UNTITLED ROTTENBERG & ZURITSKY PILOT

"Too Many Balls in the Air"

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Based on the Israeli series "Mother's Day"

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CBS Television Studios
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NETWORK DRAFT
January 15, 2013

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TEASER

INT. MILLER BATHROOM - MORNING

It's the morning rush, and SHIRA MILLER (40ish, perpetually-stressed, pretty but can't be bothered) is wrestling with 3-year old DAPHNE to brush her teeth while her husband BRYAN MILLER (40ish, nerdy-cute) is in the shower.

SHIRA
Daphne, open your -- open. Bigger.
(to Bryan)
You coming out any time soon, Hon?

BRYAN
Yep, another minute.

SHIRA
I can't be late for Daphne's first day of preschool. It's the "phase-in," remember? I have to stay in there with her an extra hour in case she freaks out.
(to Daphne, sweet)
-- Which you won't.
(to Bryan)
So I'll have to work late tonight.

BRYAN
Ooh, don't kill me, but I have my tennis league.

SHIRA
(reacts, then, to Daphne)
Bigger, wider, like you're really mad --
(coaching)
Ahh! Like you've worked every weekend for the last four months and your boss is a narcissist-freak and your husband's hogging the shower and your dishwasher's broken and you're stressed-out and you just want to scream: *AHHHHHHHH*!

Shira screams, but no one reacts. JOJO, 7, enters and stares at Shira's breasts under the tight tank-top Shira sleeps in.

JOJO
Mommy, can I touch your boobs?

SHIRA
First of all, they're breasts. And, no. I'm not in the mood.

JOJO
Are mine going to be small and saggy when I grow up?

Suddenly, they hear a THUD! from the other room.

SHIRA
What was that?

GRIFFIN (O.S.)
I'm okay!

GRIFFIN (5, serious) rushes in as Bryan gets out of the shower and starts toweling off.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
I dropped the eggs. They're everywhere.

SHIRA
The organic ones from the farmer's market that cost seven dollars?!
(Griffin shrugs)
Great. There goes my shower.

The kids run off to see the mess.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Don't touch anything!
(then, to a naked Bryan)
You seriously can't miss tennis tonight?

BRYAN
Sorry. We're in the playoffs.
(then, off her stare)
What? I said I'm sorry --

SHIRA
What's up with your ball? Looks a little big.
(then)
Coming!

Shira's off to clean up the eggs as Bryan stares, agog, at his one huge testicle. Just another morning at the Millers' home in Park Slope, Brooklyn, New York.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MORNING

A brownstone-lined Park Slope street filled with parents bringing their kids to school. Shira's unshowered, but the good news is, she fits right into this crunchy-intellectual neighborhood, where no one gets dolled up on a daily basis. Pushing Daphne in a stroller, Shira catches up with a neighbor, KATHY, also pushing her daughter.

SHIRA
Hi, late as usual. And I forgot to brush Daphne's hair, I'm such a bad mom.

KATHY
Please. We don't even own a brush.

SHIRA
(laughs, relieved)
Okay, well, my whole master-plan to cook her a spinach-broccoli omelette ended with that -- a frozen waffle.

KATHY
Olivia had a lollipop. Bad Mom Hall of Fame.

Having reached a corner with a red light and no cars coming, Shira looks both ways, then keeps walking as she crosses.

SHIRA
(laughs)
Thing is, if we really were bad moms, we wouldn't even be worrying about this stuff, right? Right?

Shira suddenly realizes she and Daphne are now crossing the street alone. She looks back to find Kathy and her daughter waiting patiently at the red light.

KATHY
I'm trying to model safe crossing!

Shira realizes she'll always win at the game of "Who's the Worse Mom?" in judgy Park Slope, and pushes on.

INT. GOOGLE OFFICES BATHROOM - MORNING

Bryan and his best friend TED MATHESON (30's, single, techie) stand at urinals. Bryan's distracted by his big ball.

TED
I'm not worried about tonight's match -- it's those two old guys from Cobble Hill. We shredded 'em last time, remember?

BRYAN
Hey, man. Has one of your balls ever gotten really big?

TED
Ummm, I don't know. I think one's always a little bigger than the other, right?

BRYAN
I'm talking much bigger.

TED
Like, tennis ball, softball...?

BRYAN
Bigger than a golf ball, smaller than a tennis ball. I think.

TED
Let's see.

Finding no one there, Bryan shows Ted his big testicle.

TED (CONT'D)
Holy crap, that's big. My bigger one's not <u>that</u> much bigger. I don't think...?

Ted shows Bryan <u>his</u> slightly larger testicle.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Yours look totally symmetrical, what are you talking about?

Unseen by them, a young INTERN enters and catches them in this ambiguous moment:

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Mine's getting bigger by the minute. Oh, God --

INTERN
Oh God -- sorry!

The Intern scurries off and shuts the door.

BRYAN
Great. Was that the intern?

INT. PRESCHOOL - LATER THAT MORNING

A small, sweet classroom where children play with the TEACHER (30's, in control), and her JR. TEACHER (20's, spunky) while the parents look on from the sides. Shira, still looking schlubby, chats with CLASS MOM (jeans, mom-clogs, flannel shirt).

CLASS MOM
Hey, I just volunteered to be class mom but I'm looking for someone to share the duties. Would you be interested?

SHIRA
Me? Oh, sorry, I can't. I work.

CLASS MOM
Oh, that's okay, so do I.

SHIRA
Right, sure, but I work full-time, I have a very stressful job, long hours... I'm in publishing.
(off her blank look)
You know Jace Ackerman? That chef who owns "Meadow," does a lot of talk shows, publishes books? I'm his ghostwriter.

CLASS MOM
Mmm-hmm. Well, I'm a cardiologist. I'm just planning on making it work somehow. Think about it, okay?

Shira is shamed and Class Mom moves away just as GWEN (30's, pretty and put-together) approaches Shira.

GWEN
So, can you explain this whole "phase-in" thing to me: Are we supposed to sneak out of here when our kid's not looking, or something?

SHIRA
No, no, that destroys trust, breaks down bonds, it's really frowned upon.
(then, low)
I'm going to be doing it in about ten minutes, my boss is this close to firing me.

Gwen laughs, then notices a white blob in Shira's hair:

GWEN
Um, I think you have something in your hair... conditioner, maybe?

SHIRA
Oh, I assure you it's not conditioner, since I never set foot in the shower today. It's probably toothpaste -- or yogurt. Yep, that's Daphne's yogurt.

As Shira tries to remove the yogurt, Gwen spots someone:

GWEN
Oh, good, there's Nate. Hi, honey!

Angle on: NATE (40ish, might as well be George Clooney) who approaches Gwen with a kiss. Shira stares, speechless.

GWEN (CONT'D)
This is my husband, Nate. Nate, this is --

NATE
Shira! No way. No way!

Shira recognizes Nate all too well. And she's horrified.

INT. GOOGLE OFFICES - LATER

Bryan and Ted are huddled over a computer screen, surfing the web for "enlarged testicle," not liking what they see.

BRYAN
This is bad. This is all very bad. Infection... tumors??

TED
The beauty of the web is, for every diagnosis that says you're going to die, you can always find another that says it's no big whoop. We just have to keep looking. Try that one.

Bryan clicks on a new site and both of their eyes widen.

BRYAN
That's it. I'm calling my doctor.

The Intern arrives and drops something in Bryan's in-box.

INTERN
Sorry about before, guys.

BRYAN/TED
No problem./Don't worry about it.

Before walking off, the Intern glances at the penises on Bryan's computer screen and blushes. Bryan dials his phone.

TED
You realize he thinks we're a couple.

BRYAN
Eh, who cares.

TED
Some of us aren't married and would like to be, one day. To a woman.

BRYAN
And some of us would like to have two balls that are remotely symmetrical.
(into phone)
Dr. Gottesman, please?
(then, to Ted)
Sorry, you're going to fall in love with a great girl and get your life ruined soon enough. I've just got bigger fish to fry.

INT. JACE ACKERMAN OFFICES - PHOTO STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE ON: A sizzling plate of fish. Reveal MARTI SHIELDS (brassy, 40-ish photographer, Shira's best friend), who's shooting many different plates of food for the next Jace Ackerman book. Shira enters, still in a state of shock. And still looking like shit.

SHIRA
Marti. Something really bad just happened. I was doing the phase-in with Daphne, I finally met a mom who seemed normal... and then I met her husband. And it was <u>Nate Frankel.</u>
(Marti gasps)
Mm-hm. For the first time since we lived together. And I looked like <u>this</u> -- minus the lipstick, which I put on in the subway.

Marti looks at her, she does look pretty bad. Marti pulls her in for a hug.

MARTI
Oh, honey. That's the worst thing I ever heard. Of all days.

SHIRA
Well, Jesus. Do I look that bad?

MARTI
Okay, first of all, Nate was a passive-aggressive loser who refused to get a job. And that's why you dumped him.

SHIRA
I know, I know. I love my husband, I love my kids -- why do I care that I had yogurt in my hair when I ran into Nate Frankel? Okay, I'm done, how are you? One more thing: Who doesn't have yogurt in their hair who has little kids? I'll tell you who: Gwen, Nate's wife -- the one glamorous mom in Park Slope. It's Brooklyn. Everyone's schlubby -- even the famous authors and indie film actresses. It's like, go back to Tribeca, Lady.

MARTI
You just said you liked her.

SHIRA
I did, she was cool. Anyway, now I'm done, for real. What's going on with you?

MARTI
(bursting)
Actually -- and I'm not 100% sure, 15 year-olds don't exactly share -- but it appears that Will has his first little girlfriend!

SHIRA
Oh, cute -- yay!
(then, gulp)
Oh my God, did I even brush my teeth today? I was so busy brushing Daphne's. Smell. And be honest.

Shira breathes in Marti's face. Marti considers.

MARTI
You probably brushed.

SHIRA
(it's a wake-up call)
What's happened to me, Marti? Have I let myself go?

Just then, Shira's phone rings. She answers, concerned.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Honey. What'd the doctor say? A "hydro"-what? Okay, okay, well, that actually sounds like good news, all in all. Let's count our blessings, love you.

Shira hangs up and looks at Marti, calm facade shattered.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Aargghh! This cannot be happening!

MARTI
What the hell?!

SHIRA
One of Bryan's balls blew up like -- like -- this.

Shira looks around, and then grabs an orange from one of Marti's set-plates.

MARTI
Please don't touch my props. What does it mean?

SHIRA
It means he has to have a procedure on Thursday and I have to clone myself into three people, so I can be by his side at the hospital; with Daphne at her phase-in; and here finishing Jace's book before he murders me.

JACE (O.S.)
(saccharine)
Shira, I would never murder you before my book is done. Is it done?

Shira tenses, heads out into the hallway to catch up with...

INT. JACE ACKERMAN OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...JACE ACKERMAN (40-something, Mario Batali-type). They walk down the hall together. Jace texts through the whole conversation without looking up.

SHIRA
Hi -- Yes. Almost.

JACE
'Cause this memoir has to be a game-changer for me. It can't just be about my rooftop-farm and how much I love my kids. This is the one where I face my demons, revisit my impoverished childhood --

SHIRA
-- In Scarsdale, yes. I'm just about done. But I'm going to have to be out on Thursday 'cause Bryan's having surgery --

JACE
I told you I needed it by Thursday.

SHIRA
-- Testicular surgery.

Jace stops walking, but not texting.

JACE
Fine. Friday.

SHIRA
Monday.

JACE
Sunday night.

SHIRA
They're putting a needle in his ball and sucking out the fluid.
(no response)
They might have to remove his entire penis.

Jace looks up; it's unclear he's heard a word.

JACE
Fine, you win. Monday morning, first thing.

Back on his Blackberry, he peels off. Shira exhales.

INT. GOOGLE OFFICES - LATER THAT DAY

Bryan's at his desk on his phone.

BRYAN
Yeah, we're not going to need the court on Thursday but we will be playing tonight.

Just then, unseen by Bryan, the Intern arrives and drops something in his in-box.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Right, "M-i-l-l-e-r." And my partner is Ted Matheson. Thanks.

The Intern clocks this. Bryan hangs up and addresses him:

BRYAN (CONT'D)
So, I'm going to need you to bring me all the log files on Thursday when I'm out of the office, okay?

INTERN
Sure, just send me the address.

Just then, Ted arrives, wearing his coat and a tennis bag.

TED
Ready?

BRYAN
I'm never going to finish that program by Thursday, this thing is coming at the worst possible time.

TED
Relax. We'll figure something out.

BRYAN
I'm starving. Do we have time to grab a bite?

The Intern watches them walk off like an old married couple:

TED
You're <u>always</u> starving. What do you eat for lunch?

INT. INDOOR TENNIS BUBBLE - EVENING

Several courts fill this enclosed gym where Bryan and Ted stretch before their match.

BRYAN
No, my doctor said I can play, as long as I don't get tackled. I said, "Relax, we're playing two old guys --"

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(then, low)
-- Wait, where's the other old guy?

Ted turns to see one feisty OLD GUY approach the court with a YOUNG PARTNER.

OLD GUY
Look out, I've got a ringer tonight!

TED
Yeah, what gives?

OLD GUY
Damndest thing. Last three weeks I thought I was being stood up, turns out ol' Harvey died in his sleep up in the Berkshires. Kid you not.

Bryan and Ted react.

BRYAN
Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

OLD GUY
Barely knew him, but thanks.
(then, competitive)
The good news is, Kevin here played for Binghamton. So look out!

Bryan didn't know Harvey either, but the news hits him hard.

INT. MILLER APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Shira and Bryan, still in his tennis clothes and still a little shaken-up, sit on the couch. Shira calls off:

SHIRA
Kids! Come on, this'll be quick!
(to Bryan)
How was the match?

BRYAN
I don't want to talk about it.

SHIRA
That bad?

The kids enter and jockey for seats on the couch across from Shira and Bryan.

BRYAN
Okay, so we have something to tell you.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
It’s not a big deal, but we’re a family, and we need to know what everyone’s going through.

SHIRA
Daddy has to have an operation.

BRYAN
A minor operation, one night in the hospital. I’m young and healthy, and it’s all going to be fine.

SHIRA
And that’s it. So, who’s hungry?

JOJO
But -- what’s wrong with Daddy?

Shira and Bryan look at each other, unsure.

SHIRA
Well... Daddy has hemorrhoids.

GRIFFIN/JOJO
What?/What are hemorrhoids?

SHIRA
They’re like little chunks in Daddy’s tushie that can build up --

BRYAN
Stop. Let’s tell them the truth, they should understand. It’s called a hydrocele. And I’m having a simple hydrocelectomy.

The kids look more confused than ever, so Shira grabs one of the kid’s drawing pads and a pencil and starts drawing.

SHIRA
So. If this is Daddy’s penis...
(then, erasing)
Well, that’s a bit of an exaggeration... It’s more like this, that’s better. But one of Daddy’s testicles is filled with fluid and is very swollen... like a water balloon.
(off Bryan’s reaction)
What? You said you wanted them to understand.

Shira’s phone rings, she answers quickly:

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Can't talk, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Marti's holding a glass of wine, trying to stay calm. Behind her, in the next room, we see her son WILL (15, but looks younger) and ALI (15, but looks older), sitting on the couch playing a video game. Both their heads are soaking wet.

MARTI
(low)
Uhhhh, just came home to find Will and his girlfriend hanging out, both with wet heads. What're the odds they're not showering together?

SHIRA
Slim to none. Call you later.

Shira hangs up, plasters on a big smile for the kids:

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Okay, pizza?

INT. ST. LUKE'S ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

Bryan's on a gurney, being wheeled away by NURSE NORMA as Shira tries to keep up.

SHIRA
Honey, it's all going to be fine. The sitter's doing the phase-in, and she'll pick up JoJo and Griffin after school --

BRYAN
(realizing)
-- Did you ever call the dishwasher guy? That thing is definitely still under warranty --

SHIRA
It's not, it was a 90-day warranty, I told you --

BRYAN
What?!

NORMA
(stopping)
Okay, guys?

NORMA (CONT'D)
I'm going to need you to pause your conversation now so we can go into surgery. Don't worry: I'll be with him from the minute he goes under until the minute he's in recovery. All told, should be two or three hours.

SHIRA
(reading her name tag)
Okay, thank you... Norma. G'bye, honey. Don't worry, I'll call the dishwasher guy!

They're gone. For the first time in a while, Shira's alone.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Marti heads in to Will's darkened bathroom. When she turns on the light, reveal in *Psycho*-movie style quick POPS of evidence of <u>that girl</u>: Secret deodorant! Pink lady-razor in the shower! And worst of all, a thong that isn't Marti's behind the toilet. Marti runs out, grabs her phone:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Shira, marking up a manuscript, answers her phone:

SHIRA
Let me guess: Jace forgot I'm at the hospital today.

MARTI
No, I'm not at work yet. Sorry to bother you there, but I need serious help: Will and the new girlfriend are definitely having sex in my house.

SHIRA
Y'know, I've been thinking about that -- are you sure? He doesn't even have facial hair.

MARTI
Open your eyes, Shira. There's a big bad world out there after Nickelodeon.

SHIRA
Yesterday you said it gets easier when they get older.

MARTI
Well, I lied. If I come to the hospital, will you meet me downstairs for a quick coffee to strategize?

SHIRA
Ooh, I really shouldn't. Bryan just went into surgery.

MARTI
Okay, and how is sitting there going to help? It's not like it's Jojo's ballet recital and you can stand up and applaud.

SHIRA
I can't leave. Want to come here?

MARTI
Do you know how many germs are flying around in there? I just heard this whole thing on *60 Minutes*. One coffee, please?

Off Shira, looking torn...

EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LATER

Shira and Marti walk together a block from the hospital, holding coffee cups.

SHIRA
...I'm trying not to worry too much. The doctor explained that the testicle is part of the abdominal cavity. It's connected.

They stop in front of a boutique window and look inside.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
And sometimes, liquid from the abdomen leaks through a small hole in the body tissue.
(re: a dress on display)
That's cute, right?

MARTI
Very cute.

SHIRA
He said it's pretty common, but mostly with children. Ooh, and look at those pants.

INT. BOUTIQUE DRESSING ROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER

Shira and Marti are both in different outfits, Marti's zipping Shira up.

SHIRA
...So after they drain the liquid from the ball, they close the cut or hole, or whatever it is -- ooh.

Shira looks at herself in the mirror.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Do you know how long it's been since I went shopping?

MARTI
Yes, 'cause I was with you and we went to Blockbuster video afterwards.
(then)
Did I tell you I found that slut's thong behind my toilet?

SHIRA
Yes, six times. You have to have a sex talk with Will.

MARTI
What am I going to tell him he doesn't already know?

SHIRA
Then forget the talk and just make sure he's protected. Unless you want to become a grandmother any time soon.

MARTI
That isn't funny.

SHIRA
I know it isn't. I'd better check in with the hospital again.

MARTI
Good idea.

They both dial their phones.

MARTI (CONT'D)
Yeah, would you tell Jace I'm going to be a little longer, I'm scouting some great locations for the photo shoot.

SHIRA
Hi, yes, I'm Bryan Miller's wife, just checking in on his surgery? Okay, good to know, thanks.

They both hang up.

SHIRA
Still in surgery.

MARTI
Hm. Cause there's one other thing I'd love to do, real quick.

SHIRA
What's that?

INT. PRESCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS

It's after school and the Teacher is admiring the kids' artwork hanging on the wall: Animals, rainbows, flowers... and a stick figure with a penis and one huge testicle.

TEACHER
Uhhh, Caitlin, would you come over here and take a look at something?

The JR. TEACHER comes over, looks at the picture, reacts.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY - LATER

A sleeping Bryan is wheeled out of surgery by Norma and into the recovery room, with other patients and their concerned spouses. Bryan's just starting to come to.

BRYAN
Shira...? Shira...?

Hearing him, the WIFE of another patient comes over, gently strokes Bryan's head.

WIFE
It's okay, you're okay...

Bryan smiles, comforted, still groggy. His SURGEON arrives and Norma leaves.

SURGEON
Well, it all went very well, the aspiration was successful.
(then, to the Wife)

SURGEON (CONT'D)
We did have to give him more anaesthesia than usual, so he might experience some fatigue or nausea the rest of the day.

WIFE
Thank you, Doctor.

The Surgeon walks off. Bryan finally takes a look at this woman, who he finally realizes is not Shira.

BRYAN
Who are y--?

But before he can finish, HE PUKES ALL OVER HER.

INT. NAIL-TIQUE NAIL SALON - SIMULTANEOUS

Shira and Marti are letting their manicures and pedicures dry under electric dryers. Shira's getting off the phone with the hospital.

SHIRA
Okay, well, thanks.
(hangs up)
Still in surgery.

Marti inspects Shira's eyebrows and upper lip, which look sunburned from the recent waxing.

MARTI
She did a good job on your brows.

SHIRA
I needed that so badly. The other day, Griffin said, "Mommy, your eyebrows look like a caterpillar." Singular!

MARTI
That boy is such a dumpling. Enjoy it while you can, soon he'll be showering with some floozy in your bathroom. Meanwhile, I'm practically a virgin again.

SHIRA
Well, maybe it's time you got back out there.

MARTI
Please, I don't have time to date.

Shira gives her a look; they've been through this before. Just then, two Korean SALON WORKERS come over and start giving Shira and Marti shoulder massages.

SHIRA
Oh my God, this is too good...
(then, guilty)
I guess technically, I could have stopped by phase-in, it's so sweet... My sitter's there, I'm sure it's fine, but ahhhhh, right there, that's the spot.

MARTI
Relax and enjoy. We didn't have any stupid phase-in when we were kids and we're fine.

SHIRA
Why do I feel such guilt? I kill myself for my kids and work my ass off and yet I feel like a horrible monster for being here.

GWEN (O.S.)
Shira? Is that you?

They look up: It's Gwen, tapping on the window then heading into the salon. Shira's like a deer in headlights but covers.

SHIRA
Gwen!

GWEN
It's funny, when I saw your sitter at phase-in this morning, I was afraid something might be wrong. But I guess not!

Gwen eyes Shira's shopping bags and massage-in-progress.

SHIRA
-- Oh, no, actually a lot is wrong. I'm in the middle of a super-stressful time.

GWEN
Sure, sure. Well, I better go pick up Lucas, I'll leave you to your fun.

But before Gwen can leave, Shira stops her, just as the salon workers begin the CHOP-CHOP cycle of the massage.

SHIRA
No, no, no, this isn't fun. My husband's in the middle of surgery, I'm at the hospital all day, I just came here 'cause --
(grasping)
-- Her son's having sex all over the house! And he's 15.

Marti reacts: Thanks a lot. Just then, they hear:

FEMALE MASSAGE CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Thank you, Lynn, that was incredible. I pulled an 18-hour shift on Friday, then a 15-hour one last night --

Shira looks over and sees that the woman in the robe looks a lot like Nurse Norma. But it can't be... right?

SHIRA
Is that..? Norma?

Shira, still in her flip-flops, waddles over to Norma.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
Norma? It's me, Bryan Miller's wife, I thought you were going to be with him until he was out of surgery?

NORMA
Oh, yeah, I was, he did great! He's been out for over an hour.

SHIRA
What?! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Shira bolts out of the shop in her flip-flops.

MARTI
Shira, wait -- you forgot these!

Marti follows after Shira, holding her purse, shoes, and shopping bags. Gwen watches in horror from inside, as a Salon Worker approaches her with the bill.

SALON WORKER
You pay for your friends?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

A guilty Shira, with all her shopping bags, tiptoes into a shared room to find Bryan asleep. She passes the roommate's Wife, who helped Bryan earlier.

SHIRA
Hello.

WIFE
(knitting, smug)
Hi.

Shira looks for a place to sit down, and finds no chair.

SHIRA
Do you know if there's another chair anywhere? It might be a while before he wakes up.

WIFE
Oh, that already happened.

SHIRA
It -- what? Are you sure?

WIFE
Very sure. He threw up all over me. I had to buy this sweatshirt.

SHIRA
Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I -- I had an emergency, I had to run out. Here, at least let me pay you for that.

Shira reaches for her purse. Wife keeps knitting.

WIFE
Please. I did what anyone would have done. Who was here.

Wife smiles. Shira restrains herself from strangling her.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - DAY

Shira approaches the nurses' station, fired up to prove she's a good wife.

SHIRA
Excuse me, I'm Bryan Miller's wife, I'd like to speak to Doctor Gottesman about his surgery. Right away.

NURSE
He's on rounds.

SHIRA
Okay, well, in that case, I thought you'd want to know that someone on this desk is giving out bad information. I had to step away for a few minutes during my husband's surgery -- I'm sure it happens all the time -- and when I called in, I didn't get her name, but let's just say, *this person* deliberately misled me about his progress.

NURSE
(busting Shira)
Nail-tique?

SHIRA
I'm sorry?

NURSE
The Korean place down the block. Is that where you got your eyebrows done?

Shira's whole face turns as red as the skin around her eyebrows but she refuses to go down without a fight.

SHIRA
I -- no -- this is a skin affliction that runs in my family. On my mother's side. Generations and generations, very painful.

The nurse just looks at her, not buying it. Shira walks off, trying to salvage her dignity.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
And we're missing a chair in 1701B!

INT. HOSPITAL - BRYAN'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Bryan wakes up and finds Ted, sitting on his bed.

TED
How you doin', buddy?

BRYAN
Been better... Have you seen Shira?

TED
Nope, but I brought these.

Ted presents a new can of tennis balls. Bryan smiles, touched, just as the Intern enters holding a big bag and takes in the sight of Ted at Bryan's bedside.

INTERN
Oh -- sorry to interrupt -- I'll come back --

TED
No, that's okay --

Too late. The Intern's already split.

INT. HOSPITAL - BRYAN'S ROOM - LATER

Ted is now gone and Shira drags a chair back to Bryan's room, unintentionally waking him up. She's overly bright.

SHIRA
Honey. Hi! I'm so glad you're up.

Bryan looks at her, notices the redness around her brows.

BRYAN
What'd you do to your face?

SHIRA
Me? Nothing.

The Wife pipes in from the other side of the room.

WIFE
How's the nausea, Bry?

BRYAN
Much better, Ingrid. Again, I'm so sorry.

WIFE
Don't forget to take your five o'clock --

Shira pulls the curtain shut.

SHIRA
How are you feeling, honey?

BRYAN
Like a truck ran over my balls.
Where were you?

SHIRA
You mean, before? I was here.

BRYAN
No, you weren't.

SHIRA
Oh, you mean before-before. I was just, you know -- running some quick errands.
(off his stare)
You needed razors, the kids needed ... school supplies. Lotta, different... school supplies.

BRYAN
(re: her shopping bags)
At Sephora? They selling school supplies there now?

Shira looks at her Sephora bag but does not back down.

SHIRA
Yes. They had a special promotion.

BRYAN
And J. Crew?

SHIRA
JoJo had no pants that fit her, she grew a foot this summer.
(Bryan's unconvinced)
Would you like to search my bags? Are we in airport security, now?

Just then, NURSE #2 comes in to deliver Bryan's meds.

NURSE #2
I'm afraid visiting hours are over.

BRYAN
(rolls over)
Bye. Send my love to the kids.

SHIRA
Bry, come on. You're not really mad, are you?

BRYAN
You heard the nurse.

NURSE
Ma'am? We'll see you tomorrow.

SHIRA
(to the nurse)
No, please, you can't make me leave. We're in the middle of a fight here, we just need a little more time to work it out.

BRYAN
Who's fighting? If you tell me you had urgent errands to run while I was being cut open, I believe you.

SHIRA
Well, good.

BRYAN
I mean, after 13 years of marriage, I know you wouldn't lie to my face about what's in those shopping bags. What kind of person would do that?

They stare at each other, it's a stand-off.

NURSE #2
Ma'am...?

That does it. Shira starts pulling everything out of her shopping bags in a confessional blaze of glory:

SHIRA
Okay, fine. Fine! You want to see what I bought today? I bought leggings -- and a turtleneck -- and moisturizer with SPF -- all for me! These red blotches? Got my eyebrows and my mustache waxed and I'm obviously having a bad reaction to it, because I'm a terrible, terrible person and now you know the truth.
(then)
<u>But</u>, I am also the mother of your three beautiful children and I've kept them alive and relatively clean since the day they were born. And that should count for something.

Nice try, but Bryan's not ready to let Shira off the hook. The intern pokes his head back in, senses the tension:

INTERN
Still a bad time?

INT. PRESCHOOL - EVENING

We're back in the same classroom. The Teacher and Jr. Teacher are sitting with the SOCIAL WORKER (50-something). In front of them is Daphne's drawing.

SOCIAL WORKER
Yes, this is troubling, on a number of levels.
(re: large testicle)
The size of this could represent the burden little Daphne is carrying.

JR. TEACHER
That is one big burden.

The Social Worker jots down some notes as the Teacher and Jr. Teacher exchange worried looks...

INT. SHIRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her kids finally asleep, Shira tries to sleep but can't; she misses Bryan. She looks at her phone, debating picking it up when SFX: IT RINGS. Shira looks at the CALLER-ID.

SHIRA
I was hoping you were Bryan.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Marti's in her bedroom, spiralling.

MARTI
They're gone!

SHIRA
The kids?

MARTI
The condoms. I left them on the kitchen table, like cheese for the mouse, and now they're gone.

SHIRA
Then you've done your job. The mouse will not impregnate the other mouse.

MARTI
But I just saw Will and he didn't even mention it. Nothing. It's driving me crazy. I mean, are we never going to talk about this?!

SHIRA
I thought you didn't want to talk.

MARTI
-- C'mon, stop pretending, we all know someone has to talk to the kid and it's not going to be my asshole ex-husband.

SHIRA
Want me to do it?

MARTI
No. But thanks.
(then, sad)
Will and I used to talk about everything, he was my little guy. We used to snuggle and sing songs. And now it's over.

SHIRA
Uch, I can only imagine.

MARTI
(realizing)
I'm all by myself. Maybe I am lonely.

Shira looks at the empty side of her bed.

SHIRA
Wanna sleep over?

MARTI
No way, your kids wake up too frickin' early.

Shira laughs.

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Marti's dressed for work and busily preparing breakfast when Will lumbers in. Marti scrambles eggs as she dives right in.

MARTI
So. There are some things you need to know and I'm just going to spit them out: Sex is a big deal, I know it's uncool to say, but it is. I lost my virginity when I was 17 --

WILL
Ugh, Mom!

MARTI
-- to a nice guy named Eddie Wallens, while his parents were in Costa Rica -- and I never regretted it, but I had to start thinking like an adult. So, now that you're having sex, I expect you to use protection, and treat every woman respectfully. Her orgasm is just as important --

WILL
-- Yuck, Mom! What the hell?

MARTI
You're obviously having sex with Ali. Did you think I wouldn't notice you two were showering together?

WILL
I'm not having sex with Ali. And we're not showering together. We've just been jogging together, then showering separately. Then doing our chemistry homework.

MARTI
(hugely relieved)
Really?

WILL
Yeah. She has a boyfriend.

MARTI
Oh. So she's just a big tease.

WILL
No. We're friends, okay? I wasn't even thinking about sex -- until you left me those condoms and started telling me all this gross stuff. Why do you always have to be such a freak?

Marti takes her lumps, as Will heads off, texting Ali as he goes: **My Mom's onto us. Your place?**

INT. HOSPITAL - BRYAN'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Shira enters the room to find Bryan asleep. She tries to squeeze into bed with him without waking him. But fails.

BRYAN
Ow, ow, ow! What are you doing?

His flailing reaction sends her flying off the bed.

SHIRA
Sorry! God, I'm used to feeling like a bad mom, not a bad wife.

BRYAN
You're not a bad mom.

SHIRA
-- But I <u>am</u> a bad wife? Is that what you think?

BRYAN
No, not usually. But, you know, I came out of surgery, you were nowhere to be found -- and I don't want to die alone!

SHIRA
<u>What?</u> What are you talking about?

BRYAN
Harvey died. Out of the blue.

SHIRA
Who's Harvey?

BRYAN
A tennis guy, I met him once, my point is: I'd like to think that when he died, his wife was not out getting her nails done.

Shira finally realizes how scared Bryan was.

SHIRA
Honey -- I let you down, I'm sorry. But I will <u>not</u> let you die alone. If I can help it.

It's an ice-breaker, he smiles, and she sits down with him.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
I don't know what happened to me yesterday. I feel like I've been on this gerbil wheel, and I got off for one second and just -- lost my mind.

BRYAN
It's official: Our lives have gotten too busy. Your parting words to me before surgery were, "I'll call the dishwasher guy!"

SHIRA
(laughs, then)
I guess we might need to talk more, huh? But -- you seem to manage it all so well. You read the paper every morning, you never leave the house without a shower, and you have your tennis nights. 'Member when I used to play tennis?

BRYAN
Vaguely. So how 'bout, from now on, you take the first shower in the morning. I'll deal with the kids. And if you want to start playing tennis again --

SHIRA
Uch, I don't have the energy.

BRYAN
And we start doing a regular date night, every... year.

SHIRA
Oh, I love you for being so realistic. C'mere.

She leans in and kisses him, a great, long kiss. Then:

BRYAN
And let's make sure you always get to brush your teeth in the morning, too, okay?

Shira swats him playfully. Everything's going to be okay.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. PRESCHOOL - A FEW DAYS LATER - MORNING

Shira and Bryan are at phase-in together. Shira's showered and wears her new dress. As Daphne plays and Bryan chats with another dad, Shira's approached by YASMIN, a mom.

YASMIN
Oh, hi, maybe you know: Is that the Dad who works at Google, Bryan Miller?

SHIRA
Yes -- we're actually both here at the same time, imagine that!

YASMIN
It's such a small world: My nephew is interning at Google, and I've heard great things about Bryan and his partner.

SHIRA
(thrown, then)
Partner -- oh, you mean, Ted? Yeah, he's the best. And he's got a killer backhand.

Now it's Yasmin's turn to be thrown.

YASMIN
Right. So, forgive me, can I ask how you fit into this equation?

SHIRA
Oh, sure, I'm Daphne's mom.

YASMIN
(trying to keep up)
And Bryan is...?

SHIRA
...Daphne's dad.

YASMIN
Okay, got it! Well, I think it's wonderful that you're making a family in your own way. Good for you.

SHIRA
(confused, flattered)
Thank you..?

GWEN
'Morning. Great dress!

Shira turns to find Gwen.

SHIRA
Oh, this? Thanks. You haven't met Bryan yet, have you? Honey?

Bryan joins Shira, but before he can meet Gwen, they're interrupted:

SOCIAL WORKER
Excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Miller? I'm Gloria Collins, the school social worker. Mind if we have a chat?

SHIRA/BRYAN
Of course...?/Certainly.

Gwen, Shira, and Bryan exchange a curious look.

SHIRA
(to Gwen, it's cool)
'Scuse us.

Shira and Bryan confer quietly as they follow the Social Worker.

SHIRA (CONT'D)
What do you think this is about?

BRYAN
(shrugs)
Daphne's very unusual, maybe they want to test her for "Gifted and Talented"? I don't know...

Shira likes the sound of that. They hold hands as they walk off, excited to learn more. And we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW