



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

THE GIRLFRIENDS' GUIDE TO DIVORCE

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THE GIRLFRIENDS GUIDE TO DIVORCE

OVER BLACK

Words are TYPED: "Rule #23. Never lie to the kids."

1 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- DAWN 1

FADE UP ON: Just before daybreak. Birds shriek and dive in the bluish gray sky.

A modern house. Stylish and big, but not pretentious. It borders the scrubby, undeveloped acres that cut through the middle of Los Angeles like a wild, coyote-infested ribbon.

David Hockney's Los Angeles. Glittering pools, slanted sunshine and glass houses. And everybody throwing stones. An Audi R8 rolls up, conspicuously loud in the morning hush.

A handsome, gym-buffed guy, 40's, JAKE, gets out -- looking ruffled. He's smart, decent -- but insecure and still a bit drunk from last night. He fumbles for his key, goes inside.

2 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- DAWN 2

Jake pads through the sleeping home, down a hallway lined with photographs of JAKE WITH HIS LOVELY FAMILY.

His beautiful wife appears in a number of framed BOOK COVERS. She's the author of the "Girlfriend's Guide" series. Their dogs, mutts, eagerly follow him. He ignores them.

3 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAWN 3

The door eases open. Jake slips in silently. Peels off his super skinny jeans and expensive t-shirt. Gets in bed.

His wife, ABBY MCCARTHY, 40's, rolls over. Awake. *

They lie there. Not speaking. Looking up at the ceiling, tense. Then:

ABBY
You smell like sex.

JAKE
Screw you.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE BEDROOM-- DAY 4 *

Abby and Jake. Still in bed. Each quietly seething. *

The door flies open and their son, CHARLIE, 7, bounds onto the bed. Crawls under the covers, cuddles up.

Abby and Jake are suddenly all smiles. Playful. Too happy for this early. Abby tickles Charlie, a spacey sweetheart.

ABBY
Morning, Bun Bun!

CHARLIE
Dad, I'm Special Person this week!

JAKE
You're special every week, kiddo--

LILLY, their 13-year-old, enters and flops face down on the bed. *

LILLY
My life is suck.

Abby gets up, as does Jake. He goes into the bathroom. We hear Jake pee. Abby, irritated, says: *

ABBY
Door closed, please--

CHARLIE
Nobody needs to see that before coffee, dad!

Abby laughs as she pulls on some clothes.

ABBY
Why is your life suck, Sunshine?

LILLY

Volleyball finals are all weekend.
I'm missing Jade's birthday party.

Abby picks Charlie up. He's almost too big. She staggers into the hall. Lilly follows. Jake trails behind, dressing.

5 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY 5 *

A bit later. Abby moves around the open kitchen, which has stunning views of the hills. *

Abby, a marvel of efficiency, cleans up, organizes snacks... Jake eats off kid's plates with his hands, just to annoy her. *

LILLY

It's a sleepover at the *London*.
Her moms got the Penthouse suite.
Can't you drive me?

ABBY

The *London Hotel*? That seems crazy. *

CHARLIE

Daddy, is it weird to like the smell of your farts? Yours, not other peoples.

JAKE

(while texting)
No.

LILLY

Gross, Charlie--

CHARLIE

Daddy, will you help me with my Special Person board? *

ABBY

I'm already on it, Char Char. *

Charlie nods, takes his plate under the table with the dogs.

JAKE

(to Lilly)
Wasn't Jade the one texting mean crap about you?

Ding! Abby gets a text. From Jake. It reads: **What's crazy is this bullshit act you're putting on. Abby snaps a look to him. Texts back as Lilly says:** *

LILLY

She was going through some stuff.
She just found out she's adopted.

ABBY
(distracted) *

Jade *just* found out? Her moms are
lesbians. Did she not understand
the biology?

Jake looks at his text. It reads: **At least I don't have
AstroGlide smeared on my chin.** Jake, alarmed, swipes at his
chin. There's nothing there. He glares at Abby. *

LILLY
Lesbians can have kids, *mom*.
Hello? Donor sperm? *

Abby stops. Really focuses on Lilly. *

ABBY (CNT'D)
(caught/distracted)
Okay. Right. But honey... I don't
care whose vagina she came from. *

Jade's a bitch. *

LILLY
Oh, wow, mom. You said "bitch".
Is that going in your next book?
*Girlfriend's Guide to Being a Cool
Mom?* *

ABBY
(not taking the bait)
Yes. Yes it is. *

(then)
The thing is, you're 13. And your
future will be full of awesome
parties in awesome hotels-- *

LILLY
So I can't go? *Dad!* *

JAKE
Up to your mom. She who must be
obeyed.

LILLY
Well?

ABBY
Let me think about it, Lil. Now
haul ass. We're leaving.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
(from under the
table/laughs) *

Ass! *

Lilly grabs her stuff and moves off in a huff. Charlie, growling like a dog and holding a waffle in his mouth, moves on all fours to the door and outside.

ABBY

Charlie! Backpack!

Jake's standing right next to Charlie's backpack but doesn't seem to notice. Abby shoots him a scathing look -- grabs the backpack, races for the door.

Jake moves to the doorway -- waves goodbye to the kids.

JAKE

Love you!

But they're already out of earshot. A moment, then Jake deflates. Looks sad and lost.

6

EXT/INT. THE CENTER FOR EARLY EDUCATION -- DAY

6

Abby, Charlie and Lilly run into school, late. Lilly is stressing.

LILLY
Come on! God!

Charlie loses a Croc. Goes back for it. *

ABBY
Charlie --

Lilly rushes ahead. Abby runs back with Charlie in tow.

Most of the parents are dressed in the same sort of clothes as their kids, with a few suits sprinkled in for variety. *

ABBY (CONT'D)
(to Lilly/up ahead)
Hey. What's the rule? *

LILLY
"It's better to be late and fabulous than on time and average."

Lilly smiles a little despite herself, runs off. Then Abby guides Charlie through the obstacle course of moms and dads.

She can't help but notice that she's the object of some INTERESTED LOOKS and SYMPATHETIC SMILES. One MOTHER stops: *

TOO SKINNY MOM
Bitch, you look amazing. So thin!

ABBY
I look like shit. But thanks. *

TOO SKINNY MOM
I'm excited for your book signing. Thursday, right? *

ABBY
Yep. Thursday. *

Skinny mom waves and moves off, Abby's smile falters as she encounters yet another sideways glance from a parent. *

Then Abby stops at a sign-in desk, smiles at the security guard. His look to her is surprisingly meaningful.

SECURITY GUARD
You keep smiling, okay?

ABBY
(puzzled)
Will do. Have a good day.

Now an ATTRACTIVE DAD catches her eye and starts to speak -- but she keeps her head down, avoids him.

Then Abby sees PHOEBE, early 30's, ahead. She's GORGEOUS, a former model.

PHOEBE

Coffee, love? I'm still drunk on last night's cava. Have you been to Trois Mec yet? It's--

ABBY

People are giving me this look. Like, a sympathy face.

PHOEBE

Are they? Huh... Where are my children? Anouk? Luco?

*
*

The security man, stern now, moves over with an adorable boy, LUCO, 6, and a stunning little girl, ANOUK, 8.

*

They are dressed impeccably. Luco's a mini Justin Timberlake, complete with vest and tie. Anouk looks like a mini version of Phoebe, only with a gold lame' backpack.

*
*

SECURITY GUARD

Mrs. Wills. They were *outside*, trying to cross the street. Again.

PHOEBE

(laughs/to kids)

You crazies! I told you to stay with mama.

(to security guard)

Thanks. So much. I'm horrible.

The security guard moves off, shaking his head. Phoebe's kids run off with CHARLIE. Abby AGAIN sees someone staring.

ABBY

Do you think people know?

PHOEBE

What? That you and Jake split -- ?

ABBY

Shhh! Jesus... I'm losing Charlie. See you soon.

Abby stoops, picks up Charlie's Croc, which he's left behind and chases after him, moving INTO THE SCHOOL.

6A INT. CENTER FOR EARLY EDUCATION -- 3RD FLOOR -- DAY 6A *

Charlie runs up the stairs, Abby on his heels. Abby sees KATE, an old friend, who greets Abby warmly. *

ABBY

We're doing coffee on Robertson.

KATE

Oh. I said I'd meet--

(then)

Forget it. Yes. Let's catch up.

Abby smiles and moves off, kissing Charlie and sending him into his classroom. Then she encounters ANOTHER DAD heading for her from across hall. She speeds up, trying to lose him.

ABBY

Late!

DOUCHE BAG DAD

But still beautiful.

He grins, points at her. Abby dashes away. Says quietly to herself:

ABBY

Disaster.

7 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY 7

Abby's parked outside a liquor store, leaning on her car.

She unwraps a new pack of cigarettes with shaking hands, barely holding it together.

She lights a cigarette. Takes a drag. It hits the spot. She visibly relaxes. Then she tosses the almost full cigarette pack in a trash can.

8 INT. ABBY'S CAR -- DAY 8

A bit later. Now Abby's on the phone.

INTERCUT WITH

9 INT. LYLA'S MERCEDES WAGON -- DAY 9

Abby's friend LYLA answers. She's caking on eyeliner as she drives. *

*

ABBY

Did you tell anyone at school about me and Jake?

LYLA

Of course not. I'm a lawyer.

ABBY

Not my lawyer.

LYLA

Not yet. Let me know when you're ready to ditch your moron. *

*

ABBY

People know, I can tell. Eric Frank practically eye-banged me at drop off. He's like a divorce-seeking missile... *

*

*

LYLA

(while parking)

Did you see Dan at drop off? Did he look hung over?

ABBY

(while parking)

We were late.

LYLA

He was out until 3 in the morning. Left the kids with a babysitter.

ABBY

Lyla.

(off her silence)

You said you were stopping that.

10 EXT/INT. ROBERTSON BLVD -- CONT. 10

Now Abby walks on Robertson, still on her phone.

LYLA

I still have money on my retainer.

ABBY

But having him followed--

LYLA

He leaves the boys on *his* night!
Can't he do his perverted shit
during the day? He's got no job!

ABBY

Lyla. All this anger... You need
to let go. Cry. Be sad--

Now we see that Abby and Lyla are walking toward each other,
still on their phones. They meet, hang up and keep talking.

LYLA

You know what makes me cry? What a
spectacular piece of shit he is. I
give him 50 grand a month and now
he's after my pension!? If I prove
him unfit then I get the kids and
he can't live off the child support-

*

*

They enter a chic CAFE.

11 INT. CHIC CAFE -- CONT.

11

Baristas in vests and scarves -- and very fucking serious
about their coffee -- serve impatient customers.

ABBY

He's entitled to half, Lyla. If he
were a woman--

LYLA

Screw that. If he were a woman I'd
understand why he's got no balls.

(then/re: cafe)

Holy Christ. This place.

(to Barista)

Do they make you dress like a
Mumford Son or is this a choice?

12 EXT. CHIC CAFE -- DAY

12

Abby and Lyla, coffees in hand, look for their table. They
see a table of chattering moms from school, including KATE.
Some are in work clothes, some have babies in tow.

LYLA

Ladies. Good morning.

The ladies all look up, fake smiles all around.

YOGA MOM
Hi.... Layla, right?

STROLLER MOM
Lyla.

They're wildly curious about Abby, have heard the rumors.

SUNGLASSES MOM
Sit, Abby. We'll make room.

LYLA
We can't. We're meeting Phoebe.

STROLLER MOM
Phoebe, huh? You're brave.

ABBY
Brave..?

SUNGLASSES MOM
You know. She's *single* again.

STROLLER MOM
God. She makes me feel like a such
a Hobbit.

YOGA MOM
I'm always like -- "Hi Phoebe!
Don't bang my husband!"

STROLLER MOM
Sit with the Hobbits! We never see
you lately.
(then)
Oh my God, I gave your book to my
Nanny -- she's pregnant, so I'm
screwed -- but she's obsessed.

SUNGLASSES MOM
Your books were like my bible--

YOGA MOM
So hey, I saw Jake at drop off
yesterday.
(fishing)
Are you guys cleansing?

SUNGLASSES MOM
You both look so thin...

LYLA
So, hey. We'd better get going.
But let's do this again.

Lyla flashes her fake smile, steers Abby toward the table where Phoebe waits. Kate awkwardly follows as Abby sits with Phoebe and Lyla.

As they arrange themselves, we see that Phoebe's got a ton of new-age jewelry on. Lyla nods at the other moms, teases:

LYLA (CONT'D)
Phoebe, if you could just look like
crap, you'd have way more friends.
I'm this close to hating you.

*

Phoebe laughs. There's an uneasy vibe between Kate and the others. Kate's suspicious of Abby's flashy new single pals.

Abby nods toward the other table of MOMS. They talk quietly, stealing looks back at Abby and her friends.

ABBY
They know. They were trying to
break me.

KATE
People are bound to talk, Abby.
Jake's been living in his own place
for weeks.

ABBY
We've been careful. He's always
home when the kids wake up.

LYLA
But nobody sees you two together
anymore. And now suddenly you're
hanging with us.

PHOEBE
The whores with the scarlet "D" on
their chests.

KATE
You've kind of disappeared, that's
all. Nobody thinks that.

*

ABBY
I did. I thought that about you
whores.

Phoebe, Lyla and Abby laugh at this. But Kate is kind of uncomfortable. A beat, then she offers helpfully:

KATE

Why don't you just tell your kids
that you're separated, Abby?
Keeping up this act, it's too much--

ABBY

Betsy Braun Brown said it's better
not to. Separation is too vague. *
(pained)
The kids, God. I can't even...

KATE

Who's Betsy Braun Brown?

All three look at Kate. Assumed she'd know.

LYLA

Family therapist. The *best* with
divorce. I have her on speed dial. *
*

PHOEBE

(to Abby)

What does your couples guy say
about the whole thing?

ABBY

No, couples is a lady. My personal
shrink is a guy. They agree. *

LYLA

Three shrinks? Jesus, woman, you
have more specialists than a
Russian gymnast. *
*

ABBY

I know. It's ridiculous.
(counts off)
The nanny, the gardener, the
organic garden lady-- *

KATE

(chiming in/laughs) *

Decorator, dog groomer, dog
trainer, *personal* trainer--

PHEOBE

Botox lady, eyebrow lady, tanning
lady, *eyelash* lady, extension lady,
hair stylist, clothes stylist--

LYLA

Abby's about to go back on the market -- she *has* to have that pit crew. Turning all hairy and wrinkled and *natural*, right when she's going on the market? No.

(to Abby/decisive)

Ditch the garden lady, the decorator and the dogs.

*
*

*

ABBY

Maybe I won't have to. If Jake moves back in, we go back to normal -- and the kids won't even have to know he was gone.

Lyla and Phoebe exchange a look.

PHOEBE

Oh, Mama...

LYLA

(gently)

He's sleeping around like a Saudi prince. And he's not hiding it.

Abby takes this in, surprisingly stung. Kate shoots Lyla a stern look, pissed. Kate puts a comforting hand on Abby.

KATE

I wouldn't say Jake's "sleeping around." He's been on a few dates. That's all he said to Mark.

(to Lyla and Pheobe)

Mark's my husband.

*

ABBY

With who? Did he say?

(catches herself)

Forget it. I'm glad Mark and Jake are still tight...

Hot tears spring to Abby's eyes. She wipes them away.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Sorry. God. I know he's been dating, and rubbing my nose in it. But hearing it like that... It's only been a few, right?

*
*
*

PHOEBE

Abby. Ralf said he saw him at the Chateau with some CW actress. They were getting a room.

ABBY

An actress...? Who plays a *parent*?

PHOEBE

(to Kate/firm)

If you know, she should know.

KATE

(guilty/reluctant)

Her name's Becca Riley. *

Phoebe and Lyla both frantically Google the name. Abby steals herself, wipes away some more tears and says:

ABBY

I mean, he's allowed. We're on a time-out. To explore what we want.

LYLA

(looking at photo)

Apparently, Jake wants a ridiculous sports car and club snatch. I'm sorry, sorry-- *

Abby snatches the phone. Goes pale.

ABBY

Born in...1993. 1993!?

Abby's shock quickly turns to BOILING RAGE. She stands abruptly, grabs for her phone -- then stops:

ABBY (CONT'D)

Jesus. This morning he texted me that he needed more money for expenses. These are his expenses? *

Abby STOMPS OFF. Kate tries to stop her:

KATE

Abby. Don't! Texting leaves a trail!

But Abby's gone, fingers madly FLYING. Phoebe immediately starts typing something. The others glare at her. She stops:

LYLA

Jesus Phoebe! Are you *tweeting*?

PHOEBE

I'm--

(puts phone down)

Too soon? Sorry.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. ROBERTSON -- DAY

13

Abby's back with the ladies, now sitting on a bench on the street -- her head down, between her knees. Phoebe rubs her back. Kate and Lyla look on, concerned.

LYLA

He's an idiot, hon. What did you say to him?

*

Abby just shakes her head, silently hands the phone to Lyla. Who can't help but SMILE as she reads:

LYLA (CONT'D)

Which bills do you need me to pay, specifically? The suite at the Chateau? The Princess Diaries On Demand? Fake IDs for your dates? Therapy for Lilly, when she finds out that her dad trolls for dates at One Direction concerts?

PHOEBE

Wow. I say we hit the sweat lodge, mama. Purge this toxic crap--

LYLA

I say she needs to buy things, you dirty hippie.

*

*

With that, Lyla helps Abby up and moves her into:

14 INT. SLEEK BOUTIQUE -- DAY

14

The women move around the clothing store as they continue. Lyla's multi-tasking, shopping while texting about work stuff. But Abby's in a sort of daze.

LYLA

Here's the up-side. Now you know. It's over with Jake. You can move on.

ABBY

It's not that simple. It's -- he's angry...

*

PHOEBE

Screw that! How come you're not
"exploring?" Use your sexual
amnesty while you've got it.

*
*
*

Phoebe lights an American Spirit. Hands it to Abby, who takes a drag. Kate reacts, a tad scandalized.

KATE

You're smoking? *Inside?*

Abby shrugs kind of helplessly. Phoebe offers, re: cigs:

PHOEBE

These are fine. They're organic.

KATE

(trying)
Oh. Okay. Really?

*
*
*

PHOEBE

(to Abby)
The first thing I did was fly to
Berlin and get screwed into a coma.
We should all go. My au pair can
stay with our kids.

*

ABBY

Sure, let's get right on that.

*

PHOEBE

Why not? It'll be fun.

LYLA

Or just -- that guy. The
Chiropractor Gwen found. The happy
ending guy--

*

PHOEBE

Yes! Damon Cage. He's gorgeous
and he knows how everything works.

KATE
(happily scandalized)
You went to him?

*
*

PHOEBE
(smiles)
And I put it on our insurance.

ABBY
How do you do it? You just, go in
for an appointment and say--

LYLA
"Doctor, I have a herniated
clitoris!"

*
*

PHOEBE
At least come out with me when Jake
has the kids. Ralf's opening a new
club.

*

LYLA
Why are you always hanging out with
your ex? It's weird.

PHOEBE
I still like him. And he gets me
impossible reservations.
(to Abby)
Come on. You need this.

KATE
(checking her calendar)
Fun! As long as it's not
Wednesday, Monday or Saturday.

Phoebe and Lyla meet eyes, annoyed. She's coming?! A store clerk comes over, appalled, and says to Pheobe:

CLERK
Hello? You can't smoke in here.

Phoebe waves her away like a pest, but wanders toward the door. Sings:

PHOEBE
Abby's gonna get her freak on...

ABBY
Hardly. I mean, I would. Maybe.
But getting naked with someone new?
Baby boobs!

*
*
*

KATE
You look great--

*
*

PHOEBE

(over her)

So fix them. I have the best tit
doctor in the world.

*

ABBY

Get out of here. You did not.

SMASH TO:

15 INT. BOUTIQUE DRESSING AREA -- DAY

15

Phoebe stands with her BACK TO US. Her top is lifted to expose her breasts to Abby. Lyla and Kate are there too, and Kate's got the giggles.

PHOEBE

Touch. Go on.

KATE

Oh my God, you guys--

VICKI

Really?

(she does)

Wow...

A woman enters, sees Abby holding Phoebe's boobs. The woman laughs. Ducks behind a curtain. Lyla explains:

LYLA

She's showing off her work.

BOOB WOMAN (O.C.)

Don't let me stop you.

PHOEBE

Doctor Marber. Perfect, right?

BOOB WOMAN (O.C.)

Marber? No way!

The woman comes out, turns to them and LIFTS HER TOP.

KATE

I can't. Stop!

ABBY

Look, it's four matching boobs.

(admitting)

They're gorgeous.

The boob woman covers up and heads out. Smiles to Abby:

BOOB WOMAN

Do it. I love them so much I wish
I could have more. A few here, a
few there...

ABBY

Maybe I will. Thank you.

And she's gone. Abby, Phoebe and Lyla laugh but Kate is just
looking at Abby a little blankly. Finally manages:

KATE

Can I have a word with you,
outside?

ABBY

Okay.

Abby shoots a look to the others, moves outside. A beat.

PHOEBE

She's so uptight.

LYLA

Like Kate Spade made a person.

16

EXT. ROBERTSON PARKING LOT -- DAY

16

Kate and Abby linger near Abby's car. Kate's concerned but
trying to keep it light and friendly:

*
*

KATE

You're not really getting boobs.

ABBY

No! I mean, probably not.

KATE

Probably not? May I remind you, we
used to mock Phoebe and Lyla.

*
*

ABBY

We didn't *mock* them--

KATE

But they weren't our friends.
Never in a million years. With the
heels and the hair and the
surgeries--

ABBY

You have to admit the boobs looked--

KATE

Amazing. But Mark would never let me and you know Jake wouldn't--

ABBY

Jake? Of the baby *CW* actress? Jake doesn't get a vote.

KATE

Right. Fair enough. But... This isn't you, Abby. It's them. *

ABBY

I was wrong about them. They're fun. And we look out for each other. Phoebe calls me every day and Lyla won't let me take any crap from Jake. They just get it. *

KATE

I get it. I do. But I want what's good for you-- *

ABBY

Look. I'm doing my best. And you can't understand. Not totally. And that's okay. So, please, let's all be good. Okay? *

KATE

(a beat/then)

Of course. I'm sorry. This is a crazy time. Just nothing over a C cup, promise?

ABBY

I promise. Hug me.

They hug, but it's not as comforting as they want it to be.

17 INT/EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

17 *

Later. Abby, stylishly put together for a work lunch, sits under an olive tree in the dining area of the SOHO house as Hollywood A-listers enjoy panoramic views of the hills.

Across from Abby sits her legendary BOOK EDITOR, CAT.

Cat has spread out some air-brushed publicity headshots and book ads for Abby's approval. Abby drinking wine, loose.

ABBY

Where are my pores? I look like a cyborg.

CAT

I know. Isn't it great?
(off Abby's look)
Too much. This is just for the book tour stuff.

ABBY

Oh, fine. Go with Blade Runner.

CAT

We're getting media requests for the whole family together. Dr. Phil--

ABBY

No way.

CAT

Dr. Oz? Any Oprah Doctor?

ABBY

I don't want the kids on TV--

CAT

Why not? You write about them. Your readers feel like they know all of you, like they watched the kids grow up--

ABBY

In their *imagination*s. Have you looked at my daughter lately? All lithe and blonde and... How long before Cruise's guy asks her to be Tom's next child bride?

CAT

Just Jake then. It's not only you we're selling. It's the family.

ABBY

(evasive)
I don't know. He's super busy.

CAT

Doing what?

ABBY

He's prepping this indie he's going to direct.

CAT
(gathering her stuff)
So is our waiter. Tell him he's
coming. No excuses.
(off her silence)
Everything okay?

ABBY
Sure. I'll talk to him.

CAT
Good. I have to dash. You and
Jake. Barnes and Noble. This
Thursday. I'll have press there.
Just give a few interviews, pose
for a few happy snaps. Easy peasy.

ABBY
(weakly)
Easy peasy.

OFF Abby, looking a little panicked as she downs her wine.

END ACT TWO

*

ACT THREE

18 EXT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- NIGHT 18

A McMansion of a house.

19 INT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT 19 *

Lyla's meticulously grooming her stout, spoiled CHAMPION BULLDOG, POPPY.

INTERCUT WITH: *

20 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- NIGHT 20

Abby, now in sweats, roots around in the refrigerator, on her phone. We can hear the theme to "Adventure Time" on a TV in another room. Charlie sings loudly along.

ABBY
(quietly/anxious)
Cat says Jake needs to be at the book signing.

LYLA
He does. A united front sells books. The break-up is going to hurt the brand. *

ABBY
Jake doesn't care about the "brand". Besides, I basically called him a child molester--

LYLA
So? His brilliant career doesn't pay the rent. Let him squirm.
(then)
These guys. God. Dan's about to drop off and he wants to "talk".
If he asks for more money--

Lyla's DOORBELL RINGS. She checks her face. Then unbuttons her blouse to expose more cleavage.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Here we go.

ABBY

Call me after.

21 INT. LYLAS BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- NIGHT

21

A two story entry with a massive chandelier. And some creepy modern art.

A maid opens the door to DAN and MARK, 8, and ERIC, 10. Lyla is behind her. She's all over the boys, loves them crazy.

Dan, trim and handsome, is nervous. Mark is all boy energy. Eric, in a Minecraft T-Shirt, is pudgy and sensitive.

LYLA

Hello my honeys, my babies!

Big hugs. She holds on tight a beat too long.

ERIC

Ouch--

LYLA

Sorry, sorry. If you look in your rooms, you'll find surprises!

DAN

Don't do that. They don't need presents just for coming home.

LYLA

Yes. They do.

*
*

The boys race off. Lyla watches them go, then turns her chilly stare on Dan.

LYLA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you feeding Eric?
He's getting breasts.

She turns, leading him through the house.

DAN

He is not. Listen, Lyla--

LYLA

If this is about my pension--

*

DAN

It's not.

Lyla shoots him a look. God. What now?

22 EXT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- DECK -- NIGHT 22

Lyla and Dan settle far apart in her outdoor living room, next to a lit gas fireplace.

DAN
(with difficulty)
I wanted you to know before you
heard it around. I met somebody.

Lyla takes this in. Still. Not betraying anything.

LYLA
I hope you'll be happy in your
dungeon together. Does she know
about your "adventures?"

DAN
That's over... I just -- this new
thing is getting serious so...

Lyla stands. Trying to hide the body blow. Gets a bottle of wine from inside, comes back out. In a quiet rage.

LYLA
That's over?! You told me you'd
"committed to a lifestyle"--

DAN
I thought I did. I think -- I just
craved being humiliated when you
and I were together.
(off her silent glare)
I've been doing a lot of work on
myself. I wanted to do the work
with you, if you remember--

LYLA
You were hemorrhaging *my* money to a
dominatrix!

Now Dan marches inside. Comes back with a glass. Pours as:

DAN
I didn't give up. You did.

LYLA
I did?! You gave up when you
licked the boot, babe.

He takes this in. Sits. They both kind of deflate.

DAN

You know I have a lot of shame.
And I did keep this place running.

LYLA

Please tell me you haven't brought
this person around the kids.

DAN

Not yet. You'll know before.
(then)
You okay?

LYLA

Please.

They sit in silence for a bit. Lyla thinking. Then:

LYLA (CONT'D)

Juanita made too much food. You
want to eat with me and the boys?

Dan looks up, grateful.

23 INT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT 23

The floor is littered with Dan and Lyla's discarded clothes.
We move toward the bed as we hear the sounds them having SEX,
nearing climax.

LYLA

Come on, you bastard! Yes! Yes!

Lyla moans, Dan groans with deep satisfaction. Well done.

Now we find them in bed as they collapse, breathing heavily
and glistening with sweat, the sheets barely covering them.

Lyla grabs a half-empty bottle of scotch off the night stand.
Drinks. Hands him the bottle. He drinks. Then he grins:

DAN

You are so competitive.

She laughs.

24 INT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- ENTRY -- NIGHT 24

Lyla, in a bathrobe, and Dan, dressed now, sneak into the
entry. She quietly lets him out. They're both tipsy, giddy.

LYLA

That stays between us. We were entitled to one for the road.

DAN

Right. Good.

He heads to his car. Laughs to himself. She whispers:

LYLA

No more chicken nuggets for Eric!

DAN

Right. Talk to you tomorrow.

He gets into his minivan. Drives off. Lyla watches him. Then shuts the door.

She stands there a beat, suddenly sober. Fishes her cellphone from her robe pocket. Dials.

LYLA

I want to report a drunk driver.

SCENE 25 -- OMIT

26 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON DRIVE -- NIGHT 26

Dan is texting at a light. The light changes. He finally notices -- just as POLICE LIGHTS FLASH BEHIND HIM.

DAN

No. No no no no no...

27 INT. LYLA'S BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT 27

Lyla washes up, rubs on a variety of expensive looking creams and lotions. She stops. Unable to contain herself.

She grabs her phone, TEXTS ABBY. It reads -- **"NAILED HIM"**.

She looks at herself in the mirror.

Then she BURSTS INTO TEARS. Lyla's secret? She didn't want this divorce. Misses Dan. Hates sharing the kids. But she'll be damned if she'll admit it.

28 EXT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- NIGHT/DAWN 28

The sky slowly LIGHTENS, trees shift in TIME LAPSE as a new day comes on. Jake's car appears. Parked.

29 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- KITCHEN AREA -- DAWN 29

Jake, in clothes he was wearing yesterday, roots around in the refrigerator. Finds the milk. Chugs some down. He glances upstairs with dread. Ugh. *

He closes the refrigerator door -- and we see a big note REMINDING EVERYONE, "**TODAY** IS CHARLIE'S SPECIAL DAY!" Jake trudges toward the stairs.

29A INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAWN 29A

Abby lies awake. Hears Jake moving down the hall, hushing the dogs. A beat. She curls onto her side. Pretends to be asleep.

30 INT. HALL OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S CLASSROOM -- DAY 30

Later. Abby and Jake wait in the hall. Abby holds the Charlie's project. We can't see exactly what's on it. Abby finally breaks the silence, awkward:

JAKE

Where do you get off with those texts, Abby? We're on a *break*--

ABBY

(with difficulty)

I know. I'm...sorry. I just, had a reaction.

(tries to move on)

Anyway... I need, not a favor exactly -- my signing? We need to present a united front. *

JAKE

What does that mean?

ABBY

You have to come. This book won't sell if we seem -- in trouble.

JAKE

Then it won't sell. It's bad enough that the kids have to live with everyone reading books full of their adorable poops and bed-wetting--

ABBY

(hot)

Those "poops" put you through film school--

JAKE

(over her/cutting)

Why don't you write about lying?
Turns out it's what you're best at.

Abby's about to reply but sees Charlie's pretty young teacher standing at awkwardly at the end of the hall. She heard more than she would have liked to. Says apologetically:

TEACHER

Hello? Charlie's ready for you.

31 INT. CHARLIE'S CLASSROOM -- DAY 31 *

Second Grade classroom is filled with art and fantastic play areas. The kids sit on a rug while Abby and Jake stiffly hold up the poster board, which has a big picture of CHARLIE on it. *

It's also full of PHOTOS from Charlie's life. Like Abby and Jake exhausted and blissed over tiny newborn Charlie -- and cheering him at T-ball... A collection of happy times.

CHARLIE

My mommy writes books about us and she was on TV one time. And this is me and mommy and daddy on Splash Mountain! Best. Day. Ever.

ON ABBY AND JAKE

Who smile as best they can. But they're both dying inside. Hurting.

32 INT. CENTER FOR EARLY EDUCATION -- ENTRY -- DAY 32

Abby and Jake exit the school -- move apart without a word to each other.

33 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY 33

Abby leans against the car in front of her favorite liquor store again, smoking a cigarette from another full pack. She's thinking something over. Makes a decision.

ABBY

Screw it.

Abby dials her phone. A beat. Then:

 PHOEBE (O.C.)
Hey, Mama. What's up?

 ABBY
You win. Get me laid.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

34 *

Abby, Lyla, Phoebe and Kate are dolled up -- enter and walk through a busy, fashionable bar. Even Kate looks sexy, if more conservative. She's texting on her phone.

KATE

Mark says hi. He wants a picture.
Come on girls, get together.

The women ignore her. Abby's a little irritated.

ABBY

Can you just -- please put your
husband away for one night, please?

LYLA

I want to dance, bitches!

ABBY

Jesus. What's gotten into you?

LYLA

You realize Dan can't drive for
three months? Do you know how that
would look in family court?

Abby takes this in, appalled. Kate cuts her a look. See? *

LYLA (CONT'D)

What? I have to do something. The
boys hate his place. Eric's
stress-eating again. You know what
he spent his birthday money on?
(before she can answer)
Half-off *Easter candy*.

Phoebe sees the handsome manager, WILL -- kisses him. He's
attractive in a real way. Warmth and substance. *

PHOEBE

Will, you better show my girls a
good time. *

WILL

Ralf's already here. He told me
the same thing. This way. *

As he leads them deeper into the club, he takes another look at Abby. She catches him. There's a spark here.

ABBY
This place is great.

WILL
Oh. This isn't the bar. *

He stops at a trick wall. He knocks on it. It SWINGS OPEN. *

WILL (CONT'D)
This is the bar. *

ABBY
(amused)
Come on. Hipster Disneyland.

Will laughs at this. He and Abby exchange smiles as he leads them down a SECRET PASSAGEWAY. *

CLOSE ON ABBY

Reacting as she's engulfed in light, sound, color... Going down the rabbit hole.

ON THE OTHERS

As they take it all in. A whole different vibe than the other side of the bookcase. It's stunning and erotic, all dim lights, red booths, make-out nooks...

Even the people are sexier, the music better.

Phoebe moves to her ex-husband, a handsome older German -- RALF. He's black, in his fifties but uber fit and fashionable. Phoebe kisses him affectionately.

RALF
Hi baby.

Ralf's hand grazes Phoebe's ass as he stands and greets Lyla and Abby. Lyla notices, raises an eyebrow at Abby. What the hell?

PHOEBE
This place is gorgeous,
right?

RALF
(to Abby)
You have to try the Tostones
with mojito sauce. *

ABBY
I think I'll just have a quick
drink.

Ralf moves the ladies to the bar.

RALF

Screw that. I designed this place
for the *long* drink.

(growls to Abby)

You look delicious. You'd better
dance with me later.

Abby reacts, laughs a little nervously.

35

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

35

*

LATER. Abby, Lyla and Kate dance. Abby's tipsy.

ABBY

We should go out more!

A cute GUY tries to dance with Abby but she ignores him.

Instead, Abby moves off the dance floor. Kate anxiously
follows Abby. Lyla moves in to dance with the cute guy.

KATE

We should go. You want to look
fresh tomorrow. For your signing.

ABBY

Not yet, okay? There has to be an
upside to half custody.

KATE

That's not funny, Abby.

Abby, emboldened by rum, gets real:

ABBY

I know you don't approve. Of any
of this.

KATE

I guess I just don't understand.
These people, *of course* they think
you should get divorced. They did.
(then)

But we practically lived at each
other's houses. And you guys had
problems... But it's not like
anybody was an alcoholic or hitting
anybody...

ABBY
(stung)
What?

KATE
I mean, if you two can't make it,
who can? You don't leave. That's
what we all signed on for.

ABBY
I'm *trying*. You have--

KATE
Hanging out with Phoebe and Lyla?
Come on. They're your Sherpas out.

Abby clumsily stands from the table, reeling.

KATE (CONT'D)
Abby--

ABBY
Sorry I didn't get hit. I realize
that's hard for you.

KATE
No, that's not what I--

ABBY
Go home, Kate. Maybe we can hang
out when I'm married again.

Abby walks away. Kate, stricken, takes off.

36 INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

36 *

A few moments later. Abby stands alone, lost in self doubt
and too many cocktails. Phoebe slides up next to her.
Guides her through the crowded room. Taking care of her.

PHOEBE
I'm so glad we're friends now,
Mama.

ABBY
Me too.

PHOEBE
You okay?

ABBY
In my head. Kate said some stuff.

PHOEBE

Kate. Is a bitch. She seriously needs to work on her energy.

Phoebe moves Abby into a booth, slides in close to her and puts a hand on her knee. Very touchy.

ABBY

So, what's the real story with you and Ralf? You two seem awfully friendly.

PHOEBE

Don't judge...

ABBY

No judge.

PHOEBE

He gets off on paying me now.

ABBY

Child support?

PHOEBE

He *has* to pay that. And alimony. This is for...services rendered.

ABBY

(delighted/scandalized)
No! *Really?*

PHOEBE

I get these calls. Sometimes in the middle of the day. He's dying for it. And I just drive the price up and up and up... And he goes up and up and up.

ABBY

Like a new pair of Louboutins? Or?

PHOEBE

Like a new BMW. 7.
(casual)

Now that it's illicit again, he's obsessed. I don't know, maybe it's a German thing.

ABBY

Oh my God. I called you a whore...

PHOEBE

Please. I was a *model*, Mama. I am
a whore.

Just then, Will appears at their table and swaps their old
drinks for fresh ones. Smiles at Abby. She smiles back,
raises her glass. *

ABBY

You, sir, are made of rainbows.
You bring great joy to many.

WILL *

Yes I do.

He grins and moves away. Pheobe continues:

PHEOBE

The thing is, even though I got a
nice settlement from Ralf--
(off Abby's look)
-- a very nice settlement -- it
doesn't hurt to put more away. I'm
thinking about starting a business.
Lyla and you -- you're both very
"Lean In", Independent Women, you
know? I want that too.

ABBY

Really? What kind of business?

PHEOBE

I don't know. I'm meditating on
it. Something that helps people. *

Then Phoebe changes the subject. Purrs:

PHOEBE

But I came over to talk about you,
not me. What's up? I've seen at
least five hot guys try to get in
your pants. No go.

ABBY

It's just too strange. I can't.

PHOEBE

Listen to me. Jake didn't waste
any time getting back out there.
You need to be touched. Abby.

ABBY

I know. I do...

Abby drinks, watches Lyla dance. People pairing off. Phoebe leans into Abby, and her silky top falls open. No bra. Her perfect fake boobs are right under Abby's nose.

PHOEBE

If you don't do something soon --
I'll have to take matters into my
own hands.

ABBY

Okay-- What?

Phoebe gently turns Abby's face to hers. And KISSES HER. Full on. Abby is shocked, but her body responds and she allows it. Finally Abby pulls away. Breathing hard, spun.

PHOEBE

I'll do you good, Lady. You help
me. I help you. That's what
friends are for.

Phoebe smiles, moves off. Abby gets up, shaky. Sees that Will is watching her. Maybe saw the whole thing. Embarrassed, Abby grabs her coat and bolts for the stairs.

*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

37 EXT. NIGHTCLUB/ROOF BAR -- NIGHT 37 *

Abby exits the bar, only to find herself on the smoking patio on the ROOF. She's disoriented. Will comes out after her: *

WILL *

Hey! You left your keys!

Abby stops. Turns. Grateful. Takes the keys.

ABBY

Sorry. Thank you. I thought I was leaving. Not going--

WILL *

Up. Got it. Happens all the time.
(then)
You okay?

ABBY

Fine. I'm just--
(then/why not?)
Weird night. And I got kissed.

WILL *

I saw. Is that how you roll?

ABBY

Who knows? Maybe. I haven't "rolled" in so long. But Phoebe? That just seems...messy.
(then)
You're not married.

WILL *

No.

ABBY

When you are, this invisible wall goes up. And on one side are Legos and stomach flus and farting and date nights.. And on the other side there's bars and cigarette burns and sexting and snorting and *bisexuals*. And when you're on the farting side, you kind of stop believing in the other side.

WILL *

But -- here it is.

ABBY
Exactly! You people have been here
all along!

WILL
Sad but true.

They smile at each other. A really nice connection.

ABBY
(deflecting)
I do this. I talk to bartenders.
Not that you're not nice...

WILL
I'm the manager. But I'll take it.
I like talking to you.

Abby looks at him. She's turned-on, confused.

ABBY
Can I...try something?

WILL
Please.

Abby leans forward on the stairs. KISSES WILL. He moves
into it. Liking it. It gets immediately hot. Abby gasps.
Stops. Then kisses him again. Then stops, moves to go:

ABBY
That's...how I roll. Thank you.

WILL
Not so fast.

He takes her hand, pulls her back into to him.

38 INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- NIGHT

38

Will lets Abby into his boxy apartment. Ikea type furniture.
Will's ROOMMATE AND A FEW GEEKY FRIENDS sit on the couch,
playing video games on TV.

It's like a sadder version of an Apatow movie.

WILL
Hey Man. Abby, this is my
roommate, Mike, and...those guys.

MIKE
Hey.

Abby is starting to rethink this whole thing. Her PHONE RINGS. She silences it. Then, to the guys:

ABBY

Hi.

39 INT. WILL'S ROOM -- NIGHT 39 *

Will leads Abby in, turns on a soft light. His room is full of books. Has some interesting art. A nice bed. Cozy. Abby stands awkwardly, taking it all in. He sits on the bed. *

ABBY

So, what are we reading? And what's this? An...elephant thing.. *

WILL

Come here. *

ABBY

I... Just, give me a minute.
(then)
I've...it's been a while. And you'd be my first younger man.

WILL

Not that much. 28. *

(then)

I've never been with a women who's had children before. So that's...

ABBY

Well, on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being a virgin and 10 being... throwing a hotdog down a hallway. I'd say I'm a 5.

WILL

Good to know. *

(stands)

I'm going to undress you now.
(off her look)
The sex will be easier.

He unzips her, revealing her lacy bra.

ABBY

You're a looker, aren't you.

WILL

Thank you. *

ABBY

I mean, eye-looker. You look at women with your eyes.

WILL

As opposed to what, my elbows?
(as he undoes her skirt)
You're beautiful.

*

ABBY

I had a--

Her phone rings AGAIN. Abby stops.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry...

Abby checks it. It's LILLY. He waits. Eyes on her. She answers with a helpless look to him, almost whispers:

ABBY (CONT'D)

Honey, it's 2 in the morning!
(a beat/embarrassed)
Well I'm sorry you can't sleep.
No, I haven't decided about Jade's party. Tomorrow. Yes. Yes.
(then)
Okay. Now *sleep*. Love you.

Abby hangs up, losing heart.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Teenage drama. Look, maybe I should just--

WILL

No way. I am here to give you the younger man experience.

*

He slowly lowers her dress. She's in just her bra and undies now. Feeling very raw.

ABBY

I think -- I'm kind of... natural for guys now. Down there.

WILL

Oh, God. That's... I like that.

*

ABBY

You do?

WILL

A bush. Yeah.

*

He's getting really turned on. He kisses her deeply. She warms to it, pushes into him. It's on.

ABBY
I'm really hairy.

He picks her up and throws her on the bed.

40 INT. WILL'S ROOM -- NIGHT 40 *

Now Abby and Will are having sex (tastefully shown, 'natch). She's practically delirious. They are having a blast. *

WILL
For your information, you're a 2,
maybe a 1... *

ABBY
God. It feels SO GOOD.

WILL
Um hum... The balls. *

ABBY
What?

WILL
Balls. Touch them. *

ABBY
Oh. Sorry.

She reaches down. He moans. They move together, building intensity... It's working for both of them.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Ummm. Yeah... Oh, Jake--

She stops. Frozen. Horrified.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I am so, so--

WILL
Forget it. I'm fine. *

ABBY
Habit. I--

WILL
(laughs)
Do you mind? I'm busy here. *

He keeps at it. Abby tries to get back into the mood. Will is oblivious and they continue. *

41 INT. WILL'S ROOM -- NIGHT 41 *

Much later. They lie together, spent and smiling lazily. Eyes closed. A long silence. Then:

ABBY
Incredible.

WILL *

Yeah it was.

ABBY
I mean, it's been so long you could have just put it in and not moved at all and my mind would have been blown. Don't get a big head.

WILL *

(laughs/then)
We did go more than once.

ABBY
You're 28. You probably had seven orgasms already today.

WILL *

Five. But who's counting?
(then)
I like this. I like the way you bust my balls.

ABBY
I more just grabbed them and held on for dear life.

WILL *

You did good. Great, actually.
(a beat/then)
You think you can? Stay married?

ABBY
(considers/then)
He found these e-mails. Between me and somebody else. This man.

WILL *

Were you in love?

ABBY

It was...intense, never physical.
This guy had a way with words.

(then)

It's easy to get carried away when
nobody's arguing about who gets to
sleep in...who's life is harder.

WILL

You dazzled that guy.

ABBY

I wouldn't go that far.

WILL

I would.

Abby's eyes stay wide open. She's pained, remembering:

ABBY

It was stupid. I think maybe I
wanted to get caught. Anything but
go on the way we were...

WILL

(genuine)

I'm sorry. It must have been so
hard.

A long beat. They drift. Will pulls her into a SPOON
position and says, half awake:

WILL (CONT'D)

I want to cook for you. Can you
hang out tomorrow?

42

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- NIGHT

42

Abby moves quickly for the door. Will, pulling on his jeans,
follows her.

WILL

Stay. You had a lot to drink.

ABBY

I'm fine.

WILL

How do I get in touch with you?

ABBY

Let's just...let it happen.

WILL
What does that mean?

*

ABBY
(to roommate)
Bye.

We see now that MIKE, The ROOMMATE, is still playing video games on the couch -- alone now. He nods. Abby looks at Will, melts a little. *

ABBY (CONT'D)
Thank you. Really.

But then she bolts. Will is spun. What just happened? *

43 **EXT. ABBY'S CAR/MULHOLLAND DRIVE -- NIGHT**

43

Abby, parked, leans against her car -- reeling. She laughs, shakes her head and looks at her phone.

A text from Lyla reads: "**So?????**"

Abby impulsively dials Lyla. After a few rings, she answers.

LYLA (O.S.)
You okay?

ABBY
Good news. My vagina is not dead after all. It was just in a coma.

LYLA (O.S.)
Ummmm. That is good news. Congratulations. *

ABBY
I said Jake's name. Twice. It's like, a third of my sex vocabulary. (emotional) Can't just shake it off, huh? All those years. *

LYLA (O.S.)
Nope. Sweetpea? It's 5am. *

ABBY
It is? Oh -- *crap*.

44 **INT. LYLA'S BEDROOM - OMITTED**

44

45 INT. ABBY'S MODERN HOUSE -- VARIOUS -- DAWN

45

Abby rushes in. JAKE is sitting at the dining table. Waiting for her. Shit. She's so clearly post coital. He looks at her. Upset.

ABBY

Hi.

(forced/light)

So -- weird time... But about the book signing today--

JAKE

(hard)

Was it him?

ABBY

Who?

(gets it)

Oh God, *him*? No. I told you -- it wasn't like that.

JAKE

(stands/agitated)

I can't do this anymore.

ABBY

I know. But the shrink says--

JAKE

Screw the shrink. There's no way is this good for any of us!

ABBY

Shhh. The kids--

JAKE

Sneaking in, having sex with other people. You did, you screwed somebody, right?

At this, Abby turns away, moves up the stairs toward the bedroom. He follows and they continue the argument in hushed tones, trying not to wake Lilly and Charlie.

ABBY

Jesus. You want to get into this? Really?! Who are you going to bang now that Gossip Girl is off the air, Jake?

JAKE

After we were separated. You were the one who--

ABBY

I never touched him!

JAKE

It was worse. You felt for him,
you confided in him--

She goes into the bedroom, Jake right on her heels. He closes the door behind him.

ABBY

Because he listened! He didn't feign interest while he surfed the net. He didn't take a dump in the middle of me pouring my heart out--

JAKE

That happened once. Jesus--

ABBY

You checked out. I asked you, I begged you, talk to me, make love to me--

JAKE

I was tired!

ABBY

For five years!?

Jake stops. Impulsive, he starts unbuttoning his rt.

JAKE

You want me to make love to you.
Let's go.

ABBY

Jake--

JAKE

No. I'm serious. We've talked and talked and talked. It's getting us nowhere. Let's just do it.

ABBY

(balks/then)

Is this a man thing, like, somebody else pissed on me so now--

JAKE

Shut up.

He grabs her. Kisses her. She's spun, trying to go with it.

ABBY

Jake--

JAKE

Take off your dress.

She starts to fumble with her zipper. But he pushes her down on the bed before she can get very far. There's an urgency, a desperation as he grabs at her.

His hand goes up her dress. She moans, arches. But it's forced.

He kisses her again. She turns her head, moaning. Her eyes are closed, and she winces as he fondles her breast. She is tolerating this. Trying...

Jake feels it -- getting angry, he goes for another kiss. Deep. Probing. Abby finally breaks, pushes away from him.

ABBY

I can't. I can't--

JAKE

Jesus Christ--

ABBY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

JAKE

You look like your skin is crawling. Is that how it is now?

ABBY

I -- It's not your fault.

JAKE

Your *skin is crawling*?!

ABBY

I'm sorry. Let's make an appointment. With the shrink--

JAKE

We can't talk without doctors now?
No!

ABBY

I -- I don't want to say anything we can't take back--

JAKE

(pained)
Why not?

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Are you fighting for us because it's what you want? Or because you can't admit we failed.

ABBY

That's not fair--

JAKE

You sell answers! You're the answer lady. And you sold us as this great family. Who's going to want your advice now?

ABBY

(genuine)

I don't sell -- I write about what I love. I loved us. I did.

JAKE

Oh, screw you and your past tense. We're done. It's over.

ABBY

And then what? Two houses, kids shuttling back and forth, lawyers and -- I don't want that life--

JAKE

Too bad. You made your bed--

ABBY

Don't put this on me. I'm here!

JAKE

With your *skin crawling*--

ABBY

And yours isn't? You couldn't get out fast enough once you had an excuse. Is this what you wanted all along? The stupid car and the stupid jeans -- or is all the new pussy, making you crazy?

JAKE

No, you know what it is? It's the old pussy!

She SLAPS HIM. Hard.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

No mama!

Mom!

LILLY

*
*

Charlie runs in, wraps his arms around Abby's legs. Lilly is in the door too. Freaking out. Abby and Jake react.

ABBY
Honey--

LILLY
I knew it! You guys are getting a divorce!

ABBY
We are not getting a--

JAKE
Abby. Yes, we are. I'm sick of lying to them!

CHARLIE
You are?!

ABBY
Go back to your rooms, please--

CHARLIE
What's a divorce?

LILLY
Mom! I'm not an idiot! Dad doesn't even live here!

ABBY
(stunned)
Lilly... Why didn't you say anything?

LILLY
(scathing)
I don't know, mom, I thought maybe that was your job. And what are you wearing? Are those my earrings!? Oh my God!

Lilly bolts. Abby tries to go after her, but Charlie is stuck to her leg like a leech. She lurches out of the room.

ABBY
Lilly, stop! Please, let's--

Lilly SLAMS the door to her room closed, then SCREAMS with rage and frustration. Charlie looks up at Abby. Sees straight up her skirt from where he clings. Says to her:

CHARLIE
I can see your penis.

Abby leans her head against the wall. Devastated, fighting tears. Manages:

ABBY
It's not a penis, honey.

Charlie leaps up and pulls his pajama pants down. Starts running around, kind of hysterical and shouting:

CHARLIE

Penis! Penis! Penis! Penis!--

Jake comes out. Stands at the doorway. Wrecked. They just look at each other. OFF Charlie's frantic yelling -- and the sound of Lilly breaking things in her room.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

46 EXT. THE CENTER FOR EARLY EDUCATION -- DAY 46

Morning drop off. The usual parade of fancy cars, model wives, magnates and almost as an afterthought, children.

47 INT. ABBY'S CAR -- DAY 47

Abby stays in the car this time. Sunglasses cover her red eyes. She's dressed in stuff she found on the floor. A kid song plays on the iPod. "Dumb ways to die" maybe.

She reaches for Lilly as a carpool dad opens the door for the kids. Lilly jerks away. Bails. Charlie lets Abby kiss him.

CHARLIE

Mama -- next year when I'm Special
Person, will you and daddy both
come? Or do I have to do it twice?

ABBY

(ouch)
Just once, honey. Daddy and I will
still do lots with you, I promise.

Charlie nods, just gets out of the car.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I love you--

But he's gone. Abby takes a deep breath. Sees a FATHER AND MOTHER walking their kid into school, laughing and talking. Abby closes her eyes, shutting them out -- too painful.

A KNOCK on the passenger window makes her jump. It's the HANDSOME DAD, PAUL, she passed in the hall a while back. Not the douche bag. The guy you barely noticed.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(rolls down the window)
I can't talk.

PAUL

Are you okay?

ABBY

(almost laughs)
Besides being an emotional
adulteress, a horrible parent and a
fraud? I'm fabulous.

PAUL
Yeah. Me too.

They look at each other. The longing is palpable.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Can I e-mail you at least? Please.
I miss you.

ABBY
I'm late.

He nods. She rolls up the window. He just stands there, watching as she drives off.

48 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

48

Abby stands outside with her daily pack of cigarettes. She can't get the pack open, struggles with it, frustration building.

Finally, she cracks, crushes the pack and hurls it to the ground. She starts to cry, uncontrollably. A long time coming.

ABBY
Goddamn it!

She buries her face in her hands. Then, still weeping, she stoops to pick up the crumpled pack. Pulls the wrapper off, searching for one intact smoke. Humiliated.

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- DAY

*

Various images of the city. Transitioning us to:

*

49 INT. GYM -- DAY

49

An exclusive private gym. Phoebe is being STRETCHED by a handsome trainer, MILES. She stops, noticing the YOGA beads MILES wears around his wrist.

*

*

*

PHEOBE
You do yoga, Miles?

*

MILES
Every day. Kundalini. Clears my mind before my workout.

*

*

Phoebe takes this in. Nods... Thinking. Then:

PHEOBE

What if.. There was, like --
Kundasize, or...Cardiolini?
(off his look/inspired)

Know what I mean?

(MORE)

*

*

PHEOBE (CONT'D)

Feel the burn *and* Infinite Love and
Grace in just 45 minutes. What do
you think, man? Want your own gym?

*

Gus has no idea what she's talking about.

50

INT. LAW FIRM -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

50

Lyla is a meeting with her client, who is on teleconference and appears on a LARGE VIDEO SCREEN at the end of the table.

The client is a TALL BASKETBALL PLAYER, who is joined by his manager. Across from Lyla sit a few other lawyers on her team. But Lyla is the lead lawyer.

LYLA

So Nike wants restitution because
you've been photographed multiple
times wearing...New Balance?

(to player)

Aren't those white people shoes?

PLAYER

(via tele-conference)

I have fallen arches.

Lyla's phone rings. She looks at the number.

LYLA

Sorry. One second.

(hushed)

Ma. I can't talk now.

(listens/then)

He does not have breasts. No, you
can't put a ten-year-old on a diet,
it gives them a complex. Ma--

Lyla stops as her PANICKED ASSISTANT runs in.

ASSISTANT

I'm so sorry. I tried to stop..it.

CLOSE ON

Black thigh-high boots. A riding crop. Fishnets.

REVEAL

MISTRESS BUNNY BRATZ, 6'2" in spiked heels, dark-haired,
pierced -- striding down the hall in a latex mini-dress.

She walks right into the conference room, drops some papers on the table. Then she raises a fish-netted leg and plants her BOOT right in front of Lyla's face:

MISTRESS BUNNY

My former slave Dan retained me to tell you -- he's suing you for half your trust and full custody. And that you're paying for my hour today.

(gets in her face)

Lick the boot, bitch.

*

Lyla's co-workers GAPE as Mistress Bunny goes, turning and giving Lyla a parting view of her perfect ass.

OFF LYLA -- stunned.

51 INT. BARNES AND NOBLE -- ESTABLISHING 51 *

One massive book store. *

52 INT. BARNES AND NOBLE BATHROOM -- DAY 52

An ugly women's bathroom. Abby stands at the mirror, dressed elegantly, trying to fix her hair and make-up. But she's still weeping, in a spiral. A 24 hour cry.

ABBY

Stop. Abby. Get it together.

Then Pheobe and Lyla rush in. See Abby dabbing paper towels under her eyes.

LYLA

Jesus, there you are. I got your text--

ABBY

My make-up... I have to go sell books.

PHOEBE

(hugging her)

Oh, Mama...

ABBY

The kids know. Lilly knew. Jake wants to file. And I had wild naked sex with some guy and then--

*

PHOEBE
Will? Well done!

*

ABBY
I said Jake's name. I closed my eyes and it was Jake. Like, the ghost of Jake was yelling "touch my balls!"

*

*

LYLA
They were your first balls in a while. Go easy on yourself--

ABBY
And then this *kid* was all let's "hang" and "cook".

LYLA
What a freak.

ABBY
What am I going to do? We can't afford two houses, two *everything*. We barely make it now as it is.
(then)
I can't breathe.

LYLA
(digs in her purse)
Ativan. Dilaudid. Klonopin...
And Valium.

ABBY
You pick.

*

*

Lyla pops a pill in Abby's mouth, then takes one herself for good measure. Swallows it dry.

*

They look up as somebody comes in. Busted. It's KATE, looking sheepish.

*

LYLA
(not unkind)
Hey. Can we have a moment?

KATE
Abby? What happened?

Abby just shakes her head, can't talk. Kate shows Abby that she holds copy of ABBY'S LATEST BOOK, although we don't see the title. Kate says a little lamely:

KATE (CONT'D)

I -- came to get this signed.

Abby nods, moved, starts to cry all over again. Both Lyla and Phoebe immediately apply paper towels under Abby's eyes. Kate moves to Abby and they hug tightly.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm such an idiot. The more you told me what was going on, that you guys were on the rocks--

ABBY

I feel like you're afraid you'll catch it. It's not contagious--

*
*

KATE

No -- Abby. Sometimes when the kids are being awful, evil little people... And then Mark is never home, and when he is he acts like he's doing me a favor. And now you're free and you've got these new friends with new boobs, which they don't need *permission* for... What scares me is feeling like maybe *I want* to catch it.

She'd go on but a nice lady from the book store peeks in. Sees the gaggle of women surrounding crying Abby. Says:

BOOK STORE LADY

Forgive me, Ms. McCarthy, but we're already ten minutes behind.

ABBY

Of course. Sorry. I'm coming.

The Book Store Lady nods and ducks back out. Abby looks at Kate, panicked and apologetic.

*

ABBY (CONT'D)

Oh my God--

KATE

Don't worry about me. Go.

ABBY

Oh my God. How can I? I'm a liar. Pants on fire. Awful--

*

KATE

Then go out there and be honest.
That's why people love you.

LYLA

And then the book tanks. This is
business. Lie. Lie like the wind. *

ABBY nods, dries her eyes. But she still looks like a deer
in the headlights.

BOOK STORE LADY (O.S.)

...such a treat to have her here!
Please welcome the author of the
Girlfriend's Guides -- Abby
McCarthy.

We hear applause as and see:

53

INT. BOOKSTORE -- READING AREA -- DAY

53

*

Abby's face, SMILING NOW.

It's her picture on a poster announcing her new book: **"The
Girlfriends Guide to Getting Your Groove Back: How to Love
Your Husband and Family Without Losing Your Mind"**

A good-sized group of women and a few men sit in folding
chairs clustered around a small podium, where Abby stands.
There are also a few photographers and journalists around.

ON ABBY

She looks at Lyla, Phoebe and Kate. Fighting emotion.

ABBY

First of all... I'd like to say...
Thank you. To my incredible
friends. New and old. And we're
actually... Phoebe showed us her
boobs so -- we're close.
(audience laughs/then)
Okay. I have to... Get it
together here.

She and Kate meet eyes. Abby considers her advice, then
looks at her book on display...

ABBY (CONT'D)

I think, maybe, my book can help
you. Get your groove on...
(makes a decision)
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

And, you know, I believed it all when I wrote it. But now I just think, what a pile of horseshit, you know? It should have been called "Not in Love Anymore? You Can Stay Married!"

Lyla and the others react. Lyla glares at Kate:

LYLA

Nice job, bestie. Tell the truth...

PHEOBE

You sure you gave her the Klonopin?

LYLA

Huh. Maybe it was the Oxy.

BACK ON ABBY

ABBY

I mean, seriously, this chapter: "This is Your Life, so Get Used to it." It was a joke, I know. But screw that. You deserve more than that. I deserve more than that.

(then/pained)

I just -- women can be funny. We can give so much. But when our heart shuts down... You can't open it with a blow torch. I mean, this book -- I think there's some good advice in here if you still *feel* something... Honestly. I wasn't trying to sell you guys a lie, I was selling myself one. I mean -- there were times when I'd watch my husband sleeping, and I'd think "if he'd just die, it would be so much easier." You know?

REVERSE ON THE AUDIENCE

Silence.

They're just staring, stunned. All these nice women in their cardigans and JCREW capri pants. Lyla, Phoebe and Kate are also in various states of shock and awe.

Abby notices one older woman with her iPad in VIDEO MODE. She recorded the whole thing. The woman lowers the camera, her face a mask of betrayal.

A long awful moment.

Abby pastes on a self-mocking smile. Says, too sunny:

ABBY (CONT'D)

So. Anybody want their book
signed?

Nothing. Abby nods. Yep. She asked for this.

Then she simply WALKS off the stage, gets on an ESCALATOR that leads down two flights to the bottom of the huge atrium style building.

Kate, Lyla and Phoebe move to the railing that looks over the escalator and the floors below. They're followed by a bunch of women from the reading. *

CLOSE ON ABBY

She looks calm, head held high. A burden lifted. Then, SMACK! Something falls right at:

ABBY'S FEET

It's HER BOOK, splayed on the floor like a suicidal jumper. A beat. Then she steps OVER IT, SMILES, and LEAVES THE STORE. Feeling free for the first time in years.

LYLA, KATE AND PHOEBE react to the dramatic exit. Then:

LYLA

Well. She's screwed.

END PILOT

*