

Divorce Party

by

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EXT. HAMPTONS MANSION - BACKYARD - DAWN

Dawn breaks over an idyllic Hamptons beachfront estate. Any other day, the property could grace Architectural Digest's cover.

But not today. Today, it's trashed.

A TRACKING SHOT reveals the lawn littered with smashed bottles of Whispering Angel and pink Solo cups. Women's clothes blanket the tennis court. A stiletto pierces a hydrangea bush. In the fire-pit, cardboard wine cases smolder around the remnants of charred bras.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
They're on their way.

KWON (O.S.)
Right now?! Where's your vacuum?

KAREN (O.S.)
They don't have sniffer dogs.

SILVER (O.S.)
We should make them coffee, right?

INES (O.S.)
I think I'm gonna throw up.

BONNIE (O.S.)
Has anyone seen my underwear?!

Wind blows a burning wine case into a pile of clothes. A pair of granny panties catches fire.

TRACKING ACROSS the patio - scattered with whiffle ball bats and prayer crystals - we pass a swimming pool. Beer cans bob around...

A NAKED MAN. Floating upside-down. There's a target on his back. An arrow sticks out of his head.

What the fuck happened here? SIRENS wail in the distance.

We push through a shattered patio door and into...

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The house - also normally Architectural Digest worthy - is completely and utterly... destroyed.

A FAST TRACKING SHOT through the open living/dining room catches glimpses of the wreckage. A sex shop has exploded.

Homemade banners and obliterated piñatas hang from the rafters. The floor is a graveyard of Whispering Angel bottles, penis straws, and lunch meats. The walls are bare, save for a splatter of what looks like... BLOOD?

We BLAZE through the foyer, out the open front door to...

EXT. HAMPTONS MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

SEVERAL COP CARS - lights spinning - idle in the grand cul-de-sac. COPS unfurl caution tape. An OFFICER opens the back door of a cop car for two women in their 40s. They are... PATRICIA FORD (née Cahill) and AMY SULLIVAN.

As they slide into the car, Patricia and Amy share a LOOK. The door shuts. The cop car drives off. SIRENS carry us to -

INT. SOUTH BOSTON ROW-HOUSE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

It's 1988. FAINT SIRENS are drowned out by the sounds of A BLOWOUT RIPPER. In the crowd of partying teens, we find...

PATRICIA CAHILL and AMY SULLIVAN (15, dressed like knock-off Madonnas) yelling in nearly unintelligible Boston accents. They're playing Speed Quarters. And they're kicking ass. Amy sinks the quarter. Patricia screams as Amy chugs her beer:

PATRICIA

Take no prisoners ya wicked pissa!

Patricia sinks the quarter. Downs her beer in a flash.

AMY

Ya love to see it!

CULLEN FLAHARTY (16, backwards Sox hat, teenage dream) sinks the quarter, chugs. Patricia leaps on him. They suck face. Next up: ROBBIE FLAHARTY (a pipsqueak). He sucks at quarters.

PATRICIA

Come on, Robbie! If ya get it,
Amy'll give ya a kiss.

ROBBIE FLAHARTY

Make it a handy. I'll try harder.

Robbie misses again. The opposing team - two more Flaharty brothers: BILLY FLAHARTY (17, beefy) and SEAN FLAHARTY (14, in a muscle tee) - are catching up.

AMY

You suck, Robbie!

BILLY FLAHARTY
Go easy on him, Sullivan.

SEAN FLAHARTY
He's just a kid.

ROBBIE FLAHARTY
Yeah, I'm just a kid.

AMY
A kid who sucks at quarters!

ROBBIE FLAHARTY
I'm only 12!

AMY
That's a you problem.

Robbie finally sinks his quarter. As he chugs - SIRENS BLARE!
COPS break in! Amy and Patricia leap into a coat closet.

SOUTHIE COP (PRE-LAP)
The fuck are you chowdaheads doin'?

INT. COAT CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Amy and Patricia don't seem fazed by the raid underway.

SOUTHIE COP (O.S.)
It's 4am on a goddamn school night!

AMY
Tell your boytoy Cullen we're done
letting Robbie play on our team.
Last week the kid cost me 25 clams
and a forty of D-Street Moonshine.

PATRICIA
Stop bettin' with Billy! You're
developing a real gamblin' problem.

AMY
Whateva. I'm ova the Flahartys
takin' my hard earned dough.

PATRICIA
Goin' through your drunk motha's
wallet is hard earned, is it?

AMY
Yes. It takes planning, precision -

SOUTHIE COP (O.S.)
All yours - into the kitchen! Now!

Patricia and Amy share a LOOK.

AMY
Make a break for it, Pat?

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ROW-HOUSE / STREET - CONTINUOUS

Patricia jumps out a first floor window. Amy leaps into her arms. The Flahartys scream up in their BEATER.

CULLEN FLAHARTY
Get in!

ROBBIE FLAHARTY
You owe me a handy, Sullivan!

Amy flips the bird. Patricia nudges Amy. Gestures to the -

PATRICIA
Flahartys' '72 Chevy Caprice, or -

She points off to... A COP CAR - doors open, engine running.

AMY
You're fuckin' with me.

PATRICIA
We're only young once.

Amy cackles. The girls jump into the cop car. *Jesus Christ.*

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patricia tears though Southie's streets as Amy cranks the radio. The Boston anthem, **Neil Diamond's *Sweet Caroline***. They try to turn on the lights. Accidentally hit the SIRENS.

PATRICIA
Hey, Amy!

Amy rolls down the windows. Looks at her best friend.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Where do you think we'll be in...
30 years.

AMY
Jesus Christ. Get this guy.

PATRICIA
I'm serious! Let's say 34 years.

AMY
Probably in jail, ya bozo!

SIRENS BLARE O.S. Patricia makes a haymaker left onto an industrial road abutting the water. She lights a cigarette.

PATRICIA
We'll see about that.

The cop car careens into the deserted Reserved Channel peninsula. A PLANE ROARS overhead as it lands at Logan. Dawn breaks over the seaport. Across the water, Boston's skyline twinkles to life. Then shimmers to abstraction. And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Amy was right: 34 years later and Patricia is, indeed, in jail. Or rather, in a precinct interview room. Perched on a metal chair, Patricia rips a JUUL. She has metamorphosed into the epitome of an Upper East Side housewife. Minus the Juul. And the fact that this morning, she's EPICALLY HUNGOVER.

Patricia grimaces at her reflection in the one-way mirror. Tries to wipe mascara and glitter off her face. No dice. She zips her Canada Goose, hiding a tube-top, when -

THE DOOR OPENS. She pockets the Juul. DETECTIVE BURKETT (50s, mustard stain on his shirt) enters with a glass of water.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
First time in the big house?

Patricia sips the water, bats her eyes, nods primly. She unzips her jacket: a hint of tube-top induced cleavage.

DETECTIVE BURKETT (CONT'D)
Where are you from, Mrs. Ford?

PATRICIA
I live in New York. And please,
call me Patricia.

Her Boston accent has been laboriously flagellated away.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Whereabouts?

PATRICIA
The Upper East Side.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Must be nice. And what do you do?

PATRICIA
For work? I was an analyst at -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
What do you do currently?

PATRICIA
I'm a... homemaker.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Upper East Side housewife. Don't
get many of you in here.

PATRICIA
Lucky you.

Burkett chuckles. Patricia grins. She's gonna win him over.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
So, how does a woman like yourself
wind up in a place like this?

As Patricia considers, we jump back in time...

6 MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Balancing bottles of Whispering Angel, Patricia slides
through the doors of her Southampton mansion. Passing the...

SWIMMING POOL where a Chicken Fight is underway. Patricia's
12-year-old twins GRANT (sweet, smart-aleck with a lisp) and
STERLING JUNIOR (jock, carbon copy of his father) tackle a
tower of boys.

PATRICIA
Take no prisoners, Fords!

Junior gives his mom a thumbs up. Yanks his OPPONENT'S hair.

GRANT
No, Junior! We are not cheaters!

JUNIOR	GRANT (CONT'D)
But Mom said -	You're a bad influence, Mom!

Patricia passes her daughter, ELOISE (16, a precocious imp)
reading on loungers with a friend, COLETTE. Seeing the rosé -

ELOISE
For us?! You shouldn't have.

PATRICIA
Is keeping Eloise in line your full
time job, Colette?

COLETTE
I'm gonna list it as an unpaid
internship on my college apps.

ELOISE
Unpaid but *fucking* rewarding.

GRANT
(calling from the pool)
Venmo the swear jar, Eloise!

PATRICIA
You heard the man. House rules.

Eloise groans, then venmos. Patricia heads to the...

THE TENNIS COURTS where her three friends - ladies who lunch -
are doing more drinking than tennis playing. Except for...

KAREN KROLL (40s, statuesque, ice queen, former D-1 field
hockey player) who slices a 90 mph serve past -

KAREN
Jacquelyn - It's called RUNNING!
Ever heard of it?!

JACQUELYN LESHINE (40s, Patricia's "bestie," gossip fiend)
pit stops to sip rosé before retrieving the ball.

JACQUELYN
Anyway, as I was saying, obviously
everyone knows James is hiding from
the Feds who are after him for like
nine mill in tax evasion, but do
you know where he's hiding?
(a stage whisper)
A Vegas rehab for... SEX ADDICTION.

INES IRELAND (45, a Gwyenth Paltrow disciple) under a wide-
brimmed hat, stops applying organic sunscreen to GASP.

INES
No! Are you sure?!

Karen serves again - nails Jacquelyn in the butt.

JACQUELYN
Ouch! Karen! Too far!

Karen grumbles, gets a ball machine, hits alone. Patricia
approaches with the Whispering Angel. Tops the ladies up.

INES
Praise you, Tricia.

JACQUELYN

Did you know James also had an affair with their *Manny*!

PATRICIA

Oh God. You're still on this?

JACQUELYN

And it gets worse! The *Manny* started blackmailing them! Olivia's father had to pay the grifter off.

INES

How awful!

KAREN

(smacking a ball)

How BORING!

INES

Poor Liv. I'll gift her a session with my meditation guru, Sanjay.

PATRICIA

Does Sanjay happen to moonlight as a divorce lawyer?

JACQUELYN

She'll never get a divorce.

(off Patricia scoffing)

What? Everyone knows divorce is worse than death.

PATRICIA

It's 2022. Adult women in New York society can make single-dom chic.

JACQUELYN

We tried that. Real Housewives? All single. All tragic. The three of us supported Ines' vote to kick Aviva Dubin off the Collegiate PTA.

INES

I do feel bad about that. I didn't know she was an amputee!

KAREN

So? It was bad press. And she was shit at fundraising.

JACQUELYN

RIP Aviva.

PATRICIA

You're such a drama queen. Divorce is sad, but it's not worse than -

JACQUELYN

Maybe not for everyone, but in our circles, it is. Think about it. When you die, people mourn and light candles. You're lionized. Canonized! When you're a pushing-fifty divorcée on the UES, one of two things happens. One: Everyone forgets about you.

(pre-empting them)

When was the last time any of you thought about Adriana Hornbossel?

(off their silence)

Two: You become a leper.

PATRICIA

One: you're ridiculous. Two: maybe this is a problem with our circles.

Jacquelyn gestures to Patricia's stunning home.

JACQUELYN

It's the price we pay.
(refocusing)

Leprosy: Erica Matlin. Brett hired Solomon & Sons. Got the money, the houses. Everyone stays loyal to the money. Erica's hot - don't want her near our husbands. She can't afford to split the bill at dinner, which is awkward. Easier not to invite her. And we all saw Brett at Ines' 4th of July party. A year later, he marries the 25-year-old formerly reviled mistress. She pops out a kid. Bang! Accepted. Brett gets a new family. Keeps the friends, real estate, status. And where was Erica all summer? In a leper colony.

INES

Wasn't she was renting on Cape Cod?

JACQUELYN

Case in point. I'd rather be dead than divorced.

(raising her glass)

To unattractive nannies.

PATRICIA
To keeping our husbands happy.

JACQUELYN
Speaking of... where is Sterling?

PATRICIA
A client dinner came up.

INES
On a Friday in August?! Criminal!

Patricia laughs, but her wheels are turning.

INT. RANGE ROVER - THAT NIGHT

Windows down, Patricia flies over the Queensboro Bridge. New York City's skyline glitters in the distance.

INT. FORD UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - LATER

Wine in hand, Patricia pads upstairs. Opens the bedroom door.

PATRICIA
Wine delivery for a Sterling Ford!

A FLASH - STERLING FORD (50s, silver fox) moans in a sex harness as... SLOANE (22, impossibly thin, impossibly beautiful) acrobatically PEGS Patricia's husband.

A FLASH - CRASH! The wine shatters. Bleeding on the floor.

A FLASH - Patricia's face as her perfect life crumbles.

The room swims. She gulps for air that won't come. Her vision blurs. Sterling's MUFFLED PROTESTATIONS reverberate as Patricia tumbles out of her room. Down the stairs to -

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Patricia runs into the dark street. A CAB SCREECHES! Patricia turns into the headlights! THUD! She falls into...

BLACKNESS. DAYS PASS.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Patricia is asleep. But not for long. Someone is WAILING. Three friends sit around her bed. They are...

BONNIE COHEN (45, cracked the human genome, but so squirrely and eager to please you'd never know it).

JODY KWON (48, sharp-tongued, jaded, working mom with a good heart and control problems: she's a film agent).

JODY SILVER (48, very pretty, very ditzy, very empathetic Southern Belle), currently HYSTERICALLY crying.

JODY SILVER

Does pegging mean Sterling is gay?!

BONNIE

No! The male Gräfenberg spot is located in the prostate. Sterling -

SILVER

A Gräfen-what, located where?!

Bonnie points to her butt. Silver WAILS.

SILVER (CONT'D)

He has German butt cancer?!

BONNIE

No! Dr. Gräfenberg discovered the G-spot. And in men the G-spot is -

JODY KWON

Let it go, Bonnie. And Silver - can it. You're giving me a migraine.

BONNIE

She can't help it, Jody Kwon.

KWON

She can help it.

SILVER

I can't help it!

BONNIE

Jody Silver is an empath. Empathy develops in mirror neurons -

KWON

Enough! All this means is that Sterling is a cheating dickwad!

SILVER

But they had the perfect marriage!

KWON

Guess they didn't.

BONNIE

Infidelity is tied to vasopressin receptor genes: heritability is 62% in men, 40% in women! My lab mice -

Silver KEENS. Patricia stirs. The ladies leap up.

 KWON (CONT'D)
 Perfect timing.
 (off Bonnie, hurt)
 No offense, nutty professor.

Disoriented and confused, Patricia MURMURS incoherently.

 SILVER
 OH NO! SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER US!!

 KWON
 She's fine. Give her some space.

Silver doesn't.

 SILVER
 Trishy! It's me! Jody Silver! And
 that is Jody Kwon! We are your best
 friends from college! And this is
 Bonnie - your friend for 25 years!

<p> BONNIE Best friend!</p>	<p> KWON She doesn't have amnesia!</p>
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 SILVER
 It seems you have amnesia!!

 PATRICIA
 I'm fine, Silver.

<p> SILVER She's back! I brought her back!</p>	<p> PATRICIA (CONT'D) I just - I didn't know you guys were coming.</p>
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 KWON
 Don't be nuts. Of course we'd come.
 We're not your UES cronies.

 BONNIE
 I've been here every day! Just like
 you were for me after Ben died!

 KWON
 And you know, I'll take any excuse
 to get out of my house.

 SILVER
 (wailing)
 We heard about Sterling.

<p> KWON Silver! We talked about this!</p>	<p> SILVER (CONT'D) I'm just so sorry, Patricia!</p>
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PATRICIA
(rubbing Silver's back)
It's okay, sweetie.

KWON
Now she's comforting you. Typical.

PATRICIA
How do you find out about Sterling -

BONNIE
Eloise called us.

PATRICIA	BONNIE (CONT'D)
What?! How does <i>she</i> know -	You talk in your sleep.
	(off Patricia's shock)
	Don't worry. She's okay.

KWON
How are you?

Patricia opens her mouth and... SOBS. Her friends hold her.

JACQUELYN (PRE-LAP)
I just think you should... mull.

INT. SANT AMBROEUS RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Recovered now, Patricia has lunch with Jacquelyn.

JACQUELYN
When Sterling tires of Sloane and
everything can go back to normal -

PATRICIA
He was getting PEGGED in a sex
harness! Normal is -

JACQUELYN
You can separate, but I'd think
before pulling the divorce trigger -

PATRICIA	JACQUELYN (CONT'D)
Give me a trigger to pull!	Now's the time to consider
I'll blow his fat head to -	what you're giving up.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
A scumbag husband!

JACQUELYN
(a considered beat)
Were you invited to Leah's Boys and
Girls Club gala?

PATRICIA

What?

JACQUELYN

Leah's gala. We attend every year.
Did you receive the invitation?

PATRICIA

I don't know, Jackie! I've been
kind of distracted with BEING IN A
COMA AND INTERVIEWING EVERY DIVORCE
LAWYER IN MANHATTAN!

The restaurant stares at Patricia. Jacquelyn flushes:

JACQUELYN

It was rhetorical. I'm not saying
this to be cruel, but you weren't.
(off her blank stare)
Invited. You weren't invited.

A punch to Patricia's gut.

JACQUELYN (CONT'D)

I told you this happens. You leave
him and your friends will -

PATRICIA

Abandon me?

JACQUELYN

Be forced to pick sides.

PATRICIA

And whose side are you on?

JACQUELYN

Yours. Obviously. Just think about
it. Longterm. What's best for you?
For the kids -

PATRICIA

The kids will be okay.
(off Jackie's expression)
What? You think they're going to...
turn to drugs. Become alcoholics?

Off Jacquelyn's arched brow...

PATRICIA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

You think I gave Eloise a bottle of
Grey Goose?!

STERLING FORD (PRE-LAP)
How else would she have gotten it?!

INT. FORD UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

At the kitchen island, Eloise - a little drunk - and the twins eavesdrop on their parents' SCREAMING MATCH O.S.

ELOISE
Why are they making such a big
fucking deal out of a little booze?

JUNIOR
(pre-empting Grant)
Mom said we didn't have to do the
swear jar during the divorce.

GRANT
Our family may be falling apart,
but we Fords are still an honorable
people. Venmo, drunkard.

ELOISE
It's hypocritical. You know, when
Mom was my age, she spent a night
in jail for stealing a cop car.

GRANT
What?!

JUNIOR
No way!

STERLING FORD (O.S.)
Good moms don't file for divorce!

PATRICIA (O.S.)
I AM NOTHING IF NOT A GOOD MOM!

Patricia WAILS. The kids bristle.

ELOISE
How the mighty have fallen...

Sterling enters. Patricia follows: a mess - it upsets Junior.
With misplaced anger, he grabs his backpack and Grant.

PATRICIA
Where do you think you're going?

JUNIOR
With dad. He's going to help me
practice for soccer try outs.

PATRICIA
Not tonight. Tonight is my night!

STERLING FORD
You're telling the twins they can't
be with their father?

PATRICIA
The mediator made a schedule!

JUNIOR
We're going and you can't stop us!

PATRICIA
Yes I can! I'm your mother!

JUNIOR
Good moms don't file for divorce!

She tries to block the door. Sterling guides the twins out.

STERLING FORD
This is what you wanted.

PATRICIA
Go fuck yourself, Sterling.

GRANT
(quietly)
Swear jar, mom.

The door slams. Eloise stares at the defeated Patricia.

PATRICIA
You're grounded, go upstairs.
(off Eloise hesitating)
What? What is it?

ELOISE
You seem, I dunno. Not like
yourself. I wish you'd -

Eloise exits. Alone, she sits with Eloise's disappointment.

INT. DIVORCE LAWYER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Teeth gnashing, Patricia slams her hands on the table.

PATRICIA
You ratbag piece of shit!

Patricia's lawyer, MONTY (30s, pudgy, sweating) stammers.
STERLING'S LAWYER (50s, fit, not sweating) SIGHS exasperated.

MONTY
Let me do the talking.

STERLING'S LAWYER
Refrain from foul language.

PATRICIA
Back off, Monty. Sterling -

STERLING'S LAWYER
Refrain from addressing my client -

PATRICIA
I built the Hamptons house!

STERLING FORD
I paid for it.

PATRICIA
I made it a home.

STERLING FORD
With my money.

PATRICIA
I poured my heart and soul into it
because I had nothing else. You
made me quit my job. Took my
independence. My identity. I gave
it all up! To be your wife!

STERLING FORD
Are we fighting about your litany
of regrets or the Hamptons house?

PATRICIA
I raised our kids there. My best
memories. My closest friends. My
whole life is in that house!

STERLING FORD
You're not keeping it, Patricia.

PATRICIA
Let's share it then.

Sterling SCOFFS. But doesn't say no. Patricia bargains.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
We split June. I get July. You get
August.

A tense beat as Sterling confers with his counsel.

STERLING'S LAWYER
No.

She balls her hands: manicured talons nearly drawing blood.

PATRICIA
I get two weeks in July.

STERLING'S LAWYER
Nope.

PATRICIA
(nerves fraying)
One week in June.

STERLING'S LAWYER
No way.

PATRICIA
(nerves frayed)
Just a weekend every year. The
weekend of Jacquelyn's clambake -

STERLING FORD
You know Sloane is friends with
Jackie's niece. So that won't work
for us.

He was just toying with her, Patricia lunges. Paper flies.
Poorly restrained by Monty, her Southie accent surfaces:

PATRICIA	STERLING'S LAWYER
YOU LYING SCUM BAG! YOU HAVE	I'm calling security!
TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM ME!	SECURITY!

Patricia sits. Sterling gets off on her coming unhinged.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Give me one weekend to say goodbye.

STERLING'S LAWYER
(checking with Sterling)
President's Day Weekend. Per
custody section 2, my client has -

STERLING FORD
Sloane and I are taking the kids to
my parents' in Aspen. So, it's a
minor inconvenience at most.

A twist of the knife. Patricia's eyes shoot ice.

EXT. DIVORCE LAWYER'S OFFICE / PARK AVENUE - LATER

Sloane, in a mini-skirt, languishes against an IDLING TOWN
CAR, texting. Sterling saunters through the revolving doors.
Patricia's coat catches. She grabs Sterling's sleeve.

STERLING FORD
You wanted a divorce. You got it.

PATRICIA
Maybe I -

STERLING FORD
What? Made a mistake?

Silence. She can't bring herself to give him the pleasure.

STERLING FORD (CONT'D)
I owe it to myself to be happy.

PATRICIA
You were happy! We were happy.

Sterling walks to the town car and kisses Sloane.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Take it in, Sloane! You're staring
down the barrel of your future!

Sloane appraises Patricia with bored indifference. She would scoff, if she cared. The CHAUFFEUR opens the door. Sloane slides in like an overcooked noodle. Sterling follows.

STERLING FORD
Whatever this is, it's not a good
look. Have some self-respect.

The town-car tears off. Hitting every. Damn. Green. Light. Patricia slings a STILLETTO after the car. It hits a TAXI. A CABBIE jumps out. Grabs her heel. Peels off. Down a shoe, Patricia hobbles across Park Avenue.

A THUNDER CRACK. It starts to POUR.

INT. MIDTOWN SEEDY BAR - LATER

A soaking Patricia polishes off a whisky. She's trashed. The CONCERNED BARTENDER sizes her up. She SMACKS the bar, slurs:

PATRICIA
Hit me.
(the bartender doesn't)
I SAID HIT ME!!

CONCERNED BARTENDER
I'm cutting you off.

PATRICIA
Too late cuz I'm CUTTING YOU OFF.

Patricia drags a finger across her throat. Reaches behind the bar for the whisky bottle. The bartender ushers her out.

CONCERNED BARTENDER
Go home. Put your kids to bed.

PATRICIA
I can't! They're with my husband
and his slam piece! And he took my
home! I have no home!

CONCERNED BARTENDER
Sorry, lady. You don't have to go
home, but you can't stay here.

PATRICIA
(a drunk lightbulb)
Good idea.

She stumbles out the door. The city lights blur around her...

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Last stop South Station. 5 minutes.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Passed out in her seat - draping into the aisle - Patricia drools. A TRAIN CONDUCTOR shakes her gently.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR
Miss. Miss? Shit. Are you dead?

Patricia's eyes snap open. She panics.

PATRICIA
Where - where the hell am I?!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR
We're pulling into South Station.
(off her shock)
You're in Boston.

Patricia turns green. *Uh oh*. She vomits on the conductor.

AMTRAK STAFFER (PRE-LAP)
Next train to New York is tomorrow
morning at 6am.

INT. SOUTH STATION - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Patricia rubs her temples. Pulls out her phone... it's dead.

PATRICIA
Can you see if there are any
flights from Logan?

AMTRAK STAFFER
(checking, apologetic)
Nothing until tomorrow morning. Do
you need hotel recommendations or -

PATRICIA
No. I - I'm from here.

AMTRAK STAFFER
Oh, well, welcome home.

Patricia looks at the sad station - too bleak to wait out the
night here. She looks at the exit. *Fuck it.*

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ROW-HOUSE - LATER

Patricia - still a little drunk - BANGS on a row-house door.
AN OLD MAN pops his head out the window:

SOUTHIE NEIGHBOR
You wanna fight me or someone else?

PATRICIA
Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you.

SOUTHIE NEIGHBOR
Too late.

PATRICIA
Does Amy Sullivan still live here?

SOUTHIE NEIGHBOR
She'll be at Amrheins. Be careful.
Girl's got a mean right hook.

PATRICIA
I know.

INT. AMRHEINS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The landmark, Amrheins, is rammed: a sea of Southie stalwarts
and yuppie gentrifiers. Big screen TVs play the Sox game:
Hernandez hits a grand slam homer! Amrheins ERUPTS!

A WOMAN - obscured by the celebrating crowd - jumps on the
bar. Unleashes a (thick Southie accented) PRIMAL BATTLE CRY:

WOMAN ON BAR (O.S.)
Hit it, Matty!

The BOUNCY HORNS of **Neil Diamond's Sweet Caroline** burst through the speakers. The woman belts:

WOMAN ON BAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Where it began, I can't begin to
knowin'. But then I know it's
growing strong. Was in the spring.
And spring became the summer. Who'd
have believed you'd come along.*

The bar is going nuts! By the entrance, Patricia cranes her neck to see the performance. Her heart skips. Strutting across the bar is... Amy! The veritable queen of South Boston, Amy brandishes a whisky bottle. Conducting the frenzied, adoring crowd in the Red Sox anthem -

AMY
*Hands, touching hands. Reaching
out. Touching me, touching you!*

AMRHEINS BAR PATRONS & AMY
*Sweet Caroline! Good times never
seemed so good!*

AMRHEINS BAR PATRONS
So good! So good!

AMY
I've been inclined -

AMRHEINS BAR PATRONS
Woah! Woah! Woah!

AMY
To believe they never would!

We watch Patricia watch Amy: they couldn't be more different. Amy has grown into the manic pixie dream girl every Ben Affleck movie wishes it had. If Elizabeth Taylor conceived a love-child with Whitey Bulger on a Southie strip-club floor. Suddenly overcome, Patricia turns to leave -

AMY (CONT'D)
HEY! WHERE THE HELL DO YA THINK
YOU'RE GOIN, YA CHOWDAHEAD?!

Patricia braces herself. Pivots. But Amy is just grabbing a flailing YUPPIE KID by his polo collar.

AMY (CONT'D)
You owe me 200 clams.

YUPPIE AMRHEINS PATRON
We said 150!

AMY
50 dollar penalty for betting
against the Sox. Isn't that right,
Amrheins?!

SOUTHIE STALWARTS
House rules!!

AMY
Hand over the dough, now. Cry about
it at the Country Club, tomorrow.
(off the Yuppie squirming)
We can do this here, or we can do
this outside.

A VINEYARD VINES CREW gathers to defend their Yuppie comrade.
Southie Stalwarts edge in. A scared GIRL in pearls whispers:

YUPPIE GIRL
Just give her the money, Preston.

Preston, apparently, slams cash on the bar. The cowed Yuppies
scurry past Patricia as Amy counts the money and hollers:

AMY
Pleasure doing business!

And then... Amy and Patricia lock eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)
Fuck me sideways. If it isn't the
prodigal daughter of South Boston.

Patricia is paralyzed. Amy's face is implacable as she jumps
off the bar. Patrons part like the Red Sea. As Amy struts
through them, the bar simmers: boiling energy before a brawl.

AMY (CONT'D)
How long's it been, Cahill?

PATRICIA
Too long.

AMY
Comin' up on twenty years.

PATRICIA
Yeah.

AMY

And what have we done to warrant
the pleasure of your presence.

PATRICIA

I - I - I needed to see you.

AMY

Yeah? Well, now you see me.

Close enough to touch, Amy leans in - her gaze dangerous. But
something softer - closer to hurt - roils beneath.

AMY (CONT'D)

Whaddya think?

PATRICIA

I think I should go. I'm sorry -

AMY

(off Patricia leaving)

I think you look like a million
bucks rode hard and put away wet.

PATRICIA

(turning back)

I think you look... just the same.

A charged beat. Amy and Patricia EMBRACE. The bar CHEERS!
Patricia lets out a SOB. Amy SNAPS to BARTENDER MATTY (40s),
who pours sludgy liquid from a dubious UNMARKED GLASS BOTTLE
into shot glasses, which the crowd passes to Amy.

AMY

Break out the D-Street Moonshine!
(holding up the shots)
Our girl is home.

They drink. Amy's unfazed. Patricia winces. The bar swirls...

AMY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

It's called a pre-what?

INT. AMRHEINS BAR - LATER

Amrheins is mostly empty. Having polished off the D-Street
Moonshine, Patricia and Amy swig whisky from the bottle.

PATRICIA

A pre-nup.

AMY

I am not familiar.

PATRICIA

It's basically an iron-clad legal document with which he can royally fuck me. It had a clause saying I couldn't gain more than ten pounds.

AMY

I was wondering why you looked like one of them POWs from 'Nam. Matty - get this woman a cheeseburger!

BARTENDER MATTY

Kitchen's closed, Sullivan.

Amy arches her brow. Matty acquiesces, heads off.

PATRICIA

Wait! I actually don't eat meat -

Amy is confounded. Then, it dawns: *Patricia doesn't remember who she is*. Patricia sees herself through Amy's eyes.

AMY

Yes, Patricia. You do eat meat.

PATRICIA

I don't know what happened to me.

AMY

I warned you about New York. Dark shit goes down behind enemy lines. At least you're not a Yankees fan.
(silence, then... rage)
You're lucky your parents are dead!

PATRICIA

That's real nice, Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

Mike and Sandra are rollin' in their graves!

Amy tries to drag Patricia off the stool. Patricia resists.

AMY (CONT'D)

Jesus fuck! We're goin to Father Gherrity. You gotta confess.

PATRICIA

I'm not an actual fan, per se. Sterling had a box. I got tired of catching shit rooting for the Sox.

AMY

That's even worse!

PATRICIA

How!?

AMY

If you said to me...

(a spot on imitation)

"You know what, Amy. I watched the Yankees play, and I firmly believe they're the best team, *per se*. So I'm gonna pull a Wade Boggs and move on to greener pastures..."

(back to herself)

I'd have more respect for you.

PATRICIA

Okay! So I pulled a Wade Boggs!

AMY

No you didn't! Cause you said you weren't "an actual fan *per se*" - you just pretended to be because it was easier than tellin' the truth about who you really are. If you can even remember who that is!

Amy's chest heaves. *This isn't about baseball, obviously.*

Matty arrives with the burger. To prove a point, Patricia takes a huge, heavenly bite. Marginally appeased, Amy sits.

AMY (CONT'D)

So how'd the fuck-knuckle meet the sexually deviant pre-teen whore.

PATRICIA

Her name is Sloane and she's 22.

AMY

Oh well then never-mind.

PATRICIA

They met through Jacquelyn's niece.

AMY

Who's Jacquelyn?

PATRICIA

Oh, she's my best friend. I guess.

This stings Amy. Housing her burger, Patricia doesn't notice.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Jackie said he'd get bored, but it's been three months and -

AMY
And if he got bored, you'd what?
Stay with him?!

PATRICIA
(yes)
No.

Amy knows she's lying.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You don't get it. Divorce is awful.

AMY
Sterling is awful!

PATRICIA
My kids are all screwed up.

AMY
Thanks to your shit-bag husband!

PATRICIA
I gave him the best years of my
life!

AMY
Those were *definitely* not your best
years.

PATRICIA
I have to move out of our place in
the city. And he's taking the
Hamptons house!

AMY
(miming a small violin)
Know what this is?

PATRICIA
The smallest violin playing -

AMY
- my heart bleeds for you.

PATRICIA
It's not funny, Amy! I'm losing
everything!

Amy SLAMS the whisky on the bar. Her eyes darken.

AMY
You're not losing anything. You're
getting your life back.

Amy circles behind the bar. Digs a bottle of D-Street Moonshine from a cubby marked: SULLIVAN. Pours two glasses.

AMY (CONT'D)

Quit whining and prepare for Amy
Sullivan to blow your mind...
(swigging Moonshine, then)
We're throwing you a Divorce Party.

PATRICIA

No way.

AMY

Why the hell not?

PATRICIA

Because divorce isn't something to
celebrate.

AMY

In your case, it is.

PATRICIA

Who would I invite?

AMY

How about ya bestie, Jacquelyn?

PATRICIA

My friends would think it's gauche.

AMY

Gauche!? Matty - get this guy!

BARTENDER MATTY

Gauche!? Get bent, Cahill!

AMY

Your friends don't wanna get
trashed? Hire a stripper? Pay him
extra to munch their boxes?

PATRICIA

No. They don't.

AMY

Well, they sound AWESOME.

PATRICIA

Thank you for offering, Amy.
Seriously. I appreciate it, but -

Amy squeezes Patricia's face - her lips purse like a fish.

AMY

You came home 'cause you needed me.

PATRICIA

I came here because I blacked out.

AMY

And your subconscious - which I'm learning I much prefer to your conscious - was telling you that you need your old friend Amy to knock some fuckin' sense into whatever is left -

(knocking on her head)

Between your ears. And I know how to throw a good party.

BARTENDER MATTY

She really does.

AMY

When have I ever lead you astray?

On cue... SIRENS approach. Swirling blue lights break through the windows of Amrheins. Amy smirks:

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey. That one was all you.

Several COPS enter - Matty gives them beers. Amy tips an imaginary hat to the officers. Pours out two shots.

AMY (CONT'D)

So, whaddya say, Pat?

Patricia and Amy share a LOOK. Clink glasses. And we...

SMASH TO:

FAST MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

We follow an UNASSUMING GUY carrying a messenger bag into...

THE WME OFFICES - Kwon paces and screams into a headpiece.

UNASSUMING GUY

Jody Kwon?

KWON

Yes? Who the hell are you? How'd -
(her assistant pops in)

Chris - you are inches from getting fired! We are ROLLING CALLS HERE!

Unassuming Guy hands her a manilla envelope.

UNASSUMING GUY
You've been served.

KWON (PRE-LAP)
Mother fuck!

EQUINOX GYM - Karen grinds her teeth as she does dead-lifts.

UNASSUMING GUY/PROCESS SERVER
Karen Kroll? You've been served.

ZEN ACUPUNCTURE OFFICE - Ines lies on an acupuncture table, covered in needles.

PROCESS SERVER
Ines Ireland? You've been served.

FERTILITY CLINIC - Silver sits in a sterile waiting room.

PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)
Jody Silver? You've been served.

COLUMBIA UNIVERISTY LAB - Bonnie runs tests on her lab mice.

PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)
Bonnie Cohen? You've been served.

SANT AMBROEUS RESTAURANT - He serves a gaggle of FANCY UES LADIES (including Jacquelyn).

COLLEGIATE & SPENCE - He serves UES MOMS at school pick ups.

VALERY JOSEPH HAIR SALON - He serves more FANCY UES ladies with their hair in foils.

FENWAY PARK - The Process Server weaves his way through drunk fans in the Green Monster bleachers.

PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)
Amy Sullivan?

AMY
Depends on who's asking.

DRUNK SOX FAN
That's her! What's she done now?!

PROCESS SERVER
You've been served.

He hands Amy the manilla envelope. She pours her beer on his head. Then, she tears the envelope open. And cackles.

AMY
Let's play ball!

CLOSE ON: PATRICIA'S DIVORCE PARTY INVITATION! Mocked up like a court summons on Suffolk County District Court letterhead.

***You are hereby ordered to appear at The Divorce Party
Proceedings Patricia Ford (née Cahill).***

Date: Presidents' Day Weekend

Location: Patricia's (soon to be former) home in Southampton.

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)
This is going to be the BEST
DIVORCE PARTY EVER!!

INT. THE PLEASURE CHEST - THE MORNING OF THE DIVORCE PARTY!

Patricia stands at the register. A SALESWOMAN in a sheer top rings up basically the entire store. Bonnie screams over, brandishing a SET OF OVERSIZED STRAP-ON DILDOS:

BONNIE
These too! It's a game called Cock
Fight! Players strap on the dildos -

PLEASURE CHEST SALESWOMAN
Ladies your age love those.

She squeals. Then, her eyes bulge. Leaning over the register -

BONNIE
Wow! Cool nipple piercings!!

The Saleswoman nods. Bonnie runs off to grab more loot.

PLEASURE CHEST SALESWOMAN
Looks like you gals are having a
night!

Grabbing silicon boob blindfolds, metallic penis garlands, candy g-strings, neon ball gags, penis piñatas, pink Solo cups decorated with vaginas, fuzzy handcuffs, Bonnie hollers:

BONNIE
You bet! This is just the half of
it! We got a U-Haul cargo van
outside FULL of Whispering Angel!

PLEASURE CHEST SALESWOMAN
Wild.

BONNIE
(setting down her loot)
And all this stuff is for the BEST
Divorce Party game EVER! Which I
invented. It's called -

Patricia mouths "Sorry" to the Saleswoman. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

Bonnie sits in the hot seat formerly occupied by Patricia. Packed into a bandage dress, covered in glitter, she looks like she stuck her finger in a light socket. She bounces in the chair, tittering with excitement. She's 100% still drunk.

BONNIE
Ex Parte! Which refers to motions
granted on the request of one party
only. In divorce proceedings -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
I'm familiar with the term.

BONNIE
Of course! You're a law man. So,
the game has eight rounds. And -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Fascinating, Mrs. Cohen. But -

BONNIE
Oh, it's actually Dr. Cohen. I'm a
tenured professor of Applied Math
and Biology at Columbia where I run
our AI lab! Anyway where was I -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
(wow, who woulda thunk)
So you *planned* this Divorce Party.

BONNIE
Yes! I was *integral*. But honestly,
it's the least I could do. Trishy
and I became friends when she
worked with my husband, Ben, at
Cantor Fitzgerald. He died on 9/11.
Their offices were in the first
tower. I was pregnant. And Trishy
basically moved in with me so I
didn't kill myself! She's THE BEST.

DETECTIVE BURKETT

(confounded)

Oh. Okay. I'm sorry for your loss.
Um... can you tell me about the
guests' state of mind leading up to
last night?

BONNIE

Everyone was SO excited. We all
knew that the weekend would be -

KWON (PRE-LAP)

A raging dumpster fire!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JODY SILVER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

BANG! Silver's trunk slams. Kwon leaps in the passenger seat.

SILVER

That's the spirit!

KWON

DRIVE, BITCH! DRIVE!

VROOM! Silver screams out of the driveway. Checks the rear-view mirror: In Kwon's front yard, Kwon's TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS throw a tantrum. Kwon's husband, JOE (40s), is ill-equipped.

SILVER

The girls. Joe. Should we go back -

KWON

Emotional terrorists all of them.

SILVER

Wonder where they get it from.

KWON

Don't start. You owe me.

SILVER

Patricia is our best friend!

KWON

I'm your best friend.

SILVER

You are. But we need to be there
for our third musketeer, Patricia!

KWON

There are actually four musketeers.

SILVER

Once we get there, you'll have fun.

KWON

Listening to a cadre of Upper East
Side ghouls complain about their
maids is not fun.

SILVER

The summer we did the Hamptons
share-house, you liked her friends.

KWON

No. I was just 25 and drunk. I
still have recurring nightmares
wherein Karen Kroll bludgeons me to
death with a field hockey stick.

SILVER

(brightening)

We haven't seen Karen in years!

KWON

I'd like to keep it that way.
(sniffing the car)
Why does your car smell like
athlete's foot?

Kwon turns: the back is full of SUBWAY SANDWICH PLATTERS.

SILVER

Trishy asked me to bring Subway! I
can't wait to eat a footlong BMT!

KWON

That's what she said.

SILVER

Who's "she"? Karen?

Kwon shakes her head. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

Burkett CLEARS his throat. Kwon's face is plastered to the
table. With herculean effort, she lifts her head. Burkett
blurs before her.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
So you knew all the women?
(off her weak nod)
And you knew Patricia from -

KWON
Sorority. B.U. Jody Kwon. Jody
Silver. Patricia Cahill. Gamma
sisters for life.

THUMP. Kwon face-plants. Burkett lifts her hand. Lets go. It hits the table with a THUD. Kwon doesn't react.

A RYAN MURPHY SPIN reveals Silver RETCHING into a trash can.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Sorority sisters named Jody.
Thought your type could hold your
liquor. What were you drinking!?

Silver looks up mournfully. She can only muster a sad shrug.

INES (PRE-LAP)
This is Soji - a Korean spirit
distilled from sweet potatoes!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KAREN'S BENTLEY - AFTERNOON

SCREECH! Karen careens up the FDR. Switching lanes like a pinball machine. Beside her, Ines grips the chicken handle with one hand, holds a fancy booze bottle in the other.

INES
It tastes like vodka but it's way -

HONK! Karen cuts off cars. Ines shudders. Twists to the back seat - full of sage and crystals. She hands Karen a crystal -

INES (CONT'D)
Try holding this. It will help.

KAREN
With what?

INES
Your road rage.

KAREN
I don't have road rage.

HONK! Karen leans on the horn. Screams out her window:

KAREN (CONT'D)
I WILL END YOU.

Ines clutches the crystal tight. And prays. As we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

A slurring Ines is covered in temporary tattoos: an "Open for Business" one graces her forehead. She looks like a pirate: Burkett points to an EYE-PATCH poorly hiding a GNARLY BRUISE -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Please tell me where you got that?

INES
(re: her torn kaftan)
This shamata? It's from a socially conscious boutique selling clothes manufactured by imprisoned women in Guatemala. It's on Madison and -

DETECTIVE BURKETT
No, I meant the -

A SPIN reveals a disheveled, glowering Karen. Burkett is pointing to a monstrous HICKEY purpling on Karen's neck.

KAREN
I don't see how that's any of your business.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
This is an investigation, ma'am.

KAREN
Well then, I want a lawyer.

He rolls his eyes. *These women are beyond the pale.* And we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - EVENING

The house is transformed! The Pleasure Chest has thrown up everywhere. LETTER BALLOONS read "HAPPY DIVORCE!" The living room is converted into the ELABORATE LIVING BOARD GAME - *Ex Parte*. Bonnie hangs a BANNER: **ROUND 1 - Evidence.**

Patricia carries several boxes of Whispering Angel inside.

**NOTE: Whispering Angel should really sponsor this movie.*

Patricia's CELL PHONE RINGS. She sets down the wine boxes -

PATRICIA

Jackie! Where are you guys?!

(a beat, then)

Very funny. How soon will you -

(a beat, then)

WHAT? NONE OF YOU ARE COMING?!

(another beat, then)

Forget the rest of them! I held
Colette at her baptism! I changed
your lipo bandages! And you're
bailing on my Divorce Party?!

A giddy Bonnie eavesdrops - Jacquelyn, her nemesis in
Patricia best-friend-dom, is torpedo-ing herself!

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

That is ridiculous. We don't have
Sloane voodoo dolls!

A SLOANE VOODOO DOLL hits Patricia's face. Bonnie smirks.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Fine. Have fun kissing Shelby's ass
at her JCC fundraiser. Tell her I
say "Free Palestine!"

Patricia chucks her phone into the couch. Slumps down. Bonnie
sidles over. Presents Patricia with TWO PENIS PINATAS.

BONNIE

Circumcised or uncircumcised?

(off Patricia CRYING)

Okay. We'll go with circumcised.

The doorbell rings. Bonnie rushes to answer it.

BONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Welcome ladies! Who's ready for the
best weekend of your life!

Patricia WAILS.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Sitting on the floor, Patricia cries and chugs Whispering
Angel. She's ensconced in a GRID OF CRYSTALS. One on her lap.

INES

Take centering breaths.

Patricia's smokes her JUUL. Bonnie HUMS YOGA OMS.

INES (CONT'D)
A little deeper.
(off Patricia's WAIL)
Or not. Now, manifest your
intention onto the master crystal.
(lighting sage)
We smudge the negative energy and -

Patricia hurls the crystal. Narrowly missing Karen: she's annihilating a cheese plate at the kitchen island.

KAREN
Good arm!

INES (CONT'D)
Not the master crystal!

PATRICIA
All 14 of them bailed! But Jackie's
supposed to be my best friend and -

KAREN
Jackie's a social climbing bitch.

BONNIE
I concur!

INES
Tell us how you really feel.

PATRICIA
She warned me! Divorce really is
worse than death!

Before the women can protest... BANG! The front door blows open. Enter: The JODYS. Kwon carries the Subway sandwich trays. Silver performs a choreographed dance.

SILVER
Boom Boom I wanna go Gamma Phi.
Boom Boom baby that ain't no lie.

Silver locks eyes with Karen. Electricity surges. Karen reflexively stuffs a pound of cheese in her mouth.

KWON
It's 6pm and you're drunk crying,
Trish?! You usually wait til 9!
(handing Patricia a sub)
Hey! This is your Divorce Party! I
did not come all the way from
Jersey to mope. And Silver over
here apparently spent \$550 on a
chemical peel. Who knows why.

Silver walks around the island. Karen - cheeks full of cheese - drags the cheese plate in the opposite direction.

SILVER

I don't know why - it's been a long time. Wow you look really... dewy. Did you get a peel, too, Karen?

PATRICIA

(scarfing the sub)

Divorce is ruining me! Look at my ass! It's gotten so fat during the divorce! It looks like a ziplock bag full of cottage cheese!

Kwon puts Patricia in a fireman's hold. Bonnie SLAPS her ass with a sandwich - lunch meats explode. Patricia chuckles.

KWON

There we go! That's my girl. Now... who's dick do I gotta suck to get some summer water around here?!

BONNIE

(brandishing the rosé)

Mine!

KWON

Let's get this shit popping off!

Kwon chugs. Patricia chugs. Loud cheers! Silver corners Kwon.

SILVER

I asked you not to mention the peel.

KWON

And I asked you to blow this off to go to Atlantic City because my room credit at the Borgata is expiring.

BONNIE

(jumping on the island)

Okay! I'm making a toast! In life we celebrate every milestone - from baby showers to funerals. Divorce happens to 50% of women and we do nothing to mark it. Isn't that MESSED UP!?

(Karen groans)

Well that's about to change. This Divorce Party is an amazing opportunity to celebrate Patricia and her newfound... freedom!

INES

Your coven is here for you!

BONNIE

Maybe that Benedict Arnold, Jackie,
was onto something. Divorce can
feel like a death. But it's really
a rebirth. So, cheers to Patricia!

ALL THE WOMEN

To Patricia! / To Rebirth!

The women SMASH their glasses together. Bonnie leaps off the island. Spins - like Maria in *The Sound of Music* - into...

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)

Now who's ready for *Ex Parte*!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie turns on a CONFETTI CANNON. BOOM! A storm of PINK CONFETTI explodes - obscuring the CHEERING women.

AMY (O.S.)

Check out this buncha stunners!
Don't make 'em like this back home,
do they Pat.

The confetti settles revealing... Amy. She drops a huge duffel bag - rhinestones spell out "Hell In a Handbag". Her bedazzled shirt reads "Eyes Up Here." The women gape. Amy has the energy of a gale force wind. *And they've never seen anything like her.* She shudders at the decor:

AMY (CONT'D)

Thank God I'm here. Someone needs
to turn this disaster of a toddlers
birthday party into an old-
fashioned ripper!

Amy tears a handwritten BANNER down from the rafters.

BONNIE

Hey! I made that!

AMY

Oh, ya did? Beautiful work. You go
to art school?

BONNIE

No. I got my Doctorate at Harvard.

Amy locks onto Bonnie, sending Bonnie into a sort of trance:

AMY

Real impressive. Good for you...

BONNIE
Dr. Bonnie Cohen.

AMY
We got a doctor in the house! Hey,
Bon: my cousin Murphy used to deal
at the 182 smoot mark. Harvard
Bridge? Maybe you met him? Real
chatterbox. Thank god that doesn't
run in the family. Am I right, Pat?

Patricia is distracted: seeing Amy through her friends eyes
is a bit of a mind-fuck. Amy nudges her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hey. Ya gonna introduce me? Or do I
gotta get a name-tag? Do an A.A
introduction? I'm Amy and I'm an -

PATRICIA
Sorry. Amy this is Karen, Ines,
Jody, and Jody.

AMY
We got a Jody quorum here!
(face lighting up)
I know you chowderheads! Gamma -

SILVER
Gamma Phi forever!

KWON
OMG Amy! Didn't you light Sam
Champtaloup's hair on fire at the
Alpha Psi toga party freshman year?

AMY
I plead the fifth.

SILVER
I think I made out with Sam
Champtaloup that night!

KWON
You did.

SILVER
He looked better bald.

KWON
Why did you stop coming around?

AMY
You'd have to ask Pat.

Before Patricia can reply, Amy appraises Karen and Ines as a hungry leopard would an injured antelope.

AMY (CONT'D)
These two look like they crawled
out of a "Rich Stepmom" porno.

Amy's too close for comfort. She either doesn't have a great sense of personal space or has an innate ability to throw people off balance. Probably both. Amy sniffs Ines.

AMY (CONT'D)
This one smells like money.

INES
Oh, thanks! It's Goop's Edition 2
Shiso. Clean, non-toxic -

AMY
Dissatisfied. Bored.
(off Ines smarting)
You gotta figure that out, Ines.
(sniffing Karen)
This one smells... repressed.

KAREN
It's Chanel Number Nine.

SILVER
I also wear Chanel Number Nine!

Amy clucks at Karen and Silver. Slowly... the molecules rearrange. It dawns on everyone that Amy is preternaturally gifted at sussing out bullshit. A dangerous prospect for these ladies. Amy looks around: despite Bonnie's best efforts, the house is still a cross between a Nancy Meyer wet-dream and a wing of the Whitney.

AMY
Nice digs ya got here, Pat.

PATRICIA
They're not mine anymore.

AMY
Tonight they are. So, what are we
playing?

Bonnie throws Amy a custom t-shirt: the front reads "Plaintiff A", the back reads "Patricia's Counsel."

BONNIE
Ex Parte! Only... THE BEST Divorce
Parté game ever!

AMY
Is that right? I love games...

Amy pulls the shirt over her head.

AMY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Don't you, Detective?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - PRESENT

Popping gum, Amy leans back in the metal chair: too at home in a police precinct. Burkett sets A HUGE file before her.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Depends on the game.

AMY
You got files on all the ladies?

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Only you, sweetheart.

AMY
Aw, I'm flattered.

She twirls the gum. Burkett reads her rap-sheet.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Real laundry list you got here.
Larceny, Grand Theft Auto, several
domestic calls.

AMY
(pointing to her nose)
Jimmy had a weak arm. You'd never
even know it was broken!

Burkett shifts. Amy lets him pity her.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
A few assaults at Pauly's Tavern.

AMY
Wouldn't be a Saturday in Southie
without a brawl. Someone's gotta
give the people what they want.
(a dangerous smirk)
And I don't take prisoners.

Amy POPS THE GUM. Smiles so saccharine it verges on menacing.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Funny, because I do.

Amy sticks the gum under the table. And we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

FUN MUSIC UP: *Ex Parte* is underway. The women are divided into three teams. **Plaintiff A:** Patricia, Ines, Amy. **Plaintiff B:** Bonnie and Kwon. **Plaintiff C:** Karen and Silver.

And everyone is already... pretty tipsy. A TIMER WHIRS.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Round One: Evidence! Charades with
a twist!

Under the shredded EVIDENCE BANNER, Bonnie grabs a slip of paper from a bucket. Mimes a penis. Dry humps the air.

KWON
Pegging! Pegging!

Bonnie high-fives Kwon. Kwon points to the group:

KWON (CONT'D)
Drink, losers!

The opposing teams pour Whispering Angel into whiffle-ball bats - they chug and spin around: a DIZZY BAT punishment.

KWON (CONT'D)
Bet you wish you were on my team
now, Silver?

Silver just high-fives Karen. Amy clocks Kwon's jealousy.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Round Two: Fiduciary Duty! Pin the
diamonds on Patricia!

The FIDUCIARY DUTY BANNER hangs on the patio doors over A LARGER THAN LIFE CUTOUT OF PATRICIA. Ines grabs a cardboard cutout diamond ring. Patricia secures a silicon boob blindfold over Ines' eyes. Amy spins her around.

Ines tears off. CRASH. Right through the patio doors! Sprawled on the patio, surrounded by glass, she screams:

INES
ARGH! MY EYE!

The women rush outside to Ines' aid.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Round Three: Morality Clause!
What's in the piñata?!

The women are... pretty drunk now.

Ines - sporting a bandage and an eye-patch - swings a whiffle-ball bat at a PENIS PINATAS. CRACK! It explodes: candy G-Strings, tequila nips, condoms, temporary tattoos, and... a PILE OF COCAINE. Amy scoops a bump of cocaine onto a key.

AMY
Now that's more like it!

KWON
I made my assistant get it for us.

INES
That is very unprofessional!

KWON
Says the woman without a job.

Ines is hurt. Before she can dwell, Amy offers her a bump.

INES
Oh, I'm a vegan so -

AMY
What's vegan?

PATRICIA
Pretty sure cocaine is vegan.

Patricia, Kwon, Ines, and Silver join in - taking bumps. Bonnie scurries off. Karen hangs back. Silver nudges her.

SILVER
That summer, we spent a lot of time
in the Talkhouse bathroom doing -

Karen dips into the blow to shut Silver up.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Round 4: Cross Examination!
Unsheathe your swords!

The women are now... properly drunk.

Under the CROSS-EXAMINATION BANNER, Patricia and Karen attack each other with the strap-on DUELING DICK DILDOS.

AMY
Get her pregnant!

Patricia spears Karen! Karen does the DIZZY BAT punishment.

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)
Round 5: Contempt of Court! Let the
punishment fit the crime!

The women gleefully stick SLOANE VODOO DOLLS with pins.

AMY
(spit-taking rosé)
What even is this?!

SILVER
Summer water?!

AMY
I am not familiar.
(sniffing the rosé)
Smells like my piss when I got a
UTI. Tastes like it too.

Amy washes down the rosé with whisky. Patricia jabs a pin in
the Sloane voodoo doll's heart.

PATRICIA
Take that you home-wrecker!

Ines surreptitiously SAGES the area: this could be bad juju.

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)
Round 6: Due Diligence! Scavenger
hunt for Patricia's "Assets"!
(a beat)
On your marks... get set... GO!

BOOM! Bonnie yanks the CONFETTI CANNON. Confetti sprays!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS - the teams tear through the house hunting for
ENVELOPES labelled PATRICIA'S ASSETS. They...

OPEN DRAWERS: find envelopes.

OVERTURN MATTRESSES: find envelopes.

ROOT THROUGH CLOSETS: find envelopes.

UPEND COUCHES: find envelopes.

INTERCUT - the teams on their scavenger hunts...

GUEST BEDROOM - Silver and Karen search under the bed. Their faces are close enough to touch.

SILVER
After the share house, I called. A lot. You never answered.

KAREN
I was probably out.

SILVER
Every day?

KAREN
I don't remember my whereabouts from 25 years ago, Jody.

SILVER
Well, I remember everything like it was yesterday!

Silver wriggles from the bed. SMACKS her head on the frame.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Oh no...

Silver's eyes close... *uh oh, she's gonna pass out.*

POOL HOUSE - Bonnie and Kwon upend the pool house.

BONNIE
I feel lucky I like my job! You're a movie agent. That's so fancy.

KWON
It's not. And since Joe got laid off from the restaurant, I have to pay all our bills. I can't handle being cooped up with these women who have literally zero problems!

BONNIE
Their problems are real to them.

KWON
My problems are real. Your husband died in 9/11 when you were pregnant! That's a real problem. Try to solve that with crackpot manifesting crystals.

MASTER BATHROOM - Ines, Patricia, and Amy ransack the master bathroom. Amy shakes a bottle of Viagra.

AMY

Whaddya think would happen if I
took one of these puppies?

INES

At least Sloane hasn't solved
Sterling's ED?

Patricia flushes the pills down the toilet.

PATRICIA

Fuck his flaccid micro-penis.

AMY

Don't you tell me we're here
mourning a micro-penis?!

PATRICIA

I'm like a bad Alanis Morissette
song. How ironic: a housewife
without a husband, a homemaker
without a home!

AMY

You're having an identity crisis
over a MICRO-PENIS?!

PATRICIA

I look in the mirror - I don't even
recognize the person staring back!

INES

That might have something to do
with the fillers.

Patricia slingshots a CONDOM at Ines. Amy walks out to...

GUEST BEDROOM - Amy peers in: she sees Karen hovering over
Silver. SLAPPING her awake. Silver's eyes open.

SILVER

You saved me.

KAREN

Not really.

Silver reaches for Karen's face. Karen lets her touch it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm married.

SILVER

Me too.

Karen pulls back. Opens a drawer. Finds the ASSET ENVELOPE.

POOL HOUSE - Amy peeks in: spies on Bonnie and Kwon.

BONNIE

Wanna know what I manifested in the crystal?

KWON

Karen Kroll's untimely demise?

BONNIE

Getting laid.

Bonnie overturns a lounge. Finds a PATRICIA ASSET ENVELOPE.

MASTER BATHROOM - Patricia and Ines slingshot condoms.

PATRICIA

And where's his identity crisis?!

INES

Why do our brains have to be the ones that atrophy?!

PATRICIA

I'm gonna show Sterling!

INES

I'm gonna show Conrad! I'm gonna unsubscribe to the Goop mailing list!

Ines opens another drawer. Finds an ASSET ENVELOPE.

QUICK CUTS - The ASSET envelopes flood into a FANCY WOODEN BOX with a plaque that reads: PATRICIA'S ASSETS.

BONNIE

Patricia's assets will be revealed in the final round - Round Eight: JUDGEMENT!

Bonnie closes the box with a BANG!

BONNIE (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Round Seven: Deposition! My son told me about a game the kids play -

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The visibly hammered ladies sprawl on couches underneath the DEPOSITION BANNER.

KWON

Never have I ever seen my husband's
asshole.

Bonnie CHUGS her Whispering Angel. The women are shocked.

BONNIE

What?! Nerds can't enjoy butt play?
(off the women CACKLING)
Ben, bless his soul, sure did! Just
a little, you know...
(flicking her tongue)
Light rimming.

Patricia, a judge's wig tilted on her head BANGS a gavel on
the coffee table. She passes a WITNESS SIGN to Karen.

PATRICIA

Order! Karen! Witness Box!

KAREN

Never have I ever eaten McDonalds.

A COLLECTIVE GROAN at the pathetic confession.

BONNIE

Karen! Default Judgement!

Karen drinks. Throws the Witness Sign to Silver.

SILVER

Never have I ever had work done.

Everyone drinks. Except a perplexed Amy.

AMY

Like on your car?

The women laugh. But Amy isn't joking. Kwon takes the sign.

KWON

Never have I ever been titty
fucked.

AMY

That's cause you got those little
Asian titties. Let's see 'em.

KWON

(FLASHING AMY!)
What do you think?

AMY

In my expert opinion? Wicked.

Kwon bows. Patricia hands Amy the Witness Sign.

AMY (CONT'D)
I do not understand the point of
this game.
(preempting Patricia)
But I'll play on one condition: we
add a stripping element.

KAREN
No.

AMY
(whispering to Karen)
Your girlfriend wants a peek.

Karen leaps out of her seat. Patricia rips off her sweater.

AMY (CONT'D)
Oh, and we have to drink this.

Amy slams a bottle of D-Street Moonshine on the coffee table.

BONNIE
It won't kill us, will it?

AMY
Ya got any preexisting conditions?

Amy pours Moonshine into the vagina decorated Solo cups.

AMY (CONT'D)
Never have I ever murdered someone!

Everyone slams back the Moonshine. Sheds an article of
clothing. Amy offers a dangerous grin.

AMY (CONT'D)
On purpose.

The women spit-take the Moonshine. Amy cranks up **THE MUSIC**
and the women loosen up, playing fast. Clothes come off.

PATRICIA
Never have I ever had anal sex!

AMY
Bull. Not with Cullen Flaharty?!

PATRICIA
Just the tip. Doesn't count.

AMY
Never have I ever done meth!

PATRICIA
Really? Good for you, Ames!

BONNIE
Never have I ever done cocaine!

Kwon scoops up cocaine from the detritus under the piñata.

KWON
We're gonna fix that Dr. Cohen.

Bonnie does a line. Winces. Kwon whoops.

KWON (CONT'D)
Never have I ever given sexual
favors to get a job.

Ines drinks. She's about to say something, but hesitates.

AMY
Out with it, Ines. You know you
want to...

INES
I'm only drinking because never
have I ever had a job! Maybe I need
one! *I need something!* Yesterday, I
spent seven hours charging my
crystals. And...
(big confession)
I don't even believe they contain
healing energy!

AMY
Boredom causes cancer.

BONNIE
Not scientifically proven.

AMY (CONT'D)
But I'll take the crystals!

AMY (CONT'D)
(Patricia arches a brow)
What? So, I got into crystals!

Ines smashes a crystal. Takes off her shoes. Bonnie struggles
out of her jeans.

BONNIE
Never have I ever felt like anyone
would like me for me!

The women - except Karen - hug Bonnie. Silver wants in on the
fun. She stands up. Takes off her shirt.

SILVER

Never did I ever think I wouldn't
be a mother!

AMY

Oh okay. We're gettin' deep.

PATRICIA

What about that surrogate?

SILVER

Another one fell through!
(raging now)
I'm lonely in my marriage! A baby
won't fix it! And guess what...!

KWON

What?!

SILVER

I found photographs on Henry's
phone of his penis! He sent them to
his secretary, Kayla!

PATRICIA

Oh my God, Jody! I'm so sorry.

KWON

Why didn't you tell me?!

SILVER

Because you are so judgmental!

KWON

I'm not! I just know what's best!
(judgmental)
So are you going to leave Henry?

Silver looks at Karen: loaded.

BONNIE

Never have I ever made love to
anyone except Ben! I haven't
touched a penis in 21 years!

AMY

Holy shit!

Karen - holding eye contact with Silver - explodes:

KAREN

Never have I ever told anyone that
I hate penises because... I am
PROBABLY GAY.

Bonnie CHEERS. All jaws drops.

SILVER
Me too! I am also probably gay!

AMY
I knew it!

KWON
WHAT!? Who are you? I thought
we were best friends?!

SILVER
Best friends don't make their
friend's coming out about them!

KWON
(hostile, drinking after
each confession)
Never have I ever lied to a best
friend. Never have I ever betrayed
a best friend. Never have I ever
felt as abandoned as right now!

The MUSIC grows more frenetic. Everyone screams over it.

AMY
I get it! This game is just an
excuse to get real.

BONNIE
Exactly!

AMY
Why do you need a game to do that?

SILVER
Because we are afraid to be
vulnerable with each other!

AMY
Why?!

BONNIE
Because society tells us that
women's inner lives are dangerous!

INES
That we not worthy of taking up
physical or emotional space!

KAREN
That we should live in shame!

PATRICIA
And because female friendships are
very complicated!

AMY

Not where we come from!
(leaping on the couch)
You wanna get raw, ladies?!
(off their SCREAMS)
I'll show you raw.

Amy helicopters a Whispering Angel bottle. SMASH! It explodes like a grenade against the far wall. She lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM. Patricia JOINS IN. Amy pours D-Street Moonshine down Patricia's throat. She shakes her hair.

AMY (CONT'D)

SHIT'S ABOUT TO GET WILD!

The track changes: **Twisted Sister's We're Not Gonna Take It.**

Invigorated, the women leap on furniture. Release EPIC BATTLE CRIES. Hurl wine bottles at every wall. THE BOTTLES EXPLODE. They chug D-Street Moonshine and the night gets... blurry.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - TIME WARP

Ines SCREAMS so loud she THROWS UP. She shreds her kaftan. The empowered women gleefully tear off their clothes.

Karen and Silver make out all over the living room like teenagers. Kwon SCOWLS - jealous.

Amy hands Kwon an MDMA PILL. Kwon takes it. Bonnie and Ines run over. Amy gives them pills too - Patricia seems a little nervous about this.

The women plaster themselves in temporary tattoos - Ines' forehead now reads "Open for Business."

Bonnie pulls a pin out of the Sloane Voodoo Doll. Rips off her shirt. Grabs Amy and... AMY PIERCES BONNIE'S NIPPLE.

Kwon and Ines - super high - dissect the Subway sandwiches. They plaster their bodies and the walls with lunch meat.

Ines douses herself in ketchup. Then runs to the walls - making her best (red) Yves Klien impression.

Kwon sprays ketchup on the walls. Smears it all around.

Amy opens her duffel. She pulls out... A CUSTOM LIFE SIZED SEX DOLL - with STERLING'S FACE. She waves a COMPOUND BOW and a QUIVER OF ARROWS.

AMY

LET'S KILL HIM!

The women HOWL their approval. And we're in...

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sterling (the sex-doll) sits in a chair before the pool. The women take turns SHOOTING ARROWS at him.

SCHWING! Amy nails Sterling in the head. Shotguns a beer.

SCHWING! Bonnie misses and nearly shoots Karen and Silver - peeling off their remaining clothes on the tennis court.

SCHWING! Patricia fires an arrow into his package. SPLASH! The Sterling sex-doll falls into the pool. There's a target on his back.

Ines dumps all her crystals on the patio. The women SMASH them with whiffle-ball bats. They all shotgun beers.

Kwon tries to smoke the SAGE. Ines joins her.

Amy throws wine boxes into the fire-pit. Turns a Whispering Angel bottle into a Molotov cocktail. SMASHES it. The women encircle the blazing fire. Burn bras. Dancing, holding hands, they could be mistaken for a coven of very drunk witches.

AMY
LET'S GO SKINNY DIPPING!

The women CHEER. They race over the dunes toward the ocean. The mom in Patricia kicks in. She chases her idiot friends.

PATRICIA
No! This is a terrible idea.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Too late! The screaming women jump into the pitch black waves. Patricia dives in after. The water is *Titanic* x 100.

KWON
HOLY FUCK IM GOING TO DIE.

Patricia drags Kwon - actually near death - to the beach.

PATRICIA
Amy! You have to chill out!

AMY
Patricia's got a stick up her ass!
(to the group)
Tell her she sucks!

THE WOMEN

You suck!

The women run out of the water toward the house.

PATRICIA

Divorce and hypothermia. What's next?!

AMY (PRE-LAP)

LET'S GO TO TALKHOUSE!!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SILVER

FUCK YES! I LOVE TALKHOUSE!

Wrapped in towels, the women - only a *little* sobered up after their brush with death in the Atlantic - jump up and down. Patricia pulls Amy aside:

PATRICIA

Amy, I don't think that's a -

AMY

Don't be such a pussy, Pat!

PATRICIA

Look at them! I warned you - they're lightweights!

Amy surveys the group. Karen and Silver dry hump vigorously against a wall.

SILVER

Get the dildo!

Ines and Kwon eat the lunch meats off the wall.

INES

I love meat.

KWON

Let's open a meat-only restaurant!
My husband can be your chef!

Bonnie tries to pierce her own ear.

BONNIE

Amy! Do you do it like this?!

Bonnie shoves the needle into her ear and SCREAMS.

PATRICIA
They can't be in public.

A flicker of danger crosses Amy's face. She hollers:

AMY
The night's just getting started!
Right, ladies?!

THE WOMEN (PRE-LAP)
RIGHT!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - ELOISE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The women ransack Eloise's room for going out clothes. Silver and Karen dress each other in skin-tight minidresses. Ines and Kwon pack Bonnie into an Hervé Léger BANDAGE DRESS.

BONNIE
Is it supposed to be this tight?

Kwon and Ines - still high - caress the weird material.

KWON
That feels nice.

Ines helps Bonnie into a pair of fuck me pumps. Bonnie takes one step and face-plants.

Amy and Patricia pick out clothes in Eloise's closet. Amy clocks Patricia's ambivalence.

AMY
I need you to relax. They are
having the time of their very
boring lives!

PATRICIA
Tomorrow they won't -

AMY
Remember anything. Sign of a good
night.

Amy produces a bottle of D-Street Moonshine. Hands it to Patricia who hesitates.

AMY (CONT'D)
This whole stick up your ass thing?
It's not a good look.

A punch to the gut. *Sterling said the same thing after the lawyer's office.* Patricia chugs Moonshine.

Amy claps her on the back. Pulls a tube top over Patricia's head. She spins Patricia to face a mirror. She looks hot.

AMY (CONT'D)
Check you out, Pat.

PATRICIA
(pleasantly surprised)
Not bad for an old lady.

AMY
We got a couple good years left.

PATRICIA
(a smirk)
Yeah? How many?

AMY
Don't start with me.

Then, their eyes go wide. They both touch their noses.

Not it! AMY (CONT'D) Not it! PATRICIA

AMY (CONT'D)
Ha! Too slow! I want a smokey eye.

At Eloise's vanity, Patricia does Amy's makeup. Amy spies Eloise's HONOR ROLL CERTIFICATE taped to the mirror. And... something shifts in Amy.

Shut 'em. PATRICIA

AMY
(closing her eyes)
Tell me about her.

Who? PATRICIA

AMY
Eloise.

PATRICIA
She's... cool.

AMY
Yeah?

PATRICIA
And smart. She likes to read.

AMY

Books?!

PATRICIA

Yes, books.

AMY

In her spare time?!

PATRICIA

Yes. In her spare time.

AMY

Well, at least you don't have to
worry about her getting pregnant.

PATRICIA

I dunno. She's got a trouble maker
streak. And she's funny. She loves
to talk. She takes good care of her
brothers. She watches out for me.
She doesn't stand for bullshit.

AMY

Sounds a like someone I knew.

PATRICIA

Yeah, actually. She reminds me of
you.

(off Amy's silence)

She's always kinda reminded me of
you.

Patricia finishes the smokey eye. Steps back. Proud.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Do I still got it or do I still got
it?

Around them, the women pull their outfits together. Douse
themselves in body glitter. Plug butterfly clips in their
hair. They look INSANE. But also sort of 90s, verging on hip.

A PHONE DINGS. Bonnie, practicing walking in her heels with a
book on her head, runs for her phone. She falls.

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)

ARNOLD IS TWO MINUTES AWAY!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - HALLWAY / FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The women careen into each other. Patricia saves Bonnie from
nosediving over the railing. They blaze out the front door -

BONNIE
Our chariot! Tonight we RIDE!

Bonnie barrels toward the SUV. And... FALLS. Again.

INT. UBER SUV - CONTINUOUS

The group squeezes in. In the driver's seat, ARNOLD (a pimply teen) death grips the wheel.

BONNIE
HELLO ARNOLD! YOU BEAUTIFUL MAN!

Amy hooks up her phone. **Dropkick Murphy's *The State of Massachusetts*** blares. She turns to Patricia:

AMY
You can take the girl outta
Southie, but...

Patricia doesn't finish the sentence. She looking at incoming texts on her phone. Amy grabs Patricia's phone. Pockets it. Before Patricia can protest, Arnold hits the gas. The women scream. Bounce off the walls - *beyond* excited to go to a bar.

ARNOLD
(grumbling)
I should never have quit that job
at the slaughter house.

PAN UP: we hover over the Uber as it drives through the Hamptons' cold, quiet streets.

DETECTIVE BURKETT (PRE-LAP)
The decision to go to Talkhouse -

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

Patricia shifts in the hot seat.

PATRICIA
Was a mistake.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Clearly.
(studying her)
That's it? Nothing else to add?

Patricia takes a sip of water. Her breathing quickens - she's anxious, maybe fighting tears.

DETECTIVE BURKETT (CONT'D)
 If you want me to help you, Mrs.
 Ford, you gotta help me.

PATRICIA
 Hindsight is 20/20, I guess.

Patricia rubs the bridge of her nose. And we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE STEPHEN TALKHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Talkhouse is more quirky 19th century barn than a sleek club. It's offseason: a smattering of GRIZZLEED LOCALS enjoy a quiet beer while A COVER BAND PLAYS **Billy Joel's Uptown Girl**.

Our ladies bring a gust of unwanted energy and freezing air inside. **Uptown Girl** is, obviously, a favorite. They charge...

THE DANCE FLOOR - Ines beelines for the BAND LEADER.

INES
 Can we PLEASE do live karaoke?!

The band leader shakes his head. Ines makes it rain: tosses several \$100 bills onto the stage. The band leader changes his mind. Ines grabs the mic, screams to the bar:

INES (CONT'D)
 How's it going Talkhouse?!

The TALKHOUSE PATRONS GROAN and BOO:

GRIZZLEED TALKHOUSE PATRONS
 Go back to New York! Off the stage!

Amy restrains Kwon - wheeling around to fight the bar.

KWON
 Shut up before I come for you!

INES
 This one goes out to all the
 divorcées! Especially this single
 lady who *is not* a bad Alanis song.

Ines cues the band and promptly sets about butchering **Alanis Morissette's You Learn** with unprecedented zeal:

INES (CONT'D)
*I recommend getting your heart
 trampled on to anyone!*
 (MORE)

INES (CONT'D)

*I recommend walking around naked in
your living room. Swallow it down -*

OUR DIVORCE PARTY LADIES

What a jagged little pill!

INES

It feels so good -

OUR DIVORCE PARTY LADIES

Swimming in your stomach!

INES

Wait until the dust settles!

ALL THE WOMEN

*You live, you learn. You love, you
learn. You cry, you learn. You
lose, you learn. You bleed, you
learn. You scream, you learn.*

The ladies dance with reckless drunk mom abandon. As Ines caterwauls, Kwon throws her arms around Patricia and Silver -

KWON

Remember when we saw Alanis at The
Fleet Center?!

PATRICIA

Oh my God! That night was wild -

KWON

And Silver got us kicked out when
she puked all over security!

Silver - miffed - edges toward Karen.

KWON (CONT'D)

What?! That was a great night!

SILVER

I only puked because you made me
drink a water bottle of vodka!

Kwon rolls her eyes. Tries to spin Silver, but she's over it.

KWON

What's your problem?!

SILVER

Just give me a little space!

KWON

You want space?! From me?!

SILVER
No, I just -

KAREN
You heard her. Back off!

KWON
You don't tell me to back off!
She's my best friend!

KAREN
Then why are you always making fun
of her?!

KWON
I don't make fun of her!

SILVER
You do, though!

PATRICIA
Okay, guys. Let's take a breather.

KWON
Are you kidding, Silver?! I am like
the world's best friend to you!

SILVER
Sometimes you hurt my feelings!

KWON
You hurt my feelings! If anyone
should be mad, it's me!

SILVER
Why?!

KWON
Because you lied to me!

SILVER
I didn't lie!

KWON
You never told me you were sleeping
with the enemy!

PATRICIA
Kwon! That's enough!

KAREN
I'm the enemy?!

SILVER
You never asked!

KWON
When did it even start?!

SILVER
Here! In that bathroom. July 3rd
1998. 12:48am. What else do you
want to know?!

KWON
I don't know?! Everything?!

SILVER
That's smothering! I don't need to
tell you everything!

KWON
But I tell you everything! I tell
you every single detail of my life -

KAREN
How BORING!

Kwon lunges for Karen. The women pull her back and drag her
toward the bar. Ines follows. Silver calls after them:

SILVER
Can't you just be happy for me?!

KWON
No!

SILVER
Why not?!

KWON
Because I'm unhappy!

Karen takes Ines' place on stage. She cues the band and
begins to sing **Divinyls' I Touch Myself** directly to Silver.

KAREN
*I love myself. I want you to love
me. When I feel down, I want you
above me.*

It's pretty romantic. Silver joins her on stage.

GRIZZLED TALKHOUSE PATRONS
That's more like it! / Make out!

KAREN
*I search myself. I want you to find
me. I forget myself. I want you to
remind me.*

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

I don't want anybody else. When I think about you, I touch myself.

As Karen sings, we find the other ladies at...

THE BAR - Kwon is in drunk hysterics.

KWON

I'm so unhappy! I'm even crying on Molly!

Amy hands her another MDMA PILL. Kwon takes it before Patricia can stop her.

AMY

Don't let Silver get ya down.

KWON

Even my best friend hates me!

INES

Well, I don't hate you! We're gonna open our restaurant and everything will be better!

KWON

No it won't!

INES

I'll have a job and your husband will be our chef and you won't have to worry about bills!

KWON

(sniffling)

Okay. That sounds good.

AMY

See! This is what friends are for!

PATRICIA

Go give Silver a hug. She loves you, Kwon.

On stage, Silver grabs the mic - it zings with feedback which is (not shockingly) preferable to her tone-deaf HOWL:

SILVER

Ooh, I don't want anybody else!

At the bar, Kwon can't help but smile.

KWON

I do love her.

INES
You're best friends -

BONNIE
You have so much history together.

PATRICIA
Nothing can take that away.

AMY
(darkening)
That so?

Patricia pats down her pockets.

PATRICIA
Has anyone seen my phone?

The women shake their heads.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Shit. Eloise was calling me when we
were in the uber.

AMY
Be present, Pat!

KWON
Yeah be present! I'm the one losing
my best friend!

BONNIE
You're not losing her. That's just
your own mishegoss.

The bartender approaches with SHOTS:

TALKHOUSE BARTENDER
Mishegoss - sounds gnarly. I just
got over Chlamydia myself.
(handing Kwon a shot)
On the house. Get well soon.

Kwon takes her shot. The women follow suit. Ines and Bonnie
usher Patricia and Kwon to the dance floor.

Amy hangs back. She pulls PATRICIA'S PHONE out of her pocket.
The screen lights up with a bunch of notifications - all from
Eloise. The last text says...

"MOM. CALL ME. SOS."

Amy pockets the phone. Grabs a beer. Heads to the...

THE DANCE FLOOR - Kwon is on stage now. She's singing **Dionne Warwick's *That's What Friends Are For***.

KWON

*Keep smiling. Keep shining. Knowing
you can always count on me, for
sure. That's what friends are for.*

Ines and Bonnie wave lighters. Karen is annoyed. Silver looks a little uncomfortable. Amy looks for Patricia. Then...

PATRICIA'S PHONE RINGS in Amy's pocket. Before Amy can silence it... Patricia locks onto Amy. Patricia hands Bonnie her cell, which she's borrowed, and marches over -

PATRICIA

I thought you said you didn't have
my phone.

AMY

Must've forgot!
(handing her the beer)
Lighten up, Pat!

PATRICIA

Everything's not a joke, Amy. My
kid is calling. I have to answer.
If you were a mom, you'd get it.

Ouch. Patricia grabs her phone. Storms off. Before Amy can follow, a tittering Bonnie death grips Amy's arm. Points off -

BONNIE

Hunks! Entering the airspace!

All the women follow Bonnie's eye-line to see... FOUR MUSCLY GUYS taking off their jackets at the bar.

INES

So many muscles!

KAREN

Roided out townies. How original.

Silver jostles Karen. Karen loosens up, smiles, apologizes:

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry - go get 'em, Bon!

BONNIE

You're my wing-woman, Amy!

Bonnie drags Amy - distracted - toward the hunks.

EXT. TALKHOUSE - SMOKING SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Outside, Patricia, shivering, FaceTimes with Eloise.

ELOISE

Seriously Mom, forget it. You're having fun; my ancient tube top is doing wonders for your boobs; you're literally turning into an icicle. Just call me tomorrow. It's probably nothing -

PATRICIA

You sent me an SOS text. Eloise Amy Ford - tell me what's going on.

ELOISE

Fine. It's just - Sloane and Dad had a huge fight. She's leaving Aspen early. And I found Dad outside. I think he was crying? It was weird.

PATRICIA

Guess Sloane did a number on him.

ELOISE

No. He was crying over... you.

BEAT. FUCKING. CHANGE.

PATRICIA

I'm sure that's not true -

ELOISE

He just kept saying he made a mistake. And I heard him like... whispering your name.

(a beat)

I shouldn't have said anything.

A RUCKUS erupts behind Eloise. She looks over her shoulder.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

I have to go deal with the goons. Grant dared Junior to stick his head in the balusters again.

PATRICIA

Use the olive oil! Not butter!

Eloise hangs up. Patricia takes shuddering breaths. Closes her eyes. When she opens them, Amy is standing before her.

AMY

You're missing all the fun! Bonnie
is really goin' hell for leather.

Amy points to the bar. We hear Bonnie screaming into the mic:

BONNIE (O.S.)

I am a woman! I contain multitudes!

AMY

She's gonna get laid. I feel it!

PATRICIA

I think - I want to go home.

AMY

What?! Are you nuts?

PATRICIA

I need to go. This was a mistake.

Patricia makes for the bar's entrance. Amy grabs her arm.

AMY

What's your problem?!

PATRICIA

Sterling wants me back, okay!

AMY

So fucking what?

PATRICIA

So I have to make my own decisions!
Not in the heat of the moment. Not
because of what Jacquelyn says. Not
because of what you say. I have to
decide for myself if I want to save
my marriage!

AMY

What marriage?! Your marriage is -

PATRICIA

You don't know anything about it!
Let me go, Amy.

Patricia wrests herself free. Runs into the bar. Amy fumes.

INT. TALKHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR / STAGE - SAME

On stage, Bonnie is performing a very committed rendition of
Meredith Brook's Bitch:

BONNIE

*I'm a bitch, I'm a lover I'm a
child, I'm a mother, I'm a sinner,
I'm a saint. I do not feel ashamed!*

Karen, Silver, Kwon, and Ines CHEER her on. They've been joined by the FOUR MUSCLY GUYS, who we'll come to know as...

DOUG (early 50s, paunchy, jokester).

KEVIN (late 40s, black Irish, handsome).

MIKEY (mid 40s, roided out, a passable Wahlberg brother).

RAYMOND (late 30s, Michael Pitt pretty).

Bonnie grazes her fans hands. Raymond doesn't let go.

RAYMOND

You got a sexy stage presence.

Bonnie tries not to lose her shit. But the ladies fully do.

BONNIE

*I'm a bitch, I'm a tease, I'm a
goddess on my knees.*

Patricia grabs her coat. Blazes out. Amy's hot on her trail.

BONNIE (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*When you hurt, when you suffer, I'm
your angel undercover.*

EXT. TALKHOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Patricia calls an Uber. Amy grabs her phone. A tussle ensues.

AMY

You finalized the divorce!

PATRICIA

You've heard stories. People get divorced. Realize they made a mistake. Get back together -

AMY

He fucked you, Pat! He fucked you when he fucked a two-bit whore. Then he fucked you again when he left you with nothing -

PATRICIA

Not nothing exactly.

AMY (CONT'D)

He only loves himself.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

He loved me once! He still might.
If he wants me back, we have to -

AMY

He doesn't love you!

PATRICIA

And what do you care either way?!

AMY

I care because I'm your fucking
friend! That's what friends do.
They give a shit about each other -

Amy wins the phone tug-of-war. Hurls it into the bushes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Sterling doesn't even know you!

PATRICIA

Have you ever considered that maybe
you don't even know me!

AMY

The person you became when you
moved to New York - that isn't you!

PATRICIA

This *is* me, Amy. People change.
They grow up. Move up. It's not my
fault I got out and you didn't.

A punch to the gut. Amy steps off.

AMY

Wow. You turned into a real
asshole.

Patricia searches the bushes for her phone. Amy watches,
disgusted but mostly... really sad. She goes inside.

INT. TALKHOUSE - BACK ROOM - SAME

PUMP UP MUSIC blares over the women and their new male
friends having a time! Amy enters the back room. Her anger at
Patricia melts into pride in the vibe she's manufactured.

Silver lies on a POOL TABLE. Karen takes a JELL-O SHOT off of
her bare stomach. Sets down another one for Doug, who goes in
for it, but spills Jell-O all over Silver's belly. At the
other end of the pool table, Bonnie crouches on all fours.
Raymond aims the pool cue through Bonnie's legs.

RAYMOND
8-ball. Corner pocket!

He SMACKS the 8-ball right into Silver's head. She cries out. Nearby, Mikey and Kevin hang off the rafters - in a pull-up competition. Ines and Kwon swoon:

INES
Mikey! Has anyone ever told you
that you look like Marky Mark?

KEVIN
Hey! What about me?!

MIKEY
Yeah, I get that a lot.

DOUG
Careful, ladies. Don't want his big
head to explode.

MIKEY
Doucey's just jealous 'cause he's
gotten fat in his old age.

Their accents are messy, hard to place. Doug grabs a beam. Amy spots him. He completes one whole pull-up. Punches Mikey.

DOUG	AMY
Too bad the roids made his balls shrivel into raisins.	I hear steroids turn your balls into raisins.

AMY
I hear steroids turn your
balls into raisins.

Doug high-fives Amy. The **PUMP UP MUSIC** transforms to **Kate Bush's *Running Up That Hill*** and carries us to...

INT. UBER - SAME

Patricia sits in the back of an Uber. She stares at her phone. Flicking through photos of her family. Her old life.

INT. TALKHOUSE - BACK ROOM - SAME

The group rips shots. Ines leans in, flirting with Mikey.

INES
I have this ginseng root pill
infused with safed musli - all
natural. Better than steroids.

MIKEY
Oh yeah? You have it on you?

INES
No, but I can text it to -

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Is it at the house where all
you are stayin'?

INES (CONT'D) MIKEY (CONT'D)
 No, but - I bet you brought it and just forgot.

INES (CONT'D) MIKEY (CONT'D)
 Maybe! Hey Kevin! Earth to Kev!

Kevin - taking a shot with Amy - doesn't hear Mikey. Amy nudges him. Kevin turns to Mikey - points to the rafters.

KEVIN
 What?! You wanna go again, bozo?!

MIKEY
 These ladies say they have some fancy roids at their house!

KEVIN
 What you lookin' at me for? I don't mess with that shit.
 (kissing his bicep)
 All natural, baby.

MIKEY
 Well, I wanna go to their house.

BONNIE
 Yes! Raymond and I want that! We can teach them to play *Ex Parte*!

DOUG AND MIKEY INES, KAREN, KWON, SILVER
 Ex what? No!

Amy assesses the group. She points to the door. SCREAMS:

AMY
 Let's play ball!!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia walks through the foyer - cringing at the extent of the damage done over the course of the evening. She polishes off a fallen soldier of Whispering Angel.

She looks at the house. The home she built. She takes out her phone. Her thumb hovers over Sterling's contact.

EXT. TALKHOUSE - PARKING LOT - SAME

Mikey opens the door of a PICK UP TRUCK for Ines and Kwon. Amy, Kevin, and Doug jump into the flatbed.

Bonnie calls shotgun in a VINTAGE, SOUPED UP CHEVY. Karen, and Silver get into the back. Raymond revs the engine.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Patricia stands in the backyard. Smoking an actual cigarette - *thank God*. She calls Sterling. The line RINGS. Then -

STERLING FORD (O.S.)
Tricia. Hi.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK FLATBED - CONTINUOUS

Amy stares at Talkhouse's receding lights. Kevin puts his jacket around her shoulders. It catches her off-guard.

KEVIN
What? A guy can't give a pretty lady his jacket?

AMY
I guess chivalry isn't dead.

DOUG
You feminists keep tryina kill it!

Amy turns to face the open road. The wind blows in her hair.

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

The call with Sterling is over. Patricia lights another cigarette. She navigates to Amy's contact - types out a text.

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The new arrivals' eyes bulge at the Ford's summer palace.

DOUG
Holy shit!

KEVIN
This is a *summer house*?

Amy, phone in her hand, shrugs. The group blazes inside - a tornado tearing through the foyer. Giggling, Karen and Silver run upstairs. A door slams. LOCKS.

KAREN (O.S.)
Do not disturb us!

Below, Kwon reminds herself to be happy. Ines throws her arms around Kwon and Mikey. Bonnie and Raymond scamper past. Bonnie blasts **FUN MUSIC** through the sound system:

BONNIE

Who's ready to get wild?!

Doug and Kevin WHOOP. Everyone (save Karen and Silver upstairs) stampedes into the living room. Amy also hangs back. Unnoticed, she walks out to -

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The wind has picked up - a storm is brewing. Amy wheels around. No sign of Patricia. She cuts through the sharp lyme grass, running over the dunes for the beach.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

The co-ed party is in full swing! Doug goes to town on the Subway platters, now covering the dining table. Bonnie sits on the table - between her legs, Raymond plays with her hair.

DOUG

I didn't know women ate Subway.

BONNIE

Are you kidding?! We LOVE Subway!

DOUG

Check this out!

He stuffs a 6-inch sub down his gullet. The group - except Kwon, grossed out - CHEERS. Kevin raises a bottle of rosé -

KEVIN

Put that BJ practice to good use!

Doug flips the bird. Kevin polishes off Whispering Angel.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What did you say this was?

INES

Summer water!

MIKEY

All right! I dig summer water!

Mikey reaches for a fresh bottle. Ines snatches it away. Dangling it out of reach - like a carrot before a rabbit - she sets about coercing Kevin and Mikey into a strip-tease.

INES

You want it? You gotta work for it.

KWON

Free strippers - now that's what
I'm takin' about!! Where are
Patricia and Amy?

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - SAME

WAVES CRASH. WIND HOWLS. Amy runs down the beach. The butt of Patricia's cigarette glows in the distance. Amy calls to her -

AMY

I got some shit to say to you,
Patricia Cahill!

Patricia wheels around. Amy comes into view.

PATRICIA

I don't want to hear it!

AMY

Tough fuckin' break!

PATRICIA

I know what you're gonna say, Amy.
I'm an asshole. I've become a woman
that young Patricia would hate. I
have no balls! I'm pathetic!

AMY

(reaching her, winded)
That's a good start.

PATRICIA

Not all of us have the good fucking
fortune to remain -
(gesturing to Amy)
Wholly intact. Consistently
ourselves since birth.

AMY

Yes, we do! Everyone has that.

PATRICIA

Well, I don't, okay! I lost who I
was a long time ago.

AMY

Exactly. You lost it. You're
drowning in the bullshit! It's
consuming you. Turning you into -

PATRICIA
What?! A bitch?

AMY
No. An addict.

A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
You're like my fuckin' mom. All she
saw was the booze and the drugs.
All you see is the houses, the
money, the status. You wanna end up
like Kelly Sullivan?
(emotion building)
I couldn't save her, but -

PATRICIA
I don't need you to save me.

AMY
That's exactly what she said.

Patricia reaches for Amy, but she moves away. We're back in -

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Inside, the party is getting wild. **Def Leppard's Pour Some Sugar On Me** blares. Mikey peels off his jacket to the beat.

MIKEY	INES
Like this?!	Yes, Marky Mark!

Mikey lifts his shirt. At the slice of his chiseled abs, Kwon nearly faints. Mikey gyrates Ines onto the couch. Removes her eye patch. Grimaces at her GNARLY EYE. Ines tries to wink. He replaces the patch. Earns Whispering Angel.

BONNIE
I can't believe Trishy and Amy are
missing this!!

AMY (PRE-LAP)
Have it your way. Forget the
Divorce Party! It's done!

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - SAME

Amy walks off, Patricia now runs after her.

PATRICIA
What do you want from me!?

AMY

I want you to stop being so...
changeable!

(that's it...)

You come to me, you say you want my
help. I decide that I'll let the
past 20 years of radio silence
slide. I drop everything for this
Divorce Party! And then, like that -

(snapping)

You decide, "ya know what forget
the Divorce Party!"

PATRICIA

This is an extenuating
circumstance!

AMY

Oh yeah? And what was the
extenuating circumstance that time
you invited me to New York?

*A charged beat. This has been festering. The death knell of
their friendship rings in Patricia's ears.*

PATRICIA

Amy, I'm...

AMY

You're what? Gonna pretend you
don't remember? You don't remember
coming home, summer of '01. When
your dad was dying? When I'd been
caring for Mike while you were busy
"movin' up".

PATRICIA

You don't think that was a terrible
time for me? I thanked you for
taking care of him! I sent money.

AMY

Fuck your money. Fuck your "thank
yous." Your father was the only
good man I ever knew. Being there
for Mike was a gift. And that
weekend, he was so happy you came
home. So was I. It was like old
times. We got wasted. You invited
me to visit you in New York. I
didn't think you'd follow through,
but you dragged me to South
Station. You bought me a ticket.

Patricia is really struggling with this memory. And Amy is really struggling to keep her emotions in check.

AMY (CONT'D)

I was over the moon. After all those years of missing you, you finally wanted me in your life again! I got my hair done. Bought an outfit I thought you'd like - maybe even want to borrow - with a whole month of Tavern paychecks. I'd never been out of Boston. Never been on a fancy train with a snack bar and bathrooms that hobos aren't sleeping in. When I saw New York's skyscrapers, I almost puked. You said you'd be at the station. But you weren't there. Eventually, I found a pay-phone and called you over and over again. I waited by that phone all day.

Amy wipes her face. Was that a tear? Patricia's looks away.

AMY (CONT'D)

I caught the last train back to Boston that night. Never even set foot in your new home.

PATRICIA

I'm so sorry. God, I'm so sorry.

AMY

Don't bother. I made up all manner of excuses for you. Maybe you were being mugged at knife-point? Maybe you were being eaten by a rat king? The next day, Mike said you called. From the Hamptons.

PATRICIA

I didn't -

AMY

Don't you DARE bullshit me. You remembered. It was just easier for you to "forget".

Patricia is so ashamed she could combust.

PATRICIA

Why are you here?! How can you even want to be my friend again when I've been such a supreme cunt?!

AMY

Because you are my only family!
When we were kids, you protected me
from my strung-out mom and her
pervy boyfriends. I would've done
anything for you. You would've done
anything for me. You're crying
because Sterling took your home?
Well, I lost my home too. You were
home to me, Pat.

(wiping away tears)

You got out. I never held that
against you. But I must've missed
the memo: getting out means
abandoning the people who love you.
The people who really know you.

(a charged beat)

You forgot me. Even worse, you
forgot yourself.

PATRICIA

I didn't forget you, I swear.

AMY

Yeah, I guess that's true.

Amy pulls Eloise's HONOR ROLL CERTIFICATE from her pocket.

AMY (CONT'D)

Eloise's middle name is Amy?

(clenching her jaw)

And you never told me! Why? Because
you were afraid that if I knew,
you'd have to let me meet her?!

PATRICIA

Yes! I was fucking afraid. I was
ashamed of who I was! I was afraid
that person couldn't exist in my
new life. And Sterling thought that
seeing where I was from - who I was
before - would confuse the kids.

AMY

Jesus fucking Christ, Pat. Forget
what that says about you. What does
that say to your daughter?!

PATRICIA

I know! It's pathetic. And cruel.
And I am so ashamed! I can't take
it back. I wish I could, but -

(crying now)

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?! What
can I do?

Silence. Then, Amy and Patricia share a LOOK.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mikey's strip tease has turned into a raunchy game. A
BLINDFOLDED Ines, HANDS CUFFED, nibbles a penis sticker off
Mikey's bare chest.

BONNIE

I knew that trip to the Pleasure
Chest was gonna come in handy!

Kwon and Kevin cheer. Kevin points to a sculpture -

KEVIN

That a Kusama?

KWON

Wouldn't have pegged you as an art
guy.

KEVIN

Can't judge a book by its cover.

RAYMOND

(re: Doug eating a sub)
Ya know why Dougey eats so much?
Cause he's sexually frustrated.

DOUG

(mouth full of meat)
Get stuffed pretty boy.

BONNIE

Yeah pretty boy... get stuffed.

Bonnie nuzzles Raymond. She leaps off the table and leads him
toward the stairs. Kwon throws her a thumbs up.

KEVIN

So the lady of the manor is an art
connoisseur?

AMY (O.S.)

You can ask her yourself!

All eyes on... Amy and Patricia. Walking into the living
room. Amy holds D-Street Moonshine. Ines and Kwon squeal -

KWON
Where the hell have you been?!

Kwon drags Patricia over to Mikey's strip tease.

 AMY
You fellas ever heard of D-Street
Moonshine?

Amy pours the Moonshine into Solo Cups. Doles them out.

 AMY (CONT'D)
To divorce!

Everyone chugs. Patricia turns up the MUSIC. And locks eyes
with Kevin. Kwon notices -

 KWON
He's cute, right?

Patricia nods. Kevin approaches Patricia, with handcuffs and
a blindfold. Amy gets in on the action - offers her hands to
Mikey. He cuffs her. Kevin doesn't take his eyes off Patricia
as he cuffs her and removes his shirt.

 KEVIN
You must be Patricia. I'm Kevin.

 PATRICIA
Let's see what you got, Kevin.

Kwon watches Kevin and Patricia closely. When she turns
around Doug is gone. Kwon bristles. Heads off into -

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Doug roots through the drawers. Feeling Kwon's eyes on him,
he turns and offers her half a sub.

 KWON
Pass.

 DOUG
Your loss.

He eats it. Kwon watches. His accent really is inscrutable.

 KWON
So, where are you guys from?

 DOUG
Oh ya know, here and there.

Kwon grabs a pack of Marlboro Reds from the counter. Walks off. Doug watches her go. And we're with -

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Bonnie and Raymond getting frisky! Clothes fly. Bonnie SLAPS Raymond's ass... hard. He YIPS.

RAYMOND

You're stronger than you look.
(before she can apologize)
And I'm real into it.

Bonnie beelines for the closet. Returns with an armful of STERLING'S TIES. She binds his wrists behind his back and jumps on the bed. Raymond wriggles under the covers.

BONNIE

There are some cobwebs down there.

RAYMOND

Don't sweat it, rock-star. I used
to be a janitor.

Raymond goes to town on her. Bonnie SQUEALS with delight.

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME

Kwon lights a cigarette. Looks around. Coast is clear. She approaches the vintage Chevy. Examines the plates with her phone's flashlight. And...

The car HAS NO PLATES.

DOUG (O.S.)

You tryna go for some dim sum?

Kwon wheels around. Backlit by the porch lights, Doug's hefty body casts her in shadow.

KWON

I'm Korean, you idiot.

She tries to edge past Doug, but he playfully blocks her way.

DOUG

Aw, come on. Where's the fire,
Nancy Drew?

Kwon darkens. She opens her mouth to speak, but we don't hear her over... MUFFLED CRIES OF ECSTASY:

BONNIE (PRE-LAP)
YES! YES, Raymond! Say you wanna
hit my Gräfenberg spot!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Bonnie and Raymond - tied up underneath her - hump like
there's no tomorrow.

RAYMOND
I wanna hit the Grafenterd spot!

BONNIE
Do you love my INTROITUS!

RAYMOND
I LOVE YOUR INTROITUS!

Bonnie and Raymond HOWL! Climaxing together. Bonnie flops
off. Chest heaving. She hasn't been this happy in years.
Bonnie unties him. Hands over some TIES on the night-stand.

BONNIE
We're going again! But now it's my
turn.

Raymond ties a giddy Bonnie's hands. Secures her feet to the
foot-board. He pulls the sheets over her. Pops a A CRUMPLED
TIE in her mouth. His gaze is open, sweet, and... apologetic.

RAYMOND
Shit. I wish - damn. I'm real sorry
about this, rock-star.

Raymond rummages through a bureau, grabs a bunch of SHEER
SPANX and... exits. Leaving Bonnie TIED UP to the bed.

BONNIE
Don't be long! You're so kinky! I
love it!

But Raymond is gone. And Bonnie is stuck. *Uh oh..*

EXT. / INT. VINTAGE CHEVY - SAME

BANG. Doug closes the trunk. A stack of cardboard boxes
nestles under his arm. He bends down - swipes Kwon's phone
from the gravel driveway. Pockets it.

In the car, Kwon BANGS on the window. One hand is handcuffed
to the steering wheel. HONK! She leans on the horn.

KWON

Let me out, you fat douche-wad!
Silver! Patricia! Somebody! Help!

Doug sighs, melodramatic. Pulls a KNIFE from his jeans. Pops the car hood. Cuts a wire. The HONKING whinnies to a SAD, FADING DRONE. Doug taps the window with his knife.

DOUG

Quiet time, Nancy Drew.

Off the DRONE OF THE DEAD HORN SPUTTERING OUT, we're with -

SILVER (PRE-LAP)

What was that?!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - ELOISE'S ROOM - SAME

Silver's head pops out from underneath Eloise's bedspread. Beside her, Karen is obscured in a tangle of blankets.

KAREN (O.S.)

Probably Ines attacking the
brainless chunk of man meat.

Silver chuckles. Yanks the covers up over her head.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Doug enters to find Ines, Amy, and Patricia on the couch...

EYES COVERED with SILICON BOOB BLINDFOLDS.

FEET TIED with METALLIC PENIS GARLANDS.

HANDS SHACKLED in FUZZY PINK HANDCUFFS.

MOUTHS GAGGED with NEON BALL-GAGS.

Bonnie's trip to The Pleasure Chest came in handy for...

THE ROBBERS!!! OH SHIT!

Raymond materializes with the SPANX. Kevin and Mikey pull their shirts back on and yank the Spanx over their faces.

MIKEY

So tight! Can we skip this?!

KEVIN

Nope. Better safe than sorry.

Mikey sighs. Doug throws them the cardboard boxes and a pile of canvas duffles. He pulls Spanx over his head. CLAPS.

DOUG

Okay, ladies! As you may or may not have realized, this is a robbery.

The ball gags muffle the women's SCREAMS. They thrash, but Mikey and Kevin have tied them up pretty tight.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Now, I'm only gonna say this once.
Nobody needs to be a hero.
Everybody behaves, nobody gets hurt. Got that, lady of the manor?
(Patricia NODS)
Okay! Let's get this party started!

Doug pats the women down. Pockets their PHONES. Changes the Sonos to **Dire Straits' Money For Nothing**. Blasts it. And...

THE ROBBERY BEGINS!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - MUDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug digs in Bonnie's purse: finds THE U-HAUL KEYS. He opens an electrical box. With his knife, he CUTS THE PHONE LINES. Kicks open the back door and takes off into the night.

INT. VINTAGE CHEVY - SAME

Muttering, Kwon roots through the glove box for clues about the robbers. She grabs a sheaf of coffee stained paper. FOOTSTEPS crunch on the gravel. She quickly sits on the papers. Doug walks across the driveway. He gives Kwon a sweet wave. She flips him the bird.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Kevin removes Patricia's blindfold. Points off -

KEVIN

The wine closet?

Patricia stays silent. Kevin FLICKS OUT A KNIFE. Hearing it, Ines and Amy SCREAM. Patricia's response is muffled. Kevin pops out her ball gag.

PATRICIA

Through the kitchen. Second door on your left... asshole.

KEVIN

I prefer Kevin, but whatever.

Kevin replaces the ball-gag. Makes his way to the wine closet, passing Mikey and Raymond: removing the PRICELESS PAINTINGS from the walls. Throwing BED SHEETS over them.

RAYMOND

This place is like a museum!

Kevin lifts a SHEET off a PAINTING. Calls to Patricia.

KEVIN

This an Agnes Martin?

PATRICIA

(through her gag)

Sophisticated fucking robbers.

Kevin smirks. Doubles back to blindfold her. Mikey and Raymond carry SEVERAL PAINTINGS to -

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They load paintings into the U-Haul. Doug shimmies out from underneath the van. Hurls the TRACKING BOX into the woods.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tied to the bed, Bonnie clumsily tries to wriggle free. Raymond ransacks the bedroom. Pocketing JEWELRY and WATCHES. When he looks over, Bonnie snaps into wriggling seductively.

Raymond unties her hands. Pulls a slinky nightgown over her head. As he reties her, he's tempted...

RAYMOND

Looks nice on you.

BONNIE

(through the tie-gag)

You look nice on me.

Raymond chuckles. Roots through a jewelry box.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The walls are bare. Millions of dollars of art: stolen. Raymond, Mikey, and Doug pack priceless sculptures. Balancing cases of expensive wine, Kevin kicks open the front door. The robbers exit. Silence.

Alone Patricia, Amy, and Ines look around: three blind mice with SILICON BOOBS over their eyes. Through their BALL GAGS:

INES
Are they gone?

PATRICIA
For now. Don't think they're done.

INES
We spent the night becoming
empowered. Should we do something?

With effort, Amy jostles her BALL-GAG free.

AMY
Don't know about you chowderheads,
but I'm not getting shivved to save
a lame art collection. No offense.

PATRICIA
None taken.

Kevin re-enters. He pulls off Patricia's blindfold. Shows her his KNIFE. Cuts the metallic penis garlands off her feet.

KEVIN
Take me to the safe, Patricia.

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME

Mikey and Doug load ART, SCULPTURES, WINE into the U-Haul. Raymond tapes a BOX of JEWELRY and WATCHES shut. He POPS the Chevy's trunk. Sets the box inside. BANG! He slams the trunk. We stay on Kwon in the car as the robbers head back inside.

INT. VINTAGE CHEVY - MOMENTS LATER

Kwon roots through the papers with her free hand. No tickets, no registration: nothing identifiable. *Shit.* As she stuffs the useless detritus back into the glove-box... A FADED PHOTOGRAPH falls to the floor. Kwon picks it up.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

The boiler HISSES. Patricia, still cuffed, still gagged, points to A DECOY ELECTRICAL BOX. Kevin yanks it off the wall revealing a STATE OF THE ART SAFE. Patricia punches the code -

PATRICIA
Still our wedding date.

KEVIN

Easy to crack. Your ex is dumb.

CLICK. The safe opens. Kevin scoops HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS IN CASH and SEVERAL ROLEXES into a Louis Vuitton duffel bag.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Not a bad rainy day fund.

Patricia sees an unfamiliar diamond encrusted CARTIER WATCH.

PATRICIA

Tough break, Sloane.

Kevin rakes his hand through the safe. It's empty except for A PHOTOGRAPH: unposed, Patricia, Sterling and the kids on the beach. Kevin studies the photo. Then, hands it to Patricia.

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - STAIRS / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bonnie, huffing, inchworms down the stairs, through the foyer, and into the living room. She GASPS at the sight of... Ines, Amy, and Patricia - blindfolded and gagged - on the couch. The robbers conduct a final sweep. Grabbing anything that looks remotely expensive. Doug pulls off Patricia's blindfold and gag.

DOUG

Ya think we got everything?

Patricia is overcome by the sight of the empty home. She sees Bonnie. Turns to Doug. SPITS in his face. He wipes it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Settle down, sparkplug.

(spying the ASSET BOX)

What's this? Patricia's Assets?

BONNIE

It's for *Ex Parte*! No value to you!

Tears well in Bonnie's eyes. Raymond touches Doug's shoulder.

RAYMOND

We got what we came for. And more.

Raymond WINKS at Bonnie. Her WINK back reads more like a twitch. Patricia looks at Bonnie like she's lost her mind.

DOUG

All right, ladies! Pleasure doing business. Sorry if this wasn't the Divorce Party you planned.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

But at least you got a good story
to tell your pals. You stay safe.
No more inviting strange men home.
(winking at Patricia)
See you on the singles scene, lady
of the manor.

Our sort of friendly, pretty adorable robbers exit. At the door, Kevin turns back to Patricia -

KEVIN

You're better off without him.

Patricia can't help but feel flattered. The door slams shut.

EXT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Raymond and Doug jump into the U-Haul. Peel out of the driveway. Mikey revs the pick-up's engine. Kevin opens the Chevy's door. Unlocks Kwon's handcuffs. She leaps over him -

KWON

Your car smells like sausage!

KEVIN

Aw, be nice. She's just old! 1972!

The Chevy speeds off. The Robbers' tail lights recede into black night. Kwon zigzags to the house, a bat out of hell -

KWON (PRE-LAP)

I SHOULD'VE GONE TO ATLANTIC CITY!

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

KWON

PATRICIA! SILVER! ARE YOU ALIVE?!

Karen and Silver glide down the stairs in post-coital bliss.

SILVER

I died and went to heaven, but...

Crying, Kwon bounds up to them. Silver hugs Kwon. Karen rubs Kwon's back. The lovers share a look - *why is Kwon is crying?*

SILVER (CONT'D)

Did we miss something?

Money for Nothing fades as we -

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

QUICK CUTS - Detective Burkett wraps up his individual interviews with all the bedraggled, delirious women.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
And during the robbery, you were -

KAREN
Upstairs, napping.

SILVER
I plead the fifth.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
You're worried you're going to
incriminate yourself?

KWON
Karen and Silver were banging!
(eye-roll... men)
And you call yourself a Detective!

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Ah. Okay. That makes sense.

Burkett hands a victim resource pamphlet to Ines.

DETECTIVE BURKETT (CONT'D)
I'm sure you have some sort of
shaman to pray with, but -

INES
Oh, I'm firing my shaman.
(removing her EYE-PATCH)
Things happen for reasons,
Detective. Last night set me on a
new path: a path of purpose. I'm
going to become a career woman!
Um... out of curiosity, what are
your thoughts on restaurateurs.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
I'm a cop not a life coach.
(off Ines' shrug)
Can you recall any distinguishing
characteristics that can help the
Hamptons PD catch these guys?

BONNIE
They were handsome. All recessive
alleles, if you know what I mean.
(a mooney sigh)
Raymond was just gorgeous.

Wow. Not helpful! Burkett SIGHs. Bonnie digs in her purse.
Hands Burkett her business card.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Listen, if you ever do find
Raymond, tell him to call me.

Burkett stares at the business card - baffled. When he looks
up, Amy is reviewing the victim pamphlet.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
There are actually some useful -

AMY
You never been to Southie. Last
night... child's play.

Amy crumples the pamphlet. Patricia wipes her eyes.

PATRICIA
It was devastating. Watching my
home destroyed. My friends
terrified. There were KNIVES!

Burkett passes Patricia a tissue. We're back with... Bonnie
putting on her jacket. She hugs Burkett. Bouncing -

BONNIE
Best. Divorce. Party. Ever!

DETECTIVE BURKETT
So last thing, I guess. When the
robbers left the house, you -

SILVER
Bonnie rewired the phones and we
called you guys.

DETECTIVE BURKETT
Immediately?

KWON
Well...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FORD HAMPTONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The women untie one another and embrace. Bonnie enters -

BONNIE
Phone lines are fixed!

PATRICIA
Okay. I'll call the police.

BONNIE
No! We're finishing *Ex Parte*.

KAREN
We're calling the cops!

SILVER
They could still catch them!

Bonnie sticks out her arms, blocking nothing in particular, but inflating with conviction. She HOWLS:

BONNIE
All of you! Contempt!

AMY
Ha! Bonnie you're a fuckin' psycho.

BONNIE
We're not letting some sexy robbers ruin our night. Time for the final round! Round Eight: Judgement! The reveal of Patricia's assets!
(a beat)
And then we can call the cops.

The women check in with each other. Kwon throws up her hands.

KWON
Fine. Let's do it.

Kwon turns on an OLD STEREO. **Taylor Dayne's *I'll Be Your Shelter*** picks up. Bonnie sweeps her hand across the coffee table. Pleasure Chest detritus and Whispering Angel empties crash. Reverently, she sets the ASSETS BOX before Patricia.

BONNIE
Open it, Patricia.

Opening the ASSET ENVELOPES, she gasps. Her friends encircle.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Everything you keep. Everything he can't take away. Everything that's yours no matter what. Everything that makes you, you. The Patricia we all love.

WE PASS OVER PHOTOS AND DOCUMENTS: Photos of Patricia - at all ages - with her children and her friends. The kids' finger paintings, a diploma, a few awards, etc.

All these bits of life's ephemera. All these things to remind Patricia that while she might have lost her marriage, and her home, she hasn't actually lost very much at all.

The women point and laugh at the memories. The once divided group, now inexorably united. Connected through their love of Patricia and... a particularly harrowing Divorce Party.

I'll Be Your Shelter continues as we hurdle forward in time.

6 MONTHS LATER

We watch THROUGH ELOISE'S EYES as time passes and Patricia rebuilds her life.

INT. PATRICIA'S NEW HARLEM APARTMENT - DAY

Patricia, Eloise, Junior and Grant carry moving boxes into a new, smaller, ground floor apartment in a Harlem brownstone. Patricia looks at the empty walls. This clean slate.

This new home. She takes a deep, satisfied breath.

EXT. THOMAS JEFFERSON SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Eloise sits on a bench reading *Monkeys*, by Susan Minot, a Southie author. She looks up to see Patricia dribble past Junior and kick the soccer ball into the goal. Patricia does a victory lap. Nearby, Grant plays chess with some OLD MEN.

INT. PATRICIA'S NEW HARLEM APARTMENT - NIGHT

At a table on her tiny balcony overlooking a wall, Patricia smokes while editing her RESUME on her laptop. Eloise tries to steal a cigarette. Patricia shoos her away.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH RISE - DAY

Eloise hands a pant-suited, nervous Patricia her printed resume. She pushes her mom into the revolving doors.

EXT. MIDTOWN HIGH RISE - AN HOUR LATER

Patricia bells kicks out of the revolving doors: she got the job! Eloise buys celebratory HOTDOGS from a street vendor. Patricia immediately spills mustard on her new work blouse.

EXT. EX PARTE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Patricia approaches a new, upscale restaurant. A sign over the door reads: EX PARTE. In the window, A ZAGAT REVIEW proclaims: *"A culinary (ex) party for NYC's most discerning carnivores!"* Patricia enters -

INT. EX PARTE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

BALLOONS AND STREAMERS! All the Divorce Party Ladies - Amy included - and their CHILDREN leap out:

OUR DIVORCE PARTY LADIES
SURPRISE!

Patricia nearly faints. Junior and Grant catch her.

- Ines, in an EX PARTE OWNER T-shirt, hands a candle covered cake to her SON (12). Icing reads: "Happy Birthday, Pat!"

- Kwon's husband, JOE, wipes his hands on his CHEF'S WHITES. Puts his arm around a proud, calmer Kwon.

- Bonnie - zhuzhed up, confident, glowing - claps. Her son, BENNY (21) hugs Patricia.

- Silver tucks a napkin into Karen's YOUNG SON'S shirt. Karen plants a big smooch on Silver's lips.

Eloise jumps on a banquette. CLINKS a knife against a glass of wine. Junior covers his eyes, embarrassed.

ELOISE
I promise not to get too sappy.

GRANT
Prepare yourselves! Brevity is not
Eloise's strong suit!

Bonnie trades Eloise's wine for a Shirley Temple.

ELOISE
Mom. This year has been... one
almighty kick in the nuts.
(off the ladies' LAUGHS)
You caught your husband cheating.
You got hit by a cab. When you came
out of a coma, you discovered that
most of your friends - not these
guys, but the rest of them - are
backstabbing wenches. You were held
hostage. Robbed at knifepoint -

PATRICIA

Sorry, is this going anywhere -

ELOISE

Relax. It's called a lead up.

(rolling her eyes)

But I feel like the final straw - that last punch to the face that sent you into a full blown tailspin - was when Dad left you without a home. And it kinda got me thinking about the notion of home. Normally, we consider home to be a physical space. But what if home is actually a feeling? A groundedness. A sense of place. Of peace. What if home is really... knowing yourself.

(a beat)

I feel like, in the last six months, you've become a different person. In a good way. You seem entirely yourself. And it's been cool and kinda inspiring, to watch that happen. You got kicked in the balls, but you kicked right back.

(raising her glass)

Anyway, happy birthday. Happy homecoming. I hope this year's more chill. But if it isn't... at least we know that nothing can break the great Patricia Cahill.

The women APPLAUD. CLINK glasses. Patricia hugs Eloise. Behind her back, Amy surreptitiously hands Eloise a glass of wine. Eloise mouths "thank you." Amy winks.

Ines lights the candles. The women gather around Patricia. WOOSH. She blows them out. Kwon's DAUGHTERS immediately face plant in the cake.

INT. EX PARTE RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Patricia kisses her friends goodbye. Thanks them for coming. Ines and Joe clean up the restaurant. Kwon emerges with TWO WRAPPED PRESENTS: hands them to Amy and Patricia.

KWON

Thought you gals might want these.

Amy and Patricia unwrap their gifts. We see GOLD PICTURE FRAMES but not the photos in them. We stay on Amy and Patricia sharing a LOOK. And then, we jump to...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A few days later, Patricia is in the hot seat once again. She studies her reflection in the one-way mirror. The same but... changed. She smiles, satisfied. Detective Burkett enters:

DETECTIVE BURKETT

Thanks for coming. I wanted to break the news in person. We've been looking for the criminals for six months. Zilch. I'm really sorry, Mrs. Ford.

PATRICIA

It's actually, Ms. Cahill.

DETECTIVE BURKETT

Ms. Cahill. We're closing the case.
(off Patricia's sad face)
Hey, at least you got good girlfriends.

PATRICIA

Thanks for all your hard work, Detective. I'll see you around.

DETECTIVE BURKETT

Well, hopefully you won't.

Patricia heads to the elevator. As the doors close, she gives Burkett a little wave.

EXT. PATRICIA'S NEW HARLEM APARTMENT - THAT EVENING

Patricia stands on her stoop, holding BAGS OF CHINESE TAKE-OUT. A TOWN CAR pulls up. Her kids tumble out. Followed by an uncharacteristically frazzled Sterling.

Patricia hands the take-out bags to the twins. Holds the door open for them, as they bound inside. Eloise hangs by her mom.

STERLING FORD

The police closed the case?!

PATRICIA

I just heard. What a mess.

STERLING FORD

Insurance didn't cover half of it!

PATRICIA

You should get a better policy.

ELOISE

Dad. Are you kidding right now?!
Forget the money! Mom could have
died! Where are your priorities?
(preempting his reply)
Actually, don't answer that. Thanks
for driving us home.

A devilish grin crosses Eloise's face as she looks up at Patricia. She disappears inside.

PATRICIA

Have a good night, Sterling.

Patricia's expression is one of total peace. She harbors no more ill-will. She heads inside. Closes the door behind her.

We stay on Sterling: peering through the window. Watching his family sit down to dinner without him. The realization of everything he lost hits him all at once.

SLOANE

(from the car, shrill)
Hurry up! We're late for Jordanna's
silent disco DJ set! Traffic to
Bushwick is gonna be a disaster!

Deeply regretting his life choices - a silent disco in Bushwick?! - Sterling steals a last look through the window -

At the kitchen counter, Patricia grabs chopsticks. She straightens the FRAMED PHOTO Kwon gave her. And we're...

CLOSE ON - A PHOTO of 15 year-old Patricia and Amy leaning against a vintage Chevy. Giving the camera the middle finger.

We hurdle forward in time -

ONE MONTH LATER

INT. PAWN SHOP - DUSK

Behind smeared bullet proof glass, A SWEATY PAWN SHOP OWNER pushes THICK STACKS OF HUNDREDS through the divider's door.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Go Sox.

A WOMAN'S HAND counts the cash. Curls it. The SHOPKEEPER'S BELL RINGS as we follow the woman out to...

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

And it's... Amy! Burying the cash in her cleavage. Winding her way through Southie's labyrinthine streets. She waves at OLD STALWARTS playing poker at card tables, growls at YUPPIE YOGA MOMS pushing buggies. Amy rounds a corner onto a street of triple deckers. Hollers:

AMY

If ya keep canoodling, you'll miss first pitch!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm protesting. Richards is a bum.

Sitting on the hood of a familiar 1972 Chevy Caprice, is -

AMY

Watch your mouth, Cullen Flaharty.

And... Cullen Flaharty is ROBBER KEVIN!

Patricia's childhood boyfriend is still dreamy! He's got his arm around a WOMAN beside him. His body blocks her face -

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're beat. Richards' FIP is a solid 3.01.

KEVIN / CULLEN FLAHARTY

I love a woman who knows her stats.

Cullen jumps off the hood of the car to reveal -

PATRICIA!

CULLEN FLAHARTY

Especially when that woman is a hardened criminal.

PATRICIA

Pullin' off one measly heist makes me a hardened criminal?!

Cullen and Amy nod. And it seems that our very own **PATRICIA ORCHESTRATED THE DIVORCE PARTY ROBBERY!**

A SHOPKEEPER'S BELL RINGS across the street.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

They didn't have Whispering Angel.

AMY

Thank God for that!

We spin to find... ROBBER DOUG, ROBBER MIKEY, and ROBBER RAYMOND exiting a package store with armfuls of booze. They're all wearing FLAHARTY BROTHERS AUTO BODY T-SHIRTS.

ROBBER DOUG is Billy Flaharty, filled out.

ROBBER MIKEY is Sean Flaharty - still in a muscle tee.

ROBBER RAYMOND - baby Robbie Flaharty - isn't a pipsqueak anymore. He tosses Patricia a handle of OL' GRANDAD. She ruffles his hair.

PATRICIA

Baby Robbie Flaharty. All grown up.
And he's got a way with women.

RAYMOND / ROBBIE FLAHARTY

Bonnie. What a rock-star. She's not
mad about how I -

PATRICIA

No! She wants you to call her.

MIKEY / SEAN FLAHARTY

What about me? I'm the natural born
stripper, here! You better hire me
for your next party, Cahill.

DOUG / BILLY FLAHARTY

Get this guy. Biggest ego of all
the Flaharty brothers.

SEAN FLAHARTY

(grabbing his crotch)
And biggest -

BILLY FLAHARTY

Can it, Sean! Ladies are present!

AMY

Not for long. Ms. Cahill has a
plane to catch. Pleasure doing
business, Flahartys.

Amy pulls the ROLLED UP CASH from her boobs. Hands it to Billy. Heads for her car. Cullen grabs Patricia's hand.

CULLEN FLAHARTY

Sure you don't wanna stick around?

AMY

So you can finger-blast her in the
Dunkie's bathroom like prom night?

CULLEN FLAHARTY
I got Sox season tickets now!
(a hoity-toity accent)
I was going to ask the lady of the
manor to attend a game.

PATRICIA
Can we rain-check, Cullen?
(leaning in, flirtatious)
Or should I say Kevin?

CULLEN FLAHARTY
I'll answer to any name you wanna
call me, Pat.

Patricia looks at the Flaharty brothers -

PATRICIA
I honestly don't know how I'll ever
thank you, my Princes of P-Street.

BILLY FLAHARTY
This is Southie. We're family.

Patricia gets into the passenger seat of Amy's beater. Amy
revs the engine. Patricia rolls down the window, calls out:

PATRICIA
And you always were a gentleman,
Cullen Flaharty! Even in the
Dunkie's bathroom!

Cullen waves mournfully. Billy punches his arm. The Flahartys
watch the car peel off. Amy is a dangerous driver. Shocker.

INT. AMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Windows down, cigarettes in hand, Amy drives Patricia through
the streets of her old neighborhood.

AMY
Paintings are going for a shit load
on the black market.

PATRICIA
You are amazing, you know that?

AMY
I do indeed. So... what are you
gonna do with the money?

PATRICIA

What are you gonna do with the money?

AMY

Blow it on fast cars and loose men.

PATRICIA

I'd expect nothing less.

(a beat, then)

Who knew my best friend was such a gifted Divorce Party planner?

AMY

Just wait til ya see what I got up my sleeve for your next wedding.

Patricia crosses herself. Then... grabs the wheel. SCREECH!
The car banks across lanes of HONKING traffic.

AMY (CONT'D)

Logan is right, ya loon!

PATRICIA

The kids'll be fine. I was thinking of crashing with you tonight.

AMY

Oh, were you?

Amy kicks the gas. She knows where they're headed. Amy's car careens down an industrial road abutting the water into the deserted Reserved Channel peninsula. A PLANE ROARS overhead as it lands at Logan. The sun sets over the seaport.

Patricia cranks **Neil Diamond's Sweet Caroline**. The anthem carries us to...

EXT. RESERVED CHANNEL - SUNSET

Patricia and Amy sit on the hood of the car. Each with their own bottle of D-Street Moonshine in hand. They CLINK.

PATRICIA

To taking no prisoners!

They chug. Neither wince. Patricia gazes over the water.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Hey, Amy.

Amy looks at her best friend.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Where do you think we'll be in...

AMY
Don't go gilding the lily on me.

PATRICIA
I'm serious! 34 years. Where do you think we'll be?

AMY
Probably... in a nursing home.

PATRICIA
I'm never going to one of those.

AMY
Suit yourself. I hear old folks these days are riddled with STDs. Getting lots of action.

PATRICIA
(a lightbulb!)
Lets use the money to buy a place in Southie! A home where we can grow old together!

Amy smiles privately, outwardly rolls her eyes. Boston's skyline refracts pink and gold light onto the women's faces.

AMY
Fine. But I'm not living in one of those yuppie high rises.

FAINT SIRENS wail in the distance. Patricia and Amy share a LOOK.

AMY (CONT'D)
Make a break for it, Pat?

Patricia takes a pull of D-Street Moonshine. So does Amy.

PATRICIA
(smiling)
Nah. I'm good right here.

Sweet Caroline fades as Boston's skyline twinkles to life. Then, slowly, shimmers to abstraction. And we...

FADE TO BLACK.