

WOMAN UP

Written by

Zoe Lister Jones



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COLD OPEN

INT. ALTERNATIVE HIGH SCHOOL PROM- NIGHT

We see two TEENAGE GIRLS from behind, standing under a banner that reads "PROM NIGHT 1996." The camera pushes in as they turn around to reveal... they have huge PREGNANT BELLIES.

Meet LIZ and PHOEBE, two people who'd never be best friends if not for their current circumstances. Liz is 17, white, a hippie stoner. Phoebe, also 17, is black, prim and proper.

PHOEBE

(anxious)

I can't believe we're graduating next week. It's like being shot out of a cannon with no landing pad.

LIZ

I know, so rad.

A fellow PREGNANT GIRL walks by.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hey Cindy! Third trimester lookin' good on you girl!

She smiles and walks off, revealing that the entire prom is filled with PREGNANT TEENS. Behind them, a SIGN for their school: "OUR LADY VIRGIN MARY SCHOOL FOR PARENTING TEENS."

PHOEBE

I need to eat something. Like a pizza that's in the middle of two other pizzas. Is that a thing? I feel like that's a thing.

LIZ

I mean it can be arranged but I'm gonna go ahead and say there's something else behind this request mostly because you're crying?

A single tear runs down Phoebe's frozen face.

PHOEBE

Liz. Are we gonna make it? Like in life? Cause this is about to get real. I mean it's already real but like we're about to be kids with kids and then what happens to all our dreams and aspirations?

LIZ

Oh Pheebs! We can still accomplish our dreams! I'm gonna become an artist and you're gonna become a doctor! It'll be dope!

PHOEBE

It's just gonna be so much responsibility. I mean med school with a baby is *impossible* and I'll never be able to afford it and--

Liz sees Phoebe spinning, takes her by the shoulders:

LIZ

Hey! Woman Up, Woman! *We got this!*

PHOEBE

Okay. Sorry. You're right. We got this. Just promise me, no matter what happens, no matter how tough, that you won't give up on me. And I won't give up on you.

LIZ

I promise.

They hug.

PHOEBE

Did you just pee a little?

LIZ

Yeah.

PHOEBE

Me too.

Just then TLC's "Waterfalls" comes on, and they proceed to do an elaborately choreographed dance routine in perfect sync, as a crowd begins to form, clapping in rhythm.

Feeding off their energy, Liz tries to do the worm. She beckons Phoebe to join her. Phoebe shakes her head no. Liz continues on the floor, teetering like a tiny pregnant see saw, then jumps up. She and Phoebe finish their routine with a flourish. The other very pregnant girls CHEER.

LIZ

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE!

PHOEBE

WE CAN HAVE IT ALL!!!

CHYRON: 18 YEARS LATER

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT- MORNING

Phoebe, now 36, still Type A, wearing nurse scrubs, and Liz, also 36, chill, wearing a little too much make up, both enter their very modest, shared apartment, harried and exhausted.

LIZ

We're home! You guys ready?

GRACE/ANGELA (O.C.)

Coming!

PHOEBE

What is that smell?

LIZ

What is that smell?

PHOEBE

No wait I know. You got perfume
duty at the mall?

LIZ

You had to clean up an old lady's
urine?

LIZ (CONT'D)

Yup.

PHOEBE

They actually smell
remarkably similar.

Their daughters, GRACE, O.C.D., and ANGELA, a young Meghan Markle, both 18, come down the stairs, carrying BOXES.

ANGELA

Mom, why did you pack earmuffs?
We're going to USC.

PHOEBE

It's colder on the East side!

GRACE

Uh, Mom? I think Grandma sent me
drugs.

She reads from a CARD, holding a small gift box.

GRACE (CONT'D)

"From an experimental trial I did
for my arthritis. Have fun at
college. Don't tell Mom."

LIZ

She's always been so helpful.

ANGELA

I love your Grandma, she's like if
Lil' Wayne was trapped inside a
Jewish lady's body. Can I see?

PHOEBE

Liz! Are you seriously not going to
confiscate those?

LIZ

I mean if they're gonna do drugs,
at least we know they're medical
grade!

Phoebe snatches the pills from Grace, and pops them in an
ADVIL BOTTLE on the counter.

PHOEBE

Not today, Satan.

She picks up a box, heads out the door.

LIZ

Quick Q: am I Satan in this
scenario or is my Mom?...*(To
herself)* Man if I had a nickel for
every time I asked that.

PHOEBE

Let's go!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX- CONTINUOUS

Our gang walks out carrying boxes as EDNA, 60, Phoebe's
Southern Baptist Mother and landlord, pops her head out of
the apartment above them, calling out.

EDNA

Hey! Don't think you're leaving
without saying goodbye to Grandma!

She comes downstairs, bearing a little GIFT BOX for Angela.

EDNA (CONT'D)

You're the first woman in our
family to go to college. Because
you didn't mess around with some
trifling SOB like your Mama did.

Phoebe rolls her eyes.

EDNA (CONT'D)
I'm very proud of you. And so is
Black Jesus.

Angela opens the box to reveal a GOLD CROSS, with BLACK JESUS hanging from it. She smiles.

ANGELA
Thanks Grandma.

Edna's warm smile drops as she curtly calls out:

EDNA
LIZ AND PHOEBE RENT'S DUE DON'T
MAKE ME TELL YOU TWICE.

A group of insanely cool TWENTY-SOMETHING'S walk past them.

TWENTY SOMETHING
Hey, you know where apartment 5 is?

Phoebe wistfully points to an apartment, where we see their neighbor, hot ass JEFF, 25 (Jeff Goldblum and Timothée Chalamet's love child) opening the door in slow motion, wearing a "Future is Female" t-shirt, as Phoebe watches on, swooning. Their eyes meet, a spark. Then:

JEFF
Do you think you could tell your
Mom my toilet's clogged? Sorry,
it's kind of an emergency.

PHOEBE
(blurting out)
You got it! Musta been a big one!

Jeff, uncomfortable, heads back inside. Phoebe frowns.

ANGELA
Mom! Let's go!

INT. USC DORMS - DAY

Phoebe and Liz unpack the last of the girls' things. Liz pulls out a small PAINTING.

LIZ
What in the crap? Grace... I can't
believe you brought this with you.

GRACE

Of course I did. It's the painting
you made for me when I was in the
womb. I love it.

Liz smiles, emotional, as a HOT SENIOR BOY, wearing a Phi
Delta shirt, walks past the door.

HOT SENIOR BOY

Freshman Orientation starts in ten
minutes!

ANGELA

(whispering to Grace)
Damn, who's that *flaming hot* Cheeto
lookin' like a snack?

GRACE

Who's that who looking like a what?

HOT SENIOR BOY

(To Angela)
Hey. We're throwing a party
tonight, you should come.

He hands her a FLYER for a party at his frat house, winks,
and is off. Angela watches him go, smitten, until Phoebe
grabs the flyer from her and throws it in the trash.

PHOEBE

Angela. There will be NO
fraternizing in fraternities.

LIZ

Amen. Ain't no penis high enough--

PHOEBE

Preach.

LIZ

Ain't no penis low enough--

PHOEBE

Tell the child.

LIZ

Ain't no penis wide enough... he
still will screw you.

GRACE

Ew. Mom.

ANGELA

Please not this again.

LIZ

Fine don't listen to us. But... you better be prepared.

Liz pulls out CONDOMS from her purse, Phoebe swats them away.

PHOEBE

Elizabeth Cat Stevens Schwartz!

LIZ

What?! Wrap it up or slap it up!

PHOEBE

Angela. You are to remain abstinent until marriage. You hear me? Isn't that right Liz?

LIZ

Yes Ma'am. No if's, and's, or butt sex.

GRACE

Oh my God Mom.

ANGELA

Gross.

LIZ

Okay. College! The great unknown! Go forth and prosper!

PHOEBE

You sure we can't stay and hang out until you get back? We could stay.

LIZ

Phoebe.

PHOEBE

No. Liz is right. Go forth. Prosper.

Liz and Phoebe wave goodbye as the girls walk away.

LIZ

We love you so much! We'll miss you! We won't know what to do without you!

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

We love you so much! We'll miss you! We won't know what to do without you!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIZ AND PHOEBE'S APARTMENT- DAY

LIZ

WE'RE FREE BAYBEEEE!

She puts "I'm Every Woman" on the stereo and pops CHAMPAGNE. Phoebe hurries to wipe up the spillage with a rag. Liz drinks out of the bottle, tries to pass it to Phoebe, but Phoebe can't celebrate. She collapses onto the couch, bereft.

PHOEBE

Oh my Gawwwwwddddd. I'm never gonna be able to tuck my baby in again!

LIZ

What on Barbara Streisand's great earth are you talking about? Tucking our babies in was a *nightmare*.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRACE AND ANGELA'S ROOM- NIGHT (1998)

Liz and Phoebe, 18, exhausted, stand over two cribs, panicked. Both their daughters, 1, are screaming bloody murder. Liz and Phoebe are so at their wits end, they both start screaming with their daughters.

INT. LIZ AND PHOEBE'S APARTMENT- BACK TO PRESENT

PHOEBE

Ok maybe it sucked sometimes but it was our ritual, every night, and now it's over for eternity.

LIZ

Phoebe, I've said it before and I'll say it again. That's a ritual we should've wrapped up 11 years ago. So. Thank u, next.

PHOEBE

I don't care, I would give anything to tuck them in just one last time.

LIZ

Hey. No. We are *not* doing this.

PHOEBE

Does '*this*' mean watching a Jeff Goldblum vehicle and smelling Angela's towels, cause that is very much what I'm going to be doing.

LIZ

Firstly, your sexual obsession with Jeff Goldblum continues to unnerve me. Secondly, Phoebe, tonight is the beginning of the rest of our lives. Don't you see? We get a *second chance* on all the fun we missed in our twenties!

PHOEBE

Well we clearly have different definitions of fun. Like I personally am very excited that I'll now finally have the time to scrapbook. And cross stitch. And if loving Jeff Goldblum is wrong, Liz... I don't want to be right.

LIZ

Phoebe, no! No stitching, no scrapbooking and no more Goldblums! The only Jeff you need to be messing with is the one in Apartment 5.

PHOEBE

What are you talking about?

LIZ

Oh come on, you've been obsessed with our neighbor for 3 years and you've never said one word to him.

PHOEBE

That's cause every time I open my mouth around him, I say something super embarrassing. He thinks I'm just a weird dorkus Mom. Look, Liz, you don't have to put so much pressure on tonight. I gave up on adventures a long time ago. There's no reason to start now.

LIZ

Wow. I'll make sure to have that engraved on your tombstone. Here lies Phoebe. Who gave up on adventures a long time ago.

Phoebe rolls her eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)

C'mon! You never treat yourself.
Even when you have free time you're
always just helping your Mom with
gross building chores...

PHOEBE

I don't know what to tell you, this
place has a lot of plumbing issues!

Inspirational score comes on, as Liz stands up.

LIZ

Phoebe. We've been busting our
asses for 19 years, with zero time
for ourselves. The girls are
finally out of the house. Forever!
Today is the *first day of the rest
of our lives*. It's Phoebe and Liz
2.0 baby! THE TIME IS NOW!!!"

Just then, Grace walks in, and interrupts Liz's inspirational
diatribe. The music cuts out.

GRACE

Forgot my charger.

Liz and Phoebe watch her as she grabs it, and walks out
without saying goodbye. Beat. The music comes back on.

LIZ

THE TIME IS NOW!... We can watch
all our shows whenever we want.
Unlimited time in the bathroom to
get ready. No more cooking. No more
cleaning. No more chauffeuring.
Plus, now we only have to deal with
two periods a month, not *four*!

PHOEBE

That was a lot of periods...

LIZ

Tonight is our first night as women
without children, since WE were
children. We've earned this. We
gotta *live. Our. Lives.*

PHOEBE

And *how* do we go about doing that?

LIZ

I've got one word for you: *Hillary.*

PHOEBE

Clinton? Don't tell me they found something in those e-mails.

LIZ

No! Hillary Livingston!

PHOEBE

From high school?

LIZ

Yes! She invites us to her birthday party every year. We just never go.

PHOEBE

Hillary kinda sucks though.

LIZ

Not when she parties. She's insane in the membrane Phoebe. You remember those ragers she used to throw...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PARTY - NIGHT (1999)

Hillary, 20, slutty and wasted, runs into frame, carrying two FORTIES of beer.

HILLARY

Girls Gone Wild just showed up!
Let's get F\$#@d UPPPP BITCHES!!!!

She rips off her top and runs off as we reveal Liz and Phoebe standing stock still, their babies strapped to their chests.

INT. LIZ AND PHOEBE'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

LIZ

And... guess what King Tut? She's having a birthday party... *tonight!*

Phoebe is still unsure, just as Edna walks in.

EDNA

Phoebe, we got a real situation in Apartment Five. It's a four-hander.

PHOEBE

What?! Mom, that's Jeff's apartment. Please. NO.

EDNA

You think I want to be cleaning
some white boy's dooky? Grab your
bucket and your doo doo gloves.
It's gonna be a long night.

She looks to Liz, desperate. Turns back to her Mom.

PHOEBE

I'm sorry, Mom, I would love to
help, but we have... a birthday
party... that we can't miss.

EDNA

Well... okay. But you owe me. And
that's not all you owe me! I'm
talking about rent white girl!

LIZ

You got it Edna!

PHOEBE

Mom, you've known her for 20 years,
please stop calling her that.

They leave.

EDNA

She's white isn't she.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX- CONTINUOUS

PHOEBE

Okay. I'm in. Let's do this.
Tonight... *we go hard...*

LIZ

NOW WE'RE TALKING, BITCH!

PHOEBE

Let's do something... CRAZY.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE- VARIOUS

A) INT. DRY BAR- DAY- C.U. on Liz getting a blow out. Then
we angle on a white STYLIST, who has no idea what to do with
Phoebe's hair. Liz's hair suddenly gets caught in the blow
dryer, which they can't get untangled from it.

B) INT. BLACK HAIR SALON- DAY- Black stylists expertly cut Liz's hair out of the blow dryer and style Phoebe's hair perfectly.

C) INT. NAIL SALON- DAY- Liz and Phoebe get mani-pedis, where they both think that the Vietnamese women doing their nails are talking shit about them, but in subtitles they're actually talking about harrowing immigrant narratives.

D) INT. FOREVER 21- DAY- Phoebe and Liz come out of the dressing room, in too tight t-shirts, as two super skinny TEENAGE GIRLS come out next to them wearing the same t-shirts as Liz and Phoebe, but on them they're dresses.

EXT. FOREVER 21- EVENING

As they exit Forever 21, dressed in their too tight clothes, they see a LIQUOR STORE across the street.

LIZ

The invite said it's B.Y.O.B. so
let's bring some 40s of Olde
English and kick it old school.

PHOEBE

I mean knowing Hillary, we should
probably take it one step
further...

INT. LIQUOR STORE- MOMENTS LATER

A liquor store EMPLOYEE wheels out a huge KEG in slo-mo. Phoebe and Liz nod in slo-mo, grinning widely. Until:

EMPLOYEE

Sorry. This is actually our last
one, and it's already been sold.

PHOEBE

What?!

LIZ

To who??

The employee points. They turn around to find hot Jeff, pulling out his wallet. He's surprised to see them.

JEFF

Hey!

PHOEBE

(swooning)

Jeff...

JEFF

Ugh, I'm so embarrassed, I
generally brew my own beer but my
nut cheese took longer than
expected...

LIZ

You're what?

PHOEBE

(still swooning)
Nut cheese...

JEFF

But you know what they say,
'Fermentation is power.' Anyway, so
wild to run into you here. Are you
buying a keg for your daughters?
You're seriously the coolest Moms.

Phoebe looks embarrassed. Liz chimes in.

LIZ

No. We're buying a keg for a
legitimate rager we're attending.
We know people who've done some
very slutty activities. Tell him,
Phoebe.

Phoebe looks surprised.

PHOEBE

Tell him what?

LIZ

About all the super sexy things our
friends are into.

Phoebe, eyes wide, has no choice but to wing it.

PHOEBE

Um yeah, they like to do the...
um... Kentucky coal miner...

LIZ

These chicks dig *deep*.

PHOEBE

And they get very messy, You know
because of the coal.

LIZ

(whispering to Phoebe)
It's a metaphor, dude, stay on
point.

PHOEBE

Right. They don't have respiratory issues or anything...

JEFF

Wow. Um, well sounds like you guys have a full night ahead... and honestly my homies are mostly biodynamic wine drinkers anyway. So... you two take the keg.

LIZ

Wow! Thank you!

PHOEBE

Can't wait to taste those nuts!

Confused, he exits the store. Phoebe looks humiliated. Then:

EMPLOYEE

Any way I could tag along tonight?
Your friends sound really cool.

EXT. HILLARY'S HOME - NIGHT

Liz and Phoebe, wheeling the huge KEG in front of them, and each carrying a FORTY, step onto a porch and ring the doorbell. HILLARY, 36, dressed conservatively, answers. Liz and Phoebe hold their forties in the air excitedly.

PHOEBE

Hillary! Happy Birthday bitch!

LIZ

Who wants to get f#\$%@ed up?!!

Hillary's smile turns into a frown, as she opens the door to reveal... a room full of BABIES, accompanied by their very sober parents.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Sorry, did we get the night wrong?
We're here for your birthday party?
Bring your own beer?

HILLARY

Oh. I see. No, it is tonight. But B.Y.O.B. was just a little fun I was having. It stood for... Bring Your Own Baby...

Liz and Phoebe look to each other, shell-shocked.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HILLARY'S FOYER- NIGHT

Standing amongst a room full of Hillary's friends, all in their mid to late 30s but just starting to have families of their own, Liz and Phoebe look around, uncomfortable.

PHOEBE

Okay do you want to sneak out the back door or just walk through the front like 'just getting some air!'

LIZ

Neither. We're here, we're gonna make the most of it. What else are we gonna do? Sit around calling our daughters until they answer and then pretend it was a butt dial?

We hear a muffled PHONE RING coming from Phoebe's hand.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What is that?

Phoebe hides her phone. We hear:

ANGELA (O.C.)

Hello?

LIZ

Did you just call Angela?!

PHOEBE

(into phone)

Hi baby! Woops! Phone was in my pocket, musta just dialed you by accident!

LIZ

Hang up that phone!

She goes to grab it, Phoebe ducks. We intercut with Angela on the other end of the line:

EXT. USC FRAT HOUSE- NIGHT

Angela and Grace approach an intimidating GREEK ROW.

ANGELA

Hey! Just grabbing pizza with Grace. Then heading back to study!

A DRUNK GIRL walks past them, falls flat on her face, then gets right back up again, as she enters the party screaming:

SUPER DRUNK GIRL
I'm looking for a relationship!

GRACE
This is my nightmare.

The HOT SENIOR BOY from earlier approaches with a friend.

HOT SENIOR BOY
Hey.

SENIOR BOY #2
Hi.

ANGELA
(into phone)
I gotta run my pizza's ready!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HILLARY'S PARTY- CONTINUOUS

PHOEBE
Oh okay sweetie, well, sorry again for the butt dial, but you know Mama's got a booty that just won't quit... calling you. Haha ok.

Phoebe hangs up. Liz looks at her, incredulous.

LIZ
You're unbelievable.

HILLARY
Come on you two! I want you to meet my friends! Natasha!

ANGLE ON: NATASHA, 37, very pretentious and very pregnant.

NATASHA
I'm so happy I waited to get pregnant until I made partner. There's just no rush to have kids anymore, and as women it's so important to carve out a career path while you're young and viable.

PHOEBE/LIZ
Right/Uh huh, viable.

NATASHA

I mean so many women have so little self worth, they just rush into things and then poof before they know it their lives are down the toilet.

Liz and Phoebe nod, embarrassed.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

How about you two? Phoebe, what is it you do for a living?

PHOEBE

Oh. I'm... a... uh...

Liz sees Phoebe shrink. A lightbulb goes off. She jumps in.

LIZ

She's a doctor.

Phoebe looks at her, surprised, as Liz doubles down.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Yeah she's the most sought after OB-GYN in the city. Has her own practice. The Kardashians go. All of them. Even the non-pregnant ones. It's capital B bonkers.

NATASHA

(impressed)

Wow, where did you go to med school?

Phoebe freezes.

PHOEBE

Will you excuse us?

She swiftly pulls Liz aside.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LIZ

Screw that lady. Telling us our lives are in the crapper. No one knows us here except Hillary, who was too blacked out to remember if we made anything of ourselves. So we may as well make the most of it... come on!

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

This is our opportunity to be the
people we always *dreamed of being*.

Phoebe raises her eyebrow, intrigued.

INT. HILLARY'S PARTY- LATER

Intercut between Liz and Phoebe going from conversation to
conversation, relaying details of their new personas.

LIZ

I'm a sculptor. I do live casts.
You know. Mostly penises.

CUT TO:

PHOEBE

So then I said, 'Kim, the surrogate
is the same as *Beyoncé's*, the
womb's been PROVEN.'

CUT TO:

LIZ

I'm a performance artist. In
France. Really very well known in
France.

CUT TO:

PHOEBE

I sewed Kourtney right up, lemme
tell you, after that, Justin Bieber
thought he was inside Selena Gomez
if you know what I mean!

CUT TO:

LIZ

I'm a travel photographer. And
yeah, you know, sometimes I get the
poops, can't always trust the
water. But I can trust my eye...

CUT TO:

PHOEBE

You know that's a great question,
to be honest, the butt implants
actually *cushion* the birth canal.

We reveal a CHIC WOMAN holding a baby.

CHIC WOMAN

Wow.

PHOEBE

And what is it you do?

CHIC WOMAN

Oh I own a gallery.

Phoebe's eyes go wide.

PHOEBE

You do? Wait, you have to meet my best friend. She's an incredible artist.

CHIC WOMAN

Would love to. I'm always looking for new talent. Is she here?

ANGLE ON Liz in conversation with another MOTHER, 35.

LIZ

All I'll say is, I papier-mâché.
All. Day.

Phoebe grabs Liz, pulling her aside.

PHOEBE

Liz! I just met a gallery owner!
You gotta come meet her, I told her all about you.

LIZ

What? No.

PHOEBE

What do you mean *no*?!

LIZ

Phoebe, I'm a makeup artist at a department store.

PHOEBE

Are you kidding? Liz, you have more talent in your pinky than half the artists she probably reps. You have to put yourself out there. You know this super cool chick once said...
The Time is Now!

LIZ

Can't the time be in five minutes?

Phoebe grabs her by the shoulders and says their catchphrase:

PHOEBE
Woman Up, Woman!

Liz, nervous, goes up to the Chic Woman as Phoebe watches on.

LIZ
Hi.

CHIC WOMAN
You must be Liz.

Liz stares at her blankly.

CHIC WOMAN (CONT'D)
Is that... oh I'm sorry, how
presumptuous of me...

She starts signing ASL to Liz assuming she's deaf.

LIZ
No. Yes. Liz. That is. Me. Liz.

CHIC WOMAN
Ah. Okay. Um, and Phoebe tells me
you're an artist?

LIZ
No. I'm... I used to... paint,
but... that was a long time ago.

CHIC WOMAN
So what would you call yourself
now?

LIZ
I'm.... I'm... a...

Liz looks at her, dumbstruck, without an answer. She looks to Phoebe for help, when... BAM, Claudia's baby projectile vomits all over Liz's dress.

INT. BATHROOM- LATER

Liz, upset, tries to wash the puke off her dress, as Phoebe struggles to pull down two pairs of Spanx.

PHOEBE
Oh come on, it couldn't have been
that bad...

LIZ

No you're right, I feel like when a stranger assumes you're hearing impaired, you can generally consider it a win. Ugh, I told you I *didn't want to talk to her*. Why did you make me do that?

PHOEBE

I made you? You know how many things you've made *me* do tonight? I mean Jesus, all you've wanted to do is pretend we're things we're not, at least I was trying to help you become something you actually are.

LIZ

Phoebe, I gave up on being an artist a long time ago.

PHOEBE

Here we go. You always make excuses. It's like dooky or get off the pot, man.

LIZ

You're one to talk.

PHOEBE

What is that supposed to mean?

LIZ

Hot Jeff? The only reason you even spoke to him today is because I forced you to.

PHOEBE

Jeff's not relationship material.

LIZ

Who said anything about a relationship! Jeff could just be a hook up. A new adventure! Who knows where it leads. That's what this is all about! Just having fun!

PHOEBE

With who?! Liz, we don't fit in anywhere! People our age are all just starting to have babies, our kids' friends' parents are all retiring, and Jeff thinks our social circle is the porn community!

There's a knock on the door. It's Hillary, panicked.

HILLARY (O.S.)
Phoebe, Natasha just went into
labor! We need you downstairs NOW!
This baby is ready to pop!

Phoebe looks to Liz, eyes wide.

PHOEBE
We gotta get out of here! I'm a
nurse for a plastic surgeon, all I
know how to do is tell people they
look younger and give 'em Vicodin!
What are we gonna do?!

Liz looks to the window, and hatches a plan.

LIZ
We can escape with no one knowing.
I used to do this all the time when
I was 14.

They open the window and Phoebe awkwardly tries to wriggle
her body through it. But she's too big to fit.

PHOEBE
Lube me up with some lotion.

Liz grabs lotion and begins to rub it on Phoebe's body as
they continue their argument.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I let you talk me
into this.

LIZ
This isn't *my* fault!

PHOEBE
What do you mean?! These were all
your stupid ideas! You never once
asked me what *I* wanted to do
tonight!

LIZ
If it was up to you you'd be
rocking your doo doo gloves crying
into Hot Jeff's toi toi!

PHOEBE
Well I'm sorry you think I'm so
boring!

LIZ

I'm sorry you think I'm so fun!

PHOEBE

I don't! I think you're selfish!

LIZ

Oh please! Tonight was for *us*!

PHOEBE

Us?! I mean, honestly, what does that even mean anymore?

LIZ

What?

PHOEBE

Liz, the only reason we bonded in the first place was because we were the least messed up pregnant girls at a school full of pretty messed up pregnant girls. And since then it's been all about our kids. Now that they're gone, I mean... why are we even friends?

Liz looks down, hurt, as Phoebe, now slippery AF, falls out the window, tearing her dress on her way out.

EXT. HILLARY'S PARTY- CONTINUOUS

Phoebe lands on the ground ungracefully, in nothing but her Spanx, as the whole party, crowding around the birth scene, turns around and stares at her through the glass patio doors.

Liz falls next to her, as the guests look on, horrified.

LIZ

(to the crowd)

Yeah you should definitely call a doctor, that baby's crowning.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HILLARY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Liz and Phoebe walk to the curb as PARAMEDICS run into the house.

PHOEBE
I'm going home.

LIZ
I'm going out.

They stand awkwardly in silence.

LIZ (CONT'D)
My Uber is three minutes away.

PHOEBE
Mine too. Oh look I see him coming now.

Instead a FIRE TRUCK arrives. FIREFIGHTERS run inside. They pay them no mind. Liz starts texting on her phone.

LIZ
Putting some feelers out. Maybe I can find some *new* friends who will appreciate my *recent* love of *nightlife*.

We INSERT on her phone, where she's in fact texted Grace:
"Where's my baby? I miss you!!!"

Just then, from inside, we hear the party yell:

PARTY
IT'S A GIRL!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR- LATER

Grace and Angela make out with their respective Seniors in a car. Grace's phone DINGS. She tries to look at the text from her Mom but Senior Boy #2 keeps getting a little too handsy. Finally she swats his hands away.

GRACE
It's a Prius, not a petting zoo!

She opens the door to the car brusquely, and climbs out.

ANGELA

Grace!

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

Angela gets out of the car, and calls to Grace, who is walking down the street, angrily.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

GRACE

I'm RECLAIMING MY TIME.

Angela walks after her.

ANGELA

You're overreacting! They're nice guys! And they're our ride!

The guys' car speeds off behind them. Angela turns around.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

ARE YOU FRICKING KIDDING ME!

GRACE

Now what do we do?!

ANGELA

I'm not texting my Mom I'll be grounded for life.

GRACE

I'm not texting *my* Mom she has very limited coping mechanisms.

A HOMELESS PERSON approaches.

HOMELESS PERSON

I'm looking to buy a gun, have you seen Randall?

Grace and Angela's eyes go wide.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX- NIGHT

Phoebe comes home, where she sees Edna walking down her stairs. Edna notices Phoebe is visibly upset.

EDNA

Hey. What's wrong baby?

Phoebe sits on the edge of the pool, and starts to cry.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Oh sweetheart, I'm sorry about earlier. I know I'm hard on you but... you know you always had so much promise, and when that dang bobo from your high school came along and knocked my baby up...

PHOEBE

Oh my God, Mom.

EDNA

I knew you would have to make so many sacrifices. And my heart broke for you. It broke for both you and Liz. I mean, she can't help but be white and basic, but I love her too baby, like she's my own...

PHOEBE

I just don't know if we're meant to be in each other's lives anymore. We're just so different.

EDNA

Well sure. She was raised by a heathen woman who only recently discovered body hair removal. But life is all about balance. Look, is Liz flighty, impulsive, undisciplined, and pushy? Yes.

PHOEBE

That's exactly what I'm saying.

EDNA

But are you neurotic, stubborn, and controlling?

PHOEBE

Dang Ma that's cold.

EDNA

The answer is yes.

PHOEBE

Then why are you suggesting we stay friends?

EDNA

Because I've watched you raise your daughters together for the last 18 years. And it was truly a beautiful thing.

Phoebe nods, moved.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Your differences meant you always pushed each other to step outside your comfort zones. And that's the only way to grow. You need that person in your life. The...

PHOEBE

Yin to your yang?

EDNA

Were those the twins who sang a blasphemous song in whispers? No.

Phoebe laughs, just as Edna starts to take her clothes off to go swimming. Phoebe stops her.

PHOEBE

Mom, are you okay?

EDNA

I've never felt so good in my life. I had a headache so I took two of those Advil on your counter...

Phoebe's eyes go wide, as Edna climbs into the pool.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Lord, never met an Advil so sweet.

EXT. DRIVE THROUGH- NIGHT

Liz spills her soul to someone we can not yet see...

LIZ

The thing is... maybe I've just been hiding behind being a Mom. And now- I have no more excuses. I just- it's scary facing the unknown alone, you know? I need my wingwoman, but I lost her, 'cause I pushed her too far.

Cut to reveal it's the Del Taco drive through ATTENDANT. But Liz is on foot, with a line of cars behind her.

DRIVE THROUGH ATTENDANT
Ma'am we really don't accept orders
from pedestrians.

The cars honk behind her. Liz gets a text from Angela. It reads: **"Please don't tell my Mom, but we're stranded in a v scary neighborhood can you come get us?"**

EXT. LIZ AND PHOEBE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

At the same time, Phoebe gets a text from Grace, that reads: **"Can you come get us? We're on a street corner with a man named Randall. I'll drop a pin."**

Phoebe panics, looks at her Mom, who is floating in the pool.

PHOEBE
What am I gonna do with you?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX- MOMENTS LATER

Edna stands behind Phoebe, giving her a shoulder massage. Phoebe swats her hands away as she steels herself to knock on Jeff's door. Jeff opens it, holding a bunch of CRYSTALS.

JEFF
Hey. Oh the toilet's way better now. I think I had just dropped my Rose Quartz in there.

PHOEBE
What? Um, no, I, I'm sorry to ask this, but would you mind watching my Mom while I take care of an emergency?

JEFF
You need me to *watch* her? I'm not really about surveillance--

PHOEBE
Oh no, see, she's um... well she's...

EDNA
Are you a Christian, son?

JEFF
Oh, I'm Jubu.

EDNA
Beg your pardon?

JEFF

Jewish Buddhist. You know. Like
Jesus.

PHOEBE

Yeah you two'll do just fine.

EXT. SKETCHY PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Phoebe pulls up to a scared Grace and Angela. She gets out of
her car, panicked.

PHOEBE

I'm here! Get in the car.

ANGELA

Mom?! (to Grace) Oh my God, did you
text her, you are such a snitch!

GRACE

What do you want from me! She's
better in crisis!

Just then Liz pulls up in an Lyft. Gets out of the car.

LIZ

I'm here!

She sees Phoebe.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What the--

GRACE

(to Angela)

You texted *my* Mom?

ANGELA

Yeah, she's *cool*, she's not gonna
ground me for the rest of my life
just cause I made one mistake!

LIZ

(to Angela)

You think I'm cool?

PHOEBE

(to Grace)

You think I'm better in crisis?

RANDALL, a derelict, approaches.

RANDALL

You ladies wanna buy a gun?

LIZ/PHOEBE

NO!

RANDALL

Okay well let me know if you change your minds.

He walks off. Liz and Phoebe turn to their daughters.

PHOEBE

What on earth are you doing out here?

LIZ

You could've been killed!

ANGELA

It's my fault. I made Grace leave this party with these Senior boys.

GRACE

No it's my fault. I got out of the car when one of them got too handsy.

LIZ

I WILL MURDER HIM.

PHOEBE

(to Angela)

I WILL MURDER YOU.

LIZ

Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Sorry... (softening) Listen to me. Girls. You two are each other's lifelines. Plain and simple. You don't need men to lift you up.

LIZ

You need to lift each other up.

They both get emotional, realizing they are talking about each other. The daughters interrupt their tender moment.

GRACE

Uh, sorry to interrupt but will you guys take us back to the dorm?

ANGELA

Like we literally just stepped over
a dead body.

LIZ

Yeah. We'll take you back, but
under one condition....

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA AND GRACE'S DORM- NIGHT

Grace and Angela's GOTH ROOMMATE watches in horror as Liz and
Phoebe tuck their daughters in to bed.

ANGELA

What is going on here.

GRACE

Yeah Mom, you've always hated
tucking us in.

LIZ

Nah-ah. Says who?

GRACE

Says you. Literally every time
Phoebe makes you do it.

LIZ

Well. It doesn't always have to
just be about me. And what I want.

She looks at Phoebe. Phoebe smiles at her, moved.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Now... how about a bedtime story
for old time's sake...

PHOEBE

Liz. You don't have to.

LIZ

I want to.

She looks at Phoebe, starts reciting one from memory.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Listen to the mustn'ts child...

Phoebe smiles at her, joins in.

PHOEBE

Listen to the don'ts...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM- NIGHT (1999)

Liz and Phoebe, 19, tuck their three year old daughters in. They hold WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS by Shel Silverstein, taking turns reading it aloud.

PHOEBE

Listen to the shouldn'ts, the impossibles, the won'ts...

LIZ

Listen to the never have's...

PHOEBE

Then listen close to me...

INT. ANGELA AND GRACE'S DORM- PRESENT DAY

PHOEBE

Anything can happen child...

LIZ

Anything can be.

The tender moment is interrupted by their goth roommate.

ROOMMATE

Uh, how much longer are you gonna be here? I have night terrors, which I'd really like to get to.

Liz and Phoebe smile, kiss their daughters.

LIZ

Goodnight sweet girls.

PHOEBE

We love you.

They head out.

ANGELA

Oh, Mom? Please don't tell Grandma about this.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Edna, still very high, is having the time of her life. She sucks on a RING POP while Jeff uses one of those weird head scratching devices to tickle Edna's scalp. She's in heaven. Phoebe goes to retrieve Edna from Jeff.

PHOEBE

Hey. Thanks for taking care of her.

JEFF

Are you kidding, she's the best.
Did you know she slept with Al
Sharpton?

PHOEBE

What?!

JEFF

Yeah we went deep.

PHOEBE

Not as deep as your crystal went in
that toilet!

Jeff looks at her, oddly. She looks down, embarrassed. Then:

JEFF

You're funny as hell, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

(surprised)

Oh. Really?

JEFF

Yeah.

He smiles at her, she smiles back, a spark.

PHOEBE

I should probably take my Mom home.

She looks over to where her Mom was sitting on the couch, but
she's no longer there.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Mom?

JEFF

I'll find her. It seems like you've
been through a lot tonight. You go
have fun... you deserve it.

Phoebe smiles, looks around the room to find Liz, but she's
nowhere in sight.

ANGLE ON: Liz talking to a BOY, 25, who holds a tiny DOG.

STYLEY BOY

I'm starting a line of jeans. They
wash themselves... what do you do?

LIZ

Uh, I...

She looks down, and somehow gains the courage to say...

LIZ (CONT'D)

I'm... an artist.

Suddenly, Liz hears TLC's "Waterfalls" come on the stereo. Phoebe has turned on their song. She beckons to her.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PHOEBE

I'm ready for an adventure. A new one. You're right, it's not too late. In fact, it feels like it's kind of just the beginning.

Liz smiles, touched.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Look we might not fit in anywhere at this stage in our lives. But we fit together.

Liz takes Phoebe's hand. The lyrics hit, and the two girls embark on their elaborately choreographed routine from high school. Only this time, to Liz's surprise, Phoebe drops to the ground to do the worm. She beckons Liz.

LIZ

You don't have to do this.

PHOEBE

I *want* to. (Then) Also I need you on the floor with me, cause I'm not sure I can get up.

Liz smiles, and drops to the floor. They do the mufuh-ing WORM like champions. They finish with a flourish, expecting the entire party to erupt in applause. Jeff is charmed, but everyone else at the party BOOS. Suddenly, Edna yells:

EDNA

What is this crap? I want to hear some Trap music!

The party CHEERS.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. LIZ AND PHOEBE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Liz and Phoebe, both in robes, sit on the couch with their feet up, drinking coffee.

PHOEBE

Man that's the latest we've stayed
out in as long as I can remember.

LIZ

I know. I'm proud of us. That was
really fun.

Phoebe turns to Liz, triumphant.

PHOEBE

No regrets.

Liz smiles.

LIZ

No regrets.

They high five, just as the 20 something BOY that Liz was
speaking to at Jeff's party walks out of her bedroom, putting
his shirt on. He smiles at Liz sheepishly.

BOY

See ya Lisa.

As he walks out, Liz turns to Phoebe.

LIZ

Okay maybe one regret.

As the boy's tiny dog pitter patters after his owner, we hear
Edna call from the other room:

EDNA

Phoebe! Why in Unholy Satan am I
waking up in your bed! You've got
some explaining to do!

Phoebe and Liz turn to each other, panicked. They can't help
but laugh as we...

END OF SHOW