

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON - A spoon crushes two pills on a bathroom counter.

DAISY (O.C.)  
(Desperate)  
Come on, quickly. I need it.

DAN (O.C.)  
I'm going as quick as I can.

A credit card starts to chop the powder in finer lines.

DAISY (O.C.)  
That's fine, just give it to me!

REVEAL - a very smart bathroom, and in it are DAISY, 34, beautiful but hassled and DAN, 36, an erstwhile surfer, now a young 'hip' Dad.

Dan hands Daisy the powder, she tips it into a child's juice cup and gives it a stir.

DAN  
He's going to have to learn to  
swallow pills eventually.

DAISY  
He's just got a thing about it,  
it's pretty common. I read a thread  
about it on Momsnet.

The bathroom door bursts open. A four year old girl, in fairy wings, bolts in. She heads straight for the toilet.

The open door reveals a kid's Birthday Party is in full swing - entertainer, bouncy castle, the works.

FOUR YEAR OLD GIRL  
I think I had an accident. Did I  
have an accident?

She takes her underwear off and shows them her bare ass.

Dan and Daisy look awkward, there is a beat before her hassled Mom, AMBER, rushes in. Dan looks panicked as the girl stands there with her ass in the air.

DAN  
I'm sorry we...

AMBER  
Oh, no. I'm sorry. She does this.  
She's in this phase where she keeps  
showing her behind to everybody.

DAN  
Well, she does have a great butt...

Silence.

DAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, don't worry. Daisy used to do it all the time, didn't do her any harm, she's slept with two of Maroon 5.

Zero laughs again. Inappropriate. Daisy looks horrified, Amber just awkward. Dan panics.

DAN (CONT'D)

If she keeps it up, it could fund her through college. You work it girlfriend.

Still no laughs. He's digging himself deeper, Amber pulls her daughter's underwear up protectively. Daisy steps in, talks sweetly to the little girl.

DAISY

We'll leave you to it honey, give you some privacy.

Daisy looks to Amber, as she drags Dan away.

INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Daisy leads a contrite Dan into the body of the party.

DAN

Sorry. I panicked. You know I'm terrible at these things. I never know what to talk about.

DAISY

Quick hint, the possibility of someone's daughter becoming a porn star is probably a good area to avoid

DAN

God, no! I didn't mean porn star, I was talking about her being a stripper. It's all tips, tax free.

DAISY

Oh... right, my bad. I didn't realize you were being tax efficient.

DAN

Sorry. You're right, I should just be myself.

DAISY

Oh Jesus, no. Definitely don't do that.

They laugh, their little boy, EVAN, 6, runs up to them.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Here you go honey. We mixed it in so you won't even notice it.

As he grabs the drink, she feels his forehead.

DAISY (CONT'D)

He feels hot.

DAN

He's fine, probably just a little bug. Let him enjoy the party.

DAISY

A friend of Susan's sister's little boy got meningitis, that started with a temperature. He's brain dead now.

DAN

Oh, Jesus, Daisy...

EVAN

What does brain dead mean? Am I going to be brain dead?

DAISY

No honey, drink your juice and you'll be fine. Go off and play.

EVAN

I don't want to be brain dead.

DAN

I promise you won't be brain dead. Now, why don't you go and play with Troy.

Troy, a little African American kid is a bundle of energy running around crazily on the other side of the room.

EVAN

I don't want to play with Troy, he called me a 'poop head'.

DAN

Ha, that's just Troy being funny. Classic Troy. Go and play with him.

EVAN

I don't want to...

DAN  
 (More insistent)  
 Play with him.

Evan heads off. Dan calls after him apologetically.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, you don't have to...

But it's too late, a reluctant Evan has trundled off.

DAISY  
 You know you can't make him be  
 friends with Troy.

DAN  
 I realize, but it would just be  
 nice, they've just joined the  
 school.

DAISY  
 And the fact that Troy's a little  
 shit bag doesn't matter because his  
 Dad just happened to play for the  
 Falcons.

DAN  
 Um, he didn't just *play* for them.  
 He's a three time All Pro, the  
 second leading receiver in their  
 history, he was my screensaver.  
 It's *LaDarius Dixon*.

DAISY  
 The man who once punched a horse in  
 the face.

DAN  
 Allegedly... And who knows, it  
 might have been a real dick of a  
 horse, it might have deserved it.  
 People assume oh, horses, they're  
 nice, but he might have been the  
 Kim Jong Un of horses.

As they laugh they are interrupted as FAY, another Mom, 33,  
 who has obviously given in to this phase of life, comes up  
 with her husband, MIKE. Fay has a baby in her arms and a  
 three year old clinging to her side.

FAY  
 I mean, over the top much? I can't  
 even find anything lactose free for  
 Oliver.

MIKE  
 It's OK honey, I brought those  
 carob flapjacks we baked.

He removes them from a tupperware box in his baby bag.

FAY  
Awesome sauce.

She spots her son, OLIVER, grabbing some cotton candy and without a pause shouts out all the way across the room.

FAY AND MIKE  
OLIVER! NO!

It is the shout of a banshee, the entire room looks round, but Fay is oblivious, so focused is she on her son, who immediately relinquishes the treat. Fay then carries on the conversation as if nothing has happened.

FAY  
I'm petrified about what they're going to let him eat on the camping trip this weekend. I've never been away from him for a night.

DAISY  
I guess a little independence will be good for them, and I think the school is pretty on top of things. I must have been sent forty warnings about not packing nuts. What is it with goddamn nuts? Nobody was allergic to nuts when were at school, now they're like the I.E.D's of the Junior High world.

Fay scowls.

FAY  
Clare's brother's nephew actually died from anaphalaxis, so...  
OLIVER! PUT IT DOWN!

Again she shouts at the beleaguered Oliver, who immediately puts down a cookie.

FAY (CONT'D)  
I don't know what I'm going to do without him for the night.

Fay's four year old, AARON, walks up to her.

AARON  
Mommy.

Without thinking she whips out a boob, from which Aaron starts feeding, still standing up. She continues speaking without missing a beat.

FAY

The house will feel so empty.

Daisy tries not to look shocked and carries on.

DAISY

I think it might be good for them,  
it might even be good for us, a  
night of freedom.

As the ladies speak Mike and Dan stand awkwardly alongside.

MIKE

... So, how are things?

DAN

Good... Good... You know, I'm  
selling my company to Initiative,  
just waiting for that to go  
through. So, I basically work for  
them now, tied in for five years,  
having to put on a suit and tie, go  
to board meetings...

MIKE

Basically being fucked by the man,  
right? Sucking corporate dick...

DAN

(Taken aback)

I mean... not so much that, maybe  
cradling corporate balls, giving  
them a little tickle, at most...  
And you?

MIKE

Loving life, focusing on Oliver. He  
started junior tai chi, I think  
it's really helping his focus. He  
seems more centered.

DAN

(Feigning interest)

... awesome... awesome...

They are interrupted by another Dad. DAMON (38), polo shirt  
and chinos.

DAMON

What up, ladies?

DAN

Not much, just talking about work.

DAMON

You still getting fucked in the ass  
by the man?

DAN

Jesus, no, and who exactly is this man? Why do you all think he's so obsessed with my ass? I was just saying, it looks like the sale's finally going through, they're finishing due diligence.

DAMON

Ah, that's good, they've got the Jews in, they must be serious.

DAN

No, D.U.E. It's when...

DAMON

(Interrupting)

Yeah, I don't give a fuck... Jesus!

He spots Fay breast feeding, reels in shock.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck man? Really? She's doing it here?

MIKE

Come on dude, it's 2016, it's every mother's and every child's right.

DAMON

Shit. When did tits become *this*? Seriously. Ten years ago I would have given my right nut to see Fay's tits, in fact *any* tits. It's how I spent most of my time from 1992 onwards, but now look, look at what they've become. It's fucking sacrilege. Shame on you.

Meanwhile, BETH, the host of the party, blow dried to within an inch of her life and with a body as tight as a drum approaches with a broad, fake, lip glossed smile. She is dressed head to toe in Lycra Active wear.

BETH

Fay! Daisy! SO pleased you could come. What up bitches?

DAISY

(Not sure how to respond)

Um, nothing... slut?

FAY

(Off Beth's outfit)

How was the triathlon?

Beth looks confused, ignores her.

BETH

Now, can I get you ladies something to eat? There are hot dogs and ice cream by the pool and Fay there's salad in the kitchen. I'm rushing off to see the magician.

She heads off, perkily towards their husbands.

DAISY

We should watch, he might finally magic her a personality.

FAY

Why? Look at her, she doesn't need a personality... I bet all of her bras and panties match.

They watch Beth as she attaches herself to the Dads, she's especially touchy feely and flirtatious with Dan.

FAY (CONT'D)

She would have him for breakfast.

DAISY

And then immediately vomit him up before going to a Zumba class. She's shameless.

The super flirty Beth is wrapping up with the guys, still focusing on Dan, oozing sex.

BETH

... Well I better go and see the magician. If I ask him nicely he might let me play with his wand.

DAMON

Hell yeah, you can stick it in your mouth and suck it dry like a motherfuckin' popsicle.

But he's gone much too far. Everybody winces in horror.

BETH

I'm just going to...

Beth heads off, vibe ruined.

DAMON

Too much? Fuck, she makes me all nervous. You want to go out front and smoke a doob?

DAN

Dude, it's a kid's party. It's 11.45 in the morning.

DAMON

But it's 4.20 somewhere, am I right?

DAN

Not really, no. It'll be like, 4.45, or 6.45 or 9.45. It's only really the hour that changes.

DAMON

(Goading)

What's the matter? Scared of what Daisy will say?

DAN

Yes. Justifiably, she... Fuck!

As he speaks, he looks out into the garden and sees Troy is beating up Evan with the pinata stick. He rushes out.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

Dan runs to separate Troy and Evan, but is slightly beaten to it by LaDARIUS DIXON, the ex-All Pro Wide Receiver.

LADARIUS

Troy! What the heck...

Dan arrives.

LADARIUS (CONT'D)

Hey man, are you his Dad? I'm sorry.

DAN

Hey, no problem, it's no big deal. We cool.

'We cool'?... Evan is sobbing.

LADARIUS

I didn't see exactly what happened.

EVAN

He started it. He hit me in the face.

DAN

Don't tell tales, nobody likes a tattletale. Snitches get stitches, am I right?

He looks to LaDarius for recognition. Gets none.

LADARIUS

I'm pretty sure it was Troy's fault, I think he hit him kind of hard in the face. Say sorry Troy.

DAN

It doesn't matter. Whatevs. All good in the hood.

Daisy runs in, clearly much more concerned. Evan runs straight to her, still crying.

EVAN

Mommy! Troy hit me in the face, with a stick.

DAN

Allegedly. It's a lot of 'he said, she said' at this point.

Daisy suddenly notices LaDarius, puts two and two together. Gives Dan a look, he feigns innocence. She looks at Troy.

DAISY

Do you have something to say to Evan, Troy?

DAN

Honey, we don't have to...

TROY

Yeah, you're a poop head.

Dan has had enough, finally springs to his son's defense.

DAN

Whoa. Troy. I'm sorry, no. You do not drop the 'P' bomb. You need to take that back.

There is a beat, neither Daisy nor Dan can quite believe that he has stood up to his hero. He grabs Evan protectively.

DAN (CONT'D)

That is not kind Troy, you've upset Evan and I'd like you to apologize.

Another beat. LaDarius looks at Dan. Is he going to explode?

LADARIUS

That's right Troy, apologize. That is not how we talk to people.

TROY

... Sorry Evan.

LaDarius looks to Daisy.

LADARIUS

Sorry about that, I hope Evan's OK.  
I think TV's off the agenda for  
Troy for a couple of days.

DAN

True 'dat.

DAISY

Tha... Thank you. We appreciate it.

LADARIUS

No problem. Pleased to meet you,  
I'm LaDarius.

He goes to shake Daisy's hand, then Dan muscles in.

DAN

Sorry, did you say 'LaBavius'?

LADARIUS

No, LaDarius. LaDarius Dixon.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Dan, Daisy and a sleepy Evan are in the family SUV, a **Hyundai Santa Fe**, driving home. A Times Table CD plays, a sort of rap version of the three times table. A pensive Dan pipes up.

DAN

Do you think he liked me?

DAISY

Who? 'Labavius'?

They laugh.

DAN

I know, it's pathetic, but it would  
be really cool if LaDarius Dixon  
was my friend. It would be nice if  
something exciting actually  
happened.

Daisy lets this hang.

DAISY

You think our life is boring?

DAN

(Backtracking)  
What? Boring? I mean obviously not  
boring. No definitely not.

The car stops at a traffic light. Silence hangs in the air.

Dan absentmindedly starts singing along to the Three Times Table rap, as though it's NWA.

DAN (CONT'D)

Seven three's are twenty one, now  
we're really having fun, Eight  
threes are twenty four, are y'all  
ready for more?..

Daisy is looking at him.

DAN (CONT'D)

What? This is a good one, it's got  
a good beat.

A convertible Porsche pulls up alongside the Hyundai at the light. Actual rap music blares out. The driver is a balding middle aged man, with a ridiculously hot twenty two year old bikini clad stunner in his passenger seat. Dan can't help but stare, he is busted by Daisy.

DAN (CONT'D)

Look at this guy. Such a cliché. I  
mean, what's he trying to prove?

The man in the car turns round and sees Dan. They recognize each other, it's DAVE ABRAMO.

DAVE ABRAMO

Dan? Dan Kramer. How the hell are  
you man?

DAN

Dave Abramo! Good, great... long  
time no see. How are you?

Dan quickly switches off the times table music.

DAVE ABRAMO

How does it look like I am? This is  
Kim, we're going to South Beach for  
the weekend.

Kim is typing on her phone, does not look up.

DAVE ABRAMO (CONT'D)

Yeah, me and Kerry divorced. She  
moved back to Dayton with the  
kids... That Daisy I see there?

Daisy leans over.

DAISY

Hi Dave.

DAVE ABRAMO

Hey Daisy. So you guys still  
running that company together?

DAN

Songbird? No, I'm just about to sell it to Initiative, we're closing any day now... and Daisy's basically a Mom, an awesome Mom. Right hun?

Daisy smiles unconvincingly.

DAVE ABRAMO

I see you traded in the Impala.

DAN

Yeah... yeah. Wasn't practical, the Santa Fe is actually pretty sweet. 43 MPG, side impact air bags, six cup holders, so...

This hangs in the air. The lights go green. People start honking.

DAVE ABRAMO

Yeah, always good to have somewhere for cups... Well, great to see you man, we should catch up.

DAN

Yeah, that'd be great, I'm on Faceboo...

But with a roar of the engine the Porsche is gone.

After a beat, Dan takes a cup from one of his six cup holders and sips, as if to prove a point.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

The SUV pulls into the driveway of a large, new McMansion, surrounded by similar very tasteful, but pretty identical houses. Attractive but soulless.

INT. CAR. DAY.

With Evan asleep in the car, Dan takes a moment..

DAN

I still can't get my head around the fact that this place is ours. When did I become the kind of guy that owns a house like this?

DAISY

When you became the very important Executive Vice President of a Nasdaq listed company.

DAN  
 (Joking)  
 I sold my soul for walk in closets.

DAISY  
 And Italian marble surfaces. They  
 totally overpaid for your shitty  
 soul.

They laugh as they get out of the car. They see CLARK (16),  
 the very preppy next door neighbor's kid mowing their lawn.

DAN  
 Is that next door's kid mowing our  
 lawn? That's so kind.

CLARK  
 Oh, hey Mr and Mrs Kramer, I hope  
 you don't mind, I took the liberty,  
 it was looking a little unkempt.

DAN  
 Not at all, thank you so much for  
 your 'kemping'. I hate mowing the  
 lawn, it's always an hour of my  
 life I figure I'm not going to get  
 back.

CLARK  
 Every hour of your life is one  
 you're not going to get back.  
 That's how time works, Mr Kramer.

DAN  
 Right, yes, I...

CLARK  
 (Interrupting)  
 How's that deal coming along Mr.  
 Kramer? Closed yet?

DAN  
 Literally any day now Clark.  
 They're dotting the I's crossing  
 the T's. Which can be time  
 consuming when you're an I.T.  
 Company... called 'Initiative', so  
 many I's and T's.

CLARK  
 Well, fingers crossed, I'd hate for  
 you guys to have to sell the house  
 just as we were getting to know  
 each other.

There is something intangibly menacing about how he delivers  
 this. Dan tries not to look freaked out.

DAN  
Yeah, that would be...

They are interrupted by a shout from next door, Clark's angry looking Dad.

DAD  
Clark! Cello practice! Now.

Dan and Daisy wave, he ignores them. A scared Clark scurries back home, as Daisy and Dan head into their house.

DAN  
Great kid.

DAISY  
Nice family.

DAN  
Good people...

Dan opens the door, inside there are loads of packing boxes, still unpacked. Evan rushes in. Dan shouts after him.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Shoes off on the carpet, buddy!

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The clock reads 9.34. An exhausted Dan is getting into bed, Daisy is already ensconced, she is on her iPad.

DAN  
What are you reading?

DAISY  
Facebook, just looking at what people I didn't really know at college had for lunch. You?

DAN  
I imagine I'll have another Adobe Flash player to install, then I'm probably going to be sucked into clicking on '25 plastic surgery fails you won't believe', before dealing with a million annoying work emails.

He settles into bed with his iPad. There is a beat, something is obviously playing on Daisy's mind.

DAISY  
What you said in the car. You don't really think we're boring do you?

DAN

No. It's just the phase of life we're at, isn't it? I mean, that party today was the only house party I've been to in the last eighteen months.

DAISY

Remember the New Year's Eve Party we threw at our tiny place on Sullivan Street? I miss the days when I was covered in my *own* vomit.

DAN

That was an amazing night. Remember, Fay was so high she drank all our hand sanitizer.

DAISY

I always assumed she'd end up under a bridge somewhere giving hand jobs to hobos to feed some crippling meth habit.

DAN

How did she end up becoming such a *Mom*?

DAISY

That's not how you think of me is it? 'Such a Mom'.

DAN

God no, you're my sexy wife, the sexiest woman in the world.

He leans over and starts to kiss her neck.

DAISY

Really? Sexier than Beth?

DAN

(Bluffing)  
Which one's Beth?

DAISY

Oh, I think you know, Melody's Mom... she hosted the party today... I caught you looking at her holiday photos on Instagram.

DAN

Oh, right, her, yeah I was checking out Costa Rica... She went to Costa Rica... I was curious about Costa Rica...

DAISY

You can stop saying 'Costa Rica'...  
Apparently Sasha's Dad has been  
having an affair with her..

DAN

(Much too excited)

He has?

(Off her disapproving look, he  
changes intonation)

... I mean *he has?*... Seriously  
though, how did he manage that?  
He's got a face like someone who's  
looking at themselves in the back  
of a spoon... (correcting again)  
And of course poor Emma...

They continue to canoodle. A lot of under the sheet  
fumbling... Their making out gets more intense, a few grunts  
and groans.

DAISY

Did you take the trash out?

DAN

Yeah, I double bagged it, did you  
see some coyotes got in there and  
ate Fay's baby's diapers?

DAISY

Oh, was that smell on the driveway  
coyote urine?

They both take a beat.

DAN

I think this is the wrong kind of  
talking dirty... Here... lift up a  
second.

Dan reaches down the side of the bed, he grabs a towel and  
tries to put it under Daisy.

DAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't dry clean Egyptian  
cotton too much, those sheets cost  
a fortune.

Daisy pauses. Really? They start again, get back into a  
rhythm when Dan's iPad pings with an email.

As they carry on it's clear Dan is distracted and as he has  
sex is simultaneously trying to read the email.

DAISY

Honestly, just read it.

DAN

No I... Just, it might be from Brian, about the acquisition.

DAISY

Look, how about we just take a raincheck? We've got an early morning.

DAN

You sure?

DAISY

Sure.

She leans over, gives him a kiss. She turns off her light, the room goes dark. After a beat Dan reaches for his iPad, illuminating the room

EXT. SCHOOL GATES. NEXT MORNING.

The Moms gather as they drop their kids off at the school gates, lingering to chat.

As Daisy arrives with Evan it is clear there are two groups of Moms. The cool, glamorous Moms, including BRANDI, LUANNE, MEREDITH and Beth, all Lycra and lip gloss, and the more down to earth, chaotic and unkempt group. Most of this group, made up of FAY, SUSAN and one Dad, CRAIG, are with babies or toddlers and appear to have gotten dressed without troubling a mirror. Their clothes all have some kind of residue from one of their children

DAISY

Ok, honey, last one... 'Hostage'.

EVAN

H.O.S.T.A.G.E.

DAISY

Awesome, I don't know why, at 6, you need to know the word 'hostage', but if you are thrust into negotiating a release at least you'll know how to spell it. Have a great day sweetie...

She kisses Evan goodbye as she prevaricates about which group of Moms to head for. She turns towards Beth's group, but Beth spots her and very deliberately turns her back and closes the circle. A voice calls out.

FAY (O.C.)

Daisy!

Fay has spotted her and beckons her over to the less jazzy Mom's group. There is a hint of regret as she heads over.

DAISY

Hi ladies.

Fay's 4 year old is covered in a rash and looks toxic. Daisy can't help but grimace when she sees her.

FAY

Oh, don't worry, it's just hand,  
foot and mouth. It's an aggressive  
fungus.

CRAIG (38), the sole Dad in the group chimes in. He is very manly, athletic and handsome.

CRAIG

Kendall had it, you'll want to get  
some witch hazel. I'll bring some  
in at pick up, you want some Susan?

SUSAN (37) slightly scruffy and harried looking looks dazed.

SUSAN

Honestly, I was up all night. Damon  
let Conner watch 'Mechanic 3:  
Resurrection' and now he can't  
sleep because every time he shuts  
his eyes he sees Jason Statham  
strangling Asians. I need a  
coffee.

CRAIG

I hear you girlfriend, but keep me  
away from the crumb cake. You  
promise? It is tooooo good.

EXT. CAR PARK. DAY

Dan, in his Hyundai, pulls into the car park of the offices of Initiative - Technological Solutions. It's a modern soulless office tower in an industrial park.

His minivan is conspicuous in a sea of Mercedes and BMW's.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Dan, looking smart in his suit, walks through the lifeless Monday morning office, full of silent, serious workers.

INT. OFFICE COFFEE ROOM. DAY

Three mid 20's guys, TRENT, ROB and VINCE, all look wrecked from their weekends stand talking, drinking energy drinks.

TRENT

I tell you, I have to get off  
Tinder, it is ruining my fuckin'  
life.

VINCE

For reals. My weekend was like a  
Las Vegas all you can eat buffet,  
but with poon. I had a Mexican, a  
Japanese and an Italian. Italian  
and Mexican on the same plate, if  
you get what I mean.

ROB

Taco bolognese, bro. All day.

They high five but freeze as Dan walks in. They see him and  
instantly stop talking, as if a teacher has entered the room.

DAN

Hey guys.

VINCE/TRENT/ROB

(Formal)

Hey/ Hi/ Good to see you.

Dan heads over to BRIAN, 55, plump, bald and world weary. He  
joins him at the coffee machine.

BRIAN

They look at us like *our generation*  
never had fun.

Dan looks shocked at the 'our generation' comment.

DAN

Huh, guess so.

BRIAN

Little do they know... I remember  
getting a hand job from a  
transexual at a Whitesnake concert.  
Heck of a night.

DAN

(Embarrassed)

Terrific... terrific.

ANDREAS, 50ish, very smart and authoritative pops his head  
in, everybody stands to attention.

ANDREAS

Gentlemen, I need you in the  
boardroom in ten, and Dan, make  
sure you get me those third quarter  
projections from Chicago.

Andreas disappears, Brian grabs his coffee and starts to head off.

BRIAN

Which just leaves me time for my morning dump. The highlight of my day.

DAN

Hey, before you go, I just wondered, any updates from Andreas on Songbird?

BRIAN

I'll grab him after the meeting, he seems to think it's just a few final formalities.

As he leaves he picks up a newspaper. Dan is alone with the guys, there is an awkward silence, he nods at them.

ROB

Hey Dan, how was your weekend?

DAN

Good, great. Bought my six year old a telescope, I let him stay up until 9 and we looked at constellations. He's obsessed with planets, he did a project on Pluto.

He is met with three bored blank faces. They could not be less interested.

ROB/VINCE/TRENT

(Unenthusiastic)

Awesome/Amazing/So cool.

Seeing how bored they are, he tries to up the ante.

DAN

Then I got a movie and take out with Daisy, before we, you know, did it all night long, I pounded it, just ridin' dirty... With my wife, who I love very much, she's my soul mate and confidante.

They look incredibly awkward.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

The Moms are now sitting in a hip independent coffee shop, the factions still very evident. It's like a high school canteen, cool girls, Beth, Brandi, Luanne etc. on the big table by the window.

Daisy is with the squares cramped on a tiny table in the corner, doing her best not to look mind numbingly bored.

FAY

... so I put on some Bach for Oliver and I was asleep by 7.45. My perfect Sunday night. You?

SUSAN

Oh, I'm pretty sure I found Damon jerking off to the DVD of Frozen.

The other Moms and Craig all wince.

CRAIG

Susan, I'm so sorry. What did you do?

SUSAN

To quote Elsa, I 'let it go'. Frankly, I'm happy for those sisters to take the bullet, anything to stop that thing poking in my back at 2 a.m.

Losing the will to live, the conversation fades into the background for Daisy, as she watches the carefree young baristas laughing and joking with each other. She gazes longingly at their apparent joyful abandonment.

CRAIG

Karen's very firm about it, Mondays and Fridays are our nights, for you know... unless the Steelers are on TV. She loves her some Steelers...

Mid conversation Daisy gets up and heads to the counter. She is greeted with a smile by the hipster tattooed Barista HEATHER.

DAISY

'Car Seat Headrest', right?

She is referring to the music playing in the shop.

HEATHER

Fuck yeah. I took your recommendation. After that tip on Firekid, you have awesome taste.

DAISY

Thanks, years of practice. I used to run that music aggregating site, Songbird.

HEATHER

No fucking way, we use that all the time. Zapp! Guess what. Daisy used to run Songbird.

She calls across to the other Barista, the handsome, tattooed equally hip, ZAPP.

ZAPP

That's so fucking sick. Wait, Can you get tickets to Bonnaroo? We want to see Halsey and it sold out in like, five nano seconds.

DAISY

I mean, I can try, I still have a couple of contacts there, I used to go all the time...

HEATHER

You should totally come with us! We went two years ago and ended up doing ayahuasca with some Mexican Lesbian clowns.

Beth is now enviously watching Daisy bonding with Heather and the handsome Zapp. Daisy is in her element, she jokes back.

DAISY

Goddam Mexican Lesbian clowns, coming over here taking all our American lesbian clown jobs.

They laugh - this is fun, Beth scowls.

HEATHER

Give me your phone, I'll get you my deets.

DAISY

Deet me up, That'd be sick.

At that moment Beth comes up and interrupts.

BETH

Sorry, just wanted to check. Is little Evan coming to that 'Jake And The Neverland Pirates' thing? Amber said you wanted tickets, but do you want to pay extra for the 'Pint sized Pirate' lunch after?

Beth is clearly sabotaging her 'street cred'.

DAISY

(Brusque)  
Um, not sure.

The Baristas suddenly cool on Daisy.

BETH

It's an extra twenty dollars, It's just a grilled cheese sandwich and I know you said cheese sometimes makes Evan's poop a bit funny.

DAISY

The cheese is fine. Great.

Daisy is trying to get rid of Beth, but she steadfastly remains.

BETH

So is that a definite? He won't poop his pants like he did at Tiny Town?

DAISY

(Please go away)  
Yep, definite.

Heather hands back Daisy's phone. The spark has gone. The baristas smile weakly at her. Beth listens to the music, then turns to Zapp.

BETH

Kickin' tune. Is this Coldplay?

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dan is tucking Evan in for the night.

DAN

OK hotshot, sleep tight. Magic dust so you don't have bad dreams.

He reaches in his pocket for 'magic dust' and sprinkles it over him.

EVAN

And Fluffkin too.

He gets some more for Fluffkin, Evan's well loved bunny.

DAN

OK, it's human strength, so he needs a bit less. There you go, guaranteed no bad dreams for either of you. Love you.

EVAN

Love you too.

INT. HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. EVENING.

Daisy and Dan sit on a sofa, food on their laps, exhausted and watching TV. Daisy has a cup of tea. As she puts it down on the table Dan lifts it and puts a coaster underneath. He then picks up the TV remote.

DAN

So, 'Ice Road Truckers' or  
'Celebrity Food Fight'?

DAISY

Who's on 'Celebrity Food Fight'?

DAN

John Stamos cooking Spaghetti  
Carbonara. 'Ice Road Truckers' has  
Dale in a race against time to get  
some Halibut to Connecticut.

DAISY

You choose.

Dan turns on 'Truckers'. Daisy has something on her mind.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I was thinking, it might be fun to  
do something a bit different on  
Saturday, when Evan's away.

His phone pings - a work email, he deals with it as he talks.

DAN

Start 'The Soprano's' from the  
start again? I swear once you get  
into it...

DAISY

No. I mean *really* different.

He looks up from his phone, suddenly pays attention.

DAN

Seriously? I thought you said it  
hurt and made you feel like you  
were someone's prison bitch.

DAISY

No, not that. I told you I am never  
trying that again. I was thinking  
we could host a little get  
together, a little party.

DAN

What? Why?

DAISY

Well you said it. Life was getting boring, and nobody had house parties anymore.

DAN

Honestly honey, really? Do we have to talk about this now? I've had a hell of a day, it's been non stop.

DAISY

And you think mine hasn't? I spent the morning talking about pelvic floors and the entire afternoon helping Evan build a Lego Empire State Building.

REVEAL: A Lego structure made from brown Lego bricks that looks like a huge dick and balls

DAISY (CONT'D)

I *know*. It looks like a massive dick and balls, it's like I built myself a giant black Lego dildo with my son. The point is, my day was no cakewalk.

DAN

I get it, but can we sidebar this? I just want to watch the truckers.

DAISY

Let me tell you now, the halibut gets there. Whatever they're taking, it always, *always* gets there.

She grabs the remote and presses pause.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Come on, we could do with a party. We could make it a selling the company slash house warming thing.

DAN

But I haven't officially sold the company yet, and if I don't, then we can't even *afford* the house.

DAISY

I thought you said it was a formality?

DAN

It is, but...

DAISY

Then let's celebrate, I don't want us turning into a lame middle aged couple. It's just a few parents, not Burning Man.

She sees Dan is wavering and goes in for the kill.

DAISY (CONT'D)

... We could invite LaDarius. Think about it. A Hall Of Famer, talking about how he catches the ball and runs with it and does all those little dodges, right here in your house.

DAN

You realize you are seriously demeaning his skill set, don't you? He ran the 40 in 4.38.

DAISY

Unbelievable, and he could be telling you all about it right here, eating your food and taking a dump in *your* bathroom. You can tell people, LaDarius Dixon took a shit in my house.

He mulls it over.

DAN

You know how to push my buttons... Just a few people though, right?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. SATURDAY. DAY.

Daisy and Dan wait expectantly by the front door. They have a packed bag and a packed lunch. Daisy looks nervous as an anxious looking Evan appears down the stairs. He's clutching Fluffkin the rabbit tightly.

DAISY

Hey Buddy, I think you need to leave Fluffkin behind.

He grabs Fluffkin more tightly.

DAN

I get it. You're worried about leaving him alone, in case he gets sad, goes crazy, maybe gets some lady bunnies in, trashes your room?

Evan smiles.

EVAN

I've never spent a night without him.

DAN

I know champ, but it's only one night. I promise you we'll look after him, make sure he doesn't miss you too much. Honestly, I'd like to spend some quality boy's time with him. We can crack open a couple of beers, get in some carrots...

Evan laughs and tentatively hands him over.

DAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I promise I won't take my eyes off him.

Daisy smiles, Dan's a damn good Dad. Reassured, they're ready to go. Dan puts Fluffkin down very carefully as Daisy takes Evan's hand and they leave.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. DAY.

A phalanx of SUV's line the parking lot as anxious parents drop off their children, ready to get on the bus.

Daisy and Dan exit the Hyundai, Evan follows.

DAISY

Ok, honey, remember...

But he spots his friend, and runs off excitedly before Daisy can finish her words of reassurance.

EVAN

Hey! Cass!

Daisy and Dan are left hanging. No emotional farewell.

DAN

They grow up so quickly.

Dan gives Daisy a hug as she wipes a tear from her eye.

The doors of the bus close and the parents all start to wave goodbye. The kids are oblivious. Damon, Susan and Craig walk over and join.

DAMON

They don't even wave, little fuckers. They ruined my dreams and your vagina and now they don't even wave.

SUSAN  
It is *not* ruined.

Behind her Damon is nodding 'yes it is'. She turns round, he stops.

The bus turns the corner and goes out of sight.

DAMON  
Well that's it. 'Free at last, Free at last, der der der der Free at last'.

MIKE  
(Filling in the blanks)  
'Thank god almighty'.

DAMON  
(Misunderstanding)  
Exactly. I cannot remember the last time we had a Saturday to ourselves.

CRAIG  
What have you guys got planned?

SUSAN  
Visiting my diabetic aunt then unblocking a sink. You?

CRAIG  
Clearing out the loft and then if Karen finishes her report, we're going to try and do both 'My Big Fat Greek Weddings'.

There is an underwhelmed silence. Daisy and Dan share a look before a sobbing Fay comes along to join the group. She collapses into Daisy's arms.

FAY  
(Sobbing)  
He's gone, my little baby's gone.

DAISY  
Fay, it's Camp Butterfly, not Vietnam.

FAY  
What am I going to do?

DAISY  
Well, once you've tied a yellow ribbon round your tree, I don't know whether you'd be interested, but we were thinking about having an impromptu little party, nothing too...

Before she can even finish everyone interrupts, jumping on the invitation like an eager pack of dogs.

EVERYONE

We're in/ Definitely/ That would be amazing/ What time?

DAN

Whoa! Nothing big, just a few drinks, nibbles.

DAMON

(Over excited)  
Fuck yeah.

Realizes he is being too enthusiastic.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I mean, that would be terrific, a quiet night, with friends, maybe some Scattergories? Definitely no cocaine.

The others look at him. What?

DAISY

And let's keep it on the DL,  
nothing too crazy, just a select few.

They all look over to Beth who is busy flirting with NICK, one of the other dads. Understood.

A car horn toots, KAREN, Craig's wife is in the driving seat having a phone call on her Bluetooth headset.

KAREN

... The man is like a virus with shoes, tell Chicago I want him fired....

As she talks she angrily beckons him over through the window.

CRAIG

Sorry, better go, she's got that report to finish...

There is another beep of the horn, He scurries off, slightly humiliated. As he goes Damon turns to Dan.

DAMON

When he's cleaning out the loft later, maybe he'll find his balls in there... next to his box of Kelly Clarkson CD's.

But Dan isn't listening, he only has eyes for LaDarius, Daisy spots this.

DAISY

Dan, really. Just go over.

DAN

I can't.

DAISY

You want *me* to go? I can tell him my friend likes him.

The others laugh, Dan takes a deep breath and heads over. As he walks the other men turn to each other.

DAMON

You think he has a chance?

MIKE

Nah. He's way out of his league. I heard he has a carpet with his own face on it.

DAMON

That's my dream.

MIKE

*That's* your dream? Not a lottery win, travel in space?

DAMON

Well if I won the lottery I'd buy a face carpet, so same same. I'd also like to meet Nathan Fillon... y'know 'Castle'.

They stop and watch, as Dan reaches LaDarius.

DAN

Yo, yo, yo. What's crack a lackin'?

LADARIUS

Um, hi. How are you? Evan's Dad, right?

DAN

True dat'. Um, look my wife, Daisy...

He points over. LaDarius sees that the whole group are watching intently. They look away immediately, busted.

DAN (CONT'D)

... My wife, Daisy, and I were wondering if you guys would like to come over to our's tonight? We're having a little gathering, you know, because the kids are away...

LaDarius is about to answer, but Dan keeps babbling on.

DAN (CONT'D)

I mean, it will probably be shitty, really dull. You know, no Odell Beckham making truffle butter with dime pieces while they do eight balls in the hot tub.

CECE

Yeah that's not something...

LADARIUS

What is 'truffle butter'?

DAN

Oh, apparently it's when you switch from anal to vaginal sex and it creates a sort of tan buttery substance around her v... doesn't matter.

CeCe and LaDarius look at each other, confused.

DAN (CONT'D)

(Nervously interrupting)

Honestly, feel totally free to say no, you probably have something much better planned, you're probably going bowling with Gwen Stefani or something.

LADARIUS

Nah man, I have to kind of keep myself out of trouble after the whole horse punching thing, so a low key night sounds good. By the way, the horse was a real dick.

CECE

Yeah, LaDarius was planning an 'Ice Road Truckers' marathon, so I'm grateful for an escape route.

DAN

Ah, man, I love that show. You see the one about the halibut?

LADARIUS

Shit, yeah, I thought he wasn't going to get the halibut to Connecticut...

LADARIUS (CONT'D)

And then he ended up getting it to Connecticut.

DAN

And then he ended up getting it to Connecticut.

DAN

Well, look, if you guys can make it, and honestly it will be so boring, like, probably the dullerest night of your life...

LADARIUS

We can bring Perudo, it's a South American dice game...

As they are in full flow they are interrupted by Beth.

BETH

Well if it isn't the two most handsome Dads in the school, what are you chatting about?

DAN

Oh, nothing.

LADARIUS

You going to the big party tonight?

DAN

Ha, not big. Hardly big.

Dan looks over to Daisy, panic in his eyes. What does he do?

BETH

Oh, are you guys having a thing?

DAN

I mean, not even, not really.

LADARIUS

(confused)

So, you're *not* having a party?

DAN

Well, define 'party'... some people are coming over for some drinks and some food and there will probably be some music. Is *that* a 'party'?

LADARIUS

I mean, yes, definitively.

DAN

Then ... yes... we are having a 'party'... and you should come, Beth... That would be incredible.

BETH

Really, are you sure Daisy wouldn't mind? I wouldn't want to get you in any trouble...

Daisy is watching, concerned. Dan smiles at her nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

Daisy and Dan are in the car. Unencumbered by Evan, Dan ejects the Times Table CD and, as they pull out of the parking lot, they start to crank out some 'noughties' Hip Hop - when they were in their element.

CRANK DAT by Soulja Boy blares out as they drive. They both sing along, flawlessly and fluently at full volume as they cruise in their Hyundai SUV.

They pull up at some traffic lights, alongside some young turks in a convertible Corvette. They look across, rev their engines as the turks look at them mockingly.

CLOSE ON: The traffic lights. As engines rev they turn from red to green.

The cars roar off, the Hyundai absolutely left for dead as it lumbers away from the lights.

DAN

We've got Evan's bike and that trellis for the Jasmine in the trunk, I think that slowed us down.

DAISY

Motherfucking Jasmine trellis.

DAN

Yeah. Fuck that bitch ass Jasmine.

They accelerate again and launch back into Soulja Boy.

INT. COSTCO. DAY.

Daisy and Dan are wheeling an overflowing trolley down the aisles of the Supermarket getting supplies for the party.

DAN

Angostura bitters? Really?

DAISY

What if somebody wants an Old Fashioned?

DAN

What? Before they drive home in their Studebaker to see Robert Goulet on the Dick Cavett Show? We don't need to go over the top.

He puts back the angostura bitters and reaches for boxes of cheap wine. Daisy looks skeptical. Daisy's phone pings, she smiles, and starts texting back.

DAISY

Really? I thought we could open those Jeraboams of champagne your Uncle gave us for our wedding.

DAN

Are you kidding I'm not wasting Jeraboams on our shitty friends.

DAISY

We need to deliver. Our 'shitty friends' are really looking forward to having a night out. Word is spreading, my phone's blowing up. Linda Matthews actually called me to ask for an invite.

Daisy puts back the boxes, grabs some sparkling wine.

DAN

(Trying to be casual)  
Cool, I like Linda... oh, and Beth might come too. Do we need limes?

DAISY

What was that?

DAN

Limes? For tequila, people like tequila.

DAISY

You invited *Beth*?

DAN

... I couldn't help it. Sorry. LaDarius was there and... She said she was busy, she probably won't come.

DAISY

Oh she'll come, and she'll bring her stupid friends. They think they're so fucking 'rad' in their goddam Lycra activewear and \$80 blow dries, and then she'll flirt with you in front of me and look down on me like I'm just some Cheerio covered, greasy haired soccer Mom, who spends her days putting cucumber sticks in tupperware and making dried pasta pictures of fucking cats.

DAN

Don't let her get to you, you're a million times the woman she is.

DAISY

I know that, but I just want everyone else to know it too. We're the fucking shit. I took Molly with Seal in Ibiza, I banged Three of Maroon Five, I had sex with a Red Hot Chili Pepper.

DAN

(Taken aback)

You did? And I thought it was two of ...

DAISY

Sure. Whatever, details.

DAN

I mean, now you're just coming across as kind of a slut...

DAISY

The point is, I just wanted one night where I didn't feel like dowdy Daisy, and now Botox Beth and her dumb friends are going to come to our house to sneer and judge us.

DAN

Then fuck it, let's give them something to judge. Get the goddam Angostura bitters, the Kramers are having a party.

A\$AP ROCKY's 'Wild for the night' kicks in.

MONTAGE.

-SUPER HI-ENERGY high speed **jump cuts** of Dan and Daisy marauding down the aisles.

- They pick up a pair of cheap sunglasses. Grab big blocks of Brie. Stockpile sleeves of Carr's table water crackers.

- They pass the person giving out free little taster cups of apple juice, they each neck three as if they are shots.

- They load everything onto the checkout belt, the CHECKOUT PERSON looks at them and gives a respectful nod. He knows what's up. He scans the final item.

CHECKOUT PERSON

Do you have a Costco Card?

DAN  
Fuck yeah.

He hands it over.

DAISY  
And actually, we have a coupon for  
\$4 off cold meats.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Dan is half dressed, getting ready for the party. He is deciding what to wear. Daisy is in the bathroom also getting ready. He shouts out to her.

DAN  
I'm just *walking* into my closet, no  
big deal, trying to decide what to  
wear tonight.

He is in the walk in closet now, he announces...

DAN (CONT'D)  
I have entered the closet. I bought  
a couple of new shirts, I don't  
know which to go for.

Daisy emerges from the bathroom looking incredible.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck balls, you look  
incredible.

DAISY  
Really?

DAN  
Elegant *and* slutty.

DAISY  
Like a high class prostitute?

DAN  
I always thought that was an  
oxymoron, but yes. A politician or  
captain of industry would be proud  
to pay thousands of dollars to  
sleep with you. Absolutely.

DAISY  
But you get to do it for free.

DAN  
Just think of the money I'm about  
to save.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Even this chit chat would probably have set me back a couple of hundred, that's the cost of a de-humidifier.

He approaches her, they start kissing.

DAISY

We can't do it now, I'm all 'done'.

DAN

Come on, when do we get the chance of an afternoon session. We're all alone, no prospect of Evan cockblocking me.

DAISY

Yeah, where does he get off, rushing in here showing us his drawings of dinosaurs? He's a real little cockblocker.

DAN

Aaah, I miss him already.

DAISY

Me too. So much.

Dan leads her to the bed.

DAISY (CONT'D)

No towel?

DAN

Nuh uh, fuck it.

They start to get a bit hotter and heavier, clothes come off.

DAN (CONT'D)

If we keep this going into a second hour I'll have saved the equivalent of that aluminium siding we wanted.

DAISY

Keep talking. You know how to turn me on.

They stop the banter and start really getting into it when.... The doorbell rings.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Ignore it.

They do. It rings again. Then someone starts banging on it.

DAMON (O.S.)

Hey, open up! Where are you?

DAN  
Shit. Is that Damon?

INT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

A flustered and flushed Dan runs down to the door, opening it to reveal Damon and Susan carrying a bottle of wine and some canapes. Dan is wearing a shirt that has a sort of African print on it, a bit too young/trendy for him.

DAN  
What the fuck guys, it's 5.15.

Damon barges his way in, unconcerned.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Um, it's a shoes-off household  
guys, the carpet's Tuscan Almond  
so...

Damon ignores him.

DAMON  
Don't be a dick. It's time to get  
this starty parted.

DAN  
The starty is not supposed to get  
parted for another three hours.

An apologetic looking Susan trails behind.

SUSAN  
Sorry, he was very eager, always  
loves to 'come early'.

DAMON  
What were we supposed to do without  
Connor all afternoon? Talk to each  
other?

SUSAN  
We ran out of things to talk about  
in 2009.

Damon notices Dan's shirt.

DAMON  
Holy shit. What the fuck is that  
shirt?

DAN  
What? I got it from Urban  
Outfitters.

DAMON  
In Mombassa?

Daisy comes downstairs, having tried to collect herself, but still looking a little flushed.

DAISY  
Guys, it's 5.15.

DAMON  
Oh my god, were you two just....?

Daisy and Dan look sheepish.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Euch. Really? Why?

SUSAN  
I told you, people still do it.

The doorbell goes again. Daisy goes to answer. She opens the door to reveal Fay and Mike.

DAISY  
Really? 5.15?

Fay has red eyes, she has clearly been crying all day.

FAY  
I just can't believe Oliver's gone.

DAISY  
To just outside Swainsborough, not the after life.

Mike gives her a consoling hug.

MIKE  
It's been a rough day, we're working through a lot of emotions, loss, abandonment... (distracted)...Holy shit, what is that shirt? Where are the rest of LadySmith Black Mambazo?

DAN  
Just to say guys, if we *could* remove shoes...

Mike thrusts the bottle of wine into Dan's hands and walks past, keeping his shoes on. Dan looks at the wine.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Albanian?

MIKE  
Tirana is the Languedoc of the Balkans.

Damon enters, sees Fay and Mike who have kept their shoes on.

DAMON

Great. Sonny and Cher are here, we may as well get this ...

DAN

(Interrupting)

... Please do not say 'starty parted' again, but I agree. Who wants a drink? Shall I open the Albanian?

MIKE

I wouldn't.

Mike finds a bottle of sparkling wine and hands it to Dan.

DAN

OK, let's do this.

He pops it. They cheer. The party has officially started.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME. THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

The six party guests are sitting sedately, the mood has considerably dampened.

FAY

And I noticed that the problem was that feces was actually trapped under his foreskin.

SUSAN

And did you swab?

Susan puts her wine glass down on the table, Dan swoops in, lifts it and puts a coaster underneath.

DAISY

Have you seen those new anti-bacterial wipes that Clare has?

Damon has had enough. He stands up.

DAMON

No! Stop!

Everybody looks at him, shocked.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Enough! Look at us! What have we become? We have one night of freedom and we are sipping Pinot Grigio while discussing our children's septic penises.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

We have one night, until precisely 9 am tomorrow, to forget about whether our kids have cleaned their goddam teeth or if Mr Collins should put pottery on the motherfucking curriculum like they do at Atherton. Who gives a fuck? Tonight is like Halley's comet, who knows when it will come round again.

DAN

It's actually pretty precise when Halley's Comet comes, it's every 75 to 76 years.

DAMON

Shut the fuck up Nelson Mandela. For one night we can pretend we are young, we can get shitfaced, dance like we don't realize we look like our Dads, and then fingerbang our wives on the hoods of our cars.

Susan grimaces. Damon has an idea.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Everyone, chug your wine.

Dan looks worried.

DAN

It's a 2012 Alma Rosa.

MIKE

I won't, I'm driving so...

DAMON

Do I look like I give a fuck? Chug the wine, bitch.

The others all look at each other, their eyes alight, Dan the only face of doubt.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Don't think... One, two, three.

They all chug and spontaneously cheer afterwards.

DAMON (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about, now let's go and make this the best night ev...(beat) the best night since we had children.

DAISY

You're right, where is everyone else? We need to get them here, let's get texting.

DAMON

And from now on, if anybody mentions their children they have to chug.

SUSAN

Deal.

FAY

Wait, I just need to text my Mom to check the kids are OK.

DAMON

Jesus, you already lost. You have to chug, rules are rules.

Everyone looks, she has to chug... so she does. She finishes and is exhilarated.

FAY

It wasn't even properly chilled!

SUSAN

Shit.

FAY

Honestly. it's fine. I have sensitive teeth so if it's too cold I...

SUSAN

No, not the wine. It's from Amber, she says she's not coming because their car has broken down just outside Mableton.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE. DAY

Amber is sitting on her sofa with her husband in her pajamas with a bowl of Nachos watching GAME OF THRONES, as she texts.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

Susan shows her phone to Fay and Daisy.

DAISY

What the fuck?

Fay is studying her phone.

FAY

Wow. I just checked my messages, Carol texted at 4 'my babysitter canceled'... followed by a sad face emoticon, a crying eggplant, a thumbs down, a sad panda face, hypodermic needle, and for some reason the flag of New Zealand.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

The bedside clock reads 6.02, Carol in her cosy nightie, draws the bedroom curtains, ready to get in to bed, where her husband Peter is already asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

Daisy is incredulous.

SUSAN

Textbook. What a C U blank blank T.

DAN

One too many blanks... Unless you're calling her a cubit.

MIKE

Shit. Nick canceled too, claims his Dad's just had a heart attack. Fuckin' asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT.

NICK is at the bedside of a critically ill old man hooked up to all sorts of machines. Nick holds his hand. Weeping.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

Mike is texting.

MIKE

My stupid autocorrect keeps turning 'go to hell cocksucker' into 'go to her cookery school'.

Meanwhile, Daisy looks defiant.

DAISY

I get it, we're being hit by the classic late cancel. It's six o'clock, it's when the rubber hits the road; where you look into your soul and ask 'Am I really prepared to leave my house, interact with other human beings, pretend to be interested in what they're planning to do to their kitchens' when I could be eating pizza in my underwear? We've all done it. That time we were supposed to go to Ruth Chris's and I said Evan had a temperature, he didn't. I just couldn't bear the thought of changing out of my sweatpants.

SUSAN

Or that time I told you my Mom had severed a finger so that I could watch 'True Detective'.

The room is deflated, the big night looks like it's slipping away.

FAY

It's fine, look, we'll have a quiet night, a couple of glasses of wine and we can be home by 10.30, there's a Rizzoli and Isles....

DAISY

NO! Not tonight. You're right Damon, who knows when this might happen again. We can't throw it away on Netflix or de-scaling kettles, it's our night to fuckin' tear it up, we owe it to ourselves and to every Mom and Dad to make tonight epic.

DAN

(Nervous)

Um, honey remember what we said about keeping it small ....

SUSAN

(Ignoring him)

And how do you suggest we do that?

FAY

Sarah is coming with Jenga...?

DAMON (O.C.)  
I think I might just have the  
answer...

Everyone looks as we REVEAL...

Damon produces from his pocket... the tiniest dime bag of old  
weed imaginable. He holds it up triumphantly. The others  
stare in disbelief.

DAN  
There's like half an ounce of old  
weed there.

MIKE  
It's all fucking twigs.

DAMON  
My dealer is in Napa, it's his  
wedding anniversary.

DAN  
Wow, it's just like 'Narcos'.

DAISY  
No. We have to make everyone think  
they can't miss this, that this is  
the party to end all parties. Let's  
get on Facebook, tell everybody the  
party has started early, lie about  
what an incredible time we're  
having and when we get them here,  
make sure they don't want to leave.

FAY  
Get the manchego, some artichoke  
and a plum chutney, I'll arrange  
them on a rustic wooden board with  
some of that artisinal bread, I'll  
post it on Pinterest.

DAISY  
Screw that. I mean *really* show them  
we're having a good time.

MONTAGE.

The six party goers start to stage photos of their party and  
post them online.

- Downing wine and laughing.

- Dancing, grinning wildly.

- Damon empties some sweet n low on a marble counter and  
lines it up like a line of cocaine and pretends to snort.  
Mike takes the photo, they send it off.

- Fay can't help herself arranging a plate of grapes, olives and heirloom tomatoes and taking a picture.

- Damon takes a photo as Susan lifts her T-Shirt 'Girls Gone Wild' style, revealing her boobs. They both look at the photo and slightly grimace.

DAMON

Probably not.

SUSAN

Probably not.

As Daisy stands by the laptop ready to post the photos a nervous Dan stands over her shoulder.

DAN

Honey, wait. I'm not sure about this. The Songbird sale hasn't gone through and they have a pretty stringent good behavior clause in the contract.

DAISY

Come on, you're having a party, not strolling around in Nazi regalia firing nail guns at puppies.

Dan winces.

DAN

But if the house gets trashed...

But too late - she presses send. He looks at her nonplussed.

DAISY

We're doing this.

MONTAGE -

A quick series of cuts as texts appear on parents' phones.

- Amber on her sofa - she looks at her phone. Interest piqued.

- Carol in bed reading 'The Da Vinci Code' her phone pings - she puts her book down, intrigued.

- NICK - at the hospital bed of his Father, looks at the phone, smiles.

- VINCE, TRENT and ROB are playing CALL OF DUTY on the Playstation when the message comes up on Vince's phone. He shows it to the others, they look intrigued.

INT. WINE BAR. DAY.

Beth, Luanne, Meredith and Brandi are totally over dressed in a soulless, empty wine bar in a shopping mall. Sad divorced men ogle them whilst watching sports on TV. Beth dances to their table with three large glasses of wine.

BETH  
What up, bitches? You know what  
time it is!

LUANNE/MEREDITH/BRANDI	BETH	*
(Uncertainly)	(Celebratory)	
Erm... 6.15?/ Just past six?/	'Wine O'Clock'!	*
Six-ish?		*

Beth skates over the misunderstanding and hands them their wines. She spots a handsome young barman, reads his name badge and grabs him.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Excuse me... Brandon, would you  
mind taking a selfie of us?

BARMAN  
Well it wouldn't strictly be a  
selfie if I...

They all pounce on him flirtatiously.

BETH	LUANNE	*
Are you flirting?	You're young enough to be my son?	

The petrified barman thrusts the phone back, trying to escape. As they look at the photo the phone pings.

MEREDITH  
Ho's, check it out. Daisy's  
Facebook says her party's already  
started. Hashtag, early much?

They look at the photos again, see Mike's Sweet n' low photo and waver, their interest piqued by what they see.

BETH  
I mean... we *could* pop in for 20  
minutes before we go to Obsessions.  
It'll be fun to see how lame it is  
with their 'perfect life' and her  
'perfect husband' and her boho chic  
Pinterest pictures of wild flowers  
casually tossed in mason jars...

She realizes she's giving too much away and stops.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Hashtag I expect it's probably  
 pretty lame.

A middle aged man slides over next to them at the bar, before he can even say anything and without looking at him Beth exclaims...

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Not gonna happen.

INT. HOUSE. EVENING.

Back at Daisy's house more people have arrived and the party is picking up. Still pretty sedate, but busier. Two parents, CLARE and RITA are talking to each other.

CLARE  
 It's so nice to get out and just be  
 adults.

RITA  
 Exactly, it's great to have an  
 evening not talking about  
 children...

There is a long awkward pause. Silence. They have no clue what to talk about if kids aren't on the agenda. In the silence they decide to drink, numbing the pain.

Meanwhile, Dan is busily putting coasters under wine glasses when the doorbell goes. He rushes to answer.

It's CRAIG and a miserable looking KAREN.

DAN  
 Hey guys, good to see you, come in,  
 have a drink, there's food in the  
 kitchen, if you want to take your  
 shoes off...

KAREN  
 Thanks, nice shirt. Did you just  
 escape from Robben Island?

Dan looks put out. They enter without removing their shoes. Craig spots Fay and Susan in the kitchen. Susan waves to him, does a little shimmy, holding her wine.

CRAIG  
 Ooh. There are the girls... *What*  
 is Susan like? (he calls out) YOU  
 GO GIRL!

As Craig moves off, Karen looks suicidal and grabs him.

KAREN

I told you, twenty minutes then we leave.

Meanwhile, a distracted Dan is still flitting around putting coasters under glasses. Daisy comes up to him.

DAISY

Nobody's dancing, how do we ramp this up?

They're standing next to the Ipod dock. He checks it.

DAN

Yeah it's not really a 'The Young Professionals' crowd... that sounded weird. How would you say that? Should I just drop the 'The'?

He puts another coaster down under a wine glass.

DAISY

Honestly Dan, relax. Enjoy yourself. It's a party. When did you turn into such a square?

DAN

(dumbfounded)

What? Because I don't like the 'The Young Professionals'?... Is that how...

Before she can finish, KEVIN a dull looking Dad, comes up, with a guitar.

KEVIN

Don't worry guys, I brought the old axe, I can bang out a few old favorites. They tend to get the joint jumpin'.

DAISY

I'm not sure we...

KEVIN

Honestly, it's not a problem, happy to do it.

He heads off with his guitar, determined to play.

DAISY

We used to be cool, hip, relevant. Look at this, it's not cool or hip, without that we've got nothing.

DAN

Well, strictly speaking we'd still have relevance.

DAISY

Christ, this might be your idea of fun, when you discuss your weekend at Monday's 'greed is good power lunch with the number crunchers from the eighth floor', but it isn't mine.

They look across to see Kevin falteringly start to play the first chords of 'Stairway to Heaven'. Daisy turns to Dan as if to say, point proven.

DAISY (CONT'D)

A software analyst playing 'classic rock' covers is not how this is going to play out. This is categorically the worst party ever.

DAN

I think you're forgetting the Nazi party.

DAISY

Am I Dan? *Am I?*... We need fresh blood.

DAN

Honey, we said we'd keep it small, somebody's already squashed an olive into the carpet... A carpet we cannot afford if this sale does not go through.

Daisy ignores him as she starts to text. The doorbell rings. A flustered Dan goes to answer it.

It's Clark, the kid from next door and he's looking pissed.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Clark. Everything OK?

CLARK

You tell me Mr. Kramer.

DAN

... OK?

CLARK

There seems to be a heck of a lot of foot traffic. Mom and Dad are out of town, and they didn't mention anything about a party next door.

DAN

Right, well it was a last minute thing, so...

CLARK

That's all well and good Mr. Kramer, but some of us are studying, it's my SATS next week and I'm pretty focused.

DAN

OK, good for you, good luck.

CLARK

And as long as you keep things down, I'm sure we won't have a problem.

Dan can't help but chuckle.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Pardon me, but is something funny here?

DAN

No, sorry, it's just that this is pretty ironic, you a sixteen year old...

CLARK

I'm sorry, I don't...

DAN

Ironic, you know it's when...

CLARK

Oh, I know what irony is. Euripides utilized it extensively, notably in 'Iphigenia in Tauris', which I am currently attempting to read next door, over some old man murdering... is that *Hoobastank*?

He takes a peek inside to see KEVIN is now singing 'The Reason' by Hoobastank as a few parents dance lamely near him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Please don't give me a 'Reason' to call the authorities. I'd hate for anything to jeopardize the sale of your company.

He goes to leave and then turns back.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, nice shirt. Are you a prince who has had a large lottery win and needs access to my bank account?

As Clark heads back to his house a concerned Dan heads back into the party to look for Daisy.

DAN

Fuck.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

A seething Clark walks down the path. He passes a conspicuously glamorous Beth, Brandi, Luanne and Meredith. They teeter on their heels towards the house, Clark looks at them witheringly.

MEREDITH

Euch this is gonna be so lame, full of dowdy moms wearing sensible flats, talking about wind farms and online pedophiles.

LUANNE

Ewww. I hate wind farms, taking all of our wind. What if one day there isn't any wind left?

INT. HOUSE. EVENING.

The party continues. A meek Carol is mid conversation, talking to Fay, Susan, Craig and a bored looking Karen.

SUSAN

(Sarcastic)

It's so great that you found a babysitter at such short notice.

CAROL

You know I'm so glad we made it out. The last time we were out on a Saturday was the night they killed Osama Bin Laden... I mean we weren't *there*, not involved in any way, I just remember...

As she gesticulates a drop of tomato from the canape she's eating falls on her sleeve. Like gunslingers Fay, Susan and Craig immediately, simultaneously, reach into pockets and purses to produce wipes to remove any stain.

CRAIG

Ha! Force of habit, Kendall always says...

The others interrupt.

EVERYONE

CHUG!

Craig looks confused, as an aggressive and now clearly drunk Fay forces a drink to his lips.

FAY

No mention of kids, motherfucker,  
or you chug!

They all cackle as Craig takes a drink, Karen looks at her husband, appalled.

Meanwhile, a worried Dan catches up with Daisy.

DAN

That was the kid next door,  
complaining about the noise. What  
if he calls the cops?

DAISY

To say what? 'Come quick, there are  
people having heated discussions  
about Tuscany'?

DAN

I just don't want to give  
Initiative a reason to pull out.

A distracted Daisy is not listening as she looks over Dan's shoulder. She sees Beth and her 'posse' have entered.

DAN (CONT'D)

(Hopeful)  
Ladarius?

DAISY

No. Goddam it. I told you they'd  
come. I guarantee they're...

As both groups see each other they plaster on fake smiles.

MEREDITH

Oh god she's seen us... WOW,  
Daisy this is awesome SO.  
MUCH. FUN.

DAISY

Already talking shit... Hi!  
How are you? SO great to see  
you!

\*

LUANNE

This is TOO Much Fun. Can I get a  
'whoop whoop'?

DAISY

Erm.. 'whoop whoop'?

BETH

Quick. Selfie!

Daisy is taken by surprise as they grab her and seamlessly morph into selfie poses. Beth then looks at the photo on her phone, then at Daisy and grimaces.

BETH (CONT'D)

Euch. One more!

She grabs them all again, they snap into poses. Once more she studies the photo and grimaces. She looks at Daisy sadly.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Euch. Never mind honey. Maybe another time...

MEREDITH  
(Unconvincing)  
Hashtag SO MUCH FUN!

INT. PARTY. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

In the Kitchen Dan is mopping up another spill, DAMON comes to find him.

DAMON  
You see who turned up?

DAN  
(Excited)  
LaDarius Dixon?

DAMON  
No, and you don't have to keep saying his whole name, there aren't a whole bunch of LaDarius's in the school. Or is it 'Ladadrii'? That's probably the plural, a bunch of Ladarii.

DAN  
Ok, not Ladarius, then who?

DAMON  
Beth Coleman, looking unbelievably hot, and she's looking at you.

Dan looks over. Beth is indeed staring at him.

DAN  
Ah, shit, Daisy thinks I have a thing about her, for some reason.

DAMON  
Um, because she's a 20,000 out of ten. She's on my Mount Rushmore of women I'd like to fuck. Beth Coleman, a young Queen Latifah, Elsa from 'Frozen', Daisy, Anna from Frozen.

DAN  
(Incredulous)  
My *wife* Daisy?

Damon goes to high five Dan.

DAMON

Hell yeah, and before you get all angry, I've checked. Elsa and Anna are both legal. Elsa has to be 21 to ascend to the throne of Arendelle and Anna is 17 so I could legally have sex with her anywhere apart from California, Arizona, North Dakota and I think Delaware.

DAN

If they weren't cartoons...

Across the room Beth, looking unbelievably hot, smiles at Dan and starts to head over half walking half dancing.

DAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Dan starts to dance/walk away, Damon is incredulous.

DAMON

Really? You're making a dance/walk exit?... You're dance/walking away from your destiny!

Indeed he is, so in his stead Damon dance/walks toward Beth, she spots this and makes a swift dance/walk swerve away from him. Leaving Damon dancing awkwardly on his own.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Clark is looking out the window, angrily. He sees a bunch of hipsters from the coffee shop, Heather, Zap and friends, walking up the path to Dan and Daisy's. They look unsavory and he's had enough. He picks the up phone and dials.

CLARK

Police please. I'd like to make a noise complaint.

INT. PARTY. NIGHT.

The doorbell rings. Daisy goes to answer it, revealing the Baristas from the cafe, Heather and Zap, have arrived with a bunch of their even more hipster-y friends.

DAISY

Heather! Zap! So great you could come... All of you.

The entire party sees the new guests arrive and there is a palpable change of atmosphere. Meredith, Brandi and Luanne look over, impressed.

HEATHER

Thanks for the text, Saturday night is usually pretty dead.

ZAP

Yeah, we've got a rave at an abandoned Slaughterhouse later, but we saw your photos on Facebook and it looked sick. House parties are the shit.

Dan looks over, worry etched on his face as he sees the new guests.

DAISY

Awesome. Come in, enjoy yourselves... chillax. A lot of these guys are basically blowing off steam because their kids have gone away for the night, so they're enjoying their freedom.

HEATHER

Aw, I totally get it. One of my room mates has a cat.

Zap looks over to the kitchen, notices something.

ZAP

Ooh. Is that motherfucking charcuterie? Cool.

Over in the kitchen there is indeed charcuterie. A tipsy Fay and Mike are standing next to it, studying it.

FAY

I mean, it does look good.

MIKE

And it's not like meat is going to kill us, right?

FAY

It might be good, just to remind us why we don't eat it.

MIKE

Exactly, a bit of meat never hurt anybody did it?

Tentatively, they both take a little piece of meat and put it in their mouths, immediately relishing the experience - they start to devour the cold cuts.

Across the room, Kevin is still on his guitar, a small group of parents including Susan and Craig are dancing.

KEVIN

OK, how about we move things right up to date. Did someone say it's getting "hot in here"? Well Nelly did... hence I'm about to play 'Hot in Here", by Nelly.

Kevin then launches into an appalling, arguably racist, version of the Nelly classic.

Craig is trying out his best dance moves as Karen sidles up beside him.

KAREN

OK, it's been twenty minutes, we should go.

CRAIG

Oh, can we stay a bit longer? This is fun. Pleeeeease?

He downs another white wine.

INT. DAN AND DAISY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Meanwhile, the action is heating up in the kitchen. Meredith, Luanne and Brandi are talking to Heather and the hipsters, mid conversation, rapt by what she's saying,

HEATHER

... Oh, Daisy? She's dope, she comes into the shop and she's always so chill.

MEREDITH

...so chill. The chillest.

HEATHER

You guys got any bath salts?

LUANNE

No, I'm more of a shower person, I think lying in your own dirty water is kind of gross, you know?

One of the hipsters gets some drugs out and starts to chop it up on the marble work surfaces. Meredith's eyes light up - actual excitement.

Dan, who has been nervously sizing up the hipsters decides it's time to make his way over.

DAN

Hey, guys... Wha 'gwan, sorry to interrupt, but I just couldn't help noticing you were chopping up some of the old cocaine, the blow, the snow, the nose candy, riding the white horse...

(struggling now)

... dating sweet lady caine ... and usually I'm totally down with that, but tonight isn't really that kind of night...

The hipsters stare at him, not understanding.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to harsh your mellow, I am totally hip to your groove, but we were kind of planning a quiet get together with a few friends. Plus, we just moved in here and, ask Daisy, I'm sorta paranoid about scratching that marble. It's surprisingly porous, we imported it from Italy, just outside motherfucking Umbria. You'll see it's a single slab ...

Daisy interrupts, eyes ablaze.

DAISY

Um, Dan, can I grab you for a sec?....

She pulls him away and growls under her breath.

DAISY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

DAN

They were taking drugs, I don't want to be a party pooper but...

DAISY

Oh trust me, you are pooping on this party, big stinky poops all over it. It's like a Mexican prison toilet after seafood night. What are you doing? People are *actually* having fun.

DAN

Yeah, taking *drugs*. What if Initiative find out?

DAISY

And what if a horse gives birth to a fridge freezer? It's not going to happen, just chill.

DAN

Oh, is that what your hipster friends would advise? Jesus, this is serious, this is our future. Have you got any idea what I sacrificed to get us here?

DAISY

Um, let me think, your personality, time with your family, your principles?

DAN

Oh, what? Are you calling me some kind of sell out?

DAISY

What do you mean? You *literally* sold out. You sold out the company **we** started, and for what?

DAN

For *us*. For our future.

DAISY

I've got news for you, if *this* is our future, it wasn't worth it. People are allowed to let off steam once in a while.

DAN

Yeah, it must be real stressful drinking all those soy lattes.

DAISY

Oh *really*. You think that's all I do? I'm raising our son, building goddam dried pasta spaceships and Lego dildos all day while you 'synergize' and 'move the fuckin' goalposts'.

Beth is watching, intrigued from the other side of the room.

DAN

We're parents, that's what parents do, we don't invite extras from a fucking American Apparel commercial to our house to take drugs.

DAISY

Why not? My life didn't end when Evan's started, I'm not ready to be middle aged. Run this up your goddam flagpole. Life didn't get boring Dan, you did.

DAN

Oh really ?

DAISY

Yeah, really.

DAN

OK. We'll see who's boring.

He storms off, marching to a cupboard and brings out 2 huge Jeroboams of champagne. Looking at Daisy throughout, he jumps on to the marble counter shakes one and opens it. Spraying the party with champagne. He shouts to the room.

DAN (CONT'D)

Let's party motherfuckers.

The party explodes in celebration. Dan jumps down, grabs four pills from the counter top where the hipsters are gathered. With eyes still on Daisy he chases them down with a swig from the Jeroboam before storming off towards the dance floor. Heather watches him go, annoyed.

HEATHER

Shit, he just took my last four Advil. I have such a fucking headache. Meth totally does that to me.

As the party goes wild, Dan sees the blue lights of a cop car flashing. Panic sweeps over his face as he rushes to the door, looking at Daisy as he goes.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Dan runs out to see two cops OFFICER MURPHY and OFFICER RODRIGUEZ walk up to the driveway. They instantly take out their guns and handle him like an armed criminal.

DAN

Whoa, guys, hi, what's going? How can I help?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Hands up!

DAN

If you could just wait...

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
I said hands up comadreja pene.  
What part of that don't you  
understand?

DAN  
The last bit... comadre... the  
Spanish.

OFFICER MURPHY  
Totally fair enough, he slips into  
Spanish when he's angry, I think it  
means dick weasel. NOW GET DOWN ON  
THE FUCKING GROUND.

He gets on the ground. A crowd is gathering in the house.

Clark emerges from the door of the house next door, smiling  
as he watches the chaos unfold.

OFFICER MURPHY (CONT'D)  
Don't make me shoot you, is that  
really the shirt you want to die  
in, Desmond Tutu?

One of the Dads, NICK, comes out to look at the action.

NICK  
Jason?

OFFICER MURPHY  
Nick?

NICK  
Hey buddy, what's happening?

OFFICER MURPHY  
Got a call from next door about a  
disturbance. Are you at this party?  
Oh, hey Lisa, how the hell are you?  
You look great, I love that top on  
you.

NICK  
Dude, that's Dan Kramer, Evan's  
Dad... Evan in first grade, it's  
their party.

OFFICER MURPHY  
Oh, hey Dan, Jason Murphy, Olive's  
Dad, third grade. So sorry, here,  
let me help you up, the kid next  
door called in, said there was a  
disturbance, can't be too careful.  
Ramon, you remember Nick and Lisa?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
Hey guys.

NICK

Come in, have a drink, you don't  
mind do you, Dan?

OFFICER MURPHY

Better not say no, otherwise we'll  
shoot!... Kidding, totally kidding.

Dan laughs weakly. The cops put away their guns and act  
totally normally.

OFFICER MURPHY (CONT'D)

We'll just have a quick one, we  
won't stay.

Clark watches nonplussed from his driveway. Dan looks over to  
him and smiles triumphantly.

DAN

Good luck on your SATS, bitch.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Fay and Mike are with the drug taking hipsters, they are  
watching them snort drugs.

FAY

I mean, it does look good.

MIKE

And it's not like it's going to  
kill us, right?

FAY

It might actually be good, just to  
remind us why we don't do cocaine  
anymore.

MIKE

Exactly, a bit of cocaine never  
hurt anybody did it?

They both do a massive line of cocaine.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

The cops walk in, grab a drink each. They see Kevin on his  
guitar, he is now performing an execrable version of 'HAPPY'  
by Pharell Williams. Officer Rodriguez grabs the guitar and  
smashes it. Kevin freezes in shock.

OFFICE RODRIGUEZ

Sorry, crimes against music, you're  
murdering Pharrell dude. Whose got  
some proper fucking music?

One of the hipsters gets his phone, finds some FETTY WAP and as it blasts out, the party ramps up another gear.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Fay and Mike are now in full party monster mode, ramped up on drugs, wide eyed and manic, mid conversation with the hipsters and some parents including the dull Peter and Carol.

PETER

So I just said I'm not convinced a 401k is automatically a good fit.

FAY

(manic)

You're so fucking right. Fuck Peter, that's so fucking true.

MIKE

A 401k is not for fucking everybody and you see that, you can see that.

They hug a perplexed Peter.

FAY

Let's all go and burn down a church!

MIKE

Let's go and kick a cat to death!

PETER

Both Federal offences, so....

FAY

Carol, Peter, you have to fucking try this.

CAROL

I don't know, Fay, what kind of example is it to little Thomas if...

FAY

Ah, no mentioning kids, chug bitch!

She forces two Ecstasy pills down Carol's mouth.

FAY (CONT'D)

You're one of us now... who wants to go rob a Seven Eleven?

Meanwhile, a bemused looking Clark has poked his head through the front door, as he surveys the chaos he is horrified by what he sees. Drug taking, drinking, middle aged dancing.

Daisy is dancing with Zap, looking cool and effortless among the hipsters. Dan watches, anger festering.

Also on the dance floor Beth is attempting to sexy dance for Dan's pleasure. Damon keeps trying to sidle in next to her, she keeps maneuvering away.

Having seen enough, Clark marches up to the cops who are also in the middle of the dance floor showing off their moves.

CLARK

What the heck are you doing?

OFFICER MURPHY

Well I am attempting the Stanky Leg while Officer Rodriguez is, I believe, endeavouring to Nae Nae.

CLARK

This is unacceptable. Have you seen what's going on here? Are you going to do anything about it, or do you want me to call your superiors?

OFFICER MURPHY

It depends. Do you want *us* to say we caught you trying to sell meth to eighth graders?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, and that when we came to detain you, you called me, and I quote... 'A whore loving nigger cock muncher'

He reads this from his notepad.

CLARK

You're not even black and I would never use that sort of hate filled invective.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Boo hoo. Tell that to the judge after you've spent a night in the clink. By the time you've left jail your asshole will have been entered by more black guys than the NFL draft.

They high five.

OFFICER MURPHY

You will have had more Mexicans inside you than a Home Depot in Albuquerque.

Another high five. They continue to dance.

CLARK  
 People like you are why this  
 country is going to hell.

As he storms out he passes TRENT, VINCE and ROB, Dan's work  
 colleagues who have just entered and are surveying the scene.

TRENT  
 Holy shit, look at this place.  
 Dan's got game.

VINCE  
 I always just assumed he was a  
 little bitch.

ROB  
 This is literally milf heaven.

VINCE  
 Let's party, motherfuckers.

TRENT  
 Give me ten minutes and I will  
 be... A fucker of mothers.

They head into the party on a mission.

Across the room, Dan, who is with Damon, spots them and  
 freaks out.

DAN  
 Shit! What are they doing here?

DAMON  
 Who are they? They look like  
 rejects from 'The Bachelorette'.

DAN  
 Guys from work. If any of this gets  
 back to Andreas I am totally  
 fucked.

Clark, on his way out, overhears Dan's conversation. He  
 stops, smiles to himself and after a moment's thought surveys  
 the house and heads upstairs.

DAN looks over to see Vince, Trent and Rob taking photos of  
 the carnage on their phones.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

He heads over to stop them but is intercepted by DAVE ABRAMO  
 who has arrived and is taking in the scene.

DAVE ABRAMO  
 Yo, Danny boy, awesome party.

DAN  
How did you know...

DAVE ABRAMO  
Saw it on The Facebook, I thought  
it would suck, but you still know  
how to party, man. Loving it,  
slammin' beats mofo, maximum  
respect.

He launches into some terrible middle aged dancing to Fetty  
Wap. Dan sees Daisy go upstairs and shouts after her.

DAN  
Daisy! Daisy!

She doesn't hear so he decides to follow her upstairs. As he  
goes he passes PARENTS playing strip Trivial Pursuit. A  
SHIRTLESS DAD guesses.

SHIRTLESS DAD  
Homo Erectus?

A shirtless Mom reads the back of the card.

SHIRTLESS MOM  
Nope. Crimean War.

SHIRTLESS DAD  
Wow, way off...

He starts to take off his underpants.

As Dan heads upstairs, Beth spots him and follows.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Clark is sneaking along the hallway, trying rooms, he opens a  
door and finds Dan's home office. He smiles, walks inside and  
locks the door behind him.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Around the kitchen counter, Meredith, Brandi and Luanne are  
chatting flirtatiously with Trent, Vince and Rob.

VINCE  
... and that top looks absolutely  
wonderful on you, it totally brings  
out your eyes.

MEREDITH  
Vincent, I am, 42, I am almost old  
enough to be your mother.

VINCE

Oh no, you're definitely old enough, my Mom's two years younger than you, she was real slutty when she was young.

MEREDITH

Oh... ok.

VINCE

But she is disgusting now, totally unfuckable, and not just because she's my Mom. But you, Meredith, you are a bona fide MILM.

MEREDITH

You mean 'MILF'?

VINCE

Oh no ma'am, that's disrespectful. A Mom I'd like to make love to.

Meredith smiles coyly - it's on.

INT. HOUSE. UPSTAIRS. NIGHT.

Dan can't see where Daisy's gone, so heads into his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

No sign of her.

DAN

Daisy?

No answer... He hears the door close behind him, he turns round to see Beth, they are alone in the bedroom.

BETH

Hi.

DAN

Um, hi.

BETH

Great party.

DAN

I don't know. Have you been in the kitchen? It's like an episode of 'The Wire' in there. They are using my Crate and Barrel spoons to cook meth.

Beth laughs. Moves a bit closer.

BETH

Everything OK with you and Daisy?  
She looked upset.

DAN

I mean, I think so. We had a stupid  
argument, I'm kind of stressed out  
over this takeover and she thinks  
I'm becoming boring.

BETH

I get it, life can be hard, I think  
we all deserve a bit of happiness  
wherever we can find it.

Suddenly Beth takes off her shirt to reveal her incredible  
tits. Dan is stunned.

DAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Beth, don't...

BETH

Come on, you've been flirting with  
me all semester.

DAN

Because that's what middle aged  
people do. You say something  
vaguely sexual about something  
being 'harder than you imagined',  
I'll reply by saying something  
equally ambiguous about 'getting  
something up' and we'll laugh, but  
it's on the understanding that  
we're basically sexually obsolete,  
and nothing will ever actually  
happen. This is a terrible idea.

BETH

Is it my tits? I breast fed two  
kids, do my tits suck now?

DAN

No, you have magnificent tits,  
world class, but I'm married, I  
love Daisy. Here, let's just do  
this up.

He goes to fasten her blouse, hands on her shirt as...

DAISY (O.C.)

Are you shitting me?^

DAN

Daisy. Wait, I didn't do anything.  
Fuck. Fuck!

Daisy storms out slamming the door behind her. Dan follows.

INT. HOUSE. UPSTAIRS. NIGHT.

Dan exits the bedroom, can't see Daisy anywhere. He walks down the hallway, opens the door to a bathroom, to find a group of parents shouting wildly, holding cash in their hands. Dan recoils as he spots something through the crowd, one of the Dads LARRY CHANG is naked on the floor, hunched over himself.

NICK

Hey Dan, we're just taking bets on whether Larry Chang can suck his own dick. He says he can. You want in?

LARRY CHANG

(Straining)

It's easy money bro, go for it!

An incredulous Dan slams the door, moves on.

INT. HOUSE. UPSTAIRS. NIGHT.

He opens the door to the upstairs laundry.

DAN

Daisy?... What the fuck!

REVEAL - KEVIN is crouched, taking a dump in the drier.

KEVIN

Sorry dude, bathroom was locked.

Dan slams the door and moves on.

DAN

Jesus! Who are these people?

INT. HOUSE UPSTAIRS. NIGHT

He tries another door, A nervous Clark looks up, the door is locked, he is on Dan's home computer, he has the email application open and is typing 'ANDREAS' into the search box.

A host of emails with 'ANDREAS RITBLATT' come up. Clark smiles.

DAN (O.C.)

Whoever is in there and whatever the hell you're doing, get out and wipe all the surfaces clean.

INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

Meanwhile a tearful Daisy is with Susan, Fay and Carol, baring her soul.

DAISY  
... and she was just standing there  
with her top off.

FAY  
I will shiv that skank in the  
motherfucking neck.

She grabs a porcelain ornament of a clown playing a saxophone from a mantelpiece and smashes it to make a weapon.

DAISY  
Jesus Fay, that was from the Lladro  
factory in Venice.

SUSAN  
But they weren't doing anything,  
right? Dan would never actually do  
anything?

DAISY  
I don't know anymore, we had an  
argument I said some terrible  
things and he had so many  
resentments, so much bottled up.

FAY  
I will stab that ho in the heart  
while her weeping children watch.

She takes a hit from a crack pipe.

DAISY  
Fay, honey, you have to lay off the  
crack.

CAROL  
Have you tried it? It is absolutely  
delicious and once you try it you  
honestly cannot get enough. You  
know Sour Cream Pringles?... Like  
that times twenty.

DAISY  
I just don't know who Dan is  
anymore, this takeover stuff has  
really affected him. I don't know  
what our marriage is.

She starts to cry.

FAY

Here you go honey, make the pain go away.

Fay hands her some crack. Daisy declines.

INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT

Dan and Damon are sitting with each other, mid conversation.

DAN

... and Daisy walked in, while the shirt was off.

DAMON

Ah shit, that sucks, man... so the nipples were they like those little silver dollars? Oreo sized? Or like those big old Carr's Water crackers?

DAN

Dude, I don't know, that's not really the issue here. We both said some really hurtful things...

DAMON

Totally, totally, I'm sorry, I'm just trying to paint a picture here ... Tit Olympics, is she on the podium?

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

A raging Beth has found Brandi and Luanne who are still flirting with Rob and Trent in the kitchen.

BETH

OK girls, you were right, this party is lame, let's go, it's R&B night at Deja Vu's.

BRANDI

We're kind of having fun here, I think we're gonna stay.

Beth cannot compute this show of insubordination.

BETH

What? With these losers?

She looks at Rob and Trent witheringly.

ROB

Fuck you Kelly Ripa.

BETH

Is that supposed to be an insult?  
Because I happen think she has a  
fantastic sense of style.

MEREDITH

They're our friends, Rob and Trent.  
Rob rides a Harley.

BETH

That's great... have you told him  
about how you piss a little bit  
every time you sneeze because four  
actual human people have come out  
of your cavernous vagina?

MEREDITH

Well, I've got news for you, I'd  
much rather have a used up old twat  
that's seen better days than *be*  
one. We're staying.

A stunned Beth stares for a moment, then storms off alone.  
Meredith goes to high five Rob for her zinger, but he just  
looks a bit horrified.

INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Susan and Damon run into each other.

SUSAN

This party's getting crazy. Have  
you seen Mike anywhere? I think Fay  
really needs him right now.

Damon looks over to the door of the downstairs bathroom.

DAMON

Oh, no. He's locked himself in  
there. He's done mushrooms and coke  
and seems to be spending his time  
alternating between crying and  
masturbating.

SUSAN

Shouldn't we go and help?

DAMON

I mean, I'd probably wait for a  
beat... until you hear the crying  
start up again.

They pause to listen. No crying.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Have you seen Daisy? Dan's looking for her. They've had a huge argument. Things are bad.

SUSAN

I know, and Craig and Karen look like they hate each other. All these 'perfect marriages' are falling apart.

DAMON

Please say we'll never turn into that.

SUSAN

I promise. I will always be totally honest about all the things I hate about you, you disgusting fungal toenailed, hairy eared, car crash.

They kiss.

DAMON

Your breath stinks like I wanna say, a hobo's taint?

The kiss gets more passionate.

SUSAN

You even *taste* of failure.

More passionate still.

DAMON

Is this actually happening? I cannot tell you how long I have *not* fantasized about this for.

He starts to lead her upstairs en route they pass Dave Abramo who is with a bored looking tattooed young Hipster, SUMMER. He is showing her his tiny tattoo on his ankle.

DAVE ABRAMO

... It's ancient Sanskrit, it says 'Peace'... or maybe 'Serenity', I can't remember, I got it in Vegas.

A bored Summer walks off, leaving Dave hanging. After a moment of palpable sadness and self doubt, he collects himself and dances off, as if nothing has happened, looking for his next victim.

INT. HOME OFFICE. NIGHT.

Clark is at the computer, an email pings through, he opens it. It's from Andreas and reads.

"Thanks for the invite, we're just out at dinner but Linda and I would love to swing by afterwards if that's OK. Sounds fun."

Clark smiles.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

CeCe and LaDarius walk up to the house holding a Perudo box. CeCe hears the music, looks worried.

CECE

Are you sure this is a good idea?  
you know we need to steer clear of  
any drama.

LADARIUS

Honey, the dude is a white guy who  
works with computers, all we're  
gonna do is play Perudo while they  
talk about NPR and retiring in  
Europe. We'll be fine.

INT. WALK IN CLOSET. NIGHT.

A traumatized Dan closes the door of his cedar wood walk in closet and sits contemplatively. He sips a glass of wine, takes in the magnificence of his cupboard as he looks for a moment of peace and quiet to think.

He picks up a photo of him, Daisy and Evan as a baby, they are all cramped together in a tiny apartment and couldn't look happier. He smiles at it fondly, takes a beat and starts to make his way out, when he hears a door slam and voices.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Come on, I'm ready to be  
underwhelmed.

DAMON (O.S.)

Oh, it's coming. Get ready to anti -  
climax.

Dan freezes in horror. Susan and Damon are yards away, having disgusting sex, on his marital bed. He has no way to escape.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Damon and Susan are indeed on Dan and Daisy's bed. Susan rips her top off.

DAMON

You want me to fiddle around with  
those for a bit?

SUSAN  
I mean, ideally, if you can face  
it....

He gives it a go.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
These are nice sheets, should we  
put a towel down?

DAMON  
Nah, fuck it.... Ooh, this throw is  
cashmere, I love the feel of balls  
on cashmere.

INT. WALK IN CLOSET. NIGHT

Dan winces, looks furious, as the groans from the bedroom get louder and more passionate.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Tell me what you want to do to me.

DAMON (O.S.)  
Um... I'm sort of doing it... I  
could talk you through it if you  
like, but it would be kind of  
redundant. This is basically the  
extent of what I'm thinking about.

Dan now looks disgusted and confused about how to make an escape.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Honestly, can you please not be so  
literal, why are you always so  
literal?

DAMON (O.S.)  
I'm just going to stick this in  
there to stop you complaining.

Her voice becomes muffled, her mouth now occupied. Dan winces again. This is traumatic. There is a beat, Damon moans with pleasure.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Well this is very nice, for the  
silence as much as anything. Where  
should I put it next?

Dan sighs, settles in.

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

Beth is heading out of the party, on her way she passes Amber and Maggie, two of the more Momsy Moms who are drunk and having a fairly heated, but civil discussion.

AMBER

I just know Sienna would really appreciate it if Gaby asked her over for a play date, she's been over to our house twice now.

MAGGIE

But Gaby said Sienna didn't share her toys nicely, she felt very excluded.

EXT. PARTY. NIGHT.

A downcast, slightly defeated Beth stands alone outside the party, smoking a cigarette. She looks round to see a similarly despondent Dave Abramo. As he sees her, he rallies himself puts on his game face and walks over, before he can talk she pre-empts him, utterly resigned.

BETH

Ach, is this really what it's come to?

DAVE ABRAMO

Well, let's face it, it's this or crying yourself to sleep alone, fully dressed, on the sofa in an empty house with half a bottle of vodka looking up your ex husband on Facebook.

She pauses for a long time, weighing up the options.

BETH

Ach... What the hell.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

CeCe and LaDarius walk, open mouthed through the out of control party. Parents are snorting drugs.

A chair flies past LaDarius's head, narrowly missing him. Naked Trivial Pursuit Dad runs past yelling.

SHIRTLESS DAD

I'm telling you, the chemical symbol for iron is Fe.

He runs naked into the garden.

CECE  
What the fuck?

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Damon and Susan are still going at it. Whilst Susan is on top and without her seeing, Damon is adjusting Dan's photo of Daisy on the bedside table so that he can use it to 'inspire' him during sex.

Dan has got on his hands and knees having slid the closet door open, now desperate to escape. He crawls out, determined not to be seen by the naked, romping Damon and Susan. Damon is fully focused on Daisy's photo as he exclaims.

DAMON(O.C.)  
That's it. Now we're getting  
somewhere.

As Dan crawls round the side of the bed his nose comes perilously close to Damon's disgusting old underpants. He tries to grab the cashmere throw and subtly slide it off the bed, only for it to be trapped underneath Damon's ass. Despite a couple of tugs, it will not come free. Meanwhile...

INT. PARTY. DOWNSTAIRS. NIGHT.

CeCe and LaDarius are still walking through the carnage, they open the door where Mike was earlier and scream. What they witness is clearly horrific. CeCe looks shell shocked.

LADARIUS  
Fucking white people...

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The door opens, Beth leads Dave Abramo into the room, turning on the lights to reveal they are in an archetypal 6 year old boy's bedroom. Bunk beds, teddy bears, toys etc.

Dave is unperturbed as they begin to tear into each other.

BETH  
It's kind of bright, maybe we  
should have some mood lighting.

She switches off the lights and turns on a lamp, it projects rocket ships and planets onto the walls.

DAVE  
(Impressed)  
Cool, spaceships.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dan is still on his hands and knees, now at the foot of the bed, making slow but steady progress towards the door. Just as he looks as if he is about to escape when Susan and Damon decide to switch it up and go doggy style. Damon grabs the photo of Daisy and holds it above Susan's back so that he doesn't lose his mojo. He performs a series of elaborate maneuvers so that she doesn't see he has the photo.

As Dan crawls by on his way out, he can't help one last try to rescue the cashmere sheet from under them. However, as he grabs it, Susan, in the throes of passion, throws her arms out and grabs his hand. Eyes closed in ecstasy, she assumes it's Damon's, seizes it and places it on her breast. A panicked Dan accedes. She keeps her hand there and encourages him to massage and fondle as she moans with pleasure.

Damon is blissfully unaware of Dan as he continues to pound away focused on Daisy's photo. Suddenly, his hand still on her breast, Dan spots Damon is holding the photo of Daisy.

DAN  
What the fuck?

Susan opens her eyes, sees Dan's hand on her boob.

SUSAN  
What the fuck?

Damon sees Dan and as their eyes meet, he immediately orgasms, letting out a huge scream of ecstasy. Before anybody can react the door opens.

REVEAL : LaDarius and CeCe. They freeze as they take in the revolting, debauched scene, their faces frozen in horror. After a beat they simply close the door and hurry away.

DAN  
No! LaDarius! Wait!

He removes his hand from Susan's breast and gives chase.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Beth and Dave are now writhing semi-naked on Evan's bed.

BETH  
Ooh, you dirty boy, what are you  
doing back there?

DAVE  
What? I'm not...

He suddenly produces a light saber from her ass area.

BETH  
Is that a light saber?

DAVE  
Sorry, I'll get rid of it.

BETH  
Not on my account...

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

As Dan pursues LaDarius he hears moans coming from his son's bedroom. After a momentary pause he stops and opens the door to reveal.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dave Abramo and Beth are hard at it on Evan's bunk bed, the light saber now in full, inappropriate use.

BETH  
Use the Force! Use the Force!

They look up to see Dan at the door.

DAN  
What the fuck? This is my son's bedroom.

DAVE ABRAMO  
Aw man, I'm so sorry, this is unforgivable.

Despite the apology and being busted, Dave continues to pump away.

DAN  
That's my son's bed. This is where I read him bedtime stories... Please stop.

Dave stops, but remains in position, still 'inside' Beth.

DAVE ABRAMO  
Of course. I'm mortified, I have a problem.

He starts to pump again, subtly, almost imperceptibly.

DAVE ABRAMO (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, you've invited me into your house and this is how I repay you, it's incredibly disrespectful, I'm a monster.

Dave's pumps begin to get a bit more vigorous.

DAVE ABRAMO (CONT'D)

This is just bodies, just bones  
banging... in, out, in, out, in and  
out, each pump more disrespectful  
than the last.... In... out...

DAN

Just get out of my son's bedroom.  
Shit!

INT. PARTY. DOWNSTAIRS. NIGHT.

Downstairs things have ramped up again and it is bedlam.  
Gangs of middle aged women are now at each other's throats  
screaming and shouting at the top of their voices.

MAGGIE

Face it, Sienna's a little cunt and  
everybody knows it.

Amber launches herself at Maggie's throat.

AMBER

She's borderline dyspraxic. She has  
trouble socializing, motherfucker!

SARAH

She'll never make school council!

A mass brawl now erupts amongst the mothers, fists flying,  
objects being hurled. Amber launches a flying kick at Sarah.

The cops watch, smiling. They clink beers.

A frightened LaDarius and CeCe dodge through the chaos,  
cowering on their way to the door.

Karen, who has been judgmentally watching the chaos unfold,  
grabs Craig.

KAREN

OK, that's your twenty minutes,  
let's go.

CRAIG

No. I want to stay.

KAREN

(Incredulous)  
What? Here? With these people?  
They're awful, look at them.

CRAIG

These people are my friends. I want  
to stay here with them, and you are  
going to stay too.

KAREN

What has got into you? You're drunk, come on don't be ridiculous.

CRAIG

Right, because that's what you think I am, what all those lawyers you work with think I am. But just because I am raising our daughter, just because I know how to spiralize zucchini or make a paper mache Easter bonnet it does not mean I am not a man! It ends here, so I suggest you settle in, get me a white wine spritzer and get used to it.

As he fights his way through the crowd Dan finally spots Ladarius, shouts after him.

DAN

LaDarius! Wait! That wasn't what it looked like. Stay! Please! We can play Perudo, I just want to play Perudo.

LADARIUS

Seriously dude, you're a mother fucking parent. You people are animals, you need to check yourselves.

He shields CeCe's eyes as they turn and go, Dan watches them leave, his eyes filled with sadness.

The sadness turns to fury as he looks round to try and find Daisy. He marches over to her in the midst of the chaos.

DAN

We have to stop this, it's gone crazy, you've totally lost control. Look at our house, our beautiful new house.

DAISY

Well why don't you ask Beth to help? Maybe she can stop it with her tits?

They both know this makes no sense, but Dan decides not to take her up on this.

DAN

Maybe I would, if she wasn't currently banging Dave Abramo on Evan's bed.

DAISY

On his Spongebob sheets?

DAN

You do not want to know what was happening on Squidward Tentacles face...

Daisy storms off upstairs, furious. She passes Mike, hunched on a stair wearing just his underpants, being sick in to his shoe. Dan shouts to the room.

DAN (CONT'D)

Everybody out. Now!

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Daisy bursts into Evan's bedroom. Beth and Dave Abramo are still going at it on the bunk bed. Beth stops when she sees Daisy.

DAISY

Jesus Christ, Beth, first you try and fuck my husband, then you have sex with *that* on my son's bed? What is wrong with you?

BETH

You tell me? You think this is what I want? You think meaningless sex with disgusting middle aged men makes me happy?

Dave looks a bit put out, but he gets it.

DAISY

Well then don't do it.

BETH

What else do I have? I'm nearly 33 years old...

Everybody else in the room looks at each other as if to say 'I don't think so'...

BETH (CONT'D)

... divorced, no job. I'm not like you with your perfect family, your great house, your cool hipster friends, life is slipping away and all I have is my amazing body. You realize every time I sleep with somebody like this, a little piece of me dies.

Dave shrugs, but he has started pumping again, it is subtle but discernible. Beth starts to cry, Dave carries on regardless.

BETH (CONT'D)

I don't just want to be some faceless 'Mom', I want someone to want or need me, and the best way I know how is by degrading myself through demeaning sexual encounters with repulsive old perverts.

A disconsolate Dave pulls out, removes himself.

DAVE ABRAMO

Nope, that's sealed it, I'm done.

DAISY

Jesus Beth, start an interior design business, help the blind, take up golf... you don't have to go round screwing other people's husbands and stomach churning old men to validate yourself.

DAVE ABRAMO

OK, now I'm getting offended.

DAISY

You're a great Mom, and believe me, I don't have all the answers, none of us do. We're all looking for something, I just don't think you're going to find it screwing gross, horny, fat divorcees.

DAVE ABRAMO

I'm so lonely....

There is a loud crash from downstairs.

DAISY

Shit.

Daisy rushes out to see what new disaster has happened.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

As Daisy runs out, Dan is ushering an array of reluctant semi clad parents and hipsters including LILY and ZAPP out of the house. Larry Chang is bent double unable to walk.

DAN

OK, party's over, let move it out people.

As he moves people along Susan and Damon emerge from the bedroom. They all look at each other sheepishly.

DAN (CONT'D)

We never mention that again, right?

They reply before Dan can even finish his sentence.

DAMON  
Never again.

SUSAN  
Didn't happen.

\*  
\*

EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Andreas and his wife Linda, are leaving a super smart Italian restaurant. They are dressed formally for a fancy dinner.

ANDREAS

I mean, we should swing by on the way home. They're a lovely couple, sweet family, I think it will be pretty low key.

LINDA

I think it was very thoughtful of them to ask us.

ANDREAS

Actually, it will be nice to tell him the good news about the takeover in person. We should stop off and get some champagne.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Back downstairs, chairs are being thrown by irate Moms, the naked Trivial Pursuit Dad is trying to break things up. On her way downstairs Daisy passes Heather who is standing with some other bored looking hipsters.

HEATHER

Yo, Daisy, looks like your husband is having a shit fit, so we're going to bounce.

DAISY

Yeah, it kind of got out of control, sorry.

HIPSTER 1

Nah it's fine we were going to leave anyway, it was just loads of old people trying to talk to me about Arcade Fire and saying 'that's how I roll'. It sucks here, no offense.

'No offense' is directed towards Daisy.

HIPSTER 3

Yeah, some guy kept telling me how important it was to have my prostate checked. It's just kind of sad. No offense.

DAISY

You realize saying horrible things and then saying 'no offense' afterwards doesn't make it ok. I'm not fucking sad, you've no idea how goddam cool I am. I've slept with three of Maroon Five and two Red Hot Chili Peppers.

HIPSTER 1

That's just kinda slutty.

Dan emerges at the top of the stairs looking ashen.

DAN

Daisy...

DAISY

Not now... Get the fuck out of my house, all of you!

HIPSTER 2

Jesus, grandma. Chill. Don't have a fucking stroke.

They start making their way to the door, a grave Dan shouts down again.

DAN

Daisy, seriously, now.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dan and Daisy stand alone in Evan's bedroom surrounded by the detritus of various sexual encounters.

DAN

It's gone, nowhere to be seen.

DAISY

Who would take Fluffkin?

DAN

I don't know, one of those weird hipsters you invited in a desperate attempt to be cool? Maybe they thought it would look 'rad' on a 'vlog'. I have to find him, it will break Evan's heart.

DAISY

Why don't you see if you can go and find it up Beth's vagina?

DAN

Again with Beth? Don't turn this on me, Daisy, you know nothing happened there. This party has gotten out of hand. You have lost control and if this gets back to Andreas we are totally screwed. You realize if this takeover doesn't go through we will be left with a house that we can't afford to live in and won't be able to sell.

DAISY

Hey, don't blame this all on me. I wasn't the one who stood up on your precious marble shouting 'let's party motherfuckers'.

DAN

Right now this isn't about blame, although you are totally to blame. All I care about is that Fluffkin is gone. I hope it was worth it, because while you stand here scoring points or worrying whether the other Moms think you're cool, I intend to find our son's bunny.

Dan storms out the room, Daisy looks crestfallen.

INT. PARTY. DOWNSTAIRS. NIGHT.

The hipsters and Dan's work friends are gone. The house looks wrecked, furniture smashed, Moms bloodied, people naked and vomiting - it's as if the apocalypse has struck.

Dan steps into the midst of it and defiantly switches off the A\$AP ROCKY to address the room.

DAN

OK, enough. This has got to stop. The party's over.

There are boos, he dodges ornaments that are thrown at him, including a pager and a diaphragm.

DAN (CONT'D)

Seriously? Someone still has a pager?... I need you all to listen.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

All sorts of terrible, disgusting things have been going on in my son's bedroom, you know who you are, and I am prepared to forgive and forget, as long as whoever took his blue fluffy bunny Fluffkin, is prepared to return it. There will be no recriminations, no judgment, just please return his bunny, Evan has slept with it every single day since he was born.

A chorus of 'aaahs' and 'so sweets' etc. come from the crowd - but no bunny.

DAN (CONT'D)

Nobody? Come on guys, we're all parents, if you have him, just give him over.

Officer Murphy pipes up.

OFFICER MURPHY

I get it, my Olive has a monkey called Noo Noo. We can make these motherfuckers sing like canaries. You're looking at the man who found the Bayside Rapist, I can find Fluffkin.

He pulls out his gun, grabs Peter, puts the gun to his head.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Start talking slimebag.

Daisy emerges from the balcony, she is holding a teddy bear.

DAISY

Here, I may have the answer.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Everybody is gathered around Daisy and Dan who are holding a 'Teddy Ruxpin' Teddy Bear that has a screen in it's stomach.

DAISY

It's our nanny cam, motion activated, it will have recorded everything. Here...

She presses play and starts scrolling through the footage.

## NANNY CAM FOOTAGE

Fast forward. It starts sedately, we see Dan walking in, arranging the bed nicely, smelling Fluffkin and then tucking it in - a sweet moment.

## INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

There are 'aaahs' from all the moms, Daisy can't help but look at Dan kindly, he doesn't see it.

## NANNY CAM FOOTAGE

The footage of Dan cuts, as he exits the room and re-activates when Carol enters.

CAROL (O.S.)

We don't need to watch this...

AMBER (O.S.)

Yeah, this doesn't seem relevant.

DAISY (O.S.)

Trust me, I'm fast forwarding as quick as I can.

ON SCREEN: Carol is followed in to the bedroom by Amber and they start to kiss, it becomes a no holds barred sapphic make out session. After a beat Peter enters the bedroom, sits in a chair and starts playing with himself as he watches.

## INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The entire party watches the tape open mouthed and aghast. Amber and Carol look mortified.

Damon high fives an awkward and embarrassed Peter.

## NANNY CAM FOOTAGE

The footage cuts as the trio leave the room only to start again when Beth and Dave Abramo enter. They start to get undressed.

## INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Meredith looks witheringly towards Beth.

MEREDITH

Really? No underwear? Classy move...

All the spectators **gasp** as Beth clearly performs some extraordinary sexual act.

CROWD

Holy shit... That's incredible...  
What the fuck etc....

Beth looks both embarrassed and ever so slightly proud.

DAN

That light saber was a present from his gammy. Shame on you.

DAMON

Wow. Looks like he's gone to the dark side with it. Can we rewind that?

Susan gives him a hit on the arm.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What? I'm looking for clues.

SUSAN

You won't find them up there.

NANNY CAM FOOTAGE

The tape shows Dan coming in and busting them, before they all leave.

DAN (O.S.)

OK, well Fluffkin is still there at this point.

DAISY (O.S.)

The things that poor rabbit has seen.

Three hipsters, Zapp, Cadence and Lily then enter the room. Daisy stops and plays the footage as they speak. They are looking for their friend.

ZAP

Yo, Summer? Summer? She's not here...

LILY

OK, well let's just bounce, these people are the worst.

ZAP

Fuck yeah, that sad guy with the guitar? He called A\$AP Rocky 'as soon as possible Rocky' and asked if I could teach him to dougie.

Mike looks crestfallen.

LILY

And did you see those three old women flirting with those skeevy guys? Gross.

CADENCE

Yeah, the guys told me they'd come here to bang a granny.

Luanne, Brandi and Maribeth look humiliated.

LILY

They smell old. Did you see that guy's fucking shirt?

DAN (O.S.)

(Protesting)

It's Urban Outfitters!

CADENCE

Shoot me if I'm like that at their age, all they do is talk about their stupid kids, like nobody ever had kids before. I mean look at this bedroom. This kid's got more shit than I do.

ZAP

Fuck yeah. Look at that light saber.

He picks it up and immediately drops it.

ZAP (CONT'D)

Ew, it's all gross and sticky.

LILY

And that toy. I had one just like that when I was young. I loved it.

Cadence throws Fluffkin to Lily who grabs it and gives it an ironic hug.

DAISY (O.S.)

You take your hands off Fluffkin!

ZAP

Come on. Let's get out of here before one of these old fucks starts talking to me about pensions.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

There is a funereal atmosphere in the kitchen as the impact of what they have heard sinks in.

DINA

(Deflated)

Wow, I thought they liked us.  
Summer said she dug my bracelets.

PETER

And they could do much worse than to start thinking about pensions at this early stage. Before they even know it they will be hitting their thirties and if you assume savings grow by 6% a year in a well managed investment fund...

DAISY

Enough about pensions Peter. Are we really going to let these people talk about us like this? Insult us? Insult our children? Mock everything we stand for?

FAY

I will put a chisel in those motherfuckers' kidneys, set fire to their ironic vintage t-shirts and piss on their corpses as they burn.

DAN

I mean, probably not that, but we need to go and get Fluffkin back, not just for Evan, but for all of us. We should be proud of who we are. In the name of parents everywhere, we need to get that bunny. Whose with me?

Susan and Damon lock eyes, kiss passionately.

SUSAN AND DAMON

We're in.

Karen turns to Craig.

KAREN

We should probably get home...

CRAIG

No. We're doing this.

Craig puffs his chest, grows three inches and asserts himself, sweeping her out of the way.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Andreas and Linda emerge from their car. As they walk up the sidewalk they start to get a sense of the carnage as they pass a couple of passed out parents on the lawn and some clothes strewn and broken furniture.

A couple of the dishevelled, semi-naked, drug and drink addled guests are still exiting, one brushes past.

HIPSTER 4

Don't bother, it's whack, the molly's run out and there's an old man sucking his own dick upstairs.

Clark appears from his driveway, attempting to appear casual.

CLARK

You looking for the party? I think the police have been trying to close it down, because people on crack were fighting with Samurai swords, but it might still be going on.

Clark follows them in to watch his plan come to fruition.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daisy is organizing the parents, they are on a mission.

DAISY

Ok, who's going to drive? Are any of us sober?

Fay puts her hand up.

FAY

I've only had, like, two glasses of wine.

DAISY

Yeah and five grams of crack. Anyone else?

Daisy scours the room, sees Beth, their eyes lock.

BETH

I'll get the minivan running.

In unison the parents erupt in support. The troops have been resoundingly rallied and are ready to set off, when amid the furore **Andreas and Linda enter**, aghast. They step over a couple of unconscious parents, with a grinning Clark a step behind. Dan sees him and freezes.

ANDREAS

What the hell Dan? What's going on here?

DAN

(Trying to be nonchalant)  
Um, nothing, just a few parents from school, some drinks. Charades.

Suddenly, an entirely naked Mike, covered in his own vomit bursts out of his locked bathroom straight towards Andreas. He stops right in front of him, stares intensely into his eyes and announces very earnestly.

MIKE

You are still in the running towards becoming America's Next Top Model.

He then vomits at Linda's feet and then runs off, screaming. Dan tries to act as if nothing has happened.

DAN

That's Mike, our good friend. Works in personal finance, married to Daisy's bestie, Fay.

Fay is on her crack pipe, a drop of blood drips from one of her eyes. She looks over to see Andreas and does a slash throat motion.

DAN (CONT'D)

Um, can I ask what you're doing here, Andreas?

ANDREAS

You emailed us the invite and we thought it would be nice to drop by. The plan was to tell you that the takeover was going through.

DAN

What email?

He sees a smiling, smug Clark standing behind and pieces it together.

DAN (CONT'D)

You little asshole. That was you in my office, you sent it.

Clark shrugs mock innocently.

ANDREAS

I think you need to sit down and explain yourself Dan, this is not how we operate at Initiative.

Dan looks at Daisy, the chaos, the people waiting to get Fluffkin and after a long pensive beat makes a decision.

DAN

I'm afraid I can't Andreas. I'm sorry, but what I really need to do right now is find my son's rabbit.

Daisy looks at him, softly.

DAISY

Are you sure?

DAN

Never been more sure, let's do this.

Andreas looks bemused.

DAMON

Do we even know where we're going?

DAISY

They said they were headed to a party at an abandoned Slaughterhouse.

OFFICER MURPHY

It's about three miles out on 63. We'd take you ourselves but there seems to have been some sort of multiple homicide over in Decatur, it's the sort of thing we're kind of *expected* to go to.

DAN

Totally understand... We'll need another car, who else is sober?

Dan look around, his eyes fix on Clark.

CLARK

No, of course not. Why the heck would I help you people? You're monsters.

OFFICER MURPHY

So let me get this straight, Dan. He broke into your office and sent an email from your computer?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Well, that's technically trespassing, breaking and entering, identity theft...

OFFICER MURPHY

Possessing a firearm, terrorism...

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
Inciting racial hatred? We can  
throw in a bit of arson...

CLARK  
But I didn't...

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
Sure, but by the time your lawyer  
has sorted it out, more brothers  
will have seen your sphincter than  
'Boo. A Madea Halloween'.

OFFICER DAWSON  
Your asshole will have been  
illegally violated by more Mexicans  
than the US border.

Interrupting their flow, Beth is in her minivan outside, she  
toots her horn and shouts over through the window.

BETH  
We doing this, hoes?

She beckons over to Luanne, Brandi and Meredith, and in a  
gesture of conciliation automatically opens the minivan side  
door. They smile and make their way towards it.

She revs the engine, Craig and Karen rush over to jump in as  
well, with all the urgency of an action movie.

Dan turns to a bemused Andreas.

DAN  
Sorry Andreas, but by all means  
please help yourself to some  
charcuterie and there is still  
sushi in the fridge which is over  
there... with the Swastika drawn in  
blood on the door. I hope you  
understand, but I have to do this.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S CAR. NIGHT.

Clark is driving his parent's minivan with Dan, Daisy, Fay,  
Mike, Susan and Damon all inside, the car is beeping.

CLARK  
Can whoever is not wearing a seat  
belt please put it on.

FAY  
Christ, why are you such a goddam  
pussy?

CLARK

Rather a pussy than a fifty year old crack smoking trainwreck... and can you two please stop that in the back.

REVEAL - Susan and Damon are full on making out in the back seat, Damon is looking at Daisy, again for 'inspiration'. She catches his eye and gets freaked out.

DAN

(To Clark)

Dude, you need to loosen up.

CLARK

What and end up like you?

DAN

You're 16, life is going to kick you in the nuts every day in ways you can never imagine once you get to my age. The least you can do is have fun now. Trust me kid, be reckless, live a little before it's too late.

Daisy turns to Dan, not angry, perhaps a little sad.

DAISY

Is that what you really think?

DAN

I don't know. I'm not sure I even have the capacity to be reckless anymore. I mean, I just took four MDMA and all they've done is made my bad shoulder stop aching.

DAISY

So, what? You're saying you're not even forty and you'll never be happy again.

DAN

No, I'm saying different things make me happy now. You make me happy, Evan makes me happy.

DAISY

And what about the takeover, the house.

DAN

We'll work it out, as long as I have you and Evan that's all I need.

DAISY

And what if I need more than that?

DAN

What do you mean?

DAISY

I think all this craziness has happened because I'm frustrated, I want to be more than a school Mom, Dan. I miss the old Songbird days, creating something. I can't spend every day talking about irrelevant bullshit with braindead soccer moms.... No offense girls.

Susan breaks off from making out.

SUSAN

None taken.

FAY

Do you have any more hand sanitizer?

Fay is guzzling hand sanitizer from Daisy's purse.

DAISY

I know Oliver is enough for you...

FAY

Who's Oliver?

DAISY

... but I need more. I want to go back to work. It's time for me to have something else.

DAN

As long as it's not screwing Maroon Five again you can have whatever you want. I just want you to be happy.

Daisy hugs him, they kiss, Damon spots this and tries to drag them into their make out session, so that it can become a free for all.

DAISY

Jesus! Fuck! No!

Damon shrugs, carries on making out with Susan.

INT. BETH'S CAR. NIGHT.

Meanwhile, in Beth's car, they are dodging through traffic, driving recklessly, fuelled on adrenalin. As they drive they all sing in unison to "**Drops of Jupiter**" by TRAIN.

They all know all the words and are singing their hearts out.

KAREN

I'm sorry if you think I don't appreciate what you do and the sacrifices you've made. I know I can be a bitch sometimes.

CRAIG

It's fine, you just need to realize that me being a full time Dad doesn't make me any less of a man.

KAREN

I know honey, and it makes me happy to see you like this. Masculine. In control.

They kiss again. Craig suddenly breaks off.

CRAIG

Ooh, I love this bit... harmonize!

He then launches into a harmony for the bit that goes...

CRAIG (CONT'D)

"Plain ol' Jane, told a story about a man who was too afraid to fly so he never did land"

All the ladies in the car whoop along with Craig.

INT. CLARK'S CAR. NIGHT.

Clark is driving super carefully. Damon shouts from the back.

DAMON

Are we nearly there yet?

Susan looks at the DVD screen in the headrests.

SUSAN

Can you put a DVD on?

CLARK

No, honestly, can't you just talk to each other? What happened to conversation?

FAY

I need the bathroom.

CLARK  
Why didn't you go before we left?

FAY  
I did, but, if you need to know,  
crack gives me the shits...

Clark's face contorts in horror.

DAN  
This is it, this is the place, turn  
in here

CLARK  
I will not make an illegal right...

Dan reaches through the seats to grab the steering wheel before Clark can finish his sentence and yanks it right.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Yours is a lost generation.

EXT. ABANDONED SLAUGHTERHOUSE. NIGHT.

Lights and thumping bass emerge from the frightening and foreboding abandoned old slaughterhouse.

The party is obviously in full flow and a selection of super hip and scary looking characters are filtering in. Nobody is over 23 years old, and they arrive on an array of bikes, skateboards and vintage mopeds.

The two minivans are entirely incongruous in the makeshift parking lot. As they pull in, people stare.

INT. CLARK'S CAR. NIGHT.

Dan tries to open the door, but the child locks are on, so he can't. He tries, pauses, tries again. He turns to Clark.

DAN  
Could you?

Clark presses the button, but does it simultaneously with Dan trying the door so it doesn't work.

Clark stops but then Brandi comes over from the other car and tries the door from outside the van at the same time as Clark, so it doesn't work again. Clark shouts at Brandi.

CLARK  
Just leave it alone, don't touch  
anything.... OK, now...

Dan goes to open the door, it's still locked. It soon becomes a chaotic free for all with everybody pressing buttons and trying to open doors but cancelling each other out.

The clubgoers gathered in the parking lot watch in amusement.

Bored of this, Fay simply punches through the window, reaches outside and opens the door from the outside. Everyone stops, a mixture of terrified and impressed.

The occupants exit the vehicles and gather together, taking in the scene.

DAMON

I'm not sure about this. These people look like drug people. We could get shot. What if we're wearing the wrong colors?

DAN

I think you're pretty safe, gangs don't tend to wear a lot of oatmeal and pistachio.

DAISY

Let's just walk up, act normal, I don't think there will be an issue.

They approach two huge, menacing security guards at the door, and try to breeze past nonchalantly.

BOUNCER 1

Oh, hey, sorry are you all here to pick up your children? I'm afraid it's not going home time yet.

Bouncer 2 laughs.

DAN

Um, no we actually want to go in...

BOUNCER 2

Have you taken a wrong turn on your group outing to see 'Cats'?

The bouncers laugh again.

BOUNCER 1

You think this is Cirque Du Soleil, "Saltimbanco"?

BOUNCER 2

An Ann Taylor outlet store?

DAN

You're going to find this funny. We need to go in because one of the people inside, has taken my son's rabbit... Fluffkin... He's never spent a night without it and he'd be heartbroken so...

The bouncers look understanding, sympathetic even. They look at each other and smile sweetly.

BOUNCER 1

Let me ask. Have you ever been to a swimming pool? A lovely swimming pool, where everybody is having fun and then someone finds a turd floating in it?

The parents look blank, confused.

BOUNCER 2

If I let you into this club, you guys would be that turd. People would flee, screaming. I can't let you in here.

FAY

I will suck both your dicks.

Everybody looks shocked. The bouncers look horrified.

DAMON

Or alternatively I will send a team to clear your home's guttering and comprehensively service all your underground drains and sanitation.

Without a second's thought the two bouncers respond.

BOUNCER 1

I'll go for the gutter cleaning.

BOUNCER 2

... Gutter cleaning.

Fay tries not to look too hurt, as the bouncers remove the velvet rope.

INT. ABANDONED SLAUGHTERHOUSE. NIGHT.

They all enter sheepishly and take in the extraordinary scene. The place is rammed with the hippest, strangest and sketchiest people imaginable. All incredibly young.

They look out to see a club full of people, some of whom are on roller skates or roller blades, eating cereal, meditating, sitting quietly reading books, dancing oddly to aggressively atonal music, playing board games, watching a film, knitting.

As they stand, it seems the entire club is staring at them.

DAN

OK, we should split up and look for Fluffkin. Susan, Damon, you check out the karaoke.

They spot a screen with words coming up on it.

DAISY

That's not Karaoke. Those are subtitles. They're watching 'The Man With One Red Shoe' in it's original French.

DAN

Who are these people?...Beth, Brandi, Meredith, Luanne you guys look outside by the mini golf, Fay... Fay?

Fay has already gone and is dancing **maniacally** in the middle of the dance floor, doing a full **Zumba** routine, as if in the middle of an exercise class. She is showing her full repertoire of Zumba moves.

The hipsters back away from her and stare in a mixture of fear and confusion.

DAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, she's gone full Zumba. Craig, Karen you head to the reading section and take Poindexter with you.

INT. CLUB. VARIOUS. NIGHT.

The group go their separate ways. As they wander through the club the crowds part, avoiding them as if they were infected, staring at them as if they were hideous mythical beasts.

As Dan and Daisy walk, they overhear the hipsters talk about them as they stare.

CLUB HIPSTER 1

Look who they're letting in. I told you this place was over, it's getting just like fucking Coachella.

A distressed Daisy turns to Dan.

DAISY

They're looking at us like we're freaks. We should just go.

DAN

Fuck them, they're just a bunch of people who think wearing a hat can replace having a personality.

DAISY

I mean is this *really* what they consider 'fun'?

Damon and Susan, split off and make their way to the film area, Damon takes everyone in, as he walks they look at him and Susan with complete disdain one of them shouts at him.

CLUB HIPSTER 4

Nice shirt Grandpa, where d'you get it? The Gap?

DAMON

Yes.

They laugh mockingly.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Fuck. I don't get it. How did these people become the cool ones? I would have bullied the crap out of these weirdos at school. Given them wedgies, pissed in their lockers, shit in their lockers, put dead squirrels in their lockers... Good times.

He chuckles to himself at the memory.

Meanwhile, the glamorous mini skirted, high heeled quartet of Beth, Brandi, Meredith and Luanne are also making their way through the club as hipsters stare at them in horror.

BETH

This place is horrible. I feel like all these men are *dressing* me with their eyes.

INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

Dan and Daisy are entering the sketchy part of the club, scouring the place for Fluffkin. They pass a group of hipsters.

CLUB HIPSTER 6

Hey man, nice shirt.

Dan smiles, looks pleased, his coolness finally acknowledged.

CLUB HIPSTER 6 (CONT'D)

Not... Like 'Wayne's World'.

All his friends laugh. The hipster starts talking to Dan in a mock African clicking language to make his friends laugh.

DAN

Fuck these guys, seriously....

Daisy stops dead, interrupts.

DAISY

Wait. I think that's her.

She's looking in the sketchiest part of the club, menacing looking guys are taking drugs in a dark corner, next to a bunch of girls, including LILY. Some of the girls are knitting, others are smoking joints.

Lily is holding FLUFFKIN, pretending to make him smoke a joint and laughing.

DAISY (CONT'D)

And that's Fluffkin. Those motherfuckers...

Without pause they march up to Lily and her friends. A face tattooed thuggish guy, OG, is mid conversation.

OG

So I told him to get his punk ass away from me...

DAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, but I think you have something that belongs to us.

OG, Lily et al look up to see Dan and Daisy.

OG

Say what now?

LILY

Oh fuck, it's those old people from that shitty party.

DAN

Yeah, and you have something that belongs to us.

LILY

Is it your youth and vitality?

FAITH

Skin elasticity?

SETH

Fully working hips?

DAISY

All very funny, but no. It's our son's toy, Fluffkin, and we'd like him back.

LILY

Who *this*? Nah, this is Britney and she belongs to me, don't you honey?

Daisy goes to lunge for her, Dan holds her back.

DAISY

GIVE **HIM** BACK!

DAN

Look, it's very precious to my son, give it back and there won't be any trouble.

OG sits up menacingly.

OG

Lily says the little cat...

DAN

Rabbit.

OG

Looks like a cat to me. Anyway, she says it's hers, so I suggest you leave unless you want this to get nasty, grandpa.

DAN

Christ, I'm thirty fucking seven, and I am not leaving without Fluffkin.

OG then stands up, knocking the table and smashing glasses. The rest of the club looks round, including Dan and Daisy's friends. A situation is clearly developing.

OG

Ah fuck. Am I really going to have to hit an old man?

SETH

Seriously dude, it's just a toy, you should just get the fuck out of here.

DAN

It's not just a toy, it's my son's favorite toy, and I need it back.... Are you wearing tap shoes?

Seth shuffles uncomfortably and makes a tap sound. He is indeed wearing tap shoes, and Jodhpurs.

Out of nowhere Craig emerges, and comes to stand next to Daisy and Dan, chest puffed out, exuding masculinity.

CRAIG

You heard what he said. Give them the goddam toy.

KAREN

Honey, be careful.

CRAIG

I've got this.

Beth and her girls have also joined now.

LILY

Christ, what the fuck is with you? All this because your son misses his stupid fucking cat?

DAN

Rabbit, and you don't call my son stupid.

LILY

Boo hoo. It's so tragic. Look at you all, you're all such fucking... 'Parents'.

DAISY

Hold on, did you just use 'parent' as an insult?

LILY

Yeah, what you gonna do about it Mom? Ground me? Not let me go on the internet for a week?

DAISY

I don't expect you to understand, you're too wrapped up in whether weaving or making casseroles is 'cool' this week. You have no idea what it is to be a parent, to sacrifice, to love someone so much you'll turn up at 1 a.m. to a dumb club to rescue his rabbit, because he can't sleep without it. I've sucked mucus out of my son's nose, physically sucked it out, with my mouth so that he could breathe at night, and you know what? I think *that* is fucking cool.

The hipsters look totally grossed out.

BETH

I never thought I'd say it, but it's awesome that I'm not the most important person in my life anymore.

SUSAN

Look at these!

Susan gets out her boobs, the hipsters recoil in horror.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

My babies did this to me, and I don't even care, because I love them so goddam much.

DAMON

And you don't want to even get started on what they did to her cooch. It's a car crash down there.

CRAIG

I gave up a job, company car, pension and corner office for my daughter, and it's the greatest thing I ever did.

Karen looks at him lovingly.

DAMON

I've sat through four fucking 'Care Bear' movies.

DAN

Come on dude, I just want my little boy's rabbit.

The message seems to have gotten through. OG looks moved. A truce looks on the cards until... Suddenly out of nowhere a sweaty, wild eyed, maniacal Fay bursts through the crowd at full speed and launches herself at OG, screaming like a banshee.

FAY

GIVE THEM BACK THE RABBIT!

She lands with full force on OG, forcing him back on to the ground. She then grabs a mason jar from the table, smashes it and creates a shiv.

SETH

She's got a Shiv!

As he runs to get her off Seth's shoes make an emasculating 'tap tap' sound. Hipsters rush to drag Fay off, but the crack has given her the strength of a hundred men as she fights them off wildly.

Meanwhile, Beth, Brandi, Luanne and Meredith have gone to help. They are accosted by a bunch of hipsters en route. Beth shouts to the others.

BETH  
Arms and Abs!

They instantly go into an exercise routine, punching and kicking in perfect unison, repelling the horrified hipsters.

BETH (CONT'D)  
We boxercise, bitches!

Simultaneously Craig is pummeling hipsters with impressive power and aggression, Karen watches, impressed.

Clark, trying to stay out of it, gets randomly attacked by a hipster, hit in the face.

CLARK  
What the heck!

Instinctively, he punches back, laying out a hipster with a great punch. His face lights up.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Wow, this is kind of fun.

He sets about hitting more hipsters, as Damon wades in, lustily attacking an 'out of it' hipster who looks like he is fighting in slow motion, barely able to raise his arms.

STONED HIPSTER  
Ah man, fighting on Ketamine is so uncool.

Damon pummels away at him gleefully, then grabs his underpants and gives him a huge wedgie.

DAMON  
WEDGIE!!!! This is awesome. I've got my second boner of the night.

Susan, meanwhile, is lunging at one of the knitting girls, she has grabbed her knitting needles and plunged them in her thighs. The hipster screams in agony.

Dan also takes the opportunity to weigh in. He looks for someone to punch.

DAN  
Shit. They say you shouldn't punch a man in glasses, so that makes this kind of difficult.

All the men do indeed wear glasses. Regardless, Seth takes a swing at him, misses.

Dan hits back, getting Seth square in the jaw, they both wince as the punch connects, as Seth recoils there is another 'tap tap tap' from his shoes.

DAN (CONT'D)

Fuck! I think my shoulder's gone again.

Daisy too is grappling with Lily, she grabs her handbag and swings it at her.

LILY

Don't! It's vintage Moschino!

She swings the handbag and lands a hefty blow to Lily's face.

DAISY

Put that on your 'Insta', bitch.

It is a messy, vicious free for all, with hipsters and parents matching each other blow for blow, it looks to be spiraling out of hand when...

OFFICER MURPHY (O.C.)

Break it up, all of you! Police!

Heads turn to reveal Officers Murphy and Rodriguez have turned up, Officer Murphy has pulled his gun.

DAN

Officer Murphy?

OFFICER MURPHY

Please, Officer Murphy was my father's name. It's Jason. We figured the murder victims were already dead in Decatur, what are we gonna do, right? And Manny was pretty eager to find Fluffkin.

As they chat, Rodriguez is busy clubbing hipsters with his nightstick, loving it. Every time a hipster gets up he hits them with his baton and they fall down, he's single handedly ruthlessly repelling hipsters.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

This is like hipster whack a mole!

Seth gets the brunt of one of his strikes.

SETH

Ow. What the fuck man, this is police brutality.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Oh, boo hoo write a fucking spoken word poem about it, Che Guevara.

As Rodriguez sets about some more hipsters, Murphy sees OG has Fluffkin.

OFFICER MURPHY

That our guy?

Dan nods. Murphy points his gun at OG and shouts.

OFFICER MURPHY (CONT'D)

Put down the Rabbit. PUT DOWN THE RABBIT.

OG

Holy fuck. Really? You're not going to shoot me over a fucking rabbit.

He shoots him in the leg. EVERYONE screams in horror.

OFFICER MURPHY

What's that Officer Rodriguez? You saw him reach for a gun?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Absolutely, you had no choice but to shoot.

OG drops the rabbit. Seth is frozen in shock.

SETH

You got blood on my jodhpurs!

Murphy picks Fluffkin up, gives it a brush down, a tender kiss and hands it to Dan and Daisy.

OFFICER MURPHY

Here you go little fella, back home where you belong, you're safe now.

Dan and Daisy grab him gratefully, spruce him up and hug each other.

DAN

Good to have you back buddy.

DAISY

It's been a hell of a night. We should get you home.

DAN

Nah, not quite yet, I've got a better idea.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB. DJ BOOTH. NIGHT.

Dan is standing by a ridiculously hip, but very pissed DJ in the DJ Booth. The music switches from Belgian techno to ....

MAROON 5 - 'THIS LOVE'.

The hipsters stop in horror, Maroon 5? They part to reveal all the parents striding through, in time to the music, proud and victorious.

As the music cranks up they take over the dance floor. Dan comes down to join Daisy, they dance with eyes only for each other, Craig is with a totally wild and carefree Karen and Susan and Damon all of them look totally happy and in love.

Beth, Brandi, Meredith and Luanne dance together around a handbag, twenty one again and in their primes. Clark is in the center of it all with Officer Murphy and Rodriguez.

CLARK

Best. Night. Ever.

Meanwhile, Fay is on the side of the dance floor, looking spent and emotional. She's showing a bored hipster her phone.

FAY

This is Oliver's fifth birthday party, he's petting an iguana, he loves lizards.

The hipster, clearly bored, looks away.

FAY (CONT'D)

I FUCKING SAID HE LOVES LIZARDS...  
God I miss him.

She breaks down in tears.

Back on the dance floor, pissed hipsters continue to watch, others file out of the club, as the parents dominate the dance floor, showing their best moves They are joyful and without a care for who might be watching - Dan, Daisy and Fluffkin at the center, having the greatest time.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Dan and Daisy take a deep breath as they tentatively re-enter the house. Outside is a wreck, broken furniture, bottles etc.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

As they enter, it's worse than they could imagine. Daisy turns to Dan.

DAISY

I'm sorry honey, I know how much the takeover meant to you.

DAN

Don't worry, we can sell the house, start again with Songbird, try and build it up, maybe do it together again? I meant what I said. You and Evan are all I need, this is just stuff.

As they survey the scene among the detritus of the drugs, Dan spots a contract on his marble counter with the Diaphragm on top as a makeshift paperweight. He looks at Daisy intrigued and walks across.

There is a post it note on top. Dan picks it off, they read it together.

"Thanks for the sushi, I hope you found Fluffkin. There's nothing more important than family, see page 9"

They turn to page 9, where the 'Good Behavior' clause has been crossed out.

DAN (CONT'D)

Let's talk about it in the morning, make a decision... together. We should tidy up a bit and get this guy back, ready for Evan... Jesus, I miss him.

Dan gets Fluffkin out of his pocket.

DAISY

Me too, so freaking much.

INT. CAR. NEXT MORNING.

An exhausted Dan and Daisy drive to school. As they pass through the school gates they smile at each other.

The minivan parks, Dan and Daisy get out to see all their fellow parents looking worse for wear and slightly ashamed, as they wait for the kids' bus to return.

They walk past Carol and Amber, unable to look them in the eye. Then they pass Beth, who smiles warmly then gives Daisy a hug.

Next, they make eye contact with LaDarius, he gives CeCe a protective kiss then angrily marches over to confront them. As he talks he gesticulates wildly to make it look like he's really furiously shouting.

LADARIUS

OK, you gotta make faces like I'm going batshit crazy at you, but dude, you motherfuckers know how to throw a goddam party. Next time you let me know on the DL and we will tear it up brother, you're a fuckin' baller... SHAME ON YOU!

He shouts the last part for CeCe's benefit, but as he goes Dan lets out a small secret smile.

Daisy and Dan then find Fay, who is a wreck.

DAN

Everything OK?

FAY

I don't know where Mike is, I haven't seen him since we left your house last night.

As she speaks her 4 year old Aaron is staring at his hands intently and smiling weirdly as he sits on the floor.

DAISY

Is Aaron alright?

FAY

Probably not, I breast fed him this morning and I think there was still a shit ton of MDMA in my boob milk.

Susan and Damon rush up from their car, red and flustered.

SUSAN

Great, we thought we were gonna be late.

DAISY

Oh my god, have you two been...?

DAMON

Twice this morning. Once in the car on the way here round the back of Trader Joe's.

The bus appears on the horizon, the parents start to coo in anticipation, craning their necks to get a first sight of their kids. It's as if they've been away for months.

FAY

I see him!

DAMON

Look, Conner's waving!

DAISY  
There's Evan!

As the bus pulls in, all the parent's rush towards it. As the kids run off the coach, ecstatic to see their parents, there is a mutual joy all round as hugs and kisses are freely exchanged. It's a life affirming, beautiful moment.

Kendall runs into Karen's arms, they hug each other tightly.

KENDALL  
I missed you Mommy. Where's Daddy?

KAREN  
He's sleeping in. I thought maybe you and me could have a morning with just us?

Kendall's face lights up.

Meanwhile, Oliver jumps into Fay's arms, she collapses in floods of tears.

FAY  
I missed you buddy. I love you so much. So so much. How was it?

A blissed out Aaron comes up and starts silently caressing his brother's face.

OLIVER  
Incredible... but I'm sorry Mom... I had some marshmallows. I know I shouldn't but...

FAY  
Fuck it. Aren't they *the best*?

Meanwhile, Evan runs up to Dan and Daisy. He leaps into their arms and they hug him with all their might. His face lights up as he sees them.

DAN  
Hey champ, great to see you.

DAISY  
How was it? We missed you so much.

EVAN  
It was amazing! We went kayaking, Mr. Foster built this incredible fire, Kyle said he saw a bear. How's Fluffkin?

DAN  
Good, all tucked up safe. We should go and see him. He missed you.

As the parents load their kids back into their cars and return to their normal lives they all exchange glances, knowing smiles. They know that they have shared something special in the last 24 hours and life will never quite be the same again.

Cars pull out. Dan and Daisy's Hyundai starts up.

"SEX ROOM" by LUDACRIS or some other similarly filthy rap starts to blare out, but is immediately switched off.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

As the minivan pulls into the driveway, Clark emerges from next door, looking wrecked. A pretty hipster girl appears, having obviously spent the night. Clark gives Dan and Daisy a smile and a wave.

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

As soon as they get in the house, Evan bolts upstairs to his bedroom leaving Dan and Daisy a moment alone. They kiss, totally content.

DAN

It's good to have him back.

DAISY

It's good to be us.

DAN

We should really see this.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Evan runs into his bedroom, grabs Fluffkin and gives him the biggest hug imaginable.

REVEAL: Dan and Daisy are at the door watching happily. Evan turns round to see them.

EVAN

Thanks for looking after him, was he naughty?

DAN & DAISY

Not at all... As good as gold.

EVAN

Hey Dad, want to play Star Wars?

Evan goes to grab his Light Saber, Dan leaps into action.

DAN

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dan snatches it before Evan can. Evan looks confused.

EVAN

Um... OK, cool. Can I change into  
my soccer stuff?

DAN

Much better idea.

Evan goes to his closet, opens it to get his stuff out.

REVEAL : An entirely Naked Mike, shivering, but covered in  
sweat, balled up on the floor of the closet. He looks up  
frightened, blinded by the light of the day.

Evan looks to Dan and Daisy, confused.

THE END.