

**MANCHILD**

"Pilot"

by

Mark Cullen and Robb Cullen

8/9/06

Darren Star Productions  
Sony Pictures Television

EXT. PARKING LOT, SANTA MONICA BEACH - EARLY MORNING

A pristine red, Edsel Ranger convertible with a surfboard in the passenger seat parks. JOE, 40, the prototype for polished virility - a club-owning, model-dating, hustler of hip, entrepreneurial force of nature exits the car wearing the newest Ripcurl wet-suit and mod sunglasses. He grabs his hand-shaped, Bessel surfboard as...

An Audi A6 Wagon with surfboard sticking out of the back pulls in. This is TOM, 40. Tom, looks tired. He is. He's married with two kids, and owns his a small advertising company. He's ten pounds overweight but looks pretty good. Tom exits his car drinking coffee. He wears a slightly worn wet-suit. He wrestles his board out, getting it unhooked from the child seat in the back.

As he does, a '78 monkey-shit brown Lincoln Continental with its top missing and chugging like it has emphysema parks next to Tom. This is GARY, 40. Gary is a former Dead Head, never married, has a five-year old son, Mannix, from a previous relationship. He has been a chef, writer, day trader, real-estate salesman, eats Raw. He is soulful, sweet, smokes too much pot, and always sabotages himself. Gary, reed-thin and sporting questionable facial hair, exits his car wearing a Duck tape patched wet-suit and grabs his beat-up board from the passenger seat.

A 1989 BMW sputters into the parking lot. A surfboard hangs out of the back window with a RED CLOTH tied to it. The car parks and PAUL, 40, stumbles out. Paul is an average-looking, overweight, self-loathing damaged cynic of a man who is a public defender in the Los Angeles court system. Oh yeah, he's a drunk too. Paul's wet-suit is two sizes too small highlighting his non-puissant physique.

The four men look at each other and without a word spoken, they head out to the beach.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN, SANTA MONICA - EARLY MORNING

Joe, Tom and Gary sit on their boards waiting for a set. They watch Paul struggle out.

GARY  
I think he's going to drown.

TOM  
Guy's a fucking mess.

Paul, out of breath, finally reaches the guys.

PAUL  
Listen, I get the whole "forty-year-old-life's-half-over-let's recapture-our-youth shit," but do we have to do it so fucking early?

JOE  
Morning, Paul. Your mantits are looking especially bosomy today.

PAUL  
I'm retaining vodka. And fuck you  
too, Joe.

JOE  
Fuck me...? See, now you don't get to go.

Go where? GARY

JOE  
It just so happens, Gary, that I booked a trip to Scotland for me and my buddies to play a week of golf at St. Andrews.

Gary and Tom high-five.

Yes ! GARY Yes ! TOM

JOE (CONT'D)  
(to Paul)  
Now all we need to do is find a  
fourth and we're in.

A long beat then...

PAUL  
I'm sorry for my outburst.

JOE

PAUL

I'm an unhappy person who should be  
more grateful for his friend's  
generosity.

JOE

PAUL

You are kind and thoughtful. And  
easily the most handsome man I have  
ever laid eyes on.

JOE  
OK, you can go.

PAUL

Paul unzips his wet-suit and pulls out a plastic bag containing a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He lights up in the middle of the Pacific and takes a deep drag.

TOM

Dude, how can you smoke in the ocean?

PAUL

The secret, Tommy, is paddling out with one hand keeping the other hand dry.

TOM

Huh... Let me hit that.

Paul passes the cigarette to Tom who takes a long drag and then passes it back. Paul flicks his ash into the water.

GARY

So, the drought's over. I got laid last night.

PAUL

What was his name?

GARY

Your dad couldn't tell me because my cock was down his throat.

PAUL

My fucking dad has got to stop blowing my friends.

TOM

(to Gary)

So, who's the unlucky woman?

GARY

I banged my landlady.

JOE

Way to go. Maybe she'll give you a break on the rent.

GARY

She did! How cool is that?

PAUL

Eat her out and maybe she'll throw in some groceries.

As they laugh, Paul unzips his wet-suit again and takes out a mini-vodka bottle. He guzzles it down. Paul takes his cigarette and puts it out in the empty vodka bottle.

TOM

So what does she look like?

GARY

She's... a little older.

PAUL

Ann B. Davis?

GARY  
Older not dead.  
(Then)  
She's hot.

JOE  
Forty?

GARY  
Older. But, again, totally hot.

TOM  
What's your ceiling?

GARY  
Fifty. Fifty's my ceiling.  
Definitely. No higher than that.

TOM  
Yeah, over fifty and you start  
getting into a whole varicose vein,  
flappy, meat curtain, fuckin' vag-  
thing - yuck.

JOE  
That's why I keep my ceiling at  
twenty-five.

GARY  
Tiffany's older than that.

JOE  
Twenty-four.

TOM  
Twenty-four and fucking hot.

GARY  
(to Joe)  
If I had a chick as hot as her I'd  
never take it out.

TOM  
(to Gary)  
If you had a chick as hot as her  
you'd be a fucking kidnapper.

PAUL  
(Impatient)  
Hey, are we done with the whole  
who's fucking who thing?

JOE  
Why? Do you feel excluded from the  
conversation?

PAUL

No, I just find it sad that you guys haven't figured out that you're still letting sex control your lives.

JOE

Sex, or your lack thereof, has been controlling your life since your divorce.

PAUL

I get laid.

TOM

Bullshit. If Gary was in a sex "drought," you're in a fucking dustbowl.

GARY

"Grapes of Wrath" cock.

JOE

Which is why I took it upon myself to get you a date for the opening of my new club.

PAUL

No. I'm not going.

JOE

Her name is Leslie, a realtor, totally cool.

PAUL

I already said I'm not going.

JOE

Tough shit, Paul. I already gave her your number. You're going.

GARY

Maybe I'll bring the landlady.

JOE

We can get her the senior discount.  
(re: wave)

Here we go...

Joe paddles to catch the wave. Tom and Gary start paddling feverishly. Paul starts paddling and immediately falls off his board.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SANTA MONICA BEACH - MORNING

The boys back at their cars toweling off.

TOM  
(To Gary)  
So, we still on for your son's  
birthday?

GARY  
Yeah, about that, I don't think  
it's a good idea if you and the  
kids came to Mannix's party.

TOM  
OK... Why?

GARY  
It's just... Mary wants to keep it  
small, I mean, I'm barely invited  
and I don't know how she's gonna be  
towards me much less...

TOM  
Gar, don't worry about it.

GARY  
Thanks.

JOE  
Tommy, I'll catch you later. Paul,  
when Leslie calls, talk to her, And  
don't be a dick.

GARY  
Impossible.

PAUL  
Shit...

And with that, our boys saddle up and drive off.

INT./EXT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe drives down Sunset. He makes a left on Sunset Plaza and heads into the hills.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe's home is a Neutra-esque, mid-century modern that has been tastefully updated. His garage door opens up to reveal Joe's other vehicles: two Harley Davidson motorcycles, a Fatboy and a V-Rod, and his toy of all toys -- a Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren.

Joe pulls his Cherry Edsel convertible into the garage next to his Mercedes. He exits the car, hangs up his board and closes the garage.

INT. JOE'S GARAGE/HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe exits the garage and enters the main house. The house's decor is masculine yet amazingly tasteful, including original art from up-and-coming artists.

Joe enters and moves to his \$20,000 Shindo record turntable and puts on a record.

As music plays, Joe walks through the living room toward the glass sliding doors revealing an infinity pool and an amazing view of Los Angeles. He exits into the backyard.

EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Joe looks into his pool. There is a beautiful naked HISPANIC GIRL, NINA, swimming in the pool.

NINA  
Hi, Joe...

JOE  
Nina, baby, what are you doing here? I thought we said tomorrow.

NINA  
You said Wednesday. Remember...?  
Humpday...

JOE  
I knew there was a reason I loved Wednesdays.

Joe moves to her. He kneels down pool side, they kiss.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A CAR pulls into Joe's driveway.

EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Joe is still kissing Nina. He hears the car and realizes...

JOE  
Who the...?

Joe moves to the side of the house to see a CAR and WOMAN step from it.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit...

Joe comes back to Nina.

JOE (CONT'D)  
My girlfriend is here.

NINA  
Girlfriend? Since when do you have girlfriends?

JOE  
I don't. It just came out...  
(Then)  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Nina, I'm gonna need you to be a  
pal here and take off.

NINA

A pal?

THE DOORBELL RINGS...

JOE

Please, can you get out of the  
pool?

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN...

JOE (CONT'D)

Please... Shit...

Joe hurries into the house.

Off of Nina's considering face, we...

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe moves back through his house to answer the front door.

EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD, POOL - DAY

Nina moves into the house.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe opens the front door to reveal TIFFANY, 24, Victoria Secret, Hott with two T'S, gorgeous. Tiffany has a bag of groceries in her hand.

JOE

Tiffany...!

Joe kisses Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Miss me?

JOE

Absolutely. What are you doing  
here?

Tiffany enters.

TIFFANY

I told you I wanted to cook  
breakfast for you.

JOE

Now?

TIFFANY

It is the morning.

Tiffany moves into the KITCHEN, and starts removing items from the grocery bag.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I got egg whites and turkey bacon  
and fresh pomegranate juice. Lots  
of anti-oxidants.

JOE  
You didn't have to do all that.

TIFFANY  
You're my baby. I want you staying  
young.

Tiffany kisses Joe.

SUDDENLY we hear a BLOW-DRYER in the other room.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Joe...

JOE  
Yeah?

TIFFANY  
Who's using a blow-dryer in the  
other room?

JOE  
Uhh... The maid.

TIFFANY  
The maid uses your blow-dryer?

JOE  
She also cleans the pool... She  
fell in.

Tiffany starts throwing the items back in the bag.

TIFFANY  
Joe, I'm not an idiot.

Just then, the blow-dryer cuts off and NINA ENTERS.

NINA  
(In heavy Mexican accent)  
Oh, sorry, Mr. Joe.

JOE  
No problem...

NINA  
Consuela...  
(To Tiffany)  
Nice to meet you.

TIFFANY  
Nice to meet you.

NINA  
Mr. Joe, I need the moneys now.

JOE  
For what?

NINA  
To pick up the groceries...

Joe pulls off some bills from his billfold.

JOE  
There...

NINA  
And the dry cleaning...

Joe gives her more money.

JOE  
OK...

NINA  
The Circuit City...

Joe give her even more money.

JOE  
All right, then...

NINA  
I have also to change the tires on  
the car.

JOE  
Here. Just take the card.

Joe gives Nina his Amex Black Card.

NINA  
Thank you, Mr. Joe.  
(To Tiffany)  
Adios.

Nina exits.

TIFFANY  
What happened to Rosaria?

JOE  
She was stealing.

INT. CAR - DAY

Paul drives past a house. He looks for any sign of anything.  
He sees nothing and goes around the block.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul passes the house again. He sees nothing and turns the corner again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see Paul's car coming down the street as Paul's ex-wife, ELIZABETH, late 30's exits her house. She's pushing a pram with TWIN BABIES to her car followed by her faithful GOLDEN RETRIEVER. Paul ducks down as he passes her.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Paul passes her...

PAUL  
Fucking happy cunt. Cunt children.  
Cunt dog. Fuck... Fuck... fuckin'  
cunt ex-wife...

Paul pulls down the street. He watches from the rear-view mirror.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth's new, handsome husband, JERRY, late thirties, perfect, preppy-looking walks out of their beautiful architectural home and helps Elizabeth get the babies into the Mercedes station wagon. Elizabeth and Jerry talk for a beat then Elizabeth hands Jerry her cell phone.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul angles the rear-view mirror to get a better look.

PAUL  
Fuckin' fag... Fuckin' cunt...

Just then, Paul's CELL PHONE RINGS. He looks at the name calling him and it's Elizabeth. Paul looks into the rear view mirror and sees Elizabeth and Jerry with phone in his hand looking at him. Jerry waves the cell phone at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

A beat then Paul answers the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry on the phone with Paul.

JERRY

So, you gonna come over and say hi  
or just keep driving by your ex-  
wife's house like a fucking  
pervert?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks at Jerry through the mirror.

PAUL

Hey fuck you, you fuckin' preppy  
faggot.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry starts moving towards Paul's car.

JERRY

You wanna fuck me? Huh? You  
fuckin' loser piece of shit. Come  
on and fuck me!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul watches Jerry get closer.

PAUL

Hey, fuck you!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is running at Paul's car now.

JERRY

Fuck you!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is almost at Paul's window.

PAUL

Fuck you!

Paul guns the gas and the CAR STARTS THEN IMMEDIATELY STALLS.  
OH SHIT!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is banging on Paul's window. Paul tries to start the  
car... Nothing.

JERRY

Get out of the fuckin' car!

Jerry tries opening the door but it's locked. He bangs  
harder on the window as Paul tries to start the car.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Get out of the fucking car!

PAUL  
Leave me alone.

Paul is now terrified.

JERRY  
You're a fucking dead man. Get out  
of the car!

More pounding. Paul gives up.

PAUL  
I'm sorry. Just let me go.

JERRY  
What?

PAUL  
I'm sorry, man. I'm sorry. Just  
take it easy.

JERRY  
You're sorry?

PAUL  
Yeah.

JERRY  
You're not gonna come around here  
ever again right?

PAUL  
Right. Never again.

JERRY  
And you're gonna leave Beth alone  
right?

PAUL  
You'll never see me again.

JERRY  
I see you around here again and  
I'll fucking kill you.

PAUL  
I'm gone, man. Never again.

JERRY  
Then get the fuck out of here.

Jerry starts walking back to the house. Paul is finally able to get the car started. As Paul pulls out he screams out the window...

PAUL  
FUCK YOU!

EXT. HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

A large banner reads "Happy 5th Birthday Mannix!"

Gary, dressed as a make shift clown, chases a group of screaming five year olds around the backyard. Gary is wearing painter's pants complete with paint all over them, a yellow T-shirt, his nose and cheeks are painted red, he has a multi-colored wig on and wears a pasta colander on top of it.

KIDS chase Gary around with balloon swords. As Gary is repeatedly stabbed, he falls to the ground and plays dead. Just when the kids think it's safe, Gary jumps up and begins chasing the kids as they scream with delight.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Still in clown outfit, Gary drinks water and catches his breath. One of the kids' MOM moves into the kitchen.

MOM  
You're really great with the kids.

GARY  
Thanks.

MOM  
Mary said her clown cancelled on her last minute.

GARY  
Yeah. Lucky for me I had all this stuff in the car.  
(Then)  
I'm Gary, Mannix's dad.

MOM  
I didn't know Mary was married.

GARY  
We aren't. But, it's all cool.  
(Then)  
And you are...?

MOM  
Linda - Dylan's mom.

Gary and Linda shake. Gary holds onto her hand and looks deeply in her eyes.

GARY  
You have beautiful eyes, Linda.

Mary, Gary's ex-girlfriend, enters the kitchen. Gary immediately lets go of Linda's hand.

MARY

Linda, would you do me a favor and take more juice boxes out to the kids?

LINDA

Of course.

(To Gary)

Nice meeting you.

Linda exits. Mary gets the cake out of the fridge.

MARY

I guess it wouldn't be a party if you weren't trying to fuck one of my friends.

GARY

You're being hostile again.

MARY

Listen, I'd prefer it if you left right after we sing happy birthday.

GARY

Why? The kids are having a great time.

MARY

But I'm not. So right after happy birthday, OK?

GARY

I wanted to spend more time with Mannix...

Mary shoots him a look.

GARY (CONT'D)

OK, fine.

(Then)

Listen, Mary, Joe is opening a new club tomorrow night and it would mean the world to me if you'd come.

MARY

Gary, I appreciate you coming over and helping out with the party. I really do. But as for me and you, it's never gonna happen. You're still a child. And right now, I've got a house full of them. Sorry...

Mary moves off with the cake. Gary watches as the kids swarm Mary and the cake. Gary takes the wig and colander off his head, defeated.

INT. ENORMOUS ADVERTISING - DAY

This is Tom's hip/cool Chiat/Day-esque, but a lot smaller ad agency. JOE AND TOM go over posters and menu cards for the opening of Joe's new club, "GUN." The posters are an "homage" to Andy Warhol's 1981 painting of a silver and black .38 revolver on a red background. Under the image in bold type it says: GUN. Then, underneath in smaller script lettering it reads: "Ceci n'est pas une pistolet."

TOM  
So, you like them?

JOE  
Honestly... No. The trick is making the club feel more like an experience than just another club. This doesn't set it apart at all. This is just bourgeoisie, art bullshit. Where's the fantasy? Where's the sex?

TOM  
It must be in your ass with your taste.

JOE  
Tommy...

TOM  
Fuck off, Joe. I'm doing your shit for half price and on a rush because you're my friend. I don't need that kind of fucking feedback.

A moment...

JOE  
In my ass, hunh?

TOM  
Yeah, this stuff is great and you know it. And I have a slew of awards that back that up.

JOE  
Awards...? I see one trophy.

The CAMERA ANGLES on a lone displayed trophy.

TOM  
I can't put them all up. Ever hear of modesty?

Joe moves to the trophy.

JOE  
This is your little league trophy.

TOM  
Yeah. All Star. Third District.

JOE  
Well, you should have opened with that.

TOM  
I didn't want to brag.

The tense moments are broken.

JOE  
OK, we go with the artwork. I trust you.

TOM  
Good 'cause I'm not fuckin' making them again.

JOE  
Dude, I said we go with it. Why are you snapping?

TOM  
I'm not snapping.

JOE  
Everything ok?

TOM  
Everything is great.

JOE  
The kids?

TOM  
Fantastic.

JOE  
Laura?

TOM  
I don't want to talk about it.

JOE  
Ding, ding, ding, we have a winner.  
She's not giving you any?

TOM  
Dude, that's my wife.

JOE  
So...?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom is having laborious sex with Laura. We can tell that he's been working it for quite some time. From the expression on Laura's face she is more in pain than in pleasure.

TOM  
Oh baby I'm gonna cum... I'm  
gonna...

And with that, Tom makes the noise and falls on top of Laura. A beat then...

LAURA  
You did it again.

TOM  
Yeah, I was really working it there  
for a minute.

Laura pushes Tom off of her.

LAURA  
Not me you idiot. You. You didn't  
cum. You faked it.

TOM  
What are you talking about?

Laura looks.

LAURA  
There's no clean up.

TOM  
I'm dehydrated.

LAURA  
This is the second time this week.

FLASH FORWARD  
TO:

INT. ENORMOUS ADVERTISING - DAY

Tom with Joe.

TOM  
I'm bored with the thought of  
fucking my wife.

JOE  
Me too...

TOM  
I'm not kidding. I faked my  
orgasm.

JOE  
How?

TOM  
You make the face, you do the  
grunt.

JOE  
OK, why?

TOM  
I've been fucking the same woman  
for fifteen years. That's why.

JOE  
Listen, you guys have worked  
through things in the past. You  
should just be honest with her and  
ask for what you want sexually.

TOM  
She's my wife. I can't talk to her  
about sex.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

Tom and Laura sit next to each other on a couch. A WOMAN Therapist, 50's, sits across from them.

THERAPIST  
Now, Tom, Laura, we need to be open  
and honest here so that you can  
share your most personal sexual  
desires and fantasies with each  
other.

(Then)  
Tom, what are some of the things  
you would like Laura to do for you?

TOM  
Sexual things?

THERAPIST  
Yes...

TOM  
Um... I guess... She could kiss me  
more

THERAPIST  
OK. That's good. More kissing.  
(Then to Laura)  
And Laura what about you?

LAURA  
He never goes down on me anymore  
and I wish his cock was bigger.

TOM  
Whoa... Did you just say "cock?"

LAURA

Yes...

THERAPIST

Remember, honesty and trust... Now, Laura, is the size of Tom's penis unsatisfying for you?

LAURA

I guess the size is OK. It's normal, but...

TOM

OK, so it finally comes out.

LAURA

It comes out constantly because of the size.

TOM

OK, fine. You want honesty? One fucking blowjob a year on my birthday. One...

THERAPIST

So, you would like more oral sex.

TOM

Yes. That would be nice.

THERAPIST

OK, this is good. What else?

TOM

I...

(changes mind)

No... That's all.

LAURA

No. What else do you want...? Come on, Tom, if we're gonna get through this you need to talk to me.

TOM

OK... Well... If it's not too much trouble, I'd like to come all over your face.

LAURA

What? That's so demeaning.

TOM

Not if done right.

Laura and the Therapist give Tom a look.

TOM (CONT'D)

Or, sex in public. That'd be cool too.

INT. JOYCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gary and JOYCE, a beautiful, vibrant older woman lay post-coitally in bed. Joyce gets up.

JOYCE  
I'll be right back.

Joyce exits. As soon as the coast is clear, Gary flies up and runs to a table where Joyce's purse is. Gary opens her wallet and pulls out HER DRIVER'S LICENSE.

JOYCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Are you  
stealing from me?

GARY  
No.  
(Then)  
You're not fifty.

Gary holds up the driver's license.

JOYCE  
I never said I was.

GARY  
You're sixty-two!

JOYCE  
I know.

GARY  
Fifty is my ceiling!

JOYCE  
And six inches is my minimum, but I  
still let you in.

GARY  
You deceived me by making me think  
you were younger.

JOYCE  
Deceived you? You never asked.

GARY  
I'm very uncomfortable with this.

JOYCE  
Get out.

GARY  
What...?

JOYCE  
Get the hell out of my house.

Joyce pushes Gary towards the door.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
Rent is due on the first, asshole.

Joyce slams the door on Gary.

EXT. GUN NIGHTCLUB, PARKING LOT - DAY

Joe pulls into the parking lot of his new club - GUN.

INT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - DAY

There is a flurry of activity as the final touches are added for the club's grand opening. Glasses are being cleaned. Bottles, tables and chairs being wiped down and arranged just so. Art being hung on the walls, the bar polished up, lights being adjusted... An opening.

Joe is pacing on the phone.

JOE  
(on phone)  
Jill, the chairs look like shit.  
Swap them out with what I want or  
your check's gonna bounce and you  
can go back designing for fucking  
Hooters. Goodbye.

Joe walks over to where his staff awaits inspection.

There are SIX gorgeous twenty-something GUYS and TWELVE twenty-something even more gorgeous GIRLS. The guys wear black T-shirts with a silver GUN on them and jeans. The girls wear hot, short black tanks with a SILVER SHERIFF BADGE clipped on them and short black skirts.

Joe walks down the line. One of the girls smiles at Joe. It's NINA.

JOE (CONT'D)  
How was the shopping spree?

NINA  
Great...

Nina slides down her shorts to reveal a black thong.

NINA (CONT'D)  
I got these.

JOE  
Those are nice. Can I have my...

Nina hands Joe his Amex card back.

NINA  
How's your girlfriend?

JOE  
Don't have a girlfriend.

KAREN, Joe's smokin' hot assistant, moves to Joe. She hands him a clipboard with a long printout on it.

KAREN  
Joe, here's the guest list for tomorrow night.

Joe quickly scans the list.

JOE  
Dump half of them. The only people getting through that line are "A" listers and tabloid whores. Everyone else waits. I want a fucking line down the block before a single person gets in here.

KAREN  
What if they want to speak to you?

JOE  
If they have to speak to me, we don't want them in here.

Joe moves to the staff. He gives them the once over.

JOE (CONT'D)  
The rules for working here are simple: One - Don't steal from me. You're gonna make a shit load of money working here. If you steal, I'll catch you and I'll kill you. Two - Everybody pays. I don't care who they are or who they say they are. Everybody pays. Three - Don't fuck the customers or each other. You do, you're gone. Four - Have fun. You have fun, they have fun, you make money, I make money. Five - Thank you.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Paul, looking as good as Paul can look, sits across a table from his date Leslie. Leslie is mid 30's, blonde and very pretty. An uncomfortable silence hangs in the air like a pinata. Then...

LESLIE  
So, Joe tells me you're a lawyer.

PAUL  
Yes.

More silence.

LESLIE  
How did you guys meet?

PAUL

We were roommates at UCLA.  
(Silence, then)  
Are you hot? I'm burning up. It's  
like an oven in here.

Paul guzzles a glass of water. Then silence.

LESLIE

Joe says you have a huge cock.

PAUL

I beg your pardon?

LESLIE

And there you are... I was just  
trying to get you to stop thinking  
about being on a date and actually  
be on the date.

PAUL

I'm sorry. It's just that this is  
the first date I've been on since  
my divorce.

LESLIE

Well, they get easier. Shall we  
start over? Hi, I'm Leslie.

The waiter walks up behind Paul.

PAUL

Hi, Leslie. I'm huge cock Paul.

The waiter coughs alerting his presence. The waiter sets  
menus down and as he leaves...

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to waiter)  
I am you know.

The waiter smiles at Paul as he moves off.

INT. BATHROOM, TOM AND LAURA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom is shaving. Laura enters. She presents the back of her  
unzipped dress to Tom.

LAURA

Zip me...

Tom puts his razor down. He zips her up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There's a latch.

Tom fumbles then fastens the clasp. Tom tries to kiss Laura's  
neck. She moves away back into the other room.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A relaxed Paul sips a glass of wine across from Leslie.

PAUL  
This... I'm glad I came. This was  
a real joy.

LESLIE  
The night's still young buster.  
I'm going to run to the lady's room  
and then let's hit Joe's club?

PAUL  
Sounds perfect.

Leslie gets up and so does Paul. Leslie is taken by this. She moves to Paul and kisses him on the cheek. Leslie moves off. As Leslie clears, Paul pulls out his cell phone and dials.

SPLIT SCREEN:

Paul and Joe on the phone.

JOE  
How's it going, man?

PAUL  
Joe, she's wonderful. This is like  
the best date of my life.

JOE  
Just make sure you keep it light.  
And tell her you love her shoes.  
They really bring her outfit  
together. Be confident. And  
"Always Be..."

PAUL  
Closing. I know. She's already  
kissed me. On the cheek, but it  
counts.

JOE  
Dude, you're getting laid tonight.  
I can feel it. See 'ya at the  
club.

They hang up. A beat, then WE HEAR Paul's stomach gurgle. Paul adjusts in his chair and it goes away. Immediately it comes back. Paul looks in pain.

Leslie returns.

LESLIE  
You ready?

PAUL  
Absolutely.

Paul tenderly gets up from his chair. He and Leslie exit.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You know your shoes are fantastic.  
They really make the outfit.

Leslie grabs Paul's hand.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Paul and Leslie walk to the car. Leslie spots a liquor store.

LESLIE  
I'm going to run in and grab some mints. Do you need anything?

PAUL  
Thanks. No, I'm fine.

Leslie moves into the store.

Paul paces painfully on the sidewalk. He makes the decision to release some gas. Paul farts and immediately feels better. Paul moves a few feet and farts again. Even better. Paul moves around once more and let's a third go when...

UH-OH! PAUL JUST SHIT HIS PANTS.

A terrified Paul doesn't know what to do. He takes out his phone. He calls Joe at the club.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

JOE  
Hey...

PAUL  
Joe, I just sharted.

JOE  
What?

PAUL  
I sharted. I farted and some shit came out. What do I do?

JOE  
Uh, Change?

PAUL  
Fuck, here she comes...

Paul gets off the phone. Leslie comes back.

LESLIE  
Ready?

Paul sees a GAP store across the street.

PAUL

Uh... Listen, would you mind if I ran across the street?

LESLIE

No. What do you need?

PAUL

Uh... This is gonna sound silly but you look so nice tonight and I feel completely under-dressed.

LESLIE

Don't be ridiculous. You look great.

PAUL

Uh... Thanks. But I would feel a lot better if I could do a quick change. Come on...

Paul grabs Leslie's hand and leads her across the street.

INT. GAP - NIGHT

With Leslie on his side, Paul moves as quickly as he can through the store with his shitty pants on. He grabs a pair of khaki pants from the wall and heads to the checkout.

Paul carefully goes into his back pocket and takes out his wallet. He pays for the pants and the salesgirl puts them into a bag.

PAUL

I'm just gonna change into them.  
Only be a sec...

Paul leaves Leslie and heads for the changing room.

INT. GAP, CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul peels away his shitty pants and underpants. He wipes what he can off with those same pants and then throws them into the GAP bag. Paul puts on his new khakis, hides the shitty pants bag under the dressing bench and exits the changing room.

INT. GAP - CONTINUOUS

A much calmer Paul makes his way to Leslie.

LESLIE

They look great.

PAUL

Shall we?

Paul and Leslie are about to exit, when the salesgirl calls out...

SALESGIRL  
Sir... Excuse me sir. Hi. I think  
you left this in the dressing room.

The salesgirl holds the bag with Paul's shitty pants.

PAUL  
Uh, that's OK. You can just throw  
them out.

LESLIE  
Don't be silly. You don't throw  
nice pants away. I'll carry it.

Leslie takes the bag from the salesgirl. They exit.

INT. JOYCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joyce is in her apartment when she hears a faint BEEPING. It continues. It sounds like it's coming from her front door. She opens the door to reveal GARY sitting in a RASCAL SCOOTER. There's another Rascal Scooter next to him filled with flowers, balloons, a package of Depends undergarments.

GARY  
I'm an idiot... I'm sorry.

Joyce smiles.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul drives with Leslie in the passenger seat. The BAG with the SHITTY PANTS sits in the back seat. Paul can begin to smell them. He rolls his window down.

LESLIE  
I'm a little cold.

PAUL  
Oh, sorry.

Paul rolls up the window.

INT. CAR - LATER

The smell is in the air. Leslie is beginning to smell it.

PAUL  
Is everything OK?

LESLIE  
Fine.  
(Then)  
Do you feel sick?

PAUL  
Nope. Perfect.

Leslie covers her nose as they drive. Paul makes a decision.

PAUL (CONT'D)

OK, so, I'm going to go out on a limb here - This might be the best date I've ever been on. And you are truly beautiful, and smart, and funny...

LESLIE

Do you smell...

PAUL

I'm not finished. Dinner was great. But, the dessert was really rich. And my stomach was nervous already because I wanted the date to go well. So, I'm just going to put this out there in hopes that you'll look past it.

LESLIE

I think it's safe to say that you could reveal almost anything and I'd be OK with you.

PAUL

I shit my pants when you were in the liquor store and now they're in the bag in the backseat.

Leslie pauses to take this all in.

LESLIE

Wow... Yeah, that's a deal-breaker.

PAUL

What?

LESLIE

I just think we're looking for different things.

Leslie rolls down the window.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Please take me home.

EXT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Tiffany in the alley behind the club.

TIFFANY

The club looks great, Joe. It's gonna be a big hit for you.

JOE

Thanks...

A long awkward silence.

TIFFANY  
Are you ok?

JOE  
Listen, Tiffany, I've always been up front and honest with you about the realities of this relationship.

TIFFANY  
I know.

JOE  
When we started, I said that I didn't want anything serious and...

TIFFANY  
You're breaking up with me?

JOE  
I'm feeling claustrophobic. Listen, you're great. But, I'm not in the right space for a relationship...

TIFFANY  
It's not you it's me.

JOE  
Yeah. I'm really sorry. I tried. I just can't get there.

TIFFANY  
Joe, I'm pregnant.

JOE  
What are you talking about?

TIFFANY  
Pregnant. With child. And, if you ask if it's yours I'll fucking kill you.

JOE  
When were you gonna tell me?

TIFFANY  
I didn't know if I was.

JOE  
What are you gonna do?

TIFFANY  
I don't know. But don't worry about it, Joe, it's not your problem.

JOE  
So, I have no say in this?

TIFFANY  
No. You have no say.

Tiffany starts walking away.

JOE  
Tiffany, don't leave.

TIFFANY  
Don't worry about me. I'll be  
fine. Think about me when you're  
fucking your maid.

And with that, Tiffany exits.

EXT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

This is what the opening of a new club in Los Angeles should look like - great architectural building, klieg lights out front, a long line of expensive cars at the valet, velvet ropes, enormous DOORMEN and gorgeous WOMEN waiting. This is where the scene is tonight.

A HOT STARLET and a TATTOOED ROCKER GUY emerge from a limo. They are escorted right into the club as paparazzi fight for their photo.

INT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

It is packed. There's a great DJ spinning fantastic music, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS dancing in birdcages, and a line of five deep to get a drink at the bar.

JOE IS SURVEYING HIS KINGDOM. He looks over to see...

Tom enter the VIP area with Laura. Joe gives Tom the "thumbs up." Gary is already in the VIP sections with Joyce.

LAURA  
(Regarding Joe)  
Are you going to say, hi?

TOM  
Later. He's got a lot to do right now.

GARY  
Hey, guys... I want you to meet Joyce...

JOYCE  
Hi... Nice to meet you.

LAURA  
Hi, I'm Laura. Tom's wife.

TOM  
I'm the aforementioned, Tom.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
Can I get you guys drinks?

LAURA  
Absolutely...

ANGLE BACK ON JOE

JOE is shaking hands with some VIP's.

JOE  
Glad you could make it. Enjoy  
yourself...

The VIP's move on.

NINA, dressed provocatively approaches Joe. She gives him a devilish smile and hands him a folded COCKTAIL NAPKIN and exits.

Joe reads it and follows Nina as she walks away.

ANGLE ON: Tom and Gary.

TOM  
Joyce seems nice.

GARY  
She's sixty-two.

TOM  
Wow. So, motherly nice then.

GARY  
She's above my ceiling.

TOM  
Ceiling? You're entering the ionosphere.

GARY  
Yeah. But I really like her.

TOM  
And her age doesn't bother you?.

GARY  
Of course it does, but I can't make her younger.

TOM  
See if you can get in her will.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE, GUN - NIGHT

Joe is seated in his office chair with his eyes closed as a topless Nina kneels in front of him and fellates him.

Nina works at an impressive tempo until she has to stop to catch her breath.

NINA  
What's wrong, baby? What can I do?

JOE  
I'm sorry... It's not gonna happen.

Joe zips up his fly and turns away from Nina. Nina puts her shirt back on.

Nina moves in behind Joe and puts her hand on his shoulder. Joe takes her hand for a moment then lets go.

Nina moves quietly out of the office.

INT. GUN, VIP AREA - NIGHT

Paul enters the VIP area.

GARY  
Hey, Paul...

PAUL  
Hey...

TOM  
Where's your date?

PAUL  
I took her home. She wasn't right for me.

GARY  
Really? Too old?

PAUL  
Nah... She just didn't do it for me. You know, intellectually she wasn't my equal.

TOM  
Who is?

PAUL  
I know. And we didn't have that electric connection, that... nebulously thing.

GARY  
Yeah, It's hard to find.

PAUL  
I mean, she was attractive, but not striking. I have to have striking. You know, Pow! Sex, life - right there - palpable. I have to have it.

GARY

And it had nothing to do with  
shitting your pants?

PAUL

Fuckin' Joe, man...

TOM

He told us.

PAUL

How long were you going to let me  
keep going?

TOM

All fucking night, Pants-Shitter.

PAUL

I fucking blew it, man. She was  
beautiful and sweet and...

GARY

And then you sharted.

PAUL

Yeah.

TOM

Why tell her?

PAUL

I thought she'd understand.

TOM

Dude, you shit your pants like a  
fuckin' toddler. Next time...

PAUL

Keep it to myself.

TOM

Bingo.

PAUL

Lesson learned.

Paul looks over at Joyce.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Who's the old bag?

Gary deflates.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need like a hundred Scotches.

Tom catches a glimpse of JOE HEADING PURPOSEFULLY OUT THE  
BACK.

TOM  
I'll be right back.

Tom follows Joe.

EXT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Joe slams out the back door of the club.

JOE  
Fuck...! Fuck...!

Joe kicks the shit out of a large garbage bin. Joe catches his breath as Tom moves to him.

TOM  
What's happening, buddy? You OK?

JOE  
My worst fucking fear. I've become my father.

TOM  
You have a long way to go before that happens.

JOE  
I'm such a fucking dick.

TOM  
Come back inside, Joe.

JOE  
Tiffany's pregnant... She's pregnant and I broke up with her. Nice, huh? I treat people like shit. I can't commit to anyone. Even someone I might love.

TOM  
Wow, when you put it that way, you really are a fucking dick.

Joe looks over.

JOE  
Shut up.

TOM  
I got a lot of compliments on the posters.

JOE  
I said shut up.  
(Then)  
Ah, fuck. What am I doing? When am I going to fucking grow up?

TOM

Joe, listen to me. Becoming a father doesn't make you a grown up.

JOE

What does?

TOM

I don't know. It's a different journey for everyone. But thinking about it is probably the first step.

JOE

I'm such a dick.

TOM

And that's not going to change tonight.

(Then)

Now, let's get you back inside. Everyone's here for you.

JOE

Thanks, Tom...

TOM

Shut up...

JOE

You believe I just stopped a girl from blowing me in my office?

TOM

God, I fucking hate you.

Tom gives Joe a playful smack and as they start back towards the club...

INT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Laura is nursing a drink. Tom returns. He kisses Laura.

LAURA

What was that for?

TOM

I love you.

(Then)

So, what are we going to do?

LAURA

Well, I've been thinking about this. We could get divorced. I'll take the kids, the house, half your company and half your money, or you can fuck me in the bathroom.

TOM

Boy, this is tough...

Laura puts her hand on Tom's crotch.

LAURA  
Come on...

She then leads him toward the Restroom. ANGLE ON: GARY AND JOYCE

GARY  
I have a son, five. His name is Mannix... After the TV show.

JOYCE  
I have a son, Jerry. He's forty-three.

ANGLE ON: PAUL AT THE BAR

Paul is drunk as a skunk. He leans into a pretty young WOMAN.

PAUL  
I'm Paul. My buddy, Joe, owns this place.

WOMAN  
Fuck off, dick.

Paul turns to the bartender.

PAUL  
Another double...

INT. GUN, MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom is pounding Laura furiously from behind in a bathroom stall.

LAURA  
Fuck me... Fuck me...

TOM  
I am fucking you...

LAURA  
You're so big.

TOM  
Take it all bitch...  
(then)  
I'm going to come. I'm going to come...

Tom grunts and then is still.

LAURA  
You didn't fake that one.

Tom and Laura start LAUGHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUN NIGHTCLUB - EARLY MORNING

Everyone has left long ago except our guys, Joe, Tom, Paul and Gary. These are the quiet moments after the storm where you don't have to say much that defines their friendship.

TOM

So, that was a good night.

PAUL

I threw up in your office.

JOE

I know... So, what are you guys gonna do now?

GARY

I'm going to keep banging Joyce.

JOE

Excellent. But I meant, now.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Joe, Tom, Gary, and Paul, in their wet-suits, holding their boards stand looking to the ocean. They head out to the beach.

JOE

Paul...

PAUL

What?

JOE

Try not to shit in the ocean.

PAUL

Fuck off...

As they head towards the water we...

FADE OUT.

END SHOW