

Unt. Aseem Batra

“Pilot”

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. DREA'S HOUSE -- VERY EARLY MORNING

DALE ROBBINS (early 30's, think Jason Jones) an everyman type, not exactly handsome but cute enough, is propped up on his elbow in bed watching a very pretty woman sleep. This is DREA ANDERSON (early 30's, think Kristen Bell.) She looks perfect -- not a hair out of place -- even in her sleep. Without taking his eyes off her, Dale reaches for his iphone on the night stand and takes a picture. As Drea stirs awake, Dale quickly hides the phone under his pillow.

DREA

Did you just take a picture?

DALE

Psht. No. Why would I do that?

DREA

I heard the little camera sound.

DALE

(caught, confessing)

You're just so pretty in the morning. Your hair is exactly the way it was before we went to bed.

DREA

Aw, that's sweet. I try not to move around too much, so I don't accidentally sleep on my face.

(then)

I'm going hit the treadmill. See you at work, okay?

Drea exits. Dale's phone rings. We split screen to see Dale's unlikely friend, WALLIS (ethnic, 60's, think Gerry Bednob.) He's in silk pj's, lying in a luxurious bed with all silk linens. From his surroundings, we see that he's wealthy. He looks at the picture of Drea that Dale texted.

WALLIS

I can't believe you spent the night with Drea Anderson -- my source for morning news, weather, traffic and big, beautiful cans.

DALE

Hey, watch it. We're officially a couple now, if you can believe it.

WALLIS

Have you told Georgie yet?

DALE

No. Something tells me she's not gonna high-five me the way you did.

WALLIS

That's what you get for being friends with a woman. In my country, men are not allowed to be friends with women.

DALE

That's why in your country, men hold hands with other men.

WALLIS

That's true. I don't miss that.

INT. KNBN NEWSROOM - BREAK ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Dale enters to see Georgie, (early 30's, cute in a quirky way) sitting at a table, scarfing down Cracker Jacks.

GEORGIE

Do you know how much Cracker Jack is down my bra right now? There's something you didn't know about women -- our bras are full of food.

DALE

Women, Georgie? Or just you?

GEORGIE

I'm not sure. Hey, I called you this weekend, you didn't call back.

DALE

I got busy.

GEORGIE

(suspicious)

What's going on with you? You're all squirmy.

DALE

Okay, so, you know how nothing good ever happens to me?

GEORGIE

Yeah.

DALE

Something good happened.

(hesitant beat, then)

When I was working with Drea on the last story we kind of got to know each other, one thing led to another and... we're... dating.

GEORGIE

(a beat, laughs)

Shut up.

(then, off his look)

Really? You and --

Georgie nods to a large poster of the *GOOD MORNING NEWPORT BEACH* team: Drea, NICK HARVEY, a cheesy looking man in his 50's and MISTY MILLER, who is less pretty than Drea and looks like she's trying very hard to make up for it.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

And you didn't even tell me?!

DALE

Come on, I was sweating it. I knew you'd have something to say--

GEORGIE

Please. I so don't.

(beat, then)

She's high maintenance and you're a selfish manchild. I give it two weeks, tops.

DALE

Here we go... and you're wrong, I'm putting in the work for this one.

GEORGIE

You? Puttin' in work? Where's this coming from?

DALE

Honestly?

(ala emotional female)

I want babies, Georgie! God help me, I want babies!

GEORGIE

Can't have a real emotion, can you?

DALE

I prefer not to.

GEORGIE

She definitely won't be cool with--
(indicates both of them)
--this, you know that, right?

DALE

Oh, no, she's fine. She said she's
not at all threatened by you.

GEORGIE

She said that? Well, she should
be threatened by me.
(eats more Cracker Jack)
I'm cute.

DALE

Yeah, maybe she should be. You're
not terrible looking. And I'm sure
you've at least thought about
having sex with me--

GEORGIE

Sure, I've thought about it--

DALE

It's only natural.

GEORGIE

Just like I've thought about
shoving my hand down a running
garbage disposal. It's a
disturbing image that pops into my
head sometimes.

Georgie grins and pops more Cracker Jack in her mouth. Some
of it falls down her shirt, into her bra.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Aw, man. That was a peanut. They
hardly give you peanuts anymore.

Georgie fishes out the peanut and eats it.

DALE

And that is why I've never thought
about having sex with you.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. KNBN STUDIO -- *GOOD MORNING NEWPORT* SET

Drea and her co-anchors Nick and Misty are on set, finishing a taping of *Good Morning Newport Beach*. Drea and Nick are "flirting" as they wrap up the show.

DREA

Don't forget to join us tomorrow when we'll show you how to get J-Lo's smokin' hot look. Wow, Nick, I'd love to get her look!

NICK

I don't know, Drea, do you have the booty for that?

DREA

Oh, I have the booty.

Drea starts doing a "booty dance." Nick air spansks her as she does. Lame dance music kicks in as they do this.

MISTY

J-Lo is totally hot! Say what?!

Misty desperately starts to do a booty dance, but is largely ignored by Nick and Drea, who continue to dance together:

NICK

Have a great morning, everyone!

As the camera pulls back and the taping ends, Drea and Nick drop the dancing on a dime and turn cold toward each other.

DREA

Uch, get away from me.

NICK

Gladly.

They walk to the craft services table for coffee:

NICK (CONT'D)

So, rumor has it you're dating some loser from the newsroom.

DREA

Well, Nick, I thought it was time to start seeing guys my own age instead of old men who are just distracting themselves from death.

NICK

Not sure my twenty-three year old girlfriend would agree with that.

DREA

I guess you can ask her when you give back her jeans.

Drea indicates Nick's jeans, which are indeed comically tight. She turns and struts off. Nick lets out an annoyed sound, then accidentally drops his creamer. He starts to bend down to pick it up, then realizes he can't bend -- yes, his jeans are that tight. He snaps at a nearby crew guy:

NICK

Pick that up.

INT. KNBN BULLPEN - LATER

Georgie and Dale, along with several morning news writers are listening to LAMAR (a heavy set, Barry White looking African-American man) as he sings the weather report.

LAMAR

I CAN FEEL IT, COMING IN THE AIR
TONIGHT/IT'S RAIN!/ THESE A-HOLE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS DON'T KNOW
HOW TO DRIVE WHEN IT'S WET/ STAY
OUT OF THE FAST LANE

GEORGIE

That was beautiful, Lamar. You should totally be our weatherman.

LAMAR

The producers told me I'd cover up too much of the map.

Sarah, a humorless, uptight woman in her 40's pipes up.

SARAH

Uh, moving on -- I'd like to pitch my story on equine AIDS now--

The group lets out a huge, collective groan, with a chorus of protests: "Not another horse pitch!" "Make her stop!" etc.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We can bring in an infected pony!
Everyone loves ponies!

DALE

At least that got us to lunch.

As the group starts to break up, STEVEN, a perky assistant in his 20's walks over holding a piece of paper.

STEVEN

Excuse me, everyone -- Mr. Fitzsimmons' niece is selling Girl Scout cookies, so, if you could help her out by getting a few boxes, he'd really appreciate it.

Steven tacks the paper to a cork board and exits.

DALE

(to Georgie)

Seriously? Fitzsimmons expects us to buy cookies from his spoiled, lazy niece off of a sign up sheet?

GEORGIE

So?

DALE

So what happened to putting in the work? All the other little scouts are going door to door, standing in the cold outside of grocery stores... but not her -- she just has her rich uncle coerce his employees. It's despicable. This is how kids grow up to be horrible, entitled adults. Well, I'm not getting suckered in.

GEORGIE

You're right. It is despicable.
(then, writing down order)
Is six boxes enough?
(off Dale's look)
He's our boss, I'm not an idiot.

LAMAR

You have to get at least one box, man. It's not going to look good.

DALE

I have the balls to stand behind my indignation, don't you worry.

SARAH

You care about the stupidest stuff.

DALE

Yes. Yes, I do, Sarah.

Drea enters the bullpen and walks over to Dale.

DREA
Hi, honey.
(re: sign up sheet)
Oo, is it Girl Scout cookie time?

Drea takes out a pen and starts to write down her order.

DALE
Hold on -- you can't order them
from a sign up sheet. It's wrong.

DREA
Dale, those cookies are the only
treat I allow myself every year. I
don't care where they come from.

Drea pushes past him and writes down her order, then:

DREA (CONT'D)
Should we go to lunch? Georgie can
join us, if she wants.

GEORGIE
Sure, why not? I'll just non-
threateningly tag along.

Dale nudges Georgie as Drea gives her a confused look.

DREA
O-kay. I'll get my bag.

As Drea exits, Dale erases her order from the sign-up sheet.

GEORGIE
What are you doing?

DALE
I told you, I'm not enabling Ted
Fitzsimmons' lazy niece. I'll buy
Drea a couple of boxes from a real,
working class Girl Scout.

INT. CAFÉ - LATER

Drea, Dale and Georgie enter a crowded, seat-your-self café. They walk up to an empty table with only two chairs. Dale turns to a pair of diners who have an extra chair at their table. The woman's handbag is resting on the seat.

DALE
Excuse me -- are you using this chair?

WOMAN

I was.

She grudgingly moves her bag, a sour look on her face.

DALE

I'm so sorry, I hope your handbag
will be okay without a seat.

The woman rolls her eyes at Dale. As he moves the chair:

DALE (CONT'D)

Can you believe that woman?

GEORGIE

Yeah, she was all offended on
behalf of her fake Louis Vuitton,
like it's a person, or something.

DALE

You know what we should do? We
should order a sandwich have it
sent over for the handbag.

Georgie and Dale laugh. Drea isn't so amused.

DREA

I kind of see her point. I always
use a chair for my bag. I can keep
an eye on it and it stays cleaner.

A beat; the mood is killed and they look down at their menus.
The waiter approaches.

WAITER

You guys ready?

DREA

I'll have the mixed salad, no
dressing, just a wedge of lemon.

GEORGIE

Cheeseburger with onion rings.

DALE

Same.

DREA

Yum, you're both getting
cheeseburgers? It's so hard for me
to watch other people enjoy food.
I'm always stuck with a salad.

GEORGIE

That sucks.

DREA

(beat, pointed to Dale)

It's easier to eat healthy if the people around you do, too. But it's fine, I'll just try not to look up while you guys eat.

DALE

(taking the hint)

You know what? I'll get the mixed salad, instead. In solidarity.

DREA

Aw, thanks, honey. That helps.

GEORGIE

(cringing, then to waiter)

Oh, I almost forgot. Could you send a Reuben to that woman's giant handbag?

WAITER

To her... handbag?

DALE

Yeah, it has to be directly to her handbag. And ask it if it would like some extra sauerkraut.

Dale and Georgie both laugh.

DREA

Yeah, we're not doing that.

DALE

(a beat behind)
We're not doing that.

INT. CAFÉ - A LITTLE LATER

Dale picks at his salad, clearly unsatisfied. Drea gets up.

DREA

I'm going to run to the ladies.

DALE

(as she exits, to Georgie)

I'm starving. Give me a bite of your burger.

GEORGIE

I don't think so. You made your bed of lettuce, now lie in it.

DALE

Don't be an ass.

Dale reaches for the burger, Georgie quickly snatches it. As they wrestle over the burger:

GEORGIE

"I'll get the salad, too, honey."
Uch! Honestly, I'm having a hard time respecting your decision to be with this woman.

DALE

Uh -- giant "who cares," Georgie!

GEORGIE

Seriously? You usually crave my respect! I withhold my respect like an emotionally abusive parent!

DALE

Frankly, I can't rest my head on the warm, womanly pillows of your respect, so, don't really need it!

GEORGIE

Get off, she's coming back!

Dale has just managed to grab the burger; frazzled, he shoves it into his blazer pocket as Drea returns and sits down.

DALE

Uh -- I'm gonna hit the john, too.

Dale exits. Drea and Georgie sit in awkward silence, then:

GEORGIE

Let me ask you something. Do you ever get food down your bra?

DREA

No.

GEORGIE

Oh.

INT. CAFÉ -- MEN'S ROOM

Dale pulls the half-eaten cheeseburger out of his pocket and takes a bite. A guy at the urinal looks over, disgusted.

DALE

The girlfriend made me get a salad.

INT. DREA'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- EARLY EVENING

Drea takes a handful of ice from an ice bucket, holds it to her face and lets out a pained cry. Then, turning to Dale:

DREA

I saw Faye Dunaway do that in
Mommie Dearest when I was a kid.
Tightens the pores.

(then)

I don't think Georgie likes me.

DALE

Don't take it personally. Not
liking people is kind of her thing.

DREA

Oh. How charming.
(then, shaking it off)
Want to do some crunches with me?
If I want those Girl Scout cookies,
I'd better get my ass in gear.

DALE

(remembering, hurried)
You know something, I totally
forgot. I can't stay over tonight.
I-- have a story to work on.

DREA

You told me you were done with your
story. What's going on, Dale?

DALE

(searching for excuse)
I -- have to use the bathroom.

DREA

Okay. So, go ahead.

DALE

I can't... do it here. Maybe later
in our relationship. Sorry.

Dale kisses her on the cheek and quickly exits.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT -- A LITTLE LATER

Georgie is in Dale's car. They drive up to the entrance,
where a little GIRL SCOUT sells cookies from a card table.

GEORGIE

You said you couldn't poop at her place?

DALE

She makes me nervous, I couldn't think fast enough!

GEORGIE

Jeez, man. Okay, hurry up, I don't even know why you need me for this.

DALE

I don't know, there's something creepy about a grown man buying cookies from a little girl.

(rolling down window)

Hey, little girl! Can you come here? I want some cookies.

GIRL SCOUT

(walking over)

Hi. I only have Trefoils left, but I'm taking orders and delivering them tomorrow, if that's okay.

DALE

Perfect. And allow me to commend you on your hard work. Some of your fellow scouts are quite lazy.

GIRL SCOUT

Thanks. Um, could you come order over at my table? I'm not supposed to go up to stranger's cars.

DALE

Nah. I don't want to park.

INT. KNBN - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

An all-hands meeting: Dale stands in front of a white board. The talent sits together, across the room from the writers. Drea enters, looks over at the talent, and makes it a point to sit near Dale, instead. She smiles, and he smiles back.

DALE

All right, people. We need to get a nice jump on the Christmas show. Talent, lets hear from you, first--

MR. FITZSIMMONS (O.S.)

Sorry to interrupt, everyone.

They look up to see TED FITZSIMMONS (late 50's), their boss. He's a grandfatherly Dan Rather type, chock full of gravitas.

DALE

Ted. Are you joining us?

MR. FITZSIMMONS

No, I won't be long, I just wanted to say a heartfelt "thanks" to everyone who bought cookies from my niece. She was a top seller and even won a trip to Disneyland.

DALE

Well, she worked hard for it, putting up that sign up sheet.

Dale laughs in an attempt to keep his sarcasm playful. Georgie puts her head in her hand, horrified.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Ah. I am sorry about that. Brittany would have been here to sell the cookies herself--

Just then, Fitzsimmons assistant Steven enters, escorting Brittany (13) -- who is in a motorized wheelchair.

MR. FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

--she just has a hard time getting out of physical therapy. But she did make it over today, so--

Dale is horrified as Brittany wheels in, smiling.

BRITTANY

Hi, everyone. I have cookies!

Sarah feels the need to clap for this. Everyone joins in, awkwardly. Brittany wheels around the room, bumping into chairs as she calls out names and hands out orders. By the end, it's clear that every single person has bought cookies except for Drea and Dale. Brittany approaches them:

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Did I forget you guys?

DREA

Drea Anderson. I have four boxes.

DALE

(small, quietly to Drea)
Uh, no, you don't.

DREA

Yes, I do. I wrote down my order--

DALE

I... erased it.

DREA

You--

SARAH

(not so sotto, to Drea)

He said he didn't want to enable lazy kids. He gave a speech about it, everyone thought it was stupid.

DALE

Nope, not true. Drea and I have a cholesterol issue. Health. Health is the... most important thing.

Dale realizes what he's said and cringes. Just then, the pretty, very ambulatory Girl Scout from earlier enters.

GIRL SCOUT

Hi, the receptionist told me I could find Dale Robbins here?

Dale coughs loudly, trying to obscure what she's saying.

GIRL SCOUT (CONT'D)

Oh, hi! I have your cookies.

Brittany puts her wheelchair in reverse to let the girl by. In what seems like an excruciatingly long process, the Girl Scout unloads an unending number of boxes onto the table.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

(beat)

All right. Thanks again, everyone.

(starts to go, then turns, slightly seething)

Oh, and Dale, about the Christmas show -- try to give it some heart. Obviously not your strong suit, but I can always hand it off to another producer if that proves to be too difficult for you.

As Fitzsimmons exits, everyone stares at a humiliated, rebuked Dale.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KNBN NEWSROOM -- KITCHEN

Drea is chewing out a sheepish Dale.

DREA

I can't believe you erased my name!
Do you know how idiotic I looked?

DALE

I didn't know she was -- I thought
she was a lazy, able-bodied child.

DREA

How could you not know? Ted's been
sending e-mails about his Muscular
Dystrophy fund-raiser for months.
I'm introducing him before his
speech, I told you about it.

DALE

I remember now. Yeah.

DREA

Ted wouldn't even look at me,
thanks to you. Just when I was
starting to make progress with him.
(then)
You know, this is exactly what I
was worried about.

DALE

(trying to lighten mood)
Really? Handicapped Girl Scout?
That's very specific.

DREA

No, Dale. We're just different. I
care about what Ted thinks, because
I want to do more with my life, my
career. You -- you're just this
cynical smart-ass who skates along,
not giving a damn how you look to
people or where you get in life.

DALE

I care! Look how much I cared
about protecting the ethics of the
Girl Scouts!

DREA

I'm not talking about minutia,
Dale. I'm talking about things
grown ups care about.

(wearily)

Can I just have my key back? I
seriously need to cool down before
you come over again.

Drea holds out her hand. Dale reluctantly takes the key from
his blazer pocket and hands it to her. She looks at it.

DREA (CONT'D)

Is that a pickle?

DALE

A pickle? What? No--

GEORGIE

Oh, from when you had the
cheeseburger... in your pocket.

Drea shakes her head in disbelief and walks off in a huff.
Dale shoots Georgie a "thanks a lot" look.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

What? You should wash your jacket!

DALE

I have to fix this. She thinks I'm
some sort of immature jackass, now.

GEORGIE

She's not exactly wrong.

She reaches into a box of Girl Scout cookies and eats one:

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Thin mint? Too soon?

EXT. WALLIS'S HOUSE - LATER

Wallis opens the door to let Dale and Georgie enter.

WALLIS

What can I do for you, my friends?

DALE

I need to borrow your cousin.

WALLIS

The midget? Are you having a
party?

DALE

No, the white guy -- the one in the wheelchair.

GEORGIE

Oh, god. This can't be good.

DALE

I need to get back in with Fitzsimmons, okay? If Drea sees I'm trying with him, she might calm down about all of this.

GEORGIE

Jesus. Your life is like an episode of *I Love Lucy*. And I'm always fat, frumpy Ethel.

DALE

(to Wallis)

Can I have him for next weekend?

WALLIS

We'll have to run it by my aunt. My Caucasian side of the family is very stingy.

INT. WALLIS'S AUNT'S HOUSE - LATER

Lots of plastic covered furniture and ugly tchotchkes. Wallis, Dale and Georgie are talking to Wallis's aunt (85).

GEORGIE

May I have some ice for my Tang?

WALLIS'S AUNT

We don't use ice in this house. It causes sore throats.

DALE

Anyway, as I was saying, I think Bobby would really enjoy the evening. There's going to be great food, gift bags, karaoke--

WALLIS'S AUNT

Does that sound like something you'd enjoy, Bobby honey?

ANGLE ON a overweight, unshaven man (45) in a wheelchair.

BOBBY

What kind of food?

DALE

It's a prime rib buffet.

BOBBY

Open bar?

DALE

Yes sir. Top shelf.

BOBBY

Yeah. I need to think about it...

WALLIS

Come on, man! What have you got going on, anyway?!

BOBBY

Shut up, Wallis! I have Netflix I need to watch, what do you know?!

WALLIS'S AUNT

Kids! Stop it, right now! I don't want to hear any bickering!

Wallis and Bobby eye each other, angrily.

GEORGIE

Ooo-kay then.

BOBBY

Fine. Iron my Tommy Bahama shirt, Mom -- I guess I can check it out.

DALE

Great! I'll pick you up Saturday at six.

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale, in a suit, enters the crowded event, pushing Bobby in his wheelchair. Bobby wears a red shirt with a tropical print -- he looks like he's going to a Jimmy Buffet concert.

DALE

Great shirt. Lots of... parrots.

Georgie walks over.

GEORGIE

Okay. Fitzsimmons is over by the chocolate fountain.

(MORE)

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

And, I really don't see why I had to get here a half-hour early to gather that info for you.

Dale turns to see Drea marching toward him.

DREA

What are you doing here, Dale?

DALE

Attending my boss's event. I know you don't believe it, but I do care about the same things you care about. Excuse me, I should mingle.

Dale wheels Bobby toward Fitzsimmons; Georgie follows. Drea stays out of sight but in earshot, curious but apprehensive. Dale nods to Georgie, who has obviously been coached by him:

GEORGIE

Hi, Mr. Fitzsimmons, hi Brittany!

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Hello, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Um, Mr. Fitzsimmons, I was just wondering if all the emergency exits here are handicap accessible?

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Well, yes, Georgie. It's a benefit for people in wheelchairs.

Dale "casually" strolls by with Bobby and Georgie stops him.

GEORGIE

Oh, Dale, you have nothing to worry about. The exits are all safe.

DALE

Perfect. That eases my mind.

(feigning surprise)

Oh, Ted! Good to see you. Ted, I'd like you to meet my dear friend, Bobby.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Bobby. Nice to meet you.

DALE

I thought he'd enjoy tonight. It's such a great, great cause.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

It is. Glad you could make it.

DALE

You know, I was just thinking, "I hope we run into Brittany." I think Bobby and she have a lot in common.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Well... she's thirteen.

DALE

Show her your phone, Bobby.

ANGLE ON Bobby, who is "parked" near Brittany.

BOBBY

Red iphone. Got it special made.

BRITTANY

Cool.

BOBBY

(long silence, then)

So, where can a guy get a drink in this dump?

Dale quickly wheels Bobby away from Brittany with his foot.

DALE

Uh, listen, Ted, I just wanted to apologize for the cookie thing the other day.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

I hope you know there was never any obligation to buy from Brittany--

DALE

No, please, I was just joking about the sign-up sheet. And I'd like to make a donation tonight, of course.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Well, thank you, Dale. And it's good to see you here. You don't usually show up to these things.

DALE

What? No, I'm pretty sure I do--

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Not really. But it's nice that you finally made it out. It's good for team-building, don't you think?

DALE

Absolutely. That's why I'm here.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

I certainly appreciate it. And I can take that check, if you'd like.

Dale looks worried -- he has no intention of donating.

DALE

Oh right, I'd -- like to donate anonymously. Taking credit has no place in charity, I always say.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

Sure. Whatever you'd like.

A beat. Mr. Fitzsimmons extends a hand to Dale, who shakes it. Drea, who's still hanging back, takes note.

MR. FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me, I just want to go over the notes for my speech.

Mr. Fitzsimmons smiles cordially and walks off, with Brittany following. Dale happily approaches Drea.

DALE

Did you see the handshake?

DREA

(small smile)

I saw the handshake.

DALE

See? I'm not the cynical ass you think I am. Right?

DREA

(softening)

I know. I was just really embarrassed the other day. Maybe I overreacted a little.

(then, re: Bobby, who's out of earshot)

So, who's your friend?

DALE

Some guy. I don't really know him.
(off her horrified look)
I'm kidding! Jeez. Benefit of the
doubt, much? Come on, I'll
introduce you.

As Dale leads Drea over to Bobby:

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Dale stands with Bobby and Drea; he is talking and laughing
with his co-workers, exuding warmth and charm.

DALE

...and now you know. Drea and I
fell for each other while
researching the very romantic story
of a chimp who can dance to "Put A
Ring On It." Bobby's heard this
story a million times!

The co-workers laugh as Dale puts his hand on Bobby's
shoulder. Bobby gives him a look and Dale quickly moves it.
Dale smiles, satisfied with his newfound, benevolent image.

DALE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, everyone, I'm going to
freshen up Bobby's drink.
(to Drea)
Honey? Another white wine?

Drea smiles and nods. Dale wheels Bobby toward the bar.

DALE (CONT'D)

Bobby, my man, you're making me
look good.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? Why's that?

DALE

(awkward beat, then)
Comic timing, buddy. You're -- the
Jerry Lewis to my Dean Martin.

BOBBY

(flatly)
Super. I've got to go to the
bathroom.

DALE

Sure. It's just past the bar.

BOBBY

Hello? I can't go by myself.

DALE

(nervously, realizing)

You -- can't go by yourself? Isn't that what those silver bars in the handicap stall are for?

Off Bobby's look, Dale reluctantly wheels him off:

INT. HOTEL - MEN'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dale, uncomfortable, pushes Bobby up to a urinal.

DALE

What do I do? Help you stand up?

BOBBY

I don't have to use the urinal.

DALE

So... what does that mean, exactly--

BOBBY

Listen, man, I've had about two pounds of prime rib. Neither of us is going to be too happy if I have to keep explaining this.

DALE

Fine. Let's do this thing.

Dale pushes Bobby to a stall, where he struggles to lift him out of the chair. Bobby's weight proves to be more than Dale expected, and he goes barrelling backwards, with Bobby falling against him.

BOBBY

Prop me against the stall!

Dale does this, and Bobby grabs the top of the stall.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Okay! Get my pants!

Dale starts to undo his pants, then stops, disgusted.

DALE

(quickly)

You know what? I can't -- you've got this, man. I believe in you. I'll be outside if you need me.

BOBBY

Hey!

Dale rushes out. Bobby struggles to slide his hands along the top of the stall, pushing himself toward the toilet:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Dale is standing outside of the bathroom when Drea walks up.

DREA

Hey, I'm about to introduce Ted.

Dale looks toward the bathroom door, then:

DALE

Great. I'm right behind you.

Drea smiles and Dale walks in front of the stage, where Drea has moved up to the podium. She speaks into the mic:

DREA

May I have your attention?
(people turn to listen)
Tonight is a very special night.
We've come together in support of
the many people suffering from a
tragic, progressive disease --

Suddenly, from O.S., there's a commotion, and we hear:

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hey! Somebody help! Hello?!

The crowd turns toward the shouting. Dale looks concerned.

INT. HOTEL -- MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted Fitzsimmons leads the guests into the bathroom. He kicks the stall door open and we ANGLE ON Bobby, who has fallen and is wedged in between the toilet and the side of the stall.

BOBBY

I'm stuck!

LAMAR

Oh my god!

Lamar covers his mouth and starts softly crying, in a panic.

MR. FITZSIMMONS
Hold it together, Lamar.

Dale pushes through the crowd. Bobby spots him.

BOBBY
Thanks for leaving me, jackass.
I told you I couldn't go alone!

DREA
(sotto, gritted teeth)
What's going on, Dale?

DALE
(lamely)
I wanted to show him that he's no
different just because he can't use
his legs. That's what friends do!

BOBBY
We're not friends! My cousin
loaned me to him for the night,
like a blazer or a pair of shoes!

MR. FITZSIMMONS
(sharply)
Dale. Step back. We've got this.
(turning)
Lamar? Nick? Help me out?

Dale steps back. Mr. Fitzsimmons, Lamar and Nick move in
toward Bobby and get a grip on him.

MR. FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I'll push on his shoulders, you
fellows try and pull him out.
Carefully. One, two, three!

The guys pull Bobby by the arms, but it's no use. He's
wedged in. They pull again. Still nothing.

MR. FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I can't quite lift him up enough.

Just then, Brittany wheels through. She's carrying a rope.

BRITTANY
Uncle Ted, I think I can help.
(then)
I always have rope with me, it's a
Girl Scout thing. If you tie it
under his arms and around my chair,
I might be able to hoist him up.

MR. FITZSIMMONS

It's worth a try, Brit.

Fitzsimmons ties the rope as Brittany instructed. Georgie, wide-eyed, pulls out her iphone and starts filming as Brittany puts her chair in reverse. The wheels spin and slowly Bobby is hoisted up enough so that the men are able to grab him and pull him out of the tight space. A beat. Sarah applauds, and as before, and everyone joins in, awkwardly. Dale quietly backs out of the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - LATER

The party is back in full swing; a Misty is singing karaoke in the background. Georgie and a despondent Dale are sitting at a table alone.

GEORGIE

So -- Drea is pretty pissed. Not to mention Fitzsimmons. I don't think you'll be producing that Christmas show, now.

(bad British accent)

Not bloody likely.

(off Dale's look)

Sorry.

DALE

He's forty-five years old. And it was number two.

GEORGIE

Maybe this is a good thing. I mean, I've been biting my tongue about you and Miss Perky Face--

(off Dale's look)

--okay, I wasn't biting that hard. But honestly? I don't get it.

DALE

Why would you? She's beautiful and great... and I'm an idiot.

GEORGIE

Yeah... but you're a nice idiot.

(then)

Hey, forget about tonight. You know what you need? Tacos. Big, gross, roach coach tacos.

DALE

(despondent)

Yeah. Okay. What else am I doing?

GEORGIE
(noting his emotion)
Wow. You really like this woman,
don't you?

The look on Dale's face says it all.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to go grab my stuff, then
we can get out of here.

Dale nods indifferently and Georgie walks off.

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Georgie sits next to Drea, who's at a table, alone. Beat:

GEORGIE
Crazy night, huh?

DREA
No kidding.

GEORGIE
(long beat, then)
As stupid as that was, he was just
doing it for you, you know.

DREA
What?

GEORGIE
I'm just saying, I'm his best
friend, and I've never seen Dale
work this hard for anyone.

DREA
You're his best friend, huh?

GEORGIE
Are you threatened?

DREA
Not really.

GEORGIE
Oh.

DREA
I know you're looking out for Dale,
but you can't talk someone into
being with another person if it's
not right.

GEORGIE

I know.

(then)

Can I ask you something?

DREA

If this is about food in my underwear, I'm still good.

GEORGIE

Ha, no. I was just wondering, why did you ever give Dale a chance? I mean, you're... you, and he's... sort of an idiot.

DREA

Yeah. But, he's a nice idiot.

GEORGIE

Yeah.

DREA

That's already a huge improvement over any man I've ever been with.

GEORGIE

That bad?

DREA

That bad.

Georgie gives her a sympathetic nod. It's a tiny moment of connection between them -- a glimmer that Drea is only human.

GEORGIE

At least Bobby managed to get his pants back on before he fell, right?

Drea shoots Georgie a look and the relationship is reset.

INT. HOTEL -- BANQUET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie walks over to Dale, holding her coat and bag.

GEORGIE

'K, let's go.

("Cabbage Patch" dance)

Taco truck! Taco truck!

DALE

Stop that. And if you ask anyone if they know your housekeeper again, I'm leaving you there.

GEORGIE

Why?! Lopita has over a hundred
cousins, it's not a stretch.

DREA (O.S.)

Dale.

They look up to see Drea.

DREA (CONT'D)

Can you drive me home?

DALE

(surprised)

You -- want me to?

DREA

I'm not exactly thrilled with you,
you know that.

(then, softening, shooting
Georgie a look)

But, I know you were doing it for
me, so -- we can talk about it.

Dale smiles, puts his arm around Drea and they start to exit.
He turns and shoots Georgie a victorious look. In the
background, Lamar starts singing "Just the Way You Are" at
the Karaoke machine. Georgie puts on her coat to go, too:

LAMAR

DON'T GO CHANGING/ TO TRY AND
PLEASE ME/ YOU NEVER LET ME DOWN
BEFORE/ DON'T IMAGINE YOU'RE TOO
FAMILIAR/ AND I DON'T SEE YOU
ANYMORE

As Georgie waves to Lamar and turns to leave, she surprised
to bump into Dale; he's slightly breathless, as if he's run
back in to quickly take care of one last, important thing:

DALE

Hey -- let's get those tacos
tomorrow, okay? All I can think
about now is eating sloppy pork
with gang members.

GEORGIE

Sure. Tomorrow.

Dale smiles one of those "I haven't forgotten our friendship"
smiles, and rushes off. A beat. Georgie leaves, alone.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- TACO TRUCK -- NIGHT

Georgie sits with Bobby at a table with some rough-looking guys, chowing down on tacos.

GEORGIE

Good, right? See, it's not a total loss that Dale forgot to give you a ride home.

BOBBY

It worked out okay. But he's still an a-hole.

GEORGIE

He can be, I know. And I'm sorry about that.

BOBBY

I like you, though.

GEORGIE

Aww, well thank you, Bobby.

They eat happily for a moment. Suddenly, Bobby stops chewing.

BOBBY

Uh -- I have to go to the bathroom.

Georgie's eyes go wide, and we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW