...

AMY
Hey guys how was your night?

JANE

Fine, how was yours?

Amy stops, looks around at her totalled house.

AMY

It was pretty good.

(then)

Oh crap what time is it?!

JANE

8 o'clock?

Amy winces and races back up the stairs! Jane just frowns...

INT. FAMILY COUNSELLING OFFICE -- DAY

Hungover, hating life, Amy sits on a therapist's couch with MIKE. They both sit as far apart as possible. Across from them sits a very positive THERAPIST, smiling, sunny:

THERAPIST

Good morning! I'd like to start by saying that every marriage is save-able, it just takes two people who are willing to work at it, okay?

Amy and Mike nod, not so sure...

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Awesome! Let's begin with an affirmation. Mike and Amy, I'd like you to look at each other and say three things that you like about each other...

Mike and Amy look at each other, trying to think of 3 things.

MIKE

Can I go second?

THERAPIST

Sure! Amy, go ahead.

AMY

Well, I like that you gave me my children. And I like that you pick up the kids after school sometimes, that's really helpful. And I like that you came to therapy.

THERAPIST

Great! Mike, your turn.

MIKE

Okay, um, I like your spaghetti?
And you make a pretty good calzone.
That's two.

AMY

Do you have any that aren't pasta?

MIKE

And I like that you've never
crashed the car.

Amy just turns to the therapist, tired.

AMY

Okay I know you have to be neutral,
but do you see what I'm working
with here?

MIKE

What?! What'd I do wrong?!

Slightly rattled, the therapist smiles bravely:

THERAPIST

You know what, let's try a
different tack! I'd like to try a
role reversal exercise. Amy, I want
you to pretend to be Mike, and Mike
I want you to pretend to be Amy,
and now I want you to just talk
about your days...

A beat. Then Mike puts on a RIDICULOUS HIGH-PITCHED VOICE:

MIKE (AS AMY)

Hi I'm Amy all I did today was rub
lotion on my face and talk talk
talk!

AMY (AS MIKE)

What up I'm Mike. Today I made
toast in the oven and stared off
into space.

THERAPIST

We usually don't do the voices but,
okay! How does it feel to be your
partner?

MIKE (AS AMY)

I feel great! I've got a super-chill husband and two healthy kids and a beautiful house and a fully-loaded minivan and a closet packed with expensive clothes I never wear -- my life is amazing! I really don't know why I sit around all day complaining and eating cake!

THERAPIST

Wow. Okay Amy, would you like to--?

AMY

Yes I would.

(as Mike)

Hey, I'm Mike and I have no idea how good I have it! I've got a wife who takes care of everything in the world for me and all I have to do is not jack off on Skype three times a day but I still do that anyway because I'm a fucking idiot--

THERAPIST

Okay guys this has officially gone off the rails--

MIKE (AS AMY)

Actually I'm the idiot! I don't even know how to work the TV remote! It's like "Help I'm a girl what do all these clearly-labelled buttons do?!"

AMY (AS MIKE)

Hey Doc we've been here five minutes can I splooge all over your computer now?!

THERAPIST

Okay that's just gross--

MIKE (AS AMY)

I'm too judgemental to ever love someone!

AMY (AS MIKE)

I'm too self-centered to ever love someone--!

THERAPIST

ENOUGH! Enough. Okay, look, I know I started out saying all marriages can be saved...but it ain't gonna happen for you guys.

Amy and Mike look surprised by the therapist's candor...

MIKE

You don't even think we should stick it out for the kids?

THERAPIST

In my experience, parents who stay in unhappy marriages for their kids just end up making their kids twice as unhappy.

AMY

So what should we do?

THERAPIST

As a therapist, I'm not allowed to tell you what to do. But as a human being with two fucking eyes in my head, I think you should get divorced as soon as possible.

Amy inhales, wow... After a moment, she looks over at Mike...

AMY

What do you think, Mike?

A long SILENCE, then Mike nods, *I agree*. Amy nods too...

EXT. FAMILY COUNSELLING OFFICE -- DAY

Amy and Mike slowly exit the therapist's office together. They stand on the sidewalk, awkward, unsure of what to do...

AMY

Can I give you a hug?

Mike nods and they hug. It's actually a beautiful moment.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MIKE

I'm sorry too.

Then BEEP BEEP, a woman sitting in a parked car on the curb waves at them. It's the fucking SKYPE WOMAN:

SKYPE WOMAN

Hey Mike! Hey Amy! Take your time!

AMY

*Tell me that isn't the chick from
Skype.*

MIKE

It is. Turns out she's not as weird
as I thought. Maybe all of us could
get brunch sometime--?

But Amy is already walking away, just over it...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE FOR THE PEOPLE -- AMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Amy storms into her office, sunglasses on, still angry...and
finds DALE standing there with a HUGE SECURITY GUARD...

AMY

Oh. Hey Dale.

DALE KIPLER

Can I have a hug?

Amy hugs him, immediately suspicious...

AMY

What's up with the security guard?

DALE KIPLER

I'm so sorry Amy, but I have to
positively transition you.

AMY

What...do those words...mean?

DALE KIPLER

It means that you used to work
here, but now you're transitioning,
in a very loving, positive way, to
somewhere else that isn't here.

AMY

You're firing me?!

DALE KIPLER

Yuck I hate that word! But yes. I
am totally firing you.

AMY

Why?!

DALE KIPLER

Well, you sort of stopped showing up...?

AMY

Yeah, because I'm part time.

DALE KIPLER

You only came in once this week.

AMY

It's only Tuesday!

DALE KIPLER

Amy. It's Friday.

Amy raises her sunglasses and looks at the Security Guard, *really?* The Security Guard nods, *yeah it's Friday.*

DALE KIPLER (CONT'D)

In appreciation of everything you've done, I got you a gift.

Dale hands her a TINY BAG OF COFFEE. Amy just looks at it.

AMY

Really? You couldn't spring for the 16 ounce bag?

DALE KIPLER

Daryl will walk you out. Good luck on your path Amy--

AMY

I busted my ass for six years and all I get is 8 ounces of coffee?!

The SECURITY GUARD guides Amy out as she resists:

AMY (CONT'D)

Fuck you Dale! YOU HAVE TERRIBLE CLOTHES! YOU ALL DO! YOU ALL DRESS LIKE CLOWNS!

As stunned HIPSTERS watch on, the guard wrestles Amy out.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

Amy drives, super-stressed, hitting her steering wheel!

AMY

Fuck! Fuck!

Her phone rings. She answers, irate:

AMY (CONT'D)

What?!

STERN VOICE ON THE PHONE

Mrs. Mitchell, this is Principal Burr. We need you to come in.

Amy swallows, suddenly very meek:

AMY

Yes sir I'll be right there.

INT. PRINCIPAL BURR'S OFFICE -- DAY

It's a typical Principal's office with class photos and plaques on the wall. Amy and Jane sit opposite PRINCIPAL BURR at his desk. He's frowning, exuding authority...

AMY

You found what?

PRINCIPAL BURR

We found Adderall in your daughter's gym bag.

Principal Burr places a SMALL ZIPLOC OF PILLS on the desk.

AMY

Oh my god--

JANE

That's not mine! And why were you looking in my gym bag?!

PRINCIPAL BURR

We were tipped off by a concerned parent.

Amy stops, immediately smelling a rat...

AMY

Wait, was it Gwendolyn James?

PRINCIPAL BURR

I'm not at, um, liberty to say.

AMY

That bitch! Jesus, I knew Gwendolyn was evil, but this is insane!

PRINCIPAL BURR

Please note that I have neither confirmed nor denied the identity of the parent in question--

AMY

Look, my daughter doesn't take Adderall, though, admittedly, she kind of acts like she does. Gwendolyn did this to get back at me for--

PRINCIPAL BURR

I literally have no idea what you're talking about. What I do know is that Adderall is a Schedule 2 performance enhancing drug and therefore Jane is banned from participating in any athletic programs effective immediately.

