REALLY

Pilot episode

BIRD STRIKE

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INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

JED, 34, is a typical, trouble seeking, slightly overweight suburban Chicago dad. Not that it matters, but he's also a neurosurgeon. And he's Indian-American. He's sitting in a Mexican restaurant across from his wife...LORI, 29.

Although she lives in the Chicago suburbs, she's a Texan. Just ask her. More specifically, she's a liberal Texan, from Austin damnit. Lori is a part time corporate lawyer and a full time mom.

Jed and Lori spar a lot, but it's *almost* always playful. If you asked, they'd both say they married the right person.

They have three opinionated children...SAMMY (6), EMMA (5) and CHARLIE (3).

At the moment, Emma and Sammy are arguing, noisily, as Jed and Lori order from an attractive WAITRESS.

WAITRESS
Something to drink?

LORI
Ooooh, hmmm, let's see...

Jed waits, as he watches his wife. He lets her stew in it.

LORI (CONT'D)
Uh, you go. Come back to me.

JED
Are you sure? (Lori nods) Three lemonades and a Margarita, on the rocks, with a little salt.

LORI
Really? You couldn't kill a little more time than that?

WAITRESS
I could come back.

LORI
No. One second. (To Jed) So you're drinking tonight?

JED
One drink. I can have one drink.

LORI
I don't care if you drink. I care if you snore.

JED
(Smiles) Order.

LORI
Ok...let's see.

Lori continues to read the drink menu.

JED
My wife is surprised when someone asks her what she wants to drink at a restaurant.

Lori looks at a woman at the next table.

LORI
What is *she* having?

WAITRESS
A strawberry Manhattan.

LORI
Ok, I'll try that. (Jed smiles) What?

JED
(Laughs) I love you.

WAITRESS
I'll get those right out to you.

The hot waitress walks off towards the kitchen. Jed waits a beat and then turns towards the bar, where a TV is mounted above. ESPN is playing a college football game.

JED
(Half hearted) Can you see what the score is?

Lori is now reading the food menu. She looks up briefly.

LORI
No.

Jed pretends to watch the college football game, but he is really watching the waitress walk. Wow, can she walk. As he zones out on her ass, he is interrupted by...

EMMA (O.S.)
Daddy, tell him. Daddy...

Jed looks at his daughter, Emma (Age 5).

JED
Tell him what?

EMMA
Boys have bigger boobs than girls, right?

JED
Ha! What? No. Shshsh.

SAMMY
See, stupid!

JED
Don't call her "stupid."

EMMA
Yes, they do! Daddy, a mermaid's a boy, right? Tell him.

Close on what Emma is pointing at. It's a wall mural of a topless Mermaid, perched on a large clamshell.

JED
No, hon, that's a girl.

SAMMY
Mermaids are girls, dummy.

JED (CONT'D)
Don't, Sammy...

Emma is not letting this one go.

EMMA
No, but boys have bigger boobs than girls. Right, Daddy? Because of your boobs?

JED
Shshshsh. Stop.

LORI
What is she saying?

JED
I don't know. Nothing.

LORI
Honey, what're you saying?

Emma practically begs Jed to back her up.

EMMA
Daddy's boobs are bigger than yours. Right, Daddy? Remember you said?

Lori looks at Jed: "Seriously?"

The title comes up on screen: ***"REALLY"***

INT. JED'S AND LORI'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lori walks out of Emma's room.

LORI
Good night, honey.

EMMA (O.S.)
Good night, Mommy.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jed stands in the kitchen, quietly opening a bottle of Budweiser, as Lori enters.

LORI
(Smiles) Why is our daughter confused about the gender of a mermaid?

Jed pours his Budweiser into a "frozen mug" from the freezer.

JED
I was in the shower...

LORI
(Smiles) Never a good way to start a story involving children.

JED
I was in the shower. And she came in, said my name was "fat daddy" and then she looked at her chest and said that I had bigger boobs than she did. Which, of course, is *literally* true. And then she said I had bigger boobs than you.

LORI
And what did you say?

JED
I don't know. I probably laughed, and said "you're right."

LORI
Am I seriously dating a guy who's comfortable with having bigger boobs than his wife?

JED
We're married. (Lori raises an eyebrow) I know. I get it.

LORI
Hon, you're a doctor. You're supposed to be healthier.

JED
I'm going to the gym tomorrow.

Jed walks over to the two garbage cans, one is black and the other is white.

LORI
Go in the morning, because we have an early dinner party at Fred and Jo's tomorrow night.

As he's about to throw the empty bottle into the black can...

LORI (CONT'D)
Oh wait. White is recycling now.

JED
Since when?

Jed drops the bottle into the white can and walks back over.

LORI
Well, I really like the kitchen in *Parenthood.* And they have their cans like this. So think of white as recycling goodness, and black as evil garbage.

JED
That seems kind of racist.

LORI
It does, doesn't it? But I married a brown guy, so I get a free pass.

Jed laughs as Lori leans into him and drinks a sip of his beer. They kiss.

JED
Hey. I'm ready for that birthday blow job.

LORI
What? Your birthday was last month.

JED
Did my present expire?

LORI
No, no. I'll give it to you.

They keep making out. Lori starts batting at Jed's "tits."

JED
Don't do that.

LORI
It's foreplay. I'm going to second base.

Jed drops and starts doing push ups.

LORI (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four, five thousand more to go!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jed and Lori are fooling around in bed.

LORI
Happy birthday, sugar.

Lori goes down, under the covers, and her head starts bobbing. We can tell by Jed's face that he's enjoying it. He closes his eyes, really enjoying life. Then...

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
I can't sweep.

JED
AHHHHH!!!!

His eyes BOLT OPEN! Standing there, is their 3 year old son, Charlie. Lori's head stops bobbing underneath the covers.

CHARLIE
Where's Mommy?

JED
Uhm, I don't know. We're playing hide and seek.

Charlie points to Lori shaped lump under the comforter.

CHARLIE
I FOUND HER!

Lori emerges from under the covers, Mommy all the way.

LORI
Oh, you found me, sweety!

CHARLIE
I found you!

JED
Great job!

Lori lifts Charlie up.

JED (CONT'D)
Don't kiss him with that mouth.

Lori and Charlie exit, as Jed finishes his beer and waits. After a bit, Lori walks back in, brushing her teeth.

LORI
Do you need to finish tonight?

JED
Uh, need to?

LORI
I have to get up at 5:30. (Sexy) I promise, promise, promise to give you a blow job tomorrow night, ok?

JED
Can you pass me my iPad?

Jed stands up to go to the bathroom.

LORI
Why?

JED
I'm gonna take care of myself.

LORI
Oh, I'd rather you didn't. Save it for tomorrow, ok?

She kisses him, and then goes into the bathroom. Jed turns on a light and grabs his book. After a beat, Lori walks back out and gets into bed. She inserts foam ear plugs into her ears and puts a sleeping eye patch on top of her head.

LORI (CONT'D)
You're not gonna read now, are you?

JED
I can get you a helmet if the eye mask and ear plugs aren't enough.

LORI
What?

JED
I can get you a helmet...(Laughs) I always fall for that one.

Lori winks, as Jed turns off the light.

JED (CONT'D)
Good night.

On screen: "15 minutes later."

The sound of LOUD SNORING is heard in the darkness. Lori lifts her eye mask and listens. Then, she nudges Jed.

LORI
Jed, you're snoring. Roll over.

Jed rolls over and stops snoring. Lori lowers her eye mask. Jed starts snoring again. Lori lifts her eye mask again.

LORI (CONT'D)
Babe...can you go sleep in the living room?

Jed's done this before. He grabs his pillow, and his eye drops and walks out. He kicks the door shut.

LORI (CONT'D)
Thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jed throws his stuff onto the couch, and walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He grabs some paper towels and pumps a couple of squirts of lotion onto his hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He lays down and begins to masturbate. His fantasy...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FANTASY

Jed starts his car. Knock Knock. It's the hot waitress from the Mexican restaurant, holding a doggie bag. Lowers window.

WAITRESS
You forgot your food, Doctor.

JED
Oh, thanks.

WAITRESS
Hey, any chance you can give me a ride home? My shift's over and my car's in the shop.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - FANTASY

Jed's car pulls up in front of a dark suburban house.

WAITRESS
Oh shit. I left the lights off. Would you mind walking me in?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FANTASY

They walk in. The waitress turns on some lights, including the back porch light, which reveals a bubbling hot tub.

WAITRESS
I'm gonna hop in, if you'd care to join me. It's good for sore legs.

JED
Oh, I don't have a suit.

WAITRESS
You have boxers? (Jed nods) I'll go in, in my panties, if you promise to be good.

The waitress starts to peel off her shirt, as we CUT TO...

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT - FANTASY

Jed and the waitress are in the hot tub. The Waitress leans against him, grabbing two beers off the ledge, behind. Jed eyes her delectable nipples, inches from his face.

WAITRESS
Beer?

She kisses him and then pats the side of the tub. Jed slides out and sits there. Then, she pulls him out of his boxers.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Yum.

She takes a sip of beer, which she holds in her mouth, and then starts to go down on him. Jed holds her hair to get a better look at...

LORI (O.S.)
Really?

Jed opens his eyes to see his wife standing over the couch, holding a glass of water.

JED
Uh,...

LORI (CONT'D)
I don't see why you have to do that? It's not like I'm holding out.

JED (CONT'D)
No, I know, but it's perfectly natural.

LORI
(Sighs) I just don't want you, in here, fantasizing about other women.

JED
Babe, I was fantasizing about you.

LORI
Oh really? Tell me.

JED
Well, we were in a hot tub.

LORI
What hot tub?

JED
I don't...Just a generic one...And you were dressed in a really expensive Louis Vuitton gown...

LORI
In the hot tub?

JED
Well, you took it off...

LORI (CONT'D)
Oh please. Good night.

And she walks off. We hear her footsteps, and then a door close. Jed spits in his hand, and starts jerking off again, this time with his eyes open, looking for Lori.

TIME CUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jed wipes up with the paper towels, and walks into the kitchen. He thinks for a beat, before throwing the paper towels into the white can (recycling). He walks back to the couch and lays down. After a long beat, he begins to snore.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Lori is eating, and reading the New York Times, while Jed cuts a bagel. *The following conversation is totally playful.*

LORI
It's just much worse when you drink.

JED
I don't really drink that much.

LORI
Yeah, but if you drink anything, you snore.

JED
So, you want me to go sober?

LORI
No. I'm just worried that you're drinking because you <u>like</u> sleeping on the couch, so you can masturbate about other women.

JED
How can you...? This conversation is where logic went to die.

LORI
Grrrrr.

JED
What did you used to do, when we first started dating? You never had a problem and I drank way more.

LORI
(Bats her eyes) Well, I was moon eyed back then.

JED
(Not meaning it) So maybe you're not in love with me anymore.

LORI
Oh come here, honey. Are you not getting enough love?

Lori holds her arms out. Jed goes to her and they start kissing, when...

WHAM!

THE SOUND OF SOMETHING HITTING GLASS.

A look of annoyance crosses Jed's face. Lori lifts the paper again, as Jed walks out of the room. The camera follows him to the living room, where we see a large bay window. Outside, is a garden and woods. A quivering, near dead, Robin lays on the ground, near the window. A few feet away, two more dead birds lay on the patio. Jed exhales loudly.

JED
You got a robin this time!

LORI
If we can see glass, how come they can't?

Jed walks back into the kitchen.

JED
This has to stop. I'm putting up the owl sticker.

LORI
No, you're not. This is not a skateboard store. I'm not having stickers on the windows.

JED
This is the third one this month.

LORI
And how would I know that? From the three dead birds sitting out on our patio?

Jed eyes the twitching bird.

JED
It's still alive.

LORI
So put it out of its misery.

JED
What? Stomp on it?

LORI
Oh, right. You're afraid of birds. Why is that again?

JED
If a human, with its big brain, can go crazy and shoot up a mall, why can't a bird with its little brain go crazy and peck your eyes out?

LORI
(Poking fun) Do you really want me to do this for you?

JED
No. I want to put the sticker up so that they stop flying into the glass.

The birds stops twitching.

JED (CONT'D)
I'm leaving them there so you understand what you're doing.

LORI
What I *understand* is that I married a guy who's afraid to do a man's job and remove the dead birds.

Jed huffs into the garage, as Lori goes back to reading. After a long beat, Jed returns, holding a large *OWL STICKER*.

LORI (CONT'D)
No.

JED
You're presiding over an avian genocide.

LORI
It's called Natural Selection. Smart birds don't have a problem with it. It's the dumb birds who don't think, and pay the price.

Jed takes the owl sticker and sticks it to the bay window. Then, he walks back into the kitchen.

LORI (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna take it off. (Beat) Hey, can you go to the grocery store for me? The dinner tonight is pot luck. Write this down.

He pulls out his phone and starts typing the list.

LORI (CONT'D)
I need flour, shortening, a dozen Macintosh Apples, cinnamon...

JED
What're you making?

LORI
Bird pot pie. (Lori winks)

INT. GYM - MORNING

Jed is on the elliptical, at his gym, sweating, while watching *THE WALKING DEAD on his iPad.*

O.S. VOICE
What's up, buttface?

Jed turns to see his friend, STEVE, 30, who is getting onto the machine next to him. Single, Steve is a carouser. He's smart, funny, flirty and he loves, loves, loves new women.

STEVE
What're you watching?

JED
Walking Dead.

STEVE
Oh shit! Did you get to the part where the zombie kills that human dude and turns *him* into a zombie?

JED
(Laughs) This is a great show.

STEVE
No, I know. I gotta watch it. What're you doin' tonight?

JED
Uh, just a dinner party. At Fred's.

STEVE
Where's my invite?

JED
Well, it's not *my* dinner party, but you should swing by.

STEVE
You guys don't like me anymore?

JED
Pal, you're always invited, but you never come anymore.

STEVE
It's the wives, right? They don't like me.

JED
They love you. Just,...there won't be any single action there.

STEVE
Can I bring a date?

JED
Pretending it's my dinner party, sure. Is it Shauna?

STEVE
Shauna? No, no. Shauna is a gonna.

JED
Is there a new one?

STEVE
Yeah. She's...I met her on a flight back from New York.

JED
Don't tell me she's a flight attendant?

STEVE
Yeah. Virgin. I pretended I didn't know how to put a seat belt on, and she gave me a private demonstration.

JED
Mmm, Virgin has the hottest flight attendants. (British) Thank you, Sir Richard.

STEVE
I don't know if we can make it tonight, anyway. We're going downtown to a flight attendant party. (Wistful) Just me and a bunch of attractive 25 year old girls, contemplating our futures.

JED
Is it bad to work out with a hard on?

STEVE
(Laughs) You should come. Bring Lori.

JED
Yeah, we'll be there. We just have to pop by a sexy school teacher party first, so...

Steve laughs, as Jed plops his ear phones back in.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jed and Lori walk up the walkway of a nice, suburban house. Jed is holding a tray of Apple Empanadas in one hand, and a half eaten one in the other. They ring the bell.

LORI
Don't eat the empanadas.

She brushes crumbs off his face.

JED
They're delicious. You're delicious.

Jed pulls Lori in for a kiss. The door opens, revealing FRED, 33, Jed's close friend. Fred is smart and funny and an alcoholic, who smokes and drinks like he's just out of college. It can be a problem. It's his house.

FRED
Hello, love birds! Come in! God, you've got a beautiful wife.

Fred kisses Lori hello.

JED
Not on the lips. Not on the lips.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred leads Jed and Lori into the kitchen, where they see JOANNA, 30, Fred's wife, putting the finishing touches on a plate of hors d'oeuvres. Joanna is a knock out, whose quick wit sometimes cuts to the bone. You can't help but feel that Joanna may be out of Fred's league. Jo mostly smiles through her husband's growing alcohol issues.

LORI
Are we the first ones here?

JOANNA
Mike and Margaret are out back. You're not gonna believe what Margaret is wearing. Straight out of the preppy handbook, circa 1988.

LORI
I have some stuff in my closet that I think would shock you.

FRED
Who wants a drink besides me?

JED
You have vodka?

FRED
Do I have vodka? I have nothing but vodka. Lori?

LORI
Pinot Grigio.

FRED
I have that, too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred and Jed walk into the living room, to Fred's bar. Outside, is their friend, MIKE, 31, and his wife, MARGARET, 28. They're both smoking. Mike is 6'3", a great looking guy, but also sort of a dorky jock.

From Connecticut, Margaret is a preppy dresser, and already owns some "Mom jeans." She writes a *lifestyle blog*. Jed pops his head out and Mike smiles big, flipping him the bird.

MIKE
Hey, handsome.

MARGARET
Jed! Don't hate us for smoking. We're just having one.

JED
Not at all! I need customers.

MIKE
Smoking causes brain damage?

JED
Smoking causes everything.

MIKE
Eh, fuck it. I can live with a little dain bramage.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As they walk back into the kitchen, two more friends, BILL, 34, and ALISON, 30, enter. Bill is a funny, bossy, know it all. Alison is a smart, put together therapist, who is far more mischievous than she looks. Bill and Alison have kids, but are not married. She won't do it.

FRED
Big Billy and Alisonain Democracy!

Hugs and kisses.

BILL
(Re: drink) I want one of those!

FRED (CONT'D)
On my way!

Fred starts out of the room.

BILL (CONT'D)
Joanna, do you have some paper towels? I stepped in some shit in your yard. Not sure if it's dog or human.

ALISON
Might have been Fred's.

Laughs.

FRED (O.S.)
I HEARD THAT!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner is already in progress. People are sitting in couples. Bill and Alison, Jed and Lori, Mike and Margaret, Fred and Joanna. This is a tight group of friends.

BILL
Reality television is an American disaster. It's a celebration of our dumbest and our worst and...

ALISON
Oh, here we go.

BILL (CONT'D)
...It should be banned.

BILL (CONT'D)
If I were in charge of television, Reality would be banned. It's ruining the country.

ALISON
Oh come on. People like it.

BILL
But it's fake. It's all made up.

MARGARET
It's not <u>all</u> made up.

BILL
Remember Mark Cavanaugh? He "writes" for that show, America's Smartest Model.

LORI
Mark Cavanaugh? Really?

JED
Oh god! Mark Cavanaugh!

Everyone looks at Jed.

JED (CONT'D)
(Re: Lori) She dated Cavanaugh.

LORI
For like a week. (Beat) A week of non-stop passion.

Laughs.

MIKE
America's Smartest Model. That's the show where the models just sit around, drink Chardonnay and argue, right?

ALISON
Yeah. It should really be called "*Models Arguing.*"

MARGARET
And so he, what, writes what they say?

BILL
He sets up situations. Like he'll get a black model and then a racist, white model, and he'll get them both drunk and then inform them that they have to live in an apartment together with one bed.

FRED
Why one bed?

BILL
So they'll, hopefully, hook up.

JOANNA
I saw that one. The white one made a crack about Michelle Obama, and then the black one bitch slapped her, and they started wrestling.

FRED
Mucho lesbioso, baby!

MIKE
Tell me he's getting lucky.

BILL
Cavanaugh? He banged the racist one. Excuse my English.

Laughs.

ALISON
She looks like a coat hanger.

FRED
A fuckin' sexy coat hanger. She's a C.H.I.L.F.

FRED (CONT'D)
A coat hanger I'd like to fuck.

JOANNA
We get it.

ALISON
What else would you ban?

JED
How about texting and driving?
(Looks at Lori)

LORI
(Smiles) I don't text and drive.

JED
I didn't say you did.

LORI
You looked at me.

JED
I looked at you because you're a stone fox.

WOMEN
Awwwww.

MIKE
I read about this app that disables your phone when the car is moving over ten miles an hour.

LORI
Great. Now, all we need is an app that disables Jed's car after three drinks.

Laughter, "oooohs and aaaaahs."

JED
I weigh 200 pounds. I can drive a car on three drinks.

LORI
Ok, Doctor.

JED
And...we're taking a cab tonight.

FRED
I think it's actually kind of safer in a weird way. I mean everyone is just texting at red lights now. So, when the light turns green they're still just sitting there, which prevents them from getting T-boned by someone who's running a red light.

LORI
See? It's good for America! (Winks at Jed)

FRED
Hey if you two are taking a cab, tonight, you might as well start drinking like it. (Starts pouring)

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alison and Joanna exit a room, pulling the door shut behind.

ALISON
(Whispered) Your kids are yummy.

JOANNA
(Whispered) You can have them.

Laughs, as they move down the hall.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
We went to a birthday party today and they were just awful. They refused to leave before they got a crack at the damned donkey pinata. But the birthday boy was throwing a 15 or 20 minute hissy fit. So, I told my kids that the pinata was full of healthy snacks, which totally ruined it for them. And Mama won.

ALISON
Evil mama!

Laughs, as they stop outside the guest room.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Did you redo this room? It's so cozy.

JOANNA
You and Bill are welcome to spend the night? But you'd have to sleep with Fred. And he'll probably wet the bed.

ALISON
He sleeps in here?

JOANNA
(Jokey) Rubber sheets and all. This is my life! (Beat) I can't tell if he's drinking more or if his liver just stopped working. Does that happen?

ALISON
Why don't you ask Jed?

JOANNA
Because Jed's an enabler.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alison and Joanna walk in to see everyone hanging around, drinking. Steve is there with his date, JENNY, 24, who is young, hot and wearing a tight mini-dress with heels.

FRED
Look who stopped by!

JOANNA
Hey! Steve! (Hugs)

STEVE
Hey! This is Jenny.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Great to meet you. Why didn't you come for dinner?! We still have some food if you guys are hungry.

STEVE
Oh thanks. We're just gonna grab a quick drink and then head downtown for some sush. We have a party later.

ALISON
And how did you two meet?

JENNY
On the New York/Chicago red eye. I'm a flight attendant.

STEVE
And the crazy thing is, I missed my earlier flight because of traffic.

ALISON
(Fucking with them?) Wow! I guess it was fate.

Fred downs his wine and sloppily pours some more.

JOANNA
Honey, don't spill on the carpet.

FRED
Never!

JOANNA
But you are!

FRED
Ahhh, club soda!

STEVE
Freddy's goin' big!

Fred drunk-moves towards the kitchen, flipping Steve off behind his back, as Joanna smiles tightly.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Fred, Jed, Mike, Steve and Bill are getting high. Fred repeatedly tries to light a joint that won't light.

FRED
Fuck this...fucking joint...

BILL
Steve, may I say that Jenny has the most ridiculously perfect ass I have ever seen? Please tell me you didn't join the Mile high club? It would break my heart.

STEVE
Does a hand job under the blanket count?

JED
(Wistful) Mmm, I wanna hand job under a blanket.

FRED
Fuck this fucking joint!

JED (CONT'D)
I have a pipe.

FRED (CONT'D)
How long were you gonna let me go?

Jed hands the pipe to Fred, who starts tearing the joint apart and filling the pipe. Fred lights it, takes a monster hit and explodes in a fit of coughing/laughter. He coughs so hard, he stumbles to a bush, where he vomits bile.

JED AND MIKE
Oooooooh!

STEVE
Get the poison out.

Fred rinses him mouth with beer and spits it on the ground. He hands off the pipe and the other guys start smoking.

FRED
I did *not* get puke on it.

JED
Good man!

Joanna exits the house, with a tray of desserts.

JOANNA
Apple Empanadas? Lori made them.

Everyone grabs one. Fred, who is clearly off his rocker, grabs 3 with one hand and grabs Joanna's hip with the other, going in for a kiss.

FRED
(Sings) Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Empanada goes walking...

Joanna spins, easily avoiding Fred.

JOANNA
Did you throw up?

FRED
I don't think so.

STEVE
How's Jenny doing in there?

BILL
Yes! We all want to know!

JOANNA
She's charming us all with a master class on the push-up bra.

STEVE
Should I go rescue her?

JOANNA
Rescue us. Kidding! Kidding!

Joanna winks, and eyes the pot pipe.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Can I...?

Mike puts the pot pipe in her mouth and lights it. She inhales and winks at Mike.

FRED
(Cracking up) Bitch loves to hit the pipe!

The joke falls flat. Joanna exhales and walks back inside.

JED
How did you get a girl that hot?

FRED
Jed, I have no idea.

Everyone laughs through the slightly odd moment. Steve looks at his phone.

STEVE
We've gotta book. A whole crew of bisexual flight attendants awaits.

BILL, FRED AND JED
(Kidding) Fuck you! Asshole! Diiiiiiick!

STEVE
Hey, if any of you can get a hall pass...

Fred, Jed and Bill just stare, silent.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT, LATER

Everyone is outside now, sitting around on wooden deck chairs. Steve and Jenny have left.

BILL
We should go camping. Wisconsin.

JOANNA
Tents?

MIKE
Yeah, one tent for each married couple.

FRED
And one for Steve and whoever he's boning.

ALISON
We're not married, by the way.

Everyone groans. They've heard this tiny distinction before.

JOANNA
(Smiles) Oh, how can we forget? You're so free.

ALISON
(Taps mind) In here, we are.

BILL
Don't look at me! I want to get married.

MARGARET
Why don't we rent cabins? They've got luxury ones on Balsam Lake. It's called "glamping."

MIKE
No. We're sleeping in tents.

LORI
(To Jed) Hon, I love you to pieces, but I'm not sleeping in a tent with you. You can sleep with Bill.

BILL
No, no, hell no!

ALISON
Oh, he snores?

MIKE
(Re: Jed) This man, asleep, sounds like a dying pig. But the pig dies all night long.

FRED
And he sleeps with his eyes open.

BILL
Oh shit, yes! Pig zombie!

Mike, Fred and Bill do imitations of Jed as a dying zombie pig with its eyes open.

JOANNA
You know, I hear there's surgery for that. Teddy Epstein did it.

LORI
Snoring surgery? Jed?

MIKE
They'd have to cut off his entire head.

FRED
HEADLESS JED! YOU KNOW WHO YOU SHOULD GET TO DO THAT? DR. PHIL! CAN YOU IMAGINE IF HE WAS YOUR SURGEON? I MEAN, HE'S A NOT A REAL DOCTOR, RIGHT?!

JOANNA
Shhh. We have neighbors.

FRED
I MEAN HE WOULD SHIT HIMSELF IF HE HAD TO DO A SURGERY!

LORI
Dr. Phil <u>is</u> a doctor.

FRED
NO WAY! NO FUCKIN' WAY! THEY SHOULD JUST CALL HIM "PHIL!"

JOANNA
A little quieter, babe.

MARGARET
He has a PhD (Holds up iPhone) from University of North Texas.

FRED
JOANNA HAS A PhD TOO! (Off looks) PAPA HAS DOUGH!

Fred is the only one who laughs.

FRED (CONT'D)
(Slurring) I NEED ANOTHER EMPENADA. WHO WANTS ONE? NOBODY?!

LORI
They're all gone.

FRED
EMPANADAS! TONIGHT ON PHIL!

Fred turns to go inside, and WHAM! He slams into the sliding glass door, and down he goes. Spontaneous shock and laughter, as he pops back up, with a smashed nose, bleeding. He throws a fist in the air!

FRED (CONT'D)
I MEANT TO DO THAT!

Fred laughs and disappears into the house. As Joanna follows, she eyes the smear of blood on the sliding glass door. Lori looks at Jed.

LORI
(Smiles) Natural selection.

Jed laughs as his phone buzzes. He looks at it.

JED
And that's our cab. Who is the drunk driving hero?!

They hug everyone goodbye, as the rest of the group starts to get up to leave.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

They get into the back of the cab.

JED
Remember, we're picking up where we left off last night, right?

LORI
Oh right. What was that, again? A back rub? Or was it a foot rub?

JED
I think it was anal.

LORI
Ew. 8307 Pine.

The cab driver turns the meter on.

JED
Oh wait. I left my bowl in there. (To Cabbie) One second.

LORI
Tell Joanna I'll bring her tray back to her tomorrow.

Jed hops out and walks back up the street. He passes Mike and Margaret's car. He leans down and raps on the hood.

JED
Hey!

Jed notices that only Margaret is in the car.

MARGARET
Mike forgot his coat. And I still vote for glamping!

Jed laughs, as he walks towards Fred and Jo's house.

INT. JOANNA'S AND FRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jed walks in, to the living room, where he finds...Fred passed out, on his back, snoring loudly, on the couch, dried blood, caking around his REALLY SWOLLEN NOSE. Jed searches Fred's pockets and finds...his pipe, grasped in Fred's hand. Jed flips Fred over, so he's face down, and then walks down the hallway, towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jed grabs a bucket from under the sink and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jed walks back down the hallway towards the living room. He hears voices. Just then, the bathroom door creaks open a crack. In the mirror Jed can see Mike (Margaret's husband) sitting on the bathroom counter, while Joanna (Fred's wife) gives him head. Jed freezes for a beat, as he and Mike make eye contact. Jed quickly continues moving down the hall. Behind him, the bathroom door opens and Mike and Joanna come out, disheveled, but covering. Everyone freezes. In the pregnant pause...

MIKE
Hey, buddy.

JED
Lori is going to return your tray tomorrow.

JOANNA
Jed...?

But Jed just turns and walks away. Mike follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jed walks quickly through the living room, slowing just long enough to place the bucket under Fred's face, before exiting.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jed walks out of the house, followed quickly by Mike.

MIKE
Hey, dude, do we have band practice tomorrow?

JED
What?!

MIKE (CONT'D)
What?

JED (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

MIKE
Dude, we were just talking! It... she was crying about Freddy's alcoholism, and their marriage, and I was just comforting her...

JED
With your dick in her mouth?!

MIKE
No! That did not happen!

JED
I fucking saw you!

MIKE
No, you're mistaken.

JED
I am a guy! Do not "deny til you die" with me, asshole!

MIKE
Ok, shit. I feel terrible. I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me...She was crying and we hugged and then she kind of kissed me...

JED
And then you popped your cock in her mouth?

MIKE
Man, my wife's in the car.

HONK! HONK! They both eye Mike's car, where they see Margaret, jamming along in the car, oblivious.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I gotta go. I'll call you tonight. I'm sorry. I'll call you.

Mike gets into his car, kisses Margaret and drives off.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lori is still in the back seat. Jed opens the door.

LORI
What took you so long?

JED
Uh, nothing.

LORI
Did you tell Jo about the tray?

JED
Oh, no. I didn't see her.

LORI
Where was she?

JED
I don't know. Sleeping? (To Cab driver) Ok. We're good.

The cab pulls away, as Lori's phone buzzes. She reads.

LORI
It's Joanna. She says she had a great time and she loves us.

Lori texts back as Jed looks on. Angle on text: "Will bring you tray tomorrow. xoxox" Jed pulls Lori in for a kiss, but her phone buzzes again. She reads Joanna's text:

"*Jed told me. No problem.*" Lori shows the text to Jed.

LORI (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

JED
She must have read my note.

Lori raises an eyebrow.

LORI
Why're you acting weird?

JED
I'm not acting weird, I'm acting horny. Come here, you hot little creature.

He pulls her in and they start making out.

INT. JED AND LORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jed is wearing pajamas and slippers, brushing his teeth. He looks worried. Suddenly, Lori appears in the door way, wearing only a pair of panties. Mmm.

LORI
You ready for that blow job?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lori takes a sip of water, holding it in her mouth, before going down on Jed. Jed closes his eyes, enjoying it. BZZZZZZZ. Jed's phone lights up on the night stand. Jed reaches over and silences it. He gets back into it... Then, RING! RING! He reaches over and grabs the phone.

LORI
Is it the hospital?

JED
No, I'm sorry. I'm turning it off.

Jed reads the screen, as he turns the phone off.

LORI
Who needs to reach you so badly?

JED
It's no one. It's Mike.

LORI
You're not having an affair, are you?

JED
With Mike? (Small laugh) No.

He tosses the phone back onto the bed stand, and Lori continues to go down on him.

JED (CONT'D)
I love you, hon.

Lori stops for a second.

LORI
I love you too, weirdo.

Close on Jed's worried face.

EXT. JED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's quiet, except for Crickets. *"1 hour later" comes up on screen.* Then, the sound of LOUD SNORING.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens and Jed walks out, carrying a pillow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jed pours the last of a bottle of vodka into a glass of soda water and ice. He mixes it with his finger and then takes a long pull. He exhales, deep in thought. Then, he throws the empty vodka bottle into the black garbage can.

After a beat, he reaches in, retrieves the bottle and puts it into the white can. He can't help but feel that his whole world is about to change.

END.