

MANCHILD

"Pilot"

by

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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.

GARY
Go where?

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
More...

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

JOE
More...

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

JOE
OK, you can go.

PAUL
Thanks. But I didn't mean any of
it.

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... nebulous 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