

MIKE AND MOLLY

by
Mark Roberts

Writer's Second Draft
December 5, 2009

COLD OPENING / A

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - EARLY EVENING

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE CITY OVERLOOKING LAKE MICHIGAN.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABE'S HOT BEEF - SAME TIME

A GREASY-SPOON NEAR WRIGLEYVILLE. TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS ARE SEATED AT A TABLE. THEIR SIZE DIFFERENCE GIVES THEM THE APPEARANCE OF A HANNA-BARBERA CARTOON. THE LARGER ONE IS OFFICER MIKE BIGGS, AN OVERWEIGHT, SWEET-NATURED MAN IN HIS THIRTIES. THE SMALLER ONE IS OFFICER CARL MCMILLAN, ALSO THIRTIES. HE'S A TYPICAL WISE-GUY, SOUTH-SIDER.

THE WAITER, SAMUEL, A HANDSOME, TWENTY-SOMETHING BLACK MAN WITH A SENEGALESE ACCENT AND A BOOMING LAUGH, CROSSES OVER WITH A TRAY OF FOOD AND HANDS IT TO THEM, DURING:

SAMUEL

Alright, officers. (TO CARL) For you sir, one beef and cheese deluxe with extra peppers, french fries and orange flavored beverage.

CARL

Plenty of peppers on there, Samuel?

SAMUEL

Oh, trust me. Tomorrow morning you will be cursing my name. (LAUGHS)

CARL

Perfect.

SAMUEL

(TO MIKE) And for you, large man, one plain wiener, no bun, hot water with lemon.

MIKE

Thank you.

SAMUEL

Excuse me to inquire, but does this meal represent some sort of penance to your chosen god or gods?

MIKE

Nah, just trying to drop a few pounds.

SAMUEL

Oh, then may I suggest you move to my country where nineteen people fight for one spoonful of couscous.

SAMUEL CROSSES BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

CARL

So, what kinda girly diet are we tryin' this week?

MIKE

It's not girly. It's just a low carb, high-protein deal.

CARL

Uh-huh. (A BEAT, THEN) You see it on
"Oprah"?

MIKE

No. (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) "Ladies
Home Journal."

THEY BEGIN EATING.

CARL

You still goin' to the gym?

MIKE

Three times a week and stationary bike
every morning.

CARL

Oh, you gotta be careful with that. I
read an article that said bicycles can
absolutely wreak havoc on a pair of
testicles.

MIKE

What does that mean, "wreak havoc"?

CARL

Well, apparently the angle of the seat
restricts blood flow, causing low
sperm count and or possible impotence.

MIKE

Really? I've never heard that.

CARL

Well, you're not gonna read about it
in "The Ladies Home Journal." But
pick up this month's copy of "American
Balls."

A BEAT.

MIKE

That's not a real magazine, is it?

CARL

No... I mean, I hope not. (THEN)
Hey, how about we hit a couple of bars
after we get off? Have a few drinks,
find some ladies who actually think we
solve crimes.

MIKE

Thanks, but I have an O.A. meeting.

CARL

You're kidding? Overeaters Anonymous
on a Friday night? That's pathetic.

MIKE

More pathetic than you walking up to
strange women, flashin' your badge and
saying, "Boner Police, you're under
arrest"?

CARL

You're the only person that doesn't
find that funny.

MIKE

I'm goin' to my meeting.

CARL

Fine. But, I just gotta say, you overeaters are delusional about the whole "anonymous" part.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

CARL

Twenty porkers squeezing into a church basement? It's either an O.A. meeting or the priests have started giving out Nutter Butters as the body of Christ.

MIKE

You know, I haven't pulled my gun out in a really long time.

CARL

Probably all that bike riding. (OFF MIKE'S LOOK) Come on, you know that's funny.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

COLD OPENING / B

EXT. A SMALL BRICK HOUSE - SAME TIME

WE HEAR WOMEN'S VOICES SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MODESTLY DECORATED HOME ON THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF CHICAGO. WE OPEN ON VICTORIA FLYNN CROSSING INTO THE LIVING ROOM WITH A BIRTHDAY CAKE AND LIT CANDLES. VICTORIA IS A TRASHY BEAUTY IN HER THIRTIES. SHE CROSSES TO HER SLIGHTLY YOUNGER SISTER MOLLY, A PRETTY AND PLUMP WOMAN. MOLLY IS SITTING ON THE SOFA NEXT TO HER MOTHER, JOYCE, A FADED BEAUTY IN HER FIFTIES.

VICTORIA/JOYCE

(SINGING) ...HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR MOLLY /

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

MOLLY BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES.

VICTORIA

Did you make a wish?

MOLLY

Yep. Don't be surprised if you come downstairs tomorrow morning and see George Clooney wearing a shorty-robe and making me a Belgian waffle.

JOYCE AND VICTORIA LAUGH.

JOYCE

You're such a hoot. (PUTTING HER ARM
AROUND MOLLY) You know, your sister
here may have gotten the beautiful
skin and the big boobies, but you'll
always be "the funny one."

MOLLY

Great. That's way better. (TO
VICTORIA) Don't you wish you were
funny?

VICTORIA

Funny don't getya free drinks at
Bennigan's. (RE: CAKE) Dig in. It's
your favorite. Red velvet with cream
cheese frosting.

MOLLY

Thanks, but I better not.

JOYCE

Oh, forget your diet for tonight.
It's not like skipping one piece of
cake is gonna make that gut any
smaller.

MOLLY

It's not a "gut." It's a tummy.

JOYCE

Oh sweetie, when you gotta stand up to
pull out your car keys, it's a gut.
And as I've told you before, the key
to watching your weight is moderation,
plain and simple.

MOLLY

(SARCASTIC) Right, eat less. I'll
try that.

VICTORIA

(TO JOYCE) 'Member when she got her
first period and ate an entire
meatloaf?

MOLLY

Hey, I thought I was dying.

VICTORIA

(TO JOYCE) You had to rush and stick
a tampon in her before she ate the
furniture.

JOYCE AND VICTORIA LAUGH. AFTER A BEAT THEY NOTICE MOLLY IS
NOT ENJOYING THIS TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE.

JOYCE/VICTORIA

Sorry. Happy birthday. / Yeah, happy
birthday

MOLLY

Thank you.

MOLLY CUTS A THIN SLICE OF CAKE AND HANDS IT TO JOYCE.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

For you, Mom.

SHE CUTS ANOTHER THIN SLICE AND HANDS IT TO VICTORIA.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And you, Victoria.

VICTORIA

Thanks.

MOLLY PUTS THE KNIFE DOWN.

JOYCE

Oh, for god's sake, Molly, have a
piece of your own birthday cake!

MOLLY

(HOLDING UP THE ENTIRE CAKE) What are
you talking about? This is for me.

OFF THEIR STUNNED FACES.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Kidding.

RELIEVED, THEY LAUGH. AND AS MOLLY CUTS HERSELF A THIN
SLICE, WE:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH CLASSROOM - A WHILE LATER

THE ROOM IS SET UP FOR AN OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS MEETING.
THERE ARE ABOUT TWENTY PEOPLE OF VARIOUS SIZES SEATED IN
FOLDING CHAIRS. MIKE IS SPEAKING.

MIKE

Hi, my name is Mike and I'm an
overeater.

EVERYONE RESPONDS "HI MIKE." WE SEE MOLLY AND VICTORIA ARE
SITTING TOWARDS THE BACK.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I had a pretty fair week. Lost three
pounds.

THE GROUP APPLAUDS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Then I took off my shirt and found it
(POINTING TO THE FLESHY PART OF HIS
TRICEP) right about here.

THEY LAUGH. HE CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND AS WE:

ANGLE ON: MOLLY AND VICTORIA.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Still riding the stationary bike every day. Although, I heard a rather disturbing fact about bike seats...

VICTORIA

(SOTTO, LOOKING AROUND) This is your birthday, we should be out having fun.

MOLLY

(SOTTO) There's nothing fun for me standing outside a bar holding your hair back while you vomit up Jagermeister.

VICTORIA

(SOTTO) Doesn't have to be Jagermeister.

MOLLY

Shhh!

ANGLE ON: MIKE.

MIKE

So diet-wise, I did have one tiny setback this week. I was at the grocery store and they were having a sale on those "fun-size" candy bars for Halloween. I think we're all pretty familiar with those hateful little bastards.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES AND NODS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, long story short, don't buy
Halloween candy in September. (THEN)
Same goes for Christmas fudge in
November and marshmallow bunnies in
February. Thank you.

EVERYONE APPLAUDS. HE SITS DOWN.

ANGLE ON: MOLLY AND VICTORIA.

MOLLY

He's kinda cute.

VICTORIA

Sure if you like a guy with bigger
boobs than you.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE B

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHURCH CLASSROOM - LATER

THE MEETING HAS ENDED AND PEOPLE ARE FILING OUT. MIKE
CROSSES OUT TO FIND CARL WAITING IN THE HALLWAY.

CARL

Work out your food issues, Batman?

MIKE

Bite me, Robin.

AS THEY CROSS OUT THEY PASS MOLLY AND VICTORIA.

MOLLY

Hey, I really liked your share.

MIKE

Um... thanks.

MOLLY

You're funny.

MIKE

Well, I figure if everybody's laughing
they won't try to kill and cook each
other.

MOLLY

(LAUGHS) Molly.

MIKE

Mike.

A BEAT. VICTORIA CLEARS HER THROAT.

MOLLY

This is Victoria, my sister.

CARL

Hello, Victoria. Officer Carl
McMillan. Chicago PD.

VICTORIA

Ooh, a cop. I love cops.

MOLLY

(UNDER HER BREATH) And fireman, and
park rangers, and married meth
dealers.

CARL

And Mike here's my partner.

VICTORIA

Oh, why are the good ones always gay?

MOLLY

Or married meth dealers.

MIKE

No, no, we just ride together.

CARL

(ADDING QUICKLY) In a car.

MOLLY

(TO MIKE) Hey, listen, I teach fourth grade and I'd love to have a police officer come and talk to my class.

MIKE

Sure. Just contact the department and they'd be happy to send someone over.

MOLLY

Oh, okay.

CARL

Or, you could give Officer Biggs your phone number and he can come talk to your class himself.

MOLLY

Even better.

MOLLY TAKES PAPER AND PEN OUT OF HER PURSE AND WRITES DOWN HER NUMBER, DURING:

MIKE

Okay, but just a heads up, I'm not a professional speaker.

MOLLY

That's fine. (HANDING HIM HER PHONE NUMBER) Just be funny and charming like you were in the meeting.

MIKE

Alright, so... I'll call you.

MOLLY

Great.

MIKE

So... bye.

MOLLY

Bye.

MIKE STARTS TO CROSS OFF, REALIZES CARL ISN'T FOLLOWING.

MIKE

Carl?

CARL

Oh. (TO VICTORIA) Guess we're goin'.

VICTORIA

Her number's my number. Just FYI.

CARL

And my number is nine-one-one.

MIKE

Carl!

CARL

Coming.

MIKE AND CARL CROSS AWAY.

CARL (CONT'D)

Why are we leavin'? The sister was
all over me and you could have gotten
the other one with a taffy apple.

MIKE

Shut up. (THEN) She thinks I'm funny
and charming.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. GRADE SCHOOL BOYS' RESTROOM - A WEEK LATER

CARL AND MIKE ARE BOTH IN UNIFORM. MIKE IS NERVOUSLY CHECKING HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR AND CARL IS TRYING TO PEE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE BOY URINALS.

CARL

Man, this is like "Gulliver's
Travels," but with whizzin'.

CARL ZIPS HIMSELF, CROSSES TO THE SINK AND WASHES HIS HANDS,
DURING:

MIKE

Do I look okay?

CARL

(WITHOUT LOOKING) You look great.

MIKE

I wish our uniforms were a little more
blousy.

CARL

Who you trying to fool? You met her
at an O.A. meeting. She already knows
if you're hiding a six pack under
there it's A&W root beer.

MIKE

You really think she's interested in
me?

CARL

Why not? You're a nice guy with a
good job and a big, fat, handsome
face.

MIKE

Maybe there's something wrong with
her. Maybe she's a serial killer and
she's making a man-suit out of guys
with excess skin.

A TOILET FLUSHES AND A LITTLE BOY CROSSES OUT OF ONE OF THE
STALLS. HE SEES THE TWO COPS AND NERVOUSLY STARTS TO CROSS
OUT.

CARL

Hold it right there, fella.

LITTLE BOY

Yessir.

CARL

You wanna go to jail?

LITTLE BOY

No, sir.

MIKE

Then wash your hands.

THE LITTLE BOY NODS NERVOUSLY, CROSSES TO THE SINK AND WASHES
HIS HANDS, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

INT. MOLLY'S CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A CLASS OF ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE UNRULY AND NOISY FOURTH GRADERS. MOLLY AND MIKE STAND IN FRONT OF THE CLASS. CARL IS STANDING IN THE BACK.

MOLLY

Alright people, settle down. I want you to give your attention and your respect to Officer Michael Biggs of the Chicago -- SHUT UP!

THE CLASS FALLS SILENT.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Police department. Officer Biggs?

MIKE

Oh, okay. (THEN TO THE CLASS) Nice to be here. First off, let me say there are a lot of misconceptions about what a police officer actually does.

A BOY, GARY, PIPES UP.

GARY

My dad says you guys are all "on the take."

MOLLY

Gary.

MIKE

(TO MOLLY) No, that's fine. (TO
GARY) Well, that's one of the
misconceptions I was talking about. I
know in movies and on TV they like to
make you think there's a lot of
corruption, but --

ANGLE ON: ANOTHER STUDENT, KRYSTAL.

KRYSTAL

My mom says you guys only go after
people of color.

MIKE

Oh geez, that's not true at all.

KRYSTAL

You callin' my mom a liar?

MOLLY

(TO THE CLASS) Why don't we save all
our questions for the end.

MIKE

No, no, this is good. Questions lead
to a give-and-take and stimulate
discussion.

GARY

How can you be a cop and be so fat?

MIKE

(TO MOLLY) You know, maybe we should
save the questions 'til after. Just
as a time-saver.

CARL RAISES HIS HAND.

CARL

Hey, I got a question.

MIKE

(FRIMLY) No, you don't.

CARL

Oh, but I do.

MIKE

What?

CARL

My question is, what made you wanna
become a police officer in the first
place?

MOLLY

That's a great question.

A BEAT.

MIKE

Well, I became a police officer,
because my dad was a police officer.
For thirty years he patrolled the same
beat. A five block radius in the
Wicker Park area.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And since our last name is Biggs, he used to refer to it as "Biggs Mile." And as a kid, I always thought he was saying, "big smile." I'd watch him leave in the morning, with his uniform all pressed and his shoes shined like mirrors and I'd ask him, "Hey Dad, where you going?" And he'd say, "Biggs Mile, son." And since I thought he was saying "big smile," I'd always give him a big smile.

ANGLE ON: MOLLY, DURING:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, everyone in that neighborhood loved him, 'cause he kept the place safe and treated everybody with respect. He made police work look like a pretty noble profession. Right up until the very end.

GARY

What happened? Did he die?

MIKE

No, he fell in love with a prostitute, divorced my mom and moved to Tampa. Tore the whole family apart.

AN AWKWARD BEAT.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(TO MOLLY) I probably should have
stopped at "noble profession."

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOLLY'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MIKE AND MOLLY STANDING OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM. CARL IS
STANDING OFF TO THE SIDE, GIVING THEM PRIVACY.

MOLLY

Thanks again for doing this. The kids
really got a lot out of it.

MIKE

My pleasure. I'm honored and...
humbled.

MOLLY

Hey, my lunch break is right after
this period, if you wanna join me for
a cup of coffee in the teacher's
lounge.

MIKE

Oh, thanks. But, we really need to
get back to... crime fighting.

MOLLY

Okay, well, some other time.

MIKE

Yeah...

MOLLY

Okay. (A BEAT, THEN) Well, bye.

MIKE

Thank you. Bye.

MOLLY CROSSES INTO THE CLASSROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(MUMBLING, BLURTING) You look real
pretty today.

THE DOOR CLOSES BEFORE SHE CAN HEAR IT. CARL CROSSES TO
MIKE.

CARL

I am very disappointed in you.

MIKE NODS. THEY EXIT DOWN THE HALLWAY, MIKE LOOKING BACK AT
THE CLASSROOM DOOR. IN A MOMENT OF BRAVERY, HE CROSSES BACK
INTO THE CLASSROOM.

MIKE

(TO HIMSELF) Dammit.

RESET TO:

INT. MOLLY'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOLLY IS TALKING TO THE KIDS.

MOLLY

Now, let's take out today's reading
assignment --

MIKE CROSSES IN. MOLLY AND THE STUDENTS STARE AT HIM.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Was there something else, Officer
Biggs?

MIKE

Uh... (BLURTING) Don't do drugs!

A BEAT.

MOLLY

Always good advice.

MIKE

Yeah. I just feel you can never say
that enough. (A BEAT, THEN)

Alright... give a hoot, don't pollute.

MIKE CROSSES OUT. AND ON MOLLY'S WEARY SMILE, WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. ABE'S HOT BEEF - THE NEXT NIGHT

MIKE AND CARL, IN UNIFORM, ARE SEATED AT A TABLE. SAMUEL IS SERVING FOOD TO MIKE.

SAMUEL

(TO MIKE) Two meatball subs, large curly fries with cheese and double chocolate malt. Enjoy. What you don't finish I will Fed-Ex to my cousin in Senegal.

SAMUEL CROSSES BEHIND THE COUNTER.

CARL

(TO MIKE) What the hell are you doing?

MIKE

Having lunch.

CARL

This isn't lunch, it's a suicide with meatball bullets.

MIKE

Leave me alone.

CARL TAKES MIKE'S PLATE AWAY FROM HIM.

CARL

No. You only eat like this when
you're depressed.

MIKE

How observant of you. Now, give me
back my food.

CARL

No, I'm not gonna let you blow your
diet. You've lost three and a half
pounds.

MIKE

Oh, big deal. My farts weigh three
and a half pounds.

CARL

You don't have to tell me, I ride in a
car with you every day.

MIKE

She was right there in front of me,
waiting for me to ask her out. And
what do I say? "Give a hoot, don't
pollute."

CARL

Really, you said that? Okay, you can
have one curly fry. I'm takin' the
rest back.

CARL TOSSES HIM A CURLY FRY AND TAKES THE FOOD BACK TO
COUNTER.

CARL (CONT'D)

Samuel, throw this away and give my
partner a chicken breast on wheat toast.

SAMUEL

Throw it away? I don't think so.

SAMUEL TAKES THE FOOD AND CROSSES AWAY.

CARL

(TO MIKE) There.

MIKE

(SIGHS) Thanks.

MIKE HUGS HIM. THEY NOTICE THE OTHER CUSTOMERS STARING AT
THEM. A BEAT.

CARL

What? Cops can't have feelings?!

MIKE

Go about your business!

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT. CHURCH CLASSROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

AN OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS MEETING IS IN PROGRESS. MOLLY IS ADDRESSING THE GROUP.

MOLLY

The truth is, I guess I've always used food for comfort. My dad died when I was little, leaving me, my mom and my sister to fend for ourselves. And somehow I wound up in the caretaker role. Which is probably for the best because my mom and my sister are... well, idiots. But I'm not here to blame. I'm responsible for the way I eat. I'm the one who goes grocery shopping and ends up at the check-out line with a cart full of empty Oscar Meyer packages and a chocolate milk moustache. Anyway, this has been kind of a tough year for me.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I was engaged to be married and my fiancé met someone else and called off our wedding at the last minute. After asking me to lose twenty pounds for it. Which I did, by the way. (A BEAT, THEN) And I'm happy to say I've only gained thirty of it back.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But, I'm not giving up. I'm gonna keep working on it. And this time, not for anybody else. It's for me. I'm doin' it for me. And if my ex-fiancé happens to see me in a size two, well that's just a bonus. Thank you.

EVERYONE APPLAUDS. SHE SEES MIKE, STILL IN UNIFORM, STANDING IN THE BACK. SHE WAVES TO HIM. HE WAVES BACK.

GROUP LEADER

Okay, who'd like to share next?

MOLLY CROSSES TO MIKE.

MOLLY

Didn't see you there.

MIKE

That's 'cause I lost another pound.

I'm damn near invisible.

SHE LAUGHS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you outside?

MOLLY

Sure.

MOLLY CROSSES OUT AND MIKE FOLLOWS, AS WE:

RESET TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHURCH CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

AS THEY CROSS INTO THE HALLWAY:

MOLLY

What's up?

MIKE

Um, well... here's the thing, I am
sort of an amateur ichthyologist.

MOLLY

Fish, right?

MIKE

And crustaceans and marine mammals.
Anyway, on my days off I like to go to
the aquarium. There's something
really soothing about watching giant
creatures gliding gracefully, almost
weightlessly, through the water.

MOLLY

Sounds like my water aerobics class.

MIKE

(CHUCKLES) You're funny.

MOLLY

I have to be.

MIKE

Sure, sure. But circling back to
marine mammals, my favorite is the
Beluga Whale, which is featured now at
the Shedd Aquarium and I was wondering
if you'd like --

MOLLY'S CELL PHONE RINGS.

MOLLY

Excuse me.

SHE TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND LOOKS AT THE CALLER I.D.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

My sister. (INTO PHONE) Victoria?
Wait, stop. Just slow down, I can't
understand -- Fine, fine, I'm on my
way!

SHE HANGS UP.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I've gotta go. She's
hysterical.

MIKE

Go, go!

MOLLY HURRIES OUT. MIKE WATCHES HER LEAVE.

RESET TO:

INT. CHURCH CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE MEETING IS STILL IN PROGRESS. A LARGE WOMAN, KAY IS ADDRESSING THE GROUP.

KAY

...and if I crave a snack, I'll just
have a piece of celery or a carrot...

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND MIKE ENTERS HOLDING A TEN DOLLAR BILL.

MIKE

Alright, ten bucks to anyone with a
candy bar. No questions asked. I'll
just take it and leave. (A BEAT,
THEN) Oh come on, you're trying to
tell me not one of you is "holding"?!

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

CARL IS DRIVING. MIKE IS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

CARL

Whales? What the hell were you
thinkin'?

MIKE

I couldn't just ask her out, I had to
lay some groundwork.

CARL

With whales?

MIKE

They're magnificent creatures. Very
sensuous.

CARL

You're gonna die sad and alone in a
house full of empty frosting cans,
aren't ya?

MIKE

All signs point that way.

A CALL COMES OVER THE RADIO.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Got an 8-31 at 110 Cicero Avenue.

Handle code two.

MIKE PICKS UP THE TWO-WAY RADIO HANDPIECE.

MIKE

(INTO RADIO) Car seventy-nine in the
vicinity.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Roger, car seventy-nine.

MIKE PUTS THE RADIO DOWN AND FLICKS THE LIGHTS ON. THEY
DRIVE FOR A BEAT, THEN:

MIKE

P.S. not all fat people like frosting.

Some of us like pudding.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE K

EXT. A SMALL BRICK HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MIKE AND CARL CROSS TO THE FRONT DOOR. CARL RINGS THE BELL.

CARL

Maybe one of those Russian mail order
brides is the way for you to go.

MIKE

Shut up.

CARL

What? They arrive at O'Hare in a
wedding gown. You don't even have to
ask 'em out.

THE DOOR OPENS REVEALING JOYCE.

JOYCE

Took you long enough. They broke in
and stole everything. The TV, stereo,
my daughter's computer.

SHE LEADS THEM INTO THE HOUSE.

RESET TO:

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AS THEY ENTER:

MIKE

Any idea how they gained entry?

JOYCE

Oh what, so I gotta do your job now?

VICTORIA CROSSES DOWN THE STAIRS.

VICTORIA

Dammit, they found my pot (SEEING
CARL) and my pans and my spatula.

CARL

Hey, it's you.

VICTORIA

(SUDDENLY FLIRTY) Officer Carl, so
nice to see you again.

MOLLY CROSSES IN FROM THE KITCHEN HOLDING A SET OF KEYS.

MOLLY

I think I know how they got in.
Somebody left their keys in the back
door. Victoria. (THEN SEES MIKE)
Mike, what are you doin' here?

MIKE

Um... somebody called the cops. We're
the cops.

MOLLY

(SMILING) How about that.

MIKE

(SMILING) Yeah, how about that.

JOYCE

(TO VICTORIA) How do you know these
bozos?

CARL

(TO JOYCE) Shh. Police business.
Mike, it's the freakin' hand of fate.
Go for it.

MIKE NODS AND TURNS TO MOLLY.

MIKE

Molly?

MOLLY

Yeah?

MIKE

Would you go on a date with me?

MOLLY

I would love to.

MIKE

Good.

THEY JUST STAND AND SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

JOYCE

(TO CARL) So, does either one of you
guys do any actual police work?

CARL

(GETTING MISTY) Lady, could you give
me a minute? I'm kind of invested
here.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT AT THE AQUARIUM - A WEEK LATER

MIKE AND MOLLY, DRESSED NICELY, ARE FINISHING UP DINNER.
BEHIND THEM IS A GIANT GLASS AQUARIUM.

MIKE

How was your swordfish?

MOLLY

Delicious. (RE: AQUARIUM FISH) But I
feel a little guilty with them
watching.

MIKE

That's why I always order the chicken
breast. They don't swim.

MOLLY

(LAUGHS, THEN) Can I tell you a
little secret?

MIKE

Sure.

MOLLY

I'm starving.

MIKE

Me too!

THEY LAUGH.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But, what the hell, "Eat to live,
don't live to eat," right?

MOLLY

Right. "No food tastes as good as
skinny feels."

A WAITER CROSSES OVER PUSHING A DESSERT CART LOADED WITH
PASTRIES AND SWEETS.

WAITER

Would you folks like something from
our dessert cart this evening?

MIKE

No, thank you.

MOLLY

None for me.

THE WAITER CROSSES OUT WITH THE CART. THEY SMILE AT EACH
OTHER. A BEAT.

MIKE

You know, if I was gonna have a
dessert, it would have been that deep
dish apple pie.

MOLLY

With a scoop of vanilla ice cream on
top.

MIKE

Absolutely.

A BEAT. THEY CONSIDER.

MOLLY

Or... we could just get out of here
and go make out in your car.

MIKE

(IMMEDIATELY WHISTLES TO WAITER, THEN)
Yo! Bring the check! (TO MOLLY) Now
this might be the first diet I can
actually stick with.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW