

FIRST WIVES CLUB

Written by

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Based on the motion picture

OVER BLACK:

BAM. BAM. BAM. HARD KNOCKS on the door.

FADE IN:

Three women lying in one bed, legs intertwined, wearing clothes from the night before. This is ARI, HAZEL, and BREE, 20's, passed out from a hard night of partying.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Knocks intensify. A voice outside the door:

VOICE

ARI!!!

Ari is jolted awake. She sits up, disoriented. Hungover. Stands, makes her way to the door, opens it to find Bree's nerdy boyfriend, GARY (22), standing there. Panicked.

ARI

Gary. What the hell, man?!

GARY

I've been calling you guys all morning-- you know what time it is?!

Ari checks her clock, everything suddenly coming into focus.

ARI

Oh fuck! Graduation's in thirty minutes!

(screaming)

Guys! Get up! We overslept!

Ari's screams awaken Bree and Hazel. Bree jumps out of bed quickly. Too quickly. Nausea sets in.

BREE

Oh man, I feel sick... I don't think I'm gonna make it--

Hazel looks at herself in the mirror, panicking.

HAZEL

Oh dear God, I can't go like this!
I need my dress and my make-up and--

ARI

Stop it!

Ari silences them.

ARI (CONT'D)

We did not come this far to fuck it up now, so stop your bitching. We are making this graduation no matter what. As your class president, that is an order!

BREE/HAZEL

But, Ari--

ARI

Don't, "But Ari" me. Here.

Ari hands Hazel and Bree warm, leftover beer.

ARI

(off their looks)

Hair of the dog. Sometimes the only cure for drunkenness is drinking more-

Hazel and Bree lift their beers to their mouths when--

ARI (CONT'D)

No, wait! I want to make a toast.

(ignores their eyerolls)

Cheers to my main bitches, my homies, my crew, my girls, my-

BREE/HAZEL

Ari. We get it./Let's wrap this up.

ARI

...and all the amazing memories we've made over the past four years. But more importantly, cheers to all the new memories we have yet to make! I love ya'll.

BREE/HAZEL

We love you too, girl!

They lift their warm beers into the air and clink them.

ARI/BREE/HAZEL

Cheers!!!

Off them downing their warm beers, we...

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - GREAT ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Warm beers have been replaced by champagne chutes. RICH PATRONS mill about. Fake laughter. Surfacy chit chat.

We quickly move through the small talk to the back of the room where we find ARI, 40s, impeccable style, not one strand of hair out of place, looking at something wistfully.

REVEAL a graduation of photo of Ari, Bree, and Hazel on a bookshelf. Ari listens to voicemails, visibly disappointed.

HAZEL (V.O.)

Ari, it's Hazel, sorry to bail on you so last minute-- Sean and I have an event that same day--

BREE (V.O.)

Ari, it's Bree, the sitter just called me to cancel--

Behind her, a handsome, charismatic man leans in and whispers in her ear. This is her husband, DAVID MONTGOMERY, early 40s. "*David Montgomery for Senate*" signs everywhere.

DAVID

Ari, sweetie. Preston Langley and his wife just arrived--

Ari snaps out of her trance. She spins around, plasters a smile on her face as she follows David to the LANGLEYS, 60s, a bougie white New York couple with some serious coin.

ARI

Preston. Judith. So honored we have your support--

PRESTON LANGLEY

The honor is ours. Honestly, we haven't seen this level of excitement for a candidate in a long, long time--

JUDITH LANGLEY

The Senate's just the beginning, my dear. He's going to need all the support he can get... Are you still working those crazy hours at Davis Polk? Last I heard, you were on track to make partner.

ARI

Oh, no. My attorney days are behind me now.

Ari turns and smiles lovingly at David.

ARI (CONT'D)
Raising two kids and running his
campaign are two full-time jobs.
But this is so fulfilling.

DAVID
We're really, *truly* blessed.

Off Ari's fake smile, we begin a MONTAGE of various
conversations as Ari and David work the room:

PATRON #1
...the Boys & Girls Club would love
to have either of you speak at our
Youth of the Year Dinner--

DAVID
Consider it done. Ari's an amazing
speaker--

ARI
Of course. Would be thrilled!

ANOTHER PATRON.

ARI (CONT'D)
...in fact we're both products of
public schools, which is why we're
so passionate about education.

ANOTHER PATRON.

ARI (CONT'D)
...as parents ourselves, we
understand firsthand the many
challenges...

ANOTHER PATRON.

ARI (CONT'D)
...the rising costs of healthcare
are completely unacceptable!

ANOTHER PATRON.

ARI (CONT'D)
The 15th? Let's pencil it in.
(beat, then)
Would you excuse me? Have to run to
the ladies room.

The PATRON nods as Ari smiles brightly, then discreetly makes her way out of the room.

INT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - OFFICE - DAY

Now that she's alone, Ari drops the act. She walks behind a small bar and pours herself a small glass of whiskey straight. She downs it, then exhales before popping in a mint and heading back to the party.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - BOOTH - DAY

Hazel, late 30s, beautiful, but lacking the confidence she used to have, is in the booth putting the finishing touches on a song. Her raw, untouched voice is incredible.

PRODUCER

That was the money take. Come on out.

She takes off the headphones, satisfied, then exits the booth and joins the producer, KHALIL, late 30s, bohemian, tatted up, the personification of sex.

HAZEL

Can I hear it with everything else?

Khalil nods, works the board like a pro, then plays her vocals with the music this time, over the speakers. It's a fun, feminist anthem a la "You Don't Own Me". They both move their heads to it. It's infectious.

KHALIL

Yo, you murdered this.

Hazel beams.

HAZEL

I love it, I love it, I love it!
Thank you for giving me this song,
Khalil--

KHALIL

You kidding me? I wrote it with you in mind. This track was meant for you.

HAZEL

It's perfect. I want it to be my first single, but I'll probably have to coax Sean into it--

KHALIL

Why you worryin' about Sean? It's your decision, not his.

HAZEL

You know what? You're right. This is my single, goddamnit.

KHALIL

That's what I'm talking about. You got a release date for the album yet?

HAZEL

July 30th.

KHALIL

Oh shit, it's official. Your fans are gonna lose their minds when they hear this!

HAZEL

Well tell that to the label. Every time I turn around, my album takes a back seat to whatever new chick they just signed straight out of preschool.

Hazel looks at a framed poster of her last album cover on the wall. She's dancing in a tacky bikini. She looks ridiculous.

Khalil looks her in the eyes.

KHALIL

Can I keep it one hundred?

HAZEL

Always.

KHALIL

Your last joint didn't hit like it should've because it wasn't you. People want authenticity, ya dig? You ain't gotta rock pink wigs and shake your ass like Zia... cause you've got something she doesn't: a voice.

At that moment, an assistant, JESS, 20s, interrupts.

JESS

Sorry to interrupt. Hazel, it's time to get ready for Zia's party--

Hazel sighs. The last thing on earth she wants to do.

EXT./INT. BREE'S JERSEY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

BREE, late 30s, wearing scrubs, no make-up, and hair tied in a scarf, frantically packs snacks for her two kids, OLLIE, 7, and IMANI, 4, while trying to make them look presentable. They currently do not.

BREE
Ollie, please take the cape off--

OLLIE
But I'm Superman!

BREE
No. You're not. Halloween is long gone, sweetie.

Ollie jumps on the couch, still wearing the cape.

BREE (CONT'D)
Off the couch! Now. And you have five seconds to take that cape off!

Bree's tone lets him know she's serious. He removes the cape, pouting. Then Imani runs in, her hair in a big, messy fro.

BREE (CONT'D)
Imani, bring mommy the brush, okay?

Imani runs off to get the brush. Bree's cell rings. It reads "GARY." Just seeing his name makes Bree angry. She picks up.

BREE (CONT'D)
Yes?

GARY
I'm outside.

BREE
We're not ready yet.

GARY
I can come in and help if you--

BREE
We're fine.

Bree hangs up. Imani runs in with the brush. Bree quickly styles her hair, then quickly checks them over. Imani looks good. Ollie is on the counter top, about to "fly."

BREE (CONT'D)
Ollie!!!

EXT. BREE'S JERSEY HOME - DAY

GARY, late 30s, a teddy bear of a man in glasses and Dad clothes, stands outside his car as the door swings open and Ollie and Imani come running out, excited to see him.

OLLIE/IMANI
Daddy!

GARY
Hey guys!

Bree follows behind them, struggling with their overnight bag and lunches. Gary rushes to help.

GARY (CONT'D)
Let me help you with that--

Bree snaps.

BREE
I got it!

Gary backs off. Bree places the bags in the trunk her damn self, then turns to the kids and smiles.

BREE (CONT'D)
Have fun this weekend. Love you both.

Bree kisses them on the cheek.

OLLIE/IMANI
Bye Mommy! Love you, too!

Bree smiles at them and waves as they climb in the back seat. Her smile fades as she looks at Gary.

BREE
Have them back Sunday morning by 10.

GARY
Sure thing, Bree. Have a good--

Bree turns abruptly, ignoring Gary and heads for the house.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Hazel, red carpet ready, sits next to her husband, SEAN, 40s, every bit the record label CEO slash mogul you'd expect. He rolls calls, not paying her any attention.

SEAN

D, Zia's the hottest new act in the streets right now, and you low-ballin' me? Do me a favor-- don't call me back until you're fucking serious.

(hangs up, then)

Jess, get me Josh Richman.

JESS (O.C.)

Okay, trying him now...

As he waits, Sean looks over at Hazel, frowns.

SEAN

What happened to the blue Valentino?

HAZEL

I didn't like the neckline.

She looks down at her dress, suddenly self-conscious.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

JESS (O.S.)

I'm sorry, I couldn't get him.

SEAN

Try him again later.

(then to Hazel)

I suggested the Valentino for a reason. It's more... forgiving on camera.

The car pulls up to the event. Sean opens the door and exits. Hazel, suddenly insecure, pulls her tiny mirror from her purse, examines every line, every imperfection on her face. *Is she pretty enough? Does she look old?*

SEAN (CONT'D)

Hazel. Let's go. Time is money.

Hazel puts the mirror away and exits the car.

EXT. COVER GIRL EVENT - RED CARPET - DAY

Giant posters of the gorgeous pop star, Zia, plastered everywhere. She's the newest face of Cover Girl.

Sean and Hazel step on the carpet as the cameras flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hazel! Sean! Right here!

Sean and Hazel move down the carpet like pros. Then suddenly, everyone's attention shifts.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1
Zia! Zia! Over here, Zia!

The world stops as Zia steps on the carpet. Everyone's eyes, including Sean's, are glued to ZIA, 21, leggy, even more beautiful in the flesh, wearing a gown that looks painted on.

SEAN
(to Hazel)
Why don't you go on inside? I'll meet you in there.

Sean abruptly leaves Hazel and joins Zia on the carpet, putting his arm around her waist as the cameras flash.

Hazel stands in the background, feeling invisible. She sees Sean looking at Zia in awe. The way he used to look at her.

REPORTER
We're all dying for your sophomore album. Have you set a release date?

Zia turns to Sean for an answer.

SEAN
We just did. Zia's sophomore album drops on iTunes July 30th.

Hazel's mouth drops. She's livid. What. The. Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE DURAND PARTY - DAY

Hazel squares off with Sean in a private corner.

HAZEL
You gave the bitch my release date?!

A few heads turn in their direction.

SEAN
Hazel. Keep your voice down.

Hazel lowers her voice, but not her intensity.

HAZEL
I'm not pushing my album's release date for hers!

SEAN
We'll get you another date.

HAZEL
You've been saying that for three years! I've been patient, but I'm not waiting anymore.

SEAN
It's not up for discussion.
Decision's been made.

On Hazel's face. Outraged.

HAZEL
I am your wife. You are supposed to have *my* back on this. Not your little girlfriend's--

SEAN
Zia is not--

HAZEL
Just stop it. I know there's something going on...

SEAN
You're being paranoid. It was a good business move, that's all. Right now July 30th is wide open. Zia's likely to grab the top spot. We just didn't want to waste a good date on...

Sean's voice trails off.

HAZEL
My album. Wow... thanks for believing in me, Sean.

INT. ARI & DAVID'S BEDROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT

Ari, dressed in lingerie, takes a swig out of a bottle of whiskey, hidden discreetly behind her clothes. Psyching herself up as she exits to--

INT. ARI & DAVID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom where David watches lesbian porn on his tablet while he jerks off. She climbs in bed, completely unfazed by the porn. She moves closer to him, kisses his neck--

DAVID
Not yet, not yet...

Ari pulls away. David jerks off furiously, his breathing intensifies as he hyper focuses on the porn. Ari waits.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck... fuck!

That's Ari's cue. She assumes the position quickly face down.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm gonna fuck you so good!

David rushes to enter her. A few quick pumps and then he cums super fast. He rolls over, selfishly satisfied.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That was great, babe.

On Ari's face. She sighs. This is her life.

INT. BREE'S JERSEY HOME - EVENING

An exhausted Bree, still in her scrubs, climbs in bed after a long day. She lays there for a second, reveling in the silence. An empty house!

She grabs the remote, flips through the TV channels and lands on a bondage scene from Fifty Shades of Grey (or any Paramount-owned movie) She watches, getting aroused.

BREE
Oh, shit. That's hot.

Bree reaches into the drawer near her bed and feels around for her vibrator, but comes up empty.

BREE (CONT'D)
Where the fuck did I put it?!

Like a crackhead feigning for a hit, Bree searches the house up and down for her vibrator. QUICK CUTS of Bree as she:

--Looks under her BED. Waaaaay under the bed.

--Climbs a small ladder to the top of her CLOSET, rummages through shoe boxes. Nothing.

--Finds a box in the ATTIC labeled "old toys" that only produces kids' toys.

BREE (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous!

She's about to give up when her cell sparks an idea...

CUT TO:

INT. BREE'S JERSEY HOME - NIGHT

Bree opens the door for her Postmates driver, a NERDY WHITE GUY, 18, who hands her a black plastic bag, then winks.

NERDY WHITE GUY
You know... Postmates is only my part time job. I'm free later if you wanna...

Bree slams the door in his face.

INT. SEAN & HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hazel looks at the empty spot in bed next to her, seething. It's 2:30 AM. She picks up the phone, dials Sean and gets his voicemail. Then she calls his assistant, Jess.

HAZEL
Jess, sorry to call you so late-- do you know where Sean is?

JESS
Um... I'm not sure.

Hazel detects bullshit.

HAZEL
For your sake and mine, I hope you're telling the truth, Jess. Good night.

Hazel hangs up, then tries calling Sean again. This time, it doesn't even ring before it goes to voicemail.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Oh, hell no.

Hazel turns to social media for answers. Instagram. Nothing. Twitter. Nothing.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Where the hell is he?

Then she views Zia's insta-story of her in the studio. It's quick but Hazel catches a glimpse of Sean in it. Bingo.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Hazel barges in the studio session in pajamas and a fur coat to find Zia sitting on Sean's lap. Hazel's record (the one from earlier) plays from the speakers. Except this time, her vocals have been replaced by Zia's.

HAZEL
What the hell is going on?

She looks to Sean, who maneuvers around Zia and stands.

SEAN
Hazel, let me explain this--

HAZEL
What the fuck is she doing recording my song?!

Zia laughs.

ZIA
Your song? I didn't know you still had a career.

Hazel's eyes darken.

SEAN
Zia, please. Not right now--

ZIA
Then when, Sean? Everybody knows except her!

SEAN
Zia, please--

HAZEL
Nigga, I already know you're
fucking her!

Silence as Hazel looks around. People she's known forever,
including Jess, all in on this. The ultimate betrayal.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
I just want to hear you actually
say it.

SEAN
Will you let me explain?

HAZEL
What's there to explain? Just stop
lying, Sean. Tell me the truth for
once... and I'll leave.

SEAN
Okay... Fine. Yes. Zia and I--

Sean doesn't even get the words out before Hazel throws her
phone at his face. He ducks, narrowly missing it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Hazel, calm down--

Hazel goes ape shit.

HAZEL
Calm down?? CALM DOWN?!

She throws her purse at him angrily. This time it lands.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
YOU CALM THE FUCK DOWN!

SEAN
Everybody out! NOW.

Everyone files out quickly. Zia lingers.

HAZEL
You, too. Bitch. OUT!

Zia calls out from behind Sean.

ZIA
Who are you calling a bitch?

SEAN
Zia! Please! For the love of God.

Zia finally exits, leaving Hazel and Sean alone. Silence.

SEAN (CONT'D)
If you want to know the truth...
I'm relieved. This shit is
exhausting.

(beat, then)
At least now I can focus on Zia's
career.

HAZEL
And what about our marriage?

SEAN
C'mon, Hazel... It's *been* over. You
were just another deal point to me.
And now, that's over, too. The
label's decided not to release your
album. Indefinitely.

On Hazel, gut punched.

HAZEL
You can't do that!

SEAN
We lost a lot of money on your last
record--

HAZEL
Doing wack music that *you* asked me
to do!

SEAN
Hazel, you haven't been hot in a
long time. The only reason people
even take your picture now is
because I'm standing beside you.

On Hazel. His words hurt like hell.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I've kept this charade going long
enough. It's time to move on...
(beat)
Personally and professionally.

Sean softens his tone. Reaches into his brief case and pulls
out an envelope.

SEAN (CONT'D)
We don't have to drag this out.
I've spoken to a divorce attorney--

HAZEL
You... what?

SEAN
--and we've worked out a settlement
that's fair.

Sean hands her the envelope.

HAZEL
You can't just decide what I'm
entitled to!

SEAN
It's a fair deal.

Sean leans forward, his voice threatening in tone.

SEAN (CONT'D)
It's certainly more than you'll get
if you to try to fight me on this.
So I'd advise you to sign it.

On Hazel, blindsided by all of this.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'll let you keep the penthouse...

HAZEL
Let me?

SEAN
And Zia and I won't come out
publicly until the divorce is
finalized.

Hazel stares at him in disbelief.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You'll be fine. Everything will be
handled quickly and quietly.

As Sean reassures her, we move to a security camera hanging,
red light blinking, which has recorded the whole exchange.

INT. ARI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

E! NEWS REPORTER (O.C.)
 ...a bombshell video just dropped
 on TMZ this morning exposing Hip
 Hop's favorite couple, music mogul
 Sean Davidson and his multi-
 platinum recording artist wife,
 Hazel...

Ari's ears perk up. Her son, AUBREY, 5, flips through the
 channels obliviously and lands on a kid's program.

ARI
 Aubrey, baby, let me have the
 remote for a sec--

Ari returns to the E! News program to see silent images of
 Hazel throwing her phone at Sean's head as he and Zia duck.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

Bree checks in on a female PATIENT, 60s.

BREE
 Swelling's gone down. How's your
 pain on a scale from one to ten?

The patient doesn't answer. She's too distracted by a
 breaking news story. Bree turns to see what she's looking at.

MTV NEWS
 The internet is on fire from a
 shocking video that just dropped
 this morning involving power
 couple...

Bree's phone RINGS. It's Ari.

BREE
 Will you excuse me?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bree answers the call.

ARI (O.C.)
 Have you seen the news?

INT. ARI'S BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN

Ari paces the kitchen, phone in hand.

BREE (O.C.)
Just saw it! It's crazy!

INTERCUT BETWEEN ARI AND BREE

ARI
We should call her, make sure she's
okay--

EXT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

PAPARAZZI swirl around Hazel's Manhattan penthouse.

INT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Hazel, tears in her eyes, lies in bed with the curtain closed to the outside world. Her phone RINGS. She doesn't answer. A FLURRY of VOICEMAILS being left:

ARI (V.O.)
Hazel, it's Ari and Bree... again.
Please call us, okay? We just want
to make sure you're okay...

Hazel finally reaches for the phone and shuts it off.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Bree, in scrubs, sits next to Ari in the back seat as they pull up to Hazel's penthouse. A sea of PAPARAZZI swarm outside. It's a madhouse. Ari dials Hazel. No answer.

ARI
She turned her phone off and I
don't have a good feeling...

BREE
You don't think she'd--

ARI
The old Hazel? No. Never. But it's
been so long--
(then)
All I know is... she needs us.

BREE
 True. But we can't just roll up in
 there. Security's insane. We won't
 get past the lobby.

Ari scans the building. Her eyes land on a WINDOW WASHER'S
 GONDOLA. Bingo!

ARI
 (to the driver)
 Sir, do you mind circling and
 dropping us off on 5th?

EXT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Ari and Bree are inside the window washer's gondola. Ari has
 the controls in hand. She's about to press UP when--

BREE
 Stop! Get me out of this! You know
 I'm afraid of heights!

Bree grabs the rail, lifts her leg to climb out, but Ari
 pulls her back.

ARI
 Bree. This is the only way up!

Bree hyperventilates.

BREE
 I can't! I'll wait here, just go
 without me!

Ari grabs Bree's face, looks her right in the eye.

ARI
 Hazel needs us! And I need you to
 be strong, Bree. You're a warrior.

Ari's confident tone calms Bree. Bree exhales deeply.

BREE
 Okay... Let's get our girl.

Ari presses the UP BUTTON on the controller. Nothing happens.

BREE (CONT'D)
 Well, I guess this plan isn't gonna
 work out. Got any other idea--

Ari presses the controller again, cranking it all the way up. The gondola jerks, then SHOOTS UP way too fast. Bree SCREAMS bloody murder as they glide up the side of the building.

Ari panics, frantically pressing controller buttons at random. It comes to a HARD STOP HALFWAY UP THE BUILDING.

INT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hazel plays really sad break-up music from her surround sound speakers and lays in bed, wallowing in her own misery.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING, BETWEEN FLOORS - DAY

Meanwhile, the gondola hangs at a wildly askew angle between floors. Bree and Ari hold on for dear life.

BREE
Ari, do something!

Ari tries the controls.

ARI
It's stuck!

BREE
What do you mean it's stuck?!
Unstick it, bitch!

Bree makes the mistake of looking down to the ground.

BREE (CONT'D)
Oh my God, we're going to die!
We're going to die and the last sex
I had was with a toy!

Bree starts to bawl. Ari to the rescue.

ARI
You are not going to die and you
will have human sex again, I
promise!

Ari works the controls and the gondola begins to MOVE AGAIN, leveling itself out.

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING - DAY

Right then, DRAKE (yes, Drake! Or anybody sexy we can get) emerges from the shower in a towel.

EXT. SIDE OF THE BUILDING - DAY

Bree steadies herself then looks up-- is that--

BREE

Drake?!

(then, realizing it is)

Drake!!!!

Drake looks up and sees them right outside his window. Startled, he drops his towel just as Ari exclaims--

ARI

I've got it!

Bree CURSES and SCREAMS as they SHOOT UP to the top floor where they come to a stop right outside Hazel's bedroom window. Hazel's inside, laying in bed, back to the window.

ARI/BREE

Hazel!!!

They bang on the glass, still screaming.

INT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hazel doesn't move, the sad music drowning out Ari and Bree's screams. Finally, she hears something. What is that? She climbs out of bed, turns to the window and SCREAMS.

HAZEL

Oh my God!!!

Ari and Bree WAVE and YELL back at Hazel. Thinking quickly, Hazel grabs her phone and dials.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE/ THE SIDE OF BUILDING

Ari's phone rings. It's Hazel. She puts her on speaker.

ARI

Oh thank God, you're alright.

HAZEL

What is happening right now?

ARI

We'll explain everything once we're inside--

HAZEL

I'd invite you guys in, but the place is such a mess right now.

BREE

Bitch, we almost died trying to see you. We're coming in.

(then)

You got any wine?

INT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Two empty wine bottles on the table. The ladies are spread out on the couches and floor, buzzed from the wine.

HAZEL

You wanna know the crazy thing... I knew he was cheating. He always denied it, but I knew...

BREE

You *knew* and all you did was throw your phone? Girl, I'm impressed.

HAZEL

I was scared to leave. I liked us... well, the idea of us. We've been this power couple for so long. Who am I without him?

ARI

You were the star in that relationship, boo. You're the reason people even know *his* name.

BREE

Yeah, don't get it twisted. And you've still got so many fans who wanna hear from you.

Hazel smiles at her girls, misty eyed. Appreciative.

HAZEL

You guys are the best.

(then)

I'm sorry. I've been so caught up in my own shit that I haven't even taken the time to see how you guys are doing...

Bree stands, walks toward the wine cellar.

BREE

Aw, hell. We're gonna need more wine if we're going there. I'll grab two more.

Hazel looks at Bree, surprised.

HAZEL

No! Not you and Gary?

Hazel's shocked. Bree pops the cork on another bottle.

BREE

We're separated.

HAZEL

What? Since when?

BREE

Two months ago. It's still very fresh. He slept with one of his colleagues...

Ari's phone BUZZES. A text from David: *"Reminder. Meet and greet tomorrow at 9a. Full schedule for the rest of the day. Be ready to shine."* Ari rolls her eyes. *

HAZEL

I'm sorry, what?! Gary cheated?! Nerdy-ass Gary who I used to pay to write my papers for me?

BREE

Yep. That one.

ARI

Surprised me too. I mean, Gary's the type you'd never see coming.

BREE

Oh, he came alright. Claims it only happened once. He apologized, said he wants to try to make it work, but... I can't get over it. That kind of betrayal just doesn't go away, you know?

HAZEL

Damn, even the nice guys ain't shit. I'm so sorry, Bree. Trust me, I know how you feel.

Hazel turns to Ari.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Do we need to crack open that second bottle for David?

Ari pauses long enough to signal everything's not perfect, but she doesn't say it.

ARI

David? No, thank God! We're very focused on the campaign, but I'm very happy.

Ari takes a very telling swig out of her glass of wine.

BREE

Really? Cause the Ari I remember could have been a Senator herself. I can't believe you stopped practicing law--

HAZEL

You stopped practicing?!

ARI

With our schedule, I had to make a choice. But that's life, right?

HAZEL

Says who? Look at us! We're still hot. Why do *they* get to have all the fun? Fuck that.

BREE

Yeah! Fuck that! It's time for us to live our lives, too.

ARI

Exactly! What are we waiting for?!

Ari jumps to her feet, excited.

ARI (CONT'D)

Your kids are with Gary, mine are with my mother. And your husband is probably out with--

(off Bree's cue)

--God knows who doing God knows what.

(beat, then)

We're free! So off your asses, we are going out. Tonight.

Hazel and Bree look at her like she's bat shit crazy.

HAZEL/BREE
Tonight?!/Whoa. What just happened.

BREE
We can't go out like this. I haven't shaved in months and I don't even own any clothes that can't also double as pajamas.

Then Hazel smiles. A mischievous smile.

HAZEL
Then I guess it's a good thing I have my own personal glam squad...

On Ari's face. Hell yeah.

ARI
Yes! Ladies, we are going out!

Over music, QUICK CUTS of them getting ready: a STYLIST selects clothes from a wide array, a MAKE-UP ARTIST applies make-up and lashes, an ESTHETICIAN waxing Bree's-- everything. The music carries us into...

EXT. SWANKY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The ladies, all dressed up and looking HAUTE, pull up outside a trendy Manhattan club with a line of people waiting to get in. Hazel's security guard/driver, RANDY, 30, escorts the ladies inside as PAPARAZZI and PEOPLE outside take pictures.

EXT./INT. SWANKY NIGHT CLUB - VIP - NIGHT

Ari and Hazel soak up the attention confidently, while Bree pulls at her short dress self-consciously.

BREE
(re: her vagina)
You sure Gina's not out? Like, it feels like everyone can see her.

ARI
You look amazing. Trust me.

BREE
Don't lie to me.

A sexy, Puerto Rican BARTENDER, 20s, making drinks near them, overhears this exchange.

BARTENDER
Lookin good from over here.

Bree turns around to face the bartender-- is he talking to her? He gives Bree a sexy smile.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
That dress is perfect on you.

Bree blushes from his overt flirting.

BREE
Oh... Um, thank you, sir. I mean,
thank you...

Bree's flustered. Ari and Hazel grin and exchange looks. Ari winks at Bree--

ARI
Bree, we're going to be over there--

BREE
Okay, I'll come with you.

Hazel pulls Bree in close, whispers:

HAZEL
No, we are going over there. You
are staying right here.

BREE
I thought we were having girl time?

HAZEL
Do you not see this sexy ass man
practically handing you the dick?
Girl time can wait!

BREE
Oh c'mon. He can't be more than 22,
23. 25 at the most.

HAZEL
Which means he's in his sexual
prime. It's like they say... the
younger the berry, the sweeter the
orgasm.

BREE
Nobody says that, Hazel. That's not
a thing. I'm not that drunk.

Ari leans in, joining their huddle.

ARI

She's right. This is a man that can recharge twice in one night. Naturally. I ain't mad at it.

HAZEL

Don't overthink it, Breezy. Have another drink and have some fun. Gary sure as hell did.

This last part hits Bree. Hard. She turns and struts back to the bar as Ari and Hazel watch, excited. Bree leans in flirtatiously.

BREE

I'm Bree. I didn't catch your name...

He throws her a sexy smile, leans over closely:

JESUS

Jesus.

VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Ari and Hazel sit at the booth, sipping on drinks, vibing to the music.

HAZEL

...and to add insult to injury, motherfucker took my song and gave it to Zia. It was gonna be my comeback record and now no one will ever hear it...

On Hazel, disappointment in her eyes.

ARI

That's not necessarily true...

Ari gets a mischievous look on her face. Hazel notices.

HAZEL

I'm both frightened and intrigued by that look on your face. Explain.

ARI

Okay, so Sean bought the song, which means he owns and controls the rights and you can't profit from it. But... That doesn't mean you still couldn't creatively distribute it to the public anyway. For free. If you know what I mean.

HAZEL

Wait. I'm confused.

ARI

Alright, so in Hazel terms, somebody could 'accidentally' leak your version before Zia's drops, which in effect would kill hers.

HAZEL

Ohhhh...

(then)

Sean would kill me if I did that.

ARI

Then somebody, say, a willing third party that you trust has to make sure it doesn't ever trace back to you. Could that be done? Hypothetically?

HAZEL

(nodding)

I've got a guy who can get it done.

ARI

Perfect.

Right then the DJ drops a throwback from their college days.

HAZEL

Oh shit! That is our song! Enough business talk, bitch. Let's go!

Hazel drags Ari on the dance floor. Over the song, QUICK CUTS of Ari and Hazel drinking, laughing, while Bree flirts more brazenly with the bartender. Having fun, like old times.

INT. VIP AREA - LATER

3 AM. Because we're in New York and clubs stay open past two. Ari and Hazel fan themselves from a long night of dancing. Bree rushes up to them in a panic.

BREE

I have an emergency!

ARI

Oh my God, are you okay?

BREE

He wants to give me the D!

ARI

What?

BREE

Jesus. The bartender. He wants to give me the D! Like, tonight.

HAZEL

Jesus wants to bless you with the almighty D? I'm sorry, how exactly is that a problem?

BREE

I just met him! I can't go home with him, right? He's a stranger! What if tries to kill me?

HAZEL

Bree. Honey. That man, that beautiful, beautiful man is not going to murder you. He is going to dick you down. And I am here for it. All of it.

Bree looks back at Jesus looking all sexy.

BREE

I really wanna be dicked down.

ARI

And you deserve to be dicked down.

BREE

I haven't been with anyone but Gary since college. I mean, what are single women even doing these days? I'm hearing a lot of ass stuff and--

HAZEL

--you are going to enjoy every minute of it. Don't talk yourself out of pleasure you desperately need.

Bree's phone BUZZES with a text from Jesus.

BREE

Oh my God, that's him. Okay, I'm doing it.

The ladies cheer. Hazel lifts the bottle of Patron.

HAZEL

One more shot for the road!

She pours three glasses and they down them.

ARI

Bree, I don't believe he's going to kill anything but your ability to walk straight tomorrow, but just for safety, please text me a picture of his license.

HAZEL

And after that, please text me a picture of his dick.

INT. JESUS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesus and Bree make out ravenously as they fall into his bed. Bree lays on her back looking up at Jesus as he takes off his shirt, revealing perfect abs. Goddamn.

BREE

Oh my God...

Then he drops his boxers. Bree looks at his package, tears coming to her eyes. It's absolutely...

BREE (CONT'D)

Heavenly. So, so divine.

Jesus resumes kissing her, making his way in between her thighs as Bree screams Hallelujah.

INT. JESUS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun filters in. Bree awakens, disoriented. Hungover. She turns to see a naked Jesus beside her. Smiles at the memories from last night. Then, her phone buzzes. A text from Gary: "Heading over in a few..."

BREE

Fuck!

Bree hops out of bed quickly, throws on last night's outfit and sneaks out while Jesus is still asleep.

INT. MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - MORNING

Ari hurries into a campaign meet and greet, shades on, her usual perfect hair, now disheveled. David approaches.

DAVID

You were supposed to be here twenty minutes ago!

ARI

Sorry, I rushed over as fast as I could. Late night--

DAVID

I'd say.

David produces a paparazzi photo of Hazel, Ari and Bree dancing at the club on his cell phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You went clubbin last night when you knew we had a breakfast scheduled.

ARI

Yeah, *and?* I was doing something for me. For once.

DAVID

Ari, you know how important this is-

ARI

I'm here, aren't I? So get over it.

Ari turns away from David and heads to the coffee station. David stares after her, stunned.

INT. UPSCALE PRIVATE BEAUTY SALON - MORNING

On Hazel sitting in a salon chair. Her hair stylist, JASPER, 30's, stands behind her looking into the mirror.

HAZEL

You have my permission to go crazy. Umbrella-Rihanna-crazy. Because the old Hazel's dead, Jasper. You're now looking at the new Hazel.

Jasper grins, excited. He rubs his hands together.

JASPER

Girl, I been waiting for this day.

He grabs the scissors with a devilish smile. Hazel's phone BUZZES with a text from Khalil: "*Mission accomplished.*"

EXT./INT. LYFT CAR - MORNING

Bree climbs into the Lyft. She dials Gary and as her phone rings, it dies. Shit. Bree leans forward to the driver:

BREE
Excuse me... what's the ETA?

LYFT DRIVER
Says forty minutes.

Bree looks at the clock. Cutting it close. The radio plays faintly in the background.

DJ NESSA (V.O.)
Just got a new track that I can't wait for y'all to hear. It's from Hazel... And it is HOT.

Bree's ears perk up. She sits up, excitedly.

BREE
Can you turn the radio up please?

DJ NESSA (V.O.)
It's called "You Don't Own Me" and I'm telling y'all now... she's back with a vengeance!

The DJ drops Hazel's song and as it plays, Bree cheers.

EXT. BREE'S HOME IN JERSEY - MORNING

Bree exits the Lyft and hurries across the grass, heels in hand. Right when the door is in sight, Gary's car pulls into the driveway and she hears:

IMANI (V.O.)
Mommy!

Bree freezes in her tracks.

BREE
Shit. Shit. Shit.

She turns around and plasters on a smile.

BREE (CONT'D)
Hey guys!

Gary looks Bree up and down in last night's dress. They lock eyes. A knowing look.

OLLIE
 Mom, why were you running across
 the grass?

BREE
 I was... just getting the mail--

OLLIE
 But why aren't you wearing shoes?

BREE
 I think that's enough questions--
 I'm sure your dad has to get going.
 (hurries them on)
 Say bye to your dad.

Gary hugs the kids goodbye.

OLLIE/IMANI
 Bye, Daddy!

GARY
 Love you. See you soon.

The kids head to the door. As soon as they're out of earshot:

GARY (CONT'D)
 Seriously, Bree? Aren't 'walks of
 shame' usually reserved for drunk
 college girls? Real classy.

BREE
 Are you slut-shaming me? *You*, of
 all people, can't tell me shit
 about anything anymore--

GARY
 Bree. I messed up. But you can't
 put everything on me. We both
 played a part in this...

BREE
 Only one of us broke our vows,
 Gary. And that was you.

On Gary's hurt face as Bree turns toward the house.

EXT. UPSCALE PRIVATE BEAUTY SALON - LATER

Hazel struts out of the salon with a brand new look and renewed confidence. She climbs into the black SUV waiting for her outside. As she gets in, she smiles as she hears her song playing. Her driver/security guard RANDY turns toward her:

RANDY
They been playing your joint back
to back--

Hazel squeals. Calls Ari, excited.

HAZEL
It worked, Ari! My song's been
playing all day!

INT. ARI AND DAVID'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Ari takes the call in another room. David watches her.

ARI
Damn right. You mess with my girls,
you mess with me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM. Another call comes in on Hazel's
phone. She looks. Sees it's Sean.

HAZEL
Oh... Look who's calling me now.

ARI
Sean?

HAZEL
Mmm hmm.
(then)
A week ago I couldn't get this
nigga to answer any of my calls. I
should ignore his ass.

ARI
No. Don't. Take the call. But
remember: keep your cool and admit
to nothing.

Hazel switches over to Sean. Puts on her most innocent voice.

HAZEL
Oh, hi Sean. What's up?

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean paces the office on his bluetooth, furious.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SEAN AND HAZEL

SEAN

Cut the bullshit. I know you leaked the song.

HAZEL

What song?

SEAN

So that's how you want to play this, Hazel? I was trying to be civil--

HAZEL

Civility? Now that's a new word.

Sean sits on his desk. Anger growing with each second.

SEAN

Alright. Let me be clear, Hazel. If you want to go down this path, I will make things hell for you. I will turn your entire cushy existence upside down. Because I can. So sign the damn agreement and stop playing games. This is your last warning.

On Hazel's face, not fazed at all by his threat.

HAZEL

No, let me be clear, Sean. I ain't signing your shitty ass deal. So lawyer all the way up motherfucker. Because I certainly will.

Hazel hangs up, grinning. That was a total rush.

EXT. HAZEL'S PENTHOUSE - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

CUE A BAD ASS SONG as Hazel climbs out the car. She struts to the back entrance, feeling herself.

Hazel swipes her key card at the door. A LOUD BEEP. Denied. She swipes a second time. Another beep. Then a third. Another beep. What the fuck? It won't open. She bangs on the door, signaling the doorman, WALTER, 50s. He opens it.

HAZEL

Walter, my key card doesn't work--
I need you to look into that.

A deep sigh from Walter.

WALTER

I'm sorry, Ms. Foy. You no longer have access to the building--

HAZEL

Walter. Let me in.

WALTER

I'm very sorry, Ms. Foy, but I can't. You'll have to take the matter up with Mr. Davidson.

He closes the door on Hazel. She's fucking furious. Hazel quickly dials Sean, who now sends her straight to voicemail.

HAZEL

Son of a bitch!

Hazel stands there locked out of her own damn penthouse, stunned by the sudden turn of events. Shots motherfucking fired. It's official. Time to suit up for war. She calls Ari.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Ari, I might need you again...

And off this, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW