KEEP IT TOGETHER

"Pilot"

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NETWORK DRAFT

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COLD OPEN

EXT. DEREK'S HOUSE - MORNING (D1)

RUBEN (6, ADORABLE, QUIRKY), WEARING A HELMET, IS PERCHED ON A BIKE THAT DEREK (32, FIT, ENERGETIC) HOLDS STEADY.

DEREK

Okay remember, when I let go, keep

your legs moving, your head straight,

and the rest will take care of itself.

All set?

RUBEN

Yep.

DEREK

Alright. Here... we... go!

DEREK LETS GO OF THE BIKE AND RUBEN DOESN'T MOVE -- SO IT TOPPLES OVER, ONTO THE GROUND. DEREK SCOOPS RUBEN UP.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh! You okay, little man? Look at

me. What's two plus two?

RUBEN

Seventeen.

DEREK

He's okay! (THEN) Now don't you worry.

I'm going to have you riding in no

time.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

(GETTING EMOTIONAL) Cruising down the sidewalk, all on your own, wind in your face, squeezing your little horn, (ALL CHOKED UP) *Oo-haa, Oo-haa*. (COMPOSES HIMSELF) Alright, we're done here. Get in the house.

RUBEN RUNS OFF-SCREEN.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Our house!

RUBEN RUNS BY DEREK IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

RESET TO:

INT. DEREK'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE (11, SHARP, FUN) SITS AT THE TABLE AS MIRCEA (28, MIXED RACE, SEXY, REFINED) STANDS BEHIND HER, DOING NICOLE'S HAIR. DEREK ENTERS AFTER RUBEN AND SETS THE BIKE DOWN IN THE CORNER OF THE KITCHEN.

DEREK

Hey, guys. (TO MIRCEA) Why you looking through her hair? You lose your keys again?

NICOLE

Miss Mircea's teaching me how to do braids.

DEREK

Wow. (KISSES MIRCEA) Congratulations. Looks like you found something to bond over.

NICOLE

And next time she comes over, the two of us are going to have a tea party.

MIRCEA

That’s right. What kind of tea should we serve, Nikki? *Lapsong souchong*, or *Bai Hao Oolong*?

NICOLE

(THROUGH FORCED SMILE) What's she saying, Daddy?

DEREK

(ALSO THROUGH FORCED SMILE) No idea, baby girl. Just change the subject.

NICOLE

Okay. How come Miss Mircea doesn't live with you?

DEREK

(BEAT, THROUGH FORCED SMILE) Change it again.

MIRCEA LAUGHS.

MIRCEA

I think what your daddy is trying to say is he’d like a little time to enjoy his newfound “space.” After all, it’s only been a few weeks since he and your mom finalized their, you know... divorce.

NICOLE

(SHOCKED) Divorce?! What?! No!

Why?! WHYYYYYYY!?...

AS NICOLE'S MELTDOWN CONTINUES, MIRCEA LOOKS AT DEREK, CONCERNED.

DEREK

That's just a joke she likes to do.

MIRCEA

Seems healthy.

DEREK

(TO KIDS) Come on now, run upstairs and get your things ready. Your mom will be here any second.

NICOLE AND RUBEN HURRY UPSTAIRS.

MIRCEA

Speaking of moving, is their mom still making noise about buying a place closer to here?

DEREK

(SIGHS) Yeah, she says driving back and forth is a hassle.

MIRCEA

Think she'll find out the house across the street is for sale?

DEREK

Not if I keep stealing these...

DEREK OPENS THE CLOSET, REVEALING A TON OF "FOR SALE" SIGNS. WE HEAR A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR AND HE QUICKLY CLOSES THE CLOSET.

MIRCEA

Here we go...

DEREK

Baby, come on. I know Lorraine is difficult, but now that the divorce is finally official she and I have agreed to start dealing with each other again, instead of just talking through our lawyers. (THEN) Look, all I want is some peace and harmony, so no matter how “Lorraine-y” she gets, can you please be nice to her?

MIRCEA

Derek, how many times do I have to remind you? I’m chill. Did I get upset that time you ran over my foot with your moped? Or when you did it again when you came back to see why I was crying?

DEREK

(HEADING TO THE DOOR) I know. It’s just that, so far, every time you guys get together, it’s always the same thing: a tense, five-word conversation.

MIRCEA

(SCOFFS) That is not true.

DEREK GIVES MIRCEA A LOOK, THEN FORCES A SMILE AND OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING LORRAINE (32, FEISTY).

DEREK

(PLEASANT) Hello, Lorraine! So wonderful to see you again.

LORRAINE

(LOOKS AT HER WATCH) Forty-eight seconds to open a door. (SHE ENTERS) And once again you didn't listen to me and have the kids ready like I asked. Now we're going to be late to the dentist, which will make us late to the mall where I've got to buy them shoes, which means I won't have time to make them a healthy, home-cooked meal. So, I guess the obvious question is: Why don't you want my babies eating vegetables?

DEREK

(BEAT, POLITE) And undoubtedly you remember Madame Mircea...

LORRAINE GIVES HIM A LOOK.

LORRAINE

Why you talking like a bitch?

LORRAINE MOVES TOWARD MIRCEA IN THE KITCHEN. THE TWO WOMEN REGARD EACH OTHER COOLLY, AS DEREK COUNTS OUT THEIR WORDS WITH HIS FINGERS:

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Hi.

MIRCEA

Hello.

LORRAINE

Kids coming?

MIRCEA

Yep.

NICOLE AND RUBEN COME BARRELING DOWN THE STAIRS AND HUG THEIR SMILING MOM. THEY AD LIB “MOMMY!”, “YAAAYYY!”, ETC.

LORRAINE

There are my babies! (KISSES NICOLE)

How you doing, pumpkin? (KISSES RUBEN)

Mr. Man.

MIRCEA NOTICES DEREK SMUGLY HOLDING UP FIVE FINGERS.

MIRCEA

Unless you want to start dating that

hand, I’d put it down right now.

MIRCEA WALKS OFF, THEN:

DEREK

(TO HIS HAND) Guess she hasn’t found

out about us.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE - SCENE A

INT. DEREK'S HOME STUDIO/OFFICE - DAY (D1)

MR. HARRIS (UNATHLETIC, MIDDLE-AGED) PACES BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF A WEIGHTED BARBELL, SMACKING HIMSELF ON HIS SHOULDERS AND HEAD TO PSYCH HIMSELF UP, AS DEREK LOOKS ON.

MR. HARRIS

Okay, okay, okay,... Let's do this...

That weight is going down!

DEREK

Yep, then right back up again. But

first you have to lift it.

MR. HARRIS

(STILL PACING) You hear that, barbell?

You're about to get owned! (HIS WATCH

BEEPS) Oh well, session's over.

MR. HARRIS QUICKLY WALKS OFF.

DEREK

But the smack talk's really coming

along. (THEN) Hey, Mr. Harris, before

you go, I wanted to talk to you about

an exciting new product I'm selling.

(HOLDS UP BOX) Presenting the future

of fitness technology... "Exer-Pants."

JUST THEN, STU (32, OVERWEIGHT, UNKEMPT -- A ZEN-LIKE ARMCHAIR PHILOSOPHER) OPENS A SLIDING DOOR AND ENTERS FROM DEREK'S ADJOINING LIVING ROOM, HOLDING SOME CRAYON DRAWINGS.

STU

Hey, Derek... I was just looking at

some of Ruben's drawings.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

Check it out, he made the sky green. And look what he drew for the handle of this suitcase: a wiener. (SINCERELY IMPRESSED) Keep an eye on that kid, buddy, he's got something special.

DEREK

Um, this is my best friend and brand new assistant, Stu. (BACK TO PITCH MODE) Now then, Exer-Pants make the simple act of walking a potent form of resistance training. That means you can get in shape just by---

DEREK IS INTERRUPTED BY A LOUD BLENDER. HE TURNS TO SEE STU OPERATING IT. DEREK SHOUTS OVER THE BLENDER:

DEREK (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

STU

MAKING MYSELF A SMOOTHIE!

STU TURNS OFF THE BLENDER.

STU (CONT'D)

Sounds like a motor boat. (TURNS BLENDER ON AND OFF AGAIN) Right?

DEREK TURNS TO MR. HARRIS.

MR. HARRIS

Yeah, I already have a lot of work-out clothes. See you next week.

MR. HARRIS EXITS. STU LOOKS DOWN, DEFEATED.

STU

I blew it.

DEREK

No, you didn't--

STU

No, Derek, I did. (RE: SMOOTHIE) I forgot the chocolate chips.

STU EXITS BACK INTO...

RESET TO:

INT. DEREK'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AS STU RUMMAGES THROUGH THE KITCHEN, DEREK ENTERS FROM THE HOME STUDIO AND WALKS OVER.

DEREK

Hey Stu, maybe next time you smoothie it up after I'm with a client?

STU

Fine by me. I don't even believe in exercise. I mean, if you really want to be healthy, isn't like 80% of it diet? (SPOTS SOMETHING) Ooh, Sno-Caps!

STU POURS A BOX OF SNO-CAPS INTO HIS SMOOTHIE AS DEREK NOTICES A LARGE BLUE SPONGE ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH.

DEREK

Oh man. Ruben left his sponge here. He can't sleep without this thing.

STU

A boy who sleeps with a sponge. The kid's amazing.

DEREK

(RE: SPONGE) I'm going to need you to take this over to Lorraine's.

STU

Really? You usually jump at the chance to see your kids.

DEREK

I know, it's just weird going back there now, having to deal with all the neighbors. They used to hear Lorraine and me fighting all the time and for some reason they think I'm the crazy one. I mean, I may be (PARTY VOICE) "crazy." But Lorraine's (WHISPERING) *crazy*.

STU

Come on, I've known you both since tenth grade choir. Lorraine's good people. Remember when my dad died? Who made me a memory board with all his mug shots?

DEREK

Well, do "good people" start nagging at you the second they step foot in your house? And it's only gotten worse since the divorce. You know what she accused me of this morning?

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hating vegetables! What was my nickname in high school?

STU

Brussel Sprout.

DEREK

Thank you! And last week she accused me of trying to turn all our friends against her.

STU

Like you're trying to do with me right now?

DEREK

Hey, we're just talking. Whatever you choose to think about that fork-tongued lady-goblin is your own business.

STU

Sounds like you guys need to have a talk about your feelings.

DEREK

Uh uh, see, the whole reason I got divorced was because I don't <u>want</u> to talk about my feelings with her.

STU

Fine. (TAKES SPONGE) I'll go. But first, I want to tell you a little story.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

(DEREK SIGHS) It’s the parable of Harry the Emotionally Repressed Otter...

DEREK

(GRABS SPONGE) Bye.

AS AN ANNOYED DEREK HEADS TO THE DOOR, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT ONE - SCENE B

EXT. OUTSIDE LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)

DEREK APPROACHES LORRAINE'S PORCH, SPONGE IN HAND, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

DEREK

...The man's always using talking animals to make a point. What the hell is an otter, anyway? Looks like an overgrown rat.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

An otter ain't a rat. You're the rat.

DEREK CONTINUES ON, TRYING TO IGNORE HER.

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Got a lot of nerve, returning to the scene of the crime.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #2 (O.S.)

Now what's he doing with Ruben's sponge? The boy can't fall asleep without it.

DEREK TURNS AND CALLS OFF TO THE NEARBY HOUSES.

DEREK

(TRYING TO BE POLITE) That's why I'm here. To give it back to him.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

And there's that stank cologne. Just hit me.

LORRAINE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

LORRAINE

Derek?

THE NEIGHBORS CHEER.

NEIGHBORS (O.S.)

Hey, Lorraine! / Thanks for the

cookies, Lo! / Just a beautiful woman.

LORRAINE SMILES AT THE NEIGHBORS SWEETLY.

LORRAINE

Thanks, everyone. Thank you.

DEREK ROLLS HIS EYES AND WALKS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Don’t let him in!

DEREK

(CALLING O.S.) Hey Paul, why don’t you

worry less about me, and more about

your brown-ass lawn!

RESET TO:

INT. LORRAINE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEREK ENTERS AS LORRAINE WAVES TO THE NEIGHBORS AND CLOSES THE DOOR. RUBEN RUNS IN.

RUBEN

Daddy!

DEREK

Hey, little man. (HIDES SPONGE BEHIND

BACK) Guess what I got.

RUBEN

My bike?

DEREK

Ha, good one. Guess again.

RUBEN

My bike?

DEREK

No... son, it's your sponge. (SOTTO, TO LORRAINE) Have you made that appointment with Dr. Weaver yet?

NICOLE ENTERS, HER HAIR NOW FULLY BRAIDED.

NICOLE

Hi, Dad.

DEREK

Check you out, baby girl. Those braids are looking nice.

NICOLE

And I did them all by myself. Just like Miss Mircea taught me.

LORRAINE

Um, sweeties? Could you leave Daddy and me alone for a second?

AS THE KIDS EXIT:

DEREK

No, no,... you know what? They don't have to leave. I'll go.

LORRAINE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. DEREK SIGHS, THEN FORCES A SMILE.

LORRAINE

You want to give me a explanation?

DEREK

I absolutely want to give you an explanation, Lorraine. About what?

LORRAINE

About your Mexican-Korean girlfriend teaching my baby girl how to braid.

DEREK

You think she's Mexican-Korean?

LORRAINE

I wanted to teach Nikki how to braid!

DEREK

No seriously, I'm asking, because I have no idea.

LORRAINE

I'm her mother. Me. And Ms. Super-Glam just strolls on in and steals my "mommy moment." (THEN) I want you to have a talk with that woman so this never happens again.

DEREK LOOKS AT LORRAINE. HIS SMILE FADES.

DEREK

You know what, Lorraine? No.

LORRAINE

"No?"... And why not? She might get upset? Could it be Miss Run-Over-My-Foot-Twice ain't as "chill" as she claims?

DEREK

Okay, first of all, her shoes were the same color as the driveway. And second, Mircea has a relationship with Nicole now, too. And I'm not going to ask her to think about what may or may not bother you every time she interacts with our kids. I'm sorry, Lorraine, but every day is another complaint with you and it's time I draw the line.

LORRAINE

Okay, then. Bring it.

DEREK

No. I will not "bring it." If we're going to be dealing with each other now, <u>one</u> of us has to be mature.

LORRAINE

Oh, see now you're making Lorraine angry.

DEREK

Okay, um, you know I don't like it when you go third person on me, because it's scary as hell.

LORRAINE

You think it's "mature" to never take Lorraine seriously? To never listen to what Lorraine has to say?

DEREK

Fine, then. Just let it flow...

LORRAINE

Course, you barely listened to Lorraine when you were married. Don't know why you'd start today.

DEREK

(SOTTO, TO HIMSELF) Now the neighbors are going to hear who the <u>real</u> maniac is...

WHILE LORRAINE RANTS, DEREK SLOWLY STARTS <u>OPENING THE WINDOW</u>.

LORRAINE

Working every damn day on your stupid Exer-Pants! Pestering those poor associate producers at "Shark Tank!"

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

(THROUGH THE WINDOW) You need me to come over, Lorraine? I can hear him yelling!

DEREK

What?! (YELLING OUT WINDOW, HIGH-PITCHED) How could you possibly think that was me?!

CUT TO:

ACT ONE - SCENE C

INT. DEREK'S HOME STUDIO/OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON (D1)

DEREK IS TALKING WITH STU IN THE OFFICE AREA.

DEREK

...And then she wanted me to “bring it,” but I refused.

STU

You are just like Harry. (OFF DEREK’S LOOK; EXPLAINING) The Emotionally Repressed Otter?

DEREK

Okay, for just one second, can you forget about otters? (THEN) I mean, “Mircea is stealing my mommy moments.” You believe that?

STU LOOKS AT DEREK FOR A BEAT, THEN:

STU

Well, now that you told me to forget about otters, they’re all I can think about.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AND DEREK OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL A FEDEX GUY, HOLDING A CLIPBOARD.

DEREK

Hey, what’s up, man?

FEDEX GUY

Nothing much. Sign here?

DEREK

(SIGNS; TAKES PACKAGE) Thanks, dude.

THE FEDEX GUY WALKS OFF.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(BACK TO STU) And I'll tell you where all her complaining is <u>really</u> coming from. Lorraine can't stand how quickly I moved on, because she's immature and her ego's bruised. But I can't deal with her nagging anymore, so what the hell am I supposed to do?

FEDEX GUY (O.S.)

Crack an egg in her purse!

STU TURNS AND IS SURPRISED TO SEE <u>THE FEDEX GUY DOING PULL-UPS ON THE EXERCISE EQUIPMENT</u>.

FEDEX GUY (CONT'D)

Or put some raw shrimp in her air vents. That'll funk up a room something good. (OFF STU'S LOOK) What's up?

DEREK

Oh my fault, that's Squeaky. I let him use the equipment when he wants.

SQUEAKY

(TO DEREK) You could also mess with her car. Nothing dangerous, just put a cup of sugar in her gas tank.

STU

Or... you could try putting yourself in Lorraine's shoes.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

Did you ever consider that maybe some of her complaints are legit and that you should listen to them?

DEREK

You're giving me advice? I just saw you eat a Cheeto out of the couch.

DEREK EXITS TO THE KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. STU FOLLOWS.

RESET TO:

INT. DEREK'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEREK POURS HIMSELF SOME JUICE, AS STU WALKS OVER.

STU

Look, Brussel Sprout, at least have some sympathy. When your ex starts dating again, even if you don't love them anymore, it's gotta sting. Especially if they're with some exotic Brazilian-Mongolian--

DEREK

Okay, hold up, hold up. (CURIOUS) You think she's Brazilian-Mongolian? (THEN) Know what, doesn't matter. If you're a grown-up, you deal with it.

ANGLE ON SQUEAKY, LOUNGING IN A CHAIR, MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.

SQUEAKY

You could also break the heels off all her shoes.

STU

Don’t you have a route to finish?

SQUEAKY

Three words: Pick. Up. Center.

DEREK'S COMPUTER BEEPS AND DEREK HITS A BUTTON. NICOLE AND RUBEN POP UP ON DEREK’S SCREEN.

NICOLE/RUBEN (ON COMPUTER)

Hi, Daddy!/Hiiiiiiiiii!

DEREK

Hey, guys. What’s going on?

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Mommy’s taking us to Dave & Buster’s

for dinner.

DEREK

Sounds like fun.

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

And her boyfriend’s coming too!

SQUEAKY

(CONCERNED) Mmmmmmmmmm.

DEREK IS CLEARLY RATTLED BY THIS NEWS, BUT TRIES TO SEEM UNFAZED.

DEREK

Your-- Your mama’s got a boyfriend?

LORRAINE (O.S., FROM COMPUTER)

Come on, children. Time to go.

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Yeah. His name is “Chip.” Bye, Dad!

THE KIDS’ CHAT WINDOW VANISHES FROM DEREK’S SCREEN.

DEREK

"Chip?" He gotta be a white dude?

STU

(PULLS CHEETO FROM COUCH) What's wrong with white dudes? (HE EATS IT)

MIRCEA HAPPILY ENTERS FROM THE FRONT DOOR, HOLDING SEVERAL TAKE-OUT FOOD BOXES.

MIRCEA

Surprise! (KISSES DEREK) I seated a couple who had to leave before their food came, so their loss is our romantic dinner for two!

SQUEAKY

You smell delicious.

STU

(RE: BOXES) What do we got going here?

MIRCEA

Let's see, roasted rack of lamb with glazed peas, basil baby potatoes in *sauce béarnaise*, and for dessert, cinnamon *créme brulee*. (OFF STU AND SQUEAKY'S BLANK STARES) And bread.

STU/SQUEAKY

Oooh, bread./I love bread.

MIRCEA

(TO DEREK) You okay, baby?

SQUEAKY

Nuh-uh. Baby just found out his wife's got a new man.

MIRCEA

(TO DEREK) What, are you jealous?

DEREK

You kidding? This might finally get her off my back. (THEN) Why? Are you nervous that I'm jealous?

MIRCEA

(HIGH-PITCHED) Nope! (CLEARS THROAT; CALM) Not at all.

MIRCEA KISSES DEREK AND TAKES THE BOXES INTO THE KITCHEN.

SQUEAKY

Aw, man, what if Chip teaches your kids to like white people things? Like finger sandwiches, or gangsta rap?

STU

We also like those "Keep Calm and Carry On" shirts, but we like to twist the "Carry On" part.

DEREK

(BEAT) You know what? I'm going down to Dave & Buster's to check this guy out.

STU

Ah, <u>now</u> who's being immature?...

DEREK

(CALMLY, PUTTING ON COAT) Actually, Stuart, quite the opposite. Squeaky has a point. This man is going to be around my children and I don't know the first thing about him. As a responsible father, it's my duty to go down there and meet the guy.

<u>DEREK EXITS</u>.

STU

Yeah, <u>that's</u> why he's going.

STU AND SQUEAKY STAND IN SILENCE FOR A BEAT, THEN:

SQUEAKY

How 'bout "Keep Calm and Pass The Bacon?"

STU

Ha! See? I love that.

FADE OUT.

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO - SCENE D

INT. DAVE & BUSTER'S RESTAURANT - EVENING (N1)

IT'S A CHUCK-E.-CHEESE/SPORTS-BAR ESTABLISHMENT, WITH ADULTS AND KIDS MILLING ABOUT. DEREK ENTERS AND SEES LORRAINE AT A BOOTH. (NICOLE AND RUBEN ARE PLAYING IN A BALL PIT IN THE B.G.)

DEREK

Well, hello, Lorraine.

LORRAINE

(SIGHING) ...for the third time today.

DEREK

Uh huh. It's just that the children told me you had a new boyfriend.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

Tell him to get lost, girl!

DEREK LOOKS OFF CAMERA TO ANOTHER ROW OF BOOTHS.

DEREK

(TO FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1) Seriously?! Do you just follow her around all day?

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

You mean like you?

LORRAINE

Wait. So you hear about Chip and the first thing you do is come running down here? And I'm the immature one?

DEREK

I just want to meet the man because he's going to be around my kids, okay? By the way, is he... white?

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

His name's "Chip," dumbass!

DEREK

(TO OFFSCREEN NEIGHBORS) Oh, I see, y'all got a table together. That's nice.

LORRAINE

Your kids? (SCOFFS) You want to meet the man so you can find something wrong with him. Well, go ahead, he's over by the bar.

DEREK

Thank you.

AS LORRAINE WALKS OFF, DEREK STRUTS OVER TO THE BAR AREA.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(TO WHITE GUY #1) Chip? (TO WHITE GUY #2) Chip? (TO WHITE GUY #3) Chip? (TO BLACK GUY) 'Sup, man. (TO WHITE GUY #4) Chip?

DEREK STOPS AT THE CORNER OF THE BAR, NEXT TO A TEENAGER PLAYING A VIDEO GAME.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hey, you know anyone here named Chip?

TEENAGER

One sec. (FINISHES GAME, THEN) Check out the high score.

DEREK LOOKS AT THE VIDEO GAME'S SCREEN.

DEREK

(READING) Fifty-one million... by...

Chip?

CHIP

Or Charles. Charles Sahoy. (EXTENDING HAND) Nice to meet you.

DEREK

Your name is Chip Sahoy?

CHIP

Oh my god. Derek, right? Lorraine's ex-husband. This is so great!

DEREK

Yeah. (THEN) I'm sorry. Are you, like, seventeen?

CHIP

Nope, twenty-five. Man, why do people always think I'm so young?

CHIP GLIDES OFF ON HIS WHEELED SNEAKERS (THE KIND YOU SEE KIDS GLIDING AROUND IN AT THE MALL).

CHIP (CONT'D)

Come on, let's grab a drink!

AS DEREK, STUNNED, FOLLOWS AFTER HIM, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT TWO - SCENE E

INT. DEREK'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - EVENING (N1)

CLOSE ON TWO PLATES, WHICH HOLD MIRCEA'S ROMANTIC DINNER FOR TWO. PULL BACK TO REVEAL SQUEAKY AND STU ENJOYING THE DINNER.

STU

This is goooooooood.

SQUEAKY

It's like the lamb is making love to

my tongue, while the peas and potatoes

are in the corner of my mouth

watching, pleasuring themselves.

STU TURNS TO MIRCEA, WHO IS ON THE COUCH, LOOKING TENSE, READING KANT'S "A CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON."

STU

There's still some marrow left in my

lamb bone if you want to suck it out.

MIRCEA

(GROSSED OUT) I'm good.

SQUEAKY

(TO STU) Bring that mess over here.

STU HANDS SQUEAKY THE BONE, AS MIRCEA ANXIOUSLY REMOVES TWO LARGE NEEDLES AND SOME YARN FROM HER PURSE AND STARTS TO KNIT. STU PICKS UP HIS PLATE AND WALKS OVER.

STU

Hey, I wouldn't worry too much. He

probably just lost track of the time.

(RE: KNITTING) Wow. You're really

fast. What are you, like, a nervous

knitter?

MIRCEA

I'm *crocheting*. And I'm not nervous, I'm bored. (THEN) I'll make you something. What do you want?

STU

Oh. Thanks, but I don't need any--

MIRCEA

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

STU

(STARTLED) A hat! I want a hat!

MIRCEA

Fine.

STU WATCHES FOR A BEAT AS MIRCEA KNITS FURIOUSLY, THEN:

STU

Okay. Mircea, as you know, I'm a student of the human condition. I prefer not to focus on people's outward appearances...

SQUEAKY

Spoken like a true fatty.

STU

...but rather, their souls.

MIRCEA

You want it to have one of those ball thingies on the top?

STU

Oooh, yeah! (CONTINUING) Look, I get that you like to seem cool and in control, but I know what's going on here. You're a former model, you've travelled the world, dated CEO's and NBA all-stars... All very exciting at first, but eventually shallow and tiresome.

SQUEAKY

Yo, Mircea. Mircea. (OFF MIRCEA'S LOOK) You date Dwayne Wade?

MIRCEA SIGHS, IGNORING HIM.

STU

(CONTINUING) But now you're with Derek, who's not like all those other guys. Derek's got depth. So, for a change, you're invested. And, when Derek bails on dinner, it hurts.

THIS CLEARLY HITS HOME WITH MIRCEA.

SQUEAKY

I'd date Dwayne Wade. Brother can play.

STU

But what hurts even more is the gnawing suspicion that Lorraine still has some kind of hold on him that you'll never be able to match.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

(MIRCEA STOPS KNITTING) But guess what? I'm his best friend and I promise you: Derek's moved on, Mircea. He's crazy about you.

MIRCEA LOOKS AT STU, HOPEFUL.

MIRCEA

You think so?

STU

I know so.

SQUEAKY

He's right, girl. I mean, yes, it's a fact that you can only have one true love in your life, and yes, odds are Derek's true love was Lorraine, and yes, they have a ton of chemistry because with that much passion in their arguments can you imagine what the sex was like?...

SQUEAKY GETS A FAR-OFF LOOK IN HIS EYES, WHILE HE CONSIDERS DEREK AND LORRAINE'S SEX LIFE. AFTER A BEAT:

STU

But?...

SQUEAKY

Oh, most definitely butt.

NERVOUS AGAIN, MIRCEA RESUMES KNITTING FASTER THAN EVER, AS WE:

CUT TO:

ACT TWO - SCENE F

INT. DAVE & BUSTER'S BAR - LATER (N1)

DEREK, STILL STUNNED, STARES ACROSS A TABLE AT CHIP, WHO IS TALKING ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

CHIP

...But see, in the DC Comics universe, that would never happen, because Aquaman wouldn't be capable of time travel. In the Marvel universe, maybe, because Marvel is lame. (OFF DEREK'S SILENCE) Uh oh, now's when you tell me you're a Marvel fan, and I'm all (PLAY-ACTING) "*Noooooooooooo!*" And then you're all like (PANTOMIMES THROWING PUNCHES) *BOOOOOJ! BOOOOJ! BOOOOJ!* And I'm like "*Whyyyyyyyyyy?!*"

DEREK

(BEAT) So... where did you and Lorraine meet?

CHIP

At the nursing home where she works. I'm a sales rep at the Abercrombie across the street, and I'd drop by on my lunch hour to visit my Poppy.

DEREK

"Poppy." That's white for "grandpa," right?

CHIP

Yep. Lorraine is always so sweet to him... Anyway, she and I would talk and pretty soon we got to know each other. Which was great because that's one of my rules: be friends with a person before you start dating them.

DEREK

Friends, huh? That's a good rule. Looks like you're more grown-up than I thought.

CHIP

Thanks. (TO WAITRESS) Chocolate milk, please.

DEREK

(REACTS; THEN, TO WAITRESS) Beer.

THE WAITRESS WALKS OFF.

CHIP

So, Lorraine told me about "Exer-Pants."

DEREK

Here we go...

CHIP

And I went to your web site. I've got to say... they're probably the best forty dollars I ever spent in my life!

CHIP PULLS UP HIS SHIRT A LITTLE TO REVEAL <u>HE'S WEARING A PAIR OF EXER-PANTS</u>.

DEREK

(MOVED) You're-- you're wearing my Exer-Pants. (TO BAR) You hear that people?! THIS BOY IS IN MY PANTS!

CHIP

Shhhhhhh! If Lorraine found out, I'd never hear the end of it. But, God help me, it really is the best way to exercise...

CHIP (CONT'D)

...your torso, hips, butt, calves and thighs.

DEREK

...your torso, hips, butt, calves and thighs!

DEREK

Exactly! (THEN) Chip, I don't think I've ever loved a man as much as I love you right now. (NOTICES LORRAINE NEARBY) Lorraine! Get on over here, girl!

LORRAINE WALKS OVER, SUSPICIOUS.

LORRAINE

What.

DEREK

Well, you have picked yourself a winner. Chip Sahoy is a wonderful man.

CHIP

Thanks, Derek. You're pretty awesome too.

DEREK

Awww, thanks buddy. You see that, Lorraine? Mature divorced people can get along with their ex's new flames.

ANNOYED, LORRAINE LOOKS AT DEREK AND GETS AN IDEA:

LORRAINE

You're right. Chip is a wonderful man. He's bright and optimistic and his heart's as pure as snow. (SITS IN CHIP'S LAP) Not to mention his stamina.

LORRAINE GIVES CHIP A BIG, SEXY KISS. DEREK, BEAMING, HOLDS UP HIS CELL PHONE AND SNAPS A PICTURE.

DEREK

You know what? I'm gonna Vine this. Kiss him again.

LORRAINE GLARES AT DEREK, FURIOUS THAT SHE'S LOST THIS ROUND.

LORRAINE

You kiss him!

LORRAINE ANGRILY STOMPS OFF. AFTER A BEAT, DEREK KISSES CHIP.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO- SCENE G

INT. DEREK'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)

DEREK IS AT THE COMPUTER WITH A CUP OF COFFEE. MIRCEA ENTERS FROM THE FRONT DOOR, TREPIDATIOUS BUT TRYING TO SEEM CALM.

DEREK

There she is, the most understanding girlfriend in the world. Baby, again, I am so sorry for bailing on you.

MIRCEA

Derek, you needed to meet the guy. I told you last night, I get it. So, are Lorraine and Chip a cute couple?

DEREK

The cutest. Check it out.

DEREK SHOWS MIRCEA HIS COMPUTER SCREEN: THE DESKTOP PHOTO IS THE PICTURE OF LORRAINE AND CHIP KISSING.

MIRCEA

Awww.

DEREK

Also made a mug.

DEREK REVEALS THE SAME PHOTO OF LORRAINE AND CHIP ON HIS COFFEE MUG. IT READS "LORRAINE AND CHIP 4-EVA."

MIRCEA

Wow. You really are cool with her having a boyfriend.

DEREK

Yep. Turns out my gorgeous, supermodel girlfriend has nothing to worry about.

MIRCEA

(SARCASTIC) Careful. I just might

break into a victory dance.

DEREK LAUGHS AND TURNS HIS BACK, AS MIRCEA SECRETLY BREAKS INTO A DORKY, JOYFUL VICTORY DANCE.

DEREK'S COMPUTER BEEPS. HE HITS A BUTTON AND NICOLE APPEARS ON SCREEN.

DEREK

Hey, little girl.

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Daddy, Daddy, look what Ruben can do!

ON THE COMPUTER, WE SEE RUBEN RIDING HIS BIKE IN LORRAINE'S BACKYARD.

DEREK

Whoa, look at that! My boy's riding a

bike! I told him he'd get it!

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Yeah, Chip taught him this morning!

DEREK'S FACE DROPS.

DEREK

Chip... taught him?

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Uh huh. He told Ruben to pretend his

bike was a duck.

MIRCEA

And that worked?

DEREK

(TO MIRCEA) The boy's not right.

NICOLE (ON COMPUTER)

Gotta go now, bye!

NICOLE'S CHAT WINDOW DISAPPEARS FROM THE COMPUTER, AS DEREK SITS, CRESTFALLEN.

MIRCEA

Hey... You okay?

DEREK WALKS OVER TO RUBEN'S BIKE AND LOVINGLY STROKES THE HANDLEBARS.

DEREK

Yeah. It's just, I was looking forward to being there for the big moment. Ruben cruising down the road... *I'm doing it, Daddy! I'm doing it!* (GETTING CHOKED UP) Squeezing his little horn...

DEREK SQUEEZES THE HORN ON RUBEN'S BIKE. IT MAKES A WEIRD "ZAA-ZONK, ZAA-ZONK" SOUND.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(RE: HORN) In my head it sounded different.

MIRCEA

Well, I'm sure if Chip knew that you'd been working with him...

DEREK

You're right. Chip didn't know.

(THEN, REALIZING) But Lorraine did.

MIRCEA

Derek--

DEREK

What? She must've put Chip up to it!

MIRCEA

Why would she do that?

DEREK

Why would she ask for my underpants in the divorce? She's a thug! (GETTING HIS COAT) Oh, it is on. I could deal with the nagging, but now she's crossed the line.

MIRCEA

Baby, hold on. What about peace? What about harmony?

DEREK

They're a couple of bitches.

DEREK EXITS, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. NERVOUS, MIRCEA INSTINCTIVELY REMOVES THE NEEDLES AND YARN FROM HER PURSE AND BEGINS TO KNIT. AFTER A BEAT, SHE LOOKS OFF PENSIVELY:

MIRCEA

I wonder what Dwayne's up to.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE - SCENE H

INT. NURSING HOME PATIENT ROOM - DAY (D2)

LORRAINE STANDS OVER A BED, QUIETLY TUCKING IN A SLEEPING AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, MR. SIMON.

LORRAINE

There you go, Mr. Simon. Finally off to Never-Never Land...

DEREK (O.S., FROM HALLWAY)

Lorraine! Where's Lorraine at?!

LORRAINE RECOGNIZES DEREK'S VOICE AND ROLLS HER EYES.

LORRAINE

(WHISPERING TO MR. SIMON) Take me with you.

DEREK SPOTS LORRAINE FROM THE HALL.

DEREK

Hey! I need to talk to you!

HE STORMS IN.

LORRAINE

(LOUD WHISPER) Keep your voice down! I just spent the last twenty minutes singing this man to sleep!

DEREK

(LOUD WHISPER) You told Chip to teach Ruben how to ride a bike! You were so upset about the braids and losing your precious "mommy moment," you just had to turn it back on me!

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

And don't even <u>think</u> about denying it, because I know with every fiber of my being that it's true!

LORRAINE

It <u>is</u> true.

DEREK

(SHOCKED) WHAT?! IT'S TRUE?!

LORRAINE

Uh huh. (ANGRY) <u>Now</u> you know how it feels!

MR. SIMON STIRS. LORRAINE QUICKLY TURNS TO HIM:

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(SINGING GENTLY) *Each day through my window I watch her as she passes by...*

MR. SIMON SETTLES BACK DOWN, AND GOES TO SLEEP.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

So maybe the next time I tell you something is upsetting me, instead of acting all pompous and calling me immature, you'll listen!

DEREK

But you did this <u>on purpose</u>! That's so messed up!

MR. SIMON STIRS. DEREK QUICKLY TURNS TO HIM:

DEREK (CONT'D)

(SINGING GENTLY) *I say to myself, I am such a lucky guy...*

LORRAINE

Oh, that's messed up? Like the time we were in Hawaii and I had the flu? And you drag me five miles down the beach because you thought you saw Rerun? But it turned out to be some fat-ass Samoan in a beret?!

MR. SIMON STIRS.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(SINGING GENTLY) *To have a girl like her is truly a dream come true...*

MR. SIMON SETTLES BACK DOWN.

DEREK

Oh, we reminiscing? 'Cause I can recall a time, the day before, when I was parasailing and you're at the front of the speed boat, flirting so hard with the captain that you didn't realize my rope had come loose.

LORRAINE

It was loud!

DEREK

Uh huh. And ya'll didn't notice that I had left the boat? Flying over downtown Honolulu like a flailing black cockatoo?!

MR. SIMON STIRS.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(SINGING GENTLY) *Out of all the fellas in the world, she belongs to me...*

MR. SIMON SETTLES BACK DOWN.

LORRAINE

You know what? All this? The yelling and fighting? It ain't worth it! We should just go back to how it was when were getting divorced, and communicate through our lawyers.

DEREK

I'll do that. I will definitely do that. I don't know why we thought we could get along. I don't even know why we got together in the first place!

MR. SIMON STIRS, MORE WIDE AWAKE THAN EVER. DEREK AND LORRAINE QUICKLY TURN AND SING TO HIM:

DEREK/LORRAINE

(HARMONIZING BEAUTIFULLY) *But it was just my 'magination, once again... Running away with me... Tell you it was just my 'magination... Running away with me.*

MR. SIMON FALLS BACK ASLEEP, AS DEREK AND LORRAINE LOOK AT EACH OTHER, BOTH TAKEN ABACK BY HOW AMAZING THEY SOUNDED. PATIENTS AND NURSES, WHO HAVE GATHERED IN THE HALL, APPLAUD.

DEREK

(TO APPLAUDING CROWD) Thank you.

Thanks, guys...

DEREK UNCEREMONIOUSLY CLOSES THE DOOR ON THEM, THEN WALKS BACK TOWARDS LORRAINE. THEY'VE BOTH CALMED DOWN.

DEREK (CONT'D)

That wasn't half bad.

LORRAINE

Well, you were a little off-key...

(OFF HIS LOOK) Okay, fine, we sounded pretty good. Makes you wonder why we can't always work that well together.

DEREK

Yeah. (BEAT) You know, Chip said something at the bar that really stuck with me -- how it's important to be friends with the person you're dating. Maybe that's our problem. We never had that.

LORRAINE

(NODS) Hot and heavy from the day we met in high school.

DEREK

And probably not a great idea to have a graduation-slash-wedding day.

LORRAINE

You kidding me? When was the next time I was going to find you in a tie?

DEREK

(SMILES, THEN) It's like, we know how to be in love with each other and how to hate each other, but I have no idea how to be your friend.

LORRAINE

Me neither. (THEN) But now there's two beautiful children involved. Derek, we have to try.

DEREK

I know. (DEEP BREATH) In fact, here goes... Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Yes, Derek?

DEREK

As your *friend*... Woo! Felt weird coming out of my mouth... As your *friend*, I should admit when you're right. And it's true: I haven't really heard anything you've been telling me lately. Or, it's like, I've heard it, but while you're talking, I'm too busy imagining what you'd look like with no mouth -- just eyes, nose and kind of like a membrane that lets you breathe, but prevents sound from escaping.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

(THEN) But I felt your pain of missing a moment, and I get it now. So from here on out, if you come to me with a problem, I won't just dismiss it. Mommy moments, having the kids ready on time, whatever it is... I'll listen.

LORRAINE

Thank you. (DEEP BREATH) And... as <u>your</u>... (STRUGGLING) *frie...*

DEREK

You can say it. Think about baseball.

LORRAINE

As your friend, I should admit that I've been talking at you a lot. Sometimes just because I'm angry and you're the closest one around. So, from now on, I'll try and pick my battles.

DEREK

(NODS) See? Easy.

LORRAINE

Yeah. I kind of like this.

DEREK

Me too! Okay, check it out... As your friend, I get that all the driving back and forth to pick up the kids has been hard on you.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

So, I will tell you that the house across the street from me is for sale.

LORRAINE

That big one? With the oak tree in the front?!

DEREK

Yup!

DEREK TURNS AWAY FROM LORRAINE AND MOUTHS “WHAT AM I DOING?!”

LORRAINE

Oh, Derek, that’d be perfect! Thank you! Ooh, I’m going to go call the realtor!

LORRAINE GLEEFULLY EXITS. AFTER A BEAT, DEREK TURNS TO THE SLEEPING MR. SIMON.

DEREK

What do you think? Biggest mistake of my life?

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A FLATLINE.

DEREK (CONT’D)

Okay, I’m sure that’s not a bad omen or anything.

AS A NURSE AND AN ORDERLY RUSH IN WITH A CRASH CART, AND TEND TO MR. SIMON:

DEREK (CONT’D)

Nah, I’m sure that’s not a bad sign at all...

CUT TO:

ACT THREE - SCENE I

INT. DEREK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)

DEREK ENTERS TO FIND MIRCEA, WEARING AN ELABORATE KNIT, COTTON SWEATER, SITTING ON THE COUCH. SHE'S STILL KNITTING.

DEREK

Wow. You knit that sweater yourself?

MIRCEA

Uh huh. And this purse. And these socks. And this cover for your barbecue. (AS DEREK TAKES A SEAT) So, how'd it go with Lorraine?

DEREK

Actually? Really well. In fact, I told her the house across the street was for sale and she made an offer and... they accepted.

MIRCEA

Oh. That's cool, that's cool, I'm chill... Whatever. (THEN) But now that your ex-wife will be living across the street, can I ask you one tiny question?

DEREK

Shoot.

MIRCEA

Okay. (DEEP BREATH) Well, it's kind of about how you felt connected to Lorraine when you were married...

(MORE)

MIRCEA (CONT'D)

(INCREASINGLY NERVOUS AND RAMBLING)

and maybe still feel connected because she's deep, and passionate and interesting, and what am I? Pretty? (SCOFFS) Yeah, that's impressive. (THEN) But I'm sophisticated, too. I mean, I read frickin' Kant. I don't understand a word of it, but at least I'm making an effort. You think Kate Upton is making an effort? No, I don't think I'm as hot as Kate Upton! Why would you even say that?

DEREK

Baby, wait, wait,... you're unravelling.

MIRCEA

I know, it's just--

DEREK

No, I mean over here. By your elbow.

DEREK INDICATES A BUNCH OF STRINGS COMING LOOSE ON MIRCEA'S SWEATER. HE TIES THEM IN A LOOSE KNOT, THEN:

DEREK (CONT'D)

Now, look at me. You are so much more than a pretty face. Just the fact that you're even thinking about this stuff proves that you're a genuine, thoughtful woman. And that's why I love you.

MIRCEA

Really?

DEREK

Really. Plus, whenever I get emotional, you don't call me a "little bitch."

MIRCEA LAUGHS, RELIEVED.

MIRCEA

I love you, too.

SHE GIVES DEREK A KISS, THEN:

DEREK

And remember, Lorraine may be living across the street but, in this house, it's going to be about <u>you</u> and <u>me</u>.

AS THEY KISS AGAIN, THE DOOR TO THE HOME STUDIO OPENS AND <u>SQUEAKY ENTERS, NAKED</u>. (HE HOLDS A YOGA BALL TO COVER HIS PRIVATES.)

SQUEAKY

(WHISPERING) Derek... Derek!

DEREK

Whoa! What?!

SQUEAKY

You got a condom, man? (THEN, TO MIRCEA) Nice sweater.

FADE OUT.

<u>END OF SHOW</u>

TAG

EXT. LORRAINE'S NEW HOUSE (BACKYARD) - DAY (ONE MONTH LATER)(D3)

A HOUSEWARMING PARTY IS IN FULL SWING. DEREK, STU AND SQUEAKY STAND NEAR THE BARBECUE, EATING.

STU

(LOOKING AROUND) Wow. Lorraine got herself a pretty great house.

SQUEAKY

Yeah. (SLYLY) It'd be a shame if someone put a bullfrog in her sock drawer.

DEREK

You know we made up, right?

SQUEAKY

Would you excuse me?

SQUEAKY QUICKLY EXITS INTO THE HOUSE. ANGLE ON LORRAINE AT THE BUFFET TABLE, LOOKING UP AT A TREEHOUSE WHERE NICOLE, RUBEN AND CHIP ARE PLAYING.

LORRAINE

Food's ready! Time to come down!

NICOLE/RUBEN/CHIP

(POUTY) Awwwwww....

LORRAINE TURNS TO MIRCEA, WHO IS HOLDING AN EMPTY PLATE.

LORRAINE

Hot dog?

MIRCEA

Please.

LORRAINE

Mustard?

MIRCEA

No, thanks.

ANGLE BACK ON DEREK AND STU, WHO'VE WITNESSED THIS EXCHANGE.

DEREK

(SMILES) Six words. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

DEREK HAPPILY WALKS TO THE CORNER OF THE YARD WHERE HE GRABS A BEER FROM A COOLER.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

Don't you think you've had enough?

DEREK RECOGNIZES THE VOICE AND LOOKS UP IN SHOCK.

DEREK

What?! This is impossible! You don't live on this street!

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

Says who?

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

The house next door was up for sale too.

DEREK

(TO MALE NEIGHBOR) How can <u>you</u> be here?!

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #2 (O.S.)

She can't have people over?

<u>DEREK MOVES OFF</u>, RATTLED. AFTER A LONG BEAT:

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1 (O.S.)

This is gonna be fun.

FADE OUT.

<u>END OF SHOW</u> *