

DANGEROUS MOMS

NOT YOUR AVERAGE PTA

"The Pilot"

based on the format
Señoras del (h)AMPA

developed

by

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FADE IN:

Blood drips on white porcelain as CREDITS ROLL --

MONIQUE (V.O.)

Motherhood is hard... thankless...
You know what it's like. It's like
a rug -- in your room, but no one
gives a damn about it.

1 INT. MONIQUE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY 1

MONIQUE WALLACE (40s), a frazzled, anxious African American woman, cuts her finger on the blade of a fancy food processor.

MONIQUE

Shit!

She quickly grabs a paper towel, wraps her finger in it, wipes the blood from the countertop. She then zips the food processor up in its case and rushes out of her messy kitchen, over the stained rug in her living room.

MONIQUE (V.O.)

You walk on it, you lay on it, you
drop your crap all over it and
somehow it gets cleaned. No one
asks how it happened or who did it.
But you know the answer, they know
it too. A mom did it. Because,
quite frankly, moms do everything.

2 INT. MONIQUE'S HONDA (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER 2

TIGHT ON: Monique drives through Forest Park Southeast St. Louis -- a working-class, multi-ethnic neighborhood. She checks herself in the mirror, practicing her sales pitch.

MONIQUE

But we need things to make our
lives easier, don't we? This
product does that. From easy-to-
make five-minute meals, to
international cuisine like you see
on television.

3 INT. POTENTIAL CUSTOMER'S APARTMENT - DAY 3

An Iraqi family of four, including a HUSBAND and WIFE, sit in a modest kitchen, in awe as Monique demonstrates the TurboThunder3000 -- a large, futuristic, all-metal food processor -- which sits on the table next to some vegetables.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

From turkey meatballs to lemon herb
salmon burgers, the TurboThunder 3000
does it all.

INTERCUT WITH:

4 INT. ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST-STYLE KITCHEN - DAY

4

Pia PEREZ (40s), an annoying perfectionist who immigrated
from Cuba, sits on a stool, surrounded by impeccably dressed
women who hang on her every word.

PIA

Atlantic salmon, chicken parmesan,
ropa vieja... the Turbo can do
that.

Monique starts to sweat in front of the family.

MONIQUE

And this state-of-the-art baby
comes in a beautiful, lovely,
travel case.

The family stares blankly. Pia, on the other hand, lights up.

PIA

And it can be yours for only one
hundred and sixty-nine dollars. It
makes a *maravilloso* gift. Two for
three hundred is a real steal. It's
screaming at you like those
unbought items in your Amazon cart.
(dead serious)
Buy one for your family and for
someone you love.

Pia's women open their designer bags, while Monique pleads.

MONIQUE

You can pay for it in four easy
installments. What do you say?

The Wife whispers to her husband, then --

HUSBAND

How much for shirt?

MONIQUE

What?

HUSBAND

Your shirt. She likes your shirt.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

My shirt is not for sale.

WIFE

Who make?

MONIQUE

I don't know. I found it at Ross,
on top of a salad bowl in the back,
under some tongs.

HUSBAND

Let me see tag.

The Husband comes over and tries to look at the tag, Monique swats him away.

MONIQUE

Come on, let's focus on the Turbo.
What do you say?

SMASH CUT TO:

5 EXT. POTENTIAL CUSTOMER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

5

A shit emoji T-shirt. An exhausted Monique, baby hairs drenched in sweat like J. Lo after a dance rehearsal, wears it as she exits the building, struggling with her TurboThunder3000.

PIA (V.O.)

Ladies, if you've read my blog or have seen my Instagram Live, not to be confused with my YouTube channel, you know how I feel about us working women and how we can do it all.

As Monique continues through the Central West End, where vendors selling fake Gucci purses yell at her.

PIA (V.O.)

The liberal media wants to say we are angry and about to snap, but I call bullshit. Yes, I may be tired, but I am fulfilled.

INTERCUT WITH:

6 INT. PIA'S CHIC UPPER-CLASS HOME - OFFICE - SAME TIME

6

Pia now blogs at her desk while intermittently tending an orchid nearby. Buena Vista Social Club plays in the BG.

(CONTINUED)

PIA (V.O.)

Every time I think I am at my wit's end, I take three hatha breaths and count my blessings.

7 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 7

An exhausted Monique enters her beatdown home, which is decorated with old Black Lives Matter posters and a framed picture of her idol, Bozoma Saint John. Piles of dirty clothes litter the floor like smelly potpourri.

MONIQUE

What the hell happened in here?
Courtney! Terrell?

PIA (V.O.)

Yes, a woman must be everything to everyone at all times. But civility and temperament are key. For our household, ladies, is our kingdom.

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. PIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME 8

Pia, in a beautiful, colorful apron, makes vaca frita, a Cuban fried beef delicacy, as she adjusts the items on her counters to ensure the Tiffany turquoise utensils all pop.

BACK AT MONIQUE'S --

Just then Monique's son, TERRELL (12), exits his room --

TERRELL

Mom, I feel sick --

Suddenly, Terrell PUKES down the front of his Cardinals T-shirt.

MONIQUE

Come on. Are you vaping with Hasan and those guys again?

9 INT. PIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 9

Pia smiles into the camera --

PIA (V.O.)

After a long day at work I advise you to connect with your children so your home feels like an oasis.

She sits near her daughters, GISELLE (11), who reads Chaucer, and HERMOSA (16), who plays violin for their entertainment.

(CONTINUED)

PIA (V.O.)

It's very important that we inspire
and uplift them. Think Cameron Diaz
or Daisy Fuentes. For without our
kids, who are we?

10 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10

Monique cleans up Terrell's vomit --

MONIQUE

Courtney, get off the goddamn 'Gram
and give me a hand!

Just then, her teenage daughter, COURTNEY (13), in the middle
of getting her hair braided by her best friend, barges in.

COURTNEY

It's gonna take three more hours to
do the other side of my head.

MONIQUE

Where'd you get those jeans?

COURTNEY

I bought them.

MONIQUE

With what money?

As Courtney SLAMS the door, Monique slides down the side of
the couch, exhausted.

PIA (V.O.)

It's also imperative that one takes
care of oneself at all times if one
wants to be an impeccable woman.

11 INT. PIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT 11

Loads of bubbles cover Pia's body as she soaks in the tub.

PIA (V.O.)

Self care and "me" time are
essential to women.

12 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 12

Monique dyes her fro as she yells into her phone, which rests
on the counter. The sink is full of water.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

I can't take them to soccer and cheerleading at the same time. They are on different sides of town.

JEROME (V.O.)

(over speakerphone)

What do you want me to do?

MONIQUE

I want you to help out. Your sperm can't just park itself in my vagina and then go on vacation.

Just then, Monique's phone falls into the sink.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

NO!!!!!! No!!!

13 INT. PIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

13

Pia sits at her vanity and sprays perfume on her clavicle.

PIA (V.O.)

How we react to things is part of being a great woman. Staying calm is essential to our sanity and our skin. We don't want acne, do we?

14 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

Monique masturbates while watching LAKEITH STANFIELD in *Sorry To Bother You*. Her phone's in a box of white rice. As she starts to get into it, her daughter blasts *The Weeknd* from the next room.

PIA (V.O.)

I hope all of us women have moments of peace and balance.

15 INT. PIA'S HOME - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Pia adjusts her lingerie top in the mirror and then wheels out and we realize for the first time that she is differently abled. She glides into the bedroom where her husband, CAMILO (45), a cocky real estate mogul, waits in bed.

CAMILO

Come here, mamacita.

PIA

(in Spanish)

Oh, you're turning me on.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILO
(in Spanish)
Get over here, you're so hot!

Pia rolls over to Camilo, who lifts her up and puts her in the bed, kissing her passionately.

PIA(V.O.)
We are not angry time bombs ready to explode. We're fierce super-beings who can do anything.

INTERCUT WITH:

16 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

BACK AT HER HOUSE, Monique starts to cum, but just as she does, her vibrator's battery dies. As she turns it on and off again to no avail --

PIA (V.O.)
Being a wife and mother is one of the best damn jobs you can have on this earth, isn't it? To my Latina sisters out there, *chao pescao!* See you later.

-- she rolls on her side, pissed. Her life is anything but wonderful. It quite frankly sucks. As LIGHTNING strikes outside --

SMASH CUT TO:

17 INT. MONIQUE'S HONDA - THE NEXT DAY 17

A frazzled Monique sits in her car, scrolling through Pia's latest Mommy blog post --

MONIQUE
Homemade meals every single day.
Who the hell has time for this?

Annoyed, Monique checks her reflection in the visor mirror and notices a makeup stain on the bottom of her shirt. She tucks it into her pants. Just then, Pia, flawless in a suit, knocks on Monique's window, startling her.

PIA
You ready, *bomboncito?*

As Monique forces a smile back --

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE
(under her breath)
Like you eat candy.

18 INT. TURBOTHUNDER BUILDING - VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY 18

VERONICA (38), the boss at Turbo, a fabulous woman who could have found a better plastic surgeon, sits across from Monique and Pia.

VERONICA
Oh, Pia, that suit.

PIA
Tory Burch. Last year, but quite timeless, actually. Something that Celia Cruz would have worn when she sang at the Tropicana...

VERONICA
It's wonderful, and that color looks nice on you... And your nails.

PIA
Once a week, just like my blowout.

VERONICA
Who did those highlights? They shape your face perfectly.

PIA
Nikko at the Brink, but Donna from Infamy does my cut. She makes house calls too.

Monique turns her head to Veronica, waits for a compliment on her own DIY dye-job but instead gets a fake smile.

VERONICA
Look, the reason why I brought you in is that my big bosses are very concerned about the lack of sales in the area.

PIA
Oh dear...

MONIQUE
Does that mean we won't get bonuses?

VERONICA
Bonuses? Get your head out of the clouds, sweet pea. We are downsizing, ladies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Whoever has the least number of sales by the end of the week gets the boot. Monique, you have some catching up to do.

MONIQUE

What? Are you kidding? You can't lay us off. We just came out of a pandemic.

PIA

Pandemic, shmandemic. This all sounds very interesting. Roman even.

MONIQUE

(leaning in further)

If you don't mind me saying, Veronica, this doesn't make any sense. The company is opening a new headquarters in Ladue next month. There's an annual convention at the Milwaukee Ritz, we have our retreat in Vegas next year. Besides, you said I'd be making five thousand dollars a month by now.

VERONICA

You have to sell to earn your commissions, honey.

MONIQUE

Fine, but how can you pit two women against each other? Our kids go to the same school, we're in the PTA. We have a meeting tonight. Shouldn't you be supporting us?

VERONICA

You should see this as an opportunity.

PIA

Oh, I love opportunities. My life has been a testament to the power of opportunities.

VERONICA

See, that's the Turbo spirit.

Monique rolls her eyes as Pia wheels over to Veronica and hugs her warmly. The women share a smile, then Pia pulls out a tin of homemade snickerdoodles from her bag.

PIA

Thank you for everything you do, Veronica.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PIA (CONT'D)

I made these last night as I was listening to Andres Lara, a cuban motivational speaker, who spoke about self-realization and creation. Did you know it's the highest form of healing? So are my cookies.

Veronica bites into one.

VERONICA

Oh, my... they are amazing.

PIA

Everything's from scratch, mamacita! I have a private garden on the roof of our building. I even grow my own coriander.

VERONICA

(re: the cookie)

Monique, you must have one.

MONIQUE

No. I'm okay, really.

PIA

I don't blame you, you are looking a little bloooooated. Two pounds can turn to ten if you don't keep your eyes on it.

(to Veronica)

To competition.

As they continue to eat, we go off Monique's seething rage --

MONIQUE

To competition.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES: DANGEROUS MOMS

ACT ONE

19 EXT. TURBOTHUNDER BUILDING - DAY

19

The Gateway Arch stands in the background as an excited Pia and a worried Monique exit the building.

PIA

You know I was a competitive swimmer before my accident. I also did tap -- oh, and a little debate.

MONIQUE

Pia, that's great, but I have something I need to talk to you about. It's very uncomfortable for me.

PIA

Stop frowning. It causes wrinkles.

MONIQUE

Pia, things are going a little sideways for me right now.

PIA

Oh, dear. You do look a little rundown. Why don't I send you a link to my esthetician.

MONIQUE

I don't need a link, Pia, what I need is for you to quit Turbo.

(off her look)

You and Camilo own two apartment buildings right in the center of the neighborhood, you're rich. You have paid advertisers on your blog. I live in a crappy place, get my kids' clothes from Goodwill, and I've gotta open my restaurant back up. Until then, this is my full-time job.

PIA

Mine too.

MONIQUE

But not because you need it. My husband left me, Pia. He barely pays child support, I can't even fill up my car with gas.

PIA

Your building is two blocks from the school.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PIA (CONT'D)

You're lucky you can walk there.
You don't need a car. Besides, I
can't quit Turbo.

MONIQUE

Sure you can. You grow your own
coriander for chrissakes.

PIA

Turbo is my community, mi amor.
It's a sanctuary of female
empowerment, I'm not gonna cut off
my lifeline to womanhood. That's
against the company's ethical code.
Turbo women follow through.
Besides, what about my followers?

MONIQUE

Your followers? The three hundred
and fifty moms in the neighborhood?
I think you'll be okay.

PIA

What type of message would I be
sending to other women in
wheelchairs? "Give up, throw in the
towel. Ya basta!" I won't do that.
I'm a role model, literally.

Just then, Pia's Vietnamese mini-me and best friend, ASALI
(30s), waves from across the street.

ASALI

(re: Pia)
OMG. That suit.

PIA

Right? *Fantastico!*

Pia throws the cookies in the trash and turns to Monique --

PIA (CONT'D)

Look, just as you come from a long
line of people who braved the
Middle Passage, were tortured with
over two hundred years of slavery
but never got your forty acres and
whatever else they promised you, I
can't give up either. May the best
woman win! Chao pescao!

Pia heads over to Asali as a frustrated Monique
surreptitiously grabs Pia's cookies from the trash, then
turns to discover that her car has been towed.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

What the hell? No. No!!!

As she dials her phone, unbeknownst to her, an UNKNOWN MAN (30s), in a red car, is watching.

20 INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

20

Monique, seething, gets a ride to school for the Parent-Teacher Association meeting with her Asian BFF, Chloe CHEN (40s), a brash, ponytailed administrative assistant at the police precinct, dressed in slacks and a button-down and eating Pia's cookies. Her detective husband, VICTOR NGUYEN (40s), handsome, burly, is driving. Next to him is his new partner, ARTURO (30s), a jumpy newbie.

CHLOE

That shady bitch said you were the descendant of slaves.

MONIQUE

It's true, but still she should've kept her mouth shut. That's her problem -- she's too competitive and has no filter.

CHLOE

She's a hot mess.

MONIQUE

I swear, Cubans are like white people with dance skills.

VICTOR

They only say they're minority on the census.

CHLOE

Look who's calling the kettle black.

VICTOR

Why's the kettle got to be black?

MONIQUE

Word, Victor. Way to be an ally.

ARTURO

The lighter Cubans have always tried to assimilate here. My aunt passed for white until she had some snap back gene on her baby and it was too hard to hide.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

I am screwed on getting my car out of the impound. I went to the ATM yesterday and it laughed at me.

Everyone laughs.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

No joke. It was like a Netflix special. There were three people behind me and the card just kept coming out and it said "no more funds, no more funds." I put another card in, the one for special occasions, and it was eaten alive.

VICTOR

I hate that.

CHLOE

I wish I could help, really. But between last year and the acupuncture I needed because of the hate crimes against us, I'm shit out of luck. We're still trying to pay for tutors for Josephine's dyslexia.

VICTOR

I'll see if I can pull some strings. Get the ticket washed away.

MONIQUE

You'd do that?
(to Chloe)
He's such a good man.
(to Victor)
Want a cookie?

Monique hands him a cookie, then one to Arturo, who rolls down the window --

ARTURO

No, my stomach's upset.

CHLOE

(to Monique re: cookies)
Well, at least you can cook. These things are the bomb.

MONIQUE

Actually, Pia made them.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Come to think of it, these are the worst goddamn cookies I've ever had in my life.

MONIQUE

See, that's why you're my day one, my tribe.

CHLOE

Ride or die since we busted out the TLC at the 7th grade talent show.

MONIQUE

Aw, shit.

Monique and Chloe start singing TLC's "What About Your Friends" as Victor and Arturo stare.

21 EXT./INT. GATEWAY MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

21

Monique and Chloe walk to the school entrance --

CHLOE

I actually talked to Pia this morning too. She and Camilo want us out of the apartment by the end of the month.

MONIQUE

Wait. What? Why didn't you say anything? Is this your Asian way of acting like everything's okay? I thought you weren't going to be the silent minority anymore.

Monique grabs her arm.

CHLOE

I didn't want to say anything in front of Victor. He's torn up about it. Pia's turning our place into condos. Got contractors working on apartments already.

MONIQUE

Are you kidding? Where are you gonna live?

CHLOE

I don't know. King Oak is too expensive, we've been priced out of Shaw.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I don't make crap filing paper at the police station, neither does Victor. She's turning the whole building into a high-end yuppie farm.

MONIQUE

Goddamn gentrifiers. Why is she messing up Forest Park? Her kids should be in private school.

CHLOE

Who knows. Four families from the building have already packed their U-hauls. It's just me and Victor, Fatima from PTA, Nicholas--

MONIQUE

The fat guy with the kid?

CHLOE

And the weird lady across the hall.

MONIQUE

This is not right. Get some cash from Victor's family.

CHLOE

Blood money. Hell no. Maybe I should kill her.

MONIQUE

Don't say that. You can't let Pia's, Cuban-Karen-acting, Ms. TurboThunder ass roll like a slum lord and throw you out. Who cares if she's good at everything under the sun? She probably has orgasmic sex even in that chair.

CHLOE

She's a paraplegic, Monique.

MONIQUE

Some can feel down there.

CHLOE

How do you know?

MONIQUE

Wikipedia.

(off her look)

What? You've got to know everything about the competition. The woman also has a perfect FICO score.

(CONTINUED)

As Chloe rolls her eyes, Monique smiles, showing her teeth.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Anything in my teeth?

CHLOE
You're the only one I know that
creams herself at PTA.

MONIQUE
JT's the only reason I come.

Monique sprays herself with some perfume and they head into --

22 INT. GATEWAY MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

-- and past MR. JT MOSES (30s), teacher, think Idris but hotter, the head of the PTA, who Monique blushes at as they grab a seat in a classroom full of PTA PARENTS -- just in time to see Pia making a case for her latest initiative --

PIA
The garden is imperative. The kids at
this school should be eating organic.

THE ROOM
Oh, come on.

BECKY ROSSI (20s), a pregnant-and-about-to-pop, white, blue-collar grocery store clerk still in her uniform, chugging Pepto-Bismol, gets up --

BECKY
Organic is the least of our
problems. These kids need iPads.

PIA
They need to stay away from trans fat.

FATIMA
Becky's right. My grandkid needs a
tablet. They shouldn't just be for
the rich white kids in Frontenac,
they should be mandatory.

This is FATIMA BISHAR (60s), a highly spiritual Somali immigrant with a colorful head wrap, who works as an embalmer and is always checking her stocks on her phone. Chloe and Monique sit next to her.

MONIQUE
Fatima's being very democratic.

(CONTINUED)

PIA

Nonsense. Until this neighborhood gets a Whole Foods, trans fat and gluten are killing our children.

BECKY

Wait. Whole Foods...
(pointing to her uniform)
... Schnucks Lindell is just fine.
If we plan to open a coding lab by summer, iPads would help.

CHLOE

Yeah, why are you trying to get rid of everything good in this neighborhood?

PIA

I'm trying to make this neighborhood better.

FATIMA

By pushing us out. We are just regular folks, trying to get by. I go to work. I embalm the dead. I can barely make ends meet and you're worried about goddamn trans fat.

BECKY

Wait, you embalm the dead?

FATIMA

It's a living.

Fatima starts praying in Somali.

PIA

Are you saying I'm the problem?

FATIMA (CONT'D)

*Oo naga cafi qaamahayaga
sidaannu u cafinnay kuwa noo
qaamaysan.*

CHLOE

Do we need to put it on a blimp?
(then)
How many of you got eviction notices from Pia today?

Becky raises her hand, as do Fatima and a few other women. Chloe points to Becky.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

Becky. We did the car wash together in spring. Remember?

CHLOE

(to Pia)

It's people like you, who just come in here like Christopher Columbus, putting a flag on the block, acting like they discovered this neighborhood and want people like me, Becky and Fatima kicked to the curb.

MONIQUE

She didn't mean that.

CHLOE

Sure I did. She's like a smallpox-infested Pilgrim, land-grabbin' from the Indians--

MONIQUE

--Native Americans.

PIA

You don't know me. My family fled Castro's Cuba, stayed in a one-room, roach-infested apartment in Hialeah, Florida, learned English in under four months, and then my mami and papi saved every dime they could to buy a train ticket to St. Louis where they built their laundry business from scratch.

JT

Okay, can we take it down a level?

FATIMA

Then you should have empathy instead of trying to put us out on our asses. I take care of my grandchild. Where are we going to go? Are you going to Uber us to a homeless shelter?

PIA

Do you have any idea how many obstacles I've overcome?

CHLOE

Oh, here she goes with the wheelchair crap.

(CONTINUED)

PIA
What did you say?

As everyone starts laughing, Pia gets enraged --

ASALI
That's not cool.

CAMILO
Honey, when they go low, we call
the *abogado*.

BECKY
Avocado?

PIA
Lawyers, you idiot.

JT
And when they make threats, we call
it a day. Next meeting we vote
either for Becky's iPad idea or
Pia's idea -- bringing hot yoga,
barre and organic vegetables to
everyone.

(then)
We also need to start thinking
about the Spring Festival. Everyone
is going to need to raise money.

As the parents begin to file out, the wheels start turning in
Monique's head. She jumps up --

MONIQUE
Uh, uh, excuse me, JT. Speaking of
money, I'd really like to talk to
the group about something.

JT smiles as everyone turns to Monique, who heads up front.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
As you all know, after my
restaurant closed, I started
selling food processors.

PTA MOM #1
Oh, I miss that place. Best oxtail
in the 'hood. When are you coming
back, Mo?

MONIQUE
Soon, soon. But I'm selling food
processors now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You know I'm a good-ass cook, and have only gotten better with this Ferrari of food processors. The TurboThunder3000.

Pia groans. Asali tries not to laugh.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

It's Italian, aerodynamically designed and features titanium alloy blades.

(women eye their watches)

You guys will really love it. The machine is super handy and it can be paid for in installments.

PIA

(to Asali re: Monique)

She looks like a used car salesman with her sweaty brow and armpits.

ASALI

Is that hair on her upper lip?

MONIQUE

Look, I would love to give a demo. I know money's tight, but this could help you save time and money. Is anyone interested in taking a look?

PTA MOM #1 raises her hand hesitantly, looking at Pia, ashamed.

PTA MOM #1

How about next week? I have the kids this week.

PTA MOM #2

I have to work.

MONIQUE

Look, I can't do next week, I need to do it this week. Tonight, in fact.

PTA Mom #1 shrinks back. Monique looks deflated, searching the room for more takers.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

We could have a girl's night, with food and wine, and you can see the magic on its feet.

Crickets as no one bites. Asali laughs as Chloe cuts her eyes at Pia and rescues her friend.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

I'm in.

MONIQUE

Great. Great. Who wants to follow
my bestie's lead?

FATIMA

(raising her hand)

Me too, and you can use my house.

(off Pia's stare)

I don't know how much longer we'll
be living there anyway.

BECKY

I'll come too. Anything that saves
time, saves money. Maybe we can use
it in our tents when Pia displaces
us from our homes.

MONIQUE

See? Perfect. Anyone else interested?

As more hands shoot up, a smile crosses Monique's face --

23

EXT. GATEWAY MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

23

Monique and Chloe head out.

CHLOE

Wow, you went balls to the wall in
there, girlfriend. What's the rush?

MONIQUE

If I don't sell enough blenders
this week, I'll be out on my ass
like the rest of you.

CHLOE

Whoa, you yelled at me about my
eviction, and you forgot to tell me
you could be getting fired by the
end of the week.

MONIQUE

Yup. You'll be evicted, I'll be fired,
and we'll both be living in a tent.

Off Monique's panicked look, we --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24 INT. CITY GREENS - THAT NIGHT 24

Monique rushes through the store, looking like a wild mess, putting a handful of items in her cart and slipping a few into her purse.

25 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25

Monique anxiously enters to find JEROME, her ex-husband, playing *The Last of Us* on PS4 with their son, Terrell.

TERRELL

Oh, no. Hell naw.

(to Monique)

Dad taught me how to use a short-barreled shotgun to blow someone's head off.

MONIQUE

You're teaching him how to be a criminal? He already has a target on his back.

JEROME

Relax, he's a kid.

MONIQUE

A Black kid.

JEROME

Who can't be afraid of it. That's how they get you. Fill you with so much fear, it's like self-hatred personified. We built this country.

MONIQUE

Oh, can you just spare me the as-salamu alaykum shit? Why are you here?

JEROME

I need to talk.

(then)

Can we?

Monique heads out, Jerome follows --

26 EXT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS 26

He clocks her ass as they make it onto the balcony where he lights a cigarette. Monique grabs it and takes a puff.

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

How are you?

MONIQUE

I'm fine. Courtney's got new jeans on and I have no idea how she paid for them. You've got two minutes.

JEROME

I'll talk to her, and why didn't we work? We had two beautiful kids, great sex...

MONIQUE

... but you stepped out on me with a florist you met at the food court.

JEROME

That doesn't erase the chemistry.

MONIQUE

No pressing rewind. We decided to fast-forward through the drama and face who we are.

JEROME

Oh, okay. Well then in the interest of continuing that tradition, can we agree that we've procrastinated doing the inevitable for the past two years?

(off her look)

I want a divorce.

Monique chokes on the cigarette smoke. Jerome takes it away.

JEROME (CONT'D)

I was going to send you a text but...

MONIQUE

There wasn't an emoji for asshole?

JEROME

Yvonne and I have been living together for three years. It's time I made this right. I'm surprised you even care.

COURTNEY (O.S.)

I need help with my math homework.

MONIQUE

I'll help you later. Start on history.
(to Jerome)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I'm not pissed that you're getting married, Jerome, I'm mad that you've managed to go on. My restaurant, this place--

JEROME

You'll get it back.

MONIQUE

Do the kids know about the divorce?

JEROME

Terrell didn't say shit, and Courtney lives on the phone, she barely even knows we exist.

Jerome takes out papers, Monique grabs his cigarette back and takes a few more puffs.

JEROME (CONT'D)

My lawyer made a good deal, I promise. All you have to do is sign. I labeled them so it's easier for you.

MONIQUE

Oh, thanks, really thanks...

JEROME

You'll never want for anything, Mo. I'll always take care of you and the kids.

MONIQUE

I don't want to rely on your money, or anyone else's.

27 EXT. THE COLBY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

27

Monique, agitated, exits her apartment building with her stuff for the presentation. She looks around for her car.

MONIQUE

Dammit. My car.

28 EXT. ST. LOUIS - MOMENTS LATER

28

A steaming Monique lugs the groceries and her TurboThunder3000, her rayon blouse sprinkled with sweat.

29 EXT./INT. THE ROSEWOOD APARTMENTS - ELEVATOR - LATER

29

She heads up in the elevator, trying to pump herself up.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE
You're a badass bawse.

30 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 30

As the elevator stops, Monique exits and runs into LIZA CLEMMONS (14), a funky teenager with Down syndrome, dressed like Elsa from *Frozen* with a video recorder in her hand.

MONIQUE
Hey.

LIZA
I'm gonna to be Ava DuVernay.

MONIQUE
Great. Love that. Are you going to do the whole dreads thing?

Just then, Liza's mother, MRS. CLEMMONS (50s), comes to the door --

MRS. CLEMMONS
What did I tell your stupid butt about talking to strangers? Get inside!

MONIQUE
I'm just headed to Fatima's.

MRS. CLEMMONS
You know her daughter's a whore.

MONIQUE
No, I didn't, but I'll make sure to tell her.

As Mrs. Clemmons slams the door shut --

31 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 31

In a series of QUICK CUTS, Monique slices cucumbers, carrots, onions with the precision of a sous chef. You can tell she's no novice in the kitchen, this is her sweet spot. Her gift.

32 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER 32

Somali music plays as Chloe, Becky and Fatima stand around drinking wine. Monique continues to cut vegetables.

MONIQUE
Three people showed up.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

It's still early. Don't get your mommy drawers in a bunch. Put your hands on your earlobes and pull.

MONIQUE

I don't need any acupuncture, I need friggin' money.

CHLOE

You need to chill, girlfriend.
(then, to Fatima)
So have you spoken to your daughter recently?

FATIMA

She's in LA somewhere, taking mime and makeup classes. The Lord's watching over her.

BECKY

Is she a good actress?

FATIMA

I hope so. The only thing to fall back on now is trafficking, fingers crossed.

CHLOE

I can't believe she just left you with her kid.

FATIMA

She'll come back and steal him. That's her MO. But for now Omar's fine. As long as I call him, um, her, by the right pronoun.

Chloe notices Monique chopping feverishly.

CHLOE

You alright?

MONIQUE

Jerome's getting re-married.

BECKY

That your ex-husband?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

Yeah, and it's not that I care, but we get separated and he's living a carefree life, opened a bar, got a new girlfriend, and I'm stuck selling a shitty-ass, state-of-the art blender.

CHLOE

He's a cheat.

MONIQUE

Thanks, Chloe.

FATIMA

You won't get any new blood until you get rid of the bad blood.

CHLOE

Say that again, sister!

FATIMA

How long have you been married, Becky?

BECKY

Ten years. High school sweetheart. Popped that cherry and it turned the oven on. Thanks for inviting me tonight. I don't really have any girlfriends, and I know once this little one comes...

CHLOE

It's all downhill. Get ready for the ride.

Just then, the door bell RINGS. Monique smiles in anticipation.

FATIMA

Uh oh, more people. See? We got a party!

As Chloe toasts Monique and Fatima heads out --

33 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 33

Fatima answers the door. We stay on her face as a weird smile crosses it --

34 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME 34

Monique chops up more food as Chloe takes out plates and Becky hovers over.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

This is gonna be so yummy.

MONIQUE

And it's so easy. You'll see.

Just then, Fatima walks in with a panicked look --

CHLOE

You okay?

As Pia rolls in and everyone's face drops, we --

SLAM TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - KITCHEN - DPU

35

As Pia rolls toward Monique with a bag of vegetables, Monique, Chloe, Fatima and Becky plaster fake mommy smiles on their faces.

MONIQUE

Hiiiiiii! Pia... What a surprise.

EVERYONE

Yeah. / How are you? / Did you evict someone else?

PIA

No.

(to Monique re: veggies)

These are from my ecological garden. No pesticides. I could go on, but I don't want to bore you.

(to Becky)

Look, I'm sorry about earlier, for disagreeing with you at the PTA meeting, and for diminishing your pending eviction. I realize losing your home can be daunting. But despite what you think, I believe in public education. If children are around diverse groups all their lives, they won't grow up to be clueless assholes.

BECKY

I'm so happy to hear you say that.

MONIQUE

Me too.

CHLOE

Oh, hell. Can I get you something to drink, Pia? Wine, water?

PIA

No, thank you, I'm giving up water. It's bad for your digestive system. Hyponatremia runs in my family. Go ahead, pretend I'm not here.

36 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

36

The clock CHIMES ominously as rain pours outside. It's creepy. Think Jordan Peele meets Emerald Fennell. Monique gets the ground meat ready --

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

Once you finish prepping your ingredients, all you need to do is open the lid and place the goodies inside. Tonight we're making my grandmother's meatloaf.

PIA (O.S.)

(from the other room)

Wow, such a gorgeous room. It's so colorful and... ethnic. Other than the smell, the hues remind me of the *Plaza Vieja* in Havana from when I was a child.

FATIMA

What a bitch. She should move back there.

MONIQUE

Shh...

CHLOE

How can you diss in private and not tell it like it is to her face? She's a bitch, and bitches who are bitches should be called bitches.

MONIQUE

She came to support me.

PIA (O.S.)

When you leave, Fatima, I should get the contractors to knock out a wall in here. I could rumba all the fat off my bum-ba in here.

MONIQUE

Okay, she's a bitch.

FATIMA

I'm kicking her out!

BECKY

No, let's do your demonstration and call it a night. My husband's coming home from a business trip in two hours.

Pia comes back into the kitchen, and the women fake-smile at her as Monique puts the meat into the food processor --

MONIQUE

Now add the meat and the vegetables.

(CONTINUED)

Monique does just that and Pia groans softly to herself.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
What? What's wrong?

PIA
Nothing. Everyone does meatloaf
their way.

MONIQUE
This is my grandmother's recipe and
it was one of the hottest items on
my restaurant's menu.

Monique puts the vegetables in the processor.

PIA
Well, my way is better, trust me.
My *abuela* used to make it back in
Baracoa, a seaside town on the Bay
of Honey.

MONIQUE
Well, my grandmother's been making
this for seventy years on the Gulf
Coast of Alabama, Pia. I'm fine.

PIA
Just make sure you calibrate the
weight and adjust the blades.

MONIQUE
We were in the same training class,
remember?

As an annoyed Monique turns on the machine --

PIA
Make sure you put the lid on.

-- it suddenly starts to vibrate on the table --

MONIQUE
Oh, no, no, no.

Pia backs away as sparks fly, the power goes out, the women
SCREAM and everything goes BLACK --

CHLOE
God, someone could have really
gotten hurt.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

It's okay. A circuit's probably just blown.

FATIMA

That's because Pia's husband's a slumlord and never fixes shit.

MONIQUE

Oh shit, the blades are missing.

Just then, the lights come back on. PHEW! But almost immediately, they FLASH, the processor SPARKS again, and the room goes dark once more.

FATIMA

You couldn't give me this thing if it came with a Tesla and a trip to Mecca.

Panicked, Monique unplugs the SMOKING machine when the lights go on again.

MONIQUE

Damn, I'm gonna be fired.

CHLOE

What happened to selling Proactive? You were good at that.

Just then, Becky catches a glimpse of Pia and panics as she points to her own neck. Everyone looks at Becky, concerned, then follows her freaked-out gaze across the room --

REVERSE ANGLE to see Pia in her chair, BLOOD pouring from her neck like a broken water main. Monique starts to hyperventilate.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

PIA

What? What is it? Is there something on my jacket?

Pia looks down to check, unaware that she's BLEEDING from her neck until she sees the state of her suit. Scary music builds.

PIA (CONT'D)

Oh god, oh god.

MONIQUE

One of the blades hit you.

(CONTINUED)

PIA
You stupid bitch!

Fatima grabs a roll of paper towels and hands them to Pia,
who slaps them away --

PIA (CONT'D)
(to Chloe)
Paper towels?! What the hell do you
want me to do with those? Call 911,
you nappy-headed leeches.

As the women grab their phones, Chloe stops them.

CHLOE
No, no. No one is calling shit
unless you agree not to evict us.

PIA
Are you insane?

CHLOE
No. This is our home, our oasis. This
isn't some goddamn salsa studio.

Chloe tries to get in Pia's face. Pia PUSHES her away and
rolls over to her purse, but Fatima takes it away.

MONIQUE
No, no, you guys, please. Just call the
cops.

PIA
I'm going to destroy you all! Dice
you up like friggin' mirepoix!

Becky starts to dial, but Chloe grabs her cell phone.

CHLOE
Will you stop the eviction, Pia?
Yes or no!

PIA
I will take your apartments and your
kids faster than social services if
you don't get me help immediately.

MONIQUE
You didn't mean that.

PIA
Wanna bet? You batty *prietos* have
lost your goddamn minds. You need
to go back where you came from.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

I'm from here! And you sound like my parents. We're supposed to be allies.

PIA

Says who, you redneck gringo?

BECKY

You're a minority.

PIA

I'm a white goddamn Cuban!

Pia grabs a KNIFE from the counter and ROLLS toward the women as Fatima grabs a frying pan --

PIA (CONT'D)

You little *putas*. I will gut you like pigs and feed you to the bulls if you don't get help.

But as she rolls closer to them, SWINGING the knife, BLOOD SPRAYS on all of the ladies. Becky kicks the wheelchair, sending Pia flying back and onto the floor, where -- BAM! -- she hits her head.

MONIQUE

Oh god, oh god.

ON THE GROUND

After SMASHING to the ground, a bloody Pia struggles to get up. The women are so overwhelmed by the spectacle, they are frozen.

PIA

You bitches are done.

Pia SLITHERS along the floor, DRAGGING her useless legs behind her like a demon from a horror film, trying to climb up the wall to the phone, each BREATH misting her surroundings with blood.

Finally, she uses all of her strength to reach her bloody hand up to the counter. Instead of the phone, she pulls a vase down. It BREAKS over her head, KNOCKING her out. *Oh shit*. It's like the world has stopped. The women stare in horror. WHAT THE FUCK DID THEY JUST DO? Off their anxiety-ridden panic -- they are toast, burnt friggin' toast --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

37 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 37

We come back in on the women, frozen. They're like a diverse Mount Rushmore. Silent, stone. We PULL THE SOUND OUT and all we hear is their BREATHING as they look at Pia's body splayed out on the ground --

MONIQUE

Oh no, oh no.

Monique pulls at her earlobes, Chloe notices --

CHLOE

Acupuncture's not going to help us.

Becky puts an alarmed hand on her coochie and starts to squirm.

FATIMA

What's that smell?

They all eye Becky as she holds her crotch.

BECKY

I peed, my bad.

Monique quickly takes out a small packet of tissues from her purse and passes one to Becky, then to Fatima and Chloe, who wipe Pia's blood from their faces.

MONIQUE

Is she dead?

Chloe eases over to Pia with her steel-toed boot and nudges her. Pia doesn't respond. *Oh shit.*

FATIMA

Yeah. She's dead. Poor Pia's dead.

They all panic. Monique grabs her phone from her purse --

CHLOE

What the hell are you doing?

MONIQUE

Calling an ambulance. We'll tell them it was an accident.

CHLOE

Are you outta your mind?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

We didn't mean it.

FATIMA

No one will buy that. Not the paramedics, the cops. Look at her, look at us. You know the history of racial injustice in this town. They'll only be lenient on Ms. Karen here.

BECKY

My name is Becky and we've got to figure this out.

Fatima lights a bundle of sage. Just then, Monique's phone rings. She grabs it.

MONIQUE

(in phone, fake caring
mommy voice)

Yes, okay. I'll be home shortly, okay?
I'll help you with your "new math" all night.

As a freaked-as-shit Monique hangs up --

FATIMA

We need to work on getting her spirit out of here. If she gets trapped between here and hell, we're toast.

CHLOE

You're right, but we don't have time for that.

Just then, the doorbell RINGS --

MONIQUE

Oh no, what if it's the cops?

BECKY

We're not going to jail over a stupid food processor no one even wanted.

MONIQUE

You guys were lying to me?

CHLOE

Yes, and that's not the cops. Take it from a woman who married one. It would take him and his boys three weeks to get here.

(CONTINUED)

As the doorbell RINGS again, Fatima nervously exits --

38 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 38

Fatima slowly looks through the peephole --

FATIMA'S POV:

No one is there. WHAT THE HELL? She carefully opens the door and is stunned to find her grandchild, OMAR (6), who wears a flowery blouse, and Chloe's adopted Pakistani daughter, JOSEPHINE (11).

FATIMA

What do you want?

JOSEPHINE

We're hungry. Is my mom here?

FATIMA

Yes. We're having a woman's party for adult women only. You're supposed to be upstairs with your dad, babysitting my little grandchild Omar. Didn't you get some dinner?

JOSEPHINE

Meatballs, which I don't eat because I'm vegan, remember?

Just then, Chloe comes to the door.

CHLOE

Go back upstairs! We're in the middle of something.

Chloe is about to point, but notices the blood on her hands and quickly hides them.

OMAR

I don't want meatballs. I'm vegan too.

FATIMA

We don't care. Tell Victor to give you Pop-Tarts.

JOSEPHINE

Pop-Tarts for dinner?

CHLOE

Yes. Trans fat is the bomb! Eat as much as you want!

(CONTINUED)

As the kids run off, Chloe and Fatima rush back to --

39 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - FATIMA'S APT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 39

-- where they find Monique and Becky freaking out at the body.

MONIQUE

Chloe, the cops... You work at the station --

CHLOE

Everyone knows you and Pia hated each other, Mo. Besides, we all fought with her at the PTA meeting too, and then she came over here and we yelled at her about the eviction.

MONIQUE

Everybody's mad about that.

BECKY

This was self-defense.

CHLOE

She's a paraplegic!

BECKY

She's differently abled.

CHLOE

Or differently *dead*. They'll have us electrocuted by Christmas. No one, including my husband, will buy self-defense.

Becky starts to have a panic attack. The women fan her.

BECKY

My husband is gonna kill me. I'm an accomplice now. I barely know Pia. Shit, I barely know you guys. You could do this every Tuesday night.

CHLOE

Do we look like killers to you?

BECKY

(edging to the door)
I don't feel well.

CHLOE

No, get back here. You're part of this now.

(CONTINUED)

FATIMA
(waving sage)
We've gotta get this juju out of here.

MONIQUE
We've got to get *her* out of here.
Is there somewhere we can hide Pia
just for the night?

Fatima points upstairs.

40 EXT. THE ROSEWOOD APARTMENTS/INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 40

The night is dark and eerily calm as we hear the moms struggle to carry Pia's bloody body to the elevator. They load her in, looking around to make sure no one is watching. Just as Becky SQUEEZES in next to everyone else and they press the door close button, they are shocked to see Liza, the girl from across the hall with Down syndrome, watching them in her *Frozen* costume. As she stares at them blankly --

CHLOE
(à la Beyoncé)
We've been drinking, we've been drinking.

As the doors CLOSE, Liza continues to watch intently.

41 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - VACANT APT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 41

The desperate, sweating mothers push Pia into a dark and abandoned apartment, which is in the process of being converted into a condo.

MONIQUE
Fatima, are you sure no one will
find her in here?

FATIMA
I'm the building manager. I'm the
only one with a key.

As they enter the bathroom, Chloe lays Pia in the tub, the blood from her head dripping on the white tile.

MONIQUE
Even dead she looks perfect.

Fatima starts quietly saying the Somali Janaaso prayer.

BECKY
We can't just dump her.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

What else are we going to do? We'll figure out a plan in the morning.

BECKY

My daughter has a Judo meet. They're giving her a yellow-and-orange belt.

FATIMA

That's nice, but we're all getting rid of this body together.

Just then, Monique's phone buzzes. It's a text from Veronica. "I want a Turbo Woman update. Call me. Kisses." As Monique starts to text back, they hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall and stopping at the door.

MONIQUE

Oh shit. I thought you said you were the only one with keys.

FATIMA

I don't know.

They hear a CONTRACTOR on his phone --

CONTRACTOR (V.O.)

Baby, just start without me. I forgot my tool belt in this new condo I'm rehabbing.

The Contractor's keys rattle outside the door, and the women exchange looks as a key goes into the lock.

MONIQUE

Oh hell no.

CHLOE

Shut up.

But the key doesn't work. He tries another one, and another one.

CONTRACTOR (V.O.)

Damn, I brought the wrong key. I'll have to come back tomorrow.

The women look at each other, relieved, as they hear the contractor's footsteps heading away.

CHLOE

We've got to move her tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

But my husband--

CHLOE

Forget your husband. When you get home, twerk in his face and he won't even remember you were late.

MONIQUE

What if we take Pia to your work, Fatima? You could hide her in a casket with another body. No one would know.

FATIMA

My boss would know. He's OCD. He opens the casket sixteen times before he buries a corpse.

CHLOE

Victor's family owns a plot of land out in Clark's Mill. We could dump her there.

FATIMA

Sounds good. Who has a big car?

MONIQUE

I know where we can get a van. You all grab the rest of the stuff. Meet back here in an hour.

Just then, Becky lets out a fart. Chloe approaches, threateningly.

CHLOE

If you don't show up, we'll hunt you down, white girl. Do you hear me?

BECKY

Yeah, yeah.

MONIQUE

Welcome to the crew.

BECKY

We're a crew? I always wanted a crew.

CHLOE

Good. Now change your pee panties and get ready to throw down.

As Monique grabs Pia's purse and heads out --

42 INT. JEROME'S BAR - NIGHT

42

It's a packed happy hour. Monique rushes in looking at a "New Math" YouTube video as she races over to the bar to find Jerome, the life of the party, bartending. She realizes she's carrying two purses and stuffs Pia's inside of her own.

JEROME

A Sazerac is not on the rocks, my friends. It's straight up with an orange peel.

Just as Jerome places the drink down, Monique chugs it back.

MONIQUE

Can we *talk* talk?

JEROME

Please don't tell me it's about Courtney's new math. I can't figure it out.

(off her look)

Did you bring the papers?

MONIQUE

Not here. In the back.

As Monique follows Jerome through a door --

43 INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

43

Becky, upset, mascara streaked, rushes in to find a BABYSITTER.

BABYSITTER

You alright?

BECKY

Yeah, I'm fine.

BABYSITTER

Okay. Well, she's watching TV.

BECKY

Great, thanks. Bye.

Becky shuts the door, quickly takes off her skirt and pee-stained panties and jumps into some shorts. She rushes through her basic place filled with Ikea hand-me-downs and strange art made out of colored pencils to the living room where her daughter, KELLY (9), watches TV. Becky turns it off.

BECKY (CONT'D)

That's enough. Time for bed.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Jenny was just about to lose her virginity.

BECKY

You're too young to watch that show. You want me to put the parental lock back on?

KELLY

Bite me.

As Kelly heads to her bedroom, Becky goes to the kitchen, quickly takes out some rice, grabs a pot, fills it with water, and puts it on the stove to boil. She speeds over to the fridge, takes out a few chicken breasts and unwraps them, nearly gagging at the smell of the raw flesh. Head turned, she rinses them in the sink, then opens a cupboard and removes a tray. She puts the chicken breasts on it, nervously sprinkles them with seasoning salt and then turns on the oven.

As she throws the tray in the oven, she flits over to another cupboard, grabs a dinner plate, a plaid napkin and some silverware and sets the table with lightning speed. Finally, she dashes into the pantry to look for some duct tape --

44 INT. JEROME'S BAR - BACK ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

44

Jerome leads Monique to the back. There are still people around.

JEROME

I can't believe you signed the divorce papers that fast. Usually it takes five asks to get you to do something.

MONIQUE

I didn't bring the papers.

JEROME

What do you mean you didn't bring the papers?

MONIQUE

I got tied up doing a bunch of stuff and I left them on the table.

JEROME

Go home and get them. I need the papers.

MONIQUE

I need a favor.

JEROME

You're horny and you want a quickie?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

No, I want your keys to the van.
This is an emergency.

JEROME

So is making sure I have enough liquor
for tomorrow. What's going on?

Monique doesn't answer. He pushes her into the bathroom and starts to kiss her neck. She melts. She starts to push him away but doesn't mean it. *What the hell?*

45 EXT. HOME DEPOT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

45

Fatima pulls up in her Prius and quickly finds a spot. As she climbs out of the car, she notices a CAMERA so she ducks back into her car and grabs a towel from her gym bag. She wraps it around her head and puts on some shades, then heads into the store, grabbing a cart on her way in --

SMASH CUT TO:

46 INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

46

Cart wheels whiz down the aisle -- Fatima is on a mission. She quickly makes a right and gets lost between the plants and the wood chips. Just then, she sees a CLERK --

FATIMA

Where are the shovels?

CLERK

What kind of shovels?

FATIMA

Shovels that shovel-shovels.

CLERK

Aisle four toward the back.

As Fatima does a U-y with the cart, she speeds down the aisle and makes another turn, bumping smack into Asali, the PTA mom who's BFFs with Pia.

ASALI

Ah... Fatima, right?

FATIMA

Excuse me?

ASALI

Asali from PTA, Pia's friend.

(CONTINUED)

FATIMA

Oh, yeah, I'm face blind. Out of context, you look like that girl from Slumdog Millionaire.

ASALI

Thanks. Everybody says that.

Just then Fatima's phone rings. It's Omar. She answers.

FATIMA

Hey, Omar. You're sleeping at Mr. Victor's. No argument.

As Fatima hangs up --

ASALI

What are you doing here?

FATIMA

Ah, well, since Pia is kicking us out, I figured I'd replace the baseboard that my grandchild pulled off.

ASALI

Have you tried Adderall? I know it's a touchy subject, but it works.

FATIMA

I'll think about it. Gotta run.

47 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - CHLOE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

47

Chloe tucks in Josephine and Omar, then heads out grabbing garbage bags and throwing on a black sweater. She looks at her husband lying there. His detective badge on the coffee table. His eyes flutter open.

CHLOE

Hey, baby, how's it going?

She tries to kiss him but he pushes her away.

VICTOR

Three robberies and a murder case to deal with in the morning. Gotta get some rest.

As his eyes close, a rejected Chloe rushes to the door --

48 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

48

She moves to the elevator and when the doors open, a stunning woman, in workout gear, KONNIE (40s), exits.

(CONTINUED)

KONNIE

Hey...

CHLOE

Konnie with a "K." How are you?

KONNIE

Fine with an "F." You look like
you're up to no good.

CHLOE

No, no, I'm good. I mean, not always but
I meditate. Helps ease the mind.

KONNIE

Well, my offer still stands if you
ever want to take that Barre class.

CHLOE

Yeah, thanks.

Chloe rapidly presses the button to close the elevator, but
it takes too long. The doors finally shut, and Chloe is
relieved and completely turned on as Konnie smiles.

49 INT. JEROME'S BAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

49

Jerome and Monique are still making out. As he pulls her
shirt up, she pulls it back down.

MONIQUE

No, I really need the van.
Some rich woman in the PTA is
giving me some furniture. I have to
pick it up tonight.

JEROME

I have to stock up the bar.

MONIQUE

GIVE ME THE GODDAMN KEYS, JEROME.
I NEED THE VAN TONIGHT!

As a freaked-out Jerome reluctantly passes her the keys --

50 INT. ROSEWOOD - VACANT APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

50

We PAN the dark room and find Pia's dead body lying in the
tub. After a beat, her fingers twitch as blood drips down the
white linoleum. What the hell? Is she alive?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

51 INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT 51

Monique races down the street, weaving in and out of traffic.

52 INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/HALLWAY/BEDROOM - NIGHT 52

Everything is done. The kitchen is perfect, a large piece of blueberry pie is wrapped in Saran wrap. Becky's a domestic goddess. She quickly writes a note: "Dear Ben, Fatima from PTA had all the ladies over to help brainstorm for the school fundraiser. Be back soon."

She rushes out, checks on her daughter, TIFFANY (9), asleep in her tiny room, then goes to the hall closet and throws two rolls of duct tape into her bag when suddenly her husband, BEN (30s), unimposing, enters with a suitcase --

BEN

Baby...

Ben grabs her and kisses her --

BEN (CONT'D)

Come here. I missed you.

BECKY

How was the conference?

BEN

You know how sales guys are about roofs. Shingled or ceramic, mine get the job done.

BECKY

I made you dinner. Kelly went to bed.

BEN

How did your girl thing go? Did you make some friends?

BECKY

Yeah, fast friends. Might have them for life.

He grabs her and kisses her again. Just then, her phone rings. She picks up and climbs off Ben --

INTERCUT WITH:

53 INT. FATIMA'S PRIUS (MOVING) - SAME TIME 53

Fatima races down the street, sweating.

(CONTINUED)

FATIMA
Be outside in five.

BECKY
I can't go.

FATIMA
"Can't" is a profound word that serves no one.

BECKY
I don't think so, Fatima.

FATIMA
Tell your husband you have a meeting at church. Improvise. If I let the other ladies know you flaked, Chloe's gonna tell the whole PTA that you're a goddamn murderer.

Fatima SLAMS the phone down. Becky stands frozen then all of a sudden rushes to the sink.

BEN
What is it?

Becky turns away and, unbeknownst to Ben, grabs the empty raw chicken package, sniffs it and suddenly throws up everywhere.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh, are you okay?

BECKY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I gotta go lie down.

BEN
Go, I got this.

BECKY
I'll sleep in the guest room so I can let it all out.

BEN
Let it flow, babe. I'll stay outta your way.

A PANICKED Becky rushes down the hall --

54 INT./EXT. BECKY'S APT - GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

54

Becky quickly puts pillows under the covers to make it look like she's sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

She shuts the door, goes to the window and slides belly up out to the fire escape and heads down the stairs where Fatima is waiting in her car, shocked.

55 EXT. THE ROSEWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT

55

Monique SCREECHES to the front of the building in the van. She jumps out and unlocks the back so Chloe, Fatima and Becky can dump their equipment in. They then rush into the building with garbage bags --

56 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

56

Red lights from the emergency exit sign cast their glow on the women as they nervously walk with their flashlights --

MONIQUE

We gotta hurry up and get her out.

CHLOE

As opposed to what? Stopping at Blue Ocean for some sashimi first?

BECKY

Yuck, that sounds awful.

MONIQUE

What if we go get her and get pulled over by the cops and they find the body?

CHLOE

Then we should have Becky drive. If the cops find her with a dead body, they'll probably just wave.

FATIMA

You need to start thinking more positively. Life is about energy, Monique. Everything you think, you create.

BECKY

If that were true, I'd be a gameshow host by now.

As they all throw her blank stares and head into the --

57 INT. THE ROSEWOOD - VACANT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

57

They move down the hallway when Chloe's phone RINGS. She grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
(in phone)
Hey, Josephine. Your tummy hurts?
Okay, baby. Grab some pink tablets
and lie down. I'll be home soon.

As she hangs up, the crew gets to the bathroom doorway and freezes when they notice a now-empty blood-stained tub. Where the fuck is Pia?

MONIQUE
Oh no, oh no.

FATIMA
She's gone. What the hell? This is worse than when Al-Shabaab took my brother.

MONIQUE
What if she called the police?

CHLOE
She can't. You have her phone.

Becky suddenly throws up as LIGHTNING strikes and the flash from the bolt highlights the BLOOD trail leading from the tub. *Oh shit*. All the women follow it with their flashlights and turn toward the bloody path. Chloe grabs a loose metal pipe.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Pia. Come out, honey. We are so sorry about earlier.

MONIQUE
Yeah, Chloe's right, we just got a little carried away. But we're all friends, right? Girls.

BECKY
Sista-girls!

All four women share looks then head down the dark hall --

CHLOE
Forget that. Where the hell are you, Pia?!

Chloe tiptoes into a BEDROOM and looks around. Pia's not there either.

In ANOTHER ROOM, Fatima finds nothing.

At the same time, Monique hears a NOISE and CREEPS down THE HALL.

(CONTINUED)

BACK IN THE BEDROOM, Chloe goes toward a closet, raises her metal pipe and quickly flings the door open. No Pia.

IN THE HALL, a petrified Monique creeps down the corridor and slowly shines the light on...

PIA'S EMPTY WHEELCHAIR

MONIQUE

Piiiiia? Come out and play!

And just then, from behind the chair, Pia LURCHES forward, pushing the chair at Monique, who goes TUMBLING to the floor. A bloody Pia CRAWLS toward Monique like a zombie and claws herself atop Monique.

Fatima runs into the hall and freaks the fuck out as Pia tries to STRANGLE Monique, rolling on top of her like an MMA fighter, just as Becky and Chloe round the corner.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, somebody help me.

CHLOE

Is that a drill?

Chloe tries to pull Pia off. Fatima sees a cordless drill over to the side.

MONIQUE

(out of breath)

... help...

Fatima picks up the drill, frozen, as Pia continues to strangle Monique, who can barely breathe, her arms flailing.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Please...

Just then, Fatima turns the drill on, wild-eyed, and rushes toward Pia, jamming the drill-bit into the back of Pia's skull, blood splattering on all of the women. As Monique pushes a dead Pia off --

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

What the hell? What the hell?

Fatima drops to her knees, in shock and disgust. Her white blouse stained with blood.

CHLOE

Mother of God.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY
Oh shit, oh shit.

MONIQUE
This was not how it was supposed to happen.

FATIMA
Karma is going to catch up with us all. What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?

SMASH CUT TO:

58 EXT. THE ROSEWOOD APARTMENTS - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER 58

DARK SHADOWS on the wall. Our bloody moms push dead Pia, wrapped in a blood-soaked blanket to the van, the street light shining down on them like a spotlight.

To the right, the Unknown Man from earlier sits in his car, watching the moms move Pia's body toward the van, stunned. *What the hell?* He makes a call.

INTERCUT WITH:

59 INT. PIA'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 59

Camilo, Pia's husband, quickly picks up the phone.

CAMILO
Is it done? Did you kill my wife yet?

UNKNOWN MAN
Yeah, she's dead. You sound happy.

CAMILO
I'm elated. Over the moon. How long will it take for the cops to realize she's gone?

UNKNOWN MAN
In a few days you'll say she's missing and then we go as planned.

CAMILO
Yes, as planned. What if her lesbian bestie comes over here, wondering where her favorite muff is?

UNKNOWN MAN
You're a distraught husband who can't believe your wife is missing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)

They have plenty of examples on
Dateline. Start practicing. Gotta run.

The Unknown Man looks back at the women, unable to believe his eyes. He suddenly sees Mrs. Clemmons yelling at her daughter, Liza, as they walk their dog toward the women and the van.

MRS. CLEMMONS

No, you're not getting dreads.

LIZA

Ava has dreads.

MRS. CLEMMONS

She also won an Oscar. Will you win
an Oscar? I didn't think so. You
don't have the brains for that!

Suddenly, Mrs. Clemmons sees Monique, Chloe, Fatima and Becky at the back of the van. Monique notices her and comes out.

MONIQUE

Hey, everyone. Beautiful night.
(then)
Is that a shooting star?

LIZA

Probably not. The Lyrids shower
peaked two weeks ago.

MONIQUE

Oh right... I hate that.

Mrs. Clemmons tries to look over Monique's shoulder --

MRS. CLEMMONS

What are they doing?

MONIQUE

Car stuff.

Chloe quickly closes the door and heads over --

CHLOE

Since Pia is giving us the boot, I
was starting to move some of my
stuff to my mother-in-law's.

MRS. CLEMMONS

That woman is the devil. She already
kicked out the other differently
abled families. Charlie with
Parkinson's, Sasha, the cute one with
ALS.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CLEMMONS (CONT'D)

I mean, you think someone in a wheelchair would feel something for other people from our tribe.

FATIMA

It's a shame. What happened to fidelity?

MONIQUE

It's so sad. Unfortunate, really.
But we gotta run.

The woman quickly pile into the van. When they pull off, the Unknown Man follows.

SMASH CUT TO:

60 EXT. ROAD/INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

60

The ladies drive down a dark dirt road. An iPod plays a PODCAST...

PODCAST

Do you need a dramatic solution for your life? Do you need a little push to move forward down its dark path?

MONIQUE

Are you serious? We should just listen to the crickets.

Chloe turns it off. All of the women stare out the window, unsure of what to say. Tears build in their eyes, Monique's knee bounces up and down. She grabs Chloe's hand.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

It's gonna be alright.

As Chloe nods --

61 EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - LATER THAT NIGHT

61

Under the dark sky, the moms dig a hole in the middle of a vast field -- except for Becky, who is too pregnant to dig -- she just holds the flashlight. Only the sound of crickets echoes in the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - LATER THAT NIGHT

62

The women look exhausted. Fatima runs through the field, screaming. Chloe keeps digging. Monique tries compose herself but it's hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - EARLY MORNING

63

The sun starts to rise. The women have been there all night. Exhausted, sweaty and bloody, they've finally finished the hole. They look at each other in disbelief. What have they done? Chloe rolls a dead Pia toward the hole and pushes her and the wheelchair into the grave, then throws in Pia's purse for good measure.

They stare down at the hole for a moment, then begin filling it with dirt. Becky holds her stomach as she cries.

BECKY

It's like we're blood sisters now.

Fatima covers her eyes, then shovels more dirt into the hole as Monique stares out into the field.

CHLOE

(to Monique)

You okay?

MONIQUE

Yeah. I never did anything like that.

CHLOE

"Every step leaves a footprint."

MONIQUE

But it felt good. It's finally time to get rid of the bad blood in my life.

Monique wipes the sweat off her face --

64 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

64

The women drive in silence. Monique stares ahead, Becky looks at a picture of her family on her phone, Fatima quietly prays, while tears finally roll down Chloe's tough veneer, overwhelmed by what they've done. Unbeknownst to them, the Unknown Man continues to follow.

65 EXT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

65

As the rain pours outside --

MONIQUE (V.O.)

Being a mother can be a lot of things.

66 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - DAY

66

Monique runs around getting her kids ready for school --

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (V.O.)

Daunting, unfathomable. An exercise
in under-appreciation.

67 EXT. GATEWAY MIDDLE SCHOOL/MONIQUE'S HONDA - DAY

67

Doors whip open as Monique's kids jump out of the car.

MONIQUE

Okay, bye. Love you too.

As her kids shower her with kisses --

MONIQUE (V.O.)

Yes. You can feel like you're
drowning and there's no way out...

68 INT. TURBOTHUNDER BUILDING - VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

68

Veronica eyes her watch as Monique waits.

VERONICA

This is not like Pia to be late.
Where could she be?

Monique shrugs, feigning concern.

MONIQUE (V.O.)

But you've got to hold on and not
lose yourself....

69 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

69

Monique, shockingly unstressed, folds laundry. She places
some down and notices her divorce papers. As she stares at
herself in the mirror, resigned to turn over a new leaf, she
quickly signs them as the doorbell rings. It's Jerome.

MONIQUE (V.O.)

Because if you spend your whole
life pleasing everyone else, one
day your true identity will reveal
itself.

She hands him the papers. He looks at them then at her. Then
he moves in and kisses her. They stumble into the bedroom --

70 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

70

Jerome rips his clothes off. He wants to get inside her. As
he takes off her shirt, Monique stops him.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

I am done being the side chick,
your freak toy. I am not some
pushover you'll have on the DL
while you go on and build a life
with the woman you cheated on me
with. Our marriage was over the
moment you stepped out on me. And
you are never getting in my pants
again. I have done things you could
never imagine, and I'm gonna do
more. Now get out!

As Jerome nervously nods --

71 INT. THE COLBY - MONIQUE'S APT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 71

Monique, now wrapped in a robe, types on her computer.

MONIQUE (V.O.)

See, mothers are unstoppable,
fearless, and when push comes to
shove, we are downright dangerous.

As we pull back, we see the GHOST OF PIA watching Monique
pretending to be her as she types in Pia's mom blog. She rolls
up behind Monique in her wheelchair and stares pointedly, just
as Monique signs off on the post with "sugar kisses."

GHOST OF PIA

"Sugar kisses?" I don't blog like
that.

MONIQUE

I don't care.

GHOST OF PIA

You will not get away with this.

As Monique smiles and publishes the new post anyway, she climbs
into bed. Just then, her kids come and lay next to her.

MONIQUE

C'mon, go get your math homework.
We're gonna crush it tonight!

As Courtney smiles and they snuggle up, finally in a good
place --

72 EXT./INT. THE ROSEWOOD - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

72

The sun shines over St. Louis. As we push into the windows of the
apartment building, Fatima exits the elevator, weighed down with
grocery bags. As she puts her key in her apartment door --

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (O.S.)

I know what you've done.

Fatima nervously turns to see Liza, the neighbor girl with Down syndrome, staring at her, eating a yogurt pop and holding an 8mm camera.

LIZA

I've recorded it all, and I'm gonna go to the police unless you do me a favor.

FATIMA

What do you want, Liza?

Liza stares at her coldly.

LIZA

I want you to kill my mom.

FATIMA

Come again?

LIZA

You've got until tomorrow, otherwise I'm calling the po-po.

As Liza licks her yogurt pop, Fatima drops her bag of oranges and we see them roll down the stairs, stopping at the wheelchair of Pia's Ghost.

GHOST OF PIA

(snapping her fingers)

Well looky here. Things are about to get interesting, chicas. Let the games begin. Chao pescao!

As the Ghost of Pia rolls away into the bright sun, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

RED.

END OF EPISODE

*