

TIGHT ON A YOUNG COUPLE. LIZZIE GOODWIN (26) is cute and slightly hip. Her husband JAKE (26) is a little scruffy, like he might be in a band. They are staring blankly at something.

LIZZIE
Oh, God, I don't know about this.

JAKE
Yeah. It's actually even worse than I imagined.

LIZZIE
I know. I thought I could do it, but now I'm kinda panicking. I'm having some sort of fight-or-flight areflex. I just instinctively wanna kill it. You sure I have to do this?

REVERSE ANGLE to the thing they're looking at - A MINIVAN. One of dozens lined up in rows - they're at a CAR DEALERSHIP.

JAKE
You want to be Supermom, right?

LIZZIE
I do. I really totally do.

JAKE
Then this is it. SUV's flip over, sedans are too low. You read all the same shit I read.

LIZZIE
Yeah...

JAKE
Hey, it's just a car.

LIZZIE
I guess. It's just so not me.

Jake glances at her VERY PREGNANT BELLY.

JAKE
Yeah... I don't think this is about you anymore.

Off her look

MUSIC CUE - "Sabotage" by The Beastie Boys kicks in, one of many songs from Lizzie's formative years that we'll hear.

TITLES OVER

QUICK SHOTS as the van is destroyed. CHEERIOS are ground into the carpet, PUKE flies, DIAPERS leak. The car seat DISSOLVES to a BOOSTER SEAT, a SECOND CAR SEAT appears, containing a second tiny assailant. A grocery cart makes a dent, stickers cover windows, a stroller handle slices open the ceiling liner, a cup holder grows fur. MELTING SKITTLES become one with the carpet. A THIRD CAR SEAT with a third child materializes. A soda EXPLODES. A hubcap rolls away. In a SLO-MO SNEEZE, blobs of snot strafe the back of the driver's seat.

IN TIME LAPSE, the mucus hardens until it's just a stain.

The Beastie Boys fall silent.

O.S. - Raffi's insipid "*Willoughby, Wallaby Woo*" fills the air with acoustic guitar and ballpark organ for toddlers.

RAFFI (O.S.)
Oh, Willoughby Wallaby Woo
An elephant sat on You...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lizzie's now-tired van chugs along.

RAFFI (O.S.)
A-Willoughby, wallaby, Wee

A little puff of BLACK SMOKE is COUGHED out of the tail pipe.

RAFFI (O.S.)
An elephant sat on Me!

INT. GUILTLESS LEIGH'S CAFE - DAY

A slick health food cafe, like a Pinkberry for food. Lizzie, NINE YEARS OLDER, carries two trays of food, a diaper bag and a purse. She pushes an empty stroller with her belly because HANNA (3) is wrapped around her ankle.

HANNA
 Ahnnnn...!

EMILY (8) and JUNE (5) follow.

EMILY
 I wanna go to Sonic.

LIZZIE
We can't.

EMILY
Why not?

LIZZIE
Because good mommies don't take
their kids to there.

EMILY
Not even one time?

LIZZIE
Nope.
(noticing)
June? Why are you walking like--?
Are you wearing a pull-up?

JUNE
No.

LIZZIE
You are too big for those.

JUNE
I don't wanna be big!

LIZZIE
Me, neither, honey.

She grabs a bunch of napkins with her mouth as she passes a
dispenser, drags Hanna across the floor.

LIZZIE
(mouth full of napkins)
Hunnuh, preus gut buck un duh
strullah.

HANNA
NO!

Hanna is SLAMMED against a table leg, knocking her off of
Lizzie's leg and knocking over someone's drink.

HANNA
OOWWW!!!

LIZZIE
(napkins in mouth)
Zohrry!

Hanna stands, raises her arms to her mommy.

HANNA

Pick up me! Mommy, pick up me!

Lizzie, hands and mouth full, bends down to face Hanna.

LIZZIE

Hunnah?!! Pleuse juhss--

Hanna reaches up, gets two fists-full of Lizzie's nipples.

LIZZIE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
 (napkins flying from her
 mouth)
 Nuppah! Nuppah! Stop! Ow!

Lizzie, still wincing, sets the food down.

EMILY

This food is gross.

LIZZIE

You should be grateful that we have
 food.

EMILY

Not this food. The nuggets don't
 even have crust.

JUNE

I want crust. Mommy? I want
 crust.

HANNA

I want crust!

EMILY

Crust is the only good part.

HANNA

I want crust!

LIZZIE

GIRLS?!
 (eerie calm)
 What am I about to say?

The defeated little girls slump.

EMILY/JUNE/HANNA

(by rote)
 'You get what you get and you don't
 throw a fit.'

LIZZIE

Thank you.

Lizzie calmly has a seat, makes a show of tasting her sandwich. It tastes like soil.

LIZZIE

Mmmm...

June rolls her eyes. Emily SNIFFS her plate. But Hanna takes a nibble of the crust-less nuggets.

LIZZIE

Thank you, Hanna. See? Not so ba--

WRRRAGH!! VOMIT SPEWS from Hanna, SPLATTERING the table. Emily SCREAMS, customers recoil in horror. Lizzie leaps from her seat.

LIZZIE

Hanna!?

AACK! AAAUCK! Hanna retches, then PUKES up a shocking amount of vomit. Lizzie scoops her up.

JUNE

Why you made her eat that?!

LIZZIE

June! You are not being helpful.

(to Hanna)

Sh. Baby, it's okay.

WHAM! Her knees SLAM together.

LIZZIE

And... I gotta pee.

EMILY

You always have to pee.

LIZZIE

Yes, thanks for that.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - DAY

Lizzie runs down the hall, stripping the puke-covered Hanna.

LIZZIE

Wetting my pants, wetting my pants...

IN THE BATHROOM, Hanna is naked in the sink except for a pull-up, June sits on the counter, Emily rifles through Lizzie's purse.

LIZZIE (O.S.)
Find the baby wipes and don't let
her fall!

IN THE STALL, Lizzie grabs some toilet paper, looks down...

LIZZIE
Oh, not now. Son of a funky
biscuit.

JUNE (O.S.)
Was that a swear word?

LIZZIE
No. Just a very unsatisfying
substitute. Emily?! My purse,
please?

She leans forward, opens the door, peers out.

ON THE COUNTER, Emily swings A TAMPON around by the string, the paper removed.

LIZZIE
Emily! Mommy needs that.

So, Emily lets it fly. Lizzie dives for it, panties around her ankles, and SLAMS to the floor.

EMILY
Oops.

Lizzie lies there for a second, her face on a drain full of mop strings and hair, inches from the ruined tampon and Hanna's vomit-covered clothes.

Lizzie pries herself from the floor, un-spools several yards of America's Scratchiest Toilet Tissue.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, GUILTLESS LEAH'S - DAY

Lizzie waddles furiously toward the van, dragging and carrying children and a stroller.

EMILY
Are we going home?

LIZZIE

We don't have time. We don't want
Sensei Kim yelling at mommy again.
(to Hanna)
Get in!

Hanna starts CRYING.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The van squeals up.

INSIDE, Lizzie unhooks her seat belt before the van stops,
like she's gonna parachute out.

LIZZIE

June, get into your Judogi.

JUNE

I don't wanna go to Judo.

LIZZIE

Well, you're going. Judo's good
for you. It'll make you strong and
centered and happy. You wanna be
happy, don't you? Emily, make sure
you have your epee and your mask.

Lizzie leaps from the van.

LIZZIE

Sit tight. I'll be back in twenty
seconds!

BOOB-BEEP! She sets the alarm, turns and runs.

IN THE VAN, June starts changing clothes. Emily has her epee
(a fencing sword) but rifles around for her mask.

IN THE PARKING LOT, Lizzie race-waddles by with a new box of
discount tampons, headed for the little bathroom building.

IN THE VAN, Hanna can just peer out from her car seat.

HANNA

Where Mommy's going? Mommy?!

IN THE VERY NASTY LADIES' ROOM, Lizzie props the door open
with her foot so she can peek out as she hovers over the
toilet, breathing through her mouth.

AT THE BATHROOM BUILDING DOOR, a LOUD MOTORCYCLE pulls up, cutting off Lizzie's line of sight. And Hanna's.

HANNA
MOMMY?!!!!

An ELDERLY WOMAN hears, peers into the van, becomes very worried because

IN THE VAN, June is half-naked (because she's changing) and Emily is face down on the van floor looking for her face mask under the seat. She looks dead. And there's the sword...

HANNA
COME BACK, MOMMY!!!

IN THE PARKING LOT, the Elderly Woman panics.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh, my goodness. GIL!!

An elderly man, GIL, looks, reaches into his car.

IN THE LADIES' ROOM, Lizzie hurries to do her business while trying to see past the kid on the motorbike.

BY THE VAN, a SMALL CROWD is gathered, including A PRIEST, the MOTORCYCLE GUY and the Elderly Woman.

GIL steps up.

GIL
Jesus. They'll let anybody have kids these days...

ELDERLY WOMAN
Gil, they're suffocating!

GIL
The hell they are.

WHAM!!! He SMASHES the rear window of Lizzie's van with a tire iron. WHEEEP!! WHEEEEP!! - the car alarm shrieks.

GIRLS
AHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lizzie comes tumbling from the ladies' room, zipping her fly.

LIZZIE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GIL
Saving these children.

HANNA

Mommy!!

MOTORCYCLE GUY

Hear that? They're calling for the
mommy - she locked 'em in there.

LIZZIE

I'm the mommy.

All eyes scorn her.

LIZZIE

First of all, they're not locked
in. The locks are on the inside!
And the alarm was on and the
windows were cracked and it's
seventy degrees and I was right
over there! I needed 20 seconds!
(holding up the tampon
box)

IS TWENTY SECONDS TOO MUCH TO ASK?!

She points the key fob at the van like a weapon, FIRES.
WHOOOP-WHEEP! The alarm dies. The girls cower in the van.

The Elderly Lady looks right at Lizzie.

ELDERLY LADY

(shaking her head)
Those poor children.

Off Lizzie's look

O.S. - *"Willoughby Walliby Willoughbear..."*

EXT. SONIC - DAY

Lizzie's van bolts from the parking lot.

RAFFI (O.S.)

Look at that elephant sitt'n there!

IN THE FRONT SEAT, Lizzie stuffs Tater Tots in her mouth.

RAFFI (O.S.)

Willoughby Walliby Willoughbah ...

In the back, Hanna happily eats Chicken Nuggets. Emily
throws a french fry through the smashed-out back window.

RAFFI (O.S.)
 (singing)
 Aawallilalalalalalala!

The van speeds through traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, STUDIO KIM JUDO - DAY

Kids in judo outfits climb out of SUV's. A brand new black minivan pulls into a space.

INSIDE THE BLACK VAN is TARA (34), former art-goth girl who's recently gone very Gweneth Paltrow.

TARA
 Let's go buddy.

In the back seat is JED (11), Tara's son. He's pissed.

JED
 I'm not going anywhere with this
 STUPID haircut! I look like preppy
 shit like every single kid at that
 STUPID preppy school.

Tara looks in the rearview mirror, hates herself, pops something in to her mouth and chews it violently.

NEAR HER VAN is a SHIT-GREEN MINIVAN. Hustling kids out of it is Darlene (35), plain and dressed like a boy.

TARA
 (re the van)
 You could get that thing painted,
 you know.

DARLENE
 It's not that bad.

It is. Darlene unloads her FIVE KIDS, dressing two in Judogi on the move. One steps into the parking lot and is nearly hit by A HYBRID MINIVAN gliding past.

DARLENE
 Ah!

FROM THE HYBRID climbs Rachel, a taut yoga mom with a blinky twitch. Her already-perfectly dressed ten year-old twins, HUXLEY and SAVION, stride toward the dojo.

DARLENE

That thing needs to make some noise, Rachel.

Rachel's on the phone as she walks.

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)

Because they have a cat and if Hux is there that long he'll need a Claritin and I don't like him taking those. Because he's reacting to something. I'll get them there at ten 'til six, then you can pick him up at six forty-five. Good. (kissy noise) Love you. Bye.

Tara and Darlene share a look.

TARA

Was that Stuart? Did you just make kissy noises and say, "love you" to your ex-husband?

RACHEL

Technically, he's still my husband. And he'll always be my best friend.

Darlene shoves and drags children as they walk toward the building.

DARLENE

God, even your divorce is gonna be perfect.

RACHEL

Divorce is failure. But, the father of your kids will be a part of your life forever.

Tara looks at Jed, sulking alone by the door,

TARA

Not necessarily...

She sighs, they head inside. After a beat...

SQUEAL!!! Lizzie's van comes racing into the lot, kids waving happily through the smashed rear glass. Lizzie leaps out, drags and carries the kids inside.

SENSEI KIM (O.S.)
You are late! In combat, this
means you die!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO KIM JUDO - DAY

The four ladies have isolated themselves at the top of the bleachers. Bored kids ram heads into their ribs as the ladies dole out containers of Cheerio's to the little ones, cell phones to the older ones.

LIZZIE
(to Tara)
What are you chewing?

TARA
Nicotine gum. The Future Mrs.
State Insurance Commissioner can't
be seen smoking.

LIZZIE
Wow. He's doing it. And you're
gonna be '*Mrs. State Insurance
Commissioner...*' What happened to
the scuzzy art punk I used to know?

TARA
She starved to death.

LIZZIE
Poor thing. And I just ate my
weight in Tater Tots. Ooo, can one
of you take me to drop my van off
at the shop? It got attacked by
old people today.

TARA
Seriously?

LIZZIE
Yeah... and told I was a terrible
mother. Sadly, though, they didn't
finish it off. I think we're the
last four women in America who
drive minivans. Oh, shoot. I need
to go to the mall, too. I need a
hamster. Mr. Ham has gone awol.
Jake can bring me, but he'll start
haggling with the mechanic. That's
his thing now - haggling. He's a
haggler.

(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

He haggled with a teenager in Footjoy over a pair of shoes and ended up with a free shoehorn. Who uses a shoehorn?

RACHEL

I have to meet an attorney.

DARLENE

(shrugs)

I have to butcher a deer.

TARA

I have a luncheon with a bunch of women who look like wax figures of themselves.

Lizzie's head slumps against the wall. Darlene's half asleep with a sleeping toddler crushing her lap. Rachel is fixated on her kids' Judo, looking very tense.

TARA

We need to get out of here.

RACHEL

Thirty seven more minutes.

TARA

No. Out of here. Look at us.

(re Darlene)

You have so many kids crawling on you that you look like an ant hill.

(to all)

Lamar has a condo on Hibiscus Beach that he has to sell for some kinda tax something-or-other. But we have it for one more weekend.

DARLENE

Ha!

LIZZIE

Hibiscus Beach? Oh, my God. I had the best day of my life there.

TARA

Wrong. The best day of your life, by rule, is the day you pushed that first big screaming ham through your vagina and brought life into the world.

But Lizzie's in a reverie...

FLASHBACK

AT A BEACH VOLLEYBALL NET, Lizzie leaps around with a bunch of STUPIDLY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
I call it "Lizzie Day". First, we frolicked. We played volleyball and stuff until we felt all exercise-y.

ON THE BEACH, she lays on a towel, listening to THE SURF.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
Then we just veg'd. Just laid in the sun, listening to Fiona Apple or something, getting that non-orange outdoor tan, lying there boneless, not a worry in the world.

IN A RESTAURANT, she and her radiant young pals LAUGH and eat and drink.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
Then we got all cleaned up and went out. I had on my Magic White Dress that always made me feel pretty...

IN A NIGHT CLUB, Young Fantasy Lizzie, in The Magic Dress, dances to THUMPING HOUSE MUSIC.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
And we danced our butts off. "Who Let the Dogs Out?! Who?! Who-who?!" And there was a moment, you know, with my 'hands in the air...'

ALL (O.S.)
'...like you don't care'.

LIZZIE (O.S.)
Yes! Exactly.

FREEZE ON LIZZIE, bronze and radiant in her Magic White Dress, her smile bright, her hands in the air.

LIZZIE (O.S.)
One perfect moment when I was finally that person - the one I thought I'd be for the rest of my life.

END FLASHBACK.

Lizzie pulls her shirt to the side and shows her tattoo - a sphere with the sun's rays bursting from it.

LIZZIE

That's what this is about. That day. That feeling.

RACHEL

That's a beach ball? I thought it was a sacred symbol.

LIZZIE

It is. It totally is.

DARLENE

I never had a day like that.

TARA

Come on! This might be our only chance before (to Rachel) you're the best man at your ex-husband's wedding, (to Lizzie) you're on TMZ in a fist fight with an old lady in a parking lot and (to Darlene) you're living out in Hillman on the family compound eating squirrel jerky.

DARLENE

I'm not moving to Hillman...

TARA

And you know where I'm gonna be? In the Junior League, which I am actually about to join even though I have no fucking idea what they do or if there's a Senior League or whatever, but that's what I'm in for. Come on - we're the Leaky Nipple Posse, right? Forged in the special hell of Mrs. Lalala's Infant Music Academy. All of our childless friends have abandoned us out of sheer boredom. We'll never be invited to go anywhere fun ever again. This is all we've got. Let's just go.

A moment of hope, then they all BUST OUT LAUGHING. Lizzie rubs her beach ball sun tattoo.

LIZZIE

'You get what you get...'

From Lizzie's sun tattoo

MATCH CUT TO:

A SUNSET. Then PULL OUT to see Lizzie standing in front of it. Jake's there, too.

JAKE

So, I noticed that you've been a little stressed lately...

LIZZIE

You did?

JAKE

I did. And so, I got you a little prezzy.

PULL OUT again to see that the sunset is actually a photo on a beer ad in the parking lot of

EXT. SQUARE AUTO REPAIR - MORNING

Lizzie's van is in the garage. Jake waves to the mechanic behind the wheel, who drives out slowly, revealing, hooked up behind the van...

An OLD POP-UP CAMPER.

JAKE

Ta-da! Now we can get away from it all.

EMILY/JUNE

Yay! Camping! Can we ride in it?

LIZZIE

That's my 'prezzy'? All of us, in there, peeing in a bucket?

JUNE

I wanna pee in a bucket!

JAKE

No, I mean, not unless we want to. We can go places, you know, with bathrooms. State Parks, campgrounds - anywhere you want. And I actually mean anywhere you want because your van - in addition to the new glass - has a rebuilt engine.

LIZZIE

What?

JAKE

Yeah, remember how it was running rough and making smoke? Well, when they called with the estimate on the glass, I did a little haggling and they replaced the engine for, like, less than a down payment on a new car. That's how I paid for the camper.

The Mechanic REVS the re-built engine.

JAKE

He says we'll get another hundred thousand miles out of it, easy.

Off Lizzie's look of complete horror

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, the PURRING van pulls from the shop. Jake drives off the other way, the pop-up now behind his SUV.

IN LIZZIE'S VAN, she looks like a caged animal.

JUNE

Mommy? Will our van go one hundred miles per hour now?

LIZZIE

No. It'll be just like this. Forever.

Lizzie glances to her left

IN THE LANE NEXT TO HER, a HANDSOME MAN in a handsome convertible. She stares at him, but he doesn't respond. She smiles a little hopeful, please-look-at-me smile. He doesn't seem to see her. She tosses her hair a little, smiles and blinks desperately. Nothing. She licks her lips. Finally he looks up and -- *looks right through her*. The light changes and she watches Mr. Handsome disappear into traffic.

Then she looks ACROSS THE STREET.

MORAN MOTORS, the car dealership. She shouldn't. She absolutely shouldn't...

DOWN THE ROAD, Jake looks into his rearview mirror, puzzled to see Lizzie's van cross the street.

LIZZIE (O.S.)
 It has new back glass and the
 engine was just replaced. Like,
 just now.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORAN MOTORS - MORNING

The salesman, KENNY, walks around Lizzie's van, inspecting it. Lizzie reaches inside and UNSNAPS the car seat.

LIZZIE
 (grabbing the car seat)
 Lemme just take this out...

Lizzie lifts the car seat and GASPS.

ON THE VAN SEAT - in the imprint from the car seat are some old Skittles, rubber bands and Cheerio's... and the partially decomposed body of a hamster.

JUNE
 Mr. Ham!

EMILY
 Gross

Hanna begins to SOB.

LIZZIE
 Sh. Hanna. Please. We'll get a
 new hamster.
 (loud to Kenny)
 I was thinking about an SUV.
 (to Hanna)
 He'll be much better than Mr. Ham.

Hanna WHINES. Lizzie grabs a CHIP BAG from the van, picks up the rotting hamster body with it and hides it behind her back. It CRINKLES. A little chunk of hamster drops off and hits the concrete. Hanna cries.

Kenny peers inside the van.

LIZZIE
 The smell is just... one of the
 kids just tooted in there.

KENNY
 Right. Uh, it looks fine but--

Lizzie RETCHES a little. She holds it down, but she's sweating and clutching the chip bag. CRINKLE, CRINKLE. Emily and June both look sick, Hanna is quietly SOBBING.

KENNY
Are you alright?

LIZZIE
Uh-huh. Fine. (CRINKLE) We're fine.

KENNY
So, I, uh, I can't give you anything for this van.

LIZZIE
What?

KENNY
It's just a little old and a little beat up, frankly.

LIZZIE
It's making me disappear.

KENNY
What?

LIZZIE
Please.

IN THE BG, Jake is pulling up. Lizzie doesn't see.

KENNY
Look, I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. These things peaked ten years ago. Nobody really wants them anymore.

LIZZIE
URRRRAHHHHHHHGH!

IN SLO MO, she THROWS the hamster. It flips, end over end, through the air. Kids SCREAM. Kenny ducks. WHAP!!! The dead rodent SPLATS against her van, SPLATTERING bits of hamster into Kenny's face and hair.

GIRLS/KENNY
AHHHHHHHH!!!

KENNY
JESUS CHRIST!

Hanna SCREAMS so loudly that people ACROSS THE STREET look.

HANNA
 AHHHHHH!!!

Emily pulls her frightened baby sister away. June wets her pants.

LIZZIE
 (realizing)
 Oh, my God. I'm sorry. I'm so
 sorry.

Hanna takes a step away from her.

LIZZIE
 No, baby, it's okay. I just-- I'm
 so sorry.

Her kids look at her like she's a bigfoot. Then Jake is there.

JAKE
 Girls? Get in my car.

Off Lizzie's look of horror

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIZZIE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Lizzie sits on the floor, leaning against the dishwasher, staring into space. Jake comes in, sits next to her.

JAKE
 All asleep.

Lizzie nods.

JAKE
 So, sorry about the camper. I
 should have asked. I'll just put
 it on craigslist.

LIZZIE
 That wasn't me. Was it?

JAKE
 No.

LIZZIE
 No. This is not me. It's not.
 It's not who I am. Is it?

The tears come. Jake lets them.

JAKE

So, I spoke to Tara. She wants to take you to the beach this weekend.

LIZZIE

Please. I can't just go to the beach.

JAKE

I think it would be good. For all of us.

Lizzie fixes him with a hurt glare.

JAKE

No, Lizzie, you know what I mean.

LIZZIE

Oh, I think I do.

JAKE

Come on. Just go. Go take walks and get drunk and sleep in. I'll get some weed from Jeff if you want. Whatever you need. You love the beach.

(pointing to her tattoo)

See that? Go find the happy, badass little chick that got this. Alright? Go get her and bring her ass home. I miss her, too. Okay?

He offers her the phone.

EXT. MCMANSION - EVENING

In the magic hour light, Tara poses with her handsome, greying husband, LAMAR (51) and a very angry Jed. They're all in khaki's and starched white oxford shirts.

The PHOTOGRAPHER moves Lamar even closer to Jed. Jed looks like he's about to bite him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay. Now, let's see some teeth. Voters love white teeth. Nice. Nice loving family...

Lamar smiles handsomely. Jed seethes. Tara forces a smile. The camera starts CLICKING. Then her phone RINGS. She checks the name, steps out of the shot.

TARA (INTO PHONE)
Lizzie?!

A grin breaks out across her face.

EXT. DARLENE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Standard suburban house, big yard. Darlene's husband, ROBERT, stands like a sweet-faced lump, eating a sandwich. Kids run wild. Darlene's on the phone, pacing.

DARLENE (INTO PHONE)
I can't. I can't just go. My parents are in town and I have, uh, some other people here and I'll call her. I know. I have to go. Bye.

She hangs up, steps over to the "other people" - a realtor, KAREN who holds a yard sign.

KAREN
So, I'd like to do an open house on Sunday.

Darlene's father, DALE, is there in working-man clothes.

DALE
You mean after church?

DARLENE
Yes, Daddy, she means after church.

Her mother, LINDA, is with him, also in working-man clothes.

LINDA
See, that won't be a question in Hillman. Nobody does anything on Sunday in Hillman out respect for the Lord.

KAREN
(to Darlene)
So, you're moving to Hillman?

Darlene, as usual, shrugs. I guess so.

KAREN
I looked at a property out there once. Very interesting. It had a whole special building just for ammunition.

DALE

A whole building? Nice. Mine's more like a shed.

KAREN

Ah. Well, to each his own. Personally, I would shrivel up and die without a Starbucks, a nail salon and my little gang of mummies.

Darlene nods absently.

DALE

Well, Robert and Darlene won't need all that - they'll have us.

WHACK! Karen hammers the FOR SALE sign into the ground like a stake through Darlene's heart.

CUT TO:

ON A CHALK PAINT CALENDAR - Months of days filled with activities are already checked off. *'Family Game Night'...* *'Irish Dance Tourney'...* *'Family Hot Yoga'...* *'Happy Anniversary!'*...

Then there are suddenly two diverging lines, one marked *'Dad'*, the other marked *'Mom'*. The split.

She comes to now, where the days are no longer checked off. Along the *'Dad'* line is *'Pick Up 10:15'*, *'Fencing Practice'*, *'Piano'*, *'Dad Game Night'...*

Along the *'Mom'* line there is nothing.

PULL OUT - the calendar is enormous, an entire year covering three entire kitchen walls. Rachel, on the phone, stares at the empty weekend in front of her.

RACHEL

I think I'm free.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, LIZZIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Lizzie holds up a white t-shirt that says, in big letters, *"World's Greatest Mommy"*, the irony of which nearly kills her.

EMILY (O.S.)

Why can't we go?

The girls are in the doorway.

LIZZIE

Oh, sweeties. You've got an Irish Dance tournament. You've got judo and swimming and there's fencing and Chloe's birthday party.

They look disappointed.

LIZZIE

Listen, I know this is gonna sound weird, but I'm doing this for you. You deserve... a better mommy than I've been lately.

(holding up the t-shirt)

Remember when you gave me this?

HANNA

No.

LIZZIE

Well, you did. And when I get back, it's gonna be true. I promise.

She pulls the girls into a big hug.

LIZZIE

I love you, my babies.

She holds those kids like it's her last second on Earth.

MUSIC CUE:

THE BAHA MEN (O.S.)

WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Lizzie's van rolls down the highway.

THE BAHA MEN (O.S.)

(singing)

WHO, WHO, WHO, HOO-HOO!

INT. LIZZIE'S MINIVAN - MORNING

Lizzie drives, Tara drinks, calls someone on Bluetooth.

TARA

The Leaky Nipple Posse should all be together. Darlene, of course, is dead to me, but why isn't Rachel riding with us?

LIZZIE

She has to leave early to do the kid hand-off with Stuart.

TARA

Naturally their child-sharing times are worked out on the atomic clock. Control Freak much?

LIZZIE

She's at least a Control Enthusiast.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(answering on Bluetooth)
Hello?

TARA

There she is! Hey, quick question--

TARA/THE BAHA MEN

(singing)
WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?!
WHO, WHO, WHO, HOO-HOO!

CUTTING BETWEEN THE TWO VANS as they all sing, Lizzie a bit half-heartedly. She's trying.

ALL

WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?!
WHO, WHO, WHO, HOO-HOO!

TARA

Oo - you know what I wanna hear
Lizzie say?
(screaming)
FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!

Lizzie cracks a smile, then...

LIZZIE/TARA/RACHEL

Fuck!/Bitch!/Asshole!/Wiener!/Godda
m-son-of-a-bitch!/Motherfucker/
Cock/Who said wiener?/Dip
shit!/Snatch!/God Damn
it!/Piss!/Shit!/TURD!

TARA
Turd? That's pathetic.

RACHEL
I don't know any more.

TARA
Hold, please...
(consulting her phone)
From the Urban Dictionary... Scunt!
Grundle! Donkey Punch!
(reading...)
Oh, my God. That is horrible. I'm
not even saying that one.
(reading more)
Ah. Dickmatized! Taint! Skeet!
Piss Whistle! Fap! Chode!
(reading)
A 'chode', FYI, is a penis that's
wider than it is long.

MUCH LAUGHTER.

TARA/LIZZIE/RACHEL
CHODE!!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The van zooms along.

TARA (O.S.)
Here's one. The mound of flesh
under a woman's pubic hair is
called the FUPA - Fat Upper Pussy
Area.

RACHEL (O.S.)
No.

TARA (O.S.)
Yes. Also known as a Gunt.

O.S. - the ladies LAUGH their asses off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

The two minivans approach the gates of the condo complex.
Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS BLINK at them.

IN LIZZIE'S VAN, Tara hides her drink, pops a breath mint. But as they approach, they see... Darlene's green van.

TARA
The Turdmobile!

Ladies climb out of vans, Lizzie runs and hugs Darlene.

LIZZIE
You came!

DARLENE
I think I ran away from home. Last chance, right?

Lizzie looks at the condo sign - "Sunset Cove", then at the buildings.

LIZZIE
Wait a minute...
(looking around)
You guys? This used to be Sunchaser. This is where I stayed on Lizzie Day. This is perfect.
(beat)
Thank you guys. I honestly have no idea what I'd do with out you.

This hits Darlene like a dagger.

DARLENE
(under her breath)
Shrivel up and die...

TARA
Leaky Nipple Posse!

LADIES
Leaky Nipple Posse!

CUT TO:

INT. CONDO KITCHEN - EVENING

Tara rips the top off of a bottle of Tequila. Darlene unloads many bags of chips. Rachel starts unpacking something nobody else has - ingredients. She's also texting.

TARA
You can't flirt with your own husband. It's like trying to tickle yourself.

LIZZIE

God, I miss flirting. I hate to admit how much I miss that.

TARA

(to Rachel)

Tell him you're gonna get laid.

RACHEL

Ew.

TARA

You know what they say - the best way to get over one man is to get under another one. You just need a little, you know - three in the pink, one in the stink.

LADIES

AGH!!/Ew!/You said that?

Tara grins, sets a big bowl on the counter.

TARA

Phones, please. Lamar has the land line number if there's an emergency.

Rachel clutches her phone to her breast.

LIZZIE

She's right. She's absolutely right. No texting, no mommy blogs, no facebooking, no food porn. Just us, here, uninterrupted, old school.

All the ladies all reluctantly put their phones in the bowl. A beat, then reluctantly they add their tablets.

TARA

And just to make sure there's no cheating...

She opens the freezer, GASPS. They all shove their faces into the open freezer.

IN THE FREEZER - one abandoned box of Chicken Dinosaurs.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON the box of Chicken Dinosaurs in the BARBECUE PIT. Lighter fluid is SQUIRTED on it, then a match thrown on. FOOMP! It goes up in a ball of fire. The ladies CHEER!

QUICK SHOTS IN SLO MO - a box of wine is tapped, wine splashes into cups, Velveeta drips from a spatula, nachos are shoved into a toaster oven, gobs of bean dip are plopped onto a plate. Tara sticks a nicotine patch to her forehead, refills Lizzie's glass with tequila. Rachel neatly arranges veggies on a platter with hummus. Very neatly. Tara moves one baby carrot out of line. Rachel LAUGHS, but the second Tara looks away she lines it back up.

The ladies SCREAM and GIGGLE through a wildly competitive game of Dominoes.

They LAUGH so hard all their knees simultaneously SLAM together so they won't pee themselves, which only makes them LAUGH HARDER.

Lizzie falls to the ground in hysterics, taking a glass of wine down with her.

They imitate their kids and husbands (pretending to pick their noses and scratch their asses and make horrible horny faces), have a minor food fight and generally cut up and have a great time.

LATER, ON THE SOFA, they're piled up like teenagers in pajamas. Tara has two nicotine patches stuck to her forehead. All stare wide-eyed at something on TV.

LIZZIE

What the hell is this?

RACHEL

I can be bad, you know. I went on Common Sense Media and started at the bottom.

TARA

You even research your porn?

RACHEL

Porn? It's not porn. It's just a steamy romance. Isn't it?

TARA

That is not steam...

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON TV)

Mmmmm... uuhhh...

DARLENE

(half asleep)

I don't understand this. What's she moaning about?

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON TV)
 Oooo, yeah, fuck those big titties.
 Mmmmmmm...

LIZZIE
 Porn.

DARLENE
 But, it's ridiculous. There's
 nothing in that for her, is there?

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON TV)
 Mmmmmmm... fuck! Fuck my horny
 tits!

The ladies SQUEAL with laughter.

DARLENE
 What? There are no nerves there.
 That thing might as well be in her
 armpit.

TARA
 I know, but they always do it.
 Right after the first blow job.

All eyes turn to her, surprised at her porn expertise.

TARA
 What? They do.

DARLENE
 (pointing the remote)
 I'm done. This is just--

They all GASP. The remote freezes.

DARLENE
 Jesus Christ.

LIZZIE
 That thing is not real.

A crescendo in the music and the ladies' eyes all go wide.

LIZZIE
 Yowza. Yes, it is.

DARLENE
 AH! And it's going--

LADIES
 AHHH!/Eew!/NO!/NO! Oh, my God!/No!
 There is not enough oil in Texas...

More LAUGHTER.

RACHEL

Eew!! That is so un-hygenic.
Front to back! Front to back! Oh,
this is disgust--

They all freeze again, suddenly less horrified. Laughter subsides. Rachel leans forward.

LIZZIE

That, however... Wow. It looks
like somebody is ambidextrous.
And, possibly, a circus performer.

TARA

Ya gotta admit, that's very
impressive in a pat-your-head, rub-
your-tummy kind of way.

LIZZIE

So, if men watch this stuff all the
time, how come they never learn to
do that?

TV VOICE (O.S.)

Fuck me! Fuck me! Ooo, fuck me!

Lizzie closes her eyes.

LIZZIE

Mmmmm... Uh... Ugghhh...

TARA

Lizzie? You want us to leave you
alone with the movie?

LIZZIE

It's not that.

THHHPPPBBRRRT!! - she farts loudly.

LIZZIE

It's that. Ooo. Sorry. I'm so
sorry. That was horrible.

TARA

Oh, thank God.

BBBBRRPPPTTT!!! Tara farts even more loudly.

TARA

I was about to pretend to want to
go look off the balcony.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
 Damned cheese dip.
 (to Rachel)
 What about you? I thought
 vegetarians farted all the time.

RACHEL
 Beano.

FRRRRT! Lizzie loses another one - looks shocked.

LIZZIE
 <GASP> Oh, God.

TARA
 You didn't.

LIZZIE
 I might have.

AHH!!! More crazed laughter, then...

TARA
 Look.

She points - Darlene is asleep in a chair.

LIZZIE
 What? It's, like, seven thirty!

TARA
 This is bullshit.

She reaches into her purse.

RACHEL
 What are you doing?

Tara leans over Darlene with a Sharpie.

LIZZIE
 Do it! Do it!

Tara writes "7:30" on Darlene's forehead. There is much LAUGHTER. When Darlene farts in her sleep, Lizzie is so thrilled with the immaturity of it all that she can't breathe.

Tara and Rachel exchange a look, very pleased at how happy Lizzie seems.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON DARLENE'S FOREHEAD, reflected in the kitchen cabinet.

DARLENE
Oh, thanks a lot.

PULL OUT to see Rachel, Tara and Lizzie in the kitchen with her, grinning.

LIZZIE
Suckah!

DARLENE
Oh, and how late did you stay up?

TARA
Oh, like... nine thirty.

Lizzie reaches for the coffee pot.

LIZZIE
That was the most sleep I've had at one time in a decade. And also the most wine... ow.

Rachel has a spread sheet.

RACHEL
So, I thought if we did lunch here today, we could do brunch tomorrow, since there are a bunch of restaurants on 90 and we'd already be right there at the Outlet Mall.

LIZZIE
Whoa. Brunch? Outlet Mall? What are we, seventy?

RACHEL
What else are we gonna do?

Lizzie points to her beach ball sun tattoo.

TARA
Ah. We're doing Lizzie Day...

LIZZIE
I brought a volleyball.

The ladies exchange looks - not what they had in mind at all. But...

TARA
Okay. Frolicking is first, right?

Lizzie BEAMS. Rachel quietly crumples up her spread sheet. Darlene, as usual, shrugs.

CUE THE MUSIC - Brittany Spears. "Hit Me Baby One More Time".

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

IN SLO-MO, the gals step toward the beach, all Reservoir MILFs, all in bathing suits. Except Darlene, who's in an oversized polo shirt, a baseball cap and cut-off's. Tara's in giant shades and a big hat. Rachel's in a gardening hat the size of a trash can lid.

LIZZIE
 Alright, ladies. Let the
 frolicking begin.

They crest the dunes and-- stop in their tracks and stare.

IN FRONT OF THEM - the beach is packed with OLD PEOPLE. Really old. Some have attendants.

LIZZIE
 What the hell?

RACHEL
 (realizing)
 "Sunset Cove"...

DARLENE
 Isn't that where Angela Lansbury
 lived?

TARA
 There's enough skin here to make
 twice this many people.

Wwwrrrr... a motorized wheelchair with giant sand tires drives past, carrying a wrinkle-y, shirtless old man.

TARA
 Ah, good. The party can start now -
 Emperor Palpatine is here.

LIZZIE
 No. No, no, no... Not old people.

TARA
 Hey, we're still good. Look.

She points to a tattered volleyball net, which is surrounded by old folks. An I.V. bag hangs from it. Lizzie steps toward it.

DARLENE
This is ridiculous.

They stomp after Lizzie.

TARA
What's ridiculous is wearing
clothes to the beach.

DARLENE
Well I have just never understood
why I'm supposed to prance around
in panties and a bra just because
there's an ocean nearby...

TARA
You sound like your mother.

Ouch.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, Lizzie and Tara DRAG a blanket containing an
OLD WOMAN away from the net.

TARA
I'm just gonna slide you right over
here, okay. Don't want you to get
trampled.

OLD WOMAN
Uhhnnn...

Darlene, grossed out, unhooks the I.V. bag from the net,
hangs it on the back of Emperor Palpatine's power wheelchair.

DARLENE
(shouting)
Sir?! I'm just gonna put your
lunch right here! Or your urine!
Whatever this is!

Rachel drags one foot, marking the edges of the court inches
in front of the old folks.

RACHEL
Nobody cross this line! Okay?

QUICK SHOTS as the ladies frolic. The other three are sort
of going through the motions, but Lizzie's having a great
time. WHAM! She returns a serve. The Emperor gives her a
cheerful little GOLF CLAP.

TARA
That's seven. Isn't that game?

LIZZIE
We're playing 'til eleven. Serve
it.

TARA
Fuck...

Tara serves. Lizzie lunges past Rachel, plants her foot and is about to kill it when-- her ankle buckles.

LIZZIE
AH!!
(grabbing her ankle)
Ow, ow, ow. Dammit.
(hopping around)
Pulled something. Oh, shit that
hurts.

She hops, grabs the net then falls backward, bringing the net down on top of herself and Emperor Palpatine. With Rachel and Darlene's help, Lizzie frees herself from the net and stands up, but the net is tangled around the power chair's joystick.

GZZZZZZ - the chair takes off. Toward the ocean.

LIZZIE
No! No no no no no!

Rachel is paralyzed, Darlene blocked by the net. Lizzie grabs the volleyball pole, leans back, but the chair's too strong.

EMPEROR PALPATINE
Aghhhh!

TARA
Oh, shit.

LIZZIE
OW! Ankle! Help me!

Tara grabs the pole, too. Then Darlene. They lean back. The dry-rotted net RIPS, sending them onto their asses as...

The old man drives RIGHT INTO THE WAVES. The chair FIZZLES in a spray of SPARKS. Old people SCREAM and WHEEZE. But the chair STOPS in water just up to The Emperor's chest.

LIZZIE
Oh, thank God.

KARRROOM! A huge wave crashes over the chair. When it recedes - the chair is empty. The Emperor is gone. The moms run toward the water, but...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

MOVE!!

A YOUNG LIFEGUARD plows over Tara, shoves Rachel out of the way and SPLASHES into the surf. He lifts the COUGHING old man out of the water as the chair disappears under the waves.

The Beach Security vehicle pulls up.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - litter and brown sea foam gurgle against the base of a rotting wooden fence.

EXT. ALLEY ON THE BEACH - MORNING

Two dilapidated fences run parallel from the parking lot to the surf, creating a twelve-foot wide sliver of brown beach with a trickle of road drainage down the middle. There are also three large trash cans.

CLOSE ON the self-serious little PROPERTY MANAGER.

PROPERTY MANAGER

It's a service easement. If you stay out of sight over here, I'll let you stay in the unit and discourage Mr. Miller's children from pressing charges.

RACHEL

But this is so unsanitary.

PROPERTY MANAGER

Or you could leave.

Lizzie stands, arms crossed, looking fragile. Tara gives her a worried glance.

TARA

(to the Property Manager)
Come on. Those folks probably have no idea what happened at all today.

LIZZIE

Can't we just lay on the damned beach?

PROPERTY MANAGER

I'm sorry, ma'am.

He walks away.

LIZZIE

Ma'am? Ma'am?! Well, you can call me when you... get your peach fur!

She flops into her beach chair, pissed.

TARA

It's "fuzz". Peach fuzz.

LIZZIE

Oh, fuck. I'm my grandmother. I'll be talking about how handsome East Clintwood is before long.

TARA

(looking at the sludge under her chair)
"Hibiscus Beach - it makes its own gravy."

LIZZIE

(leaning her chair back)
Well, that guy can bite me. I'm going to lie in this chair...
(the chair is not cooperating)
In this chair and--
(the chair won't budge)
How do you work this damned chair?
It won't--
(FWAP! It falls all the way back, nearly tossing her on the beach)
I'm gonna relax and get a tan and just fucking chill out!

The chair's flat, her hair's in the sand, but she's determined. Then she looks up.

LIZZIE'S UPSIDE DOWN POV - Rachel over her, a can of sunscreen aimed at her like a hunter.

LIZZIE

What are you doing?

RACHEL

You're going to burn.

LIZZIE
Do not spray me.

PFFFT! She couldn't help it.

REGULAR POV, Lizzie tumbles from the chair.

LIZZIE
AH! Stop it! I want some color.
I look like a guppy.

PFFFT! Rachel sprays, Lizzie jumps up and runs. Rachel follows.

LIZZIE
I want a tan, dammit!

RACHEL
(chasing her)
You're gonna get basal cell carcinoma!

LIZZIE
I don't care!!

Lizzie turns - PSSSSSTTT!!! - right in the eyes.

LIZZIE
AHHHH!!! Shit that hurts. Where are you?!

Lizzie blindly grabs for the sunscreen, taking Rachel down and landing on top of her.

LIZZIE
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?

RACHEL
(holding up the sunscreen)
It's family size! What am I supposed to do with it all now?!

Ouch. Lizzie realizes what's going on.

LIZZIE
Oh, sweetie. You still have a family.

Rachel shrugs - does she?

RACHEL
Last week I bought half as much milk. It was still too much. It went bad.

She takes a deep measured breath to regain control.

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

LIZZIE

No. It's fine. I'm sorry. Go ahead and spray me.

RACHEL

No thanks.

LIZZIE

No, you're right. I'm gonna get cancer. Spray me.

RACHEL

I don't want to.

LIZZIE

Yes, you do. Please. Spray me.

RACHEL

No.

TARA

Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.

RACHEL

No. You're a grown woman, you do whatever you want. You're going to burn, but it's your weekend. You're supposed to relax. By the way, I know some yoga breathing techniques of you want me to--

LIZZIE

Now you're managing me.

RACHEL

Right. Sorry. Just ignore everything I say. I mean if you want to. That's up to you. God, I'm still doing it. I'm going to just stop talking now. Forever.

She lays on her chair almost in tears. Lizzie lays back.

LIZZIE

Okay. Frolicking was a bust. So what? But relaxing on the beach should be achievable, right? Whales do it. Rachel? Tell about the yog breathing stuff.

RACHEL

No.

Lizzie takes a deep breath and lets the wind and waves soothe her. They all do. Then another. Ahhhh... this, at last, is gonna work.

And it does. They all settle down and Lizzie looks very peaceful and happy. Darlene smiles at Tara, pointing at Lizzie - we did it. Waves crash, gulls call, the breeze blows...

NICKLEBACK(O.S.)

(insanely loud)

**DIRTY LITTLE LADY WITH THE PRETTY
PINK THONG!
EVERY SUGAR DADDY HITTIN' ON HER
ALL NIGHT LONG!**

LIZZIE

SON OF A BITCH!

The ladies all look

THROUGH THE FENCE, a bunch of thirty year-old jackasses are building something on the beach.

TARA

God, anything but Nickleback...

Lizzie leaps up and stomps toward them.

RACHEL

Lizzie? Stranger danger?

SMASH CUT TO:

ACROSS THE FENCE AND DOWN THE BEACH, Lizzie approaches the men, who are building something. Rachel's right behind her, looking terrified.

LIZZIE

(over the music)

Can you please turn that down?!

A tall guy in an even taller sombrero peers down at them.

TALL GUY

(also shouting over the
music)

Nope! We forgot to put knobs on
it!

ON THE STEREO, which is a large pile of coolers with car speakers mounted all over them.

TALL GUY

Which is weird when you think about it...!

(glancing at her chest)

As much as we like knobs!

They all continue to shout over the music.

RACHEL

We want to see your permit!

LIZZIE

Yeah! This is... noise pollution!

TALL GUY

(shouting)

Don't need a permit, baby! It ain't a business, it's a party! We'll be here all weekend!

LIZZIE

All weekend?!!

TALL GUY

Ya'll are invited! Hold on a sec...!

He whips a Sharpie from his shorts, grabs Lizzie's arm and starts writing on it.

LIZZIE

What are you doing?!

TALL GUY

That's my number! You get in any trouble - call me! I specialize in DUI's!

Lizzie pulls her arm away.

LIZZIE

You are the last person I'd call if I was in trouble! Thanks for ruining my weekend!

Lizzie tries to rub the permanent marker off her arm as she and Rachel turn away.

LIZZIE

Asshole.

TALL GUY

Aw, come on! At least lemme make
you a cocktail! You obviously need
one...

They stomp off.

NICKLEBACK/TALL GUY

*CRAFTY LITTLE LIP TRICKS
TATTOOS ON HER LEFT HIP
SHE'S BENDING AS YOUR SPENDING
THERE'S NO END TO IT SO BABY COME ON!!*

O.S. - BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A truck in reverse.

BACK AT THE GRAVY RIVER, Lizzie flops into her chair. After
a beat...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A truck in reverse.

A GARBAGE TRUCK reaches its arm out over Lizzie and RRRRR!!!
lifts one of the nasty trash cans and dumps it. Stray trash
tumbles down near her. And on her. Flies BUZZ around. One
lands on her face.

NICKLEBACK

*YOU'RE SO MUCH COOLER WHEN YOU
NEVER PULL IT OUT*

WRRRRRRRRR!!!! OVERHEAD, a small airplane motors over the
beach, pulling an advertising banner. WHAM! The garbage can
is set down. GRRRR!! Another is lifted.

NICKLEBACK

*CAUSE YOU LOOK SO MUCH CUTER WITH
SOMETHING IN YOUR MOUTH!*

Darlene grabs her chair and heads off, followed by Rachel.
Lizzie shoves her fingers in her ears, lays back in the
scorching sun. Flies swarm around her.

LIZZIE (O.S.)

Yes, sweetie, I'm having a grrrreat
time. Yep. It's totally working.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM, CONDO - EVENING

Lizzie sits at the vanity, phone at her ear. She's very
SUNBURNED, except where her sunglasses were.

LIZZIE (INTO PHONE)
 I feel so much better. Uh-huh.
 World's Greatest, just like I
 promised. Soooo... great. Okay.
 Tell Daddy I said hi. I love you,
 sweetie. Uh-huh. Bye-bye.

Tara's in the doorway behind her. Lizzie just sits there,
 phone still at her ear.

TARA
 You cheated.

Lizzie moves her hand from the phone - it stays stuck to her
 face.

LIZZIE
 It was still frozen. It's stuck.
 To my face.

Tara struggles not to laugh.

TARA
 You just wanna give that a minute.
 Hey, on a positive note - you
 wanted a little color.

LIZZIE
 Shut up. I look like a big, pink
 badger. Look - I burned right
 here.
 (pointing to the underside
 of her upper arm)
 On these chicken flaps. Know why?
 Because the bathing suit doesn't
 cover the chicken flaps because
 before twenty-five year-olds
 started calling me "ma'am" I didn't
 have chicken flaps.

Tara sits down and gently sweeps Lizzie's hair back, looks at
 her in the mirror like she's a little girl, then rips the
 phone from her head.

LIZZIE
 Ow.

TARA
 Okay. Here's where my five years
 of art school are finally gonna pay
 off.
 (gently applying make-up)
 (MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)

A little green concealer to counter the pink... Did you bring your magic white dress?

Lizzie nods.

TARA

Okay, after we blend the badger eyes you're gonna put it on - with something underneath to hide the chicken flaps - and we're finishing this. You are not beaten yet.

LIZZIE

I'm not?

TARA

No, ma'am.

Tara reaches into her bra and produces something that looks like a slick plastic lighter - a vaporizer.

MUSIC CUE - "I Want to Get Away" by Lenny Kravitz.

LENNY KRAVITZ (O.S.)

*I wish that I could fly into the sun
So very high, just like a dragon fly*

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, STRIP MALL - EVENING

Lizzie's van is parked waaay out by the street.

LIZZIE (O.S.)

It looks like earwax.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Is this going to do anything weird to us?

TARA (O.S.)

Only if you think getting really stoned is weird.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Light it.

LENNY KRAVITZ (O.S.)

*I want to get away, I want to fly
away, Yeah, yeah, yeah*

CUT TO:

SUPER-STONED POV - a fantasy world of lights, music, shapes of people, crazy angles and color.

PULL FOCUS - it's just a strip mall.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STRIP - EVENING

The deeply stoned ladies, dressed and made up, STUMBLE and LAUGH and lean on each other.

LIZZIE

How concentrated is this shit?

TARA

Twenty times. Or maybe two hundred. I can't remember.

LIZZIE

(squinting hard)

Oh, shit...

She drapes an arm around Tara, who smiles under a hat and huge glasses.

LIZZIE

What about there?

She points. The ladies squint at...

"Bistro Amelie", a very small, chic restaurant.

DARLENE

Ooo. That looks complicated. Lots of forks.

RACHEL

No multiple forks. I'll get them all wrong.

TARA

Especially if they have that really tiny one...

RACHEL

I hate that tiny fork. What do you eat with that thing?

LIZZIE

Who knows? Okay, no implements.

TARA

(pointing)

That.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT is

THE GALLEON - a restaurant with half a boat sticking out of the garden out front. Hell yes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GALLEON - NIGHT

At the HOSTESS STATION, they're surrounded by cheesy nautical decor, including the classic Plastic Marine Life in a Net Hung From the Ceiling.

LIZZIE
Fishies. We are gonna eat you all up, fishies.

DARLENE
Those are plastic.

Lizzie and Tara SNORT laughing.

TARA
I would eat that plastic fucking starfish right now I'm so hungry.

SNORT! Tara and Lizzie and Rachel can barely not piss themselves.

THE HOSTESS appears.

HOSTESS
Reservation?

LIZZIE
Nope. We are free-balling tonight.

TARA
(laughing)
You don't know what that means.

LIZZIE
Sh. Shut up.

Tara swallows a SNORT.

HOSTESS
Uh-huh. And how many will there be?

LIZZIE
There 'will be' four.

HOSTESS
So... just you ladies?

TARA
Yep. It's ladies' night.

HOSTESS
Oh-kaaaay...

She shrugs, grabs some menus. The ladies follow.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE GALLEON - NIGHT

It's very dark, with just a tiny fake candle on the table.
CONCERTINA MUSIC plays.

RACHEL
I feel like I'm in Morocco.

LIZZIE
This is awesome. I am so happy here. Maybe this is all I needed - a little smokable earwax. And onion rings. I need onion rings.

TARA
So, FYI, dinner is on Lamar.

LIZZIE
He doesn't have to do that.

TARA
Yes he does. Also, FYI, I am getting a big bloody steak and not sharing one single bite. Just so you know.

RACHEL
Meat. I miss meat. It's so... meaty. But, it's cruel and unsanitary. We are better than meat!

TARA
But, Rachel? We are meat.

Stoned Rachel considers this very deep thought.

DARLENE
Yech. I am so sick of meat. I want Lobster Matador.

The others bust out LAUGHING.

TARA
It's Toreador.

LIZZIE
No! Wrong! It's Thermador!

RACHEL
What? A Thermador is what you put
soup in. Oh, wait - that's a
Thermos.

More stoned-ass LAUGHING.

TARA
A thermos! Oh, fuck! A Lobster
Thermos.

DARLENE
But aren't a toreador and a matador
the same thing?

The ladies are LAUGHING very hard.

TARA
Oh, shit.

LIZZIE
Oh, I can't fucking breathe!

LADY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me?

A NEARBY LADY leans into the candle light.

NEARBY LADY
Could you watch your language,
please?

She ducks back into the shadows.

LIZZIE
What's up her butt? Is "butt"
okay? Can I say, "BUTT?!"

They LAUGH even harder, having a great time at last.
Darlene, though (thinking about moving away), suddenly looks
stricken.

DARLENE
Hey, ya'll? You know I grew up
really sheltered and I got married
young.
(getting serious)
I never had a gang like this.
(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)
 So, I just want to say, no matter
 what happens or where we end up,
 I'll never forget you guys.

LIZZIE
 Oh, shit. You have cancer.

DARLENE
 What? No. I just love ya'll.

LADIES
 (LAUGHING in relief)
 Jesus Christ!/Did you think
 cancer?/Of course I
 did!/Always/Absolutely.

RACHEL
 (raising a glass)
 To the Leaky Nipple Posse.

Glasses are raised. Lizzie BEAMS, looking relaxed and happy.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
 Good evening.

ON THE WAITRESS... who's wearing an EYE PATCH. The stoned
 ladies try not to react, though Rachel GASPS.

LIZZIE
 Eye patch...

RACHEL
 Sh.

The Waitress sneers, leans over the candle.

WAITRESS
 Mock me again and feel my blade.

LIZZIE
 What?

RACHEL
 (whispering too loud)
Did she say blade?

The waitress draws a dagger from her belt.

LIZZIE
 Oh, shit!

DARLENE
 Oh my God!!

FOOOMP!!!! The room fills with light.

LADIES
AHHHHH!!!

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, a giant PIRATE SHIP is lit up. Costumed pirates emerge and dance to OOMPAH MUSIC. A great costumed CAP'N KIDD descends on a rope.

TARA
What the fuck?!!

CAP'N KIDD
Welcome, me hearties, to The Galleon!

All the other servers dance around with plastic daggers and swords. And all around...

Kids. And parents. Enormous novelty cups. Chicken nuggets served in little plastic pirate ships.

TARA
It's a family place! Are you shitting me?!

LIZZIE
(standing)
Oh, shit. We gotta get outta here.

DARLENE
But I'm starving.

Disoriented, the ladies stand, turn to leave. But Lizzie sees... A NURSING MOM.

LIZZIE
<GASP> Oh, my God.

Rachel and Tara are surrounded by COSTUMED CHARACTERS.

RACHEL
Oh, no,no,no,no - not costumes.
Strangers and germs and spit...

She starts to hyperventilate.

TARA
Breathe.
(she demonstrates,
inhales...)
Oh, that smells good...

BOOM! A cannon fires.

RACHEL

AHHHH!!

Rachel grabs Tara, terrified.

AT THE NURSING MOM'S TABLE, Lizzie kneels.

LIZZIE

Oh, you are such a good mommy.
It's really hard, isn't it? I'm
kinda struggling, to be honest.
God, what am I doing here? I'm so
horrible. I'm high on earwax. I
should be home with my babies.
What is wrong with me? Look at
you. I weaned mine too soon.
(to the husband)
My nipples cracked. Still...

DARLENE stumbles through the crowd, heading for the exit when she sees a table, un-bussed and loaded with leftovers.

RACHEL, fleeing the pirates, knocks a patron and a chair to the ground. Tara grabs her, LAUGHING like crazy.

LIZZIE, stoned and overly made-up and quite creepy, leans in much too close to the nursing mom's breast.

LIZZIE

I wish I was the one nursing. No,
not nursing you. I mean, I don't
want to, you know, suck your boob.
Gross. I just wanna nurse your
baby. Wait. No-- a baby. I'm not
asking to, I just - unless you
don't mind. Is this weird?

ACROSS THE ROOM, Tara holds Rachel tightly.

TARA

Do your yoga shit!

RACHEL

WHUHHHHH!!! WHHHUUHHHHHHH!!!

CAP'N KIDD(O.S.)

AHOY, MISSY!

RACHEL'S STONED POV - through a cannabis haze, the huge costumed Cap'n Kidd character puts a big, gloved hand on her shoulder.

She recoils like Dracula.

CAP'N KIDD
Be there a problem here?!

Rachel SHOVES him. He staggers back into a table, knocking everything over.

TARA
Fuck.

NEARBY MAN
Hey! Language!!

TARA
Shit. Sorry. I mean 'shoot'.
Fuck.
(as she tries to corral
Rachel)
Ah! Now I said 'fuck', dammit.
(realizing...)
And again! Shit.

IN THE BG, the Nursing Mom race-walks across the room with Lizzie limping in pursuit. She passes Darlene, who sits happily eating fries as a family, game tickets in hand, arrives to find her drinking from their lemonade pitcher.

DARLENE
Oh. You were at the arcade...

Tara turns, her sunglasses fly off, her hat slips off and she's facing an ANGRY MAN's camera phone. CLICK!

TARA
NO!!

She grabs his phone, drops it into a glass of water. Then she sees another phone pointed at her, does the same to it, covers her face and sprints for the door.

O.S. - THUNK! THUNK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Lizzie bangs her head on the window. THUNK! THUNK! Tara pulls a nicotine patch from her arm, pops it in her mouth and chews.

CABBIE
So, where I'm taking you?

TARA
Where's the hottest dance club?

RACHEL
WHAT?

Tara pulls a huge ball of blonde hair from her purse.

TARA
We said we'd take Lizzie dancing.

DARLENE
Are you out of your mind? And what
the hell is that?

Tara puts the hair on her head.

RACHEL
Is that a wig?! What are we,
robbing banks now?

TARA
Look, I can be seen drinking wine
at dinner, but not out at a club.
The Future Mrs. State--

RACHEL
(interrupting)
Should not be giving people p-o-t.

CABBIE
I can spell.

TARA
She wanted to feel young! This is
how young people feel - stoned.

DARLENE
But we're not young. We're just
moms. Ordinary moms. We're not
playful, we're not skinny, we're
not sexy, we're not fun. Okay? Why
don't we all just accept that?

TARA
Because we don't all hate ourselves
the way you do.

DARLENE
I'm fine with who I am, thank you.

TARA
(adjusting the wig)
Bullshit.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
 Nobody dresses someone they love as
 badly as you dress yourself.

RACHEL
 Says the lady in the disguise...

CABBIE
 Ladies?! Where are we going?

DARLENE
 Sunset Cove.

THUNK! Lizzie's head hits the window again.

TARA
 We're going dancing.

RACHEL
 No.

TARA
 You can get out.

RACHEL
 No I can't! I don't know where I
 am. I don't know what time it is!
 My phone is in the freezer!
 (to the cabbie)
 Sunset Cove.

CABBIE
 Okee dokee, I got two votes for
 Sunset Cove.

Tara looks at Lizzie, head slumped against the glass. She
 SIGHS.

TARA
 Alright, everybody shut up.
 Lizzie? What do you want to do,
 sweetheart?

Lizzie sits up, looks at her friends...

O.S. - DANCE MUSIC: Havana Brown's "Big Banana".

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLUB MONACO - EVENING

OONST, OONST, OONST goes the relentless beat. The floor is
 packed with BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-SOMETHING'S dressed in mall-
 trash fashion.

EVERYONE

Big bana-nana, bana-na-nana!

Lizzie shoves her way through the crowd, followed by her gals. They make it to the dance floor. OONST, OONST, OONST! The kids dance.

LIZZIE

They all look twelve. Look at their skin! It's so tight!

TARA

(inappropriately touching one)

It's like a coat of paint.

Lizzie pulls the t-shirt sleeves down to make sure she's hiding the chicken flaps. Then...

DJ (O.S.)

S'up?! Boi's and shahties be throwing in here!

RACHEL

What did he say?

Darlene SHRUGS.

DJ (O.S.)

Nahw, listen up. We going th-th-th'ow it back, yo. Back inna vault nah, Old School.

The music SCRATCHES, SKIPS, then...

THE BAHA MAN (O.S.)

WHO LET DE DOGS OUT?!!

LIZZIE

Oh, my God!!

So happy she might cry, she starts dancing her heart out. Tara and Rachel join in.

Darlene's still sulking, so Rachel, Lizzie and Tara dance together. Rachel is a terrible dancer. Tara moves in a distinctly Emo way, very out-of-place. When Rachel looks at her, she holds her fingers up, spread out like Mr. Spock, and thrusts them up and down a few time.

TARA

(mouthing)

Three in the pink...

RACHEL
You're nauseating!

Tara GRINS, gently pushes her into some nearby YOUNG DUDE.

RACHEL
Ah!
(to Tara)
This is ridiculous. You're acting
like a child!

TARA
Exactly! Look!

She points at Lizzie.

CLOSE ON LIZZIE, in a trance, eyes closed, Magic White Dress
shimmying.

LIZZIE/BAHA MEN
*All doggy hold ya' bone, all doggy
hold it*

Then... WHEEEEE! A siren goes off. FOOM! - several tons of
SOAP SUDS are dropped onto the dance floor. Young people
SCREAM in delight! The Baha Men sing!

LIZZIE/BAHA MEN
*A doggy is nuttin' if he don't have
a bone!*

WHOOSH! - water cannons fire from the corners. WHAM! A
blast of water takes Rachel down like a civil rights
protester. As the kids DANCE and CHEER, the ladies STUMBLE
and SLIDE in the suds. Everyone's clothes get wet and see-
through, revealing...

All the young party girls' THONGS and lacy little VICTORIA'S
SECRET BRA'S. And, sadly...

Darlene's TEN-INCH TALL BRA STRAP with fifteen hooks.
Rachel's JUMBO PANTIES pulled up to her navel. The two
little RUBBER BRA INSERTS that fill Tara's top, one of which
SLURPS out and slides through the suds.

She hits the floor, gropes around for it. Her wig flips off
into the muck and is trampled. A nearby dancer SLIPS on the
bra insert and lands on her.

Lizzie, however, is still lost in her moment, dancing.

LIZZIE
WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?!!

FROM BEHIND, she shakes her money-maker. Lights flash, the kids look at her and smile. She dances toward them. She dances with them! One takes a video! Yeah! Spurred on, Lizzie dances harder and bigger.

LIZZIE
WOO-WOOOO!!!!

As she executes a groovy move, people start to point. Lizzie does a 'move', is just about to thrust her *hands in the air like she don't care* when she looks up to see...

ON THE GIANT FLAT-SCREEN - a fifteen-foot image of herself, make-up washed off and in full pink badger mode, dancing around with her hair plastered to her head and her Magic White Dress - *now wet and completely see-through* - revealing a big pair of SPANX.

And, worse, her tee shirt is now clearly visible for all to read - "*World's Greatest Mommy*". Lizzie stops, horrified. LAUGHTER fills the club.

THE BAHA MEN
Who, who-who, who-who?

FOOM! Lizzie's knocked down by a blast of suds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, SUNSET COVE - NIGHT

The wet, exhausted, humiliated ladies climb out of a cab. Tara puts an arm around Darlene as they walk.

RACHEL
(out of the blue)
It wasn't amicable.

LIZZIE
What?

RACHEL
It wasn't amicable. We didn't
'agree to separate' - he left me.
And he doesn't make kissy noises
back and he doesn't say he loves
me. So... not Miss Perfect.

Lizzie puts an arm around Rachel, leads her toward the condo.

ON THE BEACH, beyond the gravy river, the glow of a distant disco ball lights up about fifty people as they dance and drink in the sand.

The ladies stumble to the room. Tara hangs the soaking wet wig on a towel hook as she passes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONDO BALCONY - MORNING

The sun ripples across the perfect blue-green water below. Lizzie gazes at it - completely fucking miserable. The others step out onto the balcony, all dressed in non-beach clothes.

LIZZIE

Seriously?

Off their looks

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, SUNSET COVE CONDOMINIUMS - MORNING

Lizzie marches like a kid going to the Principal's Office. Tara drapes an arm around her.

Rachel leads, pep in her step, back on the plan!

RACHEL

So, they have an Old Navy outlet and a Nordstrom Rack and there's a middle eastern place we could try for lunch. It's a chain, but it has four stars on Yelp. They're supposed to have killer falafel.

BOOP-BEEP! The van's locks pop, the big side door slliiides open, ready to engulf them. Rachel hops into the driver's seat, Tara rides shotgun, Darlene climbs in the back.

Lizzie stares at the open van door like she's peering into her own grave. After a beat, she SIGHS, puts a foot in. Then, in the distance...

THE BEASTIE BOYS (O.S.)

*YOU GOT THE BOTTLE,
WE GOT THE CUP.
COME ON EVERYBODY,
LET'S GET FUCKED UP!*

Lizzie stops.

TARA

Lizzie?

Lizzie runs like hell toward the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Darlene and Rachel stomp across the sand. Tara is right behind, adjusting her wig and glasses.

THE BEASTIE BOYS (O.S.)
BRASS MONKEY! THAT FUNKY MONKEY!
BRASS MONKEY JUNKIE! THAT FUNKY
MONKEY!

PAST THE FENCE, AN ENTIRE BAR has been built on the beach, with bar stools and liquors and a tent cover and a keg of beer. Men lie around like lizards. One is actually sprawled out on an inflatable Aerobed. It looks like a shipwreck.

RACHEL (O.S.)
 Lizzie?!!

Lizzie is at the bar talking to the Tall Guy, who casually tosses diced watermelon into a blender pitcher.

RACHEL (O.S.)
 Lizzie? What are you doing?

The ladies are there, arms folded.

LIZZIE
 Rachel, this is El Guapo, and that's Gabe and Yard Dog. Gabe has my sunburn!

GABE has badger eyes worse than Lizzie's. YARD DOG is a smaller, intense-looking guy in a WIZARD HAT.

LIZZIE
 They do this every year.

EL GUAPO
 This is year eleven. Out of fifty.

LIZZIE
 See? They're all dads acting like kids!

TARA
 Dads always act like kids.

LIZZIE
 Yes! Isn't that exactly what the
 Leaky Nipple Posse needs learn?
 Look at that thing!

She points as El Guapo sets the blender pitcher on a base.

LIZZIE
 It's a blender. On the beach!
 They made it out of a weed eater.

EL GUAPO
 (shouting)
 YARD DOG?! CHOKER IT AND TUG IT!

Yard Dog pulls the rip cord. WRRRGRRRMMMGH! The blender
 fires up, sputtering like an outboard motor. GRRRRR!!! It
 spits smoke and chews ice. Men leap to their feet and CHEER.

GRRRRMMMMMM!!! Lizzie beams.

LIZZIE
 (screaming over the
 blender)
 IS THIS AMAZING?

TARA
 That's one word for it...

LIZZIE
 Teach us, El Guapo!

PARTY MUSIC KICKS IN AS

Lizzie downs a blender drink, dances with several of the
 dudes, having fun. The others... not so much. Rachel nurses
 a lite beer. Tara nervously adjusts her soggy wig. Darlene
 sits way off to the side in a beach chair.

DUDES
 Grampa!

GRAMPA, an old man with leather skin and snow-white hair
 trudges up, carrying stuff. Under his arm is a single water
 ski. Dudes BOW to him.

LIZZIE
 (to El Guapo)
 Is that really your Grandpa?

EL GUAPO
 Nah, he's this old rich dude that
 lives out here. He parties with us
 every year. Kind of our sensei.

WHAM! He slaps a huge tray of RIBS on the bar.

GRAMPA
Hello, motherfuckers!
(to Lizzie)
Show me your tits.

LIZZIE
What? No.

GRAMPA
(to Rachel)
You?

She shakes her head.

GRAMPA
Suit yourself! Let's fuckin'
party!!

He holds up the ski, which has five holes bored in it.

EVERYONE
SHOTSKI!

MOMENTS LATER, the waterski is held by Sunburn Gabe. Each hole contains a paper shot glass full of red liquid. Lizzie's lined up, eager as a puppy.

LIZZIE
(to the ladies)
Come on! It's a Shotski! Get it?
Shot? Ski? Please? One for me?

Tara and Rachel reluctantly step over. Rachel sniffs the shot.

GABE
Ya'll like Rohipnol, right?

RACHEL
What?!

GABE
HA!! Kidding! Relax the
sphincter, bay-bay!

YARD DOG
SHOTSKI!

He tips the ski, force-feeding them the shot, nearly drowning Rachel. She licks her lips - yum.

CUT TO:

BEACH DANCING. Lizzie's dancing with a six-foot tall inflatable beer bottle that WHAPS her in the face like a giant Weeble.

TIME PASSES. Others have joined the party - bachelorettes, some old ladies in red hats, more men, a couple of rednecks in cammo caps - a crowd of people drinking and dancing in the sand in the middle of afternoon.

TARA
(getting drunk)
I GIVE!!! UNCLE!! Does anybody
here have a fucking cigarette?

YARD DOG
Grouper.

He points to a pasty guy in glasses dragging a piece of driftwood across the beach. This is GROUPEL.

TARA
What's he doing?

GABE
Art.

Tara peers over her sunglasses at him.

CUT TO:

NEAR THE SURF, El Guapo dances with a *plastered* Rachel, now shoe-less and in her sports bra. He wears a fur stovepipe hat and looks like a giant dancing Gumby.

Rachel glances up at the two rednecks, who seem to be staring at Darlene.

RACHEL
(re the rednecks)
Are zey wiss you guys?

EL GUAPO
Nah. They just showed up
yesterday. I call 'em Boomhauer
and Ernest T. They look like
murderers, but so far so good.

Rachel smiles at him. He's funny.

RACHEL
Zo, you're a family man, Mr. El
Guapo?

EL GUAPO

Oh, yeah. Bought the Deluxe Kit.
Wife, kids, dogs, some kinda
Chinese lizard...

RACHEL

I'm zingle. My huzbun left me.
PFFT! Gone.

EL GUAPO

Well, he's a damned fool. You just
let that other woman have him.

RACHEL

Oh, zhere's no woman. He just
wanted to be by hizzelf. Moved in
with a guy he works with. Davis.

El Guapo stops dancing, looks suddenly concerned.

DOWN THE BEACH, Tara watches Grouper lash together pieces of
driftwood.

TARA

The old 'found object' sculpture,
huh?

GROUPER

Oh, goody. Lemme guess - you're a
'patron of the arts'?

TARA

And let me guess - you're re-
assigning signs and signifiers of
familiar objects to create tension
between their accepted meaning and
their new placement to subvert the
banality we assign to our
surroundings. Was that patronizing
enough?

He looks at her like she's calling from his home planet.

BY THE WATER, Darlene sits alone, looking sad. ERNEST T. and
BOOMHAUER continue to stare at her. Now they're right behind
her.

BOOMHAUER

'Scuse me? But we was wondering...
do you got any squirrels in your
freezer?

DARLENE

What?

BOOMHAUER

Do you got any squirrels in your freezer?

DARLENE

No. (beat) One.

ERNEST T.

HOOO! I knew it! I told you!
She's a prepper!

They walk off, LAUGHING.

DARLENE

A what?

NEARBY, Lizzie dances with the now-plastered, sand-covered dudes. They randomly SCREAM and do some kind of punk hoe-down dance. Lizzie's right there with them, in her bikini top with her shorts rolled up.

YARD DOG

Heee-YAAHHH!!

Yard Dog dances over, SMASHES a beach chair over some dude's head, which seems to be part of the dance.

Lizzie is stunned. WTF? Then...

LIZZIE

May I?

Yard Dog hands her the chair.

YARD DOG

WHAAAAAAAAA!!

LIZZIE

WHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

She dances around, then WHAM! She smashes the chair over his head and they dance around some more in pure joy.

AT THE BAR, drunk Rachel huddles with El Guapo, Grampa and Sunburn Gabe, who now wears half a watermelon like a helmet.

GRAMPA

What he's saying, darlin', is that men don't leave to be alone. Women do, but not men. Not ever, not never.

SUNBURN GABE

Hell, if I was alone for a week, my toenails would be five inches long and I'd be drinking my own urine out of a jar.

RACHEL

But... if he didn't leave for a woman, then--

(realizing)

Oh, my God... Davis. No, no way. We have children. From having sex. No. Stuart wuz a perfec' husband. I mean perfec'! You should taste his polenta! Holy crap, it'z good.

GRAMPA

Well, of course he was perfect. Couldn't be who he is, so he 'bout killed himself being what he was 'sposed to be.

EL GUAPO

Hell, it's damned hard to please a woman, especially if you're not biologically inclined to do so.

SUNBURN GABE

Seriously. Polenta? Shit. That's a hell of an effort.

EL GUAPO

Hell of an effort!

GRAMPA

(raising his glass)

Hell of a fucking effort. To Stuart!

RACHEL

(drunk as hell)

Wait - are you taking his zide?!!

GRAMPA

May he get what he truly wants.

CLICK! The plastic-ware hits together.

RACHEL

HEY!! Godammit! Whudduhbout me? Huh? Whudduhbout me getting what I want?

GRAMPA

Well, sugar, I sure hope you do.

RACHEL

How? Fuck. I have no idea what I want. I just do what I'm supposed to! I have never in my life done what I--

Suddenly her face freezes when she sees... THE RIBS.

RACHEL

Want.

NEARBY, Darlene has caught up to the rednecks.

DARLENE

'Scuse me?! What do you mean I'm a 'prepper'? What's a prepper?

BOOMHAUER

You know - somebody prepping for the end days. Preparing.

ERNEST T.

A survivalist.

DARLENE

What makes you think I'm one of those?

BOOMHAUER

Well, the Pentecostal hair, the homemade boys' clothes, the sitting alone not drinkin' or dancin'.

DARLENE

I do not have Pentecostal hair.

ERNEST T.

Lemme ask you this - anybody in your family have a special building just for ammo?

Darlene's GASPS, grabs her long hair...

Lizzie sways to some terrible party rock, squinting at the surf, trying to make something out.

NEAR THE BAR, Gabe is greeting someone.

GABE

'Bout fucking time you got your lazy ass down here.

LIZZIE
No way. No fucking way.

The someone is MR. HANDSOME - the very guy who looked right through Lizzie when she was in her van. This is DEREK.

She downs her drink and trudges over to him.

LIZZIE
Hey. Hey, you!
(waving her arms)
Can you see me?

Off his bewildered look

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER...

- IN THE PARKING LOT, Darlene, on the tailgate of a pick-up truck, does a shot.

DARLENE
My daddy gave us the down-payment
on our van if I promised not to cut
my hair.

ERNEST T.
Whoo! That's exactly the kind of
controlling bullshit we're talking
about.

BOOMHAUER
Yep. My grand daddy tried to give
me a trailer home so long as I
didn't move it off his property. I
told him to suck my dick and went
hitchhiking to South America.

DARLENE
Do it. Do it right now.

ERNEST T.
Yes, Ma'am!

He grabs her hair and cuts it off with a pocket knife.

- ON THE BEACH, Lizzie and Derek drunkenly slow-dance to THRASH METAL. He puts his cup to her lips. She sips. He pulls her just a little closer and they continue to dance.

- DOWN THE BEACH, Tara, covered in sand and dirt, helps lift driftwood into place, climbing some sort of debris structure. She looks maniacal and energized and very happy.

- AT THE BAR, Rachel dances around, chewing the gristle off a rib bone. She has barbecue sauce smeared all over her face like war paint. She looks across the beach and gazes at the young lifeguard who saved Emperor Palpatine.

- ON THE BEACH, Lizzie breaks away from Derek, grabs a raft and walks toward the water.

CUT TO:

VIEW FROM THE WATER, the beach is largely cleared out except for the still-raging party. Lizzie floats into frame, hanging on a raft, far out in the water, watching the scene. She grins drunkenly.

DEREK (O.S.)

I brought a bed - I hope that's not too forward.

He paddles up next to her with his raft - the big Aerobed.

LIZZIE

Not too close - I'll pee on you.

DEREK

Cool. I usually have to pay for that.

LIZZIE

You're so gross. And I already have a raft, thank you.

O.S. - Ssssssss...

Derek has opened the air valve on her mattress. As it deflates, she grabs the Aerobed and pulls herself up. They struggle on their knees on the bed, holding onto each other, LAUGHING. Once balanced on top, they dance in celebration and Lizzie - finally - raises her hands in the air like she don't care.

LIZZIE

YAGHHHHHHH!!!!

DEREK

You alright?

She closes her eyes.

LIZZIE

(eyes closed)

Oh, I'm so alright. I have not felt like this in a very long time.

KABOOM! A wave tosses them end-over-end. They hold on, SCREAMING, as the raft is whisked to shore.

They land in a tangle, far down the ALMOST DARK BEACH. He scoops her up, brushes the sand off her cheek. Drunk and woozy, she looks into his eyes. Then she KISSES HIM. And he kisses her back. For about one second. Then he drops her into the sand, leaps up and runs for the dunes.

UP THE BEACH, Tara and Grouper are smeared with motor oil and draped in seaweed (is she naked?) holding fistfuls of feathers as part of an installation that includes a sea of debris and a driftwood oil rig. It's pretty amazing. Tara poses triumphantly, cigarette in her teeth. Someone takes a photo and she doesn't flinch.

TARA

Man, I wish my son was here. He'd love this shit.

But when she looks over, she sees--

DOWN THE BEACH, A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE staggering toward the condo.

AT THE BAR, Darlene's at the shotski, sporting the worst haircut in history.

SUNBURN GABE

SHOTSKI!

She and Sunburn Gabe and the hillbillies are fed a shot. Dudes CHEER!

GRAMPA

Show me your tits, dammit!

She shakes her terrible pocket-knife haircut 'no', dances around happily. Then she looks up.

DARLENE

Oh, shit.

ACROSS THE BEACH, Silhouette Lizzie throws herself on the ground, SCREAMS, struggles back to her feet and charges off.

WHAM! She trips over a beach chair, lands in the sand again.

LIZZIE

Motherfucker!

Silhouette Lizzie picks the chair up, throws it pointlessly, then trudges off.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lizzie sits on a wheel stop, wild-eyed and panting.

DARLENE (O.S.)
LIZZIE?

LIZZIE
Out of date. Yesterday's model.
(standing...)
Old and beat up.

She grabs a half of a big, broken umbrella pole from the trash and takes a step toward...

HER MINIVAN

LIZZIE
Peaked ten years ago. Out of
style. Boxy! Wide in the rear!

Darlene and Tara run up just as --

LIZZIE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHAM!! Lizzie CRASHES the headlight out.

TARA
Shit!

Lizzie cocks the pole back again.

LIZZIE
Worthless!!! Invisible!

DARLENE
Lizzie!

She SMASHES the grill.

DARLENE
STOP IT!

Tara, also quite drunk, grabs for the pole, misses (due to being well-oiled) and almost takes it in the head. SMASH!

DARLENE
Lizzie! STOP IT THIS INSTANT!

But she cocks the pole back again.

LIZZIE
YOU DID THIS TO ME!

SMASH! *She takes out the windshield. Glass goes flying.*

Darlene charges, wraps her in a bear hug, Tara wrenches the pole away and they tumble to the ground in a heap. Nobody says a thing. Then Lizzie bursts into tears.

LIZZIE
I KISSED HIM!

TARA
What? Fuck. Lizzie?!

LIZZIE
I know!

DARLENE
Honey. It's just a kiss. It was
just a kiss, right?

Lizzie nods, still crying.

DARLENE
So, no big whoop. At least you
stopped before it went any further.

LIZZIE
No. I didn't! He did. Dammit. I
don't even wanna cheat on Jake, but
I'd like to at least think I could.
I mean, really? I can't seduce a
guy on a beach in the moonlight in
a wet bikini? Am I that hideous?

Darlene and Tara's faces soften.

DARLENE
No, sweetie, you are so pretty.
(stroking her hair)
And funny and smart.

LIZZIE
Stop it.

TARA
It's true. True, true. And I'd
kill for that lil' figure.

DARLENE
I'd kill just for the cute little
sport-boobs.

Darlene cups them drunkenly.

DARLENE
Just adorable.

LIZZIE
Please stop.

TARA
And! A juicy booty.

Tara grabs Lizzie's butt.

TARA
Wow. Firm.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Hey, guys.

Tara and Darlene pull their hands away. Rachel is there, very wide-eyed.

RACHEL
Why were you fondling Lizzie?

DARLENE
Where were you?

RACHEL
(tweaked and cheerful)
At the pool. What happened to your hair? And why are you greasy? What the--?
(looking around)
What the heck happened?

DARLENE
She beat it up.

RACHEL
Wow. Can that even be fixed?

Lizzie MOANS, flops back onto the parking lot.

LIZZIE
No, it can't! Jake spent all our money on a new engine. I have to drive it like this for another hundred fucking thousand miles.

TARA
That's not gonna happen.

LIZZIE

It has to. I'm pretty sure my insurance doesn't cover beating up my own car with a pole.

DARLENE

As a former insurance adjuster, I can confirm that.

RACHEL

What if we make it something they do cover? You know - wreck it. Boom. Have a crash. Smash it to bits. If you total it? Bongo-bongo - new car!

TARA

"Bongo-bongo"? Who are you?

RACHEL

(to Darlene)

That's how it works, right?

DARLENE

Technically...

RACHEL

So how about that post? Crash into that post.

TARA

That holds up the condo. What is up with you?

RACHEL

Nothing. Oooo! The dumpster! Or that metal box thing with the sign on it!

TARA

The sign that says "High Voltage"?

RACHEL

Okay - not that. There's gotta be something we can smash up.

DARLENE

My van.

Everyone turns to her, shocked.

DARLENE

You were right, Tara. I hate the way I dress.

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

But not as much as I hate that van. Did you know, when Daddy and Robert went to buy it, they had to jump start it on the lot because it's so ugly that nobody ever even test drove it? Nobody'd even look at it. It's the ugliest, shittiest vehicle ever made and it makes me feel ugly and shitty. I deserve better than that.

Tara nods, smiles at her.

RACHEL

Liz?! Whadda you say?

Off Lizzie's look

ELMORE JAMES (O.S.)

*"I went down to the crossroads,
fell down on my knees."*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERTED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Three ladies stand, arms folded, looking at a stop sign. WHAM!!! Lizzie's van flattens it.

TARA

Perfect.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, the ladies are gathered in the intersection, Redbulls in hand.

DARLENE

Okay. Remember, we're complete strangers who crashed in this dangerously unmarked intersection.

The ladies all nod. Then Darlene feels her pockets...

DARLENE

Shit. I must have lost my license on the beach.

(handing keys to Rachel)
You have to drive.

RACHEL

I can't. Make Tara do it.

TARA
Are you shitting me? The Future--

ALL
"... Mrs. State Insurance
Commissioner, blah, blah, blah..."

She adjusts the now-nasty wig.

RACHEL
I can't do it. I just can't, okay?

TARA
This was your idea. Bongo-bongo.

RACHEL
Yeah, but I can't drive.

TARA
Why not?

RACHEL
I did cocaine.

LADIES
WHAT?!/Oh, shit/People still do
coke?/Where'd you get that?

DARLENE
<GASP> The pool! You were with
that lifeguard! You did drugs and
had sex with that little boy.

TARA
That gorgeous little boy.

LIZZIE
Oh, fuck me. How'd you manage
that?

RACHEL
His name's Caleb and he's twenty-
three.

DARLENE
That's disgusting.

RACHEL
Oh, no. Not disgusting. Like,
what was that word? When it's as
big around as it is long?

TARA
Chode? He has a chode?!

RACHEL
I could barely get my mouth around
it.

DARLENE
AHW! Oh, please.

RACHEL
It's true. And lemme just say that
it was very fulfilling when--

DARLENE
Can you stop talking about that
boy's penis and drive the car?

TARA
No, you can't stop talking about
his penis?

RACHEL
No, I can't drive. I'm still very
tweaked and should not have had the
Redbull, now that I think about it.

TARA
They're not gonna drug test you.
You're a vegetarian soccer mom.
You don't get drunk and do coke and
screw young men and crash cars on
purpose. Right?

Rachel looks at the keys like they're radioactive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

WRRM! The little four-cylinder engine revs as Lizzie's van
heads for the intersection.

IN THE VAN, Lizzie and Tara brace for the crash--

But Lizzie's van sails right through the intersection
because... Darlene's van hasn't moved.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Sorry.

QUICK CUTS as

- WRRRMM! This time Darlene's van moves, but barely.
Lizzie's van just grazes it.

DARLENE

You need to get up to at least 15
miles an hour to trigger the
airbags!

- The vans DINK! Still no airbag.
- They WHIFF! Missing each other entirely.
- Rachel STOPS, sending Lizzie onto the shoulder.

IN DARLENE'S VAN, Rachel is shaking and breathing heavily.

RACHEL

This is insane! I'm sorry, okay?
I can't do it!! I tried, but I ca--
I ca-HRRRRAUGH!!

She vomits all over the dashboard.

DARLENE

Ah!!!!

IN THE INTERSECTION, Rachel tumbles from the van, staggers
around. Ladies climb from the vans.

DARLENE

She puked all over my van.

Rachel stumbles around, SPITTING.

RACHEL

PTUH! I'm sorry, but I haven't
eaten meat - PTHU!- in eleven
years! I'm gonna die... I'm gonna
die... (BURP!) I'm an animal, an
animal, an animal.

DARLENE

Maybe this was a bad idea...

TARA

Ya think?

She takes out a cigarette and lighter, shields the lighter
from the wind, lights it.

IN THE DISTANCE, the dunes in the curve of the road light up.
The ladies are too busy to notice.

Tara lowers the lighter and takes a drag from the cigarette,
not realizing that her WIG IS ON FIRE. Rachel VOMITS again.
Lizzie SWATS Tara on the head to put out the wig as...

SKRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEE!!! Tires SQUEAL. A car slides past the ladies and SLAMS against Lizzie's car.

Dead silence. Then...

FOOMP! Now Lizzie's airbag inflates, just like the two in the other car.

TARA

Oh, fuck.

From in the car, they hear...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ever'body alright?! Carla?

VOICES (O.S.)

Yeah/Uh-huh/I'm okay

A SKINNY MAN, his wife, and TWO TEENAGERS emerge from the car, all slightly dazed, but apparently okay. The Skinny Man looks around nervously.

SKINNY MAN

Ya'll alright?

LIZZIE

Uh...

(we weren't in the cars)

Yeah...

SKINNY MAN

Okay, okay. That's good. Real good. So, if ya'll don't mind, I'd just as soon we didn't call the cops. It'll take all night.

Ha! Whew. The ladies nearly weep in relief.

LADIES

Yes!/Right!/Great idea/No cops./
Hate 'em!/No need to call cops.

Then Lizzie GASPS.

REVERSE ON A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL (4) who climbs from the car and stands like an angel in the headlights, one perfect drop of blood trickling from her perfect little nose. This is CARLA.

The ladies all GASP in horror.

SKINNY MAN

Oh, Carla's alright.

LIZZIE

Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

Lizzie runs over, drops to her knees in front of the child.

LIZZIE

Oh, God! Oh, you poor baby. You poor, beautiful baby. You know, I have three little girls and one is just about your age.

(hugging her)

Oh, sweetie. I'm so sorry. We never planned on hurting anybody. I swear.

SKINNY MAN

Planned?

He snatches his daughter from Lizzie, looks at the vans, takes out his cell phone.

MUSIC CUE - Akon's "Locked Up".

AKON (O.S.)

*I'm locked up,
They won't let me out...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COP CAR, BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Flashing lights pulse through the windows. Tara and Rachel sit next to each other in quiet disbelief.

TARA

I am so fucked.

RACHEL

I'm gonna lose custody.

Rachel starts to cry. Tara tries to console her, but struggles with the handcuffs - the best she can do is pet her like a dog.

CUT TO:

INT. OTHER COP CAR, BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Lizzie, next to Darlene, looks out at the scene she created.

DARLENE

I'm moving to Hillman.

LIZZIE
 What?! When were you gonna tell me
 that?

Darlene SHRUGS.

LIZZIE
 The shrug. Great.

Lizzie looks back out the window.

AKON (O.S.)
*Ohhh, I'm locked up,
 They won't let me out
 No, they won't let me out.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

The ladies sit in silence, as a GRINNING DEPUTY explains.

GRINNING DEPUTY
 Now, ya'll didn't have no phones,
 which is very suspicious.

TARA
 They're in the freezer.

GRINNING DEPUTY
 Uh-huh. Ya'll can take turns with
 mine to call yer husbands.
 (looking at Darlene's
 hair)
 Or wives. Or whatever.

He extends the phone. Lizzie reaches for it.

LIZZIE
 I just want this all to be over
 with.

She takes the phone.

ON HIS PHONE - a picture of Lizzie, making a drunken kissy-
 face..

LIZZIE
 What is this?

GRINNING DEPUTY
 Oh, sorry. That's the Twitter.

TARA

What?!

Tara snatches the phone.

ON HIS PHONE, PHOTOS -

- Tara, smeared with oil and feathers, one arm around Grouper.
- Darlene posing on the bar, with Grampa leaning back to look up between her legs.
- Crime scene photos of the vans.
- Police evidence photos of the Skinny Man with a neck brace and the little girl with her bloody nose.
- A security camera GIF of Lizzie attacking her van. It has the TMZ logo in the corner.
- A security camera GIF of Rachel doing the lifeguard in the pool.
- Tara's mug shot.

The ladies are horrified.

LIZZIE

What the--?! How did you?! Oh,
my fucking God!

He takes his phone back.

GRINNING DEPUTY

Oh, ya'll are trending. Hashtag
'shittymoms'.

He takes a selfie with them in the background.

GRINNING DEPUTY

My wife drives her a minivan. I
tell you what, she'd a paid a
hundred bucks to see ya'll acting
out like that, trying to crash them
things.

As he takes another selfie. But Lizzie's having a thought.

GRINNING DEPUTY

Now, ya'll need to make your calls
right away.

(MORE)

GRINNING DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 If nobody's bailed you out by noon,
 they're gonna move you to County
 and you'll have to stay a night and
 get de-loused.

Tara and Rachel dive for the phone, but Darlene grabs it,
 wrenches it away. She starts to dial, but

LIZZIE
 We're not calling our husbands.

TARA
 'De-loused'?! Are you fucking out
 of your mind?! Yes we are calling
 our husbands.

LIZZIE
 No. The Mrs. Deputy is right.
 I've been just acting out. Like a
 kid. June wets a pull-up, I beat
 up a van - what's the difference?
 We're both trying not to grow up.
 Shit, I'm out here trying to feel
 younger when I'm already acting
 like a nine-year old. I'm a grown
 ass woman. We all are. We don't
 have to act out--

Lizzie holds out her arm - El Guapo's phone number is still
 visible on her arm.

LIZZIE
 ...we can act.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

El Guapo's slicing limes for the day when his phone rings.

EL GUAPO
 (answering)
 What do you want? I'm busy.

CUT TO:

IN JAIL, Lizzie is on the Deputy's phone.

LIZZIE
 Are you really a lawyer?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, OKAROSA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

El Guapo, in surfing shorts and a sombrero - only - struts down the corridor with THE POLICE CAPTAIN.

EL GUAPO
That's right, Reno 911, open it up.

The Police Captain glares at him, takes out the key.

EL GUAPO
Hey, hey! Your beach barrister is on the case!

POLICE CAPTAIN
Which one is your 'client'?

EL GUAPO
They're all my clients! Hell, with four of 'em, you're looking at class action. Incarcerating these innocent moms... Is that what your boss wants people to read about when they Google "Hibiscus Beach"? Huh? Locking up a bunch of moms on the claims of some rednecks out in the middle of the night with small children? You got any evidence? No, you don't. And what on Earth did you do with their clothes?

POLICE CAPTAIN
They weren't wearing clothes.

EL GUAPO
They'd better not have been. If you have deprived them of their modesty, this county's gonna buy me a new boat. Now, open that cage.

The Police Captain balks, then reluctantly opens the gate. El Guapo gestures down the hall.

EL GUAPO
Ladies... you are free to go.

The ladies sigh in relief, then hurry out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, OKAROSA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Hugs for El Guapo.

EL GUAPO

Now, look, I'm sure ya'll are all completely innocent, but I don't recommend filing any insurance claims, if you know what I mean.

LIZZIE

I don't think we're gonna need to. Can I ask you something? Would your wife have paid twenty-five bucks to watch us wreck those vans?

EL GUAPO

Hell, she'd have paid more than that.

LIZZIE

I thought so. So, can we ask you guys for one more favor?

Off her look of excitement

SMASH CUT TO:

MUSIC CUE: Lenny Kravits' *"Are You Gonna Go My Way"*.

SMASH CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS

IN THE CONDO, Rachel makes a huge spreadsheet on one wall. Tara looks over her shoulder, growing concerned when Rachel writes, "Call TV News Crew."

IN THE FABRIC STORE, Darlene buys yards of shiny fabric, a bucket of sequins, fringe, stickers and a hot glue gun.

ON THE BEACH, the guys disassemble the bar under Lizzie's supervision.

LIZZIE

Terrific. Now, where's Grampa?

YARD DOG

Probably getting a massage or something. Rich fuck.

LIZZIE

Call me if you see him. Thanks.

She walks off, passes

A BEACH BOX, a wooden crate about the size of a refrigerator on its back, that the beach chairs and umbrellas are kept in overnight.

As she passes, she hears GROANING, peers in.

LIZZIE

Grampa?

GRAMPA (O.S.)

Oh, hey, darlin'.

IN THE BOX is a little encampment, like someone slept there.

GRAMPA

Look at this! This morning I got no chair on the beach and no damned umbrella and I come looking for the fucking cabana boy and find this shit. I think that little bastard's living in my beach box.

LIZZIE

Can I talk to you a sec?

INSIDE THE BEACH BOX, she crouches next to him.

LIZZIE

So, that old dirt track between the Waffle House and the water park? El Guapo says you own it.

GRAMPA

Sure do.

LIZZIE

Fantastic. Is there any way we could use it? For one night?

GRAMPA

Of course you can, sweetheart. What's mine is yours. But there is just one little thing you can do for me...

LIZZIE

(realizing)

You've got to be kidding.

Grampa grins, raises his eyebrows. Lizzie shrugs - what the hell? - and grabs the bottom of her shirt.

FROM OUTSIDE THE BOX

GRAMPA
Hot damned!!!

IN THE CONDO, Darlene works a sewing machine, making what appears to be a costume. Lizzie enters.

LIZZIE
You seen Tara?

IN THE BEDROOM, Lizzie sees the bed is made, the drawers are open and empty. She glances

OUT THE WINDOW. In the PARKING LOT below, Tara stands with a suitcase.

LIZZIE
Shit

She takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, SUNSET COVE CONDOS - DAY

Rachel helps Grouper make a very long banner with paint. And condiments. Lizzie crashes past.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SUNSET COVE CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

A Rental Car has been delivered. Tara violently chews a nicotine patch as she puts her suitcase in the trunk. Lizzie runs up.

LIZZIE
What are you doing?

TARA
I'm sorry. I have to go home.

LIZZIE
You can't leave. I need you.

TARA
No, you don't. You're a badass now. You can do whatever you want.

LIZZIE
What are you talking about?

TARA
Look, Jake will understand all this because he loves you.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)

Lamar's a very nice guy, but he doesn't love me. Not like that.

LIZZIE

Then why are you going back?

TARA

Because I have to. It's funny. All you wanna do is feel like a kid. And all I want in the whole world is to feel like a fucking grown-up. Like I could have a real relationship or take care of myself. Or take care of my son. But, I can't. I'm too scared. So I gotta go get on my knees - literally get on my knees - and beg Lamar not to divorce me.

Lizzie has no idea what to say.

TARA

I'm sorry I can't stay. But Jesus Christ, Lizzie, it's just a fucking car.

She gets in the rental car and drives away. Darlene and Rachel arrive.

LIZZIE

Please tell me you two are in.

DARLENE

(fist in the air)
Leaky Nipple Posse!

Off Lizzie's look

CUT TO:

EXT. TINY AIRSTRIP - DAY

Rachel and Caleb unload a long rolled-up package from her van and drag it toward a small airplane.

ON THE BEACH, RRRRrrrrr... airplane noise grows louder.

The Nursing Mom, magazine in one hand, baby in the other, glances up. Her eyes grow wide.

Old people... don't actually hear the plane at all. But

ALL DOWN THE BEACH, people point to the sky and SMILE. One mom RAISES HER FIST in solidarity. Men GRIN and LAUGH, teenagers NOD approval, looking

HIGH OVER THE BEACH, where the advertising plane pulls Grouper's beautifully decorative banner - "MOMS GONE WILD - MINIVAN DEMOLITION DERBY TONIGHT - \$25.00".

IN THE PLANE, Rachel watches from the OPEN DOOR with Caleb.

CALEB

Man, this is exciting!

RACHEL

I know! Hey - are we a mile high, by any chance?

Caleb smiles.

IN FRONT OF THE GALLEON, Gabe and Yard Dog hand out flyers to a steady stream of haggard moms, all of whom grin excitedly. Yard Dog hands one to Cap'n Kidd.

IN THE CONDO, Darlene lays four costumes with four wildly painted helmets on the table. Lizzie puts three of them in a cardboard box and turns to go. She turns back and looks at the fourth one. Tara's.

IN A RENTAL CAR, Tara pulls up to

THE McMANSION. Her shiny minivan is in the driveway. And in the front yard, a BIG CAMPAIGN SIGN with a picture of Tara and Lamar and Jed. "Lamar Wilson - Safety First." She takes it all in, then presses the code. The gate opens.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, DIRT TRACK - EVENING

Lizzie's kids pile out of Jake's SUV and run toward her, followed by Jake. Lizzie gives the kids a huge hug.

LIZZIE

Oh, my babies! I missed you guys so much.

EMILY

Are you really gonna crash up our car?

LIZZIE

I am.

JUNE

That is so awesome. Can I do it?

LIZZIE

Sorry, grown-ups only.

Jake looks exhausted and anxious.

LIZZIE

Hey.

She kisses him on the cheek. He does not kiss back.

JAKE

'Hey'? That's it? Lizzie, what the hell? I thought this whole trip thing was supposed to make you *less* crazy. What are you trying to prove with this?

She turns to her girls.

LIZZIE

Girls? When you don't want something you're given, what do I always tell you?

HANNA/JUNE/EMILY

'You get what you get and you don't throw a fit.'

LIZZIE

Right. Well, that's terrible advice. Let's never say it again. I'll see you guys inside. Mommy's about to throw a fit.

The girls smile. Jake does not.

NEARBY, the beach bar has been moved to the track entrance. Caleb and Derek sit behind it with a wooden box with a few bills in it.

CALEB

This is not too good. I mean, not if you wanna buy three new cars.

LIZZIE

They'll come.

A YOUNG MOM approaches, pregnant and carrying a small child. Derek leaps up.

DEREK

Hey!

He hugs the kids.

YOUNG WOMAN

This is insane. I can't wait.

DEREK

I know. I already got your tickets. Save me a seat. See you inside.

He kisses the Young Woman heads inside.

LIZZIE

That's a beautiful family.

DEREK

Yeah. Thanks.

LIZZIE

I will say this, I picked exactly the right guy to make a complete ass of myself with. Thanks for throwing me in the sand.

DEREK

You're quite welcome. It was about the hardest thing I've ever done in my life.

LIZZIE

Really? You wanted to...?

DEREK

Oh, yeah.

She grins, kisses him on the cheek.

LIZZIE

You're a good guy.

She heads for the gate, then turns back.

LIZZIE

Hey - when I see you at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Willow in that cute little convertible? Smile at me, would ya?

Off his look of confusion

CUE THE MARTIAL BATTLE MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT TRACK - EVENING

The stands are packed, including hundreds of moms in badly-fitting clothes, with spit-up towels and cranky kids and heavy diaper bags. Among them is Robert, with all of he and Darlene's kids in tow. Nearby are Huxley, Savion and Stuart.

ON THE TRACK, El Guapo stands on top of the speaker-covered coolers with a karaoke mic.

EL GUAPO

Ladies and gentlemen! It is my pleasure to welcome you to the first ever - and in all likelihood last ever - Mini Van Demolition Derby!

A CHEER!

EL GUAPO

Some call them the Mommies of Mayhem! (APPLAUSE!) The MILFs of Motorsports! (MORE APPLAUSE!) The Eve's of Destruction... Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, direct from Okarosa County Central Lock-Up... the Divas of Dem-O-Lition!

APPLAUSE!

EL GUAPO

In the deluxe hybrid, please welcome the silent assassin...

FOOMP! The headlights fire up on Rachel's van. She steps into the headlights, her costume part Showgirl, part Mexican Wrestler. She twirls around to show the name on her cape.

EL GUAPO

Miss Orderly Conduct!

APPLAUSE!!!

EL GUAPO

In the Diaper Stain Green Sedona...

FOOMP! Darlene's green van lights up. APPLAUSE as Darlene struts into the light. Her hair has been shaped into a very smart little pixie cut.

EL GUAPO
The Mombshell!!!

She throws open her cape revealing a very flattering body suit with almost-not-tastefully-low-cleavage. She strikes a proud pose. She's stunning.

The crowd ERUPTS. Robert and the kids are in the stands, absolutely SHOCKED.

EL GUAPO
And finally, in the mysteriously somehow already crashed-up Town and Country XL from Hell... the mastermind behind this whole stupid thing and one badass woman --

CLICK. This time, a single headlight comes on.

EL GUAPO
Ms. Minnie Van Damage!

Lizzie steps into the light and curtsies to thundering APPLAUSE. El Guapo hands her the mic. APPLAUSE, WHISTLES, CHEERS.

LIZZIE
First of all, thank you all for being here and a big thanks to the beach jackasses that made it all possible.

Jackasses bow, the crowd APPLAUDS.

LIZZIE
So, when I bought this van, I was told that it wasn't about me any more. We all were. But - Emily, June, Hanna - never let anybody tell you that. It is about you.

She turns to Rachel and Darlene.

LIZZIE
Whether it's something as dumb as what car you drive or as important as where you live or who you live with - it is about you. And it's about me.
(to her daughters)
(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I tell you all the time that you can grow up to be strong and happy and confident, but I can't just tell you things - I have to show you. I have to show you, June, sweetheart, that your life is something to look forward to. That being a grown up can be even better than being a kid. These days right here - these days with you - are the best days of my life.

Adults throughout the audience nod.

LIZZIE

So from now on I'm gonna do my best to be confident, to make my own decisions, to be kind and strong and grateful and to have fun. And no more resentment - I'll make all the compromises I have to, but not any that I don't. I'm going to try as hard as I can to live the kind of life that I hope for you. To set an example. I'm the grown-up. That's my job.

(beat)

Now, this is probably not the ideal way to do this, but... here's how you get a new car.

The crowd jumps to their feet, ROARS their approval.

IN THE STANDS, Jake watches as women raise their fists in the air in solidarity and moms high-five and SCREAM. He looks at his daughters, who are CHEERING and CLAPPING like mad for their mom. He leaps to his feet.

JAKE

Lizzie!!

(she can't hear him)

LIZZIE!!!

She looks up, sees him in the stands waving wildly.

JAKE

SMASH THAT THING TO BITS!

She BEAMS, blows him a kiss. Then...

TARA (O.S.)

Hey, can we get on with this?

Tara is walking from her idling minivan with Jed.

TARA
I thought you were never gonna shut
up.

LIZZIE
Tara.

TARA
Sorry I'm late. I had to go get my
car.

LIZZIE
I knew you'd be here.

TARA
You did not.

Lizzie reaches into her van and takes out the fourth cape and
helmet, hands them to Tara. Tara hugs her.

EL GUAPO
And in the apparently brand-
spanking new Honda Odyssey, ladies
and gentlemen, please welcome...

Tara holds up her cape.

EL GUAPO
(reading)
"Miss Taken Identity"!

MORE APPLAUSE. Now Tara could weep. Ernest T. Steps up.

ERNEST T.
Safety first!

WHAM! He smashes Tara's windshield out.

The crowd goes nuts.

ERNEST T.
Ooooo, they're hungry fer blood...

JED
Kick butt, mom.

TARA
Oh, butt will be kicked.

He grins, runs out of the ring as the ladies strap on their
helmets. Doors are SLAMMED, harnesses are SNAPPED into
place.

EL GUAPO
LADIES! START! YOUR! ENGINES!

RRRRM!! The little engines GROWL to life.

El Guapo raises a starting pistol, points it at the sky...

TWO POLICE CARS, lights flashing, pull into the ring. Cops climb out.

OFFICER 1
Anybody want to tell me who's in charge of this?!

Lizzie, in her sparkle helmet, reacts like it's a routine traffic stop.

LIZZIE
What seems to be the problem, officer?

OFFICER 1
Well, to start with, about six hundred counts of trespassing.

LIZZIE
What? No. No, no, no. We have permission. Right, Grampa?

El Guapo puts an arm around Grampa.

EL GUAPO
Yes, sir. The property owner here has given his full legal consent.

OFFICER 2
Property owner?

EL GUAPO
Ya' damned right. Grampa here owns this place. Hell, he owns half of Okarosa County.

OFFICER 1
(to Grampa)
What the hell have you been telling these people, Wheems?

OFFICER 2
Calvin Wheems doesn't own this land. All he owns is a trailer in Bayside, which we occasionally have to break into because he gets drunk and loses his keys.

OFFICER 1
 Hell, half the time we find him
 sleeping on the beach in somebody's-

LIZZIE
 Beach box. Son of a bitch. <GASP>
 And I showed you my tits...

Grampa looks at his feet. Lizzie glares at him. El Guapo is gutted.

OFFICER 2
 This field belongs to Mrs. Abigail
 Wisnesky, who just arrived home--
 (pointing to a distant
 house)
 Saw you out here, and called to
 report an invasion.

FROM A CRUISER, an old woman, MRS. WISNESKY, peers out.

OFFICER 1
 So, whatever this is, let's clear
 it out before we have to start
 arresting people.

The crowd begins to agitate. Lizzie turns away in defeat, then looks up and makes eye-contact with Hanna, who looks heartbroken. She wheels back around.

LIZZIE
 Can't you just let us finish?
 We're not hurting anybody.

OFFICER 1
 And what, exactly, would you be
 finishing?

LIZZIE
 A, uh... demolition derby. Sort of
 a fund-raiser. To buy some new
 cars. Because we... hate them.

That suddenly sounded very stupid.

OFFICER #1
 Ah.
 (taking the mic)
 Alright, everyone. Let's move out.

The crowd BOO's!! People begin to stand and head for the exits.

LIZZIE
I'm not leaving!

An officer rolls his eyes, whips out his handcuffs.

RACHEL
Lizzie!

Lizzie's not moving. The officer steps toward her.

MRS. WISNESKY(O.S.)
Hold it.

They look over - Mrs. Wisnesky is out of the car, tottering up to the officer with the microphone.

MRS. WISNESKY
Were you girls going to crash these cars together? On purpose? Just because you don't like them?

LIZZIE
(sheepishly)
Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Wisnesky is close enough to the cop with the microphone that everyone can hear her through the PA.

MRS. WISNESKY
Let me tell you something. When I had my first baby, my husband sold my convertible Desoto Firefly and bought me a Ford Ranch Wagon. You see, at that time, a woman with a family drove a station wagon. I was married for forty-seven years and I loved my husband 'til the day he died and we raised five children together and I always drove a Ranch Wagon. And do you know what? I never forgave that man for taking my Desoto away from me.
(glancing at the minivans)
You carry on, girls.

A CHEER EXPLODES from the crowd. RRRRRRM!

MOMENTS LATER, engines are revved! El Guapo FIRES the starting pistol into the air! Shooting out a light. He cringes, glares at Ernest T.

ERNEST T.
Blanks are for pussies!

GRRRRRR!!!! Front wheels spin in the dirt as the vans tear out across the track.

Lizzie guns it, SLAMS into Tara's pristine machine. Bits of plastic and metal fly!

LIZZIE

Wha-haa! OH MY GOD! That felt good!

CRASH! Darlene slams into the back of her. Metal CRUNCHES, hubcaps roll across the track.

SWEET-FACED MOM IN STANDS

CRUSH THEM!!

Rachel closes her terrified eyes and steps on the 'gas', which does not make a sound.

RACHEL

Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God...

He van glides along in silence, sneaking up on Lizzie until BLAM!!! - she RAMS Lizzie's van.

RACHEL

WHOOOO!!! Hybrid made some noise that time!

SLAM!! Tara CRASHES into them, then spins out of control.

TARA

WAAAHH- HAHHHHHHH!!!!

WHAM! CRASH!! They all LAUGH and SMASH up vans like kids in bumper cars. Moms and husbands and kids cheer them on.

Finally, Darlene's radiator ruptures, sending steam HISSING into the air as her van rumbles off the track and into the weeds. Mrs. Wisnesky reflexively grabs Grampa's hand.

MRS. WISNESKY

It's exciting, isn't it? So naughty...

Grandpa looks at her, in love. She smiles back playfully.

ON THE TRACK, Tara SMASHES into Rachel's van. Rachel's batteries fall into the dirt in a spray of sparks.

Lizzie cuts the wheel, punches it toward Tara.

LIZZIE

A hundred thousand miles my ass!!!

WHHHHAAAMMM!!!! The vans collide. Tara's flips over, rolls twice and lands on its side.

LIZZIE

Oh, shit.

A pregnant pause, then...

Tara stands up right through the driver's side window, raises her helmet. CHEERS! And many, many flashes on many camera phones. And a TV News Crew. And she doesn't give a damned. She climbs out, smiles at the cameras, grabs her crotch, then throws her helmet at the van.

Lizzie's van, WOBBLING on crooked wheels and HISSING steam, CHUGS a victory lap. The crowd CHEERS.

IN THE STANDS, the girls leap up and down.

HANNA

Dat's my mommy!!!! My mommy won!

IN THE RING, Lizzie climbs from the van and bows to the spectators, who APPLAUD WILDLY, all on their feet. The van COUGHS and CHUGS weakly.

ALL SOUND FADES as Lizzie stands for a moment in the center of the ring, eyes closed, basking in what she's done.

TARA

Got that old feeling at last?

LIZZIE

No. This is a new one.

EL GUAPO

The winner!

HUGE APPLAUSE as Lizzie is mugged by her friends. Grampa and Mrs. Wisnesky embrace. Ernest T. smashes a chair over Boomhauer's head.

The families rush into the ring. Robert hugs Darlene.

DARLENE'S SON

You look weird...

DARLENE

Sweetie, this is what I look like.

Darlene grabs her husband.

DARLENE

I don't want to move to Hillman.

ROBERT
You don't?

DARLENE
I don't. I really don't. I know
you and daddy like to hunt out
there and you were looking forward
to it and--

ROBERT
Not really.

DARLENE
What?

ROBERT
I like where we live.

DARLENE
You do? I thought-- I guess I
shoulda spoke up, huh?

He hugs her.

ROBERT
(whispering in her ear)
So, uh... you get to keep this
costume?

DARLENE
(whispering back)
Yes I do...

NEARBY, Lizzie's family mugs her, too.

EMILY
Mom! You kicked butt!

LIZZIE
I know! I did! I totally kicked
butt, didn't I?!

She looks up at Jake, who beams with pride.

ACROSS THE LOT, Rachel and STUART stand awkwardly.

RACHEL
So, I know this is all a little
crazy and I may be very slightly
out of control, but...
(holding back tears)
When we start talking about custody
please, please--

STUART

Rachel. You're trying to sort some things out. Some very, very complicated things. But good God, honey, don't you think I, of all people, understand that?

She grabs him and he holds her and they cry together.

KIDS (O.S.)

Mommy!

Huxley and Savion run up and pile onto the hug. Stuart's friend, DAVIS, looking a little weepy himself, takes a pic.

NEARBY, even Jed's impressed, giving his mom a nod and smile.

JED

That was pretty cool.

TARA

Thanks, Preppy Shit.

He grabs his hair and moans.

TARA

Wanna just shave it?

JED

Yesssss!

CALEB (O.S.)

Um, Ms. Lizzie?

Caleb has the cash box.

CALEB

Here's the take.

He opens the box - IT IS FULL OF MONEY. The ladies GASP.

CALEB

Some of those women just kept stuffing money in there. Like church or something.

WHOOHOO!! The ladies hug and jump around, celebrating in the lights and dust and happy people.

FADE OUT.

TITLE: "ONE YEAR LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. LIZZIE'S NEW CAR - DAY

As before, Lizzie drives.

LIZZIE
You guys almost done?

In the back seat, Emily and June do homework, books all over.

EMILY
Do I have to do all of it?

The car slows down, starts to turn.

LIZZIE
We had a deal - you wanna play
hooky, you have to do the work.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAND PIPER CONDOMINIUMS - MORNING

The RUMBLE of a big engine as a 4 WHEEL DRIVE PICKUP pulls into the driveway, followed by an OLD DODGE CAMPER VAN and a MOTORCYCLE with two passengers.

From the pick-up hops Darlene, looking like a million bucks, and Robert, who's all smiles.

The motorcycle helmets come off, revealing Rachel and Caleb. Tara gets out of the camper, looking toned and badass. Jed's with her, looking the same.

DARLENE
(pounding on her truck)
Out!

Her many kids pile out of her truck.

DARLENE
Go ahead, but nobody in the water
'till grown-ups are there.

The kids run for the beach.

DARLENE
 (to Rachel)
 Where are yours?

RACHEL
 Stuart's bringing them so we could
 take the bike.

She picks something out of her teeth - a tiny wing.

DARLENE
 Ew. Did you eat a bug?

RACHEL
 (shrugging)
 Free protein.

Then, into the lot pulls A BRAND NEW MINIVAN with the old pop-up camper hitched up behind. Tara shakes her head as

Lizzie, Jake and the girls clamber out of the van. Lizzie's wearing the well-worn "World's Greatest Mommy" tee shirt.

JUNE
 We're sleeping in the pop-out
 tonight and peeing in a bucket!

LIZZIE
 Go play. Emily, watch your sisters.

The girls run off.

DARLENE
 (to Lizzie)
 I still can't believe this is what
 you bought. After all that...

LIZZIE
 Hey, it's just a car.

JAKE
 Yeah. And it has room for kids and
 chairs and a soccer goal...

LIZZIE
 (opening the back)
 And this.

IN THE BACK, there are beach chairs, plus a COOLER WITH
 SPEAKERS mounted in it and a gas-powered blender.

O.S. - *"Who Let the Dogs Out?!!!"*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

The chairs are set up, music plays and the grown-ups dance, though Robert has to be dragged out of his chair. Two kids fence, but with driftwood sticks, others splash in the surf and dig in the sand.

Emily looks over and sees her parents' terrible dancing. She rolls her eyes. But Hanna and June begin to imitate her.

HANNA/JUNE/LIZZIE

Who? Who-who-who-who?!

Emily relents, starts dancing and laughing, too - just like mom.

FADE TO BLACK.