

HERD MENTALITY

"Pilot"

by
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Revised First Draft
1/19/11

COLD OPEN

SCENE A

INT. RADIO STATION - BOOTH

NICK HERD (fortyish, confident, good looking and well-dressed, though he'd never admit he tries) sits in his booth, headphones on. CASEY (thirtyish, tall, and sexy) is on a stool next to him. DOUG, the show's producer, watches from behind the glass in the control booth.

NICK

There was a time when the NFL was comprised of warriors. Men who would take the field in flimsy pads made of rubber bands and wadded up newspaper. Who would spend an hour after a game in Green Bay, sifting through the bloody snow looking for their teeth.

CASEY

Are you getting to a point, or are you trying to make people vomit?

NICK

As always, Casey, I'm getting to a point. Today's players are spoiled. Thad Humphries signed a contract. All of a sudden, he decides he doesn't like the terms anymore, screw the contract, he doesn't show up for workouts!

CASEY

Not okay.

NICK

Not okay! I know how invested Giants fans are in keeping Humphries happy, but you've got to take the emotion out of it and look at this logically. A contract is a contract. You sign it? You abide by it. I don't care whether it's a football contract or a car lease or a child custody agreement --

CASEY

Ohhh! This is about the ex-wife!

NICK

This is not about the ex-wife. This is about a larger societal issue.

CASEY

Oh, I can tell when Kelli's annoying you. Your nostrils get all flarey. Can you folks watching on the simulcast see that?

NICK

Okay, since you brought her up, let's talk about Kelli. We have a deal. It's contractual. She gets our two kids some weeks, I get them other weeks. But then Kelli says "deal shmeal, I'll just drop the kids off whenever, like a load of laundry."

CASEY

Oop! There go the nostrils again!

NICK

My nostrils are normal! This is not emotional, it's logical. My current wife Megan has two kids of her own --

CASEY

I'm sorry, your "current wife?" Really?

NICK

Yes, really. What?

CASEY

I don't know. "Current wife" kinda sounds temporary. Like the current temperature.

NICK

What would you prefer? "Permanent wife?" "Final wife?"

CASEY

How about "wife." I just know I'd never want to be referred to as somebody's "current wife."

NICK

Well it's a good thing you're not married to me, because silly little illogical things like that don't bother my current wife.

CUT TO:

COLD OPEN

SCENE B

INT. HERD HOUSE - DAY

A bright, airy Connecticut home, modern architecturally but homey in furnishing. A staircase leads to a second floor landing that overlooks the living room. The place is tidy, except for kids' coats sitting in a lump on the floor, and a pile of loose Legos and Wii remotes left on the couch.

MEGAN -- pretty and put together in jeans and a T-shirt -- is straightening up. Nick stands by, taking his lumps.

MEGAN

(PLAYFUL) Whew! Your "current wife"
is exhausted!

NICK

You know what I meant.

MEGAN

It's hard work, trying to feed and
clothe your "current children."

NICK

Again, I was differentiating.

MEGAN

I hope your "future wife" is as
understanding as your "current wife."

NICK

Are you finished? (PUTS HIS ARMS
AROUND HER) 'Cause I'd like to go
upstairs and make some future
children.

MEGAN

Oh my god, that is the worst pick-up
line in the history of man. And the
electricians are upstairs.

NICK

I'll be quiet.

MEGAN

And Kelli will be here any minute with
your kids.

NICK

I'll be quick and quiet.

Nick grabs her. She pushes him off, but she's enjoying it.

MEGAN

This is sounding better and better!
Why don't you save it for date night?

NICK

(REALIZING) Oooh, is date night this
Saturday?

MEGAN

Yes! You're not bagging...?

NICK

No! Opposite! It turns out, our date
night is going to be even more
spectacular than you ever could have
imagined.

MEGAN

Oh? How so?

NICK

The Eli Manning Foundation gala! It's going to be a blast. Name a sports star from the tri-state area, he'll be there.

MEGAN

I can't name a sports star from the tri-state area.

NICK

Well, come on, Eli Manning is a gimme.

MEGAN

Honey, do you realize how long it's been since we went out on a real date?

NICK

Honey, I promise you, this is better! It's gonna be a huge event. People would kill to get tickets to this thing. But you don't have to, because you're married to me.

Two ELECTRICIANS (TOMMY and JEFF) come down the stairs carrying the remains of a ceiling fan. Nick is thankful for the distraction.

TOMMY

All done, ma'am.

NICK

Ah! Thank you, guys.

JEFF

(TO TOMMY) Hear that? It is him! (TO NICK) You're Nick Herd from the radio!

TOMMY

Aaah! I love you man!

NICK

And I love you!

MEGAN

(TO ELECTRICIANS) Okay, bye bye.

JEFF

You nail it, man! You nail it every
time! The Favre thing? Nailed it!

NICK

(BASKING) What can I say, I'm like a
nail gun.

MEGAN

Guys, we're in the middle of a little
argument, and he doesn't need to hear
how great he is right now.

TOMMY

(ASIDE, TO JEFF) His current wife.

SFX: DOORBELL

Megan opens the door to reveal KELLI (blond and busty,
neither naturally) in a runner's outfit that shows off her
toned legs. A t-shirt stretched across her chest reads
"Keeping It Real." With her is her new husband, SAL
(extremely buff in a Jets jersey, with a friendly face and
lots of product in his hair). Nick's kids with Kelli, LITTLE
NICK (7) and TESS (5) excitedly run to Nick.

LITTLE NICK/TESS

Daddy!/Dad!

NICK

Nicky! Tess!

Nick roughhouses with the kids. Kelli stares daggers at him, while Sal pokes at his Blackberry, inured to the tension.

KELLI

Great show today, Nick.

JEFF

(TO TOMMY) That's gotta be Kelli.

TOMMY

Aw snap! It's on!

Nick ushers JEFF and TOMMY OUT.

NICK

Yes it is. (TO KIDS) Run upstairs,
kids. I got you a nine thousand pack
of Silly Bandz.

THE KIDS RUN UPSTAIRS, AND MEGAN FOLLOWS THEM. Kelli immediately turns to Nick, who's girded for battle.

KELLI

Look, if you've got a problem taking
our children --

NICK

I love our children. I will take them
any time. What I don't love is you
dropping them off on short notice,
whenever you and Sal here decide to
skip town.

KELLI

(HOW DARE YOU!) We're competing in the
Middlebury Triathlon.

NICK

Oh, well, those things always spring
up with no warning.

Kelli lets out a sigh of exhaustion and crosses upstairs.

SAL

I'm gonna grab a snack.

Nick follows Sal as he crosses to the kitchen.

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN, where he roots through the cabinets.

NICK

Let me ask you something, Sal. What's
the deal with the jersey?

SAL

Go Jets!

Sal rips open the bag of almonds and starts munching.

NICK

That I get. But honestly, grown man
in a jersey...

SAL

(DELIGHTED) Aw crap! Is this gonna
end up on your show? You know, I told
the guys at work that your thing about
men who shave their whole bodies was
about me. They didn't believe me!

ANGLE ON: THE STAIRS, as Kelli follows Megan down.

KELLI

Now Tess has a little cough, so make
sure she's in bed by ten.

MEGAN

Okay, you know, I put my kids to bed
at 7:30.

KELLI

That's fantastic. If I tried that, my
kids would freak out on me. (CALLING
OFF) Let's go, Sal!

Nick and Sal enter, and they ad lib goodbyes as KELLI AND SAL
EXIT. Nick shuts the door and turns to Megan.

NICK

Is she kidding with that t-shirt?
"Keeping It Real?" There's nothing
real in that shirt!

MEGAN

Nick, it's time to move on. She's had
the new boobs for a year.

NICK

I swear, I think they're still
expanding.

MEGAN

You would know. The way you were
staring at them.

NICK

I wasn't staring at them. Did they
cross my field of vision? I'm sure
they did at some point.

MEGAN

At some point, they'd have to.

NICK

Honey. She's my ex-wife. I stare at car wrecks, too. That doesn't mean I want to be in one.

Pleased by that one, Nick grabs a small notebook out of his back pocket and starts to jot it down.

MEGAN

Is the car wreck thing really clever enough to go in the notebook?

NICK

I have four hours of airtime to fill every day. I can't be picky. And yes, it was extremely clever.

Megan steals a glance at the notebook.

MEGAN

Is that the thing I said? About not wanting the dog to see me naked?

NICK

(SHUTS IT QUICKLY) No. Not everything's about you, Miss Egomaniac. (THEN) Don't listen to the show tomorrow.

She playfully punches him in the arm. But it hurts.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. RADIO STATION - BOOTH

Nick on the air, as before.

NICK

See, when I look at a guy who's all
'roided up like Pileggi, I'm thinking,
this isn't about baseball anymore.
This isn't about hitting home runs.
This is about pursuing some insane
ideal of physical perfection. And he
apparently thinks no one at spring
training will notice his neck suddenly
has the girth of a telephone pole.

CASEY

I'm not a fan of the steroid look.
I'd rather do a tub of goo like C.C.
Sabathia any day of the week.

NICK

The eighty percent of American men who
are tubs of goo are delighted to hear
that. But this crazy pursuit of
perfection is everywhere in our
society. It's parents paying
thousands of dollars to inflate their
kids SAT scores, it's people breeding
chihuahuas the size of grasshoppers.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

It's women like a certain ex-wife of mine who decide they'd look better if they had a pair of Crenshaw melons in their shirt.

CASEY

Why Crenshaws?

NICK

Just trying to freshen up the melon reference. Now, here's a question for you. What is the etiquette when someone you know gets a boob job? Do you compliment them on their purchase? Or do you pretend you think they suddenly hit puberty at the age of thirty four?

CASEY

So how big did Kelli go? Katy Perry?
Pam Anderson!

NICK

No comment. (THEN) Salma Hayek.

CASEY

That's big.

NICK

Oh you can't miss 'em.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - LATER

Nick is at his desk. Doug appears in the doorway with a glossy binder and tosses it on Nick's desk.

DOUG

It's that time again.

NICK

Audience Research? Not interested!
Research is an insidious charade,
perpetuated by bean-counters to
protect a job that shouldn't exist!

DOUG

Yeah... You want to go over it here or
in the conference room?

Nick throws up his hands, "whatever!" Doug opens the binder.

NICK

Let me guess: "Does he have to say
those mean things?" "Could his voice
be lower?" "I think he sounds French.
I don't like French people!"

DOUG

Are you done? Because you might want
to listen to this. (READING) "Feedback
across the board was positive in all
age quadrants.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Sports radio non-avoiders rate the show very highly, including those who identify as listeners of The Spike and Todd Jock Block."

NICK

(LOVING THIS) Interesting.

DOUG

(MOCKING) Ah, enough of this garbage!

NICK

Hey, I'm still skeptical. I just want to hear you out. Out of politeness.

Doug opens to a tabbed page.

DOUG

Then look at this. Listeners consistently said that they like the sexual tension between you and Casey.

NICK

Sexual tension? There's sexual tension?

DOUG

Apparently. Seventy three percent of respondents believe you either have had sex with her or intend to have sex with her. And both men and women want more of it.

NICK

Interesting. (THEN) Wait, women are
listening to the show?

DOUG

Oh yeah. They're one-point-eight
percent of the audience. Up from oh-
point-six.

NICK

Holy crap! I've tripled my women!
I'm Oprah!

Nick and Doug high five.

DOUG

You're Oprah!

NICK

Come on, Stedman. Let's go tell
Casey.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

INT. RADIO STATION - CASEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Doug enter to find Casey with her head on her desk, personal stuff strewn about.

NICK

Casey? You okay?

CASEY

Okay?! Derek broke up with me.

DOUG

We'll come back.

Doug tries to exit. Nick grabs his sleeve.

NICK

I'm so sorry. What happened?

CASEY

I told him to man up and leave his wife or else I never wanted to see his sorry ass again!

NICK

You poor thing. (BEAT) Although it sounds a little like you broke up with him.

CASEY

Whose side are you on?!

NICK

Yours! Of course I'm on yours. But let's try to get your mind off it.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

By, say, going over some research reports. Which, I'm quick to point out, say that you're awesome!

CASEY

(BRIGHTENING) Awesome?

DOUG

Through the roof! Only thing is, they feel we can goose the ratings if you and Nick sex the show up a little bit.

CASEY

Well that's do-able. (SMOKY VOICE)
Should I start using this voice?

NICK

I don't think so.

CASEY

(SMOKY VOICE) It's Clemson and Purdue in the Meineke Car Care Bowl.

NICK

Your regular voice is great.

CASEY

Hey! You know what might be good for the simulcast cameras? If I show a little cleavage.

She starts unbuttoning her shirt.

CASEY (CONT'D)

What do you think? This many? Stop
me when I've gone too far.

NICK

DOUG

That's enough buttons. Keep going, couple more.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(TO NICK) Do you want to get the
ratings or don't you?

NICK

I do, but --

CASEY

Then let's do this and not be babies
about it.

NICK

Casey, I really think it's more an
attitude thing. Just a flirtier vibe
between us where --

CASEY

Oh oh oh! A Tampa Bay Buccaneer just
sent me a cellphone pic of his junk.
We could go nutso with that...

She scans to the picture on her phone.

NICK

You know what? Why don't you just
follow my lead.

Doug glances at her phone and winces.

DOUG

Oh god, why did I look?!

CASEY

We gotta use it! Right?

NICK

No!

CASEY

(DISGUSTED) Wussies...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE F

INT. HERD HOUSE - NICK AND MEGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan is in bed, focused on her laptop. Nick gets undressed.

NICK

I'm telling you, Casey's a nut job.
Waving a picture of this guy's junk
around on her phone like she's showing
us her new puppy.

MEGAN

(DISTRACTED) Uh huh...

NICK

(STARES AT HER A BEAT) You're really
tuned out if you're not reacting to a
story about Buccaneer penis.

MEGAN

I'm sure...

NICK

Megan! Come on!

MEGAN

(STARTLED) What?! I'm sorry, Nick, I'm
busy here. I'm trying to find a dress
for your thing on Saturday.

NICK

It's not "my" thing, it's our thing.
Now come on, let me help.

Nick gets under the sheets and wriggles into bed beside her.

MEGAN

Oh yeah, I know what kind of help
you're gonna give me.

NICK

I happen to be up on the latest trends
in evening wear. (RE: LAPTOP) You'd
look great in that one.

MEGAN

That's a prom dress.

NICK

Mmm. I've got a fetish for prom dresses.

Nick kisses her. She's warming. He pushes her laptop closed.

MEGAN

Since when?

NICK

Since I pictured you in that one about
three seconds ago.

Megan re-opens her laptop.

MEGAN

Nick, seriously, this is stressing me
out...

Nick closes the laptop.

NICK

Why? Just wear a dress from your
closet.

MEGAN

They're all like five years old.

NICK

(SO?) My tux is from the early 90's.

MEGAN

You're a man. Men are lucky, you can
just throw on a uniform. Women have
to play this dumb game.

Nick casually reaches for his notebook. Megan notices.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What? The dress thing is going in the
notebook?

NICK

Not if you don't want it to.

He gives her a pitiful look that he wrongly thinks is cute.
She smiles despite herself.

MEGAN

Go ahead, dork.

Nick starts scribbling in his notebook. Megan starts to
reopen her laptop. Nick stops her with his free hand, multi-
tasking.

NICK

No no! Two secs... Hold on...

Megan sighs, as we...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE G

INT. RADIO STATION - STUDIO

Nick and Casey in the studio, as before.

NICK

All right, Casey. New topic. You are
a woman.

CASEY

Wait, let me check. (LOOKS DOWN) Aw,
hells yeah!

Through the studio window, Doug is liking this and indicating
"more."

NICK

So, as the only woman in this
building, it is your job to speak for
all women. So explain this logic:
Why is it a woman cannot wear a dress
from last year, this year? I don't
understand how clothes can expire.
Are they made of mayonnaise?

CASEY

Yes they are, Nick.

NICK

No they're not! Casey, the women of
the world put their trust in you, and
you dropped the ball.

CASEY

Sorry women!

NICK

Now Casey -- After yesterday's discussion about breast implants, we got an avalanche of e-mail speculating that it is actually you who contain the artificial ingredients. Would you care to address this controversy?

CASEY

Dude, this is how these puppies came out of the box. Ninth grade. (DOUBLE EXPLOSION SOUND)

NICK

That must have been an awesome year.

CASEY

Oh yeah. All of a sudden the zits and the orthopedic shoes were a non-issue.

NICK

I hated to even ask, Casey, but people are cynical. You know, I have actually been accused of having buttock implants. They don't believe it's possible for a man to have haunches this eye-pleasingly round.

CASEY

I'll admit, I've wondered.

NICK

So you've been staring at my ass.

Doug, ecstatic, high-fives the studio engineer.

CASEY

Perhaps. Why don't you walk that
around for the webcams, Nick?

NICK

(AS IF SHOCKED) Casey, please.

CASEY

Come on! Walk that around.

Nick struts around the studio. Doug is loving it.

NICK

For those of you listening on the
radio, I am walking that around.

CASEY

It's got to be jelly 'cause jam don't
shake like that!

NICK

Just as God made me, folks. No
'roids!

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE H

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick sits back at his desk, throwing a football into his ceiling tiles. Doug is so thrilled, he can't even sit down.

DOUG

That was gold! Just the sort of smutty shenanigans the show needs.

NICK

I've got to hand it to Casey -- she picked up the ass ball and ran with it.

DOUG

Okay. You know what corporate would love? That Manning thing on Saturday? You take Casey. It's going to be teeming with press. The two of you together, playing grab-ass on the red carpet? The ratings are already spiking!

NICK

Yeah, that's a no-go. I'm taking Megan.

DOUG

Oh. Okay. Good, good. (THEN) I'm a little surprised she wants to go.

NICK

She's not thrilled, actually. She's stressed out about a dress. And she doesn't even know who Eli Manning is.

DOUG

Ah. Well, just because it's a work event, and she doesn't want to go, you're still doing the right thing by making her.

NICK

Are you under the impression that what you're doing is psychologically subtle?

DOUG

I'm not a psychologist, Nick. I'm a producer. A producer of a radio show that's so close to being a mega-hit, I can taste it. Mm mmm! Can you taste it Nick?

NICK

(ENOUGH!) You know damn well I can taste it! But you're right. Why am I pressuring my wife into something she doesn't want to do?

DOUG

You're a fantastic husband. You're the reason I've never gotten married. You set the bar so high.

Nick dials his cell phone.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

MEGAN (O.S.)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Megan has her phone cradled against her chin and is using both hands to sift briskly through racks of dresses. The four kids run in and out of frame, playing tag.

NICK

Hey babe! Am I catching you at a --

MEGAN

Hold on, honey. (CALLING OFF) Nicky!

Don't touch the mannequin there! It's

not nice! (INTO PHONE) I thought

Explorakids would tire them out. It

almost killed me.

A SALESPERSON hurries up to Megan, a red dress on her arm.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but see, that's red. I

asked to see black.

SALESPERSON

I just love this one. The way it drapes...

MEGAN

But it's not black.

SALESPERSON

If you've seen the magazines, they're

saying that red is the new black.

MEGAN

But I'm looking for the old black. The
one that's black.

The Salesperson crosses off.

NICK

Look, honey, you obviously have a lot
on your plate --

MEGAN

Stop saying that!

NICK

Well, it's true...

MEGAN

Sorry, I'm talking to Nicky. He keeps
telling strangers to "Walk that around."

NICK

(GINGERLY) So... you heard the show!

MEGAN

We heard enough. Tess sounds so cute
saying "ass" with her lisp. "Ath."

NICK

That is cute. Hey, look -- obviously
this thing on Saturday night is
stressing you out. So I'm thinking
it'd make a lot more sense for me to
give you a break and just take Casey.

MEGAN

(BEAT) Oh.

NICK

I mean, as you said, it is a work thing, and you don't want to go.

MEGAN

You're right. I don't want to go. Why should I go? My life is all kids, all the time. My kids, your kids, anybody's kids -- why not? That's what I do.

NICK

Okay, now it sounds like you're getting upset, and I --

Megan starts to come unwound.

MEGAN

Why would I be upset?! Everything is great! I just spent the morning driving around in a minivan while screaming toddlers threw flavor-blasted goldfish in my hair, listening to my husband talk about everybody else's boobs! Everything is hunky-freakin'-dory! (CALLING OFF) GET OFF THE MANNEQUIN, NICKY!!!

NICK

Okay! Sloooow down! Let's try and look at this situation rationally and take the emotion out of it!

MEGAN

(EMOTIONAL) I'm not emotional!

The Saleslady runs up to Megan with a blue dress. Megan is in no mood.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god! You actually don't know
what black is!

LITTLE NICK

(TO SALESLADY) Walk that around.

END INTERCUT

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick stares at his phone. Crap! Doug looks at him, disgusted.

DOUG

Well played.

Nick glares at him. Doug puts up his hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Don't hit me.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE I

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick paces. Doug sits with his feet up on the desk.

NICK

It's not logical! She knows how important this event is to me, but all she did was grumble about it -- it was short notice, and she needed a dress, and the whole thing. But then when I say she doesn't have to go, suddenly she wants to go?

DOUG

Women. Can't live with 'em, can't have heterosexual sex without 'em.

NICK

You know, every day, I go in that booth, and for four hours, I'm right about everything. Common sense rules - - no emotional stuff, just logic.

DOUG

You are the king.

NICK

Exactly. People call in from all over the country to tell me how right I am!

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

And on that rare occasion when
somebody doesn't... (MIMES PRESSING A
BUTTON) Boop! They're gone.

DOUG

Sayonara, idiots.

NICK

But the moment I step out of the
booth, crown comes off, and I'm just a
schmuck trying to keep three women
from freaking out at me.

DOUG

And failing miserably.

NICK

And Megan was the sensible one! Until
I got to her.

DOUG

You know, you're the reason I've never
gotten married. Watching you? It's
traumatized me.

NICK

You just said you'd never gotten
married because I set the bar so high.

DOUG

Oh, right. That's why.

NICK

Well, I guess that settles it.

DOUG

Yep. Tomorrow night we'll get completely smashed and forget all about it.

NICK

No! I've got to make Megan come to the thing! You have to take Casey.

DOUG

Me?! No! I was going to invite that hot temp in ad sales!

NICK

I'll make a deal with you. I'll let you off the hook if you can tell me the hot temp's name.

DOUG

That's easy.

NICK

Her real name. Big Red doesn't count.

DOUG

Crap. (SHOT IN THE DARK) Tanya.

NICK

Tamara.

DOUG

I got the T right!

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE J

INT. HERD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Megan stands in front of a mirror in the front hallway. She's wearing a chic, off-the-shoulder dress, but with jeans and flip flops underneath. She grimaces. The kids are watching "Dora the Explorer" on television.

SFX: DOORBELL

MEGAN

Just a minute!

Megan starts to take the dress off, but Kelli and Sal barge on in. Sheesh!

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on in!

KELLI

Hey kids! Mommy is here! (NOTICING MEGAN) Well check you out! That's an interesting look.

MEGAN

It's not a look. I'm just trying on dresses, and I didn't want to leave the kids downstairs alone.

KELLI

Why not?

MEGAN

Well, they could break something, they could get the front door open and run down the street.

KELLI

God, Nick won't give that a rest! It happened one time!

MEGAN

(THROWN) I didn't know it had happened at all.

KELLI

(OOPS) It didn't. That was a joke. Ha ha!
Sal crosses to the television and grabs the remote.

SAL

Hey kids! You mind if Uncle Sal watches the iron man competition on ESPN?

JESSICA

We're watching Dora.

SAL

(SWITCHING CHANNELS) You're gonna love this. That man is gonna pick up that log and put it on a truck!

Kelli starts rifling through the dresses.

MEGAN

Hey, thanks for watching the kids tonight.

KELLI

Ah, it's no problem. So, what are we talking about, a party?

MEGAN

It's a fundraiser, in the city.

KELLI

Oh, the Manning Diabetes thing? Or
the McEnroe Amputees?

MEGAN

The Manning.

KELLI

(SHAKING HER HEAD) Oh, lucky you.
Nick's idea of a romantic night out is
one of his work things.

Megan stops for a beat. Does Kelli actually understand?

MEGAN

Yeah. He actually tried to uninvite
me at the last minute. And I had a
big stupid meltdown about it, so now I
have to go. And be pleasant about it.

KELLI

Boy, I wouldn't! That's classic Nick.
He's completely self-absorbed. That's
why we couldn't be married. We were
so different.

MEGAN

(RIGHT) So different.

KELLI

Here, let's find you something to
wear. (PICKS UP DRESSES) You don't
have the arms for this one... Not your
color... ("WRONG" BUZZER)...

MEGAN

Finding clothes must be easy for you.
With your body... and all you've got
going on, up top.

KELLI

It does help. I just wish Nick would
get over it. It's a choice I made. I
was going out in the dating world
again, I was insecure, I wanted to
feel good about the way I looked. And
I do. Nick needs to get over it.

MEGAN

Is it just me, or is he staring?

KELLI

He's totally staring.

MEGAN

Thank you!

Kelli seizes on a dress.

KELLI

Ah! Here we go. You'll look gorgeous
in this.

MEGAN

(BRIGHTENING) You think?

KELLI

Yes. With a water bra.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. HERD HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick, in a tux, bounces by the front door.

NICK

Limo's gonna be here any second, hon!

Don't want to be late!

Megan, gorgeous in a great dress, steps onto the landing.

MEGAN

Is this halfway decent?

NICK

Ravishing. Seriously. Now get down here
so I can manhandle you before Doug gets
here in the limo which will be here any --

MEGAN

I'm coming, I'm coming.

NICK

I'm just anxious because this thing's
going to be awesome! You know, A-Rod
is going to be there.

MEGAN

Is my bra strap showing?

NICK

No. Did you hear what I said about A-Rod?

MEGAN

You're not doing me any favors to say
my bra strap isn't showing if it is.

NICK

A-Rod's like the biggest star on the
Yankees.

MEGAN

(TRYING) Oh yeah! A-Rod Rodriguez.

NICK

Right! The Rod stands for Rodriguez,
so you don't have to say it, but yes.

Megan tries to cram junk from her giant purse into her tiny
purse. A beat.

NICK (CONT'D)

Look, about yesterday...

MEGAN

You know what? How about we just agree
we were both huge asses and move on.

NICK

Great. (BEAT) But just to defend
myself from the "huge ass" thing for a
second, I would never have brought up
the idea of Casey if you hadn't been
treating this event like it was
punishment. It was just logical.

MEGAN

Yes, it was logical. (THEN) Here's
some more logic, Nick. You have one
wife. That is me. Not Casey, not
Kelli. Just me.

NICK

Of course!

MEGAN

You say "of course." But because Kelli is selfish and Casey's out of control, sometimes I feel like I get punished for being the sane one.

NICK

Megan, that is crazy. And I'm going to prove it to you. Tonight is about you! You'll see. It's going to be great. Now come here...

He goes to kiss her, but is interrupted by...

SFX: HONK

INSERT: THE STREET, where a STRETCH LIMO pulls up. DOUG is standing up through the sunroof with a bottle of champagne.

DOUG

Let's party! (TO PASSERBY) That's right, lady, I'm in a limo!

BACK TO: THE LIVING ROOM

NICK

Come on. I am going to show my only wife the time of her life tonight.

Nick holds out his hand, chivalrously, and leads her out.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE L

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

Nick and Megan climb into the limo, as Doug sits down and pours them champagne. Casey is there, in a tight and revealing dress that leaves very little to the imagination.

DOUG

Nicholas! Megan!

CASEY

(TO MEGAN) Your bra strap is showing.

NICK

(OFF MEGAN'S LOOK) I don't see it! It
looks like the dress!

Megan adjusts her straps as the limo starts to move again.

CASEY

(TO MEGAN) Dude, just ditch the bra.

MEGAN

That's not gonna happen.

NICK

Casey, it looks like you pretty much
ditched your whole dress.

CASEY

I know, I know, it's super-slutty. But
I'm single again, so I've got to go balls
out. Is A-Rod seeing anybody now?

NICK

I don't know...

CASEY

Well don't be too clingy with me. I
don't want you to scare him off.

NICK

Don't worry. I'll be with my wife.
Doug, pour the lady some champagne.

DOUG

(OOPS) I think I drained it.

NICK

Open another one!

SFX: CUCKOO CLOCK

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh crap, that's Kelli. (PULLING OUT
CELL PHONE, TO MEGAN) One minute.

DOUG

Does she know that's her ring?

NICK

Do not tell her. (PICKS UP PHONE,
FRIENDLY) Hey, Kel. The kids okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KELLI AND SAL'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Kelli stands in her kitchen, on the speaker phone, fed up.

KELLI

Your son will not put on pants.

NICK

My son? He's our son, and you have to
learn to be firm with him.

KELLI

I'm not talking to him. I'm done with
him.

NICK

So you called to tell me to tell him
to put on pants.

KELLI

(ARE YOU AN IDIOT?) Yes!

NICK

I'm hanging up, Kelli.

END INTERCUT

NICK (CONT'D)

(TO MEGAN) I will not answer the phone
again this evening.

MEGAN

You have to. She's got all our kids,
and she's a terrible mother.

NICK

She'll text me. (TO DOUG) Where's
m'lady's bubbly, Dougly?

SFX: PSYCHO THEME

Nick, thrown, looks at his phone.

NICK (CONT'D)

Casey? Why are you calling me?

CASEY

That's my ringtone? The theme from
"Psycho"?

NICK

It's a joke! Doug, freshen up Casey.

DOUG

All right, ready to discuss this evening's itinerary?

NICK

Yeah! Bring it!

DOUG

(READING) 6 to 6:30, Nick and Casey pose for pictures on the red carpet. 6:30 to 7, Nick chats with Eli Manning in green room for the podcast.

NICK

One on one with Eli, not bad!

DOUG

7 to 8, it's cocktails, I promised you to David Stern and the ad sales guys from MSG Network. And of course, you'll stop by and say hi to the guys from corporate.

Nick's smile is becoming forced. He throws a glance at Megan.

NICK

Of course.

DOUG

Now I got you and Megan a primo spot at table one with the NFL commissioner because his wife has a thing for you.

NICK

(CONSCIOUS OF MEGAN) Gee, I'll be stuck with them an awfully long time.

DOUG

Not at all! As soon as the entrees come out, you're emceeing the charity auction with Casey.

NICK

(TO MEGAN) I'll speed through that.

DOUG

Absolutely. By the time Toni Braxton takes the stage during dessert, you're all Megan's. Casey, I'm going to need you to sign T-shirts with Phil Simms.

CASEY

No way I'm doing that without Nick. At the Pro Bowl, Simms was all over me.

DOUG

You were all over him!

CASEY

(REMEMBERING) Oh god, I was. Well I can't face him alone. Nick's gotta come.

Nick looks at Megan. He can't do it.

NICK

(DAWNING) No. No, I can't.

DOUG

It'll be twenty minutes, tops.

NICK

I'm sorry... (TURNS TO THE DRIVER)

Driver! Take the next exit! Exit 22!

MEGAN

What are you doing?

CASEY

We're not going to the thing?

NICK

You are. We're not. I'm going to
have a date night. With my current
and permanent wife!

Nick kisses Megan. Doug throws up his hands in defeat.

DOUG

Oh, come on!

CASEY

Shut up, jerk! He's trying to be
sweet to his woman!

MEGAN

Thanks, Casey.

CASEY

No problem. (RE: HER BRA) One of your
water balloons is sticking out.

And as the car veers off the highway, we...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE M

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

A divey neighborhood Chinese place, with great food. Lit by fluorescents with sparkly formica table tops. The other patrons are wearing jeans at best, so Nick and Megan in their formal attire stick out like sore thumbs. But they're drinking Chinese beers and they look very happy.

NICK

A toast. To my wife -- my only wife --
and a date night in the city.

MEGAN

The city of Yonkers.

They clink glasses and kiss.

NICK

You know, I wish I'd met you first.
When I think of all the years I spent
with Kelli and her crazy nonsense --

MEGAN

You know, you could go easier on Kelli.

Nick snort-laughes at this. But Megan doesn't.

NICK

You're kidding, right?

MEGAN

No. We talked yesterday and I --

NICK

(DISBELIEF) I'm sorry... you talked?

MEGAN

Is that threatening to you?

NICK

Yes! I don't want you two talking to each other. Comparing notes about me. Just shove the kids through the door and keep it zipped.

MEGAN

Relax. Do you really see me hanging out with Kelli? All I'm saying is, she's not an alien. I get her. Even the whole boob job thing.

NICK

You're kidding!

MEGAN

I don't expect you to understand. It's a personal choice. What's weird is, they actually feel normal.

NICK

(BEAT) You felt them?

MEGAN

It was no big deal. (GLANCES AT MENU)
Mind if I finish the mu shu pork?

NICK

Whoa whoa whoa. Let's rewind here. Are we talking over the shirt, or under?

MEGAN

(ROLLING HER EYES) She pulled her shirt up.

NICK

Hm. Okay. Did you touch both of
them, or only --

MEGAN

Nick...

NICK

Okay, fine. Never mind. (THEN) Was it
just a pat, or like a cupping motion?

MEGAN

You're obsessed with your ex-wife's boobs!

NICK

I'm sorry, Honey. I'm really not.
But you put an image in my head, and --
whew, man, that's a doozy.

A waiter hands Nick his credit card and check, which Nick signs.

MEGAN

Call us a cab, so we can get home and
I can put another image in your head.

NICK

I'm on it!

Nick grabs his cell phone, kisses her, and walks toward the
entrance. Megan takes a look.

MEGAN

Oh yeah. Walk that around.

Nick shakes his booty for her, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW