

# KID SWAP

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - 1994 - MORNING

A 7-year-old boy, GREG YOUNG, pops out of bed, excited. He runs to his desk, grabs a pencil, then marks his height on the wall.

He hears some LOUD NOISES down the hall. Curious, he creeps towards the door when suddenly, his 10 year old sister, JUNE, BURSTS into his room and shuts the door with urgency!

GREG  
What are you doing?

JUNE  
You have to listen to me. This is serious. I'm only telling you this because you're seven now and you're old enough to know the truth.

GREG  
Okay...

JUNE  
(pointing)  
*That's* not what you think it is.

GREG  
My toy chest?

JUNE  
It's actually... a portal.

GREG  
Pfft. No way.  
(then; curious)  
To where?

June starts dumping all the toys out of the chest.

JUNE  
I've only used it once and it took me to the North Pole. Maybe it goes other places too - I only know for sure it goes there.

Greg stares at the toy chest, his heart pounding. Then he runs to his CLOSET.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Greg pulls out a WINTER COAT.

GREG  
It's the North Pole.

JUNE  
Duh! Wish I had thought of that  
when I went. Now hurry!

Greg quickly climbs into the toy chest.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Okay. When I close this, you need  
to count to five but most  
importantly, you need to *believe*.

Greg nods and June closes the toy chest. WE STAY IN GREG'S  
POV INSIDE THE DARK AND CONFINING TOY CHEST.

GREG  
Nothing's happening! I'm just  
getting hot.

JUNE (O.S.)  
Weird! Maybe try to believe more!

Greg tries again. Nothing. Frustrated, he tries to push open  
the toy chest only to realize he's locked in. He starts  
POUNDING to get out but it's no use. He panics.

GREG  
JUNE! LET ME OUT! JUNE!

Then the Offspring's "Keep Em Separated" starts BLARING AT  
FULL BLAST. It's torture. Greg bangs on the lid like he's  
trying to get out of a coffin. His SCREAMS MORPH into the  
SCREAM OF AN ADULT-

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

GREG (now in his 30s) wakes up SCREAMING, in a cold sweat.  
His wife NICOLE (30s), who is sleeping face-to-face with him,  
is startled awake and screams right in his face:

NICOLE  
AHHHHH!! Seriously?! Again?

GREG  
Sorry. I can't control my mind when  
I sleep. I'm not Freddy Krueger.

NICOLE  
Freddy controlled other people's  
minds when they slept, not his own.  
I don't even think he slept.

3:02am. They both groan, trying to get back to sleep. Then-

AARON (O.S.)  
I'm wet.

GREG/NICOLE  
AHHHHH!!

Their 4-year-old AARON is standing at the foot of their bed, horror-movie style. Nicole rolls over.

NICOLE  
I did it last time.

Greg GROANS and gets up.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, half-asleep, strips the sheets, and flips the mattress -  
- there are pee stains everywhere.

GREG  
This mattress looks like a  
giraffe's neck.

AARON  
Can we go to the zoo tomorrow?

GREG  
(tucking Aaron in)  
No. Go back to sleep.

AARON  
I'm thirsty.

GREG  
That's how we got into this mess in  
the first place. Love you.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

It's 4:01am. Greg and Nicole are fast asleep again.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I had a bad dream.

Their other son, ANDREW (5) is now standing by their bed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Can I sleep with you?

Andrew climbs in bed and clings onto his mom.

NICOLE

Can you move over a bit? And maybe  
loosen the choke-hold?

ANDREW

No. The Chupacabra will eat my  
feet.

Andrew gets in a position where he's splayed across the bed,  
clinging to Nicole with his feet kicking Greg's back. Neither  
of them will be sleeping tonight.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The house is a mess. Chipped paint and magic markers on  
walls, scratches on floors, toys everywhere. Greg and Nicole  
look utterly exhausted as they prepare breakfast, clean-up  
after the boys, fold laundry, etc. Once the plates are on the  
table, Greg sits down to review PAPERWORK.

ANDREW

3-2-1! THE FLOOR IS LAVA!

Andrew and Aaron dive onto the couch and climb on furniture,  
knocking over Nicole's neat laundry piles.

NICOLE

Awww come on, man. My piles.

AARON

The floor was lava.

NICOLE

Greg, you want to attempt to be  
useful here?

GREG

Boys. Food's on the table. Eat.

The boys ignore him and continue playing. Greg looks at her -  
he tried.

NICOLE

Okay, you have 5 seconds to get to  
the table or you never get to eat  
breakfast again.

ANDREW

Race you to the table!

The boys race to the table and knock over a cup of milk. Some  
of it SPILLS on Greg's paperwork. He quickly grabs them.

GREG

NO! My inspection report- Do you see what you did?!

ANDREW

Yeah.

GREG

Do you even care?!

They don't. Frustrated, Greg pins the dripping papers up on the fridge with an OLD FRIDGE MAGNET (*that features a much younger Greg and Nicole as real estate partners*).

AARON

Mom. Can I have more milk?

NICOLE

There isn't any more.

AARON

BUT I WANT MILK!

Nicole sees Aaron is on the brink of tears and enthusiastically tries a different tact.

NICOLE

Boys! This is math! Aaron had 1 milk, then he lost 1 milk, so now there's 0 milk. But what if Aaron had 2 milks, and then spilled just 1 of them? Then how many milks would Aaron have left?

AARON

(bursting out in tears)  
I waaaaaant miiiiiiilk!

NICOLE

Ugh. We really need to get these guys into pre-school. They're not learning anything here.

GREG

Do you not see me working on it?

NICOLE

I didn't mean it like that.

This is a touchy subject. The moment is interrupted by Andrew teasing Aaron which then escalates to PUSHING AND FIGHTING.

GREG

No closed fists! Slappers only!

They roll on the ground, wrestling.

NICOLE

Guys! GUYS! If you're gonna roll on the floor at least roll over the milk and help me out.

ANDREW

Ahhhhh! Aaron bit me!

NICOLE

STOP FIGHTING EACH OTHER! WHY WON'T YOU JUST LISTEN?!

Both boys cry harder after being yelled at. At the peak of the stress level, Greg announces:

GREG

You know what, I'm gonna print these at the office. See you tonight. Love you!

Greg's out the door before Nicole can even respond. Numb to the boys' crying, she starts cleaning up the spill.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

JUNE OLSEN (40s, *Greg's sister from the flashback*) lays in bed, staring up at the ceiling. She looks troubled. Her husband RANDALL (40s) sleeps beside her. She gets up.

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - GARAGE/ART STUDIO - SOON AFTER

June paints on a canvass, now looking calmer and more relaxed, as if this was a form of therapy.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MORNING

June and Randall sit across from each other at the breakfast table, reading the newspaper, not engaging in conversation. Their son, MARTY (11) joins them.

MARTY

Oh. They evacuated Ventura County. Wildfires are getting closer.

June and Randall look at each other, confused, then realize Marty read the headline from the back of the newspaper he's holding. Randall folds the paper and tucks it away.

RANDALL

It's okay. We're nowhere near a burn zone. We won't be affected.

MARTY

We're affected by the air quality.

JUNE

You don't have to worry about stuff like air, honey. You're young and healthy.

MARTY

What about the two of you though?

JUNE

We're fine. We're healthy as horses.

MARTY

Horses die all the time. At Santa Anita race track it's happening in record numbers.

RANDALL

Fine. We're healthier than horses. Hey, how about you go play some video games, huh?

MARTY

Really? Before school?

RANDALL

Sure! Why not?

(Marty leaves)

So much for reading newspapers around him.

Their 13-year-old daughter AMY walks in and starts making a smoothie, not acknowledging either of her parents.

JUNE

Morning Amy.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Morning honey.

No response. They look at each other, give a wink and a nod.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, Amy...

Amy rolls her eyes, as if even the sound of their voices makes her nauseous.



RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 ...you might wanna check your bag  
 there. I think there's something  
 sticking out of it.

AMY  
 Were you going through my things?

JUNE  
 Just look at the bag.

Amy pulls out the 4 TICKETS from her bag.

AMY  
 Disneyland?

RANDALL  
 We thought it'd be fun for all of  
 us to go for your birthday!  
 Happiest place on earth!

AMY  
 Yeah, for kids. I want to go to  
 Coachella for my birthday.

RANDALL  
 Coachella. I guess we could rent an  
 RV and go camping in Joshua tree-

AMY  
 Not with you. With my friends.  
 Jasmine's Dad is a concert  
 promoter, he can get us VIP passes.

JUNE  
 Oh great. Jasmine's dad. The guy  
 who bought his daughter a vape pen  
 for Christmas?

RANDALL  
 I guess getting your daughter cool  
 things but never actually being  
 around makes you father-of-the-year  
 now?

AMY  
 Yes.

Randall is clearly hurt by this.

JUNE  
 Amy, you're 13 and you're obviously  
 not going to Coachella.

Amy crosses her arms; *this is so unfair.*

RANDALL

*But!* How about we do a Coachella-themed birthday party in our backyard and invite all your friends!

JUNE

Oh, great idea! We can get wristbands, body glitter, uhh...

RANDALL

Port-o-pottys! We'll get the set lists and play the music by the artists! It'll feel like you're really at Coachella... without all the inherent risks.

AMY

But I won't be at Coachella. I'll be in backyard. With my parents. While my friends are at the *actual* Coachella, having *actual* fun.

JUNE

We get that you're frustrated. It's just, there's so many bad people at Coachella. So many bad people.

AMY

So you're basically saying you don't trust me.

JUNE

Of course we do. We just don't trust the 99,000 other people.

RANDALL

Look, the same thing happened to me when I was your age and my parents wouldn't let me go to a Cars concert because they weren't sure about some of the themes in Rick Ocasik's music-

AMY

Are you really comparing The Cars to Frank Ocean and Dababy?

RANDALL

No. Because I don't know who those people are.

JUNE

Did you say "The Baby"? I don't wanna sound out of touch but is there an actual baby performing at this festival?

AMY

I knew you guys would react like this! Why are you doing this to me?! I HATE YOU!!

Amy grabs her bag and storms out of the room.

RANDALL

... I see.

Randall calmly picks up his plate and gets up from the table.

- HIS MIND FLASHES TO THE FIRST TIME HE HELD AMY IN THE HOSPITAL WHEN SHE WAS BORN.

Randall brushes his food scraps into the compost bin...

- THE FIRST TIME AMY SAID "DADA" AS AN INFANT.

Randall turns on the sink, starts doing the dishes...

- AMY TAKING HER FIRST STEPS AND FALLING INTO HIS ARMS.

- AMY LEARNING HOW TO RIDE A BIKE.

- AMY BEING DROPPED OFF AT HER FIRST DAY OF KINDERGARTEN.

- AMY LOOKING RANDALL DEAD IN THE EYE:

AMY

I HATE YOU!!!

Randall drops the dish in the sink and breaks down crying.

RANDALL

She hates me.

JUNE

Hey, hey, she hates "us". I said the same thing to my parents when I was her age.

RANDALL

But you *actually* hate your parents.

JUNE

And they always said they hoped  
this would happen to me when I had  
kids. God, I hate them so much.

(checking the time)

Shit, I have to be at the studio.  
You gonna be okay?

RANDALL

Yeah... I'll be fine.

JUNE

Okay, just- try not to take it so  
hard. Normal teenage stuff.

June hugs Randall goodbye and then leaves. He continues doing  
the dishes, then breaks down crying again.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

June buckles up, is about to drive, but puts it back in PARK.  
Clearly Amy's words sting more than she lets on. She takes a  
moment to collect herself, then drives off.

INT. MENDELSON HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON Greg's blissfully sleeping face. We PULL BACK to  
reveal he's lying on a couch in his suit. We PULL BACK  
FURTHER to reveal TWO PEOPLE standing over him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Wake up!

Greg is jolted awake to find his clients MR. and MRS.  
MENDELSON (60's) gawking at him. He's still half-asleep.

GREG

MENDELSONS!! I have your inspection  
report. Don't worry, it's dry. I  
was just power-napping. Feeling  
very powerful at the moment-  
(grabbing his neck)  
Owww. Little crink. It's fine. So,  
shall we review?

He gets up and there's a NOTICEABLE DROOL PUDDLE on the  
cushion. Greg flips the cushion over.

GREG (CONT'D)

I do that all the time at home.

The Mendelsons look very displeased with this man.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - DAY

Nicole and the boys PAINT. It's everywhere. Bored, Aaron stops and grabs a Nerf Gun. Then Andrew stops and joins him.

NICOLE

You're done? We just started painting five minutes ago... fine. Can you please at least help me clean up before you move on to the next activity?

ANDREW

We don't want to.

NICOLE

I know you don't want to. But sometimes when you love somebody you do things you don't want to just to help them out and make them feel like they exist.

Andrew stares at his mom. *Is she getting through to him?* Then-

ANDREW

Wakanda Forever!

He unloads his Nerf Gun on Aaron. Aaron runs away, laughing and knocks over some open paints, splattering the walls.

NICOLE

Okay! Time to leave the house!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - LATER

As Nicole grabs some milk, the boys fight over the cart and RAM it into the back of an ELDERLY SHOPPER'S legs.

ELDERLY SHOPPER

OW!

The Elderly Shopper falls to the ground, clutching her leg. Nicole rushes over to help.

NICOLE

Oh my god I'm so sorry!

The Elderly Shopper is badly hurt, not ready to get up.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Boys, what do you say?

ANDREW  
Aaron did it.

AARON  
No I didn't!

Andrew pushes Aaron and he trips over the Elderly Shopper's legs. Nicole physically separates them as CUSTOMERS gather to watch this train wreck. She is mortified.

NICOLE  
Okay! Time to go back home!

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - LATER

Nicole drives as the boys fight over an iPad. Numb, she stops outside of A PRESCHOOL with an OPEN ENROLLMENT SIGN. She stares longingly at the throngs of kids in the yard. Then, the car behind her honks and she keeps driving.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Nicole locks the door, sits on the toilet. Finally, a moment of peace and quiet. Then, she hears the boys looking for her, calling out "MOM" over and over. She says nothing, hoping it will stop. The "MOM" "MOM" MOM" gets closer and closer until both boys are outside the bathroom door, rattling the door knob trying to get in. Nicole puts her head in her hands.

I/E. YOUNG HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Greg parks and looks up the house, not eager to go inside. He enters and sees the house is a sty, paint on the walls.

GREG  
There's paint everywhere. Why would you let them paint?

Nicole walks in looking extremely frazzled.

NICOLE  
Why would I let them paint? Because they had to do something! They've been all over me all day. You don't know what it's like.

GREG  
I have some idea what it's like.

NICOLE  
What'd you have for lunch today?

GREG

I don't see why that's relevant.  
But... a turkey club.

NICOLE

You know what I had for lunch?  
NOTHING! I picked at the remains of  
the kids' plates like a bird at the  
beach. I'm on a goddamn seagull's  
diet. So if you think you have the  
right to complain about the mess or  
what I let the kids do-

GREG

I don't! I won't! I'm sorry!

NICOLE

(deep breath)

I'm sorry. Today was rough. I know  
we only have a few months of this,  
but I don't know how I'm going to  
survive it. How was your day?

This is the one question Greg was hoping she wouldn't ask.

GREG

Uhhhh. You know, pretty uneventful.  
(then)  
I'm mean, not *totally* uneventful. I  
guess there was one event worth  
mentioning...

NICOLE

Why are you being so coy?  
(suddenly hopeful)  
Did you sell the Mendelson house?!

GREG

I should not have tee'd it up like  
that. You know I love you, right?

NICOLE

Oh no. Don't say that.

GREG

The Mendelsons sort of decided to  
go... in a different direction...  
with me. Or *without* me.

NICOLE

(gutted)

So the Mendelson house - the one  
you said could sell itself, the one  
that's supposed to pay for  
preschool - is gone? Which means  
I'm stuck at home with the kids now  
indefinitely?

Greg sees how upset Nicole is and feels ashamed.

GREG

I'm sorry. I just don't get any  
sleep at night and then when I'm at  
work I can't think too good. Maybe  
if I didn't have to get up multiple  
times a night-

NICOLE

Oh, so *I* should be the one getting  
up with them all night and then  
also be the only one that looks  
after them all day?!

AARON (O.S.)

MOM!

GREG

I'll take care of this.  
(calling out)  
Boys, what do you want?

AARON

We want mom.

Nicole walks away, devastated. Greg feels like a failure.

INT. OFFICE - RANDALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Randall is on a boring conference call, barely listening. His  
eyes fall on a framed FAMILY PHOTO of when the kids were much  
younger. They all looked so happy and together.

INT. ART STUDIO - LATER

June paints between TWO SEPARATE ART PIECES that we don't  
see, bouncing between them, passionate, TEARS ARE STREAMING  
DOWN HER FACE. Then- her phone RINGS and snaps her out of it.  
She quickly wipes away her tears and answers cheerfully:



JUNE

Hi hun.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Randall is driving home, shopping bags beside him.

RANDALL

Hey! Just picked up stuff to make  
pot roast. Thought we could all use  
a family dinner. What time you  
think you're home?

JUNE

Oh... sorry. I really need to stay  
here and work tonight. Could we do  
it tomorrow instead?

RANDALL

I have basketball Friday.

JUNE

Right. And my brother's coming over  
Saturday.

Sort of an awkward silence.

RANDALL

K, no prob. I'll just have dinner  
with the kids. Have a good night!

Randall hangs up, more than a little disappointed.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Randall finishes setting the table for dinner.

RANDALL

Kids! Dinner!

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - SOON AFTER

Randall knocks on Amy's door.

RANDALL

Amy? Dinner's on the table.

AMY (O.S.)

I'm not hungry.

RANDALL  
Okay. It's just a lot of food.

AMY (O.S.)  
I literally just told you I'm not hungry.

RANDALL  
Alright! It'll just be a boy's night then.

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - MARTY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randall opens Marty's door and sees him watching Twitch.

RANDALL  
Marty, hope you're hungry.

MARTY  
Starving. But can you bring it here? I'm watching a friend watch someone play a videogame.

RANDALL  
Watching your friend watch a- why?  
(giving up)  
Okay. I'll bring some up.

INT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Randall sits alone, sadly eating pot roast in the dark.

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - TWO DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

The YOUNG FAMILY pulls up to the house. Greg gets out, looks to the house, takes a deep breath, before he opens the door.

GREG  
Hey! We're here!

INT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew and Aaron run in to greet Aunt June and Uncle Randall, who are just as excited to receive actual love from a kid.

GREG  
Huh. A hug. Can't remember the last time I got a greeting like that.

RANDALL

Here, I'll give you one of those.

Randall pulls Greg in for a warm hug. Then, Greg and June give each other and a more perfunctory hug. *It's awkward.*

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

June pours Nicole some wine. She needs it.

JUNE

Another year, huh?

NICOLE

Yup.

REVERSE to see they're staring at the boys, who are taking dirt from the garden and pouring it on their heads.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

So what's it like not having kids crawling over you all the time?

JUNE

(tinge of sadness)

It's... quiet.

NICOLE

Quiet... that sounds incredible.

They take generous sips, lost in their own thoughts.

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - BBQ - CONTINUOUS

Randall and Greg are at the grill, cooking burgers. Marty walks over with a plate of buns.

GREG

Marty, how's school going?

MARTY

Pretty good. We had a lock-down drill yesterday and it was our best time yet, so hopefully that will limit casualties if there's ever a school shooting.

GREG

Wow. That's terrible you even have to think about that.

Randall starts aggressively flipping burgers, uncomfortable.

MARTY

Although if the shooter was a student from our school, the drills might be *helping* them, because they'd know the procedure, where to find everyone, the exit routes-

RANDALL

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY SIT DOWN! BURGERS ARE DONE!

Greg leans over the BBQ to check the RARE BURGERS.

GREG

Are they?

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SOON AFTER

Both families sit at the table, chatting. Nobody has touched the burgers. The boys are still PLAYING LOUDLY in the dirt, and it's bothering Greg. He leans over to Nicole.

GREG

Hey, the boys are being a bit-

NICOLE

I don't care.

GREG

Got it.

Nicole turns to Amy, who clearly doesn't want to be there.

NICOLE

Thanks for giving us one of your Saturday nights, Amy.

AMY

Oh it's no problem. I'm not allowed to have a social life anyway.

NICOLE

Well if it makes you feel any better, I don't have one either.

GREG

Hey boys! We're eating! Can you join us at the table?

ANDREW

We can't! We're baking a cake!

GREG

Okay, can you just bake it a little quieter? Heh, heh.

The boys continue playing at the same level. Annoyed, Greg walks over to them, kneels down to make his plea:

GREG (CONT'D)

Guys, seriously. We're at someone else's house right now. I need you to just listen to me-

Aaron SQUAWKS right in Greg's face and continues playing. No respect. Greg rejoins the table and June smirks at him.

JUNE

How'd that go?

GREG

(stewing)

Oh, you know...

RANDALL

It's fine, they're just excited kids. They're not bothering anybody. They're laughing.

GREG

Well if it doesn't bother you, it doesn't bother me.

Greg continues eating though clearly this bothers him a lot.

NICOLE

Your tomato garden looks great.

JUNE

Thanks. I laid some plastic down on the soil before planting to warm it up. And I always use red mulch...

Greg nods, pretending to listen. But all he can focus on is the boys making noise. Again, he gets up from the table.

JUNE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Tomatoes love heat and the mulch really helps to retain the moisture in the soil...

Greg walks to the boys, offers them an iPad. This time they comply and quietly enter the house. Back at the table, June has clocked this transaction.

NICOLE

Huh. So that's what mulch does.  
Never really thought that mulch  
about much-

(correcting)

- *that much about mulch.*

June and Nicole laugh, both buzzed. Greg returns to the table. And June gives him the slightest of shit-eating grins.

GREG

What?

JUNE

Nothing. Just an interesting time  
to reward them with screens. Unless  
your goal was to reinforce the  
exact behavior you were trying to  
stop?

GREG

(defensive)

It was actually. That was the goal  
that I set, and I achieved it.

JUNE

Relax! I was just joking.

GREG

So was I.

Everyone laughs to get past this awkward moment.

RANDALL

Summer corn! Is there anything  
better?

(then; ashamed)

Sorry about the burgers.

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Only adults at the table now and everyone's even drunker.

GREG

She said she hates you? Oof.

The wound is still fresh for Randall.

GREG (CONT'D)

I remember the first time you said  
that to mom.

JUNE

Yeah, but mom deserved it. She wouldn't buy me that... I don't remember what it was, but she deserved it.

NICOLE

At least you have a daughter. I would love a daughter. I'm surrounded by boys. Just me in a house full of nutsacks. Honestly, even the *thought* of a nutsack at this point, repulses me.

Greg self-consciously crosses his legs.

JUNE

You know what eventually happens to daughters? They develop self-esteem issues, body image issues... and they have a right to. Their bodies and faces look straight-up weird. Acne. Backne. Rackne.

NICOLE

(off the men's confusion)  
Tit zits.

JUNE

And the raging hormones coursing through their bodies aren't helping. Just makes them mean and manipulative and cunning-

GREG

So they basically turn into you?

RANDALL

You know what else isn't helping? The internet. All the world's worst things at your fingertips. Every time we try to shield Marty from the harsh realities of the world, here comes lil Greta with another devastating sound byte about the impending apocalypse. I'm sorry but a ten year old should not have to deal with that.

GREG

Yeah that sounds really tough. Hey Randall, have you got Marty's poo on your hand recently?

NICOLE

You guys can actually *talk* to your kids and their brains are able to process the words. I feel like I'm a goddamn Peanuts character to my kids. It's so. Frustrating.

JUNE

But they're not *trying* to frustrate you. That's the difference. They just need you and want your attention. Kids that age are always in the moment and you just need to be in the moment with them.

NICOLE

(insulted)

I am in the moment. Every waking moment.

GREG

We're fine! We just need to keep our heads down for the next 5 years or so until the kids can actually do something for themselves, and life will be good again.

RANDALL

What? Then you'd be skipping over the best part! You don't know how good you have it. Your kids still want to be around you.

GREG

How many hours do you sleep at night?

RANDALL

Not that many. 8?

JUNE

Oh, I need my 9.

GREG

I haven't had 9 hours of sleep this week! Their bedtime routine lasts two full hours and doesn't even put them to sleep. And when they finally do fall asleep, they piss the sheets and then we have to do bedtime routine all over again.

RANDALL

Bedtime routine. Ah, I miss that. Tucking them in. Kissing their sleepy foreheads.

(MORE)



RANDALL (CONT'D)  
(tearing up)  
I'm sorry. I've had too much wine.

Randall takes another massive gulp of wine. June looks at Randall, wishing there was something she could do to help him. The wheels start turning, then... AN EPIPHANY.

JUNE  
Sounds like you guys need a break.  
Why don't we take them off your  
hands for awhile?

NICOLE  
Take what?

JUNE  
Your boys. And you take Amy and  
Marty.

Greg, Nicole and Randall look at June. *Is she serious?*

GREG  
Haha, that's funny. You wouldn't  
last a week.

JUNE  
You don't think I could last a week  
with my adorable nephews?

GREG  
I *know* you couldn't.

JUNE  
Care to make it interesting?

GREG  
Course I do! I always do!

RANDALL  
(to June; incredulous)  
What are you doing right now?

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

June is uncorking another bottle of wine.

RANDALL  
Are you serious? Or just drunk?

JUNE  
Both. I know it sounds crazy but  
you have been... having a bit of a  
rough time lately. Understandably.  
(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

Things have just been so heavy with the kids and this could be a way to inject some lightness and fun back into the house.

Off Randall, considering-

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Greg gives his pitch to Nicole.

GREG

Let's think about this for a second. We obviously both need a break. You especially. Their kids are on auto-pilot. If we did this, we'd actually get some time to ourselves. Not just a few minutes here and there. Like, meaningful time alone.

(realizing)

Oh my god. I could actually get some work done.

Nicole is starting to get excited. Then, feels guilty.

NICOLE

But the boys. They'd be so sad.

GREG

Right...

NICOLE

I mean, they *would* be with their uncle and aunt who they love and we'd be right nearby if they actually needed us.

GREG

Right! So we should do this! Right?

NICOLE

I think we should.

Greg and Nicole high-five enthusiastically.

GREG

Okay. We shouldn't look too excited when they come back. Poker face.

Greg and Nicole put on their best poker faces.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Both couples are back at the table finalizing the details.

GREG

The kid swap will last one week or until either side "taps out".

NICOLE

No baby sitters or outside help of any kind. You have to know what it feels like to be trapped.

RANDALL

No internet for Marty. Also No HBO. No procedurals. Or anything that depicts violence. And no news.

GREG

No news? Is it okay for him to stare blankly at a wall?

JUNE

And no going out on school nights for Amy.

NICOLE

Alright. Is that it?

June and Randall look at each other. *Yeah, that's it.*

RANDALL

How about you guys?

Greg and Nicole look at each other, gleeful.

NICOLE

Just... have fun!

Greg and Nicole burst out laughing. Randall and June smile, also very satisfied with this arrangement.

GREG

So what do we get when we win?

JUNE

Oh, it's not about what the winner gets. It's about what happens to the loser.

GREG

Humiliation bet. Classic. Just like when we were kids.

JUNE

Remember when you had to shave off  
your eyebrows before prom?

GREG

Yeah I remember. My date refused to  
go with me.

(suddenly upset)

This time you'll be the one  
shaving. Your head! But you have to  
leave one of those little tufts at  
the front like a cartoon baby.

NICOLE

I'm not doing that.

RANDALL

I need my hair.

JUNE

How about winner gets to pick the  
loser's Halloween costumes?

GREG

No black face. No pedophiles.

JUNE

Ugh, then what's the point?

(thinking)

Got it! Tramp stamps. His and hers.

NICOLE

I'm not permanently inking the  
small of my back over this.

RANDALL

Yeah, neither am I.

JUNE

Fine. Henna. Only lasts 3 weeks.  
But the photo shoot will last a  
life time.

Greg, Nicole and Randall look at each other; *they can live  
with this*. They all raise their glasses.

GREG

A toast. To the two of you, for  
embracing the joy of early  
childhood. May it be as constant  
and unrelenting for you as it's  
been for us.

JUNE

And to you, for taking your first  
dip in the bottomless reservoir  
that is teenage angst.

They clink glasses. Done deal.

INT. MINIVAN - LATER

Greg and Nicole are driving home, ecstatic. The boys are passed out in their car seats.

GREG

The craziest part is that *she's* the one that suggested it! She doesn't stand a chance. Oh my god... I'm actually going to beat her at something.

NICOLE

I just feel bad for their kids. No wonder they don't want to spend time with their parents, they don't let them *do* anything.

GREG

Imagine complaining about your kids not wanting to spend time with you. You know what I call that? Vacation.

NICOLE

We're basically about to go on vacation!

ANDREW (O.S.)

We're going on vacation?

Greg and Nicole are surprised the boys are actually awake. They look at each other, unsure how to broach the subject.

NICOLE

Uhhhhh, yeah. Sort of.

GREG

How would you guys like to go to your uncle and aunt's for a sleepover? Like a *big* one?

AARON

Can Mom come?

NICOLE

No.

Andrew and Aaron both start whining.

GREG

But you didn't hear the best part!  
You don't have to listen to them.  
Cuz they're not your parents.

ANDREW

Will they make us chicken nuggets?

GREG

If you scream loud enough for them.

ANDREW / AARON

YAYYYYYYYY!!!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Randall and June are cleaning up together.

RANDALL

How are we gonna tell the kids?

JUNE

I think we just do it gently. Let  
them know they're loved and that  
this isn't us wanting time away  
from them.

RANDALL

But that's exactly what it is.

JUNE

I know. I'm saying we shouldn't  
make it too obvious.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Family meeting in progress.

JUNE

Again, this has nothing to do with  
you and everything to do with your  
uncle and aunt needing some help.  
So... how would you feel if we took  
the boys and you stayed at their  
place for a week...?

AMY

How about a year?

Amy exits. Marty follows. June and Randall share a look; *that was insulting, but also easier than expected.*

EXT. BANK - PARKING LOT - THE NEXT DAY

Two cars park in front of each other, mafia-style.

INT. OLSENS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Randall and June turn around to face their kids. But Amy and Marty have already exited the car.

RANDALL

Goodbye?

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Greg and Nicole turn to face their kids.

NICOLE

You know how much we love you and  
how we're gonna miss you, right?

The boys nod.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

RAPID SHOTS OF: minivan doors slide open, car seats unlatched, car seats are set on the ground with the BOYS STILL SITTING IN THEM.

JUNE

Oh yeah. Car seats. It's been so  
long I kinda forgot how to-

GREG

Ehhh, you'll figure it out.

Greg and Nicole hop back in the minivan and peel off.

INT. OLSEN CAR - LATER

Randall and June, sweaty, finally get the car seats fastened.

ANDREW

That took you a long time.

RANDALL

Yes, but it didn't get me upset. I  
still have a smile on my face.

JUNE

Which is what you're gonna have on  
your faces because we're going...  
(pulls out Mickey hats)  
... to DISNEYLAND!

The boys CHEER! Randall and June soak it up, turn on the  
radio and crank the music. Fun! Fun! Fun!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LATER

Greg and Nicole lead Amy and Marty inside.

NICOLE

Alright. Welcome to your home. Amy,  
you can sleep in the boys room.

Nicole opens the door revealing the room's been re-decorated  
with 'nSync posters and other circa 2000 teen girl  
adornments. Amy looks kind of shocked.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I wanted to redecorate for you but  
all I could find was stuff from my  
teenage years. Do girls still like  
Justin Timberlake?

AMY

Well, he did cheat on Jessica Biel.  
(beat)  
But she's an anti-vaxxer so I'm  
kinda glad he did.

NICOLE

So leave the posters up, or...

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Greg and Marty stand over a small air mattress on the floor.

GREG

Sorry this is smaller than your  
room at home...

But all Marty's focused on is the DESKTOP COMPUTER.

MARTY

I love it.

GREG

Really? Okay! So, what now? Should  
I be making you lunch?



MARTY

I can make my own lunch.

GREG

Seriously? Like, I don't have to?

MARTY

Pretty sure I know how to make a sandwich, Uncle Greg.

GREG

Okay... do you know how to make two of them?

Marty nods. *Is this kid really going to make him lunch?*

EXT. DISNEYLAND - AFTERNOON

Randall, June and the boys enter the park, wide-eyed.

RANDALL

Race you to Toon Town!

Randall and June take off. The boys chase them, excitedly.

- They all ride the Toon Town Roller Coaster. It's hard to tell who's more excited, the kids or the adults.

- They take a GROUP PHOTO WITH GOOFY.

ANDREW

Can we have hot dogs for dinner?

RANDALL

YES!

- They all eat hot dogs.

AARON

Can we get toys from the gift shop?

JUNE

YES!

- The boys walk out of the gift shop with toys.

AARON

Can we ride Splash Mountain again?

JUNE

YES!

- They ride Splash Mountain and then get the souvenir photo.

ANDREW

Can we-

RANDALL

I'm gonna stop you right there. The answer's YES!

Best. Day. Ever.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BOYS ROOM - LATER

Nicole and Amy hang out, looking at PICTURES on Amy's phone.

NICOLE

Is that you and your teacher?

AMY

No, that's my friend, Jasmine.

PHOTO of JASMINE, who does not look 13 years old.

NICOLE

Oh. She's in your class? She looks... mature.

AMY

Yeah, she's super cool. She has the best clothes, and like the most Insta followers in our school.

NICOLE

That *is* the barometer for cool these days. How about you? You got a lot of followers?

AMY

I got a lot more since I became friends with Jasmine.

NICOLE

Sounds like your relationship with this girl is pretty important.

AMY

It is. Not that my parents care. They won't let me go with her to Coachella. I can't even go to her house tomorrow and literally everyone's gonna be there.

NICOLE

Right. It's a school night.

AMY

Although technically, this week,  
you're my parent but... whatever.

Nicole senses an opportunity to be a hero.

NICOLE

You know what? You deserve to have  
a life. You're young. You're free.  
That doesn't last forever. Go be  
free!

AMY

Are you serious right now?!

NICOLE

Does the devil wear Prada?

AMY

What?

NICOLE

It means yes. Yes, you can go to  
Jasmine's tomorrow!

Amy jumps up and hugs Nicole. Nicole beams.

AMY

You're the coolest aunt ever!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Greg and Marty eat sandwiches together. Then:

MARTY

Did my parents send me here because  
they're sick of me?

GREG

What? No. Why would you say that?

MARTY

Every time I try to talk to them  
about something important they just  
change the subject. Like one time I  
asked about Nazi Germany and my dad  
just put on a bunch of David  
Hasselhoff music videos and danced  
in the kitchen until I walked away.

GREG

Yeah that sounds like Randall.

MARTY

I wouldn't say that they're Holocaust *deniers* but they sure aren't talking about it. At least not to me. I guess I should just keep all that stuff to myself.

GREG

No! What? You shouldn't have to hide anything from your parents. It's not *your* fault for asking those questions. It's *their* fault for not answering them. They're, like, not doing their job.

Greg notices Marty looking even sadder. He reels it back.

GREG (CONT'D)

Look, your parents just want to protect you. They want you to be a kid and to not have to worry. But, I'm your uncle and if you wanna worry about depressing stuff around me then knock yourself out.

MARTY

Really? Okay. Uh, the whole Israel-Palestine thing. How did it start? Who's fault is it?

GREG

That's a whole chicken and egg situation. Full disclosure, I'm not exactly a Middle East expert, but I'd say the *real* reason for all the bloodshed? It's the heat. You can't solve anything in those conditions.

MARTY

I have noticed there's always people fighting over parking spaces at the beach.

GREG

There you go! It's the heat. What else you got? Hit me. This is fun.

MARTY

Is it true it's not okay to listen to Michael Jackson anymore?

GREG

Hmm. Depends who you ask. If you wanna be safe just stick to Jackson 5. Before he reached the age where he was able to... you know...

MARTY

What?

GREG

Before he could... allegedly... you know...

MARTY

I don't. Tell me!

GREG

Okay, maybe we should finish eating first. While we still have our appetites.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Greg and Nicole meet up. The house is quiet for once.

NICOLE

Amy's settling in. She's just on her phone.

GREG

Yeah, Marty's just hanging out in his room, doing his own thing.

They stare at each other, unsure what to do with themselves.

NICOLE

What do we do now?

GREG

Anything we want?

NICOLE

Let's clean the house!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LATER

Greg and Nicole pop a bottle of champagne. They drink and clean the house while dancing to music.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - MAIN STREET - EVENING

The boys are on June and Randall's shoulders, mesmerized by the FIREWORKS display. Randall and June hold hands and smile at each other. *They're reconnecting.*

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LATER

The house is spotless. Greg and Nicole admire their work.

GREG

I put up the new towel rack in the bathroom. I've been meaning to do that for three years.

NICOLE

I finished the laundry. Like, *finished* it. There's nothing in the washer or dryer. It's done. Everything's clean.

GREG

This is insane. They're still in their rooms.

NICOLE

I know. Should we check on them?  
(calling out)  
You guys need anything?! You okay?

MARTY (O.S.)

Nope! Good night!

AMY (O.S.)

All good!

Greg and Nicole stare at each other in disbelief.

GREG / NICOLE

K! Good night!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg and Nicole, in bed, finish the last of the champagne.

NICOLE

I feel like this is the first time we've been in bed together this early in so long.

GREG

These sheets feel so clean.

They lay there for a beat.

GREG (CONT'D)  
So... this kinda feels like the  
perfect opportunity to have sex.

NICOLE  
Yeah. It really does.

GREG  
Do you... want to?

NICOLE  
I don't know... do you?

GREG  
... not really.

NICOLE  
Me neither. I kinda just wanna go  
to sleep.

GREG  
Me too! God I love you so much.

They kiss each other, both roll over and turn off the lights.

I/E. OLSENS HOUSE - NIGHT

Randall and June carry the sleeping boys from the car to  
their beds, tucking them in.

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

June and Randall get ready for bed.

RANDALL  
I can't even remember the last time  
we had a family day. You were  
right. This was a great idea.

JUNE  
It really was. I had a great time.

Randall scrolls through the PICTURES he took at Disneyland.

RANDALL  
Look how happy they look. Not a  
care in the world. I don't know  
what Greg and Nicole are  
complaining about. You'd think  
after being parents for five years  
they'd be better at this by now.

JUNE

Well, Greg was the baby who never had to learn how to do anything on his own, so not totally surprising.

(then)

We should send them all of these pictures. Rub it in their faces how well we're doing.

RANDALL

Yup! I'll go take pictures of the boys sleeping soundly!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

June and Randall are woken up by a tug on their blanket.

ANDREW

We're hungry.

RANDALL

Wow. The first thing they wanna do in the morning is be with us.

JUNE

Such a gift.

RANDALL

So how do you wanna coordinate work schedules? Should we trade off or-

JUNE

I was actually thinking of taking the day off...

RANDALL

I could call in a sick day...

They smile at each other, excited to play hookie together.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Who wants pancakes?!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MORNING

Randall and June, still in pajamas, make pancakes with the boys, who stand on step stools to reach over the counter.

JUNE

So we need to add flour, milk and one egg to the bowl and then we mix, mix, mix it all together.



AARON  
I get to crack the egg!

ANDREW  
No, I wanna crack it!

As June hands the egg to Aaron, Andrew reaches over and the egg falls onto the floor, breaking. Aaron starts pouting.

AARON  
Andrew broke my egg.

ANDREW  
No, you dropped it. Cuz you're a  
stupid baby with stupid baby hands.

Aaron PUSHES Andrew. Andrew SMACKS Aaron back. Before things can escalate, Randall pulls out more eggs from the fridge.

RANDALL  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You guys, look!  
We have sooooo many more eggs!  
Watch. I'm a real egghead!

Randall takes out an egg, places it on his head, and lets it fall to the ground. The boys laugh. Then, June hands each of the boys their own bowl and egg.

AARON  
Look at me! I'm a real egghead!

Aaron puts the egg on his head and it smashes on the floor.

ANDREW  
Look at me! I'm a real egghead!

RANDALL  
Wait! That's our-

Andrew's egg falls to the floor.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
- last egg. So much for pancakes.

JUNE  
(off the boys' GROANS)  
That's okay! We have cereal!

ANDREW  
Ugh. Cereal's so boring.

RANDALL  
Not if you eat your cereal like...  
a HIPPOPOTAMUS!!!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randall, June, Andrew and Aaron crawl on their hands and knees pretending to be hippos, eating cereal off the floor.

AARON  
More river plants!

June pours more dry cereal on the floor.

ANDREW  
What a beautiful day to chomp down  
river plants in our favorite river.

June and Randall give each other approving nods and then crawl up to each other for a hushed conversation.

JUNE  
See? All you have to do is turn a  
potentially bad situation into a  
fun game and recapture their  
imagination. It's simple.

The boys are now WRESTLING over the cereal on the floor.

RANDALL  
Easy, easy. Plenty of river plants  
to go around.  
(to June)  
Uh oh. I think we inadvertently  
created a human game of Hungry,  
Hungry Hippos.

The boys start KICKING and PUNCHING each other.

JUNE  
Let's be happy hippos! Oh look, a  
tourist boat! They want to take  
pictures of the happy hippos! Smile  
for the tourists!

It's not working. The boys won't separate.

RANDALL  
Jeez. He kicked him right in the  
small of the back. All over a  
Cheerio. How do we get them to stop  
fighting?

JUNE  
...maybe we don't.

June and Randall share a knowing look.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - MORNING

Greg and Nicole wake up. The clock reads 8:40am.

NICOLE

Did the clocks move forward last night?

GREG

No. I think we... slept in. My body feels like, different.

NICOLE

Yes. I feel like, what's the word I'm looking for? *Rested*.

Greg checks his phone and sees 10 NEW TEXTS from June.

GREG

Oh, you bitch.

NICOLE

Excuse me?

GREG

Not you. June. I'm allowed to call her that cuz she's my sister.

NICOLE

Are you?

GREG

I'm not totally sure, but look at what she sent.

We see ALL THE HAPPY PHOTOS June and Randall took at Disneyland, capped off with a photo of the boys sleeping with the caption: *Bedtime Routine. 2 Seconds #goodparenting*

NICOLE

Oh, that bitch! Let's go take pictures of their happy kids and rub it in their faces.

GREG

Yes! You see what great ideas we come up with when we sleep?

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Greg and Nicole go to Marty's room but he's not in there.

GREG  
Must be in the bathroom.

NICOLE  
Well we're not gonna take a picture  
of him in there.

As they're about to leave, they hear the FAINT SOUNDS OF  
MOANING. It's coming from the computer.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Ohhhhh no. That's not...

They warily approach the computer. Greg clicks the mouse with  
a shaky finger. Sure enough, it's PORNOGRAPHY.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Ew!

GREG  
Let's not overreact. Could just be  
a pop-up.

NICOLE  
Check the search history.

GREG  
You check it.

NICOLE  
I'm not touching that mouse!

Greg checks the SEARCH HISTORY. It's a long graphic list.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
God, did he even sleep last night?!

GREG  
Jesus. We weren't even supposed to  
give him internet and now he's  
discovered the entire world of  
porn? He left no stone unturned! He  
saw all of it! What do we do?!

NICOLE  
If we were June and Randall, we'd  
sweep this whole incident under the  
rug, pretend it didn't happen, and  
cancel the internet until he was  
21. But that's not us.

GREG  
Right... we're not his parents.  
This doesn't have to be weird.  
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)  
We should just play it cool and  
talk to him about it.

NICOLE  
Exactly. We're the cool ones.

GREG  
We just have to make sure he  
doesn't feel ashamed. That kind of  
thing can leave a lasting  
impression. His eyes cannot hit the  
ground.

MARTY (O.S.)  
Hey.

Greg and Nicole are startled. Marty sees them at the computer  
and his face turns beet red, starts looking down.

GREG  
No-no-no! Don't look down!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Greg and Nicole are seated across from Marty.

NICOLE  
There's nothing to be ashamed of  
here. Your body's changing and we  
know it can be a confusing time.

GREG  
I'm a guy. I've been there. When  
you're a kid, all you're using that  
thing for is peeing. Maybe the  
occasional sword fight. Then you  
reach an age where you realize it  
can do other... tricks.

MARTY  
I was just watching.

NICOLE  
Sure. Sure you were... do you have  
any questions about what you  
"watched"?

MARTY  
Not really.

NICOLE

Okay... well the thing to keep in mind is that watching too much of that stuff can warp your perception of what sex is like in real life.

GREG

Yeah, in real life, women aren't usually that "enthusiastic".

Nicole shoots Greg a look.

NICOLE

And the average man is a lot more... let's say "average" sized.

GREG

Yeah, and in real life, you'll find that women aren't willing to do the vast majority of "acts" you saw.

MARTY

Okay, are you almost done? I think I can sort of figure out the rest on my own.

Marty sits back at the desk. Greg disconnects the computer and picks it up. It's heavier than he thought it would be.

GREG

Yeah... probably time you take a little breather from the videos.

(then)

But not because you should feel ashamed about it.

(then)

Though you *should* probably keep this a secret from your parents. They don't have to know about this.

MARTY

But yesterday you told me I shouldn't have to hide anything from my parents.

GREG

That's true. But this is different.

MARTY

Why?

(off Greg's silence)

Unless there's a reason you want me to hide this from them...

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)  
which I would entertain... if you  
put the computer back...

Greg looks down at the computer in his hands.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg finishes reconnecting the computer. He nods to Marty as he and Nicole leave the room.

NICOLE  
(sotto; to Greg)  
Well, that was a disgusting way to  
start our morning.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Andrew and Aaron are dressed in bathrobes with PILLOW CUSHIONS TAPED TO THEIR HEADS AND HANDS. They both sit on tiny stools in the corners of a MAKESHIFT BOXING RING. Randall enters the ring and calls them to the middle.

RANDALL  
Alright gentlemen. I want a clean  
fight. That means no biting, no  
rabbit punches, and no hitting  
below the belt.

ANDREW  
We're not wearing any belts.

RANDALL  
Perfect. Now touch gloves and wait  
for the sound of the bell.

The boys nod excitedly as Randall climbs out the ring. June holds up the MINI GONG and a MINI Mallet.

JUNE  
Ready? Get set?  
(banging the gong)  
FIGHT!

Andrew and Aaron unload punches on each other but feel nothing. It's light and playful, cushions hitting cushions.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
That's it Aaron! When he goes low,  
you go high!

RANDALL

I don't think that advice was meant to apply to boxing matches but it totally works.

JUNE

Greg and Nicole would never do something like this in a million years. That's how I know it's smart.

RANDALL

These boys are like a pressure cooker. You gotta give them an opportunity to release.

JUNE

Exactly. And we're doing it responsibly in a safe environment.

RANDALL

Speaking of which, I only found one old mouth guard. You think that's a problem?

JUNE

No. They can't really hurt each other when they're this young.

Andrew lands a big punch, knocking Aaron to the corner. Andrew raises his hands in victory. June and Randall rush over to Aaron for coaching.

RANDALL

Come on, Aaron! Don't let him clown you like that!

JUNE

I want you to think of every mean thing your brother's ever done to you. I want you to bottle it. Drink it. Then punch him as hard as you can in the chest with it.

Aaron gets up, emboldened, charges at Andrew and throws all his weight into a punch. Surprised, Andrew flies back.

JUNE/RANDALL

AA-RON! AA-RON! AA-RON!

Andrew gets up, angry. As he winds up for ONE MASSIVE PUNCH, the tape around his wrists comes loose, the cushion flies off, and he LANDS A CRUSHING BLOW TO AARON'S NOSE WITH HIS BARE FIST! Aaron screams, covering his face.



JUNE/RANDALL (CONT'D)

OHHHHH!

June and Randall rush into the ring. They pull Aaron's hands away and see his NOSE IS BLEEDING AND HIS EYE IS RED.

RANDALL

I'll get ice!

Randall rushes off. June applies a towel to Aaron's nose as he cries hysterically.

ANDREW

Haha, I win. You lose.

JUNE

Andrew, go to your corner!

(to Aaron)

Shhh. Let's just try to calm down.

How about we sing a song?

(singing)

*Raindrops on roses and whiskers on  
kittens. Bright copper kettles and  
warm woolen mittens.*

This actually starts working. Aaron begins to settle down, catching his breath. June smiles at him and continues.

JUNE (CONT'D)

*Brown paper baskets all tied up  
with strings, these are a few of my  
favorite things. When the dog  
bites. When the bee stings. When  
I'm feeling sad...*

Upon hearing those lyrics, Aaron's eyes well up with tears.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh no. I'm sorry. Did that part  
make you sad?

AARON

(bursts out crying)

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

JUNE

Wait, there's more!

(singing cheerfully)

*I simply remember my favorite  
things and then I don't feel so  
bad.*

(then)

See? The whole point of the song is  
to not feel bad!

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Think about your favorite things,  
huh? Can you name one of your  
favorite things?

AARON  
(crying even harder)  
My maaaaa-maaaaa.

Randall returns and tries to apply the ice to Aaron's eye.  
Aaron knocks his hand away, in hysterics.

ANDREW  
He doesn't want ice. He wants mom.

JUNE  
Aaron, sweetie, I'm also a mom.

ANDREW  
He doesn't want a mom. He wants *mom*  
mom.

Aaron continues to wail. June and Randall look at each other,  
unsure what to do.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)  
Is everything okay? Someone sounds  
*really* hurt over there.

JUNE  
Everything's fine, Mr. Abrahmson!  
(under her breath)  
Go back to your morning gin and  
tonic.

RANDALL  
Should we call Nicole?

JUNE  
And show weakness? No chance. It's  
only Day Two. I would never give  
Greg the satisfaction.

RANDALL  
Satisfaction? This isn't a duel.

JUNE  
Don't be so naive, Randall. That's  
*exactly* what this is.

RANDALL  
Alright, well we need to do  
something.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

The boys are on the couch, glued to the TV. Randall and June watch them from kitchen.

JUNE  
You think Greg and Nicole will  
notice?

REVEAL Aaron has TWO SWOLLEN EYES and balled-up Kleenex stuffed in his nostrils.

RANDALL  
I'm gonna say... definitely.

JUNE  
Come on. A little make-up, a little  
concealer. I feel like we can hide  
this from them.

RANDALL  
Maaaaaybe.  
(then)  
At least the TV made him stop  
screaming. Neither of them have  
moved a muscle in ten minutes.

JUNE  
As long as he's not crying for his  
mom I say we roll with it.

RANDALL  
We can turn it into a movie night.  
Order some pizza?

JUNE  
Love it.

June and Randall happily join the kids on the couch.

INT. REAL ESTATE PROPERTY - DAY

Greg struggles to stage an open house. He's well-rested and yet, still looks miserable doing this. Then Nicole enters holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. Greg is pleasantly surprised.

GREG  
Hey! What are you doing here?

NICOLE  
The kids are at school. Like, all  
day. Thought I'd swing by and drop  
these off for your open.

GREG  
Wow. Thanks!

Nicole puts the bouquet down and then takes a look at the way the living room is staged. *Hmmmm.*

GREG (CONT'D)  
What?

NICOLE  
Oh nothing.  
(then)  
It's just, if you moved those two chairs over here, you can turn this area into a nice reading space. Plus it would open up the whole living room.  
(stopping herself)  
But I don't wanna-

GREG  
No. It's totally fine. Go ahead.

Greg and Nicole are both walking on eggshells, careful not to offend each other. They move the chairs to the new spot.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Yeah, definitely feels more open.

NICOLE  
K, I should get out of your hair.

GREG  
You sure? You don't have to.

NICOLE  
No, I'll let you do your thing.

GREG  
Okay. What are you going to do? You have the whole day to yourself. Finally.

NICOLE  
I know! Exciting!

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Nicole walks down an empty aisle, shopping alone. Not remotely exciting.

INT. YOUNG HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Nicole anxiously sits at the table, no idea what to do with herself. Then Marty walks in the door, home from school. She immediately perks up and pounces on him.

NICOLE

Hey Marty! How was school?

MARTY

Fine.

NICOLE

Can I help with your homework? Make you something to eat?

MARTY

No, I'm good. Got everything I need right in here.

Marty walks into the office and closes the door. Gross.

Nicole returns to the table. She's restless, antsy. So she decides to text AMY:

*Nicole - Is 8:00 still cool for a pick-up?*

*AMY - 9:00 would be cooler. I can also get a ride home from Debbie's mom. Is that okay?*

Nicole's a bit disappointed, then types in "No problem" - then changes it to "NP" - then finally settles on "Obvs" and presses send. She stares at her phone, waiting for a response that never comes.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

June, Randall and the kids are still on the couch, empty pizza boxes on the table, when the movie ends.

RANDALL

Alright! Now we know how a talking pig gets by in the city. Pretty well!

As soon as Randall turns off the TV, the boys snap out of their zombie-like state and start WRITHING AROUND ON THE COUCH, like they're crawling out of their skin.

ANDREW / AARON

BAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

JUNE  
Jesus. What is happening? It's  
like they're going through detox.

RANDALL  
It looks like they're in real pain.

AARON  
ONE MORE SHOW!!

ANDREW  
PUT IT BACK ON!

RANDALL  
This is too much. I can't take it.

Randall turns the TV back on, and the boys return to their  
zombie-like state.

JUNE  
Okay, one more show and then  
bedtime. Deal?

ANDREW / AARON  
Deal.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The show ends and June turns off the TV.

JUNE  
Alright, show's over. Bedtime.

The boys' writhing/flailing is even worse now.

RANDALL  
I don't think that extra show  
helped. We just gave addicts more  
of the drug.

JUNE  
Time for them to go cold turkey.  
Bedtime intervention!

June and Randall pick up the boys and carry them to their  
room. The boys groan and move spastically trying to get away.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

As June tucks the boys in bed, Randall enters carrying a  
CHEST OF AMY & MARTY'S CHILDHOOD MEMORABILIA.

RANDALL  
Who's ready for story-time?

ANDREW/AARON

ME!

JUNE

Oh my god. Look at all this stuff.  
It's been so long.

June and Randall flip through the items in the chest,  
nostalgic. She pulls out a book.

JUNE (CONT'D)

*Corduroy*. Marty's favorite.

AARON

I don't like bears.

JUNE

Okay. How about *The Gruffalo*? He's  
not quite a bear. And not quite  
a... I'm not really sure *what* he  
is. Should we find out?

AARON

Yeah!

June and Randall start reading with great enthusiasm. The  
boys snuggle in. June and Randall are loving this.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg and Marty sit on the couch watching *Planet Earth* -  
specifically the part with the starving, yellow polar bear.

GREG

When I was a kid, polar bears were  
white. Look at this guy - was he  
rolling around in honey or  
something?

MARTY

She's starving, Uncle Greg.

SIR DAVID (V.O.)

*She's tired, emaciated, and must  
find food quickly. Her fat reserves  
hardly protect her from the cold.*

GREG

Oof. You'd think the film crew  
might toss her some trail mix or  
something.

Nicole paces, looking out the window and checking the time.

GREG (CONT'D)

Can you please relax? You're the one that convinced me letting her go out on school night was okay because she'd never tell June and Randall. What's the big deal?

NICOLE

Ummm, that it's past 9 and she's not texting me back.

GREG

Oh, seriously? That's not good.

NICOLE

Now you sound worried. Maybe you should go pick her up. I'll stay here with Marty.

GREG

Why do I have to go?

NICOLE

I sort of positioned myself as the cool aunt and that might hurt my image...

(off Greg's stare)

Ok fine we'll both go. Marty, we'll be right back. You gonna be okay on your own?

On the TV, there's a shot of ICE CAPS falling into the ocean. Marty's eyes well up with tears, and through his glassy eyes we see the reflection of the fallen ice caps. But Greg and Nicole are practically out the door, too distracted to notice their distraught nephew.

GREG

Ehhh, you'll be fine.

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - BEDROOM - MUCH LATER

There's now a PILE OF BOOKS on the floor. June and Randall look tired but they're braving through it.

JUNE

Okay! That's ALL of the books. Literally every one.

June and Randall both get up and kiss the boys good night.

RANDALL

See you boys in the morning.



ANDREW

We're not tired. We want an  
*Avengers* book.

RANDALL

We don't have any of those. They  
weren't quite as popular when Amy  
and Marty were your age.

ANDREW

Then make it up.

Randall sighs, not wanting to disappoint the kids.

RANDALL

Ummmm... okay. Once upon a time  
in... Avenger's land-

AARON

Asgard!

RANDALL

Right. Asgard. Thor was using his  
hammer to... build a... new house  
out of... space bricks.

ANDREW

Okay...

RANDALL

That's when his brother...

AARON

Loki!

RANDALL

Loki. Stole Thor's hammer because  
he wanted to make his own house-

AARON

Loki can't lift Mjolnir!

June heads for the door. Randall notices.

RANDALL

Hey, you're leaving?

JUNE

I was just gonna go do the dishes.

RANDALL

There aren't any. We ordered pizza.

JUNE

I'll flatten the boxes. You're doing great. Keep going.

Before Randall can say anything else, she's out the door.

ANDREW

Loki's a shape shifter!

AARON

Make him transform!

Randall looks to the door, yearning to walk through it.

EXT. JASMINE'S HOUSE - LATER

Greg and Nicole pull up to the house and approach the front door. Nicole LIGHTLY knocks on it.

GREG

You barely touched it. They're not gonna hear that.

Greg knocks louder. A 16 YEAR OLD BOY (XANDER) answers.

XANDER

Yeah?

GREG

Uh, hi. Are your parents home?

XANDER

Nope.

NICOLE

Huh, she didn't mention that.

(to Xander)

Okay. We're here to pick up Amy.  
Can you quietly let her know her  
uncle is waiting for her outside?

A GIRL flirtatiously pulls Xander away by the arm.

XANDER

You can just tell her yourself.  
She's in the basement.

Greg and Nicole stand in the open doorway, unsure. The sound of BUMP N' GRIND R&B MUSIC emanates from the basement.

NTCOLE

R&B? In the basement?

GREG

Don't jump to conclusions. Maybe they're watching *Surviving R Kelly* and that's why we're hearing those sexy slow jams.

They step inside, slowly moving towards the basement stairs.

INT. JASMINE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They inch down the stairs, hearts pounding. They hide behind the wall, careful not to be seen.

NICOLE

Look.

GREG

You look.

Nicole puts her phone on CAMERA MODE and holds it out to get a view of the basement: a mix of 13 year old girls and 16 year old boys. Some dancing, some flirting on the couch.

NICOLE

She told me it would just be girls over. Not boys with full beards.

GREG

I'm not liking the age discrepancy here. And the R Kelly music definitely isn't helping.

NICOLE

I can't see Amy.

Nicole extends her arm further to get a better view.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Uhhh, whose arm is that?

Greg and Nicole gasp. She quickly pulls her arm back. Jasmine rushes over.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you doing in my house?

Greg and Nicole are busted. They step out from behind the wall and try to play it cool. The party stops. All eyes are on them, including AMY, who is mortified.

NICOLE  
Hey girrrrrl. We're uh-  
(to Greg)  
- hey, what are we doing here?

GREG  
I'll tell you what we're not here  
to do. And that's, kill the vibe.

NICOLE  
Yeah, don't mind us. Please  
continue... vibing.

JASMINE  
Were you just filming us?

NICOLE  
(re: phone)  
Oh, this? No, I just had it out and  
I always keep it on camera mode for  
my Insta, but I'm not recording.  
(noticing)  
Oh shit, I am. But I'll delete it.

Amy rushes over and pushes Greg and Nicole up the stairs.

AMY  
(quietly)  
Can you get out of here?! Please!

GREG  
(quietly)  
Yes! We desperately want to. But,  
with you.

JASMINE  
Amy, they're right. It's a school  
night and it's probably past your  
bedtime anyway.

Some SNICKERING from other kids at the party. Mortified, Amy  
pushes Greg and Nicole up the stairs.

INT. MINIVAN - SOON AFTER

Amy SLAMS the van door behind her.

AMY  
I can't BELIEVE you just did that.

NICOLE

I'm sorry, honey. It was your uncle's idea. I tried to talk him out of it.

GREG

Wow. Just... wow.

NICOLE

In fairness to your uncle, you did mention you'd be home by 9 and you weren't responding to texts so, that's probably why he got so bent out of shape about it.

GREG

Ah, doubling down on it. Okay.

AMY

That was the most embarrassing thing that has EVER HAPPENED TO ANYONE!

GREG

Oh yeah? I once got tackled at the homecoming game and my football pants got ripped off in front of the whole school. It was infinitely more embarrassing. The Mayor was there.

NICOLE

I'm sure it's not as bad as you're building it up to be in your head-

Then, Amy's phone starts DINGING. She looks at it.

AMY

AHHHHHHH!!!

Greg swerves, nearly colliding with a fire hydrant.

GREG

Jesus! What happened?!

AMY

You ruined my life!

Amy shows them an INSTAGRAM PHOTO on Jasmine's account -- it's a GROUP PHOTO of all the girls and boys at the party. Jasmine is holding up a BABY DOLL.

AMY (CONT'D)  
She tagged the baby doll with MY  
NAME! She's saying I'm a little  
kid!

NICOLE  
Amy, it's just one picture-

Ding. Ding. Ding.

AMY  
With like a hundred comments!  
Everyone's laughing at me!

GREG  
Just cuz they're typing "LOL"  
doesn't mean they're really  
laughing out-

AMY  
I'm not talking to you!

NICOLE  
It's okay, honey. You don't have to  
talk to your uncle.

AMY  
I'm not talking to you either.

Nicole GASPS. Amy scowls out the window.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KID'S BEDROOM - LATER

It's now 11:45pm. Randall is lying on the floor, half-asleep.

RANDALL  
... that's when Chris Evans tripped  
on the tesseract... and that shot  
him back to the year...  
nineteen...thirty... four...

Randall chokes on his own SNORE, jolting himself awake. He  
checks the boys -- they're finally asleep. He tiptoes out of  
the room and into-

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

- where June is already in bed. Randall joins her.

RANDALL

That took a little longer than last night. What happened? You never came back.

JUNE

Oh. I figured you had it under control. I mean, we don't have to do *everything* together, right?

RANDALL

(hiding his hurt)  
Right. Okay good night.

JUNE

Good night. Love you.

They turn off their bedside lamps and go to bed.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole and Greg lie in bed, wide awake.

GREG

You really threw me under the bus back there. Then you threw the bus driver out, took the wheel, and backed over me a couple more times.

NICOLE

What difference does it make? She blamed me too.

GREG

Yeah, I guess it makes no difference at all. Well... at least Marty's doing okay. We're 1 for 2.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Marty is still awake, completely fixated on the computer screen. We assume he's on another depraved deep dive into porn. But as the camera turns around, the screen shows he's actually on a CLIMATE CHANGE DEEP DIVE. Depressing STATISTICS, SOUNDBITES and CLIPS OF ENVIRONMENTAL WUNDERKIND GRETA THUNBERG fly at him off the screen. So much information. All of it bad.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

2:04am. Randall and June are fast asleep. Suddenly, they're jolted awake, horror-movie style, by Aaron who is standing in their bedroom, completely drenched in pee and pouting.

AARON

I'm wet. I'm wet. I'm weeeeeet.

JUNE

It's okay, sweetie. Everyone has accidents. Ever since I had the kids, I pee a bit every time I sneeze.

RANDALL

Really? You sneeze a lot.

JUNE

Okay, should we change the sheets?

RANDALL

I mean, we don't have to do *everything* together, right?

Point taken. June leads Aaron out of the bedroom.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KID'S BEDROOM - LATER

June changes the sheets and tucks Aaron into bed.

AARON

Can you tell me another story?

JUNE

Oh honey it's late.

Aaron starts LOUDLY WHINING. Worried he might wake up his brother, June relents and starts reading another book.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

It's 6am when the boys once again wake June and Randall up. This time, it's a lot less cute.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - A BIT LATER

June and Randall serve the boys breakfast. They're exhausted and barely talking to each other.



RANDALL  
Alright I should probably get ready  
for work.

JUNE  
Oh, you were gonna go- cuz I was  
planning on going to the studio  
today.

RANDALL  
Okay, how do we decide who goes...

They look over at the boys who are now hitting each others'  
knuckles with spoons.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
And who stays?

JUNE  
I'll go. You stay.

RANDALL  
Oh, so by whoever calls it out  
first?

JUNE  
And tomorrow I'll stay home and  
we'll just switch off.

RANDALL  
Okay. I'll stay home with them.

Randall looks at the boys who are flinging oatmeal at each  
other's open mouths, missing and making a huge mess.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Actually think I'll take them out.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Nicole is making omelettes while Greg gets ready for work.  
They hear AMY making her way downstairs.

NICOLE  
Hey Amy! Making you an eggwhite  
omelette! I know how you feel about  
those yolks-

Amy enters wearing HOMEMADE JEAN SHORTS and FAR TOO MUCH MAKE-  
UP. She makes a smoothie while Greg and Nicole huddle.

GREG

Uhh, what is happening right now?  
Why's she dressed like that?

NICOLE

Why do you think? Jasmine shamed  
her for being a little kid and now  
she's massively overcorrecting.

GREG

We can't let her go to school like  
that. Can we?

NICOLE

No. Let's just make her feel  
supported. Get back on her good  
side.

(overly cheerful)

Amy! You really gave yourself a  
makeover, huh?

GREG

Yeah. Really digging the smoky eye.  
It's a real chimney sweep look.

No response. Greg presses Nicole to keep going.

NICOLE

But are you sure that it's "school  
appropriate"?

AMY

What's that supposed to mean?

Amy stares at them, seeing through their act.

NICOLE

Honey, we know you got some flack  
in that picture, but... this isn't  
you.

AMY

Yes it is. I decide what's me.

GREG

I think what Aunt Nicole is trying  
to say is-

AMY

ARE YOU TRYING TO CONTROL MY BODY,  
UNCLE GREG?

GREG

Uhh, I- No! Never! I can't even control *my* body! Look how many times I cut myself shaving this morning!

Amy walks out the room. That did not go well.

GREG (CONT'D)

Okay, we're still 1 for 2.

Then Marty walks in, still in his pajamas. In the background we can see Amy stealing money out of Greg's wallet.

GREG (CONT'D)

What's with you? Why aren't you dressed for school?

MARTY

I'm not going to school.

GREG

Why not?

MARTY

What's the point? The polar ice caps are melting. The world as we know it is going to wash away.

GREG

Well as long as schools are still above sea level, you have to go.

MARTY

Greta Thunberg doesn't have to go to school.

GREG

That's because she's traveling the globe raising awareness and shaming political leaders.

MARTY

I want to do that too. I want to join her. Be by her side.

NICOLE

(faux martyr)

You know what? If he doesn't want to go to school today, then I guess he can stay home with me.

Surprised, Greg leaves the room, shaking his head.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Marty? Eggwhite omelette?

MARTY  
You mean the chicken abortion? You  
can eat it.

Nicole nods, then slides the omelette in the trash.

INT. PANCAKE PALACE - LATER

As Randall and the boys enter, he proudly presents the place.

RANDALL  
Welcome to the Pancake Palace! Used  
to take Amy and Marty here all the  
time.

ANDREW  
Why'd you stop?

RANDALL  
You'd have to ask them. I'm not the  
one who stopped wanting to.  
(sad beat; then)  
Let's order French Toast Dippers,  
huh?! Get the mood back up!

The boys grab for the same menu and jostle over it, knocking  
cutlery to the floor. Randall smiles through it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Hey boys, no need to fight over  
everything. Here, take mine.

Randall hands Aaron his menu. His eye is extremely swollen.

AARON  
I can't read the menu cuz of my  
eye.

ANDREW  
You can't read at all. Because of  
your brain.

AARON  
Yes I can!

RANDALL  
If you stop fighting I'll give you  
double ice cream!

The boys get excited and stop fighting.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Why'd I start with *double ice*  
cream?

The boys look around at the OTHER RESTAURANT-GOERS.

ANDREW  
HEY! THAT WOMAN LOOKS LIKE THANOS!

They start SNAPPING their fingers at the WOMAN.

RANDALL  
Shhhh! No she doesn't!  
(looks over at woman)  
Okay, she does. But that's probably  
a medical condition that makes her  
look kinda purple. Either way, if  
you're gonna say someone looks like  
Thanos, at least whisper it.

Bored and impatient, the boys lie down at the booth. Andrew  
kicks the table and some sugar packets pop up in the air.

ANDREW  
Hey Aaron, it's a popcorn skillet!

Aaron laughs and then he starts kicking the table too.

ANDREW/AARON  
Popcorn skillet! Popcorn skillet!

Randall feels the eyes of OTHER RESTAURANT-GOERS on him.

RANDALL  
Look boys! There's a climbing  
structure! Inside a restaurant! Can  
you believe it?! GO! GO! GO!

The boys run off and join the many COUGHING KIDS on the  
climbing structure. Randall rests his head on the table.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Nicole enters to find Greg angrily trying to make the bed.

NICOLE  
Do you want to tell me why you're  
upset, or do you just want to keep  
making the bed really badly?

GREG

Uhh, you let Amy go out on a school night and now she's dressing like Jodie Foster in *Taxi Driver*. And you're letting Marty stay home from school? You're breaking every rule they gave us!

NICOLE

You're the one who let Marty sleep in the computer room!

GREG

I know! Fine! I'm sorry!  
(sitting down on bed)  
This was supposed to be an easy win. The one time I might actually get one over on June. Make *her* eat shit for a change.

NICOLE

Oh god, she didn't actually make you eat shit as a boy, did she?

GREG

She did things that cut a lot deeper. Mostly locked me in things.

NICOLE

I still don't get why your parents never stopped her.

GREG

My dad was always traveling for work. And Mom... I don't really know. It just shows you how good June was at hiding it. And I could never get her back. She was impenetrable.

NICOLE

That's a weird thing to say about your sister.

GREG

*Emotionally* impenetrable! Nothing gets to her. It's like she doesn't feel anything...

INT. ART STUDIO - LATER

CLOSE ON: JUNE'S SOBBING FACE as she engages in more art therapy.

Once again, in front of TWO GIANT CANVASSES (from earlier scene), but this time we actually see what she's painting -- TWO CHILDHOOD PORTRAITS OF AMY & MARTY.

She sifts through the CHILDHOOD MEMORABILIA CHEST, pulling out photos of AMY AND MARTY AT **DISNEYLAND**, BIRTHDAY PARTIES AT **PANCAKE PALACE**.

She digs further and finds Amy and Marty's CHILDHOOD ART PROJECTS, and starts frantically pinning up their kid art on the canvasses and painting around it.

INT. PANCAKE PALACE - LATER

Randall is asleep on the table when he's jolted awake by the sound of kids shouting "EW!" "GROSS!" He looks up and sees a mass exodus of kids and parents from the climbing structure.

RANDALL  
Hey, what's going on?

RANDOM PARENT  
Some poor kid just shit themselves  
at the top of the play area.

RANDALL  
Haha. Oh man, that is the worst.

Randall has a sinking feeling as only Andrew returns.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
No. No, no, no, no, no. Where's  
your brother?

ANDREW  
He's stuck at the top. He won't  
come down. I think he had an  
accident.

Randall swears under his breath, trying to keep his cool.

INT. PANCAKE PALACE - CLIMBING STRUCTURE - MOMENTS LATER

Randall and Andrew stand at the bottom of the structure, looking up at Aaron who is all the way at the top.

RANDALL  
Aaron? You gotta come down buddy!

AARON

I can't move! There's- aw! There's more coming out!

RANDALL

You gotta squeeze, bud! Don't squeeze out, squeeze in!

Randall feels the prying eyes of other parents on him.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Alright Andrew, you're gonna have to go up there and bring him down.

ANDREW

I'm not going near him. He pooped.

RANDALL

I can't fit in there. It has to be you. This is where you get to shine as the awesome big brother. You know? Really come through when your little brother needs you most. Real *Avengers* stuff!

Andrew sees the Waiter dropping off pancakes.

ANDREW

Pancakes!

Andrew runs back to the table and starts eating. Randall steels himself then starts CONTORTING his body to crawl up the kid-sized openings to get to the top. On the way up, Randall's LEG SLIPS through a hole in the rope, giving him ROPE BURN. He finally reaches the top and sees Aaron sitting there, looking very embarrassed and upset.

RANDALL

Hey, it's okay. This kind of thing happens. There's a whole expression dedicated to that.

Randall spots the only way down: A LARGE SLIDE.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

That's how we get out of this. We slide.

AARON

I don't wanna slide on my bum.

RANDALL

I don't blame you. Here. I'll just-



Randall positions himself and Aaron at the edge of the slide. He picks Aaron up and holds him in front like a bag of rotting garbage. They slowly slide down together, the whole restaurant watching them.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Hey, take a picture. It'll last longer.

Some people take out their phones and snap pictures.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
I take it back! Please don't take pictures!

Randall carries Aaron back to the booth.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Andrew, let's go!

ANDREW  
I'm still eating.

RANDALL  
Just- we can bring it in the car!

ANDREW  
I'm not eating next to him!

Aaron starts crying, embarrassed. Randall struggles to keep his cool.

RANDALL  
Andrew, help me out, dude!

Andrew ignores Randall. Finally, Randall GRABS Andrew's arm and drags him out of the booth. Andrew resists.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
YOU WON'T WALK? FINE!

Randall picks up Andrew and carries him under his arm, surfboard style. He carries under his other arm. He calls out to the restaurant.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Just for the record, these aren't my kids!

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nicole walks out of the bathroom, wearing a towel, post-shower. She's startled to find Marty, standing right there.

NICOLE  
AHHHHHHH!!! Marty what are you  
doing?

MARTY  
16 minutes. That's how long your  
shower was.

NICOLE  
Were you... timing me?

MARTY  
Did you know that for every minute  
in the shower, you use 2.5 gallons  
of water? You just wasted 40  
gallons.

NICOLE  
I wouldn't say I *wasted* it.

MARTY  
I bet you left the water running to  
warm it up.

NICOLE  
I mean, obviously I'm not getting  
in a cold shower-

MARTY  
What would Greta Thunberg do in  
this situation? I bet she'd go on a  
shower strike to make up for all  
the water you just wasted.

Marty walks off. He already smells pretty bad.

NICOLE  
No she wouldn't, Marty! She'd want  
to look presentable to the UN!  
Please, you're already... so ripe.

Nicole continues down the hallway into-

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

- her bedroom. She checks her phone by the bedside table and  
sees a TEXT from Amy: *"Not home for dinner. Going to study  
group"*. Nicole gets a bad feeling...

INT. CASH ONLY DRY CLEANING - CONTINUOUS

A CASHIER hands Greg his suit. Greg opens his WALLET to pay but it's empty.

GREG

Huh. Could've sworn I took out cash yesterday...

The CASHIER's heard this before. He takes the suit out of Greg's hands. Greg gets a bad feeling...

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - LATER

Greg and Nicole are pacing in their kitchen.

GREG

This girl is out of control! She's stealing from us now?! What the hell does she need \$80 for?

NICOLE

Not for study group. I'll tell you that much.

(then)

There *is* a way to find out.

GREG

How?

NICOLE

These goddamn tweens document every waking moment on social media. They can't help themselves.

GREG

Are you suggesting we spy on her?

NICOLE

Well don't just come out and say it like that! But yes. Think about it. If we had access to that, we could watch her 24 hours a day if we want.

GREG

That sounds... intense.

NICOLE

(defensive)

Maybe it's time to up the intensity level, Greg! Who knows what this girl is getting up to?

(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
What if something happens to her?  
You think June would ever let you  
live that down? Huh?!

GREG  
(triggered)  
ALRIGHT LET'S SPY ON HER! How are  
we gonna do that though? Don't we  
need her passwords?

NICOLE  
Yeah...

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Greg and Nicole stand in front of Marty.

MARTY  
Sure, I can hack her social media.

NICOLE  
Really? Just like that?

MARTY  
Yeah, she's a dick to me. But  
obviously I want something in  
return.

NICOLE  
Like what?

MARTY  
Oh, I'll make a list.

Greg and Nicole agree. Marty starts trying out different  
passwords.

I/E. OLSEN HOUSE - GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

June pulls into the garage, which doubles as her HOME ART  
STUDIO. She sets up her TWO LARGE CANVASSES, admires them,  
then enters the house-

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

- where she finds the boys on the couch, watching TV. Randall  
is sitting in a dark room, hunched over and weary.

JUNE  
Hey, how long have they been parked  
in front of the TV?

RANDALL

I don't know. As soon as we got home. Sort of lost track of time.

JUNE

Jesus. What happened to you?

RANDALL

What happened to me? Uhhh, they wouldn't stop fighting, they weren't listening-

JUNE

I feel like the trick when they're not listening is to just not take it personally and to, you know, be present with them.

RANDALL

Oh I was present. I was present when Aaron shit himself on the climbing structure. I was present when I had to physically carry him down from there. And I was certainly present when I had to wash off the back of his legs in a Chipotle bathroom when three other restaurants wouldn't let us inside because the boy wasn't up to code.

JUNE

Well he seems fine now. Hey, I'm gonna Facetime Greg in a few minutes.

RANDALL

What? No. Why?

JUNE

I want to see how our kids are doing. Also, I want to ambush him.  
(eyeing Randall)  
Hmm. Maybe we should put some sunglasses on you, you look pretty tired.

RANDALL

I'm extremely tired. And this isn't *Weekend at Bernie's*. You can't just slap some sunglasses and a Hawaiian on me and use me as a prop to pretend everything's fine.

JUNE

Oooo, Hawaiian shirts. That's actually a pretty good idea.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Greg and Nicole are reading Marty's LIST.

NICOLE

*No single-use plastic water bottles. Fine. No red meat.*

GREG

*No leather. Easy.*

MARTY

What's your belt made out of?

Greg begrudgingly takes off his belt and tosses it.

NICOLE

*Sponsor a polar bear. Is that even possible?*

GREG

*Five-minute joint showers.*  
(sotto; to Nicole)  
That ones not bad. I could help you-

NICOLE

(sotto; to Greg)  
I don't need help washing my boobs.  
(to Marty)  
We agree to your terms!

Nicole clicks the LOG IN button. *They're in.* On Amy's Instagram feed, they see a DM FROM AMY to Jasmine and her other friends "MANI-PEDIS ON ME!!!!"

GREG

What the- those mani-pedis are on me! What are all these pig emojis?

NICOLE

I think that's her friends squealing in delight.

They flip through and find MANY PHOTOS of Amy and her friends getting mani-pedis, smoothies and shopping.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Study group, my ass. Ya busted.

Then Greg gets a FACETIME CALL FROM JUNE.

GREG  
Oh god. It's June!

NICOLE  
Well don't pick up.

GREG  
I have to! If I don't, it'll look like a sign of weakness. She'll think something is up!

NICOLE  
Something *is* up. Amy isn't home. She's not even supposed to be out on a school night.

GREG  
Well we can't let *June* know that!  
(frantically; to Marty)  
Marty! You know how we're sponsoring a polar bear? You get us through this call, we'll get you 10 polar bears. Like a whole polar bear baseball team. Yeah?

Marty shrugs and nods. Good enough. Greg answers.

GREG (CONT'D)  
HELLO HELLO HELLO!!

JUNE (O.S.)  
Aloha! Just thought we'd check-in. We're having a casual Luau night.

ON FACETIME, June, Randall, and the boys are all dressed in Hawaiian shirts and sunglasses, looking like a happy family.

GREG  
Looking very casual and not remotely staged.

ANDREW/AARON  
HI MOM!! HI DAD!!

NICOLE  
How are you boys doing?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLSENS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They are all huddled at the table, as Hawaiian music plays.

AARON  
Having the best time ever!

ANDREW  
Aunt June and Uncle Randall are the best!

AARON  
We love it here!

ANDREW  
We don't want to leave!

Under the table, we see June rewarding each nice comment with a Hershey's Kiss.

JUNE  
Boys that's so- wow!

ANDREW  
Having the best time ever!

NICOLE  
Yeah... you already said that, hun.

Aaron drops his chocolate and bends down to get them. His sunglasses fall off his face, revealing his BLACK EYE. June recovers the sunglasses and puts them on his face before he's back in frame. Close call.

GREG  
Randall's being a little quiet. Hey Randall! How's it really going?

RANDALL  
You know. It's... a lot.  
(off June's death stare)  
- of fun! A lot of fun. Otherwise why would I be wearing this shirt?

JUNE  
Alright enough about us, where's Amy and Marty?

GREG  
Marty's right here, I think Amy's in her room. Let me just get her.

Greg gets up and hands Marty the phone.



RANDALL

Hey buddy! How's it going?

Greg scrambles around the kitchen behind the phone, looking for a pen and paper. He settles on the boys' dry erase board and starts writing talking points: "ALL IS WELL."

MARTY

All is well.

But it sounds more like Marty is stiffly reading a prepared hostage statement.

RANDALL

Ah. Okay. How was school today?

Marty freezes. Greg furiously writes: "LIE!!!"

MARTY

I went to school. I was there the whole day.

RANDALL

K, you're not really giving us a lot here. Is that it?

Nicole looks out the window and sees Amy approaching. She mouths: "*She's back!*" Greg gives Marty the "stretch it out" gesture to buy more time. Marty's confused.

MARTY

We... made pizza dough?

JUNE

What?

NICOLE

Yeah apparently it was make-you-own-pizza day at school.

(then)

Hey look who's out of her room!

Amy enters. Greg takes the phone back and is about to point it at Amy. He notices the inappropriate outfit she's wearing and throws the phone to the ground.

GREG

Whoops! Dropped the phone.

Greg "struggles" to pick it up, waiting for Amy to enter her room. SLAM! He picks it up, pointing it at the closed door.

GREG (CONT'D)

And there she goes *back* in her room. That's teenage life for ya.

JUNE

Open the door, we want to see her.

NICOLE

Yeah, we actually like to *respect* her privacy. It's a trust thing, you understand.

Nicole sees that her laptop is still open to Amy's Instagram, and quickly shuts it. Greg knocks on Amy's door.

GREG

Hey Amy, we just need a quick proof-of-life.

AMY (O.S.)

I'm alive.

GREG

There you have it! Alive and happy. No one's tapping out over here.

JUNE

No one's tapping out on this end either.

GREG

Great. Glad to hear it. Bye boys!

Greg hangs up the phone and starts hyperventilating.

I/E. YOUNG HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - SOON AFTER

Nicole and Greg knock and slowly open the door.

NICOLE

So... how was study group?

AMY

Fine.

GREG

Yeah? What were you guys studying?

AMY

Covalent bonds.

NICOLE  
Mmmm, love those. What did you  
learn about them?

AMY  
That they're stronger than...  
common bonds.

A beat. Greg and Nicole look at each other, unsure.

GREG  
(covering)  
Right. Yeah, way stronger.

NICOLE  
Your nails look really pretty.

AMY  
Thanks. Jasmine did them. Can you  
guys leave me alone now please?

They slink off, apologetically, closing the door behind them.

NICOLE  
You didn't confront her.

GREG  
Neither did you.

NICOLE  
I chickened out. I think I'm afraid  
of her.

GREG  
Me too.  
(then)  
Common bonds? Is that even a thing?  
(looks it up on phone)  
It isn't!

NICOLE  
God, if we were just a *little*  
smarter we could have called her on  
it. Now it's too late.

GREG  
I *hate* physics!

NICOLE  
Chemistry.

GREG  
Whatever! I hate school!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Randall and June are awoken by a STRANGE BARKING SOUND.

JUNE

What is that? Did our neighbors get  
a pet seal?

RANDALL

Oh god. It's coming from the boys'  
room. I think it's a cough.

JUNE

It sounds like croup.

More barking coughs. This time on top of each other.

RANDALL

This is getting ridiculous! We  
can't do this anymore!

June takes out her phone and starts checking WebMD.

JUNE

Yes we can! Says here the best home  
treatment is to take your child  
outside to get cold air into their  
lungs. We can handle this.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - SOON AFTER

Randall and June are outside in their PJs, shivering, holding  
the two coughing boys. June wears oven mitts and turns her  
face away, to keep the germs at bay.

RANDALL

I'm s-s-so c-c-cold.

Aaron turns his head and coughs in Randall's face.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Ah! He got me! I swallowed it!

The Boys laugh which only makes them cough harder.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The alarm beeps. Randall and June wake up after another  
sleepless night. Randall starts COUGHING and SNEEZING.

RANDALL  
Oh god. I think I'm sick.  
Everything hurts.

MORE COUGHS from the other room. Randall's eyes suddenly widen and he rolls out of bed to feebly get dressed for work.

JUNE  
You're still going in to work?

RANDALL  
No way I'm staying here...  
(off June's look)  
What? I can't take this many sick days in a row.

JUNE  
But you're *actually* sick. Seems like you shouldn't be going in if you're feeling this bad.

RANDALL  
Right. Are you saying that out of concern for me? Or concern for yourself, having to deal with two sick kids all day.

JUNE  
Concern for you. I'll be fine.

RANDALL  
Then so will I.

Randall ties his tie, sneezes on it, then has to change it.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Nicole is showering at breakneck speed.

NICOLE  
She's a sociopath. She lied right to my face, like a little teenaged Robert Durst.

GREG (O.S.)  
But worse...

REVEAL Greg is huddled in the corner of the shower, not getting any of the warm water.

GREG (CONT'D)  
... even Durst had a tell: the  
burping. Amy didn't even blink, let  
alone burp.

NICOLE  
At least when the boys lie, I know  
it. Shuffling their feet, evading  
eye contact. God, I miss the way  
they lie.

GREG  
So do I. So simple, so sweet. I  
hate to admit it, but June was  
right. Kids get older, they get  
smart, and then they use those  
smarts to manipulate you-

BANG! BANG! BANG! Greg and Nicole, clutch each other,  
cowering at the sound of banging on the door.

MARTY (O.S.)  
That's five minutes!!

Nicole scrambles to turn off the shower.

NICOLE  
It's off, Marty!

Greg still has soap suds all over him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
This kid's going to school today.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

June opens the door and pokes her head inside their room.

JUNE  
Alright boys. Who's ready for fun?

The boys COUGH and SNEEZE. They look disgusting. This is not  
going to be a fun day.

QUICK CUTS OF JUNE DEALING WITH NEEDY KIDS:

- She feeds the boys breakfast. They're sneezing all over  
their food and the table. June tries to hide her disgust.

ANDREW  
I can't taste my fruit loops.

Andrew WHINES. June moves in to console him but pats him on the back instead. Then she promptly washes her hands.

- The boys get up from the breakfast table, wiping their snotty hands on everything. June follows behind, SANITIZING everything they touch.

- Andrew builds a LEGO tower. He sneezes and his hand topples the structure. Frustrated, he starts WHINING and purposely THROWING his Lego across the room. Before she can go help Andrew, she hears a cry from the bathroom:

AARON (O.S.)

Aunt Juuune! I'm done! I need a wipe!

- This devolves into a series of COUGHS, SNEEZES and WHINEY CRIES FOR "AUNT JUNE". We can see the unrelenting need and the overall grossness is getting to her.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

June holds out TWO BANDANAS in front of the boys. She's also wearing one to cover her nose and mouth.

JUNE

Who wants to play a fun game of Bandits?

AARON

What's a bandit?

JUNE

Bandits were robbers. They didn't care about the law, didn't care about the rules. The only thing they cared about was wearing bandanas over their mouths and noses at all times. No matter what.

June starts tying bandanas around the boys' faces, careful to avoid any airborne germs.

AARON

How do we play?

JUNE

Well, bandits LOVED robbing trains. So, let's say this couch is a train. And you don't want to leave the train because that's where the loot is.

ANDREW  
I don't get it. What's the loot?

JUNE  
Avengers cartoons.  
(turning on the show)  
Now binge! Binge the loot! Don't  
get off the train!

June ducks into the Garage/Art Studio and closes the door.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - GARAGE / ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

June takes off her mask and takes a deep breath, relieved.  
She hears more COUGHING and puts in some EAR BUDS to drown it  
out with music. Then she focuses on her TWO ART PIECES.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Greg is about to head out to work. Nicole is at the table.

GREG  
Alright, I have a 4:00, so I'll see  
you after dinner. Love you.

Nicole doesn't even react, completely fixated on her laptop.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Nicole?

NICOLE  
(not listening)  
Yeah, sure, salmon for dinner.

The laptop is open to AMY'S INSTAGRAM, FACEBOOK and TIK TOK.

GREG  
Whoa. You've gone full Homeland.

NICOLE  
She's already posted three videos  
and changed her status twice in the  
last hour.  
(then)  
Ohh! Jasmine just started another  
group chat! Looks like someone's  
planning on skipping 5th period.

Greg loosens his tie and sits down next to Nicole.



GREG

I can get Malcolm to cover for me at work. This is more important. Should I put on a pot of coffee?

NICOLE

Marty threw away all our beans. Apparently, they aren't "ethical" enough? He wants fair trade.

GREG

Fair trade. I'm starting to think this kid swap wasn't a fair trade.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Randall walks down the hallway, shivering and trying to stifle his sneezing. He manages to avoid his CO-WORKERS and sneak into his office where he curls up on his couch to rest. Just as he settles in, there's a KNOCK on his office door.

RANDALL'S BOSS

Are you sick? You know you're not supposed to be here if you are.

Busted. Randall gets up from the couch, disappointed.

RANDALL

K, I'll go home and sleep it off.

INT. PARKING LOT - RANDALL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Randall lies uncomfortably in the back seat of his car, using his suit jacket as a blanket. He shivers himself to sleep.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Marty walks the halls: plastic water bottles everywhere, a TEACHER throwing stacks of paper into the garbage instead of the recycle bin.

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - SOON AFTER

In line, Marty sees all the styrofoam containers and food waste. A STUDENT throws some trash in an overflowing garbage can. It falls to the floor. Fed up, Marty grabs the garbage can, climbs on a table, and DUMPS THE GARBAGE ON THE CAFETERIA FLOOR. Everyone turns to the commotion.

MARTY

Oh, so when it's a big enough mess  
you do notice! Well we're in a  
mess. The whole world is a mess.  
And it's up to us to clean it up!  
Our parents, our teachers, our  
uncles, our aunts just want to  
sweep it all under the rug and  
pretend everything's okay. How DARE  
YOU! You have stolen our futures!  
And we're going to do something  
about it! WE'RE WALKING OUT!!

Marty gets down from the table with purpose. Then notices  
that no one is following him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Well don't just stand there,  
drinking out of your single-use  
plastic water bottles.

CLONK! Marty gets struck in the head with a half-full water  
bottle. Then another. Then another. Marty ducks out of the  
cafeteria as water bottles rain down on him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Really? Nobody? Ow!

On the way out, Marty spots a FIRE ALARM. He pulls the lever.  
All the students start rushing for the exits.

MARTY (CONT'D)

There's your goddamn walk-out!

INT. CAR - BACKSEAT - DAY

**A SELFIE VIDEO OF AMY, JASMINE, AND TWO OTHER GIRLS.**

JASMINE

*So we're all heading to the mall to  
get our noses pierced. It's going  
to be super cute.*

*The camera turns to Amy, who's filming the video.*

AMY

*We're all gonna look like Halsey!*

*They all cheer!*

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Greg and Nicole stare at the laptop, in horror.

I/E. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Nicole PEELS OUT of the driveway, driving erratically.

GREG

We cannot let this girl put a hole  
in her face while she's under our  
care!

PING! Greg clicks on the latest video of all the girls  
singing Halsey's "Eastside".

GREG (CONT'D)

It's a clue! They're getting  
pierced on the east side of town.

NICOLE

Just- play it back! Landmarks!  
Street signs!

Greg plays the video back, PAUSES ON A STREET SIGN.

GREG

They're heading west! On Olympic!

INT. MINIVAN - SOON AFTER

PING! A photo of all the girls, this time in front of a  
PIERCING-TATTOO PARLOR.

INT. MALL - PARKING LOT - SOON AFTER

Nicole skids to a stop, parking between two spaces.

INT. MALL - SOON AFTER

Greg and Nicole run through SHOPPERS, and burst into-

INT. MALL - PIERCING/TATTOO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE/GREG

STOP!!!!

The SCREAM startles everyone, including the Piercers and Tattoo Artists working on customers. One PATRON gets an accidental piercing through the cheek!

PATRON

AHHHH!!

The OWNER steps forward, furious.

OWNER

What are you doing?!

GREG

Sorry about your cheek, sir. Ugh, that looks bad.

AMY

Uncle Greg?

Amy steps out and Greg rushes over, inspecting her nose.

GREG

Oh thank god. It's still intact.

AMY

What are you- how did you know I was here?

Greg and Nicole look to each other, unsure what to say.

NICOLE

We were at the Build-a-Bear station. Building bears. And then saw you here. Happy accident.

Jasmine gleefully takes a video of the whole scene and posts it online. Amy's phone PINGS. So does Nicole's. Amy snatches Nicole's phone, and sees her Instagram profile up.

AMY

You hacked me?!

NICOLE

You know what... yes we did. Yes. We. Did. And I'm glad we did! Cuz you are OUT OF CONTROL!

AMY

I can't believe I ever said you were cool. You are so much worse than my parents!

NICOLE

Take that back!

AMY

No!

NICOLE

Oh yeah?! You wanna see me be worse than your parents? How's this?!  
Greg! Grab her!

GREG

What are you, The Penguin? Why are you ordering *me* to do it?

Nicole grabs Amy's arms and starts DRAGGING HER OUT OF THE STORE. Amy resists. Greg reluctantly helps, grabbing Amy's legs. They carry her away as Amy thrashes.

AMY

Ahhhh! I'm being abducted! These aren't my parents!

GREG

We're related though!

Greg and Nicole hurry past SEVERAL BYSTANDERS.

NICOLE

It's kind of disturbing how nobody's trying to help her.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - GARAGE / ART STUDIO - LATER

June stands back and admires her completed art pieces.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

June exits her studio, a little shocked to find the boys aren't on the couch. No sign of them anywhere.

JUNE

Uhhh, boys?

She then hears footsteps and coughing coming from upstairs.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

She reaches the landing. All the upstairs CUPBOARDS AND DRAWERS ARE OPEN. The house looks like its been robbed. She looks into her bedroom, and sees Andrew - still wearing the bandana over his face - stuffing jewelry into his pillow case. He sees her and stops in his tracks.

ANDREW

It's the Sheriff! Hide the loot!

Andrew slams the door on her, LOCKING IT.

JUNE

No! I'm not the Sheriff! I'm a fellow bandit!

(banging on door)

Andrew, open the door, please.

June is exasperated but keeps her emotions in check.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I bet you can't open it by the count of three. One. Two. Three.

(nothing)

See? I was right.

(then; a bit panicked)

Please don't cough on my things.

Behind June, Aaron tiptoes down the stairs, holding his own full pillow case.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - GARAGE / ART STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron looks for a place to hide his loot. He spots a KILN, curiously, starts tinkering with the dials and knobs.

JUNE (O.S.)

AARON! Are you hiding? Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Aaron hides his pillow case inside the kiln.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

June sees her bedroom doorknob has a pin-hole in the middle. She runs her fingers on the top of the door frame, searching for the pin to open the door. Nothing there.

JUNE

Andrew, can you at least cough on Uncle Randall's side of the bed?

As she rushes to the bathroom and searches for a bobby-pin, she suddenly catches a whiff of something in the air.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Is- is something burning?

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

June bounds down the stairs sees SMOKE coming out from under her ART STUDIO DOOR. June looks around, panicked.

JUNE  
Aaron!? Where are you?!

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

June opens the door. THE KILN IS ON FIRE! The flames have spread and her two ART PIECES are engulfed!

JUNE  
Oh my god-

June grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and sprays the Kiln and the art pieces, managing to put out the fire. The smoke clears and June stares at the CHARRED REMAINS of her children's art. In shock, she opens the kiln and finds a burnt pillow case inside. Andrew and Aaron stand in the doorway.

AARON  
I... just wanted to hide my loot.

JUNE  
You... just wanted... to hide...  
your loot.

June finally SNAPS.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Aaron is so terrified, he starts crying. Then Andrew. June realizes her screams are making the kids cry, so she stops. After a beat, she can't help herself and screams again:

JUNE (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Andrew and Aaron run away from the room, scared.

EXT. MINIVAN - LATER

Nicole, Greg and Amy drive in silence. As they pull up to the house, they find Marty sitting on the stoop, upset.

NICOLE  
Why are you home from school?

MARTY

I... just wanted people to listen.

GREG

That's the scariest thing you could have said.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Greg and Nicole pace in their room.

GREG

I can't believe he got suspended.

NICOLE

I can. Preachy little shit.

(beat)

I do feel responsible though. He's really upset.

GREG

Not as upset as Amy.

NICOLE

Seems like they're a lot worse off now than before we became their guardians.

Greg sits on side of the bed, shell-shocked.

GREG

I wanted to beat June so bad that I never really thought about the impact it was having on *their* lives.

(then)

She's just always made me feel like such a loser... and, you know what, she's right. I am a loser.

NICOLE

No you're not. Don't say that.

GREG

Why? It's true. I'm a failure. I'm a failure at home - I barely get to spend time with the kids and when I do, they don't respect me or even listen to me.

NICOLE

They don't listen to anybody. And you're not a failure at home.

(MORE)



NICOLE (CONT'D)

You're a good father who loves his kids and is doing his best.

GREG

Well I'm a failure at work. You gave up your job and it was on me to take care of the business and look how well that turned out. Like, you wonder why I had such a hard time accepting help from you - it's because it just reminded me how I couldn't hold up my end.

(beat; ashamed)

I just wanted to get the kids into preschool for you.

Greg feels the full weight of his failure.

NICOLE

Honestly, maybe it's for the best that the kids stay home. I mean, this week I had time to myself and I didn't even know what to do with it. I jumped right back into mom mode. But maybe that's just my role and it's fine.

(resigned)

The kids are just my life now.

GREG

That can't be your only role. You deserve a life outside of them too.

Nicole gets emotional.

NICOLE

I wonder what they're doing right now. I miss them.

GREG

Remember how you could hug them after a hard day and it would make everything alright in that moment?

NICOLE

Yeah.

Greg and Nicole inch closer and hug each other.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's not the same.

GREG

Not even close.

I/E. OLSENS HOUSE - LATER

Randall returns, sick and exhausted. He sees the boys on the couch, watching TV, and feels vindicated. Then he hears some movement in the garage and heads there.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE - GARAGE/ART STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

RANDALL

So, how long have the boys been  
parked in front of the-

(noticing fire damage)

OH MY GOD, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?!

Randall surveys the damage around the room. He then spots June on her knees, huddled in the corner. Before he can unleash a tirade, he notices there's TEARS IN HER EYES.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

(taken aback)

You're crying.

(beat)

What did these kids do to you?

JUNE

It's not them. It's *them*.

June picks up some charred pieces of Amy and Marty's kid art. Randall gets on his knees and joins her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

It's like they're not even kids  
anymore. They don't need us. They  
don't even want us around.

As June breaks down, Randall is overwhelmed, realizing that June feels the exact same way as him.

RANDALL

I had no idea you felt this way.

JUNE

My childhood was cut so short. And  
it kills me to know that theirs is  
ending. They're growing up so fast.  
I just wish I could make it stop.

RANDALL

Maybe that's the problem. We can't  
stop them from growing up. It's  
happening whether we like it or  
not.

Randall's eyes drift to some of the charred kid art pieces.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

This is Marty's. He made this for me for Father's Day. And those are Amy's hippogriffs. What were you doing with these?

JUNE

Oh you know. Trying to hold onto a time that I can never get back.

Randall sees the burnt canvasses, realizes what June was working on.

RANDALL

It burning to ashes at your feet really drives that point home.

JUNE

It was a pointless endeavor. Kinda like this whole week.

RANDALL

I wouldn't say that. At least the two of us got to spend some time together.

JUNE

That's true. I had a lot of fun with you. At least for the first 36 hours.

RANDALL

Amy and Marty are gonna drift away from us. That's what kids do. I just don't want us to drift away from each other.

JUNE

Neither do I.

They hug each other on the floor. Then they hear Andrew and Aaron yelling in the other room.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Ugh. These kids are the worst.

RANDALL

Thank you so much for finally admitting that.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Greg stares at the phone in his hand.

NICOLE

Okay, you're holding the phone.  
That's step one. Now, just call  
your sister, and tell her we're  
tapping out.

GREG

(stalling)

Okay. 3. 1. 0. That's the area code-

Fed up, Nicole grabs the phone, and starts dialing. The phone rings. Then they hear the sound of a PHONE RINGING coming from their front porch.

I/E. YOUNG HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg opens the door. Andrew and Aaron barrel past him, and jump all over Nicole, kissing her like faithful dogs. She hugs them tight.

NICOLE

Oh! My boys! I missed you so much!

Greg watches their reunion, feeling left out. Then the boys run over to hug him too. He scoops them up, happy to have them back.

Then, June and Randall enter, looking very run down.

GREG

Well, well, well... look who  
finally caved.

JUNE

I just got a phone call from you,  
what was that about?

GREG

Just a butt dial. You two look like  
shit, by the way.

NICOLE

Did you boys have fun destroying  
your aunt and uncle?

Nicole rubs Aaron's cheek and some MAKE-UP comes off.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

What's on your face?

Nicole rubs off more make-up revealing AARON'S BLACK EYE.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Wha- what happened to your eye?

JUNE

It's nothing, just a little bump.

AARON

They set up a boxing ring for us to fight in and Andrew knocked me out!

RANDALL

Not "out", just down.

GREG

You sanctioned a fight between them?

ANDREW

And they let us watch as many shows as we wanted! Way more than you guys!

Greg and Nicole look at June and Randall, smugly.

GREG

Really? Way more than us, you say?

June is stewing, not used to being on the receiving end of criticism. Especially from her little brother.

RANDALL

(quietly to June)

It's okay. Let's just take our lumps. It's gonna be fine.

AARON

We were also in a fire!

GREG / NICOLE

WHAT?!?!

RANDALL

In fairness... I wasn't there for that one. June?

JUNE

Everything was fine! No one got hurt!

NICOLE

Well any insecurities I had about being a bad parent have *completely* gone away.

GREG

I couldn't agree more. And based on the fact that you showed up on our doorstep, and not the other way around, it's fair to say we just won the kid swap.

(to June)

Which means you *lose*! Wouldn't you agree, June?

Everyone's eyes, including Randall's, are on June who's mustering up the courage to admit she lost. Then-

MARTY (O.S.)

Mom? Dad?

June and Randall pull Marty in for a hug. They recoil.

RANDALL

Oof. Buddy. You're not smelling the freshest.

MARTY

I've been on a shower strike to protest the over-consumption of water in this house.

JUNE

Okay. Where did you get an idea like that?

Marty looks over at Greg and Nicole, unsure what to say.

MARTY

I'm not supposed to say...

GREG

Well you're not supposed to say *that* either.

(to June and Randall)

He may have picked up a few little ideas... online.

RANDALL

*Online*? You gave him internet access?

MARTY

They let me sleep in the computer room.

June and Randall stare angrily at Greg and Nicole.

GREG

We have a small house! Where were we supposed to put him?

RANDALL

You take the computer out of the room.

NICOLE

Yup. We should've done that.

GREG

He's a good negotiator!

MARTY

Am I in trouble?

JUNE

No, honey, whatever happened this week isn't your fault. It's theirs.

MARTY

Okay good. Cuz I also got suspended from school.

RANDALL

WHAT?!

JUNE

(shaking her head; Greg)

Wow. You knew he was suspended and yet you still tried to pretend like you were the winner. That's sad.

RANDALL

Where's Amy? This kid swap is over!

June and Randall storm down the hallway.

MARTY

Wow. You guys really called it that, huh?

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

June and Randall knock on the door.

JUNE

Amy, honey? We're leaving!

They open the door. The room is empty.

RANDALL  
Where is she?

Greg and Nicole are just as confused.

GREG  
Uhhhh. She was here last night.  
(to Nicole)  
Have you seen her?

RANDALL  
You're asking each other?!

JUNE  
Oh my god. You don't know where she  
is...

All the air suddenly leaves the room.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

PANIC MODE as everyone searches the house, frantically and tries calling Amy's phone, to no avail.

RANDALL  
I just called the school. She's not  
there.

JUNE  
When did you last see her?

NICOLE  
Yesterday? Around 4?

JUNE  
She didn't come out of her room  
after that?

GREG  
She was upset with us.

RANDALL  
What did you do?

GREG  
We hacked her social media.  
(suddenly hopeful)  
We hacked her social media! We can  
track her using that!



Nicole scrambles for her phone and tries logging into Amy's Instagram. Password denied.

NICOLE  
Nevermind, she changed her  
password.

RANDALL  
Where would she go?!

Everyone thinks about this and reaches the same conclusion.

GREG/NICOLE  
Jasmine's.

JUNE/RANDALL  
Jasmine's.

EXT. JASMINE'S HOUSE - LATER

The families pull up to the house in separate cars. They rush to Jasmine's front door and pound on it. XANDER answers, looking sleepy or high or both.

XANDER  
Hey.

NICOLE  
Hi Xander.

June and Randall look confused as to how Nicole knows him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
We're looking for Amy. Again. Is  
she here?

XANDER  
Yeah, she slept here last night.  
Think she's in the basement.  
(calling out)  
Yo Amy!

The parents all breathe a HUGE SIGH OF RELIEF.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Oh wait. What time is it? My bad.  
They left hours ago.

RANDALL  
Left?! To where?

INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Both families are now piled into the minivan. The mood is very tense as they pull onto the I-10: *Gridlock*. Randall checks his phone.

RANDALL

Shit. It's red for the next,  
uhhh... Until Coachella.

JUNE

Ohh Amy, please be okay...

AMY (PRE-LAP)

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY

Amy and her friends are celebrating in line. They're all decked out in wild Coachella outfits, slathered in glitter, beads in their hair. Jasmine hands out WRISTBANDS.

JASMINE

My dad got us VIP wristbands! We  
basically have the same access as  
the Hadids.

AMY & FRIENDS

WOOOOO!!!!!!

Amy's phone buzzes. She sees dozens of MISSED CALLS AND TEXTS from all the parents. She ignores it and puts her phone away.

INT. MINIVAN - MUCH LATER

They're still stuck in traffic. Marty sits in the back between the boys, playing video games. The boys watch.

RANDALL

She's not answering any of my  
texts.

NICOLE

Me either.

The parents sit in tense silence for a moment.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

We can't even tell you how sorry we  
are.

Greg is almost too ashamed to speak. He catches June's gaze in the rearview and casts his eyes down.

GREG

We thought this would be so easy.  
It's like every decision we made  
this week made everything worse. We  
embarrassed her, violated her  
trust. We basically drove her to do  
this.

Greg braces himself for a lecture from June.

JUNE

She came to us about Coachella last  
week. And we shut it down too hard.  
So this isn't all on you.

Greg and Nicole are surprised to be let off the hook.

NICOLE

Teenagers. Right?

They sit in silent agreement, some of the tension released.

INT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - VIP TENT - LATER

Jasmine leads Amy and her friends inside. She spots her father RAUL, hobnobbing with VIPs. She runs up and hugs him.

JASMINE

Daddy!!!

RAUL

Ohhh, uh, hey doll. Hey girls.  
Having fun? Hey, I'm just in the  
middle of something. You wanna meet  
Jake Paul?

GIRLS

YES!!

RAUL

Awesome! He's right over there.  
(to Jasmine)  
I'll see you tonight. I have to go  
check on Calvin.

JASMINE

(whispering to girls)  
He means "Harris".

The girls SQUEAL with delight. They excitedly walk over to JAKE PAUL, who standing over by a table full of SHOTS.

JAKE PAUL  
Hey girls, wanna do some shots?

GIRLS  
OKAY!!!

Amy tries to hide her nervousness. This is all a little much.

AMY  
Yeah! Cool.

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - LATER

Greg hands out WRISTBANDS to the group. He turns to Nicole.

GREG  
Maybe the fact that the ticket prices were the exact amount as our credit card limit means it was meant to be?

The families enter the Festival, scanning the SEA OF FESTIVAL GOERS.

RANDALL  
AMY!!!!

THREE RANDOM GIRLS in the vicinity turn and reply "Yeah?".

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Okay. We need a better plan than that. Where do we start?

JUNE  
Amy said Jasmine's stupid father would get them VIP access. Let's start there.

GREG  
Shit, that's on the complete opposite side of the grounds.

Andrew and Aaron already look tired and hot.

NICOLE  
These boys are looking tired. They need fuel.

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - COTTON CANDY STAND - LATER

Nicole hands the boys COTTON CANDY. They're thrilled.

NICOLE

You guys need to eat these as fast  
as you can. Eat!

The boys bury their faces in cotton candy and start the long trek across the grounds. Marty lags behind, distracted by beautiful girls everywhere he turns.

INT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - VIP TENT - VARIOUS

RAPID FIRE SEQUENCE OF THE GIRLS DOING SHOTS AND DANCING WITH JAKE PAUL, which abruptly ends with:

JAKE PAUL

Wait- how old are you girls?

AMY

13.

JASMINE

13 and a half.

JAKE PAUL

Wow. All of us almost made a HUGE  
mistake.

Jake Paul abruptly scurries off.

JASMINE

Whatever, let's do more shots.

Jasmine hands out more shots. Amy looks at hers, starts to feel a little woozy.

AMY

I don't really...  
(off Jasmine's look)  
...want... this party to stop!

She gags the shot down. Then Jasmine grabs her hand and they run out of the tent.

JASMINE

Let's go find some glow in the dark  
shit!

As they run towards the EDM TENT, Amy looks overwhelmed by all the COACHELLA WEIRDOS.

INT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - EDM TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine and Friends are dancing in the middle of a raucous crowd. It's insane. Amy is swaying uncomfortably, trying to fit in, but she keeps getting bumped around by much larger, sweatier people. She gets knocked back so hard that she's SEPARATED FROM HER FRIENDS.

AMY

Jasmine! Christie! Gwen!

Overwhelmed, Amy takes out her phone and sees MISSED CALLS from Nicole and her Mom and Dad. She tries to call June but gets bumped again, KNOCKING THE PHONE OUT OF HER HANDS.

I/E. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - VIP AREA - LATER

The VIP tent is guarded by TWO SECURITY GUARDS. The families peer inside and see Jasmine's Father, RAUL in the back.

JUNE

There's Jasmine's dad!

Randall and June approach the Security Guards.

RANDALL

Hey guys. This is sort of an emergency. A 13-year-old girl is missing and we need to question that man.

SECURITY GUARD

VIP only.

JUNE

Right. But here's the thing-

SECURITY GUARD

Are you VIP?

RANDALL

Not technically, but-

SECURITY GUARD

Do you know what a choke-slam is?

Randall nods, understanding. They walk back to the family.

JUNE

The security guards are mean. We're not getting in without wristbands.

Andrew and Aaron can barely stand still, full of sugar and vibrating like two little crackheads.

GREG

Here's our wristbands.

(gets to Boy's level)

Boys, you know how me and mom are always telling you to stop running around and acting wild?

ANDREW

Yeah.

GREG

Well today... is Opposite Day.

The boys cheer!

AARON

I hate you Dad.

Greg is momentarily horrified, then decodes the message. He pulls them in for hugs.

GREG

I hate you too. With all my heart.  
Now GO!

Greg sends the boys running.

I/E. VIP TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The boys run into the VIP area right past the Security Guards, who leave their post to chase after them. June and Randall use this distraction to sneak into the VIP area. They make a beeline for Raul, tap him on the shoulder.

JUNE

You're Jasmine's father.

RAUL

I'm sorry, do I know you?

JUNE

No, because you haven't been to a single school function or even been at your own house since I've known your daughter.

RANDALL

We're Amy's parents. Do you know where she is?

RAUL

Listening to music somewhere? It's  
a music festival. Lighten up.

JUNE

We *can't* lighten up! Because of  
parents like you, who make  
responsible parents like us, look  
like we're the bad guys. You're the  
bad guy, guy.

RAUL

Not to my daughter, I'm not. Or  
your daughter for that matter. I'm  
giving them a VIP experience at  
Coachella. I'm a goddamn hero.

June and Randall are stewing. Raul smirks at Randall.

RAUL (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do? You gonna  
hit me? In front of Scooter Braun?

RANDALL

No.

Randall SNEEZES into Raul's mouth. Raul recoils.

RAUL

AH WHAT THE HELL?!

JUNE

You know what? *I'll* hit you in  
front of Scooter Braun.

June PUNCHES Raul in the face right in front of a scandalized  
SCOOTER BRAUN.

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - JAIL - LATER

June, Randall, Greg, Nicole, Marty, Andrew and Aaron are  
tossed in music festival jail, which is really just a tent  
with some folding chairs and ONE RENT-A-COP.

RANDALL

I hope Amy's okay.

JUNE

You know what? She hasn't even  
tried to contact us. Maybe  
Jasmine's father's right and she's  
just having a good time and doesn't  
need us.



A solemn beat. Then, they're distracted by another CELLMATE berating a SECURITY GUARD:

GIRL (O.S.)  
(drunkenly slurring)  
Do you even know who my dad is?!

NICOLE  
Ugh, the people at this music festival are so obnoxious.  
(noticing)  
Wait, that's Jasmine.

They turn to see Jasmine, who has VOMIT all down her shirt.

JUNE  
Ugh. Did you puke glitter?

JASMINE  
(sobbing)  
A little. My outfit's ruined.

Gwen and Christie are also there, clearly wasted.

JUNE  
Jasmine, where is Amy?

JASMINE  
She's right *here*-  
(realizing)  
- oh, wait. She's not. Weird.

Jasmine burps and then slinks to the ground to sleep.

JUNE  
Wait, don't pass out yet! Where did you last see her?

Jasmine manages a WEAK EDM CLUB BEAT and closes her eyes.

RANDALL  
What the hell was that?

MARTY  
Was that an "oonts"? Were you doing a house beat?

Jasmine weakly holds a thumbs up.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Is she in the EDM tent?

No response.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 Roll your tongue out of your mouth  
 if the answer's "yes".

A tense beat as they all stare at Jasmine's face. Then, her tongue lazily rolls out the side of her mouth. Hope springs!

RANDALL  
 EDM tent! We have to get out of  
 here!

GREG  
 We can't. We're stuck in music  
 festival jail.

They look around the tent, noticing that everyone else in jail is either heavily intoxicated or having a bad drug trip. The STAFF is paying a lot more attention to those people.

JUNE  
 Are we?

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The Families simply walk out of the tent. June spots the EDM tent across the grounds.

JUNE  
 I'm thinking the EDM tent probably  
 isn't the best place for the kids.

GREG  
 We'll watch them. You guys go.

June and Randall run to the EDM TENT.

INT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - EDM TENT - SOON AFTER

June and Randall are instantly overwhelmed. The music is extremely loud and it's nearly pitch black, except for some seizure-inducing laser lights.

They inch their way through the packed crowd. It's near impossible to make out faces without getting uncomfortably close to people. They try futilely yelling for Amy but the music is way too loud.

RANDALL  
 I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

JUNE  
 HUH?!

RANDALL  
DO YOU SEE HER ANYWHERE?!

JUNE  
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING!

Randall gets an idea. He takes out his phone and pulls up a PICTURE OF AMY. He shows it to NEARBY RAVERS.

RANDALL  
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?!

**FROM RAVER'S POV:** the phone is leaving trippy light trails. The Ravers are mesmerized, following the phone's movement with their eyes and heads as they dance along with it.

Suddenly, the music gets a LITTLE QUIETER.

JUNE  
Oh thank god. At least we can hear each other now.

RANDALL  
No... I think this is just the slow build. We only have fifteen seconds before this place goes insane!

JUNE  
There's too many dancing idiots!  
We're never gonna find her!

THE MUSIC STEADILY BUILDS. June scans the crowd, then sees a GIANT LEVER beside the stage.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
There! Come on!

June and Randall fight their way to the stage as the MUSIC BUILDS, nearing its crescendo. THE CROWD IS READY TO EXPLODE.

RANDALL  
Outta my way, you goddamn millennials!

THE SECOND BEFORE THE BEAT DROPS, June reaches the Lever and flips it up. **THE BRIGHT HOUSE LIGHTS TURN ON AND THE ENTIRE CROWD SHIELDS THEIR EYES, BLINDED.**

The DJ stops the music. Everyone in the crowd stumbles around, disoriented and agitated.

June and Randall scan the crowd and find Amy balled up in the corner of the tent, alone and scared.

She spots her parents and a flood of relief washes over her. Amy rushes over, latching onto them tight, crying.

AMY

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here.

JUNE

It's okay. It's okay.

AMY

I don't know what I was thinking. I just wanna go home.

Randall and June share a poignant look. *She still needs them after all.*

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - EDM TENT - SOON AFTER

Randall, June and Amy reunite with the rest of the family. Nicole and Greg hug Amy, relieved that she's safe. Marty goes in for a hug, but is met with a punch to the shoulder.

MARTY

Guess I deserved that.

JUNE

Amy, come on. Be nice to him.

GREG

Really? You're gonna give her a hard time for that? After what you put me through growing up?

JUNE

What I put you through?

GREG

Uhhh, yeah. Like, my seventh birthday? When you locked me in my toy chest for hours. I still have nightmares about it.

JUNE

Yeah? So do I.

OFF Greg'S CONFUSION--

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

We **FLASHBACK** to the first scene of the movie, only this time it's shown from JUNE'S POV.

JUNE

Okay. When I close this, you need  
to count to five but most  
importantly, you need to *believe*.

Greg nods and June closes the toy chest. She then rushes to  
the door and pokes her head out to the hallway. Her MOTHER is  
pacing on the phone, YELLING and THROWING things at the wall.

MOTHER

GOOD! CUZ I HATE YOU TOO! YOU  
SELFISH PIECE OF SHIT!  
(beat)  
OH! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HERE?!  
NEITHER DO I! YOU'RE FORCING ME TO  
RAISE THEM BY MYSELF!

Scared, June shuts the door, unsure what to do.

GREG (O.S.)

Nothing's happening! I'm just  
getting hot.

JUNE

Weird! Maybe try to believe more!

She hears more SCREAMING and GLASS SHATTERING from the other  
room and turns on the stereo and turns it to full blast to  
drown out the sound. She sits down on the toy chest and  
starts to cry.

GREG (O.S.)

JUNE! LET ME OUT! JUNE!

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - EDM TENT - CONTINUOUS

BACK TO JUNE.

JUNE

And it wasn't *hours*, it was more  
like 20 minutes... or however long  
it took for mom to run out of  
breath.

Greg struggles to process this new information.

GREG

... what about the time you made me  
stay in the dog house all  
afternoon?

JUNE

Right. Dog Day Afternoon. Mom  
accused Dad of cheating when he was  
in Hong Kong. That was a bad one.

GREG

Well that doesn't explain why you  
made me eat all those dog treats.

JUNE

I didn't. You did that on your own,  
I assume because you like the taste  
of dog treats.

GREG

... shit...

JUNE

Pretty dumb that we're competing  
over who's the better parent when  
both of us are way better than mom  
and dad ever were.

GREG

Seriously.

(then)

You really think I'm a good parent?

JUNE

Of course I do.

Greg hugs June almost he has no control of it. Her approval  
clearly means a lot to him.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Should we try to find you some more  
dog treats? There's probably a  
kiosk here somewhere.

Randall then catches Marty staring at a GROUP OF ATTRACTIVE  
HIPPIE GIRLS, dancing.

RANDALL

The boy's growing up.

Then Randall sees what Marty is actually staring at: beyond  
the girls is a KIOSK devoted to ENVIRONMENTAL CATASTROPHES.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

You wanna go take a look?

MARTY

Really?

RANDALL

Yeah, you obviously discovered some new things this week that you care about.

JUNE

Maybe you're not too young to learn that the world isn't perfect.

Marty smiles, as Randall and June escort him to the kiosk.

We stay with Greg and Nicole.

GREG

So... you wanna head out soon?

NICOLE

Considering we spent all our money on this festival, I feel like we should get our money's worth.

EXT. COACHELLA MUSIC FESTIVAL - VARIOUS - LATER

OVER A *DA BABY* TRACK, WE SEE:

- Amy and Marty bring June and Randall to the main stage where *Da Baby* is performing.

JUNE

Yeesh. Someone needs to wash Da Baby's mouth out with soap.

- Greg and Nicole dance with Andrew and Aaron, swinging them in the air, having fun.

- Randall, June, Greg and Nicole all lie on their stomachs getting HENNA TATTOO TRAMP STAMPS as their kids look on.

- The families walk toward the exit gates at sunset. The parents all wear Coachella crop tops, exposing the small of their backs where the words "COACHELLA" are written in Henna.

DING DING DING! The sound of a BELL ringing.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

REVEAL Andrew and Aaron in INFLATABLE SUMO SUITS. Greg and Nicole (DRESSED IN WORK CLOTHES) cheer as the boys collide, harmlessly bouncing off each other. Nicole checks her phone.

NICOLE

Alright, I should head out. I have a showing.

Aaron jumps on Andrew, pinning him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Look at Aaron!

GREG

I paid Andrew to go down in the third round.

(proudly)

And he actually listened.

They kiss. This dynamic seems a lot healthier.

INT. PANCAKE PALACE - DAY

We follow a PACK OF SINGING WAITERS with short-stack pancake hats carrying a BIRTHDAY CAKE. They place it in front of AMY, who now has a NOSE RING, which looks slightly infected. She's sitting at a table with June, Randall and Marty. She blows out the candles and everyone claps.

JUNE

Your nose is looking a lot less red today.

AMY

Why'd you let me get this thing?

RANDALL

Because you're old enough to make your own decisions. And live with the painful consequences.

Beside them, a YOUNG KID in the next booth starts having a tantrum and has to be carried out of the restaurant, surf-board style. Randall and June smile, happy to not be dealing with that bullshit anymore. Life is good.

INT. YOUNG HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg, Nicole and the boys lie in bed together, cuddling and finishing a proper *Avengers* book together.

ANDREW

Can we have one more story?

Greg and Nicole look at each other, happy to be back in the routine. They open another book.



The boys rest their heads on their parents' shoulders, while Greg and Nicole enthusiastically read to them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's HALLOWEEN! Packs of kids trick-or-treating in costume. Among them, we see Andrew and Aaron dressed as THOR and CAPTAIN AMERICA. Marty is dressed as AL GORE, holding a GREEN BAG. Amy is understandably absent and with her friends.

The kids get their candy and run back to June, Randall, Greg and Nicole - who we reveal are all dressed like HARVEY WEINSTEIN (large pillows in their belly, gross stubble on their faces, all pushing walkers).

JUNE

I don't see why we all agreed to do this. We already did the henna thing.

NICOLE

This was your idea!

RANDALL

Yeah, I'm getting a lot of bad looks in this costume.

GREG

Whatever. It's not like we're celebrating the guy.

JUNE

Then why are you carrying around two Academy Awards?

GREG

For context. Plus I had them left over from the year I dressed as Roberto Benigni. Remember when I jumped on those tables and hurt my hip?

Some parents walk by and give them all disgusted looks.

RANDALL

Sorry. We all lost a Kid Swap.

As they slink away as a family, we pull back to reveal we're in one of those crane shots that ends movies.