

DATE NIGHT

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CLAIRE FOSTER, 30's, ASLEEP next to her husband PHIL FOSTER, 40's. Their 7 YEAR-OLD SON, OLIVER, comes padding in.

OLIVER

Dad. Mom.

(beat)

Mom!

CLAIRE

(eyes closed)

Hi, honey.

PHIL

(motionless)

Morning, Ollie.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Can I have breakfast?

PHIL

(92% asleep)

Just give us one second...
make...brkfst...

Then their cute but somewhat feral 5 YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, CHARLOTTE, comes bounding in, and launches herself onto the bed.

CLAIRE

Charlotte...no...

She keeps jumping up and alternately landing hard on their prone bodies--

CHARLOTTE

Mommy and Daddy! I. Love. You!

CLAIRE

Wow-- where'd you get all those elbows?

PHIL

(eyes closed)

And boy are they sharp-- Charlotte,
honey, daddy will get you breakfast in
just one second, okay?

Charlotte RIPS OFF the BreatheRight strip on Phil's nose. He BOLTS UPRIGHT.

PHIL (CONT'D)

--yeeeah! Or now. We can do breakfast
now.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

Claire and Phil swing their legs out of opposite sides of the bed, both trying to wake up. Phil rubs his eyes and looks at the clock.

It's 4:57 A.M.

CLAIRE

Here we go.

PHIL

It begins.

And so do our CREDITS, rolling over...

2

INT. FOSTER KITCHEN - MORNING

2

Claire, still in her pajamas, sleepily makes breakfast. Oliver sits at the table, coloring. Charlotte stands on her chair, holding a SpongeBob Squarepants doll in her mouth and shaking it around like a dog.

OLIVER

Mom, I want pizza for breakfast!

CLAIRE

Nope.

(then, without turning
around)

Char, get off the chair.

CHARLOTTE

No way!

CLAIRE

Charlotte, I am going to count to
three. One--

CHARLOTTE

No mom!

CLAIRE

Two...

CHARLOTTE

MOM!

CLAIRE

Three!

Charlotte climbs down off her chair. Claire smiles as Phil enters, hair wet.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Works every time.

PHIL
I'll start on the lunches, why don't
you...

He gestures upstairs. Claire nods, puts the plates in front of the kids, and exits.

3 INT. FOSTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

Rubbing her eyes, Claire enters the bathroom and BANGS HER HIP on an OPEN DRAWER under the sink. She winces and looks up to see nearly EVERY SINGLE CABINET and DRAWER open.

4 INT. FOSTER KITCHEN - MORNING

4

Claire enters wearing a casual dress for work. Phil applies peanut butter to a piece of bread. Claire grabs another knife.

CLAIRE
Thanks for getting it started for me--

PHIL
Oh. Okay. You sure you don't want me
to--

Claire quickly but expertly slaps the sandwiches together.

CLAIRE
No I got it. Ollie won't eat it if the
jelly bleeds over. It'll be easier if I
just do it.
(then, over her shoulder)
Zip me?

PHIL
Sure.

He dries his hands, as she wordlessly CLOSES all of the CABINETS and DRAWERS Phil has left open, as well as the CEREAL BOX. He comes up close behind her, zips her up. Despite the intimate proximity of their bodies, their minds are elsewhere...

CLAIRE
(holding her hair)
You'll be home your regular time?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
(zipping)
Should be.
(looking off)
Oliver, you turn right back around and
go brush your teeth.

He steps away. Claire lets her hair down and turns toward him.

CLAIRE
Thanks.
(off his tie)
Wait, come here, you're crooked.

She starts to adjust his tie. Like the zipping up of her dress, what might be an intimate moment is perfunctory. In fact, Claire is not even looking at Phil. She's distracted by something on the ceiling.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(looking up)
Ugh, that plaster's really cracking.
We have to get that leak fixed. Have
you--

PHIL
Yep. Next Tuesday.

CLAIRE
And the spiders--

PHIL
Called the guy.

Phil picks up his briefcase, remembers something.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh. And you were gonna mail the--?

CLAIRE
(holding up letter)
Got it. See you tonight.

They give each other The Quick Kiss.

PHIL
Bye.

A franchised tax planning office. Phil sits at a DESK.
Across from him is a YOUNG COUPLE.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PHIL

Okay, it looks like we can get you a refund of about \$600.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sweet! We should go kiteboarding in Spain! Wouldn't that be sexy?

PHIL

You know what's even sexier than that?
(holds up complicated form)
Starting a Roth IRA...

YOUNG MAN

(to young woman, ignoring Phil)
We're going to do it on the beach like twenty times!

The young woman nods enthusiastically. Phil watches them, smiling thinly.

6 EXT. LARGE NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

6

Claire walks out of a nice house with a 30's COUPLE.

CLAIRE

(checks her file)
The house was originally listed at one-point-eight million, but now it's...three hundred and twenty thousand.

HOUSE-HUNTING MAN

You know, I think it might come down more...

Claire smiles and nods patiently. Long day.

7 INT. FOSTER FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

7

A tired Claire, back in casual dress, sits on the couch working on her laptop. Oliver and Charlotte are there, playing.

CHARLOTTE

(whiny)
Mom, this Pocket Polly's shirt won't come off!

Still working the laptop with one hand, Claire one-hands the Polly Pocket, pulling its shirt off. Charlotte smiles, goes back to playing. Phil enters, weary.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Hey, family.

He plops down on the floor with the kids. Immediately:

OLIVER

Daddy, come play Legos with me!

PHIL

I will, Ollie. Just let me fall deeply asleep for ninety seconds first. Then I'm all yours.

Phil closes his eyes for a few beats. Just as the tension of the day ever so slightly starts to drain from his face --- RAP RAP RAP! -- he is startled by someone knocking on their sliding glass door. KATY (20, a little hipster-y), their neighbor, opens the glass doors and enters.

KATY

Fosters. What's up.

PHIL

Katy, hi. Everything okay next door?

KATY

Yeah, of course. Wait, you guys still need me to babysit, right? Isn't it date night?

Phil and Claire shoot each other a look. They've both totally forgotten. Claire stands up, a little thrown off.

CLAIRE

Yes! Date night. Of course.

PHIL

Our date night is here. Thank you for coming, Katy. For date night.

KATY

Are you two okay?

CLAIRE

Sure.

(to Phil)

Uh, listen, honey, if you're too tired--

PHIL

What? No. I've been looking forward to this all day. Unless, you're too tired--

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

CLAIRE

No. It'll be fun, right? We should go. I'll just get changed.

Claire starts for the bedroom.

PHIL

Maybe we don't get changed. Then we can get back sooner and...and you look great! Katy, doesn't Mrs. Foster look great?

KATY

Sort of.

CLAIRE

Okay. Let's go. Bye guys. Katy, no Spongebob for Charlotte, it makes her aggressive. Love you! Home soon!

KATY

Have a good time.

END CREDITS.

8

INT. FOSTER CAR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

8

Phil and Claire get into Phil's Camry. Phil starts to put the keys in the ignition, then...

CLAIRE

Actually, I need to go pee. Sorry.

Claire opens the door to the car.

PHIL

Wow. Just came on, huh?

CLAIRE

Yeah. It's weird how it always happens when I get in the car.

PHIL

That is weird.

Claire gets out, closes the door. Phil watches her go, thrumming his hands on the steering wheel.

9

INT. FOSTER CAR - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

9

Phil and Claire ride in their Camry. Silence, then...

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Oh, look-- they're putting in a new gym over there.

PHIL

Yeah, I saw that. I was thinking maybe I would start working out again.

CLAIRE

You always feel better when you do. Did Ollie sound sick to you?

PHIL

I don't know. They're always sick.

More silence. Then...

PHIL (CONT'D)

Some cardio at least. Elliptical, stair master, something.

More silence.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Very excited about this movie.

CLAIRE

Me, too -- we gonna make it?

PHIL

"Are we gonna make it?" Of course, we're gonna make it. I'm taking the back roads. Secret Phil Foster shortcut.

CLAIRE

Really? Because I think if you go straight--

Too late. Phil hangs a left. The GPS immediately pipes up in her calm, condescending, almost British voice:

GPS

Recalculating route. Make a U-turn if possible.

CLAIRE

You... missed a turn.

PHIL

Nah, she doesn't know what she's talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Yeah. Probably not.

(beat)

I mean, it's not like she's a computer.
With a computerized map. For a brain.

PHIL

It gets confused on the back roads.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah? The computer gets confused?
Does she?

GPS

Approaching U-turn. Make a U-turn--

PHIL

Don't worry, we'll make the 7:15.

EXT. MULTIPLEX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

At the four-plex in Paramus, New Jersey, Phil and Claire stand under the marquee--

CLAIRE

...so let's see what's at 7:45.

-- the names of all four movies in front of them. (They have, of course, missed the 7:15.)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hmm. Looks like all that's left is the cop thing with Ed Harris. Why is it always with Ed Harris?

PHIL

It's actually supposed to be pretty good.

CLAIRE

Honey, I know you love those movies but I can't follow those things. Ten minutes in I'll have no idea what's happening.

PHIL

Okay, well, um, you wanna skip the movie? Just do dinner?

CLAIRE

Works for me.

12 INT. TEANECK TAVERN - NIGHT

12

A "quaint" suburban bar and grill. The WAITER walks over with two DISHES.

WAITER

Okay, Fosters. Potato skins and salmon. Enjoy.

PHIL

Thanks, Mike.

He leaves. They have a few more bites, then...

CLAIRE

Oh, hey, Sunday? Ollie's friend, Hayden, has a birthday party.

PHIL

Bowling?

CLAIRE

(shakes her head)
Clown bus.

PHIL

What does that even mean?

CLAIRE

I don't know. But they said wear stuff you don't mind getting wet.

Phil winces.

PHIL

Am I getting the present?

CLAIRE

Yeah, but nothing from China, nothing with batteries.

(then)

You know what? I'll just get it, it's easier.

PHIL

Okay. Hey, do we have book club next Thursday night?

CLAIRE

Yeah. The book's about girls going through puberty in Afghanistan, in case you don't read it.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
I'll read it.

CLAIRE
Okay.

They eat for a few beats in silence. Phil looks around the restaurant, sees a COUPLE having an AWKWARD DINNER.

PHIL
(gestures)
Over there. What's the story?

Claire subtly glances over. This is a game they play a lot.

CLAIRE
Third date. First one was okay.
Second was bad. She's giving him one
last chance to prove he's not boring.

PHIL
And he is not succeeding.

Phil starts "speaking" as the boring guy on the date.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(weird voice)
"I like to collect different types of
soda cans."

Claire picks up the game.

CLAIRE
(weird voice)
"That's great, Jeremy. I should get
home before Idol starts."
(gestures, normal voice)
What's the story?

Phil casually glances behind him at an OLDER COUPLE, 60's,
who eat in silence.

PHIL
Second marriage for both...18 years
in...she's going to realize the whole
thing was a mistake riiiiiiiiiiiiight...
now.

At that moment the woman happens to get up and head to the
bathroom. Phil takes a mini-bow at the table. Claire's
impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Wow. That was--

PHIL

I know. It's a gift.

CLAIRE

How about them? What's the story?

She motions to a YOUNG COUPLE sitting on the same side of the booth, staring at each other googly-eyed.

PHIL

Wow. First date?

CLAIRE

Nope, she's got a ring on. They both do.

PHIL

Married?! No way. They're sitting on the same side of the booth. That's not married. That's not even practical. I mean, how do you talk? Craning your neck the whole time.

CLAIRE

Those are definitely wedding rings.

The couple starts MAKING OUT. Phil and Claire both gape.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh come on! This is a family place!

Just then the waiter walks over.

WAITER

Any dessert tonight? Coffee?

Phil looks at the dessert menu, considering the options.

PHIL

What do you think, hon?

CLAIRE

I'm actually so tired that if I rested my head on this table--

PHIL

--you'd sleep for a year. Me, too.

(to the waiter)

Just the check, please.

13 EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - NIGHT 13

The car pulls up and parks in the drive.

14 INT. FOSTER HOUSE - KITCHEN- NIGHT 14

Claire puts fresh coffee in the filter and sets the timer to 5:00 AM. She heads into...

15 INT. FOSTER FAMILY ROOM- CONTINUOUS 15

Phil is watching the 10 o'clock News...

PHIL

Just wanted to catch sports...

NEWSCASTER VOICE

...where earlier today, District Attorney Frank Crenshaw gave a press conference...

16 ON THE SCREEN: D.A. FRANK CRENSHAW stands at a news conference podium, holding a broom. 16

NEWSCASTER VOICE

...announcing a new initiative to clean up New York's streets.

CRENSHAW

I made this city a promise. To sweep its streets clean. And let me tell you something folks: this broom and I? We don't break our promises!

CLAIRE

Ugh, brooms don't make promises. And do we really need our elected officials to be carrying around props?

PHIL

This guy has a real Jeff Goldblum thing going on. I can't tell if he's handsome or disgusting.

CLAIRE

(yawns)
I'm heading up.

PHIL

Okay. Give me five minutes.

Claire exits.

17

INT. FOSTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

Claire is in a t-shirt and sweats. She pulls back the cover on the bed, then pulls a mouth-guard out of a plastic case and puts it in.

PHIL

Oh.

CLAIRE

(garbled)

Oh what?

PHIL

It's just...you put your mouth-guard in. That means, you know...we're not gonna...

CLAIRE

(more garbled)

We can still fool around!

Claire reaches into her mouth with both hands and starts to pull her mouth-guard out. It's a little spitty. But she smiles good-naturedly at him.

PHIL

I mean, only if you're into it...

CLAIRE

Uh...yeah, lemme just hit the lights.

PHIL

You know, if you don't wanna...that's completely cool too.

CLAIRE

Really? Because I'm super full and Charlotte's gonna have me up in like six hours. Maybe if we kept it uptown...?

PHIL

You know what? Another night.

Both get into bed. Phil reaches into his night-stand and pulls out a BREATHE-RIGHT STRIP which he carefully applies to his nose. Claire puts her mouth-guard back in. They both shut off their lights.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CLAIRE
(garbled)
Goodnight.

They roll to their separate sides of the bed, face opposite ways, and prepare for sleep, as we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.

18 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - TEANECK - NIGHT

18

Claire, Phil, and five other WOMEN, including HALEY, hold copies of "AND IN THE MORNING WE WALK WITH THE BIRDS OF CHANGE," an Oprah's Book Club-looking paperback.

Phil is holding the book open in his lap and reading aloud to the group. He is very, very uncomfortable.

PHIL
(reading)
"Nasrin's feet and tender breasts ached as she tramped though the unforgiving terrain. Blood trickled down her leg to the ground, leaving one bright red spot of life amidst unending emptiness."

WENDY
Thank you for reading aloud, Phil.
(out to group)
This part really spoke to me. I mean, walking 20 miles to get water, and then to suddenly realize you're menstruating...

HALEY
Oh my God. I could not stop crying.

WENDY
Me too. I literally could not stop crying.

CLAIRE
Me too. Literally.

WENDY
I mean literally. I literally could not stop crying.

PHIL
It was quite sad.

(CONTINUED)

HALEY

"Quite sad?"

Claire jumps in to save Phil.

CLAIRE

Actually, he means...it was very moving.

WENDY

(to Phil, lip quivering)
You have no idea what it's like...to be a teenage girl, having your first period under Taliban rule...

PHIL

Uh, I'm pretty sure you don't either.

Brad enters to save Phil.

BRAD

Hey, Phil. Can you help me with something out in the garage?

PHIL

(almost cutting him off)
Yes please thank you.

They head out.

A converted rec room -- ping pong table, old couches, etc. Brad hands Phil a beer and they drink.

PHIL

Thanks for the save.

BRAD

I don't know why you still agree to do book club.

PHIL

That's marriage, right? You have to do stuff you don't want to do.

BRAD

Not me, not anymore.

Phil looks at him, confused.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Haley and I are splitting up.

PHIL

...What? But... you guys are happy.

BRAD

No, Phil, we're not. We used to be. I think -- it's hard to remember. It's possible we were just drunk a lot.

PHIL

(realizing)

So what are we doing here? Why are we still having book club -- in your house?

BRAD

The kids don't know yet. In fact, please don't tell anyone until we go public next week. Not even Claire.

PHIL

What happened? Is there...did you--?

BRAD

No. Nothing like that. I actually thought things were fine. But then Haley started getting kind of distant, and eventually she told me that she was, and I'm quoting here, "Strangling in the noose of sameness."

(shaking head)

It's poetic, at least.

PHIL

Don't give her too much credit. That's the title of the book we read last week.

BRAD

You know, at first I was pissed, but then I kind of got what she meant. It all gets so routine, you know? Sometimes it's like we're not even a couple anymore. We're just like... really... excellent... roommates.

PHIL

Look, sure, sometimes it feels like that. But that's why you have to work at it. You have to keep things fresh. Like Claire and I, once a week, every week, we have a date night. And it really helps--

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

Brad snort-laughs at that one.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What?

BRAD

Nothing. Forget it.

(off Phil's look)

Haley and I...did "date night" twice a week.

PHIL

Really.

BRAD

Yeah. But don't -- I'm not trying to scare you. Ours weren't really even "dates." We just ended up talking about the kids, work, or stuff we had to do for the rest of the week. I'm sure yours are better.

Phil reels.

PHIL

You know what? I'm sure Haley's hurting. I just know she's gonna change her mind.

20

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

20

CUT TO A CLOSE UP OF A RADIANT HALEY

HALEY

Best fucking decision I ever made.

Claire sips wine in the kitchen as Haley cleans up. Claire looks stunned. Haley is GLOWING.

HALEY (CONT'D)

Seriously, I have never been happier. I can do anything I want. I can go out dancing and take my top off and make out with three guys at the same time.

CLAIRE

Three? I can only think of jobs for two.

(beat)

Oh -- got it.

(CONTINUED)

HALEY

Please don't tell anyone yet -- not even Phil. We're keeping it quiet until we tell the kids.

CLAIRE

I just don't understand how this happened.

HALEY

It all sort of went into auto pilot, you know? When Brad and I started out, it was exciting. Me and him against the world. But then you get some money, you get the kids, and the whole thing just becomes so goddamned...predictable.

CLAIRE

Predictable? How about *stable*? That's a good thing, right?

HALEY

Brad hasn't done anything that surprises me in fifteen years. I mean, is it possible to know each other too well? Like, I know that croutons make him gag and he knows that if I have five glasses of wine, I'm going to try to make out with a black guy.

Claire reacts.

HALEY (CONT'D)

We're just ambling along...same conversations, same schedule... having sex in the same position once a week...

CLAIRE

You guys were having sex once a week?

HALEY

I know. It was that rare.

CLAIRE

Yes. "Rare." Is why I was surprised.
(then)

Anyway, there's no such thing as a perfect marriage. There's only two people who love each other and want the same things and are willing to work at it.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

Haley looks at Claire, shakes her head. Brandishes the book.

HALEY

You're like poor little Nasrin, Claire.

CLAIRE

I am not like Nasrin!

HALEY

Yes you are. You're ashamed of how vibrant you are. You need to walk among the birds.

CLAIRE

I actually...didn't really understand that metaphor. And Phil makes me feel vibrant. We're going on a date tomorrow night, as a matter of fact.

HALEY

Great. Enjoy the potato skins and salmon.

This LANDS on Claire. Haley grabs her arms.

HALEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Walk among the birds!

Off Claire's look--

21

INT. FOSTER'S CAR - NIGHT

21

Phil and Claire drive home, each lost in the quiet of their own thoughts. They both want to say something, almost do, but then end up driving on in silence.

22

INT. FOSTER BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

22

Claire does her makeup in the mirror. She's more dressed up than usual. More mascara, a danglier earring. She hears the car door close outside.

23

INT. FOSTER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DUSK

23

Phil walks in, throws down his coat. Claire stands on the stairs. He doesn't notice anything different.

PHIL

Hi, sweetheart.

He kisses her cheek and heads down the hall.

24 INT. FOSTER FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

The kids play with Katy at the coffee table.

PHIL

Hey Katy. Hey guys, what'd you learn in school today?

OLIVER

Nothing.

PHIL

Well, I'm going to have to talk to your teacher about that.

CLAIRE

(in the doorway)

Honey, we should get going. Did you wanna change first?

PHIL

Nah, I think, I'm good to--

Phil stops when he finally NOTICES Claire all dressed up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Whoah.

CLAIRE

(self-conscious)

I just...threw this on. It's stupid, I'll go--

PHIL

No. You look...great. And actually, I think I do wanna change. In fact, I wanna take a shower.

CLAIRE

We'll miss the movie.

PHIL

(an idea forming)

How about no movie. How about I'm taking you for dinner in the city.

CLAIRE

We don't have to--

PHIL

Yes. We do. I'll be down in ten minutes.

(pauses on the stairs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're going to that new seafood place you read about.

CLAIRE

Claw? It's impossible to get in. And the city's so far away...

PHIL

It's not that far. Don't you tell all your prospective clients the city is 20 minutes away?

CLAIRE

Yeah, by rocket ship. By car it's an hour.

PHIL

(hurrying up the stairs)

If we leave in ten minutes, we can be in the city by 6:15, get a table no problem...

25

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

25

Phil and Claire listening to music, both in good spirits. He hangs a right, causing the GPS lady to intervene:

GPS

In one mile, make a right onto Route Seventeen...

PHIL

No way, lady. I got a dinner to get to. I'm taking the Parkway to 23. Way faster.

CLAIRE

It's because it's a woman's voice. If this thing had John Madden's voice, I bet you'd listen to it.

26

INT/EXT. CAMRY - HACKENSACK - NIGHT

26

They're stuck behind a large cement mixer grinding in the middle of the street. Claire purses her lips.

27

INT/EXT. CAMRY - GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NIGHT

27

They CRAWL ALONG in traffic. Claire and Phil look at each other, trying their best to keep their spirits up.

28

EXT. STREET - TRIBECA - NIGHT

28

The Fosters come running out of a PARKING STRUCTURE and fast-walk towards the restaurant at the end of the street. Before they can arrive, a youngish-looking couple approach them.

YOUNG MAN

Hi, excuse me, sorry to bother you tonight.

Claire and Phil stop.

YOUNG WOMAN

God, this is so embarrassing, but we just moved here from Wichita--

YOUNG MAN

--I'm going to veterinary school up at Columbia--

YOUNG WOMAN

--and we parked our car on Harrison Street to take a look around and when we came back it had been towed. Everything we own is in there. Wallets, ATM cards, all of it, and the tow company won't release our property unless we pay them the fifteen dollar processing fee --

CLAIRE

And there it is. We may be from New Jersey, but we're not rubes.

YOUNG WOMAN

Excuse me?

PHIL

We know you're scamming us, guys. The sob story, the details, the just-small-enough amount of money to make it seem like not a big deal. Sorry, not going to work. Try someone from Connecticut.

Phil and Claire walk away. After a beat, Claire turns back.

CLAIRE

Okay, just in case, I am going to give you five dollars. But I know this is a scam.

She rummages in her wallet, then..

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I only have a twenty. I am going to give you this, but it should only be five. Scam!

The young couple stare at them, stone-faced. Claire hands them the money. Claire and Phil walk away.

PHIL

They had no idea who they were dealing with.

Claire nods.

29

INT. CLAW (RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

29

The place is a super trendy seafood restaurant. Phil and Claire RUSH IN and head to the MAITRE D'. Bitchy, forbidding.

PHIL

Hi. How are you?

He doesn't even look up.

MAITRE D'

Name please?

PHIL

We actually don't have a reservation.

Now he looks up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I've been trying to call, but we couldn't get through...

He WINCES, annoyingly.

MAITRE D'

Yeah, we're pretty busy...

PHIL

Which is why we were hoping to get here early, like 6:15, and maybe just get a table.

He looks at his watch. 7:38. Winces again...

MAITRE D'

Yeah, you didn't quite make it.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Nope. No, we did not. Anyway, do you have any tables open?

MAITRE D'

(winces again)

Uh, yeah, the thing is? People have to make these reservations like a month in advance? And right now it's 7:30, on a Friday night, and we're on the island of Manhattan? So...no.

PHIL

(aside, away from Claire)

Thing is, my wife and I are on a date. And I really want it to be special. And I think eating here at Claw could be a key part of that experience. So I'm asking you, as a human being, if you have any room at all.

MAITRE D'

Uh yeah, and as a human being, I'm going to have to ask you to wait with the other human beings at the bar. If anything opens up, we'll come get you.

PHIL

What do you think are the chances?

MAITRE D'

Maybe...fifty thousand to one?

PHIL

Great. We'll be standing right there.

He walks back over to Claire and leads her to the bar.

PHIL

I worked something out.

CLAIRE

(smiles, relieved)

How long until they seat us?

PHIL

Well, could be ten minutes, could be, you know, not...happen.

She looks at him. He forces a smile. Then, two EXTREMELY TALL HOT WOMEN walk between them.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Wow. Nice.

PHIL

I didn't see them.

CLAIRE

Thank you, you're very kind.

They get jostled some more as the place fills up.

PHIL

Should I get us a drink?

CLAIRE

Yes please. And something with an edible garnish. I'm so hungry.

Phil tries to signal the bartender, but more and better looking people move in front of him. Phil tries to crane around a large male model, only to be further ignored.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just go somewhere else.

PHIL

No, just give it a little time.

CLAIRE

Honestly, this place just makes me feel old, and ugly. And old.

PHIL

Don't be ridiculous. You look great. Let's just--

A HOSTESS walks through the bar.

HOSTESS

Tripplehorn Party?

PHIL

I want tonight to be different.

CLAIRE

I know. And so did I. But it just not in the cards, OK? Let's just head back. I mean, look around -- this place isn't us.

A HOSTESS walks by again.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

HOSTESS

Tripplehorn? Party of two?

CLAIRE

Whatta you say? Teaneck Tavern? Cozy booth for two? It's fine, really.

PHIL

No. It's not.

He WHIRLS AROUND and RAISES HIS ARM.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Tripplehorn Party! Right here!

The HOSTESS looks at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're the Tripplehorns!

31

INT. CLAW - NIGHT

31

The HOSTESS leads Phil and Claire to a great table.

CLAIRE

(aside to Phil)

I don't know if we should be doing this.

HOSTESS

(handing them menus)

Enjoy your dinner.

She walks away. Claire looks around nervously.

PHIL

Relax. The Tripplehorns obviously didn't show. Who are we hurting?

He grabs the menu...

PHIL (CONT'D)

I say we sit back and order a fabulous spread of their finest fruits of the sea!

He glances at the PRICES on the MENU.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Or maybe just tap water, and some bread. Holy momma, those are some prices...

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

CLAIRE

If we're going to pay this much for crab, it better sing and dance and introduce us to The Little Mermaid.

They look at each other across the table and smile. Phil holds up his water glass.

PHIL

Here's to a great night.

Claire holds up her water glass, then hesitates...

CLAIRE

Wait, isn't it bad luck to toast with water?

PHIL

I don't think that's a thing. Cheers.

They clink glasses.

32

INT. CLAW - LATER

32

Many drinks later, Phil and Claire are a bit tipsy. Phil spots an older man in his sixties seated with a much younger woman at the next table.

PHIL

Okay.
(gestures)
What's the story?

She looks.

CLAIRE

He's a successful financier, and she's getting drunk enough to get through what will happen later.

Claire motions to another cool-looking couple.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(motions)
What's the story?

PHIL

He's a record producer, she's an act he wants to sign.

CLAIRE

No -- he's Kanye West.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Even better. He's Kanye West, she's a new back-up singer--

CLAIRE

No, Phil -- he's actually Kanye West. That's Kanye West.

Phil looks. We see him -- it is, indeed, Kanye West.

PHIL

Oh my God. If I knew anything about Kanye West, I would be so psyched right now.

(beat)

Gimme your Blackberry.

CLAIRE

Phil, don't.

PHIL

Come on -- Oliver will love this.

She hands it to him. He subtly AIMS THE BLACKBERRY and TAKES A PICTURE. They giggle.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

They turn, surprised to see two MEN in suits standing at the table. One is medium height with a WIRY BUILD, the other one is a big BEEFY GUY. They are strangely polite:

WIRY MAN

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Tripplehorn?

Phil and Claire swap a glance. He grins.

PHIL

(puffed up)

Why yes we are. And whom shall I say is...who you are?

Claire giggles.

WIRY MAN

We need to have a word with you.

PHIL

What's this about?

BEEFY GUY

I think you know.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

Phil and Claire exchange guilty looks.

WIRY MAN

Let's save everyone a lot of embarrassment and have this conversation in private.

Phil and Claire consider, busted. Sigh.

CLAIRE

Can I bring this Risotto with me? These truffles are fabulous and super expensive.

BEEFY GUY

Get up. Now.

Beefy Guy and Wiry Man stand uncomfortably close as Phil and Claire rise, Claire holding onto her plate and fork...

33

EXT. CLAW - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

33

They exit into a dark dingy alley. Claire still eating her Risotto...

CLAIRE

(eating off the plate)

Come on guys, what's the big deal? We didn't hurt anyone, right?

BEEFY GUY

If I were you I wouldn't say another word, you thieving bitch.

Phil is taken aback.

PHIL

Whoa. Let's just... everybody just dial it down a notch.

Beefy Guy reaches out and snatches Claire's purse. Wiry Man reaches into Phil's jacket pocket, grabbing his wallet and cell phone. Claire and Phil are now completely shocked.

CLAIRE

Okay, I am getting seriously pissed off! This is gonna go way beyond a negative review in Zagat's!

They knock her plate to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Awww! And now I'm going to have to pick this risotto off the ground to finish it!

PHIL

I want to talk to your boss right now.

BEEFY GUY

I think we all know that's not gonna happen, Mr. Tripplehorn. Or should I say...

(reading his ID)

Phil Foster.

WIRY MAN

Next time you make a dinner reservation, don't use the same alias from your ransom notes, genius.

PHIL

Ransom note?

BEEFY GUY

Let's just get this done.

PHIL

Get what done? What do you want?

BEEFY GUY

You know what we want.

A beat. Hanging there. Phil and Claire exchange a look.

BEEFY GUY (CONT'D)

You know what we want.

CLAIRE

Sorry, but we don't, actually.

Beefy Guy finally snaps, losing patience:

BEEFY GUY

We want the flash-drive!

Claire and Phil stare at him, brows furrowed. Long beat.

PHIL

I'm sorry?

WIRY MAN

Did you really think you could steal from Joe Miletto and get away with it?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Okay, someone somewhere has made a huge mistake.

PHIL

Yeah -- guys -- this is all... just a huge, goofy, misunderstanding. We're Phil and Claire Foster. We have no aliases or flashdrives, I promise you.

WIRY MAN

You were sitting at the table. The girl at the front said you were the Tripplehorn.

CLAIRE

OK, let me explain: My husband sweetly but delusionally thought we could make it here early enough to get a table, but we didn't. We were late and not rap stars. So when they called out the Tripplehorn's reservation, we took it. Spent our mortgage on a pasta--

PHIL

Actually I think it's a rice--

CLAIRE

Something Italian and starchy which you really have to try, by the way, and then we met you.

Beefy Guy and Wiry Man consider.

WIRY MAN

So you just...took someone else's reservation?

CLAIRE

For the record, I was against it.

Wiry Man considers. He almost looks convinced. And then....

WIRY MAN

I believe you're the Fosters.

CLAIRE

Thank you...

(CONTINUED)

WIRY MAN

But I also believe you go by the alias "Tripplehorn," and that you stole my boss's property and now you're just too scared shitless to admit it. So how about this: I'll give you three seconds to give me the flash drive--

CLAIRE

The "three seconds" game? Nice try, man. I play this game with my kids.

With shocking speed, he whips out a large, gleaming GLOCK AUTOMATIC and points it at Claire.

WIRY MAN

-- or I blow a hole in your head.

Claire and Phil are petrified.

CLAIRE

This is a different version.

WIRY MAN

One--

CLAIRE

This is all a mistake!

WIRY MAN

Two--

He turns the gun sideways, menacing her.

PHIL

Oh my God! He turned it sideways!
Claire, it's bad when they do that!
Killshot! Killshot!

CLAIRE

Listen: we're just a regular, boring couple from New Jersey--

The world slows: WIRY MAN'S finger tightens around the trigger--

WIRY MAN

Thr--

The chamber starts to click, Claire shuts her eyes, and--

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Okay! Fine! Fine! You win! I'll
give you the flash drive!

Everybody looks at Phil. Surprised.

WIRY MAN

I thought so.

BEEFY GUY

Where is it?

Phil needs to think fast.

PHIL

It's...in... the... park.

WIRY MAN

The park? You wanna be more specific?

PHIL

Yes... it's in... the Central Park.

WIRY MAN

Okay. Well then we're all going to take a little field trip to "The Central Park" so you can show us exactly where it is.

The blacked-out sedan snakes through the streets. Phil and Claire sit in back, with Beefy Guy driving, Wiry Man aiming a gun back at them. A beat. And then, suddenly--

Claire tries to open her door, tugging on the handle. It's locked. Wiry Man looks back.

WIRY MAN

Yeah. We left the door unlocked.

A beat. They just sit there. Claire and Phil fake smiles, like they're not panicking.

Then, tiny, slowly, Phil tries his door. Locked, of course. This time Wiry Man just gives him a look.

PHIL

Yeah. No. Locked. I figured. Good call.

35 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT 35

The SEDAN pulls up on the edge of Central Park. The lights of the city loom above and in the distance.

36 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT 36

The car stops. Wiry Man and Beefy Guy get out. Phil and Claire have a second together. Fierce whispers:

CLAIRE

Why did you take us to the most deserted place in New York?!

PHIL

I don't know! Claire, that gun was sideways!

CLAIRE

We need to get somewhere populated!

PHIL

Look, maybe there'll be people in the park! Closeted gay gentlemen and...
(snaps fingers)
...Night boating! Night boating's very popular here. I read an article about it in the Times! We're gonna be okay.

She looks reluctant. The doors open. Wiry Man and Beefy Guy stand there, guns raised. Phil looks up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(all confidence)

Take us to the boathouse please.

37 EXT. CENTRAL PARK BOATHOUSE - NIGHT 37

We're deeper in the Park now. The group is approaching the boathouse -- which is closed. The area around them is completely, utterly deserted.

PHIL

(whispers)

You know, that night boating thing may have been in Seattle. I think I led us off track here.

Claire shoots him a look. They arrive at the boathouse.

BEEFY GUY

Open the door.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Uh, you're going to have to break in.

The bad guys look at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? I don't have the key...on me.

Wiry Man and Beefy Guy go over and start to work on the door to the boathouse. Claire leans close to Phil.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Okay: we need to get near people immediately. When they come back, you tell them you have a condition, and you need medicine and you left it in the car, and it's medicine that only a doctor can administer.

PHIL

(going along with it)

Good. Good. Why?

CLAIRE

("I've got it!")

It's for your penis! It's intravenous penis medicine, and you're shy, so we need to get to the nearest hospital--

BAM! The BAD GUYS break open the door. Phil looks at Claire.

PHIL

Yeah, my plan was bad. I mean, it's not as good as your dick medicine plan. But then again, what is?

WIRY MAN

(gestures)

Let's go.

Dark, shadowy. Rowboats and oars hang on the walls. Claire looks at the THUGS. Phil glances around.

CLAIRE

Okay, here's the problem. Phil has a kind of sensitive medical issue--

PHIL

Claire. Just give them the flash-drive.

(CONTINUED)

She glares at him, aggravated.

CLAIRE
(tries to stick to script)
--and we need to get to a doctor...

PHIL
It's not going to work.

CLAIRE
But your penis--

PHIL
Claire. Just give it to them and be done.

BEEFY GUY
Be a good girl and listen to your husband, lady.

All eyes on Claire. Phil gestures slightly to the CORNER.

CLAIRE
Okay. I put the...flash-drive over here...in the corner...

Wiry Man follows her. Beefy Guy drifts over to her, though still watching Phil...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
We're going to have to pull up this floorboard right here--

Phil's eyes shift, searching the shadows desperately, and he finally slows when he sees:

The big, wooden OARS hanging on the wall.

Phil slowly, subtly reaches out towards an oar.

Wiry Man rips the floorboard away. Claire slowly reaches into the floor, Beefy Guy leans forward, and--

WHAM! The oar SMACKS into the side of Beefy Guy's head. He DROPS HARD to the floor.

Wiry Man spins, sees Phil wielding the oar, raises his gun--

Phil awkwardly swings the oar at him, but the WIRY MAN ducks back and Phil misses. Instead, he hits an upright post, dislodging a bunch of storage overhead which rains down on Wiry Man.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

PHIL

Run!

Phil and Claire race out the door as Wiry Man goes for his gun in the shadows--

39 EXT. CENTRAL PARK BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

39

They run out of the boathouse. They hear the BAD GUYS surfacing, shouting behind them.

PHIL

Come on--

He grabs her hand and drags her towards the BOATS, lined up on the dock. They scramble into a MOTORBOAT--

CLAIRE

Good plan! I take it back -- this is a very good plan!

Phil smiles proudly. Approaches the large, sleek, powerful-looking engine at the rear of the boat. Yanks the chain on the motor and the boat rumbles to life...with a gentle 5-horsepower put-put, sloooww...

PHIL

Huh.

The bad guys RUSH OUT from the boathouse and start FIRING.

CLAIRE

Get down!

They drop in the boat, lying flat on their backs. Phil reaches back to steer the boat, which veers back and forth...

...in a slow, unsteady weave across the river--

Claire grabs the OAR, which Phil still has, and tries (impossibly) to ROW while lying flat on her back--

THIS IS THE SLOWEST GETAWAY IN HISTORY.

Bullets slice into the water.

40 The BAD GUYS run around the side of the lake to intercept Phil and Claire. They are actually moving faster than the boat, but they have more ground to cover.

40

41 As they hit the far shore, Phil and Claire lunge out of the boat. Flip it over their heads and run into the woods using it as cover. We bounce around, under the boat with them. 41

PHIL

Oh my God! We're going to die!!!

CLAIRE

I don't want the kids to live with your mother!! She's awful!!

Phil and Claire run full steam into a tree. They bounce off the tree, dump the boat, and take off running into the woods.

42 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WOODS - NIGHT 42

Phil and Claire race through the deep woods. They struggle over rocks and hills, they fight through bushes and branches.

43 IN THE WOODS BEHIND THEM 43

The bad guys continue chasing. They arrive at the discarded boat, and slow down, realizing they've lost Phil and Claire.

BEEFY GUY

(rubbing his head where
Phil hit him)

I would not have pegged that guy as a hardass.

WIRY MAN

Me neither.

(kicks at the boat)

These two, they're not what they seem.

44 EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - NIGHT 44

Phil and Claire emerge from the Park. They look back, see their trail is clear. They stand there for a moment, heaving, out of breath, trying to speak.

PHIL

I... thha... fwaaa... haa...

They bend over, trying to recover --

CLAIRE

Hurgh...hurrgh...Are you...okay...

Phil stands up, pulling himself together.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

I'm fine. Look, we need to get to a--
BLURGGHRRGH!!!

Suddenly, a stream of vomit jets out of Phil's mouth, splattering all over the ground. Claire jumps back.

CLAIRE

Oh my God, Phil! Come on!

Phil is bent over, hands on his knees, dry heaving. He holds his hand up to Claire, "I need a minute."

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You really do need more cardio.

PHIL

It's not because I'm out of shape!
It's because I'm scared!

CLAIRE

I know. I am too.
(beat, then)
You done?

Phil wipes his face, stands up.

PHIL

Yes. GLHURRGH!

Another round of vomiting all over the street. Claire looks irritated for a flash, but then steps forward and rubs his back.

CLAIRE

Okay, honey. Get it all out. Just get it all out.

Claire and Phil sit with DETECTIVE ARROYO, a female cop in her thirties.

ARROYO

Alright, I been on already nine hours, so I'm a little slow. Seems I gotta work doubles now because my husband, lovable dumbass that he is, gave up a career and a pension in Transit, so that he could become a drummer. So one more time, you were out at dinner, where?

PHIL

At Claw.

ARROYO

Claw? That place in Tribeca with the 50 dollar soup? How'd that work out for you?

PHIL

Not great. We couldn't get a table, so we took someone else's reservation.

She stops writing, looks up.

ARROYO

Took someone's reservation. Really?

PHIL

Yes. We know. Shocking.

CLAIRE

I was against it.

PHIL

So halfway through the meal, these two guys come up to us--

ARROYO

Just took a table, just like that.

PHIL

Okay, let's focus here. So these guys, turns out they work for Joe Miletto.

Arroyo looks at him.

ARROYO

Joe Miletto?

PHIL

That's what they said.

Claire looks off, goes stiff.

PHIL (CONT'D)

At first we thought they worked at the restaurant...

HER POV - TWO COPS

Jackets off, holsters and badges on their belts. Two familiar faces, talking to another cop. WIRY MAN and BEEFY GUY. A.K.A. Detectives ARMSTRONG and COLLINS.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

...so we followed them out into this alley, and suddenly, they grab our stuff, which is why we have no ID--

Claire GASPS. Phil and Arroyo stare at her. What? Claire composes herself, looks down at the table.

PHIL (CONT'D)

...suddenly they're talking about flashdrives and pulling guns--
(to Claire, irritated)
Why do you keep grabbing my knee?!

Claire gives him a look, "You idiot."

CLAIRE

Because...I just remembered. We are supposed to meet our friends tonight. For drinks. And we're late.

Phil looks at her. What the hell?

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(way too loud)

Really, Phil, we are supposed to meet our friends who are a gay couple. Two men, one big and beefy and one smaller and more wiry, as gay couples often are.

PHIL

Why are you talking so loud?

CLAIRE

Remember the gay couple, honey? Those two nice men who are friends of ours? We met them while night boating.

She flicks her eyes behind Arroyo. Phil, confused, glances ...and sees what she sees, Wiry Man and Beefy Guy...

And Phil gasps, even bigger than any of Claire's gasps.

PHIL

Ah! Yes! You are right! We are indeed supposed to meet our gay friends right now and we are late!

ARROYO

Listen -- your gay friends can wait. You were telling me about Miletto's guys.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You know, I think we might have overreacted. They were just...rude. They were extremely rude, and we wanted them to apologize, and they would not. I was furious.

Arroyo considers the two of them, then...

ARROYO

Can I just say something here? You two look like a nice couple. And Joe Miletto? He is not a nice man. Take it from me, he is a genuinely bad, scary guy. So if you're somehow blinking on his radar, we need to talk about what we can do to help you. These are not guys who get bored and go away.

Through the glass, from a distance, ARMSTRONG AND COLLINS spot the Fosters. Their faces grow dark. Phil sees that he and Claire are made. He starts to panic.

PHIL

But you don't understand!
(dramatic)
We took someone's dinner reservation!
We see how very wrong that is now.
(they both stand)
Sorry we wasted your time, detective.
We bid you... adieu.

They start to leave.

ARROYO

Stop.

They do automatically.

ARROYO (CONT'D)

You two can't be this weird. What's going on?

A younger DETECTIVE, WALSH, thirtyish, Arroyo's partner, walks in, interrupting.

DETECTIVE WALSH

Arroyo, gimme a second?

Arroyo gets up, looks at Claire and Phil.

ARROYO

I'll be right back. Stay here.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

As soon as she as walks out-- Phil grabs Claire...

PHIL

Move. Go.

They hurry through another door.

46 INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - NIGHT

46

Phil and Claire hustle quickly through the back of the police station on their way out the door.

CLAIRE

Oh my God, now the bad guys are dressed up like cops!

PHIL

That's because the bad guys ARE cops. Now move move move...

47 EXT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - NIGHT

47

They burst out of the station and into the teeming streets of mid-town north. It's a busy Friday night in Manhattan. Lots of chaos. They POWER WALK down the street.

CLAIRE

Why are there cops involved?! What's happening, Phil?!
(freaking out)
What are we. Going. To. Do!

Phil grabs her by the shoulders, spins her toward him.

PHIL

(calm)
It's going to be okay, Claire. Alright. Just...breathe. Now we need to focus. Are you focussing?

CLAIRE

Yes! Your eyes look crazy.

PHIL

(suddenly yelling)
Because I'm freaking out! What are we going to do?!

48 He starts shaking Claire. She pulls away and starts frantically trying to flag down cabs. Phil pulls himself together. 48

CLAIRE

We gotta get out of here! We gotta get home!

Phil takes her arm, leads her down the street.

PHIL

We can't go home.

CLAIRE

What are you talking about? I am going home, Phil!

PHIL

They have our I.D.s.
They know where we live.

She looks at him.

CLAIRE

Oh my God. The kids...

49 INT. FOSTER HOUSE - NIGHT 49

As the PHONE RINGS. Katy, in the middle of IM-ing her friends, picks up.

KATY

Foster residence.

VOICE ON PHONE

(robotic)

Will you accept a collect phone call from--

(Claire's hysterical voice)

This phone smells like ur--

Claire's voice is cut off. Katy reacts, confused.

KATY

Um, yes. I accept.

50 EXT. PAYPHONE - 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT 50

Phil and Claire are huddled around a payphone.

CLAIRE

Katy, are the kids okay? Is everything okay?

51 INTERCUTTING HOUSE & THE PAYPHONE

51

KATY

Yeah, everybody's great. Just giving them their snack. Celery and carrots--

She looks over at the kids, who are scooping fistfuls of jellybeans into their mouths as they watch SpongeBob Squarepants.

KATY (CONT'D)

--just like you want.

CLAIRE

Okay, listen to me. We're gonna need you to stay late tonight.

KATY

Oooh... that's gonna be a problem for me. I actually have this party to get to.

CLAIRE

What? Why would you be going to a party? You're babysitting tonight.

KATY

Yeah, but c'mon, you're the Fosters. You guys are always home by nine thirty.

CLAIRE

Well, tonight, it just so happens that we're going to stay out a little later.

KATY

I understand, but I promised my friends.

Phil takes the phone. Claire turns away, frustrated.

PHIL

Katy, it's Phil. Listen, this is a matter of life or death.

Claire stares off into the busy New York night. Her eyes widen as she notices Armstrong and Collins pushing their way through the crowd, searching everywhere. They haven't seen Claire and Phil yet, but they're getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

KATY

I hear you, Mr. Foster, but this is Toby Lange's party and his parents are in Spain, so you know it's gonna rage.

Claire grabs Phil's arm. He turns and sees what she does. He grabs Claire and they duck down, hiding under the phone booth. Both of them can hear Katy through the phone.

PHIL

Look, Katy! We don't have a lot of time. I'll pay you double to stay.

KATY

That's really nice of you, Mr. Foster, but I don't think that's gonna close it.

PHIL

Are you kidding me?

KATY

Thing is, my dad's been saying I should jack your rate for a while now.

CLAIRE

We gotta move, Phil!

KATY

So I could miss the party, but I think rate-wise, we're talking somewhere north of thirty.

PHIL

An hour? You little--

KATY

Your choice.

Claire sees Armstrong and Collins are getting closer.

CLAIRE

Just pay it!

PHIL

Okay, done, but you gotta get the kids out now. Take them over to your house, but don't go out the front, you gotta go through the sliding door--

KATY

Why-- What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Katy, listen. No one can see you. Do you understand? And stay away from our house until we get back.

KATY

Okay, wait. Now I'm sensing some kind of Element of Danger--

PHIL

No, everything's--

KATY

-- because that's gonna run you an extra five per.

PHIL

Fine. Just get the kids out of the house now!

CLAIRE

(leans in)

Tell them everything's okay, we love them, we'll be home as soon as we can!

They hang up. Stand there a moment.

PHIL

Okay, that's done. They're gonna be fine.

CLAIRE

What now?

PHIL

We get somewhere with people. A lot of people.

They duck-walk away. Fast.

Friday night in the square. A lot of people. MARK and JILL, a happily-married couple, hold hands and make their way through the crowd. Phil and Claire, looking a little worse for wear, approach them.

PHIL

Excuse me. Hello. Don't worry, we are not going to hurt you.

CLAIRE

Our names are Claire and Phil Foster. We are from New Jersey and through a series of strange events have been mistaken for someone else. Now some unruly criminals who are also policemen are hunting us as prey--

PHIL

--Again, they're the bad guys, not us. We are not going to hurt you.

CLAIRE

Stop saying that, honey. 'Cause it makes it seem like we will.

(then)

And we need a place to hole up and hide, but we don't have any money because said criminals--

MARK

You think I was born yesterday? That's a terrible scam. So contrived.

JILL

Beat it, junkies.

They walk off, leaving Claire and Phil there.

CLAIRE

Not even five dollars so you don't feel guilty?!

(then)

We're on our own, aren't we?

Phil nods. They walk on. Then--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This whole night was a mistake. We should never have come to the city. It was a crazy idea.

PHIL

It wasn't crazy. It was dinner in Manhattan. One night where we don't spend the entire date discussing the kids and all the things we have to do next week.

CLAIRE

And look where it got us.

(getting idea)

What if we just call 911?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Honey, we're talking about Joe Miletto.

CLAIRE

So?

PHIL

So those cops, the ones who tried to kill us? They're in his pocket. This is a man who owns cops. Which means we can't trust any of them.

CLAIRE

Well then what do we do? We can't go home, we can't go to the police...!

Phil stops walking. Thinking now...

PHIL

OK. Wait a minute. Joe Miletto wanted the Tripplehornes because they have his flash drive. So what if the Tripplehornes gave it back to him?

CLAIRE

Why would they do that?

PHIL

Because we're gonna find them and we're gonna make them. Get Miletto back his flash drive, this ends.

CLAIRE

(nodding)

Okay. I like that. One question. What is a flash drive?

PHIL

Seriously? It's a little storage disk. For the side of your laptop.

CLAIRE

Ohhhhh....it's a computer sticky thing! At my office we just call it computer sticky thing.

PHIL

Okay, well we need to find the computer sticky thing to save our lives.

CLAIRE

How? We don't know anything about the Tripplehornes.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

PHIL

That's not entirely true.

(off her look)

We know where they were going to eat tonight.

53 INT. CLAW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

53

Claire and Phil enter, wearing "disguises". Phil has Claire's GLASSES ON and he wears his blazer backwards. Claire has her hair in front of her face, like a crazy (or hip) person. They both use their fake voices from Teaneck Tavern. And because of the glasses switch, they're both essentially BLIND. THE HOSTESS is at the stand.

PHIL

Hello. Hello, there, miss. We ate dinner here earlier, with our good friend Kanye West.

HOSTESS

You mean Kanye West.

PHIL

(covering)

Oh, is that what you call him? That is so adorable...

(to Claire)

Deirdre, did you hear how the civilian pronounced it?

Claire shrugs under her hair like a moody artist.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Anyway. While we were hanging with him, I think K-Dub may have left his phone at the table. And you know how he's blowing uuuuup....so can I go check?

HOSTESS

Fine. Come on.

Phil and the Hostess head back to the tables. Claire casually approaches the reservation screen. She has to hold her face an inch away to read anything.

CLAIRE

Tripplehorn...Tripplehorn...ah.

She takes the PEN and jots the number on her hand - just as the HOSTESS and Phil come back.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

PHIL

No luck, Deirdre! Kanyai will be very upset. Come away. We must tell him.

They spin on their heels and head out -- and each walk RIGHT INTO THE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS that flank the door. Get their bearings. Head out.

54 EXT. CLAW - NIGHT

54

They walk off, he hands her his glasses back.

PHIL

Okay, so we got a phone number. We just need a way to use this to find their address.

CLAIRE

I think I know someone who can help.

55 EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

55

As Phil and Claire hurry along...

PHIL

So wait, how do you know this guy again?

CLAIRE

I showed him a bunch of houses upstate. It was a few years ago, but I remember he was some kind of security expert.

They cross the street to a small realtor's office on a quiet street. Walk up to the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Anyway, he ended up buying down here through one of the agents in this office.

PHIL

Do you have a key?

CLAIRE

No, sir, I don't. Gimme your jacket.

Phil takes of his jacket.

PHIL

Oh...you cold? Here you go.

He gives it to her, then turns and closely examines the door.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hmmm...I might be able to pop the lock. I'll need a paper-clip...

Behind Phil, Claire wraps her jacket around her fist. Phil doesn't notice.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Or a window I can jimmy open...

Claire looks around, steps in front of Phil, does a quick punch to the glass. The entire six foot pane shatters and drops and their feet. Phil jumps back, shocked.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Claire hands Phil back his jacket. Phil stares at her, agog.

CLAIRE

What?

PHIL

Who are you?

Claire starts to head inside.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Wait. What if there's an alarm?

CLAIRE

It's a realty office. There's not going to be an alarm. We got this.

Phil and Claire step through the plate glass door. Instantly, ALARMS BLARE!

PHIL

See?! Alarm! We do not 'have' this, Claire! We gotta leave! Now!

CLAIRE

No, it won't take long! His name is Holbrooke Grant! You check the cabinets, I got the computer!

They race into the dark offices in panicked heist mode. Phil starts to rifle through the file cabinets, zipping through files with his fingers. In contrast, Claire hits one button on the computer. We hear the classic Mac "start-up" tone. She just stares at the screen for a few beats.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Load up! Load up, you son of a bitch!

Phil crashes around the office, whipping open more cabinets and desks, searching desperately through the office's files.

PHIL

I feel like I'm doing more than you!

Distant sirens start to blare, adding to the cacophony. Claire finally starts to type.

CLAIRE

Come on, come on! Almost there...
ARRGGH! Rainbow wheel!

Desperate hitting of keys. Sirens getting louder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Got it! He's on Greenwich Street.

She jots down the address. Sirens audible in the distance.

PHIL

Evac! Evac!

Claire turns and heads to the door, and BAM! She hits her arm on one of the FILE CABINETS that Phil left open.

CLAIRE

Ahh! Dag!

PHIL

Sorry. You okay?

She SLAMS the DRAWER shut. Takes a breath. Rubs her arm. Decides not to say anything. They rush out into the night as the approaching sirens get louder and louder...

Arroyo and Walsh enter a dimly-lit restaurant and head towards a table in the back. JOE MILETTO, 40's, slick and scary, sits having dinner. He looks up.

MILETTO

Detectives.

(gestures towards table)

Care to join?

ARROYO

Why you messing around with a nice couple from the 'burbs, Joe? Isn't that a little beneath your pay grade?

Miletto chews his food for a few seconds.

MILETTO

This conversation would be even better if I knew what you were talking about.

ARROYO

Phil and Claire Foster? Couple of your boys picked them up at Claw earlier tonight. Put a good scare in them too.

MILETTO

(inscrutable)

Not ringing any bells, Arroyo. Now unless you want to be my date tonight, come back when you have a warrant.

He waves them off. Arroyo takes one last look at him, "What's going on here?" They exit. Miletto takes out his cell, dials.

MILETTO (CONT'D)

Do we have a problem?

EXT. STREET - WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Phil and Claire walk up to a LARGE TOWNHOUSE, ring the bell.

PHIL

What if he doesn't remember you?

Before she can answer, A VOICE comes through the intercom.

HOLBROOKE (ON INTERCOM)

Hello?

CLAIRE

Hi, Holbrooke. You might not remember me. I'm Claire Foster -- I'm a real estate agent. I showed you some places upstate, but you wanted a more city feel, so my colleague Kim sold this to you--

HOLBROOKE (ON INTERCOM)

Oh, yeah. I remember. Uh... it's...pretty late.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

CLAIRE

I know, and I'm really sorry. But it's an emergency. Could I just come in for one second? It really is important...

The door BUZZES and they enter.

59

INT. HOLBROOKE'S BUILDING - INTERIOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

59

Phil and Claire approach the loft door...

PHIL

I can't believe, out of hundreds of clients, you remember this one guy.

CLAIRE

Well. I've always been good with faces and names.

PHIL

It's amazing to have recall like that. With all the people you see. To still be able to remember one--

HOLBROOKE GRANT opens the door, wearing nothing but drawstring pajama bottoms. Super handsome. Ripped like the cover of Men's Fitness. He nods and smiles.

HOLBROOKE

Claire Foster.

CLAIRE

Holbrooke Grant.

Phil stares at Claire throughout this whole scene.

HOLBROOKE

Wow. It's crazy seeing you again. All of a sudden, I'm like flashing back to all those empty houses.

CLAIRE

We did look at a bunch.

HOLBROOKE

(looking at her, nodding again)
Claire Foster.

CLAIRE

That's me. And this is my husband, Phil Foster.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

HOLBROOKE

What's up, man?

PHIL

(still staring at Claire)

Hello, Holbrooke.

CLAIRE

Listen, we're in some trouble and we really need help. I know it's late, but if we could just come in for one second -- it's really an amazing story, and you might be just the kind of man who could help us. Please -- I will owe you a huge favor.

60

INT. HOLBROOKE'S LOFT - LATER

60

His loft is on the river, stupendous, with great views. They drink water. Claire has filled him in.

HOLBROOKE

Man, you guys are lucky to be alive. And you're right, Claire, I'd stay away from the cops.

CLAIRE

Which is why we're hoping you can help us.

HOLBROOKE

The least I can do. I mean, you were so patient with me. All those long drives up and down the turnpike. Remember that one song that kept coming on the--

CLAIRE

Since You Been Gone.

HOLBROOKE

Yes. Kelly Clarkson. Oh my God. Anyway, you were awesome. And I really did appreciate all the time you gave me--

PHIL

Yeah, no. That does sound like a lot of time. To have spent. Together. Without me ever hearing about it.

HOLBROOKE

I mean, you really did go above and beyond the call--

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

It was my pleasure.

(looking around)

And this is definitely the right place for you. I bet the ladies love it, too, right?

HOLBROOKE

(smiling humbly)

I do all right.

CLAIRE

I bet you do all kinds of right.

PHIL

Yeah, okay, great -- listen, we're in a tiny bit of a hurry. Honey, I think we should get what we need and be on our way.

(to Holbrooke)

I also think you should put on a shirt. Just, proper manners.

CLAIRE

Yes, so, basically, we have a phone number, and we need an address to go with it, and I remembered that you ran your own detective agency? Or something?

HOLBROOKE

Sort of -- I do private security, industrial intel, dealing with rogue governments, black ops, that sort of thing. It's a grind.

PHIL

I hear that.

HOLBROOKE

Yeah, what do you do, Phil?

PHIL

Similar. Similar stuff, basically.

Just then they're interrupted by a gorgeous, long-limbed SUPERMODEL who walks out, wearing one of HOLBROOKE'S shirts.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Oh, that's where your shirt was. No wonder you couldn't find it. It was on her.

(CONTINUED)

HOLBROOKE

Phil, Claire, this is Natanya.

Natanya looks at Claire and Phil, blankly.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)

She's Israeli. Doesn't speak much English.

NATANYA

(to Claire)

You...you two make sex...with us?

CLAIRE

Oh-- No, thank you.

PHIL

Well, don't just reject it out of hand, sweetheart.

Holbrooke addresses her in Hebrew, subtitled.

HOLBROOKE

Go back to bed, hotness. I'll be there soon.

NATANYA

Okay. I am glad we are not going to have sex with them. They look old and weak.

She grabs a bottle of water, brushing by Phil, who can't help but smell her hair. Claire gives him a look.

HOLBROOKE

I met her in Tel Aviv doing some consulting for the Mossad. Sweet girl.

PHIL

She does seem sweet, yes. That's probably the main reason you enjoy her company. Her sweet disposition.

HOLBROOKE

So, you want to give me that number?

Collins and Armstrong speak quietly at their desk. Arroyo is at the coffee machine, pouring too much sugar into a cup. Walsh enters with a printout.

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

Looks like we haven't seen the last of
Ozzie and Harriet.

Collins and Armstrong look up from their desks, their
interest piqued.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Somebody tripped an alarm at a realty
office. Security cam caught these:

He puts the file down on the counter by Arroyo. It shows
THREE STILL PHOTOS of Phil and Claire in the office: (1) On
the computer, (2) Phil at a file cabinet (3) Claire banging
her arm. Arroyo looks them over.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Computer file they looked up shows an
address of one Holbrooke Grant. West
Village.

Collins walks over and picks up the file.

COLLINS

Whaddaya got there?

Arroyo takes the file away from him.

ARROYO

It's a minor B and E. When's the last
time one of those interested you
hotshots?

Collins holds up his hands.

COLLINS

Just trying to be friendly, Arroyo.

He walks away.

ARMSTRONG

Whaddaya say, Collins? Quitting time?

COLLINS

Yeah, alright. We're outta here.

Collins and Armstrong exit. Arroyo watches them go.

WALSH

We checking this out?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

ARROYO

Yeah. Let's start at the realty office. See what else they might've been looking at. Go from there.

62 INT. POLICE STATION STAIRWELL

62

Collins and Armstrong head downstairs, quickly.

COLLINS

We got 'em.

63 INT. HOLBROOKE'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

63

Phil and Claire walk down the hall, trailing HOLBROOKE. The walls are decorated with various war and spy memorabilia.

HOLBROOKE

Just a few things I picked up in my travels.

Phil looks at a PHOTO.

PHIL

Is this...are you giving Vladimir Putin a noogie?

ANGLE ON: the photo. That's what it is.

HOLBROOKE

(chuckles)

Yeah. Vladdy. Guy's hilarious.

Claire gestures to a large, very old-timey looking gun.

CLAIRE

What's this?

HOLBROOKE

1860 Colt Revolver. Was used by General Stonewall Jackson in the Battle of Chancellorsville.

PHIL

Yeah, well joke's on you, because the South lost that war.

HOLBROOKE

...I know. My great, great, great grandfather was Ulysses S. Grant.

PHIL

Of course he was.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

Holbrooke and Claire walk on. A split second, then Phil follows.

64

INT. HOLBROOKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

64

A room with several computer stations, next-generation technology. Lots of MONITORS. Claire looks around.

Phil joins her. And even he, despite himself, is impressed.

PHIL

Where do you even buy this stuff?

HOLBROOKE

Radio Shack.

PHIL

Seriously?

HOLBROOKE

No, Phil. Not seriously.

He and Claire laugh.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)

Okay...all we do is type in the number here, and...

He types the phone number. Data scrolls down the screen.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)

...voila. It's a cellphone. Registered to Thomas Felton. Tripplehorn is probably an alias.

PHIL

Maybe he's a big Jeanne Tripplehorn fan.

Claire rolls her eyes at him and looks at the screen.

CLAIRE

There's no address.

HOLBROOKE

It's a cellphone, Claire. We don't need a listed address.

Holbrooke rolls to another computer, where he points to the screen. Data, satellite footage, maps fill the screen.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)

Use the number to locate the signal...

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

CLAIRE
(too loud)
This is too cool! You are so good at
your instruments!

Phil shoots her a look. Claire looks embarrassed. On the screen, a map SNAP-ZOOMS into a location, a satellite-image pinpointing the roof of a low building.

HOLBROOKE
There we go. Mr. Felton's phone is
currently residing at 135 Avenue D.

He writes it down for Claire. She smiles back in thanks. Phil clocks the smile, and hardens.

65

INT. HOLBROOKE'S LOFT/HALL - NIGHT

65

Holbrooke leads them to the door.

CLAIRE
Thanks again. Really.

HOLBROOKE
Hey, no, least I could do.

CLAIRE
One more thing...could we borrow some
cash? We're running low. I can pay
you back tomorrow.

PHIL
Oh -- you're going to come back here
tomorrow? You guys are going to hang
out tomorrow?

HOLBROOKE
(to Claire)
How much do you need?

He pulls out a WAD OF CASH from his pajama bottoms.

PHIL
You carry that much cash...in your
pajamas?

HOLBROOKE
(to Claire)
Here -- take it. It's no biggie.

PHIL
Claire, we don't need the man's money.
I'll figure something out.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Phil...let's just take it.

PHIL

We're not taking the man's money. But actually, you know what you could do for me, Holbrooke? Could you please use that computer tracking system to help me find my balls? Is that possible? The last place I saw them was...

(thinks)

...college.

The DOORBELL rings.

CLAIRE

You expecting anyone?

HOLBROOKE

Well, I bought a new car a couple months ago. Maybe the Porsche dealer needs a favor.

Both Claire and Holbrooke laugh at his joke a little too long. Phil looks at her.

Holbrooke hits a button on a SECURITY MONITOR. We see TWO COPS on the front stoop. Phil squints at them. He pushes the TALK button...

PHIL

(deep voice)

Who is it?

ARMSTRONG (ON MONITOR)

NYPD, Mr. Holbrooke. We need to ask you a few questions.

The cops glance up at the camera and Claire and Phil FREEZE. It's ARMSTRONG AND COLLINS. Claire and Phil react...

CLAIRE

That's them! That's the cops who tried to kill us!

ARMSTRONG (ON MONITOR)

Hello?

Phil quickly hits "talk."

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED: (2)

65

PHIL
(deep voice)
One second. I'm...having sex.

HOLBROOKE
That's not how I sound.

CLAIRE
Is there another way out?

HOLBROOKE
Down through my garage. I'll keep them busy.

He shuttles them to another door.

PHIL
You have a garage? In Manhattan?!

66

INT. GARAGE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

66

We follow Claire and Phil through the garage which is filled with super-high-end sedans and sportscars.

PHIL
Here. We'll get out this way.

They're about to open the door when they see another MONITOR - showing Collins and Armstrong on the stoop looking around.

CLAIRE
They're still out there! We can't get past them!

PHIL
Okay. Okay. Think.

He looks around, sees a RACK OF KEYS on the wall. He grabs one, and hits the button...

A car beeps: a sleek, impossibly sexy AUDI R8.

CLAIRE
No.

PHIL
Yes.

CLAIRE
Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

PHIL
(eyeing the sleek car)
Oh yes.

CLAIRE
It's his car!

PHIL
You can return it tomorrow, when
you're hanging out. "No biggie."
(off her look)
We need to get out of here, fast. You
have a better idea?

She doesn't. They get in. He grins: this is gonna be a
sweet ride.

67

EXT. HOLBROOKE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

67

Collins and Armstrong wait on the stoop. The door BUZZES and
they enter the house--

--just as the Audi comes ROARING OUT of the garage and SPEEDS
OFF.

68

EXT/INT. AUDI ON NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

68

Phil chokes through traffic -- herking and jerking, grinding
the gears. She looks at him.

PHIL
It's not built for city streets. It's
more of a, you know, roadster.

CLAIRE
Well. Thank God for Holbrooke, right?

PHIL
Yeah, thank God.
(beat)
No, actually -- screw Holbrooke.

CLAIRE
Excuse me?!

PHIL
Who was that, up there? Who was that
woman I saw -- that flirty, charming,
laughing, giggling, flirty person.

CLAIRE
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Oh, come on, you took one look at him and lit up like a sparkly...sparkler.

CLAIRE

Okay, that is not true.

PHIL

Yes it is. Look, I lit up when I saw him. The guy's super hot. And I get it -- I'm just "the husband," right? I'm just the schmuck who doesn't work out enough and can't load a dishwasher right. Why light up for the husband?

CLAIRE

Oh my God -- you're right. I keep forgetting to "light up" for you.

He looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why do I keep forgetting to do that?
(snaps her fingers)

Ohhh...wait. I remember. It's because every day I make breakfast, and then go to work, and then clean the house, and then pick up the kids, and then make dinner, and then clean up dinner, and then put the kids to bed. And after that, after I close ever drawer you've ever touched and washed other people's food and boogers off of me, with what little energy I have left, I choose to physically get my body into our bed, instead of "lighting up" for you. I'm sorry - how rude of me.

He cranks the car around a corner, then...

PHIL

Hey, I know you work hard. And you know what would make all that hard work ten times easier? Me! If you'd just let me help out once in a while! But, no, you always have to do it your way, yourself. Yes, I might get the occasional toy made from Chinese lead, but maybe, just maybe, if you'd let me do something for you I might actually surprise you.

(CONTINUED)

He hits the brakes, pulls over. They sit there a moment. Finally...

PHIL (CONT'D)

Brad and Haley are splitting up.

CLAIRE

I know.

He looks at her.

PHIL

Have you ever thought about leaving me?

CLAIRE

No.

PHIL

Really? You've never fantasized about leaving me for another man?

CLAIRE

No! Never. I mean, if I've fantasized about anything, it's about being alone.

PHIL

What?

CLAIRE

(beat)

There have been times, I would say, when I dream about leaving our house, checking into a hotel room, and spending six hours alone there, in a quiet, air conditioned space, by myself, staring at the wall, sipping a Diet Sprite, in silence.

Phil takes this in. Then...

PHIL

God, Claire. That's awful.

CLAIRE

What? No it isn't. I just want one day that doesn't depend on how everyone else's day is going. It's not like I'm having some gross sex fantasy--

PHIL

I'd prefer that! Because that's just lust. Everyone now and then thinks about taking a roll with someone else.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (3)

68

PHIL (CONT'D)

For you it's clearly this Holbrooke
guy, for me it's Cyndi Lauper.

CLAIRE

Really. Current day Lauper?
That's...interesting.

PHIL

But what could really get us, Claire,
is indifference. You know what Brad
said to me? He said he and Haley were
just fine. Were just really excellent
roommates. Is that what we are?

CLAIRE

No. Right? No.

They look at each other, not entirely sure of the answer.

PHIL

We should probably get going.

He puts the car in drive and they take off.

69

EXT. ALPHABET CITY STREET - NIGHT

69

As the car comes around the corner and slows down...

70

INT. AUDI - SAME

70

Claire looks at the addresses. Dilapidated row houses.

CLAIRE

Okay. This is it.

PHIL

I'll just park here.

CLAIRE

(looking)

Looks a little small...

PHIL

(determined)

I'll get it in.

71

INT./EXT. CAR - STREET - SAME

71

And we are now treated to the excruciating spectacle of Phil
trying to back a car with 500 horsepower and an overactive
transmission into a tiny parking space.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You want me to get out and--

PHIL

I got it.

Backwards, forwards he grinds the gears. It's like hearing an animal choke itself to death.

Phil struggles, sweating. Claire opens her mouth. Then thinks better and shuts it.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Almost there...

They get out of the car. We hear the CHIRP of a car alarm being deactivated.

The two of them then stand there and watch as a LOWER EAST SIDE HIPSTER gets into the car directly in front of the Audi and drives off, leaving a suddenly much bigger parking spot behind.

Neither says a word as they now walk over to the trash strewn 72 stoop. They find the buzzer for FELTON. 4TH FLOOR.

CLAIRE

What are we gonna say to them?

PHIL

We're gonna say, "Hi. People are trying to kill us because they think we're you. Fix this."

He pushes the BUZZER. They wait. Nothing. He pushes it again. They look at each other, wait. Nothing.

CLAIRE

They're not home.

PHIL

We could wait for them.

CLAIRE

For how long? Those cops at Holbrooke's could be headed over here right now.

He looks at the buzzer. 2B. He then looks up at a dark second story window off the FIRE ESCAPE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

PHIL

We don't have a choice. If the fake
Tripplehorn's can't get us out of this,
then the flash drive is the only thing
that can.

She follows his eyes to the rusty, rickety FIRE ESCAPE.

CLAIRE

Awesome. The one night I dress up.

They walk to the base of the fire escape, peer up at it. He
puts his hands out, fingers interlaced, to give her a boost.
She steps on his interlaced fingers...

PHIL

Ugh! What's on your shoe?!

CLAIRE

Probably some of your dried-up puke,
dear.

Claire clammers onto the fire escape. Phil struggles to pull
himself up...

73

They arrive at the window. Phil quietly raises it, stares
into the dark apartment a moment, then turns to her...

73

PHIL

(whisper)

You realize this is our second breaking
and entering of the night, which
officially makes us Repeat Offenders.

Claire looks at her husband.

CLAIRE

Better than roommates.

74

INT. APARTMENT - LOWER EAST SIDE - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

74

Discarded fast food and junk food wrappers, empty booze
bottles, tabloids.

CLAIRE

(whisper)

Holy God. Someone stuck a Sharpie into
a Chicken McNugget. It's somehow the
most violent thing I've ever seen.

PHIL

Where should we start?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Well, if you were a scary criminal who stole something from the mob where would you keep it?

PHIL

My rectum?

CLAIRE

Not helpful.

They start their search, picking through garbage...

Claire checks piles while Phil checks drawers. Claire starts to move to another PILE, but accidentally BANGS INTO an OPEN DRAWER.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh! Dammit, Phil!

PHIL

Shhhhh! I'm sorry! Shhhhhh!

CLAIRE

Why don't you ever close any drawers?!
You never ever ever close any drawers
anytime you ever open them ever--

She SLAMS IT CLOSED - which unleashes a cascade of papers and other crap, which pours onto the floor with an endless, loud, sustained cacophony. Beat.

PHIL

(an urgent whisper now)
Don't move. Just...don't move...

SCARY VOICE (O.S.)

Who's there?!

PHIL

Okay, move, now. Move. Quickly.

They start to head towards the door but before they get there, the lights are switched on and Phil and Claire are face to face with the Tripplehornes -- or, actually, the FELTONS.

RAYMOND "TASTE" FELTON is a giant. He is covered in tattoos, including one on his BALD HEAD that reads: TASTE ME.

LISA "WHIPPIT" FELTON stumbles in behind him. She also has various tattoos and piercings. Inexplicably, she sports a T-shirt with a "Spin City" logo on it.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Ok, hi. This is NOT what it looks like--

TASTE

Look at this, bitch.

Taste grabs Phil and punches him hard... in the neck.

PHIL

My neck! He punched my neck!

TASTE

What the hell are you doing here?

Taste picks Phil up by the back of his shirt with one hand, his other hand clenched into a fist.

CLAIRE

Stop! I can explain!

Whippit grabs Claire by the hair.

WHIPPIT

Then start talking, whore.

PHIL

Hey, stop that. Don't touch her!

Whippit is shoving Claire onto the sofa. Taste is about to throw another punch at Phil's face...

...but he stops, mid-punch, when he realizes he's face to face with a GUN.

Phil is pointing HOLBROOKE'S 1860 Colt Revolver at Taste and Whippit.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Nobody move. Sit down.

Taste and Whippit sit in mismatched kitchen chairs as Phil paces, waving the Colt.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So... you're Thomas Felton. Also known as Tripplehorn.

TASTE

(shrugs)

I'm a big Jeanne Tripplehorn fan.

Phil looks at Claire triumphantly.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Who isn't? She's a fine actress.

(to Whippit)

Who's this?

WHIPPIT

I'm Whippit.

CLAIRE

Whippet. Like the dog.

WHIPPIT

No. Like when you suck nitrous out of a whipped cream can.

CLAIRE

Excellent.

Taste looks at Phil's gun.

TASTE

Nice piece. We gonna duel at ten paces?

PHIL

(acting tough)

Hey, zip your face!

TASTE

Zip my face? That's your rap? That's your best tough guy line? Really?

PHIL

You have no idea what you've done to us! You missed your reservation at Claw, and that... ruined our lives.

WHIPPIT

We didn't miss it, dumb-ass. We saw the two goons casing the place and we took off. But what the hell is it to you? Are you like the Reservation Police or something?

Claire attempts to move the conversation forward politely.

CLAIRE

Well, it just so happens that we didn't have a reservation, so we took yours and now they think we're you.

Taste and Whippit look at each other, then back to Claire.

(CONTINUED)

TASTE

You just...took our reservation? Who does that?

PHIL

Oh my God.

WHIPPIT

So how the hell did you find us?

CLAIRE

(proud)

I stole your number from the reservation list.

This does not, however, have the intended effect of impressing Whippit. She turns to TASTE, incensed.

WHIPPIT

You used our real phone number for the reservation?!

TASTE

(offended)

Not our home number, baby. My cell phone number.

WHIPPIT

Wow, Taste, that's brilliant. You're a goddamn criminal mastermind.

TASTE

Oh, that's right. I'm always the asshole. You never trust me to come through. I always do everything wrong, right? I get the wrong soda, the wrong beer--

Phil nods along, points to Taste. Ding ding ding.

PHIL

I hear you, brother.

TASTE

--the wrong nipple clamps, the wrong kind of meth!

Phil puts his hand down. Never mind.

TASTE (CONT'D)

And then when you come home from work, you barely look at me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TASTE (CONT'D)

I have to beg you for sex, like you're doing me a huge favor -- and forget about anal.

PHIL

Ohhh. Oh boy.

WHIPPIT

Hey, I'm sorry if I'm a little tired after working all night and I can't just jump up and give you a lap dance.

CLAIRE

Exactly!

WHIPPIT

I was perfectly happy dancing and tricking at the Hippo, but no -- you had to get greedy, and steal from the--

PHIL

Okay, that's enough!

TASTE

Well excuse me if I have dreams! You think I want to sell stolen wheelchairs for the rest of my life?

Phil waves the gun, finally snapping.

PHIL

Shut up! Stop arguing!

They stop.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Okay. Yes, we committed the unspeakable crime of taking your reservations. But now, those goons are after us because they think we have this flashdrive that you stole. So you are gonna go to them and tell them you're the Tripplehorn--

TASTE

Wait a second, bitch--

PHIL

--stop calling me bitch--

TASTE

--are you saying those goons are tracking you right now?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Have you not heard a word I said?
That's why we're here. You need to get
 us out of this.

TASTE

No. We need get out. Whippit, baby. Two
 minute drill! Right now! Go! Go! Go!

In a flurry of motion, they begin packing up. She pulls
 suitcases from a closet...

CLAIRE

Wait--

TASTE

Leave the latex. Only the essentials.

CLAIRE

Stop-- You can't leave--

Taste sees Whippit flinging clothes into several suitcases.

TASTE

You need three suitcases? Every time
 with the overpacking. Remember the
 deal?

(points to her)

"Nothing you can't walk away from in
 thirty seconds."

(to Phil)

Bobby DeNiro. HEAT.

Phil waves the gun.

PHIL

Okay, nobody's going anywhere! You are
 going to take the flashdrive and give
 it back to--

Taste flings the suitcases out the window onto the fire
 escape.

TASTE

Tell you what--

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the flashdrive and
 tosses it to Phil.

TASTE (CONT'D)

Give it to 'em yourself.

(to Whippit)

Come on, baby.

(CONTINUED)

Whippit hesitates for a moment.

WHIPPIT

Maybe we should think about this,
Taste. I don't want to leave. I like
it here!

TASTE

Whippit, look at me. Look at me.

Phil and Claire share a look. This is getting intense.

TASTE (CONT'D)

We gotta go. It's just you and me,
right? Us against the world. Now you
follow me out this window. Right now.

WHIPPIT

But this is our home, baby.

TASTE

(with meaning)

Hey! No it's not.

(pounds his own chest)

This is your home.

This. Is. Your. Home.

Whippit takes this in. She rushes into Taste's arms and they have a brief, but very very intense, open-mouthed make-out session. Lots of tongue everywhere.

Claire and Phil watch, uncomfortable...and maybe just a little bit envious.

Taste goes through the window, then grabs Whippit's hand, pulls her through after.

PHIL

Wait! How do we get this to Miletto?

Taste exchanges a look with Whippit, looks at Phil.

TASTE

Miletto?

PHIL

Yeah. To Joe Miletto. The guy you're
blackmailing.

Taste smiles.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (8)

74

TASTE

Oh, you two really are a long way from home, aren't you?

PHIL

What? What does that mean?

TASTE

Y'all have a nice night now.

And Taste and Whippit are gone. Leaving Claire and Phil standing alone in the apartment.

PHIL

Ok, that did not go down at *all* like I expected.

75 INT. HOLBROOKE'S BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

75

Holbrooke answers the inner loft door. It's Arroyo and Walsh.

HOLBROOKE

Detectives. Welcome.

WALSH

Are you Holbrooke Grant?

HOLBROOKE

Yes.

ARROYO

You wanna put some clothes on so we can talk?

HOLBROOKE

No, I'm good, and it's late... and I pretty much said everything I have to say to the other cops.

He starts to close the door, she stops him.

ARROYO

What... "other cops?"

76 EXT. STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

76

Phil and Claire walk towards the Audi.

PHIL

What do you think Taste meant, "We're a long way from home?"

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

They get into the car.

77 INT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS 77

Phil starts the car.

CLAIRE

Honey, his name is "Taste." I wouldn't
read too deeply--

BOOM! The REAR WINDOW of the Audi SHATTERS as a bullet flies
through the car. They spin around to see--

DETECTIVES ARMSTRONG and COLLINS incoming, guns up, firing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wait! Stop! We have your--

But they don't listen, they just keep firing.

PHIL

Get down!

Armstrong and Collins are on foot, incoming, bullets slashing
through the windows. Phil LEANS OUT HIS WINDOW and aims the
1860 COLT HANDGUN. WINCING, he FIRES--

78 BLAM! 78

The entire gun BLOWS UP IN HIS HAND -- he's holding just the
handle. But the SOUND was enough to make Collins and
Armstrong DUCK FOR COVER.

He PULLS HIS HEAD back in, holding the handle.

PHIL

Okay. Very old gun.

79 Phil JAMS the car INTO GEAR and speeds out of the space, 79
speeding around the corner. Armstrong and Collins run back
out into the street, chasing, firing.

80 Phil and Claire duck low in their seats. Phil can just barely 80
see over the wheel.

CLAIRE

Careful!

PHIL

Claire! Don't yell at me, I know what
I'm--

WHAM!!!

81 HE SMASHES HEAD-ON INTO A CAB. 81

Phil and Claire look over the dash to see--

A CABBIE, 20's. He looks at them.

CABBIE

Aw man. What the hell are you--

BAM BAM BAM! BULLETS shatter the Audi windshield. A second later, another bullet shatters the Cab windshield and rear window! The cops are bearing down from the back, firing full breach.

Phil tries to back up, but...the cab backs up with him.

82 THE TWO CARS ARE ATTACHED, FRONT FENDER-TO-FENDER. 82

CABBIE

Dude! Dude dude dude dude!

PHIL

Oh God. Okay. I gotta get you off us!

Phil slams his car into drive, then stomps on the brakes, trying desperately to get free from the cab. No dice.

CABBIE

Put your shit in reverse, asshole!

They both put their cars in reverse and try to back up. Nothing but burning rubber.

Collins and Armstrong are closing, fast. Phil realizes he has no choice--

PHIL

(to Cabbie)

Looks like you're coming with us.

Phil RAMS INTO DRIVE and takes off down the street, plowing the cab backwards along with them.

83 Collins and Armstrong race to their car and take off in hot pursuit. 83

84 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET (#1) - CONTINUOUS 84

The conjoined cars careen wildly down the street, swerving and clipping parked cars as they go.

Phil looks across the hoods to the Cabbie.

(CONTINUED)

CABBIE

Ahhhhhhhhh! I'm going backwards! Make me stop going backwards!

PHIL

(calling)

Get loose! Do something!

CABBIE

I'm going backwards in the car!

Cabbie is no help. From far in the distance, a siren slashes through the air. Here come Collins and Armstrong. Phil looks at Claire.

PHIL

Claire! Take the wheel!

CLAIRE

What?!

PHIL

Just take the wheel!

While they continue to drive forward, Phil climbs out the front window, and slides across the hood to--

The cab. He dives into the driver's seat--

PHIL

Move over!

CABBIE

I have eighty bucks and some White Castle sliders! You can have the sliders! Take them!

PHIL

Move over!

Phil takes the wheel of the cab, looks over the dash to Claire who now drives the Audi.

CABBIE

Side street! Cross traffic!

They speed through an intersection, where a cross-traffic cars nearly miss hitting the Audi and cab.

PHIL

Reverse! Shift into reverse!

Claire, freaking, slams her car into reverse.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

They are heading for another intersection. Phil sees it coming. Claire, in reverse, can't see much at all.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hard right at the light! When I say
so, turn right!

She checks her rear-view mirror, sees the intersection.

CLAIRE

Wait -- no! Phil! Your right or my--

PHIL

Now!

87 He turns right, but she turns her wheel the other direction, 87
and the CARS GO INTO A FLAT SPIN, PINWHEELING through the
intersection and cross-traffic--

They snap back around, on the other side of the intersection.

88 Now Claire is facing FORWARD, with Phil going in REVERSE. 88

PHIL

Right! I said turn right!

CLAIRE

I turned right! My right! You need to
be more specific!

CABBIE

She's got a point, man--

PHIL

Why do these people want to kill us so
badly?!

(to Cabbie)

Do you have a computer? Or a
BlackBerry? Anything I can read a
document on?

CABBIE

Uh...I have a Kindle.

PHIL

What the hell is a Kindle?

CABBIE

It's like a digital book reader thing.

PHIL

Gimme it! Quickly!

89 Cabbie hands him a KINDLE. Phil takes it.

89

PHIL

Steer!

Cabbie grabs the wheel. Phil looks at the Kindle.

ANGLE ON KINDLE: it's the digital version of "And in the Morning We Walk with the Birds of Change."

PHIL (CONT'D)

(re: book)

Seriously?

CABBIE

It's actually pretty good.

Phil JAMS the FLASH DRIVE into the USB PORT. He opens the drive and sees a SPREADSHEET. He scans it as quickly as he can... Cabbie grabs it from him--

CABBIE (CONT'D)

Gimme that! Reading while you drive is very dangerous!

90 EXT/INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

90

ARMSTRONG and COLLINS are in the car, siren blasting.

COLLINS

I gotta call it in.

ARMSTRONG

We're supposed to be off-duty!

COLLINS

We're chasing two smashed-together cars through Manhattan -- how do we explain not calling that in?

(into radio)

7-3-3-Baker. This is Detective Collins requesting mobile backup. Suspects headed south on Avenue A in a silver Audi and a city cab, that are kind of...stuck together.

A beat.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Sorry, can you repeat that?

91

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET #2 - NIGHT

91

Phil/Cabbie and Claire continue to swerve wildly through the streets. Cabbie is READING the Kindle...

CABBIE

Wow, there's some sick stuff on here.
Wait, I've seen that dude before... on
the news.

PHIL

Yes, his name is Joe Miletto. Very
scary man.

CABBIE

No, this is another guy. The broom guy
from TV.

PHIL

What-- let me see that...

Phil takes the Kindle...

ON THE SCREEN: pictures, data, numbers...we see
names...faces... District Attorney Crenshaw...and HOOKERS...

PHIL (CONT'D)

Oh my God... The DA... Crenshaw...

CABBIE

(panicky)

Hey man, eyes on the road, maybe? Eyes
on the road?

Phil LOOKS UP.

PHIL

Claire! Get off this street!

CLAIRE

Why? It's got more lanes!

CABBIE

Jesus -- will you let him drive the
cars?

PHIL

(to Cabbie)

She does this every time. She always
questions my directions!

(to Claire)

We have to head for the bridge! I know
a shortcut!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CLAIRE

No more shortcuts! I hate your shortcuts!

PHIL

(offended)

Hey! My shortcuts are good!

CLAIRE

No, they're terrible! They've never worked! Not once in the history of our union have they ever worked!

92 Suddenly, MORE lights flash behind them. Three other NYPD COP CARS emerge onto the street, joining ARMSTRONG and COLLINS on the Foster's tail. 92

CABBIE

(yelling)

I don't know, lady -- maybe a shortcut would be good right now!

CLAIRE

Of course another guy would think that!

93 They swerve through traffic, clipping cars. Phil goes back and forth from the Kindle to the street... 93

PHIL

Hard left at the light!

(off her look)

Your left, okay? Yours! Now!

CLAIRE

Ahhhhhhhhhh--

And she does it, trusting him this time, swinging the wheel. They skid around the corner, straight onto--

94 EXT. SOUTH STREET - UNDER FDR DRIVE - NIGHT 94

Claire guns the engine full throttle. The cop cars bear down...and OPEN FIRE.

CABBIE

(yelling to them)

I had nothing to do with this! I am an innocent! Shoot them!

Phil and Claire struggle to maintain control, darting in and out of traffic. Claire sees dead ahead:

95 MORE LIGHTS. SIRENS. THREE COP CARS PARKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY, FORMING A ROAD-BLOCK. 95

CLAIRE

Great! Another incredibly inefficient shortcut Phil!

PHIL

I had to try something!

CABBIE

This isn't productive! You two need to work your married people shit out when my life is not at stake!

(then, to Claire)

Now, when I hit the horn, wife, you brake and

(to Phil)

you, husband guy, ram your junk into drive and floor it!

They're closing fast on the roadblock. Twenty yards. Now ten. Cabbie suddenly leans on his HORN. Claire shuts her eyes, stomps on the brakes; Phil snaps his car into gear, hitting the gas so--

96 They WHIPLASH in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION-DRIVING NOW IN... 96

ONCOMING TRAFFIC! Only they are going in the right direction because they didn't need to turn around.

They just switched from Claire leading to Phil leading.

97 The COP CARS try to pull 180's, but they slam straight into-- 97

The ROADBLOCK. Cop cars hit cop cars. Metal screams, glass shatters. When everyone rises, their cars are disabled.

Phil and Claire swerve wildly, barely able to control their cars with Phil's back tires shredded. They skid onto--

98 OMITTED 98

99 EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME 99

Cabbie is pumped. Let's out a scream...

CABBIE

That's what I'm talking about! What'd I tell you bitches? Now pull over and get your Dr. Phil-needing asses out of my--

100 BANG. A Suburban comes flying through the intersection, T- 100
boning the cars and breaking them apart.

The two cars spin out and once they regain control, we see
that they are now driving parallel, towards the East River!

101 Claire slams on her brakes and stops. Phil hits his brakes, 101
but doesn't stop--

PHIL

The brakes are gone!

Claire sees the cab NOW HEADING FOR THE EAST RIVER.

102 Cabbie looks up, sees the water coming fast... 102

CABBIE

I'm out! Don't worry about the fare!

And with that, he throws open his door and bails out of the
car.

Phil looks ahead, sees that it's too late, his car now
airborne flying off the pier... and into the East River.

103 Claire comes running up to the end of the pier as Phil 103
scrambles out of the sinking cab and swims away...

CLAIRE

Phil!

She helps him out of the water...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

PHIL

(shivering like crazy)

Oh-my-god-it's-so-cold! Dear-God-it's-
so-cold!

CLAIRE

Are you gonna throw up?

PHIL

Stomach empty. Just so cold.

He looks back at the sinking car. Realizes something.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Oh my God. The flashdrive is gone. And
so are the Tripplehornes. We got
nothing.

104 They start walking away from the water, a soaking wet Phil 104
shivering in the cold. She puts her arm around him.

CLAIRE

C'mon, maybe Holbrooke has something
you can wear in the car.

They get to the Audi. She opens the trunk. A RAINCOAT piled
on the floor. Phil grabs it, revealing a GYM BAG UNDERNEATH.

105 EXT. ROADBLOCK SITE - NIGHT 105

COPS and other EMERGENCY PERSONNEL deal with the aftermath of
the chase. Arroyo talks to Collins and Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

We were out having a beer, and I don't
know, luck of the Irish, in walks your
perps from earlier. Fosters, right?

ARROYO

(suspect)
Yeah. Good memory.

COLLINS

Anyway, in they come. We approach
them, trying to help you out, next
thing I know they're shooting at us.

ARROYO

Really. Mr. Foster, the New Jersey Tax
Lawyer, is now armed.

ARMSTRONG

Surprised us. That's for sure.

Arroyo looks at them.

ARROYO

Alright. Well, nice work, fellas. Why
don't you both head home.

COLLINS

Sure you don't want us to stay on, help
you find them?

ARROYO

Kind offer, but I got this. Go to
sleep, boys.

Armstrong and Collins glance at each other, head off. Arroyo
watches them the whole way.

106 EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - NIGHT

106

As they pass under a streetlight and we see Claire and Phil -- who is now dressed in a Lululemon yoga outfit (three quarter length Lycra pants, skin-tight tank top) and a knee-length raincoat.

PHIL

It was a ledger of payments for "services rendered" at one of Joe Miletto's clubs. Place called "The Peppermint Hippo."

CLAIRE

Neither of those words is dirty, but somehow, together, that's the dirtiest thing I've ever heard.

PHIL

One service was called... "Diamond and Scarlett," one was "Fantasia and Domino" and one was, you know... all four.

CLAIRE

Four girls at once? I can only think of jobs for three.

(beat)

Oh -- got it.

PHIL

Thing is, this ledger only had pictures and records on one client.

(off her look)

Crenshaw. The Manhattan District Attorney.

Claire stops, overwhelmed.

CLAIRE

Sure. .District Attorney. Why not?

PHIL

The Tripplehornes may have stolen the flashdrive from Miletto, but they were blackmailing Crenshaw.

He looks at her, sees she's staring up across the street.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Are you with me?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Our first place.

PHIL
What?

She points up to the window of an apartment building. It's seen better days.

CLAIRE
Our first apartment. Right up there.

PHIL
Wow. Remember those banging pipes?

CLAIRE
Every morning. And those crazy warped windows. You'd wake up in the winter, there'd be snow drifts by the bed.

They stand there, side by side, staring up at the building.

PHIL
The last time we were up this late, it was in that window.

CLAIRE
No. The last time we were up this late was the night Ollie was born.

A quiet beat. Lot of history.

PHIL
That apartment feels like four hundred years ago.

CLAIRE
(smiles)
This afternoon feels like four hundred years ago.

The faint sound of SIRENS brings them back.

PHIL
We gotta go.

107 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

107

Phil and Claire ride a mostly deserted car.

CLAIRE
Okay, you know I'm not so great with complicated plots.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

I know, but this one directly affects us staying alive. So stay with me.

He points to an OLD GUY with WISPY HAIR, sitting across from them.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Alright, say that guy is Crenshaw, the District Attorney. He's supposed to be busting bad guys like..

Points to a SLEEPING HOMELESS GUY. He points to each guy when he needs to, so Claire can follow along.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Joe Miletto, the gangster. But Crenshaw can't bust Miletto, because he's one of Miletto's biggest clients.

CLAIRE

Client?

PHIL

Yes. Because apparently Crenshaw uses Miletto's clubs to get --

There's no other women, so he points to a VERY OLD LADY.

PHIL (CONT'D)

--hookers.

CLAIRE

I hope she's really a hooker. That would be amazing.

PHIL

Okay, so, Miletto makes a flash drive containing photos and records of the D.A. with Miletto's hookers.

CLAIRE

Which Taste and Whippit stole from the Peppermint Hippo where she works.

PHIL

They stole it and were using it to blackmail the D.A., Crenshaw.

CLAIRE

So those two cops don't even work for Miletto.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Right, they work for Crenshaw. That's why Taste acted weird when I mentioned Miletto's name.

CLAIRE

So we just go to the...

(points)

D.A., give him the flashdrive, and he'll let us go back to our lives, right?

PHIL

No.

CLAIRE

Ugh. Why not?! I was doing so well!

PHIL

Well, two reasons. First, the drive is currently at the bottom of the East River.

CLAIRE

Good point.

PHIL

But more importantly, it doesn't matter whether we have the flash drive or not, because anyone who knows what's on it is a liability. If you're Crenshaw, you have to get rid of the Tripplehornes.

Claire realizes, and points to herself and Phil.

CLAIRE

And we're... the Tripplehornes.

PHIL

We're gonna need some help.

Holbrooke opens the inner loft door, takes in Claire and Phil standing there.

HOLBROOKE

Are those my yoga clothes?

PHIL

Yes. They were in the trunk of your Audi.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Which is currently parked over by the East River and probably in need of significant repair. For which I'm sure I can pay you back over the next few decades. Also on my tab, you will be adding the super old gun that I stole from your hallway. Which, by the way, was not very useful. But none of that is actually why we're here.

CLAIRE

(looks past Holbrooke)

Hello, Natanya, good to see you again.

The Israeli super model, wrapped in a sheet, waves from behind Holbrooke.

PHIL

Impossible as it may be to believe, our night has gotten even weirder since we last saw you.

HOLBROOKE

I've had an interesting night myself. And I'm really tired. So as nice as it was to see you again, Claire, how 'bout you two go knock on someone else's door.

Holbrooke moves to close the door, Phil stops him.

PHIL

Here's the thing: I just wanted to take my wife out to dinner, so that maybe we could have one night where we felt like... new. Now all I wanna do is get us home. And I think I've figured out how to do that. But I can't make it work without some help. So I am asking you Holbrooke, even though your abs make me want to kill myself and your girlfriend is so hot it's like looking through a shimmering jet engine, I believe there is a real person who may actually understand what I'm going through. So will you please let us come in, will you please listen to what we're asking, and will you please, for the love of God, put a fucking shirt on!!

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED: (2)

108

Claire looks at Phil, impressed by his show of strength, then notices Natanya leaning against the wall, tears in her eyes. Claire leans close to Phil...

CLAIRE

Look honey, I think you got through.

NATANYA

(Hebrew, subtitled)

Please I can't take it anymore, all the doorbells, just do whatever they want so we can hurry make more sex.

Holbrooke steps inside... motioning...

HOLBROOKE

Come on in.

Phil and Claire follow.

109

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

109

An anonymous building. Claire and Phil, still in the raincoat and yoga outfit, watch from a few feet away.

PHIL

Alright. This is it. You ready?

She nods. They walk over to the door, where a large MAN IN A SUIT stands guard. He looks at them.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Miletto sent us. My girl here's working tonight.

DOORMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Claire smiles at him -- turning on the charm.

CLAIRE

I'm the new girl.

The Doorman looks her up and down.

DOORMAN

Really.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

DOORMAN

You're the new girl.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED:

109

PHIL

(offended)

Yeah, asshole. She's the new girl.
And Miletto picked her out of a
thousand girls. Because she's sexy.
She's super sexy. Way sexier than those
plastic androids you got in there.

Claire smiles at Phil.

DOORMAN

(to Phil)

And who are you?

PHIL

I am her... pimp.

DOORMAN

Really. You're her pimp.

The guy doesn't look so sure. Claire steps up, full of attitude, chomping gum (even though she doesn't have any gum)...

CLAIRE

Yeah, douchebag, He's my pimp. Now you
gonna let this working girl in, or do I
have to call Joey Miletto and tell him
that his bell boy made me late?

The DOORMAN hesitates, then opens the door.

DOORMAN

Locker-room's to your right.

CLAIRE

Good boy.

(to Phil)

Come on, pimp.

He looks at her. Who IS this woman? Follows her in...

110

INT. PEPPERMINT HIPPO - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

110

Claire walks in. The room is filled with women in various states of undress. She opens one locker, sees some PINK HOT PANTS and a "shirt" made out of a strand or two of beads.

She holds them up together, checks herself out in a mirror, like she's shopping at Macy's. Wrinkles her nose. Gets a different HOT PANT. Holds them up together. Nope.

A HOOKER looks at her askance.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

CLAIRE

Do you have anything in more of like a size 8?

HOOKER

Ew...What?...No.

CLAIRE

Okay. Good luck on your final exams. That's why you're doing this, right? To pay your way through college?

The hooker moves on. Claire finds a red spangly number in roughly her size...

111 INT. PEPPERMINT HIPPO - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

111

Phil stands there, trying to keep his eyes to himself. But his eyes are drawn across the room to...

Claire emerging from the locker-room, shyly pulling the dress down, trying to make it cover everything. Phil is blown away by how Claire looks.

PHIL

(eyeing her outfit)
Holy momma.

CLAIRE

(embarrassed)
I know. Shut up. Why is it so bright in here? Isn't it supposed to be dark and seedy. And dark.

PHIL

You look amazing.

CLAIRE

(lights up)
For reals?

Phil nods, meaning it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thanks. It also has a string that goes up my butt.

112 INT. PEPPERMINT HIPPO - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

112

Phil and Claire enter, and are hit with deafening music. Strobelights flickering. The club has dark chambers and side rooms, full of clients and call girls engaged in various criminal acts.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
(looking around)
Maybe the Mormons have it right.

Phil and Claire start walking uncomfortably through the space, looking for the D.A. They pass the first tangle of people.

PHIL
I thought you said women don't enjoy that.

CLAIRE
That's a dude.

He looks again, squints.

PHIL
Indeed it is.

They keep moving. Claire sees a nondescript DOOR marked "PRIVATE" at the far end of the room, that just so happens to be guarded by a LARGE THUG. They approach him...

CLAIRE
I'm here for Crenshaw.

THUG
Look up, please.

Confused, they GLANCE UP and see a CAMERA. After a beat, the Thug presses against his EARPIERCE.

THUG (CONT'D)
Okay. Head on in.

Phil looks at Claire.

PHIL
I'll be waiting out here.

THUG
No -- both of you, head on in.

They look at him. He shrugs.

THUG (CONT'D)
He likes you, too.

Gulp. The Thug opens the door, and they walk into...

113 INT. PEPPERMINT HIPPO - VIP ROOM - NIGHT

113

The room is dark, shadowy, curls of smoke, the music softer. Phil and Claire look around. 8-10 PEOPLE of varying ages and sexes lounge around, some of them DANCING, some MAKING OUT...

In the corner, attended to by several LADIES, sits a man in his 40's, fit, sunglasses. D.A. CRENSHAW. Phil elbows Claire.

PHIL

There he is. With the sunglasses.

CLAIRE

(noticing)

Oh, he's got his broom with him!

That's gross! Why does he need that?

Phil grabs Claire's elbow, leads her toward Crenshaw. Before they get close, a GIANT BODYGUARD steps in front of them.

GIANT BODYGUARD

Can I help you?

PHIL

We need to speak to Mr. Crenshaw.

GIANT BODYGUARD

No one gets close to Crenshaw. Unless he picks you.

CLAIRE

"Picks us?" For what?

Crenshaw calls off from the corner.

CRENSHAW

Carlton, move aside.

The bodyguard steps aside. Crenshaw looks Phil and Claire up and down. He notices Claire's glasses, then smiles, deviant.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Oooh, a brainy one. I like that.

CLAIRE

It's astigmatism. Worse in the left eye.

(CONTINUED)

CRENSHAW

(re: Phil)

And you brought your androgynous friend. Is it a man or a woman-- I don't know! Very sexy.

PHIL

That doesn't seem fair.

CRENSHAW

Why don't you two show me what you got?

Claire and Phil look at each other, "What does that mean?"

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Come on. Get up there and start dancing!

CLAIRE

Actually, we were hoping to speak with you--

CRENSHAW

I don't come here to talk. Start dancing.

A reluctant Phil and Claire move onto the dance floor. Claire starts to bop awkwardly. Phil, not really knowing what to do, takes one of Claire's hands and puts one arm around her hip. Now they just look like they're at a bar mitzvah.

CLAIRE

(clenched teeth)

What are you doing?

PHIL

It's the only dance I know! I learned it for our wedding.

They dance for a few more beats. Crenshaw turns away, disappointed.

CRENSHAW

I'm not feeling it. Carlton, they can go.

PHIL

But, sir! We need to talk to you!

Crenshaw shakes his head, waves them off. Carlton approaches, starts to usher them out the door. Phil looks desperate.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hold on! Hold on just a second. That was just the warm-up act, guys! Now that I've got everyone's juices flowing, prepare for some Grade-A, USDA approved, prime beefcake eroticism.

He grabs Claire and starts to "dirty-dance" her. Claire is taken aback for a minute, then starts to go with it.

CLAIRE

Oh....yeah...Now it is ON.

PHIL

Yeeeahhh! It's getting sexy in here! Dank and musky! I feel the vibes.

Crenshaw takes off his sunglasses. He's paying attention. Phil turns around and starts to bounce up and down, his hands on his knees and his butt up in the air towards Claire.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Slap the naughty boy! Slap him real good.

Claire lightly taps Phil's butt.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Give it to me! Like my Daddy does!

Claire starts to whack Phil harder - boom boom boom. Crenshaw's really getting into it.

CLAIRE

Now uh...do the SpongeBob!

Claire starts to dance like SpongeBob Squarepants - body straight, arms gesticulating wildly. Phil joins in after a second. They're really going for it.

CRENSHAW

God! What are they doing?! That's disgusting!

He watches them for a few seconds, totally turned on.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Hey! You two, come on over here.

Claire and Phil stop dancing and head over to Crenshaw. They're in. Crenshaw smiles at their approach. Claire bends down, whispers in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

We have something you want.

CRENSHAW

Yeah, you do. How much for a night?

PHIL

A hundred thousand dollars.

CRENSHAW

I don't know any girl's worth that.

CLAIRE

How 'bout one with a flash drive?

Crenshaw looks at the two of them.

PHIL

Hey, how are ya? We're the
Tripplehorn.

Crenshaw's face goes instantly stone cold. He signals for someone. Armstrong and Collins appear from the shadows, weapons discreetly drawn.

CLAIRE

Wow. You guys just keep showing up,
huh?

CRENSHAW

Why don't we go somewhere we can all
talk. Privately.

The lights of the city glitter in the distance. The rooftop door slams open. Claire and Phil are pushed out the door by Crenshaw, Armstrong and Collins. They walk a few paces ahead of them.

CLAIRE

This is part of the plan, right? I
think I need to go back down to the
subway for a refresher.

PHIL

Remember in that book, from Book Club,
when Nasrin reads her cousin's diary
and in retaliation her cousin threatens
to tell the whole village that Nasrin
had her period?

She looks at him, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (CONT'D)

What?

CLAIRE

You read it. You read the book.

PHIL

Of course I did. I read all of them.

CLAIRE

Why?

PHIL

Because...it matters to you.

She looks at him. Touched by this.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Anyway, how does Nasrin stop her cousin? By threatening to reveal all the secrets she learned from her cousin's diary.

CLAIRE

Honestly...I only read the first thirty pages, and the last page.

(off his look)

Who has time to read?

They share a laugh. She looks at him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Listen. Whatever happens...

He looks back at her.

PHIL

I know.

CRENSHAW

Okay. Let's make this simple. Give me the flash drive or Armstrong breaks both your wife's arms.

PHIL

The flash drive's not on us. How stupid do we look?

CRENSHAW

In those outfits? Pretty stupid.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

I got the flashdrive somewhere nobody's going to find it. And if you want to keep it that way, then you're going to let us walk away. For good. Right now.

Claire looks at Phil, smiles, he's doing well.

CRENSHAW

You expect me to trust you on that?

PHIL

You're gonna have to. If our associate, Mr. Grant, doesn't hear from us every hour, on the hour, until he knows we're free, he releases what's on that drive.

Crenshaw looks to Collins.

COLLINS

Grant is the ex-military guy we questioned tonight. He's for real.

Crenshaw looks at Phil and Claire, frustrated. They've got him and he knows it.

CRENSHAW

Goddammit.

CLAIRE

Ooh, he's mad, honey! That's a very good sign.

PHIL

So we got a deal, Crenshaw? We walk away, no one ever knows anything.

Before Crenshaw can answer, the roof door bangs open and Joe Miletto stomps out. He's got four thugs behind him. 115

MILETTO

What the hell is going on up here?

PHIL

I'm sorry, sir. We're trying to do a rooftop thing. Could you give us a few minutes?

MILETTO

No I can't give you a few minutes, Lance Armstrong!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILETTO (CONT'D)

This my roof you're on, and unless you wanna lose another testicle, I suggest you start talking.

PHIL

Ah, so you're Joe Miletto. Nice to finally put a face to a name. Claire and Phil Foster.

CLAIRE

Wow. This late at night and you're still here at work. You are very hands on.

CRENSHAW

We have to let them go, Joe. They've got a guy on the outside with the flashdrive. There's no play here.

Miletto processes this information and...DRAWS HIS WEAPON.

MILETTO

So they've seen the flashdrive.

Crenshaw nods. Miletto turns, deadly, to Claire and Phil.

MILETTO (CONT'D)

Then they're not goin' anywhere.

CLAIRE

(frightened)

What's going on, Phil? Was this part of the plan? I forget the details...

MILETTO

They know too much. No loose ends.

Miletto turns his gun sideways, cocks it. Claire's eyes go wide.

CLAIRE

Phil, he turned the gun sideways!!
Killshot, Phil!

MILETTO

Shut that nerdy whore up!

CRENSHAW

Joe, put it down!

A powderkeg about to blow as we zip from one gun to a head, to another gun...

(CONTINUED)

L
No

MILETTO/ARMSTRONG/MAFIA THUG
Stay out of this! I've got the shot!
Don't move, pig!

Claire begins to come undone.

CLAIRE
We're gonna die!

PHIL
Claire, calm down.

Hyperventilating now...

CLAIRE
We are not these people!

PHIL
It's gonna be okay.

Finally, Claire breaks down completely. Total panic.

CLAIRE
No it's not! We are so far from okay,
Phil! This was not part of the plan!
This was not part of the plan!!

Finally, Phil grabs her. Face to face.

PHIL
Claire, look at me--

CLAIRE
They're gonna--!

They lock eyes. Phil's voice does not waver.

PHIL
Claire: Look at me. I have got this.

She calms a bit. He pounds his chest.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I. Have. Got. This.

She looks at him. A new man. Nods.

MILETTO
I kid you not, I will put it in your
eye hole!

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED: (4)

115

PHIL

Well, looks like you two have some issues to work out so we'll just be going.

Phil and Claire head back towards the door when suddenly...

MILETTO

Stop!

The sound of a GUN COCKING makes Phil and Claire freeze in their tracks. This was not anticipated.

MILETTO (CONT'D)

You know what? To hell with this whole thing. It's gotten much too complicated. I think the easiest thing is that everyone just dies. Now.

116 The guns all come out again, now pointed in every which way. 116

MILETTO'S THUGS/COLLINS/ARMSTRONG

Drop them! Put 'em down! Now!

CLAIRE

What now?!

PHIL

I don't know -- usually they don't decide to just kill everyone.

Claire makes a decision, steps forward.

CLAIRE

Alright, I have had enough! My kids are going to be awake in ninety minutes so this shit ends now! I am going to count to three and every one of you boys is going to lower your guns!

They all just look at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

One!

PHIL

(joining in)
I'd listen to her, she's really good at this.

CLAIRE

Two!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

MILETTO

Is she serious?

CLAIRE

TH--

117 WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP. We hear it a split second before we see it. A police helicopter rises above the roof of the club. Several fully-armored SWAT team members are inside, guns trained on the group on the roof. FLOODLIGHTS light up the space. Everybody freezes.

WALSH

DOWN! DOWN! EVERYBODY ON THE GROUND!

118 TWENTY COPS swarm in from various rooftop doors wearing NYPD flak jackets, led by the familiar faces of DETECTIVES ARROYO and WALSH. Claire and Phil drop to the ground, watch as the cops take control of the situation.

CLAIRE

(to Phil. Simply)

Three. Works every time.

(sotto)

We really did get lucky with that chopper, though.

ARROYO

Mr. Miletto, Mr. District Attorney, you two are under arrest for obstruction of justice, conspiracy, racketeering, prostitution, and about a million other things.

Arroyo approaches Armstrong and Collins, shakes her head sadly. Walsh walks over to Phil.

ARROYO (CONT'D)

You two okay?

Phil nods.

PHIL

You'll find all the evidence you need to put these two away right here--

119 He REACHES INTO HIS SHIRT, suavely, and starts to pull out a WIRE [which he borrowed from Holbrooke]. But it gets caught. He struggles.

PHIL

...on this...hang on...

(CONTINUED)

He continues to struggle. The wire gets CAUGHT around his neck. He spins around...chokes himself...

PHIL (CONT'D)
(choking)
Arkl...ack...just...one second...

Walsh waits patiently. Claire looks at Walsh - sorry!

Eventually Phil just RIPS OPEN HIS SHIRT and YANKS the rest of it out. He immediately snaps back into SUAVE MODE.

PHIL (CONT'D)
--on this wire, which I'd really like to return to Holbrooke Grant in one piece.

CLAIRE
How'd you find us?

ARROYO
I knew Armstrong and Collins had lied about where they'd been. Then Holbrooke Grant called, told us what you were up to and where you were headed. I gotta say I didn't believe him. I mean, forgive me, but I look at the two of you and I don't exactly see crime fighting badasses.
(then)
What's your story?

They look at each other as Claire says...

CLAIRE
We're just a regular boring couple from New Jersey.

...both now knowing they're anything but.

Phil puts his arm around his wife, turns to Arroyo...

PHIL
Don't take this wrong way, but I hope we never see you again, Detective.

They turn and start to walk towards the roof door.

ARROYO
You two need a ride home?

CLAIRE
Yes, our kids must be--

(CONTINUED)

ARROYO

Don't worry. We sent a squad car out there an hour ago. They're sound asleep at the sitter's.

CLAIRE

Thank god.

ARROYO

So, about that ride?

Phil turns, all of Manhattan stretched out behind him, as dawn arrives.

PHIL

You know what? I promised my wife dinner in the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

A STREET SWEEPER goes past. Claire and Phil sit in a booth, each with plates of breakfast in front of them.

CLAIRE

I'm not sure, but these may be the best eggs I've ever eaten in my life.

She looks up, sees Phil staring at her. She touches her face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? Do I have something--

PHIL

I'd do it again, you know.

CLAIRE

What? Tonight? Cuz that would be very dangerous.

PHIL

Not tonight. Us. You. Me. The kids. All of it. I'd do it again.

(simply)

I'd choose you. Every time.

She looks back at him a moment, then gets up, walks around and sits down on the same side of the booth with him. She then pulls her plate over and they sit there, side by side, eating breakfast as the city wakes up outside the window.

121

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - MORNING

121

The Fosters' car pulls up to their curb.

GPS

You have reached your destination.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

Maybe she actually does know what she's talking about.

Phil and Claire get out, head up their front walk.

CLAIRE

Well, thank you for a lovely evening.

PHIL

You are most welcome.

She considers him as they arrive at their front door.

CLAIRE

We should go out again some time.

PHIL

Definitely.

CLAIRE

I'm free next Friday.

PHIL

It's a date.

They lean in and kiss. A big kiss. A first date kiss. Passionate and true. And then all of a sudden--

CHARLOTTE/OLIVER (O.S.)

Mom! Dad!

We PULL AWAY as the kids come running over from the next door neighbor's house. Phil and Claire open their arms to greet them as we...

FADE OUT