

**THE MICK**

Written by

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INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

CLOSE ON the pale, hungover face of MACKENZIE "MICKEY" MURPHY, 40. She cooks a Menthol down to its filter and nearly hacks up a lung.

GO WIDE TO REVEAL she is standing in a grocery store, wearing pajama pants and a Celtics jersey. She stamps the butt out on a canteloupe and goes about her "morning routine":

-Mickey tears open a Twinkie and wolfs it down. She stuffs the crumpled wrapper back on the shelf.

-She gargles from a bottle of mouth wash, swallows, moves on.

-She lathers her armpits and goes to work with a Bic razor.

-She cakes on makeup and perfume in the cosmetics aisle.

-Shakes baby powder down the front of her pants then claps a cloud of it into the air, a la LeBron James.

-Takes a healthy pull of nitrous from a can of whipped cream then puts it back in the refrigerator.

-Rips the cover off a magazine featuring a shirtless Channing Tatum and stuffs it in her back pocket.

-Cracks a beer and chugs it down as she walks towards the exit. She chucks the empty and winks at the oblivious cashier as she breezes out the front door.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Mickey struts out of the market, looking fresh and ready to seize the day. She lets out a THUNDEROUS BELCH and we FREEZE:

**TITLE: "The Mick"**

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. CAR - DAY

Mickey sits shotgun, using the butt of one cigarette to light a fresh one. Behind the wheel is her sometimes-boyfriend JIMMY, 40s; a shitty guy driving an even shittier car.

JIMMY

Would you crack a window? You're gonna smell like the Marlboro Man.

MICKEY

So what?

JIMMY

So I've never been to a mansion before. I want them to like me.

MICKEY

What do you care if my sister and her yuppie friends like you? They're monsters.

JIMMY

Hey, come on. That's your sister.

MICKEY

You despise your sister.

JIMMY

Yeah, because she's a locksmith. I got no reason to be nice.

MICKEY

It's not like I hate mine. We were close growing up, but then she married some rich dingus and turned into one of the Real Housewives.

(takes a drag)

God I hate her.

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JIMMY

Then why are we going?

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MICKEY

Because she's family and I haven't seen her in like eight years.

(then)

And I need to bum a loan.

JIMMY

Maybe I should ask her to invest in my Sniffer app.

MICKEY

Don't. It's a terrible idea.

JIMMY

How is that terrible? It's Shazaam for smells. How many times a day do you ask "what's that smell?"

MICKEY

Only when I'm at your place. I'm already doing a thing. Don't muddy it. I'm gonna pop in there, get my rent money, and get the hell out.

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JIMMY

I keep tellin' ya to move in with me.

MICKEY

You live in a studio apartment with a roommate.

JIMMY  
Everyone loves Travis.

MICKEY  
Not even Travis loves Travis.  
(then)  
Here's our exit.

They hit an off-ramp marked "Greenwich, CT".

EXT. GREENWICH SUBURBS/INT. CAR - LATER

Jimmy pilots the car down one of the wealthiest streets in America and pulls to the curb outside an imposing mansion.

JIMMY  
Holy moly, look at the ass on this place.

Mickey takes one last drag then flicks her cigarette. She fishes a soda bottle off the floor, takes a big sip:

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Careful. That's gasoline.

MICKEY  
(spits it out)  
Why do you have gasoline?!

JIMMY  
I'm not paying Greenwich prices.

He opens the door to exit--

MICKEY  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where ya going?

JIMMY  
To the barbecue.

MICKEY  
Oooh. No you're not.

JIMMY  
What? Why not?

MICKEY  
Because you're an embarrassment. To me. To yourself. To everyone really.

JIMMY  
Then why the hell'd I just drive from Rhode Island?!

MICKEY  
So I can get drunk. Pop on the Sox game, I'll be back in a jiff.

JIMMY  
 Are you kidding me? I'm not gonna  
 sit out here like some goon--

Mickey switches on the radio.

ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)  
 ...Two down, Ortiz at the plate.

JIMMY  
 Shut up! Shut up! I can't hear!  
 (to radio)  
 Hum now, Papi. Play some pepper.

Mickey heads in, leaving Jimmy transfixed by the radio.

EXT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey HUFFS and PUFFS her way up the loooooong driveway lined  
 with luxury cars. At the top, a stylish YOUNG WOMAN suffering  
 from RESTING-BITCH-FACE syndrome lights a cigarette.

MICKEY  
 (wheezing)  
 Excuse me. Hi. So sorry, but any  
 way I could bum a smoke?

The Woman gives Mickey a once over--

YOUNG WOMAN  
 Sorry, no.

MICKEY  
 Seriously? Fine, I'll kick you a  
 dollar. Happy?

YOUNG WOMAN  
 They're not for sale.

Mickey is at a loss.

MICKEY  
 You know it's customary to help out  
 a fellow smoker in need.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 I get the sense you're in need a lot.

MICKEY  
 I'm sorry, do you have problem?

YOUNG WOMAN  
 No. You do. Otherwise we wouldn't  
 be having this conversation.

Mickey stares her down for a beat, then SNATCHES THE PACK.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey! What the hell!

Mickey takes one cigarette and tosses the pack back to her.

MICKEY  
Thanks! Love ya!!

YOUNG WOMAN  
Bitch.

MICKEY  
Bitch.

Mickey sticks the smoke behind her ear and heads inside.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Hello, Greenwich.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

An opulent garden party. Waspy guests mingle over fancy hors d'ouvres. A small jazz band finishes up a tune.

CHARLES PEMBERTON, III, aka "CHIP"--a confident 12-year-old with an extremely punchable face--CLINKS a champagne flute into the mic. Guests turn to the stage.

CHIP  
(re: flute)  
Relax, mom. It's only cider.  
(pauses for laughter)  
Well folks, it's been a hell of a summer, hasn't it? Trips to all corners of the earth; lucrative business ventures; weddings, births; the whole nine. But for me, the real highlight has been right here with you fine people. And that's saying a lot because we safari'd in Africa!

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\*

A few CHUCKLES.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
To my mom and dad--Charles, Poodle--

ANGLE ON CHARLES and PATTY "POODLE" PEMBERTON: a grossly ostentatious couple with a shared enthusiasm for Botox.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
What a perfect day. Your generosity knows no bounds. So cheers to you, and to everyone here. So long summer!

Guests TOAST THEIR GLASSES.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Now get back to having fun. And please try the albino lobster. It's going extinct because it's so delicious.

The band strikes up a TUNE and people get back to mingling.

Chip steps off stage and hugs his parents. Mickey approaches them from behind.

MICKEY

Excuse me, am I in the right place for the *Eyes Wide Shut* party?

Poodle spins around and SHRIEKS at the sight of her sister:

POODLE

Mackenzie?! What are you doing here? Is everything okay?

MICKEY

Not exactly the hero's welcome I was hoping for.

POODLE

Sorry, I just didn't expect-- Sorry. Come here.

She hugs Mickey, then turns to her husband:

POODLE (CONT'D)

Honey, look who came.

CHARLES

Mackenzie, wow, what a surprise. Chip, you remember your aunt.

MICKEY

Hey Chip. Long time. How ya been?

CHIP

Never better, Aunt Mackenzie. I keep waiting for the other shoe to drop.

MICKEY

Aw, well, just be patient.

Charles Sr.'s PHONE RINGS. He checks the caller ID:

CHARLES

Uhp. I better take this. China calling. No Labor Day there. Those little guys love to work.

(to Chip)

Come on, Chip. You should hear this.

They head off, leaving Mickey and Poodle alone.

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POODLE  
Such a sweet kid. I can't understand  
why he doesn't have more friends.

\*  
\*

MICKEY  
Yeah, that's a real head scratcher.  
(beat)  
Anyway, you look good. I love what  
you've done with your...face.

\*  
\*

POODLE  
I upgraded a bit.

MICKEY  
And oh my god, look at those!

Poodle flaunts her SPARKLING DIAMOND NECKLACE.

POODLE  
Gorgeous, right? I got it in  
Zimbabwe for, like, nothing.

MICKEY  
No, your boobs! They're insane.

POODLE  
Thanks. I'm not even wearing a bra.

\*  
\*

MICKEY  
Ugh, you're so lucky. Mine are a  
mess. Like a couple handkerchiefs.

Poodle isn't sure how to respond, so she just smiles.

POODLE  
So what's new? Last time we spoke  
you were working at Subway.

MICKEY  
Ugh, God no. I bounced to seize an  
opportunity at Quizno's, but they  
canned me for stealing meat, which I  
didn't even do. Then I tried to open  
my own sandwich shop because I had a  
ton of meat, but there was all this  
red tape with the health department,  
so I scrapped the whole thing and  
now I'm just kinda waiting for my  
ship to come in.

POODLE  
Oh, okay. You're not still with  
that creepy Jimmy guy, are you?

MICKEY  
Psh. No way. That guy's...dead.



A small arm breaks the frame and tugs at Poodle's sleeve--

BEN (O.S.)

Mommy.

It belongs to her youngest son, BEN -- a pale, spectacled weakling with BLOOD and SNOT bubbling out of his nose.

BEN (CONT'D)

I got a nose bleed.

POODLE

Ecchh. Again? Don't get it on mommy's dress.

(calling off)

Alba!

ALBA, the family housekeeper, rushes over.

POODLE (CONT'D)

Alba, clean him up please.

Alba scoops up Ben and carries him away.

MICKEY

Cute family.

POODLE

Wait until you get a load of Sabrina. You're going to flip.

(looks around)

There she is. Sabrina!

Mickey follows Poodle's gaze over to SABRINA, who we recognize as RESTING-BITCH-FACE from earlier.

POODLE (CONT'D)

Look, it's your Aunt Mackenzie!

Sabrina, 18 but looks 30, with the demeanor of a young Claire Underwood, walks over. Upon recognizing each other, they break into the phoniest display imaginable:

MICKEY

Sabrina?! Ohmygod, is that you?

SABRINA

Aunt Mackenzie! Wow, I haven't seen you since you were young.

MICKEY

You look amaaaazing! All dressed up like an adult. So cute.

SABRINA

Thanks, I love your outfit too. You look *super* comfortable.

POODLE

Sabrina is head prefect at school  
and she's going to Yale next year.

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\*

SABRINA

I got *into* Yale. That doesn't mean  
I'm going.

MICKEY

Probably a good call.

SABRINA

Well, I was also offered a modeling  
gig in Europe, which is kinda  
perfect because I interned for this  
startup in Berlin last summer and  
they'd love to have me back.

MICKEY

Hey and if that doesn't work out, I  
hear ISIS is recruiting.

SABRINA

Cute. Remind me what you do again?

MICKEY

I'm, you know, between...things.

SABRINA

I don't, but it was great catching  
up. Good luck with your "things".

Sabrina flashes a phony smile and exits.

POODLE

Isn't she amazing?

MICKEY

Totally. What a dynamo.

(then)

So look sis, I need some money.

POODLE

There it is. How silly to think you  
actually came here to see us.

MICKEY

Sure I did. I came for both.

POODLE

Aren't you tired of living this  
way? I was half your age when I  
settled down.

MICKEY

Only because you got knocked up by a rich dude. While you were working as a stripper I might add.

POODLE

I was a *waitress* at a strip *club*.

MICKEY

You were a *topless waitress*. It's actually worse. It just means you weren't a good dancer.

POODLE

I'm a *great dancer*! You're just jealous because my life turned out perfect and yours--

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

FBI! Everybody freeze!

People GASP as DOZENS OF FBI AGENTS flood into the yard.

Mickey sees badges and instinctively takes off running.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

We have a warrant for the arrest of Grant and Patricia Pemberton for violation of the Clean Diamond Trade Act.

Mickey bolts across the yard and CATAPULTS OVER A FENCE.

EXT. STREET/INT. JIMMY'S CAR - SAME

Jimmy slouches in his seat as Agents jog past. When the coast is clear, he throws the car into drive and peels out just as Mickey tumbles out of the bushes and into the street--

**WHAM!** The car PLOWS INTO MICKEY, bouncing her over the hood. Jimmy doesn't even slow, just skids around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

FBI agents shuffle past, hauling files, computers, etc. Mickey winces while an EMT tends to her road rash.

An AGENT escorts a handcuffed Charles and Poodle past.

MICKEY

Hang on. That's my sister.

She catches up to them as Charles is pushed into a squad car.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What the hell Poodle? Blood diamonds?

POODLE

Of course not! It's insane. I need you to watch the kids, okay? I'll be back first thing in the morning.

FBI AGENT

I wouldn't count on it. Holiday weekend. Be at least a couple days before you see a judge.

POODLE

What?! No, my daughter, she's head prefect, her first assembly is Wednesday.

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FBI AGENT

I don't know what to tell ya.

\*  
\*

POODLE

Sonofabitch!  
(then, to Mickey)  
You have to film it for me.

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MICKEY

Ooh, I really think you'd be better off with a sitter or a task rabbit--

POODLE

Dammit, Mick, my hands are kinda tied right now. Do me a solid.

MICKEY

I want to, but tomorrow's street sweeping and I gotta move my--

\*  
\*

POODLE

Do it and I'll pay off your debts!

Mickey perks up, thinks, then:

MICKEY

And you gotta invest in my app.

POODLE

Your what?

MICKEY

It's called Sniffer. It's Shazaam for smells. It's a home run.

POODLE

That is the worst idea.

MICKEY  
Okay, good luck--

POODLE  
Fine! Psycho. But if you screw this  
up, you get nothing.

The agent pushes Poodle into the back of a squad car and it  
drives away. Mickey psychs herself up:

MICKEY  
I got this. How hard could it be?  
They're kids. Just show them who's  
the Alpha and they'll fall in line.

INT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey enters to find Sabrina, Chip, and Ben staring at her  
expectantly. She freezes, instantly overwhelmed.

SABRINA/CHIP/BEN  
Well? What happened? Where's mommy?

She goes to speak, but instead VOMITS into a potted plant.

SABRINA/CHIP/BEN (CONT'D)  
Ew! Gross!

MICKEY  
It's fine. I'm fine. Everything is  
fine. So here's the deal: I'm gonna  
post up here for a few days while  
your folks sort out this mix-up.

CHIP  
(steaming)  
Oh, it'll get sorted. And when it  
does, those FBI *pigs* will be the  
ones rotting in jail!

BEN  
Mommy and Daddy are in jail?

MICKEY  
No, sweetheart. Probably just a  
holding cell.  
(to Chip)  
Tell him everything is okay.

Chip takes a knee next to Ben.

CHIP  
Don't worry, Ben. The scales of  
justice tip in favor of the wealthy.  
If we throw enough money at this  
thing it'll go away. And then, we'll  
sue their asses for defamation.

MICKEY

Thanks for that, Chip. Very helpful.

CHIP

Sure thing, Aunt Mackenzie.

MICKEY

Okay, that's another thing. I'm not Mackenzie. The name's Mickey. Mickey Murphy. You can call me Mickey. Aunt Mickey. The Mick. Murphy. Murph. RoboCop. McMurph. Eminem. Slim Shady. The Great White Hope. Or... Maverick.

The kids stare back at her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I say we lay low tonight and play some poker. Three card stud. Deuces wild. Five bucks a hand. I'll deal. Go get your money.

SABRINA

Tempting, but I have plans.

MICKEY

Oh yeah? Gotta get back to your post at the gates of Hell?

SABRINA

Actually I'm going to an event for gender equality at Planned Parenthood.

MICKEY

Listen, Sabrina, not tonight, okay? I got a lot riding on this gig.

SABRINA

Maybe you're not aware, but Planned Parenthood provides health care to over 3 million women in this country.

MICKEY

I know all about Planned Parenthood. I should have one of those punch cards that gets you a free sub every ten visits.

SABRINA

Gross.

MICKEY

And I hate to break it to ya, but sipping cocktails with a buncha angry spinsters ain't gonna make a difference.

SABRINA  
Wow, that's incredibly sexist.

MICKEY  
I can say that because I'm a woman.  
Same rules as the N-word. If you  
really want to affect change then do  
something at a grass roots level.  
Just not tonight, understood?

Beat.

SABRINA  
Sorry, were you talking? I was  
thinking about what to wear.  
(smiles)  
Bye Mackenzie.

She blows her a kiss and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mickey sits at the table with a BOTTLE OF ABSINTHE. Sabrina enters in a fierce outfit and grabs a water from the fridge.

SABRINA  
My Uber's here, so I'm out. I'll be  
home...whenever.  
(re: Mickey's glass)  
What are you drinking?

MICKEY  
Oh this? Just some absinthe.

SABRINA  
Isn't that the stuff that made Van  
Gogh hallucinate and, like, cut his  
ears off or something?

MICKEY  
Yup. Wanna take a ride?

SABRINA  
Seriously?

MICKEY  
You're not driving.

She pours two hefty shots and slides one over to Sabrina.

SABRINA  
(shrugs)  
Okay.

She sits. They down their shots and grimace.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Oof, that's harsh.

MICKEY  
You get used to it.  
(then)  
Look, sorry if I came at you kinda hot earlier. That's not my style. I want to be the cool aunt who you can come to with a problem and know I've got your back. And maybe we share jackets and stuff too. I dunno.

Mickey refills both glasses, raises hers to Sabrina:

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
So whaddya say? Can we start over?

Sabrina studies Mickey for a beat, then:

SABRINA  
Sure, what the hell.

They CLINK glasses and throw them back.

MICKEY  
'Atta girl. We might be related after all.

SABRINA  
I wanna say something too.

Now Sabrina refills both glasses, raises hers to Mickey:

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
I know you think you're pretty clever, with your little plan to drink me under the table. But there are two problems: You're not, and you can't.

She downs her shot.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Peace out, Mackenzie.

Sabrina stands, but her knees buckle and she falls back in her seat.

MICKEY  
Something the matter?

SABRINA  
No. I'm good. Just felt kinda... funny for a second.



MICKEY

Funny how? Funny like you drank a bunch of extra strength NyQuil?

Sabrina's world starts to melt around her.

SABRINA

Wait... wha?

MICKEY

You got straight played homey.

SABRINA

B-b-but you took-- I watched you--

MICKEY

Don't worry about me. I can handle my Quil.

\*  
\*

SABRINA

W-w-why you d-d-do that?

MICKEY

B-b-because I own you.

(blows a kiss)

Night night, princess. See you bright and early for school.

Sabrina passes out. Mickey rips another shot of NyQuil, then scoops Sabrina over her shoulder like a fireman.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Let's get you into your PJ's.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Mickey is splayed out in the center of a massive bed. She stirs awake and glances at the alarm clock--11:13am.

MICKEY

Oh fu--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey explodes out of the bedroom and thrashes down the hall, pounding on doors while struggling to get dressed.

MICKEY

Move your asses! We're late!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alba calmly does dishes over the sink. Mickey crashes through the door in a full blown panic.

MICKEY

Keys! Where are the keys?!

Mickey grabs Alba by the shoulders and shakes her:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Damnit, woman, where do they keep the keys?!?! The kids are late!

ALBA

The kids go to school already.

Mickey pauses.

MICKEY

Oh.

(then)

That was easy.

ALBA

You want me make you some eggs?

MICKEY

Huevos? Si, por favor.

(winks)

Five years of high-school Spanish.

Alba smiles, then busies herself with some eggs. Mickey takes a seat and stares out at the swimming pool.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya, that pool is calling my name. That thing Olympic size?

\*

ALBA

I don't know. I never try.

MICKEY

Seriously? You mean to tell me you're here every day, busting your hump, and these entitled goons won't even let you get a little wet?

ALBA

I cannot swim.

MICKEY

That's not the point. The pool is a metaphor. I wonder what else you're getting boxed out of. Well not anymore. As long as I'm in charge, you and me are equals.

(then)

In fact, pull up a chair, girlfriend. You're eating with me today.

Alba goes to sit--

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
 Well, hang on. Finish making the  
 food first. I just meant whip  
 something up for yourself too.

Alba heads back to the stove.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
 But after that: equals.

CUT TO:

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

MUSIC CUE: Frank Sinatra's "Nothing But the Best".

-Mickey is on a ladder in the wine cellar, passing expensive  
 bottles down to Alba. One smashes. She shrugs.

-Alba watches as Mickey emerges from her sister's closet  
 modeling a cocktail dress and mink coat.

-Mickey tries to coax a scared Alba into the pool. No dice.

-Mickey dances out of the closet draped in a sparkling ball  
 gown and expensive jewelry.

-Mickey and Alba whip around the property in a golf cart.

-Mickey waddles out of the closet in one of Charles' suits.

-Mickey wields a vodka bottle in one hand and a tennis racket  
 in the other while Alba feeds balls into a machine.

-Alba still won't get in the pool.

-Mickey appears at the top of the stairs, twirling around in  
 her sister's wedding dress and sipping a full glass of red  
 wine. She mounts the bannister and shoots down like a rocket,  
 eating shit violently on the marble floor.

**END MONTAGE**

INT. ENTRY - LATER

Mickey is right where we left her.

GO WIDE to reveal Sabrina, Chip, and Ben wearing their SCHOOL \*  
 UNIFORMS and standing over her. \*

CHIP  
 Is she okay?

BEN  
 I think she's dead.

SABRINA  
She's not dead. I see her breathing.

Sabrina nudges Mickey with her foot--

Mickey JOLTS AWAKE, gasping for air as if she just took an adrenaline needle to the heart.

SABRINA/CHIP/BEN  
AAAHHHH!!!!

MICKEY  
Oh, hey. You're home. I was just taking a little catnap.  
(re: uniforms)  
I didn't know you went to Hogwarts.

SABRINA  
Very funny. Our school decided our old uniforms were "too risqué", so they stuck us with these.  
(then, re: wedding dress)  
Who's the lucky groom?

MICKEY  
Don't worry about that. What's everyone thinking for dinner?

BEN  
We just ate breakfast.

MICKEY  
Huh?

CHIP  
You were like this when we got home from school yesterday.

SABRINA  
Go a little heavy on the NyQuil?

MICKEY  
Hang on, where's Alba?

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - SAME

Alba is perched on a raft in the pool. She looks petrified.

ALBA  
Help.

BACK ON:

INT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - ENTRY - SAME

SABRINA  
 Anyway, sorry to interrupt your  
 sixteen hour catnap. \*

The kids turn to leave.

MICKEY  
 Hang on, I'll drive you to school. \*

SABRINA  
 That's okay, we have a town car. \*

MICKEY  
 Don't be silly. Today's your big  
 assembly. Besides, I should get out  
 of the house. Yesterday kinda got  
 away from me. \*

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - CARPOOL LINE - DAY

A long line of cars honk their horns in frustration.

At the front, Mickey aggressively grinds the gears of a  
 classic Ferrari convertible. The kids hide their faces.

MICKEY  
 You can't beat Italian engineering,  
 am I right?

Sabrina slips out and blends in with the crowd of students.  
 Mickey calls after her:

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
 Head prefect, coming through! Make  
 way for that girl! \*

A BEEFY BOY ambles by the car with two goons at his side.

BEEFY BOY  
 Hey, Chippy. How your folks liking  
 the clink? They join Aryan Nation? \*

His goons CACKLE stupidly as they walk off.

MICKEY  
 Ugh, who is that creep?

CHIP  
 Geno Pinero. He's been all over me.

MICKEY  
 So do something about it.

CHIP

Like what? He's a monster in case you didn't notice.

MICKEY

He's a weasel. Next time he gives you crap, just yank his shorts down and point at his tiny pecker. \*

CHIP

Are you insane? He'll pound me!

MICKEY

No he won't. Humor trumps violence. It'll be freaking hilarious and you'll be an instant legend. Trust me, that's how high school works. \*  
\*  
\*

Chip walks away, contemplating. Mickey turns to Ben, who sits sullenly in the back:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

If you're waiting on me to get the door, you're gonna be there a while. \*

BEN

I miss mommy and daddy.

Mickey softens, can't help but feel bad for the little guy. \*

MICKEY

Tell ya what, hop up front. You're playing hooky today.

BEN

But what if I miss something important?

MICKEY

Nothing important happens in 1st grade.

SMASH TO:

INT. BEN'S FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER addresses the class:

TEACHER

Okay kids. Today we're going to learn how to read...

ANGLE ON an empty desk with a crude "biN peMbrTn" placard.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mickey and Ben stroll through a lovely park.

MICKEY

Beats the crap outta school, right?

BEN

My eyes are burning.

MICKEY

You're fine. A little sunshine  
never killed anyone.

She looks around and spots a HOT DOG CART.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You hungry? How 'bout a dog?

BEN

I can't. Mom says I'm allergic.

MICKEY

She's just projecting her eating  
disorder onto you.

(then)

So how should we play this? I'm  
thinking a classic hot-foot oughta  
do the trick.

BEN

What's a hot foot?

MICKEY

Alright, pay attention because,  
unlike school, I'm about to teach  
you something useful.

She hands him several sticks of gum.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Chew these.

Ben stuffs his mouth and gets to work.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

That's it. Get 'em nice and sticky.

Mickey takes out a box of matches and lights a cigarette.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(puts hand out)

Spit.

Ben spits the gum into her hand. She wraps a dozen matches  
around the base of the cigarette using the gum as adhesive.

Mickey creeps up behind the HOT DOG VENDOR and kneels down to  
"tie her shoe", then sticks the contraption to the back of  
his heel. She flashes a thumbs up to Ben and hustles back.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Show time.

They watch patiently as the cigarette burns down, until--  
WHOOSH! The matches ignite and the man's foot CATCHES FIRE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

We have lift off.

The oblivious Vendor goes about his business. Finally, he catches a whiff of smoke and follows it down to... his foot!

VENDOR

AHH! Fire! Put it out!!!

He flails around in a panic. Bystanders dart out of his way.

Amidst the chaos, Mickey breezes up to the unattended cart and fixes a couple dogs. She returns and hands one to Ben.

MICKEY

Dig in.

As they walk away, we see the Vendor stomp his foot into a fountain in the background.

BEN

Why didn't we pay for it?

MICKEY

Because I don't have any money.

BEN

Why not?

MICKEY

Some people just have less money than others.

BEN

Why?

MICKEY

Well, for me personally, I guess it boils down to a few bad investments, some even worse luck, and the fact that I'm a stone-cold gangster who doesn't play by the rules.

BEN

I would have paid for you.

MICKEY

Aww, you're sweet, but don't go smashing your piggy bank for me--

Ben pulls an American Express card from his pocket.



MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Is that a black card?

SMASH TO:

EXT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Ferrari swings into the driveway BLASTING Jay Z's "Big Pimpin'". Mickey and Ben exit in matching track suits, Kangol hats, and aviator shades. Mickey hefts a dozen shopping bags. Ben glides on a hoverboard and wields a three-foot hot dog.

MICKEY  
How many of those you gonna eat?

BEN  
A hundred.

MICKEY  
I'll bet you do it too. Allergic-schmergic.

INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey and Ben enter and hear MUSIC PLAYING. They follow the noise outside to...

EXT. POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina lays out on a sun chair and reads a newspaper.

MICKEY  
Sabrina?

She lowers the paper to reveal she's wearing glitter PASTIES and has "#freethenipple" painted across her chest.

SABRINA  
'Sup.

Off Mickey's and Ben's wide eyes, we...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sabrina walks in with a towel draped over her shoulders and makes her way to the fridge. Mickey is hot on her tail.

MICKEY  
You're ditching the assembly?! I promised your mom I'd film it.

SABRINA  
Relax Mackenzie, I'm going back. I just cut PE to even my tan lines.

MICKEY

Yeah, about that.  
 (re: Sabrina's chest)  
 What's with the bumper stickers?

SABRINA

I thought about what you said, about taking a more active role in the cause. So I'm gonna hashtag free-the-nipple during assembly to protest the new dress code.

\*  
 \*

MICKEY

Hashtag what?

SABRINA

Free the nipple. It's a movement aimed at tearing down double standards when it comes to women's bodies. How do you not know this? All the big-time feminists are involved: Rihanna, Miley, Gaga.

\*

MICKEY

Alright, first of all, there's nothing brave about a bunch of hot chicks getting naked. And second, bitch have you lost your mind?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

SABRINA

Spare me your passive aggressive, right wing oppression. I'm doing it.

MICKEY

Listen Sabrina, I respect that you're a Murphy so you don't make the brightest decisions, but trust me, you don't want this kind of attention. This is the type of behavior led to your mom becoming a stripper.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

SABRINA

Wait. My mom was a stripper?

\*  
 \*

MICKEY

Uh, more of a waitress really. She wasn't a good enough dancer.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

SABRINA

Whatever. It's already happening.

\*  
 \*

MICKEY

Sabrina, I swear to God, I will give you a hashtag double-mastectomy.

The front door SLAMS and Chip fires into the kitchen. He has two black eyes and a broken nose. Mickey and Sabrina recoil:

\*

Holy sh--

MICKEY

SABRINA  
Gruesome.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

CHIP  
I'll tell you what happened. I tried to trump violence with humor and violence won by a landslide.

MICKEY  
You must not have done it right. Did you remember to laugh at his tiny penis? That part's important.

CHIP  
I would've, only it was humongous. I'm lucky he didn't beat me with it.

Mickey and Sabrina stifle laughter.

\*

CHIP (CONT'D)  
It's not funny! I did everything you told me. I followed him to the bathroom, I waited until his guard was down--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MICKEY  
Whoa, back up, George Michael. You did it in the bathroom? There was no audience?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHIP  
You didn't say anything about an audience.

\*  
\*  
\*

MICKEY  
It's not a joke if no one is there to laugh at it. That's Comedy 101.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHIP  
Well, thanks for telling me! I look like a monster!

\*  
\*  
\*

MICKEY  
So we'll hit the makeup counter at Macy's and make you pretty again.

CHIP  
I'm not wearing make up! And if I  
did it certainly wouldn't be from  
Macy's. I'm gonna sue his ass!

MICKEY  
For what?

CHIP  
Battery. Then I'm going to sue the  
school for negligence.

MICKEY  
Pipe down, Gloria Allred. You won't  
make friends suing everyone.

A small arm enters the frame and tugs at Mickey's sleeve:

BEN (O.S.)  
Aunt Mickey?

She looks down to see Ben's face is the size of a beach ball  
and covered in hives. He looks like the Elephant Man.

MICKEY  
GAH!!!

BEN  
Can I have another hot dog?

Mickey slowly backs away, struggling to keep it together.

MICKEY  
Everyone be quiet! I need to think.

She grabs a bottle of wine, pounds it, and closes her eyes.

**SFX: DOOR BELL.**

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Thank God. Your parents are home.

INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Chip opens the front door to reveal Jimmy, hat in hand.

JIMMY  
(re: Chip's face)  
Jesus Mick. What'd you do to him?

MICKEY  
Nothing. He got pounded at school.  
(re: Ben)  
And this kid's allergic to everything.

JIMMY  
That's a kid?! It looks like E.T.

CHIP  
Who is this guy?

JIMMY  
Hey, I'm Jimmy. I'm her lover.

MICKEY  
What are you doing here, Jimmy?

JIMMY  
I came to apologize.

MICKEY  
For running me over? Apology not accepted.

JIMMY  
It was an accident!

MICKEY  
You didn't even stop!

JIMMY  
Only cause I was sure you were dead, so I figured what's the point. I've been laying low reading the obituaries. Never saw yours, so figured it was safe to come out.

MICKEY  
Yup, I'm alive. Now get lost.

She goes to shut the door, but Jimmy spots Sabrina in the background and blocks it--

JIMMY  
Holy smokeshow. Who's that broad?

MICKEY  
Gross. She's my niece and she's in high school.

JIMMY  
(shields his eyes)  
Whoa, no thank you. Not my thing.

MICKEY  
Sabrina, go put some clothes on.

SABRINA  
I'm eighteen. I can dress however I want.

JIMMY  
(uncovering eyes)  
There's the magic number. I'm back in.

MICKEY

Jimmy, it's not a good time. Go away.

As she shuts the door:

JIMMY

Fine! Kiss my fat, white, Polack--

\*

The door slams in his face. Mickey looks to Sabrina, then back to the door where we can still hear Jimmy's MUFFLED SHOUTING. She has a light bulb moment and opens the door:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

--and I hope they never find a cure!

MICKEY

Say Jimmy, how'd you like to help me film Sabrina's perfect speech? She's gonna "hashtag free-the-nipple".

\*  
\*  
\*

JIMMY

Uh, hashtag yes. I'm one hundred percent in. Hashtag blessed.

MICKEY

Great. I'm a little buzzed, so you're driving.

JIMMY

Can't drive. I'm smashed.

MICKEY

What? You just drove here.

JIMMY

And I now realize how incredibly irresponsible that was.

MICKEY

(thinks, then)

Okay, new plan.

EXT. SCHOOL - CARPOOL LINE - LATER

\*

A classic Mercedes ROARS to the front of the line. Alba drives, with Mick, Jimmy, and all three kids crammed inside.

\*  
\*

MICKEY

Can't beat German engineering, am I right? Cross that one off your list.  
(then)  
Everybody out!

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER \*

STUDENTS pack the bleachers for an all-school assembly. At center court, a MEEK TEACHER finishes up an announcement: \*

MEEK TEACHER \*

...Iggy the Iguana is still missing from the bio lab. If you encounter him, please alert a faculty member. He's probably very tired, very hungry, and very scared. Thank you. \*

He turns the microphone back over to THE PRINCIPAL. \*

PRINCIPAL \*

Thank you, Mr. Grasso... \*

ON MICKEY AND SABRINA watching from the side: \*

MICKEY \*

Wow, helluva turn out. You nervous? \*

SABRINA \*

(sweating) \*

Does he have to be here? \*

GO WIDE to reveal Jimmy pointing a camera at Sabrina. Next to him, Chip unenthusiastically holds a boom mic. \*

MICKEY \*

Someone has to document this monumental achievement for women's rights. You all set, Jimmy? \*

JIMMY \*

Just about. Got a slight buzz in my left can, but I'll fix it in post. And Sabrina, don't be afraid to really explore the space. I got Ben over there picking up the wide angle. \*

ACROSS THE GYMNASIUM: Ben holds a camera and waves. \*

Sabrina swallows hard. She can't possibly go through with this, right? \*

BACK ON: \*

PRINCIPAL \*

...that's all for faculty announcements. Now, without further adieu, I'd like to turn things over to your new prefect, the Class of 2017's very own Sabrina Pemberton. \*

ON MICKEY AND SABRINA as the CROWD CHEERS: \*

MICKEY \*  
That's your cue, Susan Anthony. \*

Sabrina takes a deep breath and makes her way to center court. \*

MICKEY (CONT'D) \*  
(to Jimmy) \*  
Hundred bucks she chickens out. \*

SABRINA'S POV: A THOUSAND FACES stare back at her through \*  
blinding lights. She steps up to the mic: \*

SABRINA \*  
(tentative) \*  
Uh, hey everybody. Okay, first \*  
thing on the docket is the new \*  
dress code. Just a reminder, girls \*  
are no longer allowed to wear \*  
skirts above the knee, or show any \*  
cleavage... \*

She looks over to Mickey who shoots a confident thumbs up. \*  
Jimmy is at her side working the camera like Fellini. \*

SABRINA (CONT'D) \*  
...and as your head prefect, I say \*  
screw that! \*

The CROWD GOES WILD. Faculty look around nervously. \*

ON MICKEY AND JIMMY: \*

MICKEY \*  
Oh God, she's really gonna do it. \*

Mickey peels off her jacket, hands it to Jimmy. \*

MICKEY (CONT'D) \*  
Hold this. \*

JIMMY \*  
What are you doing? \*

MICKEY \*  
Making a huge mistake so she \*  
doesn't have to. \*

BACK ON SABRINA: \*

SABRINA \*  
So here's what I think of your \*  
dress code-- \*

Just as she's about to bust open her top, Mickey storms the \*  
stage and snatches the microphone. \*



MICKEY \*

Hi everybody! Thanks for having me. \*

The crowd looks confused. \*

SABRINA \*

(sotto) \*

What the hell are you doing? \*

MICKEY \*

(sotto) \*

If it's so important to you then \*

I'll do it. \*

(into mic) \*

The name's Mickey Murphy. You can \*

call me Mick or Murph or-- nevermind. \*

I'm here to talk about an issue \*

that's very near and dear to me, and \*

that's gender equality. \*

BACK ON CHIP AND JIMMY: \*

JIMMY \*

Oh man. This is gonna be so \*

freaking hilarious. \*

Chip looks to the massive audience, then to the microphone. \*

We see his **WHEELS TURNING...** \*

BACK ON MICKEY AND SABRINA: \*

MICKEY \*

This is about more than a dress code. \*

It's about taking control and saying \*

'this is my body and I can do whatever \*

the hell I want with it!' So on behalf \*

of women everywhere, I say... \*

Mickey takes one last deep breath. Here goes nothing. \*

MICKEY (CONT'D) \*

What up to my homegirls in Seneca \*

Falls! \*

She goes to rip her shirt open like Hulk Hogan when-- \*

BOOM! Chip barrels into frame and body checks her. He tears \*

his shirt off and swings it above his head: \*

CHIP \*

FREE THE NIPPLE! EVERYONE GET YOUR \*

NIPS OUT!!! WOOWOOO!!!! \*

THE CROWD ERUPTS! Shirts fly, students rush the floor, girls \*

whisper about the cute boy who just started a mini-riot. \*

A school security guard TACKLES Chip to the hardwood. As chaos rages all around, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PEMBERTON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Mickey slams the trunk of Jimmy's car. It's packed with towels, bedding, kitchenware, etc. She turns to Sabrina, Chip, and Ben who are standing in the driveway.

MICKEY

Well gang, it's been real.

BEN

You're leaving?

MICKEY

Yeah, I should jet before your folks get back and see how bad I screwed things up.

CHIP

Why are you taking our stuff?

MICKEY

I feel like your mom is gonna welch on our contract, so this is just a little insurance policy.

Jimmy exits the house carrying a filled-cardboard box.

JIMMY

I got all the light bulbs and batteries and toilet paper.

He loads it into the car.

BEN

But I don't want you to go.

Ben wraps himself around Mickey's legs.

MICKEY

I know sweetheart. But I got you all something to remember me by.

She drops several pills into Ben's hands.

BEN

What are they?

MICKEY

Benadryl. Take one every four hours until the swelling goes down. They'll also give you super powers.

BEN  
Cool! Thanks Mick!

MICKEY  
Chip, these are for you.

She hands him some aviator sunglasses.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Hide behind those for a couple  
days. And sorry you got suspended.  
I feel like that's my bad.

CHIP  
Are you kidding? Thanks to Jimmy's  
video I got, like, a thousand new  
SnapChat followers. Even Geno  
Pinero followed me!

JIMMY  
You're a legend, kid. We're gonna  
have to get you a raincoat and  
galoshes to wade through all the pu--

MICKEY  
Jimmy!

JIMMY  
Sorry.

Mickey turns to Sabrina.

MICKEY  
But at least that's a thousand people  
who know about the movement, right?

SABRINA  
Actually, I'm kinda rethinking my  
position. We should be proud of our  
bodies, but also protective of them.

JIMMY  
Totally agree. Let's love 'em.  
Let's celebrate 'em. But above all,  
let's respect 'em.

MICKEY  
Jimmy, go wait in the car.

He does. Mickey turns back to Sabrina.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
You kept me on my toes this week.  
Not sure I ever want to see you  
again, but I will miss you.

SABRINA

Yeah, me too. Thanks Mickey. For everything.

They share a long hug. Mickey pulls a MADONNA AUDIO CASSETTE from her back pocket and hands it to Sabrina.

MICKEY

In case you're curious about the feminists of my generation.

Sabrina studies the cassette.

SABRINA

Thanks. I'll be sure to cherish... whatever this is.

MICKEY

Okay, time to boogie--

Her cell phone RINGS. She answers:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Go.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

POODLE

Hey, sis, it's me.

MICKEY

Poodle? Where are you?

She steps away from the kids.

POODLE

Charles and I fled the country.

MICKEY

What?! I thought you didn't do anything wrong.

POODLE

It wasn't wrong so much as it was illegal. I'm gonna need you to watch the kids a little longer.

MICKEY

No way. Hard no. I did my time.

POODLE

What's that, Mick? Sorry, you're breaking up. The connection isn't great out here in... where we are.

MICKEY

Don't you dare hang up this phone!

POODLE

Thanks a bunch, sis. Love ya.

MICKEY

Poodle! Poodle, no! NO!-- Hello?

Mickey hangs up the phone. She looks like she saw a ghost. \*

SABRINA/CHIP/BEN \*

Well? Who was that? Everything okay? \*

Mickey opens her mouth to explain, but instead VOMITS  
EVERYWHERE. \*

SABRINA/CHIP/BEN (CONT'D) \*

Ewww! Nasty! My shoes! \*

END SHOW. \*