

THE ASSISTANTS

"Pilot"

Written by  
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Writer's Third Revision - 1/28/11

COLD OPENING

EXT. STREET - BRENTWOOD, CA - MORNING

A BEAT UP '92 FORD FIESTA SPUTTERS DOWN AN UPSCALE SUBURBAN STREET, SQUEAKING TO A STOP BY AN IMPOSING IVY-COVERED WALL AND GATE.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

MIKE BEADLE, 23, (A YOUNG PAUL RUDD), CHECKS HIS WATCH, THEN ADJUSTS THE REAR VIEW MIRROR TO LOOK AT HIMSELF.

MIKE

Who's gonna kick ass? You. You are.

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR COMES OFF IN HIS HAND. MIKE SIGHS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

MIKE IS TALKING INTO THE DRIVEWAY GATE INTERCOM.

MIKE

Hi, yes, hi. It's Mike? Beadle?

HE STEPS BACK, WAITING FOR THE GATE TO OPEN. FULL OF NERVOUS ENERGY, HE EXHALES AND DOES A FEW BOXING PUNCHES.

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAMERA VIEW

OF MIKE BOXING. HE NOTICES THE CAMERA AND STOPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD

THE DRIVEWAY GATE SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN. MIKE HEADS IN TOWARD AN IMPRESSIVE HOUSE, CHECKING OUT THE PERFECTLY MANICURED GROUNDS AND LINE OF EXPENSIVE CARS. A GARDENER, JOSE FOX, 50, RAKES LEAVES NEARBY.

MIKE

Hey, I'm Mike.

JOSE

Jose.

MIKE

I'm starting today as an assistant for  
Ali Vance.

JOSE SMILES AS THEY SHAKE HANDS, THEN SAYS, IN SPANISH:

JOSE (SUBTITLE)

They will eat you alive, blondie.

A BEAT.

MIKE (SUBTITLE)

(IN SPANISH) What do you mean?

JOSE

Oh no.

MIKE

They'll eat me alive?

JOSE

It is... an old Mexican expression. It  
means they will welcome you... into the  
belly... of their love.

MIKE

Jose.

JOSE

No! Really! My grandmother always said  
this to me when I was a boy. "Come to  
me, Joselito. Let me eat you alive."

JOSE SMILES HOPEFULLY. LIDDY GRIBBLE, 34, (THINK KRISTEN WIIG)  
FRIENDLY IF A BIT MANIC AND SOCIALLY AWKWARD, IS AT THE DOOR.

LIDDY

(CALLING) Mike! Hi! Welcome!

JOSE

(TO MIKE, SOTTO) Be cool.

MIKE CROSSES TO LIDDY, SUDDENLY A LITTLE UNEASY.

LIDDY

My sister and her husband are so excited  
to meet you! Come on in!

AS MIKE FOLLOWS LIDDY IN, HE LOOKS BACK AT JOSE, WHO GIVES  
HIM A SAD LITTLE WAVE GOODBYE. THE DOOR CLOSSES ON MIKE --

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. HOUSE - FOYER/FRONT HALL

LIDDY AND MIKE WALK THROUGH THE HOUSE, MIKE TAKING IN THE WALLS LINED WITH FRAMED PHOTOS AND MAGAZINE COVERS OF THE LOVELY ALI VANCE, CHARTING HER TWENTY YEAR CAREER.

MIKE

Thanks again for this opportunity.

LIDDY

Well, when I got your resume with the Short Pump, PA address it just whoosh! brought me back to when Ali and I lived there. Before Daddy uprooted us all to chase Ali's dreams of stardom ha ha!

MIKE

I've seen every movie your sister's been in. It's such an honor to be working for her. (QUICKLY) And you. Both of you.

LIDDY

No, I know Ali's the star. People say, oh you have to live in your sister's shadow. I say, no, I'm living in her shade. And it's very pleasant, thank you!

SHE LAUGHS. MAYBE A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

RESET TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

THEY ENTER A WARM AND WELCOMING KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM.

LIDDY

You're starting during an exciting week.

MIKE

I know, the 10th Anniversary of AliCares.  
"Let's Give Violence The Smackdown!"

LIDDY

You really know your stuff.

MIKE

Well, back home Ali's like a hero -- but  
I don't have to tell you that.

LIDDY

(BIG SMILE) No you do not!

MIKE

So when I got the job I boned up on all  
things Ali. Her movies, charity work.  
Likes: 2004 Calera Pinot Noir, Obama;  
dislikes: paparazzi, wind-up cymbal  
monkeys. Two dogs: Barker, Sassafras...

LIDDY

Wow. (THEN) We're not all gonna end up  
buried in the desert are we?

THEY LAUGH, BUT LIDDY TRAILS OFF AND MIKE FEELS OBLIGED TO SAY:

MIKE

No.

LIDDY

Oh good. Phew! (THEN) So, as I told you  
in the interview, while ultimately you  
work for Ali, your official title is  
Assistant to the House Manager. AKA, my  
slave! Not really.

(MORE)

LIDDY (CONT'D)

I did have to work hard to convince Ali and her husband Gale that I should have my own assistant. So I need you to make me look good! Don't screw up!

SHE LAUGHS, SO MIKE LAUGHS.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

...But yeah don't.

MIKE STOPS LAUGHING.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

The other assistants are amazing...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

SCOTT SMILEY, 25, SHORT, INTENSE AND EXCITABLE, (THINK AZIZ ANSARI) PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER OF THE FRONT WALL, CARRYING SEVERAL BAGS OF COFFEE BEANS AND STARING AT THE FRONT GATE SECURITY CAMERA, SCHEMING.

LIDDY (V.O.)

...Just top notch. Dedicated, hard working. They're just about the best employees we could hope for.

SCOTT NOTICES A PICKUP PARKED NEARBY. INSIDE, TWO DOGS SIT NEXT TO A SLEEPING FORM SLUMPED AGAINST THE DOOR. SCOTT SIGHS AND PULLS THE DOOR OPEN -- DJ KILMER, 25, HANDSOME AND HAPPILY SIMPLE (CHRIS KLEIN IN ELECTION) JUST ABOUT FALLS OUT.

DJ

(JOLTING AWAKE) There's too much syrup!

(THEN, SEEING SCOTT) Oh... hey, dude.

EVEN BLEARY-EYED AND RUMPLED, DJ PROJECTS AN EASY-GOING COOL THAT ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH SPENDS MILLIONS TRYING TO CAPTURE.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

DJ

(YAWNING) Walking the dogs. (CLIMBS OUT WITH DOGS) We missed you at our show last night -- it was epic!

CUT TO:

INT. TINY, SHITTY BAR

DJ HAPPILY PLAYING DRUMS FOR A METAL BAND. HE'S GOOD, THE BAND IS SCREECHY. THERE ARE LIKE THREE PEOPLE WATCHING.

EXT. STREET

DJ

We literally killed!

SCOTT

(UNDER HIS BREATH) ...Off your fan base.

(THEN) I assume by your eight a.m. nap you guys got paid in booze again?

DJ

And I think someone slipped me something.

(REMEMBERS) Oh, no, wait, I slipped me something. (THEN) So where were you?

SCOTT

Liddy made me drive to San Diego to pick up coffee beans from that spa Ali and Gale went to to celebrate... whatever it was.

DJ

Being better than us.

SCOTT

That's it. Apparently this is the only coffee they'll drink now. L.A.

(MORE)



SCOTT (CONT'D)

based coffee is no longer fit for rich human consumption. Which means one of us has to drive down there to pick up fresh beans every single week.

DJ

Four hours of driving just for coffee?

SCOTT

Yep. (THEN) Or, I could pick up a three month supply, store it in our freezer and then we can just pretend to go on weekly four hour coffee runs when in reality we're using that time to plan our bosses' deaths by lava, or bees.

DJ

Oh, I like your way better.

SCOTT

Problem is, I was supposed to drop these beans off last night, but I stopped at our place to take a leak, I closed my eyes for like one second and then it was ten minutes ago. (EYES SECURITY CAMERA)

DJ

So what's your plan?

SCOTT

I'm gonna sneak 'em in then sneak back out and act like they were always there.

DJ NODS. THEY BOTH LOOK BACK AROUND THE CORNER, SNEAKILY.

LIDDY (V.O.)

You just follow Scott and DJ's lead and  
I think you'll do just fine.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

PILAR FLORES, 65, A SALVADORAN MAID, ENTERS DOWN THE BACK STAIRCASE, JOINING MIKE AND LIDDY. SHE IS UPSET.

LIDDY

Pilar, meet Mike -- What's wrong?

PILAR

Misses is upstairs. She is loudly  
wondering where the new coffee is.

LIDDY

It's not here?! Where's Scott?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD

SCOTT PEEKS THROUGH THE FRONT GATE, NOW EYEING THE FRONT YARD SECURITY CAMERA AS IT SLOWLY PANS THE YARD. IT ROTATES AWAY -  
- SCOTT BOLTS IN WITH HIS BAGS OF COFFEE BEANS.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

PILAR

Misses won't drink the old coffee!

(SOTTO) She say it taste like pee pee!

LIDDY SIGHS, THEN PUTS ON HER SMILE AND TURNS BACK TO MIKE.

LIDDY

Back in a jiff. Little thing.

LIDDY AND PILAR HURRY UP THE BACK STAIRS. AT THE DOOR, SCOTT PEEKS THROUGH THE WINDOW, WATCHING THEM GO. HE THEN SLIPS IN AND STARTS ACROSS THE ROOM, NOT NOTICING MIKE.

MIKE WATCHES AS HE SNEAKS ACROSS THE ROOM, SURVEYING THE AREA AND ZEROING IN ON A SIDE TABLE. HE PLANTS THE BAGS OF COFFEE BEANS, STANDS BACK, CONSIDERING, THEN PULLS THE DOOR NEXT TO THE TABLE OPEN, HIDING THE BAGS. SATISFIED, HE TURNS -- AND THERE'S MIKE.

SCOTT

(STARTLED) Gah! Who are you?

MIKE

I'm Mike. The new assistant.

SCOTT GRIMACES, THEN NERVOUSLY GLANCES UP THE STAIRS.

SCOTT

You have to be cool. Can you be cool?

MIKE TRIES TO AFFECT A CASUAL POSE.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) I'm screwed...

HE HEARS LIDDY RETURNING AND HURRIES TO THE BACK DOOR, MOUTHS "BE COOL" TO MIKE AND EXITS JUST AS LIDDY ENTERS.

LIDDY

(OFF MIKE'S POSE) Everything alright?

MIKE

Everything is all cool.

SCOTT ENTERS, CHEERILY.

SCOTT

Good morning, Liddy!

LIDDY

Where's the coffee?!

SCOTT

Whoa, what are you-- what do you mean?

LIDDY

The coffee from San Diego?!

SCOTT

Yeah, I brought it by last night!

LIDDY

Then where is it?!

SCOTT

I don't -- Are you messing with me?!

LIDDY

No! Ali's mad! Help me look for it!

THEY START SEARCHING. IGNORED, MIKE WATCHES THE CHARADE.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

(SNIFFS) I smell it!

SCOTT

Me too! I'm going crazy here!

DJ ENTERS WITH THE DOGS.

DJ

Morning everybody.

SCOTT

Not now, DeeJ!

LIDDY

We can't find the coffee beans Scott  
picked up in San Diego yesterday!

DJ

Huh. I was here when he dropped 'em off.

MIKE REACTS, WHAT? AS LIDDY SEARCHES, DJ NUDGES SCOTT RE MIKE:  
WHO'S THIS? SCOTT SHAKES HIM OFF: NOT NOW. THEY DO THIS RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF MIKE. ACROSS THE ROOM, LIDDY FINDS THE BEANS.

LIDDY

Here they are! Shoot. The door must've  
been pushed open from the other side.

SCOTT

That is probably exactly what happened!  
(THEN) Lemme take the heat for this,  
Lid. I feel like it's my fault.

LIDDY

No, Scott, don't beat yourself up.

SCOTT

I'm beating myself up!

LIDDY

No, just don't say anything. I know my  
sister. Brew some coffee now and by  
this afternoon she'll have forgotten.

DJ

I know you're my boss, Liddy, but I'm  
gonna say it -- you're a bad ass.

LIDDY LIKES BEING CONSIDERED PART OF THE GANG.

LIDDY

(SHUCKS) Aw... (THEN) Oh -- Mike! Guys,  
this is Mike, the new house assistant.

SCOTT

(TURNS, FEIGNS SURPRISE) What the --?

DJ

Whoa -- hey, we didn't see you there!

THEY AD LIB FRIENDLY HELLOS AND HANDSHAKES. MIKE DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THEM AND THEIR B.S.

LIDDY

DJ is Ali's driver and assistant, Scott  
is Gale's assistant.

(MORE)

LIDDY (CONT'D)

Watch out for these two -- they're  
scoundrels! I'm kidding, they're great!

DJ/SCOTT

(HUMBLY) Stop./You're embarrassing us.

LIDDY

Mike's from Short Pump, our home town.

DJ AND SCOTT SHARE A QUICK NERVOUS GLANCE.

DJ

Oh, you guys have a home town connection.

SCOTT

Uh oh, better watch our step around him!

LIDDY

Yeah, 'cause you're such "bad asses."

LIDDY CHUCKLES AT THE VERY IDEA. SCOTT AND DJ SMILE ALONG,  
THEN LOOK BACK AT MIKE, WARILY.

RESET TO:

INT. FRONT HALL

TINA BURD, 24, SPUNKY AND CUTE, STRUGGLES TO CARRY PHILO  
VANCE, 3, A FIGURATIVE AND CURRENTLY LITERAL HANDFUL.

TINA

(SOMEHOW CHEERFUL) C'mon, buddy! Your  
mommy needs you to eat so you grow up to  
be big and strong! And I need you to  
eat so Mommy will still like me and I  
can keep eating too! Yay eating!

PHILO GETS HIS SOCKED FOOT IN HER FACE. SHE'S USED TO IT.

INT. GREAT ROOM

TINA ENTERS WITH WIGGLE WORM PHILO.

LIDDY

Oh, Mike, this is Ali's son, Philo.

TINA PUTS HIM DOWN -- HE IMMEDIATELY TAKES OFF UP THE BACK STAIRS. MIKE WATCHES TINA, IMMEDIATELY TAKEN.

TINA

No Philo, I -- You can run but you can't hide! (THEN, WEARY) He can hide.

LIDDY

(TO MIKE) An angel straight from heaven.

MIKE

(EYES ON TINA) What-- oh, yeah, fun age.

LIDDY

And this is Nanny Tina. Tina, Mike Beadle, our new house assistant.

TINA

Welcome aboard, New Guy.

MIKE

Ahoy there... old... lady. (GRIMACES)

LIDDY

So, Tina, you just missed our regularly scheduled morning madness...

AS LIDDY CONTINUES, BEHIND HER DJ QUICKLY TAPS OUT A TEXT.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

Last night Scott dropped off coffee beans but we couldn't find 'em. We were all running around, Ahh, where are they? Crazy. Turns out they were behind that door the whole time.

TINA'S CELL BUZZES, SHE GLANCES AT IT, THEN LOOKS BACK UP.

TINA

(CASUAL) Yeah, I saw 'em there earlier.

AGAIN, MIKE REACTS TO HIMSELF -- ARE THEY ALL LIARS?

LIDDY

Okay, how's our morning looking? Hit me.

TINA

Philo's got pre-school in ten minutes,  
if I can catch the little... cherub.

(CALLS OUT WARNING) I'm coming for ya,  
Philo! And I've got a banana!

SHE PICKS UP A BANANA AND EXITS TO FIND THE BOY.

SCOTT

Gale wants to get some sun while he lifts  
today so I'll be carrying all his weights  
out to the patio then having a mini-  
stroke (INDICATES) in this general area.

DJ

I'll help you with the weights. Ali's  
meeting at the studio isn't 'til 10.

LIDDY

That reminds me, Mike. Because of our  
little "coffee catastrophe" I might keep  
you away from Ali this morning. She  
could still be in a mood and I want to  
wait for the right window. (OFF HIS LOOK,  
REASSURING) Don't worry, she's gonna love  
you. (CROSSES HER FINGERS)



GALE MEEKS, 42, (THINK ROB RIGGLE) AGGRESSIVE AND MUSCULAR BUT STARTING TO FLAB UP, STRUTS IN, DRESSED TO WORK OUT.

GALE

What up, bitches?

THE ASSISTANTS AD LIB VERY UP "GOOD MORNINGS."

GALE (CONT'D)

That bitch thing was not to the ladies by the way, just the dudes. (THEN) Get me a coffee, Scotty-boy?

SCOTT

(JUMPS TO) On it, G.

LIDDY

Gale, this is Mike, my new assistant.

GALE

Ah. The assistant for an assistant.

LIDDY

Mike, this is Gale. Misterrrr Ali Vance!

GALE SHOOTS HER A LOOK. THERE'S TENSION BETWEEN THESE TWO.

GALE

(SHAKES HANDS) Hey, buddy, I'm Gale.

Like Gale Sayers, not like Oprah's friend. (THEN) Damn, you need to work on that grip, Senorita. Scott, you two should do each other's make up!

GALE SAYS MEAN THINGS IN A "JOVIAL, I'M JUST KIDDING" WAY. SCOTT'S USED TO IT.

SCOTT

Ha ha we're weak like girls!

GALE

(BACK TO MIKE) It's the kinda thing the fitness company I'm starting up could help you with if you could afford it.

HE PULLS OPEN HIS SWEAT JACKET TO REVEAL HIS T-SHIRT.

MIKE

(READS) Gale Force.

GALE

Great name, right?

SCOTT

(HANDS HIM COFFEE) Killer name!

GALE

(TAKES A SIP) Perfecto. Thanks, buddy.

(TO MIKE) You got your caramel yet? I have all the assistants carry a caramel cube with 'em at all times. But not for eating. They're the exact color I like my coffee. Show 'em guys!

SCOTT AND DJ DUTIFULLY HOLD UP THEIR CARAMEL CUBES.

GALE (CONT'D)

Heads up!

GALE FIRES A CARAMEL CUBE AT MIKE -- IT HITS HIM IN THE FACE. LIDDY GIVES GALE A LOOK LIKE, ARE YOU KIDDING?

GALE (CONT'D)

I said heads up.

MIKE

I'm okay. It just hit me in the eye. That's why I have two.

DJ AND SCOTT LAUGH AT MIKE'S MISFORTUNE. GALE TURNS TO THEM.

GALE

My weights outside yet, Chuckles?

THEY PUT THEIR HEADS DOWN AND EXIT. LIDDY TURNS TO MIKE.

LIDDY

So! Ready for your first official task?

ON MIKE'S ANTICIPATION, WE...

CUT TO:

INT. PHILO'S BATHROOM

...LIDDY SMILING BIG AS SHE HANDS MIKE A PLUNGER.

LIDDY

Philo likes to put whatever he sees fit  
in there. Last week it was one of my  
brand new heels. (OFF HIS EYE JOKE) It's  
okay. That's why I have two!

MIKE SMILES DUTIFULLY AND ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE

SCOTT AND DJ CARRY STACKS OF WEIGHTS. SCOTT IS STRUGGLING.

DJ

Enjoying your last day as a 25 year old?

SCOTT

I will be in nine hours, eleven minutes  
when I'm flying up to see my brother.

DJ

It was cool of him to buy you the plane  
ticket. My last birthday, all my brother  
did was Skype me.

(MORE)

DJ (CONT'D)

Got to see him sing Happy Birthday,  
shirtless, on the toilet. From a low  
angle.

SCOTT

At first I didn't want to take the plane  
ticket. Then I remembered my brother's  
an orthopaedic surgeon and I have to  
steal soup from my bosses. Break break!

SCOTT HAS TO PUT HIS WEIGHTS DOWN. DJ JUST HOLDS HIS.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Twenty-six's gonna be my year, man: gonna  
sell some of my photography to somebody  
other than you or Tina. Get people to  
read my blog. Other than you and Tina.  
Have sex with that super-tall Persian  
chick who lives below us.

DJ

Or even talk to her.

SCOTT

(LUSTY) Yeah. Talk to her all night  
long. (THEN) Okay, you ready?

SCOTT PICKS UP HIS WEIGHTS WITH A GRUNT AND THEY CONTINUE ON.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILO'S BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

MIKE IS PLUNGING. TINA PASSES BY, NOTICES MIKE AND ENTERS.

TINA

Sorry, New Guy. Want me to take over?

MIKE

I don't mind. Although I think there's  
a Dora the Explorer jammed in there.  
Kinda bumming me out. (INTO TOILET) I'm  
coming for ya, amiga!

TINA LAUGHS. MIKE LIKES MAKING HER LAUGH.

TINA

So why'd you move out here? Other than to  
tap into the thriving toilet care market.

MIKE

Hey, this is a step up from working for  
my dad. Asbestos and mold removal.  
(SMOOTH) That's right, asbestos and mold.  
Can I buy you a drink?

TINA LAUGHS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Telling him I was quitting the family  
business and moving out here was the  
hardest thing I've ever done.

TINA

How'd he take it?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OLD BUILDING

TWO HAZMAT SUITED FIGURES ARE ON AN ASBESTOS REMOVAL JOB.

FIGURE ONE (DAD)

You're an idiot. (THEN) What, you gonna  
go make your dopey little comedy videos?

FIGURE TWO (MIKE)

People on the internet like my videos.  
They literally hit a button that says  
like.

A THIRD, SMALLER, HAZMAT SUITED FIGURE STEPS UP.

FIGURE THREE (MOM)

He can move back when it doesn't work.

FIGURE ONE (MIKE)

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Mom.

FIGURE THREE (MOM)

If. If it doesn't work. (TO DAD) When.

A DERISIVE LAUGH REVEALS A FOURTH HAZMAT SUITED FIGURE.

FIGURE THREE (MOM) (CONT'D)

Don't you laugh at your brother, Duane!

DUANE PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN. MIKE'S FAMILY EXITS. MIKE PULLS  
OFF HIS MASK, RUBS HIS FACE WEARILY, THEN REALIZES THERE'S  
ASBESTOS ON HIS MOUTH, PANICS AND SPITS --

BACK TO:

INT. PHILO'S BATHROOM

MIKE

(TOUCHING LIP) Still tingles a little.

TINA

So you make comedy videos?

MIKE

I do! That's why I'm here. Can't just  
keep filming stuff in my parents'  
basement. Which, by the way? Crawling  
with mold. I just figure, if I don't at  
least try, I'll always regret it.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And this, getting to work for Ali friggin Vance, are you kidding me? Connections, a foot in the door. I just, yeah, I'm doing it. I'm chasing the dream.

A MOMENT AS MIKE'S PASSION FILLS THE AIR, THEN:

MIKE (CONT'D)

This would be a more rousing speech if I wasn't trying to fish Dora's corpse out of a toilet.

LIDDY RUNS IN.

LIDDY

I just heard Ali laughing! We have our window! Let's go! Let's go!

MIKE

Oh -- okay, (RE TOILET) I haven't --

LIDDY

That can wait! Come on!

MIKE RUNS OUT WITH LIDDY.

TINA

(CALLING) Hey, uh, New Guy?

MIKE RETURNS. TINA TAKES THE PLUNGER FROM HIM.

MIKE

Thanks!

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

LIDDY AND MIKE RUNNING...

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER

GOING DOWN THE STAIRS TWO AT A TIME...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/HOME GYM

HURRYING PAST DJ AND SCOTT, WHO ARE LUGGING MORE WEIGHTS.  
LIDDY THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY AT A DOOR - HE ALMOST RUNS INTO HER.

LIDDY

Okay. Remember, you need to make us  
both look good. No pressure! (OFF HIS  
NERVOUS STRAIGHTENING) You look great.  
Just relax. Smile. (OFF HIS SMILE) Oh,  
not that much!

HE SMILES LESS. THEY ENTER A GYM WHERE ALI VANCE, 39, PRETTY  
AND SELF-INVOLVED (THINK SARAH JESSICA PARKER), IS DOING YOGA.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

("CASUAL") Oh -- Ali. I thought I heard  
you laughing in here.

CONCENTRATING ON HER YOGA, ALI BARELY LOOKS UP.

ALI

Laughing? Why would I be laughing?

LIDDY BLANCHES AND TURNS TO MIKE.

LIDDY

(SOTTO) Window's closed! Out! Get out!

ALI

(CALLING) Get me a water Scott.

LIDDY CRINGES. SHE TURNS BACK, PUTTING ON A SMILE.

LIDDY

Actually this is Mike, my new assistant.



ALI

(LOOKS AGAIN, LAUGHS) Oh my god! You assistants all look alike to me! I mean you don't look like Scott but it's just -- (SIMPLY) assistant! That is so funny!

SHE LAUGHS AGAIN. SO LIDDY LAUGHS. SO MIKE LAUGHS.

LIDDY

Mike's from Short Pump, remember?

ALI

Right. How are things back in the Pump?

MIKE

You're definitely still loved there.

ALI

What do you mean, still? Still like 'Her last movie bombed but we still love her, the poor thing' still?

MIKE

Oh! No! No, no! "Still" like, Ali left 20 years ago but we still brag about her. (CELEBRATORY) Still!

LIDDY AND MIKE WAIT TO SEE IF THIS ANSWER FLIES. IT DOES.

ALI

Aww. You tell the good people of Short Pump I still love them, too.

MIKE

I will! And by the way your last movie definitely didn't bomb in Short Pump! (THEN, REALIZING) Or anywhere!!

HE CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY. ALI TURNS TO LIDDY.

ALI

He's so cute! Can we keep him?

LIDDY GIVES MIKE A SECRET THUMBS UP. HE EXHALES, RELIEVED.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO

SCOTT DROPS HIS LATEST STACK OF WEIGHTS. TINA'S WITH THEM.

SCOTT

You gotta be careful talking to him,  
Tina! He's from their home town! He  
could be a spy!

TINA

Oh, stop, he's fine.

SCOTT

We can't trust your opinion of people.

TINA

Why?

SCOTT

(OBVIOUSLY) Uh, you're a good person?

DJ

Yeah. Work on that.

SORE-ARMED SCOTT WATCHES DJ CURL A FEW WEIGHTS.

SCOTT

Alright, Hercules, we get it.

TINA

So what are you and your brother doing  
while you're up in San Francisco?

SCOTT

Gale only gave me one day off -- I guess 'cause he loves me so much he can't be away from me -- so we're just gonna grab dinner then hit a go-kart track.

DJ AND TINA TAKE THIS IN THEN BURST OUT LAUGHING.

TINA

Scott, come on. You're gonna fly in a plane just so you can drive in a toy?

DJ

What would super-tall Persian chick say?

SCOTT

She'd say "I'd admire your quirky zest for life, come into my bedroom!"

DJ

My old band Monkey Oath used to play gigs up in San Francisco, let me text you some clubs to check out.

SCOTT

No! No! My brother and I always use to go-kart on our birthdays when we were kids and we were talking and we thought it might be fun and and and it will be fun, screw you guys, it's my birthday!

TINA

No, you're right. (THEN) A boy only turns ten once in his life.

THEY LAUGH AGAIN, ENJOYING WINDING THEIR FRIEND UP. ANNOYED,  
SCOTT CURLS A TINY 2 1/2 LB WEIGHT. GALE APPEARS.

GALE

No lifting the weights, Peggy Sue! Only  
carrying! Carrying not lifting! I don't  
want you getting strong on my dime!

HE DISAPPEARS BACK INSIDE. SCOTT CHECKS HIS CELL.

SCOTT

Eight hours, fifty two minutes.

INT. HOME GYM

SCOTT AND DJ CROSS IN TO GET MORE WEIGHTS. THEY ARE IGNORED.

ALI

Liddy, remember when we went back to  
Short Pump and they had a parade?

LIDDY

You actually didn't bring me. Which,  
pssh, I was so fine with.

MIKE

I was there, got the day off from school.

ALI

I thought you looked familiar! Not  
really -- there were so many people!

THEY LAUGH. GALE ENTERS. HE GIVES ALI A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

GALE

Ali-doodle. (ADDRESSING TINA, MIKE)  
Assistant. Assistant to the assistant.

LIDDY

Never not funny.

ALI

Gale, be nice. (TO MIKE) Has he bored you with his Gale Force plans yet?

GALE

No -- not boring, by the way -- but no. (JUST TO ALI) Although I was gonna see if you could maybe call that guy for me today about lining up investors?

ALI

You'd think right now you'd be focused on the 10th anniversary of AliCares. But I guess after five years of marriage you want to start doing your own thing.

GALE

What? No! No, I was just -- no, I'm totally still all about my Supermama!

HE GIVES ALI A BIG HUG, PICKING HER UP. SHE SQUEALS HAPPILY, BUT WE CAN TELL GALE IS EMBARRASSED. DJ AND SCOTT START BACK OUT, LUGGING MORE WEIGHTS. GALE TAKES IT OUT ON THEM:

GALE (CONT'D)

Move it with those weights, fruit pies!

ALI

(YAWNS) I wish I had my spa coffee.

MIKE

(EAGER) Oh, you're in luck. Scott brought it by this morning.

LIDDY

(BEAT) This morning?

MIKE

(REALIZES HIS ERROR) Oh -- don't listen to me, I'm still jet lagged.

LIDDY

Didn't you drive out here?

MIKE

Yes, but very fast.

GALE

Someone screw up? Are there asses to be kicked?

LIDDY

Nope, we're good! You can keep those surprisingly small feet to yourself!

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

SCOTT, DJ AND TINA STAND BEFORE A HURT AND ANGRY LIDDY. MIKE TRIES TO MOUTH THE WORDS "I'M SORRY" BUT THEY'RE NOT LOOKING.

LIDDY

...And I wonder what other trouble you cool kids have been up to behind silly old Liddy's back. Thank god the truth slipped out of Mike here.

MIKE

I'm really still all... to me it feels like (CHECKS WATCH, LAMELY) noon.

LIDDY

I guess I have to start cracking down. Like in North Korea.

(MORE)

LIDDY (CONT'D)

You think in North Korea assistants get to take home left-over treats from their boss's muffin baskets? No, they're out eating grass from the yard! They do that there! Well, welcome to little North Korea!

ALI BREEZES IN.

ALI

So? Do we love Mike?

DJ/TINA/SCOTT

Love him!/Yay!/He is something!

LIDDY

So, Ali, you headed to your meeting at the studio now?

DJ JUMPS TO, GATHERING ALI'S PURSE, SCARF, SHADES, ETC.

DJ

Yep, I've got her all ready to roll.

ALI

Actually, Liddy, you think it'd be alright if Mike drove me?

LIDDY

You bet! Whatever you want.

MIKE SEES THE OTHER ASSISTANTS EXCHANGE SIDEWAYS GLANCES.

ALI

Come on, first trip to a big Hollywood studio! You told us you want to end up working at one someday, right?

MIKE

Definitely. Yes. I just... (TO LIDDY,  
SOTTO) I haven't unclogged that toilet.

LIDDY

Don't worry about that. DJ can do it.

ALI

Yeah, DJ can do it! (HEADING OUT) C'mon,  
let's go, grab my stuff, chop chop.

MIKE CROSSES AND AWKWARDLY TAKES ALI'S THINGS. DJ DOESN'T  
LET GO OF IT EASILY. MIKE HURRIES TO CATCH UP WITH ALI.

ALI (CONT'D)

You ever been in a car that costs more  
than a hundred thousand dollars?

MIKE

Until today I'd never been in a house  
that costs more than a hundred thousand  
dollars.

ALI EXITS. MIKE LOOKS BACK, THEN FOLLOWS HER OUT.

LIDDY

(TO DJ) Plunger's upstairs. Get to it.

SHE EXITS. A BEAT.

SCOTT

I'd punch the new guy when he gets back  
but I can't lift my arms.

AND WE...

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - LATER

MIKE'S DRIVING ALI IN A BENTLEY. SHE'S IN BACK, ON AN IPAD SHE PROBABLY GOT IN AN AWARD SHOW GIFT BASKET.

MIKE

Okay, we're home...

ALI NOTICES MIKE'S CAR OUT HER WINDOW.

ALI

Uch, look at that. Someone abandoned their car in front of my house.

MIKE

Actually... that's mine, sorry. I'll park it down the block from now on.

ALI

Don't be silly. You just keep doing the job you're doing and you won't be driving that car for long.

MIKE CAN'T HELP BUT BEAM.

ALI (CONT'D)

But yeah, park it down the block.

MIKE NODS.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

TINA'S COLORING WITH PHILO ON THE COUCH, LIDDY'S AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER WITH PAPER WORK. DJ AND SCOTT ENTER. LIDDY AVOIDS THEIR GAZE. MIKE CROSSES IN FROM THE HALL WITH ALI'S PURSE, SCARF, IPAD, ETC.

LIDDY

Mike, you're back! How'd it go?

MIKE

Good! Clint Eastwood told me to get the hell out of his parking space! (THEN) Or it was just a mean old man.

DJ AND SCOTT CROSS BY.

DJ

(SHEEPISH) S'up, Lid?

LIDDY

I'm not sure whether to believe that you really are interested in what is "s'up."  
Just not sure.

AND SHE EXITS. DJ AND SCOTT GLARE AT MIKE. HE MAKES SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR, THEN:

MIKE

(SOTTO) Listen, I'm sorry I got you guys in trouble, okay?

SCOTT IS TEXTING SOMETHING. DJ'S CHECKS HIS CELL AND LAUGHS, GLANCING AT MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What, you texting about me?

DJ

(WHILE TEXTING) No.

SCOTT CHECKS HIS CELL, GLANCES AT MIKE, THEN CHUCKLES.

SCOTT

(TO DJ) I know, right?

MIKE

(SUDDENLY SELF-CONSCIOUS) Look, I'm just not used to having to lie to my bosses five minutes into a job. (NO RESPONSE)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

"Gee, new guy, we're sorry we forced you to cover for us, new guy."

DJ

You're really bad at apologizing, dude.

MIKE

So are you! Dude. I dunno what other games you got going behind their backs --

TINA

(CROSSING IN, ANNOYED) Okay, New Guy...

SCOTT

Yeah, don't tell us how to do our jobs.

MIKE

Fine. I'm here to work hard and make a name for myself, not screw with the people who can help me do something with my life! I know you're all good at "being cool" but I'm not --

SCOTT

(SARCASTIC) Noo!

MIKE

So just leave me out of it! Oh -- and I can text stuff about you too! (AS HE FURIOUSLY TEXTS) See? That's right!

HE HITS SEND AND LOOKS AT THEM TRIUMPHANTLY A BEAT, THEN:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well it went to a buddy back in Short Pump. But trust me, he's laughing.

ALI ENTERS, ENDING THE DISPUTE. SHE CROSSES TO PHILO, WHO IS STILL COLORING, AND GIVES HIM A HUG.

ALI

How's my little artist doing? (PICKS UP A YELLOW SCRIBBLE) Wow! What do you call this one?

PHILO

Yellow.

ALI

I love it! It's so primary!

TINA/DJ/SCOTT

A creative family./The boy is good./A Young Jackson Pollock.

ALI

Nanny Tina, let's get this framed and hang it with the others!

SHE INDICATES A WALL COVERED WITH ARTWORK THAT COULD BE VARIOUSLY TITLED: "PURPLE," "A SORTA SMILEY FACE BUT NOT REALLY," AND "BLACK LINE WITH SMUDGE OF YOGURT." SCOTT EXITS AS LIDDY RETURNS.

LIDDY

Mike, I need you to pop over to the dry cleaners for me. (THEN) Oh, hey, Al -- how'd "Chauffeur Mike" do?

ALI

Good! I wasn't sold on you having your own assistant, Lid, but you picked well.

LIDDY AND MIKE SMILE. MIKE NOTICES PHILO LOOKING AT HIM. HE SMILES AT THE KID, THEN CASUALLY FINGER SHOOTS HIM.

MIKE

Pew pew.

PHILO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS.

ALI

What are you -- what are you doing?

MIKE IS CONFUSED.

ALI (CONT'D)

You make an obscene gesture at my son?

MIKE

Oh -- no! I just (FINGER GUN) pew pew.

ALI

(SLAPPING HIS HANDS) Stop doing it!

LIDDY

What are you doing, Mike?!

MIKE

Sorry -- I'm sorry!

ALI

Have you even heard of AliCares?!

"Giving violence a smackdown?!"

LIDDY

AliCares, Mike!

MIKE

I know! I've, I've, I've donated!

ALI

And yet you come into my house and  
finger shoot my son?

MIKE

I was just trying to be nice!

ALI

By shooting him?!

MIKE

I'm still on East coast time!

DJ GIVES TINA A HAPPY LOOK: NEW GUY'S GETTING IT!

DJ

(SOTTO) I gotta go tell Scott!

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO

SCOTT'S ARRANGING WEIGHTS AS DJ ENTERS, EXCITEDLY. GALE IS LOOKING DOWN AT HIS GALE FORCE T-SHIRT, MOODY, DISTRACTED.

DJ

(TO SCOTT, SOTTO) Dude --!

SCOTT HOLDS UP A FINGER TO HIM, THEN:

SCOTT

Okay, G, you're set for "lift" off.

(CHUCKLES, THEN) Just a reminder: I'll be in San Fran tonight 'til tomorrow at two.

GALE

(LOOKS UP) Did I sign off on that?

SCOTT

Oh. Yeah, remember? You said 'San Francisco? What, you marching in a parade?' Which -- I'm not gay -- but yeah, it was funny.

GALE

I remember the joke, it was strong. I don't recall giving the ok on the vay-kay. You can't just bail on me here. Despite what people say, I got my own stuff going on. (INDICATES T-SHIRT) I got business. I'm not just... eye candy!

SCOTT STANDS THERE A BEAT, THEN:

SCOTT

It's fine. I'll stay. No problem.

GALE

Thanks, buddy. You're the best. (THEN)  
Damn, it's too sunny out now. I think I'll just lift inside.

SCOTT JUST NODS, OF FUCKING COURSE.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

ALI

I know you must think this (FINGER GUN)  
is just a little thing.

MIKE TRIES TO LISTEN TO ALI BUT IS DISTRACTED: BEHIND ALI, PHILO IS TRYING TO MAKE HIS FINGERS INTO A GUN.

ALI (CONT'D)

Do you know what Philo means?

MIKE

Uh, love?

ALI

Love!

LIDDY

Love, Mike!

ALI

You knew but still do this? (FINGER GUN)

MIKE

We probably shouldn't keep doing that.

TOO LATE. BEHIND ALI, PHILO'S FIGURED OUT THE FINGER GUN.

PHILO

(CALLING) Mommy!

MIKE

(TO HIMSELF) Oh no...

ALI

(TURNING) Yes my love?

PHILO

(FINGER SHOOTS HER) Pew pew!

ALI AND LIDDY GASP. MIKE RUSHES OVER TO PHILO.

MIKE

Let's go back to drawing! (HANDS HIM  
MARKER) Can you draw Mommy a peace sign?

PHILO

(SHOOTS ALI WITH MARKER) Pew pew!

MIKE

(GRABS MARKER) No -- (HANDS HIM CARROT  
STICK) Here, eat your snack!

PHILO

(SHOOTS ALI WITH CARROT) Pew p--

MIKE GRABS THE CARROT AND SHOVES IT IN HIS MOUTH.



MIKE

(TO HIMSELF) Everything's a gun!

ALI STORMS OUT. LIDDY FOLLOWS, ISSUING ORDERS AS SHE GOES:

LIDDY

(TO TINA) Take Philo for a walk or something. (TO MIKE) And you... Go to the dry cleaners and then I'd say we can call it a first day, don't you think?

SHELL-SHOCKED, MIKE TURNS AND HURRIES OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD/PATIO

MIKE RUNS OUT, PASSING JOSE, WHO GIVES HIM A LITTLE WAVE GOODBYE. ON THE PATIO, SCOTT AND DJ WATCH AS MIKE FLEES, LOOKING BACK NERVOUSLY, STUMBLING, AS HE GOES.

SCOTT

I needed that.

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAMERA VIEW

OF MIKE GETTING INTO HIS CAR.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

MIKE TAKES A BREATH -- WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED? -- THEN STICKS HIS REARVIEW MIRROR BACK UP, JUST IN TIME TO SEE TINA AND PHILO EXITING THE FRONT GATE -- AND THEN PHILO TRYING TO PULL AWAY TOWARD MIKE'S CAR, HAPPILY FINGER SHOOTING.

MIKE

(MISERABLE) Trust me, I wish you had bullets in that finger.

MIKE SPEEDS AWAY AS FAST AS HIS OLD CAR WILL TAKE HIM.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIKE'S CRUMMY APARTMENT BUILDING - THE NEXT MORNING

TO ESTABLISH WE'RE NOT IN BRENTWOOD ANYMORE.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S TINY STUDIO APARTMENT

REALLY TINY. MIKE SITS ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED. HE PICKS UP A CARD FROM THE BEDSIDE/KITCHEN/COFFEE TABLE AND READS IT.

MIKE'S MOM (V.O.)

You can always just come home.

HE SIGHS AND POINTS A FINGER GUN AT HIS HEAD.

MIKE

Pew.

SFX: A GUN SHOT OUTSIDE. MIKE JUMPS.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ AND SCOTT'S APARTMENT

A SMALL TWO BEDROOM. GUYS DEFINITELY LIVE HERE, ALTHOUGH THE PLACE IS LIVENED UP BY VARIOUS DRUMS SCATTERED ABOUT, AND BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE WALLS. SCOTT PADS IN SLEEPILY, WEARING A GALE FORCE T-SHIRT AND TIGHTY-WHITEYS.

DJ/TINA (O.S.)

SCOTT

Happy Birthday, Scott!

(STARTLED) Gahh!

DJ AND TINA ARE THERE WITH A CAKE. SCOTT TRIES TO PULL HIS T-SHIRT DOWN TO COVER HIS UNDERPANTS.

DJ

We baked you a cake! Well, Tina did.

But I decorated it.

SCOTT

(READS) "Happy Birthday Scoot".

DJ

Damn it.

TINA

And after work... we're taking you go-karting!

SCOTT

(TOUCHED) Aw, you guys are the best.

HE HUGS THEM BOTH AT ONCE.

TINA

Want to go put on some pants?

SCOTT

(NOT LETTING GO) Nope.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME GYM

LIDDY STANDS BEFORE ALI AND GALE, WHO ARE ON STAIRMASTERS.

ALI

If he's introducing guns into my home, what's he going to do next?

LIDDY

He didn't exactly --

GALE

Admit it, Lid, you picked a loose cannon!

Makes me question your judgment. (THEN)

Ali, I love your sister. As a sister.

But as a house manager...?

GALE SHRUGS SADLY, THEN GLANCES AT LIDDY, RELISHING THIS.

LIDDY

Remember back in Short Pump, Ali-bun?

The day you lost the part of Eliza

Doolittle to Vicky Parnell?

ALI

(AS IF YESTERDAY) Oh, that bitch.

LIDDY

Yeah. You came home and cried and  
broke that key bowl?

ALI

(UCH) Vicky Parnell.

LIDDY

But what happened next, Ali?

ALI

I broke that mirror in the kitchen.

LIDDY

(PATIENTLY) But what happened next?

ALI

(REMEMBERS) ...Mr. Topley-Griggs called.

GALE WATCHES, WARILY. WHERE'S LIDDY GOING WITH THIS?

LIDDY

Your drama teacher called. Lifted you up  
when you were just starting out, when you  
needed it most. Ali, you can be that  
someone for Mike. He needs his Mr.  
Topley-Griggs.

A BEAT. THE DRAMA OF THIS APPEALS TO ALI.

ALI

(SIGHS) I'll give him another shot.

LIDDY

Boy, do I admire you.

GALE

No, Ali, come on --

ALI

Gale, it seems like all you're doing lately is thinking about yourself! First with Gale Force and now with your little competition with my sister.

IT'S LIDDY'S TURN TO SNEAK GALE A LOOK WITH RELISH.

GALE

No, I -- Ali... if I'm only thinking about myself... then why am I planning a thing here tonight to honor AliCares's 10th anniversary? Hm? Answer me that.

ALI

(BEAT, TOUCHED) Really?

GALE

It was gonna be a surprise but Liddy forced my hand. Thanks, Lid.

ALI

Aww. Come here, you...

ALI AND GALE START KISSING, STILL STANDING ON THEIR STAIRMASTERS. THEY THINK IT'S CUTE. IT'S NOT. LIDDY EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

MIKE'S ABOUT TO OPEN THE DOOR, WHEN IT FLIES OPEN --

LIDDY

You got a lotta nerve coming back here.

MIKE BLANCHES. LIDDY SMILES.

LIDDY (CONT'D)

Gotcha! Oh, you should see your face!  
(IMITATES HIS SICK LOOK) Ali's fine.  
Liddy worked her magic. But it'd be  
good -- for both of us -- if you got a  
win with her today, okay? I mean, don't  
press. Just be yourself. But better,  
ha ha! But yeah, better.

SHE TURNS BACK INTO THE HOUSE, LEAVING MIKE STANDING THERE.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

DJ AND TINA ENTER, TINA WITH SCOTT'S CAKE IN A COVERED DISH.

TINA

...Because I want Jose and Pilar to have  
a piece of Scott's cake, too.

DJ

You really are too nice. When you end  
up snapping, it's gonna be awesome.

MIKE ENTERS AS TINA PUTS THE CAKE IN THE FRIDGE. THERE'S  
STILL TENSION FROM THE DAY BEFORE.

TINA

'Sup, Quickdraw.

DJ CHUCKLES. MIKE SMILES WEAKLY.

MIKE

Good one, yeah. (THEN) Do you guys have a  
number for a fancy wine shop around here?

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

(OFF THEIR LOOKS) Liddy told me I need to get a win with Ali today so I want to get her a certain bottle of Pinot Noir.

TINA

A win? (SIGHS) New Guy.

DJ

(ANNOYED) There's no winning with them. There's just... getting paid to lose. (TO TINA) That's a good name for my band!

GALE ENTERS, DICTATING TO SCOTT, WHO FOLLOWS BEHIND.

GALE

...So round up a few of the poor bastards AliCares has helped, and we'll need catering -- but no bar! I don't want those charity cases getting drunk in the house. In fact, let's have it in the backyard. (TO OTHERS) Listen up. I'm gonna need all of you to work late for a thing I'm doing for Ali.

TINA TURNS AND MOUTHS "MINI GOLF?" TO SCOTT. HE SHRUGS.

TINA

Actually, Gale, we have plans tonight.

GALE

Oh I wish you had told me earlier. Then I coulda hired all new assistants. (EXPLAINING) 'Cause you'd all be fired.

SCOTT

It's fine, Gale. We'll be here.

GALE

Thanks buddy. You're aces. (TO MIKE)

Looks like you dodged a bullet this morning. (CHUCKLES) Dodged a bullet.

HE FINGER SHOOTS MIKE AND EXITS. TINA LOOKS AT SCOTT.

TINA

Why do you put up with that?

SCOTT

Because no one will buy my photography yet and I'm a dirty whore for money!

DJ

We'll go go-karting some other time.

SCOTT NODS AND THEY START OUT ON THEIR DAYS.

TINA

(QUIETLY) No.

SCOTT

What?

TINA

(WITH GROWING PASSION) No. We're going go-karting. Today. You have to have time that's yours! That's not his! Or hers! It's your birthday, Scott! And on your birthday you go-kart!

DJ

Tina --



TINA

No! This is me snapping! Damnit!

DJ

Still nice.

TINA

Philo has Mommy Time with Ali for another 57 minutes. (TO DJ) Which means we're both okay 'til then. (TO SCOTT) And Gale will think you're off getting ready for tonight. We're doing this. Right now. We have to do it fast, but we have to do it. So let's go!

SCOTT TURNS TO DJ TO HELP TALK HER OUT OF THIS.

DJ

Let's go, dude.

SCOTT NODS TOWARD MIKE, WHO'S TRYING TO STAY OUT OF IT.

SCOTT

How we gonna keep Ali and Gale from finding out with Mikey-leaks over there?

TINA

New Guy won't say anything.

DJ

He's gonna be too busy trying to get a "win" with Ali.

SCOTT DELIBERATES A BEAT, THEN:

SCOTT

Gentlemen, start your engines! (RAISES ARMS IN VICTORY, THEN) I am still sore!

THEY EXIT, HURRIEDLY BUT HAPPILY. MIKE MAKES A CALL.

MIKE

Yes, I was wondering if you had a 2004  
Calera Pinot Noir?... Great! How much  
is it? (YIKES) How much is the 2005?...  
2006?... No -- it's fine. I'll be by.

HE HANGS UP AND EXHALES: EXPENSIVE, BUT WORTH IT. HE NODS,  
FEELING A LITTLE BETTER. HE LOOKS AROUND, FAMILIARIZING  
HIMSELF A LITTLE, CHECKING OUT THE SECURITY MONITOR, OPENING  
A CUPBOARD OR TWO. HE COMES TO A DOOR OFF THE KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE CELLAR

MIKE FLIPS ON A LIGHT, REVEALING A MASSIVE WINE CELLAR.  
FLOOR TO CEILING BOTTLES. LIKE THE END OF "RAIDERS," BUT  
WITH WINE. MIKE JUST STANDS THERE, FEELING VERY SMALL, THE  
GOOD FEELINGS OVER HIS "WIN" ALREADY EVAPORATING.

GALE (O.S.)

Scott!

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

GALE IS AT THE BACK DOOR AS MIKE HURRIEDLY RETURNS.

GALE

Scott! Strap on your man pants and get  
those weights back outside! I gotta get  
me some color for tonight!

MIKE

Uh... he's not here.

GALE

What do you mean? Where is he?

MIKE TAKES A MOMENT, CONSIDERING WHAT TO SAY, THEN:

MIKE

He's... in the bathroom. So he's here,  
just not right here, here. But I'll  
start moving the weights and he can join  
me when he's... finished.

MIKE HESITATES, WONDERING WHAT HE'S GETTING INTO.

GALE

Well, get moving, Sissy Spacek!

MIKE HURRIES OUT, PASSING ALI, WHO ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY PHILO.

ALI

Philo, I know this is our special time  
but Mommy has to get ready for an extra  
special night tonight.

ALI TRIES TO LOOK THROUGH DRESSES BACK FROM THE CLEANERS.

PHILO

I'm boored!

ALI

If you calm down for Mommy, Nanny Tina  
will take you to the zoo today!

PHILO PULLS THE DRESSES DOWN.

ALI (CONT'D)

No, honey -- zoo! Today! And tomorrow!  
Zoo!! (CALLING) Tina! I need to stop  
Mommy and Me a little early! Tina!

MIKE HURRIES IN WITH WAY TOO MANY WEIGHTS, BARELY UPRIGHT.

MIKE

Bathroom! In the bathroom! But I'll  
play with him until she gets back!

PHILO

(TWO FINGER GUNS) Pew pew! Pew pew!

MIKE JOLTS AND DROPS THE WEIGHTS ON HIS FEET --

MIKE

Son of a BITCH!!

ALI GASPS AND COVERS PHILO'S EARS.

ALI

Now you curse at my boy?! Liddy!

MIKE

(IN PAIN) Sorry so sorry!

GALE RUNS IN AND SEES THE WEIGHTS ON THE FLOOR.

GALE

What did you do to my weights?!

MIKE

They're okay - my feet broke their fall!

LIDDY HURRIES IN.

ALI

Where's Tina? Where's DJ?

GALE

Where's Scott?

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. GO KART TRACK

SCOTT, DJ AND TINA RACING, WHOOPING IT UP.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

LIDDY

(GLARING AT MIKE) Where are they?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

SCOTT PEEKS IN THE GATE, WATCHING THE SECURITY CAMERA. IT PANS AWAY, HE GIVES THE SIGNAL AND THEY ALL DASH IN.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM

THEY ENTER BUT STOP SHORT -- ALI, GALE AND LIDDY ARE STANDING THERE, WAITING. MIKE IS BEHIND THEM.

LIDDY

Mike told us everything.

THE ASSISTANTS CAN ONLY STAND THERE, SCREWED, BUT THEN --

ALI

(BURSTING) Thank you so much!

AND SHE HUGS THEM! THEY STAND THERE, FROZEN SMILES ON THEIR FACES, NOT KNOWING WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING.

MIKE

They realized you guys were all out and were wondering where the heck you were.

GALE

I called you a little jack-hole, Scott, and for that I apologize.

MIKE

I tried to cover for you, but they forced me to tell 'em the truth. That you were out trying to find a gift for the AliCares anniversary.

THE ASSISTANTS TRY TO HIDE THEIR SURPRISE AND RELIEF.

TINA

SCOTT

Oh, you told?

You stinker.

ALI

And I said a gift was so not necessary!

That you baked me a cake is gift enough!

MIKE HOLDS UP SCOTT'S CAKE, WHICH READS "CONGRATS ON 10 YEARS OF ALICARES!" THEY LOOK AT HIM WITH AWE AND APPRECIATION.

GALE

And isn't it your birthday, Scott?

DJ/TINA

Is it?/Oh, Happy Birthday!

ALI

You deserve a big slice of my cake!

A HAPPY MOMENT. SMILES, LAUGHS... WHICH FADE, THEN:

ALI (CONT'D)

DJ, I need Ming to come over and walk on my back. This day's been so stressful.

GALE

Scott, (RE: MIKE) Petunia Party-Dress here started moving my weights back outside but I think he chipped a nail so I need you to help him.

ALI, GALE AND LIDDY START OUT. BACK TO WORK. AS SCOTT AND DJ FOLLOW, THEY PASS MIKE AND WHISPER WITH APPRECIATION:

SCOTT

(SOTTO) We eat the caramels.

DJ

(SOTTO) The dogs don't mind if you take a little nap on walkees.

THEY EXIT, LEAVING MIKE WITH TINA.

TINA

Wow, where did that come from?

MIKE

I think I got my win.

TINA SMILES, THEN REALIZES MIKE IS OUT OF SORTS.

TINA

What?

MIKE

This job, this is my only connection to what I want to do, to where I want to go. But now I find out it's working for a petty, insecure lunatic -- the hero of my hometown! -- who actually looks good compared to her steroidal psycho of a husband who I also get to work for.

TINA

(SADLY SINGS) Hoo-ray for Hollywood...

(THEN) Yeah, you're working for

psychopaths. But you're working with us.

SHE GIVES HIM A CUTE LITTLE FINGER SHOT. A NICE MOMENT BETWEEN THEM, THEN MIKE GRIMACES.

TINA (CONT'D)

Now what?

MIKE

I'm pretty sure I broke my feet.

AS MIKE HOBBLER WITH HER OUT THE DOOR.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREAT ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

SCOTT AND DJ ARE HEADING OUT FOR THE NIGHT.

DJ

C'mon, you said it -- this is your year!

SCOTT

So, what, I just knock on her door and be like "Hey, super-tall Persian chick, it's your Facebook stalker, come on up for a drink to celebrate my birthday."

DJ

Yes! Her status still says "It's Complicated" right?

SCOTT

As of eighteen minutes ago.

MIKE ENTERS.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey, we'll see you over at our place?  
All the beer you can drink.

DJ

Oh, on your way over, you should stop and pick up all the beer you can drink.

MIKE

Actually, I got this wine today. (HANDS IT TO SCOTT) Happy Birthday.

SCOTT

Cork. Nice. (THEN) Thanks, man.

DJ

Heads up, dude!



DJ THROWS A CARAMEL TO MIKE. MIKE CATCHES THIS ONE. SCOTT AND DJ EXIT. TINA CROSSES THROUGH.

MIKE

So I'm going over to Scott and DJ's.

TINA

Cool, me too.

MIKE

Oh, good, me too. (SIGHS)

TINA

I'll see you there, New Guy.

TINA EXITS. MIKE WATCHES HER GO, A BIT MOONILY, THEN UNWRAPS THE CARAMEL AND POPS IT IN HIS MOUTH. HE STANDS THERE A BEAT, ENJOYING IT.

UNBEKNOWNST TO HIM, ON THE SECURITY MONITOR BEHIND HIM WE SEE TINA AND DJ ON THE STREET. THEY GLANCE UP AT THE CAMERA AND, THINKING THEY'RE OUT OF VIEW, SNEAK A QUICK KISS.

HAPPILY UNAWARE, MIKE PICKS UP HIS BAG AND EXITS.

END OF SHOW