

Friends-in-Law

by
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD OF JAMAICA PLAIN - EVENING

CRAMMED IN A 2004 COROLLA IS BRIAN, WHO'S MID 30S, GAY, AND WAY TOO TALL FOR HIS CAR. ON A GOOD DAY, BRIAN LOOKS LIKE DAVID BOWIE. ON A BAD DAY, ICHABOD CRANE. BRIAN KEEPS LOOKING AT THE DOOR OF A NEARBY BUILDING. ANNOYED, HE FINALLY GETS OUT AND RINGS THE BUZZER. JAKE (30S) APPEARS. HE'S STRAIGHT, HANDSOME, AND A LITTLE TOO COCKY. BUT HE'S ALSO TWO INCHES SHORTER AND TWENTY POUNDS HEAVIER THAN HE'D LIKE TO BE, WHICH KEEPS THE COCKINESS IN CHECK. LADIES LOVE JAKE BECAUSE HE'S ALL FUN, NO BULLSHIT. THEN THEY REALIZE HE'S BULLSHITTING THEM, AND THEY HATE HIM VERY MUCH.

BRIAN

(FALSE ENTHUSIASM) Hey Jake! NICE TO
SEE YOU AGAIN!

JAKE

(EQUALLY FALSE ENTHUSIASM) Hey there,
BRIAN! YOU TOO!

BRIAN

Margaret and Randy got us a table!

JAKE

That's GREAT! It's also great -- and
not weird at all -- that you came to
the door! You REALLY didn't have to!

BRIAN

("UPBEAT") I DID actually! Because I
texted "Here" twenty minutes ago. And
you never responded! Or appeared!

THEY EXCHANGE TIGHT SMILES FOR WAY TOO LONG.

JAKE

Well I'm sorry to delay all the fun

we're CERTAINLY going to have tonight!

THEIR SMILES REMAIN FROZEN. THEN DISAPPEAR. THEY'VE PRETENDED TO LIKE EACH OTHER FOR ONE MINUTE, WHICH IS THEIR LIMIT.

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S BAR - EVENING

SURROUNDED BY BLUE COLLAR BOSTONIANS, IRISH IMMIGRANTS, AND LOCAL HIPSTERS, MARGARET AND RANDY SIT AT A TABLE FOR FOUR. MARGARET, EARLY TO MID 30S, IS A MIDDLE SCHOOL LIBRARIAN AND LOOKS LIKE ONE. SHE IS NERDY CUTE WITH A PERSONALITY THAT IS A MIX OF SWEETNESS AND SARCASM. RANDY, EARLY 30S, IS A BIG, LOVABLE LUG OF A GUY. HE'S NOT THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE ROOM, BUT HE CAN FIND THE GOOD IN ANYONE OR ANYTHING. HE AND MARGARET ARE CLEARLY IN LOVE. AND DESPITE WHAT BRIAN AND JAKE THINK, THEY BELONG TOGETHER.

RANDY

Stop worrying. It's my best friend
and your best friend. Eventually
they'll start getting along.

MARGARET

(CONVINCING HERSELF) You're right.
You're right.

RANDY

It's nice of Brian to drive. He won't
mention Jake's DUI, right?

MARGARET

He won't. And Jake won't be weird
about Brian being gay?

RANDY

He won't.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

I'm driving sober. I hope that's ok with you.

JAKE

I'm not craving penises. I hope that's ok with you.

BRIAN

Oh! That is PERFECTLY fine! (THEN) Crave. Wow. That is a strong word.

JAKE

You know, for a gay guy, your car's pretty messy.

BRIAN

You know, for a straight guy, your conversation starters aren't great.

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

RANDY

You're pretty when you're nervous.

MARGARET

(LOVING IT) Oh please. Stop objectifying me.

RANDY

(FLIRTY) I can't stop. Because I don't know what "objectifying" means.

THEY LAUGH, BUT RANDY ACTUALLY MIGHT NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. AN EAGER NEW WAITRESS APPROACHES.

NEW WAITRESS

Oh wow, Ms. Powers? You were the
librarian at my middle school!

MARGARET

Eileen McCarthy!

NEW WAITRESS

I stole a copy of Judy Blume's *Forever*
and never brought it back! I was too
embarrassed! SO dirty!

MARGARET

(PROUD) Libraries are way more sexual
than people give them credit for.

NEW WAITRESS

Which is weird because librarians
always seem so asexual.

MARGARET LETS THIS SINK IN. THE NEW WAITRESS LOOKS AT RANDY.

NEW WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And this must be your brother!

RANDY

I'm Randy. I'm her boyf--

MARGARET

He's my celibacy sponsor.

NEW WAITRESS

(NOT LISTENING) I'll give you guys a
minute.

WAITRESS EXITS. RANDY LAUGHS AS MARGARET FROWNS.

INT. ATM VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE AND BRIAN USE ATMS.

JAKE

(UPBEAT) I think this is the fifth time they've made us hang out. And I gotta admit, the more I get to know you, the more I'm like, "I don't like him."

BRIAN

Come on. We've had some good times. Like when you thought I was hitting on you because I said, "Cool sneakers."

JAKE

There was a tone.

BRIAN

(EYE ROLL) You're not my type. I like men of color. Black, Asian, Latino. I embrace diversity. (SEXY VOICE) Literally.

JAKE

It actually sounds a little racist.

BRIAN

(SHAME VOICE) It might be.

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

RANDY

Why is this such a big deal to you?

MARGARET

I want our friends to like each other
because I want this to last. Because
I think you're the best.

MARGARET'S EMBARRASSED, BUT RANDY BEAMS, AND THEN SHE SMILES.

RANDY

Stop objectifying me.

HE PLAYFULLY LOOKS TO MARGARET TO SEE IF HE USED THE WORD RIGHT.
SHE GIVES HIM A "SORT OF" FACE. THEN LAUGHS, DELIGHTED BY HIM.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO HENNIGAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN AND JAKE WALK DOWN THE STREET.

JAKE

Look, we don't need to become friends.
Because this isn't a real thing.

BRIAN

Agreed.

JAKE

Margaret's not right for Randy.

BRIAN

And Randy's not right. In general.

JAKE

He'll end it with her soon. Trust me.
I know him. We've been best friends
since the first day of kindergarten.

BRIAN

Wow. That's... so weird.

JAKE

That's not weird.

BRIAN

It's really, really weird. I'm sorry, but I don't still hang out with my kindergarten bestie Kathy Cacciatore.

JAKE

(BEAT) I'll bet a thousand dollars Kathy Cacciatore was a teacher.

BRIAN

Well, you'd lose. (THEN) Because she was the Room Mother. (THEN) Well, an imaginary Room Mother I created. The real Room Mother didn't like me.

JAKE STARES AT BRIAN.

JAKE

Now my lifelong connection to an actual person does seem weird. (THEN) You know nothing about friendship!

BRIAN

Hey! Margaret and I have been friends since the first week of college!

JAKE

So you're basically strangers.

BRIAN

Whatever! Look, Margaret and Randy are on the verge of breaking up. So I think we can get through one more night of hanging out.

JAKE

(SHRUGS) I do too.

THEY NOD AND THEN WALK IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

BRIAN

(BLURTS, WORRIED) I actually think
they're getting pretty serious!

JAKE

(JUST AS WORRIED) I do too!

BRIAN

I want them to break up!

JAKE

I do too!

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT.

BRIAN

Let's break them up!

JAKE

I do too!

BRIAN STARES AT HIM.

BRIAN

"I do too" doesn't make sense anymore.

JAKE

(ANNOYED) WHO CARES?!

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET LEADING TO HENNIGAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN AND JAKE WALK TO THE BAR.

BRIAN

Let me be clear. The only reason I want to break them up is because they're not right for each other.

JAKE

Me too.

BRIAN

It's not because Margaret's the only single friend I have left.

JAKE

And it's not because Randy's the only single friend I have left.

THEY SHARE A LOOK.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I have plenty of friends.

BRIAN

So do I.

JAKE

Do you?

BRIAN

Do you?

JAKE AND BRIAN ARE BOTH AFRAID THAT THEIR BEST FRIENDS HAVE FOUND LOVE AND WILL ABANDON THEM, BUT NEITHER GUY WILL ADMIT IT. SO THEY LEAN IN HARDER TO THEIR ORIGINAL REASON.

JAKE/BRIAN

They're just not right for each other. / Exactly.

JAKE

Look, we might not have to do too much to end this thing. I've taught Randy everything I know. We don't commit, so trust me. He'll dump Margaret.

BRIAN

Did you just brag about teaching your friend to avoid any sort of meaningful intimacy?

JAKE

Did you just ask a really boring question big word big word?

BRIAN

(THEN, TORN) If Randy dumps Margaret, she'll be crushed.

JAKE

And you'll watch *Sex and the City* and eat junk food with her, and then she'll feel better.

BRIAN

(OFFENDED) How. Dare. You. (THEN) *Sex and the City's* like a hundred years old. Who am I? My aunt?

JAKE

So you don't watch *Sex and the City*?

BRIAN

No!

JAKE STARES AT HIM. BRIAN CAVES.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Not as much since the second movie.

JAKE

There it is.

BRIAN

What if Randy's crushed? What will you do? Hire a hooker and snort ecstasy off her boobs?

JAKE

How dare you!

BRIAN

Are you saying you wouldn't?

JAKE

No, I mean, how dare you think of a better plan than me.

BRIAN

(CORRECTING HIM) A better plan *than I... would have.*

JAKE

(ANNOYED) Did you just correct my grammar?

BRIAN NODS AND ENTERS THE BAR.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're talking about hookers!

INT. HENNIGAN'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

JAKE AND BRIAN SPOT MARGARET AND RANDY SITTING AT A TABLE.

JAKE

(RE: MARGARET) She's so pretentious.

I bet she says something French.

BRIAN

(RE: RANDY) He's so dumb. I bet he

says something dumb.

MARGARET AND RANDY NOTICE THEM AND START WAVING.

MARGARET

Bonjour, mes amis!

RANDY

Yeah! DiGiorno!

BRIAN AND JAKE EXCHANGE LOOKS AND APPROACH THE TABLE.

MARGARET

You made it!

RANDY

Come on Jake. Let's get some drinks.

JAKE

Why do we have to buy the drinks?

Because we're men? He's a man too.

RANDY

They work at a public school. We're not buying drinks because they're a gay and a lady.

MARGARET

You're buying drinks because we're poor.

JAKE

But we're just management consultants. It's not like we're rolling in it.

RANDY AND JAKE LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEN THEY START LAUGHING.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're doing pretty well though.

RANDY

Just got another promotion. And I can't even explain what I do. So yeah, we're doing real well.

JAKE

(TO BRIAN) What do you want to drink?

BRIAN

I'll have a beer.

JAKE

No, I'll buy you whatever you normally drink.

BRIAN

Oh, thanks. I'll have a whipsy-doodle-teapsy-pot.

JAKE

A what?

BRIAN

I'll have a beer.

INT. THE BAR AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

RANDY AND JAKE WAIT TO BUY DRINKS.

RANDY

Jake, buddy, I gotta tell you something.

JAKE

What?

RANDY PULLS OUT AN ENGAGEMENT RING BOX.

RANDY

I'm asking her to marry me!

JAKE SLAPS THE BOX OUT OF HIS HANDS.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What the Hell!

RANDY CRAWLS ON THE FLOOR TO GET THE BOX BACK. DURING THE FOLLOWING DISCUSSION, JAKE KEEPS KICKING IT AWAY FROM HIM EVERY TIME HE'S ABOUT TO GET IT. MARGARET AND BRIAN ARE UNABLE TO SEE ALL THIS FROM WHERE THEY'RE SITTING.

JAKE

WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS?!

RANDY

Because I love her! And I need to get married! I promised my mother on her deathbed!

JAKE

Deathbed promises are the only promises you NEVER have to KEEP!

RANDY

How can you say that?!

JAKE

Dying people are on DRUGS! They don't know what they're saying! When my grandma was dying, she asked me to kill Ted Danson!

RANDY

It's not just the deathbed promise. Margaret's the one! I love her.

JAKE IS TROUBLED BY RANDY'S SINCERITY.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Look, I know that Debbie stuff messed you up, but not all--

JAKE

(OUTRAGED) This has NOTHING to do with DEBBIE! Who briefly, and just barely... shattered my heart! This is about us having so much fun stuff left to do! We aren't ready for this!

RANDY

Who isn't?

JAKE KNOCKS THE RING BOX OUT OF RANDY'S HAND AGAIN.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Dude!

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET AND BRIAN WAIT FOR THEIR DRINKS.

MARGARET

I think Randy has a ring in his
pocket!

BRIAN IS STUNNED. SHE WAITS FOR HIS JOYFUL REACTION.

BRIAN

Maybe his boner's just cramped up.

MARGARET

In the shape of a square?

BRIAN

It can happen. In certain kinds of
khakis.

MARGARET

It's a ring.

BRIAN

Oh no! He's going to be crushed.

MARGARET

Yeah, by my body. As I desperately
hurl myself at him and accept.

BRIAN

But it's only been eight months!

MARGARET

I know that.

BRIAN

I thought you were just having a
fling! When you started dating Randy,
you said it was a short lived thing.
It wasn't going to last.

MARGARET

You're thinking of my fertility.

(THEN, SINCERE) Randy's the one.

BRIAN

But... you should never marry someone you haven't known for a full year. He could have a seasonal mood disorder or a weird bathing suit!

MARGARET

Hey! Get it together! I might get engaged tonight!

JAKE AND RANDY RETURN WITH DRINKS. BRIAN AND JAKE BOTH WANT TO TELL THE OTHER ABOUT THE RING. THEY START MAKING BIG EYES AT EACH OTHER AND JERKING THEIR HEADS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BATHROOM. IT LOOKS LIKE A WEIRD DANCE.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(TO JAKE) Um. Is this your jam?

JAKE

Yes. No. I mean, is this Lady Antebellum? Then yes.

JAKE PRETENDS TO DANCE TO THE SONG PLAYING IN THE BAR.

RANDY

Yeah. Love it. I'm Pro Bellum.

BRIAN

(MAKING BIG EYES AGAIN) Hey Jake, shouldn't we go to the rest room?

JAKE

(WAY TOO LOUD) YES WE SHOULD!

MARGARET

WHY SO LOUD?!

JAKE

Oh. Brian was bragging about sex he'd had in this men's room, and I wanted to see where it happened.

MARGARET

Oof. That was here. I thought that was at a Chili's.

BRIAN

I don't have sex in rest rooms!
(LOWERING HIS VOICE) It was in a dressing room. At a Nordstrom's! Which means it was classy.

JAKE

But you had some here too, right?

BRIAN

(FORCED TO LIE) Yeah. Here too. Men's rooms at straight bars are the best place for a gay quickie.

RANDY

(HAPPY TO BE LEARNING) Huh. I did not know that.

INT. MENS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE AND BRIAN ARE AT THE SINKS CONSPIRING.

JAKE

How are we going to stop this?

BRIAN

Without making them mad at us.

JAKE

You tell her he's only doing it
because of a deathbed promise to his
mother.

BRIAN

You tell him she thinks he's dumb.

JAKE

(SURPRISED) Does she think he's dumb?

BRIAN

No, but she should.

A REALLY CUTE GUY ENTERS AND HEADS OVER TO A URINAL.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(LOWERING HIS VOICE) Oh God.

JAKE

What?

BRIAN

I keep seeing him everywhere, but I
haven't made a move yet.

JAKE

So do it now. (THEN) But not right
now. I mean, let me leave. I don't
wanna see... stuff.

BRIAN

Oh my god. I was just gonna say
hello. How fast do you think gay guys
get down to "stuff"?

JAKE

Isn't it pretty fast sometimes?

BRIAN

(UNABLE TO LIE) Yes it is. (THEN,
LOOKING AT GUY) I can't do it. I
have a bad flirt face. It's creepy.
Margaret's coaching me, but I'm not
ready.

JAKE

What's the big deal? You're a catch.
Just give him the face and walk away.

BRIAN

(ENCOURAGED) Really?

JAKE NODS. THE CUTE GUY APPROACHES. BRIAN GIVES HIM THE WORST
FLIRT FACE OF ALL TIME AND LEAVES. JAKE IS HORRIFIED.

CUTE GUY

Did he just have a stroke?

INT. OUTSIDE MENS ROOM AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

JAKE EXITS THE BATHROOM AND APPROACHES BRIAN, WHO CAN'T WAIT TO
HEAR WHAT THE CUTE GUY THOUGHT OF HIS FLIRT FACE.

BRIAN

Did it work?

JAKE

(KINDLY LYING) Totally. But we're not here to start any relationships. We're here to end one. Go.

BRIAN WALKS TOWARD MARGARET. JAKE JOINS RANDY AT THE BAR.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Brian just told me something that I thought you should know.

RANDY

What?

JAKE

Margaret thinks you're dumb.

RANDY STARES AT JAKE IN DISBELIEF.

RANDY

I am dumb. Did you not know that?

JAKE

I did. But--

RANDY

I'm dumb, and she loves me anyway.

Jackpot!

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

Jake told me something I thought you should know. Randy made a deathbed promise to his mother that he would get married this year.

MARGARET

I know. He told me. I think it's
sweet.

BRIAN

It doesn't bother you?

MARGARET

Are you kidding me? To find a guy who
loves his mother THAT much? It's
amazing. AND the mother's DEAD too?
Jackpot!

INT. THE BAR AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Look, Randy. I didn't want to say
this, but Margaret's not fun!

RANDY

You just don't know her. She's a
blast. She speaks French while she
makes meatballs. Which are an Italian
food. It's ridiculous!

JAKE

Randy! That's not fun, it's fusion!
Will she snort ecstasy off a hooker's
boobs?!

RANDY

Jesus, I hope not.

JAKE

WHY do you want to stop having fun?!

RANDY

We never snorted ecstasy off a
hooker's boobs!

JAKE

But SHOULDN'T we? COULDN'T WE?

RANDY

I'm in love with Margaret! And I want
to marry her!

JAKE

Why?!

RANDY TRIES TO PUT HIS LOVE FOR MARGARET IN WORDS.

RANDY

(SINCERE) Because I feel good when
I'm with her. And bad when I'm not.

JAKE KNOWS HIS FRIEND IS TELLING THE TRUTH, BUT HIS OWN SELFISH
FEARS PREVENT HIM FROM ACCEPTING IT.

JAKE

You're making a mistake!

RANDY

You're not being a good friend.

JAKE

NO! You're the one who's about to
START not being a good friend!

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're gonna get caught up in a wedding and a marriage and a baby and a house and I'll come over once or twice a year and I'll say, "Hey, what if I bring over a hooker and we snort ecstasy off her boobs today," and you'll say, "No, today's more of a barbecue thing."

RANDY

Barbecues are *really* fun!

JAKE

I forbid you to marry her!

RANDY

You forbid me? What is this *The Lord of the Rings*?

JAKE

Yes, it is! Marriage is JUST like *The Lord of the Rings*! Because it's going to be long and boring and seem like it's important and entertaining, but it's NOT!

RANDY

Jake. I might punch you in the face if you don't give me your blessing right now.

JAKE

Go ahead.

RANDY

Wow. You can't even fake it. Dude.

Get out of here. Just go.

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET

Look. Trust me. I know what I'm doing. Randy makes me...

BRIAN

Orgasm.

MARGARET

(SCOLDING HIM) No. I was going to say "happy." (THEN, GRINS) But I meant "orgasm." He's so good at it!

BRIAN

So you're willing to sacrifice intelligence for orgasms?

MARGARET

Oh, I'm sorry. Did the guy at Chili's have a doctorate?

BRIAN

It was a Nordstrom's! And he was very smart! (OFF HER LOOK) Do YOU know how to dismantle a security camera!

MARGARET

Randy's smart too! He just doesn't know or care about any of the stuff YOU know and care about! Admit it.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You know he's smart. You've just never forgiven him for mixing up Judi Dench and Judy Greer.

BRIAN

(IN DISBELIEF) Did you think I would?

MARGARET

But Randy knows about things YOU DON'T care about! Like finances. And cars. And emotions. (OFF BRIAN'S GROAN)

Unlike us, Randy's emotionally smart! He hugs, and shares feelings, and isn't afraid to be vulnerable. And he never says a bad word about anyone.

(OFF HIS LOOK) Obviously the last one has to change, but the rest is great.

BRIAN

I didn't think this could get any worse. But now you're telling me that he's... kind!

MARGARET

Yes. But kind AND fun! Do you know how rare it is to be kind AND fun?

BRIAN

You and I are kind AND fun!

MARGARET

Liar! We are barely even fun! (THEN)
SINCERE) Brian, I love him.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(THEN) Look, you and I have always been hard on people we don't know.

BRIAN

Yeah. It's our hobby-slash-passion.

MARGARET

Well, maybe we should stop being so hard on new people. Otherwise...

BRIAN

(FEELING JUDGED) Otherwise what?

MARGARET

(GENTLY) I think you could end up... really lonely.

BRIAN SUSPECTS SHE'S RIGHT, BUT HE CANNOT DEAL WITH THAT TRUTH.

BRIAN

(STUNG, LASHING OUT) I think you're just settling.

MARGARET

Oh my god. (LOSES IT) You root for every stupid bitch in a romantic comedy to find love, but not me! I've seen you root for Katherine Heigl! Katherine Heigl!

BRIAN

She had to wear TWENTY-SEVEN bridesmaid's dresses!

MARGARET

(MURDER IN HER EYES) Don't.

BRIAN

I think you're in love with love!

MARGARET

Of course I am! Who wouldn't be!

Love is good, you selfish idiot! JUST
GET OUT OF HERE!

BRIAN

Margaret.

MARGARET

GET OUT!

BRIAN FALLS INTO STEP WITH JAKE WHO'S ALSO SLINKING AWAY. RANDY SITS WITH MARGARET, AND THEY WATCH THEIR SUPPOSED BEST FRIENDS HEAD TO THE DOOR. MARGARET YELLS TO BRIAN.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Go find a new best friend! Maybe
Katherine Heigl's interested! (TO
PEOPLE AT NEXT TABLE) He loves
Katherine Heigl.

MOST GRIMACE WHEN THEY HEAR HEIGL'S NAME. ONE WOMAN MAKES A FACE THAT SAYS, "I DON'T KNOW. I LIKE HER." BRIAN AND JAKE ARE HEADING OUT THE DOOR. THEY'RE WORRIED THAT THEY'VE LOST THEIR CLOSEST FRIENDS, BUT THEY TRY TO COVER BY ACTING COOL.

BRIAN

(TO JAKE) Let me be clear. I like
Katherine Heigl. I don't love her.

JAKE

Let me be clear. I will never know
who that is.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BRIAN AND MARGARET'S APARTMENT - LATER

THE PLACE IS SMALL, CUTE, CLUTTERED. BRIAN SCOOPS ICE CREAM IN THE KITCHEN AREA AS A RATTLED JAKE DRINKS BEER ON THE SOFA.

BRIAN

This isn't as bad as you think.

JAKE

(UPSET) Randy and Margaret hate us!

This is terrible! (LOOKING AROUND)

As terrible as this apartment.

Brian... be better. Be gayer.

BRIAN

My apartment does not define me as a gay man! And trust me. (SEXY VOICE)

I'm great at the things that do define me as being gay.

JAKE

Are you?

BRIAN

(CAN'T LIE) No. A lot of it's actually very tricky.

BRIAN COMES OVER WITH BOWLS OF ICE CREAM.

JAKE

Should we go back and apologize?

BRIAN

I think they just need to cool off. They'll get over this.

JAKE

I know. (VOICE TREMBLING) I just--

JAKE STOPS TALKING, CLEARLY EMOTIONAL.

BRIAN

(CAN'T BELIEVE IT) Are you gonna cry?

JAKE

(HUGE SOB) No!

BRIAN

(LOOKING AT TV) Is *Field of Dreams* on? What is happening? (THEN, JEALOUS) Oh my god. Are you more in touch with your feelings than I am?

JAKE

(THROUGH TEARS, ANNOYED) Yup! I win!
(THEN, HEARTBROKEN) Randy's like a brother to me.

JAKE PUTS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. BRIAN IS AT A LOSS. HE AWKWARDLY GOES TO PAT JAKE ON THE BACK, BUT THEN BAILS.

BRIAN

(SEARCHING) Ok. Ok. Um, right now, temporarily, I can be your brother.

JAKE

(MORE UPSET) NO YOU CAN'T!

BRIAN

You wanna talk sports? Say anything about sports and I'll say something... also about sports. Possibly the exact same words you say.

JAKE

Oh God! Who am I gonna talk to about the Patriots?

BRIAN

I can talk Patriots! Watch. "Hey, what about Tom Brady and--"

JAKE

I don't want to talk about Gisele!

BRIAN

"What about--"

JAKE

Or Bridget Moynahan!

BRIAN

You're making this very difficult. Let's move on to women in general. Boobs? Me, I like 'em small and flat.

JAKE

Wanna talk women? Fine! What do you think of this text a woman sent me?

BRIAN

(READS FROM PHONE) "Lunch tomorrow? Its good for me if it's good for you."
(DISGUSTED) Gross. End it.

JAKE

(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Exactly!
Lunch is lame!

BRIAN

(IGNORING HIM) She forgot the
apostrophe in "it's."

JAKE STARES AT HIM.

JAKE

WHO CARES?!

BRIAN

But only in one of the "it's." Wow.
She disrespects punctuation
inconsistently.

JAKE STARES AT BRIAN.

JAKE

You cannot be my friend. (THEN,
SOLEMN) You can drive me home though.

INT. TABLE AT HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

RANDY AND MARGARET SIP DRINKS. THEY BOTH LOOK UPSET. A WOMAN
AT THE NEXT TABLE IS FINISHING A CONVERSATION WITH MARGARET.

WOMAN AT NEXT TABLE

You should really check out some early
seasons of *Roswell*.

MARGARET

Thank you. But this really wasn't
about Katherine Heigl. I think she's
done a lot of solid work.

MARGARET TURNS BACK TO RANDY.

RANDY

Are you okay?

MARGARET

Why are Brian and Jake so against us
being together?

RANDY

Because they're jealous and selfish.
(WORRIED HE'S INSULTED HER BEST
FRIEND) I still like Brian though.
He's a fun kind of jealous.

MARGARET

(WORRIED) Brian says we barely know
each other.

RANDY

Hey! (LOOKS HER IN THE EYE) You know
me! (THEN) What's my middle name?

MARGARET

(BEAT, THEN, CONFIDENT) John!

RANDY

What's my favorite song?

MARGARET

(CONFIDENT) *This is My Fight Song!*

RANDY

What's my favorite book?

MARGARET

(CONFIDENT) *Kelley Blue Book!*

RANDY

(SMILES) See.

MARGARET

(BEAT, THEN) Were any of them right?

RANDY

No. But you answered very quickly.

THEY BOTH LOOK WORRIED NOW.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN DRIVES AS HE AND JAKE CONTINUE THEIR ARGUMENT.

BRIAN

Don't get me wrong. I am thrilled
that you think I can't be your friend.
But I'm not sure why I was ruled out.

JAKE

(RE: TEXT ON HIS PHONE) Randy would
have known that "lunch" means no sex,
which is all I want from her!

BRIAN

Sorry! A long lunch is sexy to me
because I'm a middle school English
teacher. We only get twenty minutes.

JAKE

What?! That's not enough time to eat
and go number two.

BRIAN

I know! It's *Sophie's Choice*.

JAKE

Do you ever multi-task?

BRIAN

NO!

JAKE

Brian.

BRIAN

(SHAME VOICE) Sometimes.

JAKE

You are gross enough to be my friend.

(THEN, ACTUALLY CURIOUS) When you finish your double duty, what books are you teaching those kids?

BRIAN

(LISTING) *Lord of the Flies, Raisin in the Sun, Diary of Anne Frank.*

JAKE

All the great comedies. (OFF HIS LOOK) And, yes, I can read, Brian. I sounded out all of those.

BRIAN

Not to be too teacher-y, but which was your favorite and explain why.

JAKE

(EYE ROLL, THEN) *Lord of the Flies.* I was a heavy kid with glasses and so not cool. I was the character Piggy.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

But after we read that book, I was like, (UPBEAT) "At least no one's killed me with a boulder today!"

BRIAN

(MOVED) Wow. (THEN, TOO SINCERE) I always look out for the underdogs. The weirdos. Like you were.

JAKE

Oh god. Let's get back to my texts.

BRIAN

Okay. Fine. You exchanged a TON of messages with that girl.

JAKE

And we've only gotten to lunch!

BRIAN

But it's romantic. It's a story! I'm jealous. Look at this text I got.

JAKE

(READING) "If you want me to s your d, I can be over in fifteen minutes."

BRIAN

See. No story.

JAKE STARES AT HIM.

JAKE

GREAT STORY!

BRIAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You gays know what you're doing! You just cut to the chase! Actually, you just cut to the fellatio.

BRIAN

Exactly! It's TOO easy. I want "s your d" to mean something more.

(RIFFING) Like "soothe your depression" or... "sing your diary."

JAKE LOOKS AT HIM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(SINCERE) I want love.

BOTH GUYS SEEM LOST IN SOME SAD THOUGHTS.

JAKE

Deep down, have you ever had this secret, scary thought: "I'm never going to find someone who will love me. Because I'm messed up or unloveable or whatever. And if my last single friend falls in love, I'll have nothing. Not even friendship. And then I'll be lonely forever."

JAKE AND BRIAN STARE AT EACH OTHER.

BRIAN

(NODS, THEN) Is that how you feel?

JAKE

(FEELS TOO VULNERABLE, DECIDES TO COVER) No. That's how you feel.

BRIAN

(ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?) No!
That's how you feel!

JAKE

No! That's how you feel! I said,
"Have YOU ever had this secret, scary
thought?"

BRIAN

You are. THE WORST!

JAKE

No! You're the worst! You're the one
who suggested breaking them up! And
now we've both lost our only friends!

BRIAN

You agreed to it!

JAKE

(LIGHT BULB MOMENT) But YOU said it
FIRST! You DID! I'm telling Margaret
and Randy! THEY'LL FORGIVE ME AND
SHUN YOU! (THEN) Can you drop me at
the bar? It's right over there.

BRIAN STARES AT HIM IN DISBELIEF. THEY'RE AT A RED LIGHT, SO
JAKE IS ABLE TO HOP OUT OF THE CAR AND START RUNNING TOWARDS THE
BAR. BRIAN QUICKLY PARKS.

INT. HENNIGAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

RANDY IS TRYING TO CHEER UP A DEFEATED MARGARET.

RANDY

Come on! We know the important stuff
about each other! We can't let those
dummies get to us.

MARGARET

(WORRIED, BUT TRYING) Right. Yeah.

RANDY LOOKS IN HER VERY SAD EYES. HE KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO.
HE TAKES A BREATH AND THEN CLIMBS UP ON THEIR TABLE.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Randy! What are you doing?!

RANDY

(TO CROWD) Excuse me! This... is
Margaret Burke! And I KNOW HER!

THE CROWD LOOKS CONFUSED.

CRANKY GIRL IN CROWD

We assumed that. Because you were
sitting with her.

RANDY LOOKS A LITTLE PANICKED. MAYBE HE'S MADE A MISTAKE.

MARGARET

(TO RANDY, HOPEFUL) What do you know
about me?

RANDY

I know that... (BRAVELY) you're
about to get proposed to. Right now.

THE CROWD IS SHOCKED. BUT NOT AS SHOCKED AS MARGARET. WHOSE
SHOCK QUICKLY TURNS TO DELIGHT.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO HENNIGAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE IS SPRINTING TO THE BAR AND BRIAN IS CATCHING UP.

JAKE

Your stupidly long legs will never
catch me!

BRIAN

These legs are stupid alright! Stupid
strong! I ran from my sexuality for
twenty years!

INT. HENNIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

JAKE AND BRIAN ENTER AND SEE RANDY STANDING ON A TABLE. HE HAS
THE ATTENTION OF THE CROWD. MARGARET LOOKS NERVOUS.

RANDY

(TO CROWD) I haven't totally planned
out this proposal...

JAKE AND BRIAN LOOK AT EACH OTHER. OH SHIT! THIS IS HAPPENING.
THE CROWD WAITS EXPECTANTLY FOR RANDY TO CONTINUE.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(TO RANDY) You just screamed out that
you know her. Prove it!

RANDY

Well, um, I know she loves French. So
I thought it would be tres beau-cool
to propose... in French.

THE CROWD LOOKS AT MARGARET.

CRANKY GIRL IN CROWD

(TO MARGARET) Is that true?

MARGARET

(SMILES, EMOTIONAL) C'est vrai.

RANDY

(NERVOUS) I haven't studied French since seventh grade, but here goes.

(THEN) Je m'appelle Randy. J'ai treize ans. Je joue au soccer.

JAKE

(TO BRIAN) That sounded pretty good!

BRIAN

He said, "My name is Randy. I am thirteen. I play soccer."

JAKE

(TRYING) Excellent retention.

RANDY

(UNSURE) Voulez-vous cou-chez sera sera?

EVERYONE LOOKS CONFUSED.

BRIAN

(TRYING) That started out French?

RANDY

(RIFFING PLAYFULLY) Bonjour Mario Lemieux. Bonjour Guy LaFleur!

JAKE

Now he's just greeting hockey players.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(TO RANDY) Booooooo!

THE CROWD LAUGHS AT THE DRUNK ASSHOLE.

CRANKY GIRL IN CROWD

This is poorly planned! (TO MARGARET)

You deserve better than this.

MARGARET

We're not really looking for feedback.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(TO MARGARET) I wouldn't marry him if

I were you!

THE CROWD LAUGHS AGAIN. BRIAN AND JAKE REALIZE THEIR BEST FRIENDS' SPECIAL MOMENT IS TURNING INTO A DISASTER.

JAKE

(PISSED, RE: CROWD) I can't believe

this. What kind of people try to ruin

a proposal?

BRIAN LOOKS AT MARGARET AND RANDY. THEN LOOKS TROUBLED.

BRIAN

(ANSWERS JAKE, ASHAMED) Monsters.

JAKE

Monsters! Exactly! (REALIZING) Oh.

BRIAN AND JAKE EXCHANGE GUILTY LOOKS.

BRIAN

This whole crowd is turning on them,

but look how excited Randy is. And

how delighted Margaret is.

JAKE AND RYAN SEE THAT RANDY AND MARGARET CAN'T STOP SMILING AT EACH OTHER DURING THEIR SHIT-FIRE OF A PROPOSAL.

JAKE

Damn it. They are in love.

BRIAN AND JAKE LOOK AT THEIR FRIENDS. THEN AT EACH OTHER. THEY KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If they leave us behind, they leave us behind. But we're going to give them one hell of a send off. (YELLS TO CROWD) HEY! EVERYONE SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO THE PROPOSAL!

RANDY AND MARGARET NOTICE JAKE AND BRIAN. THEY'RE SURPRISED AND PLEASED. BRIAN DOESN'T WANT JAKE TO GET ALL THE CREDIT.

BRIAN

(SUPER MANLY) YEAH PEOPLE! COME ON!

THE CROWD IS IMPRESSED.

CUTE GUY

(TO A FRIEND) It's the stroke victim.

BRIAN STARTS WAY TOO STRONG AND THEN LOSES STEAM.

BRIAN

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID! LISTEN UP or

we'll MAKE YOU... (FALTERING)

listen... (MUMBLING) the hard way.

BRIAN ADDS A FEW MORE UNINTELLIGIBLE SOUNDS.

CUTE GUY

Oh no. He's having another stroke.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(YELLING TO BRIAN) How do you *listen* the *hard way*? That's just stupid!

SOME OF THE CROWD YELLS IN SUPPORT OF THE DRUNK ASSHOLE.

JAKE

(TO BRIAN) I need to google something. Get control of this crowd!

BRIAN

(UNSURE, TO CROWD) PATRONS! (WINCES, TRIES AGAIN) You're all judging Randy! But he has many fine qualities! For instance, he is... great... at giving orgasms!

THE CROWD LOOKS CONFUSED.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Not to me! To that woman! But...

I'd let him try... on me.

BRIAN LOOKS TO MARGARET, WHO SMILES.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(TO CROWD) He's also kind AND fun! A rare combo. And most importantly, he may not know French. Or Judies. But he is smart. About a ton of things I'm very dumb about. Like love.

BRIAN SMILES AT AN EMOTIONAL MARGARET.

JAKE

So give Randy your attention! Because he's proposing to a woman who, unlike most people, took the time to get to know him. (TO MARGARET, GRATEFUL)
And realized what a gem he is.

MARGARET GIVES JAKE A TEARY SMILE. RANDY SMILES TOO. JAKE IS NEAR RANDY NOW AND ABOUT TO HAND HIM HIS PHONE.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

Are all four of you in love with each other? Are you all a bunch of freaky lil poly pervs!

BRIAN

(TO ASSHOLE) That is not a sex positive statement! Or poly-positive! (SCOLDY) Or positive in general!

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(LAUGHS) Great speech, Nana!

BRIAN

And that's either homophobic or you're comparing me to a proper old woman! And it better be the latter!

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(TO CROWD) Nana's flirting with me!

JAKE

(TO DRUNK ASSHOLE) He's not flirting with you! Because he's not attracted to your ugly, old, white ass!

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(FURIOUS) Now you made it racial!

(MORE FURIOUS) And agist!

DRUNK ASSHOLE THROWS A BEER BOTTLE AT JAKE, BUT IT MISSES AND HITS RANDY IN THE FOREHEAD. RANDY SCREAMS IN PAIN. OTHER PEOPLE SCREAM WHEN THE BOTTLE SMASHES TO THE GROUND. JAKE SEES RANDY'S FOREHEAD BLEEDING AND CHARGES TOWARDS DRUNK ASSHOLE, PUSHING PEOPLE OUT OF THE WAY. A TERRIFIED BRIAN FOLLOWS.

JAKE

(TO ASSHOLE) What's wrong with you?!

THE ASSHOLE CHARGES AT JAKE, WHO SLIPS IN SOME BEER AND FALLS DOWN. BRIAN CAN'T STOP HIS MOMENTUM AND ENDS UP FACE TO FACE WITH THE ASSHOLE. BRIAN THROWS THE FIRST PUNCH OF HIS LIFE. IT'S NOT PRETTY, BUT IT KNOCKS DRUNK ASSHOLE TO THE GROUND. JAKE IS FINALLY UP AND BY BRIAN'S SIDE.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Nice!

BRIAN

(TO ASSHOLE) THAT's how you LISTEN
the HARD WAY!

JAKE

Ok. That still doesn't make sense.

THE ASSHOLE YELLS TO HIS FRIENDS WHO LOOK READY TO FIGHT. BRIAN RUSHES RANDY OUT THE DOOR. JAKE RUNS OVER AND TRIES TO PICK MARGARET UP AND CARRY HER OUTSIDE. AFTER TWO AWKWARD ATTEMPTS:

MARGARET

Is it ok if I walk?

JAKE

(RELIEVED) Yes.

THEY HURRY OUT OF THE BAR.

INT. JAKE AND RANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

BRIAN, JAKE, MARGARET, AND RANDY ENTER. RANDY HAS A BANDAGE ON HIS HEAD, AND BRIAN AND JAKE ARE ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM, MAKING SURE HE'S OK TO WALK. MARGARET LOOKS WORRIED.

RANDY

It's just some stitches. I'm fine.

BRIAN

Oh my God!

MARGARET

What?! Is he bleeding again?!

BRIAN

No. I just noticed my surroundings.

THE APARTMENT IS STUNNING. MODERN AND IMPECCABLY DECORATED, WITH HUGE WINDOWS AND A VIEW OF THE BOSTON SKYLINE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

THIS is a gay apartment!

JAKE

No. This is a grown up apartment. A real gay apartment would be even nicer than this.

BRIAN

(TO MARGARET) Why didn't you tell me how amazing this place was?

MARGARET

I didn't want you to know how poor we were.

BRIAN

I appreciate that.

JAKE

I'll say it again, Bri-Guy. You were very impressive in that fight.

BRIAN

I'll say it again, Jake. I hate when people call me Bri-Guy. (THEN, SINCERE) But thanks.

MARGARET

(TO JAKE AND BRIAN) Thanks for standing up for us. And for getting us out of that mob scene.

JAKE

Don't mention it. That we're heroes.

RANDY

You really had our backs.

BRIAN

Of course we did. We're heroes.

MARGARET

So do you think you guys could also start supporting us when we're not in the middle of a bar fight?

JAKE AND BRIAN GIVE MARGARET A SURPRISED LOOK.

JAKE/BRIAN

We only got to be heroes for like two seconds! / No fair!

MARGARET AND RANDY STARE AT THEM LIKE STERN PARENTS.

JAKE/BRIAN (CONT'D)

(LIKE SULLEN TEENS) We're sorry. /
We're not heroes.

MARGARET

(BIG SMILE) Hey. You both said "we."
(TEASING) I think you're friends now!

BRIAN/JAKE

No sir! / Uh uh!

BRIAN

We are friends once removed! At best!

JAKE

Yeah! There are a million people who
are better friends with him than me.
Than I am. (TO BRIAN) Did I just use
proper grammar? I hate you!

RANDY

Well, whatever you are to each other,
you're about to see something cool.

RANDY AWKWARDLY GETS ON ONE KNEE.

MARGARET

Oh my god.

RANDY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET. BEFORE HE PULLS OUT THE RING
BOX, HE FINDS A SCRAP OF PAPER.

RANDY

Oh, Brian. This is for you.

BRIAN

What is it?

RANDY

That guy's number. I got it for you.

BRIAN

(MOVED) Thank you. (TOO DRAMATIC)

Randy, you ARE kind and fun--

MARGARET

(GENTLY) We are MID-proposal.

BRIAN

Sorry! Continue!

JAKE

Wait! (HANDS RANDY PHONE) Read this.

RANDY

Oh. Okay. (TO MARGARET, WITH A
BETTER ACCENT THAN YOU'D EXPECT) Je
me sens bien quand je suis avec elle.
Et mauvais quand je ne suis pas.

BRIAN

What does that mean?

MARGARET

(MOVED, TRANSLATES) "I feel good when
I'm with her. And bad when I'm not."

JAKE

Randy said that's why he wants to
marry you.

MARGARET

(GRATEFUL) Thank you. You've given
Randy the perfect way to propose.

RANDY

(TO MARGARET, SWEETLY) So? Do you
wanna?

BRIAN AND JAKE ARE SURPRISED TO FIND THEMSELVES ROOTING FOR HER
TO SAY YES. MARGARET STARES LOVINGLY AT RANDY.

MARGARET

Oui.

BRIAN AND JAKE

(CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES) Gross.

RANDY KISSES MARGARET PASSIONATELY. THEY PULL APART AND LOOK AT
BRIAN AND JAKE, WHO GET THE HINT AND ARE HAPPY TO LEAVE.

MARGARET

(WAVING) Au revoir mes amis! Merci!

BRIAN AND JAKE

(WAVING BACK) Gross!

JAKE AND BRIAN HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

BRIAN

Why didn't you change the pronouns in
the proposal to the second person?

JAKE

Why didn't you tell me you were the
worst and always will be?

THEY CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JAKE AND RANDY'S - MOMENTS LATER

AN UPBEAT BRIAN AND JAKE WALK TO BRIAN'S CAR.

BRIAN

Guess we'll be hanging out a lot more.

JAKE

Yeah, but... I'm cool with that.

BRIAN

(SURPRISED) I'm also cool with that!

I think I'm a good influence on you.

I'm gonna make you a better man.

JAKE

I'm gonna make you gayer.

BRIAN

Good luck. I am very gay.

JAKE

Good luck to you. I'm a terrible man.

I'm also gonna fix your flirt face.

You looked like a melting rapist.

BRIAN

That is... NOT what I was going for.

But at least I didn't look like a

"weeping heterosexual." (MOCKS JAKE'S

EARLIER CRYING) That'd be way worse.

JAKE LAUGHS AND THEY KEEP WALKING. EACH OF THEM READY TO EXPLAIN TO THE OTHER ALL THE WAYS HE'S WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING.

END OF SHOW