

CRASHING

101: Bill Burr
101C V2

Written by

Pete Holmes

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Pete (28, sweet, naive) is having sex on top of his wife, Bekah (30, more mature). She has A TINY ORGASM.

PETE
(winded)
Was that you?

BEKAH
(kinda)
Yeah.

PETE
Can we do naughty style?

BEKAH
Agh...

PETE
We don't have to. I promise I won't look at your starfish.

BEKAH
No. We can. It's just... do you have to call it "naughty style?"

PETE
That's what we've always called it. It's the naughtiest of styles.

BEKAH
It's "doggy style." And it's not my starfish, it's my asshole.

PETE
Woah. See, I don't like that. You sound like Howard Stern. And I don't want "dog style," you're my baby angel.

Pete GIVES HER A FLURRY OF BABY KISSES, she stops him.

BEKAH
So why not call it "from behind"? Or better yet, don't call it anything. Don't ask. Just flip me over like you're passionately taking what's yours.

PETE
But I have you. You're my wife, and I'm already inside of you.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Well, mostly. This conversation is making him shy.

BEKAH

I know! Let's do it outside!

PETE

What? Where, in the yard?

BEKAH

In the woods! Against a tree, under the moon...

PETE

What am I, like a *wolf*?

BEKAH

Yes, be a wolf! I want you to take me like a wolf!

PETE

No! This is a neighborhood, Bubs. You can't have people against trees... wolfing. What if children come by, or real wolves? I can either keep a look out, or have sex with you. I can't do both.

Bekah reaches down and RIPS OFF PETE'S CONDOM.

PETE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

BEKAH

Something.

(then)

C'mon. Just once. Do it without a condom.

PETE

What? What's gotten into you?

BEKAH

I'm on the pill, Peter. And I take it every day, even before you text me three times to remind me.

PETE

I remind you because you forget, kind of all the time. Sweetums, it's a big deal. If men had to take the pill we'd all just agree to take it at 4pm. All of us. As a Nation, none of this guess work.

BEKAH
Are you doing a bit right now?

PETE
I have tried that on stage, yes.

BEKAH
C'mon...

Fed up, Bekah pulls Pete into her. He can't help but like it.

PETE
Ho! Okay... Hot dog!

BEKAH
There you go. Yes. See? Are you--?

Pete IMMEDIATELY REACHES CLIMAX.

PETE
(out of breath)
Hoo! Wow... wow... You are a *wild woman*... Hold still, I think we have some spermicide in my carry-on.

TITLE: CRASHING

EXT. I-87 SOUTH - LATER

Sweet acoustic music (*Naked as We Came* or similar) plays as we see Pete's NIGHTLY ROUTINE.

Pete sits in crawling traffic on the freeway.

ANGLE ON: TWO STICKER DECALS of a STICK FIGURE COUPLE HOLDING HANDS ON HIS REAR WINDSHIELD. Outside are angry drivers, bird flipping. Meanwhile:

INT. PETE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pete is staying positive listening to "YOUR BEST LIFE NOW" by MEGA PASTOR JOEL OSTEEN on CD.

JOEL OSTEEN
... so many are missing out on God's *best* because they don't realize that the good things in life have already been paid for.
(MORE)

JOEL OSTEEEN (CONT'D)

They may be on their way to heaven,
but they don't realize what has
been included in the price of their
ticket...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - 7:15PM

Finally in the city, Pete has parked and is approaching the club. A homeless man is standing outside.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare some change?

PETE

Sorry, man, I... Let me get you on
the way out.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

The sweet music starts to fade out as we enter:

RIFIFI. A bar with a small comedy stage downstairs. This is the 7pm AMATEUR SHOW. It's brighter, friendlier.

The RUNNING ORDER FOR THE SHOW is posted by another comedian, the fast talking JERMAINE FOWLER (26).

PETE

I thought I was second to last?

JERMAINE

Man, this show got all goofy. You were first, you were last, at one point you weren't even on the show but suddenly Howie Mandel was, which, now I'm realizing was probably a prank. I mean, right? There's no way *America's Got Talent's* just gonna walk into the 7pm amateur show. Crazy. But now you're after Leo.

PETE

Who's on now?

JERMAINE

Leo.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB SHOWROOM - LATER

LIGHT CROWD. Pete is about to go on stage. Another comedian, DONNY DIVANIAN (24, big Muppet fro) is meekly on stage.

DONNY

I know vampires are afraid of the sign of the cross, but do you think they're also afraid of lowercase t's? I like to think it's like a grey area, like he isn't sure if it should hurt? Reading a book like, "Then they took... ahhh! It's not the full *cross burn*, but it's very *irritating*."

(then)

Alright, this next guy coming up is Pete Holmes, and I shouldn't have said his name until the end but I messed up. But he's a funny guy and he's very tall, so... Give it up for Pete Holmes!

Applause. Pete takes the stage.

PETE

Thank you! Hi everybody! So, I just saw *The Notebook*, turns out that's a movie.

(pause for mild laugh)

Don't worry, if you haven't seen it, I won't ruin it. I'm not gonna *spill those beans*. But do you think the phrase 'spill the beans' originated in a situation actually involving beans? Like some guy, walking down the street, big sack of beans. Someone's like, "hey, what's in that sack?" "NOTHING!" (spilling sound) PSHHHHHHHHHHHH! "BEANS?!"

Donny is TALKING WITH ANOTHER COMEDIAN in the back.

DONNY

Do you know if anyone does a bit about how tempting it is to swallow toothpaste because it's so delicious?

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB SHOWROOM - LATER

Pete is wrapping up.

PETE

I would've studied a lot harder if someone had baked my algebra book into a pie of some sort. Like, "Pi R squared? Pi R delicious!"

(then)

Thank you, everybody, goodnight!

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete walks upstairs to the bar area, buzzing from being on stage, where Jermaine is standing.

PETE

They're pretty good! There's a couple talkers in the front row and a couple Asians who I don't think speak English but...

JERMAINE

Dude. Bill Burr is here.

Angle on BILL BURR eating at the bar, watching FOOTBALL.

PETE

What? Is he going up?

JERMAINE

I don't know. I didn't ask.

PETE

Woah. Why not?

JERMAINE

He's Bill Burr, man. He knows there's a show. If he wants to go up, he knows he can go up.

PETE

No man, it's like a king visiting another kingdom. He acts like he's not expecting fine meats and cheeses but he's expecting fine meats and cheeses. I'm gonna offer him fine meats and cheeses.

JERMAINE

Dude, he's eating. You don't bother famous people while they're eating.

PETE

Okay, first of all, that's hummus. That's not eating, that's snacking. That's a hand food. Hand foods are party foods and party foods are inherently social. And he's alone. If he was with his family, like feeding a baby, or on a date, yeah, like the Eminem song, you leave him alone. But he's not. Plus, it's different for us.

JERMAINE

Why?

PETE

Because we're *comedians*. We're like a family like the Amish or civil war reenactors. There's an instant bond. You coming?

JERMAINE

Absolutely not.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - BAR ROOM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill is eating his hummus. Bill is ZEN, CALM, HIS EYES NEVER LEAVE THE TV FOR MORE THAN A SECOND. The LIGHT FROM THE TV bouncing off his face.

BARTENDER

You want another?

BILL BURR

No, I'm good.

Pete sidles up to the bar, trying to look casual.

BARTENDER

(to Pete)

Can I get you something?

PETE

I'm alright. Maybe a water?

BARTENDER

Bottle?

PETE

Just regular. Sink? Just sink water?

(then)

Hey, Bill?

BILL BURR

What's up, man?

PETE

Hey. I'm Pete, I'm a comic. We have a show working downstairs, just if you wanted to jump on?

BILL BURR

Yeah, I think I've seen you.

PETE

Really? Well, I did three minutes while everyone was paying their bill on a show you popped on about a week ago. I didn't think you saw.

BILL BURR

Yeah. You have a bit about the employee discount at the dollar store?

PETE

Yeah! "Just take it."

BILL BURR

Yeah, "just take it." That's funny.

PETE

I just shit my pants.

BILL BURR

But I'm good. I just came by to catch the end of the game.

PETE

Oh. Alright. Nice talking to you.

A beat. Pete gets his water, then RAISES HIS GLASS FOR A CHEERS with Bill. Bill doesn't see. Then, suddenly:

PETE (CONT'D)

You're the reason I moved to New York.

What a strange declaration.

BILL BURR

Oh yeah?

PETE

Yeah. I read this interview where you said how great New York is for comedians and, you know, I read it. Then I moved. Changed my life.

BILL BURR

Well. You did the right thing. I mean, I've barely seen your act, you're clearly new, but New York's the best. For a young comic... Just get on stage as much as you can, shut out the static, keep getting better.

PETE

Okay.

BILL BURR

Oh, and don't be a dick. You don't seem like a dick.

PETE

(earnest)

I'm not a dick.

BILL BURR

Yeah, don't be a dick. Just keep your head down, concentrate on getting good. Just... kill. The rest sorts itself out.

PETE

Wow. This means so much, thank you.

A beat. Pete lingers.

PETE (CONT'D)

Do you--?

BILL BURR

Will you get the fuck out of here?
 Seriously. We had our moment! You
 saw it. Young comic, help him out,
 good advice. That's it! Walk away.
 That's all! Jesus!

Pete exits. A beat of silence for Bill, then suddenly
 JERMAINE MEEKLY APPROACHES him at the bar.

JERMAINE

Excuse me, Bill?

BILL BURR

Oh, for fuck's sake.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - LATER

SWEET MUSIC resumes as Pete starts his trip home.

Pete is glowing. He exits the club and hands the HOMELESS MAN
 a STYROFOAM TO-GO CONTAINER.

PETE

Here you go, man. Have a good
 night!

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you!

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S CAR - LATER

Driving home, no traffic, Pete gets Bekah's voicemail.

BEKAH'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Rebekah Holmes,
 sorry I missed your call.

PETE

Sweetums! It's Peter'ums. I am on
 my way, it was great. I met one of
 my heros and he knew one of my
 jokes, and, I'm buzzing... I was
 thinking when I get home, we should
 try some of that sexy sex stuff you
 were talking about? I know I was
 weird before, but now I'm thinking
 I could be into it. If you are.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

So: just giving you a heads up. I'm a happy, horny... Viking man. And I'm coming home to give you that whole "take what's mine" thing. I'm going to give you a plundering. So... (growls)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Bekah is getting plowed hard from behind. It's passionate, it's wild, it's...

Keys start to unlock the front door.

... NOT PETE. Angle on the glistening pecs of ROCCO (40, short, but in great shape) behind her.

BEKAH

Hold on.

ROCCO

Shit. Is that him?

BEKAH

Peter? Peter, wait!

It's too late. Pete's sweet dumb face pops in.

PETE

Baby Boo? ... What?! WHAT?!!

BEKAH

Oh my God.

ROCCO

Dude, I am... Oh, God.

PETE

Sweetums?!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

In a sheet, Bekah is sitting on the couch across from Pete.

BEKAH

I never wanted this to happen.

PETE

What to happen? What is happening?
Why is this happening?

BEKAH

Peter... It's... I came home and found your sleepy socks on the kitchen floor and a bowl of old cereal in the bathtub.

PETE

So you had an *affair*?

BEKAH

No! You don't need a wife, Peter, you need a nanny. I'm like your mom-wife, and I don't want to be your mom-wife. I want passion!

PETE

I didn't mean to leave the cereal in the tub, I'm sorry, I don't even remember doing that, and sleepy socks are so big they slip right off sometimes, that's why they're good sleepy socks, they're baggy. Your dad got them for me for Christmas...

BEKAH

Peter. "This." It's off balance. It's *been* off balance. I completely support you while you're off pursuing *your* dream.

PETE

Yeah, like a wife who supports a guy in medical school!

BEKAH

But you're not in medical school! You tell jokes for free that *cost* us twenty bucks in gas! You don't even have a credit card.

PETE

Why would I have a credit card, I don't have any money!

BEKAH

It's not-- Before this morning, we hadn't had sex in four months!

PETE

You wanted to live upstate! We're on opposite schedules! Ships! Night!

BEKAH

No. It's not. This whole time it was like we were playing marriage. It was too sweet, like those greeting cards with the photos of toddlers getting married in the tiny suits and dresses? That was us.

PETE

Yes! Adorable!

BEKAH

No! It was like cutesy, fake love. And I'm not in fake love with you anymore.

Pete takes this in.

PETE

You made me have unprotected sex with you *this morning*. How do we know *he* doesn't have AIDS?

WIDEN TO REVEAL: ROCCO has been there THIS WHOLE TIME.

ROCCO

I don't have AIDS. I got tested just before I got married.

PETE

You're married?!

ROCCO

(matter of fact)
Yeah.

BEKAH

Peter, I'm sorry. He's leaving his wife. I'm leaving you. We are going to be together.

PETE

God! He's a *teacher*! I'm sorry, but you're a teacher! He's not even a comedian!

BEKAH

So?

PETE
So you're leaving me for a
civilian??

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The front door FLIES OPEN. Bekah follows Pete outside.

BEKAH
Where are you going?

PETE
I don't know!

Pete SLAMS HIS CAR DOOR and starts the car. The JOEL OSTEEN CD resumes.

JOEL OSTEEN
... God's favor is all around us.
Lord, thank you for your favor...

Pete SLAMS AROUND for the eject button and hastily reverses out of the driveway, KNOCKING OVER A PLASTIC GARBAGE CAN. He exits the car and PICKS UP THE GARBAGE CAN, sweet to the end.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - BACK IN THE CITY - AN HOUR LATER

Pete gets out of the car after PARKING BADLY NEAR RIFIFI. As he walks towards the club, he sees another comedian, BIG JAY (31, fingerless gloves, metal t-shirt), smoking outside.

BIG JAY
Pete! What are you doing here? It's after nine!

PETE
I don't know... I wanted to hang out. What are you doing?

BIG JAY
Ah, just waiting to see what kind of smoosh comes out.

TWO WOMEN exit the club, not to JAY'S LIKING.

BIG JAY (CONT'D)
Slim pickins. C'mon.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - BAR AREA - LATER

Big Jay and Pete are sitting in a booth.

BIG JAY
So how you doing man? I haven't see
you in forever.

PETE
I'm... fine. I'm just-- What have
you been up to?

BIG JAY
Not much, just fucking your wife.
(beat)
You're still married, right?

PETE
Yeah.

BIG JAY
So fucking weird.

A waitress approaches.

BIG JAY (CONT'D)
Sweetheart, can we get shots of
something brown? One, two, three...
(then, pointing to Pete)
... four? You're drinking, right?

CUT TO:

LATER. The booth is FULL now, JOE DEROSA boxing Pete in,
facing KURT METZGER and Jay. Pete's mind is OTHER PLACES.

BIG JAY (CONT'D)
How was the Strip?

METZGER
It was AIDS! They call it the dirty
show, but I'm getting *groans* for
doing my Asian porn tiny dick
"these are their porn dicks" bit.
It's called "The Dirty Show." It
was like a tour bus of sixty-year-
old women in jazzy night-out
jackets, gasping.

BIG JAY
Did you consider not doing the bit?

METZGER
Fuck 'em. They're tiny dicks! I'm
not telling them anything they
don't know!

The WAITRESS APPROACHES with FOUR SHOTS.

WAITRESS
Gentlemen...

Each guy grabs their shot, Pete is UNSURE WHAT TO DO.

BIG JAY
(toasting)
Well. To tiny porn dicks.

Everyone but Pete SLAMS THE SHOT WITH EASE. Pete is reluctant
and takes a TINY SIP from the top. It's DISGUSTING TO HIM.

PETE
Uhhhg... no. Just... no.

BIG JAY
Just throw it back. Don't taste it,
just...

PETE
No thank you. Do they have Bud
Light Lime?

A CLUB MANAGER approaches.

CLUB MANAGER
I just lit Keith but Hannibal's not
here yet. We need someone to go up.

EVERYONE BUT PETE
I already went on / I just went up.

BIG JAY
What about the kid?

To Pete's surprise, Jay IS POINTING TO HIM. Pete can't find
the words to explain why he can't.

BIG JAY (CONT'D)
He can do it, he's funny.

CLUB MANAGER
Alright. Bring him up in two.

Exit Club Manager.

PETE
What was that?

BIG JAY
It's the Big Leagues, Sunshine!
Late show!

PETE
No. I can't.

BIG JAY
Why not?

Pete won't say.

METZGER
Hole in your pants, no underwear?

DEROSA
Your wife die?

METZGER
Are you rolling?

PETE
My wife is leaving me.

BIG JAY
Oh, shit.

METZGER
(to Derosa)
You were close.

PETE
I just caught her. With another
guy. Tonight.

ALL
Fuck me. / Oh, God. / Brutal.

BIG JAY
Jesus, man, I'm sorry...

A beat.

BIG JAY (CONT'D)
But I don't know...

DEROSA
What?

BIG JAY

Maybe he should bring it up there.
Talk about it on stage. Go at it
raw.

DEROSA

You're crazy. Look at him. His
fucking wife just left.

METZGER

I mean... that's what I'd do.
Something that fucked up happened
to me, you know there's some
material in there.

PETE

I can't even think right now.

BIG JAY

Just see what happens. Remember
when Tig got cancer? She talked
about it *that night*. That set was
legendary.

METZGER

He's right. This could be huge. You
should record it just in case.

PETE

Really? I--

DEROSA

Wait. Is this really happening?

The Club Manager returns.

CLUB MANAGER

We need to go, now.

PETE

Yeah. Okay. I'll tape it. You know.
Just in case.

Jay and Metzger continue to encourage as Pete exits. Then:

BIG JAY

Who knows? Maybe he can pull it
off.

METZGER

Are you kidding me? I'm just
fucking with him to see what
happens. I didn't think he'd *do it*.

DEROSA

Hoo boy.

The comedians take their drinks and RUSH BACK TO WATCH.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - SHOWROOM

Big Jay is onstage, bringing Pete up.

BIG JAY

Alright, this next guy, you may not know but he's funny as fuck. Start clapping right now for Pete Holmes!

Pete walks onto the stage, looking like he shouldn't be.

PETE

How's everybody doing? Good? Alright. Uh... this is "raw." And "real." People like that, right? My wife, uh. I'm married.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(Borat)

"My wife!"

Laughs.

PETE

Yeah... "My wife" fucked somebody else tonight.

The crowd falls DEAD SILENT. Waitress stop serving to look. We see JAY, DEROSA and METZGER huddled in the back to watch.

METZGER

You know what? I *am* recording this.

PETE

Yeah. She fucked somebody else. Tonight. After seven years. Who knows, maybe it was the "seven year itch." Who knew you had to scratch that particular itch with another man's penis?

DEATH.

PETE (CONT'D)

Right, buddy?

Pete points to a WEIRD LOOKING GUY IN THE FRONT ROW for support. He stares back, SHOCKED and SILENT.

PETE (CONT'D)

But it's... it's fucked up, right?
Who knows, maybe that's where that
expression came from, 'fucked up.'
You fucked somebody and you fucked
it up. Right?

(Seinfeld voice)

You want to fuck something up?
Start fucking! What's the deal? You
fuck then you're fucked! He got
fucked, now I'm fucked! Fuck!

(then, bailing)

What about that expression 'spill
the beans,' where'd that come from?

In the back of the room, the CLUB MANAGER is frantically flicking the RED LIGHT on and off, signaling Pete to get off stage. It's SO QUIET you can hear the CLICKS.

CLUB MANAGER

(to Jay)

Get him off, now!

Pete is now CHOKING BACK TEARS, BARELY KEEPING IT TOGETHER.

PETE

Do you think... it originated in a
situation actually involving beans?

PETE BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY, HIS FACE IN HIS HAND. BIG JAY CHARGES THE STAGE, ushering him off.

BIG JAY

Pete Holmes everybody! ... It's not
right for a comedian to sell out
one of his own, but: YIKES.

Pete RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM, eyes to the floor. EVERY FACE is horrified. Pete is walking through a time-warped NIGHTMARE.

EVERYONE

What was that? / Was that true? /
Jesus Christ! / What happened up
there?

Then, as Pete leaves, real-time REALITY:

METZGER
 (re: recording, to Derosa)
 Is it unethical to post this?

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Pete spills out of the club, the world is spinning. He needs to get far, far away. Fast. WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

He runs to his car, but HOLY SHIT: IT'S BEING TOWED. The TOW TRUCK is mid-lift, only Pete's REAR WHEELS ARE ON THE GROUND.

PETE
 Ho! What are you doing?!

TOW GUY
 Alternate side parking after 8:30,
 read the sign.

PETE
 No, you can't do this. Listen to
 me, you can't do this!

The TOW GUY is completely ignoring Pete. Pete's had it. He summons his INNER BAD-ASS.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Hey... Dip shit!

A beat of disbelief. "Dip shit"? As he enters his truck:

TOW GUY
 Fuck yourself!

The TOW GUY starts his truck to drive away. THAT'S IT! PETE UNLOCKS HIS CAR, CLIMBS IN AT AN ANGLE AND STARTS THE ENGINE.

PETE
 Oh, fuck me? FUCK ME?

TOW GUY
 What are you doing?!

PETE FLOORS IT IN REVERSE. The REAR WHEELS of the car SPIN AND SQUEAL. Pete's CAR STARTS TO FISHTAIL BACK AND FORTH.

PETE
 FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!!!!!

THE CHAINS AND BOOM RATTLE ON THE TOW TRUCK.

TOW GUY
Get the fuck out of there!!!

SUDDENLY, Pete's FRONT BUMPER DETACHES, SETTING HIM FREE AND FLYING WILDLY BACKWARDS, CRASHING INTO A TELEPHONE POLE.

A beat. Glass tinkling. Smoke. Then:

Pete TRIPS OUT to check the damage. It's minor, considering.

PETE
It's okay... it's not that bad.

Suddenly:

BOOM. The TOW GUY PUNCHES PETE IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD. Pete reels. As Tow Guy gets back in his truck:

TOW GUY
We'll consider that even.
(re: bumper)
I'm keeping this! Asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFIFI COMEDY CLUB - BAR - LATER

Pete is TAKING A TINY TWO-PACK OF ADVIL OUT FROM HIS WALLET. What a dork.

BARTENDER
Sink water?

PETE
Yes, please.
(then)
Actually, how about a beer?

The bartender QUICKLY POPS OPEN A BOTTLE OF BEER for Pete.

BARTENDER
\$8.50.

PETE
I'm... Sorry, I'm good.

The bartender puts it on ice. Joe Derosa, CLEARLY BUZZED, is leaving the bar with a few friends.

DEROSA
Holmes! HOLMES!

PETE

Please, Joe, I can't. Don't say anything about my set. I just--

DEROSA

No man. That crowd sucked. You were funny.

PETE

Really?

DEROSA

No. Don't ask "really?" when you know a man is lying to you.

(then)

What are you doing?

PETE

I just wanted to have a drink before I... slept in my car, I guess, I...

DEROSA

What?!

PETE

I don't know what else to do--

DEROSA

Don't drink *here*! You want to drink, come to Metzger's and drink for free, stupid! C'mon!

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - LATER

Joe and Pete are walking to the party. Joe is smoking.

JOE

Ahhhh, you're gonna be alright, Holmes. I've been in a codependent relationship before. When it's over, it feels like the world's gonna end, but it'll be fine.

PETE

I don't think we were codependent.

JOE

The little I know about you... Have you read *Codependent No More*?

PETE

We were going to read it together.

JOE

Ha! That's funny.
(then, concerned)
You're serious.

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE NYC APARTMENT - PARTY - LATER

Drinks, music, smoke. It's a mix of comedians, waitresses, random old dudes, hot girls, and scum bags.

CUT TO:

Pete is talking to KURT METZGER. Kurt seems COKED UP.

KURT

Dude, that was epic. I haven't seen someone eat their balls that hard in a *while*.

PETE

Thanks...

KURT

I mean, that was like a *question the direction of your life* kind of set. I mean, it had to make you wonder, right?

Pete SHOCK is met with Kurt's unblinking, dead-serious stare.

PETE

Wonder what?

KURT

If you should be doing this! Comedy! This! This life. I mean, I've never said this to anyone before, I mean, I've *wanted* to, but I've never said it out loud to a person, just... maybe this isn't for you! There! I said it! Is that so terrible?

PETE

But... I love comedy.

KURT

So? Dabble! Go ahead! Nothing wrong with a *hobby*. Do a monthly church open mic, or maybe be the funny guy in the office and your boss takes notice and asks you to host their annual picnic award show bullshit. But this? This world is brutal. It's bombing, it's making no money for like, ten years, and even then it's no guarantee. It's sleeping during the day and staying up all night which, I just read, decreases your life span by like 30%. That's not you. You're like a married, *Jeopardy!* at 7 bed by 9 guy. You belong upstate. Look at you. You're wearing billowing khakis and a free t-shirt from your bank. Half these animals are on coke. The other half are Thai massage handjob addicts. Me personally, I'm both of those things. Maybe, dude, just *go home*. Go be this guy.

Kurt gestures to Pete's overall "look."

KURT (CONT'D)

You should like be one of those people who researches genealogies for the Mormon church. Or work in the rake aisle of a Home Depot.

Kurt INHALES A WHIPPIT as we...

CUT TO:

Pete is talking with BIG JAY in the kitchen.

BIG JAY

Puerto Rican?

PETE

What?

BIG JAY

The guy that fucked your wife.
Puerto Rican?

PETE

God, no! Jeez, man! What does that have to do with anything?

BIG JAY
Dominican?

PETE
No! God... Muscly Italian guy.
Short. What does that matter?

BIG JAY
Fuck. They got big dicks, too.
(then)
You want some coke or something? I
think Mean Jimmy has some coke.

PETE
No.

A young, attractive, tattooed woman, IRIS (26, funny, smart, sexy), approaches Pete and Big Jay holding TWO SHOTS.

IRIS
Do you want one of these?

BIG JAY
Iris! Give it to him, his wife
fucked another dude tonight.

PETE
What?! What are you doing?

IRIS
Tonight?! Oh my God.

PETE
I'm sorry he even--

IRIS
The dude's name wasn't Chris Nell
was it?

PETE
No.

BIG JAY
It was an Italian dude with a huge
schlong.

IRIS
(to Big Jay)
Alright. You: fuck off, you're not
helping.

BIG JAY
I'm just saying, he probably
wrecked it down there--

IRIS

Beat it!

BIG JAY

Yeesh, alright.

(as he exits)

Hey! Mean Jimmy, hold up! MJ!

Exit Big Jay.

IRIS

He's my friend, but I can't imagine a worse person to talk to about something like this. I mean, do you really want to tell your problems to the roadie from Korn? He looks like a Marlboro Ultra Light fucked a pile of dirty laundry.

Pete laughs, surprising himself...

CUT TO:

EXT. AVERAGE NYC APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - LATER

Pete is sitting on the fire escape. Iris is CLIMBING OUT OF THE WINDOW to join him. She breathes the fresh air and hands Pete a beer.

IRIS

Oh my God. I'm born anew.

PETE

Thanks.

They clink bottles and drink.

PETE (CONT'D)

Why did you ask if the guy's name was Chris...?

IRIS

Nell. Chris Nell.

(she takes a drink)

I also just caught my boyfriend cheating on me, piece of shit, so join the club. Just one guy? Your wife?

PETE

God! Yes.

IRIS

Well. I caught Chris with a girl
and another dude. Devil's threeway.
Craigslist.

She drinks.

PETE

Oh my God. I could never... do
that... with another guy in the
room. It's bad enough that I'm
there.

IRIS

Yeah, you don't seem like a real
"fuck guy." No offense. All these
guys, these scum bags? They're fuck
guys. Threeways, escorts... Big Jay
used to jerk off in his hotel room
and wait for the maid to come in.
He's open about it! You seem...
decent.

Pete drinks.

PETE

She was the only person I had ever
slept with. My wife. It was a
church thing, you know, but I knew
we were going to get married when
she first... went down on me. You
don't just do that how we were
raised without thinking about the
future. I was 22. It was like our
engagement blowjob.

IRIS

Wow. Do you know this new guy?

PETE

It's someone she works with.
Another teacher. I've met him a few
times, I actually liked him. We
shared chips and salsa once.

IRIS

And they're in love?

PETE

That's what she said. She said
they're going to be together. He's
leaving his wife, she's leaving me--

IRIS
Hold on, what? *He's* married?

PETE
Yeah.

IRIS
Oh, honey, that changes everything.
Have you *seen* a movie?

PETE
What do you mean?

IRIS
He's not going to *leave his wife*.
That's pillow talk! *Crimes and Misdemeanors*! He's telling her what she wants to hear so he can get what he wants! Guys lie about that *constantly*.

PETE
You think?

IRIS
Yes! It's just an affair, for all you know it was a one time thing. So she fucked some guy. Who cares? Go home, be a man. Handle your bitch!

Pete sits there like a dummy.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Now!

PETE
What? Yeah! Alright. What am I doing here?

IRIS
Yes! Go!

PETE
Okay!

Pete stands up and turns before he goes:

PETE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Iris.

IRIS
No problem.

PETE
Do you think I'm okay to drive?

IRIS
How many have you had?

PETE
This many.

Pete indicates on the BEER BOTTLE how far down he is on HIS FIRST BEER.

IRIS
I think you're okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET

Pete's car speeds down the late night empty street.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - 1 AM

Pete parks in the driveway. It's dead quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTATE NEW YORK HOUSE

He quietly unlocks the door and tiptoes down the hall but...
NO ONE IS HOME.

PETE
Hello?

Pete sits on the bed for a moment. He sighs, and looks around the dark, once-familiar room.

Pete sees A PAIR OF UNFAMILIAR PANTS on the floor. He inspects them just as he HEARS ANIMAL SOUNDS COMING FROM THE BACKYARD.

Pete opens the SLIDING GLASS DOOR to reveal ROCCO AND BEKAH HAVING WILD OUTDOOR SEX IN THE MOONLIGHT.

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh!

Pete DUCKS DOWN behind the back porch, hidden from their sight. They are DONE, and wrap up in a big blanket to hold each other.

OH GOD, he can hear their post-coital pillow talk.

BEKAH

Oh my God, that was amazing.

ROCCO

God. You're amazing. The fresh air, the moon. I'm so happy right now.

(then)

I'm sorry, are you... Feeling any better, or...?

BEKAH

You're sweet. I am. I think so. I feel bad about *how* it happened...

ROCCO

Yeah, me too. Poor guy.

BEKAH

But I'm glad *that* it's over. He may not know it yet, but this really is what's best for everyone. Obviously for us, but... He deserves someone who wants to share that life and support his dream and love him just for who he is. I mean, we love each other, but it was never... right, you know? But you know what is right?

A tender moment. Hiding uncomfortably, Pete is touched and freaked out.

BEKAH (CONT'D)

That big, beautiful cock inside of me.

ROCCO

Oh my God. I've been hard this whole time.

They start up again. PETE HAS HAD IT! HE DART UP AND YELLS:

PETE

Ah, for fuck's sake!

BEKAH SCREAMS! WHAT THE FUCK?!!

ROCCO, in PURE ANIMAL DEFENSE MODE, LUNGES THROUGH THE AIR, SHEDDING THE BLANKET AND MID-AIR TACKLES PETE NAKED.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, oh my God! It's me! It's me! Get off of me!

(then)

I can feel it!

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTATE NEW YORK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Bekah and Rocco, still clearly shocked, sit on the couch wrapped in sheets for the second time.

BEKAH

What are you doing here?!

PETE

Can I please... talk to you? Alone?

ROCCO

I'll just be over here.

PETE

Yeah, go in my room.

Rocco exits.

BEKAH

What it is, Peter? Why would you do this to yourself?

PETE

Bubba. Listen to me. This is a huge mistake. I tried, I tried to think about it, but I don't belong out there. I belong here, with you. With my wife. I can't... I can't without you. I know maybe things have gotten stale between us, and maybe some of the spark is gone, I admit that. But if we had it once we can get it again. I think you're forgetting the *good times*. Eating pizza on the floor of our first apartment? I did my first open mic that night.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Remember your sister's wedding and they said they wanted everyone to roast the bride and groom but you were the only one who did and you were bombing and I stood up and saved you? Remember when I met your parents and it was awkward and then I did my *Sling Blade* impression and everyone laughed and it was okay? You're my home. This is us. We need to work on this. We need to give it another shot.

A beat.

BEKAH

No.

(then)

Those were terrible examples.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Pete parks his BUMPERLESS CAR and gets out, cold, to CHECK THE STREET SIGN to see if he can park there overnight.

Pete GRABS THE ICE SCRAPER and goes to the REAR WINDSHIELD OF THE CAR and DOES SOMETHING UNSEEN, rocking the car BACK AND FORTH.

He gets in the backseat, lays down on a BIG TRAVEL BAG, and tries to get comfortable. A beat. Pete closes his eyes. SUDDENLY a HAND BANGS ON THE WINDOW. Pete JUMPS UP.

HOMELESS MAN

Gimme some smoke!

PETE

What?! Go... get outta here!

HOMELESS MAN

Gimme some smoke!

PETE

I don't... I don't have anything!
Look at me! I'm one of you now!

The guy keeps banging. Pete, unsure what else to do, LEANS INTO THE FRONT SEAT AND HONKS THE HORN until the guy leaves.

A beat. Pete collects himself. He turns over and lies facing the seats.

SUDDENLY, A HAND BANGS ON THE WINDOW.

PETE (CONT'D)
Man, I told you...!

Pete sees it's BILL BURR holding a GROCERY BAG.

PETE (CONT'D)
Bill?

BILL BURR
What the fuck are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. BILL BURR'S APARTMENT

A nice place if a bit messy. Definitely a bachelor pad. Warm.

BILL BURR
Jesus Christ man, you're going to
get yourself killed. Or freeze to
death. You can't do that.

Bill hands Pete a mug.

PETE
Is this tea?

BILL BURR
I just let the hot water run. I
don't have any of that shit.

PETE
Thanks.

Pete sips it. Pretty good.

PETE (CONT'D)
I can't believe you saw me. You're
like Clooney in *Gravity*.

BILL BURR
You know what I didn't buy about
that movie? She's flipping around
outer space, almost dies like *nine*
times, pieces of a space station
narrowly missing her head. Then
when she takes her space suit off,
she hadn't shit her pants. Really
took me out of it.

Pete laughs.

BILL BURR (CONT'D)
You really couldn't just ask *one* comedian you know for a place to crash? I mean, you're not homeless. You're going through some shit.

PETE
I didn't think-- Thank you so much.

Bill brings Pete a pillow and some sheets.

BILL BURR
It's just a couch, dummy. It's nothing. Come on. You know every comedian. There's like three hundred of us. You'll always have somewhere to stay 'till you sort this all out. Alright--

Pete stands up and abruptly HUGS BILL.

BILL BURR (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, dude. This is fucking weird. Alright, alright.

Pete lets go.

PETE
Sorry.

BILL BURR
It's fine. I'm just gonna grab a kitchen knife to sleep with. You fucking loon. Jesus, you're like Lenny from *Mice and Men*. You popped my back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - CONTINUOUS

We float down from Bill's window to Pete's car on the street. We see Pete has REMOVED THE GIRL DECAL off the back of his car leaving just the SINGLE MAN STICKER standing there ALONE.

BLACK.

END OF SHOW