

Hall Pass

By

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EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

RICK walks hand in hand with his three-year-old daughter EMMA toward the preschool.

RICK MILLS, 35, chunky, balding on top, hairy everywhere else, OLD NAVY, uncomfortable.

Rick punches in the security code to the gate and the door opens to a courtyard where all of the moms wait for the kids. Rick, distracted by all of the smiling moms, swings the gate closed behind him before little Emma completely enters. The swinging gate knocks Emma on the ground and she screams.

RICK
Oh Baby I'm sorry.

Rick picks her up and hugs her.

RICK (CONT'D)
Daddy is so sorry. The gate just closed on you.

Rick points to the gate.

RICK (CONT'D)
Bad gate!

Emma stops crying and points to the gate.

EMMA
Bad gate!

The kids fly out of the classroom. KERRY, 5, runs to Rick.

KERRY
Daddy! Daddy!

Rick hugs her and puts her down. Kerry excitedly hands her picture to Rick. Rick unfolds it and he and Emma look at the drawing.

EMMA
That's our house.

Emma points to the house in the drawing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
That's me.

Emma points to a little stick figure girl with long hair and tiny features.

EMMA (CONT'D)
And I'm holding Kerry's hand.

A taller stick figure girl with longer hair.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And Kerry's holding Mommy's hand.

An even taller stick figure girl with a pretty dress and beautiful long hair.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And that's you Daddy.

A fat, bald stick figured man whose prickly haired hands are bigger than the heads of the other three.

RICK

This sure is a keeper.

Rick grabs the girls' hands and they walk out of the courtyard.

KERRY

Where's Mommy?

RICK

Working.

KERRY

Is she working all weekend?

RICK

Yep.

KERRY

Aw.

Rick buckles the kids into the car.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Rick sings along with the kids to the song on the radio as they drive through town.

Rick passes the strip mall and sees the massage parlor in the back corner. He eyes two business men walking out grinning ear to ear.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

The girls let go of Rick's hand as they run for the playground.

KERRY

I'm gonna do the monkey bars.

EMMA

Me too.

KERRY

You stink at the monkey bars.

EMMA

Do not.

Rick trails behind the kids like a Sherpa carrying everything the kids might need. As the kids continue to fight, Rick's friend Fred, who is pushing his kids on the swings, screams to Rick.

FRED BURNS, 36, shoulder length sun streaked hair, devilishly handsome, KENNETH COLE, wired in a care-free way.

Rick and Fred have been best friends since high school and own a realty firm together. Fred has two sons, DREW and MATT, that are the same age as Kerry and Emma.

FRED

Yo Rick!

Fred points to a Mexican nanny who is bending over to push a kid in a wagon, exposing her thong underwear. Rick is so focused on the thong he doesn't see Kerry push Emma down.

As Emma tries to get up, Rick knees her in the face like a linebacker hitting a running back after the whistle. Emma goes flying and Rick loses his balance, throwing everything in the air.

SLO-MO on Rick as he realizes he's going to fall on Emma.

Rick lands softly on Emma and rolls to the side.

TIGHT ON EMMA. She lays motionless. Silent. Dumbfounded. And then she lets out a cry that gets everyone at the park to look their way.

EXT. PARK BENCH -- DAY

Emma sits on Rick's lap wailing as Rick fumbles through the backpack.

RICK

So it's Daddy's fault Mommy didn't pack Band-Aids?

Sweat drips from Rick's balding head. Emma wails louder. Rick grabs fish crackers.

RICK (CONT'D)

Got fishies, got cheese puffs, got apple juice.

EMMA

Elmo band aid.

RICK

Don't have that.

Emma wails. Fred drops his bag next to Rick and runs over to Emma.

FRED
Baby Emma, what's the matter?

She points to the scrape on her knee. Fred grabs an Elmo Band-Aid out of his bag. Emma smiles as Fred puts it on.

FRED (CONT'D)
Now hop into Freddy's arms. Hug
your Freddy Bear.

Fred takes Emma in his arms and walks past the moms and nannies.

FRED (CONT'D)
Don't worry ladies. She's going to
be just fine.

EXT. LA CANISTA MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- DAY

A young Mexican waiter works his way through the crowded courtyard of a Mexican restaurant to a back table where three women sit.

WAITER
(broken English)
Gentlemen at table buy you margaritas.

The women wave thank-you to the young men at the table across the courtyard from them. Grace stops the waiter and points to her pregnant stomach.

GRACE
I've got to stick with water.

GRACE, 34, tall, skinny despite being 6 months pregnant,
FRED SEGAL, guarded.

Grace is married to Fred and works as a free lance commercial producer with Rick's wife, Maggie.

WAITER
Lo siento...you no look pregnant.

Grace lifts her shirt to show a bulge tinier than most non-pregnant stomachs.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Must be tiny baby.

Grace lowers her pants further and points to her belly button.

An extremely hairy belly button with a hairy dark line that snakes into her pants.

GRACE
See that tarantula. Now can you
tell I'm pregnant?

The waiter dry heaves and walks away.

MAGGIE
You're an angry pregnant woman.
MAGGIE, 34, well groomed, energetic, open, ANN TAYLOR, real.
Maggie is married to Rick and is a free lance commercial
producer.

LUCY
The guys at the table are toasting
us.
LUCY, 45, gray, buff, BABY PHAT, Bohemian.
Maggie and Lucy raise their glasses to the guys. The guys
point to Grace to join the toast.

LUCY (CONT'D)
They want the angry pregnant woman
to toast also.

GRACE
Does it ever end?
Grace stands up, flashes her pregnant stomach, and screams.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm looking for the father. Would
any of you like to be Daddy?
Everyone stops and looks. Then a few hands raise, including
a lesbian woman, and muffled voices fill the air.

GUYS
I'll be your daddy.
Grace sits down.

MAGGIE
That went over well.

GRACE
Can't three women enjoy a couple of
drinks after work without constantly
being hit on by men?

LUCY
That's why I go out.

MAGGIE

Which explains why you've had three husbands.

LUCY

I've had three husbands because wedding vows didn't stop my husbands from acting like those boys.

GRACE

It scares me to think about how much worse Rick and Fred are than those boys.

INT. PARK -- DAY

Rick pushes Emma on the swing while Fred stands next to him pushing his youngest son.

FRED

The talent is out today.

RICK

Is that Jill Kane's nanny over there?

Fred spots Jill's nanny. She's pushing her son on the swings.

FRED

Look at the way her...

Fred whispers out the side of his mouth. Fred spells a word so the kids don't understand what he's saying.

FRED (CONT'D)

B-O-O-B-I-E-S flop as she chases little Jack. You hear Jill and Luke are getting divorced?

Rick nods.

RICK

Something original like Luke's fooling around with a girl at work?

FRED

Fidelity. It's killing the institution of marriage.

Rick sighs.

FRED (CONT'D)

Here comes Johnson's nanny.

Rick whips his head around to get a look. JOHNSON'S NANNY, a twenty something Latino, pushes the stroller.

FRED (CONT'D)
Imagine her B-O-O-T-Y as she bends
over to get Tatum out of her crib.

RICK
Hope we get invited to Tatum's first
birthday party.

Rick nods. Fred lets out a scream.

FRED
Caliente!

Johnson's nanny looks at Fred. Fred turns and screams at
the kids on the monkey bars.

FRED (CONT'D)
Boys, be careful, the monkey bars
are very hot. Muy caliente.

Johnson's nanny bends down to help the baby walk. She reveals
an incredible cleavage. Rick glazes over in lust.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'm thirsty.

Rick is so focused on Johnson's nanny he's not paying
attention to how hard he's pushing Emma on the swing.

EMMA
Daddy! Too high!

SLO-MO as everyone at the park turns to the screaming Emma.
Rick can't hear her in his Johnson nanny world.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Daddy!

Rick unknowingly gives Emma another hard push.

FRED
Rick! No!

Emma goes flying off the swing and lands roughly but safely
on the sand. Rick snaps out of his cleavage trance.

RICK
Emma! I'm sorry!

Before Rick can reach Emma, Fred has already scooped her up.
Fred looks at all of the ladies.

FRED
I'm a caresser. A cuddler. It's
what I do. Kids, animals, in-laws.
Everyone needs a Freddy bear.

Rick grabs Emma from Fred.

EMMA
I want Mommy.

RICK
Mommy's working.

EMMA
I want Mommy.

RICK
Who wants smiley face cookies?

Emma stops crying.

EXT. LA CANISTA MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- DAY

Maggie and Lucy sip their margaritas while Grace eats chips and salsa.

LUCY
You know why I think Dylan and I are going to work?

MAGGIE
Don't say because you're not getting married.

LUCY
It has nothing to do with marriage.

MAGGIE
Good.

LUCY
It's because I give him complete freedom to do or be with anyone he wants.

GRACE
I tried that philosophy with potty training and all it got me was a five year old still in pull-ups.

LUCY
My second marriage...

MAGGIE
Robert?

LUCY
Chuck. Our marriage was great except that he cheated on me.

GRACE
Other than that, how was the play
Mrs. Lincoln?

LUCY
Grace, the only way to stop a man
from cheating is by allowing cheating.

MAGGIE
So then it's not cheating?

LUCY
Exactly. There are two types of
men. Men that can never be monogamous
and men that are monogamous but don't
realize they are monogamous.

MAGGIE
How can you tell which one you have?

LUCY
You can't. But you can spot it.
They get bored and are easily
distracted. They push the envelope
looking for boundaries.

GRACE
That sounds like every little boy I
know.

LUCY
Exactly. But fast forward twenty
five years and replace Mom with Wife.

Grace rolls her eyes.

GRACE
Cut the crap. We save them from
themselves. Men would be roaming
the countryside on all fours
scratching themselves if it weren't
for women demanding just a little
more from them. Without a wife,
Einstein would have been humping a
maple tree all day.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE
Rick's not Einstein.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE
Neither is Fred.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

Rick and Fred's kids sit at a table in the back of the local coffee shop while they stand in line.

FRED

This is my favorite part of the day.

RICK

I lost this morning. A guy took my order.

FRED

Amateur.

Fred peers over the top of the line and sees a MALE EMPLOYEE behind the counter taking the order of a teen age girl. He then counts the people in line. Fred is fifth in line. Fred leans in to the old lady who is fourth in line and points to the business man who is third in line.

FRED (CONT'D)

Are you two together?

OLD LADY

We are not.

The old lady does not look up as she fumbles through her purse. Fred grabs Rick and pushes him ahead.

FRED

You go first.

RICK

Why? We'll order together.

FRED

No we won't.

Fred looks over the top and sees the profile of a FEMALE EMPLOYEE behind the counter taking the order of the second person in line. Fred counts the line again and smiles knowing that the female employee will be the one taking his order. The business man's phone rings. While reaching to get the phone from its belt holster, he elbows the purse of the old lady and the purse flies out of her hand

BUSINESS MAN

I'm sorry.

The business man jumps out of line to retrieve the purse.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

Let me get that for you.

The old lady steps out of line.

OLD LADY
Don't worry about it.

She turns to Fred.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Go ahead of me.

BUSINESS MAN
And go ahead of me too.

Fred looks up and sees the male employee walking toward him.

FRED
No! No! Both of you get back in
line. I'll get the purse.

The business man and the old lady look at Fred like he's
crazy.

MALE EMPLOYEE
Can I take your order?

Fred looks at the male employee with shock. Fred tries to
push Rick ahead of him but Rick resists.

FRED
You can take his order.

RICK
You're ahead of me.

FRED
I don't know what I want.

RICK
Neither do I.

MALE EMPLOYEE
I can wait.

Fred looks behind Rick. Nobody else in line.

FRED
You know what you want.

RICK
So do you.

FRED
No I don't.

Both Rick and Fred look down the counter and see the Female
Employee hand a coffee to the person who was second in line.
She turns and walks toward Rick and Fred.

SLO-MO as she walks toward them. Her natural blond highlights flicker as her hair bounces with each step. Her blue eyes twinkle and her smile sparkles. Her white uniformed blouse is unbuttoned to the point where with each step, her breasts come together as if they were planning a jail break.

LEIGH

(English accent)

Hi Rick. Iced coffee with two sugars?

LEIGH, 23, granola, fresh, petite, English, URBAN OUTFITTERS, spacey.

Rick smiles as Fred lowers his head in defeat. Rick wants to say yes but just nods. Leigh smiles and heads to the back to get his coffee.

MALE EMPLOYEE

Made up your mind sir?

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

The kids eat their smiley face cookies at the table while Rick and Fred stand and stare at Leigh.

HENRY, a thirty something frat like dad, acts like he read how to be cool in a book, POLO, desperately wants to be friends with Rick and Fred, walks up to them.

Henry wears his tee ball coach and hat. He sticks his fist out for the guys to pound.

HENRY

Dudes!

FRED

Henry.

Rick nods his head.

HENRY

Bitches galore!

Henry follows their gaze to Leigh.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'd like to tickle her taint with my coffee stirrer.

The coffee stirrer dangles from Henry's mouth like a toothpick.

The guys nod in a way that politely says "Please leave".

HENRY (CONT'D)

Who doesn't love hot beatchs?

Henry sticks his fist out for the guys to pound.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My old lady and the munchkins are
waiting. Gotta go coach tee ball.

Henry walks out. Rick shakes his head while Fred keeps
staring at Leigh.

FRED

She's the dream.

Rick nods.

RICK

With that accent she makes
(poorly attempts
English accent)
"Black coffee with two sugars" sound
like "club me over the head and drag
me back to your cave".

FRED

Everyday I take a trip down "what if
everyone in the world dies except me
and Leigh" lane.

RICK

I've never said her name out loud.

FRED

I'm convinced she takes days off to
torture me.

RICK

A little piece of me dies on those
days.

FRED

People tell me she's a little party
girl.

RICK

What people?

FRED

I got people. People that tell me
things.

RICK

I know all the people you know.

FRED

You know my above ground people. I
got underground people. From my
rock band days.

RICK

The underground people say she likes to party?

FRED

They do. And they say she's got a Daddy complex.

RICK

I'm a Daddy.

FRED

Yes you are.

The two stare at Leigh.

RICK

Just once I'd like to live the dream.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rick is feeding the kids dinner. He's got a chicken nugget in his hand trying to coax Emma to eat it.

RICK

I'm just a chicken taking a swim in the ocean. Luckily, there are no sharks in this ocean that would eat me.

Rick gives Emma a look to say that's her cue. Emma smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hello, are you a shark?

Emma bites the nugget.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ow! Oh no, shark!

Maggie walks in and the girls jump out of their seats to hug their mom.

GIRLS

Mommy! Mommy!

Maggie hugs the kids. The girls motion Rick over so they can do a four way hug.

His favorite part of the day. Rick bear hugs them all. He looks down at how they fit between his arms.

MAGGIE

How was it?

RICK
My girls are perfect. How was your day?

MAGGIE
A nightmare. I've got to work all day tomorrow.

RICK
All day? And Maria is out of town all weekend?

Maggie nods sadly.

RICK (CONT'D)
No problem. I'll have Roger cover my open houses. Girls, it's Daddy weekend.

GIRLS
No! We want Mommy!

Rick frowns.

RICK
We all want Mommy. I'm going to shower.

Rick walks out.

MAGGIE
Did you girls have fun?

EMMA
Daddy smooshed me.

KERRY
And pushed her off the swing.

EMMA
And closed the door on me.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rick and Maggie bathe the kids.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick puts pajamas on the kids.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick, Maggie, Kerry and Emma lay in one bed as Rick reads a bedtime story. Emma falls asleep. Maggie grabs Emma and puts her in her bed. She comes back and kisses Kerry good-night.

KERRY

Mommy, stay.

MAGGIE

Daddy is going to lay with you tonight.

KERRY

Mommy!

Maggie kisses her again.

MAGGIE

I love you.

KERRY

I love you too.

Maggie heads out of the room.

RICK

Don't forget about Daddy.

Maggie walks back and kisses Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Daddy needs a bedtime story from Mommy too.

MAGGIE

(whispers)

You got five minutes.

Maggie smiles and walks out.

KERRY

What kind of bedtime stories does Mommy tell you?

RICK

Ones with happy endings.

Kerry smiles and cuddles up to her dad.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Kerry's finally asleep and Rick carefully separates himself from her. He tiptoes out of the room. Just as he makes it to the door, Emma cries out.

EMMA

Daddy!

Rick tiptoes quickly over to Emma.

RICK

What honey?

EMMA
I dreamed about a big hairy monster
in my bedroom again.

RICK
It's just Daddy.

EMMA
Pinkie swear?

Rick grips Emma's pinkie and lies next to her.

RICK
Yes. Now go to sleep.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick tiptoes toward the door.

EMMA
Daddy! Where you going?

Rick stops in his tracks.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I want milk.

RICK
Doesn't Mommy have a rule about no
milk after brushing your teeth?

Emma starts to cry.

RICK (CONT'D)
Shhh! I'll get you milk. Don't
tell Mommy.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick comes back with milk for Emma. She drinks from the
sippy cup.

EMMA
Chocolate milk.

Rick grabs the sippy cup and walks out of the room to get
chocolate milk.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Emma falls asleep with the sippy cup in her mouth. Rick
grabs the sippy cup, puts it on the nightstand, and tiptoes
out of the room. He slowly closes the kids' door. He sprints
down the hallway and flies into his room. Rick sees Maggie
asleep in bed.

SLO-MO as Rick jumps on the bed.

RICK
No! No! Daddy needs a bedtime story.

Maggie wakes up out of her sleep.

MAGGIE
What?

Rick cuddles up next to her.

RICK
I'm sorry. Were you sleeping?

Maggie's half asleep.

MAGGIE
Baby, I'm exhausted.

RICK
Then you just lie there and let the
jackhammer of love do all the work.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry, honey, not tonight.

Rick jumps out of bed and hurriedly walks out of the room.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Honey!

A door closes in the hallway and Rick walks into the bedroom.
He closes the door softly behind him and places a box on the
ground. He walks over to the CD player and puts a CD in.
Rick pushes play. Maggie giggles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Rick.

RICK
Please call me Ricky.

From the CD player, Ricky Martin "Livin' La Vida Loca".

MAGGIE
You need to change your theme song.

Rick kicks the box on the ground and a strobe light starts
flashing. Rick dances and lip synchs to the music. Maggie
can't contain her laughter. She motions to Rick to keep it
down but Rick's on a roll.

RICK
She'll make you take your clothes
off and go dancin' in the rain.

Rick rips off his shirt and swings it over his head. Maggie
loves it.

The sweat drips from Rick like Chris Farley in the Patrick Swayze "Saturday Night Live" Chippendale bit.

RICK (CONT'D)
Woke up in New York City.

Rick jumps on the bed and dips close to Maggie. She wipes his sweat and kisses him. Rick jumps back and swings his shirt over his head. The shirt hooks a blade on the ceiling fan as Rick jumps off the bed. The force of his jump rips the ceiling fan violently and it crashes to the bed.

MAGGIE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The ceiling fan misses Maggie. Rick pulls her off the bed as pieces of the ceiling fall onto the bed. Maggie looks at the destruction on the bed and then looks at Rick as the strobe light bounces off his face. Maggie laughs uncontrollably. The bedroom door flies open and Kerry and Emma stand wide eyed in the doorway. Rick turns and the girls scream. Rick flicks on the light.

RICK
It's okay girls. It's just Daddy.

The girls run to Maggie. Maggie strokes their hair. "Living La Vida Loca" trails off.

MAGGIE
Girls, it's okay.

KERRY
What happened?

Maggie starts to laugh.

MAGGIE
How many times have I told you girls not to jump on your beds? It seems I forgot to tell Daddy. Let's go back to bed.

Maggie marches the girls out of the room.

RICK
I can have the bed cleaned up and ready to go in five minutes.

Maggie kisses him on the lips.

MAGGIE
I do love you.

RICK
(whispers)
I need more than words right now.

MAGGIE

I need to get some sleep.

Rick nods dejectedly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry honey.

Rick kisses the girls good-night. Maggie walks them out of the room. She pops her head back in the room.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm fine with you finding someone
else for moments like this.

Rick shoots her a look. She smiles and blows him a kiss. She walks the kids back to their room as Rick stares blankly at the mess he made.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Rick walks hand in hand with his daughters through the mall to a music store. In the back of the music store is a private room for birthday parties where the kids karaoke and dance to their favorite songs. Kerry and Emma run to the stage where the birthday girl and other friends hang out. Rick waves to the other mothers and grabs a Diet Coke at the refreshment table. Fred pats him on the back. A few of the moms from the other side of the room wave to Rick and Fred. Fred waves back cutely.

FRED

(quietly to Rick)

Dear Penthouse, I was at a kid's
birthday party and there were all
these moms and well, I never thought
this would happen to me.

A guy in Team Italy biker shorts, shirt, and wraparound shades with a Madonna like microphone shooting out from his ear steps on the stage.

DAN THE MAN

I am Dan the Man and I'd like for
all of the kids to come up here so
we can practice. Mommies...

Dan the Man spots Rick and Fred.

DAN THE MAN (CONT'D)

And our two Daddies, sit tight.
We'll be putting on a show in 20
minutes.

INT. KARAOKE ROOM -- DAY

The kids, in groups of four, take turns singing and dancing as the parents sit in the audience. Dan the Man places a Madonna like mike on Kerry's ear and clips the battery pack to her pants. Kerry runs off stage and whispers to Rick.

KERRY

Daddy, I need to go pee pee.

She still has the mike on so everyone in the room hears it. Everyone laughs and Kerry smiles embarrassingly.

RICK

How do you turn this off?

Dan the Man points to her battery pack. Rick turns it off.

DAN THE MAN

We'll wait.

Fred's oldest runs off stage.

OLDEST

Daddy, I need to go to.

His voice is broadcast through the speakers. Everyone laughs as Fred turns off the mike. Rick and Fred lead their kids outside to the bathroom.

EXT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Rick and Fred stand outside the bathroom waiting for their kids.

RICK

I played the theme song.

FRED

Ricky didn't get her going?

Rick shakes his head.

FRED (CONT'D)

In Maggie's defense, it was Friday night. Everyone knows Saturday night is sex night.

RICK

I was feeling frisky.

FRED

And she said find someone else?

Rick nods.

FRED (CONT'D)
Trust me, that doesn't just slip
out. Maggie's setting a trap.

RICK
It was too random to be a trap.

FRED
She's wily like a fur trapper.

RICK
She said it in passing. I doubt she
meant it. She was half asleep.

FRED
Which means she was half awake.

RICK
I don't know.

FRED
My advice. She says it again and
you got the greenlight.

RICK
I can't do it. I'm not that guy.

FRED
Of course you're not that guy. But
step up to the plate man. For all
of us. Hold this.

Fred hands Rick the microphone so he can take a drink of
water from the fountain.

CLOSE UP- Rick accidentally turns on the microphones as Fred
hands them to him.

Fred pulls up from the water fountain.

FRED (CONT'D)
Grace is the most beautiful wife and
mom in the world. I could never
love anyone but Grace.

INTERCUT WITH THE KARAOKE ROOM.

The women laugh as they can hear Fred and Rick's conversation
blasted through the speakers.

FRED (CONT'D)
But it doesn't stop me from having
wild fantasies like being Sarah
Crane's bike seat in her spinning
class.

RICK

Yummy!

TIGHT ON SARAH in her tight workout clothes.

FRED

Come on. Like we're supposed to believe Sarah worked out before the birthday party.

Dan the Man runs out of the room to shut off their microphones.

FRED (CONT'D)

Or being the lotion Laurie Kemp rubs all over her T-I-T Job scars.

RICK

She got a boob job?

TIGHT ON Laurie's surprised face.

FRED

It's either that or she's wearing her daughter's tee shirt.

Laurie's daughter looks up at her mom.

FRED (CONT'D)

Could you imagine being the zipper on Melissa York's jeans? Think how hard she has to pull on the zipper to fit into those skin tight disco jeans.

TIGHT ON MELISSA standing against the wall as everyone looks at her.

Dan the Man turns the corner and spots the guys outside the bathroom.

DAN THE MAN

The mike is on! The mike is on!

Rick and Fred stand paralyzed with fear. Dan the Man keeps running toward them. He grabs the mike and turns it off. He stares blankly at them and walks back toward the karaoke room. The kids come out of the bathroom.

FRED

They couldn't hear us.

RICK

No, we're too far away. It was probably just static.

Rick and Fred walk into the room with the kids. Some of the moms glare at them while others suppress laughter.

FRED

Oh God!

RICK

I've got to move my family away.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie is on a location shoot for the commercial. She screams over to Lucy.

MAGGIE

Lucy, I don't want you crying about those trees blocking the sunlight at the end of the day.

LUCY

I'll cry but it will work.

MAGGIE

I expect nothing less.

Grace comes walking out of the house waving her cell phone.

GRACE

You won't believe the call I just got.

MAGGIE

Uh oh.

Grace grabs Maggie and walks toward the gardens.

GRACE

It seems as though our husbands have embarrassed us again.

EXT. GARDEN -- DAY

Maggie and Grace sit on a bench looking out at the well manicured gardens.

GRACE

What are we going to do? Fred's annoying obsession with sex is no longer my dirty bedroom secret.

Maggie pats Grace on her pregnant belly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The other day Fred was throwing up and I joked that his puke sounds turned me on.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

The next thing I hear is him gargling Scope and he walks in and says we've got 7 minutes until he pukes again.

MAGGIE

My dirty bedroom secret is that I think Rick's disinterested in sex with me.

Grace grabs Maggie's hand.

GRACE

Consider yourself blessed.

MAGGIE

Sometimes I think he's thinking about other women when he's with me.

GRACE

For sure he is. They all are.

MAGGIE

That doesn't bother you?

GRACE

I'd rather have Fred calling another woman's name when he's with me than calling my name with another woman.

Maggie shakes her head.

MAGGIE

I've been thinking about what Lucy said...

GRACE

Please. Freedom has no place in a marriage.

MAGGIE

Six months after Emma was born, all Rick talked about was a weekend away to recharge our batteries. So my mom stayed with the kids and we went up north for the weekend.

GRACE

I remember.

MAGGIE

All weekend long all Rick wanted to do is get back home so he could play with the girls.

Grace rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Sooner or later Rick needs to figure out for himself he's a one woman man. And when he does, the girls and me get a more focused father and husband.

GRACE

And if you're wrong?

MAGGIE

I'm not going to be wrong.

GRACE

But Mags, he's a man.

MAGGIE

And that can never be underestimated.

GRACE

Exactly. You're willing to risk it all?

Maggie nods.

MAGGIE

If he screws up one more time, I have to do something drastic.

Maggie forces a confident smile.

INT. CHARLIE WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rick, Maggie, Fred and Grace walk into the foyer of a big, newly constructed house. CHARLIE and his wife JULIE greet them.

CHARLIE

So what do you think?

RICK

You did an amazing job.

FRED

I can't believe they built it so fast.

CHARLIE

That's part of the problem. Whenever it rains, the laundry room leaks.

RICK

Fred told me about that. We'll take a look.

FRED

Please do. We'll show the ladies
the rest of the house.

Rick and Fred walk out as Charlie tiptoes up the stairs.

CHARLIE

The twins just fell asleep so let's
keep it quiet.

Maggie and Grace follow them up the stairs.

MAGGIE

You say anything to Fred about the
birthday party this morning?

GRACE

Not yet, but I'm gonna give him an
earful tonight.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Rick takes a look at the floor boards while Fred feels the
wall.

RICK

It's gotta be the foundation. Why
didn't they put down a new foundation?

FRED

Supposedly the old foundation was
good.

RICK

If there were leaks in the old house,
it would be in the inspector's notes.
Then it's the contractor's problem,
not Charlie's.

FRED

There's a problem Charlie has that
I'd like to have.

Fred points to a pile of clean, folded lingerie.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Charlie closes the door to the twin's bedroom.

MAGGIE

It's so cute how they sleep together.

GRACE

Like they're still in the womb.

CHARLIE
Follow me. I've got to show you my
favorite thing in the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie opens the door to a safe room where there are video monitors displaying interior and exterior shots of the house.

JULIE
At first I thought this was excessive,
like Big Brother watching over you.

CHARLIE
But I told Julie... with all of the
abductions in the news and stuff. I
feel like you can never be too safe.

A shot of Rick and Fred in the laundry pops up on the screen. Fred's back is to the camera and Rick is laughing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And with the click of a button...

Rick and Fred are now on every screen. Rick and Fred are dancing with Fred's back to the camera. Everyone laughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And this big screen here is high
def.

Fred turns around and he's holding Julie's laced thong underwear in his hands. Rick grabs the underwear from Fred, twists it over his head so the thong somewhat blindfolds his eyes, and dances. He then takes the thong off his head and flosses his teeth with it.

Maggie puts her head in her hands.

GRACE
Oh my God!

EXT. CHARLIE WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Grace and Maggie storm out of the house. Rick and Fred stand at the door while Charlie holds it.

RICK
Really, please tell Julie I'm very
sorry.

CHARLIE
I think it's best if you just leave.

FRED
Charlie, it's my fault.

Rick's shocked that Fred would take the blame.

FRED (CONT'D)

I should have never let Rick go into the laundry room knowing he's got a thong fetish... a sickness really.

Charlie closes the door on the two of them.

RICK

A thong fetish?

FRED

If we play this off as a sickness, I can paint you as a victim.

RICK

And what about you?

FRED

I'm an enabler.

Rick and Fred turn around and slowly walk toward the car.

EXT. RICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Maggie and Grace stand outside Rick's locked car steaming as Rick and Fred walk toward them.

MAGGIE

I'm gonna do it.

GRACE

A hall pass right now is like giving your kid candy while they're in a timeout.

MAGGIE

I read an article that said the best cure for a candyholic is to allow them all the candy they want.

GRACE

Probably written by someone at Hersheys. If you go through with this, you might not like how it ends.

MAGGIE

If it continues like this, it's going to end poorly on its own.

Rick and Fred reach the car.

FRED

So ladies, it's still early.

Grace throws her arms up and screams.

GRACE

You're really going to try the nothing
really happened routine?

FRED

I am not. Rick needs our help.

GRACE

What about a guy who fantasizes about
being Sarah Crane's bike seat?

Fred stands motionless.

RICK

Fred's got a bike seat fetish... a
sickness really.

MAGGIE

Not another word. From either of
you.

Maggie and Grace open the door and jump in the backseat.
Rick and Fred hop in the front seat.

INT. RICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

The two couples ride in complete silence. Rick drops them
off but Maggie doesn't move up to the front seat. Rick drives
down the street and pulls into his drive way. Maggie jumps
out and walks into the house. Rick follows slowly behind.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rick walks into the house where the babysitter stands at the
foot of the stairs.

BABYSITTER, 17, tall and skinny, is wearing a blouse and
skirt.

BABYSITTER

Is everything okay?

RICK

Yep. She's not feeling well.

BABYSITTER

Is Mrs. Mill's pregnant again?

RICK

No, no. It's more... emotional than
that.

BABYSITTER

Fight?

Rick nods.

RICK
I'll drive you home.

BABYSITTER
You won't have to drive me home after
tomorrow. I'm getting a car for my
18th birthday.

INT. RICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Rick drives the babysitter home in silence. He reaches down to turn on the radio and catches a glimpse of her legs. He immediately sits upright and puts his hands at 10 and 2.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick walks into the bedroom and straight for the toilet. Maggie lays upright reading through contracts for work. Rick stands over the toilet.

MAGGIE
We need to talk.

RICK
I know. Let me finish in here.

MAGGIE
You want to be with other women,
don't you?

Rick stops urinating mid-stream. He walks out of the bathroom.

RICK
Um, what, um, one more time?

MAGGIE
With my work and your work, and with
the kids, and getting them to school
and playdates and baths and to sleep
and making lunch and cleaning up the
house, you and I only get a couple
of minutes of alone time a day.

RICK
That's all I need.

MAGGIE
I'm too tired.

RICK
I know. I'm sorry. It'll get easier
the older the girls get.

MAGGIE
But I want more kids.

The conversation just got serious for Rick.

RICK

You do?

MAGGIE

Grace is so cute with that belly.

RICK

You hate how cute Grace is when she's pregnant.

MAGGIE

Only when we're pregnant together and she bitches about gaining 15 pounds when I'm gaining 70 pounds.

(beat)

You're obsessed with sex.

RICK

Obsessed is a strong word.

MAGGIE

You left the computer on cameltoe.com the other day.

Rick freezes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Could you imagine if the girls had seen that?

RICK

That must have been Maria. I knew that whole "I'm a devout Catholic nanny" routine was a sham.

MAGGIE

Honey.

Rick knows he's busted.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We've had four friends in the last year get separated or divorced due to some degree of infidelity.

RICK

I'm not a cheater.

MAGGIE

I know you're not. But I don't want that to be the only reason you don't cheat.

Rick paces the room.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Lucy called it a hall pass. I'm giving you one. Freedom to be with someone and it won't be cheating.

RICK

So you want an open marriage?

MAGGIE

No. Just one hall pass.

RICK

This isn't one of those you take the kids in the morning expecting that I'll take them in the afternoon deals?

Maggie shakes her head.

MAGGIE

One hall pass. For you. And I know how you obsess over things. So you've got one week to use it.

RICK

You're serious?

Maggie nods.

MAGGIE

No guilt trips.

Rick stands silent running his hands through his hair. Maggie grabs her papers.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's not a yes or no offer. Do what you want. My mom is taking the girls up north this weekend, so whatever you decide, we can talk about it this weekend.

(beat)

I've got to finish this work or else nobody will get paid on Friday.

Rick walks aimlessly into the bathroom. He takes off his shirt and looks at himself in profile in the mirror. He sucks in his gut.

INT. SHOWER -- NIGHT

Rick whistles to himself as he showers.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rick walks into the bedroom and finds Maggie asleep amongst all of her papers. He gathers the papers, pulls the covers over Maggie, and kisses her good night.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A freshly showered Rick sits in front of the TV and keeps changing the channels. He falls asleep in front of the TV.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

The next morning, Rick is in the bathroom helping the girls put their hair in pony tails. He then helps them put their American Girl Doll's hair in pig tails.

INT. AMERICAN GIRL STORE -- DAY

Rick has a tea party with his daughters and their dolls. All of the other moms sitting at other tables smile at Rick. He politely smiles back.

But it's different now.

Rick squints at the women like the 6 Million Dollar Man. As if one almost closed eye can detect ulterior motives. As if every smile is an invitation.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The girls play with their dolls in Rick's bedroom as a guy installs a new ceiling fan.

RICK

I don't know how it happened.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rick puts the girls to bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Rick checks the answering machine.

MAGGIE

Honey, I'm going to be home much later than I thought. Major hand holding here. I gotta go early tomorrow so I need you to get the girls to school. Kerry likes peanut butter and jelly with more jelly than peanut butter and Emma likes plain turkey. I'll write this down for you when I get home. And Maria will pick them up. Love you.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Maggie walks into Emma's bedroom. Rick's body is sprawled wide on the tiny bed and Emma lays peacefully on his chest. Maggie walks closer and sees Rick's hair in five tiny pony tails.

Maggie stands above them and takes a mental picture to store forever. She leans down and kisses them both.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The sun is barely shining as Maggie takes another look on the two of them.

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

Rick drops Kerry off at school. He hands Kerry her lunch box and gives her a big kiss.

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

Rick drops Emma at her school. He hands Emma her lunch box and gives her a big kiss.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie watches as Lucy directs the male models on what to do. They shoot the scene.

LUCY

Cut!

Lucy and Grace walk over to Maggie.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Six hot models doing whatever I say.
Not a bad way to start the morning.

MAGGIE

How many more takes until we can
move to the next shot?

GRACE

Cause we're already behind schedule.

LUCY

What bug crawled up you two?

MAGGIE

Sorry, there's just so much to do,
and I haven't seen the girls...

GRACE

And our husbands are a step away
from having a court mandate that
forces them to announce themselves
door to door to our neighbors.

LUCY

You don't have to tell me.

MAGGIE

I gave Rick a hall pass on Saturday night.

Lucy hugs Maggie with excitement.

GRACE

I beat the crap out of Fred Saturday night.

LUCY

How'd he take it?

MAGGIE

I don't think he believed me.

GRACE

I don't believe you.

LUCY

He'll come around. Probably thought you were setting a trap.

MAGGIE

Aren't I sort of setting a trap?

LUCY

No. You're helping him become a fuller human being. Now that other women are no longer off limits, he won't have any interest in anyone but you.

MAGGIE

But what if he has sex with another woman?

LUCY

He won't.

GRACE

But if he does?

LUCY

Then he would have anyway. Sooner or later.

Lucy runs off to check the shot with a wider lens.

GRACE

You realize you're taking the advice of a Hollywood commercial director who's been married three times?

Maggie nods.

MAGGIE

I know. But it doesn't make her wrong.

Grace puts her arm around Maggie.

MARK, blond streaked hair, killer body, SPEEDO, flirtatious.

MARK

Maggie, can I talk to you about my character's motivation?

Maggie and Grace laugh.

GRACE

It's an underwear commercial.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

Rick walks into the coffee house with the swagger of a young man. Leigh greets him from behind the counter.

LEIGH

Medium black coffee?

RICK

Hi.

(beat)

Leigh.

Leigh gives him the peace sign. In his hurry to return the peace sign, he knocks over the coffee cups. Leigh bends down to pick them up and gives him a view of her cleavage.

LEIGH

Want milk?

RICK

Yes. Yes. Thirsty for milk. I'd like some milk.

LEIGH

Skim or whole?

As Leigh picks up the final cup, Rick can't stop staring at her two perfectly formed breasts.

RICK

Half and half.

Leigh stands up and Rick looks away while tapping the counter.

RICK (CONT'D)

Half and half. With my coffee.

While Leigh makes his coffee, Rick notices some postcards advertising a two week free trial at the local gym.

He grabs one. Leigh comes back with his coffee.

LEIGH
I work out there.

RICK
You do?

Leigh nods.

RICK (CONT'D)
I work out at home. But I was
thinking of going public with my
workouts.

LEIGH
Cool.

RICK
What do you squat?

LEIGH
I don't really squat, just run on
the treadmill.

RICK
Stupid question. It's just
(beat)
I'm a squatter. High school squatting
champion.

Rick bends down to show his champion form. His back spasms
for a second and he uses the counter to help himself back
up.

LEIGH
I'm getting off in 15 minutes to go
work out. I could show you around.

RICK
If you're getting off?

LEIGH
I'm getting off.

RICK
Then I'll get off with you.
(beat)
Work. I'll get off my work and go
with you.

LEIGH
Rockin'.

RICK
R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.

Leigh gives him the peace sign and turns to the next customer. Rick wildly flips her the peace sign back and spills a little coffee on the customer next to him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sorry, so 'sorry. Let me wipe that for you.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

Rick sits alone reading the paper. Leigh walks out from the back room dressed in tight workout clothes.

LEIGH

Ready to go?

Rick looks up.

RICK

You're all dressed.

LEIGH

I usually run over to the gym from here.

RICK

I can do that. I think I got workout clothes in the trunk.

LEIGH

Cool.

RICK

Cool.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Rick's car is parked on the street halfway up a hill. Leigh leans against his car as Rick rummages through the trunk. His trunk is filled with sporting goods and children's toys. He finds a pair of shorts, tee shirt, and gym shoes.

RICK

All set. I'll just get in the car and change.

Rick hops in the car and struggles to take his shirt off. He then fights the confined space to take his pants off. He looks in his rear view mirror and watches Leigh stretch. He violently jerks his right leg out of his suit pants. His knee smacks the gear shift into neutral and the car moves quickly downhill. Rick panics and sees through the rear view mirror Leigh jumping out of the way. He throws the gear shift into park and with one pant leg in and one pant leg out, jumps out of the car to check on Leigh.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh my God! I'm so sorry. You okay?

Rick helps her up.

LEIGH
All's cool.

Leigh looks at Rick standing bare chested with one leg in his suit pants and the other exposed. Rick smiles uncomfortably and looks around the street at everyone staring at him.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Rick struggles to keep up with Leigh as they jog through town. Leigh turns and smiles at Rick. Rick smiles back, distracting him from watching the pavement. As Leigh turns her head the other way, Rick trips and hits the pavement hard. Like a stuntman, Rick tucks, rolls and pops up, never missing a beat. Leigh turns again and smiles at Rick. Rick smiles back, but this time tastes the blood dripping from his bloodied lip.

INT. GYM -- DAY

Rick and Leigh stand at the front desk. Rick uses the desk to support his aching body.

LEIGH
Danny, this is my friend.

RICK
Rick.

LEIGH
He's looking to join.

DANNY
Great. I'll get you signed up.

Leigh grabs Rick's hand. Rick squeezes her hand a little strong.

LEIGH
I'll be on the treadmill.

Rick nods. Leigh gives him the peace sign and walks away. Rick sorely returns the peace sign.

DANNY
You two dating?

Rick shows Danny his wedding ring.

DANNY
Too bad. She likes her men old.

Rick shoots Danny a look.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Older. She likes her men older.

RICK

Is there a place I can take a nap?

Danny laughs thinking Rick is joking.

INT. GYM -- DAY

Danny gives Rick a tour of the gym.

INT. GYM -- DAY

Rick's finished with the tour and waves to Leigh as he heads for the weight room. He motions to her that he's going to squat.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM -- DAY

Rick piles the weight on the bar and puts it behind his back. As he squats down, Leigh walks in. Rick tries to stand up but the weight is so much he almost crumbles to the ground.

LEIGH

You need a spotter?

RICK

I'm good! Real good. I like to stay down in this position so I can stretch out the quads.

LEIGH

Right on.

RICK

Righty O!

LEIGH

I'll see you at the coffee house tomorrow?

RICK

Switching from 2 sugars to 2 Splendas.

Leigh smiles and gives him the peace sign. Rick lifts two fingers over the bar as Leigh walks out. As soon as Leigh leaves, Rick tumbles backward and the weights crash on his right hand.

INT. SAFETY STATION -- DAY

Rick is in the nurse's office of the workout place. A cute lady is bandaging his hand.

NURSE

You're lucky you didn't break your hand.

Rick nods.

NURSE (CONT'D)

It's a bad bruise, so you're not going to be able to grip anything with your right hand for a few days.

The sexual innuendo makes Rick uncomfortable. He raises his left hand and squeezes the air, displaying the strength of his left hand.

RICK

Luckily, I'm amphibious.

Rick means ambidextrous but he's in panic mode.

RICK (CONT'D)

Not that I'll be needing to grip anything for few days.

(beat)

If I'm not lifting.

(beat)

I can do cardio though, right?

The nurse nods and walks away.

INT. LOCKERROOM -- DAY

Rick sits privately at the stool in front of his locker. He notices that most of the men walk freely around with nothing covering them. Most of them are completely shaven. Rick puts on his towel and heads for the shower. All of the men are physically fit, hairless, and completely comfortable. Rick grabs another towel to cover his shoulders as he's finished showering and heads into the steam room. Inside the steam room, the same thing. Guys sitting naked with their legs wide open. All of them are impeccably groomed. Rick covers himself in the corner.

INT. GYM -- DAY

Rick stands in line at the snack bar.

RICK

How's that high protein shake?

SNACK GUY

It's got 45 grams of protein, 25 grams of carbs, 1 gram of fat, and is high in lactic acid.

Rick acts like he's counting the numbers and creating a formula.

RICK
How's it taste?

SNACK GUY
Chocolaty.

RICK
Now you're talking. How 'bout one
of these low carb bars?

SNACK GUY
Great for a meal replacement or a
snack between meals. Total net carbs
is only 8.

RICK
What's in a Snickers' bar?

SNACK GUY
About 80.

RICK
I'll take 10 low carb bars and a
shake.

INT. PROSPECTIVE HOUSE -- DAY

As Fred is showing the master bedroom of a big estate, Rick
enters the room.

FRED
This is my partner Rick. This is
Harold and Nancy Freed.

Fred shakes their hands.

RICK
Have you shown them the sleeping
room?

FRED
The previous owner had a snoring
problem that his wife described as a
semi truck coming through the window,
so they...

Rick opens the door to a little room that is only big enough
for a king size bed. No windows. And sound proofing on the
walls. The Freeds join Rick and Fred in the room.

FRED (CONT'D)
Created the sleeping room. He'd
kiss her good-night and go into his
bat cave.

The Freeds laugh.

HAROLD

It's listed as 4 bedrooms. Does
this count?

Fred points at Rick as if to say "I told you so". Rick shakes
his head.

FRED

If you had four kids and wanted to
give them each their own room, who's
the redheaded stepchild that gets
this one?

The Freeds nod in agreement.

NANCY

Do you mind if we look around?

FRED

Please.

The Freeds walk out and Rick closes the door behind them.
Fred jumps on the king size bed.

FRED (CONT'D)

What happened to your hand?

RICK

Working out.
(beat)
With Leigh.

Rick nods.

FRED

She wants me.
(beat)
What were you doing with her?
(beat)
And what were you doing working out?

RICK

You gotta promise me you'll keep
your fat mouth shut.

FRED

Not even Grace?

RICK

Especially not Grace.

FRED

Hey, I asked cause a lot of guys
tell their wives everything.

RICK

What guys?

FRED

Guys. Guys we don't know. But they're out there. And they don't tell you they're telling them.

Rick shakes his head in frustration.

FRED (CONT'D)

Fine. Just you and me. Secret squirrels.

RICK

Maggie gave me the hall pass.

Fred jumps on the bed and starts bouncing like a kid.

FRED

The Holy Grail! Yes!

(beat)

You? I never thought I could be jealous of you.

Rick motions for him to keep it down.

RICK

I'm freaking out.

FRED

You and me both.

RICK

I gotta lose 40 pounds.

FRED

By when?

RICK

Sunday.

FRED

Sunday?

RICK

Maggie's only giving me a week.

Fred jumps off the bed.

FRED

What's the game plan?

RICK

I was thinking

(beat)

Leigh.

FRED

Leigh's mine.

RICK
What are you talking about?

FRED
Mentally. I got dibs on her. She's
been my mental girlfriend going on
two years now.

RICK
I worked out with her today.

FRED
The dirty barrista! Cheating on me.
She ask about me?

Rick shakes his head.

FRED (CONT'D)
I hate to burst your bubble, but
Leigh's a goddess. You're my guy,
but you need to find a blind woman
who's lost her sense of touch.

RICK
I'm hideous to look at.

FRED
Dude. Have you seen these nudist
colonies on "Real Sex"? These people
are heinous. You're not that heinous.

RICK
That doesn't help.

FRED
God has sent you a little miracle.
Live the dream.

Rick nods.

RICK
I only have nightmares.

Fred opens the door and Harold is waiting.

HAROLD
We'd like to make an offer.

FRED
Great.

RICK
Where's Nancy?

HAROLD
She's waiting downstairs. That room
isn't exactly sound proof.

Rick is paralyzed with embarrassment.

EXT. PROSPECTIVE HOUSE -- DAY

The Freeds get into their car. Fred shakes Rick's hand.

FRED

Three percent of 1.2 million. Thirty
six grand commission. That should
pay for one semester of college.

RICK

When's the last time you were at the
gym?

FRED

To work out?

RICK

What else can you do?

FRED

Sometimes I put the boys in daycare
there, say I'm taking a spinning
class, but instead go to the lounge
and watch sports for an hour.

RICK

You're living a life of lies.

FRED

It's exhausting.

RICK

Have you been in the locker room?

Fred nods.

RICK (CONT'D)

Have you noticed

(beat)

Have you noticed a lot of the guys,
um, you know, going for the

(beat)

Middle school look?

FRED

Middle school look?

RICK

The Bald Eagle.

Fred laughs.

FRED

What you call the middle school look
is now known as the Metro Sexual.

RICK
The guys in the locker room look at
me like I'm the knuckles dragging
guy on the evolution of man chart.

Fred puts his arm around Rick.

FRED
If an ape saw you in the jungle,
he'd groom you.

RICK
I'm hideous, aren't I?

FRED
Let Freddy Bear take care of you.

INT. FRED'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Fred puts down a few towels on the bathroom floor.

FRED
Take your clothes off.

Rick gives Fred a look.

FRED (CONT'D)
Just take off your shirt.

Rick uncomfortably takes off his shirt. Fred fake dry heaves
in the sink.

FRED (CONT'D)
Maybe we should take you to a dog
groomer.

RICK
Come on.

FRED
Okay. Here's a scissors. Let's
just trim it down.

Rick grabs a scissors.

RICK
I can't get my back hair.

Fred walks behind Rick and takes a look. This time there's
nothing fake about Fred's dry heave.

FRED
I'll get this, Big Foot.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

A ton of hair is on the ground. Fred finishes trimming the back hair.

FRED

There.

RICK

This looks better. I've probably lost five pounds.

Fred walks around and looks at Rick in his tighty whities. Fred points to Rick's crotch.

FRED

Now it's time for that.

RICK

Get out of here.

FRED

It ain't the 70's and you're not Ron Jeremy. Trust me.

On Rick's backside, we can see Fred. Rick pulls down his underwear.

TIGHT on Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

You could hide Jimmy Hoffa in that.

TIGHT on Rick. Rick pulls the underwear back on.

FRED (CONT'D)

You need a can of mousse to pack that back in your underwear.

Rick stands vulnerably.

FRED (CONT'D)

Fine. You need to shave it.

RICK

Shave it?

FRED

Yep.

Fred hops on the counter and flips through Vogue as Rick shaves.

INT. FRED'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Rick finishes shaving his pubic hair. Fred throws him a towel to wipe up.

RICK
It seems bigger.

FRED
It's an illusion.

RICK
I'm all about the illusion.

Rick turns and looks in the mirror. Rick's ass is still covered in hair.

RICK (CONT'D)
What about my butt?

Fred throws him a compact mirror. Rick looks through the mirror and lathers his ass in shaving cream. He tries to shave with his left hand.

RICK (CONT'D)
I can't do this. I need my right hand.

Rick looks at Fred. Fred looks away.

RICK (CONT'D)
Senior year. When you dislocated your shoulder. Who put the deodorant under your arm pit after gym class?

Fred grabs a deodorant stick, lifts Rick's arm, and applies it.

FRED
We're even.

RICK
Shaving my ass ain't some Jedi mind trick that's gonna turn you gay.

FRED
You don't know what the trigger is? Nobody knows what sets off the monkey at the blackboard with the bifocals inside your head.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE -- DAY

Grace hops out of her car and walks into the house.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE -- DAY

Grace is talking to Maggie on the phone as she walks through the house and up the stairs.

INTERCUT with Maggie at the office.

MAGGIE

We can't cut the catering budget.

GRACE

Why do you ask for my opinion?

MAGGIE

I just thought you might have an idea.

GRACE

The espresso guy is an extravagance.

Grace walks into the master bedroom and heads toward the bathroom.

MAGGIE

But that's part of the reason we have such a loyal crew.

GRACE

Loyalty costs too much.

GRACE'S POV- Grace opens the door to the bathroom and sees a stark naked, half shaved Rick standing there with his eyes closed. Grace screams as loud as she can and drops her cell phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!

Rick jumps as high as he can, revealing Fred on his knees at arm's length shaving Rick's ass. Fred's face is covered by a scuba mask and snorkel. He pulls them off.

FRED

You're home early.

Grace fumbles for the cell phone and doesn't pick it up but just talks into it.

GRACE

I'm okay. Fred just freaked me out.
I'll call you back.

She hangs up as Rick covers himself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I... what... you two...

Rick is paralyzed with embarrassment.

FRED

A little grooming.

Grace walks out.

RICK
I gotta get outta here.

FRED
Hold on. This might be a melanoma
or a three headed zit.

Fred pulls down the mask and pops in the snorkel. He lowers his body so that he's an arm's length from Rick and eye level to his ass.

FRED (CONT'D)
Just got one more fur ball to shave.

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

Fred puts the scuba equipment away. Grace finds him in the garage. Grace smacks Fred in the arm.

GRACE
I never thought I had to tell you
that shaving another man's ass in my
bathroom is wrong.

FRED
You're always telling me to be a
better friend.

GRACE
There's a decent chance a draft of
air caught one of his pubic hairs
and floated aimlessly in the air
until I walked in, inhaled it, and
now our unborn baby is choking on
one of Rick's ass hairs.

FRED
I think I'm going to puke.

GRACE
Why were you doing it?

FRED
Rick was sick of being the woolly
mammoth.

GRACE
Why the sudden change?

Fred shrugs. Grace's look pierces Fred's soul.

FRED
What?
Grace starts hitting Fred.

GRACE

You know about the hall pass and you're trying to keep it a secret from me and you're shaving his ass so you can videotape his sexcapades from the closet.

FRED

What are you talking about?

GRACE

Don't you get any ideas. I don't care if every husband in the world gets a hall pass, the only sex you're ever going to have until you die is with me.

FRED

Until death do us part.

Grace stops a second. She then starts hitting Fred again.

GRACE

You're looking forward to the "until death do us part" moment. I'm gonna outlive you.

FRED

I know.

Grace stops another second. Then she starts hitting Fred some more.

GRACE

So then you're looking forward to having sex in heaven while I'm doing the widow thing down here?

Grace stops to hear Fred's answer. Fred gets a big smile. Grace restarts the hitting.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're going to burn in hell.

Fred stops Grace and pulls her close. He strokes her hair.

FRED

I'm not like other men. Sex with other women doesn't interest me.

GRACE

You're a liar but I'm too tired to hit you.

Fred kisses Grace on the head. Grace grabs his hand and puts it on her belly.

FRED

How do you know if the baby's not
choking on your belly button hair?

Fred laughs as Grace starts hitting him again.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

Rick walks into the coffee shop where there is no line.
Leigh is sitting on the back counter as a wannabe artist
type is flirting with her. Leigh gives Rick the peace sign
and he returns it. Wannabe approaches Rick.

WANNABE

What can I get you, mister?

Rick points to Leigh like a manager points to the bullpen.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

You want Leigh?

RICK

She knows my order.

Leigh seems disinterested.

LEIGH

An iced coffee with two sugars.

Rick winks at Leigh.

RICK

Switching to Splenda after our workout
yesterday.

Wannabe mocks Rick by pointing at him and winking.

WANNABE

An iced coffee with two Splendas
coming up, mister.

Leigh laughs as Wannabe grabs a cup and cockily walks past
her. Rick fights the urge to jump the counter and snap
Wannabe's skinny neck.

RICK

Still feeling the burn in my lats.

Wannabe holds his lats and says something to Leigh that is
inaudible to Rick. Leigh and Wannabe laugh. A phone rings
in the employee only back room and Leigh runs to get it.
Wannabe hands Rick the coffee. Rick glares at him. Wannabe
winks at him. Rick heads out.

WANNABE

Enjoy your two Splenda'd iced coffee,
mister.

Rick stops. He turns around, walks to the counter, and stares at Wannabe. Wannabe, comforted by the counter between them, smiles back.

RICK

You think this counter is some
alligator infested moat?

With the cat like quickness of William "Fridge" Perry, Rick reaches over and grabs Wannabe.

RICK (CONT'D)

This little "I'm on the inside, too
cool for school, let's laugh at the
chunky suburban guy cause I'm safe
on this side of the counter" routine's
gonna get you hurt. After you lose
all of your family's money on your
avante garde piece of crap short
film, you're going to need a job.
And it's guys like me that hire.
And guys like me don't hire punks
like you. So shape up.

Rick lets go and walks out.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE -- DAY

Fred runs through the office and past Rick's office. Rick sees him and follows Fred into his office.

RICK

Broke up with Leigh this afternoon.

FRED

Close the door behind you.

RICK

I don't think she knew we were
actually going out.

Fred reaches down and pulls out a folder from his bottom drawer. He walks over to the paper shredder and starts stuffing paper into the shredder.

RICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

FRED

Grace is on the rampage. She's going
into that "must clean house nesting"
last trimester stage. I don't need
her coming here and cleaning out my
desk.

RICK

What are you shredding?

Fred stops. He studies Rick for a few seconds.

FRED
I'm pulling back the curtain here a bit.

Fred hands Rick a piece of paper.

WIFE SWAP

1. SARAH CRANE 2. JILL KANE 3. LAURIE KEMP 4. MELISSA YORK
5. MAGGIE MILLS

RICK
You got a wife swap list?

FRED
I've got a list for everything.

Fred holds up another piece of paper.

GRACE- DEATH AND/OR DISMEMBERMENT

Fred shreds the DEATH AND/OR DISMEMBERMENT list. Rick looks at the wife swap list.

RICK
Maggie's on this list?

Fred winces.

FRED
Sorry. It was either Maggie or Gayle.

RICK
What about Sharon?

FRED
It had to be with couples where I think Grace could be with the guy.

RICK
You think Grace would be with me?

FRED
Probably not, but lists need to be five long and if I put a gun to Grace's head, which is another list, I think Grace would pick you over Jason.

Rick shakes his head.

FRED (CONT'D)
You know, sort of the happy neighbor, best friend says it okay, platonic wife swap angle.

RICK
You put Melissa York ahead of Maggie?

FRED
Melissa's got that pull her hair,
beg for butt beads, my jeans are so
tight I'm baking a Kaiser roll feel
to her.
(beat)
I love Kaiser rolls. I can move Maggie
up if you want.

Rick shakes his head. Fred grabs the list and looks at it.

FRED (CONT'D)
Now that Jill's divorced, I need to
take her off the wife swap list and
put her on the DINGO TOOK MY BABY
list.

RICK
What's that list?

FRED
I've pulled the curtain back far
enough. I gotta go show a house.
I'll see you at the preschool barbecue
tonight.

Fred stuffs the rest of the papers in the shredder.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Grace watches as Maggie deftly handles the crew. Lucy walks
over and hands Grace a water.

GRACE
I hope you feel good about poisoning
her marriage.

LUCY
It's just what their marriage needed.

GRACE
If you're wrong, they'll probably
get divorced.

LUCY
Probably.

GRACE
And that's not poisoning a marriage?

LUCY
There are things worse than divorce
for a marriage.

The assistant director screams that the production is now back from lunch.

EXT. PRESCHOOL BARBECUE -- NIGHT

Rick walks into the courtyard of the preschool where parents and kids mill around. Kerry runs to greet her friends by the swingset and Emma follows her. Rick waves to a few of the guys, including Fred, who have settled in the corner. Jill Kane, getting divorced, hugs Rick.

JILL
Maggie working?

Rick nods.

RICK
Luke working?

Jill's eyes well up as she nods.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh God, Jill, I'm sorry.

Jill hugs Rick again.

JILL
Nobody likes to talk about divorce at the preschool barbecue. Like divorce is leprosy.

RICK
I think I've got a bout of leprosy on my ass.

Jill steps back and Rick smiles uncomfortably, not believing he just said that. Jill laughs and kisses Rick on the cheek.

JILL
I could put some ointment on that for you.

RICK
Hope the ointment's green. Then you won't be able to tell where the ointment starts and my puss stops.

Jill walks away and Rick stands there shocked. Fred whistles to Rick to join him. Rick pats a few of the dads on the back as he works his way to Fred. Fred hands Rick a beer.

FRED
Got a hug and a kiss from Jill, huh?

Rick waves him off as if it were nothing.

FRED (CONT'D)
Let me tell you about the "Dingo
Took My Baby" list.

Henry, the frat dad that desperately wants to buddy up, approaches them. Henry's wearing the preschool tee shirt and hat. He sticks out his fist for the guys to pound.

HENRY
Dudes.

Henry slides next to Fred and leans against the building looking out at all of the moms at the barbecue.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Bitches galore! Dudes, the damage
we would do.

Henry puts out his fist and pounds Rick and Fred's fists.

HENRY (CONT'D)
There's not a mike on you guys right
now?

Henry starts laughing, obviously knowing about the karaoke incident. Rick and Fred shake their heads with embarrassment.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Laughed my big balls off when I heard
it.

Henry leans in covertly, sticks his face up, and starts licking the air madly.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This is me as Sarah Crane's bike
seat. All up in there like this.

Henry's wife yells to him to help their son on the monkey bars. Like a subordinate, Henry follows her order and walks toward the monkey bars. He turns around for a second so that only Rick and Fred can see and continues to lick wildly.

FRED
Tries too hard.

RICK
One in every group.

FRED
Anyway, the "Dingo Took My Baby"
list. It's a common phenomenon in
Australia that when a dingo takes a
baby, the husband and wife split up
and the wife looks for solace in the
arms of an available, affectionate
man.

Fred points at Rick. Rick waves him off.

FRED (CONT'D)

It couldn't be more perfect.

RICK

I can't be with someone Maggie knows.
Wrong!

Fred smacks Rick.

FRED

What do you mean you can't? It's
not like you can just walk into a
bar and pick up some random chick.

RICK

What's that supposed to mean?

FRED

You've got Athlete's Foot on your
ass, your balls hang lower than a
ninety-year-old man, and your dick
looks like a shaved Sharpei puppy.

Rick gulps his beer.

FRED (CONT'D)

You're my guy, but your only shot is
with someone that doesn't care how
you look.

RICK

I agree.

FRED

You do?

RICK

That's why I'm going to check out
that massage parlor on Kennedy Blvd.
I won't know them, they won't know
me. I'll get a rub and tug and forget
about it forever.

FRED

Ask for the goldenrod membership.

RICK

What?

FRED

It's code that cuts through all the
red tape.

Rick shakes his head in disbelief.

FRED (CONT'D)
I've got people.

Rick walks off to help Emma on the swing.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rick sits at his desk with the Yellow Pages open to

MESSAGE PARLOR

Rick stares at the page.

RICK
Arlene, when is Fred coming back?

ARLENE (O.S.)
Had a showing at the estate on Cedar
at seven AM. He's going to be there
all day.

RICK
Thanks.

Rick looks back at the Yellow Pages.

EXT. RICK'S CAR -- DAY

Rick drives past the strip mall where the massage parlor is.

EXT. RICK'S CAR -- DAY

Rick drives from the other side of the road past the massage
parlor. Rick calls Fred and gets his voicemail.

EXT. STRIP MALL -- DAY

Rick parks the car next to the dry cleaners. He walks into
the dry cleaners in case anyone is watching him.

KOREAN LADY
Hello Mr. Mills. You pick up last
night.

RICK
Oh yeah!

Rick turns to walk out and sees too many people on the
sidewalk. So he waits until the coast is clear.

KOREAN LADY
Mr. Mills. Something wrong?

RICK
No, no. Everything's good.

Rick peers out the window.

KOREAN LADY

You in trouble?

Just then, there's nobody between the dry cleaners and the massage parlor. Rick sprints out of the store, down the side walk, and into the massage parlor.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR -- DAY

Rick tries to catch his breath as he surveys the lobby. There is an old lady sitting quietly in the corner.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello.

RICK

Good afternoon.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

Rick shakes his head. The receptionist smiles.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

What would you like?

Rick looks at the old lady and smiles. Rick whispers out the side of his mouth.

RICK

The goldenrod lifetime membership.

RECEPTIONIST

Did you say goldenrod?

Rick nods quietly.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Take a seat. Bridgett will be right with you.

Rick takes a seat. The old lady smiles mischievously at him. She stands up and sits next to him. The old lady leans into Rick.

OLD LADY

I'll jerk you off in your car for twenty bucks.

RICK

Excuse me?

OLD LADY

I can make you write your name on the ceiling. In cursive.

Bridgett comes storming out.

BRIDGETT

Grandma! How many times I tell you
not to come in here?

Bridgett grabs her grandmother and two guys take her in the
back. Bridgett glares at the receptionist.

BRIDGETT, early 30's, marathon runner, muscular with bulging
veins, NIKE, confident.

BRIDGETT (CONT'D)

I told you to keep an eye out for
her.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry.

Bridgett turns to Rick.

BRIDGETT

I'm sorry. My grandmother started
the business fifty years ago. She's
feeling unappreciated.

RICK

A lot of senior citizens feel that
way.

BRIDGETT

I'm Bridgett. Follow me.

Rick follows Bridgett into a back room.

BRIDGETT (CONT'D)

Take your clothes off, put a towel
on, and lie on the table. I'll be
back in a minute.

Rick takes his clothes off quickly, grabs two towels to cover
himself, and lies on the table. Bridgett walks in. She
dims the lights.

BRIDGETT (CONT'D)

Okay. You know about the goldenrod
membership?

RICK

I think so.

BRIDGETT

Twenty minute massage. With a happy
ending.

RICK

We can work our way to that, right?

BRIDGETT

Either way, it's two hundred bucks.

RICK

In my wallet.

Bridgett hands him his pants and Rick gets two bills and hands it to her. Bridgett then motions for Rick to lay back down. He does and Bridgett pulls down the towel but keeps the it around his butt. She rubs deep and Rick moans. Bridgett works her way down his back and Rick moans louder.

BRIDGETT

I'm going to take the towel off your butt and work your glutes.

Bridgett pulls the towel off Rick's butt.

Rick's ass is red and bumpy.

BRIDGETT (CONT'D)

Oh my! You've got a bad rash here.

Rick winces with embarrassment and looks back at Bridgett.

RICK

My buddy just shaved it.

Bridgett gives Rick a look. Rick points to his bandaged hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

I couldn't do it and I'm new to this Metro sexual fad and... we're not gay.

Bridgett nods.

BRIDGETT

This lotion will just burn and irritate worse.. Let me go get some ointment that will clear this right up.

Bridgett walks out and Rick puts his head down and covers it with a towel. Rick doesn't look up when he hears the sound of footsteps back in the room.

RICK

That was quick.

The sound of two hands coming together and lathering lotion.

Wrinkly, age spotted hands oozing with lotion squeeze Rick's rashy ass.

Rick jumps off the table screaming in pain. He runs around the room grabbing his ass.

RICK (CONT'D)

That burns. Oh man that burns.
Burning.

He turns to see Grandma laughing. Her eyes go wide as she sees Rick's front side. She pulls out her teeth.

GRANDMA

I can tea bag those.

Bridgett runs into the room.

BRIDGETT

Grandma! Get out of here!

Bridgett turns to Rick.

BRIDGETT (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry!

Rick grabs his clothes.

RICK

I've got to get back to work.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR -- DAY

Rick covertly runs out of the massage parlor and gets into his car gingerly. He drives away as quickly as he can.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

Rick walks into the coffee house and there's nobody in line. Leigh's standing behind the counter with a guy Rick doesn't recognize.

LEIGH

Iced coffee with two Splendas.

Rick shakes his head.

RICK

Back to two sugars.

Rick looks at the other worker to see if he reacts.

RICK (CONT'D)

Where's your punk rock co-worker
buddy?

Leigh laughs.

LEIGH
He's deejaying some backyard birthday party.

RICK
You're into music?

LEIGH
Big time. A friend of mine's band is playing at McGhee's tonight. You should come.

Rick tries to not act too excited about the invite.

Mark (the blond streaked model from Maggie's commercial who knows Rick but Rick doesn't know him) storms into the coffee house.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Leigh walks to the other end of the counter where the guy pleads with Leigh. Rick takes his seat and watches as Leigh doesn't back down. Mark dramatically exits.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Don't ever date a model.

RICK
Haven't yet. Don't plan on it.

LEIGH
I gotta go home and cross dating a model off the list.

RICK
Am I the only one not keeping lists?

LEIGH
My philosophy in life is to try everything once.

Rick chokes on his coffee.

RICK
Great philosophy.

LEIGH
Keeps me busy.

RICK
A busy bee.

Rick laughs.

RICK (CONT'D)
A busy Leigh.

Leigh stands up.

LEIGH

I need to do inventory in the back.

Leigh walks away and through the employee double doors.
Rick talks to himself like a homeless man.

RICK

My girls love when I rhyme. Every
time. Suckin' on a lime. Moving my
hands like a mime.

Rick mimics a mime stuck in a box. He then starts hitting himself.

RICK (CONT'D)

Stupid me! Stupid! Stupid! I hate
me!

EXT. ESTATE -- DAY

Rick drives down the long driveway of a beautiful, five million dollar estate for sale. He sees Fred sitting alone on a bench in a garden overlooking a pond. Rick parks the car.

EXT. POND -- DAY

Fred sees Rick walking toward him and gives a perfunctory wave.

RICK

What's the matter with you?

FRED

Grace is never going to give me a
hall pass.

Rick picks up some rocks and tosses it into the pond.

FRED (CONT'D)

What about you?

RICK

Failed at the massage parlor.

Fred chuckles.

FRED

Details?

RICK

Not in the mood.

Fred now grabs some rocks and throws them into the pond.
The two sit quietly.

FRED
(rhetorical)
You wanna know something crazy?

The two men look straight ahead.

FRED (CONT'D)
I really thought your hall pass might change the philosophy of marriage in America. I envisioned a holiday, right between July 4th and Labor Day, like the second Monday in August, Hall Pass Day, a national holiday, for husbands to get some strange, a day that will forever be known as the holiday that saved the institution of marriage.

RICK
(whiny)
I let down the male species.

FRED
(mock whines)
I'm chubby, my ass is rashy, my penis is small. When did you become such a whiner?

Rick sits silent. Fred pats him on the shoulder.

FRED (CONT'D)
It's probably best that you didn't. I know I couldn't have done it.
(beat)
But what about lying, saying you did it, and then come back and be the greatest husband and father ever, and all the wives will ask Maggie and she will tell them the hall pass changed you and bam, hello national holiday.

Fred laughs and hits Rick. Rick stands up and chucks a rock as far as he can into the pond.

RICK
I want the hall pass.

Rick looks back at a surprised Fred.

RICK (CONT'D)
At first, I wasn't sure. But now I want it.

FRED
Really? Strippers?

RICK
No strippers.

FRED
Escort service?

RICK
Nope. The dream.

FRED
Pillow fight at a sorority house?

RICK
Leigh.

Fred laughs off the impossible dream.

RICK (CONT'D)
She told me today, in a real sexy,
inviting way, that her philosophy in
life is to try everything once.

Fred gets excited.

FRED
What'd you say?

Rick sits down.

RICK
I wanted to say you've never tried
me. But instead, I rhymed. Busy
bee and busy Leigh.

Fred now throws a rock as far as he can.

RICK (CONT'D)
Leigh's a memory that would last a
lifetime.

FRED
You just need to learn how to talk
to a woman in a pressure situation.

RICK
Maggie's the only woman I can talk
to. And I suck at that lately too.

FRED
That needs to change if you want
Leigh.

RICK
How?

INT. MALL -- DAY

DAVID BOWIE & QUEEN "UNDER PRESSURE"

Rick and Fred walk through the mall.

FRED

Your problem is women make you nervous. When talking to a woman, you need to acknowledge the white elephant in the room.

RICK

Which is?

FRED

The vagina.

RICK

The pink elephant in the room.

FRED

Just acknowledge they have it, you want it, and move on. Let me hear you say it.

RICK

Say what?

FRED

Vagina.

RICK

Why?

FRED

Cause if you can't say it, you can't make peace with it.

Rick looks straight ahead.

FRED (CONT'D)

You can't say it.

RICK

Please! I've got two daughters. They use the word all the time.

FRED

Then say it.

RICK

Jine-Jine.

Fred shakes his head in disbelief.

FRED

Watch and learn. Follow me.

Fred walks with a swagger as he turns into a Victoria Secret's store. Rick follows timidly.

INT. VICTORIA SECRETS -- DAY

Fred browses the store while watching the other shoppers. Rick browses while watching Fred. A shopper grabs a pink teddy and puts it up to herself. Fred strolls over.

FRED

Could you do me a favor and stop modeling the lingerie.

SHOPPER

Excuse me?

FRED

I wanted to buy my wife that pink teddy but now when she puts it on I'll only be thinking of you.

The shopper smiles and grabs the black teddy.

SHOPPER

Your wife would like this one.

FRED

Please stop! There will be nothing left to buy.

The shopper laughs. Fred looks over at Rick. Rick points to himself as if to say "I'm the Man!"

INT. VICTORIA SECRETS -- DAY

Rick watches as another shopper browses the bra and panty section. Rick winks at Fred and moves in.

RICK

I don't think you should go with that.

SHOPPER 2

Why not?

Rick's face goes blank. Panic mode!

RICK

Cause you're hot and if I can't have you, nobody should have you, which means I have to kill you.

Rick smiles weakly.

EXT. VICTORIA SECRETS -- DAY

Rick and Fred being thrown out of the store.

FRED

Serial killer? You thought channeling
a serial killer would be charming?

Fred smacks Rick.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Fred walks up to the hot dog stand inside the food court.
He motions to Rick to watch and listen. A woman walking
with her friends takes a bite of her foot long hot dog as
she walks past Fred.

FRED

Another bite like that and you're
going to have porn producers
everywhere trying to hire you.

The woman slows down so Fred can watch her take another bite,
but this time as seductively as she can.

FRED (CONT'D)

Jenna Jameson beware.

The woman and her friends laugh.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Rick stands against the wall. He spots a woman buying a
foot long. She walks past Rick.

RICK

That looks tasty.

The woman wraps her mouth around the hot dog.

WOMAN

It is.

RICK

Twenty bucks says you can't shove
the whole thing down your mouth
without gagging.

The woman throws her soda in Rick's face.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Rick dries himself off in the men's bathroom while Fred washes
his hands.

FRED

Why so angry?

RICK
I don't know.

FRED
Let's give it one last shot. You're
a sweet guy. Lose angry man.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Rick follows Fred into the Breast Pump, a store for expectant and new mothers. A woman is perusing the different types of breast feeding shirts while her baby is breast feeding. Fred acts like he's looking for something also. He catches the lady's eye. Fred points to the baby.

FRED
Now that's the best way to shop.

The lady laughs.

LADY
Typical jealous husband.

FRED
I'd go shopping with my wife
everywhere if she carried me like
that.

Rick can't believe how smooth Fred is.

INT. MALL -- DAY

Rick's turn. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He sees a big black woman breast feeding next to the formula section. Rick grabs some formula and looks at the woman.

RICK
No matter how hard science tries,
they can't duplicate the nutrients
of breast milk.

BIG BLACK WOMAN
No they can't.

RICK
Too bad we outgrow Mommy's booby.

BIG BLACK WOMAN
I'm not sure my baby ever will.

Rick leans down so that he's eye level with the baby as it sucks on the obscenely big boob. Rick speaks baby talk.

RICK
That's because you're giving him
yummy in the tummy chocolate milky.

The big black woman kicks Rick in the chest and Rick somersaults backward into a clothing rack.

EXT. MALL -- DAY

Rick and Fred walk out of the mall.

RICK
Like you've never wondered if it's
chocolate milk.

FRED
In my head. When I was five. Before
I knew what racism was.

RICK
I was just joking. Damn! How 'bout
you pick up Leigh for me?

FRED
Cause my wife is holding me to the
rules.

Fred stops.

FRED (CONT'D)
Have you ever heard of
Cyrano de Bergerac?

Fred pounds the top of the car as he gets in.

INT. LA CANISTA MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- DAY

Maggie, Grace and Lucy sit at a table nursing frozen margaritas and eating chips.

MAGGIE
Two days of shooting and we're already
a day behind schedule.

Grace laughs as Lucy throws a chip at Maggie.

LUCY
We're on schedule you freak.

MAGGIE
I know how you get when you think
we're on schedule. Hey, I'll pop
off that shot and maybe we can add
this shot.

An extremely tan, beach blond man wanders past their table with a purpose. Grace elbows Lucy who turns and sees him.

LUCY
Garrett? Garrett!

GARRETT, 40-something, short, green colored contacts, ARMANI, affected.

GARRETT

Lucy! Oh my baby Lucy.

Garrett gets on his tippy toes and kisses Lucy on the head like he's her father. Garrett places a \$100 bill on the table.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dinner's on me ladies.

LUCY

I'd like for you to meet my friends
Maggie and Grace.

Garrett kisses Maggie and Grace on the forehead like he were kissing his nieces. Garrett points to Grace's belly.

GARRETT

You leave your husband now and I can
get you five times more than if you
wait until after the baby is born.

Grace laughs him off.

LUCY

Garrett was my divorce attorney.

GARRETT

Is.

Maggie smells the trap.

MAGGIE

So Garrett, La Canista doesn't seem
like a place you'd normally hang out
at?

GARRETT

I was in the barrio.

A busboy walks past and Garrett grabs him. Garrett hands the busboy \$20. Garrett points to an empty, messy table with bean dip, salsa and nacho cheese everywhere.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I just had my stomach stapled and
the sight of processed cheese makes
me sick.

MAGGIE

You two set this up.

LUCY

I swear it's just a coincidence.

Garrett grabs Maggie's hand.

GARRETT
I never lie to one of my clients.

MAGGIE
I'm not your client.

GARRETT
I could probably get you fifty grand
a month alimony.

MAGGIE
My husband doesn't make fifty grand
a month.

GARRETT
Doesn't matter.

Maggie stands up.

MAGGIE
I've got to get home to the girls.

GRACE
Mags, we just wanted you to meet an
expert who would be able to tell you
how stupid it is to give a man
freedom.

Garrett sways to an imaginary tune.

GARRETT
More than half my clients are
swingers.

MAGGIE
We're not swingers. I gave my husband
a hall pass.

Garrett laughs. Lucy smacks him.

GARRETT
I'm not going to be able to get you
fifty grand a month. Unless he forced
you like that Senator forced the
Star Trek girl.

LUCY
Garrett!

Garrett touches Maggie's hand. Garrett hands Maggie his
card.

GARRET HOLMES

ATTORNEY/PARTY PLANNER

GARRETT

All my clients are female. I've got
a get together this Friday night.
No men. It's nice to meet other
women in the same boat.

LUCY

I'll be there. It's fun.

GARRETT

I'll put you on the list.

Maggie shakes Garrett's hand.

MAGGIE

Nice to meet you.

Maggie waves to Lucy and Grace.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you guys tomorrow.

Maggie walks off. Lucy looks at Grace and Grace throws her
arms up. Garrett touches Grace's belly.

GARRETT

If we file tonight, I could have you
on the stand two weeks before your
due date.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rick stands in front of the mirror in his bedroom. He wears
fresh new jeans and a polo. He turns so he can look at his
side view. Maggie walks in.

MAGGIE

I told you my mom's taking the girls
for the whole weekend?

RICK

Great.

MAGGIE

You going to see a band or to a
Republican meeting at the country
club?

RICK

I'm wearing jeans.

MAGGIE

Rebel.

Rick takes off the polo and puts on a white tee shirt. Too
tight. He walks over to the bed, takes off the tee shirt,
and stuffs 7 pillows into the tee shirt.

He walks into the bathroom, grabs scissors, and sits on the toilet. He punches the scissors through the jeans at the knee. He then uses the side of the scissors to fray the jeans at the thigh. Satisfied, he punches a hole in the other knee. He hears his girls laughing from the bedroom.

RICK

What are you girls doing?

The girls giggle, obviously up to something. Satisfied with the hole, he frays the jeans at the thigh to make them look more worn.

RICK (CONT'D)

Get in here. Let me see what you're doing.

Rick continues to fray the jeans. The girls walk in. Kerry is wearing Rick's tee shirt while licking a half melted Fudgecicle. Her chocolate hands have stained the shirt.

RICK (CONT'D)

No! No! No!

As Rick lunges to grab his daughter, the scissors rip straight through the jeans and into his groin, just missing his crotch. The stabbing pain paralyzes and he falls face first to the ground.

SLO MO as the impact of the fall drives the scissors deeper and more solidly into his groin. Rick wails and rolls in pain. Emma runs out of the room screaming.

EMMA

Mommy! Daddy's wiener's bleeding!

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The paramedics cut off Rick's jeans. The contrast of extremely hairy thighs next to a completely shaven crotch area covered by tighty whiteys with a pair of scissors sticking out makes the paramedics laugh.

MAGGIE

What the hell?

The girls peer through the door.

KERRY

Is Daddy going to ever go pee pee again?

MAGGIE

This is why I tell you girls to never play with scissors.

RICK
No time for lessons.

Maggie closes the door on the girls.

MAGGIE
Why do you look like a half shaved
poodle?

The paramedics hold back their laughter.

RICK
Fred said all the guys are doing it.
Rick looks at the paramedics for confirmation.

PARAMEDIC 1
Male grooming habits are personal.

RICK
But you've seen guys like this before?

PARAMEDIC 2
Not really.

PARAMEDIC 1
The good news is the scissors
missed... everything important...
and wasn't deep enough to puncture
your vital organs. It's just a deep
flesh wound that won't require
stitches.

PARAMEDIC 2
The bad news is that we need to pull
out the scissors. This may
(beat)
Or may not be uncomfortable but I am
going to have to push your penis and
testicles out of the way as my partner
(beat)
Tom
(beat)
Pulls the scissors out. And bandages
the area.

Paramedic 2 reaches down for Rick's crotch.

PARAMEDIC 2 (CONT'D)
My hands may be here a bit.

Paramedic 2 looks up at Rick. Rick looks down at Paramedic
2.

RICK
Your hands are warm.

Uncomfortable silence.

Paramedic 2 looks at Paramedic 1. Paramedic 2's hands cover Rick's crotch as Paramedic 1 grabs the scissors.

TIGHT SHOT on Rick.

TIGHT SHOT on Paramedic 2.

TIGHT SHOT on Paramedic 1.

The paramedics look at each other.

PARAMEDIC 1

Now!

He grabs the scissors and pulls out. Rick screams as Paramedic 2 lets go of Rick's package and applies pressure to the wound.

SLO MO as Paramedic 1 quickly applies a bandage to the area as Paramedic 2 goes back to holding Rick's tighty whiteys in place. The four hands furiously rub the bandage into place.

Paramedic 2 lets out a scream.

PARAMEDIC 2

I've got movement!

SLO MO as the Paramedic looks up at Rick. Rick silently mouths

RICK

I'm sorry!

INT. MCGHEES -- NIGHT

McGhee's bar is packed with 20 somethings smoking and rocking out to the tunes of the live band. Rick limps through the crowd wearing a white tee shirt with washed away chocolate stains and ripped jeans. Fred leads the way through the crowd until he finds an open space at the bar to lean against. Rick attempts to fit in the small space between Fred and another person. It doesn't work so he stands sheepishly.

FRED

I can't believe you're coming out after your scissors incident.

RICK

I'm an athlete. I play hurt.

Henry, wearing the band's tee shirt and cap backwards, walks over to the guys.

HENRY

Dudes.

Henry pounds Rick and Fred's fists.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Before I hitched the old lady, I was
like a grizzly bear catching salmon.

Henry points to the young women to over emphasize that they
are the salmon.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Swimming upstream. Bitches galore!
(beat)
Shots?

Henry screams to the waitress.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Round of Wild Turkey for the three
of us.

Henry's cell phone rings.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hello. Yes. Yes Honey. Okay.

Henry hangs up the cell phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dudes, I hate to leave my wingmen,
but the old lady needs me.

Henry points to the women in the bar.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Or else I'd be knee deep.

He sticks his fist out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Pound the potato.

Rick and Fred punch his fist and Henry walks out.

FRED

There she is.

RICK

Where?

Fred casually points to Leigh dancing on the other side of
the bar. Rick whips around with such force it draws the
attention of almost everyone on that side of the bar,
including Leigh.

FRED

Dude, we're not fingering someone
out of a lineup. Play it cool.

Rick decides to give it another try. He leans against the bar, lowers his head, attempts a mega watt smile, and gives Leigh the peace sign. She doesn't flash the sign back but turns to dance with her friends.

RICK
She didn't flash the peace sign back.

FRED
It's cool.

RICK
No it's not. Everyone flashes the peace sign back.

Rick gives the "V" sign to a stranger. The guy flashes back.

RICK (CONT'D)
Things obviously aren't peaceful between Leigh and me.

Rick flashes the peace sign to another stranger. The girl flashes back.

FRED
Give peace a chance.

Rick looks in the direction of Leigh. A few of Leigh's friends spot Rick and laugh.

RICK
That's not a good sign.

FRED
I can't spin this.

RICK
We're at war.

The friends continue to laugh.

RICK (CONT'D)
I have this overwhelming urge to donkey kick everyone at this bar.

FRED
Don't talk. Follow me. I'll feed you the lines.

RICK
Don't leave me.

FRED
I won't.

RICK
I can't do this without you.

Fred grooves his way through the crowd. Rick waddles after Fred. Fred reaches Leigh and her girlfriends and butt bumps each of them. Leigh and her girlfriends circle Fred and each takes turns dirty dancing with Fred. Rick stands unnoticed outside their circle. Fred is really moving and the rest of the bar takes notice. They clap and holler as Fred and the circle of girls take over the dance floor. One of the girls dirty dances on Fred's left side. The band now spots Fred and screams for him to come up on stage. Fred makes his move for the stage but Rick holds him back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Don't go!

FRED

The people need me more than you.

RICK

Don't leave me.

Fred rips away and jumps on stage. The crowd roars as Fred waves to them all. Fred grabs a guitar, consults with the band, and they start singing.

I DON'T WANT TO WORK (I WANT TO BANG ON THE DRUMS ALL DAY)

Leigh walks back over and grabs Rick to dance.

RICK (CONT'D)

Having a good time?

LEIGH

Chillin'.

RICK

Me too. Just chillin' and wigglin'.

Leigh points to Fred.

LEIGH

He's awesome.

RICK

A gift from God.

(beat)

Um, I flashed you the peace sign earlier and you didn't return it.

Leigh flashes him the peace sign.

RICK (CONT'D)

It sorta felt like your friends were laughing at me.

LEIGH

They were.

Rick stops dancing. Leigh grabs his hands and makes him dance.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
They were more laughing at me. I told them I invited a cute old, older guy out and they were guessing who it was.

RICK
And they guessed me?

Leigh nods.

RICK (CONT'D)
It was the cute that gave it away.

Leigh nods.

LEAD SINGER
Who wants this guy to stay up here with us all night?

Rick gives Fred a look. Fred points to the crowd as if to say he's got more people to please than just Rick.

LEIGH
Is he in a band?

RICK
He was in college.

LEIGH
You guys were friends back then?

Rick nods.

RICK
He was wild back in college. Never wanted to leave. I couldn't wait to leave. Get a job. My own place. Married. Kids. Live in the suburbs. To be a grown-up.

Leigh's somewhat listening but mostly watching Fred and the band.

RICK (CONT'D)
You know. Live the dream.

Leigh nods.

RICK (CONT'D)
Soon I'm going to die.

LEIGH

I'd like to try everything once before
I die.

Rick looks at Fred onstage. Nobody to feed him lines. This
is usually where he blows it.

RICK

Have you ever been with a married
guy?

Leigh looks at Rick seriously.

LEIGH

No.

RICK

Neither have I.

Leigh laughs and smiles seductively at Rick. Panic! Rick
has the urge to rhyme or say something stupid.

RICK (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Vagina.

LEIGH

What?

Moment of truth.

RICK

I'd like to help you take being with
a married guy off your list of things
to do before you die.

LEIGH

You would?

RICK

Yes.

Leigh gets close.

LEIGH

I don't want to be a homewrecker.

RICK

I've got a one time pass.

LEIGH

Really?

Rick nods.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Does a one time pass mean one night
or one time?

RICK

One time.

LEIGH

Then I'll be checking two things off
my list cause I've never done it
just once in a night.

RICK

You won't have anything left for a
second time.

Leigh laughs. Rick feels smooth.

LEIGH

Friday night. My place. 7 PM.

Leigh dances back to her friends. Rick points to Fred on
the stage and gives him the thumbs up.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MONTAGE

Rick getting into bed.

Maggie leaving early.

Rick taking the girls to school.

Rick working.

Maggie working.

Rick putting the kids to bed.

Maggie leaving early.

Rick working out.

Rick seeing Leigh at the coffee shop.

Maggie coming home to find Rick sleeping with Emma.

Maggie leaving early.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie holds the schedule in her hands as she approaches
Grace and Lucy.

MAGGIE

Should be an easy afternoon.

GRACE

Establishing shots and inserts.

LUCY

You coming with me tonight to
Garrett's Lonely Hearts Club Party?

MAGGIE

No need. It seems my plan worked.

LUCY

I knew it would.

GRACE

I'm glad I was wrong.

Maggie kisses them both on the cheek.

MAGGIE

Thanks for caring.

GRACE

Got a babysitter tonight. You and
Rick want to grab dinner with Fred
and me?

MAGGIE

Rick's going to be home late. Closing
on some house. And my mom picked up
the girls. So Rick and I aren't
leaving the bedroom all weekend.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rick sits in his office staring blankly at the wall. He
hits the intercom.

RICK

Arlene, where's Fred?

ARLENE (O.S.)

He's showing the estate on Cedar.
Won't be back to the office.

Rick calls Fred on his cell and it goes straight to voicemail.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE -- DAY

A few hours have passed and Rick is still staring at the
wall. He looks at the clock. Almost 7 PM. He leaves his
office.

EXT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

Rick walks out of the supermarket with a bottle of wine and
flowers.

EXT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rick parks outside Leigh's apartment complex, which is a one story, six apartment building, each with their own entrance. Rick knocks on the door. Leigh opens it. She's wearing a tank top that stops just past her belly button but doesn't quite reach her rolled gym shorts.

RICK

Are we going to work out?

Leigh kisses him on the cheek.

LEIGH

Not at the gym.

From a car across the street, Mark (the model, ex-boyfriend) watches as Rick walks into Leigh's apartment. The model grabs his cell phone and makes a call.

EXT. MANSION -- NIGHT

Maggie is saying good-bye to the crew.

MAGGIE

Good week. Enjoy the weekend. We've got one more week starting Monday.

Maggie's cell phone rings.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hello.

Maggie's face goes blank.

INT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rick pours the wine into two glasses.

LEIGH

Go take a seat on the couch.

Rick sits on the couch while Leigh puts on some music. She dances by herself in front of Rick. Rick smiles nervously.

RICK

Who's this?

LEIGH

Norah Jones.

RICK

Got any Van Morrisson?

Leigh shakes her head. Rick watches Leigh dance by herself.

EXT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Maggie pulls up next to Mark.

MARK

I shouldn't have called you.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you did.

MARK

It's not like I'm stalking her.
It's just when she dumped me she
said there was nobody else.

MAGGIE

Which apartment?

Mark points to Leigh's apartment.

MARK

I met your husband on the Gillette
commercial. He seemed like the
perfect family man.

Maggie crosses the street to Leigh's apartment.

INT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rick sits on the couch as Leigh dances. She motions for
Rick to join her and Rick shakes her off. She laughs and
grabs a mozzarella stick from the counter. She motions to
Rick to see if he wants one.

RICK

The problem with the low carb diet
is the pounds just fly off but as
soon as you eat carbs you balloon
past your original high mark.

Leigh walks over and sits on Rick's lap. Rick grabs her at
the waist.

RICK (CONT'D)

You probably don't ever diet.

Leigh is caught up in the song and not really paying attention
to Rick. She presses her body against Rick and Rick moves
his head so he can get some air.

RICK (CONT'D)

Pizza's my weakness.

Leigh lifts her tank top over her head and covers her breasts
like a Sports Illustrated model.

RICK (CONT'D)
I've never been a fan of endzone
celebrations.

From the outside window, Maggie watches from Leigh's backside as she unbuttons Rick's shirt. She then pulls his shirt off. Rick covers his man boobs like a Sports Illustrated model. Leigh seductively moves in and presses her body against Rick. She nuzzles in his neck.

EXT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Maggie's eyes well up. She walks away from the window to her car.

MARK
Do you want me to kick his ass?

Maggie shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have called.

Maggie crosses the street and gets in her car. She waves to Mark as she drives off.

MARK (CONT'D)
I need to be strong like Maggie.

He looks at his reflection in the window of his car.

MARK (CONT'D)
I've got great hair, white teeth,
and ripped abs. I'm going to find
another girl to fall in love with
me.

He gets in his car and drives off.

INT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rick stares at the reflection of Leigh's back in the mirror. He presses his hands into her muscular back. Leigh pulls back and looks at him.

LEIGH
It feels so good in your arms.

Leigh buries herself back into Rick's chest. Rick looks down at Leigh.

She doesn't fit. He looks up, hoping he's wrong. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and looks again.

She doesn't fit.

RICK

I'm sorry.

Rick softly lifts Leigh off him and places her next to him.

LEIGH

What's the matter?

Rick shrugs his shoulders. He stands up. Leigh stands up and presses her naked torso against his back. Rick closes his eyes and turns around. Leigh's chest now presses against his bare chest. Rick looks back down at the way his body engulfs her.

It doesn't fit. He pulls her away. He grabs her shirt and hands it to her and then buttons his own shirt.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Rick points to his chest.

RICK

This area, this area right here.

Rick rubs his chest.

RICK (CONT'D)

It belongs to my wife and daughters.

LEIGH

I don't understand.

RICK

The first time Maggie and I made love, back in college, God, I hope my girls stay virgins forever, anyway, she fell asleep right here.

(beat)

And she snored, and drooled right here. And it didn't bother me. It actually felt good. That's when I knew I was in love with her.

Rick starts to get excited.

RICK (CONT'D)

And when Maggie was pregnant with Kerry, she used to put her head right here and I would rub her belly wishing there was a baby boy in there. And thank God my wish didn't come true, cause my two baby girls are the greatest little princesses that have ever walked the earth. And they both used to fall asleep right here while I watched football.

LEIGH

I want you to be my daddy.

Leigh gives Rick a big hug. Rick takes one more look down at her body. He shakes his head in frustration.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I never thought being with the same person forever could be so sexy.

RICK

I don't know if sexy is the word for it.

LEIGH

Your wife must be incredible?

RICK

She is.

LEIGH

If you guys are ever interested in a threesome?

RICK

No. No.

Rick stops.

RICK (CONT'D)

You'd do that?

LEIGH

Never had a threesome with a married couple. Sure I'd do it.

Rick thinks about it a second and shakes his head.

RICK

It's very sweet of you to offer, and I imagine there might be some tiny, minuscule moments here and there that I might regret this, but Maggie's all I want.

LEIGH

I'd regret the rest of my life not doing something once.

RICK

Maggie and my baby girls are the rest of my life and as long as I have them, there are no regrets.

LEIGH

Cool.

RICK
No it's not. But it's true.

LEIGH
Truth.

RICK
Truth.

Rick raises his two fingers.

RICK (CONT'D)
Peace.

LEIGH
Peace.

Rick kisses Leigh on the forehead and walks out.

INT. RICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Rick tries to start his car but it won't start. He tries a couple of more times but the engine won't start. He grabs the keys and throws them on the ground in disgust. He hops out of the car and runs up to Leigh's apartment. He knocks and opens the door.

RICK
Can I borrow your car?

LEIGH
I don't have a car.

RICK
No car?

LEIGH
I walk or ride my bike everywhere.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK
Can I borrow your bike?

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Rick races down the street on a girl's ten speed bike. He turns the corner and rides past a group of 12-year-old boys on bikes.

RICK
Slow pokes.

The 12-year-old boys take the challenge. They pedal furiously after Rick and catch him. Like the Italian racing team in "Breaking Away", they hassle Rick by edging closer and closer to him.

Just as they almost collide with Rick, the street goes downhill. The bikes fly downhill at breakneck speed.

RICK (CONT'D)
Left! Left! Gotta go left.

The swarm of bikes take a left turn at the bottom of the hill. Rick leans too far into the turn and falls off the seat of the bike onto the downward metal slope that is only on girl's bikes. He cannot steer the bike from this position.

RICK'S POV- Parked car coming up fast.

Rick tries to pull out of it but hits the parked car and flies onto the grass.

RICK'S POV- The stars glow brightly in the sky. The 12-year-old boys appear above Rick.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #1
Dude, you okay?

12 YEAR OLD BOY #2
Bitchin' wipe out mister.

RICK
My wife. I gotta get home to my wife.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Rick rides on the back of 12-year-old boy #1's bike to his house. They turn the corner and Rick sees Maggie pull out of the driveway.

RICK
Maggie! Maggie!

She keeps driving without hearing him.

RICK (CONT'D)
Boys! Follow that car!

Rick and the boys follow Maggie on their bikes. Maggie turns onto a busy street. The boys stop when they reach the intersection.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #1
It's against the rules for us to ride on this street at night.

RICK
Boys. Listen up. Some rules are made to be broken. Other rules should never be broken.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #1
Which rule is this?

RICK
One to be broken. Don't tell your
parents I said so.

The boys fly down the street where Rick can barely see
Maggie's car. She pulls into a hotel parking lot just down
the street. Rick and his crew of riders pull up to the front
lobby.

RICK (CONT'D)
This is it. Thanks for the lift.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #1
No problem, dude.

RICK
Cool.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #2
We ride weekends till curfew.

RICK
Bitchin'. Maybe I'll hook up with
you guys next weekend.

12 YEAR OLD BOY #2
Off the hook. Good luck with the
missus.

RICK
Thanks. Later.

The 12-year-old boys ride off. Rick runs into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Rick runs into the lobby. He sees Maggie talking to Lucy
just outside a banquet hall. Maggie and Lucy walk into the
banquet hall. Rick runs down the hall and gets stopped by
two men before he can get in there.

BOUNCER
Invited guests only.

RICK
I need to see my wife.

BOUNCER
I'm sorry.

RICK
Is there a phone I can use? I left
my cell in my car.

The bouncer points to the lobby. Rick runs back to the lobby. Grace runs into the lobby as Rick picks up the phone.

RICK (CONT'D)

Grace! Grace! Is there a party I don't know about?

Grace stops for a second.

GRACE

Don't talk to me!

Grace runs down the hallway to the banquet hall. Rick sees Fred sitting in the car outside the lobby. He runs out.

RICK

What's going on?

Fred gets out of the car.

FRED

Maggie called crying. She saw you do it with Leigh.

RICK

But I didn't do it with Leigh.

FRED

Buddy, nobody's a bigger fan than me of the "depends on what "it" means" argument. But Maggie saw you with her own two eyes.

Rick lets out a big sigh.

RICK

How?

FRED

Some model stalker friend saw you with her and called Maggie.

RICK

The guy broke the code.

FRED

He'll get his.

Rick punches the car.

RICK

I didn't do anything.

FRED

You know I've got your back, but Grace is pissed, and I've only got a
(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
couple months of action before she
cuts me off to give birth, so
publicly, I'm aghast at what you've
done.

RICK
Fred, you gotta believe me. I mean,
she took off her shirt...

FRED
Fake T-I-T-S?

RICK
And then I realized that I couldn't
do it.

FRED
Fag.

RICK
I swear.

FRED
You're serious?

Rick nods. Fred hugs Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)
Thank God.

Fred squeezes Rick tighter.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'm gonna pull back the curtain for
a second. I wanted our families to
grow old together, and after a long,
happy, faithful life, you and I...

Fred smacks his hands loud.

FRED (CONT'D)
Die together. Saving kittens or
something. And then we meet God and
God says to us "I made all these
beautiful women and you two decided
to each stay faithful to one! Why?"
And then I fall into your arms and
cry for all eternity.

Wannabe, the punk artist from the coffee shop, walks outside.

WANNABE
Hey!

Rick turns around.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

I saw you wanted to get into the party.

Rick nods.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

I'm deejaying. I can get you in.

Rick shakes Wannabe's hand.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

Will you hire me if I lose all of my family and friend's money on my esoteric indie film?

RICK

In a heartbeat. But you won't fail.

Wannabe hands Rick a beret.

WANNABE

Put this on so you look the part.

Wannabe looks at Fred. Fred points to himself in a "Please, I'm the Man" way. They run into the hotel.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- DAY

Rick and Fred survey the crowd of women.

FRED

Something sexy about all these divorced women.

Rick spots Maggie and runs to her. Two of the bouncers spot Rick and take off after him.

RICK

Honey! Honey! You've got to listen to me.

Garrett, holding court in the corner, points and screams like an alien from "Invasion of the Body Snatchers".

GARRETT

No men! Code four! Code four!

Just as the bouncers reach Rick, Fred flies through the air and takes the two of them out.

FRED

I got your back!

GARRETT

I made a promise to my clients. No exes allowed.

RICK
I'm not an ex.

GARRETT
Yet.

RICK
Give me two minutes.

Grace grabs Garrett and nods to Rick to continue. Rick motions to Wannabe to cut the music.

RICK (CONT'D)
Honey! I don't know what you saw.

MAGGIE
I saw her naked in your arms.

The crowd boos.

RICK
She was naked in my arms.
The crowd boos louder.

GARRETT
We just got the house.

FRED
Let me feed you the lines.

RICK
No, I got this.
Rick throws his arms in the air.

RICK (CONT'D)
Mags, I'm not good with words. But let me try.

The crowd is silent.

RICK (CONT'D)
You're the love of my life. Somehow, with you, everything... Naps are more restful with you, showering is cleaner with you, pizza tastes better with you. Mags, I've got more than 10 pounds to lose. But when I'm with you I don't care cause you and the babies feel right cuddled up against me. Cuddled up right here in this little area.

The women at the party are absorbed.

MAGGIE

That's where I saw her.

RICK

And I'm sorry it went that far. But
that's as far as it went.

FRED

I've seen lap dances go farther.

Grace smacks Fred.

RICK

I love you! Always have. Always
will.

Maggie hugs Rick.

MAGGIE

I love you.

Garrett wipes a tear.

GARRETT

This is bad for business.

Rick kisses Maggie passionately. Garrett's caught up in the
emotion and hugs Rick and Maggie. The crowd cheers.

MAGGIE

I never knew three could feel so
good.

Rick's jaw drops. He yells at Fred.

RICK

I need my theme song.

FRED

No!

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

No!

GRACE

No!

Fred runs over and whispers to Wannabe. Wannabe shakes his
head but goes along.

RICKY MARTIN'S "LIVING LA VIDA LOCA"

Wannabe throws Rick the mike. Rick lip synchs "Living La
Vida Loca" with Fred and Garrett dancing beside him.