

KEVIN CAN FUCK HIMSELF

"Pilot"

Written by

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"Life in a box is better than no life at all, I expect. You'd have a chance at least. You could lie there thinking: Well, at least I'm not dead."

- *Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead*

\*Reader's Note: Italicized scenes are in a three-camera format. Plain text scenes are single camera.

**TEASER**

*EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - MORNING - 3C*

*A modest row home among many. The only distinguishing feature of this one is a dying potted plant on the front steps.*

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C*

*Three men sit around the television with an open case of beer on the coffee table.*

*PETER MCROBERTS is 65, grizzled, and sitting in a comfy chair that long ago formed to his particular shape. NEIL O'SULLIVAN is 35, portly but wears it well, and sits next to KEVIN MCROBERTS. Kevin is 35, husky, and as Irish as a Guinness at 10AM. When they speak, they all share the same Worcester, Massachusetts accent.*

*They take periodic sips from their beers, with clean plates in front of them. Kevin rests a medical-booted foot on the table and points to the television with gusto.*

*KEVIN*

*If I ever have a kid, I'm naming it Tom Brady.*

*NEIL*

*And if it's a girl?*

*Kevin gives Neil a hard look.*

*KEVIN*

*(enunciates)*

*If I ever have a kid, I am naming it Tom Brady.*

*NEIL*

*(trying it out)*

*Tommy Brady: she thrives under pressure but she will deflate your balls. It works.*

*PETER*

*Oh, how dare you?*

*Peter and Kevin both launch into tirades, their relation ever evident.*

*PETER / KEVIN*

*11 out of 12 balls were to regulation.*

*(MORE)*

PETER / KEVIN (CONT'D)

Tom Brady doesn't have the time to worry about PSI. It's--The weather combined with the temperature within the locker room--it's basic physics. Bernoulli's principle--

NEIL

Alright, alright. It was a joke. Tragedy plus time, you know?

KEVIN

That only applies to smaller events like Lincoln's death and Communism. Some things will always be untouchable.

NEIL

Like any girl named Tommy Brady.

PETER

You tell your wife this plan for your future spawn?

KEVIN

Hell of a way to talk about your future grandbaby, Dad.

PETER

(correcting him)  
Father.

Kevin rolls his eyes but lets it go.

KEVIN

Allison will love it. She spent her entire junior year interning with the Pats.

PETER

She didn't go to college.

KEVIN

Well, she banged half the offensive line when she was 21. Which I think deserves college credit.

ALLISON

Stop talking about my storied sexual history with the Pats.

ALLISON MCROBERTS (early 30s, the most popular girl in your high school, but was nice about it) walks in from the kitchen carrying a laundry basket.

NEIL

*It's rude to eavesdrop.*

ALLISON

*It's not a choice. I'm pretty sure this house is made of crate paper.*

PETER

*Hey, I built it with my own two hands.*

ALLISON

*And last I checked, the rectory rarely produced contractors, Pete.*

PETER

Father.

KEVIN

*Dad, it's been like thirty years. The last time you wore a collar, they still let the priests run the after school program. No one is gonna call you "Father" anymore.*

PETER

*You knock up one nun.*

*Kevin takes a sip from his bottle. Allison's brow furrows at the sight of his drink, and she puts down the laundry.*

ALLISON

*Wait, where'd you get that beer?*

KEVIN

*(avoiding eye contact)  
I bought it with money at a store.*

PETER

*Hope Tommy Brady learns to lie better than her dad.*

ALLISON

*Did you find this on the ground?*

*Neil and Peter both make faces and examine their beers.*

KEVIN

*I saw a case of beer on my lawn, so it's mine.*

ALLISON

*Left there by some alcoholic Santa Clause?*

KEVIN

Or a certain wife who doesn't have the upper body strength to bring it all the way inside.

ALLISON

It was for the garbage man. For his birthday.

NEIL

Wait, this was Clyde's gift?

KEVIN

How was I supposed to know we're giving gifts to our garbage man?

Allison looks at the back side of the case and pulls off a card reading "CLYDE" in giant block letters. She holds it up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Clyde could be your new nickname for me. You know how much I love...  
(beat)  
Man, there's no one named Clyde.

Neil now looks afraid of his beer.

NEIL

You better get a new case out there soon. Remember that time Clyde misconstrued my Pepe Le Pew valentine? He thought I was saying he smelled and he put banana peels on my front steps for two months.

PETER

Are you secretly a cartoon character?

NEIL

It's not a joke, those things are actually slippery. I broke a femur.

ALLISON

I'll go grab another case and put it out there tomorrow. Tell him some vagrant took the original.

Peter looks his son up and down.

PETER

It's not even a lie.

Allison grabs her keys and makes to leave.

KEVIN

So, before you do that...

ALLISON

(knowing there's more)  
Jesus Christ.

PETER

Blasphemy.

KEVIN

Garbage Guy may have seen me take the beer. And there may have been some words.

ALLISON

Words? Or is this how you actually broke your foot?

KEVIN

It's totally true that my foot got run over by a truck. I just left out that it was a garbage truck.

PETER

You also said it was in the process of saving a baby.

Kevin shrugs.

ALLISON

Why would you mess with him? Clyde started a Worcester Fight Club, then quit because there were "too many rules."

KEVIN

Maybe because I'm normal and don't know my garbage man's entire biography?

NEIL

Technically it's an autobiography. Self-published on the backs of used envelopes.

KEVIN

Okay, it's official. One and a half stars for this guy. He sounds like a damn serial killer.

ALLISON

Which is why we don't piss him off.

KEVIN

*I'm just gonna say it one more  
time. Goddamn beer is on my lawn,  
that does not make it the garbage  
man's.*

ALLISON

*No, the card does.*

PETER

*See, Allison, you assume Kevin can  
read.*

*Allison picks up Kevin's empty dish, and walks back towards  
the kitchen.*

KEVIN

*Dad, I swear to God--*

PETER

*Don't you EVER--*

SMASH TO:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - 1C

With Allison. Now in single camera (1C in slugs). From this view, we see just how dank and depressing her house is. And Allison, up close and staring straight into the camera, is still beautiful, but revealed to be dead-eyed.

She stops in the middle of the kitchen and begins breathing heavily, almost gasping for air. She raises Kevin's empty plate above her head and SMASHES it onto the cheap tile. She lets out a halting laugh of relief, and her breath slows.

But then, she remembers herself and looks towards the door-- did they hear anything? She quickly sweeps the chunks of cheap ceramic plate under the counter, the chaos hidden.

It's fine. Everything's fine.

She straightens up, plasters on her smile and goes back into her living room.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 3C

Kevin sits in his spot on the couch. He yells toward the kitchen, eyes glued to the TV.

KEVIN

I won't.

Allison responds from the kitchen.

ALLISON (O.S.)

You have to.

KEVIN

I'm supposed to apologize to the garbage man?

She enters the living room

ALLISON

Says the cable guy.

KEVIN

What's that supposed to mean?

ALLISON

That you two have the common denominator of Bruce Springsteen.

Kevin nods, gets a little choked up.

KEVIN

He's a goddamn saint.

Peter pipes up from upstairs.

PETER (O.C.)

Amen.

ALLISON

Is this house even insulated?

KEVIN

But why do we gotta give him a birthday present? Or anyone. Even we haven't exchanged them in forever.

ALLISON

I got you a whole thing of Omaha Steaks for your birthday last year.

KEVIN

Oh yeah. Gotta say, they didn't pair that well with ketchup. Two out of five stars.

ALLISON

Just get a case of beer, apologize to Clyde and I'll take care of the rest, okay?

KEVIN

Fine.

Allison grabs her keys.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ALLISON

I gotta get cash.

KEVIN

For what?

ALLISON

The tip for Nancy at the nail salon tomorrow.

KEVIN

(beat)

Fine, but go to the bank. I'm not paying that \$3.50 inconvenience fee at the bodega's ATM Machine anymore.

ALLISON

"ATM Machine" is redundant.

KEVIN

So is "Naggy Wife."

Allison makes her way out the front door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And bring me back some--

SMASH TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

Allison walks down the front steps of her house and into the night.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
I had surgery a couple of years ago. It was minor.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT - 3C

Allison, about fifteen years younger, sits at a high top table alone, an empty pitcher of beer in front of her. She's wearing a nice black dress, hair done, and more carefree than we've yet seen her. She's also drunk, which helps.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
But before I went in, I read this pamphlet that said one in every thousand surgical patients still feels pain under anesthesia.

Everyone is watching the 2004 Red Sox / Yankees game as it plays on the television in the bar.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
No way. Down 3 games to nothing?  
Yanks'll win it all, and prove there's no God. I'd bet anything.

KEVIN (O.C.)  
How about a date?

Allison looks over to see who said that, and finds a younger Kevin a few tables away. He doesn't expect for a second that she'll take him up on it.

ALLISON  
'S that how you get all your women?

KEVIN  
Explains why I haven't dated in 89 years.

Allison LAUGHS and hiccups. She stares at him a beat, considering him.

Kevin looks over his shoulder to make sure she's actually looking at him.

CUT TO:

*EXT. STREET - NIGHT - 3C*

*Kevin and Allison are walking down a tree-lined, backlot street with hot dogs. Though Allison's isn't eaten at all.*

*KEVIN*

*I'd hold your hand right now, but I have this condition where they permanently sweat around you.*

*Allison smiles and grabs his hand anyways.*

BACK TO:

*EXT. WORCESTER STREET - NIGHT - 1C*

*Allison smiles a little to herself, then it fades. She hugs her coat closer to her.*

*ALLISON (O.S.)*

*Most people just drift off and wake up with one less tumor or appendix or leg. But some people feel every slice.*

*She goes into a liquor store.*

BACK TO:

*EXT. STREET - NIGHT - 3C*

*Allison and Kevin, still holding hands. A car moseys past them and a GUY leans out of the driver's side window.*

*GUY*

*(to Allison)*

*DAT ASS.*

*And the car speeds off. Kevin immediately takes off after it.*

*KEVIN*

*HEY DAT'S NOT YOUR ASS TO APPRECIATE, PAL!*

*But he's slow and has to stop. He throws the remainder of his hotdog in the direction of the retreating car.*

*KEVIN (CONT'D)*

*He got the message.*

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 3C

Allison sits in her small living room with four other WOMEN, all about her age. Snacks and wines of the lighter variety cover the coffee table.

Everyone looks a little uncomfortable, and we see it's because Kevin has wedged himself into the middle of the cramped couch between two of Allison's friends.

He throws his hands up, frustrated at the television.

KEVIN

He can't seriously be giving a rose to Brandy.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 3C

Allison is sleeping with an eye mask on as Kevin is jumping up and down at the end of the bed, trying to get Allison's attention.

KEVIN

Sex, please! Sex, please!

Allison doesn't stir.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's your birthday, I want sex!

PETER (O.C.)

(through the wall)

Not how that works.

BACK TO:

EXT. WORCESTER STREET - NIGHT - 1C

Allison exits the liquor store with cash, a 40 oz, and a scratch off. She immediately scratches the ticket, holding her breath, but it's worth nothing. Her shoulders sag.

ALLISON (O.S.)

They have hands digging around in their chest cavities or wherever...

She tosses the ticket on the street, then cracks open the 40 and glugs. She keeps walking. Her final destination is elsewhere.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - 1C

She passes a greasy spoon diner, BEV'S, and pauses. She's noticed a HELP WANTED sign.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
But they're trapped, completely  
immobile. Can't even scream.

INT. DIY DUI LAW FIRM - OFFICE - NIGHT - 3C

*From the decorations around the room, it looks like there was a Christmas party well underway, but the room is only occupied by three people:*

*Allison, who looks different than we've seen her. Professional-adjacent in a TJ Maxx suit.*

*She stands before a buttoned-up OLDER WHITE MAN, eyes cast down. And there's Kevin next to her, sheepish, absolutely drenched in some viscous-looking substance.*

*It's not totally clear what happened, but no one looks pleased.*

OLD WHITE DUDE  
*Allison, I think it's best if you  
don't come to work on Monday. Or  
ever again.*

KEVIN  
*Listen, buddy--*

*Kevin takes a step forward, but slips on whatever he's covered in and grabs onto the older guy. They both fall with a SPLAT.*

BACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - 1C

Allison, jaw set, moves on from the diner.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 3C

*Kevin and Allison kiss on their bed. Kevin is wearing a shirt and boxers. Allison looks like a goddamn goddess in whatever she's wearing.*

BACK TO:

EXT. WORCESTER STREET - NIGHT - 1C

Allison walks the dicey streets of the neighborhood.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
I didn't feel anything when I was  
under.

Worcester RESIDENTS are hanging out idly on their stoops, staring at Allison as she passes. She doesn't look like she belongs here, but she's also not intimidated by the neighborhood.

She pulls out her cell phone and turns it OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 3C

Allison and Kevin are standing in their living room, mid-fight, as two COPS leave, shaking their heads.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
But I kind of think that the one in  
a thousand is lucky.

KEVIN  
--I'm not tracking you. At least  
not anymore than the government is.  
But the GPS said you were on the  
highway towards Philly. Of course I  
called the cops!

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 3C

Kevin is on top of Allison in bed. T-shirt still on.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 3C

Kevin and Allison sit in front of the television. The coffee table is once again covered in snacks and chilled wines. But Kevin has the couch to himself. Allison sits alone to the side.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
I mean, at least they're aware.

KEVIN  
No! You can't give her a rose, she  
has a nanny.

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 3C*

*Kevin rolls off of Allison, finished and breathing hard. Shirt still on. Shirt always on.*

*KEVIN*

*Seven and a half out of ten stars.*

*EXT. WORCESTER STREET - NIGHT - 1C*

*Allison is musing to a Casey Affleck-looking guy on the corner, MARCUS.*

*ALLISON*

*The rest of us? We just sleep.  
Completely oblivious of what's  
being taken from us.*

*Marcus looks at her like she's a long division problem.*

*MARCUS*

*This numbs shit, but not like that.*

*Allison stares at him a beat, tired. She low-key hands him the cash and gets a small bag of cocaine in return. She wets her pinky, dips it in the bag and spreads it across her gums.*

*MARCUS (CONT'D)*

*Bitch, not here.*

*ALLISON*

*Shut the fuck up, Marcus.*

*She pockets the bag and walks away.*

*EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C*

*Allison ascends the stairs to her row home. A few yards away next door, a woman (30s, big hair, adorned in bright colors) smokes on her front stoop. This is PATTY O'SULLIVAN.*

*They barely make eye contact as Allison passes.*

*PATTY*

*Hey.*

*ALLISON*

*Hey.*

*Allison takes a beat. She licks her gums and heads inside.*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 3C

Kevin sits on the edge of the bed, getting undressed. Though his version of undressed is boxers, gray t-shirt, and socks.

KEVIN

I'm just saying, you could have picked up the case of beer while you were out.

Allison comes out ready for bed, still looking gorgeous. She probably has lip gloss on.

ALLISON

I picked up the first case of beer that you stole. This is now your job.

KEVIN

Think I can get worker's comp for this, too?

Allison CHUCKLES at his joke. She passes a rough hole in the plaster.

ALLISON

What's this?

KEVIN

(by way of explanation)  
Sports Center just keeps airing highlights from the last Super Bowl. I was channeling my frustration in a healthy way.

(beat)

Besides, that's a great hole. Clean. Means I'm buff.

She gives him a look.

ALLISON

This place is definitely made of crate paper.

They climb into bed and share a perfunctory kiss. Allison moves to turn off the light but Kevin stops her.

KEVIN

Hey. I was thinking...

*He raises his eyebrows. Allison hesitates.*

ALLISON

*Now?*

KEVIN

*You are ovulating.*

ALLISON

*I am? How do you know that?*

KEVIN

*I talked to your gyno and she told me what your cycle is.*

ALLISON

*That's supposed to be confidential.*

KEVIN

*Why wouldn't you want me to know?*

ALLISON

*It's weird.*

KEVIN

*So now it's weird for a man to know what time of the month to have the kitchen stocked with Mallowmars?*

ALLISON

*You always have the kitchen stocked with Mallowmars. And I don't eat them.*

KEVIN

*It's the thought that counts. Besides, if it were up to you to figure this stuff out, we'd never get pregnant. You're not great with numbers.*

ALLISON

*I did the books for DIY DUI.*

*Kevin gives her a LOOK.*

ALLISON (CONT'D)

*It's still good math if the numbers are supposed to be fudged.*

*He smiles and kisses her. Kevin gets on top of her, shirt still on, and fumbles for the bedside light. He turns it OFF.*

CUT TO BLACK

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - 1C

A light switch flicks ON, illuminating a small bathroom.

Allison stands in front of the mirror and tames her sex hair. As she fixes herself, she begins to examine other parts of her body, picking at problem areas that don't seem to exist.

She then turns to the side, arching her back in, to create the illusion of a full stomach. Or, more accurately, a full uterus. She puts a hand on her distended mid-section and considers it.

ALLISON

No fucking way.

Allison bends down and puts her entire arm into the cabinet under the sink, groping. She emerges with a pack of birth control pills.

She pops one out, and swigs it down in a gulp of water from the faucet. She then replaces the pack in the back of the cabinet. This is not her first rodeo.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 3C

Kevin and Neil sit in their usual spots on the couch in front of the TV, this time with Patty (the woman from the next stoop over) on a nearby chair.

KEVIN

Six out of ten stars. Would not bang.

NEIL

Are you kidding? She looks like a hot White Walker.

KEVIN

I'm not about used goods. Hard pass on Morning Joe's been-there-done-that coffee grounds.

NEIL

That's a good point. You always make the best points.

PATTY

And whether or not Mika would ever touch you is no part of this game?

When Patty talks, it's in the same accent. More pronounced, if possible.

KEVIN

*I'm a consistent over-performer.*

*Allison comes down the stairs in workout clothes.*

PATTY

*Not arguing.*

ALLISON

*(to Kevin)*

*Have you apologized to Clyde yet?*

KEVIN

*Yup.*

ALLISON

*Then why are there more garbage bags on the lawn?*

KEVIN

*I didn't say he accepted the apology.*

ALLISON

*So not only is he refusing to pick up our trash, but he's now throwing other people's crap on our lawn? Kevin, we're gonna get fined.*

KEVIN

*I'll figure it out, don't you worry.*

ALLISON

*Please, please just buy him a new case of beer.*

KEVIN

*Roger that.*

ALLISON

*Thank you.*

*She picks up her purse and a mat.*

ALLISON (CONT'D)

*Okay, I'm going to yoga.*

KEVIN

*Gotta keep it tight.*

NEIL

*Amen.*

*Patty looks the two men up and down.*

*PATTY*

*I've never seen anything looser in my entire life.*

*KEVIN*

*You're so shrill. You need a man in your life to keep you in check.*

*(beat, nods to Neil)*

*Other than your brother.*

*NEIL*

*God knows I've tried. She doesn't respect my authority.*

*PATTY*

*You have no authority. You live with me. You're supported by your little sister.*

*NEIL*

*The safety I provide by living there is priceless.*

*PATTY*

*I'll try to remember that the next time you steal cash from my purse.*

*NEIL*

*Come on, Kevin. Let's go next door and leave the ladies to themselves. Since they can do everything on their own and don't need a man ever.*

*They try to make a show of getting up, but it's difficult for both of them. Neil is able to extricate himself from his seat first and pulls Kevin up to go with him.*

*They jut out their chins in defiance as they go.*

*KEVIN*

*Good luck opening any salsa jars while we're gone.*

*ALLISON*

*Don't forget the--*

*Neil and Kevin walk out the front door and--*

SMASH TO:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1C

ALLISON

Beer.

Allison and Patty are left alone in the living room. The space is darker. Silent.

They stand a room's distance apart and do nothing to close the gap. Allison decides she should speak.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Can I get you a cup of coffee? We got one of those Keurig machines now.

Patty barely meets her eye.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

It's no Dunkie's but it's pretty good. Cream, sugar, right?

PATTY

(curt)

I don't drink coffee.

ALLISON

Ah.

Another HEAVY silence drops. These two women don't know each other in the least.

PATTY

So yoga. Is that, like, a big part of your day?

ALLISON

Excuse me?

PATTY

I always wondered what it's like to have the day to yourself.

(beat)

Every day.

A small break in Allison's expression. She recovers.

ALLISON

(Stepford)

It's a full time job keeping up with Kevin.

Patty almost looks disappointed.

PATTY

Mm. I bet.  
 (beat)  
 See ya.

Patty leaves. Allison looks down at her yoga clothes, reconsidering them.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - 1C

Allison walks with a yoga mat under her arm. She passes that same diner, BEV'S, displaying a HELP WANTED sign. She backtracks.

She considers the sign, then looks up at the gaggle of women with yoga mats heading into a storefront down the street.

She takes a deep breath and she walks into the diner.

INT. BEV'S DINER - DAY - 1C

Allison sits in a booth, tapping her nail on a sturdy ceramic mug. She takes a nervous sip of her coffee. She makes a face; it's good. This coffee may be the best thing in her life. She takes another sip.

Mid-swig, SAM BEVERLY (35, handsome in a rustic, could-be-the-Brawny-Guy kind of way) sits down with a clipboard in front of Allison. She looks up at him and chokes on her coffee.

SAM

It's no Dunkie's, but I didn't think the coffee was that bad.

Allison wipes her mouth and coughs.

ALLISON

No, no. Not bad. Just...hot.

Sam smiles.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(still coughing)  
 What are you doing here?

SAM

I heard you're looking for a job at my diner.

ALLISON  
This is your-- Bev's?  
(hears it as she says it)  
Beverly. Sam Beverly. Got it.

SAM  
I was told that people respond more  
to diners where they think there's  
a woman cooking the food.

ALLISON  
Can't imagine why that is. Well,  
I'll be running away now.

She moves to leave but Sam stops her.

SAM  
You don't want to interview?

ALLISON  
Like you'd actually consider hiring  
me.

SAM  
I need a waitress. High school was  
a long time ago.

ALLISON  
(defensive)  
Not that long.

SAM  
First question: Do you have any  
experience waiting tables?

Allison gives him a look--he already knows her answer.

ALLISON  
Newton Yacht Club wait staff,  
summers after junior and senior  
year.

SAM  
Right, good. And you enjoyed the  
work?

ALLISON  
Well the staff had fun.

They share a small smile.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
But waiting on the wealthy-adjacent  
wasn't exactly my calling--

SAM

And what was? Your calling?

She's caught off-guard.

ALLISON

I--I'm not sure. I had a job for awhile, but it's been a long... I think I'd settle for a purpose.

(beat)

Even if it's pouring coffee.

SAM

Sure. I get that.

Allison stares at him. Maybe like she used to.

SAM (CONT'D)

And--last Q--when you were working at the yacht club, did you find that you were adequately able to de-flower, then ghost any naive bus boys?

Spell broken.

ALLISON

Alright, thank you.

SAM

(pointing to the clipboard)

What? It's on the form.

She stands. So does he.

ALLISON

Good luck finding your waitress.

SAM

Hey, it was a joke.

ALLISON

I have to get home.

SAM

You have to?

ALLISON

This wouldn't work out, anyway. The hours I could get away with...

Sam's brow furrows. It's an odd choice of phrase.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
I can't work long shifts or even  
all that often.

Allison moves to leave and Sam stops her. She glances into his eyes and gets stuck there.

SAM  
Didn't the sign say sporadic help  
wanted?

She smiles and looks down at his hand on her arm. Then she promptly PASSES OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEV'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Sam stands over Allison.

SAM  
Hey, hey. Allison. You alright?

Allison blinks until she remembers her surroundings.

ALLISON  
Oh yeah, it's cool. I'm fine.

She is on the floor of a diner, so that rings pretty false. Sam helps her up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

SAM  
Don't apologize. Not unless you sue  
my diner for your head trauma.

Allison puts her hand to her head--trauma? She comes away with some blood. Oh.

ALLISON  
Oh, god.

He helps her back into the booth. She tries to stem the bleeding.

SAM  
You just grazed it, I think it's  
okay. But sit up here. Have you  
eaten yet today?

ALLISON

Guess not.

SAM

I'll whip up some eggs.

ALLISON

Thank you. Really.

SAM

Don't worry about it. My wife faints basically once a month from cramps; I'm a pro.

Allison looks confused while she processes what he's said.

She looks at Sam anew, a horror dawning on her. She gets up from the booth.

ALLISON

I'm sorry, you know what? I have to get going. I have...a meeting.

SAM

(holds up her resumé)  
You haven't had a job for ten years. And you have blood running down your face.

ALLISON

Just--could you please let this meeting exist?

Allison switches the hand covering her bloody head, grabs her mat and hurries off.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Sorry to take up your time.

She runs out the door, leaving a concerned Sam in her wake.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1C

Allison walks up the front steps of her house, her head now hastily bandaged. She passes the omnipresent Patty on her stoop.

PATTY

Hey.

ALLISON

(not looking at her)  
Hey.

Allison hurries into her house.

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 3C*

*Kevin and Peter are up out of their seats, mid-argument. Full garbage bags are here and there throughout the room.*

*PETER*

*(yelling)*

*All you had to do was get a case of beer for the guy.*

*KEVIN*

*(yelling)*

*So now it's my fault the liquor store banned me from the premises for using their dumpsters? I had to try to get rid of the trash on the lawn--*

*Allison marches past them on her way upstairs to the--*

CUT TO:

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1C*

*Allison bursts into the bathroom and pulls a Rite Aid bag out from under her jacket. From within, she produces three pregnancy tests.*

CUT TO:

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER - 1C*

*Allison sits on the toilet looking at the three now-positive pregnancy tests. She's been crying. But then she smiles. Wide. She looks kind of deranged.*

*ALLISON*

*Fuck.*

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - 3C*

*Kevin and Neil are in the kitchen. Allison flits about the scene cleaning dishes, the counters, etc.*

*NEIL*

*Banned?*

*KEVIN*

*Banned. Kareem chased me away from the store with some sort of shaman stick.*

*ALLISON*

*(distracted)*

*Pretty sure it was a broom, Kevin.*

*NEIL*

*Where the hell are we going to get our booze now?*

*KEVIN*

*Next closest liquor store is six blocks away. Can't carry a case of Bud six blocks.*

*NEIL*

*(has an idea)*

*Start buying Bud Light.*

*KEVIN*

*I start sweating after two blocks and that's when I'm not carrying anything.*

*Allison drops a plate on the ground and it SHATTERS. Everything settles for a moment.*

*KEVIN (CONT'D)*

*What happened, babe?*

*ALLISON*

*It was wet. Sorry.*

*She bends down to clean up the shards.*

*KEVIN*

*I didn't even realize you were here. Hey, your GPS said you were downtown yesterday? At that yuppy diner? What's that about?*

ALLISON

I was--

NEIL

Heard they're looking for help.

ALLISON

Yeah. I saw it on my way to yoga  
and thought--

KEVIN

Uh uh, veto. Everyone knows that  
place is a front for organized  
crime.

She tosses the remains of the plate in the trash.

ALLISON

Bev's?

KEVIN

Gambling, hit men.

ALLISON

(making fun of him)

Hit men?

NEIL

It's true, the place is mobbed up.

KEVIN

Can't have you slinging hash for  
those types.

She puts a new plate of food down in front of him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know I'll be back on my feet  
soon. Both of 'em. It's not your  
job to worry about money, babe.

ALLISON

Thanks, hon.

(beat)

But should I worry about the  
garbage in our living room or the  
fact that we're banned from the  
local liquor store?

NEIL

(to Kevin)

You need to get 'em outta here, you  
can always use our trash cans.

Patty *ENTERS* through the back door.

*PATTY*  
No you can't.

*KEVIN*  
Do you time your entrances to be as bitchy as possible?

*NEIL*  
It's a natural talent. Mom went into labor with her right in the middle of a Sox game. Rude.

*PATTY*  
Neil, come on. Dinner's ready.

*NEIL*  
Allison made me dinner. And would you just let them use our pails until Clyde cools down?

*PATTY*  
Much like that ungodly hole in your face, our garbage is always full.

*KEVIN*  
Full of tampons from your decade-long period, I'm sure.

*PATTY*  
It must be these bon mots--  
(pronounced "motts")  
--that keep me coming back here.

*KEVIN*  
It's definitely not an invitation.

*PATTY*  
Wow. Neighborly love, ever heard of it?

*NEIL*  
(eating)  
It's brotherly love.

She glares at her useless brother, gob full of food.

*PATTY*  
No. It's not.

Patty goes to exit out the back door.

KEVIN  
*Wow, spinster, ever heard of--*

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - 1C

CLOSE ON Patty, big hair and all. Rather than a sitcom character with moxy, she now looks like one of the sad sisters in *The Fighter*.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - 1C

She trudges up her own front stoop. She looks off into the distance in the direction of Kevin's house. Her eyes fill as she stares into space.

She shakes it off, sits down and lights up. She takes a deep drag and lets it out in a cool stream, eyes closed.

A few yards away, Kevin's front door OPENS and Allison emerges carrying another garbage bag. Patty watches her walk towards her overflowing bins on the curb.

Allison tries to jam the bag in the bins, but to no avail. She gives up and plops it on the lawn with the others Clyde dumped there.

She runs her hands through her hair, trying to keep it together, and walks up the path to her house.

PATTY  
 Hey.

ALLISON  
 Hey.

And right before Allison gets to the door, Patty takes a breath and--

PATTY  
 How's it going?

Allison stops with her hand on the doorknob. She takes a long look at Patty.

ALLISON  
 I'm...

Allison thinks on it. She opens her mouth to speak but nothing comes out. Then, she turns around, sits on her own stoop and puts her head in her hands.

Her shoulders start to shake. She's sobbing. Patty is totally caught off guard.

PATTY

Oh, hey. Come on, now.

Allison cries harder.

Patty takes a deep breath and walks over to Allison's stoop. She sits down in front of Allison and pats her arm.

Allison reaches for Patty's hand and holds on tight.

ALLISON

I'm sorry.

PATTY

It's... you know. Fine.

ALLISON

Yeah. Fine.

(beat)

You know, I've gotten these terrible migraines since I was a kid. It feels like I have a pulse behind my eyes.

She can't meet Patty's gaze.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'd tell my mom when I had one, hoping she'd make me soup or sing me to sleep. Instead, every time, she'd say, "You're fine." I was convinced I was dying from some angry tumor and all she'd say was, "You're fine." I used to get so angry with her, like she was calling me a liar. But after she died, and I felt that throb begin, I found myself saying it, too. "You're fine, you're fine."

Allison finally looks Patty square in the eyes. Her face breaks as she begins crying again.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'm not fine.

Patty looks at her neighbor and sees her for the first time. She pulls Allison into a hug, and the two women sit in on the stoop together. Now linked.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patty puts two cups of tea down on her kitchen table and takes a seat next to Allison.

PATTY

So Kevin doesn't know about the kid.

Allison shakes her head.

ALLISON

You got anything a little stronger?

PATTY

(annoyed)

I told you, I don't drink coffee.

ALLISON

I meant like bourbon.

PATTY

I know this is Worcester, but even our pregnant girls know not to drink brown liquors. If that's how you want to play this, I can take you down to the clinic right now. Abortion's not just for Southie girls and women who hate their mothers.

ALLISON

Trust me, I know. I've played out this scenario in a twisted game of Let's Make A Deal for ten years. That's door number one and I always take it before they even get to door number two. But in the game, when I get the news, I've never been... happy about it.

Patty looks at Allison, raccoon eyes and all.

PATTY

You look happy.

ALLISON

I do want it. I think.

She sighs.

PATTY

You don't want it with him.

ALLISON

(beat)

If I keep it, then... this is it.  
I'm stuck.

PATTY

More than you were before?

ALLISON

You don't understand. Kevin's been  
obsessed with having a kid since  
our second date. He tracks my  
ovulation, has names picked. He was  
calling it "Mini-Me" before *Austin  
Powers* came out.

PATTY

Is that why he sued Hollywood?

ALLISON

No, that was something else.

(beat)

Once I have this kid, there's no  
chance he'll let me leave.

Patty looks surprised.

PATTY

You were gonna...?

ALLISON

No. I mean, I never had real plans.  
How could I? My world got so...  
small. He tracks my phone, won't  
let me work. I've got no money. No  
friends. But if I ever won the  
lottery or took up hooking or  
something, it was a possibility.

(beat)

But now, this...we're linked  
forever.

PATTY

Not if you leave before he knows.

Allison looks at her.

ALLISON

I told you, I have nowhere to--

PATTY  
I gotta couch.

Allison is taken aback, but Patty is serious.

INT. BEV'S DINER - NIGHT

Allison and Patty sit in a booth at Bev's. Patty has a burger and fries before her. Allison, a salad she hasn't touched.

ALLISON  
This couldn't work.

PATTY  
It could. He can hate you leaving all he wants, but until he knows about this kid, you're not legally bound together. He's got nothing.

ALLISON  
But you got a Neil. I leave Kevin, there's a good chance your brother smothers me on that couch for being a bitch to his "neighbro".

Patty gives her a look.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Their stupid fucking word, not mine.

Patty's thinking. Allison looks around at the waiters, maybe hoping to see a certain diner owner.

PATTY  
Well, what if--what are you doing?

ALLISON  
Hm?

PATTY  
Why do you keep looking around?

ALLISON  
I, uh... I heard this place is mobbed up.

PATTY  
Ya. It's Worcester.  
(back to business)  
But, what if Neil and Kevin weren't just neighbros.

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

What if they were roommates? Keep each other happy until they both drop dead.

ALLISON

How would you get Neil to leave?

PATTY

It's my damn house, I'll kick 'im out. He's been freeloading off me for years, I've let pity get the best of me.

ALLISON

I think of Neil, I don't think "pitiable."

PATTY

Well, he's the one who found our mom hanging in the breakfast nook when we were kids, so I've always cut him a little slack.

ALLISON

(horrified)

Was that an unintended pun?

Patty thinks on that for a second, then realizes what she said and LAUGHS.

PATTY

And Kevin says I'm not funny. You know Neil will just go live on your couch. You come to mine.

A good point. Allison actually starts to consider this.

ALLISON

I couldn't stay with you long. The minute he knows this kid exists... He's dumb enough to believe I'm just getting fat for nine months. But even he will notice a baby. Once he does, forget it.

PATTY

That's why we get this done as soon as possible. You move in with me tomorrow, you have nine months to figure your shit out.

ALLISON

You want me to move in with you  
tomorrow? Until five minutes ago,  
we'd barely spoken.

PATTY

And until a few days ago, you were  
alone in the world. But now you got  
this baby and you got me. Life  
comes at ya fast, ever heard of it?

Allison smiles.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Allison, you said you're not fine.  
Well I'm not either. But we can do  
something about it. You get outta  
that house and I'll kick Neil out  
on his ass. Tomorrow.

ALLISON

(beat, fuck it)  
Tomorrow.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING - 1C

Allison is packing what she can into a suitcase. She takes great care as she places each item in her bag.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1C

Patty sits on her steps, smoking a cigarette. She looks up at Allison's house and sees her through a second story window. Allison spots her.

Patty gives her a thumbs up. Allison isn't so chipper.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

*Kevin sits at his spot on the couch, surrounded by an increasing amount of garbage bags. Allison comes down the stairs behind him, holding her bag. She takes a steadying breath.*

ALLISON

Kevin?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

*Neil is reading the paper at the kitchen table. He CHUCKLES. Patty enters and sits across from him.*

PATTY

Neil?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

KEVIN

Hey babe. I'm not smelling bacon.  
We out?

ALLISON

I'm not cooking this morning.

At this, Kevin turns around.

KEVIN

You feeling alright?

Allison puts her bag down by the door and sits across from him on the sofa.

ALLISON

No.

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

PATTY

We gotta talk.

NEIL

We talk all the time.

PATTY

No, we yell all the time. But I'm not gonna yell right now. We're gonna have a serious conversation.

NEIL

(gestures to the paper)  
Not when I'm concentrating.

PATTY

That's the comics section.

Neil SIGHS and puts down the paper.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

ALLISON

I've been feeling for awhile like something's missing here.

Kevin takes a confused beat.

KEVIN

You want to subscribe to HBO again?

ALLISON

No. No. Here.

She references the space between she and Kevin.

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

NEIL

And what are we not yelling about?

PATTY  
 (deep breath)  
 That I'm--nicely--telling you to  
 leave.

NEIL  
 (immediately yelling)  
 You're kicking me out?! After all  
 we've been through together?!

PATTY  
 Bank robbers and their hostages go  
 through a lot together, too, that  
 doesn't mean they should keep in  
 touch.

Neil is at a loss for words. He gets an idea.

NEIL  
 I claim squatter's rights!

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

Kevin looks like he's still not quite getting what Allison is  
 putting out there.

ALLISON  
 I'm not doing this right. Let me  
 start over--

An intermittent BEEP sounds from a truck outside.

KEVIN  
 That's the garbage guy.

ALLISON  
Clyde.

Kevin's up and to the door. He swings it open and shouts to  
 the unseen CLYDE.

KEVIN  
 Yo, Garbage Guy. I'm gonna report  
 you to the city if you don't get  
 these bags off my lawn.

ALLISON  
 (sotto)  
 Well that's not going to work.

Kevin is then HIT in the stomach with a discarded burrito.

KEVIN

Oh, now we're throwing things? Big mistake friend. I bowl. Regularly.

Kevin grabs a garbage bag by the door and hucks some of its contents towards the lawn. He hobbles out, still throwing, leaving Allison looking up at the ceiling in exasperation.

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

Patty is trying to stay patient.

PATTY

You're claiming squatters' rights?

NEIL

Damn straight I am. You can't just force me out of my own home.

PATTY

You realize that if you do this, you can't leave the house. You're stuck here.

He probably didn't realize that, but he pushes on.

NEIL

So what?

PATTY

So no more going over to Kevin's house for the game. No drunk ski ball at Dave and Buster's or drunk heckling middle school productions of Grease. This place will be your life. And I'll make it as uncomfortable as possible.

Neil grasps for some recourse. Then, he has an idea.

NEIL

I'll tell Allison.

Patty's apprehensive--what does that mean?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

Kevin comes back into the house covered in garbage from his fight with Clyde. He trudges towards the couch in shock.

ALLISON

Please don't-- that slip cover's  
brand new--

He doesn't listen and plops down on the couch.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I guess it doesn't matter. Listen,  
Kevin. I know this is hard to  
understand--

KEVIN

No. I totally get it.

ALLISON

You do?

Kevin breaks into a wide grin.

KEVIN

I do. Something's been missing.

He holds up one of Allison's positive pregnancy tests among a  
fist full of other garbage.

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

Patty is trying to play it cool.

PATTY

What do you mean? Tell Allison  
what?

NEIL

It's so obvious. You're always at  
her house even though you hate  
being there. You stare at them  
across the way like Tiny Tim  
looking at the Christmas display in  
the store window.

Patty's eyes narrow.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You're in love with Kevin.

Patty lets out all the air in her body in a single HA.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You're telling me you're not?

*Neil side-eyes her. Patty considers quickly.*

CUT TO:

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

We've seen this scene before, but from Allison's perspective.

Patty sits smoking on her stoop. She sees Allison approaching and fusses with her hair in preparation.

Allison walks up the steps past her.

PATTY

Hey.

ALLISON

Hey.

Allison licks her gums before reentering her house.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

Patty sits in her usual spot and her eyes go wide as she sees Allison approaching, now with a haphazard bandage on her forehead.

Allison rushes up the steps. A Rite Aid bag peaks out from under her jacket.

PATTY

Hey.

ALLISON

(not looking)

Hey.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

Patty is on her front stoop, looking off into the distance, eyes full, as she was earlier. But now, we see what she's looking at.

She stares into Kevin's front window and watches Allison. Everything else becomes hazy with only Kevin's Wife in focus.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

Patty watches Allison walk up the path to her house. Allison runs her hands through her hair, trying to keep it together.

PATTY

Hey.

ALLISON

Hey.

And right before Allison gets to the door, Patty takes a breath and--

PATTY

How's it going?

BACK TO:

*INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C*

*Patty gives a slow nod.*

PATTY

Yes.

NEIL

I knew it.

PATTY

Yeah, I'm obsessed with Kevin. He's just uh... so...

NEIL

Irresistible. I made fun of him for buying those deer pheromones, but joke's on me I guess.

*Neil shakes his head, admiring Kevin all the more.*

NEIL (CONT'D)

*But you make me leave, your little friend is gonna hear about just how much you stalk her house, her husband, those longing glances...*

*Patty hesitates. Neil begins to stand up, and Patty can't quite take the chance--*

PATTY

Wait.

*She's shown her hand. Neil settles back down with a smile.*

NEIL

*Don't worry, Pat. You always say I'm forgetful. And I can be.*

He taps his empty plate. Patty waits a beat--is this really going to be her life?--but then goes to the fridge and takes out eggs and bacon.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

Kevin puts the pregnancy test on the coffee table.

KEVIN

Why didn't you tell me?

ALLISON

I--I...

KEVIN

I know. I've been distant, but not anymore. I promise you, I'm going to be there every step of the way for this. On you like white on rice. Wait is that racist?

Allison's too shocked to respond. He shrugs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Eh, what isn't these days. But even when I go back to work, I'm going to cut down my hours. Be with you and the kid constantly. He's going to be a chip off the old block. Five out of five stars.

(beat, serious)

You know I'll always be here right?

Allison is overcome with emotion.

ALLISON

Yeah. I know.

He hugs her, and into her shoulder says--

KEVIN

I'm never, ever letting you go.

EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1C

Patty smokes on her steps. Allison, out of tears, sits next to her.

ALLISON

He's never letting me go.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allison and Patty lie on their backs on Allison's bed, staring up at a slow ceiling fan. We can now see the cheap, tan carpet, the mold by the window. They talk quietly.

PATTY

Well. Fuck.

Allison pulls out a baggy of cocaine from her jacket and hands it to Patty.

ALLISON

Here. I don't know if coke goes bad, but I don't really want to find out nine months from now.

Patty examines it.

PATTY

I wondered how you cook so much.

ALLISON

And it makes Kevin's jokes funny.

Patty pockets the coke.

PATTY

You know, if this is cut with PCP, I'll be strong enough to literally kick Neil's ass out the door.

ALLISON

Something to hope for. How long you think he'll stay?

PATTY

Another five or six decades.

ALLISON

Are squatters' rights really that strong?

PATTY

(avoids her eyes)  
Mhm. Inalienable, basically.

ALLISON

Gotta protect guns, Nazis and squatters.

PATTY  
 God Bless A-fuckin'-merica.  
 (beat)  
 So. What are you gonna do?

Allison shakes her head.

ALLISON  
 He'll always have a right to this kid. He's never committed a crime, never physically abused me, never cheated. Now he knows it exists, he'll never let me--or it--go.

Patty nods. They're both fucked.

PATTY  
 We could always kill 'em both.  
 (beat)  
 Feed them nothing but fried chicken and donuts until they have massive coronaries.

ALLISON  
 (joking)  
 They'd enjoy that too much. We'll just use the hitmen who run the diner.

She smiles at Patty, but Patty sits up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 What?

PATTY  
 It's not the worst idea.

Allison sits up, too.

ALLISON  
 We can't--I mean--I was kidding.

PATTY  
I've thought about it and I only live next door. He acts harmless, but have you ever listened to what he says? I mean really?

ALLISON  
 So, what, we should kill him? I worked at a law firm whose slogan was "We Don't Judge," and even they'd say that pre-meditated self defense isn't a legal argument.

PATTY  
No, it's a damn logical one.

Allison looks at that new hole in their bedroom wall, created by Kevin's hammy fist. Then, she shakes her head--she won't let herself consider it.

ALLISON  
No. This...

She looks around her bedroom, her eyes welling.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
This is it.

Patty SIGHS, seeing Allison won't be moved. She then pulls cash out of her pocket--singles, fives, everything she could possibly spare has gone into this rubber-banded wad--and hands it to Allison.

PATTY  
Doesn't have to be.

OFF ALLISON.

CUT TO:

*EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 3C*

*Establishing of Kevin's row home.*

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 3C*

*Kevin sits in his regular spot with Neil in his nearby chair. The room is now empty of any stray garbage bags.*

NEIL  
*I almost miss the garbage.*

KEVIN  
*It was an interesting aesthetic.*

NEIL  
*Better than any modern art I've ever seen.*

KEVIN  
*But it is nice to have the rats gone.*

*Allison comes in from the kitchen, as Patty enters from the front door. Both are happier and more at ease than ever.*

ALLISON  
Hey, Patty.

*Patty smiles wide.*

PATTY  
Hey, Allison. We on for tonight?

NEIL  
(half listening)  
What's tonight?

PATTY  
Allison and I are running off to Mexico together.

KEVIN  
Nice try. Women can't drive in Mexico.

*Neither of the men seem to notice anything off about them. Patty takes a seat as Allison looks around.*

ALLISON  
Trash is gone?

KEVIN  
And all it took was a gift.

*Allison is pleasantly surprised.*

ALLISON  
See? I told you--Clyde isn't that bad. Just took a case of beer.

KEVIN  
I never bought the beer. Instead, I paid off his boss so he'd fire Clyde, and give Kareem an extra dumpster. Now I'm not banned from the liquor store anymore, either.

ALLISON  
Paid him off? Even our electricity is second-hand. How could you--

KEVIN  
I found a wad of cash in the baseboard.

PATTY  
A wad of--?

KEVIN

*Yeah, guess Dad's been hoarding his social security from us again.*

*(shakes his head)*

*Thinks he can pull one over on me. But I'm more perceptive than people think.*

CUT TO:

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - 1C

Patty and Allison sit across the table from one another, both wide-eyed. In shock. We slowly push in on them.

PATTY

Well...

BACK TO:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C

Kevin looks to Allison.

KEVIN

*We've never been able to keep anything from each other. There's a bond fathers and sons have. A connection. I already feel it with Tom Brady here.*

*He puts his hand on Allison's stomach.*

KEVIN (CONT'D)

*There's not a corner of the earth this kid could get to without me knowing.*

INT. PATTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - 1C

As before.

PATTY

Hitmen, huh?

INT. BEV'S DINER - NIGHT - 1C

Sam stands behind the counter, going over receipts. Allison bellies up. He looks up from his work and she gives him a small wave.

SAM

Allison. Your hands are significantly less bloody than the last time I saw you.

Well that's not exactly true. Allison smiles at him.

ALLISON

You still need sporadic help?

Off Sam, bemused.

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 3C*

*Allison looks up, Kevin's hand still on her stomach, cradling his unborn child.*

ALLISON

*Patty, can I use your kitchen for a minute? Our stove is on the fritz.*

NEIL

*Ooo, yes. Whatcha cookin'?*

ALLISON

*(still looking at Patty)  
Fried chicken. Maybe donuts.*

*Patty meets Allison's eyes. But then--the lights flicker, they look around and for just a moment, we go to--*

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1C*

*Kevin and Neil are thrown into single camera with Patty and Allison. Like some sort of cosmic glitch.*

*Patty and Allison are still looking at each other. Allison gives a slight nod, an understanding between them.*

*Until--*

CUT TO:

*INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 3C*

*Everything goes back to the way it was. Neil and Kevin wrinkle their brows for a moment.*

*Something is off. Something has changed. Patty and Allison both look to the men in their lives to see if they've noticed any shift. Allison holds her breath.*

Kevin looks to her.

KEVIN

Hon...

(beat)

Hurry back, I want to eat before  
the game starts. You know I need to  
concentrate.

He's noticed nothing. Allison lets out her held breath.

ALLISON

(to them both)

You want your chicken double fried?

KEVIN / NEIL

HELL YES.

Allison smiles wide. Patty gets up and joins Allison.

PATTY

I'll give you a hand.

Allison nods.

ALLISON

Great.

**END OF SHOW**