

The door BURSTS open and Jill enters holding Beau. Behind her is **NICK** (30s) and their other son, **DALE** (4).

JILL  
Happy, happy.

Dale runs over to the couch and immediately begins fighting with Corey. Beau starts to wail.

WREN  
Oh. Good.

20

INT. CECE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

20

**Start**

An hour later Wren's birthday dinner is fully under way. Laurel has joined the party with her husband, **KEVIN** (30s). So has Cece's husband, **TYLER** (30s).

And that's it. That's the extent of the party. Wren is the only person without a date. It's pretty sad.

Wren mopes, pushing food around her plate while Kevin and Tyler discuss a football game.

Nick stands in the doorway bouncing Beau. If he stops, even for a second, Beau starts to wail.

Corey and Dale start to scream in the other room and Laurel goes to intervene.

Cece turns to Wren, smiling apologetically.

CECE  
Sorry. Our sitter cancelled.

JILL  
And somebody forgot to call ours.  
It wasn't me. It was Nick. He's the one who forgot.

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK  
(deadpan)  
I did. Everything is my fault.

JILL  
(quiet)  
Act sorry, please.

NICK  
What's the big deal? It's not like we're at a restaurant.

JILL  
ACT SORRY, FUCKFACE!

LAUREL  
(to Wren)  
Another cocktail?

Wren nods.

**End**

21 INT. CECE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A BIT LATER 21

Wren, Jill and Laurel sit around the kitchen table as Cece pours everyone wine.

JILL  
He had to do one thing. He's home all day! Writing a book. Ha. More like pulling his pud.

Cece reaches Laurel and holds up the wine bottle. Laurel shakes her head, lifting her water jug.

CECE  
Not even a glass? So disciplined!

JILL  
I know. Remember when you used to eat chocolate covered pretzels dipped in butter?

LAUREL  
I do remember that. Remember when your older brother said I'd be a lot prettier if I didn't have 'fat people arms'?

JILL  
Oh, yea. I think he meant it as a compliment, if that helps.

Laurel stares at her.

LAUREL  
(deadpan)  
It does. Thank you.

Wren interjects, impatient with the direction the conversation is taking.