

HALL PASS

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Very late. All is quiet. Then a battered MINI-VAN blows by a row of hedges that have been pruned to read: 'WELCOME TO CAPE COD.' A moment later a FLASHING COP CAR flies by in HOT

PURSUIT.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

The WINDSHIELD IS GONE and the wind blows back the hair of two BEAT-UP-LOOKING MEN. The driver, FRED SEARING, 40-ish, has a look of determination and resolve on his chunky face, despite the BLACK EYE and BLOOD-STAINED TISSUE dangling out of his nose. The nervous passenger is RICK MILLS, 38.

RICK

Pull over, man!

FRED

No way, I can out-run 'em!

RICK

No you can't--not in this thing!
Another POLICE CRUISER FISHTAILS OUT OF A SIDE STREET and

JOINS THE CHASE.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh God, now there's two of 'em!

FRED

I don't care--I'm not stopping 'til we get there!

RICK

Are you crazy?!

FRED

Yeah, I'm crazy! I'm crazy about my wife!

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A CAPE COD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rick and Fred come SKIDDING UP to the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE followed by the two police cruisers. When they stop, we see that somebody has spray-painted 'HORNY OLD MAN' on the side of the mini-van.

Fred jumps out and SPRINTS toward the entrance. SEVERAL COPS spring from their cars and give chase. Before Fred can reach the front doors, he gets KNOCKED VIOLENTLY to the ground. Rick climbs out of the passenger seat with HIS HANDS RAISED.

RICK

Hear me out, gentlemen, I can explain every--!

AS A BURLY OFFICER'S HEAD CONNECTS WITH RICK'S CHEST, we...

FREEZE FRAME

2.

.And FADE TO BLACK... and then:

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

TWO WEEKS EARLIER

FADE BACK IN:

INT. RICK'S FAMILY ROOM - DAY

ON TV SCREEN - a video shows several YOUNG PEOPLE, early-20's, sunning themselves at the beach. A YOUNG-LOOKING RICK hams it up for the camera.

RICK (O.S.)

See the stud in the blue shorts?
That's me the summer I got out of
college.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wow, Dad, you used to have muscles.
REVERSE ANGLE reveals EMMA, 6, and GUNNAR, 4, sitting on
either side of Rick.

RICK

I still have a few.

GUNNAR

Where?
Rick shoots him a look.

RICK

They're hidden.
BACK ON TV SCREEN - A PRETTY GIRL with a knockout body comes
up and puts her arms around Rick.

EMMA

Who's that girl?

RICK

That's Mommy.

EMMA

No, I mean the young one standing
next to you.

RICK

That's Mommy.

EMMA

Mommy used to have long hair? And
she wore a bikini?

RICK

(WISTFULLY)

Yes she did.

EMMA

How come she doesn't wear a bikini anymore?

GUNNAR

Is it because of her fat ass?

RICK

I guess. What? No. Who said Mommy's got a fat ass?

GUNNAR

Mommy.

LONG BEAT.

RICK

Well, uh, I don't appreciate that language, Gunnar. You've got the best mom in the whole world--don't ever say anything bad about her. Just then, MAGGIE comes GRUNTING into the room carrying a

ONE-

YEAR-OLD BABY in one arm and a basket of laundry in the other. She's in her late-30's, cute, with short, manageable mommy hair. She's wearing SWEATPANTS, an OVERSIZED T-SHIRT, and NO MAKE-UP.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey beautiful, you better get a move on--we're supposed to be meeting Fred and Grace soon.

MAGGIE

I know, I know, I'm trying.

RICK

Well how long you gonna be?

MAGGIE

Forty-five minutes--sooner if you help with the kids. Maggie looks to him, hopeful.

RICK

(NONCHALANT)

Forty-five minutes is good. Maggie shoots him a look and Rick smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Okay, kids, first one in the tub gets college paid for. Emma and Gunnar just stare at him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Come on, you bums, let's go!

4.

As Rick starts to tickle his kids they run out of the room,

AND WE

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Rick and Maggie walk along hand-in-hand. They're dressed-up and happy-looking.

RICK

I miss going out with you on Saturday nights.
She smiles at him.

MAGGIE

I know, it's just like the old days.
Rick pulls Maggie close as they walk.

RICK

Maybe we should make a rule that we go out at least six nights a week without the kids.
Maggie GIGGLES.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm serious. We should go out every week--just you and me.
A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE walks past them and Rick gives a QUICK GLANCE back AT HER ASS.

RICK (CONT'D)

I think it'd be healthy.

MAGGIE

You gotta be kidding me?
Maggie pulls away.

RICK

What?

MAGGIE

You just checked out that girl's
butt.

RICK

I did?

MAGGIE

Yeah, you did, and it's rude.

RICK

Why? You think she saw me?

MAGGIE

saw you.

5.

RICK

Oh, uh, yeah. I'm sorry, honey, I'm
just kind of spacey today.

GRACE (O.S.)

Come on, we're late!

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Fred Searing and his wife GRACE, 38,
waiting outside a restaurant. Fred sports a full-head of
hair that's maybe a little too stiff. Grace is short and
appealing in a Rachel Ray kind of way. Fred leans in to kiss
Maggie as Rick kisses Grace.

MAGGIE

Grace, let me ask you something:
Does Fred ever check out other
women in front of you?

GRACE

No, Fred's not a gawker.

Grace pats a pleased-looking Fred on the head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Come on, Mags, let's go say hi to

Dr. Lucy.

We follow the women as they leave their husbands and ENTER the restaurant under a banner that says, 'Boston Psychiatric Association Person of the Year.'

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Maggie approach the check-in table.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

There they are!

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals DR. LUCY GILBERT, a very attractive

and

sophisticated-looking 40-year-old, holding court in the corner.

GRACE

Dr. Lucy! Congratulations!

DR. LUCY

Girls, thank you so much for coming.

Dr. Lucy speaks with a FRENCH ACCENT.

MAGGIE

Are you kidding me? You're the only friend of ours who ever got an award--you think we're going to miss that?

ANGLE ON Rick and Fred standing at the bar.

FRED

Do you mind telling me how your wife catches you checking out another girl? What is this, amateur hour?

6.

The BARTENDER delivers a couple beers and Rick pays.

RICK

The girl walked past and I glanced back at her for like half a second.

FRED

There's your problem, dumb-ass-- it's the wrong order. You don't wait for the girl to walk past and then glance back. You turn when she's still fifteen feet in front of you...then you wait for her to walk into your line of vision.

the Fred NOTICES an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walking toward them from right.

FRED (CONT'D)

Observe.

Before the woman reaches them, Fred turns to his left and holds the look until the Attractive Woman's ASS ENTERS HIS VIEW and he watches her walk away.

FRED (CONT'D)

You see? I can't help it if her butt walks where I'm already looking.

RICK

(GETTING IT)

It was your air space.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

walking Hey, guys.
They turn to see a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with a healthy tan past carrying several drinks. This is MISSY FRANKENFIELD, mid-30's.

RICK AND FRED

Hey, Missy.

MISSY

(CALLING back to them)
Don't forget to mingle!
The guys watch Missy walk away.

FRED

Wow. Missy's looking pretty good for someone going through a divorce.

RICK

Yeah, that's rough stuff--I heard they might have to sell the house.

FRED

Too bad. You gonna hit 'em up for the listing?

7.

RICK

What am I, a vulture? Nah, I don't go after the divorcee business unless they approach me first.

FRED

Yeah, it's kind of tacky, huh?
As the guys crane their necks to get a better view of
Missy's
ass, we...

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Maggie, Grace and Dr. Lucy sipping lemondrops and watching Rick and Fred from across the room.

GRACE

Look at those two meatheads checking out Missy Frankenfield. What, do they think they're invisible over there?

MAGGIE

I thought you said Fred wasn't a gawker.

GRACE

He was standing right next to you. I can't let him know that I know--that would take all the fun out of it.

(CHUCKLES)

You should see him. He's got some stupid move where he looks back before the girl passes to make it seem like he couldn't help but

notice her ass. It's pathetic.
Maggie and Dr. Lucy GIGGLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick's car is parked in the driveway, and he and Maggie are getting out.

RICK

How about I drive the babysitter home while you go upstairs and prepare the altar?

He puts his arm around her as they walk toward the front door.

MAGGIE

I want to, honey, but I've got to get up early with the kids.

RICK

I'll get up with the kids.

MAGGIE

But I have to go out and buy a gift-
-they're going to a birthday party tomorrow.

8.

RICK

I'll cjet the gift, then I'll take the kids to the park, then to the party. You can dust stay in bed,, get your beauty sleep, and bask in the sweet, sweet pounding I'm about to give you.

MAGGIE

I love it when you sweet-talk me.
Maggie smiles but as Rick opens the front door they FREEZE

IN

THEIR TRACKS.

THEIR POV - the babysitter (PAIGE, 20, cute) is standing there with their 4-year-old, Gunnar.

GUNNAR

Mommy! Daddy!

RICK

(DEFLATED)

Little buddy.. .what are you doing up?

Gunnar runs into his mother's arms and Maggie shrugs apologetically to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

This is just a minor obstacle.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT

Rick is at the wheel of his Dodge Caravan and Paige sits in the passenger seat. She is on the busy side.

RICK

How were the kids tonight?

PAIGE

Perfect. That Gunnar is so cute-- all he wants to do is wrestle with me.

Rick smiles at this.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Mr. Mills, would it be okay to turn down the air--I'm a little chilly.

Look--I got goose bumps.

As she HOLDS OUT HER ARM to show him the GOOSE-BUMPS, we RACK FOCUS BEYOND HER ARM to the ERECT NIPPLES that are PIERCING THROUGH HER SHEER TOP like small tents.

BACK ON Rick as his EYES GO WIDE WITH TERROR and he looks away.

9.

RICK

Oh, uh, sure, I'm sorry.

Flustered, he moves to the temperature control which in

LARGE

ILLUMINATED DIGITAL TYPE reads: 69!!! He quickly PUNCHES THE A/C OFF, then trains his eyes straight ahead and grips the steering wheel tight at ten-and-two.

PAIGE

Thank you.

RICK

'Welcome.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The mini-van pulls up in front of a sorority house.

INT. RICK'S MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Paige hesitates before getting out.

PAIGE

Mr. Mills, can I ask you something?

RICK

Sure.

PAIGE

I was wondering...

(SQUINTS NERVOUSLY)

.could you buy me some beer?

Rick looks surprised.

RICK

Buy you some.. .How old are you?

PAIGE

Twenty. But I'm turning twenty-one next week.

RICK

Oh. Happy birthday. That's a biggie.

PAIGE

Yeah. My aunt usually buys beer for me, but she's out of town.

(SMILES HOPEFULLY)

So. . .could ya?

RICK

Uh, I don't know, Paige...I could get in a lot of trouble for giving alcohol to a minor.

PAIGE

Oh, come on, I'm a junior in college. You drank when you were in college, didn't you?

10.

RICK

Well, uh...

PAIGE

Besides, it's so arbitrary. How does it make sense that twenty's old enough to fight in Iraq or watch a porno movie, but it's too young to drink a beer?
Rick shifts in his seat.

RICK

Really? Twenty's old enough to uh...?

PAIGE

Fight in Iraq?

RICK

No, the other thing.

PAIGE

Watch Porn? Oh, God yeah--half the girls in those things are my age.
Rick catches a hint of cleavage, a flash of leg.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Look, I promise no one's gonna find out. If you want, you can join me

down at the lake--we'll listen to
some tunes and have a couple beers.
Rick stares at her, pictures it in his head. She looks
hopeful, open.

RICK

I'm sorry, Paige, I can't do that.

PAIGE

Why not?

RICK

Well... it would be.. .inappropriate.
Rick's voice has taken on a firmer, more adult tone. Paige
seems amused by it.

PAIGE

What, is that your grown-up voice?

(SMILES)

That would be inappropriate, Paige.

COME ON--

RICK

No, Paige.
(with an edge)
What are you thinking? I'm a
married man and I have a family.
You think they'd like it if they
knew I was hanging out at the lake,
all alone, drinking beer with a
college girl?

11.

She seems taken aback.

PAIGE

(PUT-OFF)

I never said alone. My sorority's
having a party down there tonight.
Rick CLEARS HIS THROAT, tries to hide his embarrassment.

RICK

All right, better get inside.
She opens the car door, then glares back at him.

PAIGE

Ewww. What the hell were you
thinking?

RICK

Go ahead. Scoot along now.
As she SLAMS the car door, we...

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick bounds up the stairs to find Maggie gently closing
Gunnar's bedroom door.

MAGGIE

Shhhh. He just fell asleep.

RICK

Awesome.
Rick playfully pinches Maggie's butt as he follows her into
their bedroom where...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

.They find Emma sitting up in their bed, smiling.

EMMA

Can I sleep with you tonight?

RICK

No.

EMMA

Please.

RICK

No. Absolutely not.
Maggie, clearly softening to the idea, shrugs at Rick.

12.

RICK (CONT'D)

Are you serious? Look, besides the other thing, I don't like the fact that my daughter needs someone to sleep with every night--that's not going to be good when she goes off to college, you know.
Maggie rolls her eyes.

EMMA

Well.. .can someone read me a story?
Rick looks at Maggie, then at his daughter.

RICK

Okay, one quick story. Come on, jump on my back.
Emma jumps on Rick's back.

RICK (CONT'D)

(TO MAGGIE)

You can get started without me--
I'll be right back.
Rick piggybacks Emma out of the room.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Emma is putting Rick's HAIR INTO PONYTAILS.

RICK

Okay, honey, this is the last pony and then night-night.
Emma finishes putting on a rubberband, then looks at him, satisfied.

EMMA

There. You look pretty, Daddy.

RICK

Okay, now give me a kiss, hug and go to sleep.
She lays back on her pillow. Rick gives her a big kiss on both cheeks.

RICK (CONT'D)

I love you, Emma.

EMMA

I love you, too, Daddy.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rick (still in ponytails) tip-toes out of Emma's bedroom, closes the door so tly, then HUSTLES DOWN THE HALLWAY.

F

INT. RICK & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick scrambles into the room and STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

13.

HIS POV - Maggie lays in bed, FAST ASLEEP.

RICK

No. Please, no.

Rick wants to wake her up but sees that she needs the sleep, so he just PULLS THE COVERS OVER HER SHOULDERS.

As Rick walks around the bed and INTO THE BATHROOM in the b.g., we HOLD ON MAGGIE until she OPENS HER EYES. She listens to her husband brush his teeth with perhaps a tinge of GUILT, and when he shuts off the faucet, she CLOSES HER EYES AGAIN, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Rick pushes Gunnar and Emma on the swings as a sweaty Fred APPROACHES carrying a tennis racket. (We see several TENNIS COURTS in the b.g.)

FRED

Hey.

RICK

Hey. How'd you make out?

FRED

Great. Lost both sets.

RICK

So'd you get the business?

Fred nods and wipes his brow.

FRED

Pretty sure I got the Auto and Home. He told me to call his accountant on Monday about the Life.

RICK

Nice.
Fred looks around at all the pretty MOMS and NANNIES with their CHILDREN.

FRED

Can you believe the talent here today?

RICK

(PAINED)

Yeah. I know.
They NOTICE something O.S..
THEIR POV - we see a SCANDINAVIAN AU PAIR bent over EXPOSING HER THONG UNDERWEAR as she picks up a CHILD from a wagon.

FRED

Ouch.

14.

Rick SIGHS.

RICK

CPR girl's back, too.
Rick nods toward A PIG-TAILED PARAMEDIC, early 30's,
TEACHING
A CPR CLASS. The two men look on solemnly.

FRED

Imagine if we were coming here back when we were single?

RICK

(FALSE BRAVADO)

Oh baby, the damage we would do.

EMMA

Monkey bars!
The kids JUMP off the swings and RUN for the jungle gym.

GUNNAR

Me first!
Rick trails them like a Sherpa carrying a couple Razor scooters and a basketball as Fred tags along. They shlep past THE TRI-DELTA SORORITY playing ultimate frisbee and

WEARING 'JUICY' SWEATS.

FRED

So you get lucky last night?

RICK

Nah, the kids were up when we got home. How 'bout you?

FRED

Well, kinda lucky. Grace conked right out so I snuck out to the car and rubbed one out.
Rick shoots Fred a look.

RICK

The car? What are you Knight Rider? Why didn't you just go in the bathroom like a normal guy?

FRED

And get caught by Grace? Can't risk it. Besides, cars turn me on--it's where I lost my virginity. And they're comfy--I just put the seat back and turn on the tunes.
The guys sit on a bench.

RICK

That's one of the things they don't tell you when you're young--that you'll still be jerking-off after you get married. I thought it was dust gonna be a teenage thing.

15

FRED

Yeah, I didn't see that one coming.
The two men sit in silence for a LONG BEAT as the Frisbee Girls play all around them.

FRED (CONT'D)

You know what I miss the most?

RICK

What?

FRED

The arch.

RICK

What arch?

FRED

You know when you're taking a girl's panties off for the first time, and you're wondering if she's going to stop you, but then she gives you that little pelvic arch-thrust that tells you that the struggle's over, everything's going to be okay?
Rick SIGHS.

RICK

That's a happy moment.

FRED

Yep. Another thing gone forever.
Rick looks at his watch.

RICK

I should get going, I have to drop the kids off at a birthday party.

FRED

You want to grab a coffee after?

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT MORNING

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Fred and Rick stand in line.

RICK

Do you have any interest in going down to the Patriot's training camp one of these days?

FRED

Are you kidding, I'd love that. Except...I always feel kind of pathetic waiting in line for Tom Brady's autograph.

16.

RICK

Fred, I was planning on bringing the kids.

FRED

Genius! That's the perfect cover! Rick shoots him a look then REACTS to something O.S.

RICK

Uh-oh...

HIS POV - SLO-MO of a BEAUTIFUL GIRL walking toward him. Her straight brown hair shimmers.. .her blue eyes twinkle.. .her white uniformed blouse is unbuttoned enough to reveal a tasteful amount of CLEAVAGE. This is COFFEE GIRL, 23, granola, fresh, Australian, spacey. BACK ON THE GUYS staring in awe.

FRED

Did you see her face? Her face is tremendous.

RICK

(chanting, scared)

Please don't have a nice ass,
please don't have a nice ass...

But as she turns to pour a cup of coffee, we see that HER

ASS

IS SPECTACULAR. Rick turns away, annoyed.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! That's ridiculous.

FRED

I know. She's from Australia. Been working here about a month.

RICK

Why'd you have to bring me here?!

FRED

Okay, cool it, tiger--here she comes.

Coffee Girl steps up to the counter and smiles at Fred.

COFFEE GIRL

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT)

Iced coffee with two Splendas again?

Fred wants to say yes, but just nods.

COFFEE GIRL (CONT'D)

How about your mate there?

RICK

(STUNNED)

Uh...same.

Her smile comes with a squint, which makes her eyes sparkle.

17.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals a WANNABE ARTIST-TYPE MALE EMPLOYEE, mid-20's (clearly covetous of Coffee Girl) sizing Rick and Fred up as he wipes down a counter.

BACK ON COFFEE GIRL AND OUR GUYS

COFFEE GIRL

(re: Rick's shirt)

Hey, Old Navy, you like a muffin with that?

RICK

Uh, sure. What do you recommend?

COFFEE GIRL

They're all good.

The Wannabe Artist-Type steps protectively up beside Coffee Girl.

WANNABE

I'd go with the bran muffin--you guys are probably having digestive issues at your age, right?

Rick flinches at this, then turns to Coffee Girl.

RICK

I'll have a blueberry muffin please.

FRED

Make it a bran muffin for me.

Rick shoots Fred a look, clearly annoyed. As Coffee Girl turns to get their order, we go to...

SAME SCENE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick and Fred, now with coffees, sit at the rear of the shop.

RICK

Did you notice she's from Cleavage, Ohio?

FRED

Yeah. I bet her areolas look like a couple of pepperoni slices.

Fred trains his eyes back on Coffee Girl and SQUINTS

INTENSELY.

RICK

What the hell are you doing?

FRED

Shh. I'm taking a mental photograph for my spank bank.

(UNDER BREATH)

Say cheese.

ED (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, guys, give it a rest.

18.

Rick and Fred turn to see ED LONG, tall, good-looking, mid-40's, standing at the creamer counter behind them.

RICK

Oh, hey, Ed. Didn't see you there.

ED

That's because you were shooting laser beams at the java babe.

RICK

Well, no, we were just--

ED

Come on, gentlemen, you're married men and she's half your age--grow

P--

The guys can't muster a response.

ED (CONT'D)

So I guess I'll be seeing you at the house-warming party this weekend.

RICK

Hm?

ED

This Saturday afternoon at the new casa--we're inally in and we're having a little celebration.

RICK

Oh, I don't know if we can--

ED

Your wives already RSVP'd.

RICK

Right on.

ED

'Til then.
Ed HOLDS OUT HIS FIST to them.

ED (CONT'D)

Come on, pound the potato.
Rick and Fred reluctantly take turns TAPPING Ed's fist with theirs. Then Ed leaves.

FRED

(UNDER BREATH)

What a d-bag.

RICK

He's right though.
Fred looks at Rick.

19.

RICK (CONT'D)

What are we doing sitting here
gawking at her for? We're married
men--it's creepy.

FRED

I don't see what the big deal is--
we're not hurting anyone. What is
he Big Brother--he's gonna tell me
what I can look at now? For God
sakes, don't take that away from me--
it's all I got!
As Rick thinks about this, we...

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BABY MONITOR - PULL BACK to reveal that it's in
the middle of a POKER TABLE next to a pile of ONE-DOLLAR
BILLS. Sitting around the table PLAYING LIAR'S POKER are
Rick, Fred, GARY, HOG-HEAD, BAKER, and FLATS, all in their
mid-30's to mid-40's. Hog-head has a huge melon, Baker is
husky, Flats is a pale red-head, and Gary is slight and
squirrelly.

BAKER

Rick, you open.
Rick takes a fresh DOLLAR BILL off the pile in front of him
and STUDIES THE SERIAL NUMBERS.

RICK

Four 9's.

FRED

Hey, where's Coakley? How come he
didn't show?

GARY

Vegas. Hawaiian Tropic finals.
The guys nod their approval.

BAKER

Man, imagine being Coakley? The
guy's single, he's loaded, chicks
love him, he doesn't have to answer
to anybody.

GARY

That's the life.

FRED

That is the life.

HOG-HEAD

Let me ask you something: What
would you guys pay to have your way
with a Hawaiian Tropic girl for an
entire weekend?
The guys perk up as they think about this.

20.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)

You get to pick any one you want--
and you know up front that you
won't get her pregnant, no
diseases, you're never gonna hear
from her again, and your wife will
never find out.

GARY

How's it possible to know that my wife won't find out?

HOG-HEAD

(ANNOYED)

It's not. I'm saying if it were possible, like if I was a magic genie and I could grant you this wish but then make it like it never even happened.

FLATS

But would I still have memory of it?

HOG-HEAD

Oh yeah. Great memories.

GARY

Oof. I think I'd pay 500 bucks for that.
Baker shoots him a look.

BAKER

You cheap, bastard. We're talking about an investment that gets your rocks off and protects your wife's feelings. I'd pay five grand.

RICK

Wow.

GARY

Well, excuse me, Mr. Wall Street, but us public school teachers aren't getting any of that bail-out money you're over-tipping everyone with.
Just then, the front door OPENS and Maggie ENTERS.

MAGGIE

Hey, guys.

RICK

Oh, hey, honey. How was the book club?

MAGGIE

Great.

FRED

What did you guys read this month?

21.

MAGGIE

Hemingway.

GARY

Old Man and the Sea?

MAGGIE

No, Muriel's yoga book.
The guys LAUGH.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Actually, we were supposed to be discussing The Sun Also Rises but Grace pulled out a bottle of tequila and that was the end of that. So, did the kids go down easy?

RICK

Gunnar and Emma stalled for a while, but they weren't bad.

MAGGIE

How about the baby?
Rick points to the BABY MONITOR in the middle of the table.

RICK

Not a peep.

MAGGIE

Great job. Now win some money, honey.
She kisses Rick and walks out of the room.

GARY

I wish I could drink tequila. It's a great buzz but it always gives me the spins and then I have to go home early.

FRED

You want to know a sure cure for
the spins?
Fred puts a hand over his right eye.

FRED (CONT'D)

Just cover up one eye. It balances
out the equilibrium.

RICK

Or you could find a nice 12-step
program.

CUT TO:

22.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Maggie gets to the top of the stairs, she can hear the
O.S. SOUND OF THE BABY CRYING. She walks down the hall,
opens the Baby's door and REACTS.
HER POV - the exhausted and sweaty Baby is standing in his
crib, SOBBING. The baby monitor is on the dresser next to
the crib BLARING out LAUGHTER from the poker game.

INT. BABY NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

Oh, you poor thing...
She hurries to the Baby and PICKS HIM UP.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Silly Daddy... he got the monitors
mixed-up. Have you been listening
to those loud-mouths all night?
As Maggie moves to turn off the monitor, we HEAR:

FLATS (O.S.)

.So how 'bout you, Fred--how much
would you pay to s end an entire
weekend with one of the hottest

women in the world?
Maggie hesitates and LISTENS IN.

FRED (O.S.)

I wouldn't have to pay--I'm married
to her.
There's a BEAT, then the guys EXPLODE IN LAUGHTER.

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

No, seriously, I'd pay five grand,
easy.
Maggie's JAW DROPS.

BACK ON POKER GAME

FRED (CONT'D)

I'd have to figure out a way to get
it out of the bank without Grace
noticing, but I suppose the genie
could help me with that.

HOG-HEAD

You could put me down for seven-
five.

BAKER

Pfttt. Hog-head, your ass doesn't
have seven-five.
More LAUGHTER from the guys as Rick deals out fresh bills.

23.

FLATS

So what's your number, Rick?

RICK

Oh jeez, Flats, I don't know...

FRED

Come on.. any girl you choose. You
get to do anything you want with
her, and your wife will never find
out. It's completely harmless, a
one-time thing--what would you pay

for that?
BACK ON MAGGIE as she cradles her baby and LEANS CLOSER to the monitor.

RICK (O.S.)

I honestly don't know, fellas.

BAKER (O.S.)

Ballpark.

PUSH IN ON MAGGIE as she waits nervously for her husband's answer.

RICK (O.S.)

Well... I've got a great wife and I sure wouldn't want to hurt her feelings, so...
Maggie SMILES at this. That's my guy!

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

I guess the real question is, what wouldn't I pay?!
The guys LAUGH O.S. and MAGGIE REACTS, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE AND RICK'S KITCHEN - LATER

Maggie's got Rick backed into a corner.

MAGGIE

What wouldn't you pay?!

RICK

I didn't really mean it, honey.
(scared, defenseless)
They kind of put me on the spot.
Look, some of the other guys were throwing out some pretty hefty bids.

MAGGIE

What does that have to do with anything?

RICK

Well... I'm the host of the party, I didn't want to be a buzz-kill.

24

Maggie squints, appalled.

RICK (CONT'D)

Look, all I was saying was, there's no amount of money I wouldn't pay to protect you and the kids.

MAGGIE

How is having sex with a hooker protecting me and the kids?

RICK

No one said anything about hookers.

MAGGIE

You were paying for sex--what would you call her?

RICK

(WEAKLY)

Well.. .the genie was getting the dough, not her.

(RECOVERING)

Come on, be reasonable, it was just guy-talk--it's not like it could really happen.

Maggie shakes her head, disgusted, and leaves the room.

RICK (CONT'D)

(CALLING OUT)

Love you!

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Maggie, Grace, and Dr. Lucy eat at an upscale restaurant. Dr. Lucy listens quietly to the women.

GRACE

Fred said five grand? What a blowhard!

MAGGIE

You know what's even funnier? Hog-head McCormick said he'd pay seven grand.

GRACE

What?! That bum hasn't worked since the dot-com bust--his wife supports him!
The girls LAUGH.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Well, look on the bright side: At least they're not cheating on us.

MAGGIE

Sometimes I wonder if it would be better if they did cheat and get it over with.

25.

DR. LUCY

You mean, rather than take the slow boat to resentment?
The girls look to Dr. Lucy.

DR. LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying.. .maybe a little freedom would be good for them. And for you.

(BEAT)

Have you ever considered giving them a hall pass?

GRACE

A what?

DR. LUCY

A hall pass. A week off from marriage.
Grace and Maggie stop chewing.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute. . .Are you saying let them go out and cheat?

DR. LUCY

I'm saying give them a week off from marriage.

(BEAT)

Look, most married men have foggy memories of their single days and they somehow get under the impression that if not for you, they'd be able to be with all those women who entice them.

GRACE

That's Fred. He thinks because he sees big tits everywhere and then still comes home for dinner that I should be welcoming him at the door like some conquering hero.
Dr. Lucy smiles.

DR. LUCY

Well, maybe it's time to let them go out there and find out what it's really like.

MAGGIE

Wow. You're talking about the nuclear option.
Maggie ponders the idea.

GRACE

And remind me again, what good could possibly come from this...?

26.

DR. LUCY

There's a wonderful principle in psychology called 'reactance theory.' It basically states that if you're constantly told you can't

do something, you want to do it more than ever. And conversely, if you remove the taboo, you remove the obsession.

Grace makes a 't' sound.

GRACE

(SARCASTIC)

I got an idea, Doc: Why don't you try a hall pass out on your husband and let us know how it works out.

DR. LUCY

Oh, I have.

Grace and Maggie REACT to this.

MAGGIE

You're telling us you let Charlie sleep with another woman?

Dr. Lucy takes a moment before answering.

DR. LUCY

I am not telling you that. I am telling you that I gave him the freedom to choose for himself.

GRACE

And...?

DR. LUCY

All I know is...our marriage is better than ever.

Grace and Maggie think about this.

GRACE

I don't know. There's a reason that men evolved and apes didn't. It's because women demanded more.

Without a wife, Einstein would've been humping a maple tree all day.

As the women LAUGH, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ED & KIMMY LONG'S ESTATE - DAY

There are several flashy cars out front of this huge McMansion. As Fred and Grace and Rick and Maggie get out of Fred's mini-van, Ed Long comes out of the house to greet them. (Ed's 5-YEAR-OLD SON is beside him wearing khakis and

Polo shirt, just like his father.)

GRACE

There he is! The lord of the manor!

27.

ED

Come on, everyone in the shack! The grand tour's about to begin!

INT. STUDY - AFTERNOON

Ed and his wife KIMMY (late-30's, high-maintenance) lead Rick, Fred, Maggie, Grace, and SEVERAL OTHER GUESTS into a large wood-paneled study. (The Long's 7-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER sticks to her mother's side WEARING A MATCHING DRESS.)

ED

I call it headquarters.
LARRY BOHAC, mid-40's, and his blonde bombshell of a wife, MANDY, (who wears A TOO-TIGHT T-SHIRT) look around in awe.

MANDY

Un-believable.

ED

That's sweet of you to say, Mandy.

LARRY

It's epic, Ed.
Ed points to one wall which houses a GLASSED-IN HUMIDOR.

ED

(RE: HUMIDOR)

And this over here--this is the war room. The temperature in there never goes above fifty-four degrees, never below fifty-three. I even threw in a back-up generator in case we lose power and the main generator doesn't kick in. Now who wants a Cubano? They're the real

deal--Coakley snagged them on his trip to Havana.

KIMMY

Wait a second, Ed, first I want to show them Lny headquarters. Fred looks at Rick and rolls his eyes.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like a Waterworks showroom. Despite its bloated opulence, Grace and Maggie can't help but be impressed.

KIMMY

It's my paradise.

ED

With a price tag north of one hundred and forty large, it better be paradise. Ed holds out his fist and Rick obediently POUNDS IT. Just then Grace NOTICES that Fred has disappeared.

28.

GRACE

Hey, where did Fred go? Rick turns and sees that he's missing.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Rick walks down a hall and finds Fred in a guest room watching a baseball game on TV.

RICK

What are you doing?

FRED

I can't take these look-at-how-much-I-own parties. It's obnoxious. Rick nods and sits down beside him.

FRED (CONT'D)

When I bought my completely-loaded

Honda Odyssey, I didn't go around bragging about it, did I?

RICK

Well, kind of. You made me drive around town with you for two hours, remember?

FRED

(DEFENSIVE)

I thought you'd want to watch a movie in a mini-van. You never got to watch a movie in a mini-van before, did you?
Rick shrugs.

RICK

Why'd you have to hook your boat up to it?

FRED

Because it's the Touring Edition, numb-skull. The thing can tow more weight than ninety percent of the pick-ups out there!

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Everybody is admiring the antique fireplace.

KIMMY

The mantle actually came all the way from Tuscany, which is in Europe.

ED

Hey, gang, check this out.

29.

KIMMY

Oh God, Eddie, they don't need to see that--they'll think we're wackos.

Ed PUNCHES A CODE into a keypad and the WALL SLIDES OPEN revealing a SAFE ROOM.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Grace, and the others follow Ed into a safe room filled with VIDEO MONITORS surveilling all the rooms in the house. When Kimmy ENTERS she pushes a button CLOSING THE

WALL BEHIND THEM.

MAGGIE

Oh my God... this is like secret agent stuff.

KIMMY

I think having a safe room is a bit over the top, but Ed feels with our two little ones you can never be too cautious.

GRACE

Aw, you're such a good daddy.

MAGGIE

(aside to Grace)

Rick can't even set up the baby monitors right.

Ed points to a monitor where we see Rick and Fred ENTER the master bedroom.

ED

Here come Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.

CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR - we see Rick and Fred cross over to the master bathroom doorway and look in.

RICK (ON MONITOR)

.All I'm saying is, who gets a mini-van when you don't even have any kids?

FRED (ON MONITOR)

You don't know much about the insurance game, do you, Rick? When you pull into a person's driveway to sell them life insurance, who do you think they'd rather see? A hot-shot in a Porsche or a family man

in a mini-van? Hm?
Rick looks around the empty room.

RICK (ON MONITOR)

Hey, where'd everyone go?

30.

GRACE

(CALLING OUT)

Guys, we're in here!

KIMMY

They can't hear you. The room's
completely soundproof.

ED

And bulletproof.

ON VIDEO MONITOR WALL - we see Rick and Fred LEAVE ONE

SCREEN

and ENTER ANOTHER.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Fred walk back into Ed's study.

RICK

They must've gone downstairs.
Fred motions to Ed's humidor room.

FRED

(BRITISH ACCENT)

Thanks for coming to the war room,
old chap. By the way, did I mention
that my wife's vagina never goes
above fifty-four degrees, nor below
fifty-three.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry Bohac CHUCKLES and Grace shifts uncomfortably.

GRACE

Uh, maybe we should turn this off.
But Ed turns THE VOLUME UP.
CLOSE ON MONITOR - Rick plays along with a BAD BRITISH

ACCENT.

RICK (ON MONITOR)

Is that so, dear boy? And what happens if you lose power during a big blow and your main generator doesn't kick in?

FRED (ON MONITOR)

Well that's why I had the back-up generator installed in Kimmy's rumpus.
Kimmy makes a face, shocked.

GRACE

(under breath; resigned)
Here we go...

31.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

RICK

Hey, speaking of installations, is that a shiny new set of cans on Mandy Bohac?

FRED

Either that or she's wearing her daughter's t-shirt.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Mandy's surprised face. She looks at Larry, who's suddenly not so amused.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

RICK

They look good but I'll still take the real deal any day.

FRED

Right. You're telling me you'd take Kimmy Long's flapjacks over Mandy's new speedbags?

RICK

That's what I'm telling you. I like boobs with a little mileage on 'em. They're more fun.

FRED

Fun?

RICK

Yeah. You can smoosh 'em, swing 'em, hump 'em, Stretch-Armstrong 'em.

FRED

And what about the proven correlation between floppy boobs and large-mouth vaginas?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ED & KIMMY LONG'S ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie and Grace hurry down the front walk trailed by their shell-shocked husbands. A trembling and IRATE Kimmy is held back at the door by Ed and a couple other Guests.

KIMMY

You people are horrible! Horrible!

ED

(CALLING OUT)

I'm very disappointed, gentlemen!

32.

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

No one speaks. Grace drives and Maggie sits beside her, humiliation etched across their faces. Finally:

FRED

Uh, anyone thinking chocolate chip
cookie dough in a waffle cone?
Grace YANKS the mini-van to the side of the road and GLARES

BACK AT HIM.

GRACE

Large-mouth vaginas?!
As the guys cower, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick looks small and weak sitting on the couch while Maggie stands across from him rubbing her temples. It looks like the Norman Rockwell painting where the mom reprimands her little boy for sneaking a frog into the house.

MAGGIE

You know what really troubles me?
The thing that you're all so
obsessed with is meaningless to
you. It's really just about numbers
with you guys.
Rick looks up, confused.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Rick, you can't even tel me the
month you lost your virginity. I
can tell you the exact day and hour
that I lost mine.
Rick seems a little embarrassed by this.

RICK

Well, virginity is different for
guys.

MAGGIE

The point is, obviously I like sex,
too--it means something to me--but
I don't walk around gawking at
every guy I see.

RICK

All right, so I occasionally notice other women. I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

Occasionally?

Rick rakes his hands through his hair and decides to come clean.

33.

RICK

Okay, you want the truth? You really want me to pull back the curtain here? From the moment I leave the house in the morning 'til the moment I get home, I pretty much notice every woman in my path. Maggie turns to face him.

RICK (CONT'D)

But it's not how you think it is, Mags. It's like... it's like a curse. I don't want to notice, but I can't help it. It's always been like that. I figured that when I c jot married that would be it, but it wasn't--the thing, doesn't give two shits about marriage.

MAGGIE

(HURT)

So what are you saying--you're not happy with our sex life?
Rick reaches up and takes her hand.

RICK

No. Of course I'm happy, honey--our sex life is great--not that I wouldn't mind a little more, but-- look, one thing has nothing to do with the other. I think about sex a lot--all guys do--that's just the

way it is.
Maggie sits down beside him, clearly at the end of her rope.
No one speaks for a few moments. Then:

MAGGIE

I'm giving you a hall pass.

RICK

A what?

MAGGIE

One week off from marriage.

RICK

You mean, like a trial separation?
You are seriously overreacting.

MAGGIE

It's not a separation, it's a hall
pass. You can do whatever you want.
Get it out of your system.

RICK

(BEAT)

Wait a minute--are you for real?

34.

MAGGIE

It's not a yes or no offer, and
it's not a debate. You're getting a
hall pass.
As Maggie heads upstairs, we PUSH IN on a confused Rick.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie is washing out a pan at the sink when Rick ENTERS
dressed for work. We hear the O.S. SOUNDS of The Wiggles
coming from a TV in another room.

RICK

'Morning.

MAGGIE

(not facing him)
There's a couple hard-boiled eggs
in a bowl there for you.

RICK

I'm gonna have to take them to go,
hon, I've got a showing in fifteen
minutes.
Rick puts the eggs in his pocket, then approaches Maggie and
kisses her on the cheek.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, about this hall pass
business.. I don't want it and I
don't need it. All I need is--

MAGGIE

I told you, this isn't negotiable.
She turns and faces him.

RICK

You're really serious about this?

MAGGIE

Rick, this isn't something that
I...look, I really think you need
this. I think we need this.
Rick doesn't know what to say.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This afternoon I'm taking the kids
out to my parent's beach house.
Rick REACTS to this.

RICK

For how long?

35.

MAGGIE

We'll be back in one week. And as

far as I'm concerned, starting right now. .. you have the week off from marriage.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

This is a big shiny place. All fixed-up. Fred pulls up in his mini-van and gets out. He walks past a Coldwell Banker For Sale sign with Rick's name on it.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SAME

Rick is showing the kitchen to a COUPLE, mid-40's, when Fred

ENTERS.

RICK

Hey, what are you doing here?

FRED

I called your office and they told me you were in the neighborhood. Rick turns to the couple.

RICK

Oh, this is a friend of mine, Fred Searing. Fred, this is Harold and Nancy Goldberg--they're moving up here from Long Island.

FRED

Well, mazel tov, folks. The Goldbergs look at Fred a little warily as he takes out a card.

FRED (CONT'D)

Here, let me give you my card. Home, auto, or life insurance--I'm the go-to mensch in town.

HAROLD GOLDBERG

We're good on insurance. Rick quickly jumps in.

RICK

(to the Goldbergs)
Uh, why don't you two take another look around and if you have any questions I'll be right here.

HAROLD GOLDBERG

Thank you.

The Goldbergs walk out and Rick closes the door behind them.

36.

RICK

(HUSHED)

What the hell are you doing--I'm trying to make a sale here.

FRED

You weren't picking up your cell--I wanted to see how much trouble you got in last night. You know what Grace made me do? She made me call the Longs and apologize.
Rick flinches.

RICK

Oof .

FRED

How 'bout you--did Maggie freak out when you got home?

RICK

Uh... sort of.

Rick peeks out the kitchen door to make sure the Goldberg's aren't listening. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)

She gave me a hall pass.

FRED

A what?

RICK

A week off from marriage to do whatever I want. She's going to her parents' house down the Cape 'til next Sunday.
Fred SNICKERS.

FRED

Yeah, right.

RICK

I'm serious.

FRED

You're full of shit.

RICK

Fred, it's true. You think I could
make something like this up?
Fred stares at him.

FRED

I don't get it--why aren't you more
excited?

RICK

Well...I don't know how I feel.

37.

FRED

About...?

RICK

The hall pass. Something about it
isn't right.

FRED

You mean, like, you think Maggie
might have a brain tumor or
something?

RICK

No. I mean, just because my wife
tells me it's okay to cheat... is
it?

FRED

Uh, yeah.

(BEAT)

Why can't you just accept the fact that your wife is a goddamn saint, Rick? She's evolved. Don't you see? She gets it!

RICK

Yeah, but there's a part of me that's saying, 'Wow, you must have pushed her pretty hard to get her to this point.' And is that good for a marriage? That your wife is willing to try something this insane? Fred can't believe his ears.

FRED

Absolutely!

(BEAT)

Come on, doesn't it bother you that our wives dreams all come true, but ours don't? Look at Maggie; when she was a kid she played house--you gave her a house. She played with her E-Z-Bake Oven--you bought her a Viking. She played mommy--you made her a mommy.

RICK

The oven's a GE.

FRED

It's a real gas oven! And what about you, huh? Come on, man, your wife is living her dreams.. .and now it's time for you to live yours. As Rick thinks about this, we

CUT TO:

INT. FRED & GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred and Grace climb the stairs at the end of the day.

38.

FRED

I don't know, I think this is some very forward-thinking on Maggie's part.

GRACE

Quit lobbying--you're not getting a hall pass. And you mark my words, this is going to end up biting Maggie in the ass.
At the top of the stairs Fred puts his arms around her.

FRED

Why would I need a hall pass? I've got you.

GRACE

Not tonight you don't. I'm too bloated and I have cramps.

FRED

I don't mind.

GRACE

Fred, do I have to spell it out for you? I'm having my period.

FRED

(MATTER-OF-FACT)

Yeah, I got that.
He moves in for a kiss but she pulls away.

GRACE

Come on, hon, give me a break. Not tonight.
Disappointed, Fred watches her walk toward the bedroom.

FRED

(CALLING OUT)

Oh, shit--I forgot to take the trash out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRED & GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

home.

Fred's mini-van is parked on the street in front of his

We HEAR Styx's The Best of Times coming from inside the car and we MOVE IN CLOSER until we're...
LOOKING THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW at Fred. He's sitting in the driver's seat; his EYES ARE CLOSED and his head is slung back as he JERKS-OFF (just below frame) to the MUSIC. A POLICE CRUISER passes in the b.g., then a moment later BACKS INTO FRAME and STOPS NEXT TO FRED. As the two POLICE OFFICERS look on from their car trying to figure out what the guy is doing, the oblivious Fred continues to STROKE HIS MEAT to the BEAT.

39.

Officer #1 gets out of the driver's side. He DISAPPEARS FROM FRAME and then REAPPEARS at Fred's driver's side window. Now only inches from Fred, he bends over and LOOKS INSIDE THE

CAR.

The Officer motions for his partner to join him. As Fred continues to POUND HIMSELF TO THE MUSIC, Officer #2 climbs out of the cruiser. He takes out his flashlight and SHINES IT ON FRED'S O.S. LAP. As the weary officers look at each other with a NOW-WE'VE-SEEN-IT-ALL EXPRESSION, we...

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

have The police lights are FLASHING now and several NEIGHBORS gathered on their front lawns to see what's going on. PAN to Fred's front steps where we see a HANDCUFFED Fred standing meekly as the two Police Officers confer with a furious-looking Grace (in her bathrobe.)

OFFICER #1

All right, ma'am, if you say he's yours.. you can have him.
The Officer TAKES OFF FRED'S HANDCUFFS.

GRACE

Thank you, officers.
Fred scurries into the house ahead of Grace. As soon as the door shuts, we HEAR:

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

WHAT KIND OF SICK PRICK JERKS OFF

IN HIS OWN FRONT YARD?!

As the Police Officers head back to their car, we go...
CLOSE ON a smiling Fred.

FRED

I got a Hall Pass!

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Rick is at his desk staring at a giddy Fred.

RICK

How?

FRED

Doesn't matter how. I got one. Can
you believe it?! I got a hall pass!
Rick stands up, elated.

RICK

And I've got a hall pass!

FRED

We both have hall passes!

40.

RICK

When does yours start?
Fred looks at his watch.

FRED

Twenty-three minutes ago! She just
left for the Cape--she's staying
with Maggie. It's just you and me
for the next six days!

RICK

Oh my God, do you realize how much

easier this is going to make it--
having a hall pass partner?

FRED

And it's not just me--Baker, Gary,
and Hog-head are coming out with us
tonight!

RICK

No way?! They got hall passes,
too?!

FRED

No, no, no--they just want to
watch.
Rick grows concerned.

RICK

You think that's a good idea,
letting them in on it? What if they
blab and it gets around town--it
might embarrass our wives.

FRED

Don't worry, I already talked to
them. Their lips are sealed.
Rick and Fred smile.

FRED (CONT'D)

We're living the dream, baby!

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 1

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rick, Fred, and their MIDDLE-AGED POSSE (Baker, Hog-head &
Gary) walk across a boulevard like rock stars. (Think of

the

SLO-MO shots from Swingers or Reservoir Dogs.) Nobody
smiles, they're all business as they hit the sidewalk and
march straight into ...APPLEBEE'S.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - MOMENTS LATER

They step up to the bar.

41.

RICK

(TO BARTENDER)

Five MGD's, my friend.
While waiting for the beers, the guys CHECK OUT THE SCENE.
It's mostly FAMILIES, a few YOUNG COUPLES.

RICK (CONT'D)

The guy at the Holiday Inn Express
told me this place really kicks in
around nine-thirty.

BAKER

Hey, why are you staying at a hotel
if your wives are out of town?

FRED

Well, we can't very well take babes
back to our places--if they know
where we live they might end up
stalking us.

RICK

Besides, I wouldn't be able to
concentrate with all the pictures
everywhere and the kids' cut-outs
all over the fridge.

GARY

Yeah, isn't it weird how your own
kids can creep you out sometimes?
Rick shoots Gary a look.

FRED

I get the feeling there's a lot of
divorcees in this place.

HOG-HEAD

That's good. Divorcees are into
kinky sex--that's why they're
divorced.
Just then the BARTENDER arrives with the Miller Genuine
Drafts and the guys CLINK BOTTLES.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)

end

So come on, point out which girls
you guys are gonna do tonight.
Gary elbows Fred as he spots TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN at the
of the bar.

GARY

What about those two? Why don't you
bang them?

FRED

No way. They're doing the

SWEATSHIRT-AROUND-THE-WAIST THING--

they're obviously hiding something
back there.

42

GARY

Okay, how about the blonde hostess?
Maybe somebody should nail her,
huh?

RICK

Attempt to be cool, Gary--we've got
a whole week.
Baker looks around at the lame bar scene.

BAKER

Are you guys sure that Applebee's
is the best place to be picking up
women?

RICK

What are you thinking--Olive
Garden?

GARY

Nah, that's only good on Thursday
nights.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, what about the auto show?

Baker shoots them a look.

BAKER

Are you guys for real?

GARY

Wait a second--where's Coakley?
That's where we should be.

BAKER

He's in Iceland.

RICK

What's he doing there?

BAKER

What do you think he's doing there?
The guys all nod at this, proud of him.

RICK

Look, before we go bagging any
chicks, I gotta get a hunk of beef
in me.

GARY

Hey, I got a guy over at Outback
Steak House who could set us up.

BAKER

Ooooh, he's got pull over at
Outback. Wow.

RICK

Hey, I like Outback. Let's chug
these and hit the road.

43.

As the guys drink up, Hog-head puts his arm around Gary.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, Gar, you don't happen to have
any connections at 7/11, do ya?
Maybe someone could hook me up with
a player's card so I can cut right

to the front of the raspberry
slurpy line.

The guys all LAUGH, as we

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CAPE COD BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

This is an old summer shack nestled on a quiet bluff
overlooking the sound.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - SAME

Grace stands at the window staring out on the ocean, while
Maggie nestles on the couch reading a summer novel. The

kids

are asleep and the place is quiet.

GRACE

I think we might've made a huge
mistake.

MAGGIE

Stop thinking about it, Grace. Why
don't you just try to get some
sleep?

Grace turns to Maggie.

GRACE

Sleep? I can't sleep. I don't
understand you--how can you just
sit there and read knowing that
Rick could be making out with a
supermodel right now?
Maggie doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Our husbands aren't married this
week. Do you know what husbands do
when they're not married?

MAGGIE

Shh. You're going to wake the kids.

GRACE

Are you going to sit there and tell
me you're not the least bit
concerned about what they're doing
right now?

Maggie SIGHS.

MAGGIE

Okay... I'm a little concerned.

44.

Grace flops into the chair across from her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Of course I'm concerned. But what choice did we have?

GRACE

We could've kept the status quo. I mean, were things really that bad that we had to try something this extreme?

MAGGIE

For me they were.

(BEAT)

Look, you may call this a hall pass, but for me it's more of a Hail Mary pass. I'm serious, I don't know what else to do. Grace looks at Maggie, surprised.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Remember last week when we went to Lucy's award thing?
Grace nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That night when we got home, Rick and I were gonna.. .you know... and I was waiting for him in bed while he tucked the kids in, and I started wondering who he would be thinking about during sex. Would it be the girl he checked out on the way into the party? Or would it be Missy Frankenfield--because I noticed him gawking at her? Or how about one of the waitresses, or maybe somebody he saw at work that day? Then when he came into the room, I did something I'd never done before: I

pretended to be asleep.

GRACE

You're kidding me? You've never done that? I do that all the time! Maggie almost smiles.

MAGGIE

Look, I understand that people have fantasies and that you're not always thinking about the person you're with.

GRACE

That's for sure.

MAGGIE

But it's just...I don't know... it's been too long since I felt that he was thinking about me.

45.

They sit there for a moment, quiet. Then:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I need this hall pass to work, Grace, because if it doesn't, I don't know what's going to happen.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

We see two VERY OLD COUPLES walking out with doggie bags.

INT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - SAME

Our five guys are in a MEAT COMA, slouched in their chairs nursing red wines and talking through PURPLE TEETH. Several

EMPTY WINE BOTTLES, MARTINI GLASSES, HALF-EATEN STEAKS, CARVED UP POTATO AU GRATIN and CREAMED SPINACH PLATES, and MANGLED KEY-LIME PIES litter the table.

BAKER

Okay... so where to now?
Rick can't think in this state.

RICK

Fred...?

FRED

Hm?

RICK

Answer Baker.

FRED

What's the question?

RICK

What are we doing for the rest of
the night?

FRED

(DISINTERESTED)

I don't know. Getting laid, right?

HOG-HEAD

I gotta go home and poo.

BAKER

Now?

HOG-HEAD

Yeah, I put too much Hollandaise on
the mozzarella sticks.

GARY

Why don't you just back one out
here?

HOG-HEAD

I'm pretty sure I'm gonna need a
bath afterwards.

46.

Baker musters some initiative and STANDS UP.

BAKER

Come on, you guys! I say we go to a strip club and smoke cigars-- that'll wake us up!

RICK

I got a better idea.
Rick STRETCHES.

RICK (CONT'D)

Let's go night-night.

BAKER

What?

RICK

I say we tie a bow on it and put her to bed. This is gonna be a long week so we should pace ourselves.
Baker looks at his watch.

BAKER

It's only nine-thirty!

FRED

I'm with Rico.

(YAWNS)

Freddy tie-tie.

GARY

(DISAPPOINTED)

Are you guys serious?

RICK

Relax, guys, this is just the calm before the storm. Get out the plywood and batten down the hatches.

FRED

That's right. Tonight we build up strength, tomorrow we make landfall.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 2

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Rick, Fred, Hog-head, and Gary are stretching on the first tee of a local FOUR-STAR GOLF RESORT while taking in the sights. Nearby, we see the hotel swimming pool lined with ATTRACTIVE WOMEN in bikinis.

47.

HOG-HEAD

Wow. This place sure beats the hell out of the Holiday Inn Express. Why aren't you staying here?

RICK

Too pricey. Besides, since we're paying for golf we get full access to the resort--including the pool bar.

FRED

Mothers, lock up your daughters-- the dogs are off the leash!

RICK

Turn-and-burn, baby!
Gary raises his hand for a HIGH-FIVE, but Rick balks.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nope. I don't do that.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, I say screw the golf--let's go straight to the pool bar and start getting you guys laid!

RICK

Hoch-head, relax, the pool bar ain't going nowhere. Besides, it'll be good for us to get a little sun before making our grand entrance-- chicks love a healthy glow.

FRED

Plus it wouldn't hurt to work up a little sweat--get those pheromones flying.
Just then, two sexy BEER-CART GIRLS wave as they pass.

HOG-HEAD

You talked me into it.

GARY

Hey, guys, look what I brought.
Gary holds up a ZIPLOCK BAG full of something chocolatey.

RICK

What's that?

GARY

Pot brownskies.
The guys all look at one another, baffled.

RICK

What, are we on spring break? Where the hell'd you get those?

GARY

I got an in.

48.

FRED

With who?

GARY

Guy who washes my dog. Go ahead.
He holds out the bag and the guys hesitate.

GARY (CONT'D)

Eating it isn't like smoking it.
It's a much mellower buzz--you'll just feel relaxed.

HOG-HEAD

Are they chocolatey?
As Hog-Head SNIFFS the brownies, Rick takes a practice swing.

RICK

Hog-head, come on, who eats pot brownies at eleven in the morning when they're playing golf?

HOG-HEAD

John Daly?

GARY

And by the way, Rick, this is spring break! You've got a hall pass! Live it up, man! It'll probably help your rap with the ladies later.

HOG-HEAD

Gary's right--when are we ever gonna get the chance to do pot brownies again?
Hog-Head takes a brownie and BITES INTO IT.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)

Mmm. These are yummy.

RICK

You don't even have a hall pass.

HOG-HEAD

So? I can still live vicariously through you guys, can't I?

RICK

It's not vicarious if you're actually doing it.

HOG-HEAD

Whatever. Just hit your ball.
Hog-Head takes ANOTHER BITE.

FRED

Oh, what the hell, it's not like my game can get any worse.

49.

IT. Rick watches Fred pick up a brownie and TENTATIVELY TASTE
Then Gary INHALES HIS IN ONE BITE.

RICK

All right, give me one of those things.
As Rick drops his club and walks toward the brownies, we

SUPER:

75 MINUTES LATER

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A dazed and confused Rick and Fred are RECLINING in their cart in the middle of the fairway. For a while neither of them speak. Then:

FRED

What kind of soap do you use?

RICK

(BEAT)

You mean in the shower?

FRED

Yeah.

RICK

Dove.

FRED

Yeah, I like Dove--it doesn't dry your skin so much.
Fred stares into space.

FRED (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's hard to wash off, though. Because of the moisturizer. You ever notice--?

RICK

IN I think Hog-head's dead.
Fred looks over and sees Hog-head SPRAWLED OUT ON HIS BACK
A SAND TRAP. He's not moving.

FRED

(CALLING OUT)

Hog-head...? Are you okay?
As Hog-head starts to make SNOW ANGELS IN THE SAND, an elderly COURSE RANGER pulls up in a golf cart.

RANGER

What the hell is he doing?
Rick and Fred grow visibly tense at the sight of an authority figure.

RICK

Uh, he's having back spasms.

50.

RANGER

Not him. Him.
Rick and Fred turn and see Gary STANDING CHEST-DEEP in the MIDDLE OF A POND just STARING AT THEM.

RICK

(CALLING OUT)

Gary! What are you doing?!

GARY

I don't know--you tell me!
Gary starts to LAUGH MANIACALLY. The Ranger turns to Rick, annoyed.

RANGER

Look, this is the third time I've had to flag your group and you're only on the fourth hole. Now if I have to come out here again, you're done for the day.

RICK

Gotcha. We'll pick it up, sir.
The Ranger shoots them a look and DRIVES OFF toward the TWO ASIAN FOURSOMES waiting on the tee behind them.

CUT TO:

SUPER:

27 MINUTES LATER

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The four guys are unnaturally bunched together on another fairway.

RICK

Think. Where did you last see it?

GARY

On the course.

RICK

Where on the course?

GARY

I don't know--on a fairway, I think. I clot out, grabbed my club, took a swing, and when I turned around it had disappeared.

RICK

You're serious? You're telling us you lost your golf cart?

FRED

(STONER VOICE)

Dude, where's my golf cart?

51.

RICK

Shut up, Fred.

HOG-HEAD

Guys, I gotta go poo again.

GARY

I didn't lose it, I think it was

stolen.

RICK

(ANNOYED)

Who would steal a golf cart?
Gary shrugs.

GARY

Criminals?

HOG-HEAD

Does anyone have any napkins?

GARY

Look, all I know is I had it on the
seventh tee and now it's gone.

RICK

What are you talking about? We're
only on the sixth hole.

GARY

What? Did we miss a hole? Where's
my kids?
Rick closes his eyes and rubs his head, trying to keep it
together. Then he NOTICES something O.S..

RICK

Oh, come on, man!
ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS Hog-head down in a greenside bunker
PULLING UP HIS PANTS. As he starts to KICK SAND over his
O.S. POOP like a cat in its litter box, we HEAR a noise and
the guys look up.
THEIR POV - the Golf Ranger comes flying over a hill heading
straight for them.

FRED

Run for it!
The guys run toward Rick's cart, jump in, and take off. Rick
and Fred are in the seats, while Gary and Hog-head HANG OFF
THE BACK. The cart BARRELS down a cart path with the Ranger

HOT IN PURSUIT.

GARY

He's gaining on us!

RICK

I can't go any faster, I've got it
flooded!

52.

FRED

Cut through the woods!

Without slowing down, Rick TURNS SHARPLY TO THE RIGHT and Gary and Hog-head TUMBLE OUT OF THE CART.

With panic etched across their sweaty faces, Gary and Hog-head quickly jump to their feet and run after the cart. Rick slows just enough for them to catch up and jump back on,

then

he speeds down a maintenance path and DISAPPEARS INTO THE

WOODS.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Ed and Kimmy Long are sitting at an outside table having lunch with their two young children. Their 7-Year-Old Daughter is again dressed just like her mother and the 5-

Year-

Old Son is dressed like the father.

7-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER

Hey, Mom, look!

The family turns to see...

THEIR POV - a stoned-looking Rick, Fred, Hog-head and Gary are driving the golf cart down the city street. They stop at a traffic light beside them. All the guys stare straight ahead, ZOMBIE-LIKE, except for Fred who NOTICES the Longs. He nods.

FRED

Ed. Kimmy. Clones.

The light changes and as the golf cart DRIVES OFF through

the

busy intersection, we go

BACK ON ED AND KIMMY shaking their heads.

KIMMY

Their poor wives.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 3

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

It's a picture perfect day as a THOUSAND PEOPLE watch a Cape Cod League baseball game from the comfort of their picnic blankets. The home team has loaded the bases in the bottom of the ninth and Grace, Maggie, MAGGIE'S PARENTS, and the kids are CLAPPING ALONG WITH THE CROWD. CRACK! The BATTER HITS A ROPE TO RIGHT FIELD, and as the TYING and WINNING RUNS SCORE the PLACE GOES WILD.

SAME SCENE - LATER

The PLAYERS and FANS mingle on the field immediately after the game.

53.

Grace and Maggie stand near the pitcher's mound as they watch

Maggie's kids run the bases. The wives look TANNED and REFRESHED from several days laying on the beach. Just then a big, goofy kid named GERRY approaches. He's a strapping 22-year-old first baseman from Puerto Rico with a perpetual SHIT-EATING GRIN.

GERRY

Hey, I'm Gerry--thanks for coming out and supporting us.

MAGGIE

Oh, it was fun. You guys looked good.

GERRY

Thanks.
Gerry glances back at his TEAMMATES who are clearly egging him on.

GERRY (CONT'D)

So...we saw you sitting up there with those little kids--are you nannies or something?
The girls aren't immune to flattery and they smile.

MAGGIE

No, they're my kids.

GERRY

(DUBIOUS)

Yeah, right. You have three kids?

MAGGIE

Uh-huh.
A couple other PLAYERS amble over.

GERRY

Dudes, they're not nannies, they're
mommies.

PLAYER #2

No way?!

GRACE

Well, she is, not me. I'm not old
enough yet.
Maggie and the players LAUGH.

RICK COLEMAN (O.S.)

Guys!
The players turn to see their coach, RICK COLEMAN,
approaching with MAGGIE'S FATHER, mid-70's.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Time to pack things up--let's go!

54.

The Players quickly scatter.

MAGGIE'S FATHER

Maggie, Grace, this is Rick Coleman--
the coach.

head Rick Coleman is a granite-jawed 38-year-old with a good
of hair and an easy-going manner.

RICK COLEMAN

I hope those clowns weren't

bothering you.

MAGGIE

Oh, no, they were sweet.

GRACE

Yeah. Cute kids.

MAGGIE

So you're the guy who's been taking money off my dad every Saturday on the golf course?

RICK COLEMAN

I hate to break it to you but your old man's the one who's been taking all the money--he's a thief. Maggie's Father LAUGHS.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, everyone's coming back to my place for some beers and a barbecue--why don't you join us?

MAGGIE

Oh, thanks, but we've gotta get the kids home.

MAGGIE'S FATHER

Your mom and I will take 'em home. You two go out and have a good time--cripes, you haven't been out all week. Grace perks up at this.

MAGGIE

Oh, I don't know, Dad, we really

HADN'T PLANNED--

GRACE

Excuse me, can I have a word with you?
Grace pulls Maggie aside.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING)

What's your problem?

55.

MAGGIE

Oh, come on, Grace, these guys are barely out of college, and, in case you've forgotten, we're married.

GRACE

To who? Last I heard, Rick and Fred had the week off from marriage. So remind me again--who are we married to?

Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE

Well...I guess one beer won't kill us.

GRACE

(SMILING)

That's my girl.

Grace glances over at the ballplayers.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why shouldn't we have fun? God knows our guys are living it up.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP OF HOG-HEAD

HOG-HEAD

What would you guys rather do--make-out with a guy or let him blow you?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that...

INT. ESPN SPORTS ZONE BAR - CONTINUOUS

.Our five guys are sitting at the bar drinking beer and devouring plates of HOT WINGS. Around them we see about fifty TV's BLARING twenty different sporting events. There's ESPN logos everywhere and not a woman in sight.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)

And you've gotta pick one or

someone in your family will die--
that's the rule.

GARY

Oh boy, that's a toughie.

FRED

How long would you have to make-out
with him?

HOG-HEAD

Ten minutes.

RICK

Tongue?

56.

HOG-HEAD

Of course.

FRED

And how long would he have to blow
you?

HOG-HEAD

Seven minutes.

GARY

Oof. I mean, getting blown by a
dude is bad, but making out with a
guy, it's so.. .intimate.

RICK

You think it's more intimate than
getting blown by a guy?

GARY

Way more.

BAKER

All right, the hell with this shit,
I'm outta here.
Baker gets up from his stool.

RICK

(TAKEN ABACK)

What? Why?

BAKER

I wanted to watch you guys pick up chicks, not talk about dicks.

FRED

Hey, greased lightning, let off the gas--sometimes these things take time.

GARY

Baker's right. This is day three and you haven't even talked to a girl.

RICK

(POINTED)

That's not exactly accurate, Gary. Thanks to your scrumptious brownies, I did spend half of last night talking to Judy on the drug-and-poison hotline. Hog-head and Gary stand.

HOG-HEAD

I guess I'm gonna get going, too.

GARY

Yeah, this is boring. You guys are pussies.

57.

FRED

Hey, I haven't seen you guys talk to any girls.

BAKER

We don't have hall passes!

(SHAKES HEAD)

Come on, guys, let's go.

The three friends start to leave but Hog-head stops and turns.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, guys, it's all right if you strike-out.. .but for godsakes, at least take a couple of swings.

A moment later the guys are gone and a humbled Rick and Fred sit there feeling alone.

FRED

(BEING BRAVE)

This is actually good--you know, that they're leaving. You don't need five hunters to bag two birds.

RICK

No, you do not. And I love those guys but, let's be honest, they're not exactly chick-magnets.

FRED

You can say that again. Yep, the steak always looks better if you trim away some of the fat. And let's face it, we are the steak.

RICK

Dream team, baby.
The guys CLINK BEERS. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)

Maybe we should call the girls and ask them to come home.
Fred glances at him, aghast.

FRED

What?

RICK

Who are we kidding, man? Do you really think we're going to be picking up any girls this week?

FRED

Why wouldn't we?

RICK

Because that's not us anymore.

FRED

Wait a second. You want to quit?

58.

RICK

Fred, we're not the same guys we were fifteen years ago, back when we were single. We've changed. Fred stares at him, incredulous.

FRED

No, man, you've changed. All you care about is yourself--what about all the guys out there who are counting on us to make this thing work?

RICK

What are you talking about?

FRED

Don't you get it?

(DRAMATIC BEAT)

We're the chosen ones!
Fred stands up and points at Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)

That's right--this thing is bigger than us! Our wives didn't give us this hall pass, the good Lord did! And what do we have to show for it? Nothing.

RICK

Come off it, Fred. Obviously hooking up isn't something we really want--if it was, we could've done it by now.

FRED

Could we have?
Rick is taken aback by this.

RICK

(WANING CONFIDENCE)

Well ...of course. I mean, if we'd
really wanted to.

FRED

Guess what? I did want to. And you
know how close I got? We're three
days in and the only woman I've
spoken to was our waitress at
Outback. And she never even made
eye-contact.

RICK

I don't really care if some
waitress makes eye-contact. I want
to go home--I miss my wife and
kids.

59.

FRED

Let me explain something to you: If
Grace and Maggie find out we can't
get laid on our own, they'll start
thinking we need them to get laid.
Do you know what that'll do to the
balance of power in our homes?
It'll destroy it!
Rick thinks about this and grows alarmed.

RICK

Well, what if we just tell them
that we did hook up?

FRED

We can't. Grace'll know. She always
knows when I'm lying.

RICK

Hey, what about a massage parlor?

FRED

No! That's giving up.
Fred glares at him.

FRED (CONT'D)

You don't get it, do you? A hall pass ain't all about sex. It's about being man enough to pick up a woman even though you may not be what--in the traditional sense--is considered...
(makes quotes with

FINGERS)

.good-looking, or...
(finger quotes again)
.appealing.
Rick seems stung by this news.

FRED (CONT'D)

Look, if we can't show that something positive can come from having a hall pass, then the whole concept is dead. Not just for us...but for all mankind.
Rick thinks about this for a moment, then stands up with a

RENEWED SENSE OF PURPOSE.

RICK

All right, let's get out of here. I know exactly where we should be.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL TEAM BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. A hundred or so PLAYERS, PLAYER'S GIRLFRIENDS, and FRIENDS are in and out of the pool,
drinking
beer and rocking out to Arcade Fire on the boombox.

60.

ANGLE ON Maggie and Rick Coleman sipping beers while in the b.g. we see Grace PLAYING VOLLEYBALL in the pool (still in the shorts and t-shirt she wore that afternoon.)

MAGGIE

So how about you, Rick, do you have any children?

RICK COLEMAN

Nah, but maybe some day. Your mom keeps talking about hooking me up with your cousin Kate.
Maggie LAUGHS.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

That's not a good sign.

MAGGIE

No, I hardly know her. She moved to Miami when I was eight.

RICK COLEMAN

That's what your mom said. I coach at the University of Miami.

MAGGIE

Then you should go out with her.

RICK COLEMAN

Nice try.

(BEAT)

So how about yourself--how long you been married?

MAGGIE

Uh...fourteen years. We were college sweethearts.

RICK COLEMAN

Nice. And where is he this week?

MAGGIE

He's up in Boston.

RICK COLEMAN

Poor guy. All work and no play, huh?
Maggie forces a smile.

MAGGIE

Something like that.
Suddenly Grace is PROPELLED OUT OF THE WATER and UP ONTO

GERRY'S SHOULDERS.

GRACE

Stop it! What are you doing?!

61.

Maggie

Gerry LAUGHS and BOUNCES AROUND THE POOL and Grace and
and the coach can't help but LAUGH along with him, as we

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMADA INN - NIGHT

Rick and Fred pull into the hotel's lot in the mini-van. As Rick gets out, Fred reaches behind his seat and comes out clutching a MOTORCYCLE HELMET. Rick stares at him.

FRED

(DEFENSIVE)

Chicks dig motorcycles.

INT. RAMADA INN OLDIE'S BAR - NIGHT

It's 80's night and a Hall & Oates cover band is PLAYING complete with look-alikes, except Oates is black. Behind the band there's a banner that reads: 'Ramada Inn proudly welcomes the Mutual of Omaha Leadership Council!' We see middle-aged CORPORATE TYPES everywhere.

DARRYL HALL

(SINGING)

". .Oh-oh here she comes, watch out
boy she'll chew you up. Oh-oh here
she comes, she's a maneater..."

ANGLE ON THE BAR where Rick and Fred are checking out the scene. Fred is WEARING THE HELMET. (It's a huge BLACK, OVERSIZED HELMET WITH A VISOR.) He pulls it off, SHAKES OUT

HIS HAIR, and places it prominently ON THE BAR.

FRED

Jackpot, baby.
Rick NOTICES SOMETHING O.S..

RICK

How about those two?
ANGLE ON two pretty LATINO WOMEN sitting alone at a table.

FRED

Ooh, yeah. Daddy likes.
Fred pulls a piece of paper out of his back pocket and hands it to Rick.

RICK

What's this?

FRED

I went on-line this afternoon and wrote down some good pick-up lines to break the ice.

RICK

(READING)

'Hi. Will you help me find my puppy? I think he ran into the cheap hotel across the street.'

62.

FRED

That's a good one--except for one thing: We don't have a puppy, so when she gets there she'll realize we're full of shit.
Rick shoots him a look.

RICK

I don't think it's supposed to be for real. It's just to make her laugh so she'll talk to you.
Fred considers this.

FRED

Oh God no, it doesn't work on that level. Here, this is my favorite. He takes the paper from Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)

(READING)

'You must be from Ireland because when I look at you my penis is Dublin.'

RICK

It's a charmer but you know what? We don't need phony pick-up lines. Why don't we just be ourselves?

FRED

Great. If you know how to. Rick takes a DEEP BREATH and braces himself.

RICK

Give me the helmet. Fred hands him the helmet, then Rick marches up to the two Latino Women with the helmet under his arm and Fred close on his heels.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hi. The women give him a pleasant look.

LATINO WOMAN #1

Hello. Fred gives a little wave from behind Rick.

FRED

Hola. LONG BEAT as Rick tries to figure what to say next. Then:

RICK

Well.. .this is awkward. I feel like I'm back at my first junior high school mixer.

63.

Rick and Fred force a LAUGH and the girls smile. Another LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT. Rick clears his throat.

RICK CONT'D)

So...are you ladies from Ireland?

LATINO WOMAN #2

No.

RICK.

I'm very surprised to hear that news, because when I look at you my penis doubles in size.

The women FLINCH at this, losing their smiles. Fred leans

in.

FRED

No, he means his dick is Dublin.

Like the city. In Ireland.

As the girls turn away from them, we begin a...

MUSIC MONTAGE - Hall & Oates' I Can't Go For That plays as our GUYS GET SHOT DOWN by a DOZEN DIFFERENT BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

END MONTAGE

SAME SCENE - LATER

Rick and Fred are at the bar looking TIRED and FRUSTRATED.

RICK

I have this overwhelming urge to donkey-kick everyone in this bar.

FRED

Okay, tiger, keep your chin up--no one said this was going to be easy. Even in college you had to take fifty rejections for every score, remember?

RICK

Yeah, but it didn't sting so much when I was drunk.

Fred perks up.

FRED

That's it! We should be drinking!

RICK

You're right. We're too stiff.

FRED

Way too stiff. We gotta start
pounding 'em, get those creative
juices flowing, bring the soul to
the surface.
Rick smiles.

64.

RICK

That's when we're at our most
charming!

SMASH CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

A HAMMERED Fred is HOLDING A HAND OVER ONE EYE as he SHOUTS
at a table full of GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMEN.

FRED

You say no to me? You say no to
me?! I SAY NO TO YOU!
He's being restrained by an unusually patient BOUNCER. In
the b.g. we see Rick PASSED OUT ON A STOOL in a VERY AWKWARD

POSITION.

BOUNCER

Come on, buddy, let's go...
The women glare at Fred with disgust, maybe even a little
amusement.

FRED

No, screw them!
(pointing at the women)
You think your shit don't stink?!
Well I got news for ya: I wouldn't
titty-bang you in a snow storm!

20-SOMETHING WOMAN

(mocking),
Oh, please, sir, please titty-bang
us in a snow storm!
The women LAUGH.

FRED

Nope, you blew it, not gonna happen.

BOUNCER

(still restraining Fred)

There you go, mister, you got 'em good. Now let's go.

As the Bouncer drags him toward the exit, a STUNNING GIRL passes them WEARING TIGHT LEATHER PANTS with an AMERICAN

FLAG

PRINT ON THE BUTT. Fred turns to her.

FRED

(SLURRING)

Hey, sweetie, you need a pole for that flag?

Just then, the Girl's LARGE BOYFRIEND appears, and as his FIST MEETS FRED'S FACE, we

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

65.

DAY 4

INT. RICK AND FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A SNORING Rick is FAST ASLEEP, sprawled out on his back on the bed WEARING ONLY HIS BOXERS despite the clock next to

him

reading 3:37 in the afternoon. He's surrounded by several left-over ROOM SERVICE TRAYS.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Fred CURLED UP NAKED ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, also SNORING. HE USES A BATH MAT AS A PILLOW.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 5

DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF COLDWELL BANKER REAL ESTATE OFFICE -

INT. COLDWELL BANKER OFFICE - SAME

A worn-out-looking Rick is working at his desk when Fred approaches (with a BLACK EYE.)

FRED

I know what we've been doing wrong.
Rick lifts his chin.

FRED (CONT'D)

If we're gonna break out of this slump, we've got to start using our strength. And that is.. .people who know us, like us. So we should go after the women we've already won over.

RICK

You mean like our wives?

FRED

Yeah, like that, but not them.
Fred sits in the chair across from Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)

I was thinking Coffee Girl.

RICK

You've won over Coffee Girl?

FRED

Well, I'm sure she'd recognize me.
Rick thinks about this.

RICK

Look, if you really want to go after someone you already know, have you considered Missy Frankenfield?

Fred's listening.

RICK (CONT'D)

She's got all the stats you like--
she's beautiful, you know her phone number--
number, she's freshly divorced...

FRED

Which according to Hog-head means
she's horny.

RICK

Bingo.
As Fred smiles, we

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DAY

Maggie and Grace are laying out in their bathing suits when
they hear O.S. YELLING and look up to see the baseball player
Gerry WATERSKIING toward them. He lets go of the rope and
skis UP ONTO THE SHORE.

GERRY

What's up, beach bunnies?
Grace and Maggie sit up and smile.

GRACE

What are you doing here?
He KICKS OFF THE SKI, then runs over and SHAKES HIS WET BODY

ALL OVER THE GIRLS.

GRACE & MAGGIE

Gerry, stop it!

GERRY

Hey, where are the kiddies? We
thought we'd take you all for a
boat ride.

MAGGIE

My parents took them to Martha's
Vineyard for the weekend.
Just then, we hear a LOUD HORN. They look up to see the boat
pulling close to shore. Rick Coleman is behind the wheel and
a couple PLAYERS are in the back. Maggie waves.

RICK COLEMAN

(THROUGH BULLHORN)

All right, everybody aboard! We're
going waterskiing!
The two women look at each other--why not? As they get up
and RUN INTO THE WATER, we

CUT TO:

67.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Rick stands in line at the coffee shop looking casual in slacks and a Harvard t-shirt. Music plays. He peers ahead and sees the Wannabe Artist-Type taking the order of a TEENAGE GIRL. At the other register, Coffee Girl is also taking orders. Rick is hoping to get Coffee Girl but Wannabe gets to him first.

WANNABE

Can I take your order?

Rick sees that there's no one behind him. He turns to the Wannabe.

RICK

Uh...I don't know what I want.

Wannabe stares at him, waiting. Rick hesitates a few moments, then levels with the guy.

RICK (CONT'D)

Look, man, I want her to take my order.

WANNABE

Why?

RICK

Uh, she knows how I like it.

WANNABE

(ATTITUDE)

Little help, Leigh--your unique barista skills have been requested. Rick waves weakly to Leigh and winks. As Leigh approaches,

Wannabe mocks Rick by waving at him and winking.

LEIGH

Hi. What would you like?

Rick was hoping to have a conversation but Wannabe is crowding them.

RICK

Iced coffee. With two Splendas.

Leigh rings him up.

LEIGH

That'll be two dollars.

Rick hands her a fiver and nods toward the speakers.

RICK

By the way, nice tunes. Do you choose 'em or do they come down from corporate?

LEIGH

Me. It's Snow Patrol.

68.

She hands Rick his change and he dumps it in the tip jar.

RICK

Nice soundtrack. Pretty solid movie, too.

Wannabe BARKS out a LAUGH.

WANNABE

Dude, you're thinking of Snow Do s-- the Cuba Gooding kiddie flick. This is Snow Patrol, the band. Rick shrugs, a little embarrassed.

LEIGH

Thanks for the tip.

As Leigh grabs a cup and goes to make the coffee, Wannabe SAYS SOMETHING to her that WE CAN'T HEAR and they both

LAUGH.

A PHONE RINGS in the employee room. Leigh hands Wannabe the coffee, then runs back to answer it. Wannabe hands Rick the

iced coffee and winks at him.

WANNABE

Enjoy your two-Splenda'd iced coffee, mister.

Rick starts to go, then turns around and stares at Wannabe. Wannabe, comforted by the counter between them, smiles back.

RICK

Why are you smiling? You think this counter is some alligator-infested moat?

Rick's stare becomes a glare and Wannabe loses his smile.

RICK (CONT'D)

This little 'I'm-on-the-inside, too-cool-for-school, let's-laugh-at-the-

DORKY-SUBURBAN-GUY-CAUSE-I'M-SAFE-

ON-THIS-SIDE-OF-THE-COUNTER'

routine's gonna get you hurt. After you lose all of your family's money on your avante garde piece of crap short film, you're going to need a job. And it's guys like me that hire. And guys like me don't hire punks like you. So shape up.

As Rick turns and walks out, we PAN over to see that Leigh

HAS BEEN WATCHING THIS.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick sits alone at a table on the sidewalk drinking his coffee. He NOTICES some postcards advertising a two-week free trial at the local gym and starts to read them.

LEIGH (O.S.)

I work-out there.

69.

Rick looks up, suddenly finding himself alone with Leigh.

RICK

You do?

Leigh nods and starts to straighten up the tables.

RICK (CONT'D)

I work-out at home, but I was thinking of going public with my work-outs. What do you squat? She seems amused by this.

LEIGH

I don't really squat, just run on the hamster-wheel everyday after work. She starts wiping down a table.

COFFEE GIRL

So did you go to Harvard? She nods at Rick's t-shirt.

RICK

Yeah.

(BEAT)

I mean, you know...I went to a party there once. Coffee Girl GIGGLES and Rick perks up.

RICK (CONT'D)

(RE: SHIRT)

Actually, this is Harvard Health Care. Sleep apnea... snoring too much.

(holds up gym postcard)

So is this a good place to join?

LEIGH

Great place. Real chill. And they have a bar, so I always grab a beer after my workout.

RICK

Bitchin'. Sounds like a nice routine. Maybe I'll routine it, too.

LEIGH

If you join, tell 'em Leigh sent you--they'll give me two free months.

RICK

I'll do that, Leigh.

LEIGH

Rockin'.

Leigh gives him the peace sign.

70.

RICK

R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.

Leigh smiles and as she heads back inside, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fred is sitting on his bed flipping through his address book until he comes to Missy Frankenfield. He hits the SPEAKERPHONE and DIALS. Several RINGS later:

MISSY FRANKENFIELD (V.O.)

Hi, this is Missy. Sorry I missed your call. I'm out of town for a few days, and I may have limited cell reception. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. BEEP.

Fred mouths the word 'shit', then picks up the receiver.

FRED

Hey, Missy, this is Fred Searing.

I . uh, I dust wanted to give you a ring and, um...well, give me a call when you get back. It's kind of an emergency. Well, not life-threatening, but--

The machine CUTS HIM OFF. Fred HANGS UP, dejected. He sits there for a BEAT, then grabs his keys and GOES OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATE AFTERNOON

TIGHT ON FRED - he's wearing SHADES and has a BASEBALL CAP pulled down over his eyes.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's outside a MASSAGE PARLOR. As he approaches the massage parlor entrance, a bunch of LADIES walk out of the TRAVEL AGENCY just to the right so Fred

veers

into the DRY CLEANERS to the left.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

wife)

Fred ENTERS and immediately bumps into Kimmy Long (Ed's standing in line behind several other WOMEN. She is accompanied by her 7-year-old daughter and neither of them look happy to see him.

FRED

Oh, hi.

Kimmy nods blankly. The Daughter glares at him. Fred nervously steps up next to them in line, passing time as he waits for the sidewalk to clear.

FRED (CONT'D)

Um, I don't think I got a chance to tell you how impressed I was with your new place. Absolutely elegant.

71.

Kimmy GRUNTS a thank you and turns away from him. ANGLE ON the KOREAN LADY who owns the dry cleaners. She stands behind the desk with an accordion wall behind her.

DRY CLEAN KOREAN LADY

Mr. Searing, you pick up last week-- no more clothes here! Fred smiles uncomfortably at Kimmy.

FRED

That's right...

(looks at watch)

Well, gotta get going--I have a meeting across town in ten minutes.

See ya.

Fred EXITS.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Fred comes out of the dry cleaners, makes sure the coast is clear, then DUCKS INTO THE MESSAGE PARLOR.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN is behind the counter.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

You want massage?

Fred looks around. There's an OLD KOREAN LADY sitting on a couch. He looks at the Young Korean Woman and nods.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

You fill out.

The Young Korean Woman hands Fred a form. Fred puts it down and covertly moves in.

FRED

I'd prefer no paper trail.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

Need for insurance company.

FRED

I don't think my insurance company's gonna cover this one.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

Ten dollar co-pay?

FRED

Uh, no.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

Fill out form. It policy.
Fred moves in closer.

72.

FRED

Look, I don't really want this in

print.

The Young Korean Woman hands him back the form.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

How I know what you want if you no
fill out form?

FRED

Um, couldn't I just tell you?
She stares at him for a LONG BEAT.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

So, what you waiting for?!
Fred glances back at the Old Korean Lady, then WHISPERS in
the Young Korean Woman's ear. She nods and looks at him.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay.. .but must see I.D. first.
Fred SIGHS and pulls out a hundred-dollar bill.

FRED

How about a C-note so I don't have
to fill out any forms or show any
I.D.'s?

The Young Korean Woman thinks about this for a moment, then
SLIDES OPEN THE ACCORDION WALL behind her, REVEALING...
THE DRY CLEANERS NEXT DOOR - the Dry Cleaning Korean Lady
looks back at him, along with Kimmy Long, her daughter, and

ALL THE OTHER WOMEN IN LINE.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN

Gentleman want a rub-and-tug with
tea-bag happy ending but don't fill
out form!

Kimmy Long glares at him, appalled. As Fred backpedals OUT
OF THE MASSAGE PARLOR, he waves at her weakly, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY BOAT - DAY

One hundred GUESTS dance on the top deck of this large ship
as the Bee Gee's Night Fever BLASTS from the speakers.

SONG

.Night fever, night fever.. .we
know how to do it...'

As the song heats up, the crowd parts, REVEALING... Rick
Coleman and Gerry decked-out in WHITE, TONY-MANARO-SUITS.
They're DANCING UP A STORM with Maggie and Grace who are
thrilled to be in such capable hands. Grace is getting

tossed around a bit, but it's clear that Maggie can hold her own on a dance floor.

73.

The crowd soon FORMS A CIRCLE around the two couples, and as Rick and Gerry SWING AND LIFT our delighted and breathless wives, we

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Maggie and Rick Coleman are standing at the rail of the boat taking a breather.

RICK COLEMAN

Wow. You can really move out there.
Maggie shrugs modestly.

MAGGIE

Thanks. I was a dance major in college.

RICK COLEMAN

Really? I always wondered--what do you do with a degree in dance?

MAGGIE

Well, as it turned out, nothing.

(BLUSHING)

I guess the original plan was to go to New York and try to hook-up with one of the big dance companies, but then I got married and. . .your priorities change.
She looks away, maybe a little embarrassed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, that was fun. I haven't danced this much in a long time.

RICK COLEMAN

Why not?

MAGGIE

I don't know, you get busy, kids,
school, there's so much going on.

RICK COLEMAN

Well you gotta make time for the
stuff you love or you'll forget who
you are.

Maggie appreciates the sentiment. She makes strong eye-
contact with Rick for a moment, but catches herself and

looks

away.

MAGGIE

You know, my husband's name is
Rick.
Rick smiles at this.

74.

RICK COLEMAN

Well that makes me the perfect guy
to have an affair with--you'd never
have to worry about screaming out
the wrong name during sex.
Maggie smiles at this, but she seems a nick uncomfortable.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

MAGGIE

I know.

RICK COLEMAN

Now come on, let's go find Grace
and get something to eat. I'm
starving.
As they head back to the party, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S TOYOTA AVALON - LATE AFTERNOON

Rick is parked across the street from FITNESS FIRM HEALTH

Rick's

CLUB. He's reading the newspaper and glancing at the entrance for Leigh. Suddenly there's a LOUD TAP on the window and Rick looks over to see Flats (who we met at

poker night) standing outside with a shit-eating grin. Rick rolls down the window.

FLATS

Hey, Rick.

RICK

(STARTLED)

Oh...hey, Flats. How you doing, man?

FLATS

Great. What's up with you? How's that hall pass thing going?
Rick makes a Scooby Doo sound, alarmed.

RICK

Who told you about that--was it Hog-head?

FLATS

No. Some old lady was yakking about it down at the post office.
Rick REACTS to this.

FLATS (CONT'D)

(BIG SMILE)

So what's the deal--you getting laid?

RICK

(DEFENSIVE)

What? No.

75.

RICK (CONT'D)

I don't know where you're getting your information, Flats, but a hall pass isn't just about getting laid, it's about getting a week off from marriage to do as you please-- whether that be fishing, or watching TV, whatever it is that relaxes you.

FLATS

(DUBIOUS)

Oh, I didn't know that.
Just then Rick NOTICES Leigh (dressed in work-out clothes) walking down the sidewalk toward the gym.

RICK

Uh, Flatsy, I gotta run. I'm late for my work-out appointment.
When Rick hops out of his car, we see that he's wearing gym shorts and an old Springsteen t-shirt. He hesitates, then grabs a SWEATSHIRT out of the car and TIES IT AROUND HIS WAIST. Rick hurries down the sidewalk toward Leigh.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, girl!

LEIGH

(SMILING)

All right! You decided to go for it.
As Rick follows Leigh into the gym, a smiling Flats CALLS

OUT:

FLATS

Hey, Rick! Good luck with the fishing!
As Flats begins to LAUGH, a sheepish Rick scurries into the building.

INT. FITNESS FIRM HEALTH CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Leigh stand at the front desk. A young, buff dude, CLYDE, looks up from folding towels.

LEIGH

Clyde, this is my friend, uh...

RICK

Rick.

LEIGH

He's looking to join.

CLYDE

Great. I'll get you signed up.
Leigh pats Rick's hand.

LEIGH

See ya.

76.

She turns to leave.

RICK

So, uh, are you gonna grab a
brewski after your work-out?

LEIGH

Nah.
Rick looks disappointed.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab two.
Leigh flashes him a smile and as she walks away, she gives
him the peace sign. He returns it.

RICK

Peace it!
As soon as he hears himself, Rick cringes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON RICK'S FACE - he's wearing the headphones and has
worked up a PRETTY GOOD SWEAT.
PULL BACK to reveal that he's SITTING ON THE TOILET.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

We hear a FLUSH. Rick shuffles out of a stall and moves to a
sink. While he washes his hands, a young, NAKED,
METROSEXUAL-
TYPE whips his leg into the sink beside him. Rick slowly
turns to look.
RICK'S POV - as the Metrosexual talks to ANOTHER NAKED MAN,

he fills his hand with SHAVING CREAM and the hand DISAPPEARS BETWEEN HIS OWN LEGS. The guys continue their conversation, unfazed. Then the Metrosexual starts to SHAVE HIS BALLS. As Rick dries his hands, he can't contain himself.

RICK

What's that about--you swimming the English Channel?

The Metrosexual shoots Rick an annoyed look.

METROSEXUAL

Nah, Just not into looking like the knuckle-dragging guy on the evolution-of-man chart.

Off Rick looking self-consciously down at his fur-covered body, we go...

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick ENTERS the empty hot tub room, takes off his towel, and eases into the STEAMING WATER. He hits a button and the jets kick on FULL BLAST, turning the hot tub into a BUBBLY

CAULDRON.

77.

RICK

Oh...yes.

He bunches up his towel and puts it behind his head, then settles in and CLOSES HIS EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Rick is in a DEEP SLEEP. His mouth is wide open but his head is BARELY ABOVE WATER as he SNORES LOUDLY. He dips beneath the surface and as he begins to CHOKE and COUGH, he wakes

up.

Rick takes a moment to get his bearings, then STRUGGLES to get out of the hot tub. But his MUSCLES HAVE TURNED TO

JELLY.

RICK

(WEAKLY)

Little help...

When none comes, a life-and-death STRUGGLE ensues as the flabby, middle-aged dad tries to climb to safety.

RICK (CONT'D)

Help ...me...

Just as Rick starts to go under, the two young naked metrosexuals hear his MOANS and come to his rescue. They jump in the hot tub and heave him ashore. As Rick GASPS for air, one of the metrosexuals kneels down and lifts Rick's head onto his NAKED LAP.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1

Are you having chest pains, sir?

RICK

(WINDED)

No, no, I think I was...in the hot tub too long. I can't feel my body.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #2

How long were you in there?

RICK

What time is it?

NAKED METROSEXUAL #2

Seven-thirty.

RICK

About three hours.

That's when Rick realizes that his head is RESTING ON THE GUY'S COCK. He tries to roll off him, but Metrosexual #1

HOLDS HIM TIGHT.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1

Try not to move, sir.

RICK

I'm okay, just help me up.

78.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1

(TO METROSEXUAL #2)

All right, give him a hand.

Metrosexual #2 straddles Rick's chest and leans down to pull him up. As Rick starts to rise, HIS FACE COMES PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE SECOND MAN'S O.S. DANGLING COCK and Rick has to

TURN HIS HEAD TO AVOID CONTACT.

They finally get Rick to his feet. As the naked men help him across the room, we
ANGLE ON - two TANNED, HAIRLESS METROSEXUAL ASSES flanking Rick's HIRSUTE BUTT.

RICK

Okay, thanks, guys. I can take it from here.

The metrosexuals release Rick and he gets about two steps before his LEGS GIVE OUT and he TUMBLES DOWN A SMALL FLIGHT

OF STEPS.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 6

INT. RICK AND FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A depressed Rick and Fred sit in bed numbing their pain by WATCHING THE BOURNE SUPREMACY and eating a couple PINTS OF

BEN AND JERRY'S ICE CREAM.

FRED

We let down the male species.

(SIGHS)

I really thought our hall passes might change the philosophy of marriage in America.

Fred eats a big scoop of ice cream.

FRED (CONT'D)

(WITH MOUTH-FULL)

I envisioned a national holiday, right between July 4th and Labor Day, like the first Friday in

August, Hall Pass Day; a day for husbands to get some strange, a day that would forever be known as the holiday, that saved the institution of marriage.

RICK

All right, don't give up.

FRED

I'm not giving up, I'm facing facts--this is our last day and we got nothing cooking. Maybe you were right. Maybe we should just tell the girls to come home.

79.

RICK

No. I want the hall pass.
Fred looks at Rick, surprised.

RICK (CONT'D)

At first I wasn't sure, but now I want the dream.

FRED

I'm not even sure I know what the dream is anymore.

RICK

I just...I just want to know what it's like to be with another woman.

FRED

Well, just pull up one of the golden oldies in your spank bank--it's almost like being there.

RICK

I don't have anything in that spank bank.

FRED

I'm talking about all the girls
before you met Maggie.
Rick doesn't say anything.

FRED (CONT'D)

What?

(BEAT)

No, you're not serious?
Rick lowers his head.

FRED (CONT'D)

Wait a second, are you saying...?

(BEAT)

But how can that be--you didn't
meet Maggie until college?

RICK

(DEFENSIVE)

Yeah, so? What do you think,
everyone gets laid in high school?
I got news for you, mister--getting
laid in high school is not a right,
it's a privilege.
Fred puts down his ice cream. Rick SIGHS.

RICK (CONT'D)

First class, first day, freshman
year, I saw Maggie--she was sitting
three seats away in Western Civ--
and I fell in love instantly. I
begged her for three months to go
out with me, she finally caved, and
that night I told her I loved her.

80.

RICK (CONT'D)

Eighty-four days later she told me
she loved me back and we've been
together ever since.
Fred stares at him.

FRED

Wow. That's a really creepy story.
Just then Fred's cell phone RINGS and he ANSWERS it.

FRED (CONT'D)

Hello.

(BEAT)

Yeah.

(BEAT)

Oh, okay, great.
Fred hangs up but doesn't say anything.

RICK

Who was that?

FRED

Just an angel from heaven.
Suddenly Fred jumps to his feet.

FRED (CONT'D)

Coakley's back in town!
As Rick's face fills with renewed hope, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Maggie and Grace are sitting at the kitchen table gazing at
a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS and an open GIFT BOX displaying an
ENGRAVED I.D. BRACELET.

MAGGIE

Does this mean you're going steady?

GRACE

(GUILTY)

That's not funny. I feel terrible--
the poor kid's spending all his
hard-earned money on me--that's
sad. Cute, but sad.

MAGGIE

Grace, you should be flattered.
You're thirty-eight-years-old and
college kids are still swooning
over you.

GRACE

Well I just feel bad if I gave him
the wrong impression.

81.

MAGGIE

The wrong impression? What makes
you think that--I mean, besides the
flowers, I.D. bracelet, and love
letter?
Maggie picks up a card.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(READING)

'Dearest Grace--Our final game is
tonight. Please meet me at the
coach's place afterwards to
celebrate. Yours truly, Gerry.'

GRACE

Thanks for piling on.
Grace stands up and SIGHS.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Well...I can't accept this. I guess
I'm just gonna have to go set him
straight.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A PIZZERIA UNO - NIGHT

INT. PIZZERIA UNO - SAME

Rick and Fred are sitting at a table sharing a pizza while
Fred texts someone.

RICK

What are you doing?

FRED

Just texting Missy Frankfield
that we're going to be at Enter the
Dragon--I'm covering all my bases.

RICK

You don't need Missy Frankfield
tonight. If we can't get the job
done with Coakley as our wingman,
then we're pathetic.
Just then, Fred NOTICES something O.S.

FRED

All right, here come da man!
CLOSE ON RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - a suave, DEBONAIR MAN (played
by George Clooney) comes through the doors and stops to

check

out the room.

Rick and Fred jump up and approach him WITH OPEN ARMS but at
the last second Clooney steps aside REVEALING a THIN,

BALDING

MAN dressed HEAD-TO-TOE IN MOTORCYCLE LEATHERS (think Larry
David.)

FRED & RICK

Coakley!

82.

COAKLEY

My two favorite nutsuckers--how the
hell are ya?!
The three men hug, then Coakley nods toward Clooney.

COAKLEY CONT'D)

See who just walke (in here in
front of me?

RICK

No, who?

COAKLEY

George Clooney.

FRED

What's he doing here?

COAKLEY

I don't know--must be shooting a movie or something.

FRED

Huh. Look, man, we've got a situation on our hands.

COAKLEY

Yeah, yeah, Baker filled me in. S'been rough sledding, huh? Coakley puts his arms around the two guys.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Well, don't worry, my little snickerdicks...Coakley's here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A mass of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS and SLICK GUYS vie for position outside this CROWDED CLUB. REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS Rick, Fred and Coakley watching from across the street.

COAKLEY

I'm gonna need three-hundred bucks.

FRED

For what?
Coakley shoots him a look.

COAKLEY

If you're really serious about this, stop questioning me. The guys look at each other, then reluctantly COUGH UP THE DOUGH. With money in hand, Coakley marches confidently across the street followed by Fred and Rick. When the SLICK BOUNCER sees them approaching, he PARTS THE CROWD.

SLICK BOUNCER

Good evening, Mr. Coakley.

COAKLEY

What up, my guy?

Coakley PASSES ON THE MONEY with a handshake and the Bouncer UNHOOKS THE VELVET ROPE. Then Coakley smiles back at Fred and Rick.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Push the defrost button on the microwave, boys. The deep freeze is over.

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Coakley leads them into the club. Rick and Fred can't believe all the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE around them.

COAKLEY

Okay, guys, you tried it your way and you railed miserably. You struck out, you were oh-for-everything. So now we do it my way, which is...

The guys look at Coakley like Richard Gere looks at the Dalai Lama.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

. Go ugly early.
Rick and Fred are visibly deflated.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Guys, you're not trying to get married here--you're trying to get laid.

RICK

Aren't you the guy who goes to the Hawaiian Tropic finals every year? Is that for the ugly girls?

COAKLEY

I go to the Tropic finals because Miss North Dakota's gonna lose and she's gonna need a hug. And quite often you can parlay a hug into a hand-job. Rick, you're up--get us two bottles of Moet and six glasses.

Rick shoots Fred a look, then weaves his way through a scrum of PEOPLE up to the bar. He tries to flag down a bartender but can't get anyone's attention.

PAIGE (O.S.)

Hi, Mr. Mills.

Rick turns to see that he's crammed in beside his babysitter Paige who's looking a LITTLE TIPSY.

84.

RICK

Oh, hey, Paige. What are you doing here?

She pulls out her license and holds it up.

PAIGE

I turned twenty-one yesterday.

(DRUNKEN SMILE)

I'm legal now.

RICK

Oh. Well, happy birthday. You out celebrating?

PAIGE

Yeah, I'm here with my Aunt Meg.

Paige points across the club to AUNT MEG, a striking
redhead,
early 40's, who's talking to a couple of YOUNG MEN.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

She's the best. Forty-two years old but she still parties like she's my age.

RICK

Nice.

Rick continues to try to get the bartender's attention.

PAIGE

So, Rick, how's the hall pass going?

Paige smirks at Rick who shrinks a little.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

You don't mind if I call you Rick, do you? I am officially an adult now.

RICK

No, of course not--what did you just say?

PAIGE

I was asking about your hall pass.
(off Rick's look)
I baby-sit for the Putneys and I heard Gary talking about it the other night at their barbecue.
Rick REACTS to this.

RICK

He was talking about it at a barbecue?!

PAIGE

Oh, he wasn't saying it in a bad way.

85

PAIGE (CONT'D)

In fact, I thought it was very classy of you to be staying at the Holiday Inn Express instead of bringing girls back to your home with all the kids' pictures and schoolwork taped up everywhere.
Rick forces a smile.

RICK

Thank you.
A male BARTENDER, 25, finally appears in front of Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yeah, um, two bottles of Moet and

six glasses please.
Paige eyes Rick as she sips her drink.

PAIGE

So does it work both ways?

RICK

What?

PAIGE

The hall pass. Does your wife get one, too.

RICK

(AMUSED)

Uh, no, no. A hall pass is for men only.

PAIGE

Oh. Who made that rule?

RICK

Well ...um...
As Rick thinks about this, Paige moves in tighter.

PAIGE

By the way, I kind of owe you an apology.
(lowers her voice,

BASH

Last week ful) when you drove me home, I shouldn't have snapped at you like that.

RICK

Oh, don't worry about it. It was a big misunderstanding.

PAIGE

No, it wasn't.
She takes a moment, looks around.

86.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

If you thought I was coming on to you that night, it's because...I was.

Rick flinches at this. Just then the Bartender returns with the champagne. Rick fumbles through his pocket and finally pays. Then he's left alone with Paige and her coed-in-love-with-the-professor eyes and her suddenly heaving cleavage.

RICK

Yeah. Um...I have to go, Paige, but it was great seeing you.

Paige grabs Rick's arm as he tries to go. She looks suddenly annoyed.

PAIGE

Are you serious? You're doing this again... even with a hall pass?

RICK

Paige, you're my kids' babysitter. Have a happy birthday.

As Rick walks away, we go

BACK ON COAKLEY AND FRED as Rick arrives with the champagne.

COAKLEY

Here we go, bubbles doth floweth.

FRED

Holy crap... look who's here.

The guys turn to see the coffee girl, Leigh, walking past with two of her GIRLFRIENDS. She sees them and LIGHTS UP.

LEIGH

Hey, Rick! What happened yesterday--

I thought we were gonna grab a beer?

Fred looks at Rick, confused.

RICK

(SHEEPISH)

Yeah, I got a little caught up in my curls and reps and shit.

(CHANGING SUBJECT)

So is this your playground?

LEIGH

Nah, I've never been here, but a

friend of mine's DJ-ing tonight so
I promised him I'd come.
Just then Wannabe from the coffee shop swoos in and gives
Leigh a kiss on the cheek. He has a pair of headphones
hanging around his neck.

WANNABE

Wassup, girl?

87.

Wannabe NOTICES Rick and loses his smile.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

Oh. Hey. What are you doing here--
you auditing the place?

RICK

Actually, I work for Sirius XM
Radio--we're looking to hire some
new deejays so I'm checking out all
the clubs.
Wannabe stiffens, suddenly respectful.

WANNABE

Oh. Cool. Are you serious?

RICK

Not!
Leigh is amused by this, but she tries to hide it from the
deflated Wannabe.

WANNABE

(ANNOYED)

Oh, that's hip. Real fresh.
(turns to Leigh)
Why don't you hit the dance floor--
the next song's gonna be for you.
As Leigh's Girlfriends pull her onto the dance floor,
Wannabe
returns to his deejay booth.

FRED

(GLARING)

Beer? When were you two going to have a beer?

RICK

(GUILTY)

No, no, no, Leigh and I just belong to the same gym and happened to be there at the same time yesterday afternoon.

FRED

What gym do you belong to and where the hell was I?

COAKLEY

Well, according to Kimmy Long, you were at the massage parlor trying to get a rub-and-tug without filling out the paperwork. This takes the wind out of Fred's sails.

RICK

What?
Coakley CHUCKLES and Rick glares at Fred.

88.

RICK (CONT'D)

I thought the massage parlor was admitting defeat?

FRED

I had a knot in my neck--why the hell didn't you tell me you saw Coffee Girl?!

COAKLEY

Okay, guys, cut the crap. We're all here for the same thing. And I'll give you a hint what that thing is: It begins with a 'P' and ends with an 'ussy.'

Coakley puts his arm around Fred.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Now relax, Fredd , everyone's gonna
get taken care ot.

(looks out at crowd)

We Just gotta find you a gazelle
with a bad wheel.

FRED

Huh?

Coakley spots something.

COAKLEY

Ooh--there's a couple of
trainwrecks. Let's go.

FRED

(ALARMED)

Whoa--wait a second.

But Coakley steers Fred over to two CHUBBY, NOT-SO-
ATTRACTIVE

BLONDES laying on a 'bed' in the corner.

COAKLEY

Ladies, this is my friend Fred
Pinkberry--his yogurt company just
went public and he's out
celebrating. He'd like to offer you
a flute of champagne.
The Chubby Blondes PERK UP.

CHUBBY BLONDE #1

I love Pinkberry!

As the girls make room for a reluctant Fred, we go...

BACK ACROSS THE ROOM where we see Rick watching Leigh and
her

hot girlfriends DANCE. Leigh catches Rick staring. He
smiles and clumsily shoots her the PEACE SIGN. Finally, he
takes a deep breath and DANCES HIS WAY UP NEXT TO HER.

RICK

So.. .having a good time?

89.

LEIGH

Chillin'.

RICK

Me too. Just chillin' and wigglin'.
LONG BEAT as they dance. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)

I haven't been ancing in a long
time.

LEIGH

(TEASING)

I can tell.

RICK

Oh yeah? Just try to keep up.
She smiles at this, then Coakley DANCES UP BESIDE RICK and

PULLS HIM ASIDE.

COAKLEY

Abort! Abort! You stand not a
chance.

RICK

No, no, I think we're starting to
gel.
Coakley rolls his eyes.

COAKLEY

No, no, you're mistaken. Look,
dude, this ain't Operation Cock-
block here--now trust me, retreat.
Rick glances back at Leigh, torn. She looks fantastic.

RICK

Coak, I'm never gonna have another
hall pass, so this memory has to
last a lifetime. . .you know what I
mean?
Coakley looks at Leigh and SIGHS.

COAKLEY

All right, I'll be at the bar when
this thing blows up in your face.
As Rick dances back over to Leigh, we...
PAN ACROSS THE ROOM to the PISSED-OFF Wannabe watching them

from the deejay booth.

WANNABE

(INTO MIC)

All right, 'all, adult-swim's over. Now if you was born before 1980 you're gonna want to step off the floor 'cause we're about to kick it up.

90.

ON RICK - he looks over at Wannabe but CONTINUES TO DANCE.

RICK

Is this guy your boyfriend or something?

LEIGH

No, no, no.
She waves it off, then shrugs guiltily.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

One time we messed around a little.

RICK

And what does 'messed around a little' mean these days?

LEIGH

Anal.
Rick tries hard to act nonchalant.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. He kissed me one night and I kissed back--I shouldn't have.

WANNABE (O.S.)

Seriously, you grandpappies better get off the floor before someone falls and breaks a hip!
Rick points at Wannabe.

RICK

(CALLING BACK)

Just play your funky music, white boy!

As the music shifts gears and becomes FASTER and LOUDER, we

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Maggie's at the sink cleaning up when she NOTICES that the ANSWERING MACHINE LIGHT IS BLINKING. She dries her hands, then pushes the button.

HISPANIC WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(on answering machine)

Hola, Maggie, this is Isabel. I went to clean the house today but nobody has been there or slept in any of the beds this week, so I just cleaned the windows and left early. I hope you don't mind.

CLOSE ON a concerned-looking Maggie. She moves to the window, stares at the lights on the ocean.

91.

RICK COLEMAN (O.S.)

Hey.

Maggie turns to see Rick Coleman standing out on her front porch.

MAGGIE

Oh. Hey.

She goes to the screen door.

RICK COLEMAN

Thought you might want to help me celebrate the end of the season. He holds up a grocery bag.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

I got some good late-night eats.

Maggie hesitates a moment. Then she opens the door and lets him in.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A bored-looking Fred is smooshed between the Chubby Blondes on the bed.

CHUBBY BLONDE #1

It was the greys--you know, the tall, skinny aliens--and they were all over my yard, but--and here's the weird thing--I wasn't at all afraid of them so when they asked me if I wanted to get in their spaceship, I said, 'Sure,' and I walked right on.

CHUBBY BLONDE #2

Oh my God, you're so brave! I would never, ever in a million years climb into one of those things. Fred, would you ever just walk into a UFO on your own?

FRED

(DEADPAN)

If they came right now I would, sure.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD (O.S.)

There you are!
Fred looks up to see Missy Frankенfield approaching.

FRED

Oh my god! You're here!
Fred jumps off the bed and gives Missy a hug.

92

FRED (CONT'D)

Franken-berry, how the heck are
ya?!
She returns the embrace, but not quite as tight.

FRED (CONT'D)

You look incredible!

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

(CLEARLY UNCOMFORTABLE)

Thanks, Fred, you look good, too.

FRED

Never felt better.
Missy nods.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

I have to say, I can't believe I'm
actually here--I was on my way home
from dinner when I noticed your
text. So what's this big emergency?

FRED

Huh? Oh, uh, yeah. By 'emergency' I
just meant that there's some
important stuff I want to talk to
you about. You know, one on one, me
and you--without all the husbands
and wives and hoopla. So how are
you?

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

I'm... good.

FRED

No, I mean how-are-you. Inside.
What's happenin' in there? There
must be all sorts of emotions
churning up with the divorce and
everything.
She gives him a long look.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Maybe we should go somewhere else--
this doesn't seem like the best
place to spill one's guts.
Just then, Coakley swoops in and pulls Fred aside.

COAKLEY

(UNDER BREATH)

What part of 'go ugly early' didn't

you understand? You've got a better chance of winning husband-of-the-year than tagging that chiquita. Fred flinches at this.

FRED

But...I know her. She said she wants to leave with me.

93.

COAKLEY

Then she's insane--run for the hills.

FRED

Coak, the woman's going through a divorce. She's not insane, she's just making really poor decisions right now.

(hands him his car keys)

Here, give Rick the keys to my minivan. I'm gonna go back to the hotel with Missy.

Coakley looks back at Missy and softens.

COAKLEY

It's your funeral, princess.

BACK ON RICK AND LEIGH dancing up a storm. Rick is OUT OF BREATH and SWEATING LIKE A PIG. His shirt is soaked and his hair is dripping wet.

LEIGH

Are you okay--you keep checking your pulse?

RICK

Nah, I'm fine. I had a little chest cramp during the last song, but I worked through it.

She smiles at this.

LEIGH

Come on, let's sit this one out. I

need a breather.
They move to the bar and Rick starts DRYING HIMSELF with a stack of cocktail napkins.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

So what's up with the ring?
He looks at his finger, then back at her.

RICK

Um...have you ever heard of a hall pass?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL TEAM BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace pulls up in her Camry and gets out. She hears MUSIC coming from inside and hesitates a BEAT before walking nervously onto the porch and KNOCKING. A moment later Gerry appears in the doorway.

GERRY

There she is! Come on in, I'm mixing up some margaritis. We lost our final game, but I got four hits!

94.

GRACE

Oh. Great. Uh, where is everyone?

GERRY

They all went out to party--now get in here!
But Grace stays on the porch.

GRACE

Gerry, I'm sorry but I can't stay.

GERRY

What?
Grace hasn't been in this situation in a long time and it shows. Gerry steps out onto the porch looking concerned.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

GRACE

Yeah, yeah, everything's fine,
but...
(holds up gift box)
.I can't accept this.

GERRY

Why not?
Grace does a double-take.

GRACE

Gerry, I'm a married woman.
Gerry nods at this, maybe a little hurt. She hands him the
box and he reluctantly accepts it.

GERRY

Um... I'm sorry if I made you
uncomfortable, Grace. It's just
that...I really like you.

GRACE

I like you, too, Gerry, and you
didn't make me uncomfortable.
She smiles at him and he forces a smile back, and there's
some serious eye-contact, and then BAM!
They DIVE AT EACH OTHER and start SUCKING FACE LIKE THERE'S
NO TOMORROW. As they continue to MAUL EACH OTHER, they
STUMBLE INTO THE HOUSE, and we

CUT TO:

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Rick and Leigh are leaning against the bar.

LEIGH

So...you're married?

RICK

I wasn't deliberately hiding it.
He holds up his ring hand.

LEIGH

Yeah, I just thought your wife had
died or something and you were
wearing it out of respect.

RICK

(UNCOMFORTABLE)

Uh, nope. She's still hangin' in
there.
Just then, Coakley PULLS RICK ASIDE.

COAKLEY

Come on, you're not gonna close the
sale here--let's move this clambake
back to my place.

RICK

Okay, but what am I gonna do there?

COAKLEY

What do you mean, what are you
gonna do? I've got a house with
bedrooms--do the math. When it
doesn't work out with her--which it
won't--there's going to be a bunch
of other back-up chicks there.
Rick nods then turns to Leigh.

RICK

My buddy's inviting everybody back
to his crib.

LEIGH

Sounds cool.
As they walk toward the exit, we

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS - NIGHT

INT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fred and Missy are walking down the hallway toward his room.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

I've got to be honest, Fred... I'm
not really sure what we're doing

here.

FRED

What do you mean? We're hangin', we're connecting--that's what friends do. Especially if they want to take it to the next level where they can call each other 'good friends.'

96.

He comes to his room and starts to unlock the door.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

You're married, Fred.

FRED

Ah, blah, blah, blah, blah.
Fred opens the door but Missy stays in the hall.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

What does blah-blah mean? You are still married, right?

FRED

Happily. Look, I don't want to get into all the details, but my wife gave me this one-time deal where I get to be with another woman.
He opens the door wide. She looks at him for a BEAT.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

I thought we were going to the hotel bar?

FRED

We are. There's a mini-bar in my room. You better hurry up, it's last call.
Fred smiles.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Are you out of your flippin' mind?
Fred loses the smile.

FRED

Um...

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Are you out of your mind?!

FRED

I'm going to be honest with you--
your tone right now is scaring me.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

You call me up for the first time
in your life, claim you have some
kind of emergency, and it turns out
that you just want to screw me?!

FRED

Or not.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Well, screw you, Fred!
She starts walking down the hallway. Fred nods, unfazed.

97.

FRED

Nail on the head!
She turns and glares at him.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

What?

FRED

What you just said--I had that
coming. Big time.
Fred hangs his head.

FRED (CONT'D)

(SOFTLY)

Seriously, Missy, I...I don't know
what's gotten into me this week. I
think I must be having some kind of

mid-life crisis or something
because I've been acting like a
real jackass.

(SIGHS

Anyway ease forgive me. I
really am very, very sorry and
ashamed.

Missy, standing a few feet away, finally calms down.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Okay. Whatever.

FRED

Thank you.

LONG BEAT.

FRED (CONT'D)

So you want to come in for
that drink?

He arches an eyebrow.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD

Fuck you, Fred!
Missy STORMS away.

FRED

(TO SELF)

'No thank you' would have sufficed.
Fred walks into his room and closes the door.

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fred goes to the mini-bar and pours himself a drink. He
looks around the room. The week's over and he's failed
miserably. He sits on the bed. Alone.
Then a KNOCK. Fred gets up and opens the door.

98.

FRED

Hi. May I help you?

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS Paige's Aunt Meg. She's wearing a skirt and low-cut tank top and has cougar written all over her.

AUNT MEG

Rick, my name's Meg. I'm your babysitter Paige's aunt, and I just wanted to come over here and tell you this: They don't make men like you anymore.
She smiles.

FRED

Oh. Well, thank you.

(BEAT)

Would you like to come in?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL CLUB BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A guilt-ridden Grace is just finishing GETTING DRESSED when Gerry comes out of the bathroom buttoning up his shirt.

GERRY

Everything okay?

GRACE

Yeah. Yeah. It's just ...no, everything's not okay.

GERRY

What?

He moves close to her and she grows uncomfortable.

GRACE

Look, you're a great cguay, Gerry, and you're very charming and very sweet and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt your feelings, but...well, what, just happened can never happen again.
Gerry looks confused.

GERRY

Oh.

GRACE

I know it's probably hard for you to understand but...I love my husband.

GERRY

So? What does that have to do with anything? Fate threw us together and we went with it--isn't that what life's all about?

99.

Grace looks at him, recognizing the youth and triteness of his words.

GRACE

Not always.

(BEAT)

It wasn't fair to my husband... and it wasn't fair to you because this could never become anything more than just.. .what it was. She looks at him and shrugs apologetically. Gerry BARKS out a LAUGH.

GERRY

I know that.

GRACE

You do?

GERRY

(BIG SMILE)

Of course I do. Jeez. I mean, no offense, but let's face it, you're a lot older than me. She flinches, a little embarrassed. A quick reality check for Grace.

GRACE

Right.

GERRY

I don't mean that in a bad way. I'm just saying, I didn't think we were going to start dating, you know?

Could you imagine the looks we'd get? It'd be like Hugh Hefner and his girlfriends--except in reverse. Gerry CHUCKLES.

GERRY (CONT'D)

You'd be Hugh Hefner.

GRACE

Yeah, I got that part.
Gerry looks at his watch.

GERRY

Ooh, I gotta get going. We have kind of a team meeting in like twenty minutes.
Gerry sees Grace glance at the clock: 12:15 A.M.

GERRY CONT'D

It's, uh, kind o a tradition that we always get together on the night of the last game. It would probably be uncool if I missed it.

100.

GRACE

You don't have to explain.

GERRY

Seriously, though, thanks for everything--that was awesome. He holds up his hand and she diligently HIGH-FIVES HIM. Then Gerry WALKS OUT THE DOOR. Grace sits there alone for a moment. We PUSH IN ON HER and we hear Gerry's CAR START OUTSIDE, and when Grace STARTS TO CRY, we

CUT TO:

EXT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This is a Tudor home in an upscale Brookline neighborhood. We can hear 'Rage Against The Machine' BLASTING from the street. There's thirty or so cars out front and PEOPLE are

still arriving.

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - SAME

The place is JAMMING. It's a nice house but under-furnished in a bachelor pad kind of way. Rick and Leigh are in a corner drinking beers.

LEIGH

I guess I still have a lot to get out of my system before I do the marriage trip. I'm one of those people who wants to try everything once before I die.

RICK

(BLURTING OUT)

Have you ever been with a married guy?
Leigh pauses, but she doesn't flinch.

LEIGH

No.

RICK

Neither have I.
Rick winces, but Leigh smiles at him. It's the moment of truth.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'd like to help you take being with a married guy off your list of things to do before you die.

LEIGH

You would?

RICK

Yes.
Leigh gets close.

LEIGH

I don't want to be a home-wrecker.

RICK

I've got a one-time pass, remember?

LEIGH

That wasn't just a line?

RICK

No. It's for real.

Leigh seems intrigued. She moves closer still, takes his hand.

LEIGH

So where can we go to talk some more about this?

RICK

(NERVOUS)

Um, Coakley has a game room upstairs. We could.. .talk there.

WANNABE (O.S.)

Leigh!

Rick and Leigh look over to see an AGITATED Wannabe forcing his way through the crowd.

WANNABE (CONT'D)

Where have you...? Why didn't you...? You knew this was my big night! How could you just--?

(turns away, emotional)

Look, can I please talk to you in private? Now.

Leigh looks apologetically at Rick.

LEIGH

Can you give me a second?

RICK

Sure.

Wannabe and Leigh walk a few feet away and Rick watches them have an ANIMATED CONVERSATION. It appears Wannabe may even be crying. Finally, Wannabe storms across the room but when he gets to the door, he looks back at Leigh.

WANNABE

Well? Are you coming?

Leigh SIGHS, then approaches Rick.

LEIGH

I'm sorry, Rick. I have to go deal
with this.
Rick can't believe what's happening.

102.

RICK

Really? Now? I thought you said he
wasn't your boyfriend.

LEIGH

He's not...but he is a friend.
Leigh glances at the broken-down Wannabe standing there at
the door, then turns back to Rick.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.
Before Rick can stop her, Leigh LEAVES THE PARTY with
Wannabe. After a LONG BEAT, Rick slides down into a chair,

DEVASTATED.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

over
Maggie is spilling her guts to Rick Coleman as he stands
the stove MAKING PANCAKES.

MAGGIE

.And he hasn't even spent one
night in his own bed this week.

RICK COLEMAN

Let me get this straight--you gave
him his freedom and now you're mad
that he's acting free?
This logic clearly stings Maggie.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm sure there's an
explanation. Maybe he took a trip

somewhere?

MAGGIE

I called his assistant--he's been in the office almost everyday.

RICK COLEMAN

Look, Maggie, for all you know your husband's been working at a sou kitchen, sleeping in his car all week, and he's only gotten laid two or three times at most. She looks up and forces a smile.

MAGGIE

Ha-ha. Maggie checks her watch.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Jeez, I wonder what's taking Grace so long?

103.

RICK COLEMAN

Well, if she went over to break the kid's heart, the least she could do is lend a sympathetic ear. He flips a pancake onto a plate.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Prepare yourself for heaven. She reaches for the plate, but he slaps her hand away.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Not so fast, lady. I'm not finished. You have not lived until you've had my steaming hot blueberry pancakes... He pulls a carton of vanilla ice cream out of a bag.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

.A la mode. Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

Oh My-lanta.

RICK COLEMAN

And to wash it all down...

Rick reaches into the bag and pulls out a DESSERT WINE. Off Maggie's smile, we

CUT TO:

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

bumps
OF
A glum Rick is walking through the PACKED PARTY when he
into Baker and Hog-Head standing around a keg with a GROUP
OF

GUYS.

RICK

Hey. . .what are you guys doing here?

HOG-HEAD

We're here for the hall pass.

RICK

Really? I thought you guys had given up on us?

BAKER

We did. We're here with them.
He nods toward RICK LEARY and WILLY BOSHANE, both early 40's and paunchy.

RICK

What are you talking about?

104.

BAKER

When Leary and Boshane heard about your guy's hall pass, they convinced their wives to give them

one, too.
A smiling Leary tries to HIGH-FIVE Rick, but he's having
none of it. He turns to Baker, livid.

RICK

You weren't supposed to tell anyone
about the hall pass!

LEARY

They didn't say anything. Our wives
heard about it at the pool.

RICK

No! At the pool?!
Rick rubs his face, distressed.

BOSHANE

Yep. And then about three days ago--
after some hard-core negotiating--
we managed to push the bill
through.
The guys LAUGH. Rick can hardly believe what he's spawned.

RICK

Really? So...how's it going?

BOSHANE

Solid. Very solid.

LEARY

We're building mucho momentum.
Baker makes a JERK-OFF MOTION.

LEARY (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED)

Hey, Baker, a hall pass ain't just
about sex, you know.

BOSHANE

That's right. It's about going
bowling and, uh, staying up late,
and being able to do what you want
to do when you want to do it.

RICK

Haven't gotten laid yet, huh?

BOSHANE

(DISPIRITED)

It's a lot tougher than we thought
it would be.
Just then Gary comes around a corner.

105.

GARY

Hey, dudes, there's like ten very
bangable chicks out on the back
deck--let's go!
Leary HOLDS UP HIS BEER.

LEARY

To freedom!
The guys TAP their beer cups, then EXIT toward the back

deck.

A dejected and defeated Rick watches them go, then turns and
pushes his way through the crowd to the front door. As he
OPENS THE DOOR to leave, he finds himself FACE-TO-FACE WITH

LEIGH.

LEIGH

Hey, where are you going?

RICK

What are you doing...? I thought
you'd left.

LEIGH

No. I told you, I just had to talk
him off the ledge. I calmed him
down and sent him on his way.

RICK

Oh. Uh, great.

LEIGH

So where's that game room? I
thought we were gonna play some
games.

She smiles and takes his hand and as they walk away, we

go...

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rick and Leigh walk down the hall to the game room. He opens the door and flips on the light.
THEIR POV - there's a pool table, a few pinball machines, a bar, and a bed.

LEIGH

I'll be right back--I just have to use the bathroom.

Rick nods, then watches as Leigh walks off and disappears into the bathroom. He takes a DEEP BREATH. This is it. Just then he hears O.S. LAUGHTER. Rick heads down the hallway and pushes open a door.

COAKLEY (O.S.)

Hey.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Coakley SITTING ALL ALONE in a small study off the hall. He has a bowl of Cap'n Crunch on his lap and is watching a re-run of The Andy Griffith Show.

106.

RICK

Hey. How come you're not downstairs partying?
Coakley gives him a sad, worn-out smile.

COAKLEY

All partied out, pal.
Rick nods, understanding. Coakley LAUGHS once again at the

TV.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Man, that Barney Fife still kills me.
He looks back to Rick.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, I was thinking about this hall-pass business. It's really ironic, isn't it?
Rick glances down the hall to see if Leigh has returned.

RICK

How's that?

COAKLEY

Well think about it. There's two kinds of guys who cheat on their wives: The guy who does it behind her back, and a guy like you who has his wife's permission.

RICK

Well it's not really cheating if I have permission.

COAKLEY

Yeah, whatever. The point is, if you asked a hundred people who the better CJuy is, ninety-nine of 'em would pick you, because you're being honest--there's no deceit involved.

Rick is growing uncomfortable.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

But the funny thing is, the other guy, the cheater, the bad guy, he has to live with all that guilt and anxiety, while his wife's running around happy as a clam because she doesn't know anything. And you, the good guy, you've got no guilt at all because you just laid it all on your wife's shoulders.

RICK

Well I didn't really think of it

LIKE--

107.

COAKLEY

It's like she's your guilt Sherpa!

Coakley CHUCKLES and Rick deflates.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Funny, huh?

RICK

(WEAKLY)

Yeah.

COAKLEY

And that, my friend, is why you are
a genius.

As Rick lets this all sink in, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paige's Aunt Meg is sitting on the couch. Her legs are
crossed revealing a lot of skin. Fred hands her a glass of
wine and sits beside her.

FRED

Cheers.
They CLINK glasses.

AUNT MEG

Rick, I hope you don't mind me
tracking you down--Paige told me
where you were staying.

FRED

Please. Not at all.

AUNT MEG

You've been very sweet to her.
Fred waves her off.

FRED

Hey, she's a good kid. I do what I
can for the kids.
Aunt Meg moves in a little closer, squints at him sweetly.

AUNT MEG

She told me everything. And I have
to say, I was very impressed.

FRED

Hm?

AUNT MEG

I know she tried to hook-up with you--twice in fact--and that you set her straight both times.
Fred hadn't heard this from Rick and is a little confused.

108.

FRED

Uh...hook-up?

AUNT MEG

(SMILES)

Rick, enough with the chivalry.
Paige wanted to sleep with you and you didn't take advantage of her.
I'm just saying that's very cool.
He shrugs modestly.

FRED

Well... she's a kid and kids get crushes. I remember in tenth grade I had the biggest crush on my French teacher--thank God Mr. LeClaire was professional enough to only date seniors.
Meg GIGGLES.

AUNT MEG

I'm serious, it takes a certain kind of guy to say no to a beautiful young girl like that--especially since you have your wife's permission now.
Meg shoots him a knowing smile and puts her glass down.

AUNT MEG (CONT'D)

I like that, Rick. You have morals.
She leans in and KISSES HIS NECK. Fred glances down at her breasts.

FRED

Hey, all you have in this world is your word.

As Aunt Meg CLIMBS ON TOP OF FRED, we

CUT TO:

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Rick ENTERS to find Leigh playing a pinball machine. Leigh turns and smiles at Rick.

RICK

Leigh, I gotta split.

LEIGH

What?

RICK

(NERVOUS)

Yeah, I kind of hit a wall.
She can hardly believe her ears.

109.

LEIGH

Really? Are you feeling okay?
You're not mad because I went
outside with my friend, are you?

RICK

No, no, no. Look, I shouldn't be
doing this. I have.. .you know,
commitments.
Leigh nods at this, then unties a shoulder strap and her
DRESS FALLS TO THE FLOOR. Suddenly she's NAKED before him
and she's PERFECT.

RICK (CONT'D)

(WEAKLY)

Um, you dropped something.
For a moment nobody moves. We can almost hear Rick's heart
beat. Then Leigh STEPS CLOSER to him and Rick instinctively
leans back.

LEIGH

Relax. Don't think so much. You're gonna have your wife for the rest of your life, but tonight. . .you have me.

Leigh smiles. And it's the kind of smile you only get two or three times in your life, if you're lucky, and probably

never

from a woman this beautiful.

She reaches down and UNBUCKLES HIS PANTS, then she PULLS OFF HIS SHIRT. They stand face-to-face now, the middle-aged guy and the young beauty, and it's happening exactly the way

Rick

had hoped it would, the dream.

She presses her body against his and STARTS TO KISS HIS

NECK,

her hand DISAPPEARING SOMEWHERE BELOW HIS WAIST. Then she leans her head AGAINST HIS CHEST. As he looks down at her, we PUSH IN on a suddenly conflicted Rick.

RICK

Nope. I can't do this.
He reaches for his shirt.

LEIGH

What are you doing?

RICK

I'm sorry.
She stares at him, confused, as he buckles his pants.

LEIGH

Your wife didn't give you a hallway permission slip, did she?

110.

RICK

Yes, she did, but... look, you're insanely beautiful and pathologically sexy and every cell in my body is telling me to dust do this, but--
Rick points to his chest.

RICK (CONT'D)

See this area, this spot right here? The first time Maggie and I slept together, back in college, she fell asleep right here. And she left a puddle of drool. And it didn't bother me. It actually felt good. That's when I knew I was going to marry her.

(BEAT)

And when my kids--Emma and Gunnar--when they were babies, this is where they slept. Or sometimes at four o'clock in the morning Emma would just lay there and stare up at me. It was where we first got to know each other.

(BEAT)

So I'm sorry, Leigh, but as amazing as I think you are...I gotta go home.
Rick shrugs apologetically.

LEIGH

Well, I think you have a screw loose and you're probably going to regret this for the rest of your life, but. . .right on, man.

RICK

Um...do you want me to give you a ride home?

LEIGH

No. It's only one-thirty--I'm going back down to the party.
Rick raises two fingers.

RICK

Peace it.

LEIGH

R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.
As they smile at each other one last time, we

CUT TO:

INT. FRED'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Rick is pulling away from Coakley's house when the car phone RINGS. Rick pushes a button to ANSWER.

RICK

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Yes, is this Fred Searing?

RICK

Oh, uh, no, I'm sorry, he's not here right now. I'm using his car.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Well, would you know where I could find him? This is Sgt. Polisner of the Massachusetts State Police. As Rick grows alarmed, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is still on the couch with Aunt Meg on the floor in front of him. Fred's PANTS ARE DOWN TO HIS ANKLES, leaving him with only his boxers on. Meg KISSES HIS CHEST and STOMACH, then leans back and TAKES OFF HER TANK-TOP, revealing EXTRA-LARGE BAZOOKAS stuffed into a slinky bra.

AUNT MEG

I'm attracted to men with integrity.

FRED

Thanks--wow, you got great jugs. Meg takes Fred's hand and leads him toward the bed (with his pants still at his ankles), Fred WADDLING LIKE A PENGUIN.

AUNT MEG

Moral-guy's a tit-man, huh?

FRED

(SHRUGGING)

Well, I grew up in the midwest.

his

She pushes him down on the bed and Fred quickly kicks off

pants and shoes (but keeps his boxers on.) Meg TACKLES him and the two of them start to roll around UNDER THE COVERS. An O.S. Fred seems to be working his way down her stomach.

AUNT MEG

Oh yes! Rick... please...I want you to make love to me.

on

Just then Rick BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, out of breath. Fred and Meg come up from under the covers. (Fred is at waist-level her.)

RICK

Fred, I need to talk to you!

Meg GLARES down at Fred, confused.

112.

AUNT MEG

Fred? I thought you were Rick?!

RICK

I'm Rick.

Fred cowers guiltily.

FRED

Please don't judge me.

As Aunt Meg KARATE KICKS Fred in the face, we

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Fred, now dressed, hurries across the parking lot with Rick on his heels. Fred has BLOOD-STAINED TISSUE stuffed up his nose.

FRED

What did they tell you? Is Grace gonna be okay?

RICK

All I know is she was in a car accident and they rushed her to the hospital.

FRED

Oh my God... Suddenly they hear O.S. GLASS SHATTERING. They look up and

REACT.

can
IN

THEIR POV - From fifty yards across the parking lot, they see that Fred's mini-van's windshield has just been BASHED by the BAT-WIELDING Wannabe. On the side of the vehicle is spray-painted: HORNY OLD MAN.

FRED (CONT'D)

Whoa!!! What the hell...?! Wannabe turns to them, a CRAZED LOOK on his face.

WANNABE

How do you like me now, Splenda-boy?

FRED

OF

You moron, that's Lny car! His is the one next to it! Wannabe looks over at Rick's Avalon, PULLS OUT A KNIFE, and quickly SLASHES TWO OF RICK'S TIRES. As Rick and Fred RUN TOWARD HIM, Wannabe JUMPS INTO AN OLD BRONCO and PEELS OUT

THE PARKING LOT.

BACK ON Rick and Fred as they slow down and CATCH THEIR

BREATHS.

RICK

Nice job, Fred.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The mini-van blows by a sign that reads 'CAPE COD - 60
MILES.'

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

The WINDSHIELD IS GONE and the wind blows back Rick and Fred's hair as if they were on a motorcycle. Fred tries his car phone as he drives.

FRED

Oh come on! How can a hospital not have a live operator?!

RICK

It's four in the morning, Fred.
Fred hangs up and pounds his steering wheel.

FRED

What was I thinking?! I had a great wife--a beautiful wife--and now I may lose her.. .because of you.

RICK

What are you talking about?! You said our wives were living their dreams, with their fancy gas ovens, and that our dream was the hall pass! How can you blame this on me?!

FRED

I'd never even heard of a hall pass until you flaunted yours in my face! 'Hey, look at me, I've got a hall pass--everyone should have a hall pass!' You ruined my life, Mills!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Maggie and Rick Coleman sit on the back deck DRINKING WINE.

RICK COLEMAN

This is a great place.

MAGGIE

Yeah, my family's had it since I was a kid. We used to come for a week a summer, then two weeks, then a month, then by the time I got to high school we were living here all summer long.

114.

RICK COLEMAN

Something's wrong here, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Hm?

RICK COLEMAN

Something's wrong with a guy who would leave a woman like you alone for this long.

MAGGIE

(UNCOMFORTABLE)

Well, you know...I did give him a hall pass.

RICK COLEMAN

So what? If you were my girl, I wouldn't have taken it.
An awkward moment. Rick touches her hand and Maggie looks away.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

You deserve way better.

MAGGIE

Uh, in Rick's defense, he didn't really even want the hall pass. I kind of forced it on him.

RICK COLEMAN

Why would you do that?
Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE

I don't know.

(BEAT)

I guess I felt like he wasn't
noticing me anymore. j guess I
wanted to feel.. .desired again. And
the truth is, in my heart, I never
thought he'd go through with it.
He brushes her hair from her face and they look into each
other's eyes. He leans in and she does, too, and right when
it looks like THEY MAY KISS, Maggie hesitates as suddenly

EVERYTHING BECOMES CLEAR TO HER.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

RICK COLEMAN

What?

MAGGIE

This hall pass ...it wasn't for him.

(SOFTLY)

It was...for me.
And as they hang on that realization, we

CUT TO:

115

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked on the highway divider.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

Two YOUNG COPS are relaxing with their coffees when the

SMASHED-UP MINI-VAN FLIES BY.

COP #1

Did you see that? He didn't have a windshield.

Cop #2 throws the car into drive and they pull a U-ey and

GIVE CHASE.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fred looks regretful.

FRED

I'm sorry, man, I shouldn't have blamed you for this. I'm the one who dragged you into this thing.

RICK

No, you didn't. I went willingly.

FRED

I've been bad, Rick. I've been real bad.

RICK

We've both been bad.

FRED

I've been worse. I kissed your babysitter's aunt.

RICK

That's not so bad.

FRED

On the vagina.

RICK

Ooh.

They hear a SIREN and Rick looks back to see the cops on their tail.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The battered MINI-VAN blows by the 'WELCOME TO CAPE COD' hedges with the cop car on their tail.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fred isn't slowing down. He grows more determined.

116.

RICK

Pull over, man!

FRED

No way, I can out-run 'em!

RICK

No you can't--not in this thing!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

We see another POLICE CRUISER FISHTAIL OUT OF A SIDE STREET and JOIN THE CHASE.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

RICK

Oh God, now there's two of 'em!

FRED

I don't care--I'm not stopping 'til we get there!

RICK

Are you crazy?!

FRED

Yeah, I'm crazy! I'm crazy about my wife!

EXT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ENTRANCE Rick and Fred come SKIDDING UP to the EMERGENCY ROOM in the graffitied mini-van.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The two Young Cops SCREECH to a stop behind the mini-van as the second cruiser flies up behind them.

COP #2

We're on!

The officers spring from their cars and quickly TACKLE Fred as he runs toward the front doors. Rick climbs out of the passenger seat with HIS HANDS RAISED.

RICK

Hear me out, gentlemen, I can explain everything!

A BURLY OFFICER from the back-up car form-tackles Rick, BLASTING him backwards onto the sidewalk.

Fred and Rick manage to roll away and then CRAWL THROUGH THE

FRONT ENTRANCE.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Our guys barely get in the door before being PUMMELED TO THE FLOOR by the four cops. The TWO PEOPLE seated in the waiting room STAND UP IN SHOCK and then a swarm of DOCTORS and ORDERLIES come running in to see what the commotion is.

117.

FRED

Grace needs me!

Cop #1 PINS FRED'S HEAD TO THE FLOOR as Cop #2 lays across his legs.

COP #1

Okay, just take it easy, buddy.

FRED

No, I won't take it easy! Look, I'm sorry I was speeding and I shouldn't have run from you guys, but my wife's been in an accident and she's in this emergency room and I gotta see how she is because...

(GROWS EMOTIONAL)

.THAT WOMAN'S MY WHOLE LIFE!

The cops look moved and unsure what to do.

DOCTOR

Are you the husband of...

(glances down at chart)

.Grace Searing?

Fred strains to look up.

FRED

Yes! Is she okay?!

The Doctor hesitates and the cops look at each other and

then

the Burly Officer releases Rick from his head-lock.

BURLY OFFICER

All right, let him up.

The young officers get off Fred and help him up. Fred rushes to the Doctor, who seems very serious.

FRED

Please tell me she's gonna be okay.

DOCTOR

She is. Your wife broke her nose and she got shaken up a bit, but all in all she's a very lucky woman.

FRED

You got that wrong, doc. I'm the lucky one.

Fred is visibly relieved as the doctor smiles and walks off.

FRED (CONT'D)

(CALLING OUT)

Bless you, doctor!

Fred turns to Rick and the two men hug and then Rick grabs Fred by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.

RICK

You take care of that woman, buddy,
and I'm gonna go home and take care
of mine.

Fred nods, emotional, as the cops look at each other,
unmoved. Rick starts to walk away.

FRED

Rick...

Rick stops and turns at the door.

FRED (CONT'D)

You go love that lady!

The Burly Officer rolls his eyes and steps up to Rick.

BURLY OFFICER

Uh, before you 'go love that lady',
we're going to have to write you
guys up.

As the officer pulls out his CITATION PAD, we

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Rick pulls up in the wrecked mini-van and gets out.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick steps quietly into the house. He sees two empty bottles
of wine and two half-filled glasses on the coffee table.
Then he hears Maggie's O.S. VOICE coming from the bedroom.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Oh my god...oh my god...oh my
and...

ON RICK - he looks concerned as he approaches the bedroom
door.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick ENTERS to find Maggie laying in bed... TALKING ON THE

PHONE.

MAGGIE

(INTO PHONE)

Oh my god... oh my god, you poor
thing.

Maggie looks up, shocked to see Rick.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE)

Hold on, Rick just walked in.

(TO RICK)

Grace was in a car accident!

119.

RICK

I know. She's okay.
Maggie goes back to the phone.

MAGGIE

(INTO PHONE)

And they let you go?

(BEAT)

Okay... so you're on your way?
Great.

(BEAT)

I love you, too, honey.
She hangs up.

MAGGIE CONT'D)

My God, she scared (me to death.

RICK

March twenty-fifth, 1988.

MAGGIE

What?

RICK

The day I lost my virginity. March
25th, 1988 at approximately ten-
thirty in the evening.
Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE

What are you talking about? We were dating then.

Rick nods. She looks at him, not sure if she understands.

RICK

You were my first. And you were my last. And you were everything in between.

As it all sinks in, Maggie STARTS TO WELL UP.

MAGGIE

Really?

RICK

Really.

MAGGIE

So...is that why you were crying that first night?

Rick shrugs, embarrassed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And I was...I was your last?

RICK

You are my only. Forever.

120.

Maggie smiles and runs into his arms. They KISS, and it's a real kiss, the kind they haven't had in a long while.

DISSOLVE TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 7

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - DAWN

The sky is lightening but the sun hasn't risen yet. A taxi-van pulls up and Fred gets out. (Fred has a BLACK EYE.) He helps Grace out of the van, then pays the DRIVER. (Grace

has

TWO BLACK EYES and her nose is HEAVILY BANDAGED.) When the taxi drives off, Fred helps Grace toward the house.

FRED

.And what were you doing driving around at one o'clock in the morning?

GRACE

(NERVOUS)

Well...I was upset so I went for a drive--you know, to think--and I must have hit a patch of sand, and before I knew it I was into the pole.
Fred stops and looks her in the eye.

FRED

I'm sorry, Grace.

GRACE

For what?

FRED

For putting you through all this.
Grace looks awash in guilt.

GRACE

It's not your fault, Fred.

FRED

Yes, it is--of course it's my fault. This isn't you--driving around all night, thinking--you're not a thinker.
When she looks up at him, he forces a smile. But she doesn't smile back.

GRACE

Look, Fred, we have to talk about... about what happened this week.
Fred takes a DEEP BREATH and looks around, trying to avoid the moment.

121.

FRED

Grace. . .do we really have to do this?
Grace lowers her head guiltily.

GRACE

Yeah. Yeah, we do.
When she looks back up, she NOTICES the SPRAY-PAINTED and
BATTERED MINI-VAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Horny old man?

FRED

(MATTER-OF-FACT)

Oh, no, honey, that's not me--they were talking about Rick.
Grace looks at him, confused. Suddenly Fred falls to his knees.

FRED (CONT'D)

Look, all you gotta know is that whatever happened doesn't matter! I love you and only you! And I'm going to treat you like the queen that you are for the rest of your living days, so help me God! I'll mow the lawn, I'll shovel the snow, I'll wash the stubble off the sink...
Grace looks down at him.

FRED (CONT'D)

.But please, I'm begging you, sweetie... can we please just never talk about what happened this week?
Grace's eyes flicker about, hardly believing her luck.

GRACE

Um...deal.
Fred gets up and THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND HIS WIFE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I love you, Fred.
As they embrace, Fred sees Rick come out the front door with his arm around Maggie. Fred shoots Rick a THUMBS-UP.
CLOSE ON RICK AND MAGGIE as they smile at Fred and Grace.

RICK

Come on, you two! We're gonna go
watch the sun come up!

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as Hall & Oates's 'When The Morning Comes' begins to play and
our two HAPPY COUPLES hold hands and walk off toward the
beach, we pull up, up, up, and...

FADE OUT:

THE END