

UNTITLED KAY CANNON PILOT

Written by

Kay Cannon

Revised Network Draft
20th Century Fox
Chernin Entertainment
1/11/13

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BENNETT'S STEAKHOUSE RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT [N1]

OPEN ON: A framed photograph of four men in suits sitting in a TV studio behind a large desk. A pretty woman leans next to them on the same desk. The photo is signed: "To Bennett's, Bloodiest Steaks In Town! Love, The Wrecking Crew."

WOMAN'S VOICE
Ding, ding, ding, ding...

MEN'S VOICES
Okay./Hush up now./She speaks!

We PAN DOWN on three of the guys and the woman from the photo, finishing dinner: SALAMI (60), a fun-loving Southern hayseed, VINCE (40s), as handsome as he is pompous and tan, CHUCK (40s), a plainspoken African-American, and COOP (32), their feisty boss. She stands and taps a fork on her glass.

COOP
Ding-ding-ding --

VINCE
Why are you saying "ding?" Is it for the lip readers at the table?

Without looking, Coop seamlessly dips her finger in her drink and flicks it toward Vince, who flinches.

COOP
Tomorrow is the first show of the season. And though our boy Harry...
(gestures to the picture)
Hung up his microphone to follow his dream of opening a super-Christian gated community in Fairfax, Virginia --

SALAMI
Gonna miss that God-fearing son-of-a-bitch.

COOP
We will carry on without him. I just want to say that I love you guys. And that I believe in you. Except, of course, when Chuck says he reads an entire book every day.

CHUCK
I do! I read "Hungry Games" today on the toilet. One sitting.

VINCE
It's "The Hunger Games", bookworm.

COOP
To the Wrecking Crew.

GUYS
(raised glasses)
The Wrecking Crew!

They all down their drinks. As if on cue, a WAITRESS comes by with another round. They cheer! As the waitress goes to hand Coop a tumbler of vodka, Salami tries to intercept it.

SALAMI
No, darlin', you know you can't handle a third drink. You get all competitive and crazy. Like Lawrence Taylor, but without the feminine edge.

COOP
I'm just letting off a little steam.

VINCE
Right. So this has nothing to do with you and Craigg?

COOP
What?! No way! We're just in a lull. We'll pull out of it.

CHUCK
I heard he drafted divorce papers.

COOP
Hey, my personal life is none of your concern. And for the record, he'll never sign those papers. Why? 'Cause he wants to work it out. And why? 'Cause I'm a triple threat: ambitious, smart, and up for any manner of freaky biz in the bedroom --
(quickly, under breath)
Except toys, cameras or butt stuff.

Coop slams the drink and then places it down on the table.

COOP (CONT'D)
Barkeep! Another round!

VINCE
Bad idea. You can't handle it.

COOP
You steppin' to me, golden boy?

CHUCK
Uhp, there she goes.

SALAMI
It happens so fast.

COOP (CONT'D)
Footrace! All of you! Outside!

SALAMI
No siree. My doctor says that if I exercise even a little bit it'll kill me.

VINCE

Coop, we're men. Former pro athletes. One of us was asked to appear in a calendar wearing only a fire hose.

CHUCK

(to Vince)

It was you, and you did it!

VINCE

It's no contest.

COOP

Oh really? Even with these nitro burning street racers?

All cocky, Coop kicks up a foot on the table. REVEAL: She's wearing a kickass pair of running shoes. We SMASH CUT to:

EXT. RESTAURANT BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER [N1]

The gang stands at the entrance to a long alley. Salami holds his drink. Chuck puffs on a cigar. Coop is stretching. Vince tries to hide that he is also stretching.

COOP

Okay. Salami, you get a two-step advantage 'cause you're mostly made of cob webs. Chuck, you're behind him since you have more screws in you than a Vietnamese cathouse. And Vince, hi. Do whatever you want.

Vince takes a couple steps behind her. Salami is giddy.

SALAMI

I don't remember how to run!

COOP

On your mark. Get set. GOOOO!

IN SLOW MOTION: These goofballs run a fifty-yard dash. About twenty yards in, Salami pulls over to dry heave. Then Chuck, loving it, bear hugs him. Coop and Vince are tied. That is, until Vince pulls up lame. Coop crosses the "finish line," victorious and raises her fist in the air.

COOP (CONT'D)

THIS IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIIIFE!

The screen freezes and we see the Wrecking Crew, looking silly and ridiculous. The way we love them.

SALAMI (V.O)

Coop! I deuced up my slacks!

INT. "GG" STUDIO - DESK AREA - THE NEXT MORNING [D2]

Behind the desk, Salami, Vince, and Chuck are in their seats. An odd stat guy, BRENDAN, sits directly behind Salami. Across from them stands Coop, hung over.

COOP

Wooooorst day of my life. Guys, it's not hard. No third drink. When I woke up, I discovered I'd taken in a cat. I call her "Regret."

CHUCK

Yeah, you don't look so good. You're whiter than Vince's teeth.

VINCE

They are *naturally* this white.

Salami and Chuck look to each other, "no chance."

COOP

I feel awful. My liver just asked to be placed in a foster body.

Suddenly, the loud raucous sound and brightly colored animation of "Gameday Gridiron" main titles begin. Coop snaps into "boss" mode: upright, confident, in charge.

COOP (CONT'D)

Okay! Salami, flatten your eyebrows. Chuck, lose the gum. Vince, remember. Ten percent less smug. Let's wreck this show!

They comply. As Coop heads toward the control room, she pulls a poker chip from her cleavage and looks at it curiously.

COOP (CONT'D)

Who am I?

CUT TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

INT. STUDIO - DESK/CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Salami addresses the camera.

SALAMI

Welcome back to a new season of "Gameday Gridiron." I am Stu Harris and joining me is the ol' wrecking crew, Vince Silvio and Chuck Barclay. Now let's kick things off with our T-Mobile Headlines.

ON THE SCREENS: An image of a super-handsome, wholesome-looking football player, ZAC COLBY, pops up.

SALAMI (CONT'D)

The question on everyone's mind is: Where is quarterback sensation, Zac Colby? We haven't heard hide nor hair about when Zac is returning to the game after undergoing a radical procedure to fix his right knee.

ON THE SCREENS: We see footage of Zac getting pummeled by a linebacker. It's pretty gruesome.

VINCE

His career is over.

ANGLE ON: Coop, in the control room, staring at a photo on her phone. IN THE PHOTO: She and her estranged husband, CRAIGG stand in front of a sculpture of a naked island woman in Hawaii. Coop hides the statue's breasts with her hands, and Craig hides its vagina. Coop smiles at the memory.

VINCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Even with all the rehab, he's not tough enough to make a comeback.

CHUCK

What? He played his entire rookie year with cracked ribs. Can you say that?

VINCE

I broke a toe in the '96 Super Bowl and had a record-setting day.

SALAMI

(off watch)
Less than a minute.

CHUCK

The man can't go sixty seconds without saying he played in a Super Bowl. You know what I remember from that game?

(then, calling off)
Hit it, Pauly!

In the CONTROL ROOM: A heavysset director, PAULY, looks over at Coop for approval. Coop, still rapt by her phone, gives him a thumbs up. Pauly hits a button on the control panel.

ON THE SCREENS: a play from the '96 SB. A young Chuck scoops up a fumble and high-steps into the endzone. We CUT INSIDE the footage to see him do his signature dance, "The Chuck Waggin'." Flags are thrown at Chuck's excessive celebration. He picks them up and uses them like a rhythmic gymnast.

CHUCK (OVER FOOTAGE)
Look at me go! So graceful!
So large! Like watching a
hippo underwater!

VINCE (OVER FOOTAGE)
I played a great game. Most
completions, most passing
yards...

BACK IN THE STUDIO: Chuck is standing, mimicking his dance. As Vince fumes, Salami barrels over the desk, laughing.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Do the Chuck Waggin'. Chuck
Waggin'. Chuck, Chuck, Chuck Wag--

VINCE
You can turn it off now, Pauly.

SALAMI
(collecting himself)
Coming up on the show...

ANGLE ON: ADRIENNE SIMONE (38), an aging but still super hot former model. She forces a smile through a clenched jaw.

SALAMI (CONT'D)
Our beautiful new weather girl,
Adrienne Simone. But first, here's
our fantasy football expert with
who to play and who to sit.

The show goes to a pre-taped segment, and the guys get up and cross over to The Field (the replica playing surface).

VINCE
Not cool, Chuck. Not cool.

CHUCK
I was just messing with ya.

VINCE
Well, I'd like an apology.

CHUCK
And I'd like Fox to renew,
"Fringe." It's not happening.

ANGLE ON: Coop, who is now with a panicked Adrienne.

COOP
Relax. You're going to be great!

ADRIENNE

I'm not! I keep stumbling over the same line. Listen: "It should be a wild one at Walph Rilson Stadium."

COOP

Ralph Wilson.

ADRIENNE

Walph Rilson, Walph Rilson -- Oh my god! I'm still not saying it right!

COOP

That's so weird.

ADRIENNE

Maybe I could just say Mr. Wilson's Stadium.

COOP

Nobody says Mr. Wilson's Stadium!

ADRIENNE

If I can't say a simple stadium name, the guys will never respect me. I want them to see me as a serious meteorologist, not a model whose bits have been downloaded by every dude in the country.

(leans in, fierce whisper)

You don't think I notice them looking at me like I'm the branch manager of their spank bank?!

COOP

Adrienne, calm down. I didn't hire you just because you were playmate of the year two decades ago.

ADRIENNE

Ouch.

COOP

Sorry. I hired you because you're the hottest lady to hold a degree in meteorological sciences from Brown's Continuing Ed school. You're in good hands here. I know you can do this.

Adrienne takes a deep breath and nods, "Okay." Then:

ADRIENNE

You need a thousand breath mints.

COOP

I'm enjoying the honesty of this new relationship.

Coop crosses away and transition music brings us back on the guys. As Salami addresses the camera, Chuck unsuccessfully tries to poke a football out of Vince's grip.

SALAMI
Up next is the Thompson's Water
Seal Weather Watch. Adrienne?

ADRIENNE
Thanks! So excited to be here!

FROM THE CONTROL ROOM, Coop looks over to the Crew and sees
Vince up in Chuck's face. Salami looks uneasy.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
... There's a low pressure system
causing some thunder showers
upstate. So it should be a wild one
at Ralph Wilson Stadium.
(all smiles)
Back to you, Salami!

Back with the guys,

SALAMI
Now, as a salute to our men and
women fighting overseas --

VINCE
Hold on, my performance was far-and-
away the best ever by a losing
Super Bowl quarterback, and a lot
of people forget that!

CHUCK
Save it for when you need to get
out of a speeding ticket.

VINCE
I'll have you know that my *looks*
get me out of speeding tickets!

CHUCK
You know we're on the air,
right?

VINCE
Yes! And I want a public
apology!

As the fight continues, an overly excited Adrienne walks
right through frame, out-of-focus.

ADRIENNE
Crushed it.

SALAMI
(re: chaos)
Oof. This reminds me of the time my
son brought a squirrel to church.

COOP
What the hell? Kill it, Pauly.

Coop signals to Pauly, who hits a button and... we're out.

INT. THE GREENROOM - EARLY EVENING - POST GAMES [D2]

The Crew and Brendan are eating dinner and watching the Sunday night game. Coop turns the volume down.

COOP
 Alright. I'll say it. That show was a disaster. Worse than the time we accidentally aired Salami's colonoscopy footage.

SALAMI
 Saved a lot of lives.

COOP
 What happened out there?

CHUCK
 Hey, I didn't know it was gonna escalate like that. I can't tell the future. If I could, I wouldn't owe five large to some dude in Vegas named "Fry Guy."

VINCE
 Coop, it was unprofessional. But I'm man enough to admit when I've done something wrong. So, I'm --
 (quietly inaudible)
 SorryeventhoughitwasChuck'sfault.

COOP
 Well, the show can't go on like this. I need a guy up there keeping order. I gotta fill Harry's seat.

BRITISH MAN'S VOICE
 Brilliant idea!

The crew turns to see ROGER, a very small British man and the head of sports, standing in the back of the room.

SALAMI/VINCE	CHUCK
Cheerio! Bangas N Mash! Tut!	(no accent)
Tut!	I just "sheduled" tea with Pippa!

ROGER
 (chuckles good-naturedly)
 Oh yes. You big men and your witty repartee. Delightful really. Coop, a word outside?

Coop nods and heads toward the door.

EXT. FOX LOT - MOMENTS LATER [D2]

Coop and Roger walk through the almost empty Fox lot.

ROGER

You said you'd find a replacement before the season started.

COOP

I know, but it's tough. The Wrecking Crew is not a group of ex-jocks. It's a family. My family.

ROGER

It's also a profit center for this network that I'm tasked with protecting. So I guess that makes me the father.

COOP

P'pah! It feels spongy down there. Am I norm[al]--?

Roger turns to face Coop, his jovial demeanor vanishing.

ROGER

You know I'm impervious to American sass. I want you to fill Harry's seat by next week's show.

COOP

Wow. Well, um, okay, but these things take time --

ROGER

Not for you. You're game for any challenge. It's why I hired you. Now get it done or else.

He hops on a tiny bicycle and pedals away.

COOP

Don't you threaten me, you little crumpet.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - SAME TIME [D2]

Zac sits across the desk from COACH REINHARDT, a grizzled, white-haired, no-nonsense guy.

ZAC

When you say I'm "cut?" You mean like chiseled, with sharp defined features, right?

COACH

No, I mean cut like from the team. Now out of respect, we'll make the official announcement mid-week to let us give you a proper send off. An intern's making a slide show with some fun gospel music.

ZAC

(a beat, then smug)
I'm being pranked.

(MORE)

ZAC (CONT'D)

This is a prank show.
(points to clock on wall)
I can see a camera in that ugly
clock.

COACH

My grandson made that. He was born
without thumbs.

Ignoring him, Zac picks up a mug sitting on Coach's desk.

ZAC

Damn, they can make a microphone
out of anything these days.
(into mug, dumb voice)
I'm on to you, guys! Now who looks
like an idiot?

COACH

Zac, put my coffee down. The knee's
not getting better. We simply
cannot afford to keep you around.
It's just business.

ZAC

Is it good business to quit on an
all-star with ten years left in
him? I won two titles for this
team. I'm a captain. My bobble-head
night is next Sunday!

COACH

I'm sorry. I truly am. Best of luck
in whatever you do next.

ZAC

What I do next is prove you wrong.
Prove the doctors wrong, the media,
the owners, that quack psychic, all
the models in LA -- Everybody! I
will play again!
(as he exits)
My mom's boyfriend, that smart-ass
kid at home games who throws stuff
at me...

INT. GREENROOM/THE OFFICE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Coop re-enters with a head of steam. Chuck eats guacamole
from an almost empty tub in his lap while he and the guys
stare at Adrienne, who is now there applying lip liner. Coop
breaks them out of their trance.

COOP

Listen up, guys. I have one focus
this week. Filling that empty seat.
(then, re: guac)
Chuck, did you just eat that whole
thing by yourself? That's, like,
nine hundred servings!

CHUCK
(defensive)
Avocado is a super food!

Coop's assistant, STACIE STRIKER, walks in holding some mail.

GUYS
(unison, "air ball' chant)
Striii-ker. Striii-ker.

STRIKER
That's right, my name *is* my
nickname! What's up, y'all?

Striker hands the mail to Coop.

VINCE
Striker, why do you always give
Coop her mail on a Sunday?

STRIKER
She thinks it makes her look like a
powerful businesswoman.

COOP
(all cocky)
All I'm saying is that I get mail.
Important mail. Correspondence. In
paper form.

Coop removes a document from an envelope and freezes.

SALAMI
Whatchya got there, boss? Any
coupons for Bed Bath and Beyond? I
wanna get me one of them warming
bath mats.

COOP
No. Divorce papers. He signed them.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. THE OFFICE PIT - MOMENTS LATER [D2]

Everyone is as we left them. Coop looks over the document, keeping a stiff upper lip.

COOP
Yep. There's his signature. You know he spells "Craig" with two "g's?" What an idiot.
(then)
Well, it doesn't mean anything unless there's a court date.
(off paper)
This Friday? What?!

The guys exchange glances, unsure what to do. Adrienne and Brendan look on as Salami motions for Chuck and Vince to hug her. Reluctant, they awkwardly join in for a stilted group hug with hard pats on the back.

COOP (CONT'D)
What's happening? Why are big men touching me?
(shaking them off)
Guys, guys. I'm okay. He'll change his mind. I'm not sweatin' it.

Coop looks down and notices sweat circles under her armpits.

COOP (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm *literally* sweating right now. But that's in no way connected to me worrying. It's just hot. In this area. Under my arms.

Coop exits, her head held high.

INT. COOP'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER [D2]

Coop is changing her shirt when Adrienne barges in.

COOP
Adrienne! I'm changing! Do you have any idea how inferior my body is to yours?!

ADRIENNE
I don't. Should I take off my shirt so we can see?

Coop shakes her head and covers up. Adrienne takes a seat.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Coop, a lot of people have trouble admitting their marriage is over --

COOP
But my marriage isn't over. I know that dude better than anyone.
(MORE)

COOP (CONT'D)

(holds up cell phone)
First, he'll text me he wants to talk. We'll meet up. He'll suggest some new band for me to listen to. I'll tell him I'll Spotify them -- whatever that is. He'll pick some food out of my teeth. We'll kiss, we'll do it, we'll get back together.

ADRIENNE

I am so gonna cry if that happens!

COOP

You don't need to worry about me. Just worry about not walking in front of the camera next time.

Adrienne nods and heads for the door. She stops short.

ADRIENNE

You know, I had it all. Maxim covers. Millions of dollars. A boyfriend in Counting Crows -- not Adam Duritz. I even got to co-host a game show for nerds on MTV. Then I hit thirty, and it all went away.

COOP

If it's any consolation, I saw every episode of "Who Da Virgin?".

ADRIENNE

I guess what I'm saying is... is that it's never easy when the life that you once knew goes kaput.

This hits Coop.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

But it feels like this job is my second life. So I just want you to know how grateful I am to be here.

COOP

(a beat)
I like you, Adrienne. Maybe someday we can be best friends.

ADRIENNE

Oh, I'm sorry. Yasmine Bleeth is my best friend.

Adrienne exits. Coop looks at the divorce papers and sighs.

INT. STUDIO - DESK - TUESDAY AFTERNOON [D3]

The Crew sits at the desk. In Harry's seat sits legendary NFL coach BILL PARCELLS. [TBD] An optimistic Coop stands next to him.

COOP
Coach Parcels, it's an honor.

BILL PARCELLS
My pleasure. So what do I do? Sit here and pretend like these jokers know what they're talking about?

SALAMI
That's the Tuna. Coming out firing.

BILL PARCELLS
Well, we don't all shoot blanks like you, big guy!

SALAMI
(loving it)
Somebody's been talking to my wife!

BILL PARCELLS
Yep, last night in the stairwell of a Motel 6!

CHUCK/VINCE/SALAMI
Aw, dip!/Ooh!/Respect.

COOP
(pats his back)
You're a natural, Parcels.

Coop crosses to a monitor. ON THE SCREENS: The same pic of Zac Colby appears. A STAGE HAND walks up and slates.

STAGE HAND
Gameday Gridiron. Chemistry test.

The Stage Hand claps the slate and crosses away.

SALAMI
It's week two and we're all still wondering: when will we hear from Zac Colby?

BILL PARCELLS
My gut tells me the kid might need more surgery.

VINCE
Well, if he has to go back under the knife he can always pay a visit to the guy who gave you that chin.

CHUCK
Yeah, did you show your doc a hacky sack and say, "Give me this"?!

SALAMI
Hee hee! It looks like someone threw a handful of mashed potatoes at your neck!

While the guys yuk it up, Bill Parcells goes cold.

BILL PARCELLS
You think it's cute to make fun of
an old man's chin on national TV?

COOP
You're not actually on TV right now.

BILL PARCELLS
I got this scar saving some kids
from a burning tilt-a-whirl car!
You know what? You can all go
straight to hell!

Bill tears off his mic, knocks over a cup full of pencils on
Brendan's desk, and storms out. Coop saunters up to the guys.

COOP
So... looks like Bill's not a fit.
I guess I could try Terry Bradshaw.

SALAMI
Uh-uh. That guy's a doofus. I
should know. We went to the same
one-room schoolhouse together.

COOP
Look, I have a busy week ahead.
Between this and my court thingy
that's not happening on Friday, I
need you all to promise to behave.

SALAMI/VINCE/CHUCK
I promise./Sure./Scout's honor.

Striker enters and hands her some slips of paper.

STRIKER
Coop, some phone messages: Your
inside guy from San Diego called.
Colby's been cut. That's the team's
big announcement today. He's going
to be a free agent.

COOP
Oh, everyone knows he's done.

As Striker speaks, Coop stares at Zac Colby's picture.

STRIKER
Your new neighbor, Arlo Richter
called in compliance with Megan's
Law. And you're late on your
Victoria Secret credit card bill --

COOP
I got it! Salami, grab your ol' man
satchel.

Salami goes to grab for his balls. Vince stops him.

COOP (CONT'D)
We're going to San Diego, find Zac Colby, and offer him the job! And you, Sal, are my ticket inside.

VINCE
You're just gonna ambush the guy? Have you even met him?

COOP
(boastful)
Oh, we've met.

EXT. COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD - FLASHBACK - TEN YEARS AGO

A college-aged Coop, looking sexy and powerful in a purple pantsuit, stands on the sideline of the Rose Bowl at the end of a game. As the players head to the locker room, Coop flags down Zac, waving a "University of Michigan TV" microphone.

COOP
Zac, after a performance like that, do you think you'll go pro?

ZAC
Yeah I'll go pro. At finger boinking.

Coop wheels to the camera, beaming with delighted shock.

INT. STUDIO - DESK - TUESDAY AFTERNOON [D3]

Everyone is as we left them.

VINCE
It's not like he retired.

COOP
Doesn't matter. His knee is toast. So I'll use my innate charm to convince him that joining this show is the perfect way to stay in the game he loves. And if that fails? Wing-eating contest.
(points to self, proudly)
45 for 45.

CHUCK
No one has even come close.

COOP
This is perfect. I'll hire Colby, get Roger off my ass, and stand victorious. Who would divorce this woman in total command of her life?

VINCE
Your fly is down.

COOP
(undeterred)
Someone tell me I'm wearing
underwear!

INT. SAN DIEGO REHAB FACILITY - FRONT DESK - LATER [D3]

Salami chats with a hefty, star-struck SECURITY GUARD, who holds a half-eaten sub sandwich.

SECURITY GUARD
I can't believe the great Salami
Harris is going to autograph my
cold cut trio!

SALAMI
Yep. I just need a pen.

As the Security Guard turns away to grab a pen, Salami signals Coop, who, in her kickass running shoes, sprints past the desk with an enormous smile on her face. Then:

SALAMI (CONT'D)
Oh boy, you know those prostate
pills I do ads for? They do not
work!

Salami runs off in Coop's direction.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER [D3]

Coop and Salami enter a small training room with state-of-the-art rehab equipment. Zac is there, walking on a treadmill with his knee hooked up to fancy electronic monitors.

COOP
Zac Colby!

ZAC
Huh? How'd you get past security?

COOP
Only perfect execution of a
foolproof plan.

Coop and Salami side high five. Zac shoots Coop a look and gets off the machine.

SALAMI
We just want a bit of your time.

ZAC
Sure, I can sit with the great Stu
Harris. You know, my dad made me a
salami sandwich for lunch every day
so I'd grow up to be just like you.

SALAMI
And look how you turned out --

ZAC

He stopped when I was nine. I was thirty pounds overweight and couldn't do a pull-up. Do you or your assistant want something to drink?

COOP

Interesting that you'd just assume he's my bo[ss]--

SALAMI

So what's your plan now, Zac?

Sweaty, Zac takes a seat. Coop is suddenly struck by his handsomeness but quickly collects herself.

ZAC

I'm going to get healthy and sign with another team. And every time I play San Diego, I'll rip off their heads and crap down their throats.

Coop and Salami react, "Yikes."

SALAMI

But just speaking hypothetically here, what if these fancy machines can't get you back on the field?

ZAC

No, I can't think about that. This game is everything to me. I'm not ready to let it go yet.

COOP

But what if it were over --?

ZAC

It's not.

COOP

But what if it were? Would you consider joining the Wrecking Crew?

ZAC

(thrown, then)

You let your assistant give job offers during an interview?

COOP

I BOSS!

Salami puts a calming hand on Coop's shoulder.

SALAMI

Look, you'd be a great addition to the desk. You're young, the players look up to you. And hell, you're the face of Ugg boots -- so we know you can laugh at yourself.

ZAC
I'm still a football player. Even if I wasn't, I wouldn't want to be a part of a stupid pre-game show.

COOP
It's supposed to be stupid. That's its charm.

ZAC
Maybe for a ten-year-old.

COOP
You mean back when you were a little porker --

ZAC
Kids were mean to me, you mousy she-villain!

A beat. Coop takes a deep breath. Then, matter-of-fact:

COOP
Zac, this was a mistake. You'd be a poor addition to the Wrecking Crew. You're dim, you talk too slow, you have the eyes of a chronic masturbator. And I'm sure we'd offend the cultures of two nations if you tried to pronounce a name like, "Ndamukong Suh" correctly.

ZAC
(defiant yet charming)
Edamame-king-kong-say-who.

COOP
He's not our guy. Good luck to you.

As Coop and Salami exit, he turns to Coop.

SALAMI
If you're not too mad, can we swing by that Macaroni Grill on Exit 20?

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER [D3]

Coop and Salami walk to Coop's car.

COOP
What a bust. At this rate, we'll be lucky to get Terry Bradshaw --

SALAMI
No way! The guy's a hack. His stories are so boring. Like this one time, he and I were out looking for some durable work boots --

Coop's phone buzzes. She pulls it out from her back pocket.

COOP
Oh schnabbo!
(excitedly holds up phone)
Craig wants to talk! He's coming
back to mama!

SALAMI
Oh man, just get rid of that phone.
Too many demons. Or at least change
your number so he can't get a hold
of you.

COOP
And lose my Chicago area code?!

SALAMI
(delicately)
Coop, we all know he was tomcattin'
around.

COOP
Not that it's any of your business,
but we're past that. It's not an
issue anymore --

SALAMI
No, the issue is that the fella is
a turd. And you can try to shove it
back up there all you want, but
he'll never be food again.

She wrinkles her nose, "gross," then shakes it off.

COOP
I took a vow, Sal. In front of
friends and family and seven of
Craig's frat brothers, all named
Chip. And when I take a vow, I
don't break it!

Salami shakes his head as a giddy Coop gets in the car.

EXT./INT. CRAIGG'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - LATER NIGHT [N3]

A done-up Coop stands in front of Craigg's door with a bottle
of wine. She knocks. As she waits, she reconsiders the wine.

COOP (CONT'D)
Nope. Too desperate.

Coop looks for a place to stash the bottle but can't find
one, so she just rolls it away. The door opens. We meet
CRAIGG, a man-child who masks insecurity with confidence.

COOP/CRAIGG
Hey./Hey you.

Coop enters and takes in the place: it looks like your
typical bachelor pad with a leather couch, an Xbox 360, and a
Bowflex machine in the corner.

Above the couch, there's a huge piece of art featuring the word "FEAR" painted in red. Some indie rock plays softly in the background.

COOP
A Bowflex? Huh. I don't think I've ever seen you run.

CRAIGG
Yeah, I've started taking care of myself. I'm eating only organic foods now. You won't believe these fudgesicles I got!

Craig crosses to the kitchen and eagerly grabs a fudgesicle out of the freezer. Coop follows him. He hands her an unwrapped fudgesicle, and she takes a big bite.

COOP
(mouth full)
This tastes like super cold heaven!

CRAIGG
It's a frozen brownie on a stick!
(a beat, re: music)
Have you heard this band, Animated Discussion? I think you'd dig them.

COOP
Nope. I'll Spotify them.

She gets a gleam in her eye, "It's happening!" She takes a big bite in triumph. He moves closer. Now face-to-face, he leans in. Coop smiles, and he digs some fudge from her teeth.

CRAIGG
I miss you, Coop.

COOP
I miss you, too. I knew you'd want to get back together --

CRAIGG
Oh, no, wait --

COOP
Shh. Let's just kiss, do it, and throw out that garbage piece of art over your couch --

CRAIGG
Look, that's not why I wanted to see you. I can't make the divorce hearing on Friday. It's... work stuff. I'm sorry, but is it cool if you go alone? I mean, only one of us really needs to be there.

Coop stands there, blind-sided. Then, exploding:

COOP
You have got to be kidding me!

CRAIGG
Coopa-trooper --

COOP
No! You don't get to use that
nickname! It's for soulmates only!

CRAIGG
We can still be soulmates. I just
want to have sex with other women --

COOP
Those feelings will pass once you
realize that I'm cooler and better
than every other woman out there!
Except Gwen Stefani. That I would
understand!

CRAIGG
Kara, I'm not happy.

COOP
Marriage isn't about being happy!
It's about making it work! That's
the promise we made to each other.
(then, breaking down)
I mean, shouldn't we at least try?

He looks down, unwilling to meet Coop's gaze. A beat.

COOP (CONT'D)
I can't believe this is happening.
(backing away, at a loss)
Okay, well, I'm going to go. Have
some curb side wine. I, uh -- you
wouldn't get it. Oh man. I gotta go.

An upset Coop leaves, kicking the Bowflex on her way out.

INT. THE PIT - NEXT MORNING [D4]

Salami, Vince, Chuck, and Brendan are there, hanging out.

SALAMI
You shoulda seen Colby, wincing
with every step on that treadmill.
It's tragic. That kid had a laser
scope on his arm.

CHUCK
Damn right. He could throw a hot
dog through a donut.

VINCE
Pfff. Hot dog through a donut. I
can do that.

CHUCK
(sniffs the air)
Is that a challenge I smell?

INT. THE OFFICE PIT - LATER [D4]

The office is in chaos: Vince stands next to several trays of hot dogs. One by one, he whips them across the room at a donut held by Brendan, who wears a protective football helmet. STAFFERS look on, cheering. Hot dogs are everywhere!

BRENDAN

Oh-for-122. Statistically speaking
you should have already --

A hot dog bounces off Brendan's face mask.

VINCE

Shut it, Nate Silver! You're
distracting me!

Frustrated, Vince whips hot dogs even harder.

EXT./INT. HALLWAY/OFFICE PIT - CONTINUOUS [D4]

A tired and bleary-eyed Coop is walking with Roger.

ROGER

The show is in three days. Forgive
me, but I feel like your --
(re: Coop's appearance)
Personal life may be interfering
with your ability to magistrate.

COOP

What makes you say that?

ROGER

Well, your hearing is tomorrow and
you look like you've been standing
in the rain since St. Swithun's
Day.

COOP

I've got it all under control.

They enter to see the chaos. Chuck is doubled-over.

CHUCK

It's possible that this is the
dumbest thing we've ever done!

ROGER

Control? Your Crew is carpeting the
floor in boiled willy bobs!

Vince throws another dog which breaks apart upon release, hitting Roger in the head. All the action stops. Everyone but the Wrecking Crew scatters to get back to work.

CHUCK

Vince, you can hit a tiny target!

The guys laugh like little boys. Roger plays along.

ROGER

Ah, yes. I feel just like a duck in one of those carnival games. Quack.
(aside to Coop, serious)
You've disappointed me, Coop.
Perhaps I'll have to oversee finding Harry's replacement myself.

He exits. Coop turns to the guys, furious.

COOP

You meatheads! You promised me you'd behave! And because I'm a naive sap, I believed you!

Coop picks up some hot dogs, waving them in their faces.

COOP (CONT'D)

But like ALL men, promises mean nothing to you! Like emotions. Or vows. Or the importance of a well-placed candle! You just do whatever's fun and easy as long as it doesn't interfere with your online sex grossness! And now you think because you put a gym in your home, girls will believe you're ten years younger?! Uggghhh!

Coop bites off the end of three hot dogs in one chomp. The guys react, scared and a little disgusted.

VINCE

This could be bath salts. I saw it on "20/20" --

COOP

I just want to trust you! But I can't! 'Cause you're all a bunch of douche-b's, roaming the Earth, not caring if you stomp on my heart!

She storms off. The three guys look to each other, shocked.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. THE OFFICE PIT - CONTINUOUS [D4]

The guys are as we left them, still processing Coop's tirade.

VINCE
What. Was. That?

CHUCK
Coop's done a lot of crazy things. She once asked Clay Matthews what size bra he wears. But I've never known her to eat a frank off the damn floor!

SALAMI
She's in a bad, bad place. We need to do something.

CHUCK
Like what? She ate a hot dog off the floor. Girl's gonna be dead in three days.

SALAMI
Chuck, you're probably right but until then, we need to take care of our friend the way she's taken care of us all these years.

VINCE
Agreed.

SALAMI
We gotta let her lean on us. Be, what we in the south call, a buttress.

CHUCK
That is not how we use the term "buttress" in Atlanta.

VINCE
Sal's right. It's up to us to pull Coop through this. And given that I'm the emotional leader of the group,

Salami and Chuck look to each other, "no chance."

VINCE (CONT'D)
I'll go handle it.

Vince exits, on a mission.

INT. COOP'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER [D4]

Coop sits at her desk, holding a framed photo of a SIX-YEAR-OLD COOP on her DAD'S shoulders outside Soldier Field.

She flashes a "We're number one" gesture and wears a hood with bear ears on it; her dad wears a Walter Payton jersey.

COOP

Aw, Pops. You're the last one that didn't suck.

(then)

God I wish I still had that skin.

Vince enters and takes a seat. After an awkward beat of silence,

COOP (CONT'D)

Do... you... need something, Vince?

VINCE

You're having a tough time, and I'd like to offer you some advice.

COOP

Okay?

VINCE

Look, living with a wife and four girls, I've learned a little bit about how females think. I know how you'll obsess over a certain part of your body 'til it makes you sick. And sometimes you just have to scream into a pillow for several hours. I know your cravings for chocolate can make you violent. And I know you hate it when I mention Pam Case because she's the one that "got away," and that's why I say things like, "Did you hear Pam Case has HPV now?" --

COOP

Vince, it's nice that you're checking in on me, but I'm fine.

(then, switching gears)

Now, what I really need is for you to sort things out with Chuck. You know he's just needling you.

VINCE

I know. And if it'll make you feel better, then I'll try. But sidebar: the man gets under my skin.

COOP

I always wondered what you kept in that leather sack you call a face.

They share a smile. Vince stands and heads for the door.

VINCE

Coop, you're going to get through this. Just think of this divorce as a great opportunity to wipe the slate clean. Wardrobe-wise.

Coop waves Vince out and he exits.

INT. GREENROOM - LATER [D4]

Coop sits at a table, perusing paperwork. Chuck walks in and spots her unsuccessfully trying to get a pen to work. Fed up, she whips it across the room. Chuck takes a seat across from her.

CHUCK
(gently)
How you doing, Coop?

COOP
I'm fine. I'm totally fine.

CHUCK
Uh huh. You know, when my playing days ended, I was always telling myself I was "fine." But really I was partying my face off. Gambling away my kid's college fund... Once, I got so high, I thought I was Tubbs from "Miami Vice." I drove a speedboat into a shopping mall.

COOP
That is classic Tubbs.

CHUCK
The point is, I was about to hit rock bottom. Without football, there was this big, empty space in my life that I didn't have a clue how to fill. Then you called. And remember what you said?

COOP
Yep. "Is that a fog horn behind you, where are you?"

CHUCK
"Stick with me. I promise I'll take care of you." And you did. You saved me from myself, Coop. And all I'm saying to you right now is that it goes both ways.

A beat of Coop, clearly affected. Then, covering.

COOP
I've got work to do, Chuck.

Chuck nods and hands her a pen from his pocket.

INT. BACKSTAGE STUDIO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER [D4]

Chuck walks down a hallway and is intercepted by Vince.

VINCE

Coop wants us to resolve our issue.
So, I'm ready to hear your apology.

CHUCK

Apology for what?

VINCE

For showing me up, embarrassing me --

CHUCK

Dude, you're embarrassing yourself.

VINCE

Oh that's rich, coming from the guy
who released a rap album under the
name Chuck Foolery.

CHUCK

It outsold Shaq's Christmas album.

VINCE

Still, it baffles me that you won't
leave me alone when you're the one
with the ring.

CHUCK

There you go again. Living in the
past, measuring your life based on
the one thing you didn't do instead
of all the things you did do.

VINCE

I lost my shot at immortality! To
this day, I refuse to go to
Disneyland out of principle!
(then, confessing)
There's a hole in me, man, that
will never be fill[ed]--

CHUCK

We played a game, Vince! A boy's
game! And you were hands down the
best QB I ever saw. But it's over
now. You have to move on. And I'm
not gonna stop hounding you until
you do.

VINCE

(taking this in)
It's not easy.

Chuck puts a hand on Vince's shoulder, "comforting" him.

CHUCK

You've done harder things. Like
pulling off that jacket. That is a
black man's jacket.

Vince smiles. As they walk down the hall,

VINCE

So did you always think I was the best or is this a new thing?

CHUCK

Well this was productive.

INT. STUDIO - THE FIELD - LATE NIGHT [N4]

Salami finds Coop, lying on the turf in the dark and sipping a beer. The divorce papers lay next to her.

SALAMI

(announcer voice)

And Kara Cooper-Smith is down on the thirty-yard-line. Looks like she's nursin' a broken heart.

COOP

For the umpteenth time, I'm fine. I just need a minute here to think of a way to save my marriage. What do you know about spousal blackmail?

Salami sits next to her, groaning as he stoops. Then:

SALAMI

You're in denial, Coop. I mean, I haven't even seen you cry about this. And you cry when you hear "The Super Bowl Shuffle."

COOP

(instantly emotional)

Great team. Great song.

SALAMI

You don't have to do this alone, you know?

COOP

Tell Craigg that. He's decided to sit this one out. Coward.

SALAMI

Well why didn't you say anything?

COOP

And bitch about my love life like some dumb girl? I'm your boss.

SALAMI

You're not just our boss. You're our friend. Our Coop. Now stop being stubborn and let us in.

Coop lets this sink in. Then, she sits up.

COOP

It's just that this divorce has me doubting myself, my instincts.

(MORE)

COOP (CONT'D)

How could I have been so wrong
about such a big decision?

SALAMI

I get it. I once bought a house
that was floating on a bog. Every
time you popped a squat, a frog was
jumping up your butt.

COOP

It seemed right at first, you know?
Back when we were both broke,
Craig told a guy with a fruit
stand that he worked for the city
health department. We sat on Navy
Pier and ate free apples. It was
the sweetest misdemeanor anyone's
ever committed for me.

Salami chuckles.

COOP (CONT'D)

I thought his straying was just him
going through a phase. I tried
everything to pull him out of it:
Dressed sexier, learned to cook,
tolerated morning sex. It wasn't
enough. I still fell short.

SALAMI

And now you feel like you've lost.

COOP

Yep. And you know how much I hate
to lose.

A beat. Coop looks at Salami with her sad eyes. Then:

COOP (CONT'D)

Also, I don't want to be naked in
front of a stranger. My body's
changing. Not for the better.

SALAMI

(pats her back, laughing)
Talk to me when you can wrap your
balls around your kneecaps, boss.

INT. LA MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING [D5]

A timid and vulnerable Coop sits in the back, all alone. At
the bench, there is a female JUDGE, female CLERK, and a
BAILIFF that looks like Marsha Warfield from "Night Court."
The judge proceeds over a YOUNG COUPLE.

JUDGE

The State hereby recognizes your
marriage as officially dissolved.

The couple high-fives and then each cross to their new
SIGNIFICANT OTHERS. The new couples exchange celebratory hugs
and leave. Coop grabs at her stomach, feeling a little sick.

CLERK
Next up. Smith.

Coop inhales deeply and makes her way to the bench.

JUDGE
State your name for the court.

A commotion is heard in the back. Coop turns and is relieved to see the Wrecking Crew entering. Adrienne is with them. PEOPLE in the room stir with excitement as they sit in the front row. Emboldened, Coop turns back to the judge.

COOP
I'm Kara Cooper. Cooper-Smith.

JUDGE
(off paperwork)
Kara, it says that you and Craig Smith had no children, owned no property together and are dividing no assets, correct?

COOP
(voice cracking)
Yes. That sounds about right.

JUDGE
And where is the husband?

COOP
Get this baloney, he had a work thing.

The judge writes something down. A cell phone buzzes.

BAILIFF
Whose phone is that? This is a court of law, not the post office!

It's Coop's. She sheepishly pulls it from her back pocket. ANGLE ON: The phone. It's a text from Craigg, "Second thoughts. Let's work this out." Coop reacts, stunned.

COOP
Wait, he -- I don't... I...

Coop faces the Crew, who look at her curiously. She turns back to the judge, conflicted.

JUDGE
Is there a problem? Do you need a moment to think?

COOP
Um... Yeah.

BAILIFF
Just so I can plan -- is it a number one-kind of moment or a number two-kind of moment?

An unsure Coop bites her lip. She looks down at her phone again. Finally, she looks up with a steely resolve.

COOP
Judge... let's wreck this marriage.

The Crew and Adrienne react, pleased. The judge stamps the papers and closes the folder.

JUDGE
That's it. You get to start over.

Coop's eyes tear up. She crosses to her friends, her family.

COOP
It's done. It's over.

The Crew stands and consoles her with heavy back pats. *

COOP (CONT'D)
(through tears)
Thanks, guys. This sounds lame, but I don't think I could have gone through with it without you. And the best part...?

Coop wipes away her tears, holds up her phone and flashes a triumphant grin.

COOP (CONT'D)
I won.

Coop launches into a celebratory Chuck Waggin' dance. The Crew, Judge, et al love it! Then, Coop hands her phone to Vince.

COOP (CONT'D)
Get this demon phone away from me.

She points to a tiny trash can across the room. Vince smiles, "with pleasure." He whips it right into the can. Everyone goes bananas! Chuck high-fives Vince, who beams.

COOP (CONT'D)
Now I gotta go.

Coop makes a beeline right through them.

VINCE
What?! Where?

COOP
I've got a seat to fill!

She bolts out the door.

BAILIFF
Take it outside. All this love is bad form in a divorce court.

ADRIENNE
Hey, aren't you --?

BAILIFF
Marsha Warfield from "Night Court?"
You're damn right.
(off Chuck's look)
I'm good at this! What else was I
gonna do with the rest of my life?!

INT. REHAB FACILITY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER [D5]

Coop runs in to find Zac struggling on a leg press machine.

COOP
Colby!

Irrked, Zac gets out of the machine and steps toward her.

ZAC
What are you doing here and why are
you out of breath?

COOP
It was either run... or flash the
guard... And I'm not ready... to
show... my breasts to another man
yet... so I booked it... We have a
minute. He's a hefty guy. Oh, don't
mind if I do.

Coop lays down on a weight-lifting bench to catch her breath.

ZAC
Geez. No respect for authority. No
wonder you're still an assistant.

COOP
ME BOSS!

ZAC
I know who you are. I remember. Rose
Bowl. Foxy sideline reporter. Dressed
in purple sweats, like a tiny Sinbad.

COOP
That was a pantsuit from Express!

They look at each other, a sparkler flickers between them.

COOP (CONT'D)
Regardless, I came to apologize. I
shouldn't have ambushed and then
insulted you. I was going through a
thing where I hated all men.
Nothing personal.

ZAC
No need to apologize. You're right.

COOP

Huh?

ZAC

About me. I am dumb. I do talk slow. Although I'm not sure why you think a guy like me would ever need to masturbate.

(Coop blushes, then)

Now, why are you really here?

COOP

I want you to join us on the show. You're going to need help starting the next phase of your life and there's no better place to do that than with The Wrecking Crew.

ZAC

My football career isn't over.

COOP

Zac, I get it. You don't want to admit that it's over. You want to cling to it with everything that you have. But eventually, everyone has to move on. At least with us, you'll still be a part of the game.

(motions to his knee)

When you're ready to be honest with yourself, call me. I promise. I'll take care of you.

A heavy SECURITY GUARD ambles into the door.

SECURITY GUARD

There you are! Sit still, woman!

COOP

Which of these doors leads to the parking lot?

Zac points at a door and Coop bolts out. The Security Guard waves his hands, "forget it" and exits. Alone, Zac tries once more to do a rep on the machine. He can't.

INT. STUDIO - DESK - SUNDAY MORNING [D6]

Coop strides confidently through the studio. She smiles at Adrienne, who is anxiously going over her segment. She lands at the desk in front of Salami, Vince and Chuck.

CHUCK

Single life looks good on you, Coop.

COOP

Thanks, Chuck. That means a lot coming from the rapper behind the 1997 hit "I Like 'Em Round."

Chuck laughs as Coop hands Chuck back his pen. Roger, dressed impeccably, approaches the desk.

ROGER
Have a smashing show today, chaps.

SALAMI
Chaps are butt-less pants. How long have you been in this country?

ZAC (O.C.)
Where do I sit?

They turn to see Zac in a suit. Coop smiles and motions to Harry's seat. He sits down, and the guys react warmly to him.

ROGER
(aside to Coop)
I had my doubts, but you did it.
Well done, Coop. Well done.
(re: Zac)
He is a gorgeous man.

COOP
Like, "Gorgeous" in the way British people say "brilliant" or, like, you want to steal away to a B&B together?

ROGER
I'll never tell!

A giddy Roger bounds away. ANGLE ON: Vince, who is clearly threatened by Zac. Chuck clocks this and leans over to him.

CHUCK
Don't worry, Vince. That guy may be better looking than you, but he's also a lot younger!

Vince tightens. Coop walks over to Zac's side of the desk.

COOP
Welcome to the Wrecking Crew.

ZAC
What am I doing here?

COOP
Starting over, rookie.
(then, to the Crew)
Let's wreck this show!

And as the loud raucous sound and brightly colored animation of "Gameday Gridiron" main titles begin, Coop turns and triumphantly walks toward the booth.

END OF EPISODE.

*