AMY

What?!

JANE

No! You can't do that!

PRINCIPAL BURR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but my hands are tied. You're off the soccer team.

Amy and Jane just stare at him, reeling in shock...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

Amy and Jane blow out of the school. Jane CRIES, hysterical, as around them, PARENTS and STUDENTS turn and gawk...

JANE

This is all your fault!

AMY

I know sweetie, and I am so sorry--

JANE

There is no way I'm getting into a good college now! Soccer was my ticket!

By now everyone around them is listening.

AMY

I know, honey, but I didn't mean to--

JANE

Yes you did mean to! You were tired of being a mom so you quit and you started partying with your weird new friends and blowing off work and -- oh yeah -- fucking my English teacher! Yup, heard about that on Twitter today! Thanks mom!

Amy GASPS, mortified. Jane calls out to everyone on the lawn:

JANE (CONT'D)
 THAT'S RIGHT! MY MOM IS FUCKING MR.
 HARKNESS!

SEVERAL MOMS shake their heads disapprovingly... ONE MOM,
 however, nods, impressed, *you go girl*.

AMY
 Jane, I know you're mad--

JANE
 Well this is what happens, mom!
 This is what happens when moms act
 really fucking selfish! Their kids
 pay the price! It's not so funny
 anymore, is it?!

Amy looks overwhelmed with guilt:

AMY
 Baby, please--

JANE
 I want to stay with dad tonight.
 Even he's a better parent than you!

Jane gets into the car and SLAMS the door. Amy just stands
 there, destroyed... Then she notices TWO DOZEN MOMS frozen on
 the lawn, gaping at her. Amy scowls, hustles into her car,
 and races off...

BACK ON THE LAWN

GWENDOLYN turns to a group of MOMS, sad and concerned:

GWENDOLYN
 Is that really the kind of mom we
 want running our school...?

The moms frown, clearly agreeing with her. Gwendolyn can
 barely to contain her glee...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY

Amy anxiously paces on her porch. Mike stands next to her.

AMY
 If you need anything just call me,
 okay?

MIKE

Babe, I'll be fine. I'm at the Four Seasons, they've got an indoor/outdoor pool, room service, 18 hole golf course, it's incredible.

AMY

I can't believe you're staying at the fucking Four Seasons--

Then Jane storms out of the house, carrying an ENORMOUS SUITCASE, still mad at her mom. Amy smiles at her, desperate:

AMY (CONT'D)

Bye angel! Have fun with Daddy!

But Jane just marches off down the stairs, ignoring her. Amy swallows, trying not to look hurt... Then DYLAN exits, lugging a DUFFEL BAG, an XBOX 360, and a SMALL FLATSCREEN TV.

AMY (CONT'D)

Whoa, buddy, are you going too?!

DYLAN

The house smells funny.

Dylan hurries off down the stairs...

MIKE

You know they have a TV at the hotel, right?

(to Amy)

I'll see you later.

Amy nods, trying really hard not to cry...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Amy walks into her filthy house, heartbroken and alone. Her home has never been this quiet before. It's awful and eerie.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS

Amy slowly walks upstairs, touching the FAMILY PHOTOS hanging on the wall. There are shots of family vacations...and Amy and Mike at their wedding...and the kids at the beach...

Then Amy passes her kids' BEDROOMS, and stops. Both rooms are empty. It's just too much, she can't hold it in anymore...

Amy slides down the wall and starts quietly crying, finally letting it all go...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

It's an overcast day. Drop-off is winding down. Then Mike pulls up in his sedan and Jane and Dylan pile out, dishevelled. They make for the school, glum...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- SOCCER FIELD -- DAY

The GIRLS SOCCER TEAM practices. On the other side of the fence, JANE watches on in school clothes, heartbroken, before turning away and walking off alone...

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- DAY

MEAN STACY and VICKY hang a banner over the school entrance reading PTA ELECTION TONIGHT...

PRINCIPAL BURR (V.O.)
Welcome to the annual PTA election!

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

The auditorium is filled with 300 MOMS sitting in their seats. GWENDOLYN sits on stage, beautiful and confident, next to an EMPTY CHAIR that is clearly meant for Amy. Principal Burr stands at the podium:

PRINCIPAL BURR
 We will start today with our
 candidate statements. And, as only
 one of our candidates has shown up,
 we will start with Mrs. James...

POLITE APPLAUSE as Gwendolyn stands and makes for the podium.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Amy's house is still in shambles. Amy sits on her couch in her bathrobe, her hair all fucked up and her makeup runny from crying. She eats stale pizza out of the box on her lap and watches "12 Years A Slave" on TV, depressed... Then

KIKI AND CARLA BURST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

and stop cold:

CARLA
 Why aren't you ready to go?!

AMY
 Go where?

CARLA

To the PTA election! It's starting right now!

AMY

Oh God I'm not going to that.

KIKI

What?! Why not?!

AMY

Well let's see, my kids left me, my husband left me, I lost my job, my daughter hates me, all the moms at school hate me, and I am a complete failure as a mother. Who in their right mind would vote for me?!

Amy angrily eats pizza. Kiki and Carla exchange a look...

CARLA

Wow.

KIKI

Yeah. Someone has a case of the Feeling Sorry For Myselfies.

CARLA

First of all, your daughter doesn't hate you, Amy, she thinks you quit on her. And every second you sit on your ass eating really old pizza and watching "12 Years a Slave," she's right.

Amy guiltily lowers her pizza back into the box...

CARLA (CONT'D)

Moms don't get to quit, Amy! Quitting is for dads!

KIKI

Preach it sisterfriend!

CARLA

It doesn't matter how hard shit gets for us moms, we keep coming back for more -- and you wanna know why?!

KIKI

Because we have low self-esteem!

CARLA

No? No. Because we love our kids -- our stupid, selfish, ungrateful little kids -- so much that we will do anything for them!

KIKI

We lift cars off of them sometimes!

AMY

Guys, I can't win the election--

CARLA

This isn't about the election Amy! This is about standing up to the bitch who hurt your little girl! It's that simple! Are you gonna let Gwendolyn get away with this shit, or are you gonna rise up like a beautiful phoenix and say, I don't care what you do to me, you fucked with my daughter and now I have to fight you! I will fight you on the playground! I will fight you in the cafeteria! I will even fight you in the ladies restroom if I have to -- I will have justice for my little girl because I am a fucking mom and that's what mom's do! We protect our young!

Amy nods, jaw clenched, her blood rising...

CARLA (CONT'D)

So get off your gross couch, run a brush through your disgusting hair, and let's body-slam this bitch!

Amy looks up with the eye of the tiger:

AMY

Let's do it.

SMASH CUT TO:

A KEY TURNING IN AN IGNITION

A hand jams a stick shift into gear! A foot stomps down on an accelerator and the Mustang PEELS RUBBER out of Amy's driveway!

EXT. NORCHESTER STREET -- NIGHT

The bad moms fishtail around a corner and ROCKET down a leafy suburban street! Amy drives, focussed, intense, while Carla sits shotgun and Kiki gets tossed around the back...

KIKI

I can't...seem to locate...my
safety belt--

EXT. NORCHESTER STREET/INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

A MAN walks his fancy poodle down this quiet street. Then Amy's Mustang ROOOOARS past! The man angrily gestures, *slow down!* Carla leans out her window and yells at him:

CARLA

I HATE YOUR DOG!

EXT. NORCHESTER STREET/INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Amy makes a hard right and flies down a suburban street!

CARLA

What are you doing?! This isn't how
you get to school--!

Then Amy throws the wheel and starts

DRIVING THE WRONG WAY DOWN A ONE WAY STREET!

