

A BAD MOMS CHRISTMAS

Written by

Jon Lucas & Scott Moore

SLOWLY PAN DOWN A CHRISTMAS TREE

It's adorned with elegant blue & white ornaments...

AMY (V.O.)
*I'm Amy Mitchell, and I'm a mom.
And this year, I ruined Christmas.*

CAMERA SLOWLY ROTATES 90 DEGREES to reveal that the tree is actually lying on the floor of Amy's decimated living room: smashed Christmas decorations lie everywhere, furniture is overturned, a broken lamp SMOKEs nearby... CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK through the wreckage...

AMY (V.O.)
*Christmas is the Superbowl for
moms. It's full of pressure and
excitement and stress, and if you
ruin Christmas for your kids, they
-- and you -- will never forgive
yourself...*

The CAMERA eventually stops on our hero, AMY MITCHELL, sitting amongst the rubble, devastated, crying quietly...

AMY (V.O.)
*I literally feel like the worst mom
in the world right now...*

A CAMEL calmly ambles past. Amy doesn't even react to it.

AMY (V.O.)
*Maybe I should start at the
beginning...*

END FLASH-FORWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO -- DAY

As the cheerful "Merry Christmas Baby" plays, we roll through beautiful shots of Chicago at Christmastime: FAMILIES gaze up in awe at the giant Christmas tree in Millennium Park... Bundled-up KIDS line up to meet SANTA CLAUS... CUTE COUPLES ice-skate together at the city rink...

AMY (V.O.)
*I've always loved Christmas. It's
my favorite time of the year...*

*

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

In BEAUTIFUL BACKLIT SLO-MO, Amy and her kids make Christmas cookies at the kitchen island, laughing and having fun...

AMY (V.O.)
*I love the food and the music and
 the lights and the snow, but most
 of all, I love the time with my
 family...*

Dylan splashes flour on Amy's sweater, and Amy reacts in mock-outrage and starts chasing both of her kids around the island, trying to dab them with flour! Eventually she playfully tackles them to the floor, flour flies everywhere as all three laugh their asses off...

AMY (V.O.)
*That said, as a mom, Christmas is a
lot of work...*

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Amy happily removes a JACK-O-LANTERN from her front stoop...

AMY (V.O.)
*First of all, Christmas starts the
 day after Halloween now, which is
 completely insane...*

Amy glances at her neighbor's lawn...which is already fully
 done up with CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. She groans, exasperated:

AMY
 Oh come on people!

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

Amy hangs Christmas lights on her porch. They look...so-so.

AMY (V.O.)
*Then you have to decorate your
 house and your lawn and your car
 and if your lights don't tell a
 story and aren't choreographed to a
 Coldplay song then you are a
 terrible human being...*

A SNARKY NEIGHBOR walks by Amy, judging her lame lights...

AMY
 I'm doing the best I can Charmaine!

INT. OLD NAVY -- MALL -- DAY

*

Amy shops at Old Navy, weighed down by a dozen HUGE BAGS.

*

AMY (V.O.)

*And then the presents -- oh Lord,
the presents. You used to only have
to buy presents for your kids, but
now you have to buy Christmas
presents for everyone, the weirdo
in your office, your distant cousin
in Bulgaria, the dude who makes
your coffee every morning...*

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

A DOPEY BARISTA holds up an expensive candle, psyched...

AMY (V.O.)

*I gave my barista a scented candle
this year! Why did I do that?!*

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- DAY

ON STAGE, a small chamber orchestra plays. TIGHT ON Dylan
playing a cello horribly, the bow bouncing all over...

*

*

AMY (V.O.)

*Then your kids have dozens of
Christmas concerts and shows and
pageants, which are adorable, but
let's be honest, you can only hear
children play "Jingle Bell Rock" so
many times before you want to blow
your fucking brains out...*

*

In her seat, Amy winces through a smile...

*

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Amy frantically cooks over a hot stove--

AMY (V.O.)

Then there's all the cooking...

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

*

Amy quickly scrubs dirty dishes, pots, pans--

AMY (V.O.)

...and all the cleaning...

INT. AMY'S GREAT ROOM -- DAY

*

Amy furiously tries to wrap a misshapen Christmas present--

AMY (V.O.)
...and all the wrapping...

Amy looks at the MANGLED PRESENT and collapses backward...

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy peruses a buffet of beautiful food, alarmed...

AMY (V.O.)
*...and all the Christmas parties,
 where every mom tries to outdo
 every other mom. The dirty little
 secret about Christmas is that, for
 moms, it's the most competitive
 time of year. I mean, I'm not
 competitive, but holy shit are
 those lobster Santa hats?!*

*

Amy picks up a perfect lobster hors d'oeuvre, horrified.

AMY (V.O.)
*Is this a Thing now?! Do I need to
 make lobster Santa Hats?! Fuck!*

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Amy stands on a ladder, focussing hard on perfectly hanging Christmas lights around the perimeter of her kitchen...

AMY (V.O.)
*But by far the craziest thing about
 Christmas is that despite all the
 stress and the time and the
 work...I still love it so much.*

*

*

Amy descends the ladder and admires her work: the lights look pretty great. She smiles, proud...

TITLE: "7 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

Just then JESSIE staggers inside with his daughter LORI, 7, DYLAN, and JANE all piled onto his back. They're wearing CHICAGO BULLS swag -- and laughing.

*

AMY
 Hey! How was the game?

JESSIE
 Great! The Bulls won!

The kids hop off of Jessie and move away as he kisses Amy.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Your house looks great!

AMY
Oh thanks, I've still got so much
left to do. *

JESSIE
Can I do anything to help?

Amy nods to a box of Christmas lights.

AMY
No, not unless you know how to
magically fix Christmas lights.

JESSIE
Sure.
(calling to kids)
Hey, you guys want to learn how to
fix Christmas lights?

DYLAN & JANE
Sure! / Yeah, okay.

AMY
Wait, really? You actually know how
to fix them?!

JESSIE
Yeah, you just swap out the fuse.

Amy looks at him, impressed and cutely aroused:

AMY
I am feeling you right now. That's
what this look on my face is. I've
got a whole 50 Shades Of Jessie
thing going on in my head right
now.

JESSIE
Yes! Great! Hold that thought!

Jessie grins, grabs the lights, and heads into the GREAT ROOM
with Dylan and Jane. Amy smiles and starts unpacking
DECORATIONS onto the kitchen island, where Lori is drawing... *

AMY
Your dad is awesome.

LORI
I thought you hated him.

*
*

AMY
What?! Why would you think that?

*

LORI
When you came over to our house
last week I heard you and Daddy in
the bedroom and you kept screaming
at him.

*

Amy startles, *oh shit*, and tries not to laugh:

AMY
Oh no, baby, those were happy
screams!

LORI
They didn't sound happy. Then you
punched the wall and you yelled...
the F word.

*

AMY
I don't...recall...doing that--

LORI
You did! You were like:
(deep voice)
"OH MY FUCKING GODDDDDDD" just like
that! OH MY FUCKING GODDDDD--

*
*

Reddening, Amy desperately tries to SHUSH her:

AMY
Okay okay SHH SHH SHH! Listen, the
sounds you heard -- which I promise
you will never hear again -- were
just us playing a fun little grown-
up game, okay?

*

LORI
You played the game seven times.

*
*

AMY
Hey what if we didn't talk about
this?

*
*
*

LORI
Okay!

*
*

Lori happily keeps drawing. Amy smiles at her, then notices

*

IN THE GREAT ROOM

Jessie teaches Dylan and Jane how to insert a fuse into the Christmas lights. Jane does it, and the lights turn on. Jessie high-fives her. Jane beams, proud. It's a sweet dad moment and Amy, warmed, calls over to them:

AMY

I just want you to know that
absolutely nothing cute is
happening over there.

Jessie smiles at her. She smiles back, truly happy... Then
BING, she gets a text. She reads it, and her smile vanishes: *

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh no.

JESSIE

What is it?

AMY

(looking up, horrified)
My mom is coming for Christmas.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIKI'S HOUSE -- DAY

Kiki's quaint, middle class home is highly decorated for Christmas. Even her minivan has a wreath on the grill...

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

Kiki's house is covered in kid-made Christmas decorations. Harried and exhausted, Kiki rapidly throws ornaments on her tree while her FOUR KIDS "help" her, making a mess-- *

KIKI

Thanks so much for helping me
decorate the tree guys! After this
I just need to sew all of your
costumes for the pageant and then
build our float for the Christmas
parade and then oh no sweetie lets
not chew on the lights! *

Kiki quickly pulls a STRAND OF LIGHTS out of her little twin's mouth, then sees a huge brown construction paper ornament hanging right on the front of the tree-- *

KIKI (CONT'D)

Oh wow, who put the big brown
ornament on the front of the tree? *

CLARE
It looks like doodie.

KIKI
(moving the ornament)
It sure does, that's why Mommy is
going to move it around back--

BERNARD
Mommy, is there a Santa Claus?

KIKI
(swiftly hanging ornaments)
You bet there is buddy--

BERNARD
But there's 2 billion Christians in
the world, how could he travel to
all those houses--?

KIKI
His sleigh is super fast--

Kiki pulls a TWIN out from under the tree by his foot--

KIKI (CONT'D)
Sweetie we don't drink the tree
water, okay? Because we're people.

BERNARD
Are you lying to me Mommy?

KIKI
Nope!

BERNARD
What else have you lied about?

KIKI
Oh my God make it stop--

Kiki's husband KENT enters from the back, home from work in a
suit. He used to be a jerk, but has since become very sweet:

KENT
Hey babe! Tree looks great.

KIKI
Oh thanks!

KENT
(giving her a peck)
You want me to bath the twins?

KIKI
Yes! Thank you so much--

*

Kent exits with the twins as the front DOORBELL RINGS. Kiki
rushes over and opens the door to find HER ADORABLE MOM
standing there with a suitcase. This is SANDY, 60's,
painfully sweet, from North Dakota. Her whole life is Kiki.

*

*

SANDY
MERRY CHRISTMAS KIKI!!!

KIKI
Mom?!

Kiki's mom hugs her soooo tightly. Kiki smiles. She loves her
over-adoring mom, and would never do anything to hurt her...

KIKI (CONT'D)
I thought you weren't coming till
Friday!

SANDY
I caught an earlier flight!

KIKI
Three...days earlier--?

SANDY
And how is my favorite Christmas
elf?!

*

*

Sandy hugs little Clare, who has come to the door.

*

KIKI
I haven't made up the guest bedroom
or anything--

SANDY
Oh that's okay I'll sleep with you,
just like old times!

KIKI
Mmm, I'm sort of married now--?

SANDY
Hey look at the sweatshirt I made!

Sandy opens her jacket to reveal her sweatshirt, which has a
huge photo of KIKI AS A DORKY TEENAGER on it and says "KIKI!"

SANDY (CONT'D)
I love this picture! Look, you were
just starting to get your breasts!

KIKI
Okay that's probably enough--

SANDY
Maybe Santa will bring you a
sweatshirt just like this for
Christmas!

KIKI
Oh I really hope not--!

But Sandy is already hugging Kiki again, way too tightly.

SANDY
*I can't wait to spend every waking
minute of the next three weeks with
you Kiki.*

Sandy SNIFFS Kiki's hair like a loving mom/complete
psychopath. Kiki forces a smile:

KIKI
Are you smelling my hair?

SANDY
Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE SPA -- THE NEXT DAY

Establishing shot of the spa where Carla works. Sleek silver
Christmas decorations tastefully pepper its facade...

INT. UPSCALE SPA -- RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

The spa reception area is packed with women waiting for their
treatments. Carla, exhausted, in her spa uniform, appears
from the back and crosses to the RECEPTIONIST:

CARLA
Oh my God if I wax one more pussy
today I'm gonna black out. Since
when did every woman in America
need a completely hairless vagina
on Christmas?!
(to WOMEN waiting, scared)
Is anyone else here for a wax...?

EVERY SINGLE WOMAN raises their hand. Carla slumps:

CARLA (CONT'D)
*Ohmygod that's like 50 more
vaginas... Okay, who's up next?*

A WOMAN with insanely thick black eyebrows and a dense mop of curly hair raises her hand. Carla recoils:

CARLA (CONT'D)
Not you Sasquatch. I can't handle
that right now--
(pointing to an OLD LADY)
You there. Betty White. I'm
intrigued. Come with me...

Carla heads off with the old woman...

EXT. CARLA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carla's modest house has zero Christmas decorations on it. Carla parks in her driveway and gets out, still in her spa uniform, super-tired. She heads for her front door when a TRACTOR TRAILER pulls up:

*

VOICE FROM TRUCK (O.S.)
What up, lady?!

Carla turns to see her mom, ISIS, 60's, tight jeans, cowboy boots, western shirt, sunglasses, gambler's smile, hopping down from the passenger side of the giant truck.

CARLA
Mom?!

The truck ROARS off. Carla reaches her mom and hugs her.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I didn't know you were coming for
Christmas!

ISIS
Wait -- it's Christmas?

CARLA
Yeah! Isn't that...why you're here?

ISIS
(beat)
Ya! That's totally why I'm here!
Merry Christmas lady!

CARLA
(re: departing truck)
Who was that?

ISIS
Oh I don't know. Some guy with a
truck.

CARLA

Right. Well, it's good to see you!
What's it been, like three years?

ISIS

I don't know baby I have no idea
what year it is--
(lighting a JOINT)
Why you wearing black pajamas? You
Viet Cong?

CARLA

Oh, no -- I work at a spa?

ISIS

(laughing)
You have a fucking job?

CARLA

Yeah, I'm trying to be like, more
responsible and stuff.

ISIS

You always were so weird...

CARLA

So why are you really here, mom?

ISIS

What do you mean?

CARLA

Well, usually you only come see me
when you need money.

ISIS

Oh no, I quit gambling -- no more
poker, no more betting the ponies --
I haven't been to the dog track in
over three...days.

CARLA

Yay...?

ISIS

I'm just here to see my awesome
daughter, on Easter--

CARLA

Christmas.

ISIS

--on Christmas, so let's party! I
heard Thunder Down Under was
playing out by the airport, we
should hit that up.

*

Carla just looks at her mom, skeptical...

CARLA

Male strippers...with my mom...on
Christmas?
(then, grinning)
How could I say no?!

Mother and daughter laugh and head for Carla's car.

ISIS

I hope you have a lot of singles
because I don't have any money.

CUT TO:

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

Amy's entire house is decorated for Christmas. Strings of
lights line the moulding, tasteful decorations sit atop end
tables, garland hangs over a roaring fire in the fireplace.

TITLE: "6 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

Super-stressed, Amy arranges countless trays of BEAUTIFUL
HORS D'OEUVRES while Jessie brings in ever more food:

JESSIE

So your mom has never been here for
Christmas before?

AMY

Not since she left Chicago and
moved to Florida seven years ago.
She usually spends Christmas down
there with her mother but she knew
this was my first Christmas without
Mike so she wanted to be here to
"help" me which really just means
she wants to destroy my self-esteem
in person oh my God do you think
this is enough food?!

Jessie just looks at alllll the food...

JESSIE

Is your mom a competitive eater?

AMY

I could make a quiche?!

*

JESSIE

Babe everything is going to be fine-

*

AMY

No! You've never met my mom! She's the most critical person on the planet! She divorced my dad because his shoes didn't match his belt!

JESSIE

(looking at his shoes & belt)
T-That can't be true--

AMY

When I was six years old I made her a birthday card -- and she returned it with notes!

JESSIE

Wait, really?

AMY

Yes! Nothing I do is ever good enough for her and why won't this Santa stand upright come on Santa!

Amy desperately tries to make a cute paper Santa stand up...

JESSIE

If she's impossible to please... why are you trying so hard to please her?

AMY

Can you not be all Spock and logical right now? Please just be on my team?

JESSIE

Yes. Totally. I'm sorry baby.

Amy flies about, adjusting the garland on the mantle...

AMY

Look, the truth is daughters spend their whole lives trying to please their mothers, and mothers spend their whole lives shitting all over their daughters, and that's just how the world has always worked and I can't change that. I'm not Nelson Mandela.

Jessie laughs and hugs her. She exhales, calming a bit...

JESSIE

You are to me. I love you, Nelson.

AMY

(laughing)

I love you too...

JESSIE

You think your mom is going to like me?

AMY

No--

Just then the front door blasts open and Amy's mom

RUTH

blows inside wearing a white floor-length designer coat and Jackie O sunglasses. Everything about Ruth is perfect: perfect hair, perfect nails, even her stride is flawless.

RUTH

I'm sorry we're late Hank drives like a girl.

HANK, 60's, Amy's sweet stepfather, struggles inside carrying SIX MATCHING PIECES OF LUGGAGE.

HANK

Hey everybody, Merry Christmas!

*
*

Jessie hurries over to Ruth:

JESSIE

Hi Mrs. Redmond, I'm Jessie--!

RUTH

(loud, like to a foreigner)

PLEASE TAKE BAGS UPSTAIRS GRACIAS.

Ruth blows past Jessie. He stammers, then turns and helps Hank take the bags upstairs... Amy just braces herself:

AMY

Hey mom.

Ruth kisses Amy's cheek.

*

RUTH

You look pale.

AMY

Yeah I'm trying a new skin thing--

RUTH

Oh good it's just bad makeup you're not dying. Where's your tree?

AMY

I haven't found one yet--

RUTH

Honey it's December 19th even the Jews have Christmas trees by now. Nevermind we'll get one tomorrow--
(seeing a decoration)
Hunh I didn't know Rite-Aid still made Christmas decorations.

AMY

Oh no, actually that's from--

RUTH

Do you have any food I'm famished.

AMY

(gesturing to hors d'oeuvres)
Oh, yes! I made an assortment of--

RUTH

(walking past, unimpressed)
Pass.

Amy just slumps as Ruth steams on into

THE KITCHEN

where she pokes around for something to eat, but all of Amy's food disgusts her. Amy follows her mom in, wary.

RUTH (CONT'D)

So I have the whole week planned out.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

On Thursday we'll see *The Nutcracker* then of course on Friday we'll go carolling. Have you been rehearsing the song list I sent?

*
*
*

AMY

Mom, you know I can't sing--

*
*

RUTH

Unfortunately Mike was our baritone and you're divorcing him so we have to fill that hole if we're going to win the Carolling Cup this year.

*
*
*
*
*

AMY

Oh God not the Carolling Cup--

*
*

RUTH

When I lived here we won the Carolling Cup nine times Amy. It's too bad you've given up on our family's tradition of winning.

*
*
*

AMY

I've just been kind of busy.

*

RUTH

Clearly not at the gym -- woof.

Ruth pinches Amy's tummy as she passes. Amy recoils, alarmed--

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh and to celebrate my triumphant return to Chicago, I want to throw an enormous Christmas party at your house. I was thinking Christmas Eve if that's convenient--

AMY

It's not. It's not convenient--

RUTH

We can invite all my old friends and we can have a sushi station and we can hire Michael Bolton to sing I heard he's not even that expensive anymore.

*

AMY

Mom that sounds like a ton of work--

RUTH

Too late I've already invited everyone.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Party starts at 6:30, Michael
 Bolton goes on at 7, and 184 people
 are coming.

AMY
 You invited people...to my house--?

RUTH
 Yes and on Christmas I've invited
 our entire extended family to come
 over for a formal 12 course dinner. *

AMY
What--? *

RUTH
 Why haven't I gotten a Christmas
 Card from you yet? *

AMY
 I don't know Mom I guess it fell
 through the cracks-- *

Ruth finally stops moving, spins on her daughter, intense:

RUTH
 What is happening to you?!

AMY
 Nothing! I don't know!

RUTH
 Amy. This is Christmas. It's the
 Big Show. It's the time of year
 when moms kill themselves to create
 a magical world of joy and
 happiness for their children. It is
 not the time of year when moms sit
 around in yoga pants eating fudge.

AMY
 (self-conscious, touching
 pants)
 I-I don't even like fudge...

Ruth glares at Amy, disappointed. Amy looks away. Then:

RUTH
 I like your hair like that.

AMY
 Oh. Thanks--

RUTH
It makes your face look less wide.

Ruth exits, cold. Amy just stands there, mouth agape...

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

Establishing shot of an upscale mall, dappled with snow...

TITLE: "5 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

INT. MALL -- SIDE CORRIDOR -- DAY

This mall is over-decorated for Christmas. Amy, Kiki and Carla enter down a side corridor, dazed, traumatized... *

AMY *
I-I really don't think I can
survive Christmas with my mom. It's
like living with Saddam Hussein... *

CARLA *
I think my mom's only staying with
me so she can steal my car... *

AMY *
I have to go Christmas tree
shopping with her tonight and it's
gonna be an endless death march
around the city looking for the
perfect tree with the perfect
dimensions and the perfect needle
density and when we finally find it
it's gonna cost more than my first
car but I'm gonna pay it because
Christmas owns me I am Christmas's
bitch... *

KIKI *
My daughter wants a Happy Happy
Princess Doll and I've looked
everywhere for it and I don't know
where it is... *
(starting to quietly CRY)
I don't know where she is guys *
where is Happy Happy Princess...? *

Amy puts her arm around Kiki as they walk, consoling... *

AMY *
It's okay Kiki. Let it out. *

KIKI

(through tears)

I looked online and in all the stores and I even called the factory in Thailand and I spoke to a very nice man named Mr. Kurusatra but there are no Happy Happy Princesses anywhere she just got in her yellow sports car and she drove away...

(wiping eyes)

Sorry...I know it's just a doll...
It's just, Christmas is killing me.

CARLA

Christmas is always our busiest time of year at work... I waxed 39 pussies today. That's four and a half pussies per hour.

AMY

That's a lot of pussies.

CARLA

Every night I dream about pussies. Big pussies, little pussies, pussies with giant teeth that yell mean things at me. I-I don't think I'm gonna survive Christmas either--

The three shell-shocked women reach the atrium and stop cold: the mall is utter chaos. RUDE SHOPPERS and CRYING KIDS and ANNOYING ELVES swarm around them. It's deafening and awful.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

AMY

I can't do this shit sober.

KIKI

Me either.

CARLA

You guys wanna get drunk in the food court?

CUT TO:

INT. MALL -- FOOD COURT -- A HALF HOUR LATER

Sitting at a table in the overlit food court, Amy, Kiki and Carla slam down their plastic beer cups, laughing, looser:

AMY

You know what really drives me
crazy though?

CARLA

Genital warts.

AMY

What? No. No, what drives me crazy
is this pressure to make Christmas
perfect -- you gotta have the
perfect presents and the perfect
decorations and the perfect life --
it's like, I thought Christmas was
just supposed to be fun?!

*

KIKI

Yes.

CARLA

Preach.

*

*

KIKI

What drives me crazy about
Christmas is I feel like a terrible
mom if I don't give my kids a lot
of presents, but when I do give
them a lot of presents they are
such ungrateful assholes that I
feel like a terrible mom for
spoiling them -- I can't win! Also
I'm sorry for saying asshole at the
mall.

CARLA

You know what I do with my big dumb
son? I go into his room in November
and I grab a bunch of random crap
and I wrap it up and I give it to
him on Christmas and he doesn't
even notice. I swear to God I've
given him the same baseball glove
like nine times.

They laugh. Then Carla WHISTLES with two fingers, and yells:

CARLA (CONT'D)

HEY KANG ANOTHER ROUND OF COORS
LIGHTS!

*

*

A GUY working at a Panda Express-style booth nods.

AMY

Oh, and how lame are the Christmas
gifts your family gives you?!

The women GROAN in agreement.

KIKI

I spend months searching for the perfect gifts for everyone in my family and then all I get are coupons for free backrubs.

CARLA

Last year my son gave me a box of Ziploc bags for Christmas.

(downing her beer)

I'll probably just wrap it up and give it back to him this year.

AMY

Also, why the fuck does everyone still send Christmas Cards to each other? It's like, hey we solved this one -- we invented Facebook -- we see pictures of your family 365 days a year, I don't need a hard copy of your vacation photo with you and your kids all wearing white clothes on the beach. It's fucking weird.

CARLA

Those families that dress in all white creep me out. They look like they work at the Cheesecake Factory.

The girls laugh a bit drunkenly...

AMY

I just wish I could enjoy Christmas again, you know? Before I had kids, this used to be my favorite time of year, but now I'm just a giant stressball from November to New Years and I never enjoy any of it.

CARLA

So let's do it.

Amy and Kiki exchange a look.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Guys: have we learned nothing?! We're moms, and if something's not going our way, what do we do?!

KIKI

We compromise and make everyone else happy first--?

CARLA
NO KIKI! We stand up and we fight
back! And if we want to do
Christmas our way, then we're gonna
do Christmas our way!

Excited, Amy grabs her beer, and the girls follow suit.

AMY
No more perfect trees, no more
perfect presents, no more perfect
anything -- this year, we're taking
Christmas back!

CARLA
Let's put the "ass" back in
Christmass!
(beat)
That didn't...completely make sense-

KIKI
That's okay.

AMY
We got where you were going.

CARLA (CONT'D)
LET'S TAKE CHRISTMAS BACK!

Off of their rowdy toast, we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MALL -- ESCALATOR -- DAY

A big fun dance remix of WE THREE KINGS blasts as Amy, Kiki and Carla descend the mall escalator, beers in hand, in BADASS SLOW MOTION!

A MAN IN AN ELF COSTUME DANCES ANNOYINGLY IN FRONT OF THEM
waving at them, way too cutesy...until Carla shoves the
annoying elf OUT OF FRAME!

INT. MALL -- BROOKSTONE -- DAY

The girls shop in a Brookstone. Amy wears a MASSAGER around her neck, eyes closed, happy. Nearby, Kiki gets vibrated about on a MASSAGE CHAIR, completely giddy.

Then Carla grabs a HAND-HELD MASSAGER that looks like a shower head, hikes up her leg, and starts massaging her crotch with it. She nods, FUCK YEAH, as the girls laugh. Then Carla notices a MALE EMPLOYEE watching her, horrified. Carla points at the employee, then points at her crotch, as if to say: *get down there!* The employee races off, scared of her...

INT. MALL -- OUTSIDE WILLIAMS SONOMA -- DAY

An EMPLOYEE IN A SANTA HAT stands outside Williams Sonoma, offering SHOPPERS a tray of cider samples in paper cups...

Then the girls appear and Carla pulls a HALF-EMPTY BOTTLE OF RUM out of her purse and sloppily pours it all over the cider samples, spiking them! Then the girls start slamming all the shots, laughing. The employee looks alarmed at first...then shrugs and downs a cider-rum shot with the girls! The girls cheer -- YA! -- and high-five the employee!

INT. MALL -- INFORMATION BOOTH -- DAY

A BORED EMPLOYEE sits at the mall information booth. Then Carla reaches over the counter and grabs the P.A. MICROPHONE:

CARLA
HEY STOP BUYING SHIT FOR YOUR KIDS!
THEY ALREADY HAVE TOO MUCH STUFF!

As Carla's voice echoes throughout the entire mall, the employee desperately reaches for the mic, but Amy takes it:

AMY
GO HOME MOMMA! ENJOY THE HOLIDAYS!
STOP WORKING SO DAMN HARD!

Horrified, the employee races around the booth to them--

KIKI
WHO CARES IF YOUR KID DOESN'T GET A
HAPPY HAPPY PRINCESS?!

CARLA
YEAH HAPPY HAPPY PRINCESS IS A
FUCKING WHORE--

A second before the employee reaches them, Carla drops the mic and the girls race off, laughing...

INT. MALL -- SANTA'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

A KID sits on SANTA's lap, smiles for a photo, then an ELF escorts the kid out of Santa's enclosed workshop. Then Amy, Kiki and Carla blast inside and start freak-dancing all over Santa! Kiki's dance style is adorably G-rated, Amy's is PG-13, and Carla's is hard NC-17. She lap-dances all over Santa, shoving his face into her cleavage, twerking on his groin!

REVERSE to see the elf and the photographer watching, horrified. After the girls run out, Santa just smiles, nice!

INT. MALL -- HALLWAY NEAR T-MOBILE STORE -- DAY *

The girls walk through the mall, laughing. Then Amy -- and the MUSIC -- stops cold: *

AMY
Shit. I still have to get a
Christmas tree with my mom tonight.

Carla frowns, then CAMERA WHIPS to a nearby T-MOBILE CELL PHONE store, decorated for Christmas. WHIP BACK to Carla: *

CARLA
I just had a really dumb idea. *

INT. MALL -- T-MOBILE STORE -- DAY *

The music ROARS back to life as Amy, Kiki and Carla race out of a T-MOBILE STORE carrying a HUGE SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE, wide-eyed and excited! A second later, TWO FURIOUS T-MOBILE EMPLOYEES race out of the store after them! *

INT. MALL -- HALLWAY NEAR EXIT -- DAY *

In EPIC SLO-MO, Amy, Kiki and Carla rocket around the corner, racing towards the mall exit with the stolen Christmas tree, the T-Mobile guys on their tail! SHOPPERS dive out of the way! Kiki waves, *sorry*, as the Bad Moms blow out of the exit! *

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- GREAT ROOM -- NIGHT *

THE T-MOBILE CHRISTMAS TREE stands in the corner of Amy's great room, lit up and decorated with corporate ornaments. A FIRE burns in the hearth as Amy, Jessie, Dylan, Jane, and Lori snuggle on the couch under blankets, eating popcorn and watching an old CHRISTMAS MOVIE like one big happy family. *

It's beyond idyllic. Jane smiles at her mom... *

JANE
This is really nice mom... *

DYLAN
Yeah, can we do all of Christmas like this? *

JANE
Yeah, can we just chill and hang out together and not do all the annoying stuff? *

AMY

Actually, yes, this is exactly how
I want to do Christmas this year!
I'm so glad this is what you guys
want too...

DYLAN

Also can Jessie and Lori come over
on Christmas morning?

A bit surprised, Amy looks over at Jessie, *what do you think?*

JESSIE

Are you guys sure? That's kind of a
big deal, I don't want to impose...

LORI

Don't be weird Dad. We'll be here.

JESSIE

(laughing, whispering to Amy)
Is that okay...?

AMY

*Yeah, actually. I'd really like
that.*

JESSIE

I'd like that too...

Jessie kisses her, touched. It's a sweet moment...until RUTH
blows in with HANK, who lugs 12 SHOPPING BAGS...

RUTH

Good evening every--
(seeing the tree, stopping)
What...in God's name...is that.

AMY

It's our new Christmas tree. Do you
like it?

RUTH

No I don't Amy I find it revolting.

HANK

Oh T-Mobile I hear they have the
best coverage nationwide--!

RUTH

Why is this...thing in your house.

AMY

Because I didn't want to waste a ton of time shopping for a tree, I want to enjoy Christmas this year--

*
*

RUTH

Amy. You are a mom. Moms don't enjoy things, they give joy to people. That's how being a mom works. And this hideous tree doesn't bring joy to anyone.

JESSIE

I don't know, I kinda like it.

RUTH

Who are you and why are you talking.

AMY

You met him Mom. This is Jessie, he's my boyfriend--

RUTH

I'm tired of this conversation I'm going to go wash my hair but if you think for one second I'm going to let your lazy shenanigans ruin Christmas for everyone then you have another thing coming. Good night all.

*
*

Ruth angrily marches upstairs. Hank follows her, excited:

HANK

Did you see that all the ornaments are little cellphones--?!

RUTH

I swear to God Hank I will drive you to a fire station and I will leave you there...

*

They disappear upstairs. Jessie looks at Amy. Beat.

JESSIE

I think she likes me.

Amy laughs, and they return to watching the movie, cozy. But both Amy and Jessie look just a bit apprehensive...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- AMY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Amy sleeps peacefully in her bed the next morning...

TITLE: "4 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

Earsplitting noises like GUNSHOTS blast Amy out of bed! She *
stumbles to her window, opens the curtain -- and SCREAMS! *

A TATTOO'D DAY LABORER STANDS RIGHT OUTSIDE HER WINDOW

He's standing on a ladder and LOUDLY STAPLE-GUNNING Christmas *
lights all around the window frame.

AMY

What...?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

The dude nods, hey, and keeps stapling. Amy races off--

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

Still in her pajamas, Amy hurries downstairs to discover her
entire living room is filled with DAY LABORERS making-over
her home with perfect blue & white Christmas decorations.

Workers on ladders mount GIANT BLUE BOWS on every window
while others hang BLUE & WHITE STOCKINGS while still others
decorate a PERFECT BLUE & WHITE CHRISTMAS TREE, which stands
where the silver T-Mobile tree used to be. *

It is catalogue-perfect, and insanely over the top.

AMY

What...the...fuck.

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

Workers hang lights, mount wreaths, and install Christmas-
themed figurines all over the front lawn. Wrapped in a
luxurious coat, giant sunglasses on, Ruth talks into a walkie-
talkie to workers mounting 12 DRUMMER BOYS on Amy's roof:

RUTH

Bring the Drummer Boys three inches
to the left...

Then Amy marches up to her Mom in her pajamas.

AMY

Mom, what are you doing?!

RUTH

I'm decorating your house properly
because apparently you are
unwilling to do so yourself--

(to walkie-talkie)

And I said five feet between the
Maids-a-Milking that looks like
four and a half.

AMY

But who cares if my Christmas
decorations aren't perfect?

RUTH

Making Christmas nice is how you
show your family you love them Amy.

AMY

What if you just told your family
you loved them? Wouldn't that be a
lot easier than putting 300 creepy
dolls on my lawn?

RUTH

It probably would be easier, Amy.
But Christmas only comes once a
year, and if you blow it, your kids
will feel unloved and worthless, is
that what you want, sweetheart?

AMY

Well...no, but--

RUTH

Then stop being a shitty mom--
(smiling, waving)
Hey kids, how did you like the
Christmas Cavalcade?!

*
*

Amy stammers as Jane and Dylan race up, super excited.

DYLAN

It was awesome!

*
*

JANE

Show Mom how it works!

*

RUTH

Oh Amy you're going to love this--
(to walkie-talkie)

We are go for Cavalcade over. I
repeat, fire the Cavalcade.

(to Amy)

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Don't worry I'll show you how it
 works. There's an app.

Just then the "Twelve Days of Christmas" starts playing...

AMY
 You installed outdoor speakers--?

RUTH
 Shh. Wait for it.

SPEAKER
*On the twelfth day of Christmas, my
 true love gave to meee...*

*
 *

Suddenly all of the animatronic Christmas statues COME TO
 LIFE, waving, kicking, and bopping back and forth! It's like
It's A Small World, but on crack. Amy just watches, stunned:

*

AMY
 What is happening right now...?

Just then SEVEN SWANS "SWIM" by on a track. Jane and Dylan
 clap, excited:

*

JANE
 Isn't this amazing, mom?!

AMY
 How much did this cost...?

RUTH
 Can you put a price on a child's
 happiness, Amy? Can you put a price
 on wonder?
 (beat)
 It was pretty expensive. Plus your
 electric bill this month is going
 to be off the charts.

AMY
 Mom--

RUTH
 Wait wait, here's the big finish.

The song builds to its infamous finale:

SPEAKER
AND A PARRRTRIDGE IN A PEARRR TREE!

Then KA-BOOM! There's an EXPLOSION of CO2 MIST, out of which
 fly TWENTY REAL PARTRIDGES, which soar off into the sky! It's
 awesome! The kids -- and workers -- all APPLAUD heartily!

Amy just squints up at the departing birds.

AMY

Are those...actual...partridges?

RUTH

Of course. But just FYI it's very hard to source partridges this time of year so use them sparingly.

AMY

Mom, you gotta take all this stuff down. This is literally the opposite of how I want to do Christmas this year.

DYLAN

What?! No! You can't take away our Cavalcade! What is Christmas without a cavalcade...?!

JANE

No! Grandma worked so hard on it! Please let us keep it please please please please I'll be your best friend...!

*
*
*
*
*

The kids keep begging...until finally Amy relents:

AMY (CONT'D)

Fine, fine, we can keep the Cala...va...lacade.

The kids CHEER and hug Amy. Ruth winks at her daughter, triumphant, then walks off, speaking into her walkie:

RUTH

Okay let's reload the birds. And I hate that they're gray -- paint all the birds white...

Amy smarts, hating being bested by her domineering mom...

CUT TO:

EXT. MCKINLEY SCHOOL -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

It's a sunny day at Amy's kids' school...

KIKI (V.O.)

Another woman decorated your home?!
Oh no no no!

INT. MCKINLEY SCHOOL -- MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM -- DAY

It's the PTA GINGERBREAD HOUSE BAKE-OFF at school. Crafty MOMS (including Suzanne Todd, obviously) sit at long tables, happily making elaborate gingerbread houses adorned with candy and frosting. Amy, Kiki and Carla sit together, making shitty, structurally unsound houses. Kiki is still aghast:

KIKI (CONT'D)
That is so NOT okay!

CARLA
Your mom sounds like a Grade A bitch.

An UPTIGHT MOM building an amazing gingerbread house nearby glares over at them. Carla immediately unloads on her:

CARLA (CONT'D)
OH I'M SORRY DO YOU NEED COMPLETE
SILENCE TO MAKE A FUCKING
GINGERBREAD HOUSE DENICE?! GUYS
DENICE IS MAKING A HOUSE OUT OF A
COOKIE SHHH IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

The uptight mom frowns and goes back to making her house...

CARLA (CONT'D)
Why are we even here?

AMY
Because I'm president of the PTA --
I can't miss the last day of school
Gingerbread Bake-Off.

*
*
*

KIKI
I'm still blind with rage about
your mom decorating your house.

*

CARLA
Who cares, let her decorate your
house. She wanna do my house next?

AMY
It's not about my house, it's about
my mom still telling me how to live
my life. Like, will this ever end?
Will she ever stop criticizing me?
I feel like my mom's last words are
going to be "you look tired."

The girls laugh. Amy smiles, sad...

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you know that my mom has never told me that she loves me? And she's definitely never shown it. Shit, I can't even remember the last time she was nice to me -- how crazy is that?

*
*

Kiki takes Amy's hand, sympathetic...

KIKI

I'm really sorry, babe...

CARLA

Dude, moms are so weird.
(eating frosting from tube)
I mean, we're not. We're super normal. But all the other ones are weird. Especially:

Carla nods over at a WEIRD MOM WEARING A HAT WITH A BIRD ON IT making a gingerbread house nearby.

CARLA (CONT'D)

...old bird hat over here.

Kiki and Amy stymie laughter...

AMY

So. Kiki, how's Christmas going with your mom?

KIKI

Okay, I guess? She got her hair cut and colored exactly like mine, so that's not psychotic.

AMY

Wow.

CARLA

Wait, Kiki: are you in a *Single White Female* situation right now?

AMY

Yeah, are you safe? Like, is your mom here right now?

KIKI

(laughing)

No! No... She's waiting in my car.

Amy and Carla exchange a concerned look. Kiki notices.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Look, it's not her fault she's so crazy... My dad died when I was 12, and my mom loved him so much, and she never really got over him, she just transferred all that love onto me, and now she sews pictures of me onto all of her clothing.

CARLA

Every time I start to think I'm the fucked up one in this group Kiki opens her mouth and I'm like, oh yeah, I'm good. HEY DENICE LOOK: I MADE A GINGERBREAD PENIS!

Carla holds up a CRUDE GINGERBREAD PENIS she's made.

CARLA (CONT'D)

IT'S SO BIG AND DARK!

(licking it)

MMM, THE TIP IS THE BEST PART!

Amy and Kiki try not to laugh. Denice just looks appalled.

KIKI

Oh hey, speaking of my mom, we're taking the kids to Sky Zone tonight, you guys wanna come?

CARLA

Legally I can't go within 50 yards of Sky Zone, but fuck it, I love trampolining, let's do it.

*

AMY

I'd love to go but my mom is taking us to *The Nutcracker* tonight.

KIKI

Oh fun I love *The Nutcracker*!

AMY

Oh no no, this isn't the sugar plum fairy Nutcracker -- this is the original Nutcracker. It's five hours long and it's all in Russian and tons of children die in it and it's awful. My mom used to take us every year when we were kids and I still have nightmares about it.

KIKI

Oof. Can't you just not go?

CARLA

Yeah -- aren't we taking Christmas back this year?

Amy frowns, thoughtful...

CARLA (CONT'D)

No, I'm asking for real. I got so shit-housed at the mall I can't remember if we actually agreed to do that or if I just dreamed the whole thing.

AMY

No...we did agree to take Christmas back this year...

CARLA

(glancing at phone)

Oh shit I'm late for work. Those pussies aren't gonna wax themselves guys. Love you to pieces--

(standing)

HEY DENICE DO YOU WANT MY AWESOME GINGERBREAD PENIS?! I PUT FROSTING SPLOOGE ALL OVER IT! NO? OKAY YOUR LOSS DENICE!

On her way out, Carla steals the bird hat from her neighbor.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'm taking your fucking hat.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE SPA -- DAY

Establishing shot of the upscale spa...

INT. UPSCALE SPA -- DAY

Carla hurries down the hallway in her spa uniform, opens a door...and finds ISIS, in a robe and cowboy hat, feet up in a manicure chair, reading a tabloid and sipping champagne!

ISIS

Hey lady!

CARLA

Mom?! What are you doing here?

ISIS
What does it look like I'm doing?!
I'm getting a free manicure from my
daughter!

Isis grins. Carla sighs and starts prepping for the mani...

ISIS (CONT'D)
I'm so impressed you have a real
job babe. You must be the last
white person in the world still
giving manicures.

Carla sits and starts filing her mom's nails...

ISIS (CONT'D)
So what's new? You seeing anyone?

CARLA
No, not really.

ISIS
Good for you. We Dunkler women
can't be tied down...

CARLA
Nope... I mean, are there times
when I wish I had a nice guy to
come home to? Sure. How many times
can you have sex with total randos
from the bus station before it
starts getting a little tired?

ISIS
I met your dad at a bus station.
(BURPING)
I think.

CARLA
But I will say: I love being single
at Christmas. It's the best.

ISIS
Oh ya, especially when you're old!

CARLA
I see all these happy couples at
the mall holding hands and wearing
scarves and feeding each other
sandwiches and they're so in love
and I'm like: no THANK you...

Silence. Then Carla notices Isis looking at her, concerned.

*

CARLA (CONT'D)

What?

ISIS

Dude you sound super lonely.

CARLA

What?! No, I'm not lonely! I have my girlfriends...and my son comes home sometimes...and you visit every three years...so I'm good.

ISIS

Yeah everything you say just makes you sound lonelier. Here, drink--

Isis gives Carla her champagne, and she downs it...

CARLA

So how you doing, Mom?

ISIS

Truth be told I've been better, Carla -- never bet on jai alai by the way, it is a bullshit sport. But I have a very exciting business opportunity and if I can just raise a little cash I think I can get back on my feet--

CARLA

Here we go--

ISIS

What?

CARLA

You always do this! You take my money and you leave me and after you gamble it all away you come running back for more!

ISIS

When have I ever done that?!

CARLA

Let's see, the first time was when I was eight years old and you took all of my allowance money--

ISIS

I did you a favor, kids buy the dumbest shit with their allowance money!

(MORE)

*
*
*

ISIS (CONT'D)
 Besides, I'm not gambling anymore!
 This is a legitimate business
 opportunity!

*

CARLA
 Oh yeah? What is it?

ISIS
 I don't know all the specifics but
 it involves alpacas.

CARLA
 Oh my god--

ISIS
 Their wool is fireproof! Did you
 know that?!

CARLA
 How much money do you need, Mom.

ISIS
 Barely any. Five grand. Like, five
 to ten grand. 15 grand max.

Carla looks at her mom, highly dubious...

CARLA
 I'll think about it.

ISIS
 Thanks babe. I can do check or
 money order.
 (WHISTLING out the door)
 CAN WE GET SOME CIGARETTES IN HERE?

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- DAY

A modest sedan pulls up to Amy's house...

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

Amy's front door opens and her ex-husband MIKE enters with
 DYLAN and JANE. The kids disappear up the stairs.

MIKE
 Hello...?

Amy enters from the kitchen in an apron and smiles, friendly.

AMY
 Oh hey Mike. How were the kid--?

RUTH
MICHAEL?! AHHHHH!

Ruth SCREAMS past Amy and gives Mike a HUGE HUG, loving him.
Mike hugs back, eyes closed.

MIKE
*My god you smell like a barn. It's
so nice to see you, Ruthie.*

Amy just inhales, *here we go...*

RUTH
Trust me, it is nicer to see you!
Have you gotten even taller?!

MIKE
I don't think...that's biologically
possible...at my age--?

RUTH
(laughing way too hard)
Oh my god hilarious! You always
were the funny one in the family!
Until Amy kicked you out of course!

AMY
Okay mom--

RUTH
How are you doing on your own, you
poor thing? Are you surviving?

MIKE
Yeah, I'm okay. I play a lot of
Fruit Ninja--

RUTH
You miss your family though, right?

MIKE
Absolutely. I also really miss the
food. For dinner last night I just
ate ketchup.

RUTH
Did you hear that Amy? He is
literally starving!

AMY
He lives next to a grocery store--

RUTH

I'm so sorry, Michael. For some reason my daughter still hasn't realized that leaving you was the biggest mistake of her life.

AMY

Just...wow.

RUTH

Anyway, I can't wait to see you on Christmas morning Michael. I hired a dog sled for the kids--

AMY

Wait, you invited Mike to Christmas morning?

RUTH

Yes, like a month ago.

AMY

But...I invited Jessie.

RUTH

Who's Jessie?

AMY

He's my boyfriend Mom.

*

RUTH

Oh no no, Michael is the father of your children, he should be here.

AMY

Mom, this isn't your call!

MIKE

Jessie's pretty great, actually. He's got really big muscles.

AMY

Okay look we'll deal with this later -- thank you Mike...

*

Stressed and annoyed, Amy guides Mike out the door.

RUTH

Goodbye my sweet angel Michael!

MIKE

Goodbye Ruthie. Your skin looks moist and dewy.

AMY
Please stop.

MIKE
Oh hey, can you sign the divorce papers? It's been three months and my lawyer keeps emailing me...

AMY
Yes. Sorry. I'll get on it.

MIKE
Also: can I buy the kids crossbows for Christmas--?

AMY
Nope.

Amy closes the door on Mike and glares at her mom.

RUTH
I do not know why you are divorcing that man. I mean obviously he's no rocket scientist but he has a good job and he loves your kids and he looks like Jack Reacher--

Amy steams off, refusing to listen. Ruth calls after her:

RUTH (CONT'D)
We are not done talking about this!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMY'S SUV -- NIGHT

As some ANGRY RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL plays, Amy drives her mom, Hank, Jessie, and their three kids to *The Nutcracker*. The kids chafe in their itchy formal clothes, hating life.

DYLAN
Why do we have to see the Russian Nutcracker? We're not even Russian.

RUTH
The Russian Nutcracker is the real Nutcracker, not the sellout Disney version with all the dancing.

Dylan, Jane and Lori frown. In the mirror, Amy notices...

*

JANE
Is it really five hours long?

RUTH
Yes, but it only feels like four.
Listen to this beautiful music.

Ruth turns up the HORRIBLE MUSIC and everyone winces...

LORI
I feel like someone's yelling at
me.

*
*

JANE
I feel like we're being invaded.

DYLAN
Why can't we just do something fun?

That does it -- Amy throws a hard left. Ruth looks confused:

RUTH
Oh no, the theater is to the right.

AMY
We're not going to the theater.

RUTH
What?! Where are you taking us?

INT. SKY ZONE -- NIGHT

*

Establishing shots of SKY ZONE: the SKY ZONE sign over the
front desk, kids jumping on trampolines, kids dunking
basketballs, kids playing dodgeball, etc.

*
*
*

Sky Zone is covered in loud Christmas decorations, and "Joy
to the World" blasts. Then Dylan, Jane and Lori race inside,
unbuttoning their tight collars, so happy, as Amy, Jessie,
Ruth and Hank follow. A worker, SHEP, welcomes them:

*
*

SHEP
Merry Christmas and welcome to Sky
Zone! Three kid passes?!

AMY
No, actually, we're all doing it.

Amy hands Shep some cash as Ruth looks around, horrified:

RUTH
I am most certainly not doing this.
It smells like diapers in here.

SHEP
You're all set! Enjoy Sky Zone!

Shep slides Amy SIX SANTA HATS and her change. The kids put on their Santa hats, psyched:

DYLAN

Thanks mom! This is so much better
than The Russian Nutcracker!

Amy winks, triumphant, at Ruth, who just glowers. Then:

VOICE BEHIND THEM

Amy?!

Amy turns to see THE WHOLE GANG -- Kiki, Carla, their moms, their kids -- entering Sky Zone! Kiki hugs Amy, surprised:

KIKI

I'm so glad you came!

AMY

I think my Mom is going to kill me
in my sleep, but it's worth it.

Kiki laughs as nearby

CARLA INTRODUCES HERSELF TO AMY'S MOM

They shake hands while Carla sips her coffee.

CARLA

You must be Amy's mom. I'm Carla--
HEY JAXON MOMMA NEEDS MORE HOOCH!

Jaxon quickly hurries over and pours JACK DANIELS into Carla's coffee cup as Ruth watches on, horrified.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Thanks babe. Oh, and this is my
mother, Isis.

Isis shakes Ruth's hand. Ruth forces an icy smile, aloof:

RUTH

Ruth. Like Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

ISIS

Isis. Like the terrorist
organization.

Ruth recoils, disturbed. Nearby

AMY SHAKES HANDS WITH KIKI'S MOM

who does, in fact, have Kiki's exact hairdo now...

AMY

So nice to meet you! I'm Amy.

SANDY

(hugging Amy too tight)

Oh my gosh I've heard so much about you Amy! How are your night sweats?

AMY

Oh. Wow. You really have heard so much about me.

SANDY

Kiki and I try to talk to each other at least once an hour!

Sandy smiles. Amy smiles back, a bit disturbed. Nearby

RUTH INTRODUCES HERSELF TO JESSIE

as if they've never met. Jessie just looks confused.

RUTH

I'm Amy's mom, Ruth.

JESSIE

Yeah, I'm Jessie, I was just in the car with you--?

Amy quickly cuts this short by calling out:

AMY

OKAY: WHO WANTS TO HAVE SOME FUN?!

Everyone CHEERS as Jose Feliciano's epic horn-driven Christmas classic "Feliz Navidad" crashes in and we

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SKYZONE MONTAGE

*

The whole gang gleefully bounces in their Santa hats, in super slo-mo! Amy and Jessie and their kids soar through the air, laughing! Then Kiki sommersaults through the air with her kids! Then Carla floats into frame holding her cup, her hooch flying everywhere...

*

KIKI FLIPS INTO THE FOAM PIT

and pops up, psyched! Scared, Sandy walks to the edge of the foam pit, then sits and gently lowers herself into it...

*

*

CARLA AND HER SON FIGHT WITH PUGIL STICKS

as they stand on large barrels, just like American Gladiators. Then WHAM, Carla nails her own son in the groin and he slowly topples over into the foam pit below! Carla raises her pugil stick over her head in victory, FUCK YES!

AMY, JANE AND LORI PLAY "SKY-WARS" TOGETHER

*

They run from obstacle to obstacle, firing their Nerf guns. Then they duck down behind separate obstacles, and Amy makes a bunch of gibberish military hand-gestures at them, and all three girls start laughing. Finally they rise up and charge the obstacle that Jessie and Dylan are hiding behind, lighting them up with Nerf balls! The girls CHEER!

ISIS FLIRTS WITH A TATTOO'D STAFF DUDE

*

He's 22 years old and super fit. Isis strokes her pugil stick suggestively as they talk. The guy nods, cool...

RUTH SITS ALONE ON A BENCH

her chin held high, refusing to join the fun. Then Jane runs by and asks: *you wanna join us?!* Ruth shakes her head, *no*.

AT THE TRAMPOLINE BASKETBALL COURT

Jessie alley oops the basketball to Dylan, who dunks it before crashing down onto the trampoline! They high five...

AT THE CLIMBING WALL

Sandy clings to the top of the wall, too scared to climb down. Kiki calls up to her, but Sandy won't budge. Then Carla appears and starts whipping DODGEBALLS at Sandy, who quickly starts descending...

INT. SKYZONE -- FOOD COURT

*

The whole gang happily eats junk food -- nachos, hotdogs, cotton candy -- everyone's laughing and having a great time. Everyone except for Ruth...

*

*

*

She sits across the food court, alone, haughty. Then SANDY and ISIS approach her with churro's...

*

SANDY

Hi! We brought you a churro!

Ruth takes the churro, disgusted, and places it on the table like it's radioactive as Sandy and Isis sit alongside her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This place is fun! I never went to places like this when I was a kid!

RUTH

My god no.

ISIS

When I was a kid we used to go down to the quarry and blow shit up.

SANDY

That's nice. Where are you ladies from? I'm from Ottawa which is in Canada but my husband Dirk wanted a faster life so we moved to Bismarck North Dakota but then Dirk died. Where are you from Ruth?

*

RUTH

Chicago.

SANDY

The City of Lights!

RUTH

The Windy City--

SANDY

They call Bismarck "The Quiet City" because no one talks there. Did you enjoy growing up in Chicago Ruth?

*

*

RUTH

No. My mother is a horrible woman. She once slapped me for wearing open-toed shoes on a sailboat.

*

*

*

*

SANDY

Well, it was a different time.

*

*

RUTH

It was two months ago.

*

*

SANDY

Oh gosh.

*

*

ISIS

What are open-toed shoes?

*

*

RUTH

My daughter thinks I'm so hard on her but she has no idea what I went through with my mom.

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

When I was 15, I got my ears
pierced and my mom called me a
whore and sent me to boarding
school in Northern Iceland. That
was a hard woman.

SANDY

I'm sorry Ruth your mom sounds like
a terrible human being. Where are
you from Isis?

ISIS

I don't know. I never met my
parents. I basically raised myself
using my wits and my tits.

SANDY

Wow that sounds disgusting!

ISIS

I was a roadie for REO Speedwagon
for 15 years, then I sold Herbalife
for a stretch, now I'm moving very
aggressively into the alpaca
business--

Isis lights up a joint. Sandy is shocked:

SANDY

Oh no you can't smoke cigarettes in
here!

ISIS

Good because this isn't a cigarette--

Isis offers the joint to Ruth, who shakes her head, no!

SANDY

So which church is everyone going
to on Christmas Eve?

RUTH

I always go to Our Mother of
Eternal Suffering--

SANDY

Great I'll see you there!

Ruth looks at her, thrown, as Sandy prattles on, unaware:

RUTH

It's so nice making new friends! I
don't have any friends in Bismarck
because no one talks there but I
already feel super close to you
guys what's your favorite TV show
mine is Agents of Shield--!

Just then Amy and Lori pass by, carrying red dodgeballs.

LORI

Hey, you guys want to play
dodgeball with us?

AMY

Oh no sweetie, grandmas don't play
dodgeball.

All three grandmas look taken aback--

ISIS

Grandmas don't what--?

RUTH

(already standing)
I'm in.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SKYZONE -- DODGEBALL PIT

"Thunderstruck" by AC/DC blasts as we launch into an epic
game of trampoline dodgeball! It's Bad Moms vs. Bad Grandmas,
with the guys and kids mixed in. Balls fly fast and furious!

DYLAN THROWS A BALL AT HIS SISTER

but Jane easily bounces over it...

AMY SOFTLY THROWS A BALL AT JESSIE

and he grins, ready to catch it and get Amy out -- when Amy
whips a second ball at him, nailing him in the leg! He's out!
Amy does a Cam Newton dab in celebration as Jessie laughs...

RUTH GLEEFULLY ROCKETS A BALL AT HANK

and nails him in the face! Clutching his face, Hank complains
"No head shots!" when Ruth nails his face again and he drops!
Ruth pumps her fist, loving it -- and Amy notices, pleased...

CARLA USES HER SON AS A HUMAN SHIELD

Jaxon gets riddled by balls to the face, chest, and legs as Carla crouches behind him, waiting to take her shot...

SANDY CURLS UP IN A HUMAN BALL ON THE TRAMPOLINE

and tries to hide from all the flying dodgeballs, but eventually one hits her. She's out. And then

AMY AND RUTH BOTH REALIZE THEY'RE THE LAST TWO LEFT!

In dramatic SLOW MOTION, mother and daughter turn to each other, their eyes turning to slits...

EVERYONE CHEERS ON THEIR RESPECTIVE TEAMMATE

from the sidelines! *GO AMY! GO RUTH!* Then

RUTH WHIPS A BALL AT AMY

and Amy drops straight down, dodging the throw! When Amy bounces back up, she's wielding a ball, which she aggressively throws back at her mom! *

RUTH COOLLY LEANS BACK *

and the ball flies right past, narrowly missing her! Ruth smiles, cocky, then hucks a ball back at Amy! *

AMY RUNS UP A SIDE TRAMPOLINE

and flips over, just dodging the ball, her eyes afire -- this is no longer a game, this is 30-plus years of repressed mother-daughter tension erupting in a dodgeball game! *

AMY CHARGES THE LINE WITH A BALL *

but just before she throws it, she trips over the padding and, in EPIC SLO MOTION, she sprawls onto the tramp! Horrified, Amy looks up, completely exposed, to see *

RUTH GLEEFULLY COCKING HER BALL BACK *

a few feet away, ready to make the easy kill! Ruth launches the ball at her prone daughter -- when BOOM Amy pulls her ball out of nowhere and blocks Ruth's throw -- Ruth's ball rockets back at her, nailing her in the groin! Groaning, *

RUTH SLOWLY DROPS OUT OF FRAME

before bouncing back up partially into frame, then vanishing again, then popping up a little less, vanishing again, popping up a little less, until she finally vanishes for good... Back on her side, Amy frowns: *uh-oh...*

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- GUEST ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Hank irons something on an ironing board. Ruth enters, post-shower, furiously drying her hair with a towel:

RUTH

Tonight was a complete travesty.

Hank stymies laughter as he irons...

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh you thought it was funny Hank?
What if I changed out your heart
pills, would that be funny too?

HANK

(stops smiling)
Jesus babe.

Ruth sits and starts angrily applying hand lotion...

RUTH

Amy is proving to be a more worthy
adversary than I thought. I'm going
to have to raise my game.

HANK

Orrr you could stop fighting with
her and we could all just have a
nice Christmas?

RUTH

Do you think I enjoy fighting with
my daughter, Hank?

HANK

Sort of--?

RUTH

Because I don't, I'm just trying to
give my grandchildren the amazing
Christmas they deserve.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

This is their first Christmas without their father, and as a divorcee, I know better than anyone how crucial it is that we get it right this year. If the kids have a wonderful Christmas, they will know in their hearts that everything is going to be okay going forward. But if Amy ruins Christmas, the kids will feel uncertain about their future and that will lead to a downward spiral of fear, depression, and drugs.

HANK

Okay, but the kids looked really happy tonight--

RUTH

They would've been happier at the Russian Nutcracker Hank! My way of doing Christmas is magical and spectacular and Amy's way of doing Christmas is lazy and dumb and my is better and my way will win! My way will always win!

HANK

Well I'm just glad this is all about the kids--

RUTH

Hank. I am Amy's mother. It is my job to push her to be the best she can possibly be. Trust me, someday she will thank me in an inspirational speech at a large public venue. Now are you done ironing my pajamas yet?

Hank quickly hands Ruth her freshly-ironed pajamas.

HANK

Yes Ruth I'm sorry Ruth.

CUT TO:

INT. KIKI'S HOUSE -- KIKI'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Kiki's bedroom is mostly dark. Then Kiki, in a nightie, and Kent, in pj's, get into bed together. They're warm, loving.

KENT

How was your night, angel?

KIKI
So much fun! Thanks again for
watching the twins so I could go.

KENT
Oh no problem. Anytime.

Kent smiles, leans over, gives her a kiss...

KENT (CONT'D)
I miss you. I feel like we never
see each other this time of year...

KIKI
I know. I miss you too. Mmm you
taste like grape soda.

KENT
I had a Welch's right before bed.

The kissing turns passionate, and soon Kiki hops up on top of
her husband. She nods, impressed:

KIKI
Oh my, did you take a pill?

KENT
You know I did. I'm harder than
Valyrian steel right now--

Then Kiki and Kent both hear a SNEEZE -- ATCHOO!

KIKI	KENT (CONT'D)
Bless you.	Bless you.

They quickly look at each other -- and realize that someone
else is in the room! Kiki DIVES off her husband and pulls up
the covers as Kent CLICKS on the overhead light, revealing

KIKI'S MOM SITTING IN THE CORNER OF THE BEDROOM!

She waves, excited, as she wipes her nose with a Kleenex:

SANDY
Hi guys!

KIKI
MOM?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

SANDY
Well I came in to watch you fall
asleep like I always do, but then
you started going at it like
junkyard dogs so--

KIKI

You watch me fall asleep every night?!

SANDY

Except after *Blue Bloods* -- I know that's your special night for intercourse. Honestly I'm so happy you have such a vibrant sex life, honey -- it's so important.

KIKI

I'll never be able to unhear this.

SANDY

And Kent, I'm so glad to see you can get erections again -- yay!

She smiles at Kent's boner lifting up the sheet. He quickly slaps a pillow over it, horrified.

KIKI

Okay, mom, thank you! Can you please go now before my husband never has sex with me again?!

SANDY

(standing, crossing)

Oh sure honey! Just remember, men like more ass-play than you'd think-

KIKI

MOM!

SANDY

Good night guys! I'll check in on you again in an hour.

KIKI

No! Please don't--!

Too late: the door CLOSES and Sandy is gone. Both Kiki and Kent just sit there, reeling... Finally:

KENT

You need to talk to your mom.

KIKI

I know.

KENT

She needs some boundaries. Or even uh boundary.

KIKI

I know. I just don't want to hurt her feelings. Ever since Dad died I'm the only family she's got, and if I push her away, even a little, it will break her heart...

KENT

She saw my boner Kiki.

KIKI

Yeah. That was a game-changer.

KENT

And she's only getting kookier.

KIKI

I know. I think she hacked my email.

KENT

Your mom needs a hobby. Or a friend. Or a long trip somewhere far away from here. Like Africa.

Kiki crashes back on her pillow, conflicted...

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE SPA -- DAY

Establishing shot of the upscale spa where Carla works...

TITLE: "3 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

INT. UPSCALE SPA -- WAXING ROOM -- MORNING

Tired and overworked, Carla replaces the sanitary paper on her waxing table, mumbling to herself:

CARLA

No more pussies please no more pussies--

MAN'S VOICE BEHIND HER

Excuse me, are you Carla?

Carla turns to see a way-too-beautiful, way-too-ripped man, wrapped only in a tiny white towel, standing in the door. This is TY SWINDEL. Carla sees him -- and lights up:

CARLA

YA, I'm Carla! Who are you?

TY SWINDEL
I'm Ty Swindel, I'm here to have my
balls waxed?

CARLA
Great! Hop on my table, Ty Swindel!

Ty lies on the table as Carla dons latex gloves...

CARLA (CONT'D)
Have you ever had your balls waxed
before, Ty?

TY SWINDEL
Oh yeah, I'm an exotic dancer, so I
have to keep my dick, balls, and
taint smooth at all times.

CARLA
Got it. Okay Ty, I'm going to open
your towel now and start the *OH*
SWEET MOTHER OF MARY.

Carla has opened Ty's towel and is just gaping at what we
assume is Ty's enormous johnson.

CARLA (CONT'D)
It's like a parking cone!

Ty is immediately apologetic and genuinely sweet:

TY SWINDEL
I'm so sorry, I-I should've warned
you. It always scares people.

CARLA
Oh no, Ty, I'm not scared. I'm just
gonna need more wax...

She crosses and grabs another tub of wax...

CARLA (CONT'D)
So who usually waxes your balls?

TY SWINDEL
Oh, I go to a woman in Cleveland --
that's where I live.

CARLA
No way! I grew up in Edgewater!

TY SWINDEL
I'm from Tremont!

CARLA

Small world! Okay Ty lift your
penis and pull your testicle bag
until it's taut.

Ty reaches OUT OF FRAME, pulls his dick back onto his
stomach, and it lands with an AUDIBLE THUMP. Then he pulls
his ballbag tight. Carla starts painting his balls with hot
wax, chatting casually, as if they were strangers on a bus:

CARLA (CONT'D)

So what brings you to Chicago, Ty?

TY SWINDEL

Oh, I'm doing a couple Sexy Santa
competitions in town.

CARLA

Nice! Slight sting on your nutsack--

Carla RIPS a wax sheet off. Ty doesn't flinch at all.

CARLA (CONT'D)

And how'd you get into dancing?

TY SWINDEL

Well, my day job is I'm a fireman,
and a few years ago I responded to
a fire at a strip club, and the
owner saw me and he was like hey do
you have an enormous cock? And I
was like yeah. And the rest is
history.

CARLA

So are you still a fireman?

TY SWINDEL

Oh yeah, I love helping people. And
to me, dancing around in sneakers
and a thong is just one more way of
giving back.

CARLA

That's beautiful, Ty. Hot burn--
(RIPPING wax sheet off)
So...is there a Mrs. Swindel?

TY SWINDEL

I wish! No, most women just see me
as an object to have sex with, and
then they discard me.

(MORE)

TY SWINDEL (CONT'D)

So in some small way, I understand what it's like to be a woman in today's society.

CARLA

Wow, for a male stripper you are seriously woke.

TY SWINDEL

Thanks. How about you, are you single?

CARLA

Oh yeah.

TY SWINDEL

This is the worst time of year to be single, right? I get so lonely.

CARLA

(hesitating, then)

Yeah. I do too... I hate being alone on Christmas...

Carla smiles at Ty, vulnerable. He smiles back, sweet...

TY SWINDEL

I don't know what it is, but I just feel like I can talk to you, Carla.

CARLA

Yeah. Me too, Ty... Now lift your heels over your head I'm going to start waxing your taint and butthole.

Ty pulls his legs over his head and Carla goes to work...

TY SWINDEL

I-I hope this isn't too forward, but would you want to come to my Sexy Santa competition on Friday?

CARLA

Oh no, I don't date my clients. I have a strict code.

TY SWINDEL

Oh my God I'm so sorry. I didn't--

CARLA

I'm just fucking with you Ty! I don't have a code!

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)
 I wax people's balls for a living!
 I'd love to come to your show!

TY SWINDEL
 (laughing)
 Beautiful and funny -- you don't
 see that combination every day.

CARLA
 You're sweet, Ty.

TY SWINDEL
 So it's a date then. Friday night.

CARLA
 Yup. Friday night.

TY SWINDEL
 Oh hey do you want me to hold my
 butt crack open for you?

CARLA
 No, I'm good. Thank you for asking,
 though. No one ever asks me that...

She smiles, touched. He smiles back at her from between his
 legs. Despite how they've met, their connection is real...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Establishing shot of Amy's house on a cold winter's night...

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

Amy, Jessie, and their kids bundle up in scarves, jackets and
 hats. The kids are grumpy:

DYLAN
 I can't believe we have to go
 carolling right now. It's like
 negative a billion degrees outside.

AMY
 Look, why don't we go to a few
 houses then we'll all get shakes
 and burgers at Shake Shack, okay?

The kids CHEER, YAY!

JANE
 Wait, won't Grandma be mad?

DYLAN

Yeah, doesn't she want to win the
Carolling Cup or whatever?

AMY

Maybe, but Christmas isn't really
about winning, it's about having
fun and enjoying time with your
family, and I think, deep down,
Grandma understands that--

Just then the front door blasts open and

RUTH ENTERS IN FULL DICKENSIAN COSTUME

She's wearing a long brocaded jacket and a dazzling silver
tiara, and she looks fabulous:

RUTH

We are going to DOMINATE carolling
this year!

Hank shambles in after her, dressed as a chimney sweep,
lugging COSTUMES and tons of gear...

AMY

What...are...you wearing?

RUTH

Sweetie if you want to win the
Carolling Cup you simply must have
a theme, which is why we're all
going as characters from A
Christmas Carol.

(taking costumes from Hank)

Dylan, you're Marley's ghost, Jane,
you're the Ghost of Christmas
Present, and whatever your name is,
you can be Tiny Tim the crippled
boy...

Ruth distributes the costumes to Dylan, Jane, and Lori, all
of whom take them, deeply unhappy:

JANE

Yeah, we don't really play dress-up
anymore...?

LORI

(holding a small crutch)

Wait, seriously? I'm crippled?

Ruth quickly hands Jessie a costume, dismissive:

RUTH
And of course you'll be Dirtface
the pickpocke...

JESSIE
Is that even a character from A
Christmas Carol--?

RUTH
And Amy...

Ruth takes an UGLY FAT HUNCHBACK COSTUME from Hank.

RUTH (CONT'D)
You're Scrooge.

AMY
Wow. Thanks Mom.

RUTH
It just seemed appropriate, given
how much you seem to hate Christmas
this year.

AMY
I don't hate Christmas--

RUTH
And here is everyone's sheet music.
(handing out THICK BINDERS)
I had hoped we would all be off
book by now but as usual Amy
completely dropped the ball.

DYLAN
(gawking at huge binder)
This is a lot of songs.

RUTH
Yes well every homeowner in
Westbury votes on who wins the Cup
so we're going to need to hit at
least 300 houses tonight.

AMY
Three hundred?!

RUTH
Don't worry, I brought back-up.
(calling out the door)
Come on in, guys!

Just then a TWENTY MEMBER CHURCH CHOIR starts filing inside
in matching red choir robes.

RUTH (CONT'D) *
 Please welcome the Chicago All *
 Saints Choir! *

Amy, Jessie, and their kids just stand there, stunned: *

AMY *
 You...hired ringers? *

RUTH *
 I did what I had to do to win Amy. *
 You might consider trying it *
 sometime. *

AMY *
 Come on Mom, you know this isn't *
 how I want to do Christmas this ye-- *

RUTH *
 (quiet, lethal) *
Yes and you know I didn't want to *
go trampolining with your deviant *
friends last night but I did it *
anyway so now it's your turn to do *
what I want. Fair is fair. *

AMY *
 Okay, fine, but I'm not wearing *
 this ridiculous costume. *

CUT TO:

AMY DRESSED IN THE RIDICULOUS EBENEZER SCROOGE COSTUME *
 as she presses the doorbell of a house. She's wearing a fat *
 suit with a hunchback built in, and has stringy hair and a *
 top hat and a long fake nose. She mutters to herself: *

AMY *
Fuck. Me.

Just then, a NICE MOM opens the door and sees Amy and all the *
 carollers. She smiles and calls back into the house: *

NICE MOM *
 Hey guys! We have more carollers! *

Her HANDSOME HUSBAND and ADORABLE KIDS appear in the doorway, *
 eager. There's an awkward SILENCE... Ruth hisses up to Amy: *

RUTH *
Read your lines Scrooge! Do it! *

Amy winces, then reads off a piece of paper, deadpan: *

AMY *

Bah Humbug I am Ebenezer Scrooge *

and I hate Christmas because it's *

so much work and I am lazy. *

Ruth steps forward from the group, resplendent, loving this: *

RUTH *

PLEASE, MR. SCROOGE, LISTEN TO OUR *

SONG, AND LET YE HEART BE WARMED *

two three four! *

Amy's family, and the entire choir, start singing "We Wish *

You A Merry Christmas" -- and the choir is FUCKING AWESOME. *

Jessie and the kids look over at them, god damn... *

RUTH BREEZES ABOUT *

singing with members of the choir, very loungey and *

showboaty. She harmonizes with one, Mariah Carey-like: *

RUTH (CONT'D) *

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND *

A HAPPY NEW YEeeeeeeeeAARRrrrrrrRRR! *

The nice family APPLAUDS for Ruth's insane vocal *

pyrotechnics. She smiles, fake humble: *

RUTH (CONT'D) *

Thanks guys. Never had a lesson. *

On the porch, Amy rolls her eyes, hating life... As the choir *

continues singing "We wish You a Merry Christmas," we *

DISSOLVE TO: *

AMY'S FINGER PRESSING ANOTHER DOORBELL *

The door opens to reveal a smiling, happy family... *

AMY PRESSES ANOTHER DOORBELL *

The door opens to reveal a happy family... *

AND YET ANOTHER DOORBELL *

Which opens to reveal another family... *

All the while, we CROSS DISSOLVE to shots of carollers *

singing and feet walking in snow and Ruth belting out carols *

and the kids mumble-singing, miserable... *

EXT. ANOTHER HOME -- LATER THAT NIGHT

A rich, dickish FAMILY OF FOUR stands in their doorway, bopping their heads as Ruth and the choir continue singing "We Wish You A Merry Christmas." Amy, Jessie and their kids stand to one side, freezing, grim:

DYLAN

Can we please stop carolling now?
I've never walked this far in my
life.

JANE

Are we still in Illinois?

AMY

(looking around)
I honestly don't know where we are
anymore, but after this song I'll
call an Uber, okay?

The kids nod, grateful...

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about this guys. This
couldn't have gone any wors--

Just then Ruth appears next to Amy, smiling, and calls out:

RUTH

HEY, WHY ISN'T SCROOGE SINGING?!

AMY

What are you doing.

RUTH

I THINK WITH A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT
SCROOGE WILL SING, DON'T YOU?!

The family -- and the choir -- CHEER! Amy looks terrified:

AMY

Mom you know I can't sing--

RUTH

YOU DON'T WANT TO RUIN CHRISTMAS
FOR THESE CHILDREN, DO YOU SCROOGE?

RICH KIDS

COME ON SCROOGE! / SING SCROOGE!

Feeling the pressure, Amy starts inaudibly MUMBLING along:

AMY
*So bring us some figgy pudding, and
bring it right here...*

Ruth looks at the family, mock disappointed:

RUTH
I COULDN'T HEAR SCROOGE -- COULD
YOU GUYS HEAR SCROOGE?!

RICH KIDS
I CAN'T HEAR DICK! / SING THE
FUCKING SONG SCROOGE!

Amy nervously attempts to sing the next verse a bit louder:

AMY
*G-Good tidings we bring,
To you and your friends--
(quickly correcting herself)
--your kin. To you and your kin,
Good tidings of Christmas
And a Happy New Year...?*

Amy's voice warbles, nervous and painfully off-key...and when she looks up, the RICH FAMILY just looks at her, appalled:

RICK KIDS
THAT SUCKED! / YOU CAN'T SING FOR
SHIT SCROOGE!

AMY
I know, I'm sorry--!

WHAM! A SNOWBALL HITS Amy in the forehead and she drops--

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A HUGE GOLD TROPHY reading "The Westbury Carolling Cup" sits on Amy's kitchen counter. Ruth sips champagne, so happy.

RUTH
Well, I think that was an enormous
success.

GO WIDER to see Amy reclined on a chair, a bag of frozen peas on her forehead. She's pissed:

AMY
Yeah. It was great.

RUTH

You played your roll perfectly. I
honestly thought those kids were
going to rip you to shreds.

*
*
*

AMY

That's sweet mom -- thanks.

RUTH

And that horrible singing voice you
put on? You sounded like a man--

AMY

That was my real singing voice.

*

RUTH

My god. Do you have lung cancer?

AMY

(removing peas)

Look, this isn't working.

RUTH

What isn't working?

AMY

I want to have a mellow Christmas
this year, but you just keep
fighting me at every turn.

RUTH

Amy, this is a very important
Christmas for your kids, you can't
screw it up--

AMY

I know how important it is Mom, but
I think my way of doing Christmas
is better for my kids than yours--

RUTH

No my way is better you're wrong.

*

AMY

Really? Because my kids told me
they wanted a mellow Christmas this
year.

*
*
*

RUTH

Of course they did Amy, they're
telling you what you want to hear.
But trust me -- they secretly think
my way is better. Because it is
better. Because I'm right.

*
*
*
*
*
*

AMY

Oh my God you always think you know better than me.

*

*

RUTH

That's because I do know better than you Amy! Even though I don't look it, I am older than you, and I've seen more of life than you, and I've made more mistakes than you, and I have learned the best way to do things.

AMY

Hank is older than you -- does that mean he knows better than you?

RUTH

No because Hank is a man and men are morons and you know that.

(aside)

No offense Hank.

For the first time, we see HANK sitting in the corner, eating cereal as he reads the cereal box. He waves, *no worries*.

Amy takes a deep breath, summons her courage, and:

AMY

Look. Mom. Here's how we're doing Christmas this year: on Christmas Eve, me and the kids are going sledding all day, then we're coming home and we're baking cookies and watching *Love Actually*--

RUTH

Boring.

*

AMY

Then on Christmas morning only Jessie and his daughter are coming over and we're giving each other three presents each--

RUTH

What are we, poor--?!

AMY

Then we're hanging out in our pajamas all day until my friends come over for dinner, which will be takeout Chinese from Mr. Wang's.

RUTH

No--!

*

AMY

*

Which we will eat off of paper
plates not the good china that
takes three days to clean.

*

*

*

RUTH

*

The horror--

AMY

*

There will be no 12 course dinner,
or house full of weird relatives,
or 4000 presents my kids don't
need, or a big show-offy party, or
camels, or sushi, and there will
definitely -- definitely -- not be
any Michael Bolton.

RUTH

Amy he's the white Diana Ross--

AMY

I am done with your big crazy over-
the-top Christmas. This is my
house, and my life, and if you want
to come here and be part of my
family you are going to have to
live by my rules, okay?

Amy stares Ruth down, strong... Ruth stares back... Finally:

*

RUTH

Okay. We'll do it your way. We'll
have a mellow Christmas.

AMY

(shocked)

Really?

RUTH

I don't see how I have a choice.

AMY

Well, thank you, Mom--

RUTH

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to
go disinvite 186 of our closest
friends and family from Christmas.

AMY

Great.

RUTH

And cancel the camels which will be
a huge disappointment to the kids,
and, I presume, to the camels.

AMY

Okay.

RUTH

And of course I need to cancel
Michael Bolton.

*

AMY

Yup.

RUTH

The Guardian of the Great American
Songbook.

AMY

If you say so.

RUTH

Mr. Christmas himself.

AMY

No one calls him that.

Ruth glares at Amy, cold...but Amy doesn't crack. Then Ruth
snatches her trophy and angrily storms out.

RUTH

Let's go Hank!

Hank, still chewing, hops up and races out after her. When
they're gone, Amy exhales, relieved and happy...

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BAR -- NIGHT

This local tavern is done up in warm Christmas decor: lights,
a tree, holly draping from the large bar. Amy, Kiki and Carla
sit at a table, celebrating and drinking.

AMY

I did it! I stood up to my mom, and
she actually backed down!

KIKI

Wow! That is so unlikely!

AMY

It felt like, for one second, my mom actually saw me as an equal, you know? Like maybe someday...we could actually be friends?

CARLA

Relax Obama, your mom is still a colossal bitch. Don't let your guard down or she'll put a screwdriver in your back.

AMY

Well, either way, it felt like a big step.

Amy smiles, emotional...

CARLA

I'm so glad. You know what we should do to celebrate?

Just then a highly aggressive TECHNO REMIX of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" BLASTS over the speakers and EIGHT HOT DUDES IN BAGGY SANTA COSTUMES strut out onto the bartop, using it like a catwalk. The female CROWD goes berserk!

CARLA (CONT'D)

We should watch a bunch of Santa
Clauses take their clothes off for
us! SHOW ME YOUR BUTT SANTA CLAUS!

*
*
*

KIKI

(clapping, giddy)
Yay! I love Santa!

CARLA

Did I tell you guys I'm sort of
seeing one of these guys?

*

AMY

Really?! Which one?!

CARLA

Santa Number 2.

The girls all look at TY SWINDEL dancing around with a #2 tagged to his Santa costume, and their jaws drop:

AMY

Nice one, Carla!

Kiki watches Ty happily spank an imaginary ass on stage.

KIKI
He seems like a very nice man.

AMY
How did you guys meet?

CARLA
Waxing his balls.

Amy SNARFS her drink.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Hey, you learn a lot about a man
when you wax his sack. Some guys
cry, some guys act tough, but Ty
was almost...regal. I felt like I
was waxing the balls of a king.

KIKI
So romantic.

AMY
Wait do you actually like this guy?

CARLA
I mean...kinda, yeah! We had an
amazing connection, and I ended up
waxing his butt like twelve times
just so we could keep talking.

AMY
Holy shit I think Carla's in love!

KIKI
That's terrifying.

CARLA
No! I'm not in love! But look, it
sucks being alone during the
holidays, and I actually like this
guy, and I'm just really psyched to
see how tonight goes.

KIKI
Are you wearing special underwear?

CARLA
Bitch I haven't worn underwear
since the third grade.

The women laugh and cheers Carla, happy for her. Just then a
HOST hops up onto the bar with a mic, smiling:

*

*

*

*

SEXY SANTA HOST
How we doing tonight Chicago?!

The bar erupts in APPLAUSE.

SEXY SANTA HOST (CONT'D)
You ready to tell me which Sexy
Santa is the sexiest of them all?!

*

The crowd CHEERS! Carla screams at the surrounding women:

CARLA
NUMBER 2! IF YOU DON'T VOTE FOR
NUMBER 2 I WILL FUCKING MURDER YOU!

SEXY SANTA HOST
Okay, let's start with Santa Number
1. The bar is yours, my man!

"I'm Too Sexy" starts blasting as SANTA NUMBER ONE steps out from the line of Santa's and starts gyrating about like an amateur. Then he rips open his baggy Santa jacket to reveal

AN INCREDIBLY WHITE AND FLABBY BODY

and the entire audience immediately starts BOOING him!

CARLA
BOOO! YOU LOOK LIKE A DAD!

Carla throws her plastic cup at him, and others follow suit!

SEXY SANTA HOST
Okay Santa Number One, I'm not sure
you completely understood how this
competition works, but the crowd
has spoken! Thank you!

Santa #1 laughs and returns to the line of Santa's...

SEXY SANTA HOST (CONT'D)
And now let's welcome Santa Number
Twoooooooooo!

Annie Lennox's sensual "No More 'I Love You's" comes on, and

TY SWINDEL SMOOTHLY SLIDES FROM THE LINE OF SANTA'S

and starts working it like Magic Mike! He spins a Santa sack over his head and flings it into the crowd! Everyone CHEERS! Then he starts slowly unbuttoning his Santa jacket while rhythmically thrusting his hips! The crowd is digging it!

AMY

He's really good at stripping!

KIKI

He has such kind eyes!

CARLA

I am going to fuck his dick off tonight.

Then, perfectly timed to a musical crescendo, Ty rips off his Santa jacket, unveiling his ridiculous, oiled-up abs and

ALL OF THE WOMEN IN THE BAR GO BERSERK!

Even a few SUPER-STRAIGHT GUYS nod, impressed, wow. Carla jumps up and yells at Ty like a woman possessed:

CARLA

PUT A BABY IN ME SANTA NUMBER TWO!

Ty dances silkily across the bar, topless. Then, with his back to the crowd, he reaches down and RIPS off his break-away Santa pants, exposing his perfect ass and tiny red G-string, trimmed with white fur! The women in the bar SCREAM even louder, as Kiki claps, giddy:

KIKI

I love his underpants! They're so seasonal!

Ty twerks his ass to increasingly faster speeds, driving the crowd crazier and crazier, and then, at exactly the right point in the song, he spins, facing the crowd, and revealing

THE FRONT OF HIS BULGING G-STRING

For a second, the entire room is stunned SILENT -- and then everyone EXPLODES CHEERING! Women high-ten, YES! Dudes shift in their seats, emasculated. Amy looks at Kiki, alarmed:

AMY

I could do a chin-up on that thing.

KIKI

Seriously, if that thing breaks free someone is going to get hurt.

Carla just points at Ty with both hands, totally insane:

CARLA

I WANT TO MARRY YOU AND MOVE TO A GOOD SCHOOL DISTRICT SANTA NUMBER TWO!

Ty spots Carla in the crowd, smiles, makes a heart sign with his hands, and blows it to her as he dances! Carla collapses back into her chair, as if struck by Cupid's arrow.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Guys I think I am in love.

Kiki and Amy laugh, until--

CARLA (CONT'D)
I'm serious. I've never felt this way about another human being before in my entire life.

KIKI
Not even your child--?

Amy hushes Kiki, not now. Carla just gazes at Ty dancing...

CARLA
He moves like a cobra...plus he's really tan in the wintertime which you guys know is my favorite thing ...I honestly think he's The One--

KIKI
Hey, is that your mom?!

Amy and Carla turn to see Carla's mom ISIS sloppily dancing on top of the bar with Ty! Carla sees her, and smiles:

CARLA
Holy shit it is! HEY MOM!

Isis turns, sees her daughter, and drunkenly waves back, hey!

AMY
So, um, what is she doing here?

CARLA
Oh my mom loves strippers. Yeah, she used to take me to all the great male strip clubs when I was a kid -- it was like our special mother-daughter thing, you know?

AMY
That sort of explains...everything, actually.

They watch Carla's mom grind on Ty's crotch, her arm raised like a cowboy riding a bronco WOO-HOO!

CARLA

My mom dances with everyone like
this so it's no big deal. It
doesn't bother me.

(increasingly upset)

This is a really long song, huh?

Then Isis jams Ty's face into her cleavage, and Carla can't
take anymore -- she pushes through the crowd towards the bar.

CARLA (CONT'D)

OKAY MOM NO MOTORBOATING! WE'VE
TALKED ABOUT THIS!

BACK AT THE TABLE

Kiki turns to Amy, smiling, adorable:

KIKI

Aww, Carla and her mom have all the
same gross dance moves!

AMY

I know! It's...almost...sweet?

AT THE BAR

Carla reaches the bar and reaches up towards her mom, who is
playing bongos on Ty's butt as she dances.

CARLA

OKAY MOM YOU GOTTA GET DOWN!

ISIS

WHY?! THIS IS MY BEST MOVE!

CARLA

BECAUSE I LIKE HIM!

ISIS

YOU WHAT--?!

Isis, tipsy, steps towards Carla to hear her better but

SHE STEPS CLEAR OFF THE BAR

and face-plants on the floor with a THUD! Carla looks down.

CARLA

Oh fuck.

INT. LOCAL BAR -- BACK HALLWAY -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Sounds of the rowdy bar THUMP through the back hallway. Carla sits on a bench with her mom's head on her lap...

CARLA
How you feeling, mom?

ISIS
Oh I'm fine. I've fallen off bars
way taller than that before.

Just then Ty, still in only his G-string and Santa boots, appears with a bag of ice, sensitive, concerned...

TY SWINDEL
Here you go.

CARLA
Thanks Ty.

Carla takes the ice and gently lays it on her mom's face.

TY SWINDEL
How's she doing?

ISIS
Why the fuck is my face so cold?!

CARLA
She's about normal.

TY SWINDEL
So, um, about tonight...

CARLA
Yeah, I'd love to hang out with
you, but I gotta stay with my mom.
She might have a concussion.

Ty nods, understanding, but genuinely crestfallen...

TY SWINDEL
I have to go back to Cleveland
tomorrow, but I'll call you next
time I'm in town...?

CARLA
(nodding, sad)
Please do. I'll wax your balls for
free.

TY SWINDEL
Thanks. I'd really like that.

Carla smiles, heartbroken, confident she won't see him again.
Ty smiles back, then leans over and kisses her cheek, sweet.

TY SWINDEL (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas, Carla.

CARLA
Merry Christmas, Ty.

He turns and walks off in his ridiculous fuzzy G-string.
Carla watches him go, profoundly disappointed...

ISIS
Hey have you thought any more about
loaning me that 20 grand? I'm only
asking because my alpaca guy keeps
texting me and if I don't act fast
I'm gonna be left with a bunch of
shitty alpacas... Carla...?

But Carla isn't listening. She just looks after Ty, sad...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING

Mike's car pulls up to Amy's house and parks...

TITLE: "2 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Sleepy-eyed, Amy opens her front door and lets in MIKE.

AMY
Hey Mike.
(calling upstairs)
HEY KIDS, DAD IS HERE!

MIKE
You smell like strippers.

AMY
I have no idea why that would be--

Just then Ruth blows into the room, gunning for Mike.

RUTH
THERE'S MY FAVORITE SON-IN-LAW!

Ruth hugs Mike way too hard. Amy just shakes her head.

MIKE
Don't let go Ruthie. Drink me in.

RUTH
How wide is your chest? Is feels
like 42 inches! Amy feel his chest--

AMY
Mom please let go of him.

Just then DYLAN and JANE come downstairs with their bags.

DYLAN/JANE
Hey Dad. / Hi Dad.

As the kids HUG their father, Ruth turns to Amy:

RUTH
Oh Amy look how much they love
their dad. It's like a commercial--

AMY
(so annoyed)
Okay bye kiddos. Have fun.

DYLAN/JANE
Bye Mom. / Love you, Mom.

Dylan and Jane hug their mom goodbye, then exit...

AMY
Thanks for watching them, Mike.

MIKE
Yeah no problem.
(turning to go, then:)
Oh, can you please remember to sign
the divorce papers?

AMY
Yes. Sorry. I'm on it.

MIKE
Also: can I buy the kids a horse
for Christmas--?

AMY
Nope.

RUTH
She's so strict, isn't she? You
always were the fun one, Michael--

AMY
Oh my God I'm too hungover to deal
with you weirdos. Goodbye Mike.

Amy shuffles off, leaving Ruth with Mike. Ruth whispers:

RUTH
So did you get my email?

MIKE
About how you pretended to cancel
your Christmas party but how it's
actually still on?

RUTH
Yeah.

MIKE
Yeah. It was super confusing.

RUTH
So will I see you here tomorrow?

MIKE
Will there really be a camel?

RUTH
Yes.

MIKE
Then I'll be here.

Ruth grins and hugs Mike tight...

CUT TO:

EXT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

Establishing shot of a therapist's office...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

Kiki and her mom sit side-by-side on a therapist's couch.
Sandy grins, just happy to be sitting close to Kiki.

KIKI
Thank you for seeing us, doctor.
You come highly recommended from my
friend Amy Mitchell.

REVERSE to see DR. KARL sitting in her therapist's chair.

DR. KARL
I have no idea who that is. So what
brings you here today, Kiki?

Kiki glances at her beaming mom, and proceeds cautiously...

KIKI

Okay, well, my mom and I are very close, and...how do I say this...?

SANDY

And we want to get even closer!

KIKI

Nooo...? No, I think we want to get a little more...independent.

SANDY

Well as long as we can do it together I'm all for it!

Sandy grins, not getting it. Kiki looks to Dr. Karl for help.

DR. KARL

Sandy, tell me about your relationship with your daughter.

SANDY

Oh my gosh that's my favorite topic! Well, Kiki was born July 30, 1983, and she was the most beautiful baby the world had ever seen. I remember when the nurse laid her on my breast I looked down at her and I said: "you are going to be my best friend forever."

KIKI

Is that normal? The "best friend forever" thing?

DR. KARL

We try not to use the word "normal" around here.

Dr. Karl subtly shakes her head at Kiki: no it's not normal.

SANDY

Kiki was a perfect baby in every way -- I have over 4,000 photos of her on my phone if you'd like to--

DR. KARL

No I really wouldn't.

SANDY

Okey doke. And then, when Kiki was 12 years old, my husband died and that's when Kiki and I became really close.

KIKI
We slept in the same bed until I
went to college.

DR. KARL
Wow. Okay. So how does all this
closeness make you feel, Kiki?

SANDY
Oh she loves it! Who wouldn't want
to be best friends with their mom?!

Kiki forces a weak smile, and treads lightly:

KIKI
I love my mom. I really do. And now
that I'm a mom myself, I truly
understand all the sacrifices she
made for me, and I love her even
more... But sometimes she can be a
bit...much.

SANDY
(shocked)
WHAT?! Like when?!

KIKI
Like when you watched Kent and I
have sex the other night?

DR. KARL
Hell-o.

SANDY
I just like to know what's going on
in your life! Is that so wrong?!

KIKI
No, but sometimes I just need a
little...space.

SANDY
What is happening right now?! Why
are you turning on me?!

KIKI
I'm not turning on you Mom! I just
want to have some boundaries in--

SANDY
I have cancer.

KIKI
What?!

DR. KARL

Oh Lord.

SANDY

I didn't want to tell you because I thought we were best friends but apparently we're not anymore so I might as well just spill the beans.

KIKI

W-What kind of cancer...?

SANDY

(beat)

Heart...cancer.

KIKI

Heart cancer?

(to Dr. Karl)

Is that a real cancer?

DR. KARL

I'm just a therapist, I don't know science.

SANDY

I'm sorry you had to find out this way Kiki, but maybe you could find it in your non-cancerous heart to be nice to me before I die.

KIKI

I am so sorry, Mom. I had no idea.

Starting to cry, Kiki takes her mom's hand... Sandy smiles, maternal, *it's okay*, and wipes Kiki's tears away... Finally:

SANDY

Okay I don't have cancer.

KIKI

WHAT?!

DR. KARL

I knew it.

SANDY

But imagine if I did have cancer, how would you feel, being so mean to your mother?

KIKI

I'm not trying to be mean to you, Mom!

(MORE)

KIKI (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to have an honest conversation about our relationship--!

SANDY

I have cancer again.

KIKI

Okay I don't think that works a second time.

SANDY

I have polio.

KIKI

I think they cured polio--?

SANDY

I have severe allergies.

KIKI

Mom, can we please just talk about our relationship? I really want to work this out with you.

SANDY

Okay...okay... Let me just run to the ladies and I'll be right back.

Sandy stands, grabs her purse and exits. Kiki collapses back on the couch, looking at the ceiling, totally drained. A beat. Another beat.

KIKI

She's not coming back is she.

DR. KARL

Nope. I don't even have a bathroom.

KIKI

What is the matter with her?

DR. KARL

Oh, it's real simple: your mom is fucking crazy. Yeah, she should probably be in a mental institution right now.

KIKI

But...why is she so crazy?

DR. KARL

You wanna know the truth? Your mom was probably pretty normal before she had you. But then you were born and you didn't sleep for six months so she didn't sleep for six months and you refused to eat and when you did eat you barfed all over her clothes and that made her a little crazy. Then you fell off your bike and broke your arm and you got bullied at school and you dated some weird dude with a spike through his nose and all those things made your mom a little more crazy. Then you left home and you lived in some sketchy-ass neighborhood and you couldn't find a job and you became a vegan or some shit and that made your mom even crazier still. Then you got married and bought a house you can't afford and you're raising kids who never say please or thank you -- shit they can't even read -- and all that made your mom super-duper crazy, and then you come to my office and you're like: hey Dr. Karl why is my mom so crazy? And the answer is: you, motherfucker! You made her crazy! So be nice to your mom, because you're the one who fucked her shit up.

KIKI

Wow. I never thought of it that way before.

DR. KARL

Now go find your crazy ass mom before she wanders into traffic.

Kiki nods and hurries out...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHOLE FOODS SUPERMARKET -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

Establishing shot of a fancy market, done up for Christmas.

TITLE: "1 DAY UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

EXT. WHOLE FOODS -- DAY

A RICH WOMAN pushes her cart out of the market, right past CARLA and ISIS, who wear matching red vests and Santa hats and stand in front of a large barrel full of CANNED FOOD.

CARLA

Excuse me would you like to donate
your cans to our Christmas canned
food drive?

The woman stops, torn, as Isis glances at her groceries...

RICH WOMAN

Ummm, I sort of just bought all
this stuff so--?

ISIS

BINGO! She's got cans!

Isis starts taking ALL THE CANS out of the rich woman's grocery bags as she just watches on, disturbed:

RICH WOMAN

But...those are my cans--?

CARLA

Check it out, she's got wine too.

Carla starts pulling BOTTLES OF WINE out of the woman's bags--

RICH WOMAN

Wait, you're taking my wine--?

ISIS

(holding up a bag of CHIPS)
These any good?

RICH WOMAN

M-My husband likes them--?

Isis shrugs, cool, and takes them too, her arms overflowing with the rich woman's food and booze. Carla finishes checking all the bags and nods:

CARLA

Okay I think we're good here. Thank
you for your generous donation to
the canned food drive have a Merry
Christmas.

The rich woman hurries off, appalled, as Carla and Isis stuff all of their groceries into their barrel.

CARLA (CONT'D)
That was a good haul.

ISIS
Yeah she had some good shit.

Carla opens a twist-top wine bottle, takes a swig.

CARLA
I gotta say, Mom, ripping off rich
people in front of the supermarket
with you brings back a lot of happy
Christmas memories.

Carla passes the bottle to Isis, who smiles, warm:

ISIS
It does for me too, babe...
(to exiting MAN)
Excuse me would you like to donate
to our canned food driv--?

But the man just blows past, carrying his bags...

ISIS (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU DUDE WE DON'T EVEN WANT
YOUR CANS!

CARLA
He was kind of cute.

ISIS
I know I would've liked to have
taken his cans.

They laugh together. Isis takes a swig of wine, passes the
bottle. Carla looks at her mom, then:

CARLA
Hey so I've been thinking about the
money you asked me for...and it's
Christmas, and you're my mom, and
if you say you're not gonna ditch
me and gamble all my money away,
then I believe you. So here:

Carla reaches into her pocket, pulls out a CHECK, and gives
it to her mom, nervous, vulnerable...

CARLA (CONT'D)
It's pretty much all my savings...

ISIS

Thanks babe. I will pay you back. I swear I've cleaned up my act--

(to EXITING SHOPPER)

Excuse me would you like to donate to our canned food drive?

EXITING SHOPPER

(stopping his cart, frowning)

Yikes, I sort of just bought--?

Too late. Carla and Isis are already raiding his grocery bags, taking cereal boxes, steaks, a watermelon--

CARLA

(holding up a fish filet)

What the fuck is opah?

EXITING SHOPPER

It's a type of fish?

ISIS

It's 23 bucks a pound -- take it.

Carla takes the fish and continues stealing all the man's groceries. He just looks confused:

EXITING SHOPPER

So, umm, what charity are you guys with again?

ISIS

We're with a charity called Stop Asking Questions Or We'll Steal Your Fucking Car--

CARLA

(glancing back)

Oh shit the manager's coming the manager's coming.

Carla and Isis jam all of the man's groceries into their barrel and quickly, if awkwardly, start rolling it off... The man just stands there, watching them, dumbstruck...

CARLA (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas. I like your vest.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Dressed in snow gear, their faces rosey, Amy happily drives home with Jessie and their kids, Christmas music playing.

AMY
How great was that sledding?!

JESSIE
There is still an alarming amount
of snow in my pants.

AMY
(laughing)
I can't wait to get home, throw on
our jammies, bake some cookies and--

Amy rounds the corner to her street, and silences: both sides
of the road are packed with parked cars.

JESSIE
Someone's having a party...

As they draw closer, they see that AMY'S HOUSE is insanely
lit up in blue and white lights, all the animatronics on the
lawn are in full action, and PEOPLE are streaming inside...

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Wait. You're having a party.

DYLAN
Is that a camel on our front lawn?

A WISE MAN leads a CAMEL around Amy's front yard...

JESSIE
Yup. That's a camel.

Jessie turns to Amy, who looks beyond furious.

AMY
I'm gonna kill her.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy blows into her house...to find its been completely made-
over in icy blue & white. Sparkly icicle ornaments hang from
giant blue and white sashes, which drape across every wall
and ceiling. The floors are covered in white veneer, and blue
uplights give the room an over-the-top Skybar meets Vanity
Fair Oscar party vibe. Amy looks around, stunned:

AMY
What...the...fuck.

In a daze, Amy walks through her unrecognizable home, passing
ICE SCULPTURES and a CHAMPAGNE TOWER and a table of
professional SWAG BAGS and WAITERS IN WHITE TUXEDOS and of
course GUESTS everywhere, marvelling at it all...

*

AMY (CONT'D)
What happened...to my house--?

Just then an incredibly loud JAPANESE CHEF, who's cutting salmon at his SUSHI STATION, yells at Amy:

SUSHI CHEF
IRASSHAIMASEEEEE--!

AMY
No! Stop!

The sushi chef quiets, *sorry*. Amy moves past him to an INSTAGRAM STATION where annoying HIPSTERS help guests take photos with "wacky" Christmas props...

AMY (CONT'D)
Who are these people...?

*

Finally Amy reaches MICHAEL BOLTON, in a tux, standing on a small makeshift stage, crooning "Back Door Santa" while a BAND rocks out behind him. GUESTS dance whitely before him...

MICHAEL BOLTON
*They call me Backdoor Santa, I make
my runs about the break of day...*

AMY
Michael Bolton...is in my den.

Then Amy spots RUTH, in an insane Oscar gown, laughing riotously with some guests. Amy beelines up to her, hot:

AMY (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

RUTH
Amy! Do you remember Gary--?

AMY
Now.

Ruth frowns and steps to the side. Amy is livid:

AMY (CONT'D)
You lied to me!

RUTH
I did what was best for your kids--
(to passing GUEST)
Try the punch! It has gold in it!

AMY

Mom: this is everything that's
wrong with Christmas in one room!
It's show-offy and soulless and
gross and I want it all gone!

RUTH

Don't be ridiculous Amy. You can't
kick Michael Bolton out of your
house he's a national treasure--

AMY

If you won't do it, I will.

RUTH

You wouldn't dare.

AMY

Watch me.

Amy marches over to Michael Bolton, and grabs his mic. He
abruptly stops singing, and the band stops playing.

AMY (CONT'D)

You need to leave my house.

MICHAEL BOLTON

What?

AMY

GET THE FUCK OUT MICHAEL BOLTON!

MICHAEL BOLTON

Okay, okay! Jesus--

Michael Bolton and his band grab their instruments and race
out, scared. Amy turns to the room, speaks into the mic:

AMY

OKAY, PARTY'S OVER! EVERYONE OUT!

Everyone looks stunned -- Ruth most of all.

AMY (CONT'D)

COME ON INSTAGRAM PEOPLE! LET'S GO
SUSHI GUY! OUT! THANKS FOR COMING
STRANGE PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW!

*

Amy moves through the party, gesturing, *let's go*, and
everyone starts leaving... Ruth races after Amy, furious:

RUTH

Amy stop! You are embarrassing our
family--!

AMY

I want all this crap gone too, the
 swag bags, the weird curtains, the
 tree *oh my God that tree has to go!*

Amy crosses to the GIANT BLUE & WHITE TREE and starts to lift
 it, but Ruth races over and grabs the other side--

RUTH

No! Don't touch my tree! It's from
 Paris!

AMY

(pulling on it)

That's the whole point Mom! I don't
 want a designer tree from Paris! I
 just want a normal Christmas tree!

As the last guests hurry out, Amy lifts the tree off the
 floor, but it's bulky and cumbersome, and she starts
 staggering about her living room, out of control!

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh shit--

Making matters worse, Ruth won't let go of the tree--

AMY (CONT'D)

Let go Mom!

RUTH

NEVER.

The two women try to wrest control of the tree, spinning it
 about wildly! It knocks over a lamp, which crashes to the
 floor in an explosion of SPARKS! Then the tree swipes ALL THE
 GLASS DECORATIONS off the mantle, sending them CRASHING onto
 the floor! Ruth gasps, horrified:

RUTH (CONT'D)

Those were from Bergdorfs!

Furious, Ruth yanks on the tree, causing it to take out the
 CHAMPAGNE TOWER! Hundreds of champagne glasses SHATTER on the
 floor, and champagne cascades everywhere! *

AMY

I will never let you ruin
 Christmas!

RUTH

Me?! You're the one ruining
 Christmas!

Incensed, Amy pulls on the tree, and it catches a giant blue sash, yanking it down! The METAL RIGGING that holds up the sash crashes down too, and soon all of the sashes, and their rigging, start CRASHING down all over the house like dominoes, DESTROYING everything in their path!

Just then JESSIE runs inside and stops, horrified!

JESSIE

What are you guys doing?!

Jessie races over to Amy and Ruth, who continue wrestling over the tree as it careens and smashes about!

AMY

This is all her fault!

RUTH

Nonsense! This is all your fault--

Jessie grabs the tree and holds it firm.

JESSIE

Let go! Let go of the tree!

Amy and Ruth eventually let go, and the tree drops to the floor. Ruth steps back, furious, while Jessie comforts Amy:

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay...?

Amy nods, shaken up. Jessie puts his arm around her...

RUTH

I don't know why you dote on her.
She doesn't even like you...

Jessie looks confused. Ruth angrily straightens her dress...

RUTH (CONT'D)

Did you know she's had her divorce papers for three months and she still hasn't signed them? She's obviously having second thoughts about divorcing Mike.

AMY

You are the devil--

JESSIE

(troubled)

Is that true?

AMY

No! I mean, yes, I haven't signed the papers yet but--

RUTH

She's a child of divorce, she knows how bad it can be, she'll never do that to her own family. Trust me, she'll be back with Mike in no time. You're just a little fling.

*
*
*
*

AMY

Jessie, that's not true--

JESSIE

You know what, my daughter's waiting out front, I'm just gonna go.

Jessie, hurt, makes for the door, stepping over debris...

AMY

Jessie, wait--!

Jessie holds up his hands, *I don't want to hear it*, and exits. Furious, Amy wheels on Ruth, who smiles slightly.

AMY (CONT'D)

Get out.

RUTH

Amy--

AMY

I've been putting up with your shit my entire life and I can't take it anymore. I can't. I want you out of my house, and I want you out of my life, for good.

*

RUTH

You don't mean that--

AMY

I really do.

RUTH

Amy it's Christmas--

AMY

GET OUT MOM!

Ruth recoils at her daughter's fury. Then she collects herself and marches out the door... Amy looks off, furious, her mind spinning, until she notices...

HER KIDS STANDING BY THE STAIRS

surrounded by the completely decimated house. They just look at her, scared and upset:

JANE

W-Why'd you do that, Mom...?

DYLAN

Yeah. You just ruined Christmas...

Amy's mouth opens, but nothing comes out... Jane and Dylan turn and sadly head upstairs... Eventually Amy sinks to the floor and starts quietly crying, hating herself...

Camera starts SLOWLY PULLING BACK through the wreckage...

AMY (V.O.)

*So that's how it happened. That's
how I ruined Christmas. I got so
wrapped up in fighting with my mom
that I lost sight of the only thing
that actually matters on Christmas.
I lost sight of my kids...*

*
*
*
*
*

As we pull back, Amy grows smaller and smaller in frame...

AMY

*I literally felt like the worst mom
in the world...*

*
*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

INT. KIKI'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kiki's family gathers around the Christmas tree, excited. Her kids are in their pajamas. A fire burns in the fireplace...

KIKI

Okay guys, it's Christmas Eve so
everyone gets to open one present--

SANDY

Open mine Kiki open mine!

A bit alarmed, Kiki takes a SMALL WRAPPED BOX from Sandy.

KIKI

Apparently I will go first...

Kiki opens the box...to find a KEY.

KIKI (CONT'D)
What's this?

SANDY
A key to...my new houuuuse!

KIKI
What...what are you talking about?

SANDY
After our therapy session I felt
like we were drifting apart so I
decided to move closer to you guys!

KIKI
O-Okay? Where are you moving to?

Sandy points out the window to the HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

SANDY
Right there!

Kiki's face -- and heart -- drops.

KENT
Oh Jesus...

KIKI
You're moving next door to me?

SANDY
YA! The house wasn't on the market
but I went on Zillow and I made the
owner an all-cash offer and boom!
Now we can live next door to each
other for the rest of our lives!

*

*

KIKI
(rubbing her temples)
Kent get the kids out of here.

Kent quickly hustles the kids out of the room...

KIKI (CONT'D)
Mom. You can't live next door to
me.

SANDY
Why not?

KIKI
Because I need space, and that's
just too close.

Sandy looks increasingly horrified...

SANDY
You don't want to see me all day,
everyday?

KIKI
I hate to say this, Mom, but no.

SANDY
I have diabetes.

KIKI
Mom: stop. We need to have this
conversation. I've been avoiding it
for so long because I didn't want
to hurt you, but it's time. I'm a
grown woman now, Mom, and I need to
have my own life separate from you,
and you need to have a life
separate from me. I'm sorry.

Sandy just starts crying...

SANDY
But I don't want to have a life
separate from you Kiki! You're my
favorite person in the whole world!

KIKI
I know mom, but it's just too much.
This is starting to affect my
marriage and my family and my
sanity and I just need you to let
go of me a little bit, okay?

*
*
*
*
*

SANDY
But what am I going to do with
myself?!

KIKI
I don't know...maybe you could make
some friends? Or travel? You've
always wanted to go to Las Vegas
and see The Blue Man Group--?

Sandy just starts BAWLING.

SANDY
Why are you doing this to me Kiki?!

KIKI
Mom, please--

SANDY
*Also I really don't think I can
return that house!*

Sandy races out. Kiki stares off, feeling horrible...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carla enters her dark house, in her spa uniform and parka, carrying a couple bags of groceries, which she puts down...

CARLA
Hey Mom!

But no one responds. Carla crosses her living room, past a white SPRINT PCS CHRISTMAS TREE, which is burning bright. *

CARLA (CONT'D)
Mom?

Carla pokes her head into her guest room, but it's empty.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Mom...?

But her mom is gone. Carla slumps, realizing that once again her mom has abandoned her...

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS CARLA *

looking miserable and alone in front of her tree... *

CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING PAST KIKI *

Looking equally miserable and alone in her living room... *

CAMERA CONTINUES PAST AMY *

sitting quietly in her decimated house, depressed... *

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUR MOTHER OF ETERNAL SUFFERING CHURCH -- NIGHT

Establishing shot of this beautiful snow-covered church... *

INT. OUR MOTHER OF ETERNAL SUFFERING CHURCH -- NIGHT

PARISHIONERS file in and take their seats, waiting for the
midnight service to begin. A small CHILDREN'S CHOIR sings a
beautiful, if haunting, version of "Silent Night"...

RUTH SITS ALONE IN A PEW

looking grim in a black coat... Then, behind her,

KIKI'S MOM ENTERS THE CHURCH

looking sad and a bit lost. She spots Ruth, and joins her.

SANDY

Hey.

RUTH

Hello.

They watch the kids sing...

SANDY

Thanks again for inviting me to
your church.

RUTH

I really didn't.

Just then

ISIS CRASHES DOWN NEXT TO THEM

and puts her knees up on the pew in front of her.

ISIS

Whatup bitches.

SANDY

Oh my gosh it's Isis! Hi Isis!

RUTH

I must say, I didn't expect you to
be the churchgoing type.

ISIS

(frowning, guilty)
Yeah, well, we all have shit to
atone for, right...?

The DORKY MAN sitting in front of them turns, appalled.

RUTH

Oh fuck off, White Urkel.

The man spins back around, scared...

*

SANDY

Well, I sure needed a little
churching tonight!

*

No one asks why, but Sandy prattles on nonetheless:

SANDY (CONT'D)

Today my daughter told me she needs
"more space," whatever that means!

RUTH

Yeah well my daughter just kicked
me out of her life forever.

SANDY

What?! Why?!

RUTH

Apparently I'm "too critical."
Kids today are so soft.

*

*

SANDY

It's true! You wouldn't believe how
mad Kiki got when I told her I
bought the house next to hers!

*

Ruth and Isis exchange a look, thrown.

ISIS

Wait -- you bought the house next
to your daughter?

SANDY

Ya!

RUTH

Did you ask her first?

SANDY

No! I wanted it to be a surprise!

RUTH

Yeah...that might be a bit much.

SANDY

What?!

ISIS

Dude that's fucking psycho.

Sandy stammers, shocked, then lashes back:

SANDY

Well at least I love my daughter!
You only visit Carla when you need
money!

ISIS

That's not true! I also visit her
when I'm hiding from people!

RUTH

Just admit it, Isis, you are a
degenerate gambler with a third
grade education and a cheap weave
and you prey on your daughter's
desperate need for you to love her.

ISIS

AND YOU ARE A JUDGY BITCH!

*

Several PARISHIONERS turn, appalled by Isis's language.

*

SANDY

Ladies! It is Jesus's birthday--!

*

ISIS

No wonder your daughter kicked you
out! You ride that poor girl like
Seabiscuit!

SANDY

It's true, Ruth. You can be a tad
judgemental sometimes.

*

Ruth recoils, red-faced, outraged:

RUTH

How DARE you speak to me this way!

ISIS

Yeah, we're judging you. It feels
shitty, right?

Ruth opens her mouth to speak, but no words come out... All
three grandmas just sit there, stewing, not talking...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Trashbag in hand, Amy forlornly picks up garbage in her
decimated living room. She's made some progress but the house
is still a disaster. Then she stops, dials her phone...

JESSIE'S VOICEMAIL
This is Jessie, leave a message.

AMY
Hey, it's me again. I was hoping the 9th call would be the lucky one but I guess not... I wanted you to know I just signed my divorce papers. I'm sorry it took me so long. I think when you grow up with divorced parents, you just really don't want to do the same thing yourself... But I did it, and it felt right, and I love you... Hope your Christmas Eve is going better than mine. Call me. Bye.

Amy hangs up, sad, and puts her phone away. Just then

THE DOOR OPENS

and Amy looks up, hoping it's Jessie... But it's just HANK.

AMY
Oh. Hey Hank.

HANK
Hey. Your mom sent me to get her stuff.

Amy nods. Hank crosses to the stairs in silence. Then:

AMY
Why does she hate me so much?
Hank stops.

HANK
Hate you? Your mom doesn't hate you.

AMY
Then why does she constantly tear me down and criticize me and tell me how to live my life? Because she loves me so much?

HANK
Actually...yeah?

AMY
Oh come on, Hank.

HANK

Your mom's hard on you because she wants you to have the best life possible, Amy, and she doesn't want you making the same mistakes she did. But she does love you.

AMY

Yeah well she's got a seriously fucked up way of showing it.

Amy goes back to picking up trash. Hank searches for words...

HANK

Do you know that back home your mom brags about you nonstop? Oh yeah, everyone in our neighborhood knows about your big promotion at work and your great new house and your perfect kids -- oh my God she never stops talking about what an amazing mom you are. "Amy taught Jane this, Amy took Dylan to that, Amy is the best mom I've ever seen." The neighbors run from her so they don't have to listen to her brag about you -- you know that, right?

Amy swallows, getting choked up in spite of herself...

AMY

No...I-I didn't know that...

HANK

Well it's true -- they hate your mom! Oh, and all the texts your mom sends me? Here--

Hank approaches Amy, pulling out his phone and scrolling through an endless stream of texts.

HANK (CONT'D)

These are all from your mom, telling me how amazing you are. I get more of these every day...

Amy can't help but glance at the texts as Hank reads them:

HANK (CONT'D)

"Amy just won the PTA election! Of course she did, she's a star!" Or here's another: "Amy called me on the anniversary of grandpa's death. She remembers every year.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

What an exceptional child." Here's another: "Just met Karen DeGlassio's daughter. She's a disgusting pig with terrible style. Couldn't hold a candle to my Amy." That's not the nicest one, but you get the point.

Amy takes the phone and reads...and reads...tears flowing...

AMY

These are so...nice.

HANK

That's what I'm trying to tell you, Amy. Your mom loves you. A lot.

AMY

But why can't she say any of this to me? Or act this way to me?

HANK

That's just not how she was raised. You know her mother, Grandma Deirdorf. She is literally a Nazi. Nothing your mom does is ever good enough for that woman. Did you know that Grandma's nickname for your mom is "Lazy Ruth?" Which is a horrible nickname for so many reasons, not least of which is it's not even a play on words, it's just a mean word plus Ruth. Can you imagine living under that woman's reign of terror for 70 years? It's actually remarkable your mom is as sweet and loving as she is.

*
*

Amy frowns, emotional, still scrolling through the texts...

AMY

"Two days til we go to Amy's for Christmas! She is, and always will be, the light of my life..."

(wiping tears away)

Fuck.

HANK

Your mom's not perfect Amy. But you have to learn how to forgive her, because you only get one mom...

(beat)

Unless your parents are lesbians. Then you get two moms.

Amy stands, a wreck of emotions...

AMY
Where is she?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS -- NIGHT

Amy's car RACES through Chicago at top speed... Luckily it's Christmas Eve and the roads are mostly empty...

INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Amy floors it through a yellow light, determined...

EXT. OUR MOTHER OF ETERNAL SUFFERING CHURCH -- NIGHT

Amy SQUEALS up to the church and hurries inside...

INT. OUR MOTHER OF ETERNAL SUFFERING CHURCH -- NIGHT

The church is more full now, though the service hasn't yet started. The children's choir still sings. Then

*
*

AMY HURRIES INTO THE CHURCH

looking for her mom... She finally spots RUTH, crosses to her row, and sits next to her, nervous and a bit scared:

AMY
Hey.

Ruth looks over, surprised -- then immediately turns cold:

RUTH
Hi.

Then SANDY pokes her head around Ruth, smiling and waving:

SANDY
Hi I'm Sandy I'm Kiki's mom!

AMY
I know, we've met like 20 times-

Then ISIS chin-nods over at Amy.

ISIS
What up, Carla's friend.

AMY
Hey! Wow -- everyone's here, huh?

RUTH

What are you doing here Amy.

Amy inhales deeply, then launches in:

AMY

I just wanted to say I was sorry
for kicking you out. You're my mom,
and that was a little harsh.

RUTH

It certainly was.

Ruth stares forward, righteous, not saying a word... The
choir sings on... Amy frowns, *this isn't going well*... Isis
reaches over and smacks Ruth's arm, hissing:

*

ISIS

*That's your daughter you crazy ice-
bitch! Talk to her!*

Ruth squirms, uncomfortable... Then, finally:

RUTH

Fine, I'm sorry too. Apparently, on
very rare occasions, I can be a tad
judgemental. Also it is possible,
however unlikely, that I don't
always know what's best for you.

AMY

Well thank you Mo--

RUTH

I almost always do though.

AMY

Right but--

RUTH

Let's be honest 98 percent of the
time I'm right. But there are a
few, very rare instances, where I
might be partially mistaken. For
example, I probably shouldn't have
thrown a secret Christmas Party at
your house without your permission.
And it is conceivable that I
shouldn't have said all those
horrible things to your boyfriend
afterwards.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

Obviously you made an incredible
number of bad decisions yourself,
but for the small fraction of the
blame that falls to me, I
am...basically...sorry.

*
*
*
*
*

AMY

Well thank you Mom. I know how hard
it was for you to say that.

Ruth faces forward, chin held high.

RUTH

It was thank you.

Amy looks at her ridiculously stubborn mom, and softens...

AMY

I know you only criticize me and
push me to be perfect because you
love me, and I want you to know...I
love you too, Mom.

Kiki's mom immediately breaks out CRYING:

SANDY

This is the best Christmas ever--!

ISIS

Get your shit together Sandy.

Amy gently takes Ruth's hand...Ruth frowns...glances at
Amy...glances again...then finally she turns to her daughter
and gushes, emotional, vulnerable:

RUTH

Every day I try to tell you how
much I love you, Amy, I try to tell
you you're amazing and smart and
talented and beautiful and I wish I
was half as close to my kids as you
are with yours but I just don't
know how to do this stuff...I just
don't...

REVERSE on Amy, tears flowing down her cheeks...

AMY

Well you're doing a pretty good job
so far.

Sandy and Isis point to the tears running down their cheeks.

ISIS

Yeah. This is super fucking emotional.

Ruth touches Amy's face, warm, maternal...

RUTH

I'm sorry Amy. I'm doing the best I can, you know...? And of course I love you. You're my daughter...

*
*

Amy hugs her mom. Next to them, Sandy SOBS LOUDLY, tears and snot flowing. Isis SIGHS, puts her arm around Sandy.

ISIS

Jesus Christ you're a fucking trainwreck.

SANDY

They really love each other!

ISIS

I know dude. I know...

Just then the CHURCH BELLS start ringing midnight, and Amy pulls apart from her mom, alarmed:

AMY

Wait, it's already midnight?!

RUTH

Yeah.

AMY

We have to save Christmas or the kids will never forgive me!

RUTH

I've waited my entire life for this moment. Let's DO this.

Amy and Ruth race out of the church together as ADRENALIZED CHRISTMAS MUSIC starts to play and we

SMASH TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amy's house is still a disaster. Then, IN SLO-MO, Amy and Ruth blast inside! Ruth barks out commands like a platoon leader while Amy hurdles the couch, racing for the kitchen!

AMY SWEEPS AN ARMFUL OF WINE BOTTLES OFF THE COFFEE TABLE
into a trashbag that Ruth is holding!

AMY RACES BY VACUUMING THE FLOOR

*

and then ducks under a floor lamp that Ruth is carrying the
other direction! They're like a well oiled machine!

*

*

IN THE BACKYARD

Amy and her mom use a two person hand-saw to cut down a PINE
TREE, sweating, working their asses off. Amy yells GO GO GO!

AMY AND HER MOM MOUNT THE TREE

in the corner of the living room. Then they high-five each
other and race off...

RUTH PULLS A TRAY OF FRESH COOKIES OUT OF THE OVEN

and perfectly hands them off to Amy as she races by, on her
way to the table, where she places them on cooling racks...

AMY FURIOUSLY CUTS A CHAIN OF PAPER ANGELS

when Ruth races past -- and stops cold. So does the MUSIC.

RUTH

Oh no sweetheart that's not the
best way to make paper angels--

Then Ruth realizes what she's doing and stops herself:

RUTH (CONT'D)

Nevermind, do it your way.

AMY

No no, tell me how you do it.

RUTH

No, no, I'm sure the way you make
paper angels is just as good as the
way I make paper angels...

(biting her tongue, then)

Except my way is a little faster.
And uses less paper. And looks
better.

Amy starts laughing. Soon, Ruth laughs with her. It's a nice
moment... And then Ruth stops cold:

RUTH (CONT'D)

No but seriously do it my way.

AMY

Yup.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE -- CHRISTMAS MORNING

The sun rises over Amy's snow-covered house...

TITLE: "CHRISTMAS DAY"

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- CHRISTMAS MORNING

Dylan and Jane, in their pajamas, slump down the stairs the next morning, looking glum, expecting a disaster scene... Then they round the corner -- and freeze:

THE LIVING ROOM IS A HOMEMADE WINTER WONDERLAND!

Strings of popcorn and paper angels and tinfoil snowflakes hang from the ceiling; a beautifully decorated Christmas tree ringed with presents sits in the corner; stockings full of candies hang over a roaring fire; every table is covered with plates full of homemade pastries and sweets...

Dylan and Jane light up, thrilled.

JANE

Wow! This is amazing!

DYLAN

Yeah mom, you did a lot of work...

Amy and Ruth enter from the kitchen, in sweatpants and glasses, drinking mugs of coffee, happy and proud.

AMY

Actually we both did.

JANE

Grandma!

Jane and Dylan hug their grandma...

RUTH

All right, too much hugging, go open your presents!

The kids race to the tree and start ripping open their Christmas presents, emitting YELPS of joy! Amy raises her fist, and her mom proudly daps it: *we did it.*

CUT TO:

INT. KIKI'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CHRISTMAS MORNING

*

Kiki puts presents under her tree on Christmas morning. Then Sandy enters in "KIKI!" pajamas. It's tense.

*

SANDY

Merry Christmas Kiki.

KIKI

Merry Christmas Mom.

SANDY

Hey, I wanted you to know I put the house next door on the market.

KIKI

Thanks Mom. I really appreciate it.

SANDY

I know I can be a little psycho sometimes, and I know I need to give you more space...which is why I bought the house across the street from you. That way we have a whole road between us.

Kiki just looks at her mom, horrified... Then:

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm just joking I didn't do that!

Kiki LAUGHS, relieved, until--

SANDY (CONT'D)

I bought the house down the street.

Kiki stops laughing.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Joking again!

Kiki LAUGHS again, even more relieved.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm moving into your attic.

Kiki stops laughing and frowns:

KIKI

Okay seriously where are you living?

SANDY

Back home, where I belong.

Amy smiles and hugs her mom. Sandy hugs back, tight...

SANDY (CONT'D)
I miss him so much on Christmas...

KIKI
I know. I do too...

SANDY
You look just like him... Except
you have breasts.

KIKI
You have to stop using that word.

SANDY
Okay.

Sandy smiles, eyes closed, holding her girl close...

CUT TO:

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CHRISTMAS MORNING

Carla sits, staring off, lonely, as her son opens a present
in front of her T-Mobile tree. Then he turns, so excited:

JAXON
Hey mom look what Santa brought me!
A used baseball glove!

He holds up his OLD GLOVE, clueless that it was already his.

CARLA
Wow great buddy...

JAXON
I used to have one just like this.

Carla continues staring off, alone with her thoughts... until
the front door opens and

ISIS TENTATIVELY ENTERS

Carla sees her mom and stands, suddenly wary.

CARLA
Hey.

ISIS
Hey. I got you something for
Christmas...

Isis hands Carla her CHECK back. Carla takes it, silent...

ISIS (CONT'D)

Look, I know I haven't been the best mom...or even an okay mom... Shit, I'm probably one of the ten worst moms in the world... But somehow you turned out really good. And the truth is, I wanna be more like you. I even decided to give up gambling...

(lighting a joint)

...on horses. Also, I'm gonna pay you back every penny I ever borrowed from you.

CARLA

Really?

Isis pulls out a dorky visor from Sky Zone.

ISIS

Yup. I got a fucking job yesterday. And given my generous salary package, it should only take me 245 years to pay you back.

Carla laughs, warm...

CARLA

So does that mean you're sticking around here for a little while...?

ISIS

Yeah, if that's cool with you...?

CARLA

That's all I've ever wanted, Mom.

Isis tucks Carla's hair behind her ear, maternal, loving...

ISIS

Okay, baby. Then I'll stay as long as you want...

Carla hugs her mom, emotional... Then JAXON calls over from the tree, holding up a PAIR OF SOCKS, excited:

JAXON

Hey Mom, look: I also got a really old pair of socks!

CARLA

Great, man!

(to Isis)

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

You wanna stay and watch Jaxon open
all his old stuff that I wrapped?

ISIS

Yeah. That sounds hilarious...

Isis laughs, slides her arm around Carla, and heads over to
Jaxon, one happy little family...

CUT TO:

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

All the presents have been opened and Amy's living room is
covered in wrapping paper. The kids play with their new gifts
while Amy sits back, exhausted, still in her sweats... Then
Ruth glances out the foyer window and smiles.

RUTH

I've got one more gift for you...

There's a KNOCK. Ruth opens the door and Amy crosses to see

IT'S JESSIE AND LORI

dressed nicely and holding a big bag of gifts. Amy's shocked.

LORI

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

AMY

Merry Christmas Lori?!

Lori hugs Amy, then races into the living room to play with
Dylan and Jane. Amy looks at Jessie, stunned:

AMY (CONT'D)

I-I didn't think you guys were
coming!

JESSIE

Your mom called and apologized...

Amy looks over at her mom, shocked. Ruth just shrugs, *I know*.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

She also said that if I didn't come
over for Christmas she'd have me
deported.

AMY

That sounds more like her.

JESSIE
 Anyway...thanks for inviting me.

*
 *

Jessie hugs Ruth. She's a bit taken aback, but hugs back...

JESSIE (CONT'D)
 Merry Christmas, Ruth.

RUTH
 Merry Christmas, Yessie.

JESSIE
 It's...Jessie...because I'm from
 America.

*

RUTH
 Oh my you have such broad
 shoulders! Amy feel his shoulders!

AMY
 Here we go...

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Snow falls. Through the window we can see the whole gang -- Amy, Kiki, Carla, Ruth, Isis, Sandy, Hank, Jessie, Kent, and all of their kids -- enjoying a big fun joyous Christmas dinner around Amy's dining room table. Everyone's eating take-out Chinese food off of paper plates and having a blast...

INT. AMY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ruth sits between Isis and Sandy, eating, loose, happy:

RUTH
 Once again the Jews have taught us
 a powerful truth: Chinese food on
 Christmas is delicious.

Ruth, Sandy and Isis laugh together, thick as thieves.

SANDY
 I met a Chinese once!

ISIS
 Hey Carla you know we're Jewish,
 right?

CARLA
 Wait, what?

ISIS
Yeah I forgot to tell you.

CARLA
Are you serious?!

ISIS
Yeah we probably shouldn't be
celebrating Christmas.

Carla looks shocked as Amy, laughing, raises her Solo cup:

AMY
Okay okay I want to make a toast!
First, to my girlfriends, thank you
for helping me actually enjoy
Christmas this year...

Kiki and Carla smile, proud, as everyone rowdily CHEERS!

AMY (CONT'D)
And second, to our moms... I know
it's always going to be a little
complicated with you guys, but when
we put aside all of our stuff and
just enjoy each other, we actually
have a real good time--

RUTH
A really good time, sweetie.
"Really" is the adverb modifying
"good time."

Amy just gestures at her mom, and everyone LAUGHS.

AMY
Okay so clearly we still have some
work to do, but I love you, Mom,
and I'm so glad we could celebrate
Christmas together this year.

Everyone CHEERS! Ruth smiles at Amy, *thank you baby...* Just
then, we hear a voice from the front door:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hi, is, um, is Carla here?

Everyone turns to see TY SWINDEL standing near the front
door, holding a BOOMBOX, nervous, sincere. Carla lights up: *

CARLA
Ty?! How did you find me--?

TY SWINDEL

There's so much I want to say to
you Carla, but I think the best way
to say it...is with this dance.

Ty puts down the boombox, presses play, and "Merry Christmas,
Baby" starts playing. Then Ty starts Magic Mike-ing around
the foyer...and everyone looks a bit alarmed:

AMY

What...is...happening.

Ty keeps spinning and sliding and thrusting, passionate, and
soon he wins over the crowd... A tear crests in Carla's eye.

CARLA

It's so beautiful Ty...

Everyone nods along, super impressed, until Ty reaches down
and rips his shirt open, exposing his shredded hairless
torso! Amy quickly stands, APPLAUDING:

AMY

Oh-kay! That's probably good! We've
got kids here!

Everyone stands and APPLAUDS as Carla runs to Ty and kisses
him grossly... A moment later, Sandy notices the time.

SANDY

Oh gosh, we better get going if
we're going to make our flight!

Ruth and Isis grab their coats and start saying goodbye to
their kids and grandkids. Kiki looks totally confused:

KIKI

Wait -- what flight?

SANDY

Oh didn't I tell you? Ruth, Isis
and I are going to Las Vegas for
New Years, and we leave tonight!
We're even seeing Blue Man Group!

Kiki, Carla, and Amy exchange a look, shocked:

KIKI

The three of you...are going to Las
Vegas together?

SANDY

Ya we're best friends now!

RUTH
Mmm, we're new friends.

ISIS
If you don't lock away that crazy
they're not gonna let you get on
the plane, sweetie.

SANDY
Anyways: Merry Christmas, everyone!

The THREE BAD GRANDMAS lock arms, smiling, and exit together,
leaving Amy, Kiki and Carla standing there, floored.

KIKI
Are they going to be okay...?

AMY
I think the real question is...is
Vegas going to be okay?

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER END CREDITS

The three bad moms and three bad grandmas sit for interviews
with their real life kids and grandkids about what they want
for Christmas, as well as reminisce about their favorite
Christmas memories. It's awesome, and the world is healed...