

M *ad About You*

~~"THE PAUL REISER SHOW"~~

(pilot)

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ACT ONE

SCENE-1

FADE IN:

(ESTABLISH - MANHATTAN'S RIVERSIDE DRIVE - EARLY MORNING)

(A NICELY KEPT PRE-WAR BUILDING)

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT--MORNING

(CAMERA SNAKES THROUGH A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT. MOVE IN TO THE...)

BEDROOM

(A LABRADOR RETRIEVER - MURRAY - IS ASLEEP AT THE FOOT OF THE BED)

(IN BED, WE FIND PAUL AND JAMIE COOPER. IT'S A SERENE, PRETTY PICTURE - EXCEPT FOR SOME VERY LOUD SNORING)

(ANGLE ON PAUL'S FACE, WIDE AWAKE. HE'S NOT THE ONE SNORING. HE LOOKS AT HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND MARVELS AT THE POWER OF HER SNORE. HE GENTLY BRUSHES THE HAIR OFF HER FACE, AND GIVES HER A GENTLE SMACK--SHE SLEEPS THROUGH IT. HE GRABS HER CHIN AND SHAKES HER HEAD--STILL NOTHING. FINALLY, HE GRABS HER NOSE, AND SHE WAKES UP, STARTLED.)

PAUL

What could you have in your nose that I don't have?

JAMIE

Was I snoring?

PAUL

I can't believe you're alive.

THE RADIO COMES ON.

RADIO VOICE

It's six forty-five on a completely
gross Friday morning--

PAUL HITS A BUTTON SHUTTING OFF THE RADIO.
SHE SNUGGLES INTO HIM.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(RE: RADIO VOICE)

Why do we let that man in our
bedroom?

MURRAY APPROACHES THE FOOT OF THE BED,
WANTING TO BE WALKED.

JAMIE

Paul, how much do you love me?

PAUL

Not enough.

JAMIE

You know, he's your dog.

PAUL

Oh, good. You think he doesn't hear
that?

JAMIE RELUCTANTLY HOPS OUT OF BED, WEARING
A SWEATSHIRT AND PANTIES. SHE THROWS ON A
PAIR OF JEANS.

JAMIE

Why do I have to walk him?

PAUL

He performs faster for you.

SHE PUTS THE LEASH ON MURRAY AND
AFFECTIONATELY RUBS HIS HEAD.

JAMIE

You're a pain in the ass, Murray.

(TO PAUL)

What'd you do before me, have your
"babes" walk him?

PAUL

How do you think I used to meet
babes? They'd come up to me and
say, "What a beautiful dog... and
such a healthy stool!"

MURRAY IS PRACTICALLY DRAGGING JAMIE OUT OF
THE BEDROOM.

JAMIE

Will you make coffee?

PAUL

Yup.

JAMIE

And make the bed?

PAUL

Uh-huh..

JAMIE

And run me a bath?

PAUL NODS AS JAMIE LEAVES WITH MURRAY.

JAMIE (O.C.)

Don't go back to sleep.

PAUL

No. I wouldn't. I'M UP. I swear.

GO.

WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AS PAUL
IMMEDIATELY CURLS BACK UNDER THE COVERS TO
CATCH A LITTLE MORE SLEEP. HE SETTLES FOR
A BEAT, LETTING OUT A MOAN OF COMFORT.
SUDDENLY, THE NEW YORK TIMES FLIES THROUGH
THE DOORWAY OF THE BEDROOM, HITTING PAUL ON
THE HEAD.

PAUL

Thank you.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE-2INT. KITCHEN- A SHORT WHILE LATER

PAUL AND JAMIE CRISSCROSS ABOUT THE KITCHEN IN A FLURRY OF LAST MINUTE ACTIVITY. HE'S EATING A PIECE OF TOAST OVER THE SINK AS SHE REACHES IN FRONT OF HIM TO USE THE SINK.

PAUL

What?

JAMIE

You're in my way.

HE MOVES AWAY, LEANS AGAINST THE COUNTER. SHE SUDDENLY NEEDS TO GET INTO A DRAWER.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Do you have to stand right there?

PAUL

(CAN'T WIN)

I'll be on the subway -- let me know if that bothers you.