The girls SCREAM as oncoming cars HONK and swerve aside to avoid crashing into them!

AMY

I've always wanted to do this! It
would save so much time out of my
day!

Amy dodges a TRUCK then SKIDS back onto a two lane street!

EXT. NORCHESTER STREET/INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

The girls rocket up another street when Kiki's PHONE RINGS. She reads the caller ID and smiles, cheerful:

KIKI

Oh look Kent is calling me!

Amy and Carla exchange a concerned look as Kiki answers:

KIKI (CONT'D)

Hi Kent how are you?!

INTERCUT WITH KENT

in their house, getting overrun by their KIDS! One of the TWINS pulls his hair while he yelps into the phone:

KENT
Kiki the kids are going insane!

KIKI
I know I deal with them every day!
They're crazy, right?!

KENT
I can't do this! You have to come home!

KIKI
You want me to come home...?

Amy and Carla turn and gesture back to Kiki: *no way!*

KIKI (CONT'D)
B-But I'm going to the PTA meeting with my friends...

KENT
I said come home now dammit!

Amy and Carla gesture furiously, *fuck him!* Kiki hesitates, torn...then she sits up, strong:

KIKI
And I said I'm going to the fucking PTA meeting with my fucking friends now stop being such a pussy and just make it work!

Kiki hangs up the phone, excited, as the girls CHEER:

AMY
THAT WAS AWESOME!

CARLA
GOOD FOR YOU DUDE!

KIKI
Thank you I can't feel anything my entire body has gone numb!

CUT TO:

INT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Gwendolyn wraps up her speech in the crowded auditorium.

GWENDOLYN

...and it is for that reason, and
the 29 others I laid out earlier,
that I humbly request your vote.
Thank you.

POLITE APPLAUSE as Gwendolyn returns to her seat and
Principal Burr returns to the podium. He eyes the EMPTY CHAIR
next to Gwendolyn...

PRINCIPAL BURR

Thank you Mrs. James. Well, it
appears that only one of our
candidates decided to show up, so--

WHAM!

The doors at the back of the auditorium BLAST OPEN and AMY,
CARLA and KIKI dramatically enter! Everyone turns and GASPS!

ONSTAGE

Gwendolyn's smile wavers, but she stays cool...

IN THE FRONT ROW

Vicky hits Mean Stacy, amazed:

VICKY LATROBE

Oh my God look Amy came this is so
exciting do you see her?!

MEAN STACY

Yes shthead everyone sees her.

AMY, KIKI AND CARLA STRIDE UP THE AISLE

like total badasses, three-across, confident as hell...

AMY

Sorry I'm late guys.

PRINCIPAL BURR

Actually, you're just in time to
make your candidate's statement...

Amy hesitates slightly, whispering to her girls:

AMY

What's a candidate's statement?!

KIKI

I think maybe it's a speech?!

CARLA

Do you have one of those?!

AMY

NO! Five minutes ago I was on my couch watching "12 Years A Slave!"

The girls keep walking, trying to stay confident...

CARLA

Well I'm sure you're gonna do great.

KIKI

Yeah! Just speak from the heart! Or whatever!

Carla and Kiki peel off and take seats in the front row as Amy walks up the stairs and crosses to the podium, scared...

She looks at the CROWD staring silently back at her. Amy clears her throat... FEEDBACK rings in the mic...

AMY

Hi, um, my name is Amy Mitchell, and I am running for PTA President.

The auditorium is SILENT. Gwendolyn smirks, not worried.

GWENDOLYN

Keep going. You're doing great.

AMY

I know after the other day a lot of you think I'm a pretty bad mom...

Various moms in the audience frown, confirming this...

AMY (CONT'D)

And you know what? You're right.

In the front row, Kiki whispers over to Carla:

KIKI

Why did we make her do this?!

CARLA

I don't know I think we made a huge mistake!

BACK ONSTAGE

Amy wipes her brow, nervous, her voice quivering...

AMY

Sometimes I'm too strict with my kids, sometimes I'm too nice, and sometimes I'm just a crazy bitch who doesn't make any sense...

A couple MOMS in the audience CHUCKLE knowingly...

AMY (CONT'D)

What works on my daughter almost never works on my son, and whenever I think I might actually be figuring my kids out, they grow older and I'm back to square one. The truth is, when it comes to being a mom...I have no fucking clue what I'm doing.

More knowing LAUGHTER from the moms...

AMY (CONT'D)

But you know what? I don't think anyone does.

SCATTERED APPLAUSE. Kiki and Carla look around, surprised.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think we're all bad moms. And you know why? Because being a mom today is fucking impossible.

Even MORE APPLAUSE. Amy is starting to win over the crowd...

AMY (CONT'D)

So can we all just stop pretending like we've got it all figured out and maybe stop judging each other all the time...?

The APPLAUSE grows. Kiki whispers to Carla, excited:

KIKI

She's doing great!

CARLA

I know I never doubted her.

Onstage, Amy starts gathering steam, her confidence growing:

AMY

I'm running for PTA president because I want our school to be a place where you don't have to be perfect.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

A place where you can be yourself
and make mistakes and where you're
judged by how hard you're trying
not by what you bring to the
fucking bake sale.

BIGGER APPLAUSE. In her seat, Gwendolyn shifts uncomfortably.

AMY (CONT'D)

I want our school to be a place
where it's okay to be a bad mom--

Just then, a MOM stands up, excited:

MOM

My kids haven't had a bath in three
weeks!

All the moms LAUGH and APPLAUD.

AMY

Yes! We all do that sometimes--!

Then a HIPPIY MOM stands:

HIPPY MOM

I confiscated my daughter's pot and
then I smoked the shit out of it!

More LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE.

AMY

Good for you! Pot is awesome--!

Then a TIGER MOM stands up:

TIGER MOM

I drove over my son's violin
because I couldn't go to another
fucking recital I just couldn't!

The moms APPLAUD LIKE CRAZY! More and more moms stand and
confess their bad mom transgressions:

BUSINESS MOM

I let my seven year old watch *Mad
Max: Fury Road!*

WAY TOO JEWISH MOM

When my kids are really bad I tell
them they caused the Holocaust!

DRUNK MOM

I drink margarita's for breakfast!

FRUMPY MOM

I slept with my son's math tutor!

STAY AT HOME MOM

I secretly got my tubes tied
because I don't want any more kids!

STRANGE MOTHER

I think I hit someone on my way
here!

Annnd the APPLAUSE tapers off a bit... Amy jumps back in:

AMY

Okay well you get the point! If
you're a perfect mom who's got this
whole parenting thing down cold,
please vote for Gwendolyn. But if
you're a bad mom like me and you
have no fucking clue what you're
doing and you just want your school
to stop making you feel worse than
you already feel about yourself,
please vote for me!

The moms all jump up and give Amy a STANDING OVATION! Amy
nods, thanks! In the front row, Kiki and Carla CLAP WILDLY!

KIKI

She should run for President of the
World!

CARLA

(clapping, then)
You know that's not an actual job,
right?

ACROSS THE AISLE

Vicky CLAPS too, so excited, while Stacy just glares at her.

MEAN STACY

Are you fucking kidding me?

VICKY LATROBE

Ah blow it out your ass Stacy!

Vicky keeps clapping while Stacy GASPS, shocked...

BACK ONSTAGE

Gwendolyn frowns, suddenly feeling very nervous. Principal
Burr returns to the podium and the crowd quiets...

PRINCIPAL BURR

Thank you Mrs. Mitchell, for that rousing and completely inappropriate speech. Okay, let's vote. By show of applause, who would like Amy Mitchell to be President of the PTA--?

The auditorium ERUPTS WITH APPLAUSE! On stage, Amy laughs, humbled. Principal Burr quiets the crowd.

PRINCIPAL BURR (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. And who would like Gwendolyn James?

Only Mean Stacy and ONE VERY WEIRD MOM stand and APPLAUD. The sound is tiny in the giant auditorium...

ONSTAGE

Gwendolyn seethes, completely humiliated. At the podium, Principal Burr BANGS his gavel.

PRINCIPAL BURR

Very well. The new President of the PTA is...Ms. Amy Mitchell!

The entire auditorium GOES NUTS! Kiki and Carla race onto the stage and jump up and down and hug Amy!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- EVENING

As the sun sets, MOMS spill out of the school, amped up from the election. Then Amy exits with Kiki and Carla, laughing.

KIKI

I still can't believe you won!

AMY

I know! Thanks for getting me off my couch and making me do this.

CARLA

Of course it was all my idea.

KIKI

No it wasn't--!

CARLA

Not now Kiki we're having a moment.

AMY

You know, it's funny, I gave up so many things when I became a mom, but I think the biggest thing I gave up was having friends. And I had no idea how much I missed that until I met you guys.

KIKI

I know I didn't have any friends either I was so alone!

CARLA

Yeah, you were pretty much the first bitches at this school to ever talk to me...

Amy smiles at her two fellow loners, heartfelt...

AMY

I'm so glad we found each other.

CARLA

Me too.

KIKI

Me three let's hug each other for a really long time!

Kiki pulls them into a group hug. Amy laughs. Carla smiles in spite of herself... After a while, Amy notices, on the curb,

GWENDOLYN CRYING IN HER RANGE ROVER

Amy's smile fades, and after a moment, she excuses herself.

AMY

Just give me a second, okay?

Amy crosses the lawn, reaches the RANGE ROVER, and gently raps on the window. Gwendolyn looks up, sees Amy, and lowers her window, scowling:

GWENDOLYN

What, did you come to gloat?

AMY

No. I just wanted to see if you were okay.

GWENDOLYN

(wiping away tears)
Yeah I'm fine everything's fine...

AMY

Okay, well, if you want to--

GWENDOLYN

It's just that the PTA was the one good thing left in my life and now it's gone too.

AMY

Oh come on, your life is awesome! You have like three boats!

GWENDOLYN

Oh God my life is so not awesome. Both of my parents are dying of cancer and my husband is being investigated by the FBI for embezzling 300 million dollars from Iceland -- spoiler alert, he did it -- and my secret son who nobody knows about is living on the street again and I'm basically the only thing holding my family together but it's cool everything's cool I'm sure we'll be fine...

Gwendolyn QUIETLY CRIES, a total mess... Amy is floored:

AMY

Jesus Gwendolyn, I had no idea...

Amy takes Gwendolyn's arm, really feeling for her...

AMY (CONT'D)

You know what? I don't know how to be PTA President -- why don't you help me out next year?

Gwendolyn looks up, hope returning to her tear-stained face:

GWENDOLYN

Really?

AMY

Yeah.

GWENDOLYN

Oh my God I would love that! I have so many ideas!

AMY

All right, good. I look forward to working with you.

Amy smiles and turns to go...

GWENDOLYN

Hey -- I'm sorry I went after your daughter. That was way over the line.

AMY

Hey, we're all bad moms, right?

GWENDOLYN

Yeah. That's the only thing you said tonight that made any sense.

Amy LAUGHS as Gwendolyn REVS her car to life...

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)

Don't tell anyone I cried, okay?

AMY

No one would believe me anyway.

GWENDOLYN

Good night, Amy.

AMY

Good night Gwendolyn.

She drives off, leaving Amy standing there, smiling...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

The sun rises over Amy's house. It's a beautiful new day...

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Amy sleeps in her bed. Then someone climbs into bed with her. Amy rolls over and sees it's JANE, looking contrite.

JANE

Hey mom.

AMY

Hey sweetie...

JANE

I'm sorry I got so crazy about the soccer thing. That was so uncool.

AMY

Oh it's okay--

JANE

No it's not. I've really been trying to chill out about stuff, and it's just soccer, right? Screw soccer! Use your hands like everyone else--!

AMY

I got you back on the soccer team.

Jane stops, sits up:

JANE

You did?!

Amy nods. Jane hugs her mom, so excited:

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh my God I love soccer soccer is my life thank you!

AMY

You're welcome, baby. I'm always going to fight for you, you know? You're my little girl...

Jane nods and hugs her mom tight...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Amy and Jane enter the kitchen arm-in-arm, smiling...to find DYLAN working at the STOVE. Amy startles and hurries over:

AMY

Oh no what are you doing?!

Dylan turns and smiles, wearing an apron:

DYLAN

Making frittata's! You want one?!

Amy stares, dumbstruck, at the PERFECT FRITTATA in his pan:

AMY

You made frittata's?!

DYLAN

Yeah! You said you weren't gonna cook for us anymore so I had to teach myself. Try a bite, it's got basil and a hint of tarragon.

AMY
 (taking a bite)
 It's so light!

DYLAN
 I know, right?! I love cooking! And
 it's like the harder I work at it,
 the better I get, which just makes
 me want to do it more! It's
 remarkable!

A beat. Then Amy hugs her son, emotional...

AMY
*I have literally spent ten years of
my life trying to teach you that.*

DYLAN
 All right, let go, I've gotta go
 finish my homework.

Amy just looks at her son, baffled:

AMY
 Seriously: who are you?

EXT. NORCHESTER SCHOOL -- MORNING

It is once again morning drop-off at the Norchester School.
 MOMS happily load up their KIDS with backpacks, lunchboxes,
 and science projects before kissing them goodbye. Then

AMY PULLS UP IN HER MUSTANG

and gets out with her kids. She hugs them goodbye, warm.

AMY
 Have a great day, guys. I love you
 both so much.

JANE AND DYLAN
 Love you too Mom.

Amy watches her kids walk off together, wishing that time
 would slow down... Then Jessie approaches, grinning.

JESSIE
 Hey!

AMY
 Oh hey.

JESSIE

Look, I can't get you out of my mind. I need to see you again as soon as possible.

AMY

Well, Mike has the kids next weekend. Why don't we go on a proper date?

JESSIE

I'd rather go on an improper date.

AMY

(laughing)
Goodbye Mr. Harkness.

JESSIE

Goodbye Mrs. Mitchell.

He smiles and walks off. Amy admires the view, proud...

AMY

Momma's still got it...

Nearby

CARLA GETS OUT OF HER CAR WITH HER HUGE SON

Frowning, she hands him A TUPPERWARE LUNCH:

CARLA

Okay, for lunch I made you a hummus wrap with kale, okay?

(her kid just looks at her)

I know it's gross but it's really good for you. I'll see you at your baseball game tomorrow night, okay?

CARLA'S SON

(touched, surprised)

You're really gonna come?

CARLA

Yes. I am. For all nine innings. Because I love you that much.

The ginormous kid smiles and walks off. Carla watches him go.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I still can't believe I pushed that thing out of my vagina.

A moment later AMY and KIKI stroll up.

AMY
Morning!

CARLA
Hey!

KIKI
So: what are we doing today?!

AMY
I don't know. I was thinking maybe
brunch?

KIKI
Or maybe a matinee?!

CARLA
What if we did something that
didn't suck?

Just then a WHITE RANGE ROVER SQUEALS UP to the curb, music
BUMPING. Gwendolyn yells out the passenger side window:

GWENDOLYN
Get in, bitches! I've got my
husband's plane for the day!

The girls look at each other, and smile:

CARLA
I think I'm gonna like our new
addition.

The girls pile into the RANGE ROVER and the four bad moms
race off together in search of their next adventure as we

SMASH TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

As the names of our wildly talented cast and crew scroll by,
we play interviews with THE ACTUAL MOMS OF OUR CAST
recounting their favorite memories of being bad parents.

Because everyone has a bad mom story.

Even your mom.