

MOM'S CLUB

PILOT

Written by

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EXT. GALWAY, IRELAND - NIGHT

A small medieval market town with bustling pubs and restaurants. A Busker plays an upbeat song outside a shopfront, something like "Galway Girl" by Steve Earle.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CONT'D)

MOLLY, 30s, in a party hat with the words "Party Girl", sits alone. Her hand, clad with an engagement ring, scrolls through her phone. A friendly WAITER, 20s, spoons a single cupcake onto a plate and inserts a candle.

A text pings on Molly's phone from her best friend, JEN.

JEN: "So sorry, Molls. I fell asleep!!!

WAITER (O.S.)
Hey, Molly, Jimmy didn't want the
cake to go to waste. Happy
Birthday.

He lights the candle. Molly, mortified, forces a smile.

MOLLY
Thanks.

JIMMY, a prim, middle-aged manager, waves over, sympathetic. He signals to the waiter and the other customers as they burst into song. "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday ...". Molly nearly chokes on her wine.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Molly wraps the cupcake in a napkin and gets up to leave. Mrs. O'Flaherty, nosey, 60's, sitting with her husband waves.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY
Yoo-hoo. You must be dying for the
wedding. Sure, it won't be long
until you're hearing the pitter-
patter of little feet after.

MOLLY
Oh, babies aren't for us. We plan
to do more traveling with Jen and
Dan and there's my writing and then
--

MRS. O'FLAHERTY
Go away outta that. Your mother's
dying for a grandchild.
(MORE)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (CONT'D)
I haven't seen her at mass lately.
Has she had a lot on?

MOLLY
No. I don't think she'll be back,
Mrs. O'Flaherty. She's decided to
become Jewish.

Mrs. O'Flaherty looks at her husband, wide-eyed.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Enjoy your dinner.

Molly whispers to Jimmy as she takes her money out.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I give it two days to spread around
town.

JIMMY
The wine and cake are on me.

Molly pecks him on the cheek and hugs him tight.

MOLLY
God, I'm so glad it didn't work out
between you and mum... for your
sake.

He laughs and waves her on.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Molly scans "It's a boy" balloons and banners with a baby
gift bag in her hands. LUCY, 30s, "Mother To Be" sash over a
baby bump, approaches with BELLA, 2, covered in CHOCOLATE.

LUCY
Molly! I'm so sorry I missed your
birthday dinner last week.

MOLLY
Oh, that? Yeah. I had a great time.
Jen couldn't make it either. Do you
think you'll make the book signing?

LUCY
I want to. The only thing is,
Bella's being an absolute night--
(sees something)
Oh, God!

Lucy thrusts Bella at Molly and rushes to grab a bottle from her GRANNY MAUD, 80s, sloshed, helping herself to a large pour of wine. Singing something like "Let it go" from FROZEN.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I think that's plenty Granny Maud!

GRANNY MAUD
Nonsense dear, it's not enough!

Granny Maud raises her glass to Molly.

GRANNY MAUD (CONT'D)
Mazel Tov!

LUCY
(whispers to Molly)
No surprise your mum's news is all around town. She's practicing for the wedding.

Molly hands her the gift bag.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Ah, you're so good. Is that for the baby?

Lucy pulls out a bottle of tequila and a pair of battery-operated sleep buds.

MOLLY
You'll hear nothing with those.

LUCY
(surprised)
Wow? Thanks.

Bella glares up at Molly. Molly hands her back to Lucy.

MOLLY
She's so.... sweet and... sticky.

LUCY
Isn't she? Come on, we're about to build our play-doh babies.

MOLLY
Ah. Great.

Granny Maud pours Molly an overfilled glass of wine.

GRANNY MAUD

There you are. You know, I prefer
hen parties with naked men but baby
showers are such fun too. I'm
looking forward to yours.

Molly, puts her arm around her, affectionately.

MOLLY

Granny Maud, you know my favorite
thing about kids is that I'm not
responsible for any of them.

GRANNY MAUD

Oh, you always make me laugh, dear.
You'll change your mind.

Molly spots JEN, 30s, bubbly, at a "Let's make a baby" board
with a group of women. One of the women calls over, giddy.

GIDDY WOMAN

Come on, Molly. You can get some
practice in before the wedding.

Molly half laughs. She catches Jen's eye and motions for her
to join her in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Molly and Jen laugh at a tray of odd-looking play-doh shapes.
An Oscar Wilde quote "Be yourself everyone else is taken" on
a wall behind. Molly stretches a shape to look like a penis.
It droops. Jen hands her a flute of champagne.

JEN

Here, you'll have more chance of
feeling this inside you.

MOLLY

Do you think it's selfish that I
don't want kids?

JEN

You're engaged to a man who doesn't
want them either, which, by the
way, is rare! Besides, it's your
uterus.

MOLLY

So why do I feel like shit when
people say I'll change my mind?

JEN

You can't be worrying about what other people think. You need to be comfortable with who you are.

MOLLY

I am comfortable with who I am!

Molly's phone pings and lights up with the word MUM.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Great! If I tell her where I am, she'll make me feel guilty too.

Molly puts her phone in her bag and pulls out invitations.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey, invitations to "CHIC" next weekend. Top D.J. You, me, Conor, and Dan?

JEN

I don't know, I've been exhausted lately. I'm not feeling so well.

MOLLY

What diet are you on now? I hate how they always make you feel shit.

JEN

It's not a diet... I'm pregnant.

MOLLY

What the fuck? With a baby?

JEN

What else would I be pregnant with? A shoe?

Molly downs the rest of her champagne and starts on the wine.

MOLLY

Have you done a test?

JEN

Yes. I've been trying to hold it together but I'm barfing every morning and I can't stop peeing! My hormones are fucked up, Molls. Dan says I've already turned psycho.

MOLLY

Oh my God. I can't believe it.

JEN

I'm not dying for fucks sake. I'm still your friend.

MOLLY

I know, I just felt light-headed for a minute but I'm excited for you. Aaah... You're having a baby!

Molly hugs Jen really tight and laughs a bit too hard, freaking out inside. Jen winces.

JEN

Sorry Molls, it's your perfume.

She grabs a rubbish bin and throws up.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Molly, drunk, swipes through photos of her and Jen, 20s on her phone.

- Molly and Jen at the Statue of Liberty in New York.
- Molly and Jen at Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco.
- Molly and Jen smoking joints, laughing.

INT. MOLLY & CONOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

A photo of Molly in a local newspaper next to the heading, "Molly Myers reveals book cover for first romantic novel" is displayed in a silver frame. Romance novels fill bookshelves. A fun caricature of Molly, Jen, and Lucy hangs on a wall.

CONOR, 30s, clean-cut, watches TV next to Molly reading a wedding magazine. Vacation photos with Jen and Dan, play on a photo app nearby. Molly looks over at one of them and sighs.

MOLLY

I still can't believe it.

CONOR

I think we should be excited for them. Everyone knew Dan was hoping they would have kids someday and Jen will be a great mum.

He moves to the kitchen to open a bottle of wine.

CONOR (CONT'D)

I think it's kind of cute.

He sits back down and pours them both a glass.

MOLLY

I didn't realize you'd be so excited too.

(a beat)

Dan's brother used to be up in the Children's Court regularly for stealing cars and stuff. That kind of thing can run in families. Who's to say their kid won't be like him?

CONOR

I think that's a bit extreme. Come on, Jen's been your best friend since you were five.

MOLLY

I know and what about all the other trips we had planned?

(a beat)

God, what if she asks me to be Godmother? I'll have to babysit.

Conor knocks back his wine and pours another glass.

CONOR

I think we need to talk, Molly.

MOLLY

What kind of talk?

CONOR

I thought I could do it... to not have kids but I realized I'm lying to myself. I'm lying to both of us.

MOLLY

Wait. What?

CONOR

I want a family, Molls.

MOLLY

But I thought we agreed that we didn't want kids? You've always known that I don't want any.

He takes her hands.

CONOR

I do and I understand but I've realized it's important to me.

MOLLY
Since when?

CONOR
I just haven't been able to get it
out of my mind recently.

MOLLY
Is this since I told you Jen's
pregnant?

He shifts around uncomfortably.

CONOR
I thought you'd change your mind
about having kids eventually,
especially when Jen got pregnant.
Maybe having a kid wouldn't be so
bad, Molls? We can do it.

Molly looks at him and shakes her head. Gutted.

EXT. ABANDONED RUIN - CONNEMARA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Molly eats a banana sandwich in her car and wails. Jen's name
flashes up on her phone. She flips it over and wails again.

INT. COUNTRY PUB - LATER

Traditional music plays as Molly downs a shot at the bar.
PATRICK, 60s, barman, places a second one in front of her.

PATRICK
This one's from Rory.

Molly waves to RORY, 80s, local, sitting next to a sheep.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
He still insists that fucking sheep
is a dog. Don't have the heart to
tell him otherwise.

A customer calls Patrick over. Molly switches her phone on.
It pings with multiple text messages.

LUCY: "I'm so sorry to hear you guys broke up :-("

MUM: "I'm so disappointed..."

JEN: "Where are you? I'm worried. Been trying to call."

MOLLY: "Took a little road trip to Roundstone".

JEN: "I'm so sorry, Molls! I'd call but I'm throwing up again. Try not to drink too much".

MOLLY
(to Patrick)
Double vodka, please.

INT. COUNTRY PUB - LATER

Molly and Rory belt out an IRISH SONG, something like "Orò sè do bheatha 'bhaile". She slurs to Rory.

MOLLY
I really like your dog.

RORY
Say nothing. She's a sheep.

INT. BOOKSHOP - BOOK SIGNING EVENT - GALWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Molly, hungover to hell, is behind a table with copies of her novel "Unexpected Encounter". GLORIA, Molly's literary agent, 50s, formidable with a love for younger men, hovers as townspeople gather. Molly's phone pings.

JEN: "So Sorry. Still vomiting. 5 vomiting emojis".

LUCY: "Sorry, protruding hemorrhoid and Bella fell off her highchair, need to keep a close eye on her".

A nun, SISTER FRANCIS, 60s, navy habit, cynical, approaches.

MOLLY
Sister Francis? It's been years--

SISTER FRANCIS
A writer, who would have thought?
(looking around)
Where are the other two?

MOLLY
Jen and Lucy? They couldn't make it. You know how it is Sister once babies come along?
(beat)
Well, maybe not.

SISTER FRANCIS
So, are you married? Any children?

MOLLY
I... eh... no and no.

SR. FRANCIS
Oh, what happened?

MOLLY
Well, sometimes these things just
don't work out, Sister.

SR. FRANCIS
Ah, it's just as well.

Awkward silence. Molly looks at her, confused.

MOLLY
Let me give you a copy of my book.

SISTER FRANCIS
Oh, I'm not into that romantic
stuff. I came to see how you turned
out. Pretty much as I expected.

MOLLY
(losing it)
Are you still enjoying that bottle
of whiskey in your desk drawer?

Gloria overhearing grabs Molly away from the table.

GLORIA
Molly! Get your shit together.
You're hungover to hell and there's
a stale smell of drink off you.

MOLLY
I'm sorry, Gloria. It's just that
wagon has always had it in for me.

GLORIA
Look... I'm canceling the book
signings going forward. You need to
take a break. Get away for a while.
Do what I do. I've learned the best
way to get over a man is to get
under a younger one...

MOLLY
Ew, Gloria?

GLORIA
Try it, you might surprise yourself
and write your best novel yet!

Gloria walks off. Molly just stares after her.

EXT. PARK - BY A POND - DAY

Molly scrolls social media on her phone. Pictures of Jen and Lucy at recent "Mother-to-Be events" pop up. Molly sighs and throws shreds of a baguette into a duck.

Women from a STROLLER STRIDER class run past. A couple walks behind, holding hands. Molly does a double-take. It's CONOR, with a woman from the baby shower. She watches them. Crushed.

She rings Jen. No answer. A text comes through.

JEN: "Sorry, can't talk...at a Lamaze class with Lucy".

Molly throws the whole baguette into a mother duck and her ducklings. She trips over a Stroller strider as she leaves.

EXT. GALWAY CITY STREET - LATER

Molly walks down a narrow medieval street. She stops at a plaque with the words "Galway, Twinned with Seattle, USA". She Googles "Writing Jobs, Seattle" on her phone.

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly knocks back wine. All signs of Conor are gone. Something like, "GREY'S ANATOMY" is on the TV, with the Seattle skyline in the background. She starts texting Jen...

"Hey, I've made a decision..."

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Molly is asleep on the sofa. There's a knock on the door. She opens it to see Jen, eating a cream cake, with more in a box.

JEN

(mouth full of cream cake)

You're not answering your phone so
I came over. I love you and I'm so
sorry but what the fuck, Molls,
Seattle?!

MOLLY

I need a change.

Molly places a job advert in front of Jen. It reads, "Start-up seeks story lead for friend-finding service - MyPeeps".

JEN
(incredulous)
My Peeps?

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I got the job so don't say anything negative. It will help me make friends. Besides, it's only until I start shagging men again and get inspiration for my next book.

Molly stares out the window. A couple walks by.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I saw Conor holding hands with Dee Boyle. It's only been two weeks.

JEN
Shit, what a bastard! I'm so sorry.

MOLLY
It's so claustrophobic here. I don't know where I fit in.

Molly bursts into tears. Jen, emotional, hands her a tissue.

JEN
Why don't you go to Dublin?

MOLLY
We always bump into people we know there. Remember I threw up on that guy in that nightclub and it turned out to be Jack Walsh's cousin? Everyone knew before we got home.

JEN
Okay then, London?

MOLLY
Nobody makes friends in London. Besides, I'm half-American. I've always felt a pull to live there.

Jen bites into another cream cake.

JEN
You blame me for your breakup with Conor, don't you?

MOLLY
No!

Jen examines her growing belly and breasts in a mirror.

JEN

People change their minds about these kinds of decisions. I never thought I'd be pregnant so fast. You could be more understanding.

MOLLY

I could be more understanding? I'm the one feeling betrayed right now.

JEN

I knew you were annoyed with me. Lots of people's engagements break up and they don't run away and abandon their friends.

MOLLY

Really? I feel like you've abandoned me. You probably want me to have a baby so we can do baby stuff together, like you and Lucy.

JEN

That's ridiculous. You know what I really think? You can't keep acting like you're in your twenties forever. You'll end up like Granny Maud.

MOLLY

Oh really, well, I think we're done here before I lose my shit!

Jen picks up the box of cream cakes.

JEN

Fine. I'll leave. Have a nice life trying to make friends in Seattle with all that rain!

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY

Rain pours. Molly is in an Uber mini-van. We hear crying and whining from the back seat. A french fry hits her in the head. She opens a bottle of Xanax and swallows one.

MONTAGE

Pike Street Market Sign.

Amazon spheres. Young techies look at their phones outside.

A man in a suit wearing a backpack zips by on a hoverboard.

Shot of the Space Needle.

The Uber turns towards a street sign for FREMONT and stops outside a modern office building.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (CONT'D)

We see three kids in the back seat as Molly steps out, disheveled, with a popsicle stick in the back of her hair. The Uber waits as Molly watches a COMMERCIAL MOVER, 40s, take boxes from a vacant office and load them into a removal van.

MOLLY

Excuse me, isn't this the office where MyPeeps is, the friend-making service?

COMMERCIAL MOVER

Not anymore, lady. It shut down. I guess no one was interested in making friends.

INT. UBER MINI-VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The FEMALE DRIVER hands Molly her card as we hear yelling and whining again.

DRIVER

Let me know if ya ever wanna do a longer drive. I could work it into their nap time.

They turn at a sign for QUEEN ANNE and pull up outside a crappy apartment building. A carrot flies past Molly's head.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Welcome to Seattle! Don't forget to rate me. 5 stars would be awesome.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/CORRIDOR - DAY

Molly, deflated, carries her suitcase. ETHAN, 6, precocious, peeks out from the door next to hers. Molly girds herself.

ETHAN

Do you've any kids I can play with?

MOLLY

No. Shouldn't you be inside?
Where's your mum?

ETHAN
Why don't you have kids?

MOLLY
I get headaches easily.

Ethan steps out of the door dressed in a superhero costume.

ETHAN
So does my mom. I'm a superhero. I
catch bad guys. Do you know any?

MOLLY
One in Ireland. I'll give you his
address so you can hunt him down.

ETHAN
Where's Ireland?

MOLLY
Over four thousand miles away,
thank God.

ETHAN
You're silly. You talk funny.

ANNA, late 30s, in hospital scrubs, tiredness all over her
face, appears at the door. Molly breathes a sigh of relief.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
(to Anna)
She can babysit me!

ANNA
I'm sure she's very busy.

Anna brings Ethan in and shuts the door.

ETHAN (O.S.)
I like her. She wears popsicle
sticks in her hair.

Molly pulls the popsicle stick out of her hair.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - LATER

A pre-furnished and lonely apartment. Bare walls. Molly holds
up a copy of the lease agreement. It reads **"any changes to
this agreement will be subject to the loss of the first and
last month's payment of rent."**

Molly opens social media on her phone. A photo of Jen and Lucy with their baby scans pops up. Molly sighs and watches as friends, coming from bars, walk by her window. Rain pours.

She pulls out a mini wine bottle from her bag and starts a "How to make friends in Seattle" list. No. 1 Tennis...

EXT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

"Love-love tennis" is displayed at the back of the court. Molly chats to her partner PAM, a polite lady in her 20s.

MOLLY

Are you from Seattle, Pam?

PAM

Yes, oh quick, your ball!

Molly hits the ball hard and hits one of her OPPONENTS in the head. She screams LOUDLY.

MOLLY

Shit, I'm so sorry.

OPPONENT

You were too busy talking.

MOLLY

I was just being friendly.

OPPONENT

We're here for the love of the game, not to talk.

She points to the sign at the back of the court.

PAM

How about we all calm down and get back to playing? Come on, Molly.

Pam whispers to Molly as they take up their positions.

PAM (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It was kind of funny.

INT. TENNIS CLUB - JUICE BAR - LATER

Molly mimics her opponent to Pam while they have a drink.

MOLLY

"We're here for the love of the game." Well, I love winning games, that's why I deliberately hit you with the ball.

PAM

You're hysterical. She'll probably have a lump in the middle of her forehead. We must get our kids together for a play date sometime.

MOLLY

Kids? Oh, I don't have any.

Pam's demeanor changes. She cools.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Motherhood isn't for me. We could play singles sometime though?

PAM

Sure, I guess.

MOLLY

Does next week suit?

PAM

I'm going camping with the kids.

MOLLY

Or the week after?

JAN

We'll be on the Islands. E-mail me.

Pam quickly exits. Molly checks her underarms for a whiff.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - BOOK CLUB MEETING - NIGHT

Molly and a few women with name badges sit in a dingy room. RHONDA, 40s, over-enthusiastic, kicks off the book review.

RHONDA

So what did everyone think of "The Room" by Emma Donoghue?

GOTH, mid-20s, with purple hair framing her face.

GOTH

I could relate. I used to lock myself in my room when I was younger so I didn't have to talk to anyone. I'm only here because my therapist told me to get out more.

MOLLY

Good for you. When me and my fiancée broke up, I was tempted to lock myself in my room but I forced myself out, and well, here I am.

GILL, 30s, ultra-feminist interrupts.

GILL

You should never let a man make you feel like hiding yourself away. It's just another example of the patriarchy's dominance and oppression of women. We need to--

RHONDA

Yes, but what about the book, Gill?

GILL

Oh. I didn't read it.

MOLLY

Maybe we could read something less heavy next time? Like Fifty Shades Freed? That could be a fun read.

Molly, hopeful, observes their deadpan faces.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Or maybe not. I just thought when you mentioned about being locked up... Anyone like romance novels?

Silence. The goth raises her hand but puts it down when no one else raises theirs. Molly looks around in disbelief.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT/SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Molly searches jobs for writers on her laptop. An empty wine bottle beside her. Molly opens a photo of Conor. She texts Gloria:

"Things are going great! I've decided to stay for a while".

She shuts down her phone and unscrews a bottle of vodka.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT/DOOR - THE NEXT MORNING

Molly, HUNGOVER, is looking at Ethan dressed as DARTH VADER outside her door. A light saber in his hand.

ETHAN
Stacy, my nanny is throwing up. A
lot. It's gross.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/CORRIDOR - DAY (CONT'D)

The paramedics wheel STACY, pregnant, early 20s, out. Molly closes the door to Ethan's apartment and starts to pace.

MOLLY
Where can we find your mom's
number? I have uh... things to do.

ETHAN
Stacy has it on her phone.

MOLLY
Shit!

Molly checks the clock. It's 10 am. She opens a coffee jar.

ETHAN
Can we go to the playground?

MOLLY
If I wake up.

ETHAN
Yes! Can I bring Alfie and Gerald?

MOLLY
Who?

EXT. PARK - A WHILE LATER

Ethan, dressed as SUPERMAN, runs ahead of Molly as she carries two large bears (ALFIE and GERALD) and tries to keep up. A flamboyant LADY, 20s, approaches with her dog.

MOLLY
What a cutie! What's his name?

DOG LADY
Killer.

MOLLY

Oh? People here really love dogs.
I've never seen so many before.

DOG LADY

I think people are more interested
in getting to know her than me.
(Smiles, half-heartedly)
I just moved here.

MOLLY

Me too! I was wondering if I should
get a dog myself. No one seems
interested in me either. I'm Molly.

DOG LADY

Gabby. It's nuts. People say
they'll get in touch but they never
do. Maybe we could swap emails and
meet for a walk sometime?

MOLLY

I'd love that.

Molly writes down her email address. Just then, Ethan trips
and falls. He whines, being over dramatic. Gabby eyes him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's not that bad, come on, Ethan.
(to Gabby)
How are Fridays for you?

DOG LADY

I do my laundry on a Friday.

MOLLY

Oh. Okay. Saturdays?

DOG LADY

Killer has color therapy.

The dog lady pauses and looks at Ethan, still whining.

DOG LADY (CONT'D)

We like to relax on Sundays.

MOLLY

Right... a weekday?

DOG LADY (CONT'D)

How about I e-mail you
sometime?

MOLLY

Uh... sure.

The lady exits. Molly holds up her email address.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
We didn't exchange --

EXT. PLAYGROUND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Molly downs Advil at a picnic table and props up the BEARS. Three MOMS, 30s, fix themselves nearby at another table. KIMBERLY, black, Type-A, MOM'S CLUB sweater, holds up her baby, AMELIA, and takes a photo of them all.

She posts it to social media and picks up an agenda.

KIMBERLY
Anyway, as I was saying, Cynthia and The Green Lake Moms Club have over thirty members and always have the "best ideas" for recruiting new members so we need to put our baby brains away and come up with unique ways to find us some new blood.

OLIVIA, innocent, New Age-y Korean-American, sprays herself with aura cleansing mist and spins around with her baby. A positive mantra on the baby's top. Excited.

OLIVIA
I could offer free aura cleanses?

KIMBERLY
With that burning twig you nearly set me on fire with last week?

OLIVIA
That sage really helped, Kimberly. You had a lot of negative energy.

PRUE, Australian, dry wit, feeding her baby a bottle.

PRUE
She has a point, you were calmer... for a couple of days.

KIMBERLY
I told you before, I'm always calm!

Ethan runs by superman style and climbs a slide with a boy, MAX, 7, in a BATMAN suit behind. He falls.

MOLLY
Fuck!

Noticing the moms staring over, Molly walks over to Ethan.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Shit, I mean... sorry. I got a
fright. He's okay. I thought
"Superman" could fly.

PRUE
Batman, my son Max, didn't do much
to help either!

Kimberly shoves her hand into Molly's.

KIMBERLY
I'm Kimberly, President of the
Queen Anne Mom's Club. I love your
accent. Come say hi.

MOLLY
Eh, Molly. I'm from Ireland.

Molly joins them as Kimberly rushes over to a slide to catch
SIDNEY, black, 7, throwing himself down headfirst.

KIMBERLY
(as she rejoins Molly)
Dang. They're trying to give us a
heart attack. So, this is Prue and
her adorable baby, Serenity.

PRUE
Adorable? Wait until she wakes up.
She's a bloody nightmare!
(pointing to Max)
He's not so bad... when he sleeps.

KIMBERLY
And this is Olivia and Joey.

A pink feather floats by. Olivia jumps up.

OLIVIA
Wow! A pink feather is a sign of
good things to come, Molly.

A little girl in a pink feathered dress runs by. A couple of
feathers trail behind her. Kimberly rolls her eyes.

KIMBERLY
So, Molly, have you ever been in a
Moms Club?

MOLLY
Me? Oh, I'm not--

KIMBERLY
Living in the area?

MOLLY
I am but it's just that I'm not--

KIMBERLY
Good with people? No need to be shy. We do have a couple of rules though... no nannies. Women without kids don't understand and we don't want any of them flirting with our husbands. Isn't that right, ladies?

PRUE
(suddenly serious)
Too right. I won't be getting one again.

MOLLY
No need to worry, I'm not a nanny, and thanks, ladies, but a Mom's Club definitely isn't for me.

KIMBERLY
But--

Molly sees Ethan about to stick a bark chip up his nose.

MOLLY
Ethan, take that out. We're going.

Ethan runs out of the playground and around the fencing. Still hungover, Molly holds onto her head. She grabs the bears and runs after him. She calls back to Prue...

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Try dipping her pacifier in brandy. My mum said it always worked on me.

The moms watch after her, puzzled. Prue smiles.

KIMBERLY
(turns to the moms)
Prue, take a nap, I'll watch the kids and if you ever want sex again with your husband, text me. I'll check the calendar. Olivia, drop Joey over on Saturday and have sex with Kevin --

Molly overhears. She smiles and continues after Ethan.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Molly stares blankly at a cartoon with Ethan. Anna rushes in.

ETHAN

Mom! Stacey looked like she was dead.

MOLLY

The paramedics came. She's ok. They think she was very dehydrated.

ANNA

Oh my God. I'll pay you.

MOLLY

There's no need. I better go.

Molly moves to the door and slowly backs out.

ANNA

I don't know what we would have done without you today. Thank you.

Molly hesitates.

MOLLY

Hey, we've been living next door for a few days now and we barely know each other. Maybe we could get together for a drink sometime?

ANNA

I have vacation time in three months, we could plan for then?

Molly forces a smile and exits.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY. A FEW WEEKS LATER

Molly examines her mail and pulls out job rejection letters. She adds them to the top of a large pile on her desk.

EXT. UNCLE IKE'S POT STORE - DAY

Molly walks out with a paper bag and a self-help magazine. She looks at a tabloid magazine in the next shop window. A female celebrity is on the cover with the words "pregnant at last!". A lady, 60's, attitude, stops to look too.

LADY

About time. You'd think she didn't want kids, leaving it so late... probably too focused on her career.

MOLLY

(loses it)

For your information, I'm one of those people who doesn't want kids and it's not because I'm too focused on my career, selfish, mentally ill or I prefer cats. It's because it's my choice and no, I won't change my mind. Frankly, attitudes like yours are adding--

The lady, shocked, starts to back away. Molly suddenly realizes what she's doing.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, God. Sorry. I didn't mean to... I can explain... Please, I'm just... Come back! We could get coffee?

It's too late. The lady is quickly walking away.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Molly, with her two feet in bandages, inhales a joint and crosses off "Hiking" and the rest of her "How to make friends" list. ~~Tennis. Book Club. Writer's Group. Gym. Yoga. Singles Club. Laundromat. Bus Stop. Uber Driver.~~ She looks at the final entry, "Get a Dog. Do NOT get a Cat". She Google searches "dogs that make good friends".

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Molly opens the fridge door and spots an overdue credit card bill hidden behind a post-it note. She sighs and starts pacing the room. There's a knock on the door.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT/DOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Molly opens her door to see Anna, in tears.

ANNA

I know we barely know each other and I hate to ask but could you watch Ethan today? A couple offered the temporary nanny more money.

Molly watches Ethan race up the corridor.

ETHAN

Look how fast I am, Molly.

ANNA

I've missed so much work with Stacy being so sick. I'm worried I'll lose my job.

MOLLY

I think there's been a misunderstanding. I'm a writer. I don't babysit and frankly, I'm not reliable. I kill houseplants. I even killed a friend's puppy once.

Anna starts to turn away. Molly looks back at the overdue credit card bill on her fridge and takes a deep breath.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Wait! I didn't actually kill the puppy. It got lost when it followed me home. I never saw it again. I don't think it was chipped. What I'm trying to say is...

(sighs)

...if you're okay with me doing some writing too, I could look after Ethan until the end of the summer?

ANNA

Oh Molly, thank you. I don't know what to say. Ethan, Molly's going to be your nanny for the summer.

ETHAN

Yay! A new best friend.

ANNA

(whispers)

He's had trouble making friends.

Anna hands her the bears with a bunch of costumes and light sabers. She kisses Ethan umpteen times before she exits. Ethan runs into Molly's apartment and bounces on her couch.

MOLLY

I'm cursed...

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Molly, wearing a ROBIN mask, and Ethan, dressed as BATMAN eat french fries and sip from paper cups. Molly yawns.

ETHAN

Ugh, this is gross, what is it?

MOLLY

Coffee.

ETHAN

Mom usually gives me milk.

MOLLY

Right, well, remind me next time.

A 3-minute timer counts down to zero. She pulls the mask off.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

That's ten minutes up.

ETHAN

Aw, there's no one to play superheroes with. Can we go to the playground to see Max and Sidney?

MOLLY

No. I've some writing I want to do. Anyway, it's a bit complicated. They don't like nannies and I'm not a "mom" so --

Ethan starts to cry and sits with the bears.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, God. No. Please. I'll bring you to the playground. Just... please... stop crying.

ETHAN

Yay!

Ethan jumps up and down as Molly unscrews her bottle of Xanax. She opens a half-empty bag of THC gummies.

MOLLY

Pick a hand.

ETHAN

Huh?

Ethan points to her right. She opens her hand with the Xanax.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Can I have a gummy?

MOLLY
What? No!

She looks from the bag of gummies to Ethan... picks them up and moves them to the highest shelf.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
They're for adults. I'll get you a treat later but you need to behave.

Ethan whoops and launches himself from one chair to another.

ETHAN
That drink gave me lots of energy!

Molly throws his coffee down the sink.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
I need to go potty!

Ethan runs to the bathroom holding his privates. Molly cuts a Xanax in half. She swallows it as Ethan runs back in.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Are you on your period?

MOLLY
Oh my God, what?

ETHAN
Stacy told me all about it. She took tablets when she had it but then she got impregnated. She was a lot nicer then. Maybe you should get impregnated too.

MOLLY
For God's sake, not you too!

She swallows the other half of the Xanax and throws the bottle in her bag. She walks into the bathroom and sighs...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Splashes of pee shine on the toilet seat.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Ethan, excited, runs ahead of Molly. Molly rehearses...

MOLLY

So, the thing is, I'm kind of a nanny now but I'm not really. I was wondering can we meet at the playground occasionally? I promise I won't flirt with your ... Shit!

She cringes and follows Ethan into the playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (CONT'D)

Molly sees a playground bustling with mothers and their children. She spots the moms seated at a picnic table. Ethan, thrilled, runs over to Max and Sidney on the climbing frame.

Kimberly waves manically as she rushes over to Sidney who has just face-planted. Prue, with unbrushed hair and wearing two odd shoes, tries to rock Serenity to sleep.

PRUE

Molly, come and join us!

Prue throws baby stuff off the bench to make room for her. Olivia waves from the next table as she hums a mantra to Joey... an Amethyst crystal attached to his pacifier.

MOLLY

(quietly to Prue)

What does the crystal do?

PRUE

Nothing! She says it calms him. She also told me it cures hangovers... never worked for me.

Molly laughs and looks down at Prue's feet.

MOLLY

What's up with the shoes? I mean, you look tired. Are you ok?

Prue notices her mismatched shoes for the first time...

PRUE

Crikey. Do you think you can die from sleep deprivation?

MOLLY

Yes. You need noise-canceling earbuds. I get them for my friends who have kids all the time.

(playfully)

I have something that might help.

Molly reveals mini brandy bottles in her bag. Prue smiles.

PRUE
I think this is the start of a
beautiful friendship.

Serenity starts to cry.

PRUE (CONT'D)
Aw, not again.

MOLLY
Will I make you a--?

PRUE
Yes

Prue hands her two kid's juice boxes. Molly pours them into cups and empties two brandy's in. They both take a big gulp.

PRUE (CONT'D)
Damn, that's good.

MOLLY
As they say in Ireland, Sláinte!

PRUE
Sláinte, Molly. I needed this.

Kimberly walks over to Amelia's stroller, biting her lip, as Joey mounts the climbing frame again--

PRUE (CONT'D)
You'll need fillers soon if you
keep chewing your lip like that.
Have a drink. Molly brought brandy.

Kimberly and Olivia stare at Molly, gobsmacked.

KIMBERLY
This is a Mom's Club event with
kids. Drinking's against the rules.

PRUE
Who cares? I haven't slept in ages.
I deserve a treat. We all do.

Just then, Sidney falls from the climbing frame again. Amelia screams. Kimberly helps Sidney up and gives Amelia a pacifier. Kimberly grabs Molly's drink off her and chugs it.

KIMBERLY
We won't be making a habit of this.

Molly and Prue nod their heads in agreement. Molly mixes another brandy with juice and hands it to Olivia.

OLIVIA

Oh, I can't. I don't usually drink except for water and Kombucha.

(beat)

Okay, okay, okay, I'll have it!

She takes the cup and starts knocking it back. Molly fixes herself a drink and joins her.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Molly and the moms continue to chat. Prue happily stands with her eyes closed, rocking Serenity who has fallen asleep. A little looser now, they ignore the kids running WILDLY.

KIMBERLY

So, how have you been finding Seattle, Molly? You know, it isn't the easiest place to make friends?

MOLLY

Uh, really? I wondered if I'd been insulting people or if I smell.

PRUE

I generally do insult people. I'd have told you earlier if you smell.

KIMBERLY

Yep, the "Seattle Freeze" is real.

MOLLY

What do you mean?

KIMBERLY

You haven't heard? Tell her ladies.

OLIVIA

(whispers loudly)

It's beautiful here with really nice people but most of them have no interest in being friends. I think a lot of Scorpios live here.

Molly and the moms look at her like WHAT?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

They're very introverted.

PRUE

Making new friends in your thirties is hard but this place? It would have been a bloody disaster without this club. It's our only social life. We're too tired to do anything else. I really hope you're going to join, Molly.

MOLLY

Oh. No. I... well, do you think we can meet you here from time to time. It's just that, Ethan's not --

Suddenly, Ethan pipes up from the swings and shouts out...

ETHAN (O.S.)

Mom! Mom! I'm doing it on my own!

Molly nearly chokes on her drink.

MOLLY

What?!

ETHAN

It's okay, mom. I won't fall.

KIMBERLY

What a sweetie! How old is he?

Molly, rigid, stands in shock. She looks at Ethan, confused.

MOLLY

He's not... eh...
(impulsively)
He's not quite seven... he's six.

KIMBERLY

Prue's Max is seven and so is Sidney. It's perfect.

Ethan races over to Molly and watches her, expectantly.

MOLLY

It's probably a good idea to join then.. for Ethan. Okay, sign us up.

Ethan hugs her.

ETHAN

Thanks, Mom!

Molly stands among the moms, in shock.

EXT. PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Molly is at a picnic table scanning the Mom's Club form. She stalls on Ethan's "date of birth" and mentally counts back six years. She scribbles down a year and hands the form back.

KIMBERLY

Wonderful! We'll have to celebrate.

MOLLY

That's a great idea. Oh, look, I've one more brandy, I'll just pop a little bit extra in... It's been a rough few days... Ethan's been going through a bit of a phase.

Molly empties the whole bottle into her cup.

PRUE

Tell me about it. It's been better since Max turned seven although now he acts like he's my dad. Does Ethan still have meltdowns?

They look at Molly expectantly. She squirms...

MOLLY

Ethan...? Yes. When I said we might not make the park today, he was throwing things and screaming--

OLIVIA

Wow, you wouldn't think it to look at him.

MOLLY

I know, that Angelic face turned into a life-sucking monster. I had to duck from getting hit by one of those Star... Trek... sword sabers.

KIMBERLY

You mean Star Wars lightsabers?

MOLLY

That's it. He has three of the feckers.

KIMBERLY

Feckers?

MOLLY

It's how we say fuckers in Ireland, in a nice way.

Prue cracks up. Olivia and Kimberly join in.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's hard, I mean we want to get it right but then we make mistakes, like the time when I made Ethan coffee and realized that was a total mom fail.

She laughs nervously. Looks at the moms, who are still glued.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

I just don't want to mess up and be the kind of parents that mine were.

OLIVIA

That's why I'm going to have lots of kids. That way I won't have time to worry about how much I'm damaging them.

Prue touches her cup off Molly's.

PRUE

I think we have a lot in common.

Molly smiles, uneasily.

OLIVIA

Is this what all the moms do in Ireland when they meet?

MOLLY

Drink brandy with juice boxes?

(joking)

Absolutely. You know what they say about the Irish. Well, the moms are the worst and who could blame them?

PRUE

Ireland sounds awesome!

Molly notices Olivia and Kimberly considering--

MOLLY

I'm only having a bit of banter, ladies. The Irish like to take the piss out of themselves.

They stare at her, bewildered.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I mean, we like to joke about ourselves. We don't literally take the... never mind. Even though we speak the same language, we don't in ways. Do you get me?

OLIVIA
(squeals)
No, but I think you're awesome!

Just then, Molly's phone dings. It's Anna.

ANNA: "Finished early. Passing by the park if you're there?"

MOLLY
Oh crap, I have to get Ethan back to his... I mean, we have to go.

KIMBERLY
Wait! I need you to sign the Mom's Club declaration.

Kimberly hands Molly a LONG list of MOM'S CLUB RULES.

MOLLY
I thought the Mom's Club was for getting together for play dates. I didn't know it was so official.

She glances down through the list.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Wait! Moms can only have one night out per month. Ah here, that needs to be changed.

Molly signs it. Kimberly whips out a stamp and notarizes it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Wait! You're a notary? That's legally binding?

KIMBERLY
Yes. I'm a lawyer too.

Kimberly scans the form with her phone and begins to type. Molly's phone pings. She opens an email with the words, **"Congratulations! The Worldwide Mom's Club is thrilled to accept you as a member of the Queen Anne Mom's Club chapter".**

MOLLY
(panicking)
Worldwide Mom's Club?

PRUE

They're like our head office. We report to them on activities we do.

MOLLY

Jesus! I mean... that's great!

Kimberly hands her address to Molly.

KIMBERLY

There's a meeting at my house tomorrow at 11 am.

Molly smiles uneasily and grabs Ethan by the back of his sweater before he runs up the slide again. Prue hugs her.

PRUE

It was so much fun hanging out. I'm so glad you joined the club.
(quietly)
Don't forget tomorrow or Kimberly will find where you live.

Molly does a pantomime 'scared face'. Ethan reaches to take Molly's hand. Kimberly and Olivia wave as they walk away.

ETHAN

That was the best play date ever! I can't wait to tell mom.

Molly picks up the pace to get out of earshot of the moms.

MOLLY

Ethan, what were you thinking? We shouldn't have joined that club.

ETHAN

I wanted friends. You need friends too. You don't know anyone except for me and mom.

MOLLY

Wow, I didn't realize... Okay, I understand but we just lied.

ETHAN

We're only pretending.

MOLLY

I know but what are we going to tell your mum?

Ethan shrugs.

ETHAN

I don't know.

MOLLY

Have you ever told her a lie?

ETHAN

No. I always tell her everything.

Ethan races off ahead of her. Molly just stares after him.