The Unicorn

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - EVENING

We’re INSIDE A FREEZER: A mass of frost-covered foil packages and Tupperware. A man’s hands struggle to free a frosty brick from the mass. Finally, he pries it loose.

This is BRADY: forty-ish, upbeat, agreeably disheveled, he’s a guy’s guy but emotionally he’s an open book. He brushes some frost off the masking-tape label, then calls over his shoulder into the house.

BRADY

How about a chicken parm?!

ANGLE ON: THE LIVING ROOM

The sofa is covered in debris -- pillows, blankets, sweatshirts, socks, headphones, adapters, books, cups and cookie boxes. But hidden amid the debris, we find two girls: GRACE (14, smart, fancies herself an adult) and NATALIE (12, intense, a real jock). They never look up from their phones.

GRACE

Who made it?!

BRADY

(SQUINTING AT LABEL) Dottie Palmer!

GRACE

Blech!

GRACE

Can you try to find one of Judy Bickel’s lasagnas?!

BRADY

You got it!

Brady tosses the icy lump onto the dryer, where it lands with a loud bang next to a pile of similar lumps.
He grabs a croquet mallet from a rack and enthusiastically attacks the iced-together chunks with the handle.

ANGLE ON: THE DINING ROOM

...where two of Brady’s friends are observing this ritual: FORREST (same age, tightly wound, a cerebral guy determined to look like a cool guy) and his wife DELIA (opinionated, blunt, the necessarily assertive half of the couple).

FORREST

(CALLING) Y’know, Brady, we could take
you and the girls out for pizza!

BRADY (O.S.)

No reason to go out! There’s like
fifteen lasagnas in here.

Delia and Forrest flinch as -- BANG -- Brady tosses another block of ice on the dryer. Delia surveys the house, shaking her head; it isn’t dirty, but there’s some serious entropy happening. Something catches her eye in the kitchen:

DELIA

Girls? Are the dogs allowed on the
counter?

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN

...where two very large mutts are relaxing on the counter.

GRACE

No, they’re not. (TO DOGS, SWEETLY)
You know you’re not supposed to climb
up there, you silly girls.

One of the dogs yawns and licks a potholder.

DELIA

That’s all we’re going to do?
NATALIE
They like it up there.
Delia pulls Forrest close.

DELIA
Do you see how they’re living?! It’s like the Disney Channel version of Grey Gardens.

FORREST
I know.

DELIA
Come on! It’s been eight months since Jill’s funeral, and he’s still living off the meals people made for them. Remember how he used to love to cook?

FORREST
I remember.

DELIA
He used to love to cook!

FORREST
I’m sorry, I’m not clear on what we’re arguing about.

DELIA
How are we going to get him out of this rut? I want a concrete plan of action here!
FORREST

Delia? Calm down. I know you like to
tell people how to live their lives.
But Brady isn’t one of your patients.
He’ll let us know when he’s ready.

DELIA

(CALMING) Okay. I know. You’re
right. (THEN) But it needs to be now!

Brady enters from the utility room, holding a frozen slab of
foil over his head, triumphant.

BRADY

Behold! A Bickel lasagna!

GRACE \hspace{1cm} NATALIE

Now we’re talking! \hspace{1cm} Yeah baby!

BRADY

(TO FORREST AND DELIA) You two are in
for a treat. (TO A DOG ON THE
COUNTER) Excuse me Linda, I need to
get to the oven.

Brady peels the foil off the top, stares at it for a bit.

BRADY (CONT’D)

I think this is brownies. (THEN) Back
to the freezer!

Delia shoots Forrest a look. Forrest shrugs, as we...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. REC CENTER – DAY

We’re in the middle of a girls’ basketball game. 12-year-old girls (including the intense, aggressive Natalie) run back and forth in front of Brady, who sits at a folding table operating the LED scoreboard. He has a hard time keeping track of the clock and the score while rooting for Natalie. The referee blows his whistle.

BRADY

You’ve got to be kidding me!

Brady’s friend BEN -- super positive, a lawyer (but not a good one), and Natalie’s coach -- catches his eye. He gestures “cut that out!” Brady realizes.

BRADY (CONT’D)

Such a great call! Nice work, Brian!

Natalie hurls the ball against the wall. Another whistle.

BRADY (CONT’D)

And a technical! Also warranted!

