

untitled jeff strauss project

a pilot by
jeff strauss

revised draft
february 2, 2009

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. THE KELLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

IT'S A LIVED-IN, COMFORTABLE-BUT-NOT-OSTENTATIOUS OLDER HOUSE IN A RESIDENTIAL BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD. THE ROOM IS COZY AND CLUTTERED WITH SIGNS OF TWO BUSY WORKING LIVES, PLUS THREE KIDS. ROB KELLER (MID 30S) ENTERS, COLLAR UNBUTTONED, ROLLED-UP BLUEPRINTS UNDER HIS ARM. NOTICING THE MESS, HE BENDS DOWN AND STARTS PICKING UP TOYS.

ROB

Jessica...? Jess...?

FROM THE BATHROOM, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF TOOTH BRUSHING.

JESSICA (O.S.)

In here, Rob...!

ROB

(CALLING) The kids are asleep!

JESSICA (O.S.)

I can't believe it either!

ROB

(CHECKS HIS WATCH; THEN, AMAZED)

Sex on a school-night... I feel
like I should call somebody.

HE SLIPS OFF HIS SHOES. THE RUNNING WATER SHUTS OFF. ROB POSITIONS HIMSELF ON THE BED, STRIKES A CASUAL POSE AS JESSICA ENTERS. SHE HAS AN EASY EVERYDAY KIND OF BEAUTY, AND YOU COULD TELL, TOO, IF HER FACE WEREN'T OBSCURED BEHIND A THICK, UNEVEN COAT OF INCOMPLETELY-RUBBED-IN MOISTURIZER. SEEING ROB'S LOOK, SHE STOPS.

JESSICA

What?

ROB

This is how you're coming to bed?

JESSICA

I'm going to go with "yes."

ROB

Um... You have a little cream on your face. You didn't want to rub that in?

JESSICA

I was tired. It's Wednesday - that's carpool, staff meeting, editor's lunch, *carpool again* and piano lesson.

ROB

And you ran out of energy just before the cream got rubbed in?

JESSICA

Oh, come on... All right...

SHE GIVES HER CHEEK A CURSORY BRUSH WITH THE BACK OF HER HAND - NO REAL IMPACT ON THE CREAM.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

There. (OFF HIS LOOK) What?

ROB HOLDS UP A FINGER - "WAIT". HE TURNS, OPENS HIS NIGHT-STAND DRAWER.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ROB

I need a pen and paper.

JESSICA

For what?

ROB PULLS A SCRAP OF PAPER AND A PEN FROM HIS NIGHT-STAND.

ROB

I want to write down today's date.

JESSICA

Why?

ROB

I don't want to wind up being one of those guys who looks back twenty years from now and says: "I don't know what happened to my marriage... We just kind of... drifted." No. I want to be able to point to this piece of paper and say, "October sixth, 2009. *That* was it. *That* was the night she gave up."

HE SMILES. SHE HITS HIM WITH A PILLOW.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. THE KELLER'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

SFX: A CLOCK RADIO GOES OFF. BOSTON MORNING DRIVE. A SLAP SHUTS IT OFF.

JESSICA (V.O.)

(WITH A GROAN) Dear god, not
again.

CUT INSIDE
TO:

INT. ROB AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

ROB AND JESSICA IN BED - FACE DOWN IN THEIR PILLOWS - HER HAND, STILL FLOPPED ON THE ALARM CLOCK.

ROB (INTO PILLOW)

You want kids or breakfast?

JESSICA

Like either one of them is *good*.

ON THIS:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. THE KELLER'S KITCHEN - NEARLY CONTINUOUS

JESSICA'S MULTITASKING LIKE SUPERMAN ON CRYSTAL METH. PAPERS FLY INTO BRIEFCASES, PERMISSION SLIPS INTO BACKPACKS, YOGURT TUBES INTO LUNCH-BOXES... SHE SIPS COFFEE, SCRAMBLES EGGS AND TOUCHES UP HER MAKEUP. JANEY (6) EATS CEREAL AT THE TABLE. SAM (2) CLIMBS UP INTO HIS CHAIR. JESSICA TURNS, FRESH HOT PLATE OF EGGS IN HAND.

JESSICA

Sammy, your eggs.

SAM (2) REGARDS THE EGGS WITH HORROR:

SAM

Not that plate! Not that plate!

Not that plate! Not that *plaaate!*

JESSICA DUMPS THE EGGS ON THE TABLE. SAM DIGS IN.

JANEY

Hey, no fair. I want eggs.

USING THE EDGE OF HER HAND, JESSICA SPLITS THE EGGS AND SLIDES HALF OVER TO JANEY AS ROB ENTERS.

JESSICA

(TO ROB) Do you really think I've given up?

ROB

Nah. They can learn about plates at friends' houses. Let *their* parents do dishes.

JESSICA

I was talking about *us*. Last night.

ROB

The face cream thing? (OFF HER
NOD) No.

HE KISSES HER FOR PUNCTUATION.

JESSICA

Good. (BEAT) Where's Jack?

ROB

Where *is* Jack? (CALLING OFF)
Jack...!

ROB CROSSES OFF.

JANEY

These eggs taste funny.

JESSICA

It's not the eggs, it's the table.

JANEY

Oh.

SATISFIED, SHE KEEPS EATING. ROB RETURNS, CARRYING 4-YEAR-
OLD JACK BY HIS WAISTBAND LIKE A SUITCASE.

ROB

(TO JESSICA) Can we talk about
this for a second? Jack just
peed... (GRAVELY) ... and he
wiped the end of his... *that* with
toilet paper.

Rob waits for Jessica's response. After a beat:

JESSICA

I don't think I'm following you.

JANEY

His *penis*.

JESSICA

(SHE NEW THAT) Thank you,
sweetie.

JESSICA LOOKS TO ROB. ROB POINTS TO JACK.

ROB

He *peed*. Men don't wipe *that* when
they pee. They shake *that*. They
shake and go.

JESSICA

They "shake and go"?

ROB

They go... And shake and go. Some
guys throw in a hop. *I'm* not a
fan, but technically acceptable.

JESSICA

It's never seemed all that
hygienic.

ROB

This is *not* about hygiene.

JESSICA

My mistake.

ROB

What's it gonna be like? He's
12... he's at a Red-Sox game and
he's got to go...

ROB (CONT'D)

He's standing at the trough with his pants open and there's no toilet paper. What's he gonna do - ask the guy next to him?! I don't think so!

JESSICA

Honey, if it's that important, talk to him - tell him not to use toilet paper.

ROB

I did. He doesn't seem to understand.

JESSICA

Neither do I.

ROB

(GIVES UP) All right. Let's go. Janey, we don't want to be late again. (PICKING UP THE BOYS)
Boys - it's school time.

HE HERDS THE KIDS OUT THE BACK DOOR.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

EXT. THE KELLER'S DRIVEWAY - AT THE CARS - MOMENTS LATER

ROB AND JESSICA LOAD THEIR CARS FOR WORK. THE KIDS ARE RUNNING AROUND.

JESSICA

So you're happy with our sex life?

ROB

Are we talking about this in front
of the kids?

JESSICA

No.

JESSICA REACHES INTO HER PURSE.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Who wants gum?!

SHE TOSSES SEVERAL STICK OF GUM INTO THE CAR, THE KIDS CLAMBER IN. JESSICA SHUTS THE CAR DOOR.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Are you happy with our sex life?

ROB

Yes. Absolutely. (THEN) Okay,
it's not like... wild. But what
do you expect after nine years of
marriage? We've found a
comfortable place, so we go there.
It's like... the Holiday Inn of
sex.

JESSICA

(A BEAT) The "Holiday Inn of sex?"

ROB

Don't knock the Holiday Inn.
They're very successful. And
clean. (BEAT) I need Janey.

JESSICA PUTS TWO FINGERS IN HER MOUTH, WHISTLES LOUDLY.

JESSICA

Janey!

JANEY LOOKS UP. JESSICA REACHES INTO HER PURSE, SHOWS JANEY A CANDY BAR, THEN TOSSES IT INTO ROB'S CAR. JANEY JUMPS IN AFTER IT. THEN, TO ROB:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Maybe we should try a little
harder. You know - in bed.

ROB

You're kidding? (OFF HER LOOK)
You're not kidding. Look, can we
talk about this later? You know I
hate being late to Janey's school.
Ms. Giamatti--

JESSICA

She's *not* judging you.

ROB

She gives me the look, like...

HE MAKES A SOUR, JUDGEMENTAL FACE.

JESSICA

(LAUGHS) Go. (KISSES HIM)
Goodbye. (BEAT) I think we need
to spice things up.

ROB

Honey, really, our sex life is--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Good morning.

CUT WIDE:

AS TWO PAIRS OF LEGS PUSH A BABY-STROLLER PAST ROB AND JESSICA'S HOUSE. WE DON'T SEE THE FACES.

JESSICA SMILES BROADLY.

JESSICA

Hiiii! Good morning. Doesn't
Cleo look darling today...?

AS THE LEGS PASS WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL TWO ATTRACTIVE MEN IN THEIR MID 30S PUSHING THE STROLLER. ROB AND JESSICA SMILE AS THEY GO PAST. WHEN THEY'RE GONE:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Uch. I hate them. Who do they think
they are - taking their kids for a
walk *before* school? They're like the
perfect parents.

ROB

The gay guys?

JESSICA

Yes. Alan and Allen. A *bow* in the baby's
hair - what is that?? They both work.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

They're both lawyers. They almost never
do takeout. How do they do it all??

ROB

Neither of them has to waste any
time being a woman?

ON JESSICA'S REACTION

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. JANEY'S 1ST GRADE CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

THE TEACHER, MS. GIAMATTI, (LATE 40S) IS HELPING ONE OF THE KIDS WITH A WORK SHEET AS JANEY AND ROB ENTER. ROB IS CARRYING JANEY'S BACKPACK AND LUNCHBOX - HE HANDS THESE TO HER AND GIVES HER A KISS. WITHOUT LOOKING UP, MS. GIAMATTI SAYS:

MS. GIAMATTI

School starts at 8:15, Mr. Keller.

ROB

I know, but... I had Jack.

MS. GIAMATTI SHAKES HER HEAD, GIVES ROB "THE LOOK". MAKES A MARK IN HER BOOK.

ROB (CONT'D)

Okay, now you don't have to mark that down, Ms. Giamatti... That was me, not Janey.

MS. GIAMATTI

Mm-hm. I'll see you Monday night.

ROB

(JOKING) You coming over to watch football?

MS. GIAMATTI

It's your parent/teacher conference.

ANOTHER "LOOK", ANOTHER MARK.

ROB

(BACKPEDALING) Right... Right...
There's just...

ROB (CONT'D)

I - I knew that it's just with all
the paper you guys send home - the
PTA stuff, the field trips...

It's a little hard to keep track.

HE TAKES THE PEN FROM HIS POCKET AND MAKES A NOTE ON HIS
HAND. MS. GIAMATTI GIVES HIM THE LOOK AGAIN.

MS. GIAMATTI

Some people use a bulletin board.

ON ROB'S LOOK:

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

EXT. SOMERSET ELEMENTARY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER -DAY

ROB CROSSES THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LOOKING AT THE NOTE ON HIS HAND. HE PASSES HIS FRIEND, AND FELLOW PARENT, JAY. JAY, (30S) OPERATES AT A SLIGHTLY HIGHER INTENSITY LEVEL THAN ROB.

JAY

Hey, Rob. (RE ROB'S HAND)

Cheating on a test?

ROB

I'm trying to remember we've got
Janey's parent/teacher on Monday.

JAY

Don't want to use a bulletin board?

(OFF ROB'S LOOK) What? (PETULANT)

Well, I was going to see if you
wanted to grab a latte - but
instead I'll let you go to work
caffeine free.

JAY STOPS, UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO A WELL-WORN VOLVO WAGON.

ROB

You're driving the wagon? I
thought Christine got the wagon
and you got to see the kids
alternate Thanksgivings and
Christmases.

JAY

She did. But, I was running late and it was blocking me so we switched.

ROB

You slept at Christine's... again?

JAY

Yeah. I don't know what it is. It's like divorce papers are some kind of aphrodisiac or something. I was just there to drop off Megan and Jeremy, went in to pick up my cordless drill and Bam! We're having more sex now than we did in the last three years of our marriage.

ROB

Jess came to bed with face cream last night.

JAY

Oooh....

ROB

Yeah.

JAY

You didn't say anything.

ROB

(KICKING HIMSELF) I did.

JAY

Oooh...

ROB

Now she wants us to "spice things up." She thinks we're in some kind of rut.

JAY

Are you in a rut?

ROB

I like to think of it as a system.

JAY

Ahh... The system.

ROB

Yeah. It's like, we have a playbook. We have a handful of plays - maybe three. We have games on Sunday and we try to practice once during the week.

JAY

(KNOWING SMILE) Does the offense and defense practice *separately*?

AS ROB SLUMPS AGAINST HIS CAR:

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE H

INT. CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE - JESSICA'S OFFICE - DAY

JESSICA'S IN HER TINY OFFICE WITH A COUPLE OTHER CO-WORKERS.
AN OFFICE ASSISTANT, JOSH (20S), POKES HIS HEAD IN.

ASSISTANT

Um... Jessica, Howard wants to see
you in his office *right away*.

JESSICA

Josh, I'm in a meeting.

ASSISTANT

Okay, but Howard seemed kinda --

JESSICA STOPS HIM, INDICATES THE OTHERS.

JESSICA

Excuse me, but you see Susan?
You see Valerie? You see Donna?
This is my department and we are
in a "department" meeting. Okay?

HE NODS AND EXITS. JESSICA TURNS BACK TO THE ROOM.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

...and then he calls it "The
Holiday Inn of Sex??"

SUSAN

Not even the *Hyatt*?

JESSICA SHAKES HER HEAD.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE J

EXT. AT THE SOCCER FIELD - THAT AFTERNOON

A GROUP OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD KIDS WEARING BRIGHTLY COLORED SOCCER JERSEYS GET READY TO PLAY. OVER ON THE SIDELINES, THE PARENTS LOOK ON. ROB, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE AND ROLLED-UP BLUEPRINTS, CROSSES TO JESSICA. HE KISSES HER.

ROB

Hi.

JESSICA

Hi.

ROB

I had one thought... about, you know...

JESSICA

We are *not* inviting another woman into our bed.

ROB

(CAUGHT, INDIGNANT) That was *not* it.

JESSICA

Good. I'm sorry.

ROB

That's okay.

JESSICA

What was your thought?

ROB

(COVERS) I'll surprise you.

ROB CROSSES TO JAY AND GORDON BUCKBERGER (LATE 30S). JAY IS BENDING DOWN, TALKING TO HIS DAUGHTER, MEGAN (4).

JAY

Have a good game, sweetie - try
that big kick I showed you.

SHE KICKS HIM IN THE KNEE - HARD. NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

JAY (CONT'D)

(PAINED) That's the one.

MEGAN JOINS THE GAME AS IT BEGINS. THE REF'S WHISTLE BLOWS
AND THE KIDS ATTACK THE BALL LIKE A DISORGANIZED SWARM OF
BRIGHTLY COLORED BEES. JAY TURNS TO ROB.

JAY (CONT'D)

So, did you figure it out yet?

ROB

I have nothing.

GORDON

Figure what out?

JAY

Tell Gordon.

ROB

I don't know...

GORDON

Tell Gordon *what?*

JAY

Rob and Jessica have to spice up
their sex life.

GORDON

Oh god. Why would you want to do
that?

ANGLE ON:

JESSICA

WHO'S WITH HER SHARP TONGUED CO-WORKER, SUSAN (ALSO GORDON'S WIFE.) SUSAN NOTICES JESSICA FIDDLING WITH HER WAISTBAND.

SUSAN

Is everything all right?

JESSICA

I'm having an underwear issue.

SHE PULLS THE TOP OF HER PANTS DOWN JUST A BIT TO REVEAL:

SUSAN

A thong, Jess? Very "Sex in the City".

Since when do you wear a thong?

JESSICA

Since this afternoon.

SUSAN

That was your three-o'clock meeting?

JESSICA

Yes, Susan, it was. (FIDDLES AGAIN)

It's really not that comfortable.

SUSAN

Really? A razor-sharp string
right up the crack of your ass -
and *that's* uncomfortable? (THEN)

Has Rob noticed yet?

JESSICA

No. (THEN) I could really use a
drink.

SUSAN HOLDS OUT THE JUICE BOX SHE'S BEEN SIPPING FROM.
JESSICA DECLINES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Thanks, but I was thinking of something a little stronger.

SUSAN

You would have trouble finding anything stronger.

JESSICA TAKES THE JUICE-BOX FROM SUSAN... SIPS - GASPS.

JESSICA

Jesus, Susan! What *is* that?

SUSAN

It's really not important. What's important is, I was able to get it into that tiny little hole.

MEANWHILE:

OVER WITH THE GUYS - THE SAME TIME

ALL THREE WATCHING THE SWARM OF TINY SOCCER PLAYERS.

ROB

Oh, and, did I tell you? I think the day-care is teaching Jack to use toilet paper when he *pees*.

GORDON

Well, you're going to have to nip that in the bud. (RE: SOCCER)
Pass it, Noah!

ROB

I know. I'm working on it. (RE: SOCCER) *Go, Jack!*

JAY

You can't let a thing like that slide... (RE:SOCCER) Megan, *no biting!* (TO ROB) Wiping? He'll never survive at real school.

ROB

I know.

GORDON

Or camp.

ROB

I *know*.

GORDON

I'm just saying... Jack's a sensitive kid to begin with. We've all seen the way he looks at Noah.

ROB

Okay, we're going to stop this conversation right now. Jack is four, for god's sake, he has not made any kind of... lifestyle choice.

JAY

If *my* dad had caught me with toilet paper *anywhere near my penis* -- I would have gotten whacked. But those days are gone. Nobody spansks anymore.

GORDON

Not true. (OFF THEIR LOOKS,
PROUDLY) Susan and I have decided
to start spanking.

ROB

Each other?

GORDON

No, the kids. It's coming back.

ROB

Well, look at you. I didn't know
you had it in you.

GORDON

I didn't either. But, the other
night, we were having dinner with
Denise and Greg, and they said
they'd started doing it this
summer. They love it. Really
recommended it. You should try it.

ROB

Nah, I'm gonna let you guys run
point on this one. We'll stick
with time-outs.

GORDON

Time-outs?! Ha! We went through
three years of Noah coloring on
our walls.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Before he made it to kindergarten
he'd spent half his life in a time-
out. The other half - he was
coloring on our walls. Once I
caught him coloring on the wall
during a time-out! But no more!
Not in the Buckberger house - we
are taking back control!

JAY

So, the spanking's working out
well?

GORDON

(WITH A FRUSTRATED SIGH) We
haven't actually tried it yet.
We're still waiting for a
spankable offense. For some
reason the little buggers have
been on their best behavior ever
since this started.

ROB

Oof, that's gotta be frustrating.

GORDON

You have no idea.

THE SOCCER PLAYERS RUSH PAST - A BRIGHTLY COLORED SWARM
FOLLOWING THE BALL IN A DISORGANIZED MASS. ROB WATCHES IT
GO.

ROB

This is ridiculous... Look at
this! This is not soccer - this
is a *clump*! Why do we put our
kids through this? It's a waste -

JUST THEN, THE CLUMP DEPOSITS JACK IN FRONT OF ROB.

JACK

Daddy, I don't want to play
anymore. I'm too sweaty.

ROB LOOKS TO GORDON AND JAY. OFF THEIR RAISED EYEBROWS:

ROB

It doesn't mean *anything*. (THEN,
TO JACK) Get back in there,
buddy!

JACK

But --

ROB

Go on!

HE GIVES JACK AN GENTLE NUDGE BACK TOWARDS THE CLUMP. JACK
RELUCTANTLY TROTS BACK IN. ROB CALLS AFTER:

ROB (cont'd) (CONT'D)

And stay away from Noah!

ROB CATCHES JAY AND GORDON'S LOOKS. ROB SHRUGS.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. ROB'S CAR/JAY'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

ROB IS DRIVING. HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. IT'S JAY.

JAY (ON PHONE)

So, what did you get?

ROB

(PLEASED) Edible underwear.

JAY (ON PHONE)

(LET DOWN) Oh.

ROB

(ANNOYED) *What?*

JAY (ON PHONE)

I'm a little disappointed.

ROB

They're not for you.

JAY (ON PHONE)

So, what do they taste like?

ROB

I don't know.

JAY (ON PHONE)

You don't know?? What happens if she puts them on, and you go to do what they're designed for and they taste terrible and you make the face?

ROB

She hates the face.

JAY (ON PHONE)

Tonight is not the night you want
to be making the face.

ROB

(EYES THE PACKAGE) Well, I did
buy a three-pack...

HE PULLS OUT A PAIR, LOOKS THEM OVER BRIEFLY AND TAKES A
SMALL BITE OUT OF THE WAIST-BAND.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

JAY (ON PHONE)

So...?

ROB

Not bad... like a kind of
perverted fruit roll-up.

JAY (ON PHONE)

There you go.

ROB

All right, I'll talk to you later.

JAY (ON PHONE)

Later.

ROB HANGS UP. HE LOOKS AT THE BITTEN PAIR OF UNDERWEAR FOR
A BEAT... THEN BALLS THEM UP AND SHOVES THEM IN HIS MOUTH.
OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SPOTS SOMETHING...

IT'S MS. GIAMATTI IN THE CAR NEXT TO HIM. SHE GIVES HIM *THE
LOOK*.

AS ROB SQUIRMS:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE L

INT. THE KELLER'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

ROB LIES IN BED, WORKING, JESSICA ENTERS, CARRYING SOME LAUNDRY, PUTS IT IN HER DRESSER AND SHUTS THE DRAWER - HARD.

ROB

(SETTING DOWN HIS WORK) Okay... What?

JESSICA

(RE: HERSELF) Don't you notice *anything*?

ROB

You're wearing the sweater my mother gave you? Thank you. No?

JESSICA

No!

JESSICA PULLS DOWN THE WAISTBAND OF HER PANTS A LITTLE.

ROB

A thong?

JESSICA

Yes. You didn't notice at dinner. You didn't notice at the soccer game?

ROB

Come to think of it you were walking a little funny.

JESSICA

That, you notice?

ROB

Yes. That, I notice - I had no information. In the future, whenever I see you, I will pull down your pants and make sure I'm not missing anything.

JESSICA

(CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE) Shut up.
At least I tried to do something.

ROB

Now wait a minute, I got something, too.

JESSICA

You did?

ROB

I did.

JESSICA

What?

ROB

It's actually kind of funny, cause I got underwear, too.

JESSICA

Show me.

ROB

I can't.

JESSICA

Why not?

ROB

(BEAT) I ate them. (THEN) Okay,
don't look at me that way - they
were edible underwear.

JESSICA

And you ate them *without* me?

ROB

I didn't have much lunch and...
there was traffic.

JESSICA

We're pathetic.

ROB

We are *not* pathetic, we're *married*.
We don't need to have better sex. We
just need to *have* sex. If we have
sex every once in a while do you know
how far ahead of our friends we are??

JESSICA TAKES THIS IN.

ROB (CONT'D)

If we slip up and do it twice in a
week - people will hate us.

JESSICA

What are you saying?

ROB

I want people to hate us!

FLIP TO:

INT. THE SAME - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT

IT'S DARK. THE CAMERA MOVES ACROSS THE BED. ROB AND JESSICA'S CLOTHES ARE NOW TANGLED IN THE SHEETS, AS ARE ROB AND JESSICA.

ROB

Now, isn't this better?

JESSICA

Mmm-hmmm...

ROB KISSES HER. IT LINGERS... HER EYES CLOSE.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mmmmm...

ROB

Mmmmm...

JANEY'S VOICE

Mommy?

ROB FREEZES. JESSICA CAN'T BEAR TO OPEN HER EYES.

JESSICA

(WHISPERS) Tell me you just
called me "mommy."

JESSICA'S EYES OPEN AND FOLLOW ROB'S GAZE TO FIND JANEY
STANDING IN THEIR DOORWAY, LOOKING AT THEM.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Say something, Rob, say something.

ROB LOOKS OVER AT JANEY, SMILES, AND SAYS:

ROB

...Hi, sweetie.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE M

FADE IN:

INT. THE KELLER'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

IT'S A SATURDAY HANG-OUT/DINNER AT THE KELLERS. ROB AND JESSICA ARE WITH GORDON, SUSAN AND JAY. IN THE BG WE HEAR THE KIDS PLAYING... THE OTHER ADULTS ARE AGHAST.

GORDON

Oh dear god.

ROB

Yep.

SUSAN

What did you say?

JESSICA

He said, "Hi sweetie."

ROB

Hey, at least *I* said something.

SUSAN

You don't lock your door?

ROB

We do. I got thrown off stride.

She wore a thong.

JESSICA

(TO ROB) Do not blame this on the thong.

SUSAN

He noticed?

JESSICA

(NOPE) I showed him.

JAY

(TO ROB) What happened to... the underwear?

JESSICA

He ate it.

JAY

All of it?

ROB

There was... *traffic*.

SUSAN

Wow. Wow... This is classic Freudian stuff. You may be the first people we know to actually scar their child.

GORDON

I'd spank her. (OFF THEIR LOOKS)
We got Noah last night.

JAY

(IMPRESSED) You did it?

GORDON

Yep. It was pretty great. I thought I was going to feel guilty, but I just felt... parental.

ROB

Wow. So, what was the spankable offense?

GORDON

Well, that's not completely... clear.

JESSICA

It's not "clear"?

GORDON

Somebody left Noah's Hot Wheels car on the stairs. And we've talked to him about that.

ROB

You have. I've seen that.

SUSAN

But it also could have been the cat.

JESSICA

The "cat"?

GORDON

(SIGHS) The cat sometimes likes to bat them around. But he definitely left his dirty dish on the table.

JAY

The cat.

GORDON

No, Noah.

JESSICA

So, you either spanked Noah for leaving out a dish, or for a crime committed by a pet?

GORDON

I know. It's killing me. This whole thing is not going well.

JUST THEN, JACK RUSHES PAST.

JACK

Pee-pee!

HE HURRIES INTO THE BATHROOM. THE DOOR SHUTS. ROB JUMPS UP.

ROB

Excuse me -- !

HE BOLTS OVER TO THE BATHROOM, THROWS THE DOOR OPEN - WE HEAR THE A TOILET FLUSH. ROB TURNS BACK TO THE GROUP.

JAY

Shake?

ROB

(SADLY) Paper.

JAY

I'm sorry, man.

ROB

Thanks.

SUSAN

So, what are you going to do about
Janey?

ROB

I don't think we have a choice. I
think we have to tell her... what
we were doing. I think we have to
have the talk.

JESSICA

She's *six*. We're not going to
just "have the talk". Besides, we
don't know how long she was
standing there. We don't really
know what she saw.

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE P

INT. ROB AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

JANEY STANDS STARING AT JESSICA'S SIDE OF THE BED WITH HER BROTHERS, NOAH, MEGAN AND SEVERAL OTHER 2-TO-FIVE-YEAR-OLD KIDS.

JANEY

(POINTING) My Daddy was *right*
there!

NOAH

(STUNNED) On your *Mommy's* side of
the bed???

JANEY

(NODS) Uh-huh...

MEGAN

(TOO MUCH TO TAKE) Whoah...

AS THE RUGRAT-ESQUE TABLEAU PONDERES THE ENORMITY:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE Q

INT. ROB AND JESSICA'S CARS - MOVING - NIGHT - INTERCUT

ROB IS DRIVING, DRESSED FOR WORK, TALKING ON THE CELL PHONE.

ROB

So, are you close? We don't want to be late. I don't want to get "the look."

JESSICA

We will not get "the look". I'm turning off Mass Ave right now.

ROB

Good. So, did Janey say anything? Did she bring it up?

JESSICA

Nothing. I dropped her for a playdate at Sophie's and she spent the whole car ride explaining the difference between a gas sound and a poop sound.

ROB

(SIGHS) That is a huge relief. (BEAT) Okay, I'm here. Are you close?

JESSICA

I'm next to you.

ROB

(LOOKS) Oh.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMERSET ELEMENTARY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

THEY GET OUT OF THEIR CARS.

ROB

Hi.

JESSICA

Hi.

THEY KISS. JAY COMES OVER, GIVES THEM THE THUMBS-UP.

JAY

Aced the parent/teacher.

ROB

Congrats. (THEN, NOTICING) Still
driving the wagon?

JAY

Oh yeah. After soccer yesterday,
I swing by Baskin Robbins to get
the kids some ice cream, and all
of a sudden, this blonde starts
checking me out.

ROB

(IMPRESSED) The wagon?

JAY

I'm telling you, the Volvo is a chick
magnet. Like a wedding ring with wheels.

JESSICA

I think that was their slogan in
the early eighties.

JAY

You wanna know what kills me? In the divorce - I traded the house to get the Lexus. The *house*. Now *she* has the house.

ROB

Doesn't seem fair, does it?

JAY

Kills me. (THEN) Oh. How's it going with Janey? Any repercussions?

JESSICA

She hasn't brought it up.

ROB

We do *not* have to have "the talk".

JAY

Wow. Good for you. Dodged a major parenting bullet, there. (THEN) Well, I've gotta fly - I've got a half an hour before I go over to the house and see Christine and I was thinking I might swing by Baskin Robbins on my way.

JAY CLIMBS INTO THE WAGON.

JAY (CONT'D)

Think I'm finally getting the hang of this divorce thing.

HE DRIVES OFF. ON JESSICA AND ROB'S REACTIONS:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE R

INT. MS. GIAMATTI'S CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

JESSICA AND ROB ARE SITING AT A TINY TABLE IN TINY CHAIRS - THEIR KNEES ARE UP AROUND THEIR CHINS. MS. GIAMATTI SITS ACROSS FROM THEM, IN A GROWN-UP SIZED CHAIR.

MS. GIAMATTI

...and then, today, we had the children dictate captions and draw pictures of their families. Here's Janey's. (FLIPPING PAGES, READING) "Sam picks a booger."

JESSICA

(WITH A SHRUG) He does that sometimes...

MS. GIAMATTI

"Jack eats a booger."

ROB

She's very creative.

MS. GIAMATTI

"Janey wears her new pierced earrings."

JESSICA

We told her not until sixth grade, but she's persistent.

MS. GIAMATTI

Mm-hm. And here's "Daddy on Mommy's side of the bed."

MS. GIAMATTI HOLDS UP A PICTURE OF TWO PARENTAL STICK FIGURES - MISSIONARY POSITION. BEAT.

JESSICA

Well, her drawing is really improving. Look at that detail.

MS. GIAMATTI

Mm-hm. And here's Kayla's picture... And Oliver's...

SHE HOLDS UP MORE CRAYON RENDERINGS OF STICK-FIGURE SEX.

MS. GIAMATTI (CONT'D)

Your family was a popular subject today.

ROB

Okay, look. It was an accident. We're really not bad parents. We're certainly not the worst parents you have... It's not like we spank our kids -

ON MS. GIAMATTI'S LOOK:

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE T

INT. THE KELLER'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

ROB AND JESSICA ARE WITH GORDON AND SUSAN SITTING AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER.

GORDON

You told on us?? You *told* on us??

ROB

Did you see the picture?! Look at the picture. How would you feel if Noah walked in on you?

SUSAN

Well, if Noah walked in on us that would mean we'd have to be having sex.

GORDON

Oh, come on. We have sex. We had sex like... (THINKS) Well, not Tuesday, cause we had Chinese food and that just sits in your stomach... And... (REALIZES) How long has it *been*?

SUSAN NODS.

JAY COMES IN THE BACK DOOR.

JAY

Hey. How did your parent-teacher go?

JESSICA

Take a look.

SHE SHOWS HIM JANEY'S PICTURE.

JAY

Nice. I always liked your hair
this way. (BEAT) Guess you'll be
having that talk, huh.

ROB

I don't see what else we can do.
She saw us. She's asking
questions. We can't just lie to
her.

JESSICA

(NODS, THEN) Are you *sure*...?

ROB

Yes. Look. We'll do it together.
It won't be easy. Or *fun*. But
maybe it can be... short.

JESSICA

I just have no idea what we're
going to say.

SUSAN

Tell her what my mother told me.

JESSICA

What was that?

SUSAN

"Ask your friends."

ROB

Her friends are *six*.

SUSAN

Then she won't learn anything you
don't want her to know.

GORDON

(TO ROB) I *still* can't believe you
told on us. It's not like we're
the only one's spanking our kids.

JAY

Actually you are.

GORDON

What?

JAY

I bumped into Greg in Harvard
Square. He and Denise have been
spanking each other. They would
never spank the kids. Apparently
Denise is a Quaker.

SUSAN

(TO Gordon) Nice.

FROM OFF SCREEN, WE HEAR:

JACK (O.S.)

(CALLING) Mommy...!

JESSICA

(CALLING OFF) Coming!

SHE EXITS.

ROB

I think we have to admit it - we
have no idea what we're doing with
any of this.

GORDON

None whatsoever.

JAY

We're winging it!

SUSAN

If I could get my hands on the
bitch who came up with that "you
can have it all" crap...

GORDON

That was your mother.

JESSICA RETURNS WITH JACK.

JESSICA

There was no toilet paper in the
bathroom.

ROB

(PROUDLY) I did that. I said,
"Jack, when you're done, just give a
shake and pull your pants back up."

JESSICA

And he did. (BEAT) It was a
poop. Here.

SHE HANDS HIM JACK. ON ROB'S REACTION:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE U

INT. ROB AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER - THAT NIGHT

JANEY SITS ON THE END OF THE BED. JESSICA SITS NEXT TO HER.
ROB PACES, TRYING TO HAVE "THE TALK".

ROB

...so, anyway, Janey, we know you
want to know... Want to know...

JANEY

Why you were on Mommy's side of
the bed?

ROB

Right. Right. And... we feel
that, since you're six now --

JANEY

-- and a quarter.

ROB

And a quarter - oh god. I think -
we think... that it's time that
you understood that... when a man
and a woman love each other very
much... Well, not only a man and
a woman, sometimes a man and a...
Anyway, when a man and a woman
love each other very much... And
are married...

ROB (CONT'D)

Or not necessarily married, but
definitely grown-ups, sometimes
they need... or want to --

JESSICA

(JUMPING IN) Mommy was cold and
Daddy was keeping her warm.

ROB

(QUICKLY) *That's* it.

JANEY

(SATISFIED) Oh.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE V

INT. ROB AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT

JESSICA'S DOING WORK ON THE BED AS ROB ENTERS.

ROB

They're asleep.

JESSICA

(SMILES) Oh, really...?

ROB

Hold that thought Mrs. Keller...

HE TURNS AND LOCKS THE DOOR, TURNS OFF THE OVERHEAD LIGHT. JESSICA SLIPS UNDER THE COVERS, PULLS OFF HER PANTS, TOSSES THEM OUT. ROB CROSSES TO THE BED, UNBUTTONING HIS SHIRT...

AND THERE'S THE SOUND OF LITTLE HANDS WRESTLING WITH THE LOCKED DOOR KNOB.

ROB (CONT'D)

I have to get that, right?

JESSICA NODS. ROB OPENS THE DOOR - IT'S ALL THREE KIDS, CLUTCHING THEIR BLANKIES AND STUFFED ANIMALS...

SAM

We sleep with you, Dada?

JANEY

We don't want mommy to be cold.

ROB

(SMILES; RESIGNED) No. We don't.

Come on...

THEY ALL CLIMB INTO BED. AS THEY SNUGGLE DOWN UNDER PILES OF KIDS AND STUFFED TOYS, JESSICA LOOKS OVER AT ROB AND WHISPERS:

JESSICA

(WHISPERS) Well... *this* is a
little awkward.

ROB

(WHISPERS) Thong?

JESSICA

Oh yeah...

ON THIS SWEET, IRONIC NOTE:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW