

ADAM & EVE

PILOT: "BIG NIGHT OUT"

written by

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TEASER

EXT. PITTSBURGH - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

UPBEAT MUSIC and a glittering skyline.

TITLE: **THIS IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP**

INT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

TITLE: **IN YOUR 20S**

Our vibrant, young ADAM1 & EVE1 (both 27) are making out on the dance floor. They're so into each other. People stop and stare.

INT. ADAM2 & EVE2'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE: **IN YOUR 40S**

Our worn-out, middle-aged ADAM2 & EVE2 (40, same actors as ADAM1 & EVE1) sit on the living room SOFA, trying to watch TV. Their view is blocked by daughter BETH2 (10) in a UNICORN ONESIE, PLAYING AN ACCORDION while SPINNING ON A HOVERBOARD. They force tired smiles.

INT. ADAM3 & EVE3'S CONDO - NIGHT

TITLE: **AND IN YOUR 60S**

Our lovely, retired ADAM3 & EVE3 (65, same actors) relax in MATCHING RECLINERS. She's reading a book; he's SNORING with his mouth hanging open. She grabs a PRETZEL and throws it at his head. He jumps awake, and she CRACKS UP. He's mad at first, but then he LAUGHS too.

TITLE: **THIS IS**

ADAM & EVE

**EPISODE 1:
"BIG NIGHT OUT"**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. EVE1'S NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

We're in Lawrenceville, the hip, young Brooklyn of Pittsburgh. Cool old rowhouses, shops, and bars.

INT. EVE1'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WHISPERS and GIGGLES as somebody fumbles with the front door. It flies open, and two people spill in, making out heavily. One of them is Adam1 (cocky, townie/jock). The other is... not Eve1. It's her roommate, JESSICA (20s, party girl).

REVEAL Eve1 (sophisticated, neurotic) on the couch staring blankly at them. She's in her nice J. Crew PAJAMAS, with a LAPTOP, a big MUG OF COFFEE, and a heap of DOCUMENTS.

Adam1 and Jessica tumble around the room, knocking stuff over, oblivious to Eve1's presence. They almost end up in her lap. Finally, they separate to catch their breath.

JESSICA

Gots ta go pee. That's my roommate Eve.

Jessica exits to her room. Adam1 grins at Eve1. She gives him a tight-lipped smile in return. It's kind of like Monica from "Friends" meets Wooderson from "Dazed & Confused."

ADAM1

'Sup, Eve? I'm Adam.

EVE1

(rolls eyes)
Never heard that one before.

ADAM1

No, for real. My name is Adam.

EVE1

(who fucking cares)
What are the odds.

She gets back to work, leaving him standing there awkwardly. He sits. Drums his fingers. Grabs a small RUBBER BAND BALL from the coffee table and plays with it. She grimly clacks away at her keyboard. He stifles a LAUGH. She looks up.

EVE1 (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, did you just laugh at me?

ADAM1
 (lying)
 No! No. I just... thought of
 something funny.

EVE1
 And what was that?

ADAM1
 Just a random thing.

EVE1
 Please. Share.

He struggles to come up with something. Then:

ADAM1
 (bad Christopher Walken)
 "More cowbell!"

EVE1
 So you were laughing at me.

ADAM1
 I'm sorry! You just looked so...
miserable. Whatcha workin' on?

She closes her laptop, resigned to the fact that she must interact with this person. At least he's cute, even with the sloppy HOCKEY SHIRT and the "anarchy" Ⓐ TATTOO on his arm.

EVE1
 A PowerPoint deck. For WellSpark,
 the health startup. We're pitching
 a VC on Monday.

ADAM1
 Wow. So you, like, started your
 own company?

EVE1
 Me? Noooo. My boss. She does the
 actual pitch. I just...

ADAM1
 Do all the work?

Eve1 sighs and half-smiles. She's warming to him.

EVE1
 Kinda. But that's my comfort zone,
 so I can't complain.

ADAM1

Well, I'm sure you'd be great.
Starting your own thing. If you
ever wanted.

EVE1

And you're sure of this based on...?

ADAM1

The slippers, mostly.

He nods at her big, pink, stuffed DACHSHUND SLIPPERS. They
both smile.

EVE1

So what do you do? Besides hook up
with people's roommates?

ADAM1

I play pro hockey. We won tonight.
Went out for beers. That's where I
met, uh...

EVE1

Jessica. Wait, so you're on the
Penguins?

ADAM1

Basically. I'm on their farm team.
The Monroeville Maulers. Doesn't
pay much, but I'm this close to
getting called up. Now, I know
what you're thinking: little old to
get drafted. But--

EVE1

--I wasn't thinking that. I've
never had a single hockey-related
thought in my life. This, just
now, was the first time I've ever
said the word "hockey" out loud.

He grins. There's a playful chemistry brewing.

ADAM1

Well, you should come see me play.
I mean, you and...

EVE1

Jessica. Speaking of whom: Jess?

JESSICA (O.C.)

(muffled)

Uh-huh...

Eve1 peeks into Jessica's room. She's sprawled out in bed, still fully dressed, with a PILLOW over her face.

EVE1
You good?

JESSICA
Uh-huh. Night-night.

Eve1 closes Jessica's door. She and Adam1 look at each other and burst out laughing. A beat.

ADAM1
I guess I'll be going now.

EVE1
Better luck next time.

She walks him to the door. He hesitates. Looks at her.

EVE1 (CONT'D)
What's up?

ADAM1
Can I call you sometime?

EVE1
Uh...

ADAM1
We could, I don't know, go skating? I've got keys to the rink. Just you and me and a case of beer. And something for you to drink, of course.

EVE1
I'm sorry. I don't skate. I avoid all activities requiring rented footwear. Personal rule.

ADAM1
That's OK. I get it. I'm not your type.

EVE1
It's not about type. It's about three minutes ago, when your tongue was halfway down my roommate's esophagus. What would Jess--

ADAM1
--Hey, Jess! Is it cool if I call Eve sometime?

JESSICA (O.C.)

Go for it, dude! She's super hot!

He's like, "Voila." But she still hesitates.

EVE1

I'm sorry, I just...

ADAM1

Like I said: I get it. I'm your basic blue-collar guy from Pittsburgh. And you're, well, put it this way:

(gestures at her COFFEE)

I'll betcha anything that the milk in your coffee came from something other than a cow. Lemme guess: oats? Hemp? Free-range walruses? Gwyneth Paltrow?

EVE1

It's black coffee, Adam.

ADAM1

Whatever. We're good. I'll find another skating partner. And you'll go date "Chad from accounting."

EVE1

Who?

ADAM1

You know, "Chad from accounting": the Ivy League lacrosse player with the lime-green polo shirt. "Chad from accounting."

EVE1

I have no interest in "Chad from accounting." Goodbye, Adam. Have a great life.

ADAM1

You too. Oh: one more thing.

EVE1

Yes?

He holds up her RUBBER BAND BALL.

ADAM1

Can I keep this?
(gives it a squeeze)
It's really satisfying.

EVE1
...Sure.

ADAM1
Thanks. Good night. My best to
Chad.

He exits. Off Eve1, shaking her head, SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM2 & EVE2'S NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK BUZZES in Squirrel Hill, a family-oriented Pittsburgh neighborhood.

INT. ADAM2 & EVE2'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

It's the cluttered bedroom of a married couple with two kids, busy lives, and too many possessions that do not spark joy.

ADAM2 (bearded, doughy) and EVE2 (mom-haired, exhausted) are jarred awake by the alarm. She removes her EYE MASK and EARPLUGS. He removes his BREATHE RIGHT STRIP and MOUTH GUARD, which he plunks into a TROPHY CUP on his nightstand:

*WPTT Sports Radio
Salesman of the Year*

They both go for their PHONES. (As Adam2 reaches for his, we see that his (A) TATTOO has been modified to say: D(A)D.)

Their daughter BETH2 (10, little miss perfect) rides in on her HOVERBOARD.

BETH2
Casey can't find his pants!

Their son CASEY2 (13) bellows from his room:

CASEY2 (O.C.)
I CAN'T FIND MY PANTS!!!

BETH2
He can't find his pants.

EVE2
Darling?

ADAM2
Yes, love of my life?

EVE2

I have the strangest feeling that our son Casey might be unable to locate his trousers.

Adam2 LAUGHS.

CASEY2 (O.C.)

IT'S NOT FUNNY!

INT. ADAM2 & EVE2'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Eve2 makes BOXED MAC & CHEESE for the kids' lunches while Adam2 pours himself some COFFEE.

ADAM2

Darn it. We're out of oat milk.

EVE2

I'll buy the groceries if you call the guy about the roof. Oh, and Casey's been bugging me for a parent's signature to enter that gaming tournament, and--

Adam2 is looking at his PHONE.

EVE2 (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, should I wait until Pitbull concludes his tweetstorm?

ADAM2

I'm listening. I'll sign it.

EVE2

What I was saying was, I don't think we should sign it. Those games are disgusting. Last night I walked in on him killing a prostitute with a hedge trimmer.

ADAM2

(deadpan)

You left out the context: that prostitute was stealing his heroin.

(off her look)

He's a good kid. There's nothing to worry about.

EVE2

Did you see his last math test?
The games, the phones, all of this
screen time is turning our brains
into steaming wads of wet garbage.

Beth2 HOVERBOARDS in.

ADAM2

Not this little brain! Straight
A's! I took her to Panda Express
and she ordered in fluent Mandarin!
I mean, they were like, "Huh?"
'cause they're all Mexican, but...

BETH2

Can we get boba tea after school?

CASEY2 (13, skater dude) enters.

CASEY2

I still can't find my pants!

EVE2

(to Beth2)

OK, here's the deal: I'll get you
boba tea if you find his pants.

BETH2

Yesss!

Beth2 HOVERBOARDS off to look. Proud of herself, Eve2 turns
to Adam2, but he's tapping at his phone.

EVE2

I just executed a brilliant four-
dimensional chess parenting move,
and you totally missed it.

ADAM2

Sorry. Like, six of my Facebook
friends have birthdays today...

INT. ADAM2'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam2's at his desk in the ad department at a SPORTS RADIO
STATION. He's playing with Eve1's old RUBBER BAND BALL, now
much larger. Eve2 FACETIMES him on his COMPUTER.

ADAM2

Hey, honey!

INT. ADAM2 & EVE2'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

INTERCUT with Eve, working from home, on her LAPTOP.

EVE2

I got us a sitter. Be home by 7.

ADAM2

Okay...?

EVE2

You and I need a big night out.
We're in a rut. Our whole lives
are about stress. The work and the
kids and the house and the bills.
We need to have more fun together.
Like the old days. That heat
between us. That electricity.

ADAM2

(can't resist)
Which reminds me, our heat and
electricity bills are due.

EVE2

Adam? No.

ADAM2

(laughs)
Sorry. You know, it's Thursday --
we could do jazz night at Caruso's.
It's been far too long.

EVE2

Maybe next week. I've got
something else in mind. I just
sent you a link.

Adam2 clicks on her link and we see a WEBSITE.

ADAM2

"Escape the Crypt." Oh, God. Is
this one of those corny escape rooms
with all the stupid nerd puzzles?
Please no. Please please please no.

EVE2

I like stupid nerd puzzles. And I
read that it's good for couples.
We'll be working together. Bonding.

ADAM2

Oh. So this isn't a date, it's a
team-building exercise.

(MORE)

ADAM2 (CONT'D)

Like we're middle managers at The Body Shop.

EVE2

It's both. Listen: life is stressful. We bicker 'cause we cope so differently. I get all control-y and micromanage-y. And you just check out.

ADAM2

I liked the part just now where you said what you do wrong. That part was fun.

EVE2

(smiles)

I love you. I just... I see all these couples our age getting divorced, and I want to make sure we'll still be together in 20 years. Don't you? Adam?

ADAM2

I'm thinking.

EVE2

Jackass.

ADAM2

(grins)

See you at seven.

Off Eve2's smile, SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM3 & EVE3'S NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

Birds chirp as the sun comes up over a serene, golf-course-adjacent condo community in the Pittsburgh area.

INT. ADAM3 & EVE3'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

With a mechanical HUM, the head of an ADJUSTABLE BED rises into view, revealing ADAM3 and EVE3. They look... happy. They smile at each other and kiss good morning.

Their midlife crises are long over. Adam3 is now the "cool grandpa" who wears a lot of Tommy Bahama. Eve3 has recaptured her youthful pizzazz.

ADAM3

How was your night?

EVE3

I was up at 2:30. I did a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle and baked a zucchini bread. You?

ADAM3

I watched an entire Jack Reacher movie on the toilet.

EVE3

All of it?

ADAM3

That wasn't the plan, but twenty minutes in, my legs fell asleep. Is Beth up yet?

EVE3

She better be.

(grins)

'Cause it's move-out day.

INT. ADAM3 & EVE3'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

They dance playfully to a JAZZ tune while helping BETH3 (30s) move out. There's lots of JAZZ-RELATED STUFF around -- posters, etc.

BETH3

You're literally dancing with joy at my departure. Wow.

ADAM3

You know you're welcome back anytime. Our home is your home.

EVE3

But, seriously, get the hell out.

They all laugh. Eve3 drags a SUITCASE toward the door. Her way is blocked by a gigantic RUBBER BAND BALL. Adam3 rolls it aside to let her pass.

BETH3

Well. Thank you both. Sorry I've been such a burden. We can't all be perfect like Casey.

EVE3

Now, now. We're just as proud of you as we are of your brother.

BETH3
Yeah, right...

She gestures at a framed POSTER for a HOCKEY VIDEOGAME.

BETH3 (CONT'D)
He developed the all-time best-ever hockey videogame. I developed a panic disorder.

EVE3
The all-time best-ever panic disorder.

ADAM3
With the most panic. And the least order.

Beth takes a mock bow. They all hug.

BETH3
So. You really are free now. Retired, healthy, no one depending on you. What are you gonna do?

ADAM3
Well, it's Thursday -- jazz night at Caruso's!

BETH3
I mean with your lives.

ADAM3
Uh, a little something called whatever we want! We're on a permanent vay-cay! For just the two of us! FOREVAH!

He puts his arm around Eve3 and gives her a jolly squeeze.
OFF EVE3'S QUEASY FORCED SMILE...

EXT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Adam3 and Eve3 park outside the club. Before they go in...

EVE3
Wait, honey. I've been meaning to tell you something.

ADAM3
Okay...?

EVE3

About that whole permanent vacation thing...

ADAM3

You mean permanent "vay-cay."

EVE3

Yeah, I won't be saying that. But the thing is, honey... I don't think I'm ready to go "full Margaritaville" just yet.

ADAM3

Why not?

EVE3

I don't feel... finished. There's more I want to do with my life.

(excited)

I have a business idea.

ADAM3

What business?

EVE3

OK: so, I can't stand going to the gym because of all the young people, with their stupid, perfect young bodies. Everywhere I look, there's another little spandex-coated bitch trying to frame me out of her selfie. So, I thought, how about a gym for old people only? Under sixty need not apply! I'm calling it... OldCycle!

ADAM3

(beat)

Huh.

EVE3

So? What do you think?

ADAM3

I thought we were retiring.

EVE3

You can retire. This is about me.

ADAM3

Do we really have to get into this now? You can't just drop a bomb on me out of nowhere like this.

EVE3

We've been together almost forty years. I should be able to tell you anything, anytime.

ADAM3

You can tell me anything. C'mon, let's not spoil our big night out.

EVE3

Adam--

But he's already heading inside.

INT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Adam3 grooves to the MUSIC, bobbing his head. REVEAL Eve3, stock-still and stonefaced. SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ESCAPE ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

An ESCAPE ROOM HOST named BENJY (30s, geeky, neckbeard) starts his orientation speech.

BENJY

(flat, rote)

My name is Benjy. Welcome... to Escape the Crypt.

He hits a button that makes FLICKERING LIGHTS and SPOOKY SOUNDS. REVEAL Adam2 and Eve2, sitting in folding chairs. She's psyched; he's miserable. SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Eve1 is on a date with CARLOS (20s). He's handsome and preppy, in a WellSpark FLEECE VEST over a PINK POLO.

CARLOS

(checks phone)

There's our ride.

They get into an Uber. REVEAL the driver... IT'S ADAM1. Eve1 gasps. Adam1's jaw drops. Then he looks over at Carlos and breaks into an evil grin.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ADAM1'S CAR - NIGHT

Adam1 smiles at Eve1 in the rearview mirror. She's dreading whatever this is going to be.

ADAM1
(toying with her)
'Scuse me, but don't I know you?

EVE1
Nope! We've never met. This is
our very first encounter.

She pleadingly does the "Cut! Cut!" gesture.

ADAM1
Of course. My mistake.

Relieved, she mouths, "Thank you." Adam1 winks, then looks at the PHONE on his dash, then back at Carlos.

ADAM1 (CONT'D)
So! My good man. Says here your
name is Carlos.

CARLOS
Yep.

ADAM1
"Carlos." Great name. It's
Spanish for Chad, isn't it?

CARLOS
Charles, actually.

ADAM1
Close enough. Say, Chad, what do
you do, if you don't mind me asking?

CARLOS
Uh, I work for WellSpark. In the
finance division.

ADAM1
Finance. That's like...
accounting, isn't it?

CARLOS
Not really, bro.

ADAM1

But I wouldn't be totally off the mark if I were to call you "Chad, from accounting." I mean, would I?

CARLOS

My name isn't Chad. I'm not from accounting.

ADAM1

And yet... somehow... you're Chad from accounting. Just say it: "I'm Chad from accounting."

CARLOS

What's your deal, bro?

Off Eve1's glare and Adam1's grin...

INT. ESCAPE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is horror-themed. Eve2 is looking at a GRAVESTONE and copying down weird SYMBOLS on a piece of NOTE PAPER, using Adam2's back as a writing surface.

EVE2

(really into it)

Pentagon... star... anchor... and now, if we turn the dials on the cabinet so the symbols line up in the same order...

A DRAWER POPS OPEN, revealing a NOTEBOOK.

EVE2 (CONT'D)

YESSSSSS!

She turns to high-five Adam2... and he's gazing at his PHONE.

EVE2 (CONT'D)

Adam!!!

ADAM2

Well, you're not even letting me do anything! You're using my back as a writing surface. That's it.

EVE2

Yeah, because you're not paying attention. Give me that.

She takes his PHONE and SLIDES IT UNDER THE EXIT DOOR.

ADAM2

Hey!

She does the same with her own PHONE.

EVE2

Mine too. We'll get them back when we escape the room. Now help me open this coffin. I'm stumped.

ADAM2

That dude Benjy said we could use this to ask him for help.

He holds up a WALKIE-TALKIE. Eve2 grabs it, puts it down, takes Adam2's hands, and looks in his eyes.

EVE2

I want you to help me. Not Benjy. It only counts if we do it ourselves.

ADAM2

So what if it "counts"? I thought this was supposed to be fun.

EVE2

Adam: if we can't even solve this room together, how will we ever solve our real problems?

ADAM2

We don't have real problems! Our only problem is that you think we have problems!

EVE2

Okay, fine. You wanna ask Benjy? Let's ask Benjy!
(into WALKIE)
Benjy! I have a question!

BENJY (V.O.)

Go ahead.

EVE2

Why has it been six months since my husband and I had sex?

ADAM2

Eve!

INTERCUT with Benjy, outside the escape room, looking uncomfortable.

BENJY

Uh...

Eve2 bangs on the COFFIN she had been trying to open.

EVE2

You know what's locked in this coffin? My vagina, Benjy!

Adam2 grabs the WALKIE.

ADAM2

Our sex life is fine, Benjy! We've just been busy! It's... back-to-school season!

EVE2

Not so easy, is it, honey? Facing reality and living in the moment without your phone to escape to!

ADAM2

I don't escape to my--

EVE2

(into WALKIE)

Get this, Benjy: we're at our daughter Beth's dance recital. I look over, and Adam's reading a BuzzFeed list! "16 Savage Burns from 'The Devil Wears Prada.'"

ADAM2

(into WALKIE)

Okay: Beth wasn't even dancing at the time! So my choice was either: watch a bunch of strangers' weird kids hopping around on a stage, or, peruse a hilarious list of burns, each one more savage than the next! What would you do, Benjy? What would you do???

OFF POOR BENJY staring at his WALKIE...

INT. ADAM1'S CAR - NIGHT

Adam1's still razzing Carlos, to Eve1's mounting annoyance.

ADAM1

(sings)

Chad, Chad, bo-bad, banana-fanna-fo-fad...

Carlos is distracted by the sight of COPS WITH FLASHLIGHTS. They're stopping every few cars.

CARLOS
What's with all the cops?

ADAM1
DUI checkpoint. Not to worry -- all I've had tonight is a liter of spiced rum.

Carlos is HYPERVENTILATING.

ADAM1 (CONT'D)
Chill out, Chad! I'm sober! I was just yankin' the ol' Chad-chain!

EVE1
(to Carlos)
Are you okay?

CARLOS
(whispers)
Drugs. I have drugs in my bag.

ADAM1
(delighted)
Chad, NO! I'm shocked! Shocked!

EVE1
What kind of drugs? Flonase? An Epi-Pen? Medicated lip balm?

Carlos shakes his head "no" to all three.

EVE1 (CONT'D)
Great. We're all going to jail! There goes my career! I have done everything right since pre-K, and now I'm going to women's prison! And not the TV kind, where all the different races start out hating each other but end up, like, rapping together!

ADAM1
You're overreacting. The cops can't search the car without a reason. There is literally nothing to worry about.

An OFFICER shines his flashlight into the car.

OFFICER
Evening, sir. Have you been
drinking tonight?

ADAM1
Nary a sip, Constable!

The Officer shines his light at Eve2, then Chad. Chad is staring straight ahead, jaw clenched, trembling, utterly terrified. A SINGLE TEAR rolls down his cheek.

OFFICER
The three of you please step out of
the vehicle.

EVE1
"There is literally nothing to
worry about."

ADAM1
It's okay. I got this.
(to Officer)
Officer, might I parlay with you in
private for just a brief minuto?

He goes off with the Officer. OFF EVE1: "I'm screwed."

INT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Adam3 and Eve3 are at their table. Eve3 is still simmering, and Adam3 is oblivious. The BAND finishes a JAZZ NUMBER.

PIANIST
All right! How 'bout some
requests? Anybody? C'mon, Eve!
You never miss a show! So what do
you want to hear tonight? Some
Monk? Some Brubeck?

EVE3
Honestly? No offense? You know
what I'd like to hear?

PIANIST
What?

EVE3
Anything but jazz.

The pianist looks confused. Eve3 turns to Adam3.

EVE3 (CONT'D)

You said I can tell you anything?
Well, how's this: I hate jazz. I
always have! I pretended to like it
so you'd think I was cool. But I
hate it! Does anybody really like
it? I mean, it's not even music!
It's just a bunch of random notes in
a totally random order!

(sings sarcastically)

"Do DOO do do DOO do" -- there, I
just "jazzed"! Where's my Grammy?

(turns to crowd)

C'mon, people. Who's with me?
Show of hands -- how many of you
are just faking your way through
this and praying for it to end?

One WOMAN slowly puts her hand up.

EVE3 (CONT'D)

You, ma'am, are brave. And the
rest of you... are liars!

She storms out. The whole place is silent. OFF ADAM3,
MORTIFIED...

INT. ESCAPE ROOM - NIGHT

Adam2 and Eve2 are sitting slumped against a wall. They've
given up escaping. They've given up arguing. They're just
staring listlessly into the middle distance.

ADAM2

(into WALKIE)

So maybe I do check out sometimes.
Can you blame me? I mean, look at
me, Benjy. I was a star athlete.
Now I'm a mess. Sometimes, at the
grocery checkout, I see Ben Affleck
on the cover of US Weekly, vaping
outside a Carl's Jr., and for a
second I think it's me.

EVE2

(into WALKIE)

You think he's pathetic, Benjy?
Check me out. I had a super-high-
pressure job, but then the kids
came along, and, well, it turns out
you can't have it all. At least I
can't.

(MORE)

EVE2 (CONT'D)
 I've got a business degree from
 Wharton, and I spend my life
 nagging children about emptying a
 dishwasher. My MBA stands for "Mom
 Being Annoying."

Adam2 smiles wanly at Eve2.

ADAM2
 Ya think we've bonded enough for
 one night?

EVE2
 Yeah. Sorry. This was a bad idea.
 (into WALKIE)
 Benjy. We give up. Let us out.

No response.

EVE2 (CONT'D)
 Benjy. We're done. Benjy?

ADAM2
 (into WALKIE)
 Benjy? Helloooo? BENJY?

EVE2
 BENJY! BENJY!

Adam2 BANGS on the EXIT DOOR, which is PADLOCKED.

ADAM2
 Benjy! Open the door! BENJYYYY!!!

Silence. A beat.

EVE2
 I think Benjy's dead. That guy did
not look healthy.

ADAM2
 And we have no phones.

Another beat. They both HAMMER on the door.

ADAM2/EVE2 (CONT'D)
 BENNNNNJJJJJJJJYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ESCAPE ROOM - NIGHT

Eve2 is pacing around, freaking out. Adam2 is sitting against the wall.

EVE2

We could be stuck in here for days!
All I have to eat is a hundred-
calorie packet of almonds!

ADAM2

It's gonna be fine. The sitter
knows where we went. Someone'll
let us out. I'm gonna take a nap.

EVE2

Look at us. We're not just trapped
in this room. We're trapped in the
same stupid dynamic: me freaking
out, and you checking out.

ADAM2

You're right.

EVE2

What are we gonna do?

Adam2 stands up, goes over to her, puts his hands on her shoulders and looks her in the eye.

ADAM2

We're gonna take a deep breath, be
present in the moment, and start
solving some stupid nerd puzzles.
Together.

OFF EVE2, still scared, but loving what she sees in Adam2.

EXT./INT. ADAM1'S CAR - NIGHT

Adam1 returns to the car with the Officer. Eve1 and Carlos are terrified.

OFFICER

(to Eve1 and Carlos)

Ma'am. Sir.

(beat)

Sorry to hold you up. G'night.

Adam1 gets in and they drive away.

EVE1

Oh my God! How did you do that?!

ADAM1

Ahhh, I just made up a story. I said Chad was crying 'cause you just dumped him in the back of my Uber.

EVE1

Wow. And he bought it? Forget about hockey -- you should go into sales. You can talk anybody into anything.

ADAM1

I couldn't talk you into a date.

CARLOS

Wait. What? You two...

ADAM1

Get out of my car, Chad. Freakin' druggie.

Carlos looks at Eve.

EVE2

Outta the car, Chad.

Adam2 cracks up. Eve2 joins him. Carlos exits, humiliated.

CARLOS

I have to seriously rethink my life choices.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM - NIGHT

Adam2 and Eve2 are furiously puzzle-solving. They've made a lot of progress -- the COFFIN is open, etc. They've both gone a bit mad. Loosened tie, messy hair, etc.

ADAM2

The letters! The letters on the pentagram could represent numbers!

EVE2

Yes! An alphanumeric code! To the five dials on the padlock! Read them off to me!

ADAM2

B -- 2! C -- 3! F --
(MORE)

ADAM2 (CONT'D)
 (has to count on fingers)
 a, b, c, d, e, f... 6! A -- 1! D
 -- 4!

The lock OPENS!

EVE2
 Yes! We did it!

Adam2 WHOOPS IT UP and does a VICTORY DANCE. We've never seen him so alive. They hug.

EVE2 (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry I've been giving you such a hard time.

ADAM2
 I'll try to stay off my phone. And I'm fine if you want to keep Casey out of that gaming tournament.

EVE2
 No, you're probably right. I'm overreacting. I mean, I don't want to crush his dream. That's what midlife is for.

ADAM2
 How about this: we let him play, but I'll keep track of his screentime. I'll be the bad guy. You don't have to worry about it.

EVE2
 Oh my God. Thank you. I love you.

ADAM2
 I love you too.

A beat, then Eve2 breaks their hug and looks at Adam2.

EVE2
 Benjy. Dead.

ADAM2
 Oh. Right.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM - LOBBY - NIGHT

They find Benjy slumped in his chair, eyes closed, BIG HEADPHONES on.

ADAM2/EVE2

Benjy! Benjy!

Adam2 shakes Benjy's shoulder. Benjy wakes up.

ADAM2 (CONT'D)

You were freakin' asleep?! We've been in there for hours!

BENJY

Congratulations. You escaped the crypt.

ADAM2

Escape my foot in your ass...

EVE2

Adam! Stop. This was the best night we've had in months, and it's all thanks to this man.

(to Benjy)

Benjy. Take this. You earned it.

She gives Benjy a HUGE TIP -- a thick wad of bills from her purse. Benjy looks at it, shocked, then watches as Eve2 turns to Adam2 and kisses him on the mouth. They make out.

EVE2 (CONT'D)

(short of breath)

Let's go home.

ADAM2

(short of breath)

Thank you, Benjy.

And they hurry out. OFF BENJY'S STARE...

INT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Adam3 is still inside. The music has restarted. Through the front window, he watches Eve3, standing outside by herself. He feels bad. He doesn't know what to do.

A MAN sidles up and puts a kind hand on Adam3's shoulder.

MAN

Just apologize. And make it right.

Adam3 turns to the man. REVEAL that it's CARLOS/CHAD, now in his 60s. AND HE'S NOW A PRIEST.

ADAM3

I know. Thanks, Father Chad.

CARLOS
Father Carlos.

ADAM3
Chad.

CARLOS
Carlos.

EXT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Adam3 comes out and joins Eve3 on the sidewalk. A beat of silence, then:

EVE3
I don't think they're ever gonna
let us back into Caruso's.

ADAM3
That's okay. If I'm totally
honest... I kinda hate jazz myself.

EVE3
What are you talking about? You
love jazz! Your whole thing is
loving jazz! We've spent thousands
of dollars on jazz tickets! Jazz
festivals! Jazz brunches! Jazz
cruises! Your license plate says
JAZZ NUT! You root for the Utah
Jazz FOR NO REASON! How can you
say you don't like jazz?

Adam3 sighs. SMASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ADAM1'S CAR - NIGHT

Adam1 and Eve1 pull up at EVE1'S BUILDING. She's now in the
passenger seat. They sit quietly for a beat.

ADAM1
Well, this is you.

EVE1
Thanks again. You really earned
your five stars.

He laughs.

ADAM1
And also an apology.

ADAM1 (CONT'D)

For what?

EVE1

When I turned you down the other day, maybe I was being a little... well, not snobby, exactly, but...

ADAM1

(knew it)

Uh-huh.

EVE1

To be fair, we are pretty different...

He leans in to kiss her. She meets him halfway. Fireworks.

ADAM1

Different is good. Besides, there's more to me than meets the eye. C'mon, I'm taking you to Caruso's.

EVE1

That is a surprise. Didn't peg you as a jazz fan.

ADAM1

Jazz... is my life.

EXT. CARUSO'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Back to Adam3 and Eve3. Eve3 absorbs what she just heard.

EVE3

Huh.

ADAM3

Yeah.

(smiles)

I guess we're still pretty different. But somehow, eventually, we always meet in the middle. We've been a pretty okay team.

EVE3

Most of the time.

ADAM3
I'm sorry about tonight. You shared a dream with me, and I just brushed it away. Forgive me?

EVE3
Come here.

They hug. He goes on:

ADAM3
As if I don't know how crappy it feels to let go of a dream...

This lands with Eve3.

ADAM3 (CONT'D)
Anyway... let's go home.

EVE3
I have a better idea.

OFF HIS CURIOUS LOOK, UPBEAT MUSIC as we CUT TO:

-- CLOSE on Adam3's hand, using a big, rusty KEY to open a door.

-- CLOSE on a CASE OF BEER being set down on an ICE RINK.

-- And we REVEAL:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

Finally, after all these years, Adam3 teaches Eve3 to skate. He gently leads her onto the ice. He skates backwards, holding her hands.

ADAM3
You got this! You can do this!
Look at you -- YOU'RE SKATING!
YOU'RE SKATING! WHOOOO-HOOOOOOO!!!

She starts to slip, and she SCREAMS. He catches her, and she LAUGHS. They're like two young lovers.

And we go HIGH AND WIDE on the big, empty, softly-lit rink at night, with just the two of them on the ice, hand in hand.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

Eve3 sits on the bleachers with her feet up, sipping a BEER.

EVE3

That was amazing! We should do
this all the time. Hey, can we
drive the zamboni? Adam?

She turns to him and we REVEAL Adam3... STARING AT HIS PHONE.
He looks up, caught.

ADAM3

Huh?

OFF EVE3'S SIGH...

END OF EPISODE