Learning experience, Natalie!

TRACY WILVERS, an attractive team mom, sidles up to Brady.

TRACY

Hey, Brady.

BRADY

Oh, hi Tracy.

TRACY

So... I don’t know what you’re up to, but I’m taking Hailey and Izzy to Poquito Mas after the game.
Brady tries to keep one eye on the game without being rude.

BRADY
Oh, great! Have fun.

TRACY
(FLIRTY) They serve beer now, so hey,
fun for the grown-ups too.

BRADY
Huh! Good to know.

ANGLE ON: BEN, watching Brady. Ben’s wife Michelle (flip-flops and jeans, with a laid-back-to-the-point-of-“fuck it” attitude) approaches, three kids in tow, and kisses him. Ben gestures toward Tracy hitting on Brady.

BEN
Check it out. Tracy Wilvers, making a
move on our boy.

MICHELLE
Our boy doesn’t have a clue, does he?

ANGLE ON: BRADY, keeping his eye on the game.

TRACY
So... maybe I’ll see you there?

BRADY
You never know, we go there a lot.

Tracy impatiently steps into his field of vision.

TRACY
I meant will I see you there today.

BRADY
Today? I’ll have to see if we--
Suddenly, the crowd cheers! Brady, lost, put two points on the scoreboard. Half the crowd starts complaining. Ben shakes his head as Brady struggles to correct it.

BEN
Other team. No, three pointer. Now take two off ours. Two, not three.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry! (RE JEERS) Doing my best here, folks! Not getting paid!

CUT TO:
SCENE B

B1  INT. MICHELLE’S MINIVAN/Delia’S OFFICE – INTERCUT – LATER  B1

Michelle drives, her four kids (ages 8-14) piled in the back. She’s on Bluetooth.

MICHELLE
I’m telling you, Tracy Wilvers was all over Brady. And last week, it was Leslie Whats-her-name, the new art teacher! Of course it never even registers with him.

Delia is in her pediatric office, on the phone.

DELIA
The man has no idea what catnip he is to these women. I swear, a woman could yank down his pants and grab his --

MICHELLE
Um, Delia? My kids are in the car.

DELIA
You have to tell me that when I pick up!

MICHELLE
They’re always with me! (GLANCING IN REARVIEW) Aw crap, where’s Noah?

B2  INT. FORREST AND DELIA’S BATHROOM – THAT NIGHT  B2

Forrest and Delia are brushing their teeth.
FORREST

Tracy Wilvers?

DELIA

I know, go ahead, “Oooh, Tracy Wilvers, she’s smokin’ hot!”

FORREST

Please. She’s fine.

INT. RESTAURANT – BAR – NEXT NIGHT

B3

Forrest is with Ben.

FORREST

Tracy Wilvers is ridiculously hot.

BEN

I’m telling you, she wanted him. He had no clue. Probably for the best, though. Brady could hurt himself, going zero-to-Wilvers. Our boy’s game is lame AF.

FORREST

No.

BEN

What?

FORREST

Middle-aged lawyers can’t say AF. That will kill AF for the young people who enjoy it.
Ben and Michelle are at the kitchen table. Michelle sips a glass of wine, oblivious to her kids (including NOAH, 8), who are making a huge mess with ice cream and syrup behind her.

BEN

Forrest can be judgmental AF.

MICHELLE

I’m not worried about Forrest, I’m worried about Brady. Delia says it’s time we have an intervention.

NOAH

Like you did with Aunt Meg?

MICHELLE

Who told you Aunt Meg had an intervention?!

NOAH

You did.

Michelle shrugs and sips her wine.

MICHELLE

Eh, I got a big mouth.
SCENE C

EXT. BRADY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN/DEN – NIGHT

Delia and Michelle have sat Brady down at the kitchen table.

DELIA

Brady, from the moment Jill got sick, you did nothing but take care of her and the girls. You were a rock star. And we love you for that. We miss Jill every day, and we know you do too. But come on -- you haven’t done a damn thing for yourself for two years. You need to have some fun.

BRADY

I’m a dad. I don’t need to have a good time to have fun.

MICHELLE

When was the last time you left the house and actually enjoyed yourself?

BRADY

Last Sunday! I was assembling a new practice goal for Natalie, and I went to Home Depot to buy a charger for my drill, and I got two churros in the parking lot. (REMEMBERING) I sat on the curb and ate them... (THEN)

(MORE)
"Pilot"

BRADY (CONT'D)

If I thought longer, I’d have a better example.

DELIA

Brady. You can’t keep living like this. I don’t mean to be rude, but look around. This house looks like both parents died.

GRACE/NATALIE/OTHER KIDS (O.S.)

Ohhh!/Noooo!/That was sick!

BRADY

(CALLING) Everybody okay in there?

ANGLE ON: THE DEN

...where Grace, Natalie, and two other friends are piled on the couch flanking ANDREW, an awkward kid with an Xbox controller in his hand, playing Fortnite.

GRACE

No. Andrew got killed.

ANDREW

And I was one of three people left on the island.

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN

MICHELLE

What the hell is he talking about?

BRADY

Fortnite. The kids just spent a fortune on a grenade launcher.

(MORE)
"Pilot"

BRADY (CONT'D)
I told them, you can’t control those things, you’re better off with a thermal scope burst rifle.

DELIA
Oh my god... You should not know that!

MICHELLE
It’s time you had some adult companionship. And not just parent things. We’re talking dating.

BRADY
Dating?

DELIA
Dating. I was Jill’s best friend. She always said she hoped you’d find someone new. It’s time.

BRADY
Okay, look, I’m not saying you don’t have a point. But I’m not ready for that. Not yet.

DELIA
Oh for the love of god! We’ll give you till Friday!

MICHELLE
Delia? Chill. (TO BRADY) You let us know when you’re ready.

CUT TO:
SCENE D

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Brady rushes in from work, the dogs jumping all over him. Grace and Natalie sit in their couch-nests, doing homework and poking at their phones. He kisses them.

BRADY

Who’s feeling like one of those big turkey noodle things from Jess’s mom?

GRACE

Sounds good.

NATALIE

Aw hell yeah!

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – UTILITY ROOM – EVENING

Brady fishes in the freezer for a block of food.

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – EVENING

Brady serves up a casserole to Grace and Natalie.

INT. BRADY’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Brady collapses into bed and turns out the lights. Moments later, Natalie enters with her pillow and crawls into bed with him. Then Grace does the same. Then both dogs jump up on the bed. Brady is left with just a sliver of mattress, but he smiles. This is okay.

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – ANOTHER EVENING

Same ritual, different day: Brady rushes in.

BRADY

Guys, I am jonesin’ for one of Kenny’s big greasy quiches.

GRACE

I’m in.

NATALIE

Bring it!
The Unicorn

"Pilot"

D6 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - ANOTHER EVENING
Brady picks out a frozen meal.

D7 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - ANOTHER EVENING
The three of them eat.

D8 INT. BRADY’S BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT
Brady, the girls, and the dogs in bed.

D9 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - YET ANOTHER EVENING
Brady grabs a frozen meal.

D10 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - YET ANOTHER EVENING
They eat.

D11 INT. BRADY’S BEDROOM - YET ANOTHER NIGHT
Three humans and two dogs in bed.

D12 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - STILL ANOTHER EVENING
Brady pulls a frozen brick from the freezer. He realizes something: It’s empty. He’s holding the last of the frozen food. The wind knocked out of him, Brady sits on the floor, cradling the casserole. The dogs start licking at it. Grace and Natalie enter and see him.

GRACE

(CONCERNED) Dad? Are you okay?

BRADY


Natalie tries to pull the casserole away. She can’t.

NATALIE

Dad. It’s frozen to your arm skin.

GRACE

Um... I think we should call an adult.

CUT TO:
SCENE E

EXT. BRADY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – MINUTES LATER

Brady is slumped in front of a beer bottle. Forrest sits with him, Ben paces over him.

BRADY

It’s gone. All the food from Jill’s funeral, and the memorial celebrations, and the day they dedicated that awful mural to her at the school library, the one with the dinosaurs reading books to aliens...

BEN

Yes, we were there.

BRADY

It seemed like that food would last forever. But it’s gone. And now... it feels like she’s really gone.

BEN

You know what, buddy? It’s a sign. Time for Brady two-point-oh. You are a stud -- you hear me? -- a stud. The world is full of hungry women just waiting for you. Yummie mummies. Art teachers. The flirty cashier at Trader Joe’s who asks about your weekend.
FORREST
Oh for god’s sake, she didn’t like you! They make them act like that.

BEN
You don’t know how to read vibes, Forrest! Regardless, our boy is going to crush it out there. He is a finely marbled slab of USDA prime man meat. C’mon! Up high!

Brady gives him a half-hearted high five.

BRADY
How am I going to do this? The last time I went on a date was freshman year of college. Jill came to my dorm room with a friend to get stoned and we ended up watching five Nicholas Cage movies and making out.

FORREST
I’m not sure that qualifies as a date.

BRADY
Before I even knew it -- bam! We were married, got dogs, had kids. (REALIZING) Oh man, how am I going to tell the girls?

BEN
Don’t.
BRADY
I can’t lie to my kids.

BEN
Are you kidding? All I do is lie to my kids. Drive them places and lie.

BRADY
No. I’ve never kept anything from them. I’m not going to start now.

FORREST
You never told them about the night you left the cat door open, and Doodles went out and got eaten by a coyote.

BRADY
I’m already fragile, you gotta bring up the Doodles thing?!

CUT TO:
SCENE H

INT./EXT. BRADY’S CAR – DRIVING – MORNING

Brady drives. Grace and Natalie stare at their phones. Brady takes a deep breath: Here goes.

BRADY

So... before we get to school, we need to talk about something important.

NATALIE

Uh oh.

GRACE

What happened?

BRADY

Don’t worry, it’s not a bad thing.

NATALIE                                    GRACE

Yay!                                    What is it?!

BRADY

Well, don’t get excited. It’s not a good thing either. I mean, it is a good thing, for me. And you, if you think about it.

GRACE

We can’t think about it if you don’t tell us what it is.

NATALIE

Are we getting another cat?!

BRADY

What? No!
"Pilot"

NATALIE
Oh my god, did Doodles come back?!

GRACE
He said it wasn’t a good thing, you moron!

BRADY
No, it is a good thing!

GRACE
What is it?!?!

BRADY
Here’s the thing. Ever since mom died, I’ve kind of... isolated myself. Socially. Which isn’t healthy. And some people have brought up the idea of dating, and--

NATALIE
You’re going to replace Mom?

BRADY
No! No, I could never replace Mom. It’s just, I’m an adult, and adults need to... associate with other adults.

NATALIE
Oh my god. It’s a sex thing. I’m going to throw up. I’m going to throw up!

GRACE
No you’re not.
NATALIE

You want to bet me?

Natalie starts making over-dramatic retching sounds.

BRADY

Natalie, please don’t do that!

NATALIE

Then don’t replace Mom!

GRACE

Come on, Nat! Give Dad a break. All he does is take care of us. He deserves to have a life.

BRADY

Thank you, Grace. It means so much to me that you understand.

It’s a nice moment. Natalie retches a little. Brady and Grace look at her.

NATALIE

Sorry, you people are repulsive.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

SCENE J

FADE IN:

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

We’re extremely close on a laptop monitor.

TEXT FIELD: “Name.” “Brady Hopper” is typed into it.


REVERSE: Brady sits at his laptop, flanked by Forrest, Delia, Ben, and Michelle, each holding coffee mugs.

TEXT FIELD: “Height” The response: “5’10”

MICHELLE

Why don’t you make it an even six?

BRADY

Because that’s not how tall I am.

MICHELLE

So who’ll know?

BRADY

If I meet her, I might stand up.

BEN

For body type, put “athletic.” (OFF

BRADY’S LOOK) By the time she knows

any better, you’re already naked!

TEXT FIELD: “Interests”

FORREST

Put “travel.”
BRADY
I haven’t been anywhere since the Natalie was three.

FORREST
Just put it in. It means “ambulatory.”

BEN
And “I’m not in prison.”

TEXT FIELD: “Favorite Thing To Do In Bed”

DELIA
Cuddle.

BRADY
Well, I like to--

DELIA/MICHELLE
Cuddle.

BRADY
Okay.

TEXT FIELD: “Eye Color”

They’re all trying to get a good look at Brady’s eyes.

BEN
Green.

FORREST
Nah. Hazel.

DELIA
I say greenish brown. Let’s vote.
BRADY
No! We’re not going to vote on what color my eyes are! They’re my eyes, and they’re brown.

CHECKBOXES: “Status” The cursor clicks on “widowed.”

BRADY (CONT’D)
I think I’m ready, guys. Submit.

Brady clicks on his trackpad. The gang breathes sighs of relief and goes to put their coffee mugs into the sink.

DELIA
Good timing, I’m late for work.

FORREST
Well it’s not his fault you argued with every answer he put down.

DELIA
I want him to have the right answers.

BEN
You tried to talk the man out of his password!

DELIA
Who puts the Euro sign as a special character? It’s pretentious.

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUND
Brady glances at his phone.

BRADY
Huh... It’s... my profile is getting responses.

(MORE)
"Pilot"

BRADY (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT PHONE) There’s like six of them. Seven. Eight! Is it supposed to work this fast?

BEN

Athletic, well-travelled cuddler like you? Hell yeah!

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUNDS

BRADY

My god... there’s like fifteen. This app is amazing.

Michelle and Delia exchange a knowing look.

MICHELLE

It’s not the app. My sister Meg’s on all these dating sites, she told me about this. You are a unicorn.

BRADY

I’m a what?

MICHELLE

That elusive creature that single women are looking for. Most of the men on these sites are damaged goods. They’re having mid-life crises, they’re divorced, they’re buying Porsches, chasing twenty-five-year-olds.
DELIA
You’ve already proved yourself to be the most devoted husband imaginable. And as a bonus, you haven’t had sex with anybody but Jill for twenty years. You’re factory fresh!

FORREST
Technically, I’d call him certified pre-owned.

Another fairy dust sound. Michelle peeks at his phone.

MICHELLE
What do you know, there’s my sister. Do not click on her.

BRADY
Are you saying these women are into me because Jill died?

BEN
Yup! (THEN) Oh crap, he’s thinking. (TO BRADY) Don’t start thinking, bro.

BRADY
No. No no no. I don’t want this to be what defines me. I’ve spent the whole last year being pitied. When I walk into a room, people don’t say “Hi, Brady, how are you doing?!”

(MORE)
"Pilot"

BRADY (CONT'D)

They say, (SOFT AND SENSITIVE) “Hi, Brady, how are you doing?” It’s horrible, and it makes me self-conscious, and I’m sick of it. The last thing I want is pity dates.

Brady reopens his laptop.

FORREST

But pity dates lead to pity sex!
Trust me, I speak from experience.

DELIA

He’s not wrong.

Delia kisses Forrest sweetly.

BRADY

Okay, sure, but I don’t want pity sex.
I want ordinary sex! I mean, great sex, but in ordinary circumstances.
I’m changing my profile from “widowed” to plain old single.

CHECKBOXES: “Status” The cursor unclicks “widowed” and clicks on “single.”

BEN

And just like that, the unicorn becomes just a regular dumb horse.

All of Brady’s friends throw up their hands as we...

CUT TO:
SCENE K

MONTAGE:

L1 INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - MORNING

Brady is feeding the dogs.

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUND

BRADY

(RELIEVED) All right, now we’re talking. (RE: PHONE) Hello Riley.

L2 INT. MEN’S ROOM - DAY

We’re outside a stall. A guy stands at the sink.

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUND

BRADY (O.C.)

Nice to meet you, Brianna.

L3 INT./EXT. BRADY’S CAR - DRIVING

Brady’s at a red light.

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUND

Brady glances at his phone.

BRADY

Danielle! I like the hat. You are a very stylish--

The car behind him HONKS.

BRADY (CONT’D)

I’m going, I’m going!

CUT TO:
SCENE I

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - DAYS LATER

Delia and Forrest are there. Grace is in the kitchen. Brady adjusts his “nice clothes” in the mirror.

DELIA
You are going to have fun tonight.
And I think Danielle is perfect. You chose very well.

BRADY
(IRKED) Oh come on, I barely got to choose. (TO FORREST) She went into my app and deleted almost all my matches.

DELIA
I was helpfully winnowing the field for you! Besides, you didn’t want that one who posted the topless pic.

BRADY
No, but you could have trusted me not to pick her!

FORREST
(TO DELIA) That is a little insulting.

DELIA
She was very striking, I had legitimate concerns! (FIXING HIS COLLAR) There. You look very handsome. Danielle won’t be able to keep her hands off you.
GRACE
Hey! I’m here.

FORREST
No one’s going to touch your dad.
He’s gross.
Grace laughs. Natalie passes through, AirPods in, and crosses upstairs.

BRADY
Hey Natalie! How do I look?

NATALIE (O.S.)
You look horrible!
We hear her door slam. Brady starts after her.

BRADY
Natalie, come on, can’t we --

GRACE
Dad! Don’t feed the brat. It’ll just make things worse. I’ll be here with her. We’ll watch Cupcake Wars, she’ll be fine. You know I always handle stuff. Go out and have fun.

He hugs Grace. It’s sweet.

FORREST
One thing, buddy. You’ve got to take your wedding ring off.

Brady glances at his ring. It had never occurred to him.

BRADY
I don’t think I can.
"Pilot"

DELIA
Brady, I know how hard this is. Jill will always be a part of you. But you’re not leaving her behind. You’re just getting back to your life. And that means letting go, just a bit.

BRADY
Thank you. But I meant, I don’t think I can get it off my finger. It’s been on for seventeen years.

Brady pulls on it. No dice.

FORREST
Put cold water on it. Makes your extremities shrink.

DELIA
It’s a finger.

FORREST
Same principle.

DELIA
Here, give me your hand.

She pulls on the ring. It’s very stuck, and she’s not gentle. Brady tries to squirm away from her.

DELIA (CONT'D)          BRADY
Relax, I’m a doctor. Hold Ow! You’re going to break my still! finger!

CUT TO:
SCENE M

INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - LATER

Brady enters the bar, massaging his throbbing finger. The ring is finally off. He looks around. This is not his natural element. It’s way too cool. Everybody else seems to be in their twenties. He scans the room. No Danielle.

He’s self-conscious. He leans against the wall and pulls out his phone, striking a casual pose. Now, he’s even more self-conscious. He decides to “make a call,” pretending to hit a phone number.

BRADY

(INTO PHONE, “COOL GUY”) Hey. Sup.

Yeah, just hangin’. Y’know, the

uszh...

Danielle enters, spots him. She waves, but doesn’t want to interrupt his call. Brady sees her and puts his phone down.

BRADY (CONT’D)

Danielle! Hi! Brady!

DANIELLE

Hi! I’m sorry, do you need to finish that call?

BRADY

What? Oh, no. It’s fine.

DANIELLE

Are you sure?

BRADY

Actually, I probably should. (into phone) Bye bye. (”HANGS UP”) Hi!

CUT TO:
SCENE P

INT. RESTAURANT - TABLE - MINUTES LATER

Brady and Danielle are having drinks over appetizers. Brady is trying to be light, but Danielle is in inquisition mode.

BRADY

These shishito peppers are great until suddenly -- zoom! -- your mouth is on fire. Not “zoom.” More like “bam.” There’s not really a sound, I guess.

DANIELLE

Do you date a lot, Brady?

BRADY

No, not a... No.

DANIELLE

Ah. Spend a lot of time at work?

BRADY

I do, actually. My job is very--

DANIELLE

So that’s why you’re single?

BRADY

I guess that’s among the reasons, yes. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) So, what kind of music do you like?

DANIELLE

Rock. How many people have you met online?
BRADY

Hard to say. So, any specific kind of rock? Hard, soft? Or more just rock in general?

As Brady gestures, Danielle notices something. She goes cold and waves to a waitress.

DANIELLE

Check!

BRADY

What? Why? What’d I do?

DANIELLE

You’re married. Check!

BRADY

No I’m not!

DANIELLE

Tell that to the white circle on your ring finger. Check!

Brady looks at his finger. There’s a pale line where his ring had been. People at the next table stare.

BRADY

Oh! You don’t understand...

DANIELLE

Oh, I understand. Next time, why don’t you just try Ashley Madison?

BRADY

Who’s Ashley Madison?

DANIELLE

The dating site for cheaters!
“Pilot”

BRADY

I’m not cheating! I couldn’t cheat if
I wanted to! My wife died!

That was loud. He realizes everybody at the nearby tables is
looking at him pityingly. Dammit. He talks more quietly.

BRADY (CONT’D)

Last year. But I only took off my
ring today.

DANIELLE

(MELTING) Oh my god. Oh my god, here
I am accusing you of -- I’m so sorry.

BRADY

No, I’m sorry. I should have said. I
guess it’s obvious I don’t know how to
do this. The last time I went on a date
was my freshman year in college, and I
married her. So I’m a little rusty.
I’m very rusty. I’m basically all rust.

WAITRESS

(SYMPATHETIC) I’m going to comp the
shishito peppers.

BRADY

No, it’s fine.

DANIELLE

I feel terrible. When you’ve been
doing this as long as I have, you get
cynical. You must think I’m awful.
Another waiter brings over a bottle of wine.

WAITER

Compliments of the people in the
corner booth.

BRADY

Oh god. That’s not necessary.
(CALLING OFF TO BOOTH) Thank you, but
really, not necessary. (TO DANIELLE)
This is what I was trying to avoid.

DANIELLE

Yeah, I totally get it. So... you
want to leave?

BRADY

(BUMMED) Yeah, might as well...

DANIELLE

My place is only like five minutes
from here.

BRADY

That’s nice. (REALIZING) Oh, you mean
me? Go to your... Okay! Really?

Good!

Brady throws some cash on the table and gets up.

ANOTHER DINER

(TO WAITER, SYMPATHETIC) I’d like to
buy him dessert.
BRADY

Please don’t! Leaving anyway. But thank you.

Brady grabs his coat as they head for the door. Then he stops. Something’s eating at him.

DANIELLE

Is something wrong?

BRADY

No! What could be wrong? We’re going to your place. Before you see me naked, keep in mind “athletic build” can mean a lot of things.

DANIELLE

Maybe don’t talk about it so much.

BRADY

Right. Got that. Here’s the thing -- I can’t help but think you’re doing this because I’m a unicorn.

DANIELLE

I’m sorry, you’re a what?

BRADY

Because my wife died. It’s a term for a guy like me -- y’know, commitment guy, not divorced, haven’t been sleeping around--
DANIELLE
What’s wrong with divorced people who sleep around?

BRADY
Nothing! I only meant -- (REALIZING) I just described you, didn’t I?

DANIELLE
Yes.

BRADY
(SINCERE) And good for you!

DANIELLE
Are you saying you don’t want to have sex with people like me?

BRADY
Oh no no no! I would love to! Believe me, you have no idea how bad I’d love to. But what just happened in there -- that’s my life now. I’m just this guy this terrible thing happened to. And it was terrible. And yes, it’s who I am, but it’s not all I want to be! I’m trying to move on. So if I’m going to, y’know, “be” with someone, it’s got to be because of me. Not because of what happened to Jill.

Danielle looks at him sweetly.
DANIELLE

Brady, I’ve dated a lot of men. But you... you are the biggest frickin’ mess I’ve ever met.

BRADY

Yeah, I get that a lot.

Danielle leaves. Brady sighs. He watches her go. Then he crosses to the bar.

BRADY (CONT’D)

I’ll have your largest, strongest margarita.

As Brady waits for his drink, he senses something. He looks down the bar to find Forrest and Ben on stools, staring at the TV, like they don’t know he’s there. Irked, Brady waves at them. They act shocked to see him.

BEN

(OVERDOING IT) Brady? Forrest, look who’s here! It’s Brady.

FORREST

(CRINGING) Yes, I see.

BEN

Son of a gun! We had no idea you were coming here.

BRADY

You recommended this place, and Forrest made the reservation on OpenTable.

BEN

Well... I’d forgotten.
The bartender sets down Brady’s giant margarita.

BARTENDER
Here you go. On the house.

BRADY
Of course it is.

BEN
Sorry, buddy. First time out was always gonna be tough. It’s like making pancakes, you always burn the first one. Now you’re gonna make another pancake, and it’s gonna be a big, fluffy bastard and you’re gonna eat the hell out of it!

FORREST
I think you’ve overtaxed the pancake analogy.

BEN
Cut me some slack. First analogy is like the first pancake.

Brady takes a big swig of margarita.

CUT TO:
SCENE T

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It’s quiet. Brady enters. He glances toward the living room, which is lit only by the television. Natalie’s on the couch, asleep. Brady looks at her for a beat. He pulls the blanket over her, then quietly crosses to the stairs.

NATALIE (O.C.)

I’m still really mad at you.

Brady smiles and turns on the light as Natalie sits up.

BRADY

Nat, trust me -- I will never try to replace Mom. I would never be able to. And considering how tonight went, I may actually never kiss another woman for the rest of my life.

NATALIE

Good.

BRADY

Now get dressed, we’re going out for waffles. Like we used to with mom.

NATALIE

Now? It’s a school night.

BRADY

You don’t want waffles?

NATALIE

(EXCITED) I do, I just can’t believe what a bad parent you are!

CUT TO:
SCENE U

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brady charges down the hall and whips open Grace’s door.

BRADY

Gracie! Get up! We’re--

GRACE (O.C.)

Dad!

Brady quickly shuts the door, white as a sheet.

BRADY

Sorry! (THEN) I’m not sorry. Grace!

Grace emerges, beet red, ironing down her top with her hands. A couple of steps behind is Andrew, buttoning up his shirt.

GRACE

Dad, you know Andrew.

ANDREW

(RE: FRONT DOOR) I’m just going to...

BRADY

You’re not going anywhere, buddy!

(HEARING HIMSELF, CALMER) You know what, you’re not the one who lied to me, you seem like a nice kid -- (TO GRACE) Is he a nice kid?

Natalie bounds up the stairs, pulling on her jacket.

NATALIE

Waffles! (SENSING TENSION) What? (SEES ANDREW, SMILES) Awww crap!

CUT TO:
SCENE W

INT. WAFFLE PLACE - NIGHT

The SERVER sets down waffles in front of Brady (shellshocked), Grace (mortified), and Natalie (stifling a giggle).

SERVER

Everything good here?

NATALIE

My sister let a boy touch her boob.

She exits. They all burst out laughing -- even Grace.

GRACE

It’s not funny!

BRADY

(STIFLING LAUGHTER) It’s really not.

Natalie drenches her waffle in syrup.

GRACE

Oh my god, that’s way too much. What are you, a kindergartener?

BRADY

No changing the subject! I was so happy that you were being supportive. Turns out you just wanted to get me out of the house so you could, y’know...

NATALIE

Boob action.

BRADY

Yes, thanks Nat. (TO GRACE) You know what your mom would say right now?
GRACE
Yes, Dad.

BRADY
Well, what would that be? (OFF THEIR LOOKS) I’m at sea here, girls! Mom would’ve dealt with this, and I would have said “You listen to your mother,” but I can’t do that, so I’m screwed.

GRACE
Don’t worry, Dad. I’m mature. You know you can trust me to handle stuff.

BRADY
Nope. I’m going to be all over you. And it’s going to be horrible. For both of us. But if the three of us could get through the last year, we can get through anything.

We hear the FAIRY DUST SOUND. Brady cringes.

NATALIE
What keeps making that noise?

GRACE
It’s your dating app, isn’t it?

BRADY
No changing the subject!

CUT TO:
SCENE X

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAYS LATER

Brady is in a great mood, cooking up a storm. Delia, Forrest, Ben and Michelle are there with their various kids, along with a few of Natalie’s basketball teammates and Andrew. Brady places a hot lasagna on the island and crosses off.

BRADY

All right, dinner is served!

MICHELLE

So good to see him cooking again.

FORREST

Sure is. (SNIFFS THE AIR) You know what I kinda forgot in all this? He’s a terrible cook.

BEN

The worst.

Ben spoons some up. A little spills on the floor. The dog shies away from it.

DELIA

Good lord, even Linda won’t eat it.

ANGLE ON: Brady, as he intercepts Andrew, who’s petrified.

BRADY

Hey, Andrew. Thanks for coming.

ANDREW

You kind of made me.

BRADY

Because I get it. I know it’s tough to be a boy your age.

(MORE)
BRADY (CONT'D)

All these conflicting impulses, you
don’t know what the hell you’re doing.
(REALIZING) Actually, I guess I’m kind
of a boy your age, too.

Brady gives Andrew a hug. Grace enters.

GRACE

Dad! What are you doing?

BRADY

Hanging with my boy Andrew!

SFX: PHONE CHIME

Brady pulls out his phone as Grace drags Andrew away.

BRADY (CONT’D)

Wait -- Since when am I on Tinder?

He turns to Forrest, who shrugs.

FORREST

No harm in casting a wider net, right?

DELIA

I’m not comfortable being on Tinder.

BRADY

You’re not on Tinder! I’m on Tinder!

BEN

Let’s start swipin’, baby!

A lively argument breaks out as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW