I SUCK AT GIRLS

"Pilot"
[101]

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TEASER

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Early 1990's San Diego (90's furnishings, wardrobe, etc.). JOANNE DUNLEVY (38, pretty, sharp, sweet but definitely not a pushover) cooks. JACK DUNLEVY (43, imposing, edgy, an MD in oncology, says shit that you can't believe is coming out of his mouth, but you know - you have to know - that he would die for his family) sits. FRANKIE DUNLEVY (15, lanky, quick, self-deprecating and not at all sure of himself) enters holding a new HYPERCOLOR T-SHIRT.

FRANKIE
Thanks for all the new school clothes, Mom. Seriously, great job: you nailed all my sizes.
(then, re: Hypercolor)
I mean, I'm not totally sure if this shirt is me...

JACK
It's got two sleeves and a neck hole. It's you.

FRANKIE
(treading lightly)
I feel like this is kind of a me and Mom convo.

JOANNE
Oo, that shirt's fun; a nice salesgirl with a nose-ring called it, "Hypercolor." It's heat sensitive; it changes colors.

FRANKIE
Very cool. But what if we return it for a shirt that maybe doesn't change colors at all?
(then, admitting)
First day of high school tomorrow, not really looking to, you know... stand out.

JACK
Good luck.
(off Joanne's look)
What? The boy grew ten inches over the summer. What the hell you want to hide for anyway? You're not running from the mob.

Jack starts READING THE PAPER. Frankie turns back to Joanne:

FRANKIE
Look,
(for Jack's benefit)
Mom; you know how on *Saturday Night Live* there's a guy you never see on any sketches, but he's always there at the end, waving goodbye? He still gets to be on the show, but nobody ever says he sucks. I want to be the high-school version of that guy.

JOANNE
Wow. How long did it take you to come up with that?

FRANKIE
Most of the summer.

JOANNE
You worry way too much.

FRANKIE
(immediately spiraling)
Is that true? Does everybody think that? Just tell me if that's a thing people are saying.

JOANNE
Honey, it's okay if people notice you. I think you're the most handsome boy in school.

JACK
That's statistically impossible. There's thirty-five hundred kids there. Even if he were great looking, numbers say there'd still be at least twenty or thirty kids more attractive--

JOANNE
Jack.
(he looks over)
Don't do the math.
(to Frankie)
I can return the shirt--

JACK
No. Your mom's not returning jack-shit, okay? Tomorrow's her first day, too. And I'm talking law school - not the dummy factory you two attend. Anyway, from now on, I'm in charge of the parenting.

FRANKIE
That's exciting.

JACK
Don't care. Your sister should hear this, too.
(yelling toward the ceiling)
Rachel, I'm in charge of parenting!

RACHEL (O.S.)
(not hearing)
What?

JACK
She's on board.

JOANNE
Frankie, I know starting high school is scary, but if you need anything, you can ask Dad.

JACK
Or just assume the answer's no. Whatever's quicker.

Joanne shoots Jack a look, but then breaks, chuckling.

JACK (CONT'D)
You were trying to be pissed, but that cracked you up, didn't it?

JOANNE
You're lucky you're sort of funny.

She kisses him and carries food to the table. Jack watches:

JACK
God help me, I love that woman. Seriously, if an asteroid hit the earth and she and I were the only two people left alive, I'd be okay.

FRANKIE
What about me?

Jack looks at Frankie for a beat, then:

JACK
Well, there'd obviously be a grieving period. I'm not an asshole.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A typical, 1991, 15-year-old's bedroom: Bon Jovi poster (when they were a HAIR BAND). Frankie is asleep. His sheets are ripped off him. He looks up to see Jack drinking a coffee.

JACK
I'm leaving in the time it takes me to finish my coffee and take a dump. Be in the car before that.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN - LATER

Jack sits at the breakfast table. He finishes his coffee and reads *Jurassic Park,* as Joanne enters, rushed.

JACK
This book is garbage. You can't get dinosaur DNA out of tree sap. Who reads this crap?

JOANNE
Everyone on earth. Where are the kids? I've gotta get going.

JACK
You'll see them tonight. Just leave.

JOANNE
Leave without hugging them goodbye?

JACK
Absolutely. Love you, bye.

JOANNE
(takes one step, turns back)
Should I be doing this? Should I be going to law school?

JACK
Jesus Christ.

JOANNE
What if the kids think I'm abandoning them? What if Frankie grows up and turns into one of those men that pays prostitutes to yell at him?

JACK
I know some of those guys; they're harmless. How is it that I'm the only one who knows you're batshit crazy?

JOANNE
I hide it well. I don't know, I feel like I'm being so selfish.

JACK
That's B.S. For years, you stayed home so I could go to work early, come home late, eat the big piece of chicken and go to bed. Now it's your turn. I cut back my hours at the hospital; I'll be here for the kids. Christ, I take care of people with cancer; I got this.

JOANNE
Your children don't have cancer.

JACK
Cancer is inside everyone. It's just a matter of whether or not it metastasizes. You and the kids have cancer right now.

JOANNE
Worst pep talk ever. Like, *ever*-ever.

JACK
Joanne, look at me. I got this. Go.

He kisses her. She takes a breath and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Frankie, in towel, POSES in mirror, practicing pick-up lines:

FRANKIE
What up, girl? You're looking tiii-ght.

RACHEL DUNLEVY (17, beautiful, straight-A student, ballsy, ready to break out/become an adult) enters.

RACHEL
Oh, this moment makes me sad. Can you go hit on yourself by the toilet? I need the mirror.

JACK (O.S.)
You have two minutes! No one gives a rat's ass how you look!

RACHEL
(screams back, crazy loud)
Yes, they do!!!
(then, normal, to Frankie)
You have to fire back at him; he senses weakness.

They quickly get ready. She brushes hair, he combs, etc.

FRANKIE
Great, then I'm screwed. Having him in charge is going to suck.

RACHEL
Yeah, it is.

FRANKIE
(notices a single chest hair)
Well, hello, chest hair. Welcome to the party.

He drags his comb over it once. Rachel notices.

RACHEL
Are you really combing that?

FRANKIE
You should do the same with your little moustache.
(she PULLS his chest hair off, exits)
Ow! Seriously?! That was my only one!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - MORNING

Jack drives an '86 Oldsmobile. Frankie's in back. Rachel sits shotgun, Walkman on, quasi-singing to "Good Vibrations" by Marky Mark. Then, re: Rachel's music:

JACK
What little I can hear of that is horrible.

FRANKIE
Dad, you're passing them, Dad--

They SKID TO A STOP at the corner to pick up MIKEY (16, stoic, TOUGH KID from broken home) and GEORGE (15, Mexican, way too confident for how nerdy he is). As they get in:

GEORGE
Where's Mrs. D?

JACK
She left me for a neighbor; they're on a screw-fest in the Bahamas. Get in.

TIME CUT: Jack drives as George plays with POWER WINDOWS.

JACK (CONT'D)
New ground rules for carpool: no eating, no playing with the windows,
(George stops doing that)
and no talking about anything that'll make me want to turn right into oncoming traffic.

GEORGE
Well, that seems kind of nebulous.

Mikey slugs George in the arm, while saying:

MIKEY
Pain.

JACK
(off George's yelp)
What the hell?

FRANKIE
It's cool, Dad. Whenever he uses a word Mikey thinks is too show-off-y, Mikey brings the pain.

GEORGE
It's for my own good.
(removes her earphones)
Hey, Rach. Marky Mark's a poet.

RACHEL
Dad, can I just take the city bus to school? I'll buy a rape whistle.

Jack pulls up OUTSIDE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL.

JACK
And we're here. Have fun and don't screw with anyone bigger than you.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Frankie, Mikey and George walk amid a sea of EARLY NINETIES TEENS: Doc Martens, flannel, baggy jeans, etc.

GEORGE
I figured out how we're gonna meet girls. We chart their ovulation cycles, then we ask them out when they're most receptive to male advances. Here, I made a calendar.

George begins to pull out a calendar from his backpack.

FRANKIE
Dude, put away your period calendar.

Just then a pretty girl, HEATHER BLUMEYER (15) approaches.

HEATHER
Hey, Frankie.

FRANKIE
(shocked she spoke to him)
Heather Blumeyer... You probably just go by 'Heather'.
(tries to recover, weakly)
What up, girl? You're looking tiii-ght.

HEATHER
I was at the summer league game against Helix when you threw that no-hitter; you think you'll make varsity?

Frankie is frozen speechless. Mikey jumps in:

MIKEY
Coach said Frankie's going to be the only freshman on the team.

HEATHER
Cool. Well, my parents are out of town and I'm having people over Friday night. You guys should come.

FRANKIE
Oh, okay, yeah, totally, we will.
(she leaves, he yells after)
Thank you!
(then, hating himself)
Thank you?

Then George, re: his calendar:

GEORGE
Yep. She must be ovulating.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN/DEN - DAY

Frankie, George and Mikey enter the kitchen. As they raid it (chips, cereal bars, and a CARTON OF ORANGE JUICE):

FRANKIE
I couldn't concentrate all day. Heather effing Blumeyer. Why would she talk to me? It makes no sense.

GEORGE
How about a little introspection--

MIKEY
(with punch)
Pain.

GEORGE
Ow. Take your growth-spurt, your rad baseball skills, add a sister who's Kelly Bundy-hot. I mean, her body is craazzy--
(off Frankie's look)
The point is, somehow you've become almost... cool. Dude, you could be our ticket to the big time.

They walk INTO THE DEN. George immediately turns on the TV and flips to a scrambled channel: Cinemax.

MIKEY
I hear Heather Blumeyer puts out. You could get to second base easy.

FRANKIE
This is not good. I've never been to any base. I'm supposed to go up her shirt now?! What do I do when I'm up there? Don't tell me "squeezing" - it can't just be squeezing. Plus, my hands are always cold. What am I supposed to do - this?
(rubbing hands together)
No one wants to see this before second base.

GEORGE
(re: television)
Hello! Boobs! Unscrambled boobs!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(they look; it goes squiggly)
False alarm. As you were.

As Frankie takes a gulp of O.J., Jack yells from the kitchen:

JACK (O.S.)
Where the hell is my orange juice?

Frankie turns the carton to REVEAL "Jack!" written on it.

FRANKIE
Seriously?

JACK
(enters, takes carton)
Yeah, I wonder why I did that. This isn't an all-you-can-eat buffet for you and your buddies. If I wanted more kids to feed, I'd make them.

Jack grabs chips from Mikey and exits. Then, re: TV:

GEORGE
Guys! Score! Naked girl!

FRANKIE
That looks like a butt.
(they look, heads cocked)
That's a man butt.

They REACT and Frankie enters the kitchen to find Jack.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hey, um, when Mom's coming home?

JACK
No.

FRANKIE
Yeah, um, I'm not sure that was really a yes or no question.

JACK
We're not bugging your mom. What do you need?

FRANKIE
(considers for a beat, then)
Okay... There's this girl at school--

JACK
Let me help you out - you're fifteen.

JACK (CONT'D)
Whoever this girl is, she's not the one. Hell, when you get married, there's a fifty percent chance you'll get divorced. So even the one might not be the one. It's a coin flip, so don't sweat it. You're welcome.

Jack exits with O.J. Frankie REACTS, bummed. Mikey enters:

MIKEY
Harsh. Look, you want it to seem like you know what you're doing with Heather, you need to see a naked chick - top to bottom. I got your back.

INT. DUNLEVY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel looks out the front window to see the BOYS run across the grass past her boyfriend's car. Jack knocks on the wall.

JACK
Rachel! You decent?

RACHEL
No, for some reason, I'm standing in the living room in my bra and panties.

Jack enters as Rachel gathers her things:

JACK
I don't know what the hell teenage girls do. Where are you going?

RACHEL
To study with Doug.

JACK
Great. Who's Doug again?

RACHEL
My boyfriend? Dad, it's been six weeks; it's pretty serious.

JACK
I'm a doctor. The only thing I take seriously after six weeks is diarrhea. You roll your eyes, but it could kill you; it's wiped out entire nations.

RACHEL
Yeah, well, for some reason, he wants to meet you; want to get it over with?

Jack looks out, sees DOUG (17, clean-cut) wave. Jack sighs.

JACK
Look, you're whip smart; you're a looker; you have a bright future. The downside is there's going to be an endless parade of idiots trying to get in your pants. I'd prefer to just meet the last one.

RACHEL
Thank God.

She exits, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

The boys walk through the woods, reach a clearing. There are two sleeping bags, empty beer cans, etc.

MIKEY
Here we are. Welcome to Bum City.

REVEAL a pile of NUDIE MAGAZINES.

FRANKIE
No. Way. The mother lode of smut. Should we take them? I'm taking them. Where do we take them?

GEORGE
(unfurls a centerfold)
This girl says she was a nerd in high school. I feel like that's not true.

Suddenly TWO HOMELESS GUYS BURST THROUGH A BUSH.

FRANKIE
Run!

They run off, clutching magazines. The two guys chase them.

HOMELESS GUY #1
Give me back my titties!

FRANKIE
We should split up!

GEORGE
Then disperse!

Mikey punches George while running:

MIKEY
Pain!

GEORGE
C'mon! You know what disperse means!

They all split up, still running like crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNLEVY HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Frankie, holding magazines, sprints to front door, SEES his MOM entering, and runs to the back. PANICKED, he sees a shovel. TIME CUT: Frankie finishes digging a hole in the back. He puts magazines in and pushes the dirt back on them.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND JOANNE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Jack and Joanne are in bed. She sleeps, snoring, law books open around her. Jack puts one away. She stirs, drowsy:

JOANNE
Don't, I'm studying.

JACK
You're not. You were snoring.

JOANNE
That's impossible; I don't snore.

JACK
Then there's an old bulldog on your side of the bed somewhere.

JOANNE
How'd it go with the kids today?

JACK
I told you, I got this. Piece of cake. That's not to say that a reward wouldn't be appropriate.

JOANNE
(as he KISSES her neck)
Right, because after one day of doing what I've always done, you think you've earned a reward.

JACK
No, no, no, the reward's for you.

JOANNE
(smiles, then)
Fine. Put my books away.

He grabs them quick, puts them on the dresser, and before he turns back, WE HEAR snoring again. Jack reacts, annoyed:

JACK
Seriously?

As he turns and looks at her, sound asleep, we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frankie stares up at the ceiling. He can't sleep. The CLOCK READS: 1AM. He climbs out of bed and tip-toes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNLEVY HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie, in his TIGHTY-WHITIES, digs up his magazines. He is hit with the glare of a flashlight.

JACK (O.S.)
Hey.

Frankie turns. REVEAL Jack holding a scotch on the porch, flashlight in hand. Then, very casually:

JACK (CONT'D)
I'd put the shovel down, or I'm going to drive you into town like that and just leave you.

As Frankie drops his shovel, we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DUNLEVY HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, with scotch, sits on the porch steps with an uncomfortable Frankie. After a long beat of silence:

JACK
You gonna tell me why you're digging a hole in my backyard at three in the morning?

FRANKIE
I couldn't sleep, and digging relaxes me, always has--

JACK
(shines light on nudie mags)
Try again with less bull-shit.

FRANKIE
Okay, we took them from two homeless guys - they were not psyched; they chased us, then I saw Mom, so I just buried them. When I was in bed, I couldn't stop thinking about them. You ever have something like that, that's in your brain, burning and burning, and you can't get it out?
(off Jack's look)
Good idea, I'll keep the story moving. Anyway it was burning, like I said, so I dug them up to look, because I--

JACK
Jesus, who stuck a quarter in you? Stop talking, so I can think.
(another silent beat, then)
There's three things I want you to take away from this:
(shines light on magazine)
One, you will never screw a woman who looks like that.

FRANKIE
What if I like, get a really good job and put on some upper body mass?

JACK
(ignoring him)
Two, women don't screw crazy like they do in those pictures.
(Frankie starts to talk)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
They don't. Finally, I hate stealing; you're gonna give these back.

FRANKIE
What?! That's insane.

JACK
Those poor bastards spent time collecting those. How would you feel if someone stole your baseball cards?

FRANKIE
Just the ones in my room? 'Cause all the valuable ones are in Mom's safety deposit box. The Cal Ripken rookie, the Canseco, the Griffey Jr.--

JACK
Stop saying names. You get the point. Fill in that hole in the morning.

FRANKIE
(as Jack gets up to head in)
That's it?

JACK
No. If you're going to roam around outside at night, stop sleeping in nut-huggers. No one wants that.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Joanne looks OUT THE WINDOW: Frankie fills the hole with dirt. She turns to Jack, who's engrossed in *Jurassic Park*:

JOANNE
So, he just buried them?

JACK
Please, a velociraptor can't open a God-damn door. I'm out.
(closes book, tosses it then)
Toss that back.

She does and Jack resumes reading. She looks back outside the window. Jack notices her:

JACK (CONT'D)
I handled it. Go to school.

JOANNE
Just go? Our son's out there with a shovel, filling in a pornography pit. The Fitzgeralds are going to have a field day with this.

JACK
They throw parties where everybody screws each other; they can't judge.

JOANNE
He's becoming a man. He doesn't know how to deal with these new feelings.

JACK
He takes forty-five minute showers. He's dealing with them.

JOANNE
I like to think he's just getting really clean. Promise me you'll help him get through this.

Jack mumbles a 'yes', she takes his book, HOLDING IT HOSTAGE:

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Promise.

He reaches for his book; she pulls it away a few times.

JACK
Don't worry. I got this. I know exactly what to do.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Frankie, Mikey and George enter. Heather smiles; Frankie nods "What's up?" back, almost cool. They reach a table, and open their backpacks. Out with Frankie's lunch comes a LARGE BOX OF CONDOMS. They fall to the floor. Frankie, confused:

FRANKIE
What the hell?

Before he can grab them, a KID accidentally KICKS THEM out of reach. He follows them desperately as they're kicked toward Heather's table. The box lands by T-MONEY (16, asshole junior) who picks it up and looks at an attached note.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Look, uh--

T-MONEY
T-Money.

FRANKIE
T-Money, great name. We don't know each other, but I'm going to ask you, out of common decency: please, do not read that note.

They lock eyes for a moment. Frankie's pleading. Then, holding up condoms, reading to whole cafeteria:

T-MONEY
"Frankie. I will never pay for a baby that doesn't come out of your mother. Dad."

The lunch room erupts in laughter.

FRANKIE
You're a horrible person.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Rachel studies with her friend ALISON (17, any ethnicity, sweet, unkempt, and a little trampy).

ALISON
You and Doug should've come camping with me and Randall. He used his fake-I.D. to get wine coolers.

RACHEL
I asked my mom and she laughed.

ALISON
I didn't ask my mom. I discovered this awesome new thing called lying.

They laugh, and there's a knock at the door.

JACK (O.S.)
Are you decent?

RACHEL
No, we're having a pillow fight in the new thongs we bought.

JACK
(entering)
Why the hell are you home?

RACHEL
I have a study hall sixth period. It was either come home or do crack.

ALISON
I'm skipping Physics. I came over because I'm bummed out that Cornell rejected me.

JACK
You applied to Cornell?

ALISON
No, Cornell's a super-hot black guy.

JACK
That makes more sense. I'm grabbing the boys and getting pizza.
(Rachel starts to talk)
I know you don't want to come. There is a pound of ground beef in the fridge; it has my name on it, but it doesn't apply to you. I'll be back in a few hours.

Jack exits.

ALISON
So, your super-strict mom is at law school, and your dad just leaves you alone? No more goodie two shoes. Forget about camping, if I were you, I'd go hella crazy.

RACHEL
(Rachel thinks about it)
I don't know. Maybe...

ALISON
Be honest: is this hickey noticeable?

She pulls down her turtleneck. There's a hickey the size of an apple. As Rachel REACTS, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Jack pulls up to the school. Mikey and George are waiting.

JACK
Great, it's you guys. Where the hell is my kid?

GEORGE
He walked home.

JACK
What? Why?

They both hold up handfuls of condoms. Jack REACTS.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack drives. Frankie walks on the sidewalk. Jack pulls up and slowly follows Frankie.

JACK
Fine. Maybe I should have packed them a little better.

FRANKIE
Why would you do that without telling me? Oh right, I forgot - you just do whatever you want to do. You could've just given me one. I didn't need a lifetime supply!

JACK
For your sake, I hope twenty-four isn't a lifetime supply.
(off Frankie's glare)
I'm sorry, okay? I'm not one of those dads who shows you the ropes by putting a condom on a banana and then takes you out to Olive Garden.

REVEAL George and Mikey in the back.

GEORGE
My dad used a cucumber.

MIKEY
No one cares.

JACK
Just get in the damn car.
(trying bribery)
I'll let you drive.

GEORGE
That won't work. He's deathly afraid of driving.

JACK
What?! Aren't you getting your learner's permit soon? What kind of fifteen year old is scared of driving?

Annoyed, Frankie cuts through someone's yard.

GEORGE
Probably not the right time to give him crap for that.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNLEVY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack waits as Frankie walks up.

JACK
There. You did an excellent job letting me know you're pissed.

FRANKIE
I'm not talking to you.

JACK
Well, Merry Christmas to me. It'll be the first time I get some peace and quiet around here.

INT. DUNLEVY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Frankie enter. Beat, then Mikey and George enter.

JACK
What the hell are you two doing?

MIKEY
You promised us pizza.

JACK
You know what? I did. Everyone but Frankie gets pizza. Rachel, we're going to get--

Jack opens her door to REVEAL Rachel (shirt off, back turned) kissing Doug. "Nothing Compares 2 U" plays. Frankie, Mikey and Jack are stunned; George's eyes go wide, then quietly:

GEORGE
Awesome.

Rachel quickly covers herself up.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rachel and Frankie sit on the couch. Jack sits in the chair, simmering. Doug enters, buttoning up his shirt.

DOUG
Mr. Dunlevy, I--

JACK
(steely calm)
Doug. There is not a scale available with which I can accurately measure how much I want you to leave.

Doug looks at Rachel, who gestures 'Go.' He quickly exits.

RACHEL
Dad, don't blame Doug. It wasn't--

JACK
Oh, I don't think Doug had anything to do with this. I've smelled farts more persuasive than that kid.

FRANKIE
(laughs, then stops self)
No. Stay mad.

JOANNE
(enters, tired but happy)
Hey, how's my family doing?

They AMBUSH her with energy:

FRANKIE
Dad put a giant box of condoms in my backpack and it fell out at lunch!

JOANNE
Wait - he did what?

JACK
I think we should be asking ourselves what kind of half-assed school is so easy, he doesn't have to open his backpack till lunch.

RACHEL
Dad just barged into my room! The one time you didn't ask if I was decent!

JACK
You're pissed at me? I'm just glad I stopped your boyfriend at second base.

REVEAL George and Mikey watching, eating pizza. To Frankie:

MIKEY
Now you know how second base works.

FRANKIE
Not a great time, Mikey.

JOANNE
She had a boy in her room? Where the hell were you?!

JACK
Oh, I was out buying massage oil for him to use on her later - I didn't know he was here!

GEORGE
You have a beautiful daughter, Mrs. D.
(off her look, re: pizza)
We found this in the freezer.

JOANNE
Okay, here's the plan: anyone not related to me, get out.
(the boys leave with pizza)
The pizza stays; I'm starving.
(they put pizza down)
You two, go to your rooms.
(as everyone exits, to Jack)
This is perfect; you know how much homework I have tonight?

JACK
Honey, relax. I got this.

JOANNE
No you don't, Jack. I got it.

She grabs a slice of pizza and heads out. Jack sits, grabs *Jurassic Park* and starts reading.

JACK
Fine, go nuts.

Joanne re-enters, annoyed, grabs the book, and rips out the last chapter, then walks out with it. Jack calls after her:

JACK (CONT'D)
You're better than that.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JACK AND JOANNE'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER - SAME EVENING

Jack is in bed, holding *Jurassic Park*. Joanne enters.

JOANNE
What were you thinking with Frankie?

JACK
He's fifteen. My job is to make sure he doesn't get a girl pregnant or drink and drive, which, good news, isn't an issue, because he's terrified to get behind the wheel. Otherwise nothing he does at this age matters.

JOANNE
It matters to him. So you have to take it seriously. Same thing with Rachel. Have you even spoken to Doug before today?

JACK
She doesn't give a crap if I meet him.

JOANNE
Yes, she does. She acts like she doesn't, but of course she does.

JACK
What's that got to do with her letting that little shit give her a mammogram? Did you even punish her?

JOANNE
She's grounded. I figure for shirt off, three days. Pants off, it would've been a week. If she gets pregnant, two weeks, no TV.

They laugh; it breaks the tension. Then, hoping it's over:

JACK
Lesson learned.

JOANNE
What lesson learned?

JACK
(beat, then)
Christ, I don't know. The one you're thinking of in your head?

JOANNE
I know, to you, their lives are easy, but you can't just bark stuff at them then walk away. For me to feel okay about what I'm doing, you need to have my back. Get in the game more. They think you don't care.

JACK
What?! I bust my ass for those kids. I love them more than anything. I mean, I don't always <u>like</u> them, but hey, name one person who would hang out with their kids if they weren't their kids.

JOANNE
I love hanging out with our kids.

JACK
You're lying to make a point, but fine. You want to get all up in their business - great, but I'm sticking with my parenting style. In the words of my freshman football coach, "Don't change how you play, just because your opponent's different."

JOANNE
He sounds like a great dad.

JACK
He killed himself. Great coach, though. Can I have my chapter back?

She tosses him the last chapter, exits. He calls after:

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't like it. I just need to know how it ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Jack waits in his car. Rachel walks by with Alison, coldly:

RACHEL
Alison's giving me a ride, and yes, I'll go straight home.

ALISON
My dad got me a car, 'cause I told him I felt lost since he and Mom split up.

JACK
Well played.

Jack sighs, watching Rachel go. WE ANGLE on Frankie, George (in “Big Johnson” T-shirt), and Mikey walking up:

GEORGE
So let’s say at the party tonight, you’re making out with Heather and she takes off her shirt.

FRANKIE
She just takes her shirt off and lets them out - no warning? That actually happens?

MIKEY
Chicks, man.

FRANKIE
Then what’s my move? Would it be rude to keep my shirt on? What are the rules?

GEORGE
Look, since the only breasts we’ve ever seen are your sister’s, I’ll have to use her perfect ones as a frame of reference. Mikey, how large would you say they were, using hand-fulls as a measurement?

FRANKIE
(still obsessing)
It’s insane that someone would take her shirt off without asking first if the other person wants them to. You know what, screw this party. Why are we making such a big deal about it?

MIKEY
Because it’s a big ass deal.

GEORGE
You’re our gateway to the next level, buddy. Where you go, we go.

FRANKIE
(disjointed rambling)
Yeah, look, I’m sorry. I can’t, can’t do it. I just-- The other day in the caf, with T-Money, God bless him-- God bless him? Why would I say that; he’s such a tool.
(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
But I looked like such a choad. Choad is way worse than tool. I'm out.

MIKEY
Dude, what are you babbling about?

They approach Jack's car, where he waits.

GEORGE
I feel like he's saying he doesn't want to go to the party, but I know that can't be what you're saying. What are you saying?

FRANKIE
(as they get in the car)
I don't want to talk about it.

Jack listens for a silent beat, then makes a decision:

JACK
Talk about what?

FRANKIE
No. You'd think it was stupid.

JACK
I think everything that everyone says is stupid. Tell me anyway.

Frankie looks at George and Mikey, shakes his head 'no'.

GEORGE
A hot girl invited Frankie to a party, and he won't go.

FRANKIE
You're dead to me.

TIME CUT: Jack and Frankie drive in silence, then Jack stops.

JACK
Switch seats with me. You're learning to drive today.

FRANKIE
Do you enjoy this, making me uncomfortable? Because you don't have to do it. I'm always uncomfortable.

JACK
Just get behind the damn wheel.

TIME CUT: Frankie (terrified) is in the driver's seat; Jack sits shotgun. The car creeps forward. A BIKE PASSES IT.

JACK (CONT'D)
The best way to get over a fear is to grab it by the balls and say hello. Here's the scenario: George got stabbed by one of those hobos you stole from. You need to get him to the hospital before he bleeds out.

FRANKIE
Good. I hope George dies.

JACK
No, you don't. You love that chubby, little, Mexican bastard.

FRANKIE
Wouldn't I just call 9-1-1?

JACK
9-1-1 isn't working.

FRANKIE
So, is this also like the Apocalypse or something?

JACK
Just sack up, and get from here to our house in five minutes. Clock is running. Save George! GO GO GO GO!

A startled Frankie slams on the gas. TIME CUT: Frankie takes a hard left around a corner.

JACK (CONT'D)
Three minutes left. Uh-oh, George pulled the knife out. Blood is spraying everywhere.

TIME CUT: Frankie zooms down a straightaway.

JACK (CONT'D)
Two minutes. Oh God, he's fading; can you hear him? "Frankie, I'm so cold."

TIME CUT: a white knuckled Frankie hits the accelerator and blows through a yellow light.

JACK (CONT'D)
One minute. He's dying. Your friend is dying.

FRANKIE
You're not helping!

TIME CUT: Frankie takes a hard left, then a hard right, then screeches around a corner and guns it on a straightaway.

JACK
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...

Frankie slams on the brakes and the car screeches to a halt in the Dunlevy driveway. Frankie, sweaty, tries to breathe.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well done. George lived; although with the brain damage from all that blood loss, he probably won't be able to talk anymore, so it's a win-win.

FRANKIE
Why did you make me do that?!

JACK
Anything worth doing in life is gonna be scary. You get what I'm saying?

FRANKIE
Yeah... I mean, no, not entirely.

JACK
Go to that stupid party and talk to that girl.

Jack gets out, leaving Frankie white-knuckled on the wheel:

FRANKIE
Mom would have just said that.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rachel and Joanne sit at the table, studying.

RACHEL
I can't believe you're making me study with you every night.

JOANNE
Maybe you'd be more comfortable if you took your shirt off.

RACHEL
(beat, then, easing in)
It so wasn't worth it. It was...
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
awkward. Just a lot of uncomfortable squeezing and pinching. Why would he think pinching feels good?

JOANNE
Don't worry, honey, with men that starts to change... never.

They both smile. Doug appears at the kitchen window, and sheepishly waves his goofy wave.

RACHEL
He knows I'm grounded; he just came to get his calculus book.

Before Rachel answers the door, Jack JUMPS OUT, scaring Doug, "Bah!" Doug stumbles back off the stairs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Dad!

JACK
Calm down, he's fine.
(opens door, to Doug)
You're fine, aren't you, Doug? Doug?

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits across from a skittish Doug (holds ice on head).

JACK
Look, my daughter's smart, and I'm pretty sure I hugged her enough that she wouldn't date a complete idiot.
(takes a look at Doug)
I could be wrong. Still, since you might be around for a while, we should get to know each other.

DOUG
Oh. Well, I'm a huge Chargers fan--

JACK
Let's start with your name.

DOUG
Oh. Right. Doug Manganaro.

JACK
Do people call you Mango?
(Doug shakes 'no')
Good, that'd be stupid.

REVEAL Rachel looking in. SHE SMILES. Just then Frankie (sweater) enters, hair slicked to the side.

FRANKIE
I'm heading to the party.

Jack nods.

DOUG
Be safe, little dude.

JACK/FRANKIE
Shut up, Doug.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie, George and Mikey stand outside the door.

FRANKIE
Wait - don't go in, yet. I'm getting hot; if I start sweating, I get rashy.

He removes his sweatshirt to REVEAL the Hypercolor T-shirt.

MIKEY
Is that a Hyper Color?

FRANKIE
Okay, so, I didn't mean to wear this. I have to go back and change.

GEORGE
No, dude, that shirt rocks. It's like you're wearing the future.

George presses his hand on Frankie's shirt. The door opens to REVEAL Heather Blumeyer. George pulls his hand away, REVEALING a perfectly colored handprint on the shirt.

HEATHER
Hey. Come on in.

Heather enters. Frankie's frozen. Mikey gives him a push, and they enter a SEA OF KIDS. The "Humpty Dance" by Digital Underground plays. TIME CUT: George, in a dance circle, tries to BREAKDANCE and knocks a girl over. As Mikey helps him up, ANGLE ON Frankie and Heather, mid-conversation:

FRANKIE
...and I drove from there to my house in five minutes. My dad said George would've lived but he'd be brain-dead.

HEATHER
(laughs, then nervously)
You want to see my room?

FRANKIE
Why, what's in your room?
(realizes)
Oh, I mean-- yeah, totally.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Heather's room is WALL TO WALL Christian Slater posters.

FRANKIE
Not a big Christian Slater fan, huh?

HEATHER
No, I'm a huge fan.

FRANKIE
Right.
(she moves closer)
I liked him best in *Heathers*. Hey, you're a Heather. You could've been in that movie-- Is it a little hot?

REVEAL the armpit areas around Frankie's Hypercolor T-shirt have changed colors. He has now has big bright circles.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I hate this stupid shirt.

HEATHER
I think it's cute.

Frankie takes a deep breath, leans in, and pushes his lips to hers, and they AWKWARDLY MAKE OUT.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHER BLUMEYER'S HOUSE - LATER

Frankie, Mikey and George exuberantly sing and dance in her yard as people file out.

FRANKIE/MIKEY/GEORGE
The Humpty Dance is yo chance to do the hump.
(George sings high part)
Ah, do me baby.

ALISON walks out with a HANDSOME BLACK GUY. Frankie stops.

FRANKIE
Guys! That's my sister's friend. Act like we've been there before.

They stop until she passes, then go back to singing/dancing as T-Money approaches.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Good evening, T-Money.

T-MONEY
Nice job in there. Up-top.
(Frankie awkwardly HI-FIVES)
Heather said you were so inexperienced that it was like kissing her mom. Everyone's talking about it. Brutal.

Frankie's face drops, devastated. T-Money walks off. Frankie notices: people <u>are</u> looking and laughing (Alison looks sympathetically). George, comforting:

GEORGE
Screw him, buddy.

MIKEY
(pats Frankie's back)
Chicks, man.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNLEVY DEN - LATE NIGHT

Frankie sits, forlorn, lights dim. Joanne enters the front door with school stuff. Frankie looks up.

JOANNE
Hey honey, what are you doing up?

FRANKIE
Can I talk to you for a second?

JOANNE
Of course. Let me put my stuff away.

Jack walks in with a scotch, gives Joanne a quick kiss. He takes a long look at Frankie.

JACK
I need a late-night snack. I'm thinking bacon. What do you say? Eight slices each. You want in?
(Frankie says nothing)
I'm just gonna dive in; I heard what happened at the party.

FRANKIE
How? It was an hour ago.

JACK
Rach told me. She heard from her skanky friend Alison.

FRANKIE
Awesome. I was hoping that it would eventually spread to my family. We should call Grandma and Grandpa.

JACK
(sits down, deep breath)
Look, I know you're feeling crappy. Just let me ask one thing: if you close your eyes, can you still remember kissing that girl?

FRANKIE
I guess, yeah.

JACK
Well, I've kissed hundreds of girls--

FRANKIE
Congrats.

JACK
Let me finish, dammit. Out of all those girls, how many do you think I remember?

FRANKIE
No idea.

JACK
Two: the first one, and your mother... And maybe this Filipino nurse with a giant ass. She was sloppy.

FRANKIE
Is this story almost done?

Jack gathers himself and looks right at his son:

JACK
Kiddo, you can't stop life from screwing you when it wants. You might feel like hell right now, but you'll always remember your first kiss.

Frankie begins to break, getting emotional:

FRANKIE
Dad, it was so embarrassing...

JACK
That'll fade. I promise...
(puts arm around him)
Plus, if things ever get too crappy, you can always come home and eat bacon with your mom and me.

They sit in silence for a long beat, father-and-son, then:

FRANKIE
I might've also grabbed her butt.

JACK
No one can take that away from you.

JOANNE
(re-enters)
Frankie, you wanted to talk?

FRANKIE
It's no big deal. Dad got it.

Frankie exits. Joanne looks over at Jack. He raises his arms in victory, *Breaking Away* style. She smiles, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jack and Frankie/George/Mikey stand in the HOMELESS GUYS' CAMPSITE. The boys carry the nudie magazines from earlier.

FRANKIE
Why do we have to do this?

JACK
Because you stole. Calm down; it'll be fine.

Just then, Homeless Guy #1 comes screaming out of the bushes, tries to hit Jack on the head with a shovel. Jack catches it, holding him off/struggling:

JACK (CONT'D)
Run, boys! Run!

The boys drop the magazines and take off, screaming. As soon as they're gone, Jack lets go of the shovel, and casually speaks with the Homeless Guy:

JACK (CONT'D)
That should keep that from ever happening again.

HOMELESS GUY #1
You're a pretty sick guy.

JACK
Maybe. Twenty good?

The Homeless Guy nods and takes the twenty from Jack.

END OF SHOW