

# **FIRST WIVES CLUB**

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FADE IN:

EXT. REMOTE MEXICAN COAST. NIGHT.

The Baja Peninsula, or maybe Tulum, somewhere romantic and almost comically reminiscent of paradise. There are night-time flowers in bloom, the moon is full, and far below we can hear the sea crashing against rocks. Over this sweeping landscape, we hear the bright, alert voice of MAGGIE WOODS.

MAGGIE V.O.

Well, listen, I know everyone always says this, but change is inevitable. It's a cliché, but it's true. And beginnings can be hard... and scary. God, they can be scary, can't they? But any time I'm on the brink of something new, I open up this book and I read this...

INT. REMOTE MEXICAN BEACH HOUSE. NIGHT.

We're now in an empty, well-appointed beach house, until a beautiful brunette in her late 30s (this is ANNA, but we don't know it yet) bursts through the door, looking sexily disheveled. As she crosses the threshold a man's arm pulls her in and puts his hand up her skirt. This is the much younger and super-hot MATTIAS (23). Mattias kisses Anna, trying to tear her clothes off, and nuzzling his face into her stomach with force. She pulls away, teasing:

ANNA

Wait...

MAGGIE V.O.

*Time cannot break the bird's wing  
from the bird.  
Bird and wing together  
Go down, one feather...*

Anna moves off, leaving him frustrated/aroused, then returns, completely nude. She kneels in front of him and holds out two tabs of paper... He opens his mouth and she sticks both tabs on his tongue. Then she kisses him deeply.... Without warning Anna pulls away, jumps to her feet, and runs out of the house. He follows her and they run, naked, toward the cliff.

ANNA

Let's swim!

And with that, Anna jumps off the cliff and into the sea.

MAGGIE V.O.  
*No thing that ever flew,  
 Not the lark, not you,  
 Can die as others do.*

MATTIAS

Anna!

He runs to the edge, but before he gets there we CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE OFFICE. DAY.

We finally see MAGGIE WOODS (37, gregarious with a classic, earthy beauty) as she finishes reading from a dog-eared copy of *Edith St. Vincent Millay* poems in her folksy, cluttered office. There are stacks of books, papers, half-dead African violets and mugs of half-sipped tea scattered about. Maggie shuts the book and looks up at a sullen student, ROSE (18).

MAGGIE

Rose, do you know what that poem's called?

Rose shrugs, seemingly completely disinterested.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's called "To a Young Poet."

Rose still seems totally checked out.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

She's saying that we all have potential. We all have greatness sewn into the fiber of our being -- of our feathers! -- and that any of us can take flight.

(then, tenderly)

Some of us just need a little more time to figure things out.

Rose squirms in her seat.

ROSE

So, Ms. Woods? Do I still have time to drop American Poetry or not?

Maggie's hopefulness deflates.

MAGGIE

Sure. Yeah. You can drop it.

Rose hops up, suddenly invigorated.

ROSE

Cool. That's so awesome of you.

MAGGIE

But why don't you take this book with you. Just in case.

Maggie tries to hand her the St. Vincent Millay.

ROSE

Nah, I'm good.

Rose practically skips out of the office. Maggie watches her go, then turns around and looks out over what we now see is the San Francisco skyline. Maggie presses her nose up against the glass of her window, then slumps down into her chair.

**TITLES: FIRST WIVES CLUB**

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF SAN FRANCISCO. DAY & NIGHT

The Castro, the Tenderloin, North Beach, the Mission, the beaches, the parks, the bridges, the people. We capture the excitement, beauty and grime of current-day San Francisco.

EXT. PATSY'S RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A homey but chic restaurant that looks inviting. Fashionably-dressed diners spill out onto the sidewalk out front.

INT. PATSY'S RESTAURANT. COLD STORAGE. NIGHT.

SASHA (37, mischievous and intense, with the pulsing energy of a caged animal) dressed in chef whites, swathes hunks of meats in plastic wrap. Around her buzz other cooks, cleaning up after the night's service. A pretty pastry chef in her early 30s (CASSANDRA) comes up behind Sasha.

CASSANDRA

All done, chef. Panna cottas are setting, anything else you need?

Sasha looks Cassandra over, from head to toe, then:

SASHA

Just one thing...

Sasha grabs her and pulls her in close, kissing her.

CASSANDRA

No. No, no, no, stop stop.

SASHA

Come on. You look so good--

CASSANDRA

Sasha, baby, you said that tonight we'd do wedding stuff.

SASHA

We will. After.

Sasha grabs Cass again. Cass pushes her away.

CASSANDRA

No! We have to have a photographer picked by Friday, and the invitations aren't out yet and I feel like I'm doing it all by myself even though all you've ever wanted was to get married and here we are, *about* to get married and--

SASHA

Shhhhh. Hey. Hey beautiful. Look at me. Look at my face.

A teary-eyed Cass looks at Sasha.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I love you. And I want to marry you. Okay?

Cass nods, a little relieved.

CASSANDRA

Then do me a favor...

SASHA

Yes, anything.

CASSANDRA

Go through this and tell me which photographer you like.

She hands Sasha a thick binder of wedding photos. Sasha flips it open and ogles a few of the fake/posed photos.

SASHA

Are these people wearing jeans? At their wedding?

The freezer door opens. Two young waitresses ERIKA (hot, 24) and JENNI enter. They see Sasha and freeze/ look worried.

ERIKA  
Uhp, sorry chef. We just thought--

SASHA  
Looking for a quiet place to get  
high?

ERIKA  
Uhhmm... we're going to this party  
tonight. Good music, good people--

JENNI  
And good drugs!

Erika punches Jenni in the ribs to shut her up.

ERIKA  
You guys wanna come?

SASHA  
(wanting to go)  
Uhh--  
(Cass puts a possessive  
arm around Sash)  
Gonna have to pass. The old lady  
has me on wedding detail.

Sasha gives Cass a squeeze and a kiss, putting on the  
appropriate show for their audience.

JENNI  
Aww. You guys are so freaking cute!

Erika gives Sasha a half-smile then exits. As Sasha watches  
her go, Cass reaches for another binder.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)  
After photographers, we'll look at  
place settings. I already have a  
favorite but I won't tell you to  
see if we pick the same one!

EXT. EIGHTEEN-STORY HIGH-RISE - BALCONY. TWILIGHT.

KIM, beautiful but troubled, wears a silk negligee, heels and  
a string of pearls. She's been crying, her mascara streaking  
down her face. She gazes out over the city skyline and pours  
herself more vodka. She pulls a folded note out of the pocket  
of her silk robe and sets it down on a patio table. She then  
produces a jar of pills from her other pocket and pours a  
tiny mountain of them into her hand. She looks up, teary-  
eyed, the weight of the world crushing down on her, then with  
one dramatic motion dumps the fistful into her mouth. She  
holds all of the pills in her mouth... Beat...

O/C MAN'S VOICE 1  
 CUT! Good enough for me.

O/C MAN'S VOICE 2  
 That's a cut! Let's check the gate.

A whirl of activity as camera assistants and grips move around Kim. We're on a film set. Kim spits all 30 pills out at once and hops up, perky and brisk.

KIM  
 (still spitting out pills)  
 Wait. Hi. Frank. Sorry.

Kim hustles up beside FRANK, who's obviously the director.

KIM (CONT'D)  
 Can we go again? I'm not sure that was reading "suicide." I can go even darker.

FRANK  
 (deadpan)  
 You were great.  
 (to 1st AD)  
 I'm going home.

But-- KIM 1ST AD  
 That's a wrap!

The crew splinters off. A frustrated Kim stops a PA.

KIM  
 Excuse me, where do I go to find my driver?

PA  
 Ummm... what's your name?

Kim looks shocked at this, but the PA stares back, blankly.

KIM  
 Ummm... Kim Sterling. Have you seen "Best Friends"?  
 (off his blank look)  
 "A Cold Night in Miami"? "Tres Leches"? That one was nominated for an Oscar in '95.

PA  
 I was born in 1997.  
 (checking a list)  
 We don't have you down for a driver.

With that, the PA shrugs and walks off. Kim is baffled.

KIM  
So people born in '97 have no taste  
in film?

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Maggie is up against the counter, jeans around her ankles,  
making out with her husband, JEFF (handsome, mid-30s).

MAGGIE  
How was your job interview?

JEFF  
You're asking me that now?

MAGGIE  
You can just say yes or no--

JEFF  
Maggie!

MAGGIE  
Okay, okay--put me up on the  
counter--

He tries to lift her up, as pushes a bunch of dirty dishes  
aside. A glass clatters into the sink and breaks.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Screw it, less to wash--

JEFF  
Fuuuuuuuuu--

Jeff jumps away from Maggie in pain, clutching his shin.

MAGGIE  
Sorry sorry, did I kick you?

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You kicked me!

Maggie hops down off the counter. They separate.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Can we please just go to the  
bedroom?

MAGGIE  
No, no bedroom. Our homework was to  
make love somewhere exciting...  
wanna try the floor? Let's try the  
floor. Floors are sexy--

Maggie grabs hold of him and pulls him close.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
And hard. And...sexy.

JEFF  
Said that already.

Maggie kisses him. He starts to give in to the kissing. She pulls him down to the floor. A little more excited now, he gets on top. It seems to be going okay until Jeff looks up and locks eyes with someone...

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Bill!

Reveal BILL: a dog, the most ancient corgi imaginable.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I can't. Not with him watching.

MAGGIE  
Just close your eyes or something!

But Jeff is already up and walking off. We stay on Jeff as he goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pulls out the floss and starts flossing his teeth. After a beat, Maggie follows him. (Jeff flosses through the scene.)

MAGGIE  
What are you doing?

JEFF  
I don't want to get into all this right now.

MAGGIE  
All what?

JEFF  
You're going to accuse me of never wanting sex. But the thing is, I feel so much pressure from you and from Dr. Lisa that even when I want sex I don't want it.

MAGGIE  
So it's my fault that you won't have sex with me?

JEFF

See? I knew it.

MAGGIE

Listen, baby, we have to go in there tomorrow and she's going to ask us if we made love and what do we say?

JEFF

Well... what if we don't go?

MAGGIE

You don't want to go to therapy?

JEFF

I just don't think we need it. We're not those people.

He puts his arms around her waist.

JEFF (CONT'D)

We're normal people with normal problems and Dr. Lisa's a big fat quack and a waste of money.

MAGGIE

Yeah, but I think it's important. And I'm paying--

Jeff drops his arms and turns away. Wrong thing to say. From somewhere else in the house, a phone starts to ring. The phone stops, then starts ringing again. Maggie sighs, turns and exits. Off-screen, we hear her answer and a few murmured exchanges. We stay on Jeff as he finishes flossing.

Maggie returns, her face ashen.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Anna's dead.

**End of Act One**

## ACT TWO

EXT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

Paul Simon's "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover" plays as we see Anna's friends enter the funeral home. They're aging hippies, trendy professionals, scrubby surfers, old punks, etc.

*"There must be, fifty ways to leave your lover..."*

In the parking lot, Maggie and Jeff pull up in a dinged-up Honda Civic. Maggie notices her black pants are covered in dog hair.

*"You just slip out the back, Jack / Make a new plan, Stan..."*

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

A slideshow projects above the coffin, flashing Anna's life at us: childhood, high school, and college. The college photos feature a young Maggie, Kim and Sasha.

*"Just drop off the key, Lee, and set yourself free..."*

Sasha and Cassandra enter and look for a seat. Sasha stares at a large photo of Anna on the wall, getting lost in her emotions. Cass leans in to her.

CASSANDRA

Uhm... do you know that woman?

Cass nods over at Maggie, who stands in the aisle next to Jeff. Maggie makes jerky motions to get Sasha's attention.

MAGGIE

(loud whisper)

Sash! Sash hi!

SASHA

(waving back, to Cass)

Oh my god, that's Maggie Woods. We lived together in college.

CASSANDRA

(instant jealousy)

Was she your girlfriend?

SASHA

No, no. Just a really good friend.

(then, eyeing Jeff)

Jesus, she's still with Jeff.

*"And I realized she probably was right, there must be, fifty ways to leave your lover..."*

EXT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

A taxi pulls up and Kim, dressed Beverly Hills-tacky, steps out. Even though it's raining, she wears big sunglasses and it looks like her lips have been pumped full of rubber. She shields her doctored face as she hurries to the chapel door.

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

ANGLE ON Maggie and Jeff.

MAGGIE

Sasha looks good. And she's with someone young and hot of course--

A Humanist Celebrant steps up to a microphone.

HUMANIST CELEBRANT

I'd like to welcome you all to the final celebration of the life of Anna Seymour--

The chapel door bursts open. It's Kim. All eyes turn to her - a feeling she enjoys. She gingerly pats her puffy lips.

KIM

Apologies! Don't mind me, I'll just slip into a spot at the back here.

Kim tries to find space in a back row. As she continues to hog the limelight, Maggie and Sasha instinctively make eye contact and smile. Sasha mouths "Classic Kim." Maggie mouths back: "Totally."

HUMANIST CELEBRANT

Please welcome Mattias Lasarte.

Anna's young boyfriend steps up to the mike. Maggie, Sasha, and Kim shoot each other looks: this guy is young. And hot.

MATTIAS

(in broken English)

Hello...

(holding back tears)

I knew Anna for a very short time, but in that time I came to know her very, very deeply. So deeply.

Kim giggles, which makes Maggie giggle, then Sasha giggles. Their partners nudge them to be quiet.

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

To me, Anna was an inspiration. She left a nice life--

(MORE)

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

*She left a life of safety--*

(back to English)

Because she wasn't afraid. She would say to me, "Mattias, you cannot live for anyone but yourself." And so I ask you the question that Anna would have asked: who do you live for?

He looks at the people gathered before him. We ANGLE ON: Maggie, who squirms in her seat; Sasha, who looks at the beautiful Cassandra next to her, Cassandra yawns; and Kim, who lifts her dark sunglasses for the first time.

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

Te amo, Anna. We'll miss you.

Tears spring to Maggie's eyes; same goes for Sasha and Kim. Mattias then recites a Pablo Neruda love sonnet in Spanish.

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

*No te amo como si fueras rosa de  
sal / Topacio o flecha de claveles  
que propagan el fuego / Te amo como  
se aman ciertas cosas oscuras/  
Secretamente, entre la sombra y el  
alma.*

The beautiful sonnet sweeps up the emotional energy of the room. We angle on Maggie, who looks transfixed. Full of emotion she turns to look at Jeff only to find him unaffected and staring into his phone. Mattias continues, and we go out on the rolling Spanish...

INT. FUNERAL HOME. LATER.

People file out. Maggie, following Jeff, tries to make her way to the entrance. She notices Mattias standing across the room. He turns and happens to make eye contact with her for a brief moment. Maggie stops walking and stares back. She's jolted from this short, strange connection by a loud:

SASHA (O.S.)

Maggie Woods!!

Sasha's arms are around Maggie and the two are reuniting.

MAGGIE

God, Sash... how long has it--

SASHA

Ten years, I think. Maybe longer.  
You never call me.

MAGGIE

You never call *me*.

SASHA

What? I left you so many messages--

KIM (O.S.)

Can I get in on this?

Before Sasha and Maggie can go any further, Kim balls them up in a hug. Once they pull apart Sasha looks at Kim...

SASHA

Holy crap, what did you do to your face?

KIM

Jesus. It's nice to see you too.

MAGGIE

Is it allergies?

SASHA

Really Maggie?! You can't tell that she had work done.

MAGGIE

Well, I wasn't *positive*.

KIM

It's for a role. Very hush-hush, but it's going to be big.

CARLY (late 60s, Bay-area bohemian) joins the group.

CARLY

My girls!

They turn to see Carly and their faces crumple with sadness. They wrap Carly in a ball of hugs.

MAGGIE/SASHA

We can't believe she's gone / Oh Carly, I'm so sorry.

KIM

There can be nothing worse than burying your own child.

Carly nods, her eyes welling up, then she chokes it back.

CARLY

But at least I have my other girls  
back again. Now, have you gone up  
to say goodbye?

Maggie, Sasha and Kim look at each other: goodbye?

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

The three women walk hesitantly up the aisle to the casket.  
No one wants to be the first. Maggie stops.

MAGGIE

I can't do this.

Kim grabs her and pulls her along.

KIM

Oh you're doing this.

INT. FUNERAL HOME. DAY.

The three women peer down at Anna's corpse.

MAGGIE

Jesus...

We see Anna's corpse. She looks calm and immaculate and...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

...she looks happy!

KIM

And beautiful.

SASHA

And sexy.

A beat.

MAGGIE

She definitely doesn't look dead.

They take in their dead friend for another beat.

KIM

I just... I... I really wish I knew  
what face cream she used.

Kim tears up. Sasha comforts her and they turn away. Alone  
for a moment, Maggie touches Anna's cheek.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE. LATER.

The reception is in Anna's old San Francisco townhouse. The mourners eat and drink, a few smoke a joint out back. Someone puts on some Sam Cooke. Things begin to loosen up. We move around the party, catching snippets of conversations. ANGLE ON: Kim, refilling her wine glass at the bar. Two middle-aged men, clear SCI-FI NERDS, approach her.

NERD 1

Excuse me, are you Kim Sterling?

KIM

(very proud)

Yes.

NERD 2

We love you.

Kim beams. ANGLE ON: Sasha, Cassandra, Maggie and Jeff.

SASHA

Yep, in a few weeks, you'll be looking at a couple of wives.

Sasha gives Cass a squeeze and a kiss.

MAGGIE

God, Sash, I'm so proud of you. You fought so hard for this!

(to Jeff)

Do you remember her at Berkeley? Every day she was marching or protesting--

JEFF

(bitter)

Yeah, I remember. She built that huge pink triangle and got the quad shut down. They had to cancel our ultimate frisbee tournament.

SASHA

What are you working on these days, Jeff?

JEFF

Lot of irons, lots of fires. I've got this friend, he's made a fortune in apps, and we're kicking around some ideas.

Maggie steers the conversation away from Jeff and his work.

MAGGIE

And you guys? How's the restaurant?

ANGLE ON: Kim and the nerds.

KIM

--all I can tell you is that it's an audition for a Ridley Scott project. And he specifically requested me.

NERD 1

I bet you're going to play an alien. Or a sex slave. Or an alien sex-slave.

KIM

I'll only do it if it's a lead. It's not worth my time otherwise.

BACK ON Sasha and Maggie, later. They're now alone. [Cass and Jeff refill their drinks at a makeshift bar.]

SASHA

And what about you, Mags? Still writing?

MAGGIE

Yeah, a little. But I prefer teaching. It's so amazing to watch these kids discover poetry.

SASHA

Really? But you were so good.

MAGGIE

Yeah, but it's impossible to make a living as a poet.

(jokey)

Someone's gotta keep the lights on!

SASHA

You were the real deal. I remember when you'd read your stuff there was, like, a light shining out of you...

Maggie squirms under Sasha's gaze, then spots something on a TV playing in the corner.

MAGGIE

Kim, you're on TV!



MAGGIE

But I'm not ready to go--

JEFF

You cool to uber home then?

Maggie nods and he leaves. She spots the stairs and starts up them.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Maggie turns the corner into Anna's bedroom and finds Sasha and Kim already there. She's relieved to find her friends.

MAGGIE

Hey. Downstairs sucks.

The other two nod. They fiddle with Anna's things in silence, feeling sad but comforted by each others' presence. Sasha finds an old mix tape.

SASHA

Oh my god, one of her mix tapes!

She pops it in the stereo. Kim Gordon's vocals come screeching through the speakers and "Kool Thang" plays. Maggie picks up a few silver rings and slips them on.

KIM

I remember this T-shirt.

Kim touches a gray T-shirt with holes in the neck.

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm taking it.

Kim pulls the shirt on over her dress. Maggie flips through Anna's books. She pulls one out titled "I Crossed an Ocean: poems by Maggie Woods." Maggie sticks it in her back pocket. Sasha looks at an old framed photo of her and Anna. They look young, happy, in love.

SASHA

I miss her. I miss her every day.  
But I didn't call her or talk to  
her for years. And now...

Sasha starts to cry, feeling bad about her lost love. Maggie sits next to her.

MAGGIE

Hey. Hey hey... we all lost touch.

SASHA  
I know. Why did we let that happen?

KIM  
It's just what happens.

Kim sits on the other side of Sasha.

SASHA  
It shouldn't have happened. Not to us.

They look at each other, an emotionally charged beat. Then Sasha stares at Kim and bursts out laughing.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
I can't take you seriously with those lips!

KIM  
They're fresh! I wasn't supposed to leave my house for 48 hours!

Kim leans back onto the brass bed.

KIM (CONT'D)  
She still has the same bed from college!

Sasha falls backwards next to Kim and sighs, satisfied. A new song starts, Hole's "Olympia." The girls all sing along.

SASHA  
We spent so many nights in this bed listening to this song--

KIM  
Yeah... so did we.

SASHA  
What?!

KIM  
You weren't the only one who slept with Anna. I was gay for two months, remember?  
(off Sasha's shock)  
God, don't worry. It happened once. You guys were broken up and we were wasted.

MAGGIE  
I slept with her too.

SASHA/KIM

No you didn't! / There's NO way!

MAGGIE

It's 100 percent true! One night after The Reef we came home and she dared me to take her pants off. So I did and then.....

SASHA

What? What happened?

KIM

Then what??

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I fell asleep.

Sasha and Kim stop... then burst out laughing!

SASHA

I knew it. I *knew* it! Never in a million years would Maggie Woods get freaky like that.

MAGGIE

I can get freaky-- just not when I'm sleepy.

The others burst out laughing. Sasha starts sifting through Anna's closet. She comes across a box. Inside she finds an assortment of drugs -- pills, weed, LSD, cocaine -- and a bottle of Fireball whiskey. She grabs the booze in one hand and palms the cocaine in the other. She spins around, holds up the bottle:

SASHA

You guys!

She slams the bottle down in front of her friends.

KIM

Oh shit. Come to mama.

Kim pours shots into makeshift cups as Sasha surreptitiously slips the packet of coke in her pocket...

KIM (CONT'D)

To old friends!

SASHA/MAGGIE

Old friends!

Courtney Love's vocals swell and the ladies down their shots.

**End of Act Two**

## ACT THREE

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

It's an hour later. The three women sit cross-legged in a circle on the bed passing a joint and the Fireball around.

MAGGIE

...I think it's unnatural to spend too much time around your ex.

KIM

I know, but I need Bobby to help me install my TV. And my internet. Anything with a remote. Plus it's good for Charles to see his father be nice to me.

SASHA

Sounds like an excuse to see him.

KIM

No! No, it's not like that. He's got this girlfriend... sorry, "fiancee," and we all did Christmas together last year. The two of us are in the kitchen cooking a turkey, fighting over the only apron. It's a freaking joke.

SASHA

Everything about that is awful.

KIM

The sick part is that she and I would probably like each other -- maybe even more than we like him! But we can't like each other cause we've been married to the same man.

MAGGIE

Is it like this for lesbians?

SASHA

Worse.

MAGGIE

I think it's cool you're trying to have a relationship with her. That's so mature.

KIM

Most of the time I want to stab her  
in the tits.

Kim grabs the bottle of Fireball and takes a swig. Maggie and  
Sasha eye each other, a hint of concern.

KIM (CONT'D)

And you know what else - if we're  
being really honest - I haven't had  
sex in a year. All I do is audition  
for bit parts and wipe an eight-  
year-old's runny nose.

MAGGIE

You haven't had sex in a year?!

SASHA

Neither have I.

MAGGIE

Holy crap, really?!

SASHA

Well, six weeks, but same thing.  
It's this wedding. All the binders  
and the tastings and the this and  
the that it just *sucksssss* away all  
sexual desire.

(then)

Now I know why straights stop  
screwing.

Kim flips over and grabs Sasha's face in her hands.

KIM

Sasha, my sweet, strong Sasha...  
don't do it. Don't get married.

SASHA

Oh god, you're drunk.

KIM

Yes, I am. But don't do it! Don't  
do it, don't do it, don't do it.  
It's the woooooorst.

SASHA

I think someone needs some Joylex.

MAGGIE

Jesus, Kim. You sound like a  
cliche. You got burned once is all.

KIM

No, I sound like a woman who lived through a marriage, start to finish. Have you done that?

(to Sasha)

Don't do it.

SASHA

Alright, well, I appreciate the concern, drunk. But the wedding's happening. End of story.

MAGGIE

You know, Kim, there are a lot of good marriages out there.

Kim and Sasha shoot each other a look. Is she referring to herself?

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Jeff and I have a good thing! Obviously, it's not always easy. I mean, we go to couples' counseling.

KIM

Oh god, Bobby and I saw this checked-out quack for a whole year. She gave us sex homework!

SASHA

I wish we had sex homework. Or sex.

MAGGIE

Dr. Lisa is really good.

SASHA

(cracking up)

"Dr. Lisa"--

MAGGIE

Listen, Sash, marriage means finding a way to get through it together. That's what matters.

KIM

So I shouldn't have left Bobby? He sent photos of his dick to half of Beverly Hills. You want me to stay with that shithead?

MAGGIE

I'm just saying there are options.

KIM

Yeah, and one of them's divorce!  
And thank God cause there's a lot  
of life after marriage. Anna knew  
it. She went out and grabbed life  
and that hot boy by the balls!

MAGGIE

Anna didn't know anything! She  
drowned after swallowing, like,  
eight hits of acid. I love her, but  
let's be honest, she quit every job  
she ever had, she quit her  
marriage... I mean, did she ever  
show up for anything important for  
you? *Ever?*

(to Kim)

We all flew to see you in Chicago  
in that play--

SASHA

This is Our Youth. So good.

MAGGIE

But not Anna.

(to Sasha)

And she didn't go to your first  
opening, for the sandwich place,  
remember? And she sure as hell  
didn't show up at my book launch.  
But we always let her off the hook.

SASHA

And now she's dead.

A long pause. They all know this is true.

MAGGIE

There's a virtue to not running  
away.

KIM

So Ms. Stay-Put, if you died  
tomorrow... would you be happy?

A pause. This is the question Maggie most dreads.

MAGGIE

Yes.

Kim and Sasha look at each other. They're not sure they  
believe Maggie. Maggie can sense their doubt. She stands up.



MAGGIE

Yep.

MATTIAS

You're Anna's friend, Maggie! The poet. She told me about you. She said you used to write beautifully.

MAGGIE

Used to... yeah.

Mattias flips open the book.

MATTIAS

"Russia."

He reads it silently to himself.

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

What does this word mean--

He points to the word.

MAGGIE

"coeval"? It means like, simultaneous. At the same time.

MATTIAS

Ah, like orgasms.

MAGGIE

(blushing)  
Okay. Sure.

MATTIAS

The poem is lovely. So you have been to Russia?

MAGGIE

Oh, no--it's just metaphorical--

MATTIAS

Why not?

MAGGIE

You know, that's a tough trip to take. And my work schedule -- I'm a teacher-- it's not flexible, so...

MATTIAS

So... we should go right now? Is that what you're saying? It would be my first time, too.

He smiles at her. He's stupidly handsome. She blushes.

MAGGIE

Ha. Very funny. You know, I took you for a serious type, but you're actually very funny.

MATTIAS

No, I'm very unfunny. Let's look up the flights to Moscow right now--

He pulls out his phone and taps in the info.

MAGGIE

I don't even know you!

MATTIAS

Maggie...

The way he says her name! Oh my god, Maggie feels a jolt she hasn't felt in a long time.

MATTIAS (CONT'D)

...tell me one reason why not?

MAGGIE

Because you're a stranger. Because I have a job. And a home, and a *husband*.

MATTIAS

I'm still not hearing a reason.

MAGGIE

Okay, this is insane. You're not real. You're not real--

He touches her leg to show her how real he is. Her brain turns to static electricity. A Prius pulls up and an OLDER WOMAN yells out:

OLDER WOMAN

Are either of you Maggie? I'm Trish. Your uber's here!

Maggie snaps out of it, stands up and walks off.

INT. SASHA'S CAR / EXT. SASHA'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Sasha sits in her parked car and pops in Anna's mix tape. Hole's "Olympia" plays. Through the lit window of the house we can see Cassandra moving around, getting ready for bed.

The song is interrupted by the ring of the car's Bluetooth. It's Cass calling (inside the house we see Cass on her cell).

SASHA

Hey hon.

CASSANDRA

Hey baby, where are you?

SASHA

I had to swing by the restaurant.  
I'll be home soon.

CASSANDRA

We have a tasting tomorrow. Early.

SASHA

Yeah. I'll be home soon.

Sasha hangs up and the song floods back into the car. Sasha turns the car on and speeds away from the house.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Kim still lies on Anna's bed, now very drunk. She tries to open a wine bottle, fighting with the wrapper around the cork. Her phone rings -- it says "CAA."

KIM

Shit, shit, shit--  
(pulling herself together)  
Megan, hello!... What?... Just like  
that it goes away?... But did  
Ridley say why?... Okay... Okay...  
Okay... Tomorrow, sure, I'm on a  
plane back to LA in the morning...  
(she listens, face falls)  
...so wait, it's an *audition* for  
Dancing with the Stars? Or is it an  
offer to be on the show?  
(pause, small voice)  
...okay... do I need to bring dance  
shoes? Okay. Yup, you too.

She hangs up and stares at the ceiling for a moment. Then with a flurry of energy she uses her teeth to try and free the cork. She bites her lip in the process.

KIM (CONT'D)

Goddamm---! Argh. Stupid lips--

She finally frees the cork.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT.

Sasha is wedged into a bathroom stall in a loud, crowded club. She taps out a line of Anna's cocaine onto the toilet paper dispenser. When she stands up, we see that she's with Erika - the sexy waitress. Sasha holds Erika's hair back as Erika leans down and does the line. Sasha then uses Erika's ponytail to guide Erika's mouth to her own, and they kiss.

SASHA  
(kissing Erika again)  
I know a place we can go...

INT. MAGGIE & JEFF'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Jeff is in bed with his eyes closed. Maggie enters, revved from her moment with Mattias. She takes her clothes off and slips into bed with him, wrapping herself around him.

MAGGIE  
Baby, I really want you--

She grabs him under the covers. He moves away from her touch.

JEFF  
What are you doing?

She's kissing him, touching him...

MAGGIE  
I just thought--

JEFF  
(waking, disgusted)  
You were just at your friend's funeral.

MAGGIE  
I know. I know! But that's part of it. Life is short and all that, right?

Maggie gets on top of Jeff, trying to make something happen. Jeff rolls away.

JEFF  
Mags, not now.

MAGGIE  
I'm so tired of this.

JEFF  
You're tired? I was asleep!

Maggie gets out of bed.

MAGGIE

We don't have sex. We don't do anything!

JEFF

That's unfair.

MAGGIE

It is fair. It's totally freaking fair! We, you and I, we don't do anything with our lives. We sit here and we talk to each other about bullshit all day long, "I couldn't find parking," "I hate my mom," "What's for dinner?" Who gives a shit! We've never been to Russia!

JEFF

You want to go to Russia?

MAGGIE

Maybe I do!

JEFF

We can't afford it.

MAGGIE

(a very long beat as she considers)

...I'm not happy.

JEFF

Okay, do you mean right now? Or--

MAGGIE

I'm not happy. I'm not happy. I'm not happy. I'm not happy. I'm not happy. I'm not happy.

Jeff sits in silence as Maggie gets used to this idea.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm. not. happy.

JEFF

Are you drunk?

MAGGIE

Yes.

JEFF  
You're about to set off a bomb, you  
know that right?

MAGGIE  
I know.

He looks at her, shocked and devastated.

JEFF  
Do you want to fuck someone else?  
Is that it?

A beat as Maggie thinks.

MAGGIE  
Yes.

JEFF  
I knew it! Is it that "mature"  
student of yours, Timothy? Cause I  
think it's weird that he has your  
cellphone number--

MAGGIE  
No. I don't know who it is yet. But  
I want someone else.  
(then)  
I want to be someone else.

Jeff gets up and walks out, slamming the door behind him.  
Maggie watches him go.

**End of Act Three**

## ACT FOUR

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

All is quiet in front of Anna's ramshackle townhouse. Sasha, lips locked with Erika, comes stumbling up the front steps.

ERIKA  
Where are we?

SASHA  
My friend's house.

They go back to feverishly making out. Sasha pulls Erika down onto the porch swing and they hear:

VOICE  
Jesus!

Reveal, Kim, bottle of wine next to her, passed out.

SASHA  
Kim?! What are you doing?

KIM  
I'm trying to black out.  
(re: Erika)  
That's not your wife.

ERIKA  
Hey. I'm Erika.

Erika gives a smug smile and wave. Behind her, a manic Maggie walks up the steps.

SASHA  
Maggie. KIM  
What are you doing here--

MAGGIE  
I think I just left Jeff.

They all look at her in shock.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(to Erika)  
Who are you?

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Everyone watches Maggie move around the room, a ball of energy.

SASHA  
What the hell happened?

MAGGIE  
I'll tell you on the way.

KIM  
On the way where?

MAGGIE  
Mexico!

KIM  
Maggie, slow down. You sound crazy.

MAGGIE  
I'm not. I'm finally seeing things clearly. Jeff and me?? I mean, what the hell were we doing for so long? We thought that marriage was the finish line, so we stopped. I stopped. I stopped writing. I stopped moving forward. That's why we have to go, tonight, to the place Anna jumped.

SASHA  
Is this a group suicide pact?

MAGGIE  
No! It's the opposite! We need to start living!

A beat. And then...

KIM  
Jesus, you crazy bitch... yes.

They both look at Sasha. Sasha breaks into a grin.

SASHA  
Yes.

MAGGIE  
YES!

KIM  
(to Erika)  
Honey, you're not invited.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BEACH - NIGHT

Maggie, Sasha and Kim stand on a rocky, cold, dirty city beach. The Pacific Ocean crashes with ferocity. Dawn is nearby, but right now the sky is still inky black.

MAGGIE

It's just as good as Mexico, right?

KIM

Yes, honey. Definitely.

MAGGIE

I couldn't go back home for my passport. You get that, right?

SASHA

And Anna would, too.

KIM

Plus I have an audition today back in LA.

They stare at the dark, wild ocean.

MAGGIE

It's the same water she died in.  
(then)  
I'm going in. Come on!

Maggie kicks off her shoes, whips off her top and charges into the water.

SASHA

Maggie, be careful!

She makes it thigh-high when a huge wave comes along and DEMOLISHES her.

Sasha and Kim wince. Maggie pops up for a second, only to get rocked by a second wave, then a third. She struggles to stand in between thrashings but the ocean is unrelenting. Sasha and Kim run to the water and go in to help Maggie out. Maggie finally makes it to her feet.

MAGGIE

(out of breath)  
I'm okay... I'm okay....  
(taking a big breath)  
Whoooooooooooo... I'm okay.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE BEACH - DAYBREAK

Maggie sits wrapped in a blanket on the back of her car, Kim next to her. Around them, San Francisco comes back to life after the long night.

Sasha returns with a plate of tacos. The girls all take one.

MAGGIE

What if Jeff and I get a divorce?

KIM

Then you'll move on. Being single can be fun. You can sleep with Mattias.

MAGGIE

Who says I want to sleep with him?

KIM

Honey, you're human.

SASHA

So will you guys come to my wedding? I mean, if there is a wedding.

KIM

If you get married, we'll be there.

MAGGIE

And if you don't get married, we'll be there, too.

They cheers tacos and dig in. A WOMAN cruises by on a BIKE with speakers playing Lesley Gore's "You Don't Own Me." The music plays, the friends eat, and the sun rises. As we tilt up to take in the city...

SASHA (O.S.)

So what's the big audition, Kim?

KIM (O.S.)

Dancing with the Stars.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Seriously? You can't dance!

KIM (O.S.)

I know. I'm so screwed.

They all crack up as we FADE OUT...

END OF SHOW