

US OF TARA

HATTARAS (CONT'D)  
Or you wouldn't have dragged me  
back into this scrum.

ABBY

(then)  
I think it might be wise for the  
two of us to have a little chat.  
Find out what's going on here.

Tara nods. The baby cries louder.

TARA  
Let me put the baby down.

Hattaras nods. Tara crosses toward the den. As she exits,  
Hattaras takes in the living room, using this opportunity to  
soak up all he can about Tara.

10 INT. GREGSON DEN - CONTINUOUS (D2) 10

Tara enters and crosses to a pack-n-play crib. As she does,  
an eerie transition occurs. We see a look on Tara's face  
that says Tara isn't Tara anymore. It's creepy.

11 INT. GREGSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2) 11

Hattaras meanders up the steps to the landing and eyes the  
frame containing pictures of the Gregson family. He gazes  
upon the photo of Kate.

HATTARAS  
My, my.

A beat, then Hattaras stops cold, noticing the distinct  
silence. Concerned, he comes down the steps and traces  
Tara's path to the den.

HATTARAS (CONT'D)  
Tara?

12 INT. GREGSON DEN - CONTINUOUS (D2) 12

Hattaras enters the den to discover... nothing. The curtains  
flutter around the open den door. Tara and the baby are  
gone. Off Hattaras.

13 EXT. SPA - SHORT TIME LATER (D2) 13

Absolute tranquility. Charmaine sits in a jacuzzi, sipping a  
martini as a Vietnamese manicurist does her nails. Her hair has  
been done, and she's sporting a facial mask. Bliss. Then:

CHARMAINE  
Ow! You're fucking hurting my  
cuticle. What are you digging for?  
Treasure? I have a baby waiting  
for me at home. What the fuck is  
taking so long...  
(reading name tag)  
(MORE)

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CHARMAINE (CONT'D)  
Carol. Carol?! Your name's not  
Carol. I'm gonna report you. I  
want to know your real name.

**ABBY**

The manicurist smiles and nods, seeming to not understand a word. Charmaine stands and begins collecting her things.

**START →**

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)  
I knew this was a bad idea. I'm not  
paying for this. Where's my robe?

She yanks her robe, inadvertently knocking her plastic martini glass into the hot tub.

~~CHARMAINE (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck me. That's your fault.  
You go get it. I'm my kid's mom!~~

As Charmaine climbs out of the jacuzzi, we hear:

ABBY (O.S.)  
You're making a big mistake.

Charmaine looks across the tub. REVEAL ABBY, a moneyed mother in her mid-30's, sipping a martini, getting her nails done.

CHARMAINE  
(re: Carol)  
She doesn't know what I'm saying.  
She's Chinese.

ABBY  
I'm not talking about the way you're treating *them*, which is a whole other discussion. I'm talking about how you're treating you. As a mother of three, I've learned that you can't really take care of your kids until you take care of yourself. It's not selfish. It's the truth. I'm Abby.

CHARMAINE  
Charmaine.

ABBY  
New mommy. I can smell it on you.

CHARMAINE  
Yeah. Pretty recently. And I'm doing it alone right now, so... I'm a total mess. ~~I wanna be a good mom. But my life is falling apart around me. And I feel ugly and alone and~~ I just thought, if I could get one fucking afternoon to myself. To be free. To have fun. To feel pretty...

(MORE)

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CHARMAINE (CONT'D)  
(starts to cry)  
But I miss my baby so much.  
(then)  
I should apologize to Carol.

ABBY  
No. Carol's the worst. She gave  
me a staph infection in my toes  
last year.  
(then)  
Look, I love my kids. And I'm pretty  
sure I'm a good mother. If you don't  
want to end up hanging from an  
extension cord tied to a rafter in  
the pantry with your toddler poking  
at your feet - true story - sit down  
in the tub and have another drink.  
That's an order.

**END**

Charmaine thinks it through, then sinks back into the tub.

14 INT. BUS - LATER (D2) 14

~~BLISSYNESS WE HEAR baby screaming. Tara opens her eyes to  
discover she is sitting on a Greyhound Bus driving through  
Bumfuck, Nowhere, surrounded by angry, degenerate strangers.  
Reveal "Wheels" crying in her lap. Tara freaks. She has no  
idea where the fuck she is or how she got there.~~

15 EXT. RURAL MARKETPLACE - SHORT TIME LATER (D2) 15

~~THE GREYHOUND BUS PULLS OUT OF FRAME TO REVEAL a panicked  
Tara with Baby "Wheels" sitting on a bench. While trying to  
soothe the baby, she fishes her phone out of her pocket.~~

~~ON THE PHONE, Tara pulls up Max's number, dials. Thinks  
better of it. Hangs up.~~

~~ON TARA. A beat as she contemplates her options. She dials  
the phone again. We hear ringing. Then:~~

~~HATTARAS (ON PHONE)  
Tell me the baby's safe.~~

~~TARA  
Baby's safe.~~

~~HATTARAS (ON PHONE)  
What happened? Where are you?~~

~~TARA  
I don't know.~~

~~HATTARAS (ON PHONE)  
Well... Find. Out.~~

Still freaked, Tara stands and wanders into the market.

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