

The Unicorn

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BRADY'S GARAGE - EVENING

We're INSIDE A FREEZER: A mass of frost-covered foil packages and Tupperware. A man's hands struggle to free a frosty brick from the mass. Finally, he pries it loose.

This is BRADY: forty-ish, upbeat, agreeably disheveled, he's a guy's guy but emotionally he's an open book. He brushes some frost off the masking-tape label, then calls over his shoulder into the house.

BRADY

How about a chicken parm?!

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

The sofa is covered in debris -- pillows, blankets, sweatshirts, socks, headphones, adapters, books, cups and cookie boxes. But hidden amid the debris, we find TWO GIRLS: GRACE (14, smart, fancies herself an adult) and NATALIE (12, intense, a real jock). They never look up from their phones.

GRACE

Who made it?!

BRADY

(squinting at label)

Dottie Palmer!

GRACE

Blech!

NATALIE

(gameshow "wrong!"
buzzer)

GRACE

Can you try to find one of Judy
Bickel's lasagnas?!

BRADY

You got it!

Brady tosses the icy lump onto the dryer, where it lands with a loud BANG next to a pile of similar lumps. He grabs a croquet mallet from a rack and enthusiastically attacks the iced-together chunks with the handle.

ANGLE ON: THE DINING ROOM, where two of Brady's friends are observing this ritual: FORREST (same age, tightly wound, a cerebral guy determined to look like a cool guy) and his wife DELIA (opinionated, blunt, the necessarily assertive half of the couple). Forrest calls to the garage:

FORREST

Y'know, Brady, we could take you
and the girls out for pizza!

BRADY (O.S.)

No reason to go out! There's like
fifteen lasagnas in here.

Delia and Forrest flinch as -- BANG -- Brady tosses another
block of ice on the dryer. Delia surveys the house, shaking
her head; it isn't dirty, but there's some serious entropy
happening. Something catches her eye in the kitchen:

DELIA

Girls? Are the dogs allowed on the
counter?

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN, where two very large mutts are lying
on the counter, relaxing.

GRACE

No, they're not.
(to dogs, sweetly)
You know you're not supposed to
climb up there, you silly girls.

One of the dogs yawns and licks a potholder.

DELIA

That's all we're going to do?

NATALIE

They like it up there.

Delia pulls Forrest close.

DELIA

Do you see how they're living?!
It's like the Disney Channel
version of Grey Gardens.

FORREST

I know.

DELIA

Come on! It's been eight months
since Jill's funeral, and he's
still living off the meals people
made for them. Remember how he
used to love to cook?

FORREST

I remember.

DELIA

He used to love to cook!

FORREST

I'm sorry, I'm not clear on what we're arguing about.

DELIA

How are we going to get him out of this rut? I want a concrete plan of action here!

FORREST

Delia? Calm down. I know you like to tell people how to live their lives. But Brady isn't one of your patients. He'll let us know when he's ready.

DELIA

(calming)

Okay. I know. You're right.

(then)

But it needs to be now!

Brady enters from the garage, holding a frozen slab of foil over his head, triumphant.

BRADY

Behold! A Bickel lasagna!

GRACE

Now we're talking!

NATALIE

Yeah baby!

BRADY

(to Forrest and Delia)

You two are in for a treat.

(to a dog on the counter)

Excuse me Linda, I need to get to the oven.

Brady peels the foil off the top, stares at it for a bit.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I think this is brownies.

(then, cheerful)

Back to the freezer!

Delia shoots Forrest a look. Forrest shrugs, as we...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

An AYSO game. Of all the twelve-year-old girls on the field, by far the fastest and most aggressive is Natalie.

Brady is an assistant ref, running up and down the sideline in the yellow striped shirt. But he can't help rooting for Natalie. He twists and air-kicks, trying to help her.

Natalie goes for a steal! It sends the other girl sprawling on the grass. The referee blows his whistle. Foul!

BRADY

Are you kidding me?!

Brady's friend BEN -- super positive, a lawyer (but not a good one), and Natalie's coach -- catches his eye. He gestures "cut that out!" Brady realizes.

BRADY (CONT'D)

That was such a great call! Nice work, Brian!

The ref gives Natalie a yellow card. Natalie throws up her arms. Brady tries to keep it positive.

BRADY (CONT'D)

And now a yellow card! Also warranted! Learning experience, Natalie!

The game resumes. TRACY WILVERS, an attractive team mom, casually sidles up to Brady.

TRACY

Hey, Brady.

BRADY

Oh, hi Tracy.

TRACY

So... I don't know what you're up to, but I'm taking Hailey and Izzy to Poquito Mas after the game.

Brady tries to keep one eye on the game without being rude.

BRADY

Oh, great! Have fun.

TRACY

(flirty)

They serve beer now, so hey, fun
for the grown-ups too.

BRADY

Huh! Good to know.

