

USED GUYS

by
Mickey Birnbaum

Revisions by
David Guion & Michael Handelman

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INT. A KITCHEN - EVENING

Close on a CAKE as icing is piped onto it, spelling out:

"6 YEARS!
HERE'S TO 60 MORE!"

The sound of the front door. GLEN, good-looking, thirtyish, dressed Dockers casual, looks up from the cake and smiles.

INT. A DINING ROOM - EVENING

An elaborate dinner is spread on the table. Candlelight. A single rose in a slender vase. Smooth jazz plays softly.

Glen places the cake on the sideboard as ANGELA, a smartly dressed businesswoman, walks in. She frowns at the table.

ANGELA
What's all this?

Glen takes her coat and hands her a glass of wine.

GLEN
Oh, nothing. Just a little something I whipped up. Glen's famous lasagna. Some nice wine. And a mocha cake that a certain someone I know goes crazy for.

He goes and puts his arms around her--

GLEN (CONT'D)
After that, there'll be some champagne chilling by your bubble bath. And I'll be on hand to rub your feet...or whatever else needs rubbing.

Angela notices the writing on the cake and realizes--

ANGELA
It's April 19th. I totally forgot.

He winks at her.

GLEN
Sure you did. Probably just slipped your mind.

He winks again. Angela looks at him.

ANGELA
Yeah. It did.

GLEN

So that's probably why you didn't
make any special plans or anything.

Smiling coyly, he grabs a suitcase from the hallway--

GLEN (CONT'D)

So I shouldn't have packed a bag for
any kind of tropical getaway. I
shouldn't have packed anything..sexy.

He holds up a pair of BOXERS decorated with teddy bears
holding hearts.

ANGELA

Glen, we should probably talk--

GLEN

Sorry. I was putting away the
laundry and I found the tickets.
Looks like someone's planning a
little fun in the sun--

ANGELA

Glen. I'm not going with you.

Glen stops, his smile frozen on his face.

GLEN

Oh. I, um. You're going with
someone else?

ANGELA

Yes.

GLEN

A...woman? Female friend?

Angela takes a deep breath.

ANGELA

No.

GLEN

Oh. Okay. I see. Well, I
understand. Sometimes a woman needs
to...have experiences. Experiment.
Temporarily.

ANGELA

It's not temporary, Glen.

Glen's frozen smile now looks panicked.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was going to tell you tomorrow. It's just--

(she sighs)

I've been thinking about it, and with my new job and everything...I think I'm ready to move on.

GLEN

Move on?

ANGELA

I'm going to try somebody new.

Glen looks like he's been hit by a truck.

GLEN

But...I don't understand. Why?

ANGELA

I don't know, Glen. You're a great guy. But you can be a little emotionally...intense.

GLEN

Intense?

ANGELA

And you do have a few little...weird things. You know. Your trips to the bathroom at night.

Glen laughs nervously--

GLEN

What are you talking about?

ANGELA

Come on, Glen. When you live with somebody for six years, you know all their secrets. Don't worry. I'm not gonna tell anyone.

(she smiles)

There's a woman out there. And you're gonna be just what she's looking for.

(trying for a joke)

Hey! At least you're already packed!

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Glen looks listlessly at his reflection as a menu of options appears on the mirror. He makes his selection--

"ROSEMARY HENNA. NO MASSAGE."

A clear plastic helmet lowers down over his hair. A quick BLAST of soapy water fills the helmet. A BLAST of clear water. Then a BLAST of hot air. The helmet lifts up. His hair is soft and blow-dried.

Glen sighs.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

An affluent suburban neighborhood. Redwood homes with solar panels and organic curves. Angela walks briskly to her hydro-cell pod car. Glen trudges after her with his duffel bag.

He takes one last look at the house, and notices curtains shifting in the neighboring houses. MEN look out furtively, then quickly disappear.

INT. ANGELA'S POD CAR - DAY

Angela's pod car glides silently past curved, graceful buildings that blend with the natural landscape.

GLEN
(quietly)
The lasagna's in the fridge.

ANGELA
Thanks, Glen.

GLEN
Put it on six for three minutes.
Otherwise it gets all rubbery.

ANGELA
Okay.

GLEN
Don't cover it, 'cause--

ANGELA
OKAY.

Glen stares out the window. Close on his eyes. A flicker of anger.

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

Close on another set of EYES. Angrier. Fiercer. Wilder. It's an APE.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST. A family of APES. The angry FATHER APE stands in front of a MOTHER APE and her BABY, preparing to ward off a predator. He looks down and sees a massive BONE lying on the ground. An idea forms in his primitive brain.

A male NARRATOR speaks--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For most of human history, it was men, not women, who were responsible for civilization's greatest achievements.

The Father Ape picks up the bone and wields it like a club.

A RUMBLING NOISE. The Ape drops the bone and they all leap away in terror as a BULLDOZER crashes through the jungle, splintering the trees. Behind it, a HIGHWAY under construction.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was men who created the most efficient way to resolve disputes.

World War I SOLDIERS fire machine guns from trenches.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men who improved our standard of living through technology.

A FACTORY belches smoke. BIRDS struggle in an oil slick.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men who gave artistic expression to our highest aspirations--

A screaming PRO WRESTLER body-slams his opponent.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--and showed what humanity was capable of.

MUHAMMAD ALI slugs JOE FRAZIER. FLAMES burn on the Cuyahoga river. FRAT BOYS scream at WOMEN in a wet t-shirt contest. A gang of SOCCER HOOLIGANS demolishes a stadium. A nuclear MUSHROOM CLOUD. GALLAGHER smashes a watermelon with a mallet.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By the end of the 21st Century, the world strained under the weight of men's achievements.

Rapid-fire images of mayhem and destruction.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But men came through one more time.
Providing a ray of hope to a troubled
world--

A TV ad. A pickup hoops game. A STUDLY GUY does a slam
dunk, shattering the backboard. Two ENVIOUS GUYS gasp for
air as he jumps into his Ferrari with two gorgeous BABES.

STUDLY GUY

(to the Envious Guys)
See you next week, ladies.

The Ferrari peels away.

ENVIOUS GUY

How does he do it?

A giant PLASTIC BOTTLE of blue liquid SLAMS down, filling the
screen. Its label reads--

ANNOUNCER

MAXADE. Get it up. Get it on.

Images of men all around the world drinking Maxade.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A joint venture of the soft drink and
pharmaceutical industries, Maxade
promised bigger muscles, thicker
hair, and longer-lasting erections.
Within a year it was the best-selling
beverage in the world. Maxade
delivered everything it promised.
But it had one unforeseen side
effect.

A morgue full of bodies lying under sheets. Pup tents over
each of their groins.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Maxade death rate was ninety-
seven percent. But guys still said
it was worth the risk.

A massive cemetery. Freshly dug graves. Grieving women.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In six years, most of the world's
male population died off. The Age of
Man was over.

CLOSE ON - A giant QUEEN BEE. A tiny MALE DRONE approaches
her cautiously.

A laboratory. A distinguished elderly WOMAN holds the QUEEN BEE in a pair of tweezers, admiring it while her TWIN SISTER types in a laptop.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Helen and Sarah Forster were biologists who studied bees. Bee colonies are remarkably peaceful, cooperative and stable. They're also run by females. In the lowly honeybee, the Forsters saw the future.

HELEN FORSTER peers through her bifocals and reads a speech with the passion of an early Suffragist--

HELEN FORSTER

The only hope for mankind...is womankind!

The all-female CONGRESS bursts into applause.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Forster Twins founded Pacifica, a worldwide gynocracy ruled by women.

A shot of the EARTH, seen from space. Zoom in toward what was once California. Through the clouds--

Clean, green suburbs. A shining CITY CENTER. In the distance, lush, rolling countryside stretches to the sea.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For four hundred years, Pacifica thrived. A world free of war, poverty and pollution. Completely at peace.

Zoom in on ANGELA'S POD CAR, gliding down a manicured street.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As for men, it looked like they didn't have a purpose anymore. They weren't needed for hunting. They weren't needed for wars. They weren't even needed for reproduction-- genetic technology allowed women to reproduce without using sperm. But the Founding Mothers realized that men could still be useful. So they came up with a unique solution.

Angela's pod car drives into a parking lot. Looming above, a sign reads: "MANCO".

END CREDIT SEQUENCE.

Close on Glen, looking up at a PLASMA SCREEN. An ad plays. Quick shots--

Three completely identical PREPPY GUYS stand near a weathered barn, laughing. The ANNOUNCER, like every professional in this society, is a woman--

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

With over thirty lines of clones to choose from, finding the right man is a snap!

A conservative-looking BUSINESSWOMAN sits at the breakfast table next to BUTTONED-DOWN GUY. She looks up and smiles--

BUSINESSWOMAN

I got my man!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And with ManCo's easy financing, bringing home a companion is easier than ever.

A funky-looking ARTIST turns away from her easel and smiles. Behind her, a black ARTSY GUY with very mainstream-looking dreadlocks models for her.

ARTIST

I got my man!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

So what are you waiting for? Have you got your man?

A mischievous-looking GRANNY stands in front of two identical BODYBUILDER GUYS.

GRANNY

I got two!

She winks theatrically. Pull back from the screen--

INT. MANCO - DAY

A massive dealership, full of all different kinds of CLONES. Glen stands on the gleaming showroom floor, staring up at the screen. Next to him, Angela looks hungrily at--

The DAVID DISPLAY. A reproduction of Michelangelo's *David*. A Ralph Lauren-style set. Leather-bound books. Worn polo mallets. Lounging on sofa, six devastatingly handsome DAVIDS. Above them, a banner--

"The David 3000. The Excitement Is Back."

Glen eyes the Davids jealously. A SALESWOMAN walks up--

SALESWOMAN

Looks like somebody has her eye on a David.

ANGELA

They're incredible.

SALESWOMAN

They make every other clone obsolete. David, why don't you tell her a little about yourself?

The DAVID stands up. Physically perfect. His tailoring impeccable. His hair charmingly tousled. He flashes a thousand-watt smile. Glen shoots him a dirty look.

DAVID

(slight English accent)

Well, I suppose I've been blessed with very good genes. On top of that, let's see--

Somehow managing to make this all seem self-effacing--

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm expert in French, Italian and Thai cuisine. I'm a concert-level pianist. I dance a bit. Swing, tango, paso doble. I adore children. Very conversant in music and art. Love the impressionists. Love literature. I'm rather good at skiing, tennis, polo, soccer, billiards, bocce, and chess. And of course, when it comes to sexual pleasure--

(a modest smile)

You'll find there are no gaps in my training.

ANGELA

(blown away)

Wow.

SALESWOMAN

We do get one complaint. They're too perfect!

She laughs delightedly.

DAVID
 (an impish smile)
 I do hope you can learn to forgive
 me.

Fiddling absently with a POLO Mallet, Glen swings--

A CRACK. The David goes down, clutching his knee. Angela winces, but the Saleswoman doesn't notice.

SALESWOMAN
 Are you trading in your Glen?

ANGELA
 Yeah. I bought him six years ago.
 He's good as new!

She hands the Saleswoman Glen's paperwork and a blue KEY.

SALESWOMAN
 I probably can't get you a lot for
 him. Frankly, the only people buying
 Glens anymore are old ladies who want
 them for housekeeping. We're selling
 them for half price just to get them
 off the floor. Women just want more
 excitement these days.

She signals to a SERVICE-WOMAN in a jumpsuit.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)
 You are gonna love your new David.

Angela casts a quick glance at Glen as the Saleswoman leads her away. Glen meets her eyes, silently begging for a reprieve. She turns away. The Service-Woman comes over--

SERVICE-WOMAN
 Come on, sunshine. Let's get you
 prepped for resale.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Close on Glen, the glow of a PLASMA SCREEN reflecting off his face. Pull back--

He sits with a dozen other GLENS. All completely identical. They're watching a GLEN TRAINING VIDEO--

"THE GLEN SERIES. A PERFECT COMPANION."

QUICK SHOTS of Glens doing everything the ideal companion should. Rowing in boats with their women. Bringing them breakfast in bed. Holding hands as they stroll on the beach.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

You know your way around the kitchen.
You're a gentle and reliable
lovemaker. You even play a little
piano. But most important of all, as
a Glen, you're a sensitive listener.

"CHAPTER 1: THE SENSITIVE LISTENER"

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In this chapter we'll review
listening skills to get you ready for
resale. Remember, there's a
technique to sensitive listening--

A LAME SKIT like in an industrial video. A GLEN laughs
heartily at a joke his WOMAN has just told--

THE GLEN

What an amazing joke, Sara.

WOMAN

But it's true, too. You know?
Sometimes I feel like life is just so
topsy-turvy.

The Glen gives her a sensitive look.

THE GLEN

I understand completely.

FREEZE FRAME on the Glen.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Be sure to maintain eye contact--

Superimposed DOTTED LINES show the Glen's proper eye contact--

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

--and nod sympathetically.

The Glen tilts his head slightly and nods. Superimposed
LINES AND ARCS show the vector of a Sympathetic Nod.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Lend a sympathetic ear to your new
owner, and she'll treasure you for
years to come.

A GRAY-HAIRED GLEN and an ELDERLY WOMAN sit by a roaring
fire. She puts her arm around him--

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Maybe even a lifetime.

Pan across the Glens in the Training Room. They all watch with the same placid expression. Then we see our Glen. His eyes glisten, and his face is streaked with tears.

INT. AN ELEVATOR - DAY

Glen stands with the other Glens. They glance at him. His eyes are still a little red from crying.

A GLEN
Are you all right?

GLEN
I don't know. This relationship stuff...it's like somebody tears your heart out and then kicks you in the stomach. I don't know whether to cry or...break something. You know what I mean?

Beat. Clearly they have no idea what he's talking about. Then, in unison, the Glens all do perfect Sympathetic Nods.

INT. MANCO PREP ROOM - DAY

Glen stands in his underwear in a row of TRADE-INS, clones of all kinds. Robotic arms swoop around them, plucking eyebrows and cleansing skin. Glen gazes ahead dejectedly as a robot arm brushes his teeth.

From inside a nearby SUPPLY CLOSET, a THUD. A few GIGGLES. Glen frowns. Then the door flies open and out steps--

JAKE. Paul Newman looks and Burt Reynolds charm, in boxers and cowboy boots. Grinning from ear to ear, he puts on his cowboy hat.

JAKE
Now darlin', I tried to warn you.
I'm a tiger.

A SERVICE-WOMAN steps out after him, her uniform disheveled.

SERVICE-WOMAN
You're gonna get me in trouble,
tiger.

Jake gives her a TIGER GROWL. She snaps the waistband of his boxers and walks off. Glen stares in amazement.

Jake sees Glen watching him. He grins and shrugs as if to say, "What can I do?" Then he ambles over to a chair, plops down and lights up a cigarette.

GLEN

Um. I think we're all supposed to get in line for grooming.

Jake casts a dismissive eye on the row of docile clones.

JAKE

I had special grooming.

GLEN

What model are you?

JAKE

Jake 900. Limited edition. I got lean genes, baby-blues, and twelve inches under the hood.

(eyeing Glen)

You a Glen 700?

GLEN

What? No, just 500. You know. Brown hair, green eyes...

(losing momentum)

...average height.

JAKE

Great sales pitch, amigo. You're gonna get snapped up in no time.

(eyeing Glen)

First time in, right?

GLEN

She didn't even tell me until last night.

JAKE

Let me guess. Your lovin' wasn't up to speed.

GLEN

What? She didn't say anything like that.

JAKE

They never do. Nine times out of ten that's the real reason.

Glen turns this over in his mind while Jake takes a drag on his cigarette.

GLEN

So why'd you get returned?

JAKE

My woman caught me playing footsie
with the next-door neighbor and
traded me in.

GLEN

Just for playing footsie?

JAKE

(rolling his eyes)
I was bangin' her.

GLEN

You *fooled around*? Are you crazy?

JAKE

Everybody knows Jakes run a little
hot. But we're always gonna be in
demand. 'Cause the ladies all wanna
ride the tiger.

Suddenly, something catches Jake's eye. He quickly crushes
his cigarette under his boot. Glen follows his gaze--

Six QUALITY CONTROL INSPECTORS stride into the room. Crisp
khaki skirts. Blue dress shirts. Name tags. These ladies
mean business.

The blood drains from Glen's face.

GLEN

Quality Control. What are they doing
here?

JAKE

Looking for faulty merchandise.

The QC Inspectors stride through the room in tight formation,
the lead Inspector, HOLIDAY, in front. Suddenly, she catches
something out of the corner of her eye. She stops. In a
line of CHARLIES--

One has a UNIBROW. Holiday gestures wordlessly, and two
INSPECTORS gently lead UNIBROW CHARLIE out of line.

QC INSPECTOR

It's okay. We won't hurt you.

Unibrow Charlie whips out a pair of tweezers.

UNIBROW CHARLIE

I can fix it! I can fix it!

But they lead him away.

GLEN

Whoah.

JAKE

Guy just bought a ticket on the Happy Bus.

He makes a BUZZING noise as he mimes drilling a hole in his head. A GLUG-GLUG-GLUG as he mimes pouring liquid into the hole. Then walks around like a zombie with a goofy smile--

JAKE (CONT'D)

No brain. No pain.

GLEN

Are they gonna screen all of us?

JAKE

Don't sweat it, bro. They're still women. Just lay on the charm.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Glen sits under the fluorescent lights, facing Holiday and two other QUALITY CONTROL INSPECTORS.

QC INSPECTOR #1

We're going to ask you a few questions, Glen. Just say the first thing that comes to mind.

GLEN

Potato.

He laughs nervously. Silence.

QC INSPECTOR #2

Please wait for the question, Glen.

GLEN

I know. It was just a joke. Sorry.

The QC Inspectors exchange a look. Glen glances at Holiday-- She's peering at his hands. He folds them awkwardly.

QC INSPECTOR #1

Glen, if you could be any animal, what would you be?

GLEN

Any animal? Um. I guess I'd have to say--

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)
 (grasping at straws)
 --a tiger?

QC INSPECTOR #2
 (raising an eyebrow)
 A tiger?

GLEN
 Maybe.

QC Inspector #2 writes something on a note pad.

QC INSPECTOR #1
 In what way are you like a tiger?

GLEN
 Um. You know. Fierce. Savage.
 Sexually adventurous.

He lets out a GROWL and claws the air weakly. They all look blankly at him.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 But not in a weird way. I'm not into anything abnormal. Just the regular...you know...techniques and positions. So, I guess a tiger.

Holiday stares at Glen.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 Or a monkey. Monkeys are nice too.

INT. MANCO HALLWAY - DAY

The Interview Room door shuts behind Glen. He lets out a deep breath.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

QC INSPECTOR #1
 That one seemed a little unusual.

HOLIDAY
 Anybody notice his hands?

They all look at her.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
 Glen 500s were designed with a seven-inch hand span. His looked more like eight and a half.
 (jotting on her pad)
 Probably just a minor cloning glitch.
 But let's flag him for follow-up.

INT. MANCO HALLWAY - DAY

Glen peers through a window into another Interview Room--

Jake leans casually on the table and whispers something into a QC INSPECTOR'S ear. She laughs and hits him playfully. He sees Glen through the window and winks.

INT. MANCO DORMITORY - NIGHT

A long, narrow room. TRADE-INS lie in bunks in neat rows. Glen sits up in bed, gazing sadly at a PHOTO of Angela. He blinks back a tear.

Jake comes in and stretches out on the neighboring bunk.

JAKE
Your old owner?

GLEN
Yeah.

JAKE
Can I see?

Glen hands him the picture. Jake gazes at it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You must miss her a lot.

GLEN
Yeah.

Jake tears up the picture.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Hey--!

He jumps out of bed and gathers up the pieces.

JAKE
She traded you in. Get over it.
It's bad enough we're their slaves.
We don't have to cry over 'em too.
(eyeing Glen)
It wasn't always like this, you know.
Men used to be free. Back in the
good old days.

GLEN
Yeah, right. The good old days.
Before men destroyed civilization.

JAKE

They're never gonna let us live that down, are they?

Jake pulls out a tattered piece of paper out of his boot.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You wanna look at pictures, look at this.

It's an old torn-out MARLBORO AD. The Marlboro Man smokes a cigarette near a roaring campfire. His horse stands behind him, and majestic mountains rise in the distance.

Glen's never seen anything like it. He stares, amazed. Jake gazes at the picture and speaks with genuine longing--

JAKE (CONT'D)

Men didn't answer to anybody back then. They were kings of the earth. Did what they wanted, when they wanted. Killed what they ate, and ate what they killed.

GLEN

They ate *animals*?

Jake nods. He points to the Marlboro Man's horse--

JAKE

He's getting ready to blow that sonofabitch away and roast him up over that fire.

GLEN

Unbelievable.

Jake looks around and lowers his voice--

JAKE

It's out there, you know. A place where men are still free. No women for a thousand miles. Mantopia.

GLEN

Yeah, right. Mantopia. Where men own houses and drive cars. You really believe that?

JAKE

Just 'cause I'm a slave doesn't mean I have to think like one.

GLEN

Then why don't you just go there?

Jake folds up the Marlboro ad.

JAKE

Time and a place for everything,
Glen. One of these days I *will* go.
(defensively)

Besides, I like women too much. I
figure I'll stick around, see who
buys me tomorrow.

GLEN

Yeah. I'll probably get some granny
who wants me to wash her undies.

JAKE

Listen. Any woman seems interested
in you, just wave me over and I'll
back you up. Make you look good. We
men have to stick together. You got
Jake on your team now.

Glen looks at him, not sure this is a good thing.

INT. MANCO SHOWROOM - DAY

The Trade-Ins are arrayed around the USED SECTION of the
showroom. It's shabbier than the Davids' section, and flimsy
sets have been erected for each type of guy--

Three outdoorsy LARRYS stand by a backdrop of trees and a
stream. A pair of suave, older JULIOS in linen suits at a
fake tropical bar.

The Glens are arrayed around a couch in a living room set,
wearing identical v-neck sweaters. Jake strolls over in
jeans, a tank top and a cowboy hat. He leans over to Glen--

JAKE

Remember what we talked about last
night?

GLEN

(confused)

No.

Jake frowns at him, then realizes he has the wrong Glen. He
shoves him aside and grabs our Glen--

JAKE

Remember what we talked about last
night?

GLEN

Yeah.

JAKE

You get any good prospects, call me over.

He takes a small mirror out of his back pocket and stares into it intently.

GLEN

What are you doing?

JAKE

Just a little trick of mine. See, this whole thing is about sex appeal. Potential buyer comes along, I seduce her with my eyes. Check it out--

He gazes into Glen's eyes, oozing sexuality.

JAKE (CONT'D)

See what I'm doing here?

(hypnotically)

You're powerless. You can't look away. Tonight I'm gonna turn your little world upside-down.

GLEN

(transfixed)

Wow. It really works.

Suddenly, from across the showroom--

SALESWOMAN

We're open for business, gentlemen!

Jake grins at Glen--

JAKE

Showtime!

He saunters over to the cherry-red '65 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE in his display area. He THUMPS on the hood and it flies open--

The showroom doors open. SHOPPERS stream in.

EXT. MANCO PARKING LOT - DAY

MICHELLE and KELLY walk toward ManCo. Pretty and charmingly scattered, Michelle doesn't look happy to be there. Kelly, sexy and self-assured, urges her toward the door.

MICHELLE

You know what? This isn't gonna work out. It's a bad idea.

KELLY

Michelle, you're in a rut. You've gotta shake things up a little.

MICHELLE

Who says I'm in a rut?

KELLY

Everybody. You never want to go out anymore. You're spending too much time alone. Plus, to be honest, you've gotta get laid. And that resort three years ago doesn't count.

MICHELLE

(defensively)

Just because I'm not as obsessed with sex as you are--

KELLY

Michelle. You've got a little bit of a hang-up.

MICHELLE

I do not have a hang-up.

KELLY

Fine. You don't have to sleep with him. Have him do housework. Whatever. It'll be good to have somebody else around. Besides, there's a one-month trial period. You don't like him, send him back.

Michelle hesitates. Then pushes open the door--

INT. MANCO SHOWROOM - DAY

Michelle and Kelly walk past displays of different kinds of guys. They eye a trio of ZACKS. Pony tails. Hemp shirts. A lively round of hacky-sack in progress.

MICHELLE

It's weird what some women go for.

KELLY

Tell me about it.

Kelly stops in front of the Davids and smiles approvingly. Michelle looks at them and whispers to Kelly--

MICHELLE

Doesn't it freak you out that they're all the same?

KELLY

I wish I could afford all six of them.

Michelle rolls her eyes and wanders off.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SHOWROOM - DAY

Jake leans over the car engine, angling his ass toward a MOTHER and her twenty-year old DAUGHTER. He shoots them his sexy look over his shoulder. The Daughter looks interested, but the Mother guides her away.

An OLD LADY peers at Glen. He watches her warily. Obviously not liking what she sees, she shakes her head and walks away.

Jake walks over to Glen--

JAKE

Tough room.

GLEN

Yeah. No kidding.

They look gloomily across the showroom to the new section--

The Saleswoman is talking to Michelle.

JAKE

Ten to one she steers her your way.

GLEN

No way. She wants a David.

JAKE

(shaking his head)
Not a high-roller. She's gonna be looking for used. See how she's fidgeting? Never had a man before. Saleslady's gonna dump some low-end merch on her. That's you, my man.

And right on cue, the Saleswoman points at Glen. Michelle follows her gaze, and Glen quickly looks away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You get her started, and I'll come in to help you seal the deal.

He slaps Glen on the back and walks back to his area.

As the women approach, Glen takes a deep breath--

GLEN
(to himself)
Sex appeal.

SALESWOMAN
Glens are extremely reliable,
Michelle. Great companions. Nice
starter penis. We can't keep 'em on
the floor.

Michelle walks down the row of identical Glens, each wearing
he same bland smile. Then she reaches our Glen--

He's seducing her with his eyes. Badly. Michelle stops.

GLEN
I'm gonna turn your little world
upside-down.

They stare at him.

MICHELLE
I think this one's drunk.

SALESWOMAN
We also have some very nice Jeffs.

GLEN
No, no. I just...had something in my
eye. I don't drink. I mean, just a
normal amount.
(frantically waving for
Jake)
I'm a great Glen. My friend Jake can
tell you--

Jake shoves Glen aside and flashes a grin--

JAKE
You don't want a Glen.

Glen stares at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Even when they're workin', they're
not really workin'. You know what I
mean? Now, a Jake on the other hand--

He seduces her with his eyes. The good version.

JAKE (CONT'D)
A Jake goes strong, all night long.

Kelly walks over and looks Jake up and down--

KELLY

What do we have here?

Jake checks Kelly out. He likes what he sees. He changes strategy.

JAKE

Jake 900, darlin'. Only 250 bred. A small but proud lineage.

KELLY

You a P-10?

JAKE

P-12, actually.

Their eyes lock.

KELLY

I hear Jakes fool around on you.

SALESWOMAN

Well, the sex drive's set pretty high. But if you take a firm hand, you should have no problems.

Kelly's right on the brink, but she steps back.

KELLY

I can't afford it right now. I'm just here with my friend.

SALESWOMAN

Tell you what. My manager's gonna kill me, but what if I offered you these two for the price of one?

MICHELLE

I'm not sure about this Glen.

Jake changes tactics again. He pulls Glen back over--

JAKE

This Glen? This is the best Glen on the whole floor!

(to Glen)

Tell 'em about your skill set, man. You got a huge skill set and you're not even--

(grinning at Michelle)

He's so modest, is the problem.

INT. MANCO SALES OFFICE - DAY

Michelle and Kelly sit across from the Saleslady, contracts in front of them--

MICHELLE

I don't understand how this became all about you.

KELLY

All about me? You're gonna love having a Glen!

MICHELLE

I'm really gonna kill you.

She signs the contract.

INT. MANCO WAITING ROOM - DAY

Glen and Jake sit on a couch, watching through a plate-glass window as Michelle and Kelly sign contracts.

GLEN

(sarcastically)
Thanks for helping me out.

JAKE

Are we not being sold? Did I not help you out?

GLEN

Yeah, after you tried to dick me over.

JAKE

Can't you see that that was all part of my plan?

Glen shakes his head, disgusted.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know what I'm not feelin', Glen? Gratitude. I'm not feelin' it.

The Saleswoman comes out, followed by Michelle and Kelly.

MICHELLE

So thirty days, any problems, no questions asked?

SALESWOMAN

Full refund. Just bring him back in. Of course, it is a two for one.

(MORE)

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)
 If you bring the Glen back--
 (to Kelly)
 --you will have to bring the Jake
 back.

Glen and Jake look at each other.

The Saleswoman clips thin, metallic TRACKING BRACELETS onto Glen and Jake's wrists, and hands two blue KEYS to Michelle and Kelly. Kelly turns to Jake--

KELLY
 Let's go, big boy.

Kelly and Jake head for the door. Michelle looks at Glen, then sighs and walks after them.

GLEN
 Okay. Great.

He walks after them.

EXT. MANCO - DAY

Glen follows the others. Suddenly, the sound of cheerful, sing-song MUSIC. Glen turns to see--

The HAPPY BUS. It's painted in bright cheerful colors and packed with obsolete and defective CLONES. Whatever these guys are on, it's making them very, very happy.

A QC Inspector leads a now smiling Unibrow Charlie onto the Happy Bus.

QC INSPECTOR
 Everyone, this is Charlie.

HAPPY CLONES
 HI, CHARLIE!!!

SOMEONE
 Guess what, Charlie! We're going to
 the zoo!

A huge HOORAY as the bus pulls away. In the last seat--

A GLEN. He looks right at Glen and grins idiotically as if to say, "Some day this will be you." Glen stares in horror.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

As they reach Kelly's pod car, Kelly eyes Jake's cigarette--

KELLY
 No smoking in the car, Jake.

JAKE
No problem, babe.

He flicks the cigarette away. Kelly slides into the front seat next to Michelle.

KELLY
You've gotta show them who's boss.

Jake whispers to Glen--

JAKE
You gotta make 'em think they're in charge.

INT. KELLY'S POD CAR - DAY

The pod car glides past gleaming, curved homes that rise unobtrusively from lush lawns. Glen looks out the window at--

A public park with a playground. LITTLE GIRLS scramble delightedly through a fantastic network of clear tubes as their MOTHERS chat nearby.

A DEER sips peacefully from a clear stream, completely unafraid of the nearby humans.

EXT. MICHELLE AND KELLY'S HOUSES - DAY

The pod car pulls into a cul-de-sac. They all climb out. Two modest houses. Sleek lines. Solar panels. Neatly-cut grass on the roofs. Kelly takes Michelle aside--

KELLY
Remember. He's there for you. Not the other way around. You're gonna love it. Just have fun.

MICHELLE
Enjoy your month.

Jake takes Glen aside--

JAKE
Just make her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. They eat that stuff up.

Glen nods. Kelly turns to Jake--

KELLY
Come on, cowboy.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

A stylish, minimalist house, outfitted for pleasure. Floor-to-ceiling wine rack. High-end stereo. Jake glances at a lucite EROTIC SCULPTURE of a man.

Jake leans against the couch, seducing Kelly with his eyes. She meets his gaze steadily and saunters over--

KELLY

I've had a lot of guys. But I always wind up getting bored with them.

JAKE

I've been accused of a lot of things, darlin'. But being boring ain't one of 'em.

Jake grabs her and throws her on the couch. She looks surprised, then grins.

KELLY

Ooh. Aren't you a bad little boy.

He peels off his shirt.

JAKE

The worst.

He starts to go for her, but she stops him.

KELLY

You know what happens to bad little boys, don't you?

JAKE

Why don't you show me?

She slaps him in the face. Hard.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ow! Damn.

She grins and goes for him.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Michelle leads Glen in--

MICHELLE

So, this is it. I guess it's a little bit of a mess.

Glen looks around. She's not kidding. Piles of clothes and magazines litter the room. A GUITAR rests against the couch. Michelle sees a pair of panties and shoves them into her pocket. Glen pretends not to see.

GLEN

No, no. It's really nice.

MICHELLE

But Glens are good at cleaning and all that, right?

GLEN

Oh, yeah. Definitely.

MICHELLE

But don't touch any of those papers, okay? I have a system for those.

GLEN

Okay.

MICHELLE

And just leave those magazines there. I know it looks like a mess, but just...leave them.

GLEN

No problem.

MICHELLE

You know what? Don't clean anything.

GLEN

Whatever you say.

MICHELLE

No offense. I just have everything sort of exactly the way I want it. And I'm not used to having someone else in my house, you know? To be honest, I'm kind of a private person.

Glen looks at her, and does his best Sympathetic Nod. Michelle stops.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What is that?

GLEN

What?

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

GLEN

I'm just listening...and caring.

Michelle looks at him, then turns and walks off.

MICHELLE

(under her breath)

This is never gonna work.

Glen takes a deep breath and follows after her--

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Michelle walks in, Glen right behind her. An awkward beat.

GLEN

You know, you're...one of the most beautiful women in the world.

MICHELLE

Thanks.

(beat)

I actually have to use the bathroom.

GLEN

Oh. Sorry.

He backs awkwardly out. Michelle sits on the toilet. She hesitates. Then she leans forward and turns on the faucet to cover the sound.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Eggplant sizzles in a pan on the stove. Glen searches for a spatula. He hears a strange HUMMING from the next room.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Glen peers in. Michelle's HUMMING, eyes closed, fingers pressed against her temples. She opens one eye and looks at Glen, a little embarrassed.

MICHELLE

It's this thing I read about. Apparently if you get your head all going at the same frequency, your brain releases endorphins, and you feel happy or whatever.

GLEN

(nodding thoughtfully)

Hmm.

MICHELLE

I know, it sounds a little...

GLEN

No, no. It doesn't seem flaky--

MICHELLE

I wasn't going to say flaky.

GLEN

Right. I know. I'm saying it's not flaky.

She looks at him.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Dinner's almost ready.

INT. MICHELLE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Candlelight. Glen's famous lasagna. Glen's nervous, and he's trying a little too hard--

GLEN

My favorite thing? That's a hard one. I mean...walking on the beach...giving back rubs...I guess my favorite thing is just...a really good conversation.

MICHELLE

You give back rubs?

GLEN

You want one?

MICHELLE

Um. Maybe not while we're eating.

GLEN

Okay. Just let me know.

MICHELLE

Okay.

GLEN

Great.

The clank of silverware.

GLEN (CONT'D)

But enough about me! What about you? I notice you play guitar.

MICHELLE

Oh, not really. I mean, I wrote a few songs, just for myself.

GLEN

Wow. I'd love to hear them.

MICHELLE

No, I don't play for anybody else.

GLEN

No, seriously. I'm sure you're amazing.

MICHELLE

No, really.

GLEN

Oh, come on--

MICHELLE

NO!

Glen goes back to his food. This can't get any worse.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(making an effort)

This lasagna is so good!

GLEN

Thanks. I used to make it a lot...

(trailing off)

...for my old owner.

He grimaces, trying not to cry. A cough to cover it. She looks at him, a little concerned.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Her name was Angela.

Michelle looks at him, not knowing what to do.

MICHELLE

How long were you with her?

Glen tries to keep it together, his voice pinched--

GLEN

Six years. Yep.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Glen's cleaning up. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out ANGELA'S PICTURE, taped back together. Glen shakes his head.

GLEN

Idiot.

He puts the picture down the GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Glen arranges a blanket and pillow on the couch. He hears Michelle shut her bedroom door.

Glen pulls his BOXERS with the teddy bears and hearts out of his duffel bag, considering.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle gets into bed. She reaches into a bedside drawer and pulls out a TUBE labelled "Herself." She squirts some lotion onto her fingers and settles into her nightly ritual, reaching down under the covers.

She closes her eyes, and a look of extreme pleasure steals across her face. Getting into it, she starts to toss her head, and turns to see--

The door opening. Glen saunters in wearing his boxers.

GLEN

Hi.

Michelle SCREAMS, squeezing the tube and sending lotion squirting across the room.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you--

Beet red, she clutches the covers up to her chin--

MICHELLE

Don't you knock?

She tries to wipe up lotion with a tissue.

GLEN

Sorry. Here, let me help you.

He dabs at the lotion with his shirt. He frowns, rubbing it between his fingers.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 Boy, it really tingles. What is this stuff?

MICHELLE
 It's lotion, Glen.

He picks up the tube--

GLEN
Herself. Wow, it really feels good.
 What's it for?

MICHELLE
 It's for personal use, Glen.

GLEN
 Personal use?

MICHELLE
 (exasperated)
 For...pleasure.

GLEN
 Oh.
 (suddenly realizing)
 Oh!

He stands there, not sure what to do.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 So, do you want me to--?

MICHELLE
 Please go away.

GLEN
 Right. Right. Sorry.

He leaves and closes the door. Then walks back in, hands her the tube, and leaves again.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Kelly's hands, gripping her ceiling lamp--

KELLY
 Oh god! Yes! YES!

Kelly's hanging onto the ceiling fan, riding Jake as he stands on a chair. As they climax, Jake lets out a HOWL. Then the chair tips over and they CRASH to the floor.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Not bad. Not bad.

JAKE
God damn.

They stagger into bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Whoah, baby. That was heavy-duty. I
gotta tell ya, I never--

KELLY
No talk.

JAKE
No talk, baby. Right on. Silencio.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Glen opens the fridge and pours himself a glass of milk. He looks out the kitchen window--

A light comes on in Kelly's kitchen. Jake appears at the kitchen window in his boxers, holding a beer. Practically a mirror image of Glen.

Jake gives Glen a hopeful thumbs-up. Tentatively, Glen returns the gesture. They stand in their windows, the dark night a river between them.

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Michelle steps onto the small platform of her HEALTH SCANNER. A flickering TRANSLUCENT BAND moves down the length of her body. A pleasant automated female voice speaks--

HEALTH SCANNER
Vitamin levels are fine, Michelle.
But serotonin count indicates mild
depression. Try to find a physical
activity you enjoy.

The health scanner lifts away, and Michelle sighs.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

Michelle walks across a plaza past a sign--

"DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION"

Michelle walks toward a white EGG-SHAPED BUILDING that rises grandly into the air.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

Michelle walks into the soaring interior of the egg. Offices and labs rise up around a central atrium, open to the sky. It feels professional, but friendly and informal.

Michelle watches, with the slightest pang of longing, as WOMEN drop off their DAUGHTERS at a Day Care Center in the middle of the interior courtyard.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle's on the videophone with an impatient CLIENT. An image of an angelic BABY spins slowly on her plasma screen.

MICHELLE

All your daughter's genes will come from your egg. To give you an idea, this is what she'd look like right out of the tank. And at age four--

She presses the touch screen, and the Baby morphs into an absolutely perfect LITTLE GIRL.

CLIENT

I don't know. My friend had her egg tweaked. Her daughter had this lovely caramel color.

MICHELLE

(annoyed)

Okay. Caramel.

She hits her touch screen. The little girl's skin darkens a few shades.

CLIENT

Oh, I've got another call. I have to call you back.

The videophone goes dark. Michelle rolls her eyes. She hits the screen again, giving the girl pointed ears and fangs.

JOAN, a mousy woman with congested sinuses, leans in--

JOAN

How did the shopping go?

MICHELLE

I ended up going with a Glen.

JOAN

I knew you would. Show me!

Michelle takes out a wallet-sized PHOTO. Joan digs in her wallet and holds out her own PHOTO--

The women gaze down at two practically identical Glens.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god. He's so cute!

NAOMI, a stylish, catty co-worker, walks up--

NAOMI

A Glen! When did you become such a wild woman, Michelle?

As Naomi walks off, Michelle makes a face at her.

Behind her, JANICE CONNOR, the sixty-year old Director of the Department of Reproduction, rounds the corner, followed by several AIDES.

MICHELLE

(pretending to be Naomi)

I've got a stick up my ass!

Joan shoots her an urgent look. Michelle turns around and finds herself face to face with Ms. Connor.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(mortified)

Oh. That was just a joke.

MS. CONNOR

I'm very relieved to hear that.

(extending her hand)

I'm Janice Connor. The Director of the Department.

MICHELLE

I know. Hi. I'm Michelle.

MS. CONNOR

Just doing a tour of the building to say thank you to all you wonderful people who make this department work. Thank you.

MICHELLE

You're welcome.

JOAN

Thank you. We think you're amazing.

Ms. Connor points to Michelle's picture of Glen and smiles.

MS. CONNOR
My first man was a Glen.

MICHELLE
Really? He's my first too. I mean,
I've been with a man before. You
know. At one of those resorts.

Ms. Connor looks confused.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Where you just rent them by the hour.

Ms. Connor raises an eyebrow. Joan gives a terrified smile
to Ms. Connor's Aides.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I don't do it all the time.

Beat.

MS. CONNOR
Well. Thank you again. You're doing
a wonderful job.
(to the room)
All of you are doing a wonderful job!
(to her Aides)
Next floor.

They march off. Michelle puts her head on her desk.

EXT. KELLY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kelly watches from the window as Jake leans under the hood of
a red MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, just like the one from the ManCo
showroom. A small grease stain on his cheek. Glen walks up--

GLEN
Whoa! Where'd that come from?

JAKE
My lady got it for me.

GLEN
It's beautiful.

Jake waves to Kelly in the window. When she turns away, he
drops his smile and lifts the car up with one hand--

JAKE
It's plastic.
(disgusted)
This is what it's come to. God damn
accessories.

He looks wistfully at the Mustang.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm tellin' you, Glen. Someday I'm
gonna drive a real one.

Glen rolls his eyes.

GLEN
You wanna go grocery shopping?

Jake shakes his head in disgust again. He peels the "grease stain" sticker off his cheek and places it in a special compartment in his toolbox.

JAKE
Fine.

INT. A GROCERY STORE - DAY

An ultra-bright, spotless grocery store stocked with organic produce. Glen pushes a shopping cart. Jake walks alongside.

GLEN
...so she said, "It's time to go to bed." So I went to the couch. But then I thought, maybe she means it's time to go to bed. So I put on my special underwear. But I think she thought that I had actually gone to bed. So that's when I walked in on her. And basically the whole thing went downhill from there.

Jake gives him a "What the hell's wrong with you?" look.

GLEN (CONT'D)
I don't know. Maybe it's just me. Maybe she doesn't think it was such a disaster.

JAKE
No, she does. I heard her telling Kelly. You better make this work. 'Cause if you go back, I go back. And I'm not goin' back. I'm tellin' you, I hit the jackpot here.

GLEN
Kelly's nice?

JAKE

I have no idea! We never talk! I don't even know what she does for a living. It's just BAM, BAM, BAM, all night long! It's perfect!

Glen nods glumly as they pull into the checkout line.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm doin' my job. You've gotta start doin' yours.

GLEN

That's what I'm telling you! I don't think she's attracted to me.

He eyes the FASHION MAGAZINES at the checkout. Lean, muscular MALE MODELS gaze back at him from the covers.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe I should start exercising or something.

JAKE

There's only one exercise I do, and I'm doin' it right now.

Glen looks at him. Jake's face goes slack, and his eyebrow twitches rhythmically.

GLEN

What are you doing?

JAKE

The Clinch. There's a muscle down there in the nether region. You strengthen that up, you're gonna be a powerhouse between the sheets.

Glen stares at him. Jake stares back, his eyebrow twitching.

GLEN

Stop that.

EXT. THE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Jake eyes Glen, struggling to carry all the grocery bags. He makes up his mind--

JAKE

All right. I'm gonna do something I probably shouldn't do.

GLEN

What are you talking about?

JAKE

Glen, today's your lucky day.
Prepare to get educated.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Glen follows Jake through the woods behind a neighborhood park, still loaded down with grocery bags. Jake hops a chain-link fence. A SIGN reads: "BIRD SANCTUARY. KEEP OUT."

GLEN

What the hell are you doing? If somebody sees us--

JAKE

Nobody's gonna see us. Relax.

He heads into the sanctuary. Glen looks around nervously, then clambers over the fence.

EXT. THE SANCTUARY - DAY

Glen follows Jake through the thick undergrowth. It looks like nobody's been here for years.

JAKE

I really shouldn't be bringing you here, 'cause only Jakes are supposed to know about this. But you're such a god damn sad sack that you leave me no choice.

GLEN

Where are we going?

They stop in front of a MOUND of earth covered in leaves.

JAKE

A private refuge that holds the ancient secrets of manhood.

He reaches out, and we see--

The mound is really a camouflaged TARP. Jake whips it aside--

JAKE (CONT'D)

Behold!

A shaft of sunlight pierces the forest canopy, illuminating a once-mighty GMC VAN, circa 1981. An airbrushed mural of an Indian brave on horseback graces its flank.

Reverently, Jake throws open the back doors. Stained shag carpet. Jumper cables. A skull bong.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This ancient chariot probably belonged to some sort of high priest back in the Age of Man.

He climbs in.

GLEN

It smells weird.

JAKE

Get in here.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Glen and Jake are hunched up in the back of the van--

JAKE

Four hundred years ago, guys didn't worry about sex. Why? 'Cause they knew what they were doing. And they recorded their knowledge in a sacred text. Read it. Learn from it. And I promise, your worries will be over.

He reaches under the seat and hands Glen the sacred text--

It's a worn and faded *PENTHOUSE* MAGAZINE. Reverently, Glen opens it. His eyes go wide--

GLEN

Whoah.

EXT. THE PARK - LATER

Glen and Jake step out of the woods.

JAKE

The sacred knowledge is yours now. Use it wisely.

Glen nods.

CLOSE ON a can of diet soda. A SLURP as the last drops are sucked through a straw.

It's QC Inspector Holiday. She watches from a park bench as Glen and Jake walk off. She tosses the empty can without looking. It lands perfectly in a recycling bin.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michelle sits on the couch with her guitar, writing a song. She strums a chord, then jots something on a piece of paper.

She quickly puts the guitar down as Glen comes in the front door carrying a pizza box.

GLEN

Hey. I thought we'd have pizza tonight.

MICHELLE

Sounds great.

GLEN

Great. Um. Hey, I have an idea. What if we play a little game. How about if I pretend to deliver it?

MICHELLE

Um. Okay.

GLEN

Okay.

He puts on a cap with a homemade pizza logo and walks out the front door. Michelle sits there, confused.

The doorbell rings. Michelle gets up and opens the door.

Glen's leaning against the doorway with the pizza. He looks her up and down, a sly grin on his face--

GLEN (CONT'D)

Did somebody order a pizza?

Michelle doesn't say anything. Glen winks at her and steps inside, swaggering cockily.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Whoah. Looks like somebody's all alone.

He puts the pizza on the table--

GLEN (CONT'D)

But, uh-oh. How will you pay for it?

MICHELLE

Didn't you already pay for it?

GLEN

No, I mean, if I were delivering it,
how would you pay for it?

Michelle looks at him, confused--

MICHELLE

Do you want me to give you money?

GLEN

No. I'm saying, if you didn't have
any money, how would you pay for it?

MICHELLE

I guess I wouldn't be able to.

Glen gives an insinuating smile--

GLEN

I'm sure we can work something out.

Glen takes a bite of pizza, staring seductively at Michelle.
She eyes him uneasily.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Do you like your pizza *hot*, Michelle?

MICHELLE

Um. Yeah.

GLEN

Do you like it with *extra sauce*?

MICHELLE

Um. No. I like it with mushrooms
and olives.

Glen nods, trying to think of a double entendre.

GLEN

I bet you do.

Suddenly, he peels his shirt off--

GLEN (CONT'D)

Whoah. It's getting steamy in here.

MICHELLE

Are you okay?

GLEN

They say melted cheese is an
aphrodisiac. What do you say we go
for a dip in the hot tub?

MICHELLE
I don't have a hot tub.

GLEN
Oh?

He raises his eyebrows. Still holding her pizza, Michelle follows him toward the bedroom. Glen flings open the door--

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

An inflatable kiddie pool sits by the bed. Glen takes off his pants and settles into the water.

MICHELLE
Oh my god.

GLEN
Come on, let's party--

He swirls the water to a froth with his hands--

GLEN (CONT'D)
It's the hot tub!

Michelle just stares.

GLEN (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Didn't you bring your bathing suit?

He holds up his dripping wet underwear--

GLEN (CONT'D)
Me neither.

He drops the underwear on the carpet with a SPLAT. Suddenly, a POPPING NOISE--

GLEN (CONT'D)
Hold on.

He looks around in panic as the pool slowly deflates, water spilling over the edge. Michelle steps slowly out of the room as the water seeps toward her, and closes the door.

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Glen wrings out a sopping wet towel in the sink. The sound of HUSHED VOICES from the living room--

KELLY (O.S.)
Come on, Michelle. There's three weeks left on the warranty.
(MORE)

KELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm really getting my money's worth
outta this Jake.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Well, there's something seriously
wrong with this Glen!

KELLY (O.S.)
He seems fine to me.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
He's not fine!

Glen looks at his reflection in the mirror, his frustration rising. He hurls the towel into the sink.

CLOSE ON - A CATERPILLAR munching contentedly on a leaf in the moonlight. Another CATERPILLAR inches up behind her. As he climbs on top of her, we pan up the side of the house--

The SOUND of lovemaking. We move in through the window--

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jake and Kelly are doing the nasty. Close on Jake's face. He's doing the Clinch. His eyes are unfocused, and his eyebrow twitches rhythmically.

JAKE
That's right--

Kelly arches her back and climaxes.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm almost there--!

She rolls off him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What? Okay! Change of position!

KELLY
I'm done, Jake. I've gotta turn in.

JAKE
What?

KELLY
Sorry, cowboy. Save it for next
time.

He looks at her in desperate disbelief--

JAKE
Oh, baby. That ain't right.

He gathers his clothes and walks painfully out of the room.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of RUNNING WATER. Michelle opens her eyes.

INT. MICHELLE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The bathroom door is open a crack. A quiet SPLASH. Cautiously, Michelle pushes the door open. Her eyes go wide--

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Glen whips around, startled. His face lathered with soap. Her razor in his hand.

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

GLEN

What? Nothing.

MICHELLE

Is that my razor?

GLEN

No. Oh. Yeah. I don't know.

MICHELLE

(incredulous)

Are you shaving your face?

Glen gives a forced laugh.

GLEN

Yeah. It's just a thing I do.

MICHELLE

But Glens don't have facial hair.

GLEN

Not usually, no. I'm a little...special that way.

He trails off.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You know what? Screw it.

He starts wiping the soap off his face--

GLEN (CONT'D)

I'm defective. There. You happy?

Michelle stares. This is not how a man talks.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You're gonna return me anyway. Tell them to put me on the Happy Bus! I'll be out of your life. You can go back to vibrating your head.

MICHELLE

What?

GLEN

(pressing his temples)
Mmmmmmm! Now I'm happy! All my problems are solved!

MICHELLE

Screw you! At least I'm not a freak!

GLEN

Ooh, I'm a freak! Look out everyone! Freaky Glen is coming to get ya! He's got hair coming out of his face!

MICHELLE

At least I don't look all constipated when I'm pretending to listen to someone! At least I don't get naked in a baby pool in somebody's bedroom!

GLEN

Oh, sorry! A man getting naked in your bedroom! My mistake! I didn't know you were so sexually uptight.

MICHELLE

I'm not sexually uptight.

GLEN

Okay.

MICHELLE

I'm not!

GLEN

No, you're not uptight. You just schedule an orgasm for yourself every night at ten forty-five! God forbid you should have sex with another person.

MICHELLE

FYI, Glen. I can have sex with another person whenever I want to. I'll have sex with you right now!

GLEN

I don't feel like it!

MICHELLE

I don't care! I paid good money for you. So let's go. In the bedroom.

GLEN

Fine.

They both go into--

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Surly and irritated, they both get undressed. Then they stand there, looking at each other.

Michelle raises her hands like, "well?"

Glen kisses her on the lips and gives her a look like, "there!"

Then they tumble into bed.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Glen and Michelle make love. As they climax, Michelle GASPS, and Glen lets out a funny YELP.

They collapse next to each other, gasping for air.

MICHELLE

(blown away)

That was pretty good.

GLEN

Yeah.

MICHELLE

Seriously. Nice job.

GLEN

Thanks. You too.

Hesitating, he opens up a little--

GLEN (CONT'D)

You know, I've always been a little unsure of my technique.

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)

Back in school, I was the only one who had to repeat cunnilingus class.

MICHELLE

Well the extra work really paid off.

GLEN

Nah. I still don't feel like I've got it down.

MICHELLE

No. You're really really good.

GLEN

Oh, well, thanks.

Beat.

MICHELLE

You know, I probably don't need to return you right away or anything.

GLEN

Yeah. I mean, you've got three more weeks.

MICHELLE

Right. Well. Good night.

GLEN

Good night.

He gets up and walks out.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Glen lies awake on the couch. What the hell just happened?

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle lies awake in bed. Wow.

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Michelle's on her health scanner. The translucent band flickers around her--

HEALTH SCANNER

Your serotonin levels look great, Michelle. Looks like you found a physical activity you enjoy.

Michelle smiles.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Glen looks at a CATALOG while Michelle gets ready for work.

GLEN

So, I need some new socks. My, um,
old owner used to buy clothes for me--

MICHELLE

Oh, right.

She pulls a blinking, metallic PEN out of her purse--

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Take my purchase pen. Get yourself
whatever you want.

A little surprised, Glen takes it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Get yourself something handsome.

Glen smiles. They have a fumbling half-hug goodbye. It morphs into an awkward handshake. Then a quick kiss where they sort of miss each other.

GLEN

Bye.

CLOSE ON the CATALOG. A fashion spread of Davids. One of them wears a ridiculously high-fashion SUIT.

Glen touches the suit with the purchase pen.

INT. HOUSEWARES STORE - DAY

Bland, soothing MUSIC. Jake glides down an extremely long escalator past shelves of sleek home furnishings, his arms weighed down with shopping bags.

He steps off and stands there, bored, while Kelly peruses throw pillows. Suddenly, a fifty-year old WOMAN walks by with her MAN. Jake tenses--

JAKE

(trying to distract Kelly)
Hey, we should get some of these
candle holders!

But Kelly's already noticed. She approaches the Woman--

KELLY

Excuse me. Is that a Jake?

WOMAN

Yeah. He's a 210.

OLD JAKE turns around. His greasy comb-over can't hide his bald spot, and a strip of pale gut sticks out from under his t-shirt. Jake stares at the nightmare vision of his future.

KELLY

(in shock)

They go bald.

OLD JAKE

It's not a bald spot, baby. It's a solar panel for a sex machine!

He winks at Kelly. Kelly shudders.

JAKE

Well, we gotta go.

WOMAN

It's 'cause their testosterone levels are so high. After thirty-five, it's all downhill. I held on to mine too long. Now I can't even trade him in.

KELLY

(in shock)

I got him for half price.

WOMAN

Hmm. I wonder why.

Stunned, Kelly looks from Old Jake to Jake. Old Jake grins--

OLD JAKE

Is it just me, or do I sense a little four-way action in the making?

INT. KELLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jake sets down the shopping bags. He's shaken, but he's doing his best to cover. He sweeps the dishes off the kitchen table--

JAKE

Come on, baby. Let's do it right here on the kitchen table!

Kelly peers at his hairline.

KELLY

I need a drink.

She walks out. Jake involuntarily touches his hair.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michelle comes in. Glen's bent underneath the sink.

MICHELLE

Whatcha doin'?

GLEN

Just fixing this sink. It's been dripping since I got here.

MICHELLE

Oh, you're the best!

Suddenly, Glen clutches his TRACKING BRACELET--

GLEN

Ow!

MICHELLE

What happened?

GLEN

Nothing. These things give you a shock sometimes.

MICHELLE

That's terrible.
(she hesitates)
Here.

She pulls out her BLUE KEY and unlocks his bracelet. Glen looks at her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Don't run away, okay?

GLEN

I'm not gonna run away.

MICHELLE

(a little awkward)
So...it's almost ten forty-five...I was wandering if you wanted to give me a hand.

Glen grins.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Glen and Michelle lie in post-coital bliss, watching TV.

CARLA, a sincere talk-show hostess, nods thoughtfully at her guest, DR. FRANCIS--

DR. FRANCIS

I see this all the time, Carla. A woman who has everything. Great job. Great house. Great man. But she still feels like something's missing.

Michelle thinks--

Then hands Glen the remote. Glen looks at her. He can't believe it. Tentatively, he raises the remote--

and changes the channel. Then, as if responding to some long-buried instinct, he starts channel-surfing. Michelle watches show after show flicker by. She stares at Glen.

EXT. KELLY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jake's got his head under the hood of his fake Mustang. He's examining his hairline with a small handheld mirror.

GLEN (O.S.)

What's up, neighbor!

Jake whips around, trying to hide the mirror--

Glen's wearing his new HIGH-FASHION SUIT. It worked in the fashion magazine. It's not working on him.

JAKE

Dammit, Glen! Don't sneak up on me like that!

GLEN

Yep. Let's just say Michelle rode Spaceship Glen to Planet Satisfaction last night. Fourth time this week!

Glen leans cockily against the plastic car, but it starts to slide away under his weight.

JAKE

Great. Thanks for the update.

GLEN

What's your problem?

JAKE

I'll tell you what my problem is. I've had it! Guys aren't supposed to live like this!

He gestures to the gentle suburb all around them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're men! Men! We're supposed to be hunters. We're supposed to be kings! Instead we're sittin' here like house pets!

Jake scans the horizon wistfully.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I swear to god, one of these days I'm gonna tell these ladies to kiss my ass goodbye!

GLEN

Hey, I've got an idea. Maybe we can go to Mantopia in your plastic car. Then we can lie around in our togas all day, drinking from the magical river of beer.

JAKE

Laugh while you can, Glen. Your little love-fest ain't gonna last forever. We got twelve days left on our warranty.

GLEN

For your information, she's not returning me. She told me last night.

JAKE

Wait 'til you get fat. Wait 'til you start growing nose hair. By then they'll be breeding men that don't even fart! You think she's gonna stick with you then?

Glen shakes his head and walks away. Jake calls after him--

JAKE (CONT'D)

When she breaks your heart, don't ask me to pick up the pieces!

Glen SLAMS the door to Michelle's house.

CLOSE ON - A MANCO BROCHURE. A picture of a smiling David.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Naomi stands at Michelle's desk, waving the David brochure--

NAOMI

Great new financing options. Limited time only.

(leaning in)

Apparently they can go for six hours.

MICHELLE

Not interested, Naomi.

NAOMI

I'm getting mine tonight.

She drops the brochure on Michelle's desk and walks away. Michelle picks it up and leafs through it, a little interested in spite of herself.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michelle comes in from work. Glen's in his new suit, trying to lounge casually on the couch. Michelle cracks up--

MICHELLE

Where'd you get that?

Glen looks at her, surprised. Thinking fast, he laughs--

GLEN

From Jake.

MICHELLE

No way. He wears that?

GLEN

Yeah. He thinks it's cool. Isn't it hilarious?

Michelle walks away down the hall, laughing--

MICHELLE

Guess I got the right guy!

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Glen's back in his normal clothes, stuffing his suit into the garbage. The faint sound of a GUITAR strumming.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Michelle's sitting on the bed, strumming the guitar. Glen comes in, and she stops.

GLEN

Come on. Let me hear one song.

Michelle hesitates.

MICHELLE

Okay. But I've never played for anyone before. So you have to promise to be honest.

GLEN

Okay.

MICHELLE

Seriously. I don't want you to say you like it if it really sucks.

GLEN

I'll be completely honest.

MICHELLE

You have to promise.

GLEN

I promise.

Michelle takes a deep breath.

MICHELLE

Okay. I've been working on this for like a year.

And she launches into it, flailing at the guitar, voice anguished and flat--

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

*Night is falling, falling over me.
Blackbird's calling, calling out to me.*

*He has no mouth, he cannot speak,
He has no eyes, he cannot seek,
He flies over a tombstone and the name on it is me.*

*Rain is falling, falling over me.
Blackbird's calling, calling out to me--*

Ka-kaaawwww!

Ka-kaaawwww!

Ka-kaaaaaaaaaawwww!

The final chord fades away. She looks at him expectantly. A long beat as Glen tries to decide what to say.

GLEN

Wow.

Beat.

GLEN (CONT'D)
That was really, really, really good.

MICHELLE
No...

GLEN
No, it was. It was really good.

MICHELLE
Really?

GLEN
It was...powerful, and affecting,
with the night and the rain and that
bird with no eyes, and...wow...just
really, really, really, really good.

Michelle smiles. She pulls him into bed.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Glen opens his eyes. He looks at Michelle sleeping, and smiles. He gets up and opens the window--

In a neighbor's yard, a WOMAN plants seeds in a fresh plot of earth. She tilts a watering can over them. Green shoots spring forth from the soil, unfurl, and bloom into FLOWERS.

He looks back at Michelle. She's awake, smiling at him, more radiant than ever. He grabs the tube of *Herself* from her night stand.

MICHELLE
What are you doing?

GLEN
How'd you like an unscheduled orgasm?

He squirts some lotion down his boxers. Then his eyes go wide. He tenses--

And lets out his orgasmic YELP.

GLEN (CONT'D)
You're gonna have to give me about an hour.

Michelle smirks. Glen looks at the tube--

GLEN (CONT'D)
This is powerful stuff.

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Glen puts a PICNIC BASKET in the back of Michelle's pod car. Michelle's about to get in. Then she smiles mischievously--

MICHELLE

Hey.

She tosses Glen the pod car keys.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You drive.

GLEN

What? That's against the law!

MICHELLE

Come on. I dare you.

Glen looks at her. Then slides behind the wheel.

INT. MICHELLE'S POD CAR - DAY

The pod car HUMS to life. Glen grabs the wheel in a death-grip and steps lightly on the pedal. The car inches forward.

GLEN

(cockily)

All right, all right.

He puts an elbow jauntily out the window. The pod car creeps forward. So slow it's barely moving. Michelle slides her hand along Glen's leg--

Then presses his knee down hard. The car lurches forward, sideswiping a recycling bin. Glen hangs on desperately--

GLEN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

EXT. AN INTERSECTION - DAY

The pod car races toward a red light--

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Red light. RED LIGHT--!

Glen races through the intersection as cross-traffic HONKS and screeches to a stop. Michelle dissolves in laughter.

EXT. THE PARK - DAY

Michelle's pod car lurches to a stop in the parking lot. Glen staggers out--

GLEN
Holy hell.

MICHELLE
(laughing)
I guess that's why they don't let men
drive.

She grabs his hand and leads him away.

Across the parking lot, a parked POD CAR with a ManCo logo on the door. Inside, Holiday watches Glen and Michelle.

EXT. PICNIC AREA - DAY

A PICNIC is in full swing. On the lawn, LITTLE GIRLS chase a shining metallic HOOP as it darts and hovers. MEN and WOMEN have gravitated into two groups, sitting at separate tables.

Glen nods to Jake. He turns to Michelle--

GLEN
Well, I'll see you later.

MICHELLE
Come on. Sit with me.

The GUYS watch in surprise as Michelle leads Glen to--

EXT. THE WOMEN'S TABLE - DAY

A few raised eyebrows among the women as Glen and Michelle sit down. SONYA, a lively fortysomething, is in mid-story--

SONYA
--so I get to the concert, and I realize, the dress has shrunk! Two hours! It feels like my boobs are in a vice!

The women crack up. Glen laughs along with them, a little too hard. The women look at him--

GLEN
That would certainly be...
uncomfortable. I can well imagine.

An awkward silence.

GLEN (CONT'D)
(to Michelle)
Hey! I'm gonna go get us some food.

MICHELLE
I'll get it. You stay here.

GLEN
Okay. Good.

She leaves. Glen smiles warily at the women. JULIA, a tall redhead, smirks at him.

JULIA
So, Glen. You drive?

Glen clears his throat, panicked.

GLEN
What? No.

JULIA
Barbara said she saw you driving just now.

GLEN
Oh! You mean just now. Yeah. It is true that I was driving just now. It was just a temporary thing, just sort of a one-time...lark.

He chuckles. BARBARA, an Asian woman, looks at him stonily.

BARBARA
You know that's illegal.

GLEN
(nodding thoughtfully)
I thought I heard something about that. I'm not as knowledgeable about the finer points of the law as I should be, or would like to be. I've always been fascinated by the law.

He looks around anxiously for Michelle.

SONYA
Just don't tell my Larry. My insurance is high enough as it is!

The women laugh. Glen laughs along, relieved.

BARBARA
I always say: Men are great. As long as you keep 'em barefoot and erect!

Everybody laughs. Glen's laughing heartily as the laughter dies down--

GLEN
It's funny. It's funny because it's
true.

EXT. THE MEN'S TABLE - DAY

The GUYS all watch Glen at the women's table. A pudgy LARRY
stares, impressed.

LARRY
Look at him. Just hangin' out like
he's one of the ladies.

An ALEX nods.

ALEX
That guy's got serious balls.

Jake shakes his head dismissively--

JAKE
Guys, let me show you how it's done.

EXT. THE WOMEN'S TABLE - DAY

Jake saunters over.

JAKE
Afternoon, ladies.

He reaches over, provocatively close to Sonya, and grabs a
beer. He takes a swig and wipes it against his brow.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hot day.

SONYA
I'll say.

Jake looks across the table at VANESSA, a sexy thirty-
something. Their eyes lock. She smiles.

LAUREN
God, Kelly. He's too much.

KELLY
Wait ten years.

She drains her wine glass. Suddenly Julia looks past Jake--

JULIA
Now we're getting somewhere!

Everybody follows her gaze--

Naomi struts toward them with her brand new DAVID, his polo shirt showing off his muscular torso. Trailing morosely behind them is a fortyish UMBERTO, once somewhat dashing in a tacky, European sort of way, now over the hill and pot-bellied, with an air of resignation.

The women stream out to ogle Naomi's David, leaving Jake in the dust.

JULIA (CONT'D)

He must have cost a fortune!

NAOMI

Am I worth it or am I worth it? The Italian thing wasn't doing it for me anymore. If you know anybody who wants a cheap Umberto, let me know.

Umberto shrugs. David flashes a smile to all the ladies--

DAVID

Naomi never told me she had such charming and beautiful friends!

Jake glares at David.

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Glen, Jake and Umberto primp in the mirror.

JAKE

It's like the only way he can feel good about himself is by showing off for women. It's pathetic.

UMBERTO

(with an Italian accent)

I cannot compete. One day I am lover man. Next day I am asleeping in the couch while they make like rabbit in the bedroom, and I can hear everything.

(he sighs)

Now I probably end up in-a Happy Bus.

GLEN

You guys just don't understand women.

JAKE

Excuse me?

GLEN

There's always gonna be some new model coming out.

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)

You can't let it bother you. You just have to work on building a solid relationship.

JAKE

"Building a solid relationship?"
That's the pussiest thing I've ever heard!

Glen pulls back his sleeve. No tracking bracelet.

GLEN

Anything missing?

Jake and Umberto stare at his bare wrist. Umberto gives a low whistle.

JAKE

Watch it, Glen. You're headin' for a fall.

UMBERTO

He is right. Be careful. The goat laugh hardest right before he cry.

EXT. PICNIC AREA - LATER

David gazes steadily into Michelle's eyes and shakes a cocktail shaker--

DAVID

The secret is achieving that elusive balance between lemon juice and Cointreau. Sweet. Sour. Smooth. Frothy. You want every part of your tongue to be stimulated.

Michelle blushes. Never taking his eyes from her, David pours the drink into a martini glass. She takes a sip.

MICHELLE

Damn, that's...probably the best thing I've ever tasted in my life.

Naomi leans in.

NAOMI

He gives an unbelievable massage, too.

EXT. THE MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Glen, Jake and Umberto walk back toward the picnic area. Suddenly, Vanessa, the sexy lady who caught Jake's eye earlier, walks up. Jake shoots her his patented look--

JAKE
How you doin', darlin'?

VANESSA
(seductively)
I could be a whole lot better.

She leans in and whispers something to him. Jake grins.

JAKE
I think I can slip away.

She gives him a sultry look and walks off.

GLEN
What the hell are you doing?

JAKE
Bonin' up on my extracurriculars.

GLEN
Are you crazy? We've got two days
left on our warrant!

JAKE
Relax. I know what I'm doing.

GLEN
I'm not gonna let you screw this up,
Jake! I've got something special
with Michelle!

JAKE
Oh, yeah? You buildin' a solid
relationship?

GLEN
As a matter of fact, we are.

JAKE
She buildin' a solid relationship
with him, too?

Glen follows Jake's gaze--

Michelle leans over the picnic table, getting a massage from
the David. She moans with pleasure.

Close on Glen. The blood drains from his face.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michelle reads a book at the kitchen table. A CRASH. She
looks over her book--

MICHELLE

Are you okay?

Glen looks over from where he's putting away dishes.

GLEN

I'm fine.

He slams down another dish with a CRASH. Michelle starts.

MICHELLE

Jeez, Glen! Do you have to do that so loud?

GLEN

Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that half of these still have food on them! Because even though someone's told you you have to scrape the food off before you put 'em in the dishwasher, you still don't do it! But hey, don't worry! Glen'll take care of it! Right?

He scrubs a tiny fleck of food off a plate. Michelle stares at him.

MICHELLE

What the hell's your problem?

GLEN

What? Nothing. I love doing the same job twice.

He SLAMS another dish down.

MICHELLE

Glen! Cut it out!

They glare at each other. Then Glen picks up a plate. He gives her a fake smile, and sets it down super-gently.

Michelle SLAMS down her book and storms out.

INT. KELLY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jake's bed is empty. Suddenly the window slides open, and Jake slips quietly in. He pulls off his boots--

The sound of FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Jake leaps into bed and closes his eyes. Kelly comes in--

KELLY

Wake up, big boy.

JAKE
(feigning grogginess)
What? Oh. I'm pretty tired, babe.

KELLY
I'll wake you up.

She turns around and heads for the stairs. Reluctantly, Jake climbs out of bed, smooths his hair back, and follows her.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Kelly are doing the nasty. Or at least trying to. Kelly looks down, frowning, then up at Jake's face--

He's frantically doing the Clinch.

KELLY
What are you doing?

JAKE
Just give me a sec.

He exhales a long breath like a Zen monk, then does the Clinch again. He looks down. Nothing.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You know what it probably is, baby?
I had some babaganouj at the picnic,
and it smelled kinda funky--

Kelly peers at him.

KELLY
You wanna tell me why somebody else's
lipstick is on your ear?

Jake freezes.

JAKE
I can explain that.

KELLY
I'm listening.

Beat.

JAKE
Actually, I have no idea how that got
there.

Kelly stares icily. And Jake folds--

JAKE (CONT'D)
 She made me do it, baby. It was terrible.

EXT. KELLY'S BACK YARD - MORNING

Jake paces furiously. Glen frowns.

GLEN
 She wasn't mad?

JAKE
 She didn't even care.

He shakes his head angrily.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 In the old days, if a guy cheated on his lady, she'd be devastated! I've had it with these women!

He gives a rueful laugh--

JAKE (CONT'D)
 You get what's going on here, don't you? Our warranty's up tomorrow. My lady doesn't care if I screw around. Your lady *is* screwing around--

GLEN
 She's not screwing around. It was just one massage--

JAKE
 Okay, Glen. I forgot. You know women better than I do. I mean, you had your last lady pegged, right?

Glen looks at him.

INT. MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Michelle's on her health scanner--

HEALTH SCANNER
 Good morning, Michelle. Your health scan today shows...
 (pause)
 Processing...Processing...
 (pause)
 You have an unexpected...
 (pause)
 Processing...

MICHELLE

Oh, forget it!

She flicks off the health scanner. The doorbell RINGS.

INT. MICHELLE'S FOYER - DAY

Michelle opens the front door. Kelly, Sonya, Julia and Joan stand on her porch.

SONYA

Michelle. We need to talk.

EXT. MICHELLE'S PATIO - DAY

The Women sit around a table.

MICHELLE

He didn't get me to teach him to drive. It was my idea.

SONYA

Was it? Or did he make you think it was your idea?

MICHELLE

Oh, come on.

JULIA

Men use their wives in all kinds of ways. This is your first time. You're susceptible.

JOAN

I remember my first orgasm. I was ready to sign my house over to the guy.

SONYA

You've gotta nip this in the bud. If he senses weakness, it's gonna be chaos.

MICHELLE

We sort of had a fight yesterday--

SONYA

A *fight*?

MICHELLE

It was just a little argument.

The women look at each other.

JOAN

Michelle, I've had my Glen for seven years. They don't act this way.

SONYA

I'd watch out. If there's something wrong with him, you don't know what he's gonna try.

JULIA

My friend had a Robert that ran off. It was a nightmare. It takes forever to process your claim.

Kelly sees how upset Michelle is. She lays her hand on Michelle's--

KELLY

I know you like him. But he's a man. If you expect too much from him, he's gonna let you down.

Michelle looks over at Glen and Jake in Kelly's back yard.

SONYA

He's probably bragging about how he's got you wrapped around his finger.

Glen looks over at Michelle, and their eyes meet. No smiles.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Glen comes in the back door. He hears Michelle's friends talking in the living room--

KELLY (O.S.)

...we get a full refund as long as we do it by tomorrow.

SONYA (O.S.)

Well, that's the thing to do.

Glen walks back to--

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michelle's gathering her purse and keys as Glen comes in.

MICHELLE

(brusquely)

I'm not gonna be around for dinner. We're going out.

(lowering her voice)

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You need to put your tracking bracelet back on.

Glen looks at her, hurt and angry. Michelle starts to leave.

GLEN

Michelle--

MICHELLE

What?

She looks at him impatiently.

GLEN

Nothing.

She walks out.

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Glen watches out the window as Michelle and her friends pull out the driveway. He turns--

Michelle's briefcase is open on the couch. Visible inside--

The DAVID BROCHURE. A picture of a smiling David holding a glass of champagne. The words--

"New Financing Options. Limited Time Only!"

Glen stares at the brochure. His eyes burn with anger.

INT. KELLY'S CAR - EVENING

Michelle and her friends are all piled into Kelly's pod car.

MICHELLE

Where are we going anyway?

SONYA

Desperate times call for desperate measures. We're gonna cheer you up.

CLOSE ON - Michelle and her friends. Michelle, Kelly, Sonya, Julia and Joan lie in a row. Their heads on comfortable pillows. The soothing sound of water trickling over stones.

The women all have looks of pure ecstasy on their faces.

JULIA

Come on, Kelly. You'd really have two men?

She lets out a little moan of delight.

KELLY

If I could afford it, I'd have a hundred men.

She gives an ecstatic sigh. Michelle groans blissfully--

MICHELLE

Where would they all sleep?

KELLY

They wouldn't.

They all laugh. Then their faces contort with pleasure--

SONYA

Oh my god.

Pull back--

INT. FOOT SPA - EVENING

The ultimate spa, dedicated to the most exquisite pleasure a woman can experience.

At the women's feet are five MASSEURS. Lean, perfect young clones in low-slung linen pants. They apply their expert touch to the women's feet. Everyone moans again--

KELLY

That's the good stuff.

INT. FOOT SPA - LATER

The women sip sake as the Masseurs gently ladle jasmine-scented water over their toes. Everybody's tipsy--

JOAN

...I tell him all I want is for him to surprise me once in a while. So he says, "Is now a good time to surprise you?"

Everybody roars with laughter.

SONYA

They just don't get us, do they?

The laughter trails away, and they sit in silence. Michelle looks around at the perfect spa, suddenly depressed.

Kelly tries to rally, snapping her Masseur's waistband--

KELLY

Let's get some more sake over here!

INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Jake and Glen sit in the back of the van. Glen's fuming--

GLEN

"Oh, I like that you're a Glen!
You're not defective! You're great!"
I can't believe I fell for all that
crap! I told myself I wasn't gonna
get emotionally involved this time.
I was just gonna do my job.

JAKE

Let's face it, bro. We're a dying
breed. Twenty years from now, there
ain't gonna be any more Jakes and
Glens. And you and me? Either we
get old and fat and bald, or we go
for a ride on the Happy Bus.

He shakes his head--

JAKE (CONT'D)

I have half a mind to make a stand.
Quality Control comes for me, I'll
say "hell, no." I'll go out in a
blaze of glory. And I'll tell you
somethin'. There's gonna be a
thousand women weepin' over my grave.

Glen nods, a fire in his eyes.

Suddenly, a ROAR--

White light blasts through the windows, filling the dusty
van. The WHUMP of helicopter blades overhead. From a
loudspeaker, a friendly female VOICE--

QC INSPECTOR (O.S.)

This is Quality Control. You've been
recalled!

Glen dives to the driver's seat and peers frantically through
the windshield. White HELICOPTERS hover above, the MANCO
LOGO emblazoned on their sides.

Jake surrenders immediately, hands in the air--

JAKE

All right! We're comin', we're
comin.

QC INSPECTOR (O.S.)
 Just step out of the vehicle, and
 we'll take it from there. Thanks in
 advance for your cooperation!

QUALITY CONTROL INSPECTORS rappel out of the helicopters.
 Still in their name tags, blue shirts and khaki skirts. But
 now they've also got large, futuristic GLOB GUNS.

JAKE
 You go to a van in the woods to look
 at pornography with another man, and
 people act like you're some kind of
 criminal!

Holiday lands inches from the window. She looks Glen in the
 eye. Then reaches for the door--

Glen slams down the lock. Holiday frowns.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you doing?

GLEN
 Goin' out in a blaze of glory.

Another QC INSPECTOR appears at the other door. Glen slams
 the other lock down. Then he grabs the EMERGENCY BRAKE and
 releases it. The van rolls slowly down the hill.

The QC Inspectors open up with their GLOB GUNS. Sticky blue
 GOO splatters onto the van. The van picks up speed, rolling
 away from the QC Inspectors. It careens down the hill,
 bouncing over logs and rocks.

JAKE
 We're gonna die!

GLEN
 It's okay! I know how to drive!

He grabs the steering wheel--

The van SMASHES into a tree.

Glen and Jake lie unconscious in the crumpled van.

Suddenly, a pair of BOLT CUTTERS reaches through the broken
 windshield and clips off Jake's tracking bracelet. HANDS
 reach in and yank Glen and Jake out.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A FIGURE in a dress with long blond hair drags Glen and Jake's bodies through the undergrowth. They come to a road--

A long, futuristic HEARSE waits by the roadside. The Figure heaves Glen and Jake into the back. Then the Figure turns--

IT'S OLD JAKE, wearing a wig and lipstick. He SLAMS the Hearse door shut.

EXT. THE WRECKED VAN - LATER

Holiday surveys the totalled van.

QC INSPECTOR
We lost them.

HOLIDAY
I want a full-scale manhunt.

Holiday looks off into the woods--

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
The daddy of all defective merchandise is out there in those woods.

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michelle and Kelly pull up--

Michelle's yard is swarming with QC INSPECTORS. Michelle frowns. Holiday steps up to her window--

HOLIDAY
Michelle Cadigan?

INT. MICHELLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle sits in shock, Kelly at her side. QC Inspectors comb the room for evidence. Holiday jots in her notebook.

HOLIDAY
So he got her to teach him how to drive. Made it seem like her idea.

Kelly nods. Michelle sits silently. A QC Inspector holds up Glen's TRACKING bracelet. Holiday looks at Michelle.

MICHELLE
He said it gave him a shock.

HOLIDAY

Obviously he's been planning to escape for a long time.

Another QC Inspector comes out of the bathroom, holding Glen's razor. With a pair of tweezers, she plucks one of Glen's WHISKERS from the razor and puts it into a ziploc bag.

Michelle slumps on the couch, blinking back tears.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)

Michelle, it would be very helpful if you'd come with me.

INT. QC POD CAR - NIGHT

Michelle sits in the back seat, shell-shocked, staring out the window. Suddenly, she frowns--

Ahead, the egg-shaped headquarters of the DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION rises into the air.

MICHELLE

Why are we going to my office?

In the front seat, Holiday says nothing.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - NIGHT

Holiday leads Michelle toward a door marked "RESTRICTED AREA." A female SECURITY GUARD presses a button. The electronic locks open with an ominous whisper.

Michelle looks around apprehensively as they walk through.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Holiday leads Michelle into a brightly-lit room, flanked by two MEDICAL ASSISTANTS. The door opens, and in walks--

Ms. Connor. Behind her is DR. GANT, a severe-looking forty-year old in a white lab coat. Michelle frowns.

MS. CONNOR

Hello, Michelle. I'm sorry we have to meet again under these circumstances. I think you might want to sit down.

She guides Michelle into a chair.

MS. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Michelle, we've discovered a defect in your Glen.

MICHELLE

Yeah, I know. He has facial hair.

Ms. Connor and Holiday exchange a look.

MS. CONNOR

I'm afraid it's a little more serious than that.

HOLIDAY

We genetically modify all our clones. Take away bad things--heart disease, body odor, aggression. And we increase good things--sexual performance, obedience, loyalty.

MS. CONNOR

But when the cloning process was first developed, the Founding Mothers realized there was a flaw in the system. At some point--and nobody could say when--the process would fail completely. And a man would come along who didn't have any modifications. He'd revert to his original state.

MICHELLE

What are you saying?

MS. CONNOR

For all intents and purposes, Glen is...a natural man.

Michelle stares at them, flabbergasted--

MICHELLE

How...how do you know?

HOLIDAY

MedLabs got a strange reading from your health scanner yesterday.

Dr. Gant wheels a SCREEN of flexible polymer in front of Michelle's abdomen. Light flickers, and an image appears--

Suspended in Michelle's abdomen, a tiny glowing SPECK.

MICHELLE

What is that?

MS. CONNOR

There's a baby growing inside you, Michelle.

MICHELLE

Um...I hate to tell you this, but babies grow in tanks.

MS. CONNOR

Babies didn't always grow in tanks.

She picks up a BOOK and hands it to Michelle--

Where Did I Come From?, the sex ed classic. A fat married couple cavort in bed. Cartoon sperm in top hats swim toward a giant egg, carrying flowers. As Michelle flips through the book, disbelief changes to awe.

HOLIDAY

Your Glen has active sperm. He impregnated you.

DR. GANT

His first owner was infertile, so it didn't show up before.

MS. CONNOR

Nobody's seen an actual pregnancy for four hundred years.

Michelle stares, transfixed, at the tiny glowing speck in her abdomen. She's stunned, reeling--

MICHELLE

I need to find Glen. I need to talk to him.

HOLIDAY

Glen's the last person you need to see. Everything he told you was a lie. A strategy to win your trust and break down your defences so he could spread his seed.

DR. GANT

His brain is pretty much a slave to his testicles.

HOLIDAY

He's probably already on to his next victim. Another woman to seduce and impregnate.

Michelle slumps in her seat, completely overwhelmed.

MS. CONNOR

I'm so sorry, Michelle. This is a terrible ordeal, but we'll help you through it. You'll stay here for observation. Quality Control's looking for your Glen right now.

HOLIDAY

Don't worry. Wherever he is, we'll find him.

MICHELLE

Are you gonna...kill him?

MS. CONNOR

What? Of course not. They're not going to hurt him.

HOLIDAY

We're just going to cut off his gonads, to make sure this never happens again.

DR. GANT

We're not barbarians, for god's sake.

CLOSE ON - A PLASMA SCREEN.

SUSANNA MEADOWS, a TV reporter, stands in Michelle's driveway.

SUSANNA MEADOWS

A shocking story tonight about a ticking time bomb that went off in this peaceful suburb. A defective Glen has infected his owner with live sperm, causing a baby to grow inside her.

INTERCUT - All over Pacifica, WOMEN watch TV. Their faces show a range of emotions. Shock. Intrigue. Excitement.

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

The Glen has gone rogue and may be looking to strike again.

ON THE NEWS, shots of GLENS being rounded up and loaded onto Quality Control pod buses.

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

ManCo has announced a recall of the entire Glen series. And Quality Control is conducting a full-scale manhunt.

(MORE)

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

They warn that the Rogue Glen is highly devious, and very dangerous.

A PRESS CONFERENCE. Holiday shows a POLICE SKETCH of Glen. Sinister eyes. Stubble. Lips curled into a seductive sneer.

HOLIDAY

If you see this Glen, keep your distance. Don't show him any exposed flesh. We don't know what's going to set him off.

A POLICE SKETCH of Jake.

SUSANNA MEADOWS

The Rogue Glen is accompanied by a Jake 900. According to his owner, the Jake is not very bright. Quality Control believes he is being manipulated by the Glen.

A PICTURE of Michelle.

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

The Department of Reproduction is keeping the Rogue Glen's owner, Michelle Cadigan, under observation while they wait for the infant to be squeezed out through her vagina.

GRAINY VIDEO. A WOMAN giving birth in a hospital room.

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

This rare archival footage shows the horrific way babies were once born.

ALL OVER PACIFICA, women stare in horror--

BIRTHING WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god! Oh god! AAAAGHHHH!

HER HUSBAND (O.S.)

You're doing great, honey!

BIRTHING WOMAN (O.S.)

YOU DID THIS TO ME, YOU BASTARD!!!

INT. KELLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Close on Kelly, staring at her plasma screen in shock.

KELLY

Holy crap.

DARKNESS. The WHINE of power tools.

CLOSE ON - GLEN, lying on the floor. He opens his eyes--

INT. A GARAGE - DAY

The room comes into focus. Muscle cars, Harleys, old engine parts. GUYS in mechanic outfits work on the Hearse. Jake's waking up next to him. Suddenly, leaning in above them--

CARL. A lean, tough sixty year-old with a wild-man grin.

CARL

You boys have a nice beauty rest?

Jake and Glen squint at him.

CARL (CONT'D)

We were monitoring the QC radio.
Heard you guys were in trouble. So
we sent in our one-man underground
railroad--

He jerks his thumb at Old Jake, across the room. Old Jake nods. Glen and Jake stagger to their feet.

JAKE

Who the hell are you?

CARL

Name's Carl. I'm sorta like the
mayor around here.

GLEN

The mayor of what?

Carl grins at LINUS, a hillbilly in greasy overalls--

CARL

Should we show 'em?

Linus nods, and Carl heaves open the garage door--

CARL (CONT'D)

Boys. Welcome to Mantopia!

Awestruck, Glen and Jake step out into--

EXT. MANTOPIA - DAY

Once the Wild West town of Elko, Nevada, now a paradise for escaped men. A dusty main street of pool halls, casinos and saloons. As far as the eye can see, it's a man's world--

A STEVE in a cowboy hat gallops by on horseback. A bunch of GUYS laugh heartily around a massive grill.

A '69 Firebird rumbles by, Lynyrd Skynyrd blaring from the speakers. A LARRY is driving, a can of beer in his hand.

Beyond the strip, rolling prairies give way to majestic mountains. God's country. After a lifetime of Pacifica, it's incredible. Glen and Jake look around, amazed--

JAKE

I don't believe it. The god-damn place is real.

CARL

The town that puts the "man" in "emancipation"!

LINUS

Nothin' without a penis for two hundred miles.

GLEN

But...this is impossible. Where are we?

CARL

We could tell you, but then we'd have to kill you.

LINUS

We're in Nevada.

Carl rubs his temples--

CARL

Thanks, Linus.

GLEN

What's Nevada?

CARL

It was a paradise on earth back in the Age of Man. Then in 2067 some army honchos tested the megabomb here. Had a little more pop than they anticipated. Now the whole place is a no-woman's land. They're afraid to come here because of all the "radioactivity."

(in a high-pitched voice)

Ooh! Nuclear radiation! I'm so scared!

Carl and Linus crack up. Glen and Jake follow Carl and Linus down Main Street.

CARL (CONT'D)

The first escaped clones came here two hundred years ago, seeking freedom. A place where they could do whatever they wanted. Be whatever they wanted. And never be bossed around by a woman again. We've got all types here. Take Linus. One of only thirty-five ever cloned.

LINUS

ManCo thought the white trash thing was gonna be pretty chic awhile back, but it didn't pan out.

CARL

We got everything you could ever want. You wanna ride a Harley? Go for it. You love the great outdoors? It's all yours.

They stop in front of a BAR with a flickering Budweiser sign.

CARL (CONT'D)

Oh. Did I mention we have beer?

Jake turns to Glen, his eyes shining with tears--

JAKE

I'm so happy!

INT. THE BAR - DAY

The ultimate saloon. Mahogany bar. Pool tables. Raucous laughter and cigarette smoke fill the air. Glen and Jake take long gulps of beer from perfect frosted mugs. They look at each other. It's paradise.

Carl and Linus grin as the BARTENDER slaps down two SUCCULENT GRILLED STEAKS in front of Glen and Jake.

GLEN

What is that?

CARL

That, my friend, is real meat.

Glen and Jake look at each other, then tentatively take a bite. It's unbelievable.

GLEN

Whoah.

JAKE
 (his eyes glistening
 again)
 It's good.

LINUS
 We hunt 'em out in the hills.
 There's nothin' like it. Sittin'
 there with your shotgun. Just man
 versus cow.

Glen looks around. Hanging above the bar, framed, faded photos of MEN from a bygone age. Boxers. Politicians. Fighter pilots. Matadors. The Village People.

Carl follows Glen's gaze--

CARL
 Those were the days, huh? Back
 before they tampered with us. Made
 us what they wanted us to be.
 (he sighs)
 Never gonna be men like them again.

A reverent beat. Glen raises his beer.

GLEN
 Here's to 'em.

They all take a swig. A JULIO raises his glass--

JULIO
 And here's to never taking orders
 from a woman again!

They all drink again. Except Glen. He looks suddenly depressed. Carl notices--

CARL
 Forget about her, pal. She turned
 you in. Probably already bought
 herself a new man.

Anger flickers across Glen's face. Jake hands him a whiskey.

JAKE
 You're better off without her, bro.

CARL
 In a week, you won't even remember
 her name.

GLEN
 Yeah. To hell with her.

He drains the whiskey and SLAMS the glass down. Hard-driving MUSIC kicks in. A SERIES OF SHOTS--

A) Surrounded by cheering GUYS, Glen guzzles Jack Daniels straight from the bottle.

B) Glen winces and glances down--

A fat FRANK is tattooing his shoulder. A grinning SKELETON rolling a pair of FLAMING DICE. The Guys nod approvingly.

C) The Guys stagger past a shop window. Inside, INFLATABLE SEX DOLLS are arrayed provocatively. Linus nudges Glen--

LINUS

Better than the real thing. Always
in the mood, and you don't have to
listen to them yap all night long.

D) The desert. Midnight. Everybody's got a gun. At Carl's drunken signal, they start BLASTING away at cans of gasoline scattered around the range. The cans EXPLODE.

E) A makeshift boxing ring. Glen's in boxing trunks, swaying drunkenly as he and Linus face off. Linus tags him in the face once, twice. Some primal switch gets flipped in Glen's brain. He hauls off--

And SMASHES Linus in the jaw. Linus goes down. Glen stands there, eyes blazing, as the crowd goes nuts. Jake jumps into the ring, pumping his fist--

JAKE

Yeah! YEAH!

Glen decks Jake in the face. Jake goes down. Glen raises his hands in the air and ROARS at the crowd--

INT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION, MICHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

It looks like an exclusive hospital room. Blond wood and flowers.

Michelle sits on the bed, still in shock. CLAIRE, a freckled twenty-two year old nurse, pours her a glass of water.

CLAIRE

I saw your Glen on the news. He
seemed...cool.

MICHELLE

Yeah. He got me pregnant and took
off. Really cool.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I didn't even want a man, and look what I got. The worst product defect in history.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - LATER

Michelle lies awake in the dark. She presses her fingers against her temples, closes her eyes, and HUMS.

Then she starts to cry.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - MORNING

Glen opens his eyes, and the hangover hits him like a sledgehammer. He groans and rolls over. His eyes go wide--

An INFLATABLE SEX DOLL lies in bed next to him.

GLEN

Oh no.

LINUS (O.S.)

Looks like somebody got lucky last night.

Glen squints at Linus and Jake, standing in the doorway.

JAKE

Get up, bro. It's Sunday.

GLEN

(a raspy whisper)
So what?

LINUS

In olden times, men believed this was a holy day. It's time for worship.

EXT. A MUDDY FIELD, MANTOPIA - DAY

Fifty MEN stand in the cold drizzle. Carl raises a FOOTBALL in the air--

CARL

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME FOOTBALL?

A ROAR from the Men.

JAKE

Hell, yes!

The other team runs to the end of the field with the ball. Glen leans, bleary-eyed, toward Jake--

GLEN
What's football?

Jake shrugs.

CARL
Only the greatest game ever invented!
We souped up the rules to make it a
little more exciting.

LINUS
It's easy. All you gotta do is get
the ball down to that end of the
field.

The other team kicks off. The ball sails toward them--
And lands in Glen's hands.

CARL
RUN!

Glen races downfield. The THUD of bodies as his team blocks
for him. Glen dodges frantically, sidestepping tacklers--

LINUS
Watch out for the motorcycles.

GLEN
Excuse me?

The WHINE of engines. Glen looks ahead--

A phalanx of motocross BIKERS bears down on him, wielding
hockey sticks.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Crap.

He dodges a Biker--

And a row of baseball pitching machine GUNNERS open fire from
the sidelines. All hell breaks loose. Baseballs fly.
Motorbikes crash. Guys pound each other with hockey sticks.

Jake checks a TACKLER out of the way and beckons to Glen.
They race downfield, side by side, almost at the end zone--

JAKE
You and me, buddy! All the way!

A HOCKEY STICK fills the screen. A CRACK--

Glen and Jake lie on the muddy field, side by side.

GLEN

Did we win?

Then twenty GUYS hog-pile them with a sickening CRUNCH.

INT. CARL'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Carl, Glen and Jake are filthy, bloody and bruised. A few wrecked motorcycles burn in the football field behind them.

CARL

Great game. Great game.

Glen looks around. Mantopia's starting to lose some of its appeal. There's garbage in the streets, and the bar signs look depressing on a Sunday afternoon.

Glen looks up. In the distance, a pine-covered MOUNTAIN RANGE beckons, in stark contrast to the squalor of Mantopia.

GLEN

How come nobody lives there?

CARL

More beer down here.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

Glen sits glumly in the musty theater. The seats are decaying, the screen's torn, and the print's full of scratches. But it doesn't matter, because all the guys know it by heart. It's the Dirty Harry movie, *Sudden Impact*.

Jake WHOOPS in approval, but Glen just sits there.

On the screen, Clint Eastwood steps forward with his gun drawn, blocking the getaway of a group of Robbers--

CLINT EASTWOOD

We're not just gonna let you walk out of here.

ROBBER

Who's we, sucker?

The Guys gaze up at the screen, almost worshipfully.

CLINT EASTWOOD

Smith, and Wesson...and me.

The Robbers make the wrong move, and the Guys CHEER as Eastwood blows them away. A hush falls over the crowd as he faces off with the last Robber.

CLINT EASTWOOD (CONT'D)

Go ahead...

The Guys ROAR the line along with Eastwood--

GUYS

MAKE MY DAY!

Glen flinches as several Guys fire guns into the ceiling and plaster cascades down. Then he gets up and walks out.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Glen looks off at the MOUNTAINS and takes a deep breath. Jake comes out after him--

JAKE

What's the matter, bro? You were kind of a downer in there.

GLEN

I don't know. I'm starting to think women *should* run society.

JAKE

What?

GLEN

I mean, look at this place! Maybe we need women around to get our acts together.

JAKE

Oh, really? Then maybe you can explain to me how these guys built a *god-damn bowling alley all by themselves!*

GLEN

You don't get it.

JAKE

Name one thing about Pacifica that's better than here. One thing.

Glen just looks at him. Then shakes his head and walks away. Jake watches him go, then goes back inside.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Jake walks in. On the screen, Eastwood and Sondra Locke lean in for a kiss--

SOME GUY

Boring!

A smattering of LAUGHTER. Then the room falls silent. Jake looks around--

The Men stare at the screen with a sadness and longing that is unmistakable and overwhelming.

INT. THE FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

Glen lies awake, staring glumly at the inexpressive face of the inflatable sex doll. He reaches out and opens the valve. The doll deflates with a hiss.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION, PACIFICA - DAY

Kelly stands at the Guards' station, exasperated--

KELLY

I just want to talk to her!

GUARD

Sorry. There's nothing I can do.

Kelly turns in disgust and walks out.

EXT. A NEWSSTAND - DAY

Kelly scans a newspaper article about Glen. On the other side of the rack, two VOICES whisper furtively--

GUY (O.S.)

QC is gonna catch them eventually.

OLD JAKE (O.S.)

Not a chance.

GUY (O.S.)

How do you know?

OLD JAKE (O.S.)

Let's just say I know where they
And QC never even heard of the p

Kelly stops cold. She walks around the si

The Old Jake is talking to a wide-eyed PE'
him. He flashes her a time-worn grin--

OLD JAKE (CONT'D)

I had a feelin' I'd be seein'
again--!

KELLY
Where are they?

OLD JAKE
I don't know what you're talking
about, darlin'.

Kelly SLAMS him against the wall--

KELLY
Don't mess with me, Jake.

Old Jake swallows.

INT. THE FLOPHOUSE, MANTOPIA - MORNING

Glen wakes up with a jolt and looks around.

The sound of guys making FART NOISES and LAUGHING outside.
Glen gets up.

EXT. THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Glen staggers onto the porch overlooking Main Street. A
bunch of GUYS are on horseback. They're guzzling beer, and
armed to the teeth.

Jake sits on his horse, looking like the Marlboro Man, except
with a CROSSBOW. He takes careful aim at a STOP SIGN, fires--

And misses completely. The arrow hits a CAR TIRE, and it
BLOWS. The Guys CHEER. Jake looks down at Glen--

JAKE
We're goin' cow hunting. I figured
you wouldn't want to come.

Glen nods. An uncomfortable beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So I'll see you later.

Suddenly, Linus squints down Main Street--

LINUS
Looks like Ol' Jake's makin' another
delivery.

They all follow his gaze--

The Hearse comes to a stop in the middle of the street and
Old Jake gets out. He looks like he's been through hell.

OLD JAKE

Sorry, guys.

With a soft HISS, the passenger door opens--

And Kelly slides out. She casts a sideways glance at a cluster of MEN, and her mouth curls into a slight smirk.

Up and down Main Street, men stop dead. Kelly unbuttons the jacket of her business suit and strides down the street. Men who haven't seen a woman for years stare, their brains paralyzed by a sudden hormone surge.

Kelly strides up to the pick-up. Linus raises his shotgun--

LINUS

(voice quavering)

Hold it right there!

The other Guys raise their weapons, trembling. Kelly looks at them disdainfully. Jake grins--

JAKE

I know what this is about.

(shaking his head)

You couldn't stand it, could you?

You missed sweet daddy Jake, and you had to track him down. Well, I hate to break it to you, darlin'. But I'm gone. And I ain't coming back.

KELLY

That's great, Jake.

She walks past him and looks Glen right in the eye--

KELLY (CONT'D)

We've gotta talk.

INT. THE BAR - DAY

Glen sits there, stunned. Jake's next to him. Carl and the other Guys sit around the room, completely floored--

GLEN

A baby?

JAKE

Inside her?

(beat)

How's it gonna get out?

GLEN

Um, could you back up for a second--

CARL

I don't buy it. How could Glen have active sperm?

KELLY

He's some kind of one-in-a-billion screw-up in the cloning system. He's a natural man.

CARL

A natural man?

All the guys stare at Glen, amazed. He stands there, taking it in. Suddenly a lifetime of feeling different makes sense.

KELLY

The point is, Glen, you got her pregnant. Then you just took off.

GLEN

I didn't take off! She turned me in!

KELLY

She didn't turn you in. I tried to get her to, when I found out what a lard-ass Jake was gonna turn into.

Jake gives a "yeah, right" look to the other guys.

KELLY (CONT'D)

But she wouldn't do it. She said--
(looking him in the eye)
She said if she had to, she'd pay full price for you.

Glen's reeling, trying to absorb it.

GLEN

(softly)
I've gotta go back.

JAKE

Whoah, whoah! This is Michelle's problem. You never asked her to grow a baby. You go back now, you're goin' on the Happy Bus!

KELLY

They're not gonna put him on the Happy Bus.
(beat)
They're gonna cut his balls off.

Glen stops. The Guys' faces twist into masks of pain.

GLEN
Both of them?

Kelly nods. Glen gets up. He knows what he has to do--

GLEN (CONT'D)
I have to go.

JAKE
Are you crazy? Do you think Michelle
would have her nuts cut off for you?

Kelly sighs and rubs her temples.

CARL
If you walk out that door, you'll be
a slave for the rest of your life.
You can't ever come back.

Glen looks at Jake.

JAKE
You're on your own, bro.

Glen looks at Jake in silence for a moment. Then he turns
and walks out.

KELLY
Jake, as someone who owned you for
three weeks, I'm gonna give you some
constructive criticism. You're a
coward. You're self-centered. And
you're not even that good-looking.

Jake's stunned. Kelly gets up and walks out.

EXT. THE BAR - DAY

The Guys follow Kelly into the street. A large crowd has
gathered. Linus steps up, waving his shotgun uncertainly--

LINUS
Um. Hold it right there...You can't
just go now--

Kelly freezes him with a look.

CARL
What Linus is trying to say is, since
you know the location of Mantopia, we
can't just let you drive out of here.

Kelly looks straight into Carl's eyes--

KELLY

What are you gonna do? Shoot me?

Carl swallows, his mouth suddenly dry.

CARL

Um...well, no. I think you just need to stay here...until...we can all meet and come up with a plan.

Kelly looks around at the crowd. It's more men than she's ever seen before. She gives a slight smile--

KELLY

I guess I can stick around for awhile. Any of you boys got a place where I can stay?

Every hand in the crowd goes up.

EXT. THE GARAGE - DAY

Glen walks toward the garage. A barrel-chested LARRY blocks the doorway, his arms folded across his chest.

LARRY

No car, Glen. Carl's orders.

Glen glares at him.

GLEN

I'll walk.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

The blazing sun beats down as Glen trudges through the empty desert. He stares at the road ahead. It's hopeless.

INT. THE BAR, MANTOPIA - DAY

Jake sits glumly at the bar, nursing a beer. He looks up at the PICTURES on the wall. In an old faded photo, two COWBOYS side by side on horseback gaze back at him.

EXT. THE BAR - DAY

Jake steps outside to see--

A GLEAMING RED '65 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE. Not some fake plastic accessory. The real thing. Jake stares at it.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Glen stumbles. The heat is unbearable. Suddenly, the sound of GRINDING GEARS. Glen turns around--

IT'S THE MUSTANG. Jake's at the wheel, veering wildly down the road, learning to drive on the fly. He lurches to a stop in front of Glen.

JAKE

I guess Michelle's really into you. You're willing to get your balls chopped off for her. I don't get it, but if you want to turn yourself in, the least I can do is give you a lift.

GLEN

I'm not turning myself in.

Jake frowns.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I'm bustin' her out.

Jake grins. He reaches into the back seat and whips out his CROSSBOW--

JAKE

Then you're gonna need somebody who can handle a crossbow.

GLEN

Slide over.

Jake slides over. Glen jumps in and REVS the engine.

JAKE

Where the hell did you learn to drive?

Glen pops it in gear and floors it. Jake holds on for dear life as the Mustang peels out in a cloud of dust.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAY

The car hurtles across the desert at 120 miles per hour. Glen grips the wheel with a confidence we've never seen before. He's starting to look a lot like his police sketch. Torn t-shirt. Razor stubble. Tattoo.

JAKE

Let me ask you something. Do my actions strike you as the actions of a coward?

GLEN

No.

JAKE

Exactly! I wish Kelly were here, 'cause she'd have to eat her words.

The car bucks wildly. Jake glances at the speedometer and surreptitiously puts on his seat belt.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

The desert. A wooden fence. An ancient sign reads, "WELCOME TO NEVADA!" Stamped across it in red, the words, "DANGER. DO NOT ENTER." The ROAR of an engine--

The Mustang SMASHES through the fence and tears off down the highway toward Pacifica, spread out below.

EXT. A HILL - DAY

The Mustang is parked at the top of a steep hill. Far below, Glen and Jake peer out from behind some boulders at--

The egg-shaped Department of Reproduction. EMPLOYEES mingle in the lobby, and SECURITY GUARDS keep an eye on the door.

JAKE

We're the two most wanted men in Pacifica. We can't just walk in the front door.

GLEN

We've gotta create a diversion.

Above them, the faint crunch of gravel as the Mustang slowly starts to roll forward.

JAKE

A diversion...

The Mustang tips over the edge and careens down the hill toward them, gathering speed. It bounces off a boulder, launches over their heads, end-over-end--

And SMASHES down in front of the building. A split second--

And it EXPLODES.

Everybody runs out of the lobby to stare at the burning car. Glen and Jake exchange a look.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

Glen and Jake scurry behind the crowd and slip right in the front door.

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

Glen and Jake hurry down the hallway. The sound of VOICES.

JAKE
Code blue!

They duck through a door labelled "GESTATION"--

INT. GESTATION LAB - DAY

Glen and Jake look around the dimly lit lab--

Rows of vats illuminated by a warm yellow glow. In each one, a BABY suspended in gelatin. They peek around a corner into--

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Claire sits at the desk, drinking hot chocolate and watching "Carla" on the plasma screen.

The studio AUDIENCE applauds as Carla smiles--

CARLA
Our guest today is Angela Strauss.
She lived with the Glen for six years
before he went rogue.

Claire turns up the volume. Glen peers at the screen--

CARLA (CONT'D)
What I'm sure all of us want to know
is, what was he *really* like?

Claire's rapt. So is Glen--

ANGELA
Charming. Powerful. Dangerous.

CARLA
Sexy?

TITTERS from the audience.

ANGELA
Definitely sexy.

CHEERS from the audience.

CARLA
Were you ever afraid you would fall
under his spell?

Jake's crossbow CLATTERS to the ground. Claire turns--

CLAIRE
Hello?

INT. GESTATION LAB - DAY

Glen and Jake duck behind a row of vats as Claire walks in--

CLAIRE
Hello?

She looks behind the vats. Glen and Jake aren't there. She frowns and walks down the aisle. A BABY. Another BABY--

GLEN AND JAKE, staring back at her from inside a tank. Claire SCREAMS. Glen and Jake rise up, covered in gelatin--

Claire SCREAMS again. Then she realizes--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh my god. It's you!

GLEN
No. No, it's not.

Claire can barely contain her excitement--

CLAIRE
You came for her, didn't you?

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

Reporter Susanna Meadows stands in front of the smoldering remains of the Mustang, speaking to a news camera--

SUSANNA MEADOWS
...an investigation of a dramatic
explosion outside the Department of
Reproduction...

Out of range of the news camera, Holiday and another QC INSPECTOR stride toward the wreckage.

HOLIDAY
When a car blows up, you can bet
there's a man somewhere nearby.

She peers at the door of the wrecked Mustang. In the grime, a single HAND PRINT.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Eight and a half inches.

QC INSPECTOR
What?

HOLIDAY
Get me a product recall team ASAP.

She looks up at the egg-shaped building.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
He's here.

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

Claire peeks around the corner. The coast is clear. She unlocks a door and Glen slips inside--

INT. MICHELLE'S ROOM - DAY

Glen walks over slowly, gazing down at Michelle, asleep in bed. He's never seen anyone so beautiful. He bends down and kisses her gently.

Michelle's eyes flutter open. She GASPS--
and SOCKS him in the face. He reels back--

GLEN
It's me!

Michelle looks at him. He's more rugged and handsome than ever before. Her face softens. He smiles--

She SOCKS him again.

GLEN (CONT'D)
OW!

MICHELLE
You got me pregnant, you bastard!

GLEN
It was an accident!

MICHELLE
Right. Then you accidentally
abandoned me.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Did you manage to accidentally get anyone else pregnant while you were gone?

(peering at his arm)

What the hell is that?

He looks at his tattoo of the skeleton hurling flaming dice.

GLEN

It's a guy thing, okay? For your information, I was in Mantopia. I was free. And I left all that behind to come back here and save you.

MICHELLE

Save me?

GLEN

Yes. Let's go.

MICHELLE

I don't need a man to save me, Glen. I think you've been spending a little too much time in Mantopia.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Jake leans seductively against the wall, crossbow slung across his shoulder. He gives Claire his patented look--

JAKE

So, darlin'. You ever been with a rogue man?

CLAIRE

No. Michelle's so lucky. Glen's incredible. What's it like to hang out with him?

JAKE

(taken aback)

Glen? He's...pretty cool.

Claire sighs, starry-eyed.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We hang out all the time, actually. Just got back from Mantopia.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

QC POD VANS screech up to the building and teams of INSPECTORS jump out.

Susanna Meadows speaks into the news camera--

SUSANNA MEADOWS

A QC Recall Team has just arrived.
We will keep you posted on this
breaking story.

Holiday leads the the QC Inspectors inside. Susanna Meadows
gestures to her Camerawoman--

SUSANNA MEADOWS (CONT'D)

Come on!

They slip inside the building, following the QC Inspectors.

INT. MICHELLE'S ROOM - DAY

Glen takes a deep breath--

GLEN

Fine. I'm not saving you. We're
each saving each other. As equals.
Now let's go.

Michelle's eyes well up--

MICHELLE

I'm not gonna go anywhere with you.
I thought you were a nice guy, Glen.
Turns out you spend all your time
getting tattoos and sleeping around!

GLEN

Sleeping around? What are you
talking about?

MICHELLE

I'm talking about your biological
urges, Glen. I'm talking about
spreading your seed.

GLEN

Spreading my seed?

MICHELLE

You didn't sleep with any other women
while you were gone?

Glen hesitates--

GLEN

It depends what you mean.

MICHELLE

I knew it!

GLEN
 She was made of plastic! I was
 drunk! I don't even remember if we
 really slept together!

MICHELLE
 Oh my god.

GLEN
 (slowly, clearly)
 THEY ARE GOING TO CUT MY BALLS OFF.

MICHELLE
 Why are men always so obsessed with
 their balls?

Suddenly, Jake bursts in--

JAKE
 We've got company!

GLEN
 (to Michelle)
 Come on!

She hesitates.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 COME ON!

He grabs her by the hand and pulls her out of the room.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Glen, Michelle, Jake and Claire duck around a corner as QC
 Inspectors walk by.

MICHELLE
 Glen, I can't handle this. I think I
 just need to ask ManCo for a refund
 and try to move on.

GLEN
 Warranty expired yesterday, honey.

Another squad of QC Inspectors rounds the corner. Glen,
 Michelle, Jake and Claire duck into--

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A huge, dark room. The pale light of safety lamps glints off
 medical equipment. A THUNK--

And all the lights go on. The sound of VOICES. Glen, Michelle, Jake and Claire duck behind a curtain.

MICHELLE
I don't believe this.

The sound of PEOPLE coming in.

MEDICAL ASSSISTANT (O.S.)
Let's go, everybody.

Then she stops. She pulls back the curtain to reveal Glen.

MEDICAL ASSSISTANT (CONT'D)
Come on. Get back in line with the others. It's not gonna hurt.

Glen glances helplessly at Jake and Michelle, still hidden. He steps out and looks around in astonishment--

A HUNDRED GLENS fill the vast chamber. The Medical Assistant guides Glen gently into line.

Ms. Connor and Dr. Gant stand on a platform nearby.

The Glens file into a sunken AMPHITHEATER and sit facing a huge plasma screen. Glen sits down nervously and leans over to a GLEN wearing a sweater (call him SWEATER GLEN)--

GLEN
What's going on?

SWEATER GLEN
It's a sperm test. They think one of us might be the Rogue Glen.

Suddenly, padded harnesses clamp down over their chests. Glen looks down in alarm as a SUCTION DEVICE rises up between his legs. He looks to his left--

Another Glen (call him BALL-LESS GLEN) sits there, placidly reading Plato's *Republic*. No harness. No suction device.

GLEN
Why doesn't he have to do it?

SWEATER GLEN
They already cut off his balls.

GLEN
What?

SWEATER GLEN

It was a mistake. The machine gave a false positive.

GLEN

That's terrible!

BALL-LESS GLEN

Terrible? Or the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me?

He closes his book and smiles placidly--

BALL-LESS GLEN (CONT'D)

Did you know that the average male thinks about sex twenty-five times every hour? Not me. I'm finally free. Free to concentrate on the higher things in life. Truth. Beauty. The nature of existence.

He smiles. Glen and Sweater Glen stare at him in horror.

SWEATER GLEN

(whispering to Glen)

You just have to hope that little red light doesn't go off.

Glen looks down at the RED LIGHT on the suction device between his legs.

Suddenly the lights dim. SEXY MUSIC kicks in.

SWEATER GLEN (CONT'D)

Here we go.

On the huge screen, WOMEN IN BIKINIS wash a car. The Glens stare, transfixed. A faint HUM--

Glen stares in terror as the suction device glides toward his crotch. He looks at the screen--

SEXY LADIES jump on trampolines. Have pillow fights. Suck lollipops--

GLEN

(muttering furiously)

Not sexy not sexy not sexy--

SWEATER GLEN

Resistance is useless. You gotta just go with it.

The suction device snakes inside Glen's pants--

GLEN

Oh boy.

A faint SUCTION SOUND. Glen's eyes cross slightly--

On the screen, a SEXY SCHOOLTEACHER stands by a desk. She raises a RULER in the air. The Glens tense in anticipation--

She SLAPS the ruler down. The Glens all climax at once, with the funny Glen YELP. Glen's face contorts, trying to hold back. But he can't. He climaxes too, also with the YELP.

The screen goes dark. A beat.

Glen's red light BLINKS on. He winces--

DR. GANT

We have a positive!

Ball-less Glen gives Glen the thumbs-up. Two MEDICAL ASSISTANTS hustle him over to the platform.

Ms. Connor appraises Glen--

MS. CONNOR

So you're the one the Founding Mothers warned us about. A real man. Somehow I expected more of a...barbarian.

GLEN

What makes you think men are barbarians?

Suddenly, Jake steps out, wild-eyed, waving his crossbow. He's gone *Apocalypse Now*, surgical tubing tied around his forehead--

JAKE

Back off, fuckos! I got a crossbow!

MS. CONNOR

What's going on?
(seeing Michelle)
Michelle, what are you doing here?

Jake looks cockily at Ms. Connor--

JAKE

You had a pretty good plan. And it almost worked, too. But you forgot about one thing. The Jake Factor.

MS. CONNOR

You can't stop us all with one arrow.

Jake looks around desperately at the MEDICAL ASSISTANTS--

Then aims the crossbow at Glen's crotch.

JAKE

One move and the Sperm King gets it right in the crown jewels!

GLEN

What?

Everybody stares at Jake, confused.

MS. CONNOR

It seems like a painful way to do it. But okay.

JAKE

(realizing his mistake)
Everybody hold on. I gotta think.

A TWANG as Jake accidentally pulls the trigger--

A THUNK. The entire room winces.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oops.

Glen looks down--

His crotch is pinned to the wall. He stares, aghast--

Then pulls the arrow out. There's a hole straight through his pants, but the boys are intact.

GLEN

What the hell's wrong with you?!

Suddenly, the doors burst open--

Holiday steps in. The QC Inspectors right behind her. They surround Glen, aiming their glob guns at him.

Unnoticed, Susanna Meadows and her Camerawoman slip onto an OBSERVATION DECK overlooking the room. Susanna gestures to the Camerawoman to start filming.

HOLIDAY

It's over, Glen. You've been recalled.

Glen looks around. There's no way out.

GLEN

Listen. I'm not gonna hurt anybody.
I just want to be with Michelle.

MS. CONNOR

Glen, you know we can't allow that.

GLEN

Why not? I love her.

Michelle looks at him, amazed.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Nobody messed with my genes to make
me love her. I just do. I love
everything about her. The way her
hair smells. The way she snuffles
when she sleeps. Her bad singing.

MICHELLE

My bad singing?

GLEN

I'm saying I love it!

MICHELLE

Unbelievable.

He takes her by the shoulders--

GLEN

Michelle. I love you.

Michelle stops. She looks at him, her eyes shining. Claire
blinks back tears. The Glens look at Glen and Michelle, the
embodiment of the dream they didn't even know they had.

On the Observation Deck above, Susanna Meadows whispers to
her camerawoman--

SUSANNA MEADOWS

This is great television.

MS. CONNOR

Glen, your whole existence was a
mistake.

Suddenly, Michelle realizes--

MICHELLE

What if it wasn't a mistake?

Everybody looks at her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What if the Founding Mothers were smarter than we thought? What if they did it on purpose? To give us a chance to decide for ourselves.

On TV screens all around Pacifica, the question hangs in the air. Women and their Men watch, transfixed.

Ms. Connor looks at Michelle, suddenly less certain.

MS. CONNOR

You won't live happily ever after, Michelle. Men and women will always be at war.

MICHELLE

I know. But if we have no one to fight with, we're all gonna die of boredom.

Michelle steps between Glen and Holiday--

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You can have his balls when you pry them from my cold, dead hands.

Glen frowns.

An urgent stirring among the Glens. Suddenly, Ball-less Glen stands up--

BALL-LESS GLEN

(chanting)

Riot! Riot! Riot!

The Glens get hesitantly to their feet--

GLENS

(meekly)

Riot. Riot. Riot.

BALL-LESS GLEN

Don't just say it! Do it!

The Glens start rioting, Glen style. They run around timidly, letting out half-hearted yells, shaking tables and gently picking up chairs and putting them on their sides.

BALL-LESS GLEN (CONT'D)

No! You have to actually break stuff!

The Glens nod--

AND START TRASHING THE PLACE. QC Inspectors duck for cover as chairs fly and scientific equipment SHATTERS. They fire their glob guns, covering several Glens in sticky blue goo.

Claire grabs a glob gun from a QC INSPECTOR--

CLAIRE

Excuse me. I need to borrow this.

She fires, sticking the QC Inspector's feet to the floor.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

She hands the glob gun to Jake--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

There's a helicopter on the roof.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Glen, Jake and Michelle head for the door. Holiday can't get a clear shot through the rioting Glens. She turns to Ms. Connor--

HOLIDAY

Lock down the room!

Ms. Connor reaches for a button on her control panel. Michelle turns to face her, her eyes imploring. Ms. Connor hesitates, her finger over the button--

Glen, Jake and Michelle race out the open door.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)

(to Ms. Connor)

What the hell are you doing?

INT. A STAIRWELL - DAY

Glen, Jake and Michelle race toward the roof. Jake turns to fire a few rounds from his glob gun at the QC Inspectors hot on their heels--

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

They burst through a door. A medical HELICOPTER sits on the helipad.

JAKE
Y'all go on ahead. I'm gonna stay
and hold 'em off.

GLEN
We're not leaving without you!

JAKE
You're gonna need a little time to
get that bird in the air.
(he smiles)
I'll be okay. I've been in way worse
scrapes than this.

GLEN
Jake--

JAKE
You've got a family now. Take good
care of 'em.

Glen falls silent. Jake looks him right in the eye--

JAKE (CONT'D)
Tell your kid about me.

They look at each other. Nothing needs to be said. Then
Glen turns and heads for the helicopter.

INT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY

Glen and Michelle jump in. They both start jabbing at the
touch screen, trying to figure out the controls--

MICHELLE
No. It's all automatic--

GLEN
I know. I'm trying to--

MICHELLE
You're doing it wrong--

GLEN
Honey. Just let me figure this out.
Okay?

Michelle pokes one of the controls. The rotors start up.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Fine. You drive.

From the roof, Jake shouts--

JAKE

And if you see Kelly, ask her if this is how a self-centered person would act. 'Cause I'd be very interested to hear what she has to say!

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

Holiday bursts onto the roof with the QC Inspectors. They look up to see--

Jake, facing them with his glob gun. They freeze.

Susanna Meadows and her Camerawoman slip onto the roof behind the QC Inspectors. The NEWS CAMERA rolls--

ALL AROUND PACIFICA, people watch the face-off, white knuckled.

Jake stands at the edge of the roof. The interior atrium five hundred feet below. He stares coolly at Holiday, a slight smirk on his lips.

JAKE

I know what you're thinking. Did he fire six shots or only five? Well, to tell the truth, in all this excitement, I kinda lost track myself. So you gotta ask yourselves one question: Do I feel lucky?

Holiday tenses.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Make my day.

Holiday makes a move. Jake pulls the trigger--

An ineffectual squirt of blue goo drips from the gun.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Guess it was six.

Behind him, the helicopter lifts off.

HOLIDAY

Damn it!

The QC Inspectors watch as the helicopter soars into the air. Jake smiles.

ALL AROUND PACIFICA, Women and Men watch the helicopter lift into the air--

The emotions come pouring out. Women leap to their feet, cheering. Men and Women embrace.

ON THE ROOF, a QC INSPECTOR peers at the helicopter through the sights of her glob gun.

QC INSPECTOR
If I take out the rear rotor, I can
force an emergency landing.

HOLIDAY
Do it.

Jake watches the QC Inspector take aim. She fires--

And Jake dives. He takes the GLOB right in the chest. The force of it knocks him backward--

Over the edge of the roof.

INT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY

Glen looks down to see Jake tumble over the edge--

GLEN
Jake!

INT. DEPARTMENT OF REPRODUCTION - DAY

Jake plummets in slow-mo through the interior atrium of the egg-shaped building. He looks around--

Hundreds of WOMEN stare open-mouthed, pressed against the glass of their office windows, watching him fall. He gives a little smile. He's going out in a blaze of glory after all.

Then he's gone.

INT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY

Glen turns away, blinking back tears, as the helicopter soars off into the setting sun.

A SERIES OF TV BROADCASTS--

A) Susanna Meadows at the Department of Reproduction.
Overcome with emotion, Women embrace in the background--

SUSANNA MEADOWS
...a heroic self-sacrifice by a Jake,
on a day no one will soon forget.

B) An ANCHORWOMAN sits at her desk--

ANCHORWOMAN

...reports that the helicopter was headed for territory once known as Nevada...

C) Holiday talks at a PRESS CONFERENCE--

HOLIDAY

They're out of our jurisdiction, and we're taking no action. But we strongly discourage anyone else from going there.

D) Carla, the talk show host, stands in front of a huge line of WOMEN outside the ManCo dealership.

CARLA

...Excitement has reached a *fever pitch* for the re-release of the Glens. Once a safe economy model, the Glens now have a hot new bad-boy image, and a price tag to match!

She holds her microphone out to Naomi--

NAOMI

I camped out in this parking lot for three days, but I got my Glen!
(leaning forward)
I hear they're amazing in bed.

Behind her, Ball-less Glen looks up from his book and shakes his head.

D) Susanna Meadows stands by a POD BUS as MEN and WOMEN climb aboard--

SUSANNA MEADOWS

One year after the Rogue Glen's dramatic escape, more and more women-- and their men--are opting out of traditional roles. Setting off for a new life, in a place called Glendale.

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - DAY

A WAITRESS passes a MAP OF NEVADA to the POD BUS DRIVER. She points to a STAR labelled "GLENDALE."

WAITRESS

You should be there in two hours.

The Pod Bus Driver points to a DOT labelled "MANTOPIA."

POD BUS DRIVER

What's that?

WAITRESS

You don't want to go there. A woman went there once, and she never came back.

We zoom in on Mantopia. The sound of A CAPELLA SINGING--

INT. THE BAR, MANTOPIA - DAY

Carl, Linus, and nine other MEN sing "I Only Have Eyes for You" in perfect harmony.

Linus steps forward to sing the final solo. His hair neatly parted and glistening, his voice as clear and bright as an angel. He finishes, and they all bow shyly.

Kelly sits with her feet on the table, her cowboy hat balanced on her boots. She puts down her beer--

KELLY

That was really nice, guys.

The Guys bustle around her, jockeying for position as she heads for the door.

EXT. THE BAR - DAY

Kelly puts on her cowboy hat and looks at the cluster of men.

KELLY

Steve. Julio. Why don't you two stop by my place later tonight?

STEVE grins. JULIO nods excitedly.

Kelly saunters down Main Street. The place is looking a little better. Fresh paint. Mowed lawns. MEN turn to smile and say hello as she passes.

CLOSE ON - A SIGN:

"GLENDALE.
LIBERTY. EQUALITY. FERTILITY."

The pod bus passes the sign and drives up the road.

Ext. GLENDALE - DAY

Glen strolls down the road carrying his BABY in a homemade Baby Bjorn.

Glendale is high in the mountains Glen once admired from Mantopia. Wildflowers. Simple cabins. A MAN and a PREGNANT WOMAN work together in their garden. On a front porch, Claire bickers with a LARRY about how to hang a bird feeder. Two DAVIDS walk by, arm in arm. They wave to Glen.

The pod bus pulls to a stop. Umberto lends a hand as MEN and WOMEN climb off.

UMBERTO

Welcome, everybody! Don't a-leave anything on-a the bus!

Suddenly, Glen stares in disbelief--

A JAKE steps off the bus and looks around.

GLEN

Jake!

The Jake looks at Glen and grins--

THE JAKE

Jake 950. Good to meet ya.

He puts out his hand. Glen smiles, a little sadly.

GLEN

Sorry. Thought you were someone else.

He shakes Jake 950's hand.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I'm Glen.

JAKE 950

Not...*the* Glen.

GLEN

'Fraid so.

Jake 950 stares in awe.

JAKE 950

Man oh man. I can't believe I'm actually meeting you!

He looks at Glen's baby--

JAKE 950 (CONT'D)

Who's this little guy?

GLEN

His name's Jake too.
(he smiles)
Let me show you around.

INT. GLEN AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

A simple wooden cabin. Michelle holds Baby Jake as they finish dinner.

JAKE 950

I mean, don't get me wrong. I'm no
slouch in the lovin' department. But
this guy--
(he gestures to Glen)
This guy's a legend!

Michelle gives an ironic smirk.

MICHELLE

You don't have to tell me that, Jake.
I live with the man.

JAKE 950

So Michelle, what do you do?

MICHELLE

Well, I'm President of our City
Council. And I'm a singer. More as
a hobby. I perform every week down
at the community center.

She looks at Glen, daring him. Glen smiles.

GLEN

It's...definitely worth checking out.

MICHELLE

Oh, I almost forgot. At City Council
today, twelve more women applied to
be impregnated.

Glen sighs, exhausted. Jake 950 can't believe his ears--

JAKE 950

(to Michelle)
You're okay with that?

MICHELLE

It took some getting used to, but
Glen's the only guy who can do it.

She takes Baby Jake into the kitchen. Jake 950 turns to
Glen, incredulous--

JAKE 950

Bro, that is the sweetest deal I've ever heard of!

GLEN

Actually, it's not as great as it sounds--

JAKE 950

Are you kidding me?
 (hearing Michelle coming
 back)
 I've got an idea. Back me up.

Michelle comes back in.

JAKE 950 (CONT'D)

So, um, guys? I have a confession to make.

(beat)

I've got active balls too. Science can't explain it. It's like another one-in-a-billion shot. What're the odds?

He tries his best to look noble.

JAKE 950 (CONT'D)

I was gonna keep it secret 'til I met the right girl. But I can't think of myself now. Society needs me.

Michelle rolls her eyes. Glen shakes his head.

EXT. GLENDALE - DAY

Glen, Jake 950 and Michelle walk out of the cabin.

Close on Baby Jake in Michelle's arms. And the Narrator from the beginning comes back--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So that's the story of how my parents met. I guess you could say they started a revolution. Ten years later, men got the same rights as women, all over the world. Except in Mantopia, which continued to be ruled by a woman. I wish I could say my folks lived happily ever after--

We rise up into the air over Glendale.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it wasn't that simple. They didn't always get along, and I spent a lot of time in therapy, working it all out. But they got a lot right. They taught me that men and women are never gonna understand each other, and that's okay. They taught me that love is a mess, but it's the best you can hope for. And they taught me never to ask what goes on in the Barn.

EXT. A BARN, GLENDALE - DAY

SEXY MUSIC shakes the walls of the barn.

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Glen and Jake 950 sit in padded chairs, suction devices between their legs. On a screen, SEXY WOMEN jump on trampolines.

GLEN
Not exactly what you had in mind, is it?

JAKE 950
Nope.

The suction devices move forward. A SLURPING SOUND.

JAKE 950 (CONT'D)
But it's still pretty god damned good!

Glen and Jake tense as the SEXY SCHOOLTEACHER raises her ruler. As she SLAPS it down--

BLACKOUT.

Jake HOWLS. Glen YELPS.

THE END.

