

THE CHANGE-UP

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OPEN ON: PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS

Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then a second baby joins in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

GROGGY WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Your turn.

GROGGY MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Fuck.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

DAVE LOCKWOOD, 30, bleary-eyed father of three, shuffles through his well-appointed suburban home, passing a grandfather clock reading 3:45. He stumbles over a TOY GIRAFFE -- it SQUEAKS, and Dave sleepily mumbles:

DAVE
Sorry Hank.

INT. NURSERY-- NIGHT

His eyes half-open, Dave changes the diaper of his very cute, very insane nine month old daughter, SARAH, who screams and pitches about her changing table.

DAVE
Please don't--
Honey, that's not--
Maybe if you--

She snatches a tin of baby powder and swings it about like a mace, knocking over the diaper caddy, the wipes, the lotion -- and dispersing a cloud of white powder all over the nursery. Blinded and SNEEZING, Dave manages to stay on point and change the diaper like Van Damme at the end of *Bloodsport*.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Can't...see...must...persevere...

He finishes changing Sarah, places her back in her crib, then picks up Sarah's twin brother, PETER, from his crib -- which is good because he's been SLAMMING his head against the wall.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy, we've talked about
the head thing--

Dave places Peter on the changing table and opens his diaper. It's only wet, and Dave, pleasantly relieved, reaches for a fresh diaper...

Only Sarah has knocked the caddy all the way down the changing table...

Holding down Peter with his left hand, Dave fully extends, leaning waaay over, reaching for the diaper caddy...

It's just out of reach...he somehow stretches further...

It's only when Dave glances back that he realizes that his head is now perfectly lined up with his son's QUIVERING ANUS.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh no.

THE BABY'S BUTT-HOLE ERUPTS

with mustardy projectile stool, blasting Dave in the eyes, nose and open mouth. Dave remains frozen, excrement dripping down his face -- but, like a true dad, he does not let go of his squirming child...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Dave staggers down the hall, his hair white with baby powder, his face covered in poo, and a twin in each arm SCREAMING into each of his ears.

He soldiers on, stoic, an unsung hero in his time...

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Juggling the twins in his arms, Dave wipes his face off with paper towels and prepares two baby bottles -- nipples, filters, defrosted breastmilk -- while the babies take turns kicking him in the balls and SCREAMING.

DAVE

Please, sweetheart, not my--
Honey, Daddy needs those--

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

Dave sits on his couch and positions the screaming, squirming twins across his lap in an X pattern, plunks the bottles into their mouths -- and instantly the twins settle down and slurp away like perfect little angels.

Dave exhales. Whew. Then he reaches for the remote control and turns on the TV. An old rerun of *Magnum, P.I.* is playing. Dave watches, exhausted and expressionless.

ON SCREEN, Tom Selleck, resplendent in mustache, corduroy short shorts, and Hawaiian shirt, teaches a nubile CO-ED in a scandalous bikini how to snorkel in beautiful sun-drenched Waikiki. They're laughing and having a blast...

Dave watches, detached...Then his face starts to change...

MAGNUM, P.I.

Is this the life you always dreamed of?

Dave shakes his head, no, despair in his eyes...

ON TV, the co-ed nods, yes, and hungrily kisses Magnum...

Dave watches on with genuine existential longing...and soon a tear falls from his eye. And then another.

DAVE

Take me with you Magnum P.I...

Before long Dave is CRYING like a schoolgirl.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Please take me with you...

CUT TO:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

How are the kids?

DAVE (V.O.)

Terrific! Just terrific.

We are now

INT. STEEL, KUHACH, MCCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING

Dave, in a conservative suit and clutching a massive coffee, hurries down the hall with FLEMMING STEEL III, 50's, stiff, humorless WASPY partner of this white shoe law firm.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Children are such a joy.

DAVE

Aren't they? Yes. Always.
(to passing SECRETARY)
Good morning, Rebecca.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Any word on the Amalgamated merger?

DAVE
All but signed.

FLEMMING STEEL III
And just in time for your partner
review no less.

DAVE
(smiling)
Really? I hadn't noticed.

FLEMMING STEEL III
I look forward to having your antic
sense of humor in the partners'
suite, Lockwood. It can get a touch
dry up there.

DAVE
Thank you, sir.

FLEMMING STEEL III
(re: Dave's necktie knot)
But a double windsor? Come on, son,
this isn't the dog track.

DAVE
No sir, absolutely not. So sorry.

Dave quickly undoes his tie as Flemming turns down a hallway.
SABRINA MCARDLE, cute young paralegal, falls into step with
Dave, stymieing laughter.

SABRINA MCARDLE
Really? The dog track?

DAVE
Last week he told me my shoes were
"dangerously Italian."

SABRINA MCARDLE
(laughing, handing him docs)
Amalgamated signing statements.

DAVE
Thanks, Sabrina.

SABRINA MCARDLE
Have a good one...

She smiles and breezes back down the hallway. Dave stops and
watches her go, lust in his eyes.

Then he hears TSK-TSK-TSK. He looks over at his mean old secretary, GLADYS, 71, sitting at her desk.

GLADYS
For shame, Mr. Lockwood! For shame!
You are a married man!

DAVE
I have no idea what you're talking
about, Gladys...

Reddening, he snatches a huge pile of pink message slips and hurries towards his office. She follows him, scolding:

GLADYS
With children.

DAVE
Yes, thank you, I almost forgot
about them for like two seconds...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Dave enters his modest office; his phone is RINGING.

GLADYS
The only thing that harlot needs to
put in her mouth is a sandwich.

DAVE
Gladys, I'm a grown man, okay?

He angrily punches "SPEAKER" on his RINGING phone as he reties his tie with a more traditional knot.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Lockwood.

A shrill, horribly impersonated British accent fills Dave's office -- as well as all of the surrounding offices.

VOICE ON PHONE
YES, MY DOUCHEBAG EXPLODED THIS
MORNING AND I'D LIKE TO SUE--!

As Gladys and various CO-WORKERS turn, shocked, Dave quickly fumbles for the receiver and takes the call off speaker.

DAVE
Jesus, Mitch, I'm at work--

VOICE ON PHONE
WHO'S MITCH?! THIS IS MISS ELIZA
HAVERSHAM AND I AM THE VICTIM OF A
FAULTY BAG OF DOUCHE!

DAVE
Dude, how stoned are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

MITCH PLANKO, 30, shirtless, Dodgers hat backwards, sitting on a futon in his sparse white apartment, smoking a bong shaped like a shotgun. Beat. He drops the horrible accent:

MITCH
I'm pretty stoned.

DAVE
Come on, it's 10 in the morning.

MITCH
Dude, guess what? Great news.

DAVE
What?

MITCH
I found a futon on the street.

DAVE
That is great news.

MITCH
I sort of had to fight a bum for it
-- is that bad?

DAVE
Kind of. Is there a reason you're
calling or--?

MITCH
Are you gonna bitch out on tonight?
You are, aren't you.

Dave, half-listening, sits at his desk and answers emails.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Dodgers-Giants, dude! We haven't
missed one of these in like 20
years! Don't be a vajeen!

DAVE
Dude, I'm coming--

MITCH

You always do this! You never make time for your friends anymore and I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this, but people are starting to talk. Feelings are getting hurt.

DAVE

Really? Whose feelings?

MITCH

Not mine, because, like a samurai, I have trained myself to feel nothing except revenge and honor, but other people -- nameless, other, more sensitive people -- are hurt, and they think you need to treasure your friendships a little bit more.

(exhaling massive bong rip)
How concerned should I be that my new futon smells like death?

DAVE

(distracted, typing)
Look, just, what time are you picking me up tonight?

MITCH

If you bail I will rape you.

DAVE

Dude, I get it, I'm coming--

MITCH

In your eye. I will eye-rape you.
Repeatedly--

Just then there's a knock on Mitch's apartment door.

VOICE AT HIS DOOR (V.O.)

Mitch?

MITCH

Shit.

Mitch starts waving away the pot smoke.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Gotta go, pick you up at six--!

STAY WITH MITCH as he quickly clicks off his iPhone, jams his bong under the futon, opens the window, and tries to blow the pot smoke out of his apartment with quick little PUFFS.

MITCH (CONT'D)

One sec, Dad!

The smoke clears and Mitch jogs to the door and opens it to reveal his father, MITCH, SR., 60's, friendly, in a suit, holding a pile of mail.

MITCH, SR.

Hey, buddy! Your mailbox was spilling over.

MITCH

Oh thanks, I always forget.

They hug, and Mitch takes the mail and, without looking at it, chucks it onto a HUGE PILE OF OLD MAIL in the corner.

MITCH, SR.

Were you smoking marijuana in here?

MITCH

No! Honestly, it's my new futon, it smells like illegal drugs.

MITCH, SR.

We've talked about this, Mitch. Smoke your grass on the balcony, okay? It's just hard for me to tell the other tenants they can't smoke in their units when my own son is blazing away in his, you know?

MITCH

You got it, Dad.

MITCH, SR.

Oh hey, I saw your commercial on channel 9 again last night...

MITCH

Which one? "Give Gonorrhea The Boot" or "Samir's Pet Shack Our Low Low Prices Are Snake-sational?"

MITCH, SR.

Samir's Pet Shack. It's just a shame you can't see your face in that giant ape costume.

MITCH

Actually, the real shame is that Samir paid me in fucking organic bird seed, but whatever...

He glares at several crates of BIRD SEED by the door.

MITCH, SR.

Well, your mother would've liked it. She always loved animals...
(awkward moment)

Anyway. I was just in the neighborhood, wanted to check in. How you doing, cash-wise?

MITCH

I'm a little tight, actually, Pops. Especially vis a vis, you know, the whole bird seed situation.

MITCH, SR.

Five hundred?

MITCH

Can you make it a grand?

Mitch's dad smiles to hide his disappointment and hands his 30-year-old son a roll of hundred dollar bills.

MITCH, SR.

You thought any more about coming to work for me?

MITCH

Yeeeah...I'm not really sure I'm a "work" guy, you know what I mean? Plus, I've been getting a ton of auditions recently, so...

MITCH, SR.

Okay, well, my door is always open.

MITCH

Thanks, pop. Bones.

Mitch, Sr. smiles and awkwardly bumps his son's fist.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Batting cages next weekend?

MITCH, SR.

Great! See you then.

Mitch, Sr. smiles sadly and exits. Mitch BURPS and reaches for his bong, having noticed none of his father's distress...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BRENTWOOD -- EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of Dave's beautiful colonial home. Huge oak trees shade the lush front lawn. New Audi and BMW station wagons sit in the driveway. We hear WATER SPLASHING...

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- EVENING

The twins sit in the bath, motionless, anticipatory...

DAVE (V.O.)
...AND THEN THE BABY-EATING MONSTER
EMERGES FROM THE DEEP RAAWWWWWR!

Dave rises up from beside the tub, arms upraised, soap suds covering his face! The twins SCREAM and SPLASH, ecstatic! Dave tries not to laugh, but he's having too much fun...

Behind Dave, his sweet daughter CARA, 5, sits on the closed toilet lid in a ballet tutu, reading her BUTTERFLY BOOK.

CARA
Daddy daddy, which is your favorite
butterfly, the Southern Monarch or
the Many-Spotted Skipperling?

Dave glances at the book as he washes the twins.

DAVE
Oh, I'm a Many-Spotted Skipperling
man all the way. The Southern
Monarch is just a glorified moth.

CARA
(very serious)
Yes. I tend to agree...

Dave smiles. Then his handsome wife JAMIE, 30's, blows into the bathroom in a suit and starts removing her makeup.

JAMIE
What a day. Dr. Klein lost the
twins immunization record, the
wireless went down, and Cara got
bullied in ballet class again.

CARA
Nicolette Peters keeps knocking me
over during the *battement glissé*.

DAVE
Oh, I'm sorry, sugar-bug...

Dave looks genuinely concerned. Cara just shrugs and keeps
reading her butterfly book. Jamie whispers to him:

JAMIE
*We need to remind her to keep
striving for verbal resolution.*

DAVE
Right, of course.

Jamie finally notices Dave's foam-covered face, and softens.

JAMIE
And how was your day, monster man?

Before Dave can answer, the doorbell rings, DING-DONG! They
exchange the weary smile of parents who never see each other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
He's early.

DAVE
Of course he's early. All he does
all day is eat hummus and
masturbate.

CUT TO:

THE FRONT DOOR OPENING

to reveal MITCH in shades, fedora, and a Dodgers jersey.
Jamie, holding Cara, lets him in.

MITCH
Whatup bitches!

JAMIE
(laughing)
Really?

He takes Cara and playfully -- and incredibly recklessly --
flips her in the air.

MITCH
How's my favorite ballerina?!

CARA

I'm good! Are you coming to my recital on Thursday?!

MITCH

Oh no, honey, the only style of dancing I support is exotic...

He plunks her on the floor and blows into

DAVE'S AMAZING KITCHEN

replete with granite counter tops, built-in appliances, fresh flowers, and bowls teeming with fruit. Mitch beelines for the Subzero fridge and opens it: it's stocked. His eyes alight.

MITCH

Jesus Christ you could feed Africa with this fridge...

As Jamie starts prepping a salad across the kitchen, Mitch raids the fridge, packing his cargo pants with kid's snacks, bagels, yogurts, juice boxes, everything.

MITCH (CONT'D)

These leftovers from Morton's?

JAMIE

Oh no, hon, those are super old--

Too late -- Mitch is already eating the very old steak.

MITCH

Chimichurri. Score.

As Mitch chews, he eyes Jamie chopping vegetables.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You look hot by the way, Jame.

Jamie laughs but clearly doesn't mind the flirtation.

JAMIE

Thanks...sort of...?

MITCH

No really. I never would've guessed twins.

JAMIE

Annd that's probably enough--

MITCH

Is Dave still meeting your needs sexually?

Jamie just laughs, shaking her head, *unbelievable*.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh, did I tell you I ran into Miss Hickam last week at Starbucks?

JAMIE

Our old kindergarten teacher?!

MITCH

Yeah. She always liked Dave better than me...

JAMIE

Honey, everyone likes Dave better than you.

MITCH

Fair enough. Anyway, I tried to get her number, but she goes "I don't date former students," so I go, "great, do you fuck former students?" and then she calls me a "potty-mouth degenerate" and runs out without her coffee. So I got a free venti macchiato, which is cool-

DAVE (O.S.)

Bathed, changed and in their PJs.

Mitch turns to see Dave in khakis and a buttondown, entering the kitchen with the freshly bathed twins. Mitch grins:

MITCH

Awww! Come to Uncle Mitch...

Dave hands the twins to Mitch, and they COO, impishly cute.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh my God, they smell like heaven had sex with a dryer sheet.

(loudly to babies)

HI! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?! WHICH ONE ARE YOU?!

(they just GURGLE)

Why can't they talk yet? Are they retarded or something?

JAMIE
(laughing)
What?! No! They're fine!

MITCH
Really? The one on the left looks a
little downsy.
(Jamie GASPS)
Kidding! Kidding.
(aside, to Dave)
A little bit though, right?

Ignoring him, Dave fastens the twins into their Bouncy Seats.

DAVE
I'll be back right after the game,
okay, Pumpkin?

JAMIE
Whenever. Have fun.

MITCH
See you, Jame!

JAMIE
Always a pleasure, Mitch.

Mitch steals THREE PEARS and some TULIPS as he exits...

CUT TO:

TWO BEERS POPPING OPEN

on the bottle cap-opener mounted on Mitch's dashboard...

INT. MITCH'S CAR -- EVENING

Mitch offers Dave one of (his own) beers as they speed along
in his Fiero. Dave is reluctant.

DAVE
Yeah, I'm good.

MITCH
Really? You're going to make me
drink alone?

DAVE
Yeah, well, you're driving, so...

Mitch shrugs and slides the spare beer into his chest pocket.

MITCH

Oh, dude: great news.

DAVE

You found another futon?

MITCH

That's awesome, because I'm made of emotional Teflon and words can't hurt me anymore. No: I auditioned for a major movie role yesterday.

DAVE

Nice. What movie?

MITCH

It's called *Busted Dreams 4*. It's about a renegade coroner who reads minds named Jake Action. It's like a sexy *Mentalist*.

DAVE

Sounds cool.

MITCH

Yeah, I read for the part of Steve Action, Jake's troubled younger brother with a secret, and I fucking killed it. I cried like five times during the audition and it's a fucking action movie. Plus I'm the spitting image of the dude who plays Jake Action, so...

DAVE

I hope you get it, man.

MITCH

Yeah, it could be my *Raging Bull*. Plus I'd get to kill a lot of women, which is cool.

(offering him a joint)
Hotbox?

DAVE

No, man, I got a big day tomorrow, I can't get wasted tonight.

SMASH CUT TO:

TWO SHOT GLASSES SLAMMING DOWN

Mitch and Dave, shit-faced, shake off their shots, B-R-R-R.

INT. BIG WANGS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

The guys sit in this crowded sports bar, watching the Dodgers game on a huge TV. When CLAYTON KERSHAW strikes out FRED LEWIS to win the game, the guys drunkenly slap five:

DAVE
Got 'im!

MITCH
Slider?

DAVE
Change-up.

MITCH
Change-up -- fuck he's good!

DAVE
He's no Fernando.

MITCH
Of course not. Fernando is like *The Highlander*. There can be only one.

DAVE
(toasting his beer)
TO FERNANDO!

MITCH
FER--FUCKING--NANDO!

They sloppily drink -- when Dave suddenly remembers:

DAVE
OH! So finish your story! The girl calls you up...?

MITCH
Right! So she calls me up, it's like 3 in the morning--

DAVE
What's her name?

MITCH
Tatiana.

DAVE
Incredible. What's her last name?

Mitch just looks at him.

MITCH

Tatiana Calls-Me-At-3-In-The-Morning-And-Wants-To-Fuck-stein, what the fuck, who cares?

DAVE

Is she hot? She is, right? Oh my God I already have a boner!

MITCH

(disturbed)

Maybe we should do this later...

DAVE

NO! Keep going! I need these stories, man! *They're all I have!*

Mitch registers the desperation in his married friend's eyes.

MITCH

Okay, well, you're in luck, because Tatiana is stupid fucking hot. Beautiful face, legs a mile long, perfect ass, blonde hair, and huuuge boobs.

DAVE

Oh my God how big?

MITCH

Double E.

DAVE

Oh my God she sounds like Sabrina.

MITCH

Who's Sabrina?

DAVE

This hot paralegal in my office.

MITCH

Is she on your Cancer List?

DAVE

What's a Cancer List?

MITCH

Don't all married dudes have a Cancer List? No? Like the first three chicks you would bang if your wife suddenly died of cancer?

DAVE

That's sick, man. Jamie is the mother of my children...

(disgusted)

But yes, if I had a Cancer List, Sabrina would be the first on it.

MITCH

Who's number two? Fergie--?

DAVE

Just finish your story, man! I'm dying over here!

MITCH

Fine. So Tatiana's packing double E's, which means like 20 plus pounds of breastmeat -- yeah, it's almost too much for one man to handle. Thank God I'm the son of a butcher and have strong hands and wrists. Anyway, she walks in wearing this tight black dress, and you know what she says to me?

Dave shakes his head, on the edge of his bar stool.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Nothing. Because all Tatiana wants to do at 3 in the morning is fucky fucky rubber ducky!

Dave drunkenly slaps him ten, barely making hand-contact.

MITCH (CONT'D)

And look, I'm not one to kiss and tell...

(downing another shot)

but this chick is insatiable. She wants it in every position: Missionary, Wheelbarrow, Reverse Wheelbarrow, Assassin--

DAVE

I don't even know what those are!

MITCH

No one does! It gets so intense that my nose starts bleeding. Yeah, so I'm bleeding all over this chick and she's fucking digging it.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's like some weird Dracula Anne Rice shit, and I'm fading in and out of consciousness, and then, when it's all over, she turns to me and goes: "Tuesday night I'm coming back and we're really going to fuck."

Dave just stares at him, glassy-eyed, drunk, emotional.

DAVE

That is maybe the single greatest story I've ever heard in my life.

MITCH

Ah, it's not always like that...

DAVE

I don't know why...I don't know why I've always been in such a rush, you know?

MITCH

What
(BURRRRP)
do you mean?

DAVE

You remember me in high school, I was always so focussed on getting into a good college, then when I got to college, I was so focussed on getting into a good law school, then in law school I was just trying to land a job at a good firm, then Jamie and I got married and we had Cara right away-- I just feel like and I missed out on all the fun stuff, you know? The sex, the drugs, the bad choices, and now it's too late. I blew it. I pissed away my 20's, and now I'm staring down the barrel a seriously boring life.

MITCH

Oh come on, Jamie is hot!

DAVE

No, I know--

MITCH

I really want to have sex with her!

DAVE

Wait, what?

MITCH

And your kids are adorable! They're like fun little puppies that talk!

The bill comes. Dave pulls out a wad of cash, throws it on the table, and stumbles for the door. Mitch lifts one of Dave's twenties off the table and follows him out...

EXT. SPORTSBAR -- CONTINUOUS

They stumble down the dark Hollywood street together...

DAVE

Don't get me wrong, I love my kids, I do, I would take a bullet for them, but...remember that heroin addict you dated?

MITCH

Tara? Or Rena? Or Rachel?

DAVE

Jesus, how many heroin addicts have you dated?

MITCH

It's a national scourge, dude.

DAVE

Anyway. Having kids is like dating a heroin addict, only instead of dating them, they move into your house for 18 years. They're laughing one second and crying the next and then they're trying to kill themselves in your bathroom for no reason. They're mean and selfish and they burn through all your money and they steal your shit and they break everything and they stay up all night and they listen to really shitty music and the dirty secret is, no one actually likes kids.

MITCH

Oh come on, you don't mean that--

DAVE

No! It's true. Everyone pretends to like kids because if you don't you look like a huge dick. It's like Drew Barrymore or jazz. No one actually likes them, but if you say that out loud, everybody hates you.

MITCH

Dude, I love Drew Barrymore -- have you seen *Boys on the Side*?

They weave across a LARGE PLAZA, stumbling for Mitch's car.

DAVE

I'm just saying: don't fuck up your life like I did, okay?

MITCH

What are you talking about? You've got it all! You've got a huge house full of food and furniture -- shit, your TV is bigger than my car! You have a great job, you make a shit-ton of money, and people respect you, man! My last job involved an ape costume -- do you know what that does to a man?

Dave waves him off, not really hearing him. But Mitch is sincere, heartfelt:

MITCH (CONT'D)

Plus you've got a hot, extremely fuckable wife who cooks and cleans and takes care of all your needs! It's like having a really hot mom who you can also have sex with!

DAVE

Wait, what--?

MITCH

Also you're never lonely, you always have someone to talk to about your day, plus you get to do all the fun gay couple stuff like go to wine country! You think single guys can go to wine country?! No way! They won't even let us in! You're living the dream, dude! What more do you want?!

DAVE

Tatiana! I want Tatiana! I want sex with strange new women and maybe also with Sabrina if she's single and I want to wake up at noon and smoke weed all afternoon and I want to not think about the needs of four other people 24 hours a day and I want to start reading a novel and actually finish it and I want to take a solid shit because I'm not constantly stressed out and I want to learn how to rollerblade and also I really want to pee...

MITCH

Yeah, me too...

They look around the plaza, and their eyes land on the HUGE FOUNTAIN in the middle; a GREEK GODDESS sits atop it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Fountain?

DAVE

Bingo.

They stumble over to the fountain, unzip their pants, and, leaning on each other, begin peeing into it. Mitch glances up at the GREEK GODDESS METIS. She scowls down at them.

MITCH

This chick does not look happy.

DAVE

Maybe she has three kids and a job she hates.

MITCH

Dude, enough already.

DAVE

I'm just saying...I envy your life.

MITCH

And that's what's so fucked, because I envy yours.

DAVE

Yeah you don't--

MITCH

I do!

DAVE
No, I do--!

MITCH I wish I had your life! DAVE I wish I had your life!

They're about to say "jinx" when--

BOOM!

A thunder clap CRASHES and

ALL OVER LOS ANGELES

the electrical grid starts shutting down, neighborhood by neighborhood! Soon the entire city is PITCH BLACK...

BACK IN THE DARKENED PLAZA

Dave and Mitch freeze, terrified, hugging...and peeing...

MITCH
Ummmmmm...?

Then all the lights in the city flicker back to life...

DAVE
R-Rolling blackout?

MITCH
I guess...?

They continue peeing, a little freaked out.

DAVE
You really have nice flow by the way. Very thick and confident.

MITCH
Thank you. Yours is very steamy.

DAVE
Thank you. My urologist says I run a little warm.

Eventually they both finish, tuck in, and zip up. Beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You good to drive?

MITCH
Now I am.

As they stumble off towards Mitch's Fiero, HOLD ON the statue of Metis, the shape-shifting Greek Goddess of Wisdom...

It almost looks like she's smiling...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

It's a beautiful sunny Los Angeles morning. The silhouette of a body lies in Dave's bed, SNORING away. Then we hear

THE TWINS CRYING

followed by what is unequivocally Mitch's patter -- and his family-friendly language:

MITCH

Whose fucking baby is that...?

A hand emerges and fumbles on the night stand.

MITCH (CONT'D)

And where the fuck is my bong?

He groggily rises from the sheets -- only it's not Mitch. It's Dave. His body, his face, everything.

Yup, you got it: the single guy and the married guy have switched bodies. We will refer to them by their "brain names," thus while this hungover dude definitely looks like Dave, inside he's Mitch, so that's what we'll call him. The actors, of course, will remain in their bodies.

Mitch doesn't know any of this yet.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Why are there so many fucking pillows...?

He rolls over to see Jamie, sitting up in bed, pulling her breasts out of her tank top, getting ready to nurse the twins. Mitch launches out of bed, suddenly very awake.

MITCH (CONT'D)

WHOA! WHOA! WHAT THE FUCK, JAME?!

She starts breast-feeding the babies, confused.

JAMIE

What? What's your problem?

Mitch shields his eyes with his hands, shocked and disgusted.

MITCH

Oh my god that is so gross! Put
your tits away! This isn't Europe!

JAMIE

What are you talking about?

Mitch finally notices he's in DAVE'S BEDROOM...

MITCH

Wait: why am I in...? Did I sleep
here last night?!

JAMIE

Um, yeah?

MITCH

Did we...?!

Panicked, he thrusts his fist like, have sex?!

JAMIE

Are you insane?

MITCH

*So why the hell did I wake up in
your bed?!*

JAMIE

Are you still drunk?

MITCH

Look, just, where's Dave?!

JAMIE

What?

MITCH

Where's fucking Dave?!

JAMIE

Dave is right here! You're Dave!

He turns and sees himself in the mirror. Freezes. He is Dave.

MITCH

Oh my God... Oh my God...

He slowly touches his new face...

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'm a fucking tool.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A body lies sprawled on Mitch's futon, out cold. INSANE
POUNDING on the door shatters the silence.

MITCH (O.S.)
OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR IMMEDIATELY!

The body sits up, groggy and confused -- it is, of course,
Dave in Mitch's body. While he looks like Mitch, he moves,
talks, and even shuffles to the door exactly like Dave...

DAVE
Mitch...?

MITCH (O.S.)
Fucking open the fucking door!

Dave stops, noticing that he's in Mitch's empty apartment.

DAVE
Why am I in your sad apartment--

MITCH (O.S.)
The door, dude! Open the door!

DAVE
Fine, Jesus, relax--

Dave opens the door to see himself standing there.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this...?

Dave backpedals, terrified, as Mitch blows inside, furious.

MITCH
I knew it!

DAVE
(freaking out)
Who the hell are you?! And why do
you look like me?!

Mitch angles Dave over to the mirror on the otherwise barren
wall...and Dave sees he's in Mitch's body... Stunned, he
slowly touches his new face...his new hair...his new body...

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

MITCH
I know, dude.

DAVE
I'm a fucking loser...

MITCH
Wait, what?

Dave spins, completely awake now:

DAVE
How the fuck did this happen?!

MITCH
How should I know?! Has this ever happened to you before?!

DAVE
What, switching bodies with another human being?! Oh yeah, this shit happens to me like twice a week!

MITCH
Well...I don't want to be you!

DAVE
Oh, you don't want to be me?! No, no, no: I don't want to be you!

MITCH
What's that supposed to mean?!

DAVE
Look, let's just...think. How could this have possibly happened...?

They pace about the apartment, trying to think... Then:

MITCH
Bingo. Got it. We're *dreaming*.

Dave grabs Mitch's nipple and twists it hard.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Ow ow ow, fuck!

DAVE
Not dreaming.

MITCH

First of all, you're a penis.
Second of all--

DAVE

Wait, what'd you just say?

MITCH

I called you a penis and--

DAVE

(running out the door)
Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- MORNING

Dave speeds through morning traffic in his Audi station wagon, leaning on the HORN. Mitch sits shotgun, confused.

DAVE

Remember last night when we peed
into that fountain?! *As we peed, we*
wished we had each other's lives!

MITCH

(remembering)
Oh fuck.

DAVE

Our wishes must've...somehow...come
true.

MITCH

I thought wishes came true when you
threw a coin into a fountain...

DAVE

Well apparently urine works too.

MITCH

That's bullshit! I would've wished
for something way cooler!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- MORNING

Unable to find a parking spot, Mitch and Dave double-park on Hollywood Boulevard, hop out, and sprint for the plaza...

MITCH

What are we gonna do when we get to
the fountain?!

DAVE

We're gonna hug each other and pee
into the fountain and wish our
lives back!

MITCH

That might sound really gay!

Both men race around the corner onto the plaza and stop cold:

THE FOUNTAIN IS GONE

A DEPARTMENT OF PARKS CREW is cleaning up the site where it
once sat. Mitch and Dave are blown away.

DAVE

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

They hurry up to the crew FOREMAN.

MITCH

Excuse me! Where is the fountain?!

FOREMAN

It's getting restored.

DAVE

Where did you take it?!

FOREMAN

I don't know, chief, I'm not the
fountain spokesman, I'm just the
guy that fills the fucking hole.

DAVE

Who could tell us where it is?!

FOREMAN

Maybe the district manager?

CUT TO:

A DESK PLACARD READING "DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON"

District Manager CARLA NELSON sits behind her desk in her
bland office, her face the model of bureaucratic ennui.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

It's not in the computer.

Opposite her, Dave and Mitch pull their hair out, insane.

MITCH

Well of course it's not--!

DAVE

When will it be in the computer?!

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

You could try calling tomorrow.

DAVE

Tomorrow?! We can't wait until tomorrow, Carla!

MITCH

How can you lose a fountain?!

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

(beat, deadpan)

It's not in the computer.

Mitch LUNGES for Carla, but Dave grabs him and wrestles him out of the office.

MITCH

YOU ARE EVERYTHING THAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD--!

DAVE

We'll call you tomorrow! Thank you!

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF PARKS BUILDING -- DAY

Dave and Mitch exit the Department of Parks building and pace on the sunny sidewalk, their hands on their heads, stunned.

MITCH

This is so fucked...

DAVE

We should just go home and lock the doors and--

Mitch's phone rings in Dave's pocket. Dave hesitates, then answers it, fruitlessly trying to sound like Mitch:

DAVE (CONT'D)

This is fucking Mitch?

MITCH

I don't talk like that, dude--

DAVE

Okay...Okay...Great...Thank you.

Dave clicks off.

MITCH

Who was that?

DAVE

Marty Green, the producer of *Busted Dreams* 4. Apparently the guy they cast for Steve Action OD'd last night, and the back-up actor got deported, so, alphabetically, you're the next actor on the list. You got the part, man.

Mitch covers his mouth like he just won *American Idol*.

MITCH

Oh my God! Oh my God! Dreams really do come true--!

(realizing)

Wait, no, this sucks! I'm stuck in your fat dad-body! I can't play Steve Action looking like this!

DAVE

(remembering, stunned)

Oh my God: *and I've got my closing today!*

MITCH

What, is that like a big deal?

DAVE

A big--?! Yeah! Whether or not I make partner is riding on this!

MITCH

So what the hell are we gonna do?

PANICKED SILENCE. Then Mitch looks at Dave...

DAVE

No. No. We can't just be each other for a day, Mitch! You have no idea how to be a lawyer!

MITCH

Dude, I'm an actor, a human chameleon, I can do lawyer in my fucking sleep! It's you I'm worried about: you can't act for shit!

DAVE

First of all, it's *Busted Dreams 4*, okay? It's not *The Reader*. Second of all, I'm a WASP, I've spent my entire life acting happy and no one has ever questioned my performance, okay?!

They look at each other, cooling off a bit...

DAVE (CONT'D)

Are...Are we actually considering doing this...?

MITCH

I mean, we have to...right?

Both men look highly anxious. Dave glances at the time.

DAVE

All right, well, my meeting starts in 45 minutes. You need to race home, get dressed, then go to my office and find my secretary Gladys-

MITCH

She sounds hot, is she hot?

DAVE

No. Get the merger docs from Gladys and take them to the conference room. All the partners will be there so do not speak to anyone.

MITCH

Really? Because I can vamp--

DAVE

NO! No vamping! And once the meeting starts, you will continue to say nothing. When a partner asks you for the merger documents, you will silently hand them over, okay?

MITCH

Dude, I get it. Play it big, but maintain my reality--

DAVE

No! Play it small. Really small.
I've spent the last nine months
banging out the terms of this deal,
all you have to do is hand over the
documents. That's it.

MITCH

Dude, that's easy as fuck. Okay,
for me, go home, put on some cool
clothes, and get to set -- all the
info is on my phone. Once you're
there, go to Hair & Makeup and
memorize your lines and try not to
be a total douche to everyone,
okay? This is the film industry.
Everyone is really cool.

They look at each other, very doubtful that this will work...

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'm trusting you, dude...

DAVE

I'm trusting you, too...

MITCH

Power hug.

They hug tight then release.

DAVE

Oh hey, you also need to pick up
Cara from ballet at 4, okay?

MITCH

(heads for the car)
I'm so fucking all over that shit.

Off of Dave's deeply unsettled look, we

CUT TO:

INT. STEEL, KUHACH, MCCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING

Mitch blows into Dave's stodgy law firm looking like a lawyer
-- from a Ralph Lauren ad: he sports a pink buttondown, red
suspenders, a blue crested blazer, khakis, no socks, black
and white wingtips, and slicked-back hair.

He also affects a preposterous patrician accent like John
Kerry or any white guy on a black sitcom.

MITCH
GOOD MORNING, ONE AND ALL! WHAT A
FABULOUS DAY TO BE A CORPORATE
ATTORNEY!

His co-workers look at him like he's fucking nuts. Falling
into step with him is Gladys, his mean old secretary.

GLADYS
What in God's name are you wearing?

MITCH
Holy dick, are you Gladys? You're a
lynx.

GLADYS
W-What is a lynx?

MITCH
A white-haired cougar. You really
should dress sexier, though. The
whole angry prison nurse thing is a
huge mistake.

Gladys GASPS and jams some documents into his hands.

GLADYS
Here are your merger documents!
Good day to you!

She storms off. Mitch calls after her:

MITCH
Hey, where's my meeting at?

She angrily points at a conference room as she stalks off.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The conference room is full of EXECUTIVES from KINKABE
TECHNOLOGIES and AMALGAMATED INDUSTRIES, as well as several
well-heeled LAWYERS. They chat amiably until

MITCH ENTERS

in his ridiculous outfit. The room goes silent, but Mitch's
confidence remains sky-high:

MITCH
What up, white people?! Republican
Party in the house, am I right?!
Come on, let's get started!

Everyone looks a bit confused by this Nobody telling them what to do, but nonetheless, they begin taking their seats. Mitch goes around, introducing himself.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Dave Lockwood, thanks for coming!

Dave Lockwood, I did all the work!

Dave Lockwood-san, konichi-wa!

(to the room)

Anyone need anything? Mimosa, spicy

tuna roll? No? We're good? All

right, guys, take it away!

Mitch takes one of the last open seats -- at the head of the conference table. It's clearly in his boss's seat. Flemming Steel III hovers awkwardly.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Yes, well, thank you, Dave...?

(clearing his throat)

We are gathered here today to codify the marriage of two bold industry leaders, Kinkabe Technologies and Amalgamated Industries.

Mitch starts APPLAUDING. Others...hesitantly...join in.

MITCH

Fuck yeah! Amalgamated Industries!

Finally, even Flemming claps as well, uncomfortable.

FLEMMING STEEL III

B-Before we sign on the proverbial bottom line, are there any outstanding questions or concerns that we might address? Ask now or forever hold your peace...

Pleasant CHUCKLES in the room. Then the Japanese-American CEO of Kinkabe Technologies, KEN KINKABE, 60's, raises his hand.

CEO KEN KINKABE

We just wanted to make sure that the debt-to-projected-amortization ratios haven't changed given the recent market fluctuations.

Everyone turns to Mitch. Who's not listening. He's drawing pictures of boobs on a yellow legal pad.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Dave?

Mitch looks up, sees everyone looking at him.

MITCH

Right, my bad--

Thinking that's his cue, he slides Flemming the documents.

FLEMMING STEEL III

No, Dave. Mr. Kinkabe had a question about the DPA ratios.

Deer in headlights.

MITCH

Okay?

FLEMMING STEEL III

Well? How are they?

MITCH

G-Good?

FLEMMING STEEL III

Good?

MITCH

Bad? Bad! They're fucking terrible.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Dave!

MITCH

Look, everything's cool, let's just sign this fucking thing and go party! We're all rich, who cares?!

Mr. Kinkabe angrily jabs his finger at the incredibly short CEO of Amalgamated Industries, TED NORTON, 60's.

CEO KEN KINKABE

I knew it! You were never serious about this merger!

CEO TED NORTON

Spare me, Ken, you were just trying to inflate your share price!

CEO KEN KINKABE

This merger is over! I will see you in court!

CEO TED NORTON

Not if we see you first, you prick!

The execs furiously race out of the conference room, all of them reaching for their cell phones. War has been declared.

The lawyers hurry after the clients, fruitlessly trying to coax them back to the table.

Mitch frowns, oo, and tiptoes for the exit...until Flemming Steel III grabs his arm, furious.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Right now you need to give me one reason not to fire you.

Mitch stammers, oh shit.

MITCH

Relax, dude...this...this is all part of my master plan.

FLEMMING STEEL III

It is.

MITCH

Yes! Check it out: if we drag this out...we make more money, right? Don't we? Of course we do! And then we can bill the fuck out of them! Some of them don't even speak-ah the engrish so goo, you know what I'm saying?

FLEMMING STEEL III

That's your plan.

MITCH

Yes...? Is it...? It's not a very good plan, is it.

FLEMMING STEEL III

Son, what you've just said to me is highly illegal. You could go to jail for a very long time just for suggesting it...

MITCH

(sweating)

We're lawyers! We're above the law!

FLEMMING STEEL III
I must say, I've never seen this
side of you before, Lockwood. I
always thought you were on the
straight and narrow...

MITCH
Fuck that, ésé. I'm straight up
gangster all the way through.

Flemming eyes him, determining his fate. Mitch can't breathe.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Fine, I'll roll the dice with you.
But if word of this gets out, I
will throw you under the bus so
damn fast you won't know what hit
you. Now go put on some proper
clothes. You look like Joe Pesci.

Flemming Steel III hurries off. Mitch exhales, holy shit...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS -- RANCH HOUSE -- DAY

Dave nervously pulls up to a RANCH HOUSE in the Fiero,
reading the address off his iPhone. Several crew trucks are
parked out front, and PA's with headsets loiter about.

Dave gets out wearing an ironed buttondown shirt tucked into
khakis. He self-consciously untucks half his shirt, trying to
look "cooler," as he approaches a nearby P.A.

DAVE
Yo, Mitch Planko is here. Where the
fuck is Hair & Makeup?

P.A.
(pointing)
Um, trailer 3...?

DAVE
That's so real.

Dave stiffly walks off as the P.A. eyes him, weirded out.

INT. HAIR & MAKEUP TRAILER -- DAY

Dave, now in leather pants, the top four buttons of his shirt
undone, sits in the makeup chair, getting his hair styled. He
studies the script, confused. Then a P.A. hurries in.

P.A.

I'm here to take you to set. Is there anything I can get you? Vitamin water, Pelegrino?

DAVE

No thanks. Hey, what does it mean when it says T.S., or B.T.S.?

P.A.

Titty Shot and Bouncing Titty Shot.
(to headset)
Steve Action is coming to set.

Dave, alarmed, follows the P.A. out and

THROUGH THE LOW BUDGET SET

They've taken over this valley ranch house; cables, lights and sound equipment run everywhere.

DAVE

Wait! W-what kind of movie is this?!

P.A.

It's a lorno.

DAVE

I-I'm not familiar with that genre.

P.A.

Lorno? Light porno? Tits & shadows? You ever hear of Skinemax?

DAVE

Oh no.

They arrive in

AN ORNATE BEDROOM

bedecked with cameras, grip equipment -- and thousands of lit candles. The P.A. unbuttons Dave's shirt even further and starts smearing his chest and face with Crisco oil.

Just then, the fat balding director, VALTAN -- just Valtan -- from some ethnically cleansed Balkan state, 50's, blows in.

VALTAN

More oil! Make him shiny like fish!

DAVE

Excuse me, are you in charge here?
I think there's been some sort of
mistake--

VALTAN

Mona! Where Mona?!

And then MONA -- aging actress with fake boobs -- teeters in
wearing a flimsy nightgown and six inch heels.

MONA

I'm here!

VALTAN

Okay guys, here scene: Mitch, you
enter with gun -- where gun?!

A P.A. runs in with a huge MACHINE GUN WITH ROCKET LAUNCHER
ATTACHMENT and gives it to Dave, who takes it limply...

VALTAN (CONT'D)

Guard try to stop you, line-line-
line, knock him the fuck out, you
see Mona asleep in bed, you wake
her up and start fuck time, okay?

Dave stammers, his head spinning.

MONA

What's my motivation?

VALTAN

Your motivation? Your motivation is
show big tit to business traveler
in hotel room too scared to order
real porno, okay?

(blocking the scene)

Okay, here shot list: start makeout
here, nightgown fall, close-up of
titty, candles burning, bouncing
titty close-up, moaning, fake sex-
in-mouth obscured by hair, more
candle, fake backdoor sex obscured
by blowing curtain, more candle,
her buttock, his buttock, wind blow
out candle and *finito*, okay?

MONA

It's like a poem.

VALTAN

I know, baby, I crush this shit big time. Let's lock it up!

P.A.

Locking it up!

As the crew bustle about, Mona turns to a shell-shocked Dave.

MONA

You wanna bump?

Mona snorts a fingernail of coke into her nose.

DAVE

A bump--? Of drugs?

MONA

You're cute. But if you try to actually fuck me I'll set your dick on fire with one of these fucking candles, y'understand me?

DAVE

Is this actually happening?

MONA

Pound away on my upper thigh all you want, that's what it's there for, okay? And no, you can't pay me to give you a real BJ, I don't do that shit anymore.

Dave's mouth opens, but nothing comes out. A P.A. guides him out of the room. He's still in a trance...

VALTAN

Annnnd ACTION!

Dave stands there, frozen. Behind the camera, Valtan gestures, go! Dave stumbles into the bedroom, holding the huge machine gun like, well, like a corporate lawyer.

A BLOW-DRIED GOON appears with a gun.

BLOW-DRIED GOON

No entry!

Dave looks around at the bright lights, the camera, the crew watching him -- and he freezes up. The goon tries again:

BLOWDRIED GOON

I said: No entry!

Then Dave sees a P.A. waving at him, holding up a huge board with his lines written on them. Shielding his eyes from the lights, Dave reads his lines, monotone:

DAVE

If you let me don't in...don't let me in...If you don't let me in, Paco, I will fuck you dead. *That doesn't sound right*. If you don't let me Taco-- is his name Paco or Taco? Your penmanship is illegible--

VALTAN

Fuck it, we fix in post! Just knock out guard, wake up girl, and make fuck time! Keep rolling!

P.A.

Still rolling!

Dave very effeminately "karate chops" the goon in the neck once, and the guy dramatically throws himself against the wall and drops, unconscious. Then Dave crosses and pretends to suddenly see Mona in the bed. His acting is atrocious.

DAVE

Oh my goodness it is Lola my long lost lover Lola who...I love. Her.

VALTAN

More sexy! Too stiff! Annnd Mona wake up, surprised!

Mona, not much of a better actor than Dave, wakes up -- and SCREAMS deafeningly, like some 1950's horror queen.

DAVE

(covering ears)
Holy shit--

MONA

Steve Action?! You perfect bastard!

VALTAN

And now kiss her like savage!

Dave, totally grossed out by her, very reluctantly leans in for the kiss. Just before their lips meet, he pulls away.

DAVE

I'm sorry! I can't!

VALTAN

CUT! CUT!

(beyond pissed)

What the fuck, man?! She ready for first class trip to fuck town!

DAVE

Look, I can't, I'm married.

VALTAN

No no no, Steve Action throw wife off cliff in last scene.

DAVE

No, I mean, me, in real life. I'm married.

VALTAN

So am I! Mona my wife! Yeah, how stupid is that shit, man?! Now go fake-fuck my wife before owners of house come back from ski vacation to find film crew in master bedroom!

Dave just stands there, hopelessly out of place...

MATCH CUT TO:

MITCH LOOKING EQUALLY OUT OF PLACE

standing in the back of an auditorium as on stage, two dozen 5 year old GIRLS in tutus prance about, rehearsing a ballet. The teacher, MRS. KLEINMAN, fruitlessly tries to direct them.

CAMERA FINDS CARA onstage, twirling around -- until a bigger girl, NICOLETTE PETERS, knocks her over. Mrs. Kleinman turns to see Cara splayed out on the ground, trying not to cry.

BALLET TEACHER

Oh Cara, do try to stay on your toes! Let's start again...

In the audience, Mitch straightens: what was that...?

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY

Mitch drives Cara home from ballet. She sits shotgun in her tutu, looking small and sad.

CARA

Shouldn't I be sitting in my carseat?

MITCH

Whatever, you're fine -- hey,
what's up with that little blonde
bitch who knocked you over?

She looks a little surprised by her dad's language.

CARA

That's Nicolette Peters. She does
that a lot, actually...

MITCH

So why don't you fight back?

CARA

Um, because you told me not to? You
said I should strive for verbal
resolution.

MITCH

Fuck verbal resolution! Put that
whore on her back and shank her! Do
you know how to make a shiv?

CARA

What?

Mitch lights a cigarette with the car lighter.

MITCH

Listen to me, kid: the world is a
cesspool of cruelty and violence.
If someone comes at you with a
knife, you gotta put their entire
fucking family in the morgue, okay?
That's called jailyard justice.
Because if you don't come back hard
on a bitch, your ass is gonna get
sold for a pack of Camel Lights and
a jello cup, y'understand? Always
solve your problems with violence.
Always.

Cara nods, alarmed.

CARA

O-Okay Daddy...?

CUT TO:

DAVE LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA

He's sitting at a booth in a bar, highly traumatized.

DAVE

I dry-humped a stranger's leg for
three hours today...

Sitting opposite him, Mitch downs a shot, exhausted.

MITCH

Cry me a river, dude: I dealt with
ballet and your ass-hat boss today.

DAVE

Oh no -- what happened at work?

MITCH

Nothing! Nothing.

(off Dave's look)

I fixed it.

(off Dave's look)

Okay, but look, it was not my
fault! The Japs started peppering
me with questions and I had to
improvise and then everyone got
very emotional and, well...it looks
like we're going to court.

DAVE

Oh my God tell me you're kidding.

MITCH

Yeah, your boss was pretty miffed,
but then I told him this was all
part of my master plan to make more
money off our clients--

DAVE

What?!

MITCH

Yeah, turns out that's totally
illegal, but the old man was
surprisingly cool about it.

Dave sits there, speechless. Mitch eats wings.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey, your secretary is sort of hot
in like a Dame Judi Dench-playing-a-
Nazi kind of way. Is she on the
fuck team?

DAVE
(weak)
I...I just want to go home...

CUT TO:

DAVE AND MITCH DRIVING IN MITCH'S CAR

as the sun sets. The windows are open and the wind is in their hair. They're very much not talking to each other...

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dave and Mitch head up Dave's front walk, solemn...

MITCH
What are you gonna tell Jamie?

DAVE
The truth.

MITCH
Can I highly recommend against that?

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Mitch and Dave enter to find Cara running down the stairs in her Dora the Explorer pajamas. Dave smiles and opens his arms, tired and overjoyed to see her...

DAVE
Hey, sugar-bug.

...but she passes right by him and hugs Mitch.

CARA
Hi Daddy!

Dave stammers, stung. Mitch hugs her, acting stiff like Dave.

MITCH
Well hello, my precocious daughter!

DAVE
Okay, I don't sound like that--

Just then Jamie hurries past, the twins in her arms, and kisses Mitch on the lips. Both men startle a bit.

JAMIE

Hey.

(to Dave)

Hi Mitch.

DAVE

This is so weird.

MITCH

No shit.

JAMIE

You staying for dinner?

Silence. Then Mitch nudges Dave.

DAVE

Right -- no, thank you. I'm-- Look, Jamie, we really need to talk.

JAMIE

Okay, but make it quick, I've got to put the twins to bed.

DAVE

I...um...I'm not Mitch.

MITCH

I'm Mitch. Somehow...we switched bodies last night. He's Dave.

Jamie looks back and forth between them, expressionless.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You see, what happened was, we peed into a magic fountain--

DAVE

Then the city moved the fountain--

MITCH

But as soon as they find it, we're going to switch back.

JAMIE

Great! Sounds like a plan.

MITCH

Are you kidding? Is she kidding?

Clearly yes. Jamie heads for the stairs when Dave stops her.

DAVE
Baby, please don't--

JAMIE
Okay, Mitch, first of all, don't call me baby, it's creepy. Second of all...*what the hell* are you *talking about?*!

DAVE
Look, I can prove it's true! Just, I don't know, just ask me anything that only I -- that only Dave -- would know. Anything.

JAMIE
When's our wedding anniversary?

Dave freezes, oh shit.

DAVE
Spring?

JAMIE
Spring?

MITCH
Dude, it's March 24th, even I know that.

DAVE
Why do you know that?

MITCH
So that I can send you a thoughtful card -- what kind of monster are you?

DAVE
Look, just ask me anything else.

JAMIE
I really don't have time to--

MITCH
Jamie, please.

JAMIE
What's my favorite color?

DAVE
You have a favorite color?

MITCH

Mauve.

DAVE

Dude: do you not understand what we're trying to accomplish here?!

MITCH

I'm just saying, look at all the accents in this room -- she loves mauve.

DAVE

Baby -- Jamie -- ask me anything else, something more personal...

JAMIE

Fine, what did we talk about two nights ago...? I was crying...?

DAVE

(taking a stab in the dark)
Yourrrrrr mother maybe?

JAMIE

That's great, Mitch. Thanks a big bunch. Come on, honey.

Jamie steams upstairs, pissed, with Cara in tow. Dave runs his hands through his hair, fuck! Mitch looks appalled:

MITCH

Dude, you are like the worst husband ever.

DAVE

I have a lot on my plate right now, man! You have no idea!

MITCH

Okay, look, calm down: I can hold down the fort for one night.

DAVE

Are you joking? You worked at my job for one day and you almost got arrested! What are you gonna do to my family?!

MITCH

Dude, the kids are already going to bed.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I think I can handle watching Two
And A Half fucking Men and falling
asleep on the couch with the best
of 'em. The only roadblock I
foresee is: what do I tell Jamie?

DAVE

What do you tell Jamie...when?

MITCH

When she wants to have sex tonight.

DAVE

But it's Tuesday.

MITCH

I don't understand. You don't have
sex on Tuesdays?

A beat. Then Dave starts LAUGHING. It builds. Dave hasn't
laughed this hard in a long time. He pats Mitch's cheek.

DAVE

That's adorable.

Dave turns and exits the house, still LAUGHING...

DAVE (CONT'D)

You know what, give it a shot.

MITCH

Really?! You want me to bang your
wife??

DAVE

Sure, have at it! Let me know how
it goes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave parks Mitch's Fiero on this shady Silver Lake street,
glancing at the HOMELESS GUY stumbling by, a bit scared.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave enters Mitch's apartment and flips on the bright
overhead light. The white walls are empty. A futon, TV, and
four crates of bird seed are all that occupy the living room.

DAVE

Jesus, it's like a Swedish asylum--

And then Mitch's iPhone RINGS. Dave hesitates, then answers:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mitch Planko, who the fuck is this?

A sexy woman's voice purrs:

SEXY WOMAN (O.S.)

Hiii Mitch, it's Tatiana...

Dave straightens, oh shit!

DAVE

Tatiana?! Hi! How, um, how are you?

TATIANA (O.S.)

I'll be better in a few minutes
after I fuck you raw.

CLICK. She hangs up. Dave freezes, wide-eyed.

DAVE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

He quickly dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH MITCH

Sitting on the plush couch with Jamie, eating takeout sushi
and watching *Two and a Half Men* on the huge plasma TV.

The phone rings. Mitch sees the caller ID, then answers it.

MITCH

Hey dude, I take back everything I
said about *Two and a Half Men*. This
is some edgy shit--

DAVE

Tatiana is on her way over!

MITCH

Nice.

DAVE

What do you think I should do?!

MITCH

I think you should fuck her, that's
what I think you should do.

Jamie looks over at Mitch, weirded out; he gets up and
crosses into the hallway for some privacy.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Don't blow this for me, dude, she's my Tuesday night regular.

DAVE

But wouldn't I be...sort of... cheating on Jamie? Maybe?

MITCH

No! Cheating is when any part of your penis touches any part of another woman who is not your wife, and last I checked, your wang is safely tucked away in my incredibly lame triple-pleated sport slacks.

DAVE

But my mind is over here, doesn't that count...somehow?

MITCH

Dude, how many women have you fucked in your mind? Thousands?

DAVE

Millions.

MITCH

Right, and that's not cheating, right?

DAVE

Your reasoning is oddly impeccable.

MITCH

I think you're on firm legal ground here, amigo. I say jump that ass.

DAVE

Jesus...I haven't had sex with another woman since college...

MITCH

Well, it still works the same, but this chick is a lot to handle so pace yourself, okay? She's hornier than a priest at summer camp.

DAVE

Oh my God so am I--!

There's a KNOCK at the apartment door. Dave jumps, freaked:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Holy shit she's already here! What do I do?!

MITCH

You'll do fine. Just wear a condom, okay? Don't give me AIDS--

Just then WHAM -- the door flies open and a very sexy blonde enters the apartment wearing a long trenchcoat and five inch stiletto heels. She moves towards Dave like a panther.

DAVE

(freezing, breathless)
Tatiana...

TATIANA

Are you ready to ride?

DAVE

I-I honestly don't know...

She throws off her trenchcoat to reveal she's not wearing anything underneath. Awesome.

Less awesome is the fact that she's NINE MONTHS PREGNANT. Massive breasts sit atop a huge, distended, veiny, protruding stomach. Dave recoils.

DAVE (CONT'D)

DAAAH!

TATIANA

Why the fuck are you still wearing clothes?

As she advances towards him, Dave climbs up the futon.

DAVE

But you're--?! When are you due?!

TATIANA

Any minute now, so let's get our fuck on before this becomes a threesome.

DAVE

Oh god gross! Wait, who's the father? Am I the father?!

TATIANA

No...but you are my daddy...

She smiles coyly and slides on top of him.

DAVE

Holy shit you're so heavy--

TATIANA

My tits are aching for you.

DAVE

Actually that's probably just the colostrum coming in, it can be very painful--

Tatiana finally stops with the femme fatale routine.

TATIANA

Okay: what's your deal tonight?

DAVE

Nothing! Nothing. I just--

TATIANA

Is it my new haircut?

DAVE

No...?

TATIANA

The trenchcoat? Too cliché?

DAVE

No! I love the coat.

TATIANA

Is it, I don't know, the pregnancy?

DAVE

Well...now that you mention it?
Maybe, like, a little?

TATIANA

What the hell?! You picked me up at a Single Mothers Lamaze class! What did you expect?!

DAVE

(horrificed)
I did?! That's terrible! Who would do something like that?!

Tatiana angrily crosses the room and -- with considerable effort -- bends over and picks up her trenchcoat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look, Tatiana, I'm sorry. You're
incredibly beautiful, it's just--

TATIANA

(turning, fully naked)
What?! I'm not sexy?!

DAVE

Oh my god I can see it kicking.

You can, in fact, see the fetus moving around in her belly.

TATIANA

You know what? Fuck you, Mitch.
Don't ever call me again.

She yanks on her coat and storms out. Dave stammers.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

It's bedtime. Wearing pajama pants and no shirt, Mitch
brushes his teeth and fixes his hair, trying to look sexy. He
sucks in his dad-gut in the mirror.

MITCH

Jesus, Dave, it's called a sit-up.

Then he sees Jamie's dress land on the bedroom floor,
followed by her bra... Mitch exhales:

MITCH (CONT'D)

*Holy shit, I'm finally going to
fuck Jamie! This is my greatest
hour! I hope she likes it weird!*

Then, IN SLOW MOTION, Jamie enters the bathroom, nude, her
hair gently blowing in the wind from an open window. She
looks insanely hot. Mitch takes her all in, ravenous...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh my God I am going to ruin her--

And then she sits on the can. And starts taking a dump.
Mitch's face drops, horrified.

JAMIE

I have to cool it on the Thai food.
I've had the shits all day.

Mitch just stares at her, dumbstruck, as we hear the LOOSE CONTENTS OF HER BOWELS empty into the toilet bowl.

MITCH
Oh my GOD.

JAMIE
Seriously -- light a candle.

She keeps shitting. It sounds like Niagara Falls. Thunderous. Foregoing the candle, Mitch covers his nose with his forearm and stumbles out of the bathroom, nauseous...

INT. BEDROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Mitch lies in bed, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, horrified. Jamie slides in bed with him, touches his arm--

MITCH
(recoiling)
DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME!

JAMIE
What is your problem?

MITCH
Look, I am not attracted to you
right now, okay?! So just... No
means no, all right? *No means no...*

TIGHT ON Jamie rolling over, confused and genuinely hurt...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS

Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then a second baby joins in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE (O.S.)
Your turn.

MITCH (O.S.)
Mmm?

JAMIE (O.S.)
It's your turn to feed the twins.

MITCH (O.S.)
Yeah...I really don't feel like it.

Jamie turns on the light, pissed.

JAMIE
Are you fucking kidding me?

MITCH
No, it's 3 in the morning, you go
do it. You're the mother.

JAMIE
Get the fuck out bed right now and
go feed your fucking children or I
will fucking cut you!

Mitch is already scrambling out of the room, terrified.

MITCH
Yes Jamie I'm sorry Jamie!

INT. TWIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mitch just looks at the twins, SCREAMING in their respective
cribs, no idea what to do. He reaches for the phone. Dials.

INTERCUT WITH DAVE

in Mitch's apartment, jacking off to some (very small)
internet porn on Mitch's iPhone. Then the porn disappears,
and "DAVE LOCKWOOD CALLING" appears on screen.

DAVE
Oh come on....
(answering, panting)
What?

MITCH
I always thought your wife was a
nice lady but she is neither nice
nor a lady! She talks like a dock-
worker and she shits like one too!
Plus I used to think your kids were
adorable but actually they're just
really fucking annoying and crazy
needy-- Wait, are you jacking off?

DAVE
What? No!

MITCH
So why are you panting?

DAVE
Look, I had to, I never get this
kind of privacy anymore.

MITCH

But isn't that sort of...my penis?

Dave looks down.

DAVE

Yeah. I guess. Is that weird?

MITCH

I...don't know?

DAVE

It sort of hooks to the side a bit.

MITCH

Yeah. Go lefty, you'll get better torque.

DAVE

Cool, thanks. Hey, how long have you been shaved down there?

MITCH

It's kind of pro forma now, dude.

DAVE

Really?

MITCH

Yeah, only married dudes still rock dick-fros anymore-- wait: if Tatiana was over earlier, why do you still need to jack off?

DAVE

Yeeeah, Tatiana might not be coming back. Like, ever.

MITCH

What did you do?!

DAVE

Me?! She's nine months pregnant!

MITCH

Oh my God you're so picky!

DAVE

I could see the baby kicking, dude!

MITCH

So what, she's having a girl! It wouldn't have been a little boy tickling your tip! Jesus, I can't believe you fucked up my Tuesday night regular!

DAVE

Relax, Mitch--

MITCH

No! You married guys have no idea how hard it is to build a reliable stable! You don't! It's a full time job! Getting girls' phone numbers, calling them, emailing them, Facebooking them, Twittering them, buying them drinks and dinners and coffees and listening to endless stories about their stupid fucking friends and begging them to touch your wiener on the second date and building an elaborate web of lies so they don't all find out about each other -- it's exhausting! And then poof! In one night, you just casually discard my life's work!

DAVE

Jesus, okay, I'm sorry...

MITCH

Sorry doesn't lick my ballbag every Tuesday night...

DAVE

Look, is there a reason you're calling me at 3 in the morning?

Mitch glares back to the twins, who are still WAILING.

MITCH

Yeah, your mean wife is making me feed the kids. What do I do?

DAVE

Have you changed their diapers already?

MITCH

(beat, lying)
Yes. Obviously.

DAVE
Okay, take them to the kitchen.

MITCH
Hold on.

Mitch puts the phone in his mouth and picks up the SCREAMING TWINS. Carrying them like bags of wheat, he jogs down

THE HALLWAY

as they scream their heads off. He's totally rattled:

MITCH
SHUT UP! STOP CRYING! JESUS CHRIST,
WE FUCKING HEAR YOU!

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mitch jogs into the kitchen and, plop, sets the twins on the COUNTER, then speaks into the phone again:

MITCH
All right. In the kitchen.

DAVE
Go to the fridge...

Mitch turns away from the twins and opens the fridge. He sees a bottle of wine and immediately drinks from the bottle.

MITCH
Yeah?

DAVE
Defrost two bags of breastmilk in
the microwave for 3 minutes, then
prepare two separate bottles...

Mitch grabs a container of cow's milk, sniffs it, turns to give it to the babies -- to discover that Sarah is gone, and Peter is licking an ELECTRICAL SOCKET!

MITCH
Holy fuck!

Mitch yanks Peter away just as SPARKS shoot from the socket!

DAVE
What was that?

MITCH
Nothing! Go on! Two bottles...?

DAVE

First: attach the filter to the
seal to the nipple...

Mitch hears CLINK CLINK and spins to see that Sarah has
crawled over to the KNIFE BLOCK and removed a BUTCHER KNIFE
and a MEAT CLEAVER and is waving them about like rattles!

MITCH

Oh jesus oh jesus...

Mitch approaches her, wide-eyed, tentative -- when Sarah
giggles and spastically whips the cleaver at him! He barely
sidesteps it, and it impacts into a cupboard door -- F-TWANG!

MITCH (CONT'D)

This is so fucked up!

DAVE

I know, right? And make sure you
don't allow any air bubbles in.

Mitch grabs a pair of tongs and, after a few attempts,
snatches the butcher knife from Sarah's hands. Then he scoops
her up and deposits her into the sink with her brother.
Finally, he slumps over, trying to catch his breath.

MITCH

Dude. Listen to me: you need to go
downtown first thing tomorrow
morning and you need to find that
fucking fountain...

He starts pouring cow's milk into the babies' mouths. It
splashes all over them, but they manage to lap up some of it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm really not sure how
much more of this shit I can take.

CUT TO:

A DESK PLACARD READING "DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON"

District Manager Carla Nelson sits behind her desk in her
bland, putty office, the next morning. She is still bored.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

Good news. Your formal information
request was approved.

Dave stops pacing, deeply relieved.

DAVE

Great. So where's the fountain?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

Oh. We won't hear back for one to three weeks, maybe more.

DAVE

WHAT? How long can it possibly take you to find your own fountain?!

CARLA MELSON

One to three weeks, maybe more.

DAVE

One to three weeks, maybe more.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Carla, you just ruined my life. Have an awesome day.

Dave blows out of there, choking on his fury...

MATCH CUT TO:

DAVE RACING INTO HIS OWN HOUSE

still furious. He looks around for Mitch.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mitch?! Mitch?! Bad news, buddy!

Dave bounds up the stairs...

INT. NURSERY -- MORNING

Jamie quietly CRIES as she gets the twins dressed for the day. Dave charges in--

DAVE

Real bad news--!

Jamie startles and quickly dries her eyes.

JAMIE

Dave's in the shower.

DAVE

Are you okay...?

Dave enters, concerned, and instinctively starts helping her dress the babies. She watches him, a bit confused.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Come on, you can tell me. We've
been friends forever...

JAMIE
(exhales)
It's Dave...he's been acting so
strange lately. Last night... Last
night he even told me he wasn't
attracted to me...

DAVE
*Oh my god I'm going to fucking kill
him.*

JAMIE
Just tell me honestly...is Dave
having an affair?

DAVE
No. Jamie. I swear he's not. You're
just going through a very temporary
rough patch, okay?

JAMIE
Temporary? We've been in this rough
patch for years...

DAVE
(this is news to him)
Y-You have?!

JAMIE
You don't want to hear about this.

DAVE
No I really do. Tell me everything.

Jamie looks at him, sees the urgency in his eyes. Frowns.

JAMIE
It's not his fault, really...I love
him with all my heart, you know I
do, but...you remember Dave's
family growing up. They were a
mess. They had nothing. Dave's
entire childhood was spent looking
over the fence, wanting a better
life. So he scrimped and saved and
worked four jobs at once and put
himself through school and built a
better life for himself. I've
always loved that about him.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No one ever gave him anything. The problem is, now that he's got a good life, he can't turn it off -- he's still looking over the fence, wanting something even better, a second house, more kids, a faster car, a bigger promotion, whatever it is that he thinks will finally make him happy.

Dave reddens, defensive; this is hitting very close to home.

DAVE

Well poor Jamie! You have an ambitious, hard-working husband who provides for you and your family -- how can you even stand it?

JAMIE

(taken aback)

No, I know, I should be grateful... and I am... I guess all I'm saying is that Dave is so focussed on what he doesn't have that he can't see what he does. And how long can you stay married to someone who is incapable of ever being happy...?

She looks at him, searching. Dave stammers, realizing for the first time just how much trouble his marriage is in... Then:

MITCH

Check it out: I have freckles on my taint! How awesome is that?!

They turn to see Mitch in the doorway, buck naked and wet, holding a hand-mirror under his balls. Then he sees Dave.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, fag. Why're you here?

CUT TO:

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One to three weeks, maybe more?!

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Mitch shaves in the bathroom as Dave paces, anxious.

MITCH

What the fuck does that even mean?!

DAVE

It means we might be in each
other's bodies for a while...

MITCH

What?! No! I can't do this anymore!
Your life sucks!

DAVE

My life sucks?! You drive a Fiero--

Jamie calls through the door:

JAMIE (O.S.)

Um, I'm going to work?

DAVE

All right, angel!

MITCH

Have a nice day!

JAMIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You guys okay in there?

MITCH

Yup! Just two dudes chilling in the
bathroom, nothing weird about that!

JAMIE (O.S.)

Okay...? See you later...

We hear Jamie's FOOTSTEPS retreat. Dave grows emotional:

DAVE

Listen to me: I know I complain
about my family sometimes, but
Jamie and the kids are everything
to me... My marriage is falling
apart, my job is on the line, and I
need you to step up and be the best
possible version of me, okay?

MITCH

Dude, honestly, I'm working my nuts
off over here. I don't know how to
play you any better.

DAVE

Well. Then I'm just gonna have to
teach you. Let's start at the
beginning:

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM -- CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave holds up a suit from his closet. Mitch watches.

DAVE

This is called a suit. You have to wear one every day, along with--

(holding up tie)

A necktie--

(holding up socks)

Black -- not white -- socks--

(holding up dress shoes)

Dress shoes, not shower sandals--

(holding up boxers)

And underwear.

MITCH

Oh come on!

DAVE

No! No more commando! You are a grown-ass man!

Mitch mimics heiling Hitler and starts getting dressed...

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Mitch, highly uncomfortable in his business suit, scowls as Dave shows him the kids' schedules on the fridge.

DAVE

This is called a schedule. It tells you everything you need to do in a given day. Drop offs. Pick ups. Activities. Playdates. Doctors appointments. You'll notice that there are approximately 50 hours worth of obligations on any given day. Find a way.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY

Dave drives. Mitch slumps in the passenger seat, grumpy.

DAVE

Always be thinking of your next responsibility. It helps to break your day into four minute increments. And remember: there is no margin for error.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

If you pick up the twins, the drycleaning and the diaper cream but forget the organic quince paste from that little place on Abbot Kinney, everyone still hates you. You have to be perfect.

INT. WHOLE FOODS SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Dave walks Mitch through Whole Foods with a cart, selecting various items from the list.

DAVE

This is called a grocery store. You buy food here. Before heading to the market, always call Jamie first and ask her if she needs anything. In fact, before you make any decisions in your life, no matter how small, call your wife first. Think of yourself as a retarded mule lost in the desert: helpless, dumb, and in constant need of direction. Never take initiative, never strike out on your own, never deviate from the plan: you are always wrong. You are a retarded mule lost in the desert.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY

They drive down the street, the car packed with groceries.

DAVE

When you're with Jamie, you should always be doing one of three things: asking her permission, complimenting her, or begging her forgiveness. It doesn't matter if she already said you could go to poker night, or if she looks like fucking Mothra in that dress, or if you didn't do anything wrong. Permission, compliments, apologies. That's all anyone wants to hear out of a husband's mouth. Here, let's practice: what's your favorite joke?

MITCH

Umm...? A rabbi, a priest--?

BAM! Dave punches Mitch in the nuts.

DAVE

Trick question! No one fucking cares! You're Dave Lockwood, boring dad, you're not Jerry Fucking Seinfeld! Shut the fuck up!

Mitch clutches his balls, hurt and scared...

INT. PRE-SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY

Dave and Mitch, wearing sombreros, sit behind a tiny desk in this colorful pre-school classroom, preparing the healthy snacks they just purchased for Cara and her rowdy CLASSMATES.

DAVE

These are called children, or dependents. Never disparage your own children -- everything they do is a miracle from God. When they're bad, it's only because they're tired or going through a phase. When other people's kids are bad, however, it's because of indulgent parenting or innate defects in the child's character--

A cute little BOY snatches three apple slices.

DAVE (CONT'D)

One a piece, please, Dylan.

(to Mitch)

Kid's a natural born criminal. If he sees 18, it'll be from the inside a jail cell.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dave walks Mitch through the office.

DAVE

This is called an office, or work. Think about whatever you most want to do here, and then do the exact opposite. You want to go home early? Great: stay all night. Hungry? Cool: don't eat. Think your boss is a total douche? Terrific: invite him to join your fantasy baseball league.

A cute ASSOCIATE walks by and Mitch overtly eye-fucks her all the way past. Dave nut-punches him again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You're married now, jackass! You can't look at other women, you can't talk to other women, you can't even be interesting around other women! Do everything in your power to de-sexualize yourself -- wear a fannypack, drive a Passat, affix electronic devices to your belt -- whatever it takes. If you're forced to interact with a woman, quickly find a way to mention that you're married. It doesn't even have to make sense. Just be like "Nice weather today, I'm totally fucking married."

MITCH

Wait, so I can't sleep with my wife and I can't sleep with other women? What is that?

DAVE

It's called marriage.

Dave turns into his office, nodding at his mean secretary.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Good morning, Gladys.

She scowls at him, confused, who's this guy? Then Mitch passes and wiggles his tongue at her, simulating cunnilingus. The old lady GASPS, appalled...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

They enter Dave's office.

DAVE

Do you have any other questions?

MITCH

Yeah -- when's your free time?

DAVE

(COCK-PUNCHING him again)
Have you been listening to one word I've said?! There is no fucking free time! You don't have a life anymore! You don't have a personality, or an identity, or a point of view! You are a dad!

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Your job is to allocate resources, to shuttle children from A to B, to deliver food at appropriate intervals, to clean up, to break down, to construct, to repair, to finance, to sooth, to make everyone else happy, okay? And when your day is done, you know what you get?

MITCH

Dry handjob?

DAVE

Nothing! You're not single anymore! No one gives you a cupcake every time you hold the door or speak in complete sentences, it's expected of you now, so grow up!

MITCH

Okay, can I just say something without you punching my cock?

(Dave inhales, go)

I think you might be taking some of this adult shit a little seriously--

VOICE AT THE DOOR

Knock knock?

Both men turn to see Sabrina in the doorway, looking lovely in a short skirt suit, holding documents. Mitch straightens.

MITCH

HELL-lo legs.

SABRINA

Yes...um...sort of big news.

MITCH

(solicitous, creepy)

Please, come in! Coffee? Scotch?

SABRINA

(entering, tentative)

No...thanks? Anyway, Kinkabe and Amalgamated have agreed to go into binding mediation in two days.

DAVE

Two days?! Are you kidding me?!

Sabrina glances at Dave, confused, no idea who he is.

SABRINA

N-No? Anyway, I'll have my briefs
on your desk by tonight.

MITCH

(stretching leg on desk)
And I'll have my briefs on your
chin by tomorrow morning--

DAVE

And that is Level 4 Sexual
Harassment! Awesome! Thanks,
Sabrina, that will be all.

MITCH

Oh shit, this is Sabrina?!

Sabrina looks at Dave, even more confused.

SABRINA

Have...Have we met?

DAVE

(shaking Sabrina's hand)
Oh. I'm sorry, no. I'm Mitch,
Dave's completely idiotic friend.

SABRINA

(smiling slightly)
Sabrina McArdle. Nice to meet you.

Mitch notices their chemistry and immediately blurts out:

MITCH

You guys should go out!

DAVE

What?

MITCH

Yeah! You're single now, Mitch,
remember? And Sabrina is stone
fucking hot! Look at that body!
Sabrina: swimmer in college?

SABRINA

Dave--?!

MITCH

You two should go out, have a nice steak dinner, go dancing at some weird Korean nightclub and then fuck on the roof, you know what I mean? How's 8pm tomorrow night, Richter's Steakhouse?

Sabrina and Dave stammer, sharing a terrorized look.

SABRINA

Um, good, I guess...?

MITCH

Great! I know for a fact that Mitch is free, so he'll see you there! And honey: wear something tight, you know what I mean? Make it fun.

SABRINA

Yeah...I'm gonna go now...?

Sabrina hurries out, appalled. Dave clutches his forehead:

DAVE

Oh my god I'm so fucking fired.

MITCH

No dude: you're so fucking laid!

DAVE

You can't talk to women like that at work! Or anywhere, really!

MITCH

I'm sorry, I just got you a date with the number one girl on your Cancer List and this is the thanks I get?

DAVE

I'm not going on the date, Mitch.

MITCH

Yes you are.

DAVE

No. I'm not.

MITCH

Yes you are, because if you don't, I will feed your children non-organic snacks and then introduce them to my extensive girl-on-horse pornography collection. How do you think Jamie will react to that?

Dave just looks at Mitch, horrified.

DAVE

Why...Why are you doing this to me?

MITCH

Because I've seen your life and if you don't loosen up soon you are literally going to die. So go out with this chick. Have fun. Bust a nut. Remember why life is beautiful again, okay? Please?

This actually gets to Dave a bit. He frowns, fine...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Also, see if she likes to fuck on Tuesday nights, because you owe me a regular.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

His work day over, Mitch strides through the parking lot, heading for his car, cheerfully waving to various COMMUTERS:

MITCH

GOOD EVENING! / HAVE A PLEASANT
COMMUTE! / WHAT A WONDERFUL BROOCH!

Mitch reaches his Audi station wagon when--

VOICE

Dave?

Mitch turns to see his father, MITCH, SR. passing, smiling.

MITCH

Oh! Hey...Mister...Planko? What are you doing here?

MITCH, SR.

My attorney's in this building...

He notices the HUMAN STICK FIGURES on Dave's rear windshield, labelled for each member of his family. He smiles at them:

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)

Oh, what a neat idea!

MITCH

Yeah, maybe if you're from Kansas.

MITCH, SR.

Your parents are very lucky to have so many grandchildren.

MITCH

(quick, sharp)

What's that supposed to mean?

MITCH, SR.

Nothing! Nothing. How are y--?

MITCH

I mean, you still have a really fucking cool son, right?!

MITCH, SR.

Yes, Mitch is definitely cool...
How are the twins?

MITCH

They're fucking fine-- what the fuck does that mean, "Mitch is definitely cool?!"

MITCH, SR.

(taken aback)

Nothing. No, it's my fault... I spoiled him rotten after his mother passed away, but...

He trails off, clearly not wanting to talk about this.

MITCH

But what, dude?! Spit it out!

MITCH, SR.

But now he's a total fuck up.

Mitch actually GASPS. His dad smiles sadly:

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)

I mean, he's a great guy, he's the life of the party, but he has no work ethic, he has no backbone, he'll never build a family or a career or anything of substance like you have. He's...embarrassing.

Mitch stands there, mouth agape, just decimated.

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm sorry to go on and on.
How's your lovely wife--?

Mitch starts TEARING UP and fumbling with the car door.

MITCH

Your son is not a fuck up, M-Mr.
Planko! He's just a late bloomer!

His dad looks utterly confused as Mitch gets into the car.

MITCH, SR.

Dave? Are you crying...?

MITCH

I'm sorry, I'm just very close to
Mitch and when people say mean
things about him I hurt too--

He SLAMS the door shut and jerks out of the parking spot,
tears pouring down his face. His dad watches on, bewildered.

INT. DAVE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Mitch angrily drives home, trying to stop crying.

MITCH

Fuck! Fuck...

And then Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" comes on the radio.
Mitch's expression slowly turns to steely determination...

CUT TO:

BLACK STILLNESS

As "Eye of the Tiger" continues playing, we hear a baby
SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then we hear a second baby join in.
Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE

Your turn--

Mitch sits bolt upright in bed like Rambo, totally awake, his jaw set, and bounds out of bed...

INT. NURSERY -- NIGHT

Mitch aggressively changes the twins' diapers. He's doing a terrible job, but he's focussed, working hard...

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mitch assembles two baby bottles as the twins sit in the sink SCREAMING. He SCREAMS back at them...

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

Mitch sits erect on the couch like a Navajo warrior, feeding the twins, his eyes afire...

INT. DAVE'S CAR -- THE NEXT MORNING

Wearing fingerless driving gloves, Mitch races the twins to day care. He looks like the fucking *Transporter*...

INT. STEEL, KUIBACH, MCCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING

Mitch blows into the office, looking sharp in a business suit. He points at other lawyers, amped up, not smiling.

MITCH

LET'S DO SOME LAW, GUYS! GET SOME!

His old secretary Gladys falls in step with him.

GLADYS

Good morn--

MITCH

I need the book CORPORATE LAW FOR DUMMIES, every season of *Law & Order* on DVD and Blu-Ray, and the biggest fucking coffee you can carry on my desk in 15 minutes or else you're fired.

Gladys writes this down on a pad of paper, a bit turned on...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Also get yourself a new haircut and a pair of six inch stripper shoes. It's time to take this shit to the next level.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Mitch studies a legal casebook while chugging coffee. *Law & Order* plays on the TV in the background. Then an ALARM sounds on his desk and he races out of his office, all business...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mitch hurries into the pediatrician's office, talking on his BlackBerry phone, a twin in each arm, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. The RECEPTIONIST frowns. Mitch makes the universal "jerking off" motion with his hand...

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Mitch races through the supermarket with a cart, grabbing items off the shelves like *Supermarket Sweeps*...

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Mitch jogs into the crowded auditorium and sits next to Jamie. The ballet recital is already in progress...

ONSTAGE, two dozen adorable little BALLERINAS in pink tutu's plié and jeté about...

Jamie points out little Cara in pigtails. Mitch smiles.

MITCH

Fuck me she's cute...

JAMIE

Uh oh, here comes the second battement glissé...

Jamie tenses up. Mitch does too...

As Cara starts her spin, Nicolette Peters goes to push her over -- and Cara calmly grabs her arm, FLIPS her over her shoulder, and drops her flat on her back with a loud WHAM!

As Nicolette starts CRYING, Cara calmly continues dancing like nothing happened. The other girls on stage look pleased.

Mitch CLAPS and WHISTLES:

MITCH

FUCK YEAH! NICE ONE, CARA!

Jamie hits him, SHH, but is clearly proud of her little girl. A dozen rows ahead of them, NICOLETTE'S FATHER -- a huge former linebacker -- leaps up, outraged:

NICOLETTE'S FATHER
HEY! THAT GIRL JUST FLIPPED MY
DAUGHTER!

Mitch hops up, equally fired up.

MITCH
THAT'S BECAUSE YOUR DAUGHTER IS A
FUCKING CUNT!

The entire auditorium SILENCES. Nicolette's father turns.

NICOLETTE'S FATHER
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!

MITCH
YOU HEARD ME, PAL! YOUR DAUGHTER
HAD IT COMING!

Nicolette's father, his face beet red, starts climbing over people and seats, insanely gunning for Mitch!

NICOLETTE'S FATHER
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

JAMIE
Honey--?!

MITCH
BRING IT, FUCK-NUTS!

Mitch bounds over the seats, charging right back at him!

ON STAGE Mrs. Kleinmen and all the little ballerinas stand frozen, mouths agape, watching Mitch and Nicolette's father claw their way over seats, trying to get to each other!

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'M GONNA RIP YOUR FUCKING FACE OFF-

WHAM! Nicolette's dad levels him OUT OF FRAME as we

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BMW STATION WAGON -- EVENING

Jamie drives along, a slight smile on her face. Mitch sits shotgun, battered and beaten, holding an ice pack to his cheek. Cara sits in her carseat in the back, a bit stunned.

JAMIE
Well, looks like you won't be doing
ballet at the rec center anymore.

CARA

That's okay. I didn't really like it anyway.

MITCH

Where'd you learn to ninja-flip a girl like that?

CARA

The internet.

MITCH

Good girl. So what'd we learn from this?

CARA

Always solve my problems with violence.

MITCH

That's right, baby. Bones.

They bump fists. Jamie is stunned.

JAMIE

What?! No, angel, that's exactly the wrong lesson. You should never use violence, except to defend yourself, okay?

Mitch subtly shakes his head at Cara, *don't listen to her.*

MITCH

Violence is cool.

JAMIE

Dave!

MITCH

I'm kidding!
(to Cara)
I'm not kidding.

Cara GIGGLES in the backseat. Jamie can't help but laugh too. Soon they're all LAUGHING. It's a nice moment.

CARA

I love you, Daddy...

MITCH

(surprised)
Oh. I-I love you too, angel.

Jamie smiles over at Mitch...

TIGHT ON MITCH as he feels the family love for the first time. He looks touched...even a little proud...

Then his cell phone rings. He answers it:

MITCH (CONT'D)

Lockwood.

DAVE (ON PHONE)

*I haven't been on a first date in
over a decade and I'm drowning in
my own fear--!*

MITCH

Don't move. I'll be right over.

SMASH CUT TO:

MITCH KICKING OPEN THE DOOR

of his old apartment to find Dave, in khaki's and a pressed
buttondown, freaking out in the mirror--

DAVE

How do I look?!

MITCH

Like a fucking tool. Step aside--

Mitch throws open the closet and yanks out a pair of jeans.

MITCH (CONT'D)

These are called jeans. They've
been very popular with our nation's
young people for over 60 years. Put
them on immediately.

DAVE

Jeans? To a restaurant?

Mitch punches Dave in the nuts; he doubles over.

MITCH

Shut up and do what I say. We only
have 3 hours to make you cool...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S BATHROOM

Mitch shows Dave how to put gel into his hair.

MITCH

This is called gel, or product. Use too little and you look like a pedophile Cub Scout leader, use too much and you look Persian. Neither is a winning hand.

Dave very nervously applies gel to his hair...

INT. MITCH'S SHOWER STALL

Dave stands with his pants around his ankles as Mitch very delicately shaves his balls with a Bic razor.

MITCH

Okay, normally I would never do this for another man, but since we're in a rush, and technically this is my testicle bag, I'm making a rare exception. Always man-scape before a first date. It shows a lady that you're clean, considerate, and American.

DAVE

It tickles--

MITCH

Don't speak, it jiggles your sack.

EXT. EXOTIC MOTORCARS -- EVENING

Exotic sells the most pimped-out used cars in LA. Mitch SQUEALS off the lot in a RED FERRARI and cruises down the Sunset Strip, music BLASTING. Dave sits shotgun, stunned.

DAVE

I can't believe you just charged a Ferrari to my Discover Card.

MITCH

You need to learn to be spontaneous, Dave. Chicks like spontaneous.

(to WOMEN walking by)

Hey ladies! Show us your tits!

They flip him off. Mitch laughs. Dave is still floored:

DAVE

What are we gonna tell Jamie...?

MITCH

Do me a favor, Dave. Relax your butt hole.

DAVE

What?

MITCH

Your sphincter. Just...release it.

Dave's entire body visibly relaxes a bit.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You didn't even know it was puckered, right? Now recline your seat a bit...

(Dave reclines)

Good. Now take some deep breaths.

(Dave does, calming)

Now give me your sunglasses.

Dave gives him his sunglasses; Mitch chucks them out the window and hands him his cool Ray Ban's.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now, just for like three minutes, don't be a dad, don't be a husband, don't be a lawyer, just be a dude rolling down Sunset Strip in a fucking Ferrari with his best friend listening to Seal, okay?

Dave looks out the window, getting into it...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Feels good, right?

After a moment, a TEAR escapes from under Dave's shades.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's okay, just let it out.

DAVE

It's been so long since I felt cool...

MITCH

I know, baby. I know.

They cruise for a bit longer, then Mitch pulls into a CAR WASH. Dave looks confused.

DAVE

Why are we washing the car? It's brand new.

MITCH

We're not washing the car, David. We're getting you mentally, physically, and spiritually ready for your date. Come on.

INT. CAR WASH -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and a very confused Dave enter the car wash lobby.

MITCH

Now. I don't have time to cover all the ways in which women have changed since you last dated...

Mitch stops at the register to pay. Various CAR WASH EMPLOYEES keep saying hi to Dave, weirding him out.

CAR WASH EMPLOYEES

Hola, Mitch! / Como esta, Mitch?!

MITCH

The bottom line is: the internet has revolutionized everything.

DAVE

You mean like J-date?

MITCH

Fuck J-date. No. The internet has changed chicks in three major ways: first, access and acceptance of pornography has commoditized women and pressured them into becoming sluttier at far younger ages, which is awesome.

Mitch finishes paying and continues through the car wash.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Second: text messaging has destigmatized the booty call. Call a girl at 3 in the morning for sex and it's creepy. Text her "SUCK WANG MIDNIGHT??" and it's classy. I have no idea why, but again, an awesome development.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

Third: Facebook and other social networking sites have falsely convinced people -- women included -- that they are funny, interesting, and unique. Get used to listening waaay more than you used to. Chicks are the new dudes, they talk about themselves all the fucking time now. Practice saying things like "you are so different" and "no, really, what Golden Girl would you be?" and "I love Lady Gaga too."

DAVE

What's a Lady Gaga?

MITCH

I don't know, it's either a pop singer or an energy drink.

They arrive at the CAR WASH WAITING AREA. People sit around, waiting for their cars, many of them young, female, and cute.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Okay, let's talk to some honeys, get your flow going again.

DAVE

So wait, why are we at a car wash?

MITCH

The girls are alone, bored, and old enough to drive -- it's a goldmine. I run game here four to seven times a week. Now go on, bust a move.

DAVE

Come on, I talk to women all the time, I don't need to practice.

MITCH

Really.

DAVE

Yes. And no offense, as a married man, I probably know how to talk to women better than you do.

MITCH

Really!

DAVE

Yes! It's not that hard. They just want to be respected and listened to like everybody else.

MITCH

Okay Daddy Day Care show me how it's done then! Shit!

Dave sighs and crosses to a CUTE BLONDE texting nearby. As he draws closer, however, he starts to tense up...soon he's sweating...it's been a long time...by the time he finally reaches the blonde, his voice is ridiculously shrill:

DAVE

Hello there what's your name?!

She doesn't even look up from her BlackBerry. Dave's confidence instantly crumbles...

DAVE (CONT'D)

I-I'm sorry, I'm not trying to hit on you. I'm just...I mean, I'm married, so that's not even a thing. W-W-Where are you from--?

Mitch appears and yanks him away. Dave looks traumatized:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Was she reaching for her rape whistle?

MITCH

Shake it off. Being single is like the Tour De France: it's all about quick recovery time. Now go on, get your groove back, you're meeting Sabrina in a half hour.

QUICK CUTS:

Of Dave trying to chat up various YOUNG WOMEN at the carwash.

DAVE

Your name is Dora? Like the Explorah?! No...? You aren't familiar with that show...?

ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN

DAVE
(trying to be sexy)
So: what school district do you
live in?

ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN

DAVE
Yikes, what do your parents think
of all those piercings?!

ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN

DAVE
...and that's the difference
between a stroller and a pram.

YOUNG WOMAN
My car's ready.

The YOUNG WOMAN races off towards her newly cleaned car. Dave
slumps, shit. Mitch nods, looking at his watch.

MITCH
Forty seconds. Not bad. Your times
are improving.

DAVE
I forgot how hard it is to be
single...

MITCH
As a general rule, when you're
talking to single women,
conversation topics to avoid
include: your wife, your children,
your favorite playgrounds, and The
Wiggles...

Dave nods, hating himself. Mitch heads for the Ferrari.

MITCH (CONT'D)
But this was good. You worked out
all your bad game and now you're
ready to dominate. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI -- NIGHT

Mitch rockets down Sunset Boulevard. Dave looks nauseous.

DAVE

I don't feel good about this.

MITCH

Relax: you're dressed cool, your hair is crushing it, your ballsack is taut and smooth, and you're way better looking than you've ever been. Just remember Uncle Mitch's Golden Rule of Dating.

DAVE

I know, always use an alias.

MITCH

What? No. No, my Golden Rule of Dating is always find the fun. Think of it like this: for the next two hours, you're stuck with this chick. Doesn't matter if she's cool or crazy or if she was born with a vagina on her forehead -- you're stuck, so make the most of it. I dated this chick named Topaz once who may or may not have killed her father. Long story short, she looked like 50 miles of bad road and I wasn't interested, but I used our time together to learn about incest and the failures of the American Appellate Court system. I found it hugely informative, and Topaz got caught up in my enthusiasm and gave me a crying blowjob on the car-ride home, so everybody won. The point is: find the fun for yourself and great things will follow.

Dave looks horrified as they roll up to RICHTER'S, a chic steakhouse.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Power hug.

Mitch hugs a still-speechless Dave...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now go on. Make daddy proud.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHTER'S RESTAURANT -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Richter's is dark, elegant, romantic. Dave sits at a candle-lit table, anxiously folding and unfolding sugar packets.

Then Sabrina enters, looking stunning in a snug red dress, and gazes around the restaurant. Dave's heart skips a beat, and he waves her over. She approaches, smiling.

SABRINA

Hey!

DAVE

Hey. Hi. Hello.

He awkwardly goes to kiss her cheek while she goes for a handshake. It's awkward/cute.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh -- whoop -- okay.

They sit. Dave stares at her, terrified. Then he blurts out:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Do you like Googoo Lady?!

SABRINA

What...what is that?

DAVE

I-I don't know! I really don't!

Sabrina smiles politely and looks around for a waiter. Dave winces, hating himself to the very core of his being...

SABRINA

So. How long have you known Dave?

DAVE

M-My whole life, actually.

SABRINA

Annnd have you ever seen him act like he did yesterday?

DAVE

What, like a total douchebag?

She LAUGHS. Dave can't believe it. He loosens up a bit.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That's not fair. Dave...Dave isn't himself right now. I hope he didn't say anything to offend you...

SABRINA

No. I mean, he totally did, but it's fine. I have brothers.

Dave pours both of them a glass of wine, finding his rhythm.

DAVE

So. You like working with Dave?

SABRINA

I love it. He's the best.

DAVE

Isn't he just?

SABRINA

I...eh, nevermind.

DAVE

No, go on.

SABRINA

I actually used to sort of have a crush on him, if you must know...

DAVE

(laughing)

You did? That's so...ironic!

SABRINA

I mean, he's married, so obviously...

DAVE

Right. Obviously. Well, I'm just like Dave, only way more handsome.

She laughs. Dave smiles back, his confidence growing, as we

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

DAVE AND SABRINA TALKING AND LAUGHING

as they meander through the courses of their meal. We've never seen Dave so animated and alive and happy...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RICHTER'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Dave and Sabrina exit the restaurant. It's a warm night.

DAVE

Well, I had a great time...

SABRINA

Oh -- are we done? It's only 2.

DAVE

Right! No! What are we, lame married people? Let's go to a rave...or something? Do people... still do that? Raving?

SABRINA

My friend is spinning afterhours at Foxtail, if you want...?

DAVE

(confused)

Spinning? Is that with the bikes?

Sabrina laughs and takes his arm.

SABRINA

You're so funny! Come on!

EXT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

A line of HIPSTERS wait outside Foxtail. Holding Dave's hand, Sabrina cuts the line, kisses the BOUNCER on the cheek, and he lets them inside. Dave nods, awesome...

INT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Dave and Sabrina get down on the sweaty, crowded dance floor. The house music is deafening and the lights are hypnotizing and everyone is having the time of their lives.

Dave, his shirt half-open, moves sensually in sync with Sabrina, both of them possessed by the music. They're inches apart and her dress and hair fly about in all the right ways.

INT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Foxtail is closed, but Dave, with Sabrina on his lap, sits in a booth drinking champagne with DJ BASSNECTAR and all of his ridiculously cool friends. Dave tells a joke and everyone laughs -- including KIEFER SUTHERLAND, who's sitting next to him; Kiefer slaps Dave five. Nice!

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT -- NIGHT

Dave, Sabrina, Bassnectar, Kiefer Sutherland, and a group of hipsters play poker in Kiefer's unbelievable DOWNTOWN LOFT. Music blasts, beer bottles litter the table, and everyone is having fun. Sabrina wins a hand and does a victory dance...

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Dave walks Sabrina home along her quaint, tree-lined street.

DAVE

Now that was a first date...

SABRINA

For a guy with a poker table in his living room, Kiefer Sutherland is surprisingly bad at poker.

DAVE

I know. I'm not even sure he understood the rules...

She laughs. Then they stop in front of her apartment. Beat.

SABRINA

It's so weird, I feel like I've known you for longer than just one night...

DAVE

Yeah. Me too...

There's a lull for a kiss. Dave hesitates...so Sabrina moves in and kisses him. It's sweet but passionate... When it's over, Dave can barely speak:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Can...Can, um, can I call you sometime? Do people still say that?

SABRINA

Yes -- and you'd better.

DAVE

Okay. Well. Good night, Sabrina.

SABRINA

Good night, Mitch.

She gives him a thoughtful smile then disappears inside. Dave waits a second, then does a victorious karate chop, YES!

DISSOLVE TO:

A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY MORNING

Light floods into Mitch's apartment. Dave wakes up and looks at the clock: 9:02.

DAVE

Fuck that.

He rolls over and goes back to sleep, a smile on his face...

EXT. TOAST -- DAY

Dave sits at an outdoor table, reading a novel and taking his time with brunch. He sees a BUSINESSMAN wolfing down his food and running off to his car, yelling into his cell phone, stressed out of his mind. Dave smiles and keeps reading...

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Dave sits on the toilet, reading his novel and taking a leisurely shit. We hear the clean KER-PLOP of a solid poo hitting the toilet water, and Dave closes his eyes, nice...

EXT. BATTING CAGES -- DAY

Dave, in a Dodgers jersey, tees off on baseballs in a batting cage. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! It feels great...

EXT. JUNGLE -- MOVIE SET -- DAY

Dave, holding a cross-bow and wearing a loincloth, has fake sex with his CO-STAR on a jungle set; their mid-sections are conveniently obscured by a giant fern.

Dave is selling it, and when Valtan calls cut, the whole CREW applauds, wildly impressed. Dave waves them off, bashful...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Looking hip in jeans, flip flops, and a mildly ironic tee shirt, Dave breezes into his office to find Mitch, in a pressed suit, intently studying a legal casebook at his desk.

DAVE

Well, well, look who's all grown up.

Dave crashes on the couch, happy. Mitch looks annoyed:

MITCH

Really? Open-toed sandals at work?

DAVE

Are...Are you kidding me?

MITCH

Look, I can't hang right now, okay?
I've got the mediation in like ten
minutes.

Dave stands right back up, surprised and impressed.

DAVE

Wow. Okay. Well, I just wanted to
tell you that if you can get a
protracted buyout for anything over
700 million dollars, take it, okay?

MITCH

700 million, you got it.

DAVE

(heading for the door)
Also, I wanted to thank you for
setting me up with Sabrina. She's
amazing. I can't wait to see her
again tonight--

MITCH

What?! Dave: No. You can't, you
have to wait at least a week!

Dave reaches for his cellphone as he heads out the door.

DAVE

Which reminds me, I wanted to call
to see if she got the flowers...

MITCH

*You sent her flowers after one
date?! Are you retarded?! Do not
get me into a relationship, dude!*

Too late. Dave is already gone. Mitch scowls. Then:

MITCH (CONT'D)

You can come out now, Gladys...

A second later, GLADYS, in a form-fitting suit and a sexy new
bob, crawls out from under his desk. Mitch zips up his pants.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Look, honey, I don't think this is working out--

Gladys YANKS him by the tie and gets in his face, wild-eyed:

GLADYS

I haven't had sex in 34 years! This isn't over til I say it's over!

MITCH

F-Fine, but can you please stop following me to the bathroom and calling my house late at night and sending me all those filthy emails? It's, you know, deeply disturbing.

GLADYS

You need to realize something, boy:
(whispering in his ear)
I fucking own you now.

The old lady aggressively makes out with Mitch. Her tongue roams from his mouth and madly licks his face, neck, and forehead. Eventually they separate. Mitch looks stunned.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I left you a little souvenir in your pocket...

She winks and exits. Mitch tentatively reaches into his pocket and pulls out a giant pair of TAN GRANNY PANTIES.

MITCH

I've created a monster...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- DAY

A line of limousines roll up to Dave's building and dozens of stone-faced EXECUTIVES from both companies file out...

INT. LAW FIRM -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

KEN KINKABE and a slew of his EXECS sit on one side of the massive conference table. Sitting across from them are CEO TED NORTON, Mitch, Flemming Steel III, and a bevy of Amalgamated execs. No one speaks. It's a corporate staredown.

Then the mediator, ERIN WALSH, 50's, enters, all business:

ERIN WALSH

Thank you all for coming. My name
is Erin Walsh and I will be
mediating your claim today...

Mitch makes the "I'm gonna slit your fucking throat" gesture
to Ken Kinkabe, who recoils, *what the....?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIDE ROOM -- LATER

The mediation has broken into two separate rooms. The
Amalgamated team sits in their shirtsleeves, waiting in tense
silence. PAPERS litter the table. They've been here a while.

A large tray of sandwiches sits half-eaten on the sideboard.
Mitch jams the last piece of a ham sandwich into his mouth,
swallows it, and holds up his hands, victorious!

MITCH

14! 14 sandwiches and 9 Diet
Slice's! Pay up, cocksucker!

An EXEC gives him a 5 dollar bill. Mitch waves it in the air
and HUMS the Olympic theme song. Flemming just glares at him
like, *you're so fired*. Then the mediator enters.

ERIN WALSH

Kinkabe agrees in principle to the
terms of the sale, and values
your company at 725 million
dollars. This is their last and
final offer. I'll be outside.

She exits. CEO Ted Norton looks at Flemming, intense.

FLEMMING STEEL III

It's a fair deal. I don't think
we'll get much more out of them...

The other execs all nod. Then Mitch BURRRRPS:

MITCH

Fuck that, dude, you can do better.

CEO TED NORTON

I beg your pardon?

FLEMMING STEEL III

Shut your mouth, Lockwood--!

MITCH

Look, this is just like when you're trying to fuck a Jewish girl and she keeps saying "no, no, I don't want to, I'm really drunk and you're not circumcised" but then she keeps making out with you and not getting out of your Fiero so you know she really does want it, she just needs to be nudged a bit more so she can rationalize it to herself and to her God, know what I mean? This is just like that.

Everyone in the room is speechless. Mitch opens another soda.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Jesus I do not feel good.

FLEMMING STEEL III

How is this...at all...like that?

MITCH

If this was really their final offer, they'd leave. Instead, they're sticking around, which means they have more money to spend.

Ted looks at his execs. It's not a terrible point...

CEO TED NORTON

How much more do you think we can get out of them? 10 million? 15?

MITCH

Fuck it, homey, go for 100.

CEO TED NORTON

What?!

FLEMMING STEEL III

Do not listen to him, Ted, he is beyond reckless! If we make too large a counter-offer, we risk driving them away.

MITCH

Enh, can't hurt to ask. You wouldn't believe the nasty shit I get girls to do just by asking. Honestly, it's revolting.

Ted looks genuinely torn. He dabs his sweaty brow.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Seriously, does anyone have a
Pepto? Because I'm gonna throw.

Finally, Ted opens the door and says to the mediator:

CEO TED NORTON

Tell Kinkabe we want an extra 100
million and that is our final
offer, because we're leaving.
(loudly, to his execs)
Fuel the jet. Let's go.

The mediator heads off as the execs start packing up their
briefcases, bluffing. Mitch points at Ted.

MITCH

Nice, bro. Way to show some sack.

CEO TED NORTON

You had better be right, son, or
else I am most definitely fired.

MITCH

Hey, me too. Bones.

He extends his fist. Ted ignores him and gathers his things.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Ted Norton and all his execs hurry out of the building,
briefcases in hand, looking ashen. They head for their long
line of idling limos. Ted hisses to Flemming:

CEO TED NORTON

*I can't believe we just walked away
from 725 million dollars!*

FLEMMING STEEL III

*For the record, I did not support
that decision--!*

VOICE BEHIND THEM

Mr. Norton?! Sir?!

They turn to see the mediator jogging out of the building.

ERIN WALSH

Sir, Mr. Kinkabe has agreed to the
825 million. The deal is closed.

A shocked CHEER rises up from the execs! Hugs and handshakes all around! Ted pumps Mitch's hand, ecstatic.

CEO TED NORTON
Helluva job! I owe you my life!

MITCH
Fuck it. Helping ridiculously rich people become even more ridiculously rich is why I go to work every day.

CEO TED NORTON
Well, you are bar none the best attorney I've ever worked with!

MITCH
I am?! Fuck, I've never really been good at anything before...

Mitch considers this a second, then laughs, proud.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Gimme me a hug you tiny capitalist!

Mitch hugs Ted and lifts him off the ground, spinning him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I love you so much...

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGERS STADIUM -- DAY

A perfect, sunny day game at Dodgers stadium. Dave and Sabrina take their seats behind home plate.

DAVE
(amazed)
These are your grandfather's seats?

SABRINA
Yeah, my family's been coming to Dodger games since they moved here from Brooklyn in '58.

Dave looks at her, his amazement only growing...

DAVE
Really? Who's your favorite Dodger?

SABRINA
Fernando, obviously.

Blown away, Dave unzips his jacket to reveal a throwback number 34 Fernando Valenzuela jersey. She laughs.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

No way!

DAVE

It's too soon to say I love you,
right? That's against the rules?

She laughs and kisses him.

SABRINA

You're cute.

Smiling, Dave looks out at the perfect ball field, his arm around Sabrina...he looks profoundly...existentially...happy.

And then his iPhone RINGS. He answers it:

DAVE

Mitch Planko who the fuck is this.

INTERCUT WITH: DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

sitting at her desk, talking on the phone and doing WHIPPETS off a can of Reddi-Wip; twenty empty cans litter her desk.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

This is Carla Nelson from the Los
Angeles Department of Parks.

DAVE

Oh my God, hi!

Dave steps away to take the call. Carla does another whippet.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's...going on?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

We found that fountain. It's in our
San Pedro warehouse.

Dave glances back at Sabrina...and winces, conflicted:

DAVE

And...and how long is it going to
be there?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON

It ships out tonight for repairs.

DAVE
And after that?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
(doing another whippet)
No fucking clue, dude.

Dave gets a CALL WAITING BEEP.

DAVE
Right. Okay, well thanks, Carla.
(clicking over to other line)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: MITCH

He's walking down the hall of his law firm, on the phone, as all of his peers step from their offices, APPLAUDING his victory, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand.

MITCH
You hear about the fountain?

DAVE
Yeah... We should probably switch back, huh?

Mitch high-fives a co-worker.

MITCH
Sure. Right. I mean...the funny thing is...I was just starting to enjoy your life a little bit...

DAVE
Yeah, and I was just starting to enjoy yours, too...

MITCH
Really?

DAVE
Really.

MITCH
So...maybe we should keep going--?

DAVE
I'm so glad you said that!

MITCH
I'm so glad I said that too! Your life rocks!

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I just closed the Amalgamated deal for 825 million dollars and for the first time ever, people actually respect me! It's so weird! Word is they're going to make me partner tonight! I love your life, dude!

DAVE

And I love yours! All the free time and the fun activities and I'm really growing as an actor and I *think Sabrina might actually have intercourse with me tonight!*

MITCH

Dude, you sent her flowers -- she's gonna fuck you like a crack whore on rent day.

DAVE

So, wait, what are we talking about here? Staying like this...forever?

MITCH

No! Course not.

DAVE

Right! That's crazy...

Beat.

MITCH

Is it though...?

Mitch bumps fists with smiling co-workers...

Dave watches Sabrina CHEER after a base hit...

DAVE

It's so strange, when the change-up happened, we were so focussed on switching back into our bodies that we didn't even consider that this might be exactly what we both needed...

MITCH

Yeah, we're fucking morons.

DAVE

All right, well, see ya, Dave...

MITCH

Take it easy, Mitch...

They both hang up, surprised smiles on their faces...

SMASH CUT TO:

A DEAFENING THUNDER-CLAP

RAIN blankets Los Angeles that night. It's an epic storm...

INT. CUT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The private back room of this upscale Beverly Hills eatery is filled with the esteemed PARTNERS of Steel, Kuhbach, McCloud, as well as Mitch, Jamie, and little Cara. Everyone's dressed to the nines and enjoying fabulously overpriced food and drink. Then Flemming stands and DINGS his wine glass.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Good evening, one and all!

The room quiets as a PROJECTION SCREEN lowers behind him.

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
We are gathered here tonight to celebrate the newest partner in our esteemed firm. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of working with this brilliant young man, we've prepared this short, mildly embarrassing presentation to introduce him. Please, enjoy...

Mitch looks at Jamie, who smiles conspiratorially. Behind the table, Gladys turns on a projector. Some Dido song plays as, on the SCREEN, we start to see PHOTOS from Dave's life...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
David Andrew Lockwood was born on February 1st, 1974, in Palmdale...

SHOTS of Dave as a baby appear. Everyone AWWW's. Jamie takes Mitch's hand...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
Dave was a sweet, diligent, hard-working little boy...

A SHOT of boyhood Dave in a very dorky 70's Little League outfit flashes onto the screen...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
In high school, Dave belonged to over 17 clubs and teams, and graduated first in his class...

SHOTS play of Dave in 80's high school apparel, arguing for the debate team, wearing a goofy beret at French Club, etc...

Everyone LAUGHS. Jamie smiles at Mitch, only he looks a little troubled: *this is not my life...*

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)

After winning a full scholarship to Princeton, Dave amazingly graduated in just three years...

A SHOT of college-age Dave getting his diploma appears...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)

And, after graduating from Yale Law School with high honors, Dave clerked for Justice Souter on the United States Supreme Court...

A SHOT of young Dave talking with Justice Souter plays...

Around the table, the partners MURMUR, impressed. Mitch grows increasingly uncomfortable, shifting in his seat...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)

Shortly after, Dave returned west to marry his lifelong best friend, Jamie Anne Johnson...

SHOTS roll of Dave and Jamie on their wedding day, laughing.

Jamie squeezes Mitch's hand, a happy mist in her eyes. Mitch frowns: *this is not my wife...*

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)

Cara came along first, followed by the twins, Peter and Sarah...

SHOTS of Dave, wearing scrubs, happily holding his various newborn babies in the hospital flash onto the screen...

Cara leans over to Mitch and whispers:

CARA

Look, Daddy, it's you and me!

Mitch forces a tight smile, right...

FLEMMING STEEL III

And somewhere along the way, we were lucky enough to find him...

SHOTS roll of Dave as a lawyer, swearing in at the Bar, arguing in court, and, finally, celebrating today's victory. The image fades as the lights in the room slowly rise...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
 Industrious. Ambitious. Honorable.
 They were true of him then, they
 are even more true of him now. It
 is my distinct honor to introduce
 our newest partner, David Lockwood.

The room breaks into heartfelt APPLAUSE.

PARTNERS
 HUZZAH! HUZZAH!

Mitch squirms, hating this... Jamie leans over to him:

JAMIE
*I'm so proud of you, baby. You
worked so hard for this...*

Mitch winces, knowing just how wrong she is. All around him, the partners stand, APPLAUDING. Mitch stands, a bit dizzy.

MITCH
 I-I'm sorry...I just...

He hurries off towards the bathroom. Everyone looks confused.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rain pours down outside. Then Dave and Sabrina, soaking wet in their Dodgers gear, run into the apartment.

SABRINA
 Oh my god, I'm soaking--
 (taking in barren apartment)
 Wait, are you a single guy?

Dave laughs and throws her a towel from the bathroom. She starts drying her hair.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 I need a beer and some dry clothes.

When Dave passes her, though, she stops him, and starts kissing him...

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Or maybe...mmm...maybe just a beer.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CUT RESTAURANT -- MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mitch stands in the restaurant's upscale men's room, staring at himself in the mirror, lost...

MITCH
*What am I doing...? This isn't my
life...*

VOICE
Good evening, Mr. Lockwood...

He spins to see Gladys in the doorway, vamping, sexy...

MITCH
Oh no. Gladys, not now--

GLADYS
(approaching, coy)
I'm not wearing any bloomers...

MITCH
I thought we talked about not using
that word--

WHAM! She throws him against the bathroom wall and starts aggressively undressing him.

GLADYS
What's bothering you, Mr. Lockwood?

MITCH
Look, Gladys, I love bathroom sex
as much as the next guy, but--

She SPITS in his face, crazy-eyed.

GLADYS
TELL ME WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU!

MITCH
(wiping face, a bit scared)
O-Okay? Well, I guess what's
bothering me is...I didn't earn any
of this, you know?

Gladys rips open his shirt and starts licking his chest downward until she disappears OUT OF FRAME.

MITCH (CONT'D)

And I know what you're thinking:
Mitch, not earning things never
used to bother you, why does it
bother you now? And the answer is:
maybe I'm growing up.

We hear the sound of his pants UNZIPPING...

MITCH (CONT'D)

I mean, sure, I closed the deal
today, and that felt good, but I
didn't put in all the years of hard
work that got Dave to this point,
you know? Plus, those aren't my
adorable kids, that's not my
beautiful wife, you're not even my
freaky deaky old lady secretary. I
want to earn this stuff--

Just then FLEMMING STEEL III BLOWS IN -- and stops cold:

FLEMMING STEEL III

GOOD GOD MAN!

GO WIDE to see that Gladys is in the Reverse Wheelbarrow
position, her palms on the bathroom floor, her feet against
the bathroom wall, with Mitch between her legs, his pants
around his ankles. Mitch sees his boss -- and freezes.

MITCH

Uh oh.

FLEMMING STEEL III

THE REVERSE WHEELBARROW?!

Mitch and Gladys disengage and straighten themselves.

MITCH

Sir, it's not my fault--!

FLEMMING STEEL III

Have you forgotten everything you
learned in law school?! You can't
screw a direct hire! How can we
possibly make you a partner now?!
You're completely exposed--!

We hear a GASP from the doorway. Everyone turns to see Jamie
-- she's heard the whole thing. Mitch quickly zips his pants.

JAMIE
I thought you might be having an
affair...but not with Gladys!

GLADYS
Age-ist.

MITCH
Jamie, you gotta believe me, this
woman is a predator--!

JAMIE
You know what? No. I can't do this
anymore. *I want you out of the
house by the time the kids wake up.*

MITCH
Jamie--!

Too late. She runs off, choking back tears...

EXT. CUT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Fastening his belt, Mitch sprints out of the restaurant,
desperate -- but Jamie is already SQUEALING away in her car.

MITCH
FUCK! Fuck...

He stands in the rain, overcome with self-loathing...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave, in dry clothes, sits on his couch, happily drinking a
beer and watching SportsCenter. He calls into the bedroom.

DAVE
You find anything that fits?

Then Sabrina appears in the doorway, wearing one of his old
tee shirts...and panties...and nothing else...she's unreal...

SABRINA
This is all I could find...

DAVE
(wide-eyed)
Holy shit.

As she bends over to dim the lamp, her tee shirt rides up --
exposing her perfectly tan, arched back...

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (hyperventilating, to himself)
*Please don't come, please don't
 come--*

And then he stops short. On Sabrina's lower back is a cute
 tramp stamp tattoo of a BUTTERFLY.

DAVE (CONT'D)
*Oh my God: a Many-Spotted
Skipperling...*

And everything comes rushing back. His family. His wife. His
 entire life. He looks overcome with emotion...

Sabrina notices as she slides onto the couch with him.

SABRINA
 Is everything okay, baby...?

DAVE
 Yeah, no, I just...

Dave rubs his temples, overwhelmed...

DAVE (CONT'D)
 I can't do this.

SABRINA
 Why not--?

Just then the door flies open and

JAMIE STORMS INSIDE

soaking wet, hysterical, her mascara running all over.

JAMIE
 Dave is cheating on me!

Dave quickly covers his hard-on with a pillow.

DAVE
 No I'm not! I'm so not!

JAMIE
 How could you lie to me, Mitch?!
 We've known each other for--!

Then Jamie sees scantily-clad Sabrina and stops.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Oh.

SABRINA
(covering herself)
Who is this chick?!

DAVE
(stammering, pointing)
Umm...she's...uh...this just got
very complicated...

JAMIE
I'm sorry -- I'm Jamie, the wife of
one of Mitch's friends.

SABRINA
Wait, Jamie Lockwood? Dave's wife?

JAMIE
You know the prick?!

SABRINA
Yeah, we work together. He cheated
on you?

JAMIE
Yes, with his secretary, Gladys!

DAVE
What?!

SABRINA
Of all the women in the office, he
picked her?!

Slightly awkward beat.

DAVE
Look, Jamie, I didn't know about
Gladys, I swear. But I'm sure she
means absolutely nothing to Dave--!

JAMIE
No! No more excuses! The next time
you see my asshole husband tell him
that I will never. Ever. Take him
back, you got that?!

Dave nods quickly, terrified.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sabrina! It was nice to meet you!

Barely holding it together, Jamie wheels and exits, *SLAMMING* the door behind her. Dave just stands there, *holy shit...*

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mitch sadly packs children's snacks and Capri Sun's into a duffel bag in the darkened kitchen, hating himself. Then:

CARA

Daddy?

Mitch turns to see Cara, small and fragile in the doorway.

CARA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MITCH

Oh, angel, it's nothing. I'm just going away for a little while...

CARA

Why?

MITCH

It's...confusing grown-up stuff--

CARA

Try me.

MITCH

O-Okay? Well. I'm leaving because I'm a fuck up. Do you know what a fuck up is?

CARA

(nodding)

Like Uncle Mitch.

MITCH

Right. Right. Well, I thought this time was different, you know? I thought I actually did something right for once. But no, I'm still the same old fuck up I've always been. Only this time I really fucking fucked up, because I fucked up my life and my best friend's life...

Mitch zips up his bag, full of regret -- and finds Cara hugging his leg.

CARA

I don't think you're a fuck up.

He crouches down and looks at her, getting choked up...

MITCH

Thanks, sweetie, but your brain is the size of a radish. I am a fuck up. I always have been, and I always will be. Guys like me, we know how to have fun, but we don't know how to do the important stuff, you know...? Be good, okay, kiddo?

She nods, confused. He kisses her head and exits, emotional.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

The rain still pours down. Jamie, tears streaking her face, drives home in stop-and-go traffic. Then, through her side window, we see Dave sprinting alongside her car, waving!

DAVE

JAMIE!

Not seeing him, she accelerates forward and Dave disappears from view...until she stops, and Dave catches up again:

DAVE (CONT'D)

JAMIE!

Still not seeing him, Jamie accelerates onto

THE 101 FREEWAY

where the stop-and-go traffic moves only slightly faster. Jamie continues quietly CRYING to herself... Then we see

DAVE RUNNING ALONG THE SHOULDER OF THE 101

in the driving rain, waving his hands and yelling!

DAVE

JESUS JAMIE! LOOK RIGHT!

Finally, she glances over, sees Dave -- and startles:

JAMIE

Mitch?

DAVE
PLEASE PULL OVER BEFORE I DIE!

Jamie, stunned, pulls onto the shoulder and stops. A second later, Dave hops into the car, soaking wet and panting.

JAMIE
What is the matter with you?!

DAVE
Look, I know I haven't been a very good husband or father recently...

JAMIE
What are you talking about--?

DAVE
But I'm done looking over the fence for something better. I've seen what's on the other side, and it's great...and young...and supple... but it's not you. And the truth is there will always be another fence with shinier toys on the other side, but the only way to be happy is to say fuck the fence and just appreciate what you have, you know? Find the fun with what you got...

JAMIE
O-Okay?

DAVE
I'm so sorry I stopped appreciating you, pumpkin. I love you. And I love our weird little kids. And I can't believe I ever thought that wasn't enough.

JAMIE
Why...are you calling me pumpkin?

And then he kisses her. She resists--

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Mitch--?!

But he holds her firm. And soon she's kissing him back, confused and overwhelmed and crying...

It's emotional and intense for him, too. They finally separate, but remain inches apart, breathing hard.

Jamie stares into his eyes, amazed:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dave?

Dave nods. Jamie squints, trying to understand...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But...how?

Dave shakes his head, *I don't know...*

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So...then...Mitch was the one...
with Gladys?

Dave nods again. Jamie looks relieved... Then she stops.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Wait, so who was that hot young
thing back in the apartment?

DAVE

Nothing happened, I swear.

JAMIE

Okay. But...we're going to need to
talk about this.

DAVE

Yes. Totally.

JAMIE

Like, a lot. Like, a-therapy-lot.

DAVE

Absolutely: therapy, trust falls,
The Landmark Forum, *Eat Pray Love*,
I'll do whatever the fuck you want,
Jamie, I just want you back...

She smiles and kisses him again. And then again.

JAMIE

I kind of like kissing Mitch.

DAVE

Yeah, I noticed. I'm not sure how I
feel about this.

JAMIE

(giggling, kissing him again)
So...mmm...so what do we do now?

Dave suddenly remembers the fountain and looks at his watch.

DAVE
Oh shit! We gotta go!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

As the rain tapers off, Jamie rockets through LA, running red lights, skidding through turns, splashing through puddles!

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jamie and Dave squeal up to their house to see Mitch, out front, sadly trying to pack a Barcalounger into his Ferrari.

DAVE
Mitch! Get in!

MITCH
Dave?

DAVE
Get in!

MITCH
(squinting inside car)
Is that Jamie?

JAMIE
Get in the fucking car, dipshit!

Mitch, terrified, sprints to the car and hops in.

INT. JAMIE'S STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

Jamie races through LA at 80 mph. Dave sits shotgun, and Mitch sits in the back, wide-eyed, scared:

MITCH
So, um, are you guys driving me to the desert to kill me?

DAVE
No. Jamie knows about the change-up. We're all good.

JAMIE
It suddenly makes a lot more sense why you spent so much time rubbing my breastfeeding cream onto my boobs every night.

DAVE
Really, dude?

MITCH
 I was just...trying to be helpful.

JAMIE
 Oh, and what about that time you--?

DAVE
 You know what? I don't want to know! Let's just hope we get to the warehouse before they ship off our fountain...

Off Dave's concerned look we

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

The Port of Los Angeles never sleeps. Huge diesel cranes load and unload freighters as tractor trailers THUNDER to and fro.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROW -- NIGHT

The street is lined with WAREHOUSES. Beat. Then Jamie skids around the corner, Tokyo Drift-style, in her station wagon!

DAVE (O.S.)
 There it is!

Jamie screeches up to a warehouse labelled L.A. DEPARTMENT OF PARKS; she, Mitch and Dave pile out of the car and run into

THE IMMENSE WAREHOUSE

where they sprint down the towering aisles, past park signs, swingsets, jungle gyms -- and finally, fountains.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 There!

Four WORKMEN pack the FOUNTAIN OF METIS into a large wooden crate for transport. Jamie, Mitch and Dave run over to them.

MITCH
 Wait! Stop!

The workmen stop packing the fountain, confused.

DAVE
 We...We need that fountain.

WORKMAN #1
You...need this fountain?

MITCH
Yes. We have to pee in it.

DAVE
It's a magic fountain.

The workmen just look at them, deadpan. Then Dave reaches into his wallet and starts pulling out CASH--

SMASH CUT TO:

MITCH AND DAVE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE AT THE FOUNTAIN

with their pants down around their ankles. Dave starts PEEING. Mitch doesn't. Dave hisses at him:

DAVE
Come on, open the floodgates!

MITCH
I can't pee with them watching!

PAN OVER to the workmen, standing nearby, looking at Mitch and Dave like they're total freaks.

DAVE
Well I can't keep going forever!

Mitch tilts his head back and quietly sings to himself:

MITCH
*The sun is shining all the time,
Looks like another perfect day, I
love L.A. We love it! I love L.A...*

DAVE
Are you singing Randy Newman--?

Then we hear a second stream of PEE hit the fountain.

MITCH
Oh thank god.

DAVE
Okay, quick, we have to hug!

MITCH
(glancing back at workmen)
Do we, though?

DAVE
Yes, we have to do everything
exactly the same! Come on!

As they scootch together and put their arms around each other, Mitch calls over to the workmen:

MITCH
Just so you know, this isn't gay!
Our penises aren't even touching--!

DAVE
Come on: "I wish I had my old life
back" on three! One, two:

MITCH
I wish I had my old life
back!

DAVE
I wish I had my old life
back!

JUST THEN A THUNDER CLAP CRASHES OUTSIDE

The lights in the warehouse flicker. Dave and Mitch finish peeing and slowly zip up, exchanging a worried look...

DAVE
You think it worked?

MITCH
How the fuck should I know?
(waving to workmen)
Thank you! Have a pleasant evening!

CUT TO:

PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS

Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then we hear a second baby join in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE (O.S.)
Your turn.

Followed by:

DAVE (O.S.)
YES!

Dave turns on the light, rushes over to the mirror, and touches his face, overjoyed, clearly back in the right body.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Oh thank God. *Thank God.* Pumpkin,
 it worked! I'm back!

JAMIE
 (groggy, half-asleep)
 Great, go feed the fucking babies.

She rolls over and goes back to sleep. He grins and runs out.

INT. NURSERY -- NIGHT

Dave cheerfully sings as he changes Sarah's diaper.

DAVE
*You just vomited on my hand but I
 love yooooou...*

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Dave bounces down the hallway, a twin in each arm, SCREAMING into each of his ears and taking turns kicking his balls... and he's grinning. In fact, he couldn't look happier.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Mitch slowly wakes up in his empty apartment. He stares at the blank walls, a little bummed...

Then he startles when SABRINA rolls over, looking ravishing.

SABRINA
 Last night was weird.

MITCH
 Wasn't it?

SABRINA
 So...are you ever going to have sex
 with me?

MITCH
 (slowly smiling)
 Yes. Yes I am.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jamie is cleaning up the toys in the living room -- when Dave nuzzles up to her from behind, seductive.

DAVE
The twins are down for their nap,
Cara is watching The
Backyardigans...

Jamie raises her eyebrow, oh?

JAMIE
It's Tuesday...

DAVE
I know.

JAMIE
It's Tuesday morning.

DAVE
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, mornings,
late night, I'm like Denny's, baby,
I'm open 24-7.

She laughs, and he scoops her up and heads upstairs...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVE'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAYS LATER

The sun sets over LA. The MUSIC in the air and the cars
lining the street tell us that Dave is hosting a party...

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BACKYARD

A "CONGRATS ON GETTING A JOB, MITCH!" banner hangs from the
swingset. Kids race about as adults drink, eat, and mingle.

Dave, in jeans and a tee shirt, works the barbecue and talks
to Mitch, in a jacket and tie, as he adjusts his crotch:

MITCH
I still can't get used to the whole
underwear thing. It's such a
superfluous layer--

Just then CARA runs up and hugs her Dad.

CARA
Hi Daddy!

DAVE
Sugar-bug!

MITCH
How's my favorite ballerina?!

Cara turns, takes Mitch's hand, and flips him onto his back.

CARA

I'm not a ballerina anymore, bitch.

She races off. Mitch painfully pulls himself to his feet.

MITCH

Jesus fucking Christ...

Dave sees SABRINA, looking angelic in a sundress, chatting with a circle of GUESTS on the patio.

DAVE

So. How's it going with Sabrina?

MITCH

Great. We just celebrated our two week anniversary.

DAVE

Wow. Good for you.

Mitch nods, proud, I know. Swigs his beer.

MITCH

You think she's fucking Fernando Valenzuela?

We see that the man she's talking to is, in fact, Dodger great FERNANDO VALENZUELA, in a pimped-out white suit.

DAVE

Maybe.

MITCH

I'm oddly okay with it.

DAVE

I can't believe they're family friends.

MITCH

I know. She really is perfect--

Just then TATIANA and KIEFER SUTHERLAND approach, wheeling her newborn DAUGHTER in a pram.

KIEFER SUTHERLAND

I gotta go feed her baby, but congrats on your new gig, bro.

MITCH
Thanks, Kiefer. See you guys.

Mitch kisses Tatiana on the cheek and they head off.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's creepy that Kiefer Sutherland
is like way into other people's
babies, right?

DAVE
Oh yeah.

Dave flips the burgers.

MITCH
Thanks again for hooking me up with
the job at Amalgamated, man.

DAVE
Hey, the CEO owed me a favor...

MITCH
I think I'm really going to crush
it in corporate America.

DAVE
I think so too.

Just then, MITCH'S DAD approaches.

MITCH, SR.
I'm heading out. Thanks for having
me.

Mitch, Sr. pulls his son into an emotional hug.

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
I love you, Mitch.

MITCH
I love you too, Dad.

They break apart. Mitch, Sr. heads off. Then he stops. Turns.

MITCH, SR.
Hey Mitch...

Mitch turns.

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
I'm real proud of you.

Mitch nods, trying not to show how much this means to him.
Mitch, Sr., heads off.

Mitch and Dave stand side by side, reflective...

DAVE

Is it weird that I miss your penis?

MITCH

Not really.

SMASH TO BLACK.