

Soccer Mom Mafia

By

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A Social Media Web Series

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EPISODE #1: "MINDY"

INT. EMPTY TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

A FLASH of The Olive Garden's embroidered logo on a pasta sauce stained polo shirt. An engraved name tag: "Hostess Mindy."

Plain with a hint of hidden beauty just under the surface, MINDY (40), her brown hair pulled back in a bobbing ponytail, nods in anxious agreement.

A handsome, slick SALESMAN (50's) and bespectacled NOTARY (30's) hover around the kitchen island, point in unison to various documents. Mindy signs as the notary flips to the next page, points. Mindy signs again.

SALESMAN

Didn't know Olive Garden paid so well, Mrs. Cooper.

MINDY

Miss.

SALESMAN

Yes, of course.

NOTARY

(re: paperwork)

And here...

MINDY

And trust me, they don't.

SALESMAN

Well, regardless, I'm sure you'll be very happy here in Granite Heights.

NOTARY

That'll do it! How does it feel?

Mindy leans back against the counter, a sincere smile forms on her face.

MINDY

Fresh. It feels fresh.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Clutching her files the notary exits through the open front door. The salesman lingers on the stoop of this beautiful, new construction home. Mindy, still grinning, appears from within.

SALESMAN

This makes it official.

He hands her the keys.

MINDY

Oh, thanks! I'm so excited I didn't even think to ask.

A black, flashy even for this upscale neighborhood, Lamborghini SCREECHES to a halt in front of the townhouses.

SALESMAN

Congratulations! Love your salads by the way.

He turns and passes an approaching, athletic, tan BEN (41). This super hunk ignores the salesman's exiting smile, saving his attention for Mindy.

MINDY

What do you want?

BEN

Hey darlin', what kind of greeting is that?

MINDY

Where'd you get the car?

BEN

Sweet, right? Yeah, checking in to see if Dylan wanted to go for a spin in a real car.

MINDY

It's Tuesday. He's at school.

BEN

Right, right...

MINDY

How are you paying for that, Ben?

BEN

A gift from a very rich, very sexy friend. Jealous?

MINDY

Honestly, I don't think I could care any less. Just make sure the alimony and the child support arrives every month and you can bang Bill Gates for all I care.

BEN

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. There's not going to be any alimony.

MINDY

Very funny. I have the signed court order in my purse.

BEN

And the child support...that's kind of optional right now.

MINDY

Optional?

BEN

Seems the radio station's making some cutbacks. Can you believe they think, according to the ratings now mind you, nobody wants to call in and talk sports anymore?

MINDY

Not my problem. Look--

BEN

Seems everything's all podcasts now. Can you believe that shit? A bunch of dudes sitting around listening on their computers, typing? Mindy, they actually type stuff they want to talk about. Don't that seem like a pubic hair shy of Communism?

A sweaty, overweight POSTAL WORKER approaches sifting through envelopes.

MINDY

Wait. Wait. You lost your job?

Ben pulls out a joint, lights up.

BEN
(grinning)
Tragic, right?

MINDY
Put that out!

BEN
What? Worried 'bout what your
classy neighbors might think?

Across the street a YOUNG WOMAN (28) dressed in a way too snug SUPERGIRL costume puts a key in the communal mailbox.

MINDY
You know what, doesn't matter. You
have obligations.

BEN
Come on, beautiful. You know you
can't get blood from a stoner.

POSTAL WORKER
Mindy Cooper?

Ben takes another hit. Saunters back to the sports car.

BEN
Have that boy call me. He's getting
too soft for my taste.

The mailman hands Mindy a registered letter and a pen.
Blankly, she signs. Opens the envelope as Ben PEELS OUT.

FLASHES from the document: "Official" "Alimony Rescinded"
"Child Support TBD" "New Divorce Decree".

Mindy looks up, stunned. She makes eye contact with the
chubby, smiling super heroine.

MINDY
Shit.

Episode #2: "Donna"

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

MINDY
Shit.

Mindy watches as "Supergirl" crosses the street with her
mail, heading directly towards her.

Her shiny red boots CLICK upon the asphalt street. She reaches the small yet well-manicured yard.

SQUISH. The pristine boots tramp directly into a mound of fresh dog shit.

This odd young woman angrily squeezes her mail, an envelope reveals a first name: "Donna".

DONNA

Come on!

Mindy, speechless, watches as Donna unsuccessfully attempts to wipe the crap off her boot with her junk mail.

DONNA (CONT.)

Can you believe this? It's poop!

MINDY

What?

DONNA

Dog doo! It drives me crazy! It's all over the place. You'd think the HOA would do something.

MINDY

Yeah...uh...

Donna looks up at a dazed Mindy, places her crap covered junk mail in her left hand, extends her right.

DONNA

Sorry! That is so rude of me! I'm Donna, from over on Sandstone.

Mindy stares at the germ infested hand.

DONNA (CONT.)

Oh, yeah, guess shaking a poopy hand is kind of gross, right?

MINDY

Yeah...I'm sorry...

DONNA

No worries!

An awkward SILENCE.

MINDY

Nice boots.

DONNA

They were. Came with the costume.

MINDY

If you'll excuse me--

DONNA

What's your name?

MINDY

Mindy.

DONNA

Like Mork's roommate, later spouse?
Cool! I wasn't even born when that
show was on, but I have every
season on DVD. Brilliant writing!
Nanu Nanu, right?

Mindy forces a smile.

DONNA (CONT.)

Your family's just moving in?

MINDY

Uh, no. Well, I mean it's just me,
and my son, Dylan. He's fifteen.

DONNA

Is he into Game of Thrones?

MINDY

He likes video games.

DONNA

No, Game of Thrones. You know.
"We've had vicious kings and we've
had idiot kings, but I don't know
if we've ever been cursed with a
vicious idiot boy king."

MINDY

Sorry?

DONNA

Tyrion.

Donna places her hand by her waist.

DONNA (CONT.)

The little cute guy.

MINDY
I don't watch much television.

DONNA
Oh...Game of Thrones is really,
really like...

She leans in, her cape billowing in the breeze.

DONNA (CONT.)
(whispering)
...naughty.

MINDY
It was nice meeting you
Donna...um...I need to get back to
work, so...

BEEP. A slowly passing car driven by an OLDER WOMAN (62) waves to Donna. She returns the friendly gesture with a perfect Vulcan salute.

The driver pretends to throw something out the window at the costumed character as she drives away causing Donna to fall melodramatically to her knees.

DONNA
ARGHH!

BEEP. The older woman waves again chuckling in the rear view window.

MINDY
Oh my God! Are you ok?

DONNA
Kryptonite!

MINDY
What?

Donna drops dead on the grass.

DONNA
Kryptonite. Like the only thing
that can slow Supergirl down?

Mindy makes a disgusted face, points to the lawn.

MINDY
Umm, Donna?

Donna opens one eye, follows Mindy's pointing finger. She rolls over, notices she landed right in a pile of...

DONNA

Shit!

Episode #3: "Brenda"

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

A disinterested, slovenly MALE CLERK (40's) relishes in his oversized sandwich.

MINDY (O.S.)

I just don't understand how this is possible. Can you explain it?

MALE CLERK

(chewing)

Not my job.

Mindy is revealed leaning into the little circular "talk through" hole on the other side of the glass separating herself from this lazy federal employee.

MINDY

Then can you please tell me who I can talk with?

MALE CLERK

Lady, as you can see, I'm on my lunch. If I don't eat, my blood sugar drops. Now, you can file a document request--

MINDY

I don't need the document! I have it right here.

The "kryptonite throwing" older woman from earlier walks down the hallway, notices what is going on. Frustrated, Mindy turns from the window, makes eye contact with her.

The woman quickly looks down at floor, buzzes herself into a locked door. Mindy recognizes the stranger.

INT. COURTHOUSE LUNCH ROOM - DAY

The woman opens the refrigerator, leans in, moves a variety of lunch boxes and salad containers around, finally finds a brown paper bag with a name written in Sharpie: "Brenda".

She opens it...empty...

Disappointed, she turns, looks at the door leading to the hallway.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Mindy continues to plead as a CAMERAMAN (24) and STEVE (43), a sharp dressed, handsome news reporter enter.

MINDY

Listen, I was due back at work an hour ago. Please, can you just find someone who I can talk with about this, I mean, it's a mistake--

MALE CLERK

Keep it up and I'm liable to radio for the bailiff.

The clerk points with his mayonnaise covered chin in the direction of an ANCIENT BAILIFF standing in the corner sleeping, SNORING, with his glaucoma covered eyes wide open.

MALE CLERK (CONT.)

I don't go to The Olive Garden on your lunch break demanding more bread sticks, lady. You're just going to have to wait.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Marvin?

Mindy steps aside. Brenda stands in the middle of the hallway, smiles, quietly, unimposing...approaches the window.

Down the hall, Steve premps, prepares up for a camera shot. He makes eye contact with Mindy. She blushes, turns away from his pearly white smile.

MALE CLERK

God damn, Brenda, what is this?
"Every Broad Ruin Marvin's Lunch Day"?

BRENDA

I think there's been a mistake.
That is my sandwich...

He looks at the last sloppy bite. Considers it. Pushes it through the circular glass hole.

BRENDA (O.S.)
 No, you can have it, but please,
 can you double check the name on
 the bags next time?

MINDY
 You took this woman's lunch?

He shrugs, pops the last bite in his mouth.

MALE CLERK
 Too much mayo on that thing. I
 gotta take a dump.

He drops the curtain to the window.

MINDY
 Jerk.

A small laugh escapes Brenda's lips.

BRENDA
 Thief.

Mindy can't help but smile.

MINDY
 Slob.

BRENDA
 Ass.

MINDY
 Dick.

Brenda lets out a GASP. They both laugh at the situation.
 Down the hall the cameraman films Steve's inaudible remote.

BRENDA
 I saw you with Donna earlier. You
 just moved in?

MINDY
 Yes! Yes! Look, can you please,
 please help me with this?

Mindy holds up the paper. Brenda quickly puts her glasses
 on, accepts the document.

A cellphone RINGS.

DAVID

Cut. Did We get it before that
beautiful lady's cellphone rang?

Mindy, now blushing so much her face is as red as a baboon's
ass, answers the phone without looking at the display.

MINDY

Sal, I'm so sorry, I swear I'm
coming in now and I'll stay through
the dinner rush, I--

Brenda's eyes get larger as she reads the divorce decree.

MINDY (CONT.)

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were
someone else. What? Excuse me, did
you say bomb? Oh my God! Is he
alright?

Mindy's face shows immediate concern.

MINDY (CONT.)

Yes, yes, of course. I'll be there
right away.

She puts the phone back in her purse.

MINDY (CONT.)

Brenda is it?

Brenda looks up, nods.

MINDY (CONT.)

I am so sorry, but I have to go.
The school...my son.

BRENDA

Ten twenty-five Granite.

MINDY

Sorry?

BRENDA

That's my address. Let me look into
this. Come over tonight and I'll
let you know what I find out.

Mindy throws her arms around Brenda, hugs her sincerely as
Steve approaches.

MINDY

Thank you so much! I know it's got to be a mistake, or a trick Ben's playing or...Oh, Brenda, thank you! I have to go!

He's too late, as Mindy runs out the exit door. Brenda returns to the document in her hand, looks up, takes her glasses off.

BRENDA

Shit.

Episode #4: "Vicki"

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY

Various lab stations set up with Bunsen burners, hard granite tabletops and an oversize poster of the periodic table pinned to the wall.

A typical sterile, clean classroom--except for a sticky brown substance all over the walls.

Mindy, flabbergasted, stares at the wooden name plate on the teacher's desk in front of her: "Mrs. Vicki Rickles".

MINDY

I'm still not understanding all this. You specifically said the word "bomb".

VICKI (40's), tired, haggard, all business, shakes her head in disgust, reaches into her desk drawer.

VICKI

Here, put these on.

She hands Mindy a really funky pair of safety goggles.

MINDY

Mrs. Rickles--

VICKI

It's Miss. Haven't had a chance to have wood shop make a new one yet.

Vicki ruffles through her lunch bag, pulls out a bottle of Diet Coke.

VICKI
 (re: the goggles)
 Trust me, Ms. Cooper.

Mindy struggles, finally getting the protective ware in place. She looks like a large stressed out insect.

Vicki nods. Places her own goggles on, opens the soda. She hands Mindy a roll of Mentos.

VICKI
 Go ahead Ms. Cooper. Drop one in.

Mindy does as instructed.

POW! Immediately the bottle erupts into a caramel colored catastrophe, soda and foam covers both women.

The carnage settles. Vicki takes off her goggles.

VICKI (CONT.)
 Now...how would you describe it?

Mindy STUTTERS, her uniform soaked and sticky.

VICKI (CONT.)
 Exactly.

MINDY
 But...did he know it would do that?

Vicki leans in, offers Mindy a roll of brown paper towels.

VICKI
 Ms. Cooper, can I be frank?

MINDY
 I guess...

VICKI
 Off the record. These little bastards have been doing shit like this to me since my wife left me last semester. They know what they're doing.

MINDY
 Oh...I'm sorry to hear about...your wife.

VICKI
 Quite honestly, I'm sick of these little dickheads thinking one

VICKI
person's pain is another asshole's
enjoyment, are you following me?

Mindy nods.

MINDY
So...Dylan. What happens now?

Vicki looks Mindy dead in the eyes.

VICKI
He was put up to it. I can tell. He
wants to fit in, and it's not just
because he's new here.

MINDY
I am so, so sorry about this. I'll
take care of it, I promise--

VICKI
I know you will, but...just, don't
be too rough on him. He's going
through some real shit, trust me, I
know.

MINDY
I was afraid of this.

VICKI
So you know?

MINDY
Well, sure, I mean, what I was to
expect?

VICKI
It's not a big deal, you understand
that, right?

MINDY
All due respect, Ms. Rickles, I
disagree.

VICKI
You do?

MINDY
Moving to a new community, the
divorce, making new friends. I can
see where all this is so difficult
for him, but he can't act out like
this.

Vicki leans back in her chair.

VICKI

I'm not going to inform the administration about this. You know they would view it as an act of terror, if you can believe that crap, and he'd end up in Guantanamo or some juvie horror house. I'm not kidding.

Mindy stands, extends her hand, Vicki accepts.

MINDY

Thank you! I promise, you won't have any other problems with him. He's not normally like this.

VICKI

Ok, but you need to understand he is normal.

Mindy is totally confused.

VICKI (CONT.)

Sorry about the sodium cyclamate baptism.

MINDY

Right. Again, I'm so sorry for all this and it will never, ever happen again.

Seated, Vicki watches as Mindy exits, pauses at the door.

MINDY (CONT.)

And Ms. Rickles...I'm sorry about your wife. I know what you're going through.

Mindy gives a weak smile of solidarity, leaves into the hallway.

Vicki SIGHS.

VICKI

No idea...oblivious...

She looks out the window.

VICKI (CONT.)

Poor kid. Shit.

Episode #5: "Baptism With Wine"

INT. MINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Sleeping bags, scattered cardboard boxes and a cheap card table. Mindy rifles through a laundry bag, smelling clothes at random.

MINDY

Dylan, I promise, the first thing we'll do this weekend is go and pick out furniture.

Dylan (15), lanky but oddly handsome and confident, wires up a large television propped against the wall.

DYLAN

Picking out furniture at Rent-A-Center isn't my idea of a rocking time, mom.

Mindy pulls out an old Rolling Stones t-shirt, gives it a quick stiff. It'll do. She pulls off her stained Olive Garden polo.

MINDY

Well, I'm sorry, it's either that or Craigslist.

Dylan stands, turns from his chore.

DYLAN

When are we going to start getting paid from dad?

He sees his mother in only a bra and shorts.

DYLAN (CONT.)

Jesus, mom!

She hurriedly pulls the concert shirt over her head.

MINDY

Sorry! Sorry! That has to be awkward for you seeing your mom in a bra.

Dylan turns back to the television, blushes...but we get the sense it's more from Mindy's reaction...

DYLAN

You said once we moved and the alimony came in I could get the new X-Box.

Mindy tries to primp her hair as best she can looking at the reflection in the stainless steel refrigerator.

MINDY

After talking to Mrs. Rickles I don't think you deserve anything.

DYLAN

Ms., mom, it's Ms. And that was all just...really stupid...

She races over to her son, gives him a kiss on the head.

MINDY

I know. Forget it. Look, I'm going to visit a new friend, just down the street--

DYLAN

A dude?

MINDY

What? No, no. Her name's Brenda. I just met her today. Call me if you need anything. And keep the door locked, ok?

Mindy leaves the room.

DYLAN

I thought we moved here so we didn't have to lock the door?

EXT. BRENDA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Mindy RINGS the doorbell. Steps back. Nervous anticipation for her first official visit with her new neighbor.

The door opens...but it's Vicki.

VICKI

We were wondering when you'd get here!

MINDY

Mrs. Rickles? Isn't this ten twenty-five?

VICKI

Fuck's sake, it's Ms., and here in Granite Heights it's just Vicki. Come on.

She pulls Mindy into the open doorway.

EXT. BRENDA'S DECK - NIGHT

VICKI

She's here.

Mindy follows Vicki through the sliding glass doors to what seems to be paradise.

Flowers, carefully crafted ivy covered lattice work provides privacy, lit candles and two open bottles of wine resting on a beautiful patio table.

Donna, wearing dark sunglasses, a white dress shirt, black tie, slicked back, perfectly combed hair drinks a glass of wine. Brenda stands to greet her guest.

BRENDA

Mindy! Sit down and have some wine with us. I know you met Donna already, and Vicki told us all about your son.

VICKI

Stop it, Brenda, I alluded, I didn't *tell you all about it.*

BRENDA

You know it's considered normal nowadays, right?

MINDY

(nervously)

Well, boys will be boys, right?

Vicki rolls her eyes. Brenda grins politely, offers Mindy a full glass of wine.

DONNA

Hey again.

MINDY

(re: Donna's odd clothing)

Wait! I do know this one! Those guys, that all looked the same, right?

The three neighbors stare inquisitively at their new friend.

MINDY (CONT.)

(proudly)

They did all that karate stuff
against that sexy guy from the
movie about the bus that couldn't
go under a certain speed...the
chosen one...the whole green pill,
red pill thing!

DONNA

The Matrix? Mr. Anderson?

MINDY

Yes! The Matrix! That's it! You
look just like those bad guys!
Great costume!

DONNA

Yeah...but no...

VICKI

She just got off work...at Best
Buy.

Realization slowly crawls over Mindy's face.

MINDY

Oh my God, Donna I am so sorry!

VICKI

You apologize a lot.

BRENDA

You do dear.

Mindy, desperately wanting to fit in, takes a belt of wine.

MINDY

You know what...you're right...both
of you. I'm sorry--

VICKI

Christ on a Popsicle stick! Enough
with that! Finish that glass.
Donna, open another bottle.

Vicki hovers over Mindy ready to pour her another glass.

MINDY

Oh...ok. I don't normally drink--

BRENDA

You're going to want to tonight,
honey.

Mindy swallows the final gulp. Immediately Vicki refills the glass.

MINDY

What did you find out? Is it bad?

In unison, Brenda, Donna and Vicki signal for Mindy to finish her now refilled glass.

Episode #6: "That, Right There, Is Why They Call It A Hangover"

INT. MINDY'S TOWNHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

HORRIBLE REGURGITATION from behind a closed bathroom door. The SPLASH of puke hitting porcelain.

Dylan, ready for school creeps towards the door.

DYLAN

Mom?

MINDY

(muffled, anguished)

Go away please!

He opens the door. Mindy, still wearing her Rolling Stones t-shirt and old shorts, kneeling, HEAVES again into the toilet.

DYLAN

Jesus, are you ok?

She leans back from the bowl, wipes her mouth with her forearm.

MINDY

I'm fine honey, just a bug.

DYLAN

Are you pregnant?

MINDY

What? God no!

DYLAN

Then who were you out with last night? Really.

EXT. BRENDA'S DECK - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Brenda sadly places the divorce decree on the patio table in front of a despondent Mindy. Donna holds out an empty wine glass. Vicki gives everyone a refill.

MINDY (V.O.)
Some neighbors...friends.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Names, mom.

Donna points to movement in the darkness near Brenda's swimming pool.

MINDY (V.O.)
Uh...Brenda...she's nice, older.

Brenda stands, watches as her skinny MALE NUDIST NEIGHBOR (70) takes off his robe, naked as a jailbird, climbs over the wooden fence. All saggy skin, gray pubic hair and overall grossness.

Mindy stares blankly at the divorce decree. Vicki and Donna approach Brenda watching as this horror show of wrinkles prepares to dive into the pool.

DYLAN (V.O.)
You said friends, plural.

MINDY (V.O.)
Oh, Dylan..please...I'm sick.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Mom!

MINDY (V.O.)
Ok, ok...that girl that wears the costumes.

Donna rips open her Geek Squad white dress shirt to reveal her Supergirl costume underneath. Without looking, Brenda softly places her arm against Donna's chest stopping her from whatever she was about to do.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Supergirl? The one who always dresses up? Shit, mom, she's crazy! She was all done up like Mr. Anderson from The Matrix yesterday!

MINDY (V.O.)
 No...she just works at Best Buy.

A large light illuminates the neighborhood. Vicki looks across the backyard to see a huge projection screen coming to life in the distance. A video game appears, "Call of Duty", turning the neighborhood into a mini-war zone.

VICKI
 (silently, as we're in
 flashback here, but we can so
 read her lips)
 What the fuck!

Off of Vicki's comment, Donna takes off her pants...yes, she's now in full Supergirl gear ready to kick ass and take names.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 Mom, I don't know about that old
 lady, but you can't hang out with
 that freak show!

Vicki gestures with her hands for Donna to have at it.

MINDY (V.O.)
 It's fine...Mrs. Rickles was there
 too.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. MINDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

DYLAN
 What! You got liquored up with my
 Chemistry teacher?

Mindy stares, opens her mouth...lunges over the bowl of the toilet, VIOLENTLY PUKES again.

DYLAN (CONT.)
 You're unbelievable! And she's Ms.,
 not Mrs. Shit!

She HEAVES yet again, nearly shoulders deep hung over the rim of the toilet.

DYLAN (CONT.)
 That, right there, is why they call
 it a hangover. I'm going to school.

Mindy lifts her head, watches as her disappointed son walks down the stairs. She BARFS again into the toilet.

EXT. BRENDA'S DECK - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Donna climbs to the top of the deck, her cape billowing in the evening air, prepared to "layeth the smack down" on both the skinny dipper and whoever the asshole is polluting the community with video game MACHINE GUN FIRE & EXPLOSIONS.

Mindy approaches.

MINDY

Stop. I have an idea.

"Supergirl" looks down from her perch.

Brenda turns from watching the ancient skinny dipper enjoying her pool.

Vicki takes her gaze from the video game image lighting up the night sky, locks eyes with Mindy.

MINDY (CONT.)

We can fix this. All of it.

Episode #7: "We Need A Cool Name, You Know"

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - DAY

Donna, wearing a Chewbacca shirt (not a t-shirt depicting the co-pilot of the Millennium Falcon, but rather a furry-brown-ammunition-sash combo...like she's *really* a *Wookie*, which is about as normal as she gets) eats directly from a large salad bowl intended for the table.

Brenda looks concerned as Vicki holds a wine glass out for a refill. Mindy, looking like Tobacco Road, ridden hard and put away wet, obliges, fills her glass.

MINDY

Girls, seriously, I don't know what I was talking about last night. All that wine--

VICKI

Bullshit. It was brilliant.

BRENDA

Brilliant but risky. All of it.

VICKI
Stand up and grow a pair, Brenda.

MINDY
This stuff with Ben and changing
the divorce agreement is my
problem, not yours.

Mindy looks to Brenda then to Donna who is licking the empty
salad bowl.

MINDY (CONT.)
Not any of yours.

DONNA
Is it really all you can eat?

BRENDA
Donna, honey, we haven't even
ordered yet.

VICKI
No, Mindy, it's not. We all have
shit that we're sick of. Alone we
can't do anything about it.
Together, we can finally make
things right. All of it.

MINDY
But the divorce decree--

BRENDA
It's a forgery.

MINDY
What?

BRENDA
I've seen it before. Judge Jackson
is a crook. He's done this so many
times in the past and I've just sat
there, useless, keeping quiet.

VICKI
(re: Brenda's comment)
You're testicles finally dropping?

Mindy nudges Donna over towards the window, slides in.

MINDY
What do you mean by forgery.

BRENDA

He's in cahoots with all the divorce attorneys. Give him a kickback, he changes the paperwork.

MINDY

He's a judge--

DONNA

If there's one thing I know, evil knows no sanctity.

Vicki pulls out several sugar packets from the condiment holder. Drops them in the empty salad bowl.

VICKI

Here, eat these and let the grown ups talk.

BRENDA

I told you last night I could fix it. Don't you remember? It was your idea.

Mindy rubs her temples.

MINDY

We drank so much...I thought it was just crazy talk.

BRENDA

Vicki already agreed to help with my skinny dipper.

VICKI

And Donna's going to take care of that asshole video gamer who thinks we all need to see his kills, or his missions or whatever the fuck!

DONNA

(through a mouthful of sugar)
And you said you'd take care of the dog.

Mindy turns to Donna.

MINDY

Me? You want me to kill a dog?

DONNA

You're going to *kill* the dog?

VICKI

No, you're not killing anything.
Don't you remember? You laid it all
out. Criss cross. We all help each
other get what we want. Do you want
to kill the dog?

SAL (30's), immaculate in his Olive Garden managerial sports
jacket, approaches.

SAL

Hello, ladies. Everyone enjoying
their meal?

DONNA

More salad.

Donna lets out a CHEWBACCA HOWL.

BRENDA

We haven't ordered yet.

SAL

Oh, I see. That's because Mindy
here apparently decided it was time
for her break, isn't that right?

Mindy slides out of the booth.

MINDY

Sorry. Right. Ok, so one Tour Of
Italy, the ravioli lunch special
for you and...

Donna holds up the large empty bowl.

MINDY

More salad, yes.

Sal nods, leaves.

BRENDA

Well?

MINDY

Ok, just let me think about it.

VICKI

Fuck that. You're in. We're all in.

DONNA

I think we need a cool name, you
know, like The Avengers, or The
Justice League, or--

MINDY

This is crazy! We're housewives,
we're not vigilantes!

BRENDA

No one will know it's us doing what
we're doing. You said so yourself.

MINDY

Brenda, we're not ninjas.

VICKI

Yes, that's exactly what we are!
But ninjas are little oriental
pussies. We're more like the mafia.

MINDY

No, we're not. We're the equivalent
of a bunch of soccer moms.

DONNA

Soccer Mom Mafia.

They all turn to Donna, who is pouring grated Parmesan
cheese into a wine glass.

DONNA (CONT.)

We call ourselves the Soccer Mom
Mafia. The bad guys will be looking
for a bunch of rough Italian
mobster wives. None of us are
married and Mindy's the only one
with a kid, right?

Brenda becomes nervous off Donna's comment.

VICKI

That's perfect! Not only will those
dickheads never see us coming,
they'll never ever suspect it's us.

Mindy grabs Vicki's wine glass. Chugs the contents.

MINDY

Ok. Let's do it.

Episode 8: "How Did I Never Notice It Was That Big?"

EXT. BRENDA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A very odd looking OAK TREE rests several yards behind Brenda's swimming pool.

Mindy, Vicki and Brenda hover like the three Shakespearean witches around an orange Home Depot bucket.

VICKI

And for the final chemical...

She pours a clear liquid into the container.

BRENDA

You're sure about this?

MINDY

Oh, this is bad...

VICKI

We agreed, bitches. No backing out now.

Vicki dumps the entire concoction into the pool.

A light appears from Brenda's neighbor's back door. The old nude hippie exits his home, makes a beeline for the pool.

Suddenly, GREEN EYES appear from the bark of the oak tree!

It's Donna, covered in a variety of camouflage greens and tree bark browns, very reminiscent of Stallone in First Blood when he blends in with the mud wall in order to lay waste to that poor deputy.

DONNA

Koo koo! Ca ca!

VICKI

What the hell was that?

MINDY

The signal!

In unison, the women **duck behind the pool deck** as the naked old man dives into the moonlight illuminated water.

NED (40'S), overweight and sad walks up behind the voyeuristic trio.

NED (O.S.)

What're you girls doing?

VICKI
 (whispering)
 Shush!

BRENDA
 (whispering)
 We're watching my crazy neighbor
 swim in my pool. Ned, this is
 Mindy, she just moved into one of
 the townhouses.

Mindy quietly waves.

NED
 But why are you whispering?

VICKI
 (whispering)
 Shut the fuck up! Why aren't you
 home studying for the bar exam for
 the twelfth time or something?

MINDY
 You're a lawyer?

NED
 (nonplussed by these
 shenanigans)
 Not exactly...graduated with my law
 degree, though. Stay at home dad,
 you know they grow up so fast. Like
 to get out of the house, get some
 fresh air a little bit. Peaceful,
 you know?

NED'S WIFE (O.S.)
 For fuck sake's Ned, it's garbage
 night! And get the shit from
 downstairs, too!

NED
 Yes, dear!

The girls watch as Ned casually walks away.

SPLASHING.

The girls draw closer, their eyes fixated on the skinny
 dipping interloper exiting the pool.

There he stands, in all his withered, antiquated, totally
 naked glory...now dyed completely PURPLE.

Mindy GASPS. Vicki grins. Mouth open in amazement, Brenda's eyes fixate on this old dude's enormous schlong.

He makes his way silently down the steps and back to his house, purple loose ass skin shaking in his wake.

BRENDA

How did I never notice it was that big?

VICKI

(re: the purple exiting neighbor)

If Prince was still alive... white...old...and really did bath in the purple rain.

EXT. MINDY'S CURB - NIGHT

Dylan wheels a garbage can to the curb.

Ben's Lamborghini ROARS up the street, comes to a SCREECHING halt in front of the townhouse.

The passenger window rolls down to reveal JULIE (30), an attractive blond.

BEN (O.S.)

Hey, killer!

Dylan approaches the vehicle.

DYLAN

Dad?

BEN

Say hi to Julie.

DYLAN

Hi...

The stuck up tart gives the teen an indiscriminate nod.

BEN

Got somethin' for ya in the trunk.

The tiny hatch pops open.

BEN (CONT.)

It's all yours. Go on, take it.

Dylan walks around to the back of the car, the only item in this pristine trunk--a battered brown BOX. He pulls it out.

BEN (CONT.)

Thinkin' the time has come for you
to have 'em. Alrighty, sport, gotta
get going to where we be going.
Shut that trunk for me, boy.

Hands full, he closes the trunk. The sport scar PEELS out.

Dylan opens the box...an eclectic mix of circa 1998 PORNO
DVDS. Mindy approaches from behind.

MINDY

What did he want?

DYLAN

To give me these...

Mindy looks in the box.

MINDY

Dylan!

She snatches the box from his hands, marches it directly
over to the garbage can resting underneath a large oak tree
and puts litter in it's place.

MINDY (CONT.)

Come on, I'll make us some nachos.

Both embarrassed, mother and son hesitantly walk together up
the sidewalk to the front door. Mindy puts her arm around
Dylan as they enter.

Ned walks past the garbage can, looks inside. His eyes light
up as he retrieves a handful of dvds. He scans the
neighborhood...the coast is clear.

He lifts up his large belly, hides them in the waistband of
his sweat pants, drops his fat roll completely hiding the
contraband, casually continues up the street.

SILENCE.

Mindy exits the house, looks around the neighborhood,
approaches the trash bin, quickly snatches a porno, hides it
under her arm.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Mom! Where's the cheese?

MINDY

Hold on, I'll get it.

She sprints back inside the townhouse.

SILENCE...

Above the garbage can the TREE COMES TO LIFE. It's Donna. She reaches into the receptacle, grabs the entire cardboard box, takes off with her new found treasure running up the street in full tree regalia.

Episode 9: "Christ In The Crippler Crossface!"

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - DAY

A BUSBOY (20'S) clears a table of leftovers.

MINDY (O.S.)
I'll get it, Reuben.

Mindy approaches the table with several empty take home containers. The bus boy shrugs, moves on to another table.

With delicate precision, Mindy removes all the left over meat items from the messy plates, places them into the containers.

Steve, our handsome news reporter, enters the restaurant with his cameraman. He spots Mindy. Smiles. Heads in her direction.

STEVE
You left the courthouse the other day before I had a chance to say hello.

Startled, Mindy intuitively tries to hide the containers behind her back.

STEVE (CONT.)
Steve Robinson, Action News.

MINDY
Oh, hi. Yes, I remember.

STEVE
(re: the leftovers)
Forget their leftovers? People can be so wasteful. You know I did this piece on starving children in Africa, just as important as this piece now on Judge Jackson trying to crush the local domestic partnership initiative---

MINDY

No. They didn't forget, I'm just...

An awkward SILENCE as Steve studies this harried hostess with sauce stains all over her shirt.

STEVE

Well. I understand. We all do what we have to do to get by---

MINDY

My dog! I have a dog.

STEVE

Oh! I love dogs! I have a mutt, Spanky, found him right before he was to be euthanized. What kind do you have?

MINDY

Umm...oh...he's big. A really, really big dog.

Uncomfortable SILENCE.

MINDY

I have to go!

She exits with her bag of meat leaving Steve with an infatuated grin.

The bus boy passes the table with an overflowing tray of dirty dishes, looks at the still uncleared table. Shakes his head in disgust.

EXT. GRANITE HEIGHTS - DAY

A "really, really big dog", without a leash, takes a "really, really big" shit on the sidewalk.

This savage beast's owner, OSCAR (50'S), gives a Jack Nicholson grin to his pet.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR - DAY

Mindy and Brenda stuff Xanax from a large prescription bottle into various pieces of meat.

BRENDA

He just let him poop again, right there.

She points out the window at Oscar and this living, breathing poop-making monster wagging it's tail in delight.

MINDY

Hurry! She should be here any second.

BRENDA

When did everyone become pricks?

MINDY

(re: Brenda's cursing)

I'm so going to wash your mouth out with soap as soon as I can afford it.

EXT. GRANITE HEIGHTS - DAY

Oscar lifts his sunglasses, a true look of disgust and wonder on his face...but not for the size of his dog's shit.

Donna approaches...or something that sort of resembles her.

A golden breast plate, rests above an exposed muffin top cinched tight above a flowing white skirt. Warrior boots engulf her shins down to her feet. A sword held in fighting position over a flowing red wig.

OSCAR

Christ in the crippler crossface...What the hell are you supposed to be?

DONNA

Excuse me dear sir. I am Red Sonja from Crimeria and I've heard tale of an Orthian beast causing fear and destruction to this village.

Brenda's car door opens. Mindy places pieces of drugged meat on the street. The beast catches the scent, plods towards the bait.

OSCAR

Let me ask you something. Do you have to be like on a registered list to live on your own?

DONNA

I have always chosen the warrior's life of solitude on my quest for knowledge.

The animal devours three large meatballs, looks up kindly towards Brenda and Mindy with that "got any more" gaze that every dog is intrinsically born with.

OSCAR

You know, they have notices for when sex offenders move into the neighborhood. Like minded folk, and there's plenty of us, let each other know when Puerto Ricans try to buy here, and the blacks...but nothing regarding fucking retards like you. Why do you think that is?

Enveloped and moved with the spirit of bigotry, Oscar is oblivious as his dog, tail wagging, enters Brenda's car.

Mindy struggles to pull the door closed as she leans over her enormous new canine passenger.

Brenda her seat belt on, safety first, puts the car in gear, slowly drives away.

DONNA

(re: breaking character)

Why? Why do you think I have a mental handicap? Because I like comic books and pop culture? Let me tell you something Mister Unger, movies, television, graphic novels, all of it. They're your best friend when you're not born pretty enough.

Oscar's demeanor lightens. Is Donna actually reaching through and melting this cruel man's heart?

DONNA (CONT.)

Sure, you have a high paying job I bet, and a nice house, and dog that loves you and maybe even a wife somewhere, even though I've never seen her, but I'll bet she's the first one to agree to go a Klan rally with you or a protest against gay marriage or whatever hate it is that fuels your heart, but you have someone! I don't, and it's likely I never will, but I do have this.

She displays her costume. Oscar flushes in shame by this bare honesty.

DONNA (CONT.)

And my imagination. And the hero that comes to rescue me inside those colorful panels on the page, and the romance that's created as I watch Neo save Trinity and the family bonds that I never had growing up but I can live and experience through Luke Skywalker and his dad, who is bad and evil but actually changes by the end of Return of The Jedi.

Oscar...SPEECHLESS. She slowly turns away, notices Brenda's car is gone, mission accomplished.

DONNA (CONT.)

If Darth Vader can change...so can you Mister Unger.

She turns back to her neighbor. He looks her up and down.

OSCAR

Freak.

He looks around for his dog.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Adolf? Come on boy! Adolf?

Episode 10: "Pretty Little Trees"

INT. NED'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ned consults a laminated chart pinned above the sink: "IDIOT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOADING THE DISHWASHER".

NED'S WIFE (O.S.)

Glasses on the top shelf god dammit!

He looks at the bottom shelf, all the dirty glasses lined up perfectly. He SIGHS. Begins to remove the glasses.

A FLASH OF LIGHT from the kitchen window. Ned pulls the blind open.

In the distance, a large projection screen comes to life...the Xbox logo appears illuminating the night sky.

He squints, stares in bewilderment as the image changes to a classic Bob Ross instructional painting show.

EXT. MILLENNIAL DECK - NIGHT

A shaggy MILLENNIAL (30) scrunches his nose, pounds on his video game controller.

MILLENNIAL
What the shit, man?

BOB ROSS
It's just a beautiful calming
lakeside retreat, you feel it,
you're there...

EXT. VICKI'S DECK - NIGHT

Donna holds a goofy electrical contraption, obviously homemade, with sliders, jog dials and multiple joysticks.

VICKI
Let me try!

Vicki gleefully snatches the controls. Pushes buttons at random.

In the distance the screen flashes through a variety of Spanish soap operas, televangelists, children's programming and finally the 1985 Brigitte Nielsen classic Red Sonja.

DONNA
Wait!

Vicki's eyes ogle the statuesque actress projected across the backyards of Granite Heights.

VICKI
Jesus...I need to get back out
there, right? Six months is long
enough. And batteries are damn
expensive. I think I'm getting
blisters down there, too.

INT. OSCAR'S YARD - NIGHT

Puffing on a cigar, wearing a bathrobe, holding a whole cooked chicken, Oscar paces the backyard.

OSCAR
Adolf! Come on killer! Daddy's got
your favorite!

He turns, attracted to the image of Red Sonja on the screen flickering in the distance.

EXT. MILLENNIAL DECK - NIGHT

The anxious video gamer holds a cellphone up to his ears.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
X-box Microsoft support, my name is
Terri, how can I help you tonight?

MILLENNIAL
Yeah, did you guys get hacked or
something?

EXT. VICKI'S DECK - NIGHT

VICKI
Here.

She hands the contraption back to Donna.

VICKI (CONT.)
Go back to that dude painting with
the afro. We're supposed to drive
him crazy, not get me all worked up
or give him a boner.

Donna flips a few switches.

EXT. MILLENNIAL DECK - NIGHT

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello? Sir?

BOB ROSS
And look how calming these pretty
little trees are, they just appear.

Our media overloaded millennial stares, mouth agape, calmed
by the serene image and SOOTHING VOICE of the talented
painter.

He ends the call phone, totally enamored with the huge
projection screen.

Episode 11: "Puppy Love"

INT. MINDY'S GARAGE - DAY

Adolf the dog sits, looks passively at Mindy and Vicki wearing garbage bags as dresses and surgical masks shovel tons of shit into a large recycling container.

MINDY

Oh my God! This is just inhuman!

VICKI

Yeah, you're right, it's not human because he's a fucking dog. Savage asshole.

Vicki turns to the quiet beast.

VICKI (CONT.)

You hearing me, shitmaker? This is so not cool.

Brenda enters from inside the kitchen door holding her sweater over her mouth and nose. An odd PURPLE STAIN on her right hand.

BRENDA

(muffled)

Mindy, Donna says you're printer is too old, or maybe the computer...something about the font doesn't match what the court uses for divorce decrees...

DYLAN (O.S.)

Mom! I'm home. Bryan and I are going to my room to hang out!

BRYAN (15) pops his head up behind Brenda.

BRYAN

Hi Dylan's mom. I'm Bryan.

Dylan's head appears behind Brenda's other shoulder. Both boys look in bewilderment at the scene playing out in front of them.

DYLAN

Holy shit! Did we get a dog?

MINDY

Hi Bryan, there's cookies on the counter and no, we did not get a dog.

Vicki pulls down her surgical mask.

VICKI

Boys, not one god damn word about this at school or you'll both be taking summer courses so help me Jesus.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bryan plops down on the bed. Dylan nervously looks through a bookcase filled with video games and dvds.

BRYAN

What do you think that was all about?

DYLAN

You mean your mom doesn't have friends that dress up as lab techs and experiment on enormous animals?

Bryan grins, pats the bed for Dylan to approach.

INT. MINDY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Brenda, Mindy and Vicki all hover around Donna seated in front of an ancient laptop.

DONNA

I could do a better job forging this thing with a Tandy V-20. You don't have one of those lying around in one of those boxes do you?

MINDY

I don't know what a Tandy V-20 is...maybe.

DONNA

That was a joke. I need a computer at least from this decade with a version of Photoshop.

MINDY

Dylan has a good computer.

INT. MINDY'S TOWNHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Mindy approaches Dylan's CLOSED bedroom door, reaches for the handle.

MINDY
Honey, Donna needs to borrow your--

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens. Mindy enters.

MINDY
--kissing Bryan...

The boys, involved in a harmless make out session, jump to attention.

MINDY (CONT.)
I'm so sorry! Oh my
God...awkward...

DYLAN
Jesus, mom, you need to start
knocking!

MINDY
Ok, yes, you're right. Um, just
wanted to borrow your computer,
but, yes, um...as you were.

She turns to leave. Stops. Pokes her head back in the room.

MINDY (CONT.)
Did I mention there's cookies on
the counter?

DYLAN
Mom!

Mindy closes the door. Then opens it again, but just a bit.

MINDY
Let's leave this open, hun, it
gets, uh, hot up here.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DONNA

And that's why there is no doubt
that rips in the space time
continuum definitely exist.

VICKI

I'd rather hear what the hell is
all over Brenda's hands.

Immediately Brenda hides her hands behind her back.

BRENDA

Nothing.

VICKI

Uh-huh, looks to me like you got
some of that Grimace juice on you
from the other night.

BRENDA

I was trying to polish the deck--

VICKI

You mean polish the dick.

BRENDA

It's not my fault if you spilled
that stuff all over the place.

VICKI

I didn't spill jackshit. Meanwhile
Grandpa Munster was spilling his
seed all over your manicure.

DONNA

I heard Al Lewis was impotent.

BRENDA

Who?

VICKI

Was his jizz purple? Lavender?

Mindy enters the kitchen, pale and wide eyed.

BRENDA

Mindy? What's wrong.

MINDY

Nothing. Nope. All good.

DONNA
Where's the computer?

MINDY
He doesn't have one. My mistake.

VICKI
Really? Oh, the bullshit is getting
deep round here today.

Smiling, Bryan enters the kitchen, grabs three cookies from the plate. Heads towards the front door.

BRYAN
(over his shoulder)
Nice meeting you Mrs. Cooper!

Dylan approaches, laptop in hand.

DYLAN
Who needed this?

Donna snatches the computer from his hands. Mindy ushers her son into the adjacent powder room, closes the door.

INT. MINDY'S POWDER ROOM - DAY

Child stares at mother. Mother stares at child.

Mindy wraps her arms around Dylan in a loving bear hug.

MINDY
I'm so sorry! I can't believe--

DYLAN
Mom, stop. We were just playing
around, it's nothing.

Mindy pulls back, tears in her eyes.

MINDY
No. Dylan, honey, I'm mad at
myself. You're gay and that's
great, honest. I've just been so
wrapped up in the divorce, and
myself, that I didn't even notice.

DYLAN
You don't think I'm a freak?

MINDY

Oh, baby, no, of course not. I love you and I always will. I'm your mother and I wasn't there for you...you didn't feel comfortable enough to share this with me and I'm a horrible, horrible person.

DYLAN

Mom, you're not. I'm a lousy son for not asking you how you've been coping with all this.

MINDY

We have to promise each other, right now, ok? I mean it. We can tell each other anything. Whatever we're feeling, whatever we want to talk about, whatever we're sorry for. Deal?

Dylan looks down at the ground, shifts his weight from foot to foot. Looks back into the tear stained eyes of his mother.

DYLAN

I'm sorry about the other morning. I was pretty hard on you and I have no reason to judge who your friends are. I called that girl in the costume a freak and that wasn't cool.

Mindy smiles, hugs her son even harder.

MINDY

I love you. My baby boy.

She releases her grip, wipes her eyes.

DYLAN

One more thing...what's the deal with that dog you've got locked up in the garage?

Mindy LAUGHS.

MINDY

I promise, Dylan, I will tell you all about it as soon as I can.

She opens the door only to reveal Brenda, Donna and Vicki all crying and eavesdropping on the conversation.

Donna leans in and gives Dylan a sincere, yet over the top hug. Vicki wipes her eyes.

VICKI

I tried to tell you it was more than just being the new kid.

BRENDA

You're an amazing mother.

VICKI

And you, Brenda, have purple hands.

Episode 12: "You've Defiled The Sanctity Of These Chambers!"

EXT. BRENDA'S DECK - NIGHT

Despondent, the women sit around the patio table, of course surrounded with several bottles of wine.

MINDY

Brenda, I appreciate it, really, I do but there has to be another way.

DONNA

Well that other way can't involve creating a corrected forgery like we planned...unless the Force is real, which I don't think it is.

BRENDA

I've known about Judge Jackson's scam for decades. He keeps the originals in his office just in case some conspirator decides to stop paying.

VICKI

Fuck it, I say we do it.

MINDY

But how? It just seems so...I don't know...illegal?

VICKI

Illegal? Bitch please! This honorable asshole is about as crooked as that dog's hind leg you have chained up in your garage.

BRENDA

We can do it. Here's how.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Donna, dressed as Storm from the X-Men, white wig and all, stands behind Vicki and Mindy as they verbally assault Marvin, the asshole male clerk from earlier.

BRENDA (V.O.)

Keep Marvin occupied. He loves
pissing people off by refusing to
help them.

MINDY (V.O.)

Oh, I know.

Brenda walks past Steve the reporter and his ever present cameraman as they set up a shot in the corner under a painting of Abraham Lincoln.

She stops in front of a door with a push button combination.

BRENDA (V.O.)

I can get into Jackson's office.

DONNA (V.O.)

How?

Vicki watches as Brenda enters the number one...then two...then three...CLICK, the door unlocks. Both women roll their eyes at the simplicity.

BRENDA (V.O.)

Because he's a lazy idiot.

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Brenda scans the room.

The walls lined with famous photographs including the Kennedy brothers contemplating the Bay of Pigs, Judge Joseph Wapner (yep, from the original People's Court) and Charlton Heston clutching a rifle.

BRENDA (V.O.)(CONT.)

I've heard him say several times
his hero stands watch over his
goodies.

Above a CLOSED COPY SCANNER, her eyes land on a photo of JUDGE JACKSON himself all chummy with President Donald Trump...she approaches the picture...it's even signed: "I'll always be your hero! The Donald".

BRENDA (V.O.)(CONT.)
I'll find his hiding place. Get the original divorce decree and place it back in the official file. It's that easy.

Brenda takes the picture off it's hook, sure enough, a hole in the wall where a rat could store it's treasures. She pulls out the files, thumbs through, accidentally drops the pile.

She bends down. Grabs a paper emblazoned with "Cooper Vs. Cooper". She stands places the rest back into the hole, but one paper catches her eye.

BRENDA (V.O.)(CONT.)
What could go wrong?

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Marvin the clerk smiles, totally loving the confrontation with our three ladies.

VICKI
Civil servant, asshole. That means you serve civilians. Now we didn't come all the way down her so my friend can be jerked off again!

MARVIN
Lady, I'm starting to think you got a bigger cock down than there than me.

MINDY
Well...it wouldn't take much...to have a bigger penis I mean.

Vicki steps back, nods at the showing of intestinal fortitude coming from her new friend.

VICKI
Damn...look at you.

A COMMOTION from down the hall.

STEVE

Judge Jackson! Just one question,
your honor!

There he is, in the flesh, JUDGE JACKSON (70), dressed in fisherman gear.

JUDGE JACKSON

Robinson, I thought I banned you
from this courthouse.

The judge punches the combination into his door. Vicki and Mindy exchange a nervous glance, which doesn't go unnoticed by Donna.

STEVE

You're going to have to answer
questions sooner or later on the
issue, sir.

He opens the door. Donna, panicked, looks to the skies in an attempt to control the weather to get their friend out of this jam...yeah, that's not going to work.

JUDGE JACKSON

Today, I'm not a judge, I'm just an
old man that needs to get his
fishing rod. Now go fuck yourself!

He enters the chambers. SLAMS the door shut.

MINDY

Holy shit! What are we going to do?

VICKI

Shush! Let me think.

Mindy's exclamation causes Steve to turn, the cameraman can't help himself, begins to film Donna as she continues to summon wind, rain, lightening...we don't even think she knows what the hell she's doing.

Without looking at his coworker, Steve gently pushes the camera down to the floor away from this insane scene.

STEVE

We're newsmen, Jim. Newsmen.

Vicki drags Mindy to the chamber door. Behind them, Donna gets more and more elaborate calling on the power only the mutant known as Storm has.

Vicki pushes the number one...

MINDY

Vicki!

...then two...

Donna channels all of her imaginary energy, arms extended above her head, eyes tightly closed.

...then three. CLICK. Just as Vicki opens the door Donna places her palms outward, opens her eyes.

DONNA

I knew it! Yes!

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Jackson sits in front of a large picture window at his desk, roots through a drawer, pulls out a box of fishing lures.

He looks up to see Vicki, Mindy and a very excited Donna in the doorway.

JUDGE JACKSON

What in the name of Samuel L. Jackson?

MINDY

Hi...umm...

DONNA

We're here to hold you accountable for years of misdeeds?

VICKI

Donna, shut up!

JUDGE JACKSON

You've defiled the sanctity of these chambers! No one's allowed in here!

He squints, something to the left of the group has caught his eye...the lid on the copy scanner is OPEN. He looks up to the photo of him and The Donald, know slightly askew.

MINDY

This isn't the ladies room...

Judge Jackson look down between his legs under the desk.

JUDGE JACKSON
You...you're that old court
stenographer...

VICKI
You've got at least ten years on
her asshole.

Disheveled, Brenda crawls out from under the desk clutching
two manila folders in her purple stained hands.

JUDGE JACKSON
Balls on toast, woman! What's wrong
with your hands?

He snatches the files as Brenda stands.

JUDGE JACKSON (CONT.)
How did you know about these?

BRENDA
Sorry?

JUDGE JACKSON
The files! They're my personal
property!

Judge Jackson grabs the phone, pounds in an extension.

MINDY
(whispering)
Brenda, come on!

JUDGE JACKSON
Fuck's sake, Rudy, get in here!
I've got three meddling bitches and
a streetwalker that need taken over
to the precinct!

Confused, Donna looks to her friend trying to figure out who
he's deemed a hooker.

VICKI
What do you just call me?

He holds the phone away from his ear, points at Brenda.

JUDGE JACKSON
And you, you old battle axe, you
better get those bruised hands
looked at soon because your
insurance expires today. You're
fired.

BRENDA
You can't do--

JUDGE JACKSON
And you can kiss your pension
goodbye, too!
(into the phone)
Rudy!

A KNOCK on the door. Donna turns, palms out in an attempt to open it with her "newly found powers". Disgusted, Vicki opens it.

There stands RUDY (100), our ancient bailiff from earlier.

JUDGE JACKSON
Trespassing! Cuff 'em till the
squad car gets here!

The old man blinks. Arthritic hands pull out a pair of handcuffs. Blows dust off the shackles.

SILENTLY he counts the girls.

RUDY
Reckon I ain't got enough ta go
'round.

JUDGE JACKSON
You listen here you fossil looking
son of a whore, get these broads
out of my office and over to county
and I don't care if you have drag
'em out by their hair one at a
time!

RUDY
That ain't nice talkin' 'bout my
mamma like that, judge.

JUDGE JACKSON
Now!

VICKI
This isn't really happening, is it?

Episode 13: "Ned Pisarchick, Esquire"

INT. NED'S KITCHEN - DAY

NED'S WIFE (O.S.)
And empty the coffee grounds!

Deflated with life, Ned shuffles in wearing a bathrobe approaches the coffee maker, pulls out the basket, opens the lid of the garbage...without a doubt part of his daily ritual.

He dumps the moist grounds into the trash, closes the lid, pauses. Lifts the lid again. Fishes out a brown stained envelope, brushes clumps of used coffee away revealing the return address: "Pennsylvania State Bar Association".

NED
Honey. Did I get anything from the
Bar Association recently?

INT. NED'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A television BLARING an over the top soap opera.

NED
Honey?

There sits NED'S WIFE (30'S), an amazing blond beauty, so peaceful on the outside, so naturally sweet it would seem forest animals would gather at her feet to play and birds would sing just for her...until she opens her mouth.

NED'S WIFE
Asshole! I'm watching my stories!

NED
But I saw this. It was in the
trash--

This evil creature mimics her lines for added emphasis.

NED'S WIFE
What part about watching
(two fingers to her eyes)
and stories
(as if she has a large book
open in her lap)
and asshole
(she points to Ned)
didn't you get?

The "story" on the screen switches to a news bumper.

NEWS REPORTER

Join us at five as our investigative reporter Steve Robinson was on site at the district courthouse this morning when three women and an alien disguised as a prostitute were hauled away in handcuffs attempting to assassinate a local judge.

On the screen, Ned sees three girls, then finally Donna still trying to evoke the weather gods, being hauled off in a police van.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Vicki's face pressed up to the bars.

VICKI

Hey! This isn't my first time in the clink! I know my rights! We each get one phone call!

Mindy and Brenda sit passively on a bench inside the cell.

MINDY

Vicki, honey, forget it. Come and sit down.

VICKI

That's what they want you to do. If you don't make a fuss they assume you're guilty.

DONNA (O.S.)

But we are, aren't we?

The women turn to the corner where Donna sits on the toilet, her Storm costume crumpled around her knees. PLOP!

DONNA

Sorry. Think I shook something loose using my powers back there.

BRENDA

I don't think they'll be keeping us long.

VICKI

Tell us, Brenda, since you're such an insider of the legal system, but now find yourself stuck in here

VICKI
with a grown woman taking a dump
right in front of us, why in your
fucking expert opinion won't we be
here long.

Brenda stands up.

BRENDA
I'm sick of you always being so
aggressive and nasty to me! I've
been your friend since the day you
and Louise moved in, Vicki, and I
stuck with you during the divorce.
You know I lost a spouse, too, to
cancer, as in death, and he left
all his retirement and savings, and
let me just say there was a lot of
it, to his daughter, not my
daughter mind you, but my slutty
step daughter, and you don't see me
bitter all the time so shut up, sit
down and stop being such a fucking
bitch!

SILENCE. Wow...Brenda grew a pair all of a sudden. Vicki
sits. Another PLOP from the corner.

BRENDA (CONT.)
Plus, I have this...

She reaches into her nylon pants, fishes around between her
thighs as Mindy and Vicki stare on in amazement. Finally,
her purple stained hands produce some purple stained
documents.

MINDY
Brenda...you actually got the
originals?

BRENDA
Copies of the originals.

MINDY
But...they frisked me, they patted
down all of us when we got here.

BRENDA
Not me. Apparently no officer wants
to frisk an old woman. I could've
smuggled a revolver in here between
my legs.

Brenda hands the papers to Mindy, stares expectantly at Vicki.

VICKI
(re: the purple papers)
I'm not saying shit.

MINDY
Wait...you grabbed two things here,
mine and, it looks like a will...
somebody named Jeffery Neblett?

BRENDA
Jeff. Seems he didn't give all his
money away to that cheap whore
after all.

Mindy rifles through the papers.

MINDY
Judge Jackson took a bribe from
your step daughter to cut you out
of the will?

BRENDA
I always felt something wasn't
right, but I didn't want to
question Jeff's intent. I loved him
Mindy, still do.

NED (O.S.)
Well, ladies we can get to the
bottom of all that once we get you
out of here.

All three ladies, and of course Donna still on the shitter,
look up to see Ned wearing his best suit obviously purchased
from Sears several years ago...just a bit too tight and way
out of style.

VICKI
Ned?

NED
Ned Pischarchick, Esquire. Officer,
you'll be releasing these ladies
under my care.

A BEEFY OFFICER approaches, Ned hands him a paper.

NED (CONT.)
Signed and dated just now by your
very own chief, so let's hop to it.

MINDY
But the charges?

NED
A courthouse is a public place, you can't be charged for trespass at a public place. Don't worry, you'll still likely be brought up on disorderly conduct or some other bullshit, but it sounds to me like you girls got your hands on something even bigger. Yes, I eavesdrop, I do what I have to do to cope with my shitty life.

The officer opens the cell door. Brenda, Vicki and Mindy exit.

DONNA
Just a minute, I'm almost done.

Episode 14: "Corruption Doesn't Hold A Candle To Gay Marriage Rights"

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A world-weathered beaten down WIFE (40s) weeps as she looks forward.

JUDGE JACKSON
I just don't get this sense of entitlement all of you stay at home mothers seem to come to court with.

A HUSBAND (40s), looks to his left at his crying ex, smiles and nods.

HUSBAND
I told you Barb, but you just wouldn't listen.

JUDGE JACKSON
Look, Mrs. Stitson, you appear to be built from good stock, which means your daughter...

The judge puts on his glasses, looks at a paper.

JUDGE JACKSON (CONT.)
Darcie, age ten and your son...Zach is it, age eleven, well, they're built sturdy too. They can get a

JUDGE JACKSON (CONT.)
 paper route or sell god damn
 lemonade or something to contribute
 to the household.

WIFE
 Your honor, Darcie is autistic--

JUDGE JACKSON
 Well there you go! Christ sake have
 her paint something! Ruling in the
 favor of Mr. Stitson for no
 increase in child support and we're
 not even considering alimony. This
 is America, Mrs. Stitson, land of
 opportunity. I suggest you get out
 there and stake your claim. Case
 dismissed.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Judge Jackson unzips his robe as he walks past Marvin, the
 sexist clerk. They give each other a pleasant wave.

The judge stops at the doorway to his chambers, punches in
 the oversimplified one, two, three code. CLICK. He opens the
 door to...

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

...A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT. A CAMERA IN HIS FACE. Steve Robinson
 holds a microphone directly to the shocked Judge's mouth.

STEVE
 Judge Jackson, would you like to
 comment on the charges of bribery
 recently entered against you this
 morning?

JUDGE JACKSON
 What in the George W. Bush bullshit
 is this?

STEVE
 Documents have come to light that
 you've been accepting kickbacks
 from divorce clients in order for
 favorable rulings, do you have any
 comment?

JUDGE JACKSON
You're trespassing!

NED (O.S.)
Actually, this is a public
building, so that's inaccurate.

Ned steps forward, motions for the cameraman to turn the
lens towards him.

JUDGE JACKSON
Who's this hippie communist?

NED
Ned Pisarchick, Esquire. Your days
of running rampant against
defenseless women in divorce cases
are over, sir.

JUDGE JACKSON
All you fudge packers better get
the hell out of my chambers!

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY

Ben passes a bong to his piece of arm candy, Julie, as they
watch the LIVE AMBUSH unfold on the television.

STEVE (O.S.)
You may want to refrain from
comments such as that. This is
going out live.

On the t.v. screen.

JUDGE JACKSON
What's that you say?

MINDY
He said live, and Ben, I so hope
you're watching this!

Ben exhales a large cloud of pot.

BEN
Fuck...

BRENDA (O.S.)
And it's not just divorce cases.
You're in cahoots with my deceased
husband's daughter, too. You
changed his will.

VICKI (O.S.)
 Jesus, Brenda, no one says cahoots
 anymore.

Julie exhales an even large cloud of pot.

JULIE
 Fuck me too...

Ben and Julie stare at each other. A POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE JACKSON
 Robinson, I'll give you that story
 on the queer marriage bullshit,
 just turn that off!

STEVE
 Too late for that I'm afraid.
 Corruption doesn't hold a candle to
 gay marriage rights. We all know
 people in love deserve to be
 together, regardless of their sex,
 but getting an unscrupulous judge
 out of office, that sir, is
 progress!

NED
 Are we still on?

The cameraman nods.

INT. OSCAR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Magic Markers, poster board and scotch all rest on the
 coffee table. A photo of the missing dog ADOLF is glued and
 placed on the sign just above the hand written word
 "MISSING".

Oscar leans back from his project, takes a swig of scotch,
 looks at the television playing the live news feed.

NED
 Mr. Branwell Jackson I am placing
 you under citizen's arrest for
 forgery, bribery and just generally
 giving the male species a bad name.
 Guard?

Rudy, the old bailiff, enters, pulls out a sparkling new
 pair of handcuffs.

RUDY
 Finally got me the new cuffs,
 judge, lookie here.

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

With more force than we thought the old man could muster, he twirls the judge around, slaps on the cuffs. Rudy cinches them as tight as possible.

RUDY
 (whispering in Judge Jackson's
 ear)
 That there's for what you said
 'bout my momma.

Rudy ushers Judge Jackson from the chambers.

Donna, in full Storm getup, pounces in front of the still running camera, grabs the microphone from Steve.

DONNA
 This is a message for all mutants
 or those who wish they were
 mutants.

EXT. MILLENNIAL DECK - NIGHT

Our Millennial, now addicted to painting landscapes, looks up from his easel. There's Donna on television.

DONNA
 You're not alone. There's more of
 us out there than you think,
 people, like me who aren't afraid
 to live our lives without judgment.

He smiles.

INT. JUDGE JACKSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Vicki approaches Donna, puts her arm around her.

VICKI
 And lesbians. Teacher lesbians,
 like me. And doctors who are gay,
 and postmen who want to be
 postwomen or vice versa.

INT. MINDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dylan and Bryan sit on the sofa holding hands watching the live feed.

BRYAN

Your mom's friends are pretty cool.

A wide, contagious smile forms on Dylan's face.

DYLAN

Yeah...they are...

Episode 15: "Be Forewarned. We're Out There..."

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Ben sits in the holding cell. Across the hall, behind bars in another cell is a disheveled Judge Jackson.

The beefy security officer sits at a desk watching "The View" on his laptop.

WHOOPI GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Now this is a fascinating story.
Joy, you're not going to believe
what these ladies did.

INT. THE VIEW SOUND STAGE - DAY

An excited Joy Behar rubs her hands together in glee.

JOY BEHAR

I've been waiting all week to meet
these girls! But what's with the
masks, aren't you hot?

Mindy, Brenda and Vicki wear pink ski masks. Donna, of course, has a spandex Spider-Man mask.

MINDY

Well, Joy, we've all decided, our
work isn't done.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Ben's eyes light up. He knows that VOICE....

INT. THE VIEW SOUND STAGE - DAY

WHOOPI GOLDBERG

Yes, yes, yes...let's talk about
that work!

VICKI

Injustice, Whoopi. We've all
experienced it, right? I mean
whether it be a neighbor taking
advantage of what's yours--

Brenda nods emphatically.

VICKI (CONT.)

--or some asshole ruining your life
just to put more money in their
pocket, you know?

JOY BEHAR

Whoa, honey! We still can't talk
like that on daytime television.

VICKI

And that's bullshit, too. What?
There's some group of men out there
who gets to decide what we can and
can't hear?

JOY BEHAR

It's more complicated than that, we
have sponsors---

VICKI

And fuck the sponsors, too!

The audience APPLAUDS wildly.

WHOOPI GOLDBERG

Let's hear what she has to say.

MINDY

We're just a group of friends who
decided we weren't going to sit
around and let everyone walk all
over us anymore.

JOY BEHAR

You outed a crooked judge, is that
right? And I don't get the masks,
you were all over the internet with
that one.

DONNA

Every hero needs to keep their identity secret, no matter what.

BRENDA

And who's to say those weren't disguises we were wearing when you saw us on the news?

WHOOPI GOLDBERG

Ok, so we all know the story. You exposed corruption, but our producer told us you've...let me make sure I'm reading this right..."righted a bunch of wrongs and will continue to do so". What does that mean?

EXT. BRENDA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Brenda's skinny dipping old neighbor, the one with the big unit, now a much paler shade of purple, more like lavender, sits totally nude at the patio table.

BRENDA (V.O.)

We realized sometimes we need to get out of our comfort zone.

Brenda enters the deck clutching a bathrobe to her chest.

Her neighbor smiles, gives her a nod. She drops the robe, smiles, takes in not only his reassuring smile but the freedom of standing naked in the moonlight.

EXT. MILLENNIAL DECK - NIGHT

Our former video gaming millennial paints on his easel, staring, smiling at his inspiration.

DONNA (O.S.)

And I learned, even though it may take some time, there's a sidekick for every hero.

On his easel, a portrait in progress of Donna as Wonder Woman surrounded by several happy little trees.

Donna strikes various poses in her glamorous Amazonian costume. It's revealed our millennial, as he paints, is wearing the robe of a Jedi Knight.

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

A Gay Pride Parade is in full force. Vicki, wearing her ski mask, sits on a rainbow colored float with Dylan and Bryan waving at the crowd.

She makes eye contact with a lone BEAUTIFUL LADY standing in the crowd.

VICKI (O.S.)

And sometimes all we really need is a little time away from the ones we truly care for you.

The woman SILENTLY mouths the words "I miss you".

VICKI (O.S.)(CONT.)

You know, if you love somebody set them free and all that bullshit.

Vicki lifts her ski mask, exposing her face, revealing a wide smile for her ex-wife.

INT. THE VIEW SOUND STAGE - DAY

JOY BEHAR

Right...but what does any of this have to do with the overall goal of taking care of business? Righting all these wrongs.

MINDY

I'll take this one, girls.

INT. OSCAR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Oscar rolls over in his bed. A SCRATCHING from the door forces him to open his eyes.

MINDY (O.S.)

For everyone out there that thinks they don't have to be considerate of their spouses--

Curious, Oscar pulls back the sheets, preparing to investigate the NOISE. A confused face. He pulls his hand away from the bedsheets...it's covered in shit.

MINDY (O.S.)(CONT.)

--their family--

He rips back the bedspread.

OSCAR
 AHFFFH!!! FUCK!!!

His bed is loaded with hundreds of pounds of dog shit!

MINDY (O.S.)(CONT.)
 --and their neighbors...especially
 their neighbors--

Oscar leaps out of bed, totally covered in crap. Flings open the door to find the missing dog Adolf with a piece of paper stuck inside his collar.

He reaches for the note, unfolds it, silently mouths the words written, which match precisely Mindy's following statement.

MINDY (O.S.)(CONT.)
 ---be forewarned. We're out
 there...

INT. THE VIEW SOUND STAGE - DAY

MINDY
 ...and karma's a mother fucking
 bitch!

She holds up her palm, Vicki gives it a resounding slap.

In the wings, Steve gives Mindy a smiling thumbs up.

JOY BEHAR
 I'm totally lost here. Whoopi?

FADE OUT

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

FADE IN

Julie, wearing a bright orange jumpsuit, follows a FEMALE GUARD. They stop in front of a cell.

The bars slide open. Julie's eyes open wide as she meets her new roommate...SUZANNE "CRAZY EYES" WARREN...yep, from Orange Is The New Black.

Suzanne rubs her hands together, already infatuated with the new meat!