

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Erin addresses all the lovely guests:

ERIN

Ladies! If you can all find  
yourself a seat, our mommy-to-be is  
going to open presents!

A chorus of 'YAY'S!' from the group. Mary rolls her eyes.

DELILAH (26), a ditzzy blonde takes a seat next to a self-righteous WOMAN (45) with long greying hair and ridiculous dreamcatcher earrings.

DELILAH

Hi there, I'm Delilah! I'm new in  
town, Erin was sweet to invite me,  
I don't actually know anyone here.  
It's so hard to make new friends!  
What's your name?

WOMAN

I am Succulent. I'm Mary's  
monitrice.

DELILAH

Oooh... what is that?

SUCCULENT

I'm a doula with medical training.  
Did your mother seek conventional  
Western pain relief when you  
entered the world?

DELILAH

I think so...

SUCCULENT

That might be why you have trouble  
making friends.

Delilah frowns, then turns to the WOMAN on her other side.

DELILAH

Hi there! I'm Delilah!

EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Liv has finally arrived. She wrestles the balloons out of the backseat of her piece-of-shit car and starts across the lawn, the balloons in one hand and the liquor and ice in the other.

She hears SIRENS in the distance. She looks around and TRIPS, letting go of the balloons. *Are you kidding me right now?!*

As she watches the balloons disappear, she notices something in the sky... Jet trails? So many of them. Weird.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM Mary reaches for a present - a huge box - and nearby GUESTS jump up to help her.

MARY

Guys, it's not that heavy--

But with much clucking and tisking, the women coddle Mary yet again. She hates this. She tears the wrapping:

MARY

And... it's a breast pump!

GUEST

Oh my gosh, you are going to get used to that sound, girl.

She starts making the rhythmic GROANING/WHEEZING sound of a breast pump. The other women join her, like they're all possessed. Mary looks around in horror. She catches sight of Liv, who has just sneaked in the back of the room.

Liv mouths to Mary: 'WHAT THE FUCK?' Mary stifles a laugh and gets up to greet Liv.

MARY

Dude.

LIV

Bro.

A warm hug. Mary clings to Liv.

MARY

I'm so glad you're here.

LIV

Oh yeah? Did I miss anything?  
Ritual sacrifice? Sisterhood?

Liv sees Erin, hostess with the mostess.

LIV

Dude!

ERIN

Bro. Where are the balloons?

LIV

Tied to the mailbox. Like you said.

Erin narrows her eyes at Liv. Liv maintains a poker face. Then Juliette appears and notices Liv's bag of booze.

JULIETTE

Oh, Liv. Did you seriously bring hard alcohol to a baby shower?

LIV

I did, Juliette. I remembered how hard it is for you to just get through the day.

Surprise: these two loathe each other.

MARY

What do you know, I have to pee again. Wanna join me, Liv?

LIV

Is that code for cocaine abuse? Obviously I'm in.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mary and Liv enter a frilly guest bedroom. Mary shuts the door leans against it. Liv glances at the bathroom and then back at Mary.

LIV

Did it crawl back up?

MARY

I need you to be serious for a second.

Liv immediately sobers.

LIV

Ok.

MARY

What if I made the wrong choice?

LIV

Like, with the sperm donor? You said his profile was perfect.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

Princeton degree, no family history of diabetes, attached earlobes, the works.

MARY

No, I mean the choice to have the baby at all.

LIV

But you...

MARY

Did this to myself. I know. It's fine. Forget it.

LIV

Wait, Mare--

Erin enters, tense per usual.

ERIN

What are you two doing in here?  
Liv, this party might not be important to you--

LIV

It's important to me. I just have a funny way of showing it.

ERIN

Mary, we should start the games. I'm just going to grab a few more folding chairs--

MARY

I'll get them--

ERIN

No, Mary, you shouldn't--

LIV

C'mon, back off, preggers--

MARY

LET ME DO IT!

Whoa. Holy overreaction. Erin and Liv stop cold.

MARY

Sorry. I...

**WOOOOOSH!** A terrifying sound overhead, like a plane buzzing the house. Then an ungodly **CRASH** rattles the walls and causes the lights to flicker. In the next room, the women **SCREAM**.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SAME

Bitches be hysterical. They're looking out the sliding glass doors onto the backyard. Mary, Erin and Liv join them.

ERIN

What happened? Is everyone alright?

JULIETTE

I'M CALLING 911!

(into phone)

Yes, hello?! We need *emergency* assistance! My friend's patio set is *ruined*!

Mary, Liv, and Erin look OUTSIDE: the twisted remains of wrought iron patio furniture surround a BLACK CRATER.

LIV

Yo.

ERIN

What is that? At the center...

A softball-sized ROCK is nestled in the blackened crater. Steam rises from it. And ever so faintly, it glows.

MARY

It's from that meteor shower.

ERIN

The news said that's not supposed to start until the pre-dawn hours.

MARY

I think that's just the best time to watch. I mean, what else can this be? We're looking at a meteor.

DELILAH

Meteorite.

Mary looks at Delilah.

DELILAH

A meteor is actually the streak of light created by a *meteoroid* when it enters a planet's atmosphere. If it doesn't burn up completely or explode and it manages to land on the ground, then it's a meteorite.

Now everyone is staring at Delilah. She smiles and waves.

DELILAH

Hi! I'm Delilah! I take Yoga Twerk  
with Erin!

(to Mary)

Congratulations, by the way.

Mary looks back at the meteorite. Curious, she starts to open the sliding glass door. Liv stops her.

LIV

Maybe the pregnant lady doesn't go traipsing around white hot jagged shards of metal.

Just then, Erin's little Pomeranian trots up to the crater. He sniffs the steaming meteorite.

ERIN

Oh! Oh Jimmy Choo! That's not for you, Jimmy Choo!

Jimmy Choo backs away. Then he starts to cough and retch.

SUCCULENT

Oh, poor thing!

JULIETTE

What's wrong with him?

As the women watch, little Jimmy Choo staggers and disappears behind the overturned patio table. They hear him WHIMPERING.

ERIN

Where'd he go? Do you see him?  
Jimmy baby, Mama's coming!

Erin starts to open the sliding door. Liv stops her too.

ERIN

Liv, I need to get my dog!

LIV

Really you guys, your survival instincts are for shit.

Before Erin can argue, Jimmy Choo's WHIMPERING is cut short by a slurping, gurgling POP CRACK. Then, a low GROWLING. All heads slowly turn toward the sound. What the...?

With a terrifying SCREECH, something leaps over the patio table and SMASHES through the sliding glass doors.

ALL

AHHHHHHHH!