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, HIPPY 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...
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 it’s 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, eying 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!
OUT OF MY WAY, 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 that 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, sniffling 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 -- macchiados!

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)
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--

CARLA (CONT’D)
Kiki: go to her daughter’s room and
steal her sexy bra, okay?

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

CARLA
Damn.

KIKI
You look like Elsa!

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...

(spotted 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 facetimeed 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) GWENDOLYN
We should go. 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:
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.

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 saveable, 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...

**AMI**

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 shithead 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 HIPPY 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.