ANGLE ON: BEN, watching Brady. Ben's wife MICHELLE (flip-flops and jeans, with a laid-back-to-the-point-of-"fuck it" attitude) approaches, three kids in tow, and kisses him.

BEN

Check out what's happening here.

Ben gestures toward Tracy hitting on Brady.

MICHELLE

Tracy Wilvers, making her move on
our boy!

BEN

And our boy doesn't have a clue.

ANGLE ON: Brady, keeping his eye on the game.

TRACY

So... maybe I'll see you there?

BRADY

You never know, we go there a lot.

Tracy impatiently steps into his field of vision.

TRACY

I meant will I see you there today.

BRADY

Today? I'll have to see if we--

Suddenly, the ball goes out of bounds right by Brady. Except Tracy was in the way. Crap! Which team kicked it out?

BRADY (CONT'D)

Red ball!

Natalie and everyone on her sideline erupts in complaint. Brady panics and points his flag in the other direction.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Blue ball?

And the opposing sideline erupts.

INT. MICHELLE'S MINIVAN/DELIA'S OFFICE - INTERCUT - LATER

Michelle drives, her four kids (ages 8-14) piled in the back.
She's on Bluetooth.

MICHELLE

Tracy Wilvers, divorced from that
guy we all hated?

DELIA

With the crazy clean sneakers?

MICHELLE

They were so white! How the hell
do you get sneakers that white?!

DELIA

It's insane.

MICHELLE

Anyway, she was all over Brady. Of
course it didn't even register with
him.

INTERCUT WITH: Delia, in the lab in her pediatric office.

DELIA

The man has no idea what catnip he
is to these women. I swear, a
woman could yank down his pants and
grab his --

MICHELLE

Um, Delia? My kids are in the car.

DELIA

You have to tell me that when I
pick up!

MICHELLE

They're always with me!
(glancing in rearview)
Aw crap, where's Noah?

INT. FORREST AND DELIA'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Forrest and Delia are brushing their teeth.

FORREST

Tracy Wilvers?

DELIA

I know, go ahead, "Oooh, Tracy
Wilvers, she's smokin' hot!"

FORREST
Please. She's fine.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NEXT NIGHT

Forrest is with Ben.

FORREST
Tracy Wilvers is ridiculously hot.

BEN
I'm telling you, she wanted him.
He had no clue. Probably for the
best, though. Brady could hurt
himself, going zero-to-Wilvers.
Our boy's game is lame AF.

FORREST
No.

BEN
What?

FORREST
Middle-aged lawyers can't say AF.
That will kill AF for the young
people who enjoy it.

BEN
You're judgmental AF.

FORREST
Ooh, you know who else? Delia says
that new art teacher's also into
him.

BEN
Oooh yeah! Ms. Koppel! Man, what
I wouldn't give to--
(then, stopping himself)
Ah, feels wrong, talking nasty
about her. She seems nice.

INT. BEN AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Ben and Michelle are at the kitchen table. Michelle sips a glass of wine, oblivious to her kids (including NOAH, 8), who are making a huge mess with ice cream and syrup behind her.

MICHELLE
She's very nice. And she did
everything but dry hump him at arts
night. But the man didn't even
notice.

BEN

Well, what are you gonna do...

MICHELLE

Delia says it's time we have an intervention.

NOAH

Like you did with Aunt Meg?

MICHELLE

Who told you Aunt Meg had an intervention?!

NOAH

You did.

Michelle shrugs and sips her wine.

MICHELLE

Eh, I got a big mouth.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/DEN - NIGHT

Delia and Michelle have sat Brady down at the kitchen table.

DELIA

Brady, from the moment Jill got sick, you did nothing but take care of her and the girls. You were a rock star. And we love you for that. We miss Jill every day, and we know you do too. But come on -- you haven't done a damn thing for yourself for two years. You need to have some fun.

BRADY

I'm a dad. I don't need to have a good time to have fun.

MICHELLE

Listen to yourself. Tell me, when was the last time you left the house and actually enjoyed yourself?

BRADY

Last Sunday! I was assembling a new practice goal for Natalie, and I went to Home Depot to buy a charger for my drill, and I got two churros in the parking lot.

(remembering)

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

I sat on the curb and ate them...

(then)

If I thought longer, I'd have a better example.

DELIA

Brady. You can't keep living like this. I don't mean to be rude, but look around. This house looks like both parents died.

From the den, we hear screams of anguish.

GRACE/NATALIE/OTHER KIDS

Ohhh!/Noooo!/That was sick!

Brady leans his chair back to see out the kitchen door.

BRADY

Everybody okay in there?

ANGLE ON: THE DEN, where Grace, Natalie, and two other friends are piled on the couch flanking ANDREW, an awkward kid with an Xbox controller in his hand, playing Fortnite.

GRACE

No. Andrew got killed.

ANDREW

And I was one of three people left on the island.

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN, as Brady turns back.

MICHELLE

What the hell is he talking about?

BRADY

Fortnite. Y'know, the kids just spent a fortune on a grenade launcher, and I told them, you can't control those things, you're better off with a rocket launcher.

DELIA

Oh my god... You should not know that!

MICHELLE

You have got to have some adult companionship. And not just parent things. We're talking dating.

BRADY

Dating?

DELIA

Yes. I was Jill's best friend.
She always said she hoped you'd
find someone new. It's time.

BRADY

Okay, look, I'm not saying you
don't have a point. But I'm not
ready for that. Not yet.

MICHELLE

Oh for the love of god! We'll give
you till Friday!

DELIA

Michelle! It's okay, Brady. You
let us know when you're ready.

MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS

With a series of time jumps, we see Brady's daily ritual.

BRADY'S OFFICE: Brady is working feverishly. He glances at
his watch -- dammit, he's late! He jumps up, hits a couple
of final key commands and rushes out.

LIVING ROOM: Brady rushes in, the dogs jumping all over him.
Grace and Natalie sit in their couch-nests, doing homework
and poking at their phones. Brady kisses the girls and
rushes to the garage.

GARAGE: Brady fishes in the freezer for a block of food.

KITCHEN: Brady jokes around with Grace and Natalie as they
eat dinner.

BRADY'S BEDROOM: Brady collapses into bed and turns out the
lights. Moments later, Natalie enters with her pillow and
crawls into bed with him. Then Grace does the same. Then
both dogs jump up on the bed. Brady is left with just a
sliver of mattress, but he smiles. This is okay.

The cycle repeats -- WORK, LIVING ROOM, GARAGE, KITCHEN,
BEDROOM -- faster and faster, with variations in clothes and
casseroles.

Work. Living room. Garage. Kitchen. Bedroom.

Work. Living room. Garage. Kitchen. Bedroom.

Until...

INT. BRADY'S GARAGE - FREEZER - EVENING

We're INSIDE THE FREEZER as Brady opens the door and pulls out a brick of frozen foil. He realizes something. He stares down into the frosty depths of the freezer:

IT'S EMPTY. No more frozen funeral food. Brady is stunned.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Grace and Natalie enter to find Brady, sitting on the floor, cradling the frozen casserole. The dogs are licking it.

GRACE

Dad? Are you okay?

BRADY

(choking back emotions)

Yes. Just making dinner.

The girls exchange a worried look.

GRACE

Okay... Do you want us to put it in the oven or something?

Natalie tries to pull the casserole away. She can't.

NATALIE

It's frozen to his arm skin.

BRADY

(sniffling)

Don't worry. I'm fine.

NATALIE

Linda! Lick his arm!

GRACE

I think we should call an adult.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Brady is slumped in front of a beer bottle at his outdoor table. Forrest sits with him, Ben paces over him.

BRADY

It's gone. All the food from Jill's funeral, and the memorial celebrations, and the day they dedicated that awful mural to her at the school library, the one with the dinosaurs reading books to the aliens...

BEN

Yes, we were there.

BRADY

It seemed like that food would last forever. But it's finally gone. It feels like she's finally gone.

BEN

You know what, buddy? It's a sign. Time for Brady two-point-oh. You are a stud -- you hear me? -- a stud. The world is full of hungry women just waiting for you. Yummie mummies. Art teachers. The flirty cashier at Trader Joe's who asks about your weekend.

FORREST

Oh for god's sake, she didn't like you! They make them act like that.

BEN

You don't read vibes, Forrest! Regardless -- Our boy is going to crush it out there. He is a finely marbled slab of USDA prime man meat. C'mon! Up high!

Ben holds his hand up to Brady for a high five. Nothing.

BRADY

How am I going to do this? The last time I went on a date was freshman year of college. Jill came to my dorm room with a friend to get stoned and we ended up watching five Nicholas Cage movies and making out.

FORREST

I'm not sure that qualifies as a date.

BRADY

Before I even knew it -- bam! We were married, got dogs, had kids.
(realizing)
Oh man, how am I going to tell the girls?

BEN

Don't.

BRADY

I can't lie to my kids.

BEN

Are you kidding? All I do is lie to my kids. Drive them places and lie.

BRADY

No. I've never kept anything from them. I'm not going to start now.

FORREST

You never told them about the night you left the cat door open, and Doodles went out and got eaten by a coyote.

BRADY

I'm already fragile, you gotta bring up the Doodles thing?!

INT./EXT. BRADY'S CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

Brady drives. Grace and Natalie stare at their phones. We can hear the blaring HIGH ENERGY K-POP bleeding out of Natalie's earbuds. Brady takes a deep breath: Here goes.

BRADY

So... before we get to school, I want to-- Guys, can you put your phones down for a sec?

GRACE/NATALIE

(staring at their phones)
Sure./Copy that.

BRADY

You're not putting them down.

NATALIE

Just doing a thing.

GRACE

I've got... it's school...

BRADY

Put them down or I'm turning off your data.

GRACE

Okay, relax!

NATALIE

It's down, it's down!

BRADY

Look -- we need to talk.

GRACE

Uh oh.

NATALIE

What happened?

BRADY

Don't worry, it's not a bad thing.

NATALIE

GRACE

Yay!

What is it?!

BRADY

Well, don't get excited. It's not a good thing either. I mean, it is a good thing, for me. And you, if you think about it.

GRACE

We can't think about it if you don't tell us what it is.

NATALIE

Are we getting another cat?!

BRADY

What? No!

NATALIE

Oh my god, did Doodles come back?!

GRACE

He said it wasn't a good thing, you moron!

BRADY

No, it is a good thing!

GRACE

What is it?!?!?

BRADY

Here's the thing. Ever since mom died, I've kind of... isolated myself. Socially. Which isn't healthy. And some people have brought up the idea of dating, and--

NATALIE

You're going to replace Mom?

BRADY

What? No! No, I could never replace Mom.

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

It's just, I'm an adult, and adults
need to... associate with other
adults.

NATALIE

Oh my god. It's a sex thing. I'm
going to throw up. I'm going to
throw up!

GRACE

No you're not.

NATALIE

You want to bet me?

Natalie starts making horrible, over-dramatic retching
sounds.

BRADY

Natalie, please don't do that!

NATALIE

Then don't replace Mom!

GRACE

Come on, Nat! Give Dad a break.
All he does is take care of us. He
deserves to have a life.

BRADY

Thank you, Grace. It means so much
to me that you understand.

It's a nice moment. Natalie retches a little. Brady and
Grace look at her.

NATALIE

Sorry, you people are repulsive.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

We're EXTREMELY CLOSE on a laptop monitor.

TEXT FIELD: **"Name."** **"Brady Hopper"** is typed into it.

TEXT FIELD: **"Seeking"** The response: **"Women."**

REVERSE: Brady sits at a laptop in a coffee shop, flanked by Forrest, Delia, Ben, and Michelle, each holding coffee cups.

TEXT FIELD: **"Height"** The response: **"5'10"**

MICHELLE

Why don't you put an even six?

BRADY

Because that's not how tall I am.

MICHELLE

So who'll know?

BRADY

If I meet her, I might stand up.

BEN

For body type, put "athletic."

(off Brady's look)

By the time she knows any better,
you're already naked!

TEXT FIELD: **"Interests"**

FORREST

Put "travel."

BRADY

I haven't been anywhere since the
Natalie was three.

FORREST

Just put it in. It means
"ambulatory."

BEN

And "I'm not in prison."

TEXT FIELD: **"Favorite Thing To Do In Bed"**

DELIA
Cuddle.

BRADY
Well, I like to--

DELIA/MICHELLE
Cuddle.

BRADY
Okay.

TEXT FIELD: **"Eye Color"**

They're all trying to get a good look at Brady's eyes. Brady is getting fed up with this.

BEN
Green.

FORREST
Nah. Hazel.

DELIA
I say greenish brown. Let's vote.

BRADY
No! We're not going to vote on what color my eyes are! They're my eyes, and they're brown.

CHECKBOXES: **"Status"** The cursor clicks on **"widowed."**

BRADY (CONT'D)
I think I'm ready, guys. Submit.

Brady clicks on his trackpad. The gang breathes sighs of relief and goes to toss out their empty coffee cups.

DELIA
Good timing, I'm late for work.

FORREST
Well it's not his fault you argued with every answer he put down.

DELIA
I want him to have the right answers.

BEN
You tried to talk the man out of his password!

DELIA

Who puts the Euro sign as a special character? It's pretentious.

Brady's phone makes a "fairy dust" sound. Almost immediately, it makes another. Then another.

BRADY

Huh... It's... my profile is getting responses.

(looking at phone)

There's like six of them. Seven. Eight! Is it supposed to work this quickly?

BEN

Athletic, well-travelled cuddler like you? Hell yeah!

His phone keeps buzzing.

BRADY

My god... there's like fifteen. This app is amazing.

MICHELLE

It's not the app. My sister Meg's on all these dating sites, she told me about this. You are a unicorn.

BRADY

I'm a what?

MICHELLE

A unicorn. That elusive creature that single women are looking for. Most of the men on these sites are damaged goods. They're having mid-life crises, they're divorced, they're buying Porsches, chasing twenty-five-year-olds.

DELIA

You've already proved yourself to be the most devoted husband imaginable. And father. And as a bonus, you haven't had sex with anybody but Jill for twenty years. You're factory fresh!

FORREST

Technically, I'd call him certified pre-owned.

Another fairy dust sound. Michelle peeks at his phone.

MICHELLE

What do you know, there's my sister. Do not click on her.

BRADY

Are you saying these women are into me because Jill died?

BEN

Yup!

(then)

Oh crap, he's thinking.

(to Brady)

Don't start thinking, bro.

BRADY

No. No no no. I don't want this to be what defines me. I've spent the whole last year being pitied. When I walk into a room, people don't say "Hi, Brady, how are you doing?!" They say, (soft and sensitive) "Hi, Brady, how are you doing?" It's horrible, and it makes me self-conscious, and I'm sick of it. The last thing I want is pity dates.

Brady reopens his laptop.

FORREST

But pity dates lead to pity sex! Trust me, I speak from experience.

DELIA

He's not wrong.

BRADY

(didn't need to know that)

Okay... but I don't want pity sex. I want ordinary sex! I mean, great sex, but in ordinary circumstances. I'm changing my profile from "widowed" to plain old single.

CHECKBOXES: **"Status"** The cursor unclicks **"widowed"** and clicks on **"single."**

BRADY (CONT'D)

I appreciate the help, guys. But I've got to do this thing my way.

BEN

And just like that, the unicorn
becomes just a regular dumb horse.

His phone CHIMES. Brady looks at them, smugly.

BRADY

And what do you know, the dumb
horse already got a match.

FORREST

(looking at phone)
Nope, it's your turn at Boggle with
your Aunt Shelly.

BRADY

My god, she's crushing me again.
(recovering)
Regardless, I'm doing it my way!

INT. BRADY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brady is staring at his monitor. FAIRY DUST SOUND. Brady
looks at his phone.

BRADY

Yes! Finally. Thank god.
(re: match)
Well, hello Riley.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Brady is filling his soda cup. FAIRY DUST.

BRADY

Well, aren't you cute, Danielle.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

A man is washing his hands. From inside a stall, we hear
FAIRY DUST.

BRADY (O.C.)

Nice to meet you, Brianna.

INT./EXT. BRADY'S CAR - DRIVING

At a red light. FAIRY DUST. Brady glances at his phone.

BRADY

Lindsay! I like the hat. You are
a very stylish--

The car behind him HONKS.

BRADY (CONT'D)
I'm going, I'm going!

EXT. BRADY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Forrest is having a beer with Brady.

FORREST
So five matches? Not bad.

BRADY
Told you, the "widowed" thing was totally unnecessary.

FORREST
Well, not to nitpick, but when you were widowed, you had a dozen matches in thirty seconds.

BRADY
These five are better than that dozen. Okay, one of the five was topless in her profile pic, but the other four are regular top-on.

FORREST
Start with top-on. More of a challenge, but I think you're up to it.

BRADY
Thank you. So let me show you my frontrunners...
(looks at phone)
Wait. I had five matches. There's only two here.

FORREST
Huh. That's weird. Who knows how these things work?
(super-positive)
But anyway, two great candidates!

Brady knows Forrest too well to buy that.

BRADY
Delia did this, didn't she?

FORREST
She just wanted to winnow down the field a bit.

BRADY

Because she didn't trust me to pick
my own date!

FORREST

She does it out of love!

BRADY

(re: phone)

Oh my god, she didn't even trust me
not to pick the topless woman?!

FORREST

Okay that's a little insulting, I
admit.

BRADY

Fine. Luckily for Delia, I
happened to like Danielle B. But
tell her I'm changing my password!

INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - EVENING - DAYS LATER

Delia, Forrest and Grace sit on Brady's unmade bed. The dogs
are sprawled behind them. Brady emerges from the closet in
"nice clothes" -- ta-da! -- but his shirt is very wrinkled.

DELIA

Can you put a sweater over it?

BRADY

(proud)

Yes I can.

Brady goes to the bed and pulls a sweater out from under one
of the dogs, who's not happy about it.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Joyce.

Brady puts it on. A bit of dog fur aside, it's very nice.

DELIA

Better.

FORREST

Danielle won't be able to keep her
hands off you.

GRACE

Hey! I'm here.

FORREST

No one's going to touch your dad.
He's gross.

GRACE

Thank you.

Natalie passes in the hallway, AirPods in, never looking in.

BRADY

Hey Natalie! How do I look?

NATALIE (O.S.)

You look horrible!

We hear her door slam. Brady starts after her.

BRADY

Natalie, come on, can't we --

GRACE

Dad! Don't feed the brat. It'll
just make things worse. I'll be
here with her. We'll watch Cupcake
Wars, she'll be fine. You know I
always handle stuff. Go out and
have fun.

He hugs Grace. It's sweet.

FORREST

One thing, buddy. Your wedding
ring.

Brady glances at his ring. It had never occurred to him.

BRADY

I don't think I can take it off.

DELIA

Brady, I know how hard this is.
Jill will always be a part of you.
But you're not leaving her behind.
You're just getting back to your
life. And that means letting go,
just a bit.

BRADY

Thank you. But I meant, I don't
think I can get it off my finger.
It's been on for seventeen years.

Brady pulls on it. No dice.

INT. BRADY'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Brady is at the sink as Delia pours olive oil on his finger.

FORREST
Put cold water on it. Makes your
extremities shrink.

DELIA
It's a finger.

FORREST
Same principle.

Forrest pulls on the ring.

FORREST (CONT'D)	BRADY
No, don't -- you're bending your finger! Just straight!	I'm not bending it, it's just -- I have thick knuckles, I
It's loose, you've just got--	think. You're hurting--!

And then, with a final pull, the ring is off. Brady stares
at the pale circle of skin where his ring had been.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Wow. Look at that...

FORREST
It's all creepy. Like looking
under the fridge.

DELIA
Okay, I hate to bring this up right
now, but you dislocated his finger.

BRADY
It's fine.

DELIA
No it's not. It's clearly crooked.

She grabs his hand and starts to push on his finger.

DELIA (CONT'D)	BRADY
I'm a doctor, let me pop it back in.	Ow! No, it's fine! Sweet mother of god!

INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - LATER

Brady enters the bar, nervous. This is not his natural
element. It's way too cool. Everybody else seems to be in
their twenties. He scans the room. No Danielle. Shit.

He's self-conscious and doesn't know what to do with himself. He leans against the wall and pulls out his phone, striking a casual pose. He swipes his phone open, thumbs an app, and suddenly NATALIE'S HIGH ENERGY K-POP SONG starts blaring. He frantically fumbles to turn it down.

Now, he's even more self-conscious. He decides to "make a call," pretending to hit a phone number.

BRADY
(into phone, "cool guy")
Hey. Sup. Yeah, just hangin'.
Y'know, the uszh...

DANIELLE enters, spots him. She waves, but doesn't want to interrupt his call. Brady sees her and puts his phone down.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Danielle! Hi! Brady!

DANIELLE
Hi! I'm sorry, do you need to finish that call?

BRADY
What? Oh, no. It's fine.

DANIELLE
Are you sure?

BRADY
Actually, I probably should.
(into phone)
Bye bye.
("hangs up")
Hi!

INT. RESTAURANT - TABLE - MINUTES LATER

Brady and Danielle are having drinks over appetizers. Brady is trying to be light, but Danielle is in inquisition mode.

BRADY
These shishito peppers, they're great until suddenly -- zoom! -- your mouth is on fire. Not "zoom." More like "bam." There's not really a sound, I guess.

DANIELLE
Do you date a lot, Brady?

BRADY
No, not a... No.

DANIELLE

Ah. Spend a lot of time at work?

BRADY

I do, actually. My job is very--

DANIELLE

So that's why you're single?

BRADY

I guess that's among the reasons, yes.

(changing the subject)

So, what kind of music do you like?

DANIELLE

Rock. How many people have you met online?

BRADY

Hard to say. So, any specific kind of rock? Hard, soft? Or more just rock in general?

As Brady gestures, Danielle notices the PALE CIRCLE ON HIS RING FINGER. She goes ice cold and waves to a waitress.

DANIELLE

Check!

BRADY

What? Why?

DANIELLE

You're married. Check!

BRADY

No I'm not!

DANIELLE

Tell that to the white circle on your ring finger. Check!

People at the next table stare. The WAITRESS approaches.

BRADY

Ah! No no, you don't understand...

DANIELLE

Oh, I understand. Next time, why don't you just try Ashley Madison?

BRADY

Who's Ashley Madison?

DANIELLE

The dating site for married people
who cheat!

BRADY

I'm not cheating! I couldn't cheat
if I wanted to! My wife died!

That was loud. He realizes everybody at the nearby tables is
looking at him pityingly. Dammit. He talks more quietly.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Last year. But I only took off my
ring today.

Danielle's heart melts.

DANIELLE

Oh my god. And here I am accusing
you of -- I'm so sorry.

BRADY

No, I'm sorry. I should have said.
I guess it's obvious I don't really
know how to do this. The last time
I went on a date was my freshman
year in college, and I married her.
So I'm a little rusty. I'm very
rusty. I'm basically all rust.

WAITRESS

(sympathetic)

I'm going to comp the shishito
peppers.

BRADY

No, it's fine.

DANIELLE

I feel terrible. When you've been
doing this as long as I have, you
get cynical. You must think I'm
awful.

Another WAITER brings over a bottle of wine.

WAITER

Compliments of the people in the
corner booth.

BRADY

Oh god. That's not necessary.
(calling off to booth)

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

Thank you, but really, not necessary.

(to Danielle)

I'm sorry. This is what I was trying to avoid.

DANIELLE

Yeah, I totally get it. So... you want to leave?

BRADY

(bummed)

Yeah, might as well...

DANIELLE

My place is only like five minutes from here.

BRADY

That's nice.

(realizing)

Oh, you mean me? Go to your...

Okay! Really? Good!

Brady throws some cash on the table and gets up.

ANOTHER DINER

(to waiter, sympathetic)

I'd like to buy him dessert.

BRADY

Please don't! Leaving anyway. But thank you.

EXT. RESTAURANT - VALET STAND - MINUTES LATER

Brady and Danielle hurry to the valet stand.

BRADY

So should we get both cars? I mean, by the time we're finished with our, y'know, activities, they may be closed. Not that it'll take a long time, but I do like to cuddle, as you may know--

DANIELLE

Get both cars.

BRADY

My thoughts exactly.

DANIELLE

Great. See you at my place.

BRADY

Great.

But something's eating at him. He sighs.

DANIELLE

Is something wrong?

BRADY

No! What could be wrong? We're going to your place. Adult fun time. Before you see me naked, keep in mind "athletic build" can mean a lot of things.

DANIELLE

Maybe don't talk about it so much.

BRADY

Right. Got that.

(can't help himself)

Here's the thing -- it seems pretty clear you're doing this because I'm a unicorn.

DANIELLE

I'm sorry, you're a what?

BRADY

Because my wife died. It's a term for a guy like me -- y'know, commitment guy, not divorced, haven't been sleeping around--

DANIELLE

What's wrong with divorced people who sleep around?

BRADY

Nothing! I only meant --

(realizing)

I just described you, didn't I?

DANIELLE

Yes.

BRADY

(sincere)

And good for you!

DANIELLE

Are you saying you don't want to have sex with people like me?

BRADY

Oh no no no! I would love to!
Believe me, you have no idea how
bad I'd love to. But what just
happened in there -- that's my life
now. I'm just this guy this
terrible thing happened to. And it
was terrible. And yes, it's who I
am, but it's not all I want to be!
I'm trying to move on. So if I'm
going to, y'know, "be" with
someone, it's got to be because of
me. Not because of what happened
to Jill.

Danielle looks at him sweetly.

DANIELLE

Brady, I've dated a lot of men.
But you... you are the biggest
frickin' mess I've ever met.

Danielle gets in her car.

BRADY

Yeah, I get that a lot.

INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brady enters, alone, and crosses to the bartender.

BRADY

I'll have your largest, strongest
margarita.

As Brady waits for his drink, he senses something. He looks
down the bar to find Forrest and Ben on stools, staring at
the TV, like they don't know he's there.

Irked, Brady waves at them. They act shocked to see him.

BEN

(overdoing it)
Brady? Forrest, look who's here!
It's Brady.

FORREST

(cringing)
Yes, I see.

BEN

Son of a gun! We had no idea you
were coming here.

BRADY

You recommended this place, and
Forrest made the reservation on
OpenTable.

BEN

Well... I'd forgotten.

We hear a TEXT CHIME from Forrest's phone. Brady grabs it
off the bar before Forrest can stop him.

BRADY

And it's Delia. "Need update!
How's our boy doing?" I got this.

Brady texts on Forrest's phone, then hands it back to him.
Forrest looks at it.

FORREST

Poop emoji.
(then)
Brady, I'm really sorry.

Forrest gives him a hug. The bartender sets down Brady's
giant margarita.

BARTENDER

(sympathetic)
Here you go. On the house.

BRADY

Of course it is.

BEN

Okay, let's keep our eyes on the
prize here. First time out was
always gonna be tough. It's like
making pancakes, you always burn
the first one. Now you're gonna
make another pancake, and it's
gonna be a big, fluffy bastard and
you're gonna eat the hell out of
it!

FORREST

I think you've overtaxed the
pancake analogy.

BEN

Cut me some slack. First analogy
is like the first pancake.

FORREST

Brady, I know we're being intrusive. But it's only because we care about you and we want you to be happy.

BRADY

I know. You guys are the best.

FORREST

Yes we are. Now, onwards and upwards. Our babysitter Pavlina has a sister, just moved here, very attractive.

BEN

Pavlina? The woman barely speaks ten words of English!

BRADY

You think I'd do better with someone I literally can't talk to?

FORREST

She understands a lot, she just can't say that much!

BEN

Huh. Russian girl. Make the second pancake a blini. Like it.

FORREST

We're done with the pancakes!

Brady takes a big swig of margarita.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The house is quiet. Brady enters, tosses his keys into a bowl. He takes his ring out of his pocket and sets it on the table.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brady heads to his room, passing Natalie's door. He stops, then gently opens the door.

INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From the crack of light coming in from the hallway, we can see that Natalie is asleep in bed. Brady looks at her for a beat. Smiles. Then starts to quietly shut the door.

NATALIE (O.C.)

I'm still really mad at you.

Brady smiles and turns on the light as Natalie sits up in bed. He goes to sit with her.

BRADY

Nats, trust me -- I will never try to replace Mom. I would never be able to. And considering how tonight went, I may actually never kiss another woman for the rest of my life.

NATALIE

Good.

BRADY

Now get dressed, we're going out for waffles.

NATALIE

Now? It's a school night.

BRADY

Come on. We used to do it all the time! You and your sister and mom and me.

NATALIE

Not at a quarter-to-ten on a school night!

BRADY

You don't want waffles?

NATALIE

(excited)

I do, I just can't believe what a bad parent you are!

Energized, Brady dashes out of the room. Natalie is amazed.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brady charges down the hall and whips open Grace's door.

BRADY

Gracie! Get up! We're--

GRACE (O.C.)

Dad!

BRADY

Sorry!

Brady quickly shuts the door, white as a sheet.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Wait, I'm not sorry. Grace!

Grace emerges, beet red, ironing down her top with her hands. A couple of steps behind is Andrew, buttoning up his shirt.

GRACE

Dad, you know Andrew.

BRADY

This is why you were so supportive of me dating?! To get me out of the house?

ANDREW

(re: front door)

I'm just going to...

BRADY

You're not going anywhere, buddy!

(then, calmer)

You know what, that was an overreaction. You didn't lie to me, you seem like a nice kid --

(to Grace)

Is he a nice kid?

Natalie excitedly leaps out of her room, her shoes on.

NATALIE

Waffles!

(sensing tension)

What?

(sees Andrew, smiles)

Awww crap!

INT. WAFFLE PLACE - NIGHT

ON BRADY, as a plate of waffles is placed in front of him. He's shellshocked.

ON GRACE, as a plate of waffles is placed in front of her. She's mortified.

ON NATALIE, as a plate of waffles is placed in front of her. She's stifling a giggle.

SERVER

Everything good here?

NATALIE

My sister let a boy touch her boob.

Brady shakes his head, as Grace turns bright red.

SERVER

(confused)

Okay.

The SERVER exits, and they all burst out laughing -- even Grace, despite herself.

GRACE

It's not funny!

BRADY

It's really not.

(smiling)

Although I have missed Natalie's laugh.

Natalie's still laughing as she drenches her waffle in syrup.

GRACE

Oh my god, that's way too much.
What are you, a kindergartener?

BRADY

We're not changing the subject,
Grace. We have to --
(seeing Natalie's plate)
Whoa, okay, that is ridiculous.

GRACE

You see?

BRADY

We're not changing the subject! We
have to talk about this. Now, you
know what your mom would've said in
this situation.

GRACE

Yes, Dad.

BRADY

Well...
(dropping the pretense)
What would that be?

GRACE

You don't know?

BRADY

I have no idea! I'm at sea here. Mom would've dealt with you, and I would've stood by and said "You listen to your mother," but I can't do that, so I'm screwed.

GRACE

You don't need to worry, Dad. I'm mature. You know you can trust me to handle stuff.

BRADY

Not this time. I'm going to have to start being even more involved in your life. And it's going to be horrible. For both of us.

GRACE

Oh good.

BRADY

But look -- if we could get through the last year, we can get through anything.

We hear the FAIRY DUST sound. Brady winces.

NATALIE

What keeps making that noise?

BRADY

I don't know.

GRACE

It's your dating app, isn't it?

BRADY

We're not changing the subject!

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAYS LATER

Brady, in his referee's shirt, is in a great mood, cooking up a storm. Delia, Forrest, Ben and Michelle are there with their various kids, along with a few of Natalie's teammates and Andrew. Brady places a hot lasagna on the island.

BRADY

All right, dinner is served!

Brady crosses off.

MICHELLE

So good to see him cooking again.

FORREST

Sure is.

(sniffs the air)

You know what I kinda forgot in all this? He's a terrible cook.

BEN

The worst.

DELIA

Yeah. Jill always took over and salvaged stuff. But we're going to choke it down.

Forrest spoons some up. A little spills on the floor. The dog shies away from it.

FORREST

Good lord, even Linda won't eat it.

ANGLE ON: Brady, as he intercepts Andrew entering from the backyard. Andrew is petrified.

BRADY

Hey, Andrew. Thanks for coming.

ANDREW

You kind of made me.

BRADY

Because I want you to know, there are no hard feelings about the other night. I know it's tough to be a boy your age, you've got all these conflicting impulses, you don't know what the hell you're doing.

(realizing)

Actually, I guess I'm kind of a boy your age, too.

ANDREW

(in hell)

Okay, good talk Mr. Hopper.

BRADY

Please. It's Brady. Let's hug it out.

Brady gives Andrew a hug. Grace enters.

GRACE

Dad! What are you doing?

BRADY

Hanging with my boy Andrew!

Grace drags Andrew away. Brady's PHONE CHIMES. He pulls it out and looks at it as he crosses back toward his friends.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Wait -- Since when am I on Tinder?

Forrest is at Brady's laptop.

MICHELLE

Tinder, Forrest? Really?

FORREST

What? No harm in casting a wider net, right?

DELIA

I'm not comfortable being on Tinder.

BRADY

You're not on Tinder! I'm on Tinder!

BEN

Let's start swipin', baby!

A lively argument breaks out as Brady puts his phone away, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW