

PIVOTING

Written by

Liz Astrof

PIVOTING

FADE IN.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM- SAME TIME - NIGHT (N-1)

It's dark. C/O HENRY, 40, (cute, stable, patient, takes a lot to get him to lose his shit) and AMY, 40, (patient and calm as Henry is, she is not). They are having "married" sex -- Amy wears a sweatshirt, Henry is naked.

AMY

That's so good, Henry. You're so good. Almost... soon. So soon.

HENRY

Does she have to be on the bed?

AMY

It's just Sabrina. She's family.

Pan wider to see SABRINA, the GERMAN SHEPHERD sitting up straight, close to Henry's ass, watching. Amy pets her chest.

HENRY

Oh, the kids are family, lets invite the kids in.

Amy laughs.

HENRY

I feel like she's judging me.

They look at Sabrina for a beat. She's totally judging him.

AMY

Ignore her. This is our time, me and you.

Amy's cell rings. Without thinking twice, she grabs it.

HENRY

(can't believe she picked up)
Amy, really?

AMY

It's Brian.

She gestures to Henry to keep going. He does.

AMY

Hey Bri--
(beat, shocked)
What? Wait, what? No. Oh no. No no
no. When did--? O-okay... I'm here
if you need--

He hung up. She hangs up the phone.

AMY (cont'd)

Colleen died.

HENRY

(beat, can't help it)
Just... I'm so sorry.

He has an orgasm.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN.

INT. AMY AND HENRY'S CAR/CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY (D-2)

Merrick, New York. A middle class, suburban town on the south shore of Long Island. Thirty minutes by train from Manhattan, it's at least a decade behind in style and culture. It's Christmas time. The stores and houses are decorated with ornaments, lights, fake snow sprayed on windows, etc. A few days after snowfall, the snow on the ground is dirty, slushy.

Henry drives, Amy's in the passenger seat putting on mascara in the visor mirror. Henry pulls in and looks for a spot.

AMY
(still looking in mirror)
You can get a closer spot.
(points with mascara wand)
What about up there?

Henry pulls around.

AMY (cont'd)
Hurry, someone's going to take it.

Henry drives around, passes an open spot.

HENRY
Amy, we're going to your best friend's funeral, why does it matter where I park?

She stops what she's doing. A beat.

AMY
Is it weird that I haven't cried? I mean, it could be the Xanax. And plus the Botox,
(feels her face, tries to frown, but can't)
I can't even frown. I just look happy and surprised. What if people think I'm happy?

HENRY
No one would ever accuse you of being happy.

AMY
(sincere)
Okay. Thank you.
(sees a spot, frantic)
Ooh! Right there! Henry! Go!

Henry steps on the gas, almost hits someone and stops short.

AMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(noticing)
Never mind. Not a spot.

HENRY
What if I just drive right into the church and parallel park next to the casket?

AMY
(laughing)
Oh my god. Colleen would diiiiie.

Amy goes back to putting on her mascara. Henry just looks at her. He puts his hand on her shoulder. She's in such denial.

INT. CHURCH - LOBBY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (D-1)

In stark contrast to the cheerful Christmas decorations, it's packed with MOURNERS. Packed like a young person's funeral is packed. Amy - arms folded tightly, guarded, so detached - it's as if she just walked into a distant relative's funeral, not her best friend's, followed by Henry, winds through the crowd to JODIE, 40, (pretty, heavysset, stay at home mom, "has it all", miserable). She stands with her husband, DAN, 40's, (banker, money obsessed, competitive, controlling, meticulous). Jodie puts her arms out and goes to Amy, sobbing. They hug tightly. Henry gives Dan an awkward, somber man hug. Amy and Jodie move off together.

JODIE
(crying)
Colleen was only forty. She has a baby. How can she be gone?!

AMY
(matches crying voice)
I know. I can't believe it.

Amy tucks her lips in and frowns hard, trying to squeeze out a tear. Jodie looks at her. Amy relaxes her face. Screw it.

AMY (cont'd)
I can't cry. Don't be weird about it.

JODIE

(blowing her nose into a tissue)
I always thought you'd be first to go... with all your artificial sweeteners, you smoked for all those years, you jay walk. But Colleen was so healthy.

AMY

(flatly)
I promise I'll be next.

JODIE

(straightening her dress)
Is this dress okay? It's navy not black. It was the only thing that fit. Ugh, I got so heavy, I--.

AMY

Stop. You look gorgeous.
(wipes mascara off Jodie's cheek)
You have enough black on your face.

REGINA D'FONZO, 40, (rough looking woman), approaches and hugs Jodie.

REGINA

(thick long Island accent)
I'm so sorry for ya's loss.

Regina turns and hugs Amy.

REGINA

I remember ya's were close growin' up.

Regina un-hugs her.

AMY

Thanks. It's so good seeing you.

She walks off. Amy turns to Jodie.

AMY (CONT'D)

Who was that?

JODIE

Regina D'fonzo.

AMY

(aghast)
Whaaat? NO way. No.
(off Jodie's nod)
But, she was this... young,
beautiful whore in high school.

JODIE

It's been twenty two years.

AMY

Yeah but, we're not that old. Maybe
she lives outside on a boat. No one
else looks like that.
(then, gesturing)
And what's she doing with Mary
Nichol's father?

JODIE

That's Mary Nichol.

AMY

(beat, stunned)
Wow. This is depressing.

SARAH, 40, (doctor, lesbian, straight-laced, rigid, fear of
being left out, hasn't had fun in twenty years, just doesn't
know it yet), she's been crying, approaches.

SARAH

(sniffing)
This is surreal.

The three of them HUG. They pull apart. Amy, the only one not
crying.

JODIE

(to Sarah)
You cut your hair.

SARAH

Six months ago. Lisa loved it long,
so when we got divorced, I chopped
it off. She got the condo...
(pulls on them, self
consciously)
I got bangs.

AMY

Never liked her.

SARAH

You're a liar. You still follow her on Instagram.

AMY

No, I follow her *dog*. Her dog did not cheat on you.

JODIE

Wait. We haven't seen each other since Colleen's birthday?
(beat, weeping)
And now we're at her funeral.

Sarah looks at Amy.

SARAH

Why are you smiling?

AMY

Am I?! I'm trying not to!
(feels her face, then)
Sarah, without giving me a whole doctor-y lecture about taking pills that aren't mine, how long does it take for a lot of Xanax to wear off?

SARAH

How many milligrams did you have?

AMY

I don't know, as it was given to me in an unmarked bottle at a kid's birthday party.
(off looks, defensive)
I was there with my children.

SARAH

I would have to know what you took and how much.

AMY

Doctor-y.
(then)
Has anyone seen Brian and the baby?

JODIE

I saw Brian earlier. The baby is with Colleen's dad.

She gestures to COLLEEN'S FATHER, PHIL KELLY, 70's, a shattered man, trying to keep his spirits up for 2 year old, LILA.

AMY

God. He lost his wife and daughter to cancer within four years. How is he standing?

SARAH

Pure adrenaline. It's amazing what the human body can do to survive.

AMY

If it was that amazing, Col would be here and Regina D'Fonzo's tits wouldn't be resting on her belt.

The doors to the chapel open, people start going inside. As they go,

JODIE

(whispers)
Don't say, tits in a church.

AMY

(following her inside)
You just did!

INT. CHAPEL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (D-2)

Everyone is seated. Amy sits between Henry and SARAH who sits next to Jodie, Dan on the end. Amy, antsy, definitely NOT at her best friend's funeral in her mind, looks around. Dan checks his phone, whispers something to Jodie and exits.

JODIE

(to Sarah)
Dan has a conference call with his London office.
(quickly, defensive)
He's really risen to the top at his company. The kids are in a great Catholic school and Dan wants a backyard living room.

SARAH

I don't know what that is, but it sounds really pretentious. Congrats.

Music cue: ORGAN MUSIC STARTS.

The chapel doors open, all eyes turn to see the PRIEST, pulling the CASKET, walking down the aisle followed by BRIAN 40, (handsome, boyish, though the past year has aged him), crying, any effort to keep it together gone, carrying LILA, 2, (his and Colleen's only child) who drinks a bottle, mercifully oblivious to it all. Each of them takes in this unthinkable, horrific scene. There is not a dry eye in the house, besides Amy's - arms folded, legs crossed, she holds herself tightly, so as not to let any of this in. She looks around.

AMY (cont'd)
(to herself)
What is wrong with me?

Amy digs her nail into her leg, hard, scrunches up her face to cry. Still, nothing

INT. CHAPEL - FUNERAL HOME - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (D-2)

The priest stands at the ALTAR, finishing his priest stuff.

PRIEST
... May the Lord give you peace; in
the Name of the Father, the Son and
of the Holy Spirit.

CONGREGATION
Amen.

The priest leaves the podium and Brian approaches.

BRIAN
(trying to make it through)
Thank you all for coming to say
goodbye to my beautiful wife,
Colleen. I know she would have
appreciated it. And she would have
felt horrible that you dealt with
that construction traffic for her.

A couple of very strained chuckles. We hear Lila starting to become impatient. Brian looks over.

BRIAN
Colleen left me with this amazing
gift, our sweet, Lila.

He gestures to Lila, sitting on her GRANDFATHER'S LAP. More sobs from the crowd. Lila becomes more restless. She cries.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Hang on a second Lila.
(then)
All Col wanted was to be a mother.
And she was so good at it.

Lila cries more. Brian waits. It's excruciating. He gets an idea. Goes over to her and crouches down.

BRIAN
(sings low, to Lila)
*The... wheels on the bus go round
and round, round and round, round
and round....*

Lila perks up, giggles and claps.

A FEMALE MOURNER (O.C.)
*The wheels on the bus go round and
round, all through the town.*

A FEW MORE MOURNERS
Theeee, wipers on the bus--

The ENTIRE CONGREGATION, joins in.

EVERYONE
*Go swish swish swish, swish swish
swish, all through the town.*

Pan across to see everyone singing and crying. We land on Amy, unable to deal, unable to be present, anywhere but here, digs through her purse, pulls out a pack of gum. While everyone sings, Amy focuses on unwrapping a piece of gum and putting it in her mouth. She puts her bag down and refolds her arms, tightens them around her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN.

INT. COOKING SHOW - STUDIO/BACKSTAGE - A WEEK LATER (D-3)

An AUDIENCE of mostly WOMEN, a CREW scurries around, pre-show. Backstage, DYLAN, 30's, (Chef, hot in an unkempt chef way, cocky on the outside, an empty vessel of need and insecurity on the inside), stands off to the side with FRANCA, 22, (PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, frazzled, self-loathing) holding a COFFEE. Dylan shakes a PLUMCOT at Franca who is holding a cup of coffee.

DYLAN

(re: plumcot, with disgust)
These are plumcots. I need pluots.

Amy approaches, confident, in her element, a boss, puts her hand on Franca's shoulder as if to say, "I got this"

AMY

Dylan? You're about to go on, so how can we make the plumcot work?

DYLAN

We can't. The acidity in the plumcot takes a dump on my recipe. I'm not going out there.

FRANCA

I'm sorry. They looked the same. I didn't think it mattered.

DYLAN

You don't matter.

FRANCA

(sad)
I know.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Let's get loud for Long Island's premiere chef and the star of Island Cooking...

The audience starts to go crazy.

AMY

(very serious)
Dylan.

AMY (cont'd)

That audience is full of sad,
lonely overweight housewives who
waited months for tickets to come
and see--

(takes his hands)
these magical hands in action so
they can imagine them on their
bodies later when they play with
themselves in front of the TV under
a bag of cheese doodles. They care
about you. They are obsessed with
you. They don't even know what
fruit is.

Dylan takes this in, likes it.

DYLAN

(gets an idea)
I could make a Christmas jam.

AMY

You, Dylan, can make anything. Go.

He runs off to greet the audience. Amy rolls her eyes. She
walks off, Franca keeps up.

FRANCA

That was amazing.

AMY

Eh, it's easy. You just have to
know how to speak narcissist.

(re: coffee)
Is that mine?

FRANCA

(gives it to her)
Sorry. Yes. Nine Splendas, right?

AMY

Yeah. I cut down. Trying to be
healthier, you know... since my
friend, dropped dead. I even slowed
down at a red light today.

FRANCA

I was going to ask how you're
doing, but it sounds like... great.

They approach a CRAFT SERVICE AREA, a table with all kinds of
snacks on it. Amy nonchalantly picks through a bowl of candy
and puts some in her pocket.

AMY

You know, it's been a week and I haven't shed one tear over her. Not one. My best friend since fourth grade. Do you think that's weird?

FRANCA

No. Not at all.

AMY

I disagree.

FRANCA

(on a dime)
Me too.
(then, takes her phone out)
If you want to cry, I have a link to bad bus accidents on my phone.

AMY

That's sick, Franca.
(walking off)
Send it to me.

INT. EQUINOX - AFTERNOON (D-3)

MUSIC CUE: POP CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYS.

Muscular guidos, moms and trainers workout. Jodie, in sweats and a sweatshirt, lifts dumbbells. MATT, 24 (trainer, very Long Island, adorable, not bright, except when it comes to fitness, enthusiastic) stands over Jodie.

MATT

Three, two aaaaaand one. Nice.

Matt takes the weights from her and gets some others.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh, hey! Guess what? I took your advice and signed up for classes at Nassau Community. Now I can get a degree.

JODIE

You did? That's amazing!
(lip quivers)
I'm so happy for you.

MATT

(hands her weights)
You sure? You look more sad.

While she does triceps...

JODIE

(starting to cry)
Me and Colleen took a summer class
at Nassau Community. Astronomy.
(sobbing)
It was fun even though it was hard.

MATT

Oh man. I didn't mean to bring up
your dead friend. I'm sorry.

JODIE

(sniffling)
It happened a week ago and I still
can't get it together.

MATT

(takes the weights)
C'mere.

He hugs her, she **MELTS** into him. His hands on her waist, she moves them to a less "puffy" spot. They break apart. He wipes her eyes with his t-shirt. He looks at her. She looks at him, she's in love. Is he going to kiss her?! No.

MATT (CONT'D)

(gestures to treadmills)
Let's get some endorphins going.

Jodie, covers, nods and follows him, self consciously feeling around her waist to see what he felt.

EXT. AMY'S BEDROOM/BACKYARD - NIGHT (N-1)

There are sliding glass doors to outside. Sabrina, the dog, stands at the doors whining, barking and wagging her tail. ANGELA, 40s, (nanny, overweight, a human pillow, passive aggressive, judgmental), enters, carrying toys.

ANGELA

Sabrina, do you see a squirrel?

Angela flicks on the **OUTSIDE LIGHT**, revealing Amy, **ARMY CRAWLING** by the door. Amy stops, caught. Angela opens the door, not surprised by this.

ANGELA

Did you lose your house key?

AMY

Hey, Angela. No, I was just going to the garage to workout and watch bus accidents. For work. I didn't want to come in and wake the kids.

Angela looks at her, for a long beat. Does not get it.

ANGELA

They're still up.

AMY

Oh, right.
(off watch)
Right. It's six. Why wouldn't they be?

LUKE, 6, (wears glasses, animal obsessed, anxious beyond his years) appears behind Angela. Amy stands.

LUKE

Angela? Did you know the Moray eel is the longest sea snake known to man?
(notices Amy)
Mom!

AMY

Hi, sweet boy.

She bends down, drops her bag and hugs Luke. Julia, 3 (never smiles, always serious) toddles in.

JULIA

(serious)
Mama.

Amy picks her up.

LUKE

Mom? Did you know the Moray eel prefers warm water and is mostly found by coral reefs?

AMY

I didn't know that either.

JULIA

Mama at work?

AMY

Yes, mommy was at work, sweet potato.

AMY (cont'd)

(then)
Oh! I brought you something!

She reaches into her pockets and pulls out candy from the craft service table.

AMY
Candy from work!

The kids smile, excited, go for it, jumping up and down. Amy loves it.

ANGELA
(passive aggressive)
Okay, but you already brushed teeth, Papi.

Luke looks at the candy, deciding.

AMY
Ah, you can go to bed with dirty teeth once in a while. I do it.

ANGELA
Okayyyy, but you know about the sugar bugs.

Luke, scared, hands the candy back to Amy.

LUKE
I don't want sugar bugs to eat my teeth!

ANGELA
(takes candy from Amy)
I have all caps.

Angela and the kids exit.

LUKE
Angela, dontcha' know the Moray Eel has a caudal fin that runs from it's head to it's tail?

AMY
(calling)
I knew that, Luke-y duke!

Amy watches them go. Her phone rings. She answers.

AMY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hey. What's a sugar bug?

Intercut With:

INT. HOSPITAL/ER - RECEPTION AREA

Sarah stands in her doctor coat on her cell.

SARAH
Sounds made up. I told Brian I'd
bring him something to sleep and
I'm stuck at work. Can you bring
him something from your stash? I'll
meet you there.

AMY
I hate that you assume I always
have drugs on me.

PAN WIDER TO REVEAL Amy's dresser, with lots of pill bottles.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'll scrape something together.

INT. COLLEEN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N-3)

C/U on the front door. Amy pokes her head in.

AMY
Hey. I brought drugs!

The living room opens up to the kitchen where we see tons of
casserole dishes, flowers, books on healing. It's kind of a
mess. A bare Christmas tree in the corner. Lila plays on the
floor in a pile of Christmas wrapping paper. Brian,
distracted, looks for something in the kitchen drawers.

BRIAN
(without looking up)
Hey.

AMY
I didn't recognize this place without
all those neighbor ladies with crock
pots, passing Lila around.

She closes the door behind her.

BRIAN
Everyone's gotta get back to their
lives, ya know?
(re: casserole dishes)

BRIAN (cont'd)

Would it be too shitty to not clean those? Just put 'em outside?

AMY

You get to be shitty. We could smash them if you want?

(then, sweetly)

Hey, Lila. What do you have?

Lila holds up a ball of MICKEY MOUSE wrapping paper.

LILA

Mickey!

BRIAN

I gave her, her Christmas presents early. Col would kill me.

(looks around, then)

Dammit. Why didn't I pay attention to Colleen? Fuck.

AMY

It's just Christmas presents, I wouldn't sweat--

BRIAN

No, it's not that. When Col was sick, she tried to teach me what to do for Lila after she was gone. How she takes care of her. But I wouldn't listen, I refused to believe she was dying. I just wouldn't, ya know. Which was stupid, because now what?

AMY

You have to pivot.

BRIAN

What do you mean, pivot?

AMY

It's like, when you're going in one direction and you make a sharp turn and go in another, like change course. You pivot. It was in an article someone sent me on loss.

BRIAN

(beat, lost on him)
Yeah, well, since I wouldn't
listen, Col wrote it all down and
made me take it. I have no idea
where I put it.

AMY

Is it on a computer somewhere or
your phone--

BRIAN

Nah, she wrote it all down on a
piece of stationary, with like,
yellow with ducks on it.

AMY

(rolls her eyes, smiles)
Oh my god, that duck stationary.
She's the only person who still
actually writes things.

He continues to search, more and more frantically.

AMY

(looks under the couch)
Duck stationary... ducks ducks
ducks.

BRIAN

(flips a cushion)
Dammit! Where is it?!

Amy, not sure what to do, remembers, reaches into her bag.

AMY

I have drugs! Yay!
(off pill bottles)
Ativan, Kolonopin, Vicodin maybe.
Ambien. Though, be careful. Last
time I took these I bought a Honda
online.

BRIAN

(light bulb, manic)
I think it's at my office. Yeah,
I'm sure, I think. Can you stay
with Lila while I go get it quick?

AMY

You're going all the way into the city in freezing weather for a piece of paper that may or may not be there. That's insane--
(off look of despair)
But you should do it if that's what you think you need to do.

BRIAN

I won't be long.
(then, to Lila)
Daddy will be back soon.

LILA

When mama coming home? I want mama.

Amy's eyes go wide. She mouths, "oh no". She watches as,

BRIAN

(takes Lily's hands, looks into her eyes)
Mommy isn't coming home. But mommy loves Lila, okay?

LILA

(satisfied)
Okay.

AMY

(to herself)
How am I not crying? I'm a monster.

Brian kisses Lila and before he exits,

BRIAN

(to Amy)
Thank you.

He's gone. Amy turns to Lila who is back to happily ripping up the wrapping paper. She looks at Lila.

AMY

You really do look just like her.
(off Lily's blank stare)
Ever see Island Cooking? I'm the Executive Producer.

Lila stares at her. Amy joins her in ripping up wrapping paper. Lila loves it.

INT. JODIE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME TIME (N-3)

Jodie's kids, EVAN, 10, and NORA, 7, are at the table eating. Jodie stands at the counter looking at Colleen's FACEBOOK PAGE on a laptop.

EVAN
(mouthful, mouths to Nora)
Eat shit.

NORA
Mommy! Evan showed me his food and said a curse word!

EVAN
I said *fleet sit*!
(mouths, to Nora)
Eat shit.

NORA
MOM!!!!

Evan and Nora go at it. Dan enters in a warm up suit, carrying a racquet.

DAN
Jode? I have tennis tonight. I was hoping to eat before.

Jodie looks up, reveals tears are streaming down her face. They look DIRECTLY at her. A beat. Then, Nora lunges at Evan.

NORA
Mommy help!

EVAN
Get off of me! Mom!

Dan goes over to a pot on the stove and looks inside.

DAN
Also, Jode? You think you can take my racquet in tomorrow? Strings feel loose.

JODIE
(exploding)
I'm *CRYING*!

Dan and the kids look at her, noticing for the first time.

DAN
(incredulous)
Oh. What's wrong?

JODIE
What's wrong? My friend died.

DAN

I know that... I just-- didn't know what was wrong right now.

JODIE

It's going to be wrong for a while.

Jodie's cell phone DINGS. She checks it.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Sarah's going to Brian's. I'm going with her.

DAN

Who's going to put the kids to bed?

She stares at him for a beat, waiting for him to get it.

JODIE

You are. There's a first time for everything.

Jodie grabs her bag and walks off. Dan looks at the kids. He bounces his racquet on his wrist, no clue what to do.

INT. COLLEEN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N-3)

Amy, now wearing a peasant shirt over her shirt, answers the door. It's Sarah and Jodie. Lila plays on the floor nearby.

AMY

Brian went to the city. I think he's having a psychotic break.

Jodie goes over and picks Lila up.

JODIE

Hi, Lila.
(then)
God, you look just like her.

SARAH

(re: Amy's shirt)
Is that Colleen's shirt?

AMY

Yeah. Still smells like her.
(offering her sleeve)
Want a whiff?

JODIE/SARAH

No!/That's so creepy.
(then, quickly)

JODIE/SARAH (cont'd)
Actually gimme a some./I'll smell
it.

They smell the shirt. Drink it in.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - SAME TIME (N-3)

The doors close -- as Brian runs up, he misses it.

BRIAN
Dammit! FUCK! Let me in, you piece
of fuck!

He kicks the side of the train and turns and sees a COUPLE
with TWO YOUNG KIDS.

BRIAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
(in despair)
I just buried my wife.
(then)
You guys driving into the city by
any chance?

They stare at him. Brian takes off running.

INT. COLLEEN'S CLOSET - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N-3)

It's a small walk-in closet, A MESS, cluttered with shoes and
clothes. Colleen was kind of a slob. There's a dresser with
framed photos on it, a jewelry box, a wig stand with a blonde
wig on it, a half-full laundry basket- signs of a life that
ended abruptly. Amy, Jodie and Sarah smell Colleen's clothes
while Lila plays on a play mat outside the door.

SARAH
We shouldn't be in here. This is
Brian's closet too. It's rude of us
to--
(notices something)
She did have my scarf!

Sarah pulls a scarf out of a bag.

SARAH
I went crazy looking for this. And
she didn't even fold it. God, she's
so messy.
(looks around)
I'm going to organize.

JODIE
(holds up pants)
She was so lucky she could wear
skinny jeans. Hate her.

Amy puts Colleen's wig on.

AMY
(re: wig)
What do you guys think of me in
this? Keep? I'm keeping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S CLOSET - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N-3)

Sarah straightens up, Amy looks through Colleen's jewelry. Jodie looks through a box of old pictures. They immerse themselves in Colleen. Jodie pulls out their yearbook and flips through.

JODIE
(off yearbook picture)
Oh my god. Look at me in high
school. So young. So hopeful. So
stupid.

Amy and Sarah go over to look.

JODIE
(looking closer)
My legs weren't even as chubby as I
thought. I could've been a slut.
Dammit.

AMY
I always told you that.

Sarah picks up a picture.

SARAH
(re: picture)
What were we even doing here?

JODIE
(re: picture)
Elfing. Remember? We stole Darren
O'Leary's lawn ornaments and put
them on Steve Baderraco's lawn?

Jodie laughs at the memory.

AMY

That's riiiiiggght. Colleen got
busted putting a reindeer in her
trunk and I peed in my pants
laughing.

(then)

I peed in my pants yesterday. From
sneezing.

JODIE

Darren O'Leary still lives in that
house.

They flip to DARREN'S picture, he's scrappy and cute.

AMY

He was hot. Dirty, but hot dirty.
He used to walk to school and he
smelled like a walker.

SARAH

(off picture)

Ugh. I don't know how I was
straight in high school.

AMY

Um... you weren't. You had the same
haircut as Morrissey and your
nickname was Sarge.

(notices, to Jodie)

Where'd you get candy?

Jodie points to an open shoebox filled with cancer pot-
edibles in the form of chocolate, lollipops, cookies.

AMY

That's cancer pot.

JODIE

I just had one caramel and a gummy.
I needed something sweet.

(disgusted with herself)

I have no self control.

SARAH

That stuff is strong. It's medicinal.

AMY

You're medicinal.

JODIE

(gets an idea)

Guys? Let's go elfing.

JODIE (cont'd)

In honor of Colleen. It'll be like
high school.

(then)
I'm going.

She stands and exits.

AMY

(shrugs, fluffing wig)
I wouldn't mind popping in on Darren.

SARAH

We can't, we have Lila.

AMY

Babies can be out at night, no?
(off looks)
I'm kidding. I know they can..t?

Brian ARRIVES, drenched in sweat, out of breath. He holds up
a piece of paper with ducks on it.

BRIAN

I found the list. It was in my office.

They look down at his feet, he's in flip flops.

SARAH

(to Amy)
Adrenaline.

Amy takes the paper from Brian and looks at it.

AMY

(off paper)
The duck stationary.

She might cry. She twists her face up, tries to cry, can't.
Just can't.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN.

INT. AMY'S CAR/EXT. STREET/ DARREN O'LEARY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N-3)

Sarah and Amy, still in Colleen's wig, carry an ALUMINUM REINDEER toward the car. They're struggling.

AMY

My back my back my back my back.

SARAH

Lift with your knees.

AMY

The fucked up one? Or the really fucked up one?

SARAH

You need to go to the orthopedic doctor I work with. He's fantastic.

AMY

As soon as we get this deer in my car, I'll grab his number from you.

They get to the open trunk and go to shove it in.

AMY

I have important work stuff in there. And don't bruise my leather.

They get it in and turn back to the house. The LAWN, is covered with TONS of ORNAMENTS. SANTA CLAUSES, CAROLERS, A NATIVITY SCENE, etc. It's a tacky WINTER WONDERLAND. Lights are strung throughout.

AMY

Oh shit. We lost Jodie in there.

They head toward the lawn.

EXT. DARREN'S LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

A sea of ornaments. Through the following, they talk in hushed tones with a sense of urgency, trying not to be seen - as if they're robbing someone. Which they are. Amy and Sarah, find Jodie sitting under a giant lit up candy cane.

JODIE

(so stoned)
You guys, look how tiny I am. I've never been so small. We're all so small.

SARAH

Come on, Tiny, get off the lawn, grab a baby Jesus and let's go.
(yawns)
I have to be up early.

AMY

Yeah, this isn't fun and games, we're vandalizing a house here!

JODIE

(so stoned)
Vandaaaaaaliiiiize. Van. Da. Lize.
(beat, realizing)
That's crazy. It's like a... word.
It's a word. Worrrrrd. Word is a word.

SARAH

(to Amy)
Can we leave her here?

AMY

I'm literally in my car already.

They start to walk off. Jodie's phone DINGS.

JODIE (CONT'D)

(so paranoid)
Oh fuuuuuck. What if Dan knows I'm high?! You guys, he's going to kill me. I'm not allowed to have fun.

She looks at her phone, smiles, surprised.

SARAH

Not Dan.

AMY

Definitely not Dan.

Jodie notices they're staring at her.

JODIE

It's my trainer, Matt.
(off looks, defensive)
Fitness business.

SARAH

You're blushing a lot for fitness business.

AMY

Let me see the text.

Amy goes for the phone, Jodie holds it away, Sarah takes it.

SARAH

(off phone)
Hey, lady, how you doing? Been thinking about you.

AMY

Lady?!?! Your trainer's calling you a lady and thinking about you?!

Jodie runs over, lunges for the phone, Sarah holds it away. Through the following Sarah and Amy toss the phone back and forth.

AMY

Having an affair with your trainer is kind of "done", bordering on cliché, so you should hurry.

SARAH

Yes, it was "done" by my ex-wife when she slept with her spin instructor our bed.

AMY

I still can't believe it. That spin teacher is known for only screwing straight women.

Jodie almost gets the phone, Sarah tosses it to Amy.

JODIE

I'm not having an affair! We're friends. He's twenty four. I could be his mother. If I had him insanelly young.

Jodie tackles Amy. Amy lands on a PLASTIC FEMALE CAROLER.

AMY

(overly dramatic)
Help! I fell!

Jodie pulls Amy up.

JODIE

Fine. I have a crush on him. Gets my fat ass to the gym.

AMY

I heard something crack. Do I have a leg bone sticking out?

SARAH

Head trauma.

Angle on: The CAROLER, her HEAD is CRACKED and DANGLING kind of. Jodie stands her up, tries to straighten the caroler's head. It bobs to the side and then falls, face up on the ground, next to the body, it's creepy as shit.

AMY

Well, they have a new Halloween decoration.

Amy goes to walk off.

JODIE

We can't just leave it here. Our fingerprints are all over it. They'll know it was us. Plus it's not nice.

EXT. LAWN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The three of them, carefully shuffling through the maze of ornaments, carry the headless caroler's body toward the car. Amy holds her head under her arm.

AMY

I guess this is our dead hooker moment. Are we burying her in the desert or is my car cool?

JODIE

(sighs)
Speaking of dead hookers, I miss Colleen. I mean the dead part. If only she got into that drug trial, she'd be here with us.

SARAH

Nah.

JODIE

What do you mean, nah?

SARAH

The trial wouldn't have worked.

JODIE

It could have. It's worked on a lot of stage four brain cancer patient--
(off Sarah shaking her head)
Why do you keep shaking your head?

AMY

You weren't even her doctor.

SARAH

Any doctor knows, once the cancer spread to her spine, it was a death sentence. She only had a few months.

JODIE

So you knew she was going to die?

SARAH

(beat)
You don't see a lot of people with that kind of cancer live. They just don't.

AMY

Well, you could have told us.

JODIE

Kinda' unfair that you got to know, Sarah.

Sarah stops short.

SARAH

(growing anger)
Unfair? Really? You think I *liked* knowing that no matter how much chemo, how many blood transfusions she had, it was pointless? But I couldn't tell her because I couldn't take that hope away from her? You think that was a privilege?! It wasn't!

Furious, still holding onto the caroler, Sarah starts storm off - taking Amy and Jodie with her. They try and keep up.

JODIE

I'm sorry, Sarah. Your job is so hard. I don't know how you do it.

Sarah stops short.

SARAH

It's awful. Some nights I go to Trader Joe's and watch the checkout people... just scanning and bagging food and think... they're so lucky. No one's life depends on them, no one expects to be saved. And everyone there is so goddamn happy. Makes me furious.

AMY

Of course they're happy. It's Trader Joe's. Ooh, let's go get Peppermint Bark, in honor of it being Colleen's favorite thing and me being in the mood for it?

JODIE

Let's just go now. I already went off my diet and this is dumb.

Jodie drops her end of the caroler and goes to walk off.

SARAH

That's all it took?

Amy and Sarah go to follow.

AMY

Without being all doctor-y, is there a disease that causes you to not cry? Like a blockage... or a disease?

SARAH

Maybe, af you stop numbing yourself with black market birthday party meds, maybe you'll feel something.

AMY

A) I haven't taken anything since the funeral. And b) Doctor-y.

A PORCH LIGHT goes on.

GUY (O.S.)

What the hell's going on?

They turn to see, standing on the porch, a GUY, 20's, HOT. Amy straightens her wig.

AMY
Sup, Darren!

GUY
Darren's my dad. I'm Tyler.

DARREN, 40, (balding, beer belly, in a wife beater and sweats) EXITS the house.

DARREN
Who's that?

AMY
(horrified)
Holy, shit. You guys, look what happened to Darren.

Darren sees the caroler Amy and Sarah are still holding.

DARREN
You trashed my caroler? The fuck is wrong with you?

Sarah, Amy and Jodie drop the caroler and run.

AMY
(running off)
We broke one thing! Jodie's douche bag husband is rich, she'll pay for it!

Almost at the end of the lawn, Amy trips on a wire in the snow, causing a SNOWMAN to fall on an ELF. She gets to the sidewalk. They all watch as, like a RUBE GOLDBERG situation, almost in slow motion, the ornaments go down one by one, ending with SANTA falling from the roof and exploding.

JODIE
I must still be stoned.

SARAH
You're not.

DARREN
I'm calling the cops!

Terrified, the girls turn to leave and see a CAR has just pulled up behind Amy's, blocking her in.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

C/U: The three girls run, full speed for them, which when we pan wider, reveal, isn't one bit fast.

EXT. COLLEEN'S PORCH - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (D4)

Amy, Jodie, Sarah are panting, head between the legs, dry heaving, etc. Amy struggles to lift a jug of Arrowhead water on the porch to her lips. Sarah's phone DINGS.

SARAH
(off phone)
I... have to go to the hospital.

JODIE
Me... too.
(realizing)
Oh. For work.

AMY
(to Sarah)
Go. Henry can get us on his way home.
(off watch)
It's only seven forty five? We were only out for thirty minutes?!

They hug Sarah, "I love you"s all around. Before she goes,

SARAH
(smiling widely)
Tonight was ridiculous.

JODIE
I had fun. Is that bad?

AMY
Can we see each other more? Now that we're dropping like flies?

SARAH
Definitely before your funeral.

AMY
So, everybody decided I'm next?

Jodie and Sarah look at each other and nod.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN.

INT. AMY AND HENRY'S CAR/EXT. TRADER JOE'S LOT/INT. TRADER JOE'S - LATER (D-3)

Henry drives. Amy, still in Colleen's wig, in the passenger seat. They enter the parking lot. Henry looks for a spot.

AMY

I just can't wrap my head around the fact that Lila has no mother. At least our kids have Angela.

HENRY

They have you. When you're home. (quickly)
You work long hours. You bust your ass.

AMY

(beat, confesses)
Not always. Sometimes I don't come home right away.

HENRY

What, like you stop at the store?

AMY

(wincing)
Or the movies. Sometimes.

Henry stops, looks at her.

HENRY

(in disbelief)
The *movies*?

AMY

Only if something good is playing. (folds her arms, deep breath)
And, sometimes I come home... but not *home* home. Like, I'll crawl into the garage to workout or sit in my car... (wincing)
Until the kids' lights go out. (points)
Those people just got into that car. Get that spot.

HENRY

Why wouldn't you come *home* home?

AMY
(tightens her arms, looks out
the passenger window)
I don't know. I guess I'm afraid.

HENRY
Of what? The kids?

AMY
Yes. I'm afraid of... ruining them.
Henry, look at my mother, I
inherited the maternal instincts of
a hotdog. The stuff that should
come naturally to me, it doesn't.
It's *hard* and I... feel like I'm
bad at it. I'm not like Colleen or
Jodie, though I think she fakes
liking her kids. They're assholes.
(points)
They're backing out. Go, go!

Henry tries to get the spot, someone beats him to it again.

AMY (CONT'D)
Shit, Henry! I feel like you do it
to upset me. How hard is it to--

HENRY
You know what, how's this?

Henry steps on the gas and drives FULL FORCE, CRASHING
through the FRONT DOORS of the store, GLASS SHATTERS.

AMY
Henry!

Upon IMPACT, the air bags deploy. The car stops, just inside
the store. Silence other than the whir of the AUTOMATIC
DOORS, though SHATTERED, BROKEN go back and forth, lamely. No
one is hurt, just shocked CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES.

HENRY
That close enough for you?

AMY
What the fuck?

HENRY
(shaken, angry)
I know your friend died and you're
going through shit, but I'm not
your parking bitch, Amy.

HENRY (cont'd)

And the fact that you don't come home after work because you think you're not a good mother? Fuck that. You're a great mother. You got Luke over his fear of heights!

AMY

I left him on a Ferris Wheel.

HENRY

And when Julia had colic, you sang *Fire and Rain* to her over and over until she fell asleep.

AMY

It's a song about a plane crash, Henry. That could be why she doesn't smile.

HENRY

You were the one who knew pressing down on Luke's head would make him less anxious in crowds.

AMY

Only because it works for me.

HENRY

Because you're his *mother*. He comes from you. Only you know what they need. You, are their bat shit, crazy, awesome mother. And take that wig off, it's fucking weird.

A shocked, but happy FEMALE EMPLOYEE approaches Amy's window. She puts it down.

AMY

Hi. Can you tell me where the peppermint bark is?

EMPLOYEE

Uh, we don't carry that here anymore.

Amy's lip starts to quiver, she's going to cry.

EMPLOYEE

Are you okay?

AMY

Not at all.

Amy puts the window back up, on the employee and turns to Henry, stricken.

AMY
(starting to cry)
They don't carry peppermint bark anymore.
(crying)
I want to call Col and tell her because she'd be so bummed. And I can't.
(she blinks, tears stream down her face)
She's never going to know Trader Joe's discontinued peppermint bark. And that's just so sad.

Henry hugs her. And then, in a giant rush, Amy unbuckles her seat belt, goes to open the passenger door, but can't. She climbs into the back seat.

AMY
Tell the cops you had a seizure.
Works for me every time.

HENRY
Where are you going?

She opens the door, looks at him.

AMY
Home. I want to go home, home. I think I have to go home, home.

Before she walks off,

HENRY
(watching her go, incredulous)
Every time?

Amy walks off, more people approach the car, a COP pulls up.

INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME (N-3)

Dan's in bed, watching a basketball game. Jodie enters.

JODIE
Sorry I'm late. Brian needed help with Lila.

DAN
Feel better?

JODIE

A little.

He goes back to his game. She goes to the closet.

INT. LARGE WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jodie gets undressed, she's in her bra and underwear, her phone DINGS. It's a text from Matt: "Are you okay? Didn't hear back from you." Jodie types. Jodie: "I'm sorry u saw my crying face. I'm such a mess." BUBBLES, BUBBLES. Matt: "You're not a mess. You're hot." Jodie types, "It's Jodie Lewis, eleven o'clock on Tuesdays." BUBBLES, BUBBLES, BUBBLES. Matt: "You. Are. Hot, Jodie Lewis" Her jaw drops. She quickly peeks out at Dan.

INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan, still watching TV, takes Jodie's pillows and props himself up.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A new text from Matt: "I wanted to kiss you so many times." Jodie: "You could have..." BUBBLES, BUBBLES, BUBBLES. Matt: "I also want to have sex with you." Jodie's eyes go wide, jaw drops. She's dying. She's twenty again.

DAN (O.S.)

Jodie? Think you can get my racquet restrung tomorrow?

She panics, hides her phone, pokes her head out.

JODIE

(giddy)
Totally, yeah. Yeah. Of course.

She closes the closet door, slowly. Looks at her phone. Then to the sky.

JODIE

(to the sky)
Life is short, right Col?

She looks at herself in her closet mirror then types, "Can you wait for me to lose ten pounds?" BUBBLES. Matt: "How 'bout 8? I'll help you." Jodie smiles, types: "I'll stop eating carbs after eight." Matt: "Can you do noon? Sugar turns directly into fat and it's the hardest to lose late in the day." Jodie types, "Noon is tough for me. What if I trade olive oil for butter?" BUBBLES, BUBBLES, BUBBLES. She waits, hopeful. Matt: "Then we'll be fucking in no time."

JODIE
(smiles, to her reflection)
Slut.

INT. HOSPITAL/ER- SAME TIME (D-3)

Sarah examines an OBESE MAN, 60s.

SARAH
Not a heart attack. Just heartburn.
And your lungs are clear.

She notices the cigarettes in his pocket.

SARAH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
How long have you been smoking?

PATIENT
'bout forty years.

SARAH
(beat)
Yeah? You know, my friend smoked
for zero years and had forty years
worth of lung cancer.

A beat. She takes the cigarettes.

SARAH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Sooo, fuck you sir. Fuck you.

She pulls a cigarette out, puts it in her mouth and walks off. We follow her out, through the automatic doors.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS (D-4)

Sarah EXITS. It's freezing, the wind whips at her while she tries to light the cigarette. We stay on her as her HOSPITAL BADGE SMACKS HER IN THE FACE over and over. A MALE DOCTOR passes, ENTERING the hospital. Sarah continues to struggle.

DOCTOR
Sarah, since when do you smoke?

SARAH
Since now. We're all going to die
anyway.
(then)
I'm quitting too. I'm going to work
at Trader Joe's and be a happy
person.

The doctor shrugs and keeps walking.

EXT. STREET/AMY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Amy walks, wiping tears from her eyes, pulls Colleen's wig off, puts her phone to her ear.

COLLEEN (V.O.)

(upbeat)

This is Colleen, leave a message
and I'll call you right back.

AMY

(into phone)

Hey, girl, it's me. You're probably
not going to get this. Well, maybe
you will... I just wanted to tell
you, I'm gonna start going home
after work and be with my kids.
Thought you'd think that was
funny... hope I don't lose my shit
and drive us into a lake. Oh,
speaking of, Henry crashed through
the front of the Trader Joe's on
Sunrise Highway. The new one. Also?
And I hope you're sitting down...
they don't sell peppermint bark
anymore! Fucking crazy right?

Amy stops. She's home. Walks up the walkway to the door.

AMY

(into phone)

Well, I'm *home* home. Wish me luck.
I love you, girl.

She hangs up. And goes inside.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW