

WORK WIFE

“Pilot”

Written by

Barbie Adler and Brad Copeland

20th Century Fox Television

Writers Revised 11/29/2006

All rights reserved. Copyright ©2006 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold, or distributed by any means or quoted or published in any medium, including on any website, without the prior written consent of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.

WORK WIFE

"PILOT"

COLD OPEN

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 1)

TIGHT ON: BRIAN, 34, SMART, ANALYTICAL, AND USUALLY RIGHT, BUT NOT THE TYPE OF GUY WHO'LL ARGUE WITH YOU ABOUT IT. HE SITS EATING A MUFFIN ACROSS FROM AMY, 30, HOT, IMPETUOUS, AND WILL ARGUE WITH YOU ABOUT ANYTHING. SHE LOOKS THROUGH A CATALOG, AND HER EYES SUDDENLY LIGHT UP.

AMY

Oh, my God. This is the bracelet.

BRIAN

(RE: CATALOG) Whoa, it's expensive.

You know we're on a strict budget.

AMY

Oh, really? How strict was the budget when you bought that flat screen TV?

BRIAN

That's not fair. We were in the store, and you told me to go for it.

AMY

Only so we could leave. You were whimpering at the screen and snapping at anyone who tried to sit on the little leather couch with you.

BRIAN

Like you were any better at the purse store. They made you buy that tote after you licked the cell phone pocket.

AMY

I smelled it. It was wet because I had a cold. (THEN) Will you please just buy the bracelet?

BRIAN

Fine. If you're sure that's the one.

AMY

I am. Your wife's going to love it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: BRIAN AND AMY ARE SITTING IN THE KITCHENETTE OF THE BUSTLING OFFICE OF THE "LIFE AND STYLE" SECTION OF THE COLUMBUS TRIBUNE. THEY BEGIN CROSSING TO THEIR DESKS.

AMY (CONT'D)

Trust me. I know what she likes.

BRIAN

Well, your idea for Christmas was a little off. The couples massage I gave her kind of creeped her out.

AMY

You were supposed to take her to the spa, not have the guy bring a massage chair to your house when you couldn't get a baby sitter.

BRIAN

Yeah, children don't react well to hearing their parents' backs crack-- even if they are holding hands.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONESCENE AFADE IN:INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER (DAY 1)

BRIAN AND AMY ARE CROSSING THROUGH THE BULLPEN AND STOP AT A MAIL BOARD, COLLECTING LETTERS FROM THEIR VERY FULL BOX. LUCAS, 25, THEIR DWEEBY AND SWEET PHOTOGRAPHER APPROACHES.

LUCAS

Hey guys, got the new photo of you for your column. I picked the one where Amy's eyes sparkle the most.

LUCAS HANDS THEM A PHOTO. THEY LOOK AT IT, EXCITED.

AMY

Finally. I'm so sick of that horrible shaded sketch of us. We look so...

BRIAN

Black. We look like black people.

AMY

Yeah, I didn't want to say it in case Jamal came--

A BLACK GUY CROSSES IN AND CHECKS HIS MAIL SLOT. BRIAN AND AMY LOOK AROUND QUIETLY FOR A BEAT.

LUCAS

(STARING AT PHOTO) Well, you do not look black now. So your lives just got a whole lot better.

BRIAN AND AMY GIVE LUCAS A LOOK AS THE BLACK GUY, JAMAL, CROSSES OFF WITH HIS MAIL, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

AMY
(OFF PHOTO) Lucas, find a shot where
Brian's turned more away from camera.
You can see his mole that looks like
an earring.

LUCAS LOOKS CLOSER AT THE PHOTOGRAPH.

LUCAS
Oh, yeah. Look at that. (TO BRIAN)
You've got, like, a "skin" stud. Man,
Amy knows you. I guess that's why
she's your work wife instead of
someone else's... someone who wouldn't
just drive her to work every morning,
he'd also put a single rose on her
seat. Or make her a mix tape so songs
could express the feelings he
couldn't. You know what I mean, Amy?

AMY
I do, Lucas. Brian, you should make
me a mix tape.

AMY STARTS FLIPPING THROUGH THEIR MAIL, AS LUCAS LOOKS AT HER
LONGINGLY. HE THEN SLIDES A CASSETTE TAPE TO BRIAN.

LUCAS
(SOTTO, TO BRIAN) Play track three,
"Always by Your Side".

It's by a Christian band and it's about Jesus, but the lyrics fit for two people carpooling, too.

LUCAS CROSSES OFF, DEFEATED, AS JAKE, 45, THE EDITOR, APPROACHES WITH MONA, 60, HIS ACERBIC SECRETARY.

JAKE

There's my team. Thanks for cutting the ribbon at the new Target last week.

AMY

Don't you mean thank you for the new barbecue grill they gave you for us showing up?

JAKE

(TO MONA) You told them?

MONA

They're award-winning journalists. They figured it out on their own.

BRIAN

We found her pinned under it in the parking lot.

JAKE

(TO MONA) You told me you could handle it!

MONA

(TO JAKE) Why can't you be more like your father?

When I was his secretary the only thing I got pinned underneath was his heaving body.

MONA STORMS OFF.

JAKE

Nasty!

JAKE EXITS. BRIAN AND AMY CROSS TO THEIR DESKS AS AMY LOOKS AT THE MAIL.

AMY

How about this? Someone thinks it's unfair that an immigrant can sell oranges by the on-ramp, but a homeless guy can't stand there with a cup.

BRIAN

That's a good one. Who sent it?

AMY

Judging by the fact it's written in ketchup on a sock, I'd guess the homeless guy.

AMY HOLDS UP A DIRTY SOCK AND THROWS IT AWAY, DISGUSTED.

BRIAN

(TAKING PILE OF MAIL) Let me look. I know not to open the squishy ones.

AMY

I keep hoping a fan sent us brownies.

BRIAN

Here's one. A mechanic charged for
brakes he didn't replace.

AMY

Let's do it.

DAN, 40 AND BALDING, APPROACHES. HE COCKILY THROWS A SET OF KEYS ONTO THEIR DESK, BUT THEY SLIDE OFF. HE HURRIES TO THE OTHER SIDE, PICKS THEM UP, AND PLACES THEM ON THE DESK.

DAN

Jealous?

BRIAN

Of your Ralph's card?

DAN QUICKLY SEPARATES THE KEYS, LEAVING JUST A SINGLE FANCY LEATHER ONE ON THE DESK.

DAN

Ferrari. Mine to review for the week.
Heading down to the college to score
sorority chicks. (SING-SONG) Vir-
gins.

AMY

You're gross.

DAN

Doesn't matter. If I'm half as
successful with this car as I was with
the hybrid at Nature Mart, I'm in for
some heavy action-- and this time with
girls who don't reek.

DAN TAKES HIS KEY AND GOES TO SNAP IT BACK ON THE RING WITH THE REST, BUT IT'S DIFFICULT. AFTER A FEW BEATS:

DAN (CONT'D)

Either of you have a dime I can use?

I have to, uh... I can't get this key
ring to open up.

THEY JUST STARE AT HIM.

DAN (CONT'D)

Or a quarter?

THEY CONTINUE TO STARE.

DAN (CONT'D)

Screw you, nerds.

DAN STORMS OFF. BRIAN TURNS TO AMY.

BRIAN

Should we give him his Ralph's card
back?

AMY

Yeah, but let's rub it in the homeless
sock first.

SHE GOES FOR THE GARBAGE CAN, AS WE:

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE B

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 1)

MARISSA, BRIAN'S WIFE, 30, CONSERVATIVE AND PRETTY, HOLDS A CAMERA, AS THEIR SON, SIMON, 6, REACHES UP TO THE STOVE TOP.

MARISSA

Okay, honey. Now make an ouchie face.

MARISSA SNAPS A PICTURE AS BRIAN AND AMY ENTER. BRIAN SEES SIMON'S HAND ON THE BURNER AND LUNGES FOR HIM.

BRIAN

Simon!

MARISSA

Brian, calm down. It's for my new pamphlet. If I'm going to baby proof more houses than just the ones in our neighborhood, I have to advertise.

AMY

How's the business going?

MARISSA

Great. You know the Pirkles on Boyer Street? One of my disposal covers saved their toddler from losing a foot.

AMY

Wow. The Pirkles... They own the ice cream place in the mall, right?

MARISSA

Oh, do they?

MARISSA SLAPS DOWN A PLASTIC CARD ON THE COUNTER AND SMILES.

AMY
(READS) Free ice cream for life for
you and a friend.

AMY LOOKS AT MARISSA, HOPEFUL. MARISSA SMILES.

MARISSA
Let's go.

BRIAN
She can't. We're on our way to bust a
crooked mechanic. We just need to
borrow the minivan.

MARISSA
The keys are in my purse, but there's
a zipper lock on it so Simon won't get
in there and eat my eyeliner.

SIMON LOOKS UP FROM COLORING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.

SIMON
She thinks I'm an animal.

BRIAN
Be right back.

BRIAN EXITS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

MARISSA
So, you and Tim are still coming to my
Birthday dinner tonight, right?

AMY
Of course. Tim wants to wear jeans.
Can he wear jeans?

MARISSA

Sure. I might even wear jeans. I bought this great dress, but I'm going to return it. It's too low-cut.

AMY

What? Are you kidding? If you're worried about those, don't be.

AMY NODS AT MARISSA'S CHEST. MARISSA STARES BACK, CONFUSED. AMY CHECKS TO MAKE SURE SIMON IS STILL COLORING.

AMY (CONT'D)

(QUIETLY) Brian told me you were considering a boob job, and that's just crazy. They look great. As is.

MARISSA

Oh. Well... thanks. (THEN) Brian's probably having trouble with my purse lock. Be right back.

WE FOLLOW MARISSA AS SHE WALKS FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE LIVING ROOM. SHE ENTERS TO FIND BRIAN GNAWING AT HER PURSE ZIPPER.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You told her I wanted a boob job?

BRIAN LOOKS UP FROM THE PURSE, A LITTLE PIECE OF LEATHER DANGLES FROM HIS MOUTH.

BRIAN

No. Well, maybe. Yes.

MARISSA

Brian, come on. We've talked about this.

You have to draw a line in your
relationship with her. We both love
Amy, but she's not your wife, I am.

BRIAN

I know. I've drawn a line.

MARISSA

Then, you have to not cross it.

BRIAN

That's the part I have trouble with.

What if I just drew a new line...

farther away?

MARISSA

Because then my boobs would be on her

side of it, not yours.

BRIAN

(BEAT) I'll stick with the old line.

BRIAN KISSES HER AND EXITS.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE C

INT. AUTO SHOP - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 1)

BRIAN AND AMY WAIT AT A COUNTER. AMY RINGS THE SERVICE BELL AND CRANES HER NECK, LOOKING AROUND FOR THE MECHANIC.

AMY

I'm sorry. I thought I was being nice. Marissa has great boobs.

SHE RINGS THE SERVICE BELL AGAIN, GETTING ANNOYED.

BRIAN

I know, but the fact that they sag a little is not something I was supposed to tell you.

AMY

They sag a little?

BRIAN

Dammit! That was not something I was supposed to tell you. She's my wife, not you.

AMY

(SEES SOMETHING) Finally, he's coming. What's our cover?

BRIAN

Same as always. You're my wife, we fell in love in college, you like to bake, I like horror movies.

THE MECHANIC ENTERS.

MECHANIC

You guys brought in the minivan?

BRIAN

Yes. I was on my way to buy my wife some baking sugar, and the brakes started squeaking. Sounded like the coffin door in "Son of Dracula".

AMY

I remember the first time we saw that. Sophomore year at Northwestern. That's where we fell in love.

BRIAN

That's where I fell in love with your chocolate oatmeal raisin cookies.

THEY SHARE A SMILE. THE MECHANIC JUST STARES.

MECHANIC

Well, bad news, I'm not going to be able to look at your car for two days.

AMY

What? Two days? But we can't wait two days. We have to have the car back tonight. And we already wasted a day waiting for you to come in here and help us.

MECHANIC

Well, I got a dozen cars before yours.
So it looks like you're going to have
to wait a little longer.

HE TAKES THE BELL AWAY. AMY GETS IN THE MECHANIC'S FACE.

AMY

Listen, I don't care about those other
cars. If you can't handle our car,
we'll take it somewhere else. Bub.

BRIAN PUTS HIS HAND ON AMY'S ARM AND PULLS HER BACK.

BRIAN

Okay, honey. Stop talking and let me
take over before you get out of control
like the demon in "Hellraiser".

BRIAN TAKES THE MECHANIC ASIDE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Listen. My wife clearly has some
anger issues. If we don't get this
car fixed today, she's going take it
out on me. And you can't tell, but
under these clothes, I'm covered in
bruises. Please.

THE MECHANIC CONSIDERS, THEN:

MECHANIC

Okay. I can fit your car in today.

BRIAN

Thank you.

MECHANIC

Because I know what it's like to try
your best and never have it be good
enough.

THE MECHANIC LIFTS HIS SHIRT SLEEVE, REVEALING A DARK BRUISE
IN THE SHAPE OF FOUR FINGERS. BRIAN NODS UNCOMFORTABLY.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE DINT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER (DAY 1)

AMY AND BRIAN ENTER, MID-CONVERSATION.

AMY

I'm not a loose cannon. I'm just determined to make our deadline. And plus, you're always there to smooth things over.

BRIAN

But it's getting really hard to do that lately. I almost got knifed last week because of you.

AMY

Oh, come on. That guy was bluffing, in case you forgot.

BRIAN

How could I forget? You were yelling, "Knife him, I dare you!"

BRIAN AND AMY APPROACH THEIR DESKS AND FIND TIM, 30, GREAT-LOOKING AND VERY LAID BACK, SITTING BEHIND IT. AMY SMILES.

AMY

Tim! What are you doing here?

TIM

I have to make a copy of my driver's license for the new job.

AMY
(TO BRIAN, PROUD) He's the new
bouncer at Rude.

TIM
It's a club for cool people, but I'm
gonna let in fatties and rejects to
show how wrong it is to discriminate.

AMY
Isn't that great? My baby always
fights for the little guy.

TIM
Yeah, I'll let in some midgets.

AMY
I'll make the copy, Sweetie.

AMY TAKES TIM'S DRIVER'S LICENSE AND CROSSES OFF.

TIM
I love her sweet side. It's that
other side that freaks me out. She's
like a Frosted Mini-Wheat.

BRIAN
Yeah, the wheat side just went crazy
on a mechanic.

TIM
Aw, no. She punch somebody?

BRIAN
No, I smoothed things over before it
came to that.

TIM

Man, you're good at keeping her under control. My reflexes are too slow. I tried to stop her from throwing the tip jar across a Starbucks yesterday, but I just ended up with a fistful of Tony Bennett CD's.

AMY RETURNS WITH THE COPY AND HANDS IT TO TIM.

AMY

Here you go, sweetie.

TIM

Thanks. And for your troubles...

TIM HANDS HER A TONY BENNETT CD, KISSES HER, AND EXITS. AMY TURNS TO BRIAN.

AMY

Here, you can have it. He already gave me one this morning for handing him a towel.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE EINT. MAURICIO'S RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

BRIAN, AMY, AND TIM FILE INTO A BOOTH AT AN UPSCALE RESTAURANT. MARISSA FOLLOWS, PAUSING TO TAKE HER COAT OFF TO HAND TO THE HOSTESS. AMY SEES MARISSA IS WEARING A LOW-CUT BLACK DRESS. AMY LEANS OVER TO BRIAN.

AMY

(HUSHED) She wore the dress. It looks so good. I'm going to tell her. She needs to hear it.

BRIAN

(HUSHED) No she doesn't. Not from you.

TIM

(HUSHED) You guys arguing about who's paying tonight? Because I'd like to throw my card into the pile. But you should know, I can't give them a second card when that one gets rejected.

MARISSA APPROACHES THE BOOTH.

BRIAN

Heyyyy. It's the birthday girl.

HE STANDS TO LET HER IN, AS A GROUP OF WAITERS COME OUT, CLAPPING IN UNISON AND HOLDING A LIT BIRTHDAY CAKE.

MARISSA

Oh no, you did not.

MARISSA COVERS HER FACE IN HER HANDS, SMILING AND BLUSHING.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I am going to kill you. This is so
embarrassing. Brian! Oh my God--

THE GROUP OF CLAPPING WAITERS PASS BY THEIR TABLE AND ON TO ANOTHER ONE, THEN START SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" TO A DIFFERENT GROUP. MARISSA UNCOVERS HER FACE. IT'S AWKWARD.

BRIAN

You told me not to--

MARISSA

No, and I meant it. How humiliating.

SHE LOOKS AT THE OTHER TABLE, LONGINGLY. AMY ELBOWS BRIAN IN THE SIDE AND NODS TO THE GIFT IN HIS HAND.

BRIAN

Oh. Happy Birthday, sweetie.

HE HANDS MARISSA THE BOX. SHE LIGHTS UP.

MARISSA

Brian! How sweet!

MARISSA TAKES THE GIFT AND OPENS THE CARD, AS THE MECHANIC FROM EARLIER CROSSES BY AND RECOGNIZES BRIAN. THE MECHANIC STOPS AND POINTS AT HIM.

MECHANIC

Hey. From the shop today, right? You
were with your wife-- (SEES AMY,
THEN, COLD) Oh, hi.

BRIAN

Right. My wife.

MARISSA

Your wife?

BRIAN
(POINTED, TO MARISSA) Yes. My wife,
Amy. We went to this man's shop to
get our car fixed today.

MARISSA
Oh, Right. So I guess we're here
celebrating her birthday.

THE MECHANIC NOTICES THE GIFT IN MARISSA'S HAND.

MECHANIC
That for the birthday girl?

MARISSA LOOKS DOWN AT THE GIFT. BRIAN DOES TOO, THEN:

BRIAN
Uh-huh. That is for Amy.

BRIAN STEELS HIMSELF AND TAKES THE GIFT FROM MARISSA. HE
MANAGES TO AVOID HER STUNNED GAZE AS HE HANDS THE GIFT TO
AMY.

MECHANIC
I bet it's jewelry. A box that size.
Or a... (SEARCHES) I bet it's
jewelry.

THE MECHANIC WAITS EXPECTANTLY. THEY ALL SIT THERE FOR A
BEAT, AWKWARD. AMY STARTS OPENING THE GIFT. BRIAN GLANCES
AT MARISSA, WHO IS WATCHING, UPSET.

BRIAN
Wait--

BRIAN PUTS HIS HAND DOWN ON THE GIFT. AMY LOOKS AT HIM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Maybe we shouldn't--

AMY

Yes we should, Brian. We have to.

SHE STARTS OPENING IT AGAIN. BRIAN STOPS HER, PULLING AT THE GIFT.

BRIAN

No, Amy. It's just an article.

BRIAN TRIES TO PRY THE GIFT FROM AMY'S HANDS, BUT SHE WON'T LET GO.

AMY

An article we have to turn in tomorrow. Honey.

BRIAN

Give it!

BRIAN TUGS ON IT HARDER. AMY TUGS BACK.

AMY

Stop it! It's my Birthday!

AMY BITES HIS HAND.

BRIAN

Ow!

BRIAN YANKS HIS HAND BACK, AS AMY STARTS FURIOUSLY OPENING THE GIFT. BRIAN STANDS, AT A LOSS AND PANICKING.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(BLURTS, TO MECHANIC) This isn't what you think it is. Marissa is my wife. Amy and I write the "Take That!" column for The Columbus Tribune. We were undercover today to bust you for our article.

AMY FREEZES. BRIAN TAKES THE GIFT AND HANDS IT TO MARISSA.
AMY IS DUMBSTRUCK.

MECHANIC

You guys are that Amy and Brian? I
thought you were black.

AMY

We're not. (TO BRIAN) And thanks to
you blowing our article, no one will
ever think we are again.

MECHANIC

I'm going to apologize in advance, but
there might be urine in your car
tomorrow.

THE MECHANIC CROSSES OFF, ANGRY.

AMY

(TO BRIAN) You had to cave. Always
the nice guy.

BRIAN

Sorry, Amy. Yes, I'm a nice guy. I'm
a nice guy who wants to give his wife
the birthday she deserves. Unlike
you, who just does what she wants with
no regard for anyone else's feelings.

AMY GASPS.

TIM

(TO AMY) Man, he knows you.

AMY GLARES AT TIM, THEN AT BRIAN.

BRIAN

Okay, come on. It's Marissa's
birthday, we're all here together,
let's just have a nice meal.

AMY

You're right. I'm sorry, Marissa.
This night's about you. Let's have
fun.

AMY SMILES AT MARISSA, WHO SMILES BACK. THE WAITER
APPROACHES.

WAITER

Good evening. Would you like to hear
the specials?

AMY

No, I don't deserve the specials
because I don't care about anyone
else's feelings.

AMY PUTS HER MENU DOWN AND LOOKS AWAY.

BRIAN

Okay, I think we should just do this
another night.

AMY

Yes. Let's.

AMY GRABS TIM AND HEADS OUT OF THE RESTAURANT, BUT TIM TURNS
BACK.

TIM

I'm free every day but Tuesday.

That's when I volunteer as a Big Brother. But, if you don't mind a fourteen-year-old Chinese gang member coming along, Tuesday'll work, too.

AMY PULLS TIM AWAY AND THEY EXIT THE RESTAURANT.

BRIAN

Sorry, sweetie. I guess your birthday dinner's kind of ruined.

MARISSA NOTICES THE GROUP OF WAITERS CLAPPING AND APPROACHING THEIR TABLE WITH A LIT BIRTHDAY CAKE. SHE BRIGHTENS.

MARISSA

(BARELY CONTAINING HERSELF) Oh, I don't know... this meal could turn around at any moment.

SHE SMILES, DELIGHTED, AS THE WAITERS PASS THEIR TABLE AND SING TO ANOTHER GROUP. HER FACE FALLS. SHE PULLS OUT A PLASTIC CARD AND SLAPS IT ON THE TABLE, DETERMINED.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Come on. We're going to Pirkles' Ice Cream. They'll sing to you if you finish something called a Lava Lump without using a spoon.

MARISSA GRABS HER PURSE, EXCITED, AND EXITS THE BOOTH. BRIAN HURRIES AFTER HER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2)

AMY IS AT HER DESK. BRIAN ENTERS, HOLDING A CUP OF COFFEE AND A PAPER BAG. HE PUTS THE BAG ON AMY'S DESK, SMILING APOLOGETICALLY.

BRIAN

Morning. I, uh... got you a bagel.

AMY

Oh, great. (OPENS BAG) Mmm. Sesame seed, toasted with cream cheese. My favorite.

AMY TAKES THE BAGEL OUT, SPREADS THE CREAM CHEESE ON IT, THEN TAKES THE PREPARED BAGEL AND SLAMS IT INTO THE TRASH. BRIAN WINCES.

BRIAN

You're still mad.

AMY

Why would I be mad? Because you called me heartless?

AMY GRABS THE CUP OF COFFEE OUT OF BRIAN'S HAND AND SLAMS IT INTO THE TRASH AS WELL.

BRIAN

You know you keep throwing away things that are for you, right?

SHE LOOKS OFF, IGNORING HIM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't think you're heartless.

AMY

No. I am. I'm heartless and I stomp on people's feelings, and then you rush in, take them to the hospital, and tell them they can cry on your shoulder until they fall asleep.

BRIAN

That's what I did for you when you cut your finger on the can opener.

AMY

(SEETHING) I wish you would've just left me to die.

BRIAN

Look, last night I was having enough trouble keeping one woman in my life happy, I didn't need the other one making things more difficult.

AMY

Oh really? I make things difficult?

BRIAN

You don't. Your attitude does.

AMY GASPS, INSULTED.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Come on, let's not do this. Let's just find another story so we can make our deadline.

AMY

Well, what do you need me for? My attitude will just wreck everything for you. How about this? I'll just find my own story.

AMY PICKS UP A PIECE OF PAPER.

AMY (CONT'D)

Here's one. I'll do this one. Ooh, this is a good one. Wow.

BRIAN

That's the receipt for the bagel I bought you.

SHE CRUMPLES IT UP AND SLAMS IT INTO THE TRASH, ANGRY.

AMY

Whatever. I'll find one. And I suggest you do the same.

BRIAN

Okay. Fine. I will.

HE GRABS HIS CHAIR AND ROLLS IT OVER TO THEIR DESKS, BUT AMY SLIDES OVER, BLOCKING HIS ACCESS.

AMY

Maybe you should go work on the couch.

SHE GIVES BRIAN A STERN LOOK. AFTER A BEAT, BRIAN STUBBORNLY GRABS HIS LAPTOP, TUCKS IT UNDER HIS ARM, AND EXITS.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE JINT. OFFICE LOUNGE AREA - LATER (DAY 2)

BRIAN SITS ON THE COUCH NEXT TO THE KITCHENETTE, WORKING ON HIS LAPTOP. DAN APPROACHES, EATING ALTOIDS FROM A TIN LIKE POPCORN. HE HOLDS OUT THE OPEN TIN TO BRIAN.

DAN
(MOUTH FULL) Mint? Just the chips
left.

BRIAN
No thanks.

DAN
Okay, stink mouth.

DAN EMPTIES THE ALTOIDS INTO HIS HAND, THEN TOSSES THE TIN BACK ON THE FOOD SHELF.

DAN (CONT'D)
So, you're in the doghouse, huh?
Haven't seen you on the couch since
you told Amy that new intern looked
like a younger version of her. Ouch.

BRIAN
Everything's fine, Dan.

MONA APPROACHES.

MONA
Uh oh, look who's been a bad work
husband. If you decide to remarry,
I'm available. And I'm full service.
Like in the old days.

MONA SWAYS HER HIPS SUGGESTIVELY. THEY LOOK AT HER FOR A BEAT, THEN:

DAN

Nasty!

JAKE ENTERS.

JAKE

Hey. What's going on?

MONA

Brian and Amy aren't getting along.

JAKE

What? We can't have that. You guys are too important to this paper. You have articles to write, awards to win, charity golf tournaments to play in...

BRIAN

What?

JAKE

Yeah, if you play this Sunday I get a free set of clubs.

BRIAN

Look, we had a little disagreement. But it'll all get cleared up by lunch. It always does.

DAN

I don't know. Looks like you've already been replaced.

DAN NODS HIS HEAD, INDICATING SOMETHING ACROSS THE ROOM.

ANGLE ON: AMY AND BRIAN'S DESK AREA. LUCAS IS SITTING IN BRIAN'S CHAIR, LAUGHING WITH AMY. THEY STAND UP AND LUCAS HANDS AMY HER PURSE.

DAN (CONT'D)

What a douche. I guess she has a
type, huh?

BRIAN

What?

BRIAN CROSSES TOWARD AMY AND LUCAS, WHO ARE STARTING OUT OF THE OFFICE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you guys going?

LUCAS

Lunch.

BRIAN

Are you sure you don't want to talk to
me before lunch, Amy?

AMY

I don't have anything to say to you,
Brian. So I'm going to go to lunch
with Lucas. I think he'll really love
the tuna melt at Dexter's.

BRIAN

I always get the tuna melt there.

AMY

Do you?

BRIAN

It's called the "Brian McCarthy."

AMY

Oh, I thought it was called the
"Ungrateful Idiot" sandwich. Come on,
Lucas.

AMY STARTS OFF. LUCAS TURNS TO BRIAN.

LUCAS

Do you know what sides come with that?

AMY (O.S.)

Lucas!

LUCAS HURRIES OUT. BRIAN FUMES. AFTER A BEAT, HE CROSSES TO DAN, WHO IS NOW AT HIS DESK, STACKING THE HAM, CHEESE, AND CRACKERS FROM HIS LUNCHABLES BOX. HE SNICKERS, HAVING SEEN AMY LEAVE WITH LUCAS.

DAN

Lucas, huh? Someone's desperate.

BRIAN

Yeah. (BEAT) You want to go to
lunch?

DAN

(STUNNED) You serious?

BRIAN NODS, UNSURE.

DAN (CONT'D)

Yeah!

DAN GETS UP, GRABS HIS KEYS, AND SHOVES ALL OF HIS LUNCHABLES IN HIS MOUTH.

DAN (CONT'D)

(CHEWING, SPITTING) Let's do it!

DAN PUTS HIS ARM AROUND A CONCERNED BRIAN, AND THEY HEAD OUT.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE K

EXT. DEXTER'S - LATER (DAY 2)

AMY AND LUCAS SIT AT A TABLE. HE HASN'T TOUCHED HIS TUNA MELT.

AMY
Aren't you hungry?

LUCAS
I didn't want to tell you, but I'm
allergic to tuna. I turn blue and my
face gets all puffy and my lips swell
up. I kinda look like a tuna.

AMY NOTICES BRIAN AND DAN HAVING A SEAT AT ANOTHER TABLE
AND LAUGHS INAPPROPRIATELY LOUD.

AMY
Oh, Lucas, that's so funny. I bet
that looks hilarious.

AMY CONTINUES TO LAUGH, GLANCING TO SEE IF BRIAN IS NOTICING.
LUCAS STEELS HIMSELF AND GOES TO BITE THE TUNA SANDWICH. AMY
REALIZES AND GRABS HIS ARM.

AMY (CONT'D)
Lucas! Stop it! What are you doing?

LUCAS STRUGGLES TO GET THE SANDWICH TO HIS MOUTH AS AMY TRIES
TO GET IT AWAY FROM HIM.

LUCAS
I want to be the one who makes you
laugh. Let me!

AMY CONTINUES TO WRESTLE THE SANDWICH AWAY FROM LUCAS, AS WE
ANGLE ON: BRIAN AND DAN, SITTING AT THEIR TABLE IN SILENCE.

DAN
That Ferrari was pretty sweet, huh?

BRIAN

Yeah, the car was great. You yelling to women that there was a meat sale inside it made me a little uncomfortable, though.

DAN LAUGHS. THEN, AFTER ANOTHER BEAT OF EATING IN SILENCE:

DAN

So, what do you and Amy usually talk about at lunch?

BRIAN

I don't know. Things that happened that day. People who annoyed us.

DAN

You guys goof on people at the office?

BRIAN

Yeah. But never you.

DAN

Sweet. So, who do you guys rag on? That Mexican dude who wears the same dorky red vest everyday?

BRIAN

He's the valet, Dan.

DAN

Hah! Good one. (HUSHED) I love the racist stuff.

BRIAN GOES BACK TO HIS MEAL, MORTIFIED.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE L

EXT. HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)

AMY AND LUCAS ARE AT THE FRONT DOOR OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE. AMY RINGS THE DOORBELL AND TURNS TO LUCAS.

AMY

I'm glad you found this one. Brian always picks our stories.

LUCAS

Well, now you have me. And this letter is going to make a great article. This heartless girl cost a nice guy a lot of money.

A YOUNG WOMAN, CINDY, 25, OPENS THE DOOR.

CINDY

Yes?

AMY

Hello, I'd like to ask you a few questions about your senior prom. Mainly, why you ditched your date.

CINDY

What are you talking about?

AMY

Jefferson High? The guy was in your biology class? He spent two hundred and fifty dollars on that night and you didn't even show up, did you?

LUCAS
(BURSTS) Five hundred!

CINDY
Lucas? Is that you? Oh, my God, it's
been, like, seven years.

A TODDLER RUSHES UP TO CINDY. AMY LOOKS AT LUCAS,
SUSPICIOUS.

LUCAS
Amy, this is Cindy Ferris. We almost
went to the senior prom together.

AMY
There was no letter, was there?

LUCAS LOOKS AWAY, GUILTY.

CINDY
You never asked me to the prom, Lucas.

LUCAS
Yes, I did. Well, I asked Kurt
Collins to do it for me.

A BUFF GUY CROSSES INTO THE DOORWAY HOLDING A BABY.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Kurt?

AMY LOOKS AT LUCAS, SHAKES HER HEAD, AND WALKS OFF. LUCAS,
UPSET, FIGHTS TO STAY COMPOSED AS HE STARES AT KURT.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Well, I think it's fair to assume I
have a term paper on carbon-based
fuels coming back my way.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE MINT. NAIL SALON - SAME TIME (DAY 2)

BRIAN STANDS AT THE FRONT DESK OF A SMALL NAIL SALON. DAN ENTERS FROM THE BACK, FIRED UP. HE GETS TO BRIAN.

DAN

We got 'em! They don't sterilize the tools. They just dip them in a laundry sink.

BRIAN

That's great, Dan! Good job.

DAN

And when I say we got 'em, I mean we got 'em. I told the owners we were from the paper, but we'd do them a favor and let them off the hook if they did us a favor.

DAN WINKS AT BRIAN. BRIAN CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

BRIAN

Oh, God. I'm going to be sick.

DAN

Why? I just blackmailed two Asian sisters into having sex with us totally against their will. If anyone should be sick, it's them.

TWO ASIAN WOMEN APPROACH. ONE HANDS DAN A PIECE OF PAPER WITH HER PHONE NUMBER ON IT. DAN LOOKS AT THE PAPER, THEN TO THE WOMAN.

DAN (CONT'D)

You drive to my townhouse, we make sex. But you call before you leave house so I can reserve you guest spot. Only two for whole building and one-twelve just had baby. Much visitors.

BRIAN TAKES THE PAPER OUT OF DAN'S HAND AND GIVES IT BACK TO THE WOMAN.

BRIAN

Bald guy crazy. Stab with nail file.

BRIAN EXITS. ONE OF THE SISTERS REACHES FOR A NAIL FILE AND DAN HURRIES OUT.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE PINT. GROCERY STORE - SAME TIME (DAY 2)

MARISSA PUSHES HER CART DOWN AN AISLE. SHE SPOTS TIM, POURING COFFEE BEANS INTO THE STORE GRINDER.

MARISSA

Hey, Tim.

TIM

Hey. Wild night last night, huh?

MARISSA

Yeah, especially the part where your girlfriend bit my husband.

TIM

Sorry about that. I tried to shove a dinner roll between them, but I couldn't get there in time. Slow reflexes.

THE COFFEE GRINDER MACHINE BEEPS AND GROUNDS START POURING OUT AND ONTO THE FLOOR. AFTER A BEAT, TIM CALMLY PUTS THE COFFEE BAG HE'S BEEN HOLDING UNDER THE SPOUT TO COLLECT WHAT'S LEFT.

MARISSA

It's weird, I've never seen them fight like that before.

TIM

I guess when you spend that much time together, somebody's eventually going to start biting.

MARISSA

Does it ever bother you that they're so close? I mean, she goes with Brian to get his hair cut.

TIM

Really? I thought she only went with me. Good to know someone else has a fear of those big sinks with the cut outs for your neck. It's like one of those medieval head chopper-offers.

MARISSA

Guillotine?

TIM

Next to the Splenda. Aisle six.

MARISSA

Right. Okay. I'll see you, Tim.

MARISSA GOES TO PUSH HER CART AWAY, BUT TIM CONTINUES:

TIM

But no. Them being close doesn't bother me because I know they need each other.

MARISSA

What?

TIM

I mean, how else are they going to write that column?

They don't see it, but they each have something the other one needs. She's nuts. He's sensible. But when you put them together, it makes sense. Like Yin and Yang.

MARISSA

Oh yeah, the Chinese symbol. I never thought of Amy and Brian like that. They are better together.

TIM

Oh... I was talking about Yin, my little brother in the program. He doesn't like Yang from a rival gang, but I'm gonna force them in a room together so they can talk it out.

MARISSA

Huh. (CONSIDERING) You know, I bet that'll work. (THEN) Bye, Tim.

MARISSA SMILES AND STARTS PUSHING HER CART AWAY.

TIM

Oh, if you see an angry Chinese kid on your way out, don't tell him about the truce I'm arranging. Gonna trick them into showing up at the same Quiznos and hope they don't start shooting.

MARISSA NODS, AND TIM WHEELS OFF.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE Q

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (NIGHT 2)

BRIAN SITS AT THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIS LAPTOP. MARISSA OPENS A BOX AND TAKES OUT A PAMPHLET.

MARISSA

How's it going?

BRIAN

Well, I have no story, and since Dan said Amy was crying in the ladies' room, I assume she has nothing either.

MARISSA

Why was Dan in the ladies' room?

BRIAN

He wasn't. He used a peephole.

MARISSA

Ew.

BRIAN

Yeah, but he drilled it in the wrong place. The women in the office don't care that he peeps on them washing their hands, so they let him keep it.

MARISSA

Well, maybe this will cheer you up.

SHE SHOWS HIM THE PAMPHLET.

BRIAN

This is a picture of my son with third degree burns all over his face.

MARISSA

Yeah. It really looks like he dunked his head in that boiling pot of soup, doesn't it? If that doesn't make people go for the kitchen protection upgrade, I don't know what will.

BRIAN

Well, at least you'll have an income, because after I miss this deadline, I'm not going to.

MARISSA

Brian, this fight is stupid. Just call Amy.

BRIAN

No way. And why would you want me to call her anyway? All I'm going to do is cross the line and tell her personal things about you.

MARISSA

Well, sometimes that works to my advantage. She did pick out a great birthday present for me.

BRIAN

You knew about that?

MARISSA

Brian, the last piece of jewelry you got me was the Lance Armstrong thing.

BRIAN

I'll make sure your birthday's better next year. Singing waiters and everything.

MARISSA

No way. I'm never going back to Mauricio's. Did you know that place charged our credit card two hundred dollars last night?

BRIAN

Two hundred dollars? We didn't order anything.

MARISSA

We didn't have to. It's called a "table charge". Apparently, if you sit down at Mauricio's, you pay a fifty-dollar, per-person minimum.

BRIAN

What? They can't do that. (REALIZES)
That's it. That's my column! (THEN)
I have to get down to Mauricio's.

BRIAN GRABS HIS KEYS AND EXITS. MARISSA OPENS A PAMPHLET, THEN SQUINTS, NOTICING SOMETHING.

MARISSA

Awww, that's supposed to say, "Feel good knowing you have a big child lock."

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE R

INT. MAURICIO'S RESTAURANT - LATER (NIGHT 2)

BRIAN STANDS WITH THE HOSTESS AT THE PODIUM.

HOSTESS

The owner will be right out.

BRIAN

Good. He's in for quite a surprise.

AN OLDER, ITALIAN GRANDMOTHER-TYPE, ELENA, ENTERS. BRIAN IS SURPRISED.

ELENA

(SWEETLY) I understand you have a question about our "table policy"?

BRIAN

Oh, hello there. Yes, your "table policy"...

ELENA STUMBLES A LITTLE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Whoa. Here, let me help you.

BRIAN HELPS ELENA INTO A CHAIR.

ELENA

I'm sorry. I'm so old. My legs are like soggy breadsticks.

BRIAN

Oh, geez. Anyway... uh, your table policy might be a little bit unfair. To do. To people. I think.

ELENA STARTS TO CRY.

ELENA

It's so hard to run this restaurant
without my dear husband, Mauricio.

BRIAN GOES TO COMFORT HER.

BRIAN

Oh no, don't cry. You do a great job
here. Mauricio would be proud.

AMY (O.S.)

So, do you tell people about this
"table policy" when they make a
reservation?

BRIAN TURNS TO SEE AMY STANDING BEHIND HIM.

BRIAN

Amy? What are you doing here?

AMY

(TO ELENA) Do you tell people or not?

ELENA

I just want to run my restau--

AMY

Answer the question.

AMY STARES HER DOWN. AFTER A BEAT, ELENA STANDS UP, DEFIANT.

ELENA

No, I don't tell people. I don't have
to. I got this restaurant in my
divorce, and I'll run it how I want.

BRIAN

Divorce? Why would anyone leave a nice old lady?

AMY

She's not a nice old lady, Brian. And she won't be surprising anyone with her little table policy anymore. (TO ELENA) We're writing about this place for tomorrow's paper.

BRIAN

We are?

AMY

Yeah, we are. (TO ELENA) We're Amy and Brian from The Columbus Tribune and you just got busted.

ELENA STARTS TO CRY. AMY JUST STARES AT HER.

AMY (CONT'D)

I can see the onion in your fist.

ELENA STOPS "CRYING" AND HURLS THE ONION AS SHE STORMS OUT. IT HITS BRIAN IN THE FACE.

BRIAN

Ow! Why did she throw that at me?

AMY

Cause you're the nice one who won't throw it back.

BRIAN

So, how'd you know I was here?

AMY

Marissa called me to say how much she liked the bracelet, and maybe she mentioned you were coming here to bust this place. I figured you might need someone with a little more attitude by your side.

BRIAN

I did. I always need you.

AN ONION FLIES INTO FRAME AND KNOCKS AMY IN THE HEAD.

AMY

Ow! You crazy bitch!

AMY ANGRILY GRABS THE ONION AND STARTS TO HURL IT BACK, BUT BRIAN GRABS HER ARM, STOPPING HER.

BRIAN

I think you might need me, too.

AMY NODS, STARTING TO SNIFFLE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Wow. I really mean that much to you,
huh?

AMY

It's the onion, dork.

AMY SMILES AND TOSSES THE ONION TO HIM. SHE EXITS. BRIAN SMILES TO HIMSELF AND HURRIES AFTER HER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAGFADE IN:INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - MORNING (DAY 3)

BRIAN AND AMY ARE AT THEIR DESKS. EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE IS READING THE MORNING'S EDITION OF THE COLUMBUS TRIBUNE. LUCAS APPROACHES.

LUCAS

Amy, great article. So, we'll write up the prom story for next week, huh?

AMY

Oh, Lucas. I'm sorry, but I'm kind of back writing articles with Brian now.

LUCAS

What? I was a rebound work husband?

Oh, man, it's Kurt Collins and Cindy Ferris all over again.

BRIAN PATS LUCAS ON THE BACK AND CROSSES OFF WITH AMY. LUCAS WANDERS OVER TO DAN IN A DAZE. DAN LOOKS UP FROM STACKING LUNCHABLES ON HIS DESK.

DAN

I know how you feel. I was a rebound work husband, too.

LUCAS NODS. THEY SIT THERE STARING AT EACH OTHER FOR A BEAT. THEN, DAN SLOWLY PUSHES HALF HIS PILE OF LUNCHABLES OVER TO LUCAS. LUCAS SMILES.

ANGLE ON: BRIAN AND AMY EXITING THE OFFICE. MONA APPROACHES, READING A COPY OF THE PAPER. SHE STOPS THEM.

MONA

Hey, this article still has the old sketch of you guys. Where's the new color photo?

AMY

We decided we liked things the way
they were.

BRIAN

Yeah, why mess with what works?

AMY AND BRIAN EXCHANGE A SMILE. THEY CONTINUE OUT THE DOOR.

AMY

And you're okay with people thinking
we're black?

BRIAN HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR HER.

BRIAN

Hey, compared to being stuck with you
as a partner, being black is easy.

THEY TURN TO SEE JAMAL ENTERING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

BRIAN/AMY

Heyyyy, Jamal.

JAMAL SHAKES HIS HEAD, THEN PASSES BY THEM. BRIAN AND AMY
EXCHANGE A GUILTY LOOK AND HURRY OUT THE DOOR.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW