

DILFs
"Pilot"

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INT. - TEDDY'S BAR - DAY

A FRIENDLY LOCAL WATERING HOLE. PEOPLE ARE DRINKING BEERS, BUT IT'S NOT RAUCOUS OR SEEDY -- THERE'S A LAID-BACK, WEEKEND-AFTERNOON VIBE.

FROM BEHIND WE SEE THREE DUDES GLUED TO THE YANKEES GAME ON THE BIG SCREEN. WE HEAR THE PLAY-BY-PLAY...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Here comes the pitch. Jeter connects... if it stays fair it's... a home run!

THE GUYS JUMP UP AND CHEER REVEALING THEY'RE ALL WEARING BABY BJORNS. WITH BABIES IN THEM. THESE ARE OUR DILFS:

CHRIS, A HANDSOME AND RECENTLY DIVORCED LAWYER WHO IS CONFIDENT IN EVERYTHING EXCEPT PARENTING HIS 9-MONTH-OLD SON, **ERNIE**.

NICK, CHRIS'S BEST FRIEND, A LAID-BACK PROGRAMMER/SUPER DAD STRUGGLING TO BALANCE WORK, MARRIAGE AND TWO KIDS (WITH 1-YEAR-OLD SON, **FRED** IN HIS BJORN).

GARY, A SAD-SACK COMIC BOOK COLLECTOR TURNED SAD-SACK STAY-AT-HOME DAD (WITH 6-MONTH-OLD TWIN GIRLS, **SADIE**, IN HIS BJORN, AND **RUTHIE**, IN A STROLLER).

ALL LIVE IN THE SAME HIGH-RISE. ALL ARE IN THEIR EARLY 30'S.

THEY GENTLY CHEST-BUMP EACH OTHER WITH THEIR BABIES AND SIT BACK DOWN. AT THE START OF THE FOLLOWING THEY DO NOT TAKE THEIR EYES OFF THE GAME AND SPEAK IN THE FLAT, DISTRACTED TONE OF DADS WATCHING TV EVERYWHERE.

CHRIS

Nick.

NICK

Yo.

CHRIS

I've got a serious parenting dilemma.

GARY

Hey, why do you only ever ask Nick to solve your parenting dilemmas? He's got two kids. I have...like four.

CHRIS

Like four? Yes, why wouldn't I seek your counsel?

GARY

Hey, it's hard to keep track, man. They just keep marching out of Marny like the evil brooms in Fantasia. I mean, yeah, we're both super sexual...

NICK

(Cutting Gary off)

What's your dilemma, Chris?

CHRIS

The Yanks just tied it up in the ninth but Ernie's dipe is a Stage-Five Meltdown with possible leaking in the core. If I run home to change him we'll miss the game and an important bonding moment - all the more crucial since the divorce. But if I stay, it's guaranteed diaper rash and budding feelings of resentment and neglect.

GARY AND NICK STARE AT CHRIS FOR A BEAT.

GARY

Man, remember all the stupid stuff you worried about with your first kid?

NICK

Seriously, dude, just change him in the bathroom here. A dad on 'Teen Mom' could have figured that out.

CHRIS

There's police tape on the toilet.

NICK

(perking up)

Is there? I see, this is interesting.

GARY

Is it?

NICK

Totally. I spend all week in front of a computer. Stuff like this lets me feel like MacGyver with a diaper bag. Here, change him under the table.

CHRIS

Really? Just on the floor? Next to a puddle of 'Devil's Butthole' buffalo wing sauce? And what about pedophiles? Don't you worry about pedophiles watching?

NICK

(beat)

Always.

ALL THREE GUYS SCOPE THE BAR FOR PEDOPHILES.

GARY

All clear.

CHRIS

Okay, but Sheila can't know about
this.

(Chris ducks under the table
with Ernie and out of view)

She's been crazier than ever about
protecting Ernie since the divorce.
(Nick and Gary silently make
agonized "kill me" faces to
each other as Chris drones
on about Sheila)

She'd freak if she even knew I had him
in a bar. And I'm like, "if you don't
want him in a bar, stop dressing him
like a sailor!" I mean I'd never
actually say that but...

(Chris pops up holding Ernie
and beams)

Oh, that has to be a speed record! Are
you people seeing this?

CHRIS LOOKS AROUND THE BAR FOR APPROVAL TO NO AVAIL. CHRIS
ZERBERS ERNIE. AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, **MEGAN**, APPROACHES.

MEGAN

I'm sorry, your son is adorable.

NICK AND GARY TWIST TO DISPLAY THEIR BABIES TO MEGAN.

CHRIS

Thank the pretty woman, Ernie.

ERNIE STARES BLANKLY.

MEGAN

Well, you are welcome, Ernie.
(To Chris, flirty)

He has your eyes.

MEGAN WALKS TO THE BAR. WHEN SHE'S OUT OF EARSHOT...

CHRIS
(High-fiving Ernie)

My man!

GARY

You have poop on your chin.

CHRIS

Oh, dude...

CHRIS STARTS TO WIPE IT OFF BUT IS DISTRACTED BY THE GAME.

ANNOUNCER

Teixeira laces a line drive to left.

Granderson races home. The throw

is...not in time! Yankees win!

Yankees win!

CHRIS, GARY AND NICK ALL JUMP AND HUG WITH THEIR BABIES.

CHRIS
(to Ernie)

We're bonding!

TITLE CARD: DILFS

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. BAR - A LITTLE LATER

CHRIS IS AT THE BAR TALKING TO MEGAN. ERNIE'S ASLEEP IN THE BJORN.

CHRIS

Not to brag but my Ernie's an amazing
baseball player.

MEGAN

Is that so?

CHRIS

Uh, yeah. His fast ball clocks in at
over 4 miles per hour. And then he
has a change-up where his arm moves
forward but the ball somehow goes
backwards. He's a born ball player.
Or magician. But hey, not for me to
decide.

(To Ernie)

You cannot be a magician.

MEGAN

I dunno, magicians can be sexy.

CHRIS

(Covers Ernie's ears. To
Megan, mock stern)

What's wrong with you?

(To Ernie)

She's lying. You cannot be a
magician. You have to play baseball.
Or open a chain of nacho restaurants.

THE BARTENDER ARRIVES WITH CHRIS'S DRINKS: THREE LONGNECKS AND THREE MUGS OF STEAMING WATER. CHRIS DROPS THREE BOTTLES OF MILK INTO THE MUGS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Nodding to his table)

Okay, well, I've got to give these babies their bottles.
(Gesturing to milk bottles)

And give the little guys their milk.
Nice talking with you, Megan.

MEGAN

Likewise, and let me know if anything changes about next Saturday.

CHRIS
(Too cool)

You bet.

CHRIS TURNS TO NICK AND GARY AND HIS COOL DEMEANOR IMMEDIATELY DISSOLVES INTO PSYCHED AMAZEMENT AS HE JOGS OVER TO HIS TABLE WITH THE DRINKS. NICK AND GARY PULL OUT THEIR PHONES AND EXCITEDLY TAP ON THE SCREEN.

NICK/GARY'S PHONES

Oh Yeah! Oh Yeah! Oh Yeah!

CHRIS PULLS OUT HIS PHONE AND JOINS THEM.

CHRIS/NICK/GARY'S PHONES

Oh Yeah!

CHRIS
(re: 'Oh Yeah' app to Nick)

Dude, this is far and away the best app you've ever designed.

NICK

Thanks, man. iTunes Top 100. And you know what my boss said?

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

"Why not iTunes Top 10?" I hate work.
I need a job where I just get paid to
hang out with my kids like on *Kate
Plus Eight*.

GARY

It would be great to not have to work.

NICK

You're a stay-at-home dad.

GARY

I am a full-on white slave, dog.
Nobody knows the troubles I've seen.
Nobody knows my...something.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

CHRIS'S PHONE

Oh Yeah!

NICK AND CHRIS LAUGH. THE AWKWARDNESS DISSOLVES.

CHRIS

(re: App)

This thing is the best!

NICK

So what's up with the lady at the bar?
Was she into you? Or was it more of a
looking-for-a-harmless-male-companion-
in-lieu-of-a-gay-friend vibe?

GARY

Of course she was into him. Guys with
kids drive women nuts. We're DILFs.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

You know what that means, right? Dads
I'd Like To...

NICK/CHRIS
(Covering their kid's ears)

Stop.

GARY

Find--
(Nick and Chris uncover their
kids' ears)

--To do it with.
(Gary sucks all the meat off
a buffalo wing.)

Attention from the single ladies is a
burden we sexually magnetic fathers
have to bear.

NICK

It's amazing they're not ripping your
clothes off right now.

GARY

I'm as amazed as you are.

CHRIS

Well, Megan was totally into me. She
invited me to the Yankees game next
Saturday. And she gets box seats
behind home plate from work.

NICK/GARY
('That's great!')

Dude!

CHRIS

I can't go.

NICK/GARY
(‘What the hell is wrong with
you?’)

Dude.

CHRIS

I know, but I have Ernie on weekends.

NICK AND GARY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEN...

NICK

Ask Sheila to watch him.

GARY

Leave him in his crib with
some toys and a couple
bottles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If I ask Sheila she'll want to know
why.

NICK

Which is somehow unreasonable?

CHRIS

It's not, but then we have to have the
whole starting-to-date-again convo.
And she's gonna flip out because we've
only been divorced for three months.
And she'll throw out some term she
found on the Internet, like 'mommy
confusion,' and I lose the argument.
And I don't get to go on the date and
I die a spinster. Lying is the only
way to go.

(Has a thought)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Got it! I'll tell her I need to have an emergency appendectomy.

NICK

As your best friend, please just tell Sheila the truth. She might surprise you. I seem to remember a time you two got along. Right?

CHRIS

I think "made each other super horny" is a more accurate description.

GARY

Still, Nick's right, dude. I mean Marny and I don't have much. Not any more at least. Clark broke our TV yesterday. I almost killed him. But...where was I going with this?

NICK

No clue.
(To Chris)

Look, we've both been parenting a lot longer than you. Divorced or not, the only way it works is if you tell the other parent everything.

CHRIS

It's just a little appendectomy.

NICK

Everything.

CHRIS

Okay, fine, I get it! Everything!

GARY

Except why you take such long showers.

NICK THINKS, THEN NODS IN AGREEMENT.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT

CHRIS IS ON THE FLOOR WITH ERNIE. HE CONSULTS A CHILD DEVELOPMENT BOOK AND THEN ROLLS ERNIE A BALL. ERNIE STARES AT IT.

CHRIS

Okay, now roll it back. Just roll it back. C'mon dude, you need this for
(reading from book)

'small motor skill development.' I mean you want to be able to hold a fork one day, right? Use scissors? Juggle? You're right, I'm not making the most compelling argument. Plus, it's not like Thomas Edison's parents had this book. And that dude had mad small motor skills, yo.
(Joking)

What we should be working on is rolling the ball...with your mind.
(now liking the idea)

Okay, uh, just picture a small hand extending from your brain to the ball and push. You can do it. Just focus, Erns. Harness the energy my jaded psyche can't. Roll it with your mind.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Chris blows the ball so it
moves and reacts for Ernie)

OH MY GOD YOU DID IT!!!

SHEILA

What the hell are you talking about?

CHRIS JUMPS UP. **SHEILA** IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

CHRIS

Sheila! Hey! We were just doing some
of those small-motor-skill exercises
you gave us.

SHEILA

Really? Because I'm pretty sure I
heard you say his brain has a hand.

CHRIS

(Chris stops, takes a deep
breath, and steels himself)

Yes, you're right, I did say that.
But only because, to be perfectly
honest, it is my belief that the
child's mind is perhaps more powerful
than Western culture is willing and/or
able to accept.

SHEILA

So you were telling Ernie that he has
psychic powers?

CHRIS

Before society tells him otherwise.
As, perhaps, it did with us.

SHEILA

Did you also practice cello with him?

CHRIS

(Handing her a tiny cello)

Yes.

SHEILA

Then knock yourself out. Lord knows he'll need something to edge out the billion Chinese geniuses applying to Harvard.

CHRIS

(shocked and encouraged she did not rip his head off)

You're so right. Yes.

SHEILA

Okay, well we're off to the Museum of Modern Art. Heard of it? You can pick him up next Friday, regular time.

CHRIS

Regular time.
(Trying to be casual)

Oh, and is there any way you could watch him for a couple hours on Saturday?

SHEILA

Why?

CHRIS

(summons courage then)

I have a date.

SHEILA

A date?

CHRIS

Yes.

SHEILA

Then no.

CHRIS

(Gloves immediately come off)

No. Just like that. No.

SHEILA

Why should I watch him so you can go on a date? If you were getting surgery, sure.

(Chris grimaces at this)

But a date? No way. What's wrong with you?

CHRIS

Oh right, because god forbid I actually move on with my life. Or is it that I might find someone better for me out there than you? Or that maybe Ernie will have a kick-ass stepmom like in that movie 'Stepmom.'

SHEILA

Or, is it that maybe I have a date myself, Chris?

CHRIS

(Failing to hide surprise)

You have a date? With, like, a man?

SHEILA

I do. With a very tall and attractive man, no less. A very tall and attractive black man. Patrick Ewing.

CHRIS

You have a date with Patrick Ewing?

SHEILA

Yes.

CHRIS

11-time NBA All-Star Center Patrick Ewing?

SHEILA

Yes.

CHRIS

Seven feet tall. 240 pounds. Georgetown. Cambridge Ringe and Latin. Patrick Aloysius Ewing Sr.

SHEILA

Yes.

CHRIS

How'd you meet?

SHEILA

J-Date.

CHRIS

(Stunned by the size of her lie)

You are such a...ugh...
(Sees Ernie and instead of erupting composes himself)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay, well if you can't watch him
would it be okay if I got a baby-
sitter?

SHEILA

We've talked about this, Chris. Baby-
sitters don't watch your kid, they
throw them in front of the TV, invite
their boyfriend over and have sex in
the parents' bed. I know. I baby-sat
my way through law school. And the
ones who don't invite their boyfriends
over are so hard up they steal your
baby to start their own family.

CHRIS

I think there might be a middle
ground.

SHEILA

Like an illegal immigrant? That would
be great...for my opponent when I run
for DA. No baby-sitters.

CHRIS

(Defeated)

Okay, you win. Again. Just thought
I'd ask.

SHEILA

(Thankful, soft)

And I appreciate that.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I always want to make these decisions together. Seriously.

CHRIS

(Flat)

No, totally. Me too. I feel heard.
(To Ernie)

Love you, Erns. Bye.
(Sheila exits. As soon as the door is shut he adds, as if still talking to Sheila)

I'm getting a baby-sitter, Sheila.

However people go about doing that.

INT. GARY AND MARNY'S APARTMENT

CHRIS IS STANDING IN GARY AND MARNY'S LIVING ROOM. IT IS AN ANGRY SEA OF TOYS, CLOTHES AND SUPERHERO FATHEADS. THIS IS THE HOME OF PEOPLE WHO ARE SO OVERWHELMED THEY HAVE SIMPLY GIVEN UP. THEIR TWO BOYS, **YODA**, 6, AND **CLARK**, 3, RUN AROUND LIKE FERAL ANIMALS. **MARNY**, A ZAFITIG, TATTOOED HAIR-STYLIST, NURSES RUTHIE AND SADIE.

MARNY

(Amused)

Do we know a good sitter?

GARY

A baby-sitter?!

MARNY

Do you think we have the money to pay people to watch our kids? These animals have bled us dry! We have nothing left!

GARY

We don't even have a TV anymore. We have nothing. Oh God.

GARY AND MARNY EXPLODE WITH CRAZED LAUGHTER. CHRIS NERVOUSLY BACKS OUT OF THE APARTMENT.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

NICK'S WIFE **EMILY**, WHO IS AS CUTE, BUBBLY AND ENERGETIC AS NICK IS LAID BACK, FEEDS FRED IN A HIGHCHAIR. NICK CRAWLS IN ON ALL FOURS WITH VIOLET RIDING HIM LIKE A HORSE.

NICK

Are we doing anything next Saturday night?

EMILY

Why? You're not going to try and make me like *The Walking Dead* again are you?

NICK

(Standing)

No. I was thinking it's been a while since I've taken you out for one of my famous Rico Suave nights of pleasure and decadence--

BEFORE NICK CAN FINISH EMILY HAS SPRINTED ACROSS THE ROOM AND MOUNTED HIS CHEST LIKE A BABY CHIMP.

EMILY

I love you, I love you, I love you.

Wait, wait, wait...

WHILE STILL CLINGING TO NICK EMILY REACHES PAST HIS HEAD AND PULLS TWO GLASSES AND A BOX OF EMERGEN-C FROM THE CABINETS.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We cannot get sick.

NICK

I'm not going to get sick.

EMILY

Nick, you're exhausted. You work until 9 and then you're up at 5 with Freddie.

NICK

Hey, when Freddie Nelms throws a Bristle Block party you show up.

EMILY

(Emily pries open Nick's mouth and peers in)

It's like a canker sore convention in there. You're exhausted. You do too much. And if you get sick and miss our date I will kill you. I love you. Drink it. Now.

NICK CHOKES IT DOWN. THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. EMILY ANSWERS IT. IT'S CHRIS.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(Giving Chris a warm hug)

Chris! Congratulations! Nick says you, like us, have a hot date.

CHRIS

Hot doesn't do it justice. This woman is so...
(noticing Violet)

Smart and nice and good at math and science.

EMILY

But you're going to lie to Sheila about it. That's not right.

CHRIS

(To Nick)

Wow, you really do tell her everything. Well, it just so happens I took your awesome advice and told Sheila I have a date. And she will not watch Ernie. So I'm getting a baby-sitter.

NICK

And Sheila's cool with that?

CHRIS

(Carefully wording)

She was really glad we discussed it.

NICK

(Buying it)

See, I told you moving into my building was a good idea.
(Taking Chris's hands)

I knew that, together, we could find your balls.

CHRIS

Well, now you have to find me a baby-sitter. Preferably someone super illegal.

EMILY

Oh, Kelly would be great! Babies love her. She's morbidly obese.

CHRIS

Done.

NICK

Awesome. Now, what are you going to wear?

CHRIS

Those jeans that show my bulge?

CHRIS LOOKS TO EMILY FOR APPROVAL. SHE NODS: "SURE."

NICK

Well, whatever shirt you pick, make sure it has applesauce and puke stains on it like the one you're wearing now.

CHRIS LOOKS AT HIS SHIRT AND GRIMACES.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE MEN'S SECTION - LATER

CHRIS AND NICK ENTER. NICK PUSHES FRED IN A STROLLER.

CHRIS

Thanks for coming.

NICK

Happy to. I finally found time for one of my famous "Rico Suave" date nights with Emily and I want to get her something nice...and this is perfect!

NICK GRABS A 'HOT DIGGITY DOGGER' HOT DOG MAKER OFF A TABLE.

NICK (CONT'D)

Like in the SkyMall Catalog!

GARY (O.S.)
(Whiny like a kid)

How much longer is this going to take?

REVEAL GARY IS STRAGGLING BEHIND THEM. HE HAS CLARK ON A PHONE CORD LEASH THAT STRETCHES OFF-CAMERA THE WHOLE SCENE.

CHRIS

You didn't have to come, Gary.

GARY

Yeah, I did. It was this or stay home
and play Candyland.

(The guys shudder knowingly.
Yelling at Clark)

Clark! Get out of the garbage can!

We're not at home!

BRYCE, A SNOOTY, SALESMAN APPROACHES.

BRYCE

Can I help you gentlemen find anything
today?

CHRIS

I think we're okay--

NICK

Yes, hi, for the past three years my
buddy has been dressed by his wife.
But now they're divorced and he needs
a shirt for a date.

BRYCE

I see. I see. Well these are very
popular. Very hip.

BRYCE PULLS AN UGLY GUY-FIERI-STYLE SHIRT WITH FLAMES ON IT.

GARY

(In Awe)

It's beautiful.
(Yelling at Clark)
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

Clark, get your finger out of the mannequin's butt.

BRYCE
(re: shirt)

It's Estobol Fanstoni. He used to design for Ed Hardy but felt their look was too tame.

CHRIS

I don't know. I'm not sure it's me.

BRYCE

Of course it isn't. Look at you. Estobol Fanstoni is who you *could* be. Strong. Powerful. Sensual. It's up to you... can you master the fire?

GARY

Can you?

CHRIS

But is it cool, or is it one of those things dads buy because they think it's cool? Like skateboarding shoes.

THE GUYS NOTICE GARY'S WEARING GRAVIS SNEAKERS.

GARY

Don't hate cuz you can't skate.

CHRIS

Can you skate?

GARY

Don't know. Never tried.

NICK

I think you should get it. This date is a new beginning. And the new you can totally master the fire.

GARY
(whispering)

Master the fire. Before it masters you.

CHRIS

We're still talking about a shirt, right?

GARY
(still whispering)

I don't know.

CHRIS

I'll take it.

GARY

Me too.
(Checks the price tag)

Never mind.

BRYCE

Great. I'll ring you up.

BRYCE EXITS. GARY SHOVS A FANSTONI UNDER CLARK'S SHIRT, AND RUNS OFF-SCREEN. AFTER A BEAT THE SECURITY ALARM GOES OFF.

GARY (O.S.)

No, you cannot 'search my son' you pervert!

CHRIS
(Re: Gary)

How did you guys meet again?

NICK

Just in the building.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - SATURDAY

CHRIS IS DRESSED FOR HIS DATE: BULGE JEANS AND THE FLAME SHIRT. HE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR AND NODS: "LOOKING GOOD." HIS PHONE CHIRPS WITH A NEW TEXT MESSAGE. HE READS AND SMILES.

CHRIS

Ernie, listen to this text from Megan.

"See you soon xoxo!" That's hugs and kisses, son!

(realizing something)

But look, if you don't like her, say

the word and she's gone. Seriously.
(Bumping Ernie's knuckles)

Sons before buns. For life.
(Beat)

But don't make up your mind just yet.

Daddy needs this date so badly he
might pop.

CHRIS'S PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello. Oh, hey Kelly, do you need me to buzz you up? What? You can't make it? You're stuck at a boat show? As in, a large-scale exhibition of water vehicles? That kind of boat show? Why are you at a boat show? You're thinking about buying a boat. How much do you charge an hour?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, you didn't realize boats were so expensive. You thought it would be cheaper because 'it's mostly wood and stuff.' No, that makes perfect sense. And just while I've got you on the phone... once you got to this boat show, how did you ever think you'd make it here in time to baby-sit tonight? A boat. Of course. No, I do not accept your apology.

CHRIS HANGS UP AND LOOKS AT THE CLOCK FRANTICALLY.

INT. NICK AND EMILY'S APARTMENT

VIOLET IS WATCHING TV. SOMEONE'S KNOCKING ON THE DOOR. NICK WALKS TO THE DOOR, TURNING OFF THE TV ON THE WAY.

VIOLET
(Protesting)

IT'S EDMACATIONAL!!!

NICK

Clearly.
(Nick opens door and finds
Chris holding Ernie

Hey, why aren't you on your date?

CHRIS

Kelly just cancelled. She's stranded
at a boat show.

NICK

Again? Typical. Hey, Em, guess who
cancelled on Chris?

EMILY

Kelly? Typical.

CHRIS

Why typical?

EMILY

She's a total flake.

CHRIS

Then why did you recommend her?

EMILY

Well, we couldn't give you the name of our good sitter. It's our Rico Suave night of pleasure and decadence tonight.

NICK

We couldn't risk it on 'Smelly Kelly.'

CHRIS

'Smelly Kelly?!?' Okay, you know what, you talked me into going on this date, so now you can watch Ernie.

NICK

(looks to Emily and struggles)

I can't, I'm sorry. We're going out. Hard.

EMILY NODS, PLEASED WITH THIS RESPONSE.

CHRIS

Please. I promise you'll be back in time for your Rico Suave nonsense.

NICK

(struggles, then to Emily)

He's right, Em. This is my fault.

I'll do it.

(Nick takes Ernie)

EMILY

(Handing Ernie back to Chris)

No, no, no. This is no one's fault.

It's just one of those random things parents learn they cannot control or feel badly about, Nick. But if you do watch Ernie, Nick, and are too tired for our date, then that might be something you, Nick, feel badly about for a very, very long time.

NICK

Work makes me tired. Children are my strength.

(Kissing Emily)

And you are my passion.

EMILY

(Through the kiss)

If we miss this date I'll kill you.

Also, can you take Violet and Fred? I want to get my hair blown out.

NICK

Of course.

CHRIS

Thank you. Now, Ernie goes down for his nap at 12.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But make sure he's yawned twice before
you put him down or he won't go down--

NICK
(pushes Chris out the door)

I know how to take care of babies.
(his phone rings. It's
Chris.)

I know there's arsenic in apple juice,
Chris. I don't need to write it down.
I don't-- okay I'm writing it down...

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - A LITTLE LATER

CHRIS AND MEGAN ARE SITTING DOWN IN THEIR SEATS. CHRIS IS
STILL ON HIS PHONE WITH NICK. MEGAN LOOKS A LITTLE ANNOYED.

CHRIS

-- He'll want a bottle when he wakes
up. There's frozen breast milk in the
freezer. I know it's tempting, but
don't taste it -- and Nick hung up.
(Chris turns his attention to
Megan)

Okay, sorry about that. I'm here now.
(Sneaking peek at phone)

I...am...totally...here.
(To Megan, smooth)

Hey, you.
(re: their seats)

OH MY GOD THESE SEATS ARE INCREDIBLE!
(reigning it in)

And you look amazing.

MEGAN

Thank you. You look
(eyes shirt disapprovingly)
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

...cold. Are you cold? Do you want to put on my jacket?

CHRIS

(Amused)

You're sweet. I'm good.
(re: shirt)

Hard to get cold when you're covered in flames.

MEGAN

Well, it's gonna get down to 40 degrees today, so feel free to put a jacket on. No need for the whole macho, 'I don't feel the cold' thing.

CHRIS

I didn't even bring a jacket.
(going for it anyway)

I really don't feel the cold.

MEGAN

Do you want to wear mine?

CHRIS

(Finally getting it)

This shirt totally sucks, doesn't it?

MEGAN

Kinda. I'm sorry. You know what, I shouldn't have said anything.

CHRIS

No, thank you, I'm happy you feel comfortable pointing out that I'm a little rusty trying to be cool.

MEGAN
(Playful teasing)

You shouldn't have to try to be cool.

CHRIS LOOKS AT HER LIKE: "REALLY?" SHE GRINS. IT'S CLEAR
THEY LIKE EACH OTHER.

FAN (O.C.)

Nice shirt, Jagoff!

CHRIS

I'll take the jacket.

MEGAN

Thank you.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT

NICK IS ON THE FLOOR WITH ERNIE AND FRED AND CHRIS'S CHILD
DEVELOPMENT BOOK FROM EARLIER. HE'S CLEARLY BORED.

NICK

Okay, roll the ball back. Roll it.

FRED AND ERNIE STARE.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on guys, just 3 more minutes of

this and then-

(Nick reads off his hand)

'Cello practice?'

(holds up tiny Cello)

Was I this crazy with my first kid?

VIOLET JUMPS FROM OFF-SCREEN AND LANDS ON NICK'S STOMACH.

VIOLET

YES!

GARY (O.C.)

Whoa, what is this?

REVEAL GARY AND YODA STANDING IN FRONT OF A LINEN CLOSET.
HE'S WEARING THE WAY-TOO-TIGHT FANSTONI SHIRT HE STOLE.

NICK

It's a linen closet. For your linens.
You do have linens right?

GARY

I dunno, man. It's weird for a parent
to be this organized. How are these
towels folded so perfectly? Did Chris
ever fold towels professionally or
something?

NICK

Until he blew out his elbow.
(Notices something in the
bottom of the closet)

Wait, what's that. Is that a--?

GARY BENDS DOWN AND PULLS OUT A NINTENDO WII.

GARY

It's a WII! We're saved!

NICK

Wait, there's a note on it.
(Reading note)

"Chris, is this really the best use of
your time? Isn't there something
productive you could be doing with
your son? Sheila."

GARY

Wow, she really doesn't want Chris
using this.

NICK

That presents a problem. I'm torn.

GARY

Me too. Mario Kart--

NICK

Or The Legend of Zelda: Twilight
Princess. Hmm.

GARY

Hmm.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - A LITTLE LATER

MEGAN AND CHRIS ARE HITTING IT OFF, IGNORING THE GAME.

MEGAN

I dunno, my last boyfriend was just
that: a boy. I work hard. I have my
life together. I want a guy who can
take care of himself.

CHRIS

Then it's a good thing you asked out
me instead of Ernie. That dude's a
mess. Totally obsessed with his mom.
Like needs her to survive. So weird.

MEGAN

Yeah, but he's much cuter than you.

CHRIS

Please, I'm way cuter.
(Totally sincere)

Ernie is handsome. George Clooney
handsome.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I honestly sometimes wonder if Sheila had an affair with Clooney. Then I laugh for like 10 minutes.

(Tickled by the memory)

Sheila gets really, really, really pissed off when I laugh.

CHRIS'S PHONE RINGS AND HIS FACE FALLS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

DAAAAAAMN IIIIIIIIIIT!

(Answering, sweet)

Hey, Sheila, what's up?

SHEILA (V.O.)

I've been thinking about our baby-sitter discussion and I want to be reasonable about this. I found a reputable service and just emailed you their top three people. I like the Nigerian woman. She was a thoracic surgeon in her homeland.

CHRIS

Okay. Great. I'll check it out and get back to you.

SHEILA

Or you could do it now. Ernie should be napping. He is napping, right?

CHRIS

Out like a light.

FAN #1

Let's go, Yankees!

SHEILA (V.O.)

What was that?

CHRIS

I'm, uh, watching the game on TV.

SHEILA

Mute it. Ernie needs his sleep.

CHRIS

Yup.

(To Fan #1)

Muted.

FAN #2

Let's go, Jeter!

CHRIS LOOKS AT FAN LIKE, "ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?!"

SHEILA (V.O.)

Wait, you're at the game! You're on
your date! Who's with Ernie?

CHRIS

Me. No date. Just the two of us.
(singing)

We can make it if we try!

SHEILA

So if I were to stop by your
apartment, you'd be there and not a
baby-sitter?

CHRIS

That's what I'm saying.

SHEILA (V.O.)

I guess we'll see.

CHRIS

Guess so.

CHRIS HANGS UP.

MEGAN

Everything okay?

CHRIS
(Staying calm)

It's all good. Just need to make a
quick call.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

NICK'S PHONE RINGS ON AN END TABLE. AND RINGS. AND RINGS.
WIDEN TO REVEAL NICK'S PLAYING 'DANCE, DANCE, REVOLUTION' ON
THE WII WITH GARY AND THE KIDS. THE APARTMENT IS IN A
SHAMBLES: A SEA OF TOYS AND PILLOW FORTS.

EVERYONE IS DANCING HARD AND HAVING A BLAST, EXCEPT GARY WHO
IS CLEARLY HURTING AND SWEATING BUCKETS.

YODA/NICK

Go Gary! It's your birthday!

GARY

Make it stop! Please make it stop!

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

ALL THE COMPOSURE CHRIS HAD IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE IS GONE. HE
IS FREAKING OUT.

CHRIS
(Shrieking)

Pick up your phone!!! Pick up your
phone!!! Sheila is coming!! Do not
let her in until I get there!
(Noticing Megan staring at
him. Regains his cool)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey. This has been great but I have
to go.

CHRIS BOLTS UP THE STAIRS.

MEGAN

My jacket!

CHRIS
(struggles to get it off.
Can't.)

There's no time!

CHRIS RUNS AWAY WITH MEGAN'S JACKET HALF ON HALF OFF.

INT. CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM - KITCHEN - LATER

NICK IS WALKING AROUND WITH FRED AND ERNIE UNDER HIS ARMS
LIKE FOOTBALLS. GARY, STILL PANTING FROM THE VIDEO GAME, HAS
TAKEN HIS SHIRT OFF AND WIPES HIS FACE WITH A DAMP RAG.

NICK

Okay, we have a double diaper
situation, where's the changing table?

GARY

The what?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

NICK WATCHES GARY SPRAY DOWN FRED AND ERNIE IN THE KITCHEN
SINK.

GARY

And how much did you pay for your,
what's it called again, 'changing
table?'

NICK

Wow, this is genius. How'd you think
of this?

GARY

This is what I do. All day. Every
day.

(Staring into the distance)

For the rest of my life.

VIOLET

Spray me, spray me!

GARY SPRAYS HER.

NICK

Dude, that's my kid.

NICK TAKES THE SPRAYER FROM GARY AND SPRAYS VIOLET WHO
LAUGHS. CHRIS BURSTS IN OUT OF BREATH.

CHRIS

I made it. I made it. Thank God. I
ran so hard, I'm going to be sick.

No, it's okay...it's okay. I'm good.

CHRIS STANDS UP STRAIGHT AND SEES THE KIDS IN HIS SINK AND
THE GENERAL DESTRUCTION OF HIS APARTMENT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(Panicking)

What happened!?! Sheila can't see
this! She'll kill me!

NICK

(calm)

You didn't tell her you got a baby-
sitter did you?

CHRIS

Can we please save the teachable
moment until after we get the kids
away from the garbage disposal?!

NICK/GARY
(Looking in sink, jealous)

Your unit has a garbage disposal?

SHEILA (O.S.)

Is that my son IN THE SINK!

REVEAL SHEILA STANDING IN THE DOORWAY. CHRIS SEES HER AND
PUKES. YODA, CLARK AND VIOLET SCREAM AND SCATTER.

YODA

GROSS!! HOT DOGS!!

MAYHEM. KIDS AND WATER EVERYWHERE.

SHEILA

Why is Ernie naked in the sink?

NICK

Couldn't find the changing table.
(To Chris)

Why are you wearing a women's jacket?

CHRIS

The shirt sucks.

GARY
(re: Fanstoni)

Wait, it's a lame dad-shirt? Aw man.

SHEILA

Who are you? Why are you topless?

GARY

Why are you staring? I'm married.

CHRIS

Gary's a friend--

GARY
(touched)

Thanks, man.

CHRIS

--He just dropped by to...
(can't think of anything to
say)

SHEILA

To what? Wash our son's butt where
you eat?--

NICK

Hadn't thought of that.

SHEILA

--He was baby-sitting, Chris.

CHRIS

With Nick! You know Nick.

NICK

(Super friendly)

Hey, Sheila. Been awhile. You look
well.

NICK GIVES SHEILA AN AWKWARD HUG LEAVING ERNIE AND FRED
UNATTENDED IN THE SINK.

CHRIS

Oh God! Babies!

CHRIS RUSHES TO ERNIE AND FRED, SLIPS ON THE WATER ON THE
FLOOR, AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR OUT OF FRAME.

CHRIS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(Weakly)

Get the babies.

VOICE OFF-SCREEN

It's cool, I got 'em

EVERYONE TURNS TO SEE SOMEONE IS AT THE SINK TENDERLY HOLDING
ERNIE AND FRED: IT'S PATRICK EWING. EVERYONE STARES AT HIM
FOR A LONG BEAT. CHRIS CLIMBS BACK INTO FRAME.

CHRIS

You really had a date with Patrick
Ewing?

CHRIS TAKES ERNIE FROM PATRICK EWING.

SHEILA

Yes, Chris. I don't lie.

CHRIS

Neither do I! Unless I have to.

SHEILA

We agreed no baby-sitters.

CHRIS

(summons courage, then...)

No, we didn't agree. You just
decided. The way you decide
everything. And I don't fight you
because the whole reason we got
divorced was to stop fighting in front
of Ernie. I've been a parent just as
long as you have. Why can't you ever
trust my decisions?

SHEILA

(re: the wrecked apartment)

Does this look like the result of good
decisions?

CHRIS

No! But I trust Nick completely.
He's the best dad I know.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He makes Charles Ingalls look like
Rupert Murdoch.

NICK PUMPS HIS FIST.

PATRICK EWING
(To Nick)

Here's your kid, man.

PATRICK EWING TRIES TO HAND FRED BACK TO NICK.

NICK
(getting out his phone to
take a picture)

Actually, can you pretend like he's a
basketball and you're going to dunk on
Reggie Miller?

CHRIS LOOKS TO NICK LIKE: "THAT IS NOT HELPING."

SHEILA

Patrick, do not dunk that baby.
(Patrick Ewing hands Fred
back to Nick)

Chris, I'm sorry, but until you give
me some indication that I can trust
you as a parent, he's going to stay
with me.

SHEILA REACHES FOR ERNIE. CHRIS HOLDS ON TO HIM.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

C'mon, Chris. It's easier this way
for everyone.

CHRIS LOOKS AS IF HE'S ABOUT TO HAND ERNIE OVER TO SHEILA,
BUT THEN GIVES HIM TO PATRICK EWING.

CHRIS

Dunk the baby.

SHEILA

That's not even funny, Chris.

CHRIS

I'm serious. Dunk the baby.

SHEILA

Do not dunk the baby, Patrick.

CHRIS

You're a dad. You know it'll be fine.

Dunk the baby.

(Beat)

But don't really dunk him. Just pretend to dunk him for a photo.

PATRICK EWING

Do you think I'm an idiot?

CHRIS

No. My bad. Dunk the baby.

SHEILA

Do not dunk my baby.

NICK

Dunk the baby, man.

GARY

Dunk it, dude. Then dunk me.

CHRIS/NICK/GARY

Dunk, dunk, dunk, dunk, dunk...

WE CRASH IN ON PATRICK EWING'S FACE AS HE STRUGGLES WITH THE DECISION. THE GUYS CHEER, SHEILA WAGS A FINGER. HIS BROW SWEATS. SLO-MO: EWING'S FACE CONTORTS IN THE ATHLETE'S MIX OF AGGRESSION AND FOCUS. THEN, OVER AARON COPLAND'S 'FANFARE OF THE COMMON MAN,' PATRICK EWING RAISES ERNIE UP OVER HIS HEAD AS IF HE'S ABOUT TO DUNK HIM.

IT SHOULD FEEL LIKE THE FINAL MOMENT OF A SPORTS FILM. THE GUYS AND KIDS ALL JUMP AND CHEER. SHEILA YELLS "NO."

SUDDENLY WE'RE BACK AT REGULAR SPEED. THE SCENE IS SHOCKINGLY CALM. PATRICK EWING IS MERELY HOLDING ERNIE UP HIGH IN THE AIR. CHRIS TAKES A PICTURE WITH HIS PHONE. SHEILA FUMES.

CHRIS

That's perfect! Get in there, Sheila.

SHEILA GLARES.

PATRICK EWING

C'mon Sheila, my arms are getting tired. This kid weighs a ton.

SHEILA

(Bummed yet still braggy)

He's 100th percentile weight and height.

SHEILA GETS IN THE PHOTO. CHRIS TAKES IT. WE SEE THE PHOTO. SHEILA'S HEAD IS TOTALLY CUT OFF. CHRIS TAKES ERNIE BACK.

CHRIS

Perfect. Thank you. And look, just like every time I have Ernie he's totally fine.

SHEILA

Are you happy? Did you make your point?

CHRIS PULLS SHEILA ASIDE

CHRIS

(dropping his guard)

Do you really want to fight? Ernie deserves better, Sheila. Plus, it doesn't even end in sex anymore.

SHEILA

(beat)

I still want to fight.

(beat)

But, you're right, Ernie deserves
better.

CHRIS

Thank you.

SHEILA

You're welcome. But what if Patrick
Ewing dropped him!? And you didn't
even offer him Purell!--

CHRIS

THANK YOU!

SHEILA

(composing herself. To Ernie)

Goodbye my prince!!! I love you so
much!! I'll see you tomorrow and
think of only you until then!!

PATRICK EWING

What about me?

SHEILA

What about you?

SHEILA EXITS GRABBING PATRICK EWING.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I cannot believe you dunked my son.

PATRICK EWING

This is a first date, Sheila. You
need to chill out.

CHRIS LOOKS AROUND AT HIS DESTROYED APARTMENT. TAKING IT ALL IN FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE TURNS TO NICK AND GARY, THEN...

CHRIS

How cool was that!!! Patrick Ewing
was in my kitchen!!

THE GUYS SIGH IN RELIEF. IT'S CLEAR EVERYTHING IS COOL.

GARY

So cool.
(beat)

Now who is he again? An actor?

INT. NICK AND EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

NICK IS FACEDOWN ON THE COUCH. VIOLET BOUNCES ON HIS BACK.
EMILY ENTERS DRESSED UP FOR THEIR NIGHT OUT LOOKING AMAZING!

EMILY

How was baby-sitting?

VIOLET
(Screaming)

GREAT!

NICK
(Muffled into the couch)

Great.

EMILY

Did you have fun?

VIOLET
(Screaming)

YES!

NICK
(Muffled)

Yes.

EMILY

Are you too tired for our date?

NICK
(Muffled)

No. I'm Rico Suave.

EMILY SMILES SYMPATHETICALLY.

INT. GARY AND MARNY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

MARNY POPS BLACKHEADS ON GARY'S BACK.

MARNY

Today sucked. I want to die.

GARY

Same. Here, let me do you.

MARNY AND GARY SWITCH POSITIONS. HE POPS BLACKHEADS ON HER BACK.

MARNY
(Looking around bathroom)

Something's different.

GARY

I folded the towels and cleaned the sink with wet toilet paper.

MARNY

Why?

GARY

Thought it might look nice.

MARNY
(Marny takes this in, then turns and kisses him...)

I love you so damn much! I swear to god you are the perfect man!

MARNY LOCKS THE DOOR AND DRAGS GARY TO THE FLOOR.

MARNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you have...protection?

GARY

It's in the bedroom.

YODA AND CLARK BANG ON THE DOOR.

MARNY

(pulling Gary to floor)

It'll be okay. It'll be okay.

YODA/CLARK

GARY

Hey, open up! We want to
brush our teeth!!

GO AWAY!! THIS IS ALL WE
HAVE ANYMORE!

INT. NICK AND EMILY'S APARTMENT

EMILY, STILL DRESSED UP, SITS AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE. NICK IS COOKING AT THE COUNTER.

NICK

Are you sure this is okay? I'm still
totally happy to go out and tap dance
on the edge of insanity.

EMILY

It's fine, Nick. Honestly, it's my
fault for marrying a caring guy.
Violet is marrying for money whether
she likes it or not.
(Smells something, gets very
excited)

--Wait, did you cook my favorite meal?

NICK

Macaroni and cheese and cut-up hot
dogs. And not only that, I made it
using this...

NICK HOLDS UP THE 'HOT DIGGITY DOGGER.' AFTER A BEAT EMILY LIGHTS UP.

EMILY

The Hot Diggity Dogger! Just like in
the SkyMall Catalog. This is so
perfect!

NICK TAKES OUT HIS IPHONE AND TAPS IT A FEW TIMES. A CANDLE
APPEARS. HE PLACES IT ON THE TABLE: A CANDLELIGHT DINNER.

NICK

My newest app. Now it's perfect.

EMILY

Rico. Suave.

THEY KISS.

VIOLET (O.C.)
(calling from the bathroom)

CAN SOMEBODY WIPE ME!?

NICK AND EMILY SMILE. IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT

CHRIS TURNS OFF THE TV AND TURNS TO ERNIE.

CHRIS

Sorry buddy, time to practice cello.
(Ernie sees Cello and laughs)

I have the best kid in the world.
(Has a thought)

What do you think of this shirt?
(Ernie stops smiling)

Good. Because you stink and we're out
of wipes.

END OF ACT

TAGTHE BAR - ANOTHER DAY

CHRIS, NICK AND GARY ARE WATCHING ANOTHER GAME. LIKE IN THE OPENING SHOT, WE SEE THEM FROM BEHIND. REVEAL NONE OF THEM HAS A KID. GARY IS STILL WEARING A BABY BJORN.

CHRIS

(Re: Gary's Baby Bjorn)

You know we don't actually have to wear those things when we don't have the kids with us, right?

GARY

Shut up, I like the way it feels on my back.

GARY PULLS THE PHONE CORD LEASH AND WE SEE IT'S ATTACHED TO A BEER. HE PULLS THE BEER TOWARD HIM AND TAKES A SIP BUT STOPS SHORT--

GARY (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

CHRIS

What?

THE GUYS THEN SEES WHAT GARY'S LOOKING AT: SHEILA'S JUST ENTERED THE BAR PUSHING ERNIE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(trying to sound casual)

Sheila, what are you doing here?

SHEILA

(sarcastic)

Oh, Chris, imagine finding you in a bar.

(then)

We were just checking out the new neighborhood.

CHRIS

New neighborhood?

SHEILA

Yeah, I saw there was a unit free in your building and it just seemed like the best thing for Ernie.

CHRIS

So what you're telling me is... you moved into my building?

SHEILA

For Ernie.

CHRIS

That's great...for him.

SHEILA

(Noticing at TV)

Oh look, Ernie, the Yankees are playing the Red Sox. Ernie loves the Red Sox like his mommy. What inning is it?

NICK

First.

SHEILA

(sitting)

Better order some food then.
(Pumping Ernie's fist)

Let's go Red Sox!

THE GUYS LOOK TO CHRIS WHO LOOKS BACK HELPLESSLY...

END OF PILOT