JAMIE

Wait! Can't we leave for work together--like a normal couple?

PAUL

Sure. Let's go.

JAMIE

I'm not ready.

SEARCHING HER PURSE.

PAUL

If I'm not on the subway by eight,
all the non-sticky seats'll be
taken.

JAMIE

(TURNS TO FACE HIM)

It doesn't bother you that we went
to bed, last night, and nothing
happened?

PAUL

("HERE IT COMES")

I see.

JAMIE

It's been almost a week.

PAUL

It's not a week.

JAMIE

Sunday'll be a week. What's going
on with us?

PAUL

(TEASING)

After five months of marriage, the
sexual part is over -- you didn't
know? I start playing checkers in
the park, you start arguing with
buses.

JAMIE

It's not funny.

PAUL

Are you serious?

JAMIE

I'm very serious.

PAUL

Jamie, stuff happens.

JAMIE

What stuff?

PAUL

Like life. Your life, my life.
Monday I was editing till two a.m.
Tuesday you had that conference
thing, and then we saw my parents,
which not only killed the mood for
Wednesday, but knocked the life out
of me Thursday. There. There's
your week.

SHE SOFTENS A BIT.

JAMIE

I guess... What can I say? I'm a
woman. I have needs.

PAUL

I understand.

JAMIE

No you don't.

PAUL

Okay, I don't.

SHE MOVES HER HAIR BEHIND HER EARS.

JAMIE

Are my ears too big for my head?

PAUL

(HANDS IN THE AIR)

Yeah. That's your biggest problem,
honey.

JAMIE

That, and the fact that I never get
to be alone with my husband.

PAUL

You can be alone with me tonight.

SHE JUMPS ON THIS, EXCITED.

JAMIE

Really?

PAUL

Really.

JAMIE

Don't toy with me, white boy.

PAUL

I'm serious. Tonight. You and me.
We'll have dinner.

JAMIE

(ALL BUSINESS)

And sex. I really think we should
have sex.

PAUL

Would you let me finish? Dinner at
seven. Foreplay at eight-fifteen.
And if we're naked by eight-thirty,
we can be wheezing and sweating by
nine.

JAMIE

Perfect.

THEY HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

JAMIE

I'm gonna make a lasagna.

PAUL

You can do that?

JAMIE

(SHRUGS)

I can try. Then we can open that
nice wine we got from Fran and
Mark..

(STOPS IN HER TRACKS, HER FACE
DROPS)

Oh no.

PAUL

What?

JAMIE

Fran and Mark. We're having dinner
with Fran and Mark tonight.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

JAMIE

We have plans..

PAUL

I had no knowledge of this.

JAMIE

Yes you did.

PAUL

You never said anything.

JAMIE

(POSITIVE)

Last Friday, as we left the
apartment, you said, "What are we
doing for dinner?" and I said we had
no plans but that next Friday we
were seeing Fran and Mark.

PAUL LOOKS AT HER A LONG, QUIZZICAL BEAT.
HE SMILES AT HER, AMAZED.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL

You were out of town last Friday.

JAMIE

Dammit!

PAUL

Nice try, honey. Really.

JAMIE

Well great, what do we do?

PAUL

We blow 'em off.

JAMIE

That's not nice. We're always
cancelling on them.

PAUL

Cause we don't like them.

JAMIE

But, they're such good friends.

PAUL

Just call Fran, and say we can't do
it.

JAMIE

You call her.

PAUL

She's your friend. Besides you're
better at that.

(CHECKING HIS WATCH)

Can we discuss this in the elevator.

JAMIE IS NOW WIPING OFF THE FRONT OF HER
MOTORCYCLE HELMET WITH WINDEX.

JAMIE

Why don't you let me give you a ride? Live dangerously, you big wuss.

PAUL

Oh yeah, I'm gonna get on a motorcycle. That'll happen.

JAMIE

Yeah, like the subway's really safe.

THEY'RE AT THE DOOR, WHEN JAMIE STOPS AND RUNS BACK INTO THE APARTMENT.

PAUL

Now what?

JAMIE

I have to leave a window open for the dog.

PAUL

Honey, it's an apartment not a Volvo? Why do we go through this?

JAMIE

'Cause the kid who walks him can't come up till three, and it's hot.

THEY HEAD OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. A BEAT LATER, THE DOOR OPENS AND PAUL RE-ENTERS MAKING A BEELINE FOR THE WINDOW AND CLOSES IT.

JAMIE

A burglar is not gonna climb eleven stories.

PAUL

Cat burglars. That's all they do --
they climb and steal.

HE'S READY, SHE'S STILL FRISKING HER
POCKETS.

PAUL

If we don't leave right now, I'm
going into your closet and move
things around.

THEY EXIT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.
A BEAT LATER THE DOOR OPENS. JAMIE RUSHES
IN AND EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. PAUL CALLS
AFTER HER.

PAUL

How does that mean I don't like your
outfit? I love your outfit.

JAMIE (O.S.)

No you don't...

PAUL

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!!

PAUL LEAVES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE-3INT. EDITING BAY - THAT AFTERNOON

THIS IS WHERE PAUL WORKS. WITH HIM ARE HIS EDITOR IKE - AN UNFLAPPABLE BLACK MAN IN HIS 50'S, AND STUART, 28, A BALDING, CHUNKY TECHNICAL ASSISTANT - WHOSE ENTIRE WORLD IS KNOBS AND BUTTONS. THE THREE GUYS ARE STANDING AROUND SIPPING COFFEE AND EATING DONUTS WHILE THEY EDIT A COMMERCIAL FOR THE "CARIBBEAN BOARD OF TOURISM."

ON THE MONITOR WE SEE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN A WHITE G-STRING BIKINI ON A TROPICAL BEACH. SHE WALKS AWAY FROM THE CAMERA.

COMMERCIAL ANNCR (V.O.)

In the Caribbean, you can let your fantasies run wild on eight hundred miles of white sand beaches...

THE ANNOUNCER GOES ON, BUT THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO ZOOM IN CLOSER AND CLOSER ON THE GIRL ON THE BEACH.

COMMERCIAL ANNCR (V.O.)

... beautiful sunsets are the backdrop for soothing, rolling surf...

NOW THE CAMERA IS CLOSE-UP ON THE GIRL'S ASS.

PAUL

Ike, what's going on? Where's my sunset? Where's my soothing, rolling surf?

IKE FREEZES ON A CLOSE-UP OF THE MOST AMAZING PAIR OF CHEEKS WE'VE EVER SEEN.

IKE

(OFF THE CHEEKS)

I thought this would have greater
"demographic appeal."

PAUL STARES AT THE MONITOR.

PAUL

Hard to argue.

STACEY ENTERS, AN INTERN, TWENTY-TWO, JUST
OUT OF COLLEGE. SEXY. CUTE. TIGHT JEANS.
SHE CARRIES A REEL OF FILM.

STACEY

Here's your rough cut on the
documentary.

SHE GRABS SOME OTHER FILM OFF THE SHELF.

STACEY (CONT'D)

These ready to go?

PAUL

(ALL BUSINESS)

Hm? Yeah. Thanks. And tell the
lab they're printing up dark.

STACEY

Got it.

AS SHE LEAVES, WE NOTICE, ALL THREE MEN, IN
UNISON, CASUALLY TURN THEIR HEADS TO WATCH
HER ASS. AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND
HER--

PAUL

(A PAINFUL SIGH)

What does she have to walk around
like that for?

STUART

(INNOCENT)

She's cute.

PAUL

I'm saying. You know, she used to flirt with me. Now, she walks in and out of here -- nothing. It's not right.

STUART

You can't flirt, you're married.

PAUL

I know, but she's not. She could still flirt with me. As long as I don't say anything back, that would still be all right -- I'm pretty sure.

IKE

Nothin' wrong with that.

SFX: INTERCOM

STACEY (O.C.)

Ike, your wife on line three.

IKE PICKS UP A NEARBY PHONE.

IKE

Yeah, baby...

STUART

(TO PAUL, INDICATING STACEY)

Ever get anything going with her?

PAUL

We had breakfast once. You know,
before I was married.

STUART

(LASCIVIOUS SMILE)

Really? What happened?

PAUL

(PULLS STUART CLOSE, WHISPERS)

She had eggs. Never tell anyone.

IKE

(INTO PHONE)

I know, baby. I won't forge...

STACEY RE-ENTERS, GRABS ANOTHER REEL OF
FILM AND NOTICES PAUL EATING A DONUT.

STACEY

(PATS HIM ON THE STOMACH)

You better watch it with all those
donuts.

SHE LEAVES.

PAUL

(TO STUART, DEVASTATED)

What does that mean? What -- I'm
fat?

STUART

(EXAMINING PAUL'S FACE)

You're a little puffy.

PAUL

Meanwhile, she used to refer to me
as this "Cool young filmmaker."
Now, I'm "The Married Fat Guy."

IKE HANGS UP.

IKE

(TO PAUL)

How long you married?

PAUL

Five months.

IKE LAUGHS.

IKE

You got no idea...

PAUL

No, but I got a clue: This morning
my bride informs me that we've lost
the "spark."

IKE LAUGHS SOME MORE.

PAUL

Which is crazy. Because just last
weekend, we go upstate and have,
frankly, the best time I've ever had
with a woman who knew my real name.

IKE

Got to have to have those times.

PAUL

We did, I'm saying. Seventy-two hours of sexual gymnastics and this morning, FIVE DAYS LATER, it's all over because we haven't had sex for two days.

IKE

How many days?

PAUL

(ANNOYED)

Okay, five. But, you know what I'm saying. It's like last weekend didn't count for anything.

IKE

Did you tell this to her?

PAUL

I did. Yes.

IKE

What'd you say?

PAUL

I told her... I said that. I'd come home early tonight and try to "spark up."

(IKE AND STUART STARE AT PAUL)

My God! It was even my idea.
When did I become this person?

IKE

You two fighting?

PAUL

Never. I'm the nicest guy in the world.

IKE

Got to fight.

PAUL

We argue, but we don't fight.

IKE

You GOT TO FIGHT. That's the whole key. She's got to know how you feel. And you gotta know how she feels.

PAUL

I understand--

IKE

And anytime that happens, there's gonna be a fight.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE-5INT. KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON

JAMIE AND HER OLDER SISTER LISA, ARE HAVING A BEER. LISA SITS ON THE COUNTER, WATCHING JAMIE TRY TO THAW A FROZEN LASAGNA, UNDER THE FAUCET.

LISA

I think it's so great that you and Paul make time for each other like this. It's so healthy. Mom and Dad never did that. Warren and I certainly never did...

LISA NOTICES JAMIE STRUGGLING WITH THE LASAGNA.

LISA

What are you doing?

JAMIE

This is not "making time." This is not "healthy." This is paying for sex. In exchange for attention, I'm being the Good Little Wife --

SHE BANGS THE LASAGNA ON THE COUNTER WITH A VENGEANCE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

AND I DON'T LIKE THAT I'M BAD AT IT.

LISA

You're not BAD at it. You're telling me that Paul is actually upset that you don't cook?

JAMIE

No. He's not upset about anything.

LISA

So, what's the problem?

JAMIE

He's not upset about anything.

LISA

Oh.

JAMIE

We don't spend time together, he's not upset. We don't make love for a week and a half, he's not upset. Everything is always okay with him. We go to a restaurant and the food stinks, Paul says, "The CHAIRS were quite comfortable, I enjoyed the chairs." He's the nicest guy in the world and I wanna kill him.

JAMIE HOLDS THE LASAGNA UPSIDE DOWN TO RELEASE IT FROM THE PAN AND IT FALLS OUT ONTO THE FLOOR. SHE PICKS IT BACK UP AND PUTS IT INTO THE NICE PAN.

LISA

You're gonna serve that now?

JAMIE

No, not till about seven.

LISA

James, you don't know how lucky you are... I broke up with that creep from Fort Lee.

JAMIE

The one who looks like William Devane?

LISA

(INSULTED)

Willem Dafoe. William Devane -- who am I -- mom?

JAMIE

What happened?

LISA

Ach, I don't even want to talk about it. He just doesn't want to get married again.

THIS STUFF BREAKS JAMIE'S HEART.

JAMIE

So, neither do you.

LISA

Yeah, but he doesn't even want to "date." He says he "likes me too much to date."

JAMIE

He "likes you too much to date?"

Where do you meet these people?

LISA

Hey, that's what's out there. Trust
me.

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW, JAMIE NOTICES
SOME CONSTRUCTION WORKERS ACROSS THE
STREET.

JAMIE

How do you feel about manual
laborers?

JAMIE OPENS THE WINDOW, STICKS TWO FINGERS
IN HER MOUTH AND WHISTLES.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

YO, FELLAS!! I'VE GOT A VERY CUTE
SISTER HERE. SINGLE. NO CHILDREN.
GOOD JOB.

LISA

JAMIE!!

JAMIE

(TO LISA)

Guy on the left has a very happening
butt. You sure?

LISA CLOSES THE WINDOW.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey, that's how you meet guys.

PAUL ENTERS. HE SEES LISA AND ISN'T
THRILLED.

PAUL

Lisa. Hi.

LISA

Don't worry, I'm not staying.

PAUL

(UNCONVINCINGLY)

What... no, hey...

OBVIOUSLY PISSED OFF, PAUL HEADS INTO THE
BEDROOM.

LISA

You married the perfect guy.

JAMIE

Right. Paul's perfect. That's why I
bite my cuticles and take forty
minute baths.

PAUL SHOUTS IN FROM THE BEDROOM.

PAUL (O.S.)

OH, GEEZ, LOOK AT THIS.

JAMIE

See what I mean?

SHE EXCUSES HERSELF.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

PAUL IS ON THE BED, CASUALLY TAKING OFF HIS
SHOES.

JAMIE

(RE: HIS PHONY CRY FOR HELP)

Well, that was subtle. What?

PAUL

What is she doing here? We're due
to have foreplay in...

(CHECKS WATCH)

...ninety minutes.

JAMIE

She just got dumped and she's
depressed.

PAUL

You know, if I walked in the door
tonight, with Selby, you'd've gone
nuts.

JAMIE

That's different...

PAUL

Why is it different?

JAMIE

Because SHE is my sister and HE is
over here EVERY NIGHT OF OUR LIFE.

PAUL

Oh, and Lisa's not.

JAMIE

Look, if you feel that strongly,
I'll ask her to leave...

SHE NOTICES HE'S DIALING THE PHONE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Who are you calling?

PAUL

(INTO PHONE)

Selby, what's up?

JAMIE

Don't you dare!

PAUL

(INTO PHONE)

Lasagna.

(COVERS PHONE)

It's not vegetarian is it?

JAMIE

If he comes over, I am walking out
of here.

PAUL

(INTO PHONE)

Nah, why would she mind?

JAMIE

I'm serious. I'll go out with my
sister.

PAUL

Yeah, where. To do what?

JAMIE

Wherever. To do whatever I want.

PAUL

(INTO PHONE)

Great. I'll see you here.

HE HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAUL AND JAMIE ENTER, FIGHTING.

PAUL

Don't tell me to forget it. I
didn't want to have this stupid
evening to begin with.

JAMIE

I know. And I didn't even want to
get married to begin with.

PAUL

Here we go...

LISA OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL FRAN AND
MARK. PAUL AND JAMIE ACT LIKE THEY'RE
THRILLED TO SEE THEM.

JAMIE

(OPEN ARMS)

Hey guys... Right on time.

PAUL

(HUGGING FRAN)

We were so looking forward to this.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE-1INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

JAMIE IS FLATTENING OUT THE LASAGNA WITH A ROLLING PIN.

PAUL

Why don't I take it down to the street and wait for a steamroller to come by?

JAMIE IGNORES HIM.

You know honey, flat is not always more.

SHE IGNORES HIM AGAIN

We have enough. The only one who's gonna eat is Selby. Fran and Mark'll split a piece. I had a big lunch. Lisa's dieting and you won't eat cause you're mad.

JAMIE

SHE FLINGS THE ROLLING PIN INTO THE SINK, OPENS THE OVEN, THROWS IN THE LASAGNA AND SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

I'm not mad.

LISA

Guys, please don't fight. It's so uncomfortable.

JAMIE

We're not fighting.

PAUL

This is how we live.

FRAN ENTERS ALL BUBBLY, HOLDING A DRINK.

FRAN

This is great, it's just so great to see you guys. Don't mind me, I just need ice.

PAUL

Maybe we can chip some off my wife's mood.

JAMIE ACCIDENTLY-ON-PURPOSE WHIPS OPEN A DRAWER INTO HIS GROIN.

Ow!

JAMIE

(FAKE CONCERN)

Oh, I'm sorry.

FRAN GOES TO THE FREEZER AND PULLS OUT AN EMPTY ICE TRAY.

FRAN

You have no ice?

JAMIE

(TURNS ON PAUL)

That's the one thing I asked you to do.

PAUL

(TAP DANCING)

I told Selby to bring ice.

JAMIE

Well, Selby's not here yet.

FRAN

Yes he is, he just walked in. I
wish we had a friend we trusted
enough to give a key.

JAMIE SHOOTS PAUL A LOOK.

JAMIE

You gave him a key?

PAUL

(POINTS TO LISA)

She has a key. What's the big deal?

PAUL EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAUL ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND HIS
BEST FRIEND, JAY SELBY, THIRTIES, APPEALING
IN AN OFFBEAT WAY. SELBY IS WITH MARK,
BUSTING HIS CHOPS.

SELBY

Seriously, you never cheated on
Fran?

PAUL

(MOTIONING SELBY TO COME QUICKLY)

Schmucko, come here.

SELBY CROSSES OVER TO PAUL

SELBY

What's going on?

PAUL

(QUICKLY, ASIDE)

I told you to bring ice and you
forgot.

AS PAUL DRAGS SELBY INTO THE KITCHEN

CUT TO:

INTERIOR KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PAUL ENTERS, LIKE HE'S PISSED AT SELBY.

PAUL (CONT'D)

How could you leave it in the cab?

SELBY

(PLAYING ALONG)

The driver had one of those little
coolers with him in the front seat,
so like a dope I asked him to keep
it up there for me so it wouldn't
melt. Then I forgot it.

JAMIE

You guys are like the Abbott and
Costello of liars.

SELBY NOTICES A WEDGE OF CHEESE ON THE
COUNTER AND A BOX OF CRACKERS.

SELBY

What's that, cheese?

SELBY MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE CHEESE. FRAN
IS FILLING UP THE ICE TRAYS AND MARK
ENTERS.

MARK

Hey, looks like the party's in here,
Fran?

FRAN

I love this, this always happens.
Why do people congregate in the
kitchen?

PAUL

Because no one likes say, "Get out
of here so I can fight with my
spouse in private."

SELBY GRABS THE WEDGE OF CHEESE, THE BOX OF
CRACKERS AND EXITS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

SELBY

I got the cheese.

LISA

(GRABS A PLATE)

I have a plate.

SHE FOLLOWS SELBY OUT. MARK AND FRAN ARE
STILL STANDING THERE WITHOUT A CLUE.

PAUL, GRABBING THE NEAREST THING HE CAN,
PICKS UP TWO BURNER GRATES FROM THE STOVE
AND HANDS THEM TO MARK.

PAUL

Mark, can you bring these inside?

MARK JUST TAKES THEM, NO QUESTIONS.

MARK

Got 'em.

MARK EXITS.

FRAN

(OBLIVIOUS)

Come on Jame, let's start the salad.

JAMIE

Fran, will you get the hell out of here?

FRAN

(FINALLY)

Oh... Are you okay? Is everything alright? Can I help?

PAUL GRABS THE REMAINING TWO BURNER GRATES, HANDS THEM TO FRAN.

PAUL

Here, give these to Mark.

FRAN

He knows where they go?

PAUL

Yes.

SHE EXITS FOR THE LIVING ROOM LEAVING PAUL AND JAMIE ALONE.

PAUL

(TRIES TO BREAK THE ICE)

I should call those two if I ever move.

JAMIE

If you move?

PAUL

I'm sorry. If we move? Okay? We.

Kill me. I said "I" instead of
"we." I guess that means,
subliminally, I hate you..

JAMIE SWIPES AN OVEN MITT OFF THE
REFRIGERATOR AND WHACKS PAUL OVER THE HEAD.

PAUL

(RUBBING HIS HEAD)

Ow. You know, that thing has a
magnet.

JAMIE

(OFF HIS FINGER)

I don't like that you don't wear
your wedding ring.

PAUL

This again? Honey, I don't like
jewelry. Stop it.

JAMIE

You wear a watch.

PAUL

Cause I need to know what time it
is. I already know I'm married.

JAMIE

But, you obviously don't want anyone
else to know.

PAUL

Is THAT what this is about? The ring?

JAMIE

No.

PAUL

Then what is it?

JAMIE

(LETTING IT ALL OUT)

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY THIS IS ALL SO HARD.

PAUL

(RESPONDS IN KIND)

YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE NUTS. YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND. AND SO AM I. WE CAN'T MAKE THINGS PERFECT. BUT, I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW, IF WE KEEP THIS UP WE'RE GONNA DIE, BECAUSE I'M EITHER GOING TO BURST INTO FLAMES, OR STRANGLE YOU. AND FRANKLY, I DON'T WANT TO DO EITHER ONE.

JAMIE

What do you want?

PAUL

I want to be married without re-evaluating every hour and a half.

SHE SOFTENS. FEELS A LITTLE SILLY.

JAMIE

I don't even know why you married
me.

PAUL

Cause I haven't figured you out yet,
and I need all the hours I can get.

SHE SMILES, GLANCES AT THE OVEN.

JAMIE

What if this lasagna sucks?

INSTINCTIVELY, HE MOVES IN AND KISSES HER
PASSIONATELY. WHEN THEY BREAK, SHE LOOKS
UP.

JAMIE

More.

PAUL

C'mere.

HE HOLDS HER AND KISSES HER LONGER, HARDER.

JAMIE

There's people out there.

PAUL

Live dangerously.

SHE GIVES HIM A SMILE, "OH, YEAH."

JAMIE

C'mere.

SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND LEADS HIM OVER TO
THE BUTCHER BLOCK TABLE AND STARTS TO CLEAR
EVERYTHING OFF. SHE EYES HIM
CHALLENGINGLY.

PAUL

There's people here.

SHE GOES OVER TO THE DOOR AND CALLS OUT.

NOBODY COME IN HERE FOR A WHILE --

IT'S A BIG SURPRISE.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM -- "YOUR MOVE."

PAUL

(CHECKS HIS WATCH)

You know, we're not scheduled to be
naked for another fifteen minutes.

PAUL WHIPS OFF HIS JACKET.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

LISA'S NOW TELLING HER STORY TO MARK.

LISA

I was seeing someone, but he says he
"likes me too much to date."

MARK

Yeesh, I never heard that one
before. Fran?

SELBY

I've used that. Hey, Lisa, why
don't ya just make a tape of this
story?

FRAN

If a man doesn't make a commitment
after three weeks he's not
interested.

SELBY

Seriously Mark, you must look at
other women.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA SEES ONLY THE LEGS OF THE BUTCHER
BLOCK TABLE, ROCKING BACK AND FORTH. MAYBE
WE SEE PAUL'S SHOES. WE HEAR HEAVY
BREATHING AND SOME MOANING.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Think this makes me a bad hostess?

PAUL (V.O.)

Not at all.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Imagine if Fran walked in?

PAUL (V.O.)

Honey, Fran's not the image I need
right now.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LISA, FRAN AND SELBY ARE NOW STARING AT THE
KITCHEN DOOR, INTRIGUED. WE HEAR A LOUD
CRASH - POTS AND PANS FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

MARK

They're probably baking. Fran?

SELBY

I've heard baking before -- it
doesn't sound like that. Fran?

FRAN STARTS FOR THE KITCHEN, BUT LISA STOPS
HER.

LISA

Fran, you can't go in there.

FRAN

Why not?

LISA

(KNOWING)

You'll ruin the surprise.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

WE ONLY SEE THE COUNTER TOP, AND VARIOUS
OBJECTS FLYING INTO FRAME--A LADLE, A
COLANDER, AN OVEN MITT...

PAUL

There's a very sharp corner digging
into my thigh.

JAMIE

Mm...

PAUL

Our next table has to be a King.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

NOW THEY'RE ALL SITTING AND STARING AT THE KITCHEN. MURRAY, SAUNTERS IN FROM THE BEDROOM AND IS ABOUT TO GO THROUGH THE SWINGING KITCHEN DOOR, BUT INSTEAD, JUST PLOPS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF IT.

SELBY

Whatever they're doing, we ain't getting this lasagna right away. I say we order a pizza, Mark?

MARK

Lasagna takes about an hour. Fran?

A REALLY LOUD CRASH FROM THE KITCHEN.

FRAN

Omigod.

(CALLING OUT)

Are you two okay?

PAUL/JAMIE (O.S.)

(THROES OF PASSION)

YES!!!... YES!!!

LISA

Sounds like they're done.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

CLOSE ON A KITCHEN TIMER. IT GOES OFF.

WE HEAR A FEW LENGTHY EXHALES, AND MOANS, AND SLOWLY FIND OUR WAY BACK TO PAUL AND JAMIE WHO ARE DISHEVELED BUT HAPPY.

PAUL

You know, what's interesting?
"Speed" is usually considered a bad
thing in this event.

JAMIE

Yeah, but sometimes it's good.

, DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE-2INT. LIVING ROOM - END OF THE NIGHT

FRAN AND MARK ARE GONE. LISA EMERGES FROM THE KITCHEN CARRYING HALF A LASAGNA WRAPPED IN TIN FOIL. SELBY IS ON THE COUCH, WITH MURRAY, WATCHING THE BALLGAME. LISA KISSES JAMIE AND PAUL.

LISA

Goodnight, thanks.

SELBY

(FROM THE COUCH)

Where's mine?

LISA LEAVES. JAMIE LOOKS AT SELBY.

JAMIE

(FOR HIS BENEFIT)

Gee! It's already eleven fifteen.

SELBY

I'm going. Two more outs.

JAMIE HEADS TO THE BEDROOM.

JAMIE

By the way, Selby, thanks for dinner.

SELBY

My pleasure.

JAMIE EXITS. PAUL GOES OVER TO SELBY.

SELBY (CONT'D)

She's great.

(OFF TV)

Look at this. If the Yankees had
some pitching--

PAUL CLICKS OFF THE TV, TOSSES SELBY HIS
COAT AND YANKS HIM OFF THE COUCH.

SELBY

Alright, that's my cue.

PAUL

What's going on tomorrow?

SELBY

I think I'm supposed to go out with
that girl, Dora.

PAUL

The one from Norway?

SELBY

Yeah, I figure I'll give it one more
shot before her visa expires.

PAUL WALKS HIM TO THE DOOR.

JAMIE (O.S.)

(CALLING IN)

Honey? You coming to bed?

SELBY

Man, it's like a work whistle.

PAUL

Someday, before you know it, you'll
hear a voice just like that -- and
amazingly enough you'll say:

(CALLING IN TO JAMIE)

In a second, Sweetie.

(TO SELBY)

And then you too will shove your
best friend out the door and come to
bed.

SELBY LOOKS LIKE HE BUYS IT, BUT THEN:

SELBY

(CHECKS HIS WATCH)

It's early. You wanna do somethin'?

PAUL PUSHES HIM OUT AND CLOSES THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

PAUL AND JAMIE LAY IN BED, HER HEAD ON HIS CHEST. SHE TWIRLS THE HAIR ON HIS CHEST.

JAMIE

I love chest hair.

PAUL

What you have is fine. No point in us having the same thing.

JAMIE

I think my sister knew.

PAUL

I think Selby knew.

JAMIE

(EMBARRASSED)

How?

PAUL

I told him.

JAMIE

Paul.

PAUL

James, no guy does that without telling somebody.

SHE CLIMBS ON TOP OF HIM.

JAMIE

Guess we haven't lost the magic.

PAUL

For tonight we have.

JAMIE

You know what I mean.

PAUL

Now, I'm afraid you might be out of things to worry about.

SHE KISSES HIM.

JAMIE

I love you.

PAUL

Love you, too.

SHE TURNS OUT THE LIGHT. A BEAT OF SILENCE, THEN --

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hey, are we having Thanksgiving, this year, with your parents or my parents?

PAUL (V.O.)

Stop it.

FADE OUT.

THE END