

HALL PASS

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Previous Revisions by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Very late. All is quiet. Then a battered MINI-VAN blows by a row of hedges that have been pruned to read: 'WELCOME TO CAPE COD.' A moment later a FLASHING COP CAR flies by in HOT PURSUIT.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

The WINDSHIELD IS GONE and the wind blows back the hair of two BEAT-UP-LOOKING MEN. The driver, FRED SEARING, 40-ish, has a look of determination and resolve on his chunky face, despite the BLACK EYE and BLOOD-STAINED TISSUE dangling out of his nose. The nervous passenger is RICK MILLS, 38.

RICK  
Pull over, man!

FRED  
No way, I can out-run 'em!

RICK  
No you can't--not in this thing!

Another POLICE CRUISER FISHTAILS OUT OF A SIDE STREET and JOINS THE CHASE.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh God, now there's two of 'em!

FRED  
I don't care--I'm not stopping 'til we get there!

RICK  
Are you crazy?!

FRED  
Yeah, I'm crazy! I'm crazy about my wife!

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A CAPE COD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rick and Fred come SKIDDING UP to the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE followed by the two police cruisers. When they stop, we see that somebody has spray-painted 'HORNY OLD MAN' on the side of the mini-van.

Fred jumps out and SPRINTS toward the entrance. SEVERAL COPS spring from their cars and give chase. Before Fred can reach the front doors, he gets KNOCKED VIOLENTLY to the ground. Rick climbs out of the passenger seat with HIS HANDS RAISED.

RICK  
Hear me out, gentlemen, I can explain every--!

AS A BURLY OFFICER'S HEAD CONNECTS WITH RICK'S CHEST, we...

FREEZE FRAME

...And FADE TO BLACK...and then:

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

TWO WEEKS EARLIER

FADE BACK IN:

INT. RICK'S FAMILY ROOM - DAY

ON TV SCREEN - a video shows several YOUNG PEOPLE, early-20's, sunning themselves at the beach. A YOUNG-LOOKING RICK hams it up for the camera.

RICK (O.S.)  
See the stud in the blue shorts?  
That's me the summer I got out of  
college.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Wow, Dad, you used to have muscles.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals EMMA, 6, and GUNNAR, 4, sitting on either side of Rick.

RICK  
I still have a few.

GUNNAR  
Where?

Rick shoots him a look.

RICK  
They're hidden.

BACK ON TV SCREEN - A PRETTY GIRL with a knockout body comes up and puts her arms around Rick.

EMMA  
Who's that girl?

RICK  
That's Mommy.

EMMA  
No, I mean the young one standing  
next to you.

RICK  
That's Mommy.

EMMA  
Mommy used to have long hair? And  
she wore a bikini?

RICK  
(wistfully)  
Yes she did.

EMMA  
How come she doesn't wear a bikini anymore?

GUNNAR  
Is it because of her fat ass?

RICK  
I guess. What? No. Who said Mommy's got a fat ass?

GUNNAR  
Mommy.

LONG BEAT.

RICK  
Well, uh, I don't appreciate that language, Gunnar. You've got the best mom in the whole world--don't ever say anything bad about her.

Just then, MAGGIE comes GRUNTING into the room carrying a ONE-YEAR-OLD BABY in one arm and a basket of laundry in the other. She's in her late-30's, cute, with short, manageable mommy hair. She's wearing SWEATPANTS, an OVERSIZED T-SHIRT, and NO MAKE-UP.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey beautiful, you better get a move on--we're supposed to be meeting Fred and Grace soon.

MAGGIE  
I know, I know, I'm trying.

RICK  
Well how long you gonna be?

MAGGIE  
Forty-five minutes--sooner if you help with the kids.

Maggie looks to him, hopeful.

RICK  
(nonchalant)  
Forty-five minutes is good.

Maggie shoots him a look and Rick smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding. Okay, kids, first one in the tub gets college paid for.

Emma and Gunnar just stare at him.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Come on, you bums, let's go!

As Rick starts to tickle his kids they run out of the room,  
and we

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Rick and Maggie walk along hand-in-hand. They're dressed-up  
and happy-looking.

RICK  
I miss going out with you on  
Saturday nights.

She smiles at him.

MAGGIE  
I know, it's just like the old  
days.

Rick pulls Maggie close as they walk.

RICK  
Maybe we should make a rule that we  
go out at least six nights a week  
without the kids.

Maggie GIGGLES.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. We should go out every  
week--just you and me.

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE walks past them and Rick gives a QUICK  
GLANCE back AT HER ASS.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I think it'd be healthy.

MAGGIE  
You gotta be kidding me?

Maggie pulls away.

RICK  
What?

MAGGIE  
You just checked out that girl's  
butt.

RICK  
I did?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, you did, and it's rude.

RICK  
Why? You think she saw me?

MAGGIE  
I saw you.

RICK  
Oh, uh, yeah. I'm sorry, honey, I'm  
just kind of spacey today.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Come on, we're late!

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Fred Searing and his wife GRACE, 38, waiting outside a restaurant. Fred sports a full-head of hair that's maybe a little too stiff. Grace is short and appealing in a Rachel Ray kind of way. Fred leans in to kiss Maggie as Rick kisses Grace.

MAGGIE  
Grace, let me ask you something:  
Does Fred ever check out other  
women in front of you?

GRACE  
No, Fred's not a gawker.

Grace pats a pleased-looking Fred on the head.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Come on, Mags, let's go say hi to  
Dr. Lucy.

We follow the women as they leave their husbands and ENTER the restaurant under a banner that says, 'Boston Psychiatric Association Person of the Year.'

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Maggie approach the check-in table.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
There they are!

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals DR. LUCY GILBERT, a very attractive and sophisticated-looking 40-year-old, holding court in the corner.

GRACE  
Dr. Lucy! Congratulations!

DR. LUCY  
Girls, thank you so much for  
coming.

Dr. Lucy speaks with a FRENCH ACCENT.

MAGGIE  
Are you kidding me? You're the only  
friend of ours who ever got an  
award--you think we're going to  
miss that?

ANGLE ON Rick and Fred standing at the bar.

FRED  
Do you mind telling me how your  
wife catches you checking out  
another girl? What is this, amateur  
hour?

The BARTENDER delivers a couple beers and Rick pays.

RICK  
The girl walked past and I glanced  
back at her for like half a second.

FRED  
There's your problem, dumb-ass--  
it's the wrong order. You don't  
wait for the girl to walk past and  
then glance back. You turn when  
she's still fifteen feet in front  
of you...then you wait for her to  
walk into your line of vision.

Fred NOTICES an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walking toward them from the  
right.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Observe.

Before the woman reaches them, Fred turns to his left and  
holds the look until the Attractive Woman's ASS ENTERS HIS  
VIEW and he watches her walk away.

FRED (CONT'D)  
You see? I can't help it if her  
butt walks where I'm already  
looking.

RICK  
(getting it)  
It was your air space.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey, guys.

They turn to see a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with a healthy tan walking  
past carrying several drinks. This is MISSY FRANKENFIELD,  
mid-30's.

RICK AND FRED  
Hey, Missy.

MISSY  
(CALLING back to them)  
Don't forget to mingle!

The guys watch Missy walk away.

FRED  
Wow. Missy's looking pretty good  
for someone going through a  
divorce.

RICK  
Yeah, that's rough stuff--I heard  
they might have to sell the house.

FRED  
Too bad. You gonna hit 'em up for  
the listing?

RICK  
 What am I, a vulture? Nah, I don't  
 go after the divorcee business  
 unless they approach me first.

FRED  
 Yeah, it's kind of tacky, huh?

As the guys crane their necks to get a better view of Missy's  
 ass, we...

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Maggie, Grace and Dr. Lucy sipping  
 lemondrops and watching Rick and Fred from across the room.

GRACE  
 Look at those two meatheads  
 checking out Missy Frankenfield.  
 What, do they think they're  
 invisible over there?

MAGGIE  
 I thought you said Fred wasn't a  
 gawker.

GRACE  
 He was standing right next to you.  
 I can't let him know that I know--  
 that would take all the fun out of  
 it.

(CHUCKLES)  
 You should see him. He's got some  
 stupid move where he looks back  
 before the girl passes to make it  
 seem like he couldn't help but  
 notice her ass. It's pathetic.

Maggie and Dr. Lucy GIGGLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick's car is parked in the driveway, and he and Maggie are  
 getting out.

RICK  
 How about I drive the babysitter  
 home while you go upstairs and  
 prepare the altar?

He puts his arm around her as they walk toward the front  
 door.

MAGGIE  
 I want to, honey, but I've got to  
 get up early with the kids.

RICK  
I'll get up with the kids.

MAGGIE  
 But I have to go out and buy a gift--  
 they're going to a birthday party  
 tomorrow.



RICK  
I'll get the gift, then I'll take  
the kids to the park, then to the  
party. You can just stay in bed,  
get your beauty sleep, and bask in  
the sweet, sweet pounding I'm about  
to give you.

MAGGIE  
I love it when you sweet-talk me.

Maggie smiles but as Rick opens the front door they FREEZE IN  
THEIR TRACKS.

THEIR POV - the babysitter (PAIGE, 20, cute) is standing  
there with their 4-year-old, Gunnar.

GUNNAR  
Mommy! Daddy!

RICK  
(deflated)  
Little buddy...what are you doing  
up?

Gunnar runs into his mother's arms and Maggie shrugs  
apologetically to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
This is just a minor obstacle.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT

Rick is at the wheel of his Dodge Caravan and Paige sits in  
the passenger seat. She is on the busy side.

RICK  
How were the kids tonight?

PAIGE  
Perfect. That Gunnar is so cute--  
all he wants to do is wrestle with  
me.

Rick smiles at this.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Mills, would it be okay to turn  
down the air--I'm a little chilly.  
Look--I got goose bumps.

As she HOLDS OUT HER ARM to show him the GOOSE-BUMPS, we

RACK FOCUS BEYOND HER ARM to the ERECT NIPPLES that are  
PIERCING THROUGH HER SHEER TOP like small tents.

BACK ON Rick as his EYES GO WIDE WITH TERROR and he looks  
away.

RICK  
Oh, uh, sure, I'm sorry.

Flustered, he moves to the temperature control which in LARGE ILLUMINATED DIGITAL TYPE reads: 69!!! He quickly PUNCHES THE A/C OFF, then trains his eyes straight ahead and grips the steering wheel tight at ten-and-two.

PAIGE  
Thank you.

RICK  
'Welcome.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The mini-van pulls up in front of a sorority house.

INT. RICK'S MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Paige hesitates before getting out.

PAIGE  
Mr. Mills, can I ask you something?

RICK  
Sure.

PAIGE  
I was wondering...  
(squints nervously)  
...could you buy me some beer?

Rick looks surprised.

RICK  
Buy you some...How old are you?

PAIGE  
Twenty. But I'm turning twenty-one next week.

RICK  
Oh. Happy birthday. That's a biggie.

PAIGE  
Yeah. My aunt usually buys beer for me, but she's out of town.  
(smiles hopefully)  
So...could ya?

RICK  
Uh, I don't know, Paige...I could get in a lot of trouble for giving alcohol to a minor.

PAIGE  
Oh, come on, I'm a junior in college. You drank when you were in college, didn't you?

RICK  
Well, uh...

PAIGE  
Besides, it's so arbitrary. How does it make sense that twenty's old enough to fight in Iraq or watch a porno movie, but it's too young to drink a beer?

Rick shifts in his seat.

RICK  
Really? Twenty's old enough to uh...?

PAIGE  
Fight in Iraq?

RICK  
No, the other thing.

PAIGE  
Watch Porn? Oh, God yeah--half the girls in those things are my age.

Rick catches a hint of cleavage, a flash of leg.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
Look, I promise no one's gonna find out. If you want, you can join me down at the lake--we'll listen to some tunes and have a couple beers.

Rick stares at her, pictures it in his head. She looks hopeful, open.

RICK  
I'm sorry, Paige, I can't do that.

PAIGE  
Why not?

RICK  
Well...it would be...inappropriate.

Rick's voice has taken on a firmer, more adult tone. Paige seems amused by it.

PAIGE  
What, is that your grown-up voice?  
(smiles)  
That would be inappropriate, Paige.  
Come on--

RICK  
No, Paige.  
(with an edge)  
What are you thinking? I'm a married man and I have a family. You think they'd like it if they knew I was hanging out at the lake, all alone, drinking beer with a college girl?

She seems taken aback.

PAIGE  
(put-off)  
I never said alone. My sorority's  
having a party down there tonight.

Rick CLEARS HIS THROAT, tries to hide his embarrassment.

RICK  
All right, better get inside.

She opens the car door, then glares back at him.

PAIGE  
Ewww. What the hell were you  
thinking?

RICK  
Go ahead. Scoot along now.

As she SLAMS the car door, we...

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick bounds up the stairs to find Maggie gently closing  
Gunnar's bedroom door.

MAGGIE  
Shhhh. He just fell asleep.

RICK  
Awesome.

Rick playfully pinches Maggie's butt as he follows her into  
their bedroom where...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...They find Emma sitting up in their bed, smiling.

EMMA  
Can I sleep with you tonight?

RICK  
No.

EMMA  
Please.

RICK  
No. Absolutely not.

Maggie, clearly softening to the idea, shrugs at Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Are you serious? Look, besides the other thing, I don't like the fact that my daughter needs someone to sleep with every night--that's not going to be good when she goes off to college, you know.

Maggie rolls her eyes.

EMMA  
 Well...can someone read me a story?

Rick looks at Maggie, then at his daughter.

RICK  
 Okay, one quick story. Come on, jump on my back.

Emma jumps on Rick's back.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 (to Maggie)  
 You can get started without me--  
 I'll be right back.

Rick piggybacks Emma out of the room.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Emma is putting Rick's HAIR INTO PONYTAILS.

RICK  
 Okay, honey, this is the last pony  
 and then night-night.

Emma finishes putting on a rubberband, then looks at him, satisfied.

EMMA  
 There. You look pretty, Daddy.

RICK  
 Okay, now give me a kiss, hug and  
 go to sleep.

She lays back on her pillow. Rick gives her a big kiss on both cheeks.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 I love you, Emma.

EMMA  
 I love you, too, Daddy.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rick (still in ponytails) tip-toes out of Emma's bedroom, closes the door softly, then HUSTLES DOWN THE HALLWAY.

INT. RICK & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick scrambles into the room and STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

HIS POV - Maggie lays in bed, FAST ASLEEP.

RICK  
No. Please, no.

Rick wants to wake her up but sees that she needs the sleep, so he just PULLS THE COVERS OVER HER SHOULDERS.

As Rick walks around the bed and INTO THE BATHROOM in the b.g., we HOLD ON MAGGIE until she OPENS HER EYES. She listens to her husband brush his teeth with perhaps a tinge of GUILT, and when he shuts off the faucet, she CLOSES HER EYES AGAIN, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Rick pushes Gunnar and Emma on the swings as a sweaty Fred APPROACHES carrying a tennis racket. (We see several TENNIS COURTS in the b.g.)

FRED  
Hey.

RICK  
Hey. How'd you make out?

FRED  
Great. Lost both sets.

RICK  
So'd you get the business?

Fred nods and wipes his brow.

FRED  
Pretty sure I got the Auto and Home. He told me to call his accountant on Monday about the Life.

RICK  
Nice.

Fred looks around at all the pretty MOMS and NANNIES with their CHILDREN.

FRED  
Can you believe the talent here today?

RICK  
(pained)  
Yeah. I know.

They NOTICE something O.S..

THEIR POV - we see a SCANDINAVIAN AU PAIR bent over EXPOSING HER THONG UNDERWEAR as she picks up a CHILD from a wagon.

FRED  
Ouch.

Rick SIGHS.

RICK  
CPR girl's back, too.

Rick nods toward A PIG-TAILED PARAMEDIC, early 30's, TEACHING A CPR CLASS. The two men look on solemnly.

FRED  
Imagine if we were coming here back  
when we were single?

RICK  
(false bravado)  
Oh baby, the damage we would do.

EMMA  
Monkey bars!

The kids JUMP off the swings and RUN for the jungle gym.

GUNNAR  
Me first!

Rick trails them like a Sherpa carrying a couple Razor scooters and a basketball as Fred tags along. They shlep past THE TRI-DELTA SORORITY playing ultimate frisbee and WEARING 'JUICY' SWEATS.

FRED  
So you get lucky last night?

RICK  
Nah, the kids were up when we got home. How 'bout you?

FRED  
Well, kinda lucky. Grace conked right out so I snuck out to the car and rubbed one out.

Rick shoots Fred a look.

RICK  
The car? What are you Knight Rider? Why didn't you just go in the bathroom like a normal guy?

FRED  
And get caught by Grace? Can't risk it. Besides, cars turn me on--it's where I lost my virginity. And they're comfy--I just put the seat back and turn on the tunes.

The guys sit on a bench.

RICK  
That's one of the things they don't tell you when you're young--that you'll still be jerking-off after you get married. I thought it was just gonna be a teenage thing.

FRED  
Yeah, I didn't see that one coming.

The two men sit in silence for a LONG BEAT as the Frisbee Girls play all around them.

FRED (CONT'D)  
You know what I miss the most?

RICK  
What?

FRED  
The arch.

RICK  
What arch?

FRED  
You know when you're taking a girl's panties off for the first time, and you're wondering if she's going to stop you, but then she gives you that little pelvic arch-thrust that tells you that the struggle's over, everything's going to be okay?

Rick SIGHS.

RICK  
That's a happy moment.

FRED  
Yep. Another thing gone forever.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK  
I should get going, I have to drop the kids off at a birthday party.

FRED  
You want to grab a coffee after?

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT MORNING

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Fred and Rick stand in line.

RICK  
Do you have any interest in going down to the Patriot's training camp one of these days?

FRED  
Are you kidding, I'd love that. Except...I always feel kind of pathetic waiting in line for Tom Brady's autograph.



RICK  
Fred, I was planning on bringing  
the kids.

FRED  
Genius! That's the perfect cover!

Rick shoots him a look then REACTS to something O.S.

RICK  
Uh-oh...

HIS POV - SLO-MO of a BEAUTIFUL GIRL walking toward him. Her straight brown hair shimmers...her blue eyes twinkle...her white uniformed blouse is unbuttoned enough to reveal a tasteful amount of CLEAVAGE. This is COFFEE GIRL, 23, granola, fresh, Australian, spacey.

BACK ON THE GUYS staring in awe.

FRED  
Did you see her face? Her face is  
tremendous.

RICK  
(chanting, scared)  
Please don't have a nice ass,  
please don't have a nice ass...

But as she turns to pour a cup of coffee, we see that HER ASS IS SPECTACULAR. Rick turns away, annoyed.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on! That's ridiculous.

FRED  
I know. She's from Australia. Been  
working here about a month.

RICK  
Why'd you have to bring me here?!

FRED  
Okay, cool it, tiger--here she  
comes.

Coffee Girl steps up to the counter and smiles at Fred.

COFFEE GIRL  
(Australian accent)  
Iced coffee with two Splendas  
again?

Fred wants to say yes, but just nods.

COFFEE GIRL (CONT'D)  
How about your mate there?

RICK  
(stunned)  
Uh...same.

Her smile comes with a squint, which makes her eyes sparkle.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals a WANNABE ARTIST-TYPE MALE EMPLOYEE, mid-20's (clearly covetous of Coffee Girl) sizing Rick and Fred up as he wipes down a counter.

BACK ON COFFEE GIRL AND OUR GUYS

COFFEE GIRL  
(re: Rick's shirt)  
Hey, Old Navy, you like a muffin  
with that?

RICK  
Uh, sure. What do you recommend?

COFFEE GIRL  
They're all good.

The Wannabe Artist-Type steps protectively up beside Coffee Girl.

WANNABE  
I'd go with the bran muffin--you  
guys are probably having digestive  
issues at your age, right?

Rick flinches at this, then turns to Coffee Girl.

RICK  
I'll have a blueberry muffin  
please.

FRED  
Make it a bran muffin for me.

Rick shoots Fred a look, clearly annoyed. As Coffee Girl turns to get their order, we go to...

SAME SCENE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick and Fred, now with coffees, sit at the rear of the shop.

RICK  
Did you notice she's from Cleavage,  
Ohio?

FRED  
Yeah. I bet her areolas look like a  
couple of pepperoni slices.

Fred trains his eyes back on Coffee Girl and SQUINTS INTENSELY.

RICK  
What the hell are you doing?

FRED  
Shh. I'm taking a mental photograph  
for my spank bank.  
(under breath)  
Say cheese.

ED (O.S.)  
Jesus Christ, guys, give it a rest.

Rick and Fred turn to see ED LONG, tall, good-looking, mid-40's, standing at the creamer counter behind them.

RICK  
Oh, hey, Ed. Didn't see you there.

ED  
That's because you were shooting laser beams at the java babe.

RICK  
Well, no, we were just--

ED  
Come on, gentlemen, you're married men and she's half your age--grow up.

The guys can't muster a response.

ED (CONT'D)  
So I guess I'll be seeing you at the house-warming party this weekend.

RICK  
Hm?

ED  
This Saturday afternoon at the new casa--we're finally in and we're having a little celebration.

RICK  
Oh, I don't know if we can--

ED  
Your wives already RSVP'd.

RICK  
Right on.

ED  
'Til then.

Ed HOLDS OUT HIS FIST to them.

ED (CONT'D)  
Come on, pound the potato.

Rick and Fred reluctantly take turns TAPPING Ed's fist with theirs. Then Ed leaves.

FRED  
(under breath)  
What a d-bag.

RICK  
He's right though.

Fred looks at Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 What are we doing sitting here  
 gawking at her for? We're married  
 men--it's creepy.

FRED  
 I don't see what the big deal is--  
 we're not hurting anyone. What is  
 he Big Brother--he's gonna tell me  
 what I can look at now? For God  
 sakes, don't take that away from me--  
 -it's all I got!

As Rick thinks about this, we...

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BABY MONITOR - PULL BACK to reveal that it's in  
 the middle of a POKER TABLE next to a pile of ONE-DOLLAR  
 BILLS. Sitting around the table PLAYING LIAR'S POKER are  
 Rick, Fred, GARY, HOG-HEAD, BAKER, and FLATS, all in their  
 mid-30's to mid-40's. Hog-head has a huge melon, Baker is  
 husky, Flats is a pale red-head, and Gary is slight and  
 squirrely.

BAKER  
 Rick, you open.

Rick takes a fresh DOLLAR BILL off the pile in front of him  
 and STUDIES THE SERIAL NUMBERS.

RICK  
 Four 9's.

FRED  
 Hey, where's Coakley? How come he  
 didn't show?

GARY  
 Vegas. Hawaiian Tropic finals.

The guys nod their approval.

BAKER  
 Man, imagine being Coakley? The  
 guy's single, he's loaded, chicks  
 love him, he doesn't have to answer  
 to anybody.

GARY  
 That's the life.

FRED  
 That is the life.

HOG-HEAD  
 Let me ask you something: What  
 would you guys pay to have your way  
 with a Hawaiian Tropic girl for an  
 entire weekend?

The guys perk up as they think about this.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)

You get to pick any one you want--  
and you know up front that you  
won't get her pregnant, no  
diseases, you're never gonna hear  
from her again, and your wife will  
never find out.

GARY

How's it possible to know that my  
wife won't find out?

HOG-HEAD

(annoyed)

It's not. I'm saying if it were  
possible, like if I was a magic  
genie and I could grant you this  
wish but then make it like it never  
even happened.

FLATS

But would I still have memory of  
it?

HOG-HEAD

Oh yeah. Great memories.

GARY

Oof. I think I'd pay 500 bucks for  
that.

Baker shoots him a look.

BAKER

You cheap bastard. We're talking  
about an investment that gets your  
rocks off and protects your wife's  
feelings. I'd pay five grand.

RICK

Wow.

GARY

Well, excuse me, Mr. Wall Street,  
but us public school teachers  
aren't getting any of that bail-out  
money you're over-tipping everyone  
with.

Just then, the front door OPENS and Maggie ENTERS.

MAGGIE

Hey, guys.

RICK

Oh, hey, honey. How was the book  
club?

MAGGIE

Great.

FRED

What did you guys read this month?

MAGGIE  
Hemingway.

GARY  
Old Man and the Sea?

MAGGIE  
No, Muriel's yoga book.

The guys LAUGH.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Actually, we were supposed to be discussing The Sun Also Rises but Grace pulled out a bottle of tequila and that was the end of that. So, did the kids go down easy?

RICK  
Gunnar and Emma stalled for a while, but they weren't bad.

MAGGIE  
How about the baby?

Rick points to the BABY MONITOR in the middle of the table.

RICK  
Not a peep.

MAGGIE  
Great job. Now win some money, honey.

She kisses Rick and walks out of the room.

GARY  
I wish I could drink tequila. It's a great buzz but it always gives me the spins and then I have to go home early.

FRED  
You want to know a sure cure for the spins?

Fred puts a hand over his right eye.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Just cover up one eye. It balances out the equilibrium.

RICK  
Or you could find a nice 12-step program.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Maggie gets to the top of the stairs, she can hear the O.S. SOUND OF THE BABY CRYING. She walks down the hall, opens the Baby's door and REACTS.

HER POV - the exhausted and sweaty Baby is standing in his crib, SOBBING. The baby monitor is on the dresser next to the crib BLARING out LAUGHTER from the poker game.

INT. BABY NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE  
Oh, you poor thing...

She hurries to the Baby and PICKS HIM UP.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Silly Daddy...he got the monitors mixed-up. Have you been listening to those loud-mouths all night?

As Maggie moves to turn off the monitor, we HEAR:

FLATS (O.S.)  
...So how 'bout you, Fred--how much would you pay to spend an entire weekend with one of the hottest women in the world?

Maggie hesitates and LISTENS IN.

FRED (O.S.)  
I wouldn't have to pay--I'm married to her.

There's a BEAT, then the guys EXPLODE IN LAUGHTER.

FRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No, seriously, I'd pay five grand, easy.

Maggie's JAW DROPS.

BACK ON POKER GAME

FRED (CONT'D)  
I'd have to figure out a way to get it out of the bank without Grace noticing, but I suppose the genie could help me with that.

HOG-HEAD  
You could put me down for seven-five.

BAKER  
Pfttt. Hog-head, your ass doesn't have seven-five.

More LAUGHTER from the guys as Rick deals out fresh bills.

FLATS  
So what's your number, Rick?

RICK  
Oh jeez, Flats, I don't know...

FRED  
Come on...any girl you choose. You get to do anything you want with her, and your wife will never find out. It's completely harmless, a one-time thing--what would you pay for that?

BACK ON MAGGIE as she cradles her baby and LEANS CLOSER to the monitor.

RICK (O.S.)  
I honestly don't know, fellas.

BAKER (O.S.)  
Ballpark.

PUSH IN ON MAGGIE as she waits nervously for her husband's answer.

RICK (O.S.)  
Well...I've got a great wife and I sure wouldn't want to hurt her feelings, so...

Maggie SMILES at this. That's my guy!

RICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...I guess the real question is, what wouldn't I pay?!

The guys LAUGH O.S. and MAGGIE REACTS, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE AND RICK'S KITCHEN - LATER

Maggie's got Rick backed into a corner.

MAGGIE  
What wouldn't you pay?!

RICK  
I didn't really mean it, honey.  
(scared, defenseless)  
They kind of put me on the spot. Look, some of the other guys were throwing out some pretty hefty bids.

MAGGIE  
What does that have to do with anything?

RICK  
Well...I'm the host of the party, I didn't want to be a buzz-kill.



Maggie squints, appalled.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Look, all I was saying was, there's  
no amount of money I wouldn't pay  
to protect you and the kids.

MAGGIE  
How is having sex with a hooker  
protecting me and the kids?

RICK  
No one said anything about hookers.

MAGGIE  
You were paying for sex--what would  
you call her?

RICK  
(weakly)  
Well...the genie was getting the  
dough, not her.  
(recovering)  
Come on, be reasonable, it was just  
guy-talk--it's not like it could  
really happen.

Maggie shakes her head, disgusted, and leaves the room.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(CALLING out)  
Love you!

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Maggie, Grace, and Dr. Lucy eat at an upscale restaurant.  
Dr. Lucy listens quietly to the women.

GRACE  
Fred said five grand? What a  
blowhard!

MAGGIE  
You know what's even funnier? Hog-  
head McCormick said he'd pay seven  
grand.

GRACE  
What?! That bum hasn't worked since  
the dot-com bust--his wife supports  
him!

The girls LAUGH.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Well, look on the bright side: At  
least they're not cheating on us.

MAGGIE  
Sometimes I wonder if it would be  
better if they did cheat and get it  
over with.

DR. LUCY  
 You mean, rather than take the slow  
 boat to resentment?

The girls look to Dr. Lucy.

DR. LUCY (CONT'D)  
 I'm just saying...maybe a little  
 freedom would be good for them. And  
 for you.  
 (beat)  
 Have you ever considered giving  
 them a hall pass?

GRACE  
 A what?

DR. LUCY  
 A hall pass. A week off from  
 marriage.

Grace and Maggie stop chewing.

MAGGIE  
 Wait a minute...Are you saying let  
 them go out and cheat?

DR. LUCY  
 I'm saying give them a week off  
 from marriage.  
 (beat)  
 Look, most married men have foggy  
 memories of their single days and  
 they somehow get under the  
 impression that if not for you,  
 they'd be able to be with all those  
 women who entice them.

GRACE  
 That's Fred. He thinks because he  
 sees big tits everywhere and then  
 still comes home for dinner that I  
 should be welcoming him at the door  
 like some conquering hero.

Dr. Lucy smiles.

DR. LUCY  
 Well, maybe it's time to let them  
 go out there and find out what it's  
 really like.

MAGGIE  
 Wow. You're talking about the  
 nuclear option.

Maggie ponders the idea.

GRACE  
 And remind me again, what good  
 could possibly come from this...?

DR. LUCY  
 There's a wonderful principle in psychology called 'reactance theory.' It basically states that if you're constantly told you can't do something, you want to do it more than ever. And conversely, if you remove the taboo, you remove the obsession.

Grace makes a 't' sound.

GRACE  
 (sarcastic)  
 I got an idea, Doc: Why don't you try a hall pass out on your husband and let us know how it works out.

DR. LUCY  
 Oh, I have.

Grace and Maggie REACT to this.

MAGGIE  
 You're telling us you let Charlie sleep with another woman?

Dr. Lucy takes a moment before answering.

DR. LUCY  
 I am not telling you that. I am telling you that I gave him the freedom to choose for himself.

GRACE  
And...?

DR. LUCY  
 All I know is...our marriage is better than ever.

Grace and Maggie think about this.

GRACE  
 I don't know. There's a reason that men evolved and apes didn't. It's because women demanded more. Without a wife, Einstein would've been humping a maple tree all day.

As the women LAUGH, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ED & KIMMY LONG'S ESTATE - DAY

There are several flashy cars out front of this huge McMansion. As Fred and Grace and Rick and Maggie get out of Fred's mini-van, Ed Long comes out of the house to greet them. (Ed's 5-YEAR-OLD SON is beside him wearing khakis and a Polo shirt, just like his father.)

GRACE  
 There he is! The lord of the manor!

ED  
Come on, everyone in the shack! The  
grand tour's about to begin!

INT. STUDY - AFTERNOON

Ed and his wife KIMMY (late-30's, high-maintenance) lead Rick, Fred, Maggie, Grace, and SEVERAL OTHER GUESTS into a large wood-paneled study. (The Long's 7-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER sticks to her mother's side WEARING A MATCHING DRESS.)

ED  
I call it headquarters.

LARRY BOHAC, mid-40's, and his blonde bombshell of a wife, MANDY, (who wears A TOO-TIGHT T-SHIRT) look around in awe.

MANDY  
Un-believable.

ED  
That's sweet of you to say, Mandy.

LARRY  
It's epic, Ed.

Ed points to one wall which houses a GLASSED-IN HUMIDOR.

ED  
(re: humidor)  
And this over here--this is the war room. The temperature in there never goes above fifty-four degrees, never below fifty-three. I even threw in a back-up generator in case we lose power and the main generator doesn't kick in. Now who wants a Cubano? They're the real deal--Coakley snagged them on his trip to Havana.

KIMMY  
Wait a second, Ed, first I want to show them my headquarters.

Fred looks at Rick and rolls his eyes.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like a Waterworks showroom. Despite its bloated opulence, Grace and Maggie can't help but be impressed.

KIMMY  
It's my paradise.

ED  
With a price tag north of one hundred and forty large, it better be paradise.

Ed holds out his fist and Rick obediently POUNDS IT. Just then Grace NOTICES that Fred has disappeared.

GRACE  
Hey, where did Fred go?

Rick turns and sees that he's missing.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Rick walks down a hall and finds Fred in a guest room watching a baseball game on TV.

RICK  
What are you doing?

FRED  
I can't take these look-at-how-much-I-own parties. It's obnoxious.

Rick nods and sits down beside him.

FRED (CONT'D)  
When I bought my completely-loaded Honda Odyssey, I didn't go around bragging about it, did I?

RICK  
Well, kind of. You made me drive around town with you for two hours, remember?

FRED  
(defensive)  
I thought you'd want to watch a movie in a mini-van. You never got to watch a movie in a mini-van before, did you?

Rick shrugs.

RICK  
Why'd you have to hook your boat up to it?

FRED  
Because it's the Touring Edition, numb-skull. The thing can tow more weight than ninety percent of the pick-ups out there!

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Everybody is admiring the antique fireplace.

KIMMY  
The mantle actually came all the way from Tuscany, which is in Europe.

ED  
Hey, gang, check this out.

KIMMY

Oh God, Eddie, they don't need to see that--they'll think we're wackos.

Ed PUNCHES A CODE into a keypad and the WALL SLIDES OPEN revealing a SAFE ROOM.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Grace, and the others follow Ed into a safe room filled with VIDEO MONITORS surveilling all the rooms in the house. When Kimmy ENTERS she pushes a button CLOSING THE WALL BEHIND THEM.

MAGGIE

Oh my God...this is like secret agent stuff.

KIMMY

I think having a safe room is a bit over the top, but Ed feels with our two little ones you can never be too cautious.

GRACE

Aw, you're such a good daddy.

MAGGIE

(aside to Grace)

Rick can't even set up the baby monitors right.

Ed points to a monitor where we see Rick and Fred ENTER the master bedroom.

ED

Here come Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.

CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR - we see Rick and Fred cross over to the master bathroom doorway and look in.

RICK (ON MONITOR)

...All I'm saying is, who gets a mini-van when you don't even have any kids?

FRED (ON MONITOR)

You don't know much about the insurance game, do you, Rick? When you pull into a person's driveway to sell them life insurance, who do you think they'd rather see? A hot-shot in a Porsche or a family man in a mini-van? Hm?

Rick looks around the empty room.

RICK (ON MONITOR)

Hey, where'd everyone go?

GRACE  
(CALLING out)  
Guys, we're in here!

KIMMY  
They can't hear you. The room's  
completely soundproof.

ED  
And bulletproof.

ON VIDEO MONITOR WALL - we see Rick and Fred LEAVE ONE SCREEN  
and ENTER ANOTHER.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Fred walk back into Ed's study.

RICK  
They must've gone downstairs.

Fred motions to Ed's humidor room.

FRED  
(British accent)  
Thanks for coming to the war room,  
old chap. By the way, did I mention  
that my wife's vagina never goes  
above fifty-four degrees, nor below  
fifty-three.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry Bohac CHUCKLES and Grace shifts uncomfortably.

GRACE  
Uh, maybe we should turn this off.

But Ed turns THE VOLUME UP.

CLOSE ON MONITOR - Rick plays along with a BAD BRITISH  
ACCENT.

RICK (ON MONITOR)  
Is that so, dear boy? And what  
happens if you lose power during a  
big blow and your main generator  
doesn't kick in?

FRED (ON MONITOR)  
Well that's why I had the back-up  
generator installed in Kimmy's  
rumpus.

Kimmy makes a face, shocked.

GRACE  
(under breath; resigned)  
Here we go...

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

RICK  
Hey, speaking of installations, is that a shiny new set of cans on Mandy Bohac?

FRED  
Either that or she's wearing her daughter's t-shirt.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Mandy's surprised face. She looks at Larry, who's suddenly not so amused.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

RICK  
They look good but I'll still take the real deal any day.

FRED  
Right. You're telling me you'd take Kimmy Long's flapjacks over Mandy's new speedbags?

RICK  
That's what I'm telling you. I like boobs with a little mileage on 'em. They're more fun.

FRED  
Fun?

RICK  
Yeah. You can smoosh 'em, swing 'em, hump 'em, Stretch-Armstrong 'em.

FRED  
And what about the proven correlation between floppy boobs and large-mouth vaginas?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ED & KIMMY LONG'S ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie and Grace hurry down the front walk trailed by their shell-shocked husbands. A trembling and IRATE Kimmy is held back at the door by Ed and a couple other Guests.

KIMMY  
You people are horrible! Horrible!

ED  
(CALLING out)  
I'm very disappointed, gentlemen!



INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

No one speaks. Grace drives and Maggie sits beside her, humiliation etched across their faces. Finally:

FRED  
Uh, anyone thinking chocolate chip  
cookie dough in a waffle cone?

Grace YANKS the mini-van to the side of the road and GLARES  
BACK AT HIM.

GRACE  
Large-mouth vaginas?!

As the guys cower, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick looks small and weak sitting on the couch while Maggie stands across from him rubbing her temples. It looks like the Norman Rockwell painting where the mom reprimands her little boy for sneaking a frog into the house.

MAGGIE  
You know what really troubles me?  
The thing that you're all so  
obsessed with is meaningless to  
you. It's really just about numbers  
with you guys.

Rick looks up, confused.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Rick, you can't even tell me the  
month you lost your virginity. I  
can tell you the exact day and hour  
that I lost mine.

Rick seems a little embarrassed by this.

RICK  
Well, virginity is different for  
guys.

MAGGIE  
The point is, obviously I like sex,  
too--it means something to me--but  
I don't walk around gawking at  
every guy I see.

RICK  
All right, so I occasionally notice  
other women. I'm sorry.

MAGGIE  
Occasionally?

Rick rakes his hands through his hair and decides to come clean.

RICK  
 Okay, you want the truth? You really want me to pull back the curtain here? From the moment I leave the house in the morning 'til the moment I get home, I pretty much notice every woman in my path.

Maggie turns to face him.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 But it's not how you think it is, Mags. It's like...it's like a curse. I don't want to notice, but I can't help it. It's always been like that. I figured that when I got married that would be it, but it wasn't--the thing doesn't give two shits about marriage.

MAGGIE  
 (hurt)  
 So what are you saying--you're not happy with our sex life?

Rick reaches up and takes her hand.

RICK  
 No. Of course I'm happy, honey--our sex life is great--not that I wouldn't mind a little more, but--look, one thing has nothing to do with the other. I think about sex a lot--all guys do--that's just the way it is.

Maggie sits down beside him, clearly at the end of her rope. No one speaks for a few moments. Then:

MAGGIE  
 I'm giving you a hall pass.

RICK  
 A what?

MAGGIE  
 One week off from marriage.

RICK  
 You mean, like a trial separation? You are seriously overreacting.

MAGGIE  
 It's not a separation, it's a hall pass. You can do whatever you want. Get it out of your system.

RICK  
 (beat)  
 Wait a minute--are you for real?

MAGGIE  
It's not a yes or no offer, and  
it's not a debate. You're getting a  
hall pass.

As Maggie heads upstairs, we PUSH IN on a confused Rick.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK AND MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie is washing out a pan at the sink when Rick ENTERS dressed for work. We hear the O.S. SOUNDS of The Wiggles coming from a TV in another room.

RICK  
'Morning.

MAGGIE  
(not facing him)  
There's a couple hard-boiled eggs  
in a bowl there for you.

RICK  
I'm gonna have to take them to go,  
hon, I've got a showing in fifteen  
minutes.

Rick puts the eggs in his pocket, then approaches Maggie and kisses her on the cheek.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, about this hall pass  
business...I don't want it and I  
don't need it. All I need is--

MAGGIE  
I told you, this isn't negotiable.

She turns and faces him.

RICK  
You're really serious about this?

MAGGIE  
Rick, this isn't something that  
I...look, I really think you need  
this. I think we need this.

Rick doesn't know what to say.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
This afternoon I'm taking the kids  
out to my parent's beach house.

Rick REACTS to this.

RICK  
For how long?

MAGGIE  
 We'll be back in one week. And as far as I'm concerned, starting right now...you have the week off from marriage.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

This is a big shiny place. All fixed-up. Fred pulls up in his mini-van and gets out. He walks past a Coldwell Banker For Sale sign with Rick's name on it.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SAME

Rick is showing the kitchen to a COUPLE, mid-40's, when Fred ENTERS.

RICK  
 Hey, what are you doing here?

FRED  
 I called your office and they told me you were in the neighborhood.

Rick turns to the couple.

RICK  
 Oh, this is a friend of mine, Fred Searing. Fred, this is Harold and Nancy Goldberg--they're moving up here from Long Island.

FRED  
 Well, mazel tov, folks.

The Goldbergs look at Fred a little warily as he takes out a card.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Here, let me give you my card. Home, auto, or life insurance--I'm the go-to mensch in town.

HAROLD GOLDBERG  
 We're good on insurance.

Rick quickly jumps in.

RICK  
 (to the Goldbergs)  
 Uh, why don't you two take another look around and if you have any questions I'll be right here.

HAROLD GOLDBERG  
 Thank you.

The Goldbergs walk out and Rick closes the door behind them.

RICK  
(HUSHED)  
What the hell are you doing--I'm  
trying to make a sale here.

FRED  
You weren't picking up your cell--I  
wanted to see how much trouble you  
got in last night. You know what  
Grace made me do? She made me call  
the Longs and apologize.

Rick flinches.

RICK  
Oof.

FRED  
How 'bout you--did Maggie freak out  
when you got home?

RICK  
Uh...sort of.

Rick peeks out the kitchen door to make sure the Goldberg's  
aren't listening. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)  
She gave me a hall pass.

FRED  
A what?

RICK  
A week off from marriage to do  
whatever I want. She's going to her  
parents' house down the Cape 'til  
next Sunday.

Fred SNICKERS.

FRED  
Yeah, right.

RICK  
I'm serious.

FRED  
You're full of shit.

RICK  
Fred, it's true. You think I could  
make something like this up?

Fred stares at him.

FRED  
I don't get it--why aren't you more  
excited?

RICK  
Well...I don't know how I feel.

FRED  
About...?

RICK  
The hall pass. Something about it  
isn't right.

FRED  
You mean, like, you think Maggie  
might have a brain tumor or  
something?

RICK  
No. I mean, just because my wife  
tells me it's okay to cheat...is  
it?

FRED  
Uh, yeah.  
(beat)  
Why can't you just accept the fact  
that your wife is a goddamn saint,  
Rick? She's evolved. Don't you see?  
She gets it!

RICK  
Yeah, but there's a part of me  
that's saying, 'Wow, you must have  
pushed her pretty hard to get her  
to this point.' And is that good  
for a marriage? That your wife is  
willing to try something this  
insane?

Fred can't believe his ears.

FRED  
Absolutely!  
(beat)  
Come on, doesn't it bother you that  
our wives dreams all come true, but  
ours don't? Look at Maggie; when  
she was a kid she played house--you  
gave her a house. She played with  
her E-Z-Bake Oven--you bought her a  
Viking. She played mommy--you made  
her a mommy.

RICK  
The oven's a GE.

FRED  
It's a real gas oven! And what  
about you, huh? Come on, man, your  
wife is living her dreams...and now  
it's time for you to live yours.

As Rick thinks about this, we

CUT TO:

INT. FRED & GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred and Grace climb the stairs at the end of the day.

FRED  
I don't know, I think this is some  
very forward-thinking on Maggie's  
part.

GRACE  
Quit lobbying--you're not getting a  
hall pass. And you mark my words,  
this is going to end up biting  
Maggie in the ass.

At the top of the stairs Fred puts his arms around her.

FRED  
Why would I need a hall pass? I've  
got you.

GRACE  
Not tonight you don't. I'm too  
bloated and I have cramps.

FRED  
I don't mind.

GRACE  
Fred, do I have to spell it out for  
you? I'm having my period.

FRED  
(matter-of-fact)  
Yeah, I got that.

He moves in for a kiss but she pulls away.

GRACE  
Come on, hon, give me a break. Not  
tonight.

Disappointed, Fred watches her walk toward the bedroom.

FRED  
(CALLING out)  
Oh, shit--I forgot to take the  
trash out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRED & GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred's mini-van is parked on the street in front of his home.  
We HEAR Styx's The Best of Times coming from inside the car  
and we MOVE IN CLOSER until we're...

LOOKING THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW at Fred. He's sitting  
in the driver's seat; his EYES ARE CLOSED and his head is  
slung back as he JERKS-OFF (just below frame) to the MUSIC.

A POLICE CRUISER passes in the b.g., then a moment later  
BACKS INTO FRAME and STOPS NEXT TO FRED.

As the two POLICE OFFICERS look on from their car trying to  
figure out what the guy is doing, the oblivious Fred  
continues to STROKE HIS MEAT to the BEAT.

Officer #1 gets out of the driver's side. He DISAPPEARS FROM FRAME and then REAPPEARS at Fred's driver's side window. Now only inches from Fred, he bends over and LOOKS INSIDE THE CAR.

The Officer motions for his partner to join him. As Fred continues to POUND HIMSELF TO THE MUSIC, Officer #2 climbs out of the cruiser. He takes out his flashlight and SHINES IT ON FRED'S O.S. LAP. As the weary officers look at each other with a NOW-WE'VE-SEEN-IT-ALL EXPRESSION, we...

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

The police lights are FLASHING now and several NEIGHBORS have gathered on their front lawns to see what's going on.

PAN to Fred's front steps where we see a HANDCUFFED Fred standing meekly as the two Police Officers confer with a furious-looking Grace (in her bathrobe.)

OFFICER #1  
All right, ma'am, if you say he's yours...you can have him.

The Officer TAKES OFF FRED'S HANDCUFFS.

GRACE  
Thank you, Officers.

Fred scurries into the house ahead of Grace. As soon as the door shuts, we HEAR:

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
WHAT KIND OF SICK PRICK JERKS OFF  
IN HIS OWN FRONT YARD?!

As the Police Officers head back to their car, we go...

CLOSE ON a smiling Fred.

FRED  
I got a Hall Pass!

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Rick is at his desk staring at a giddy Fred.

RICK  
How?

FRED  
Doesn't matter how. I got one. Can you believe it?! I got a hall pass!

Rick stands up, elated.

RICK  
And I've got a hall pass!

FRED  
We both have hall passes!



RICK  
When does yours start?

Fred looks at his watch.

FRED  
Twenty-three minutes ago! She just left for the Cape--she's staying with Maggie. It's just you and me for the next six days!

RICK  
Oh my God, do you realize how much easier this is going to make it--having a hall pass partner?

FRED  
And it's not just me--Baker, Gary, and Hog-head are coming out with us tonight!

RICK  
No way?! They got hall passes, too?!

FRED  
No, no, no--they just want to watch.

Rick grows concerned.

RICK  
You think that's a good idea, letting them in on it? What if they blab and it gets around town--it might embarrass our wives.

FRED  
Don't worry, I already talked to them. Their lips are sealed.

Rick and Fred smile.

FRED (CONT'D)  
We're living the dream, baby!

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 1

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rick, Fred, and their MIDDLE-AGED POSSE (Baker, Hog-head & Gary) walk across a boulevard like rock stars. (Think of the SLO-MO shots from Swingers or Reservoir Dogs.) Nobody smiles, they're all business as they hit the sidewalk and march straight into...APPLEBEE'S.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - MOMENTS LATER

They step up to the bar.

RICK  
 (to Bartender)  
 Five MGD's, my friend.

While waiting for the beers, the guys CHECK OUT THE SCENE.  
 It's mostly FAMILIES, a few YOUNG COUPLES.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 The guy at the Holiday Inn Express  
 told me this place really kicks in  
 around nine-thirty.

BAKER  
 Hey, why are you staying at a hotel  
 if your wives are out of town?

FRED  
 Well, we can't very well take babes  
 back to our places--if they know  
 where we live they might end up  
 stalking us.

RICK  
 Besides, I wouldn't be able to  
 concentrate with all the pictures  
 everywhere and the kids' cut-outs  
 all over the fridge.

GARY  
 Yeah, isn't it weird how your own  
 kids can creep you out sometimes?

Rick shoots Gary a look.

FRED  
 I get the feeling there's a lot of  
 divorcees in this place.

HOG-HEAD  
 That's good. Divorcees are into  
 kinky sex--that's why they're  
 divorced.

Just then the BARTENDER arrives with the Miller Genuine  
 Drafts and the guys CLINK BOTTLES.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)  
 So come on, point out which girls  
 you guys are gonna do tonight.

Gary elbows Fred as he spots TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN at the end  
 of the bar.

GARY  
 What about those two? Why don't you  
 bang them?

FRED  
 No way. They're doing the  
 sweatshirt-around-the-waist thing--  
 they're obviously hiding something  
 back there.

GARY  
 Okay, how about the blonde hostess?  
 Maybe somebody should nail her,  
 huh?

RICK  
 Attempt to be cool, Gary--we've got  
 a whole week.

Baker looks around at the lame bar scene.

BAKER  
 Are you guys sure that Applebee's  
 is the best place to be picking up  
 women?

RICK  
 What are you thinking--Olive  
 Garden?

GARY  
 Nah, that's only good on Thursday  
 nights.

HOG-HEAD  
 Hey, what about the auto show?

Baker shoots them a look.

BAKER  
 Are you guys for real?

GARY  
 Wait a second--where's Coakley?  
That's where we should be.

BAKER  
 He's in Iceland.

RICK  
 What's he doing there?

BAKER  
 What do you think he's doing there?

The guys all nod at this, proud of him.

RICK  
 Look, before we go bagging any  
 chicks, I gotta get a hunk of beef  
 in me.

GARY  
 Hey, I got a guy over at Outback  
 Steak House who could set us up.

BAKER  
 Ooooh, he's got pull over at  
 Outback. Wow.

RICK  
 Hey, I like Outback. Let's chug  
 these and hit the road.

As the guys drink up, Hog-head puts his arm around Gary.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, Gar, you don't happen to have any connections at 7/11, do ya? Maybe someone could hook me up with a player's card so I can cut right to the front of the raspberry slurpy line.

The guys all LAUGH, as we

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CAPE COD BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

This is an old summer shack nestled on a quiet bluff overlooking the sound.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - SAME

Grace stands at the window staring out on the ocean, while Maggie nestles on the couch reading a summer novel. The kids are asleep and the place is quiet.

GRACE

I think we might've made a huge mistake.

MAGGIE

Stop thinking about it, Grace. Why don't you just try to get some sleep?

Grace turns to Maggie.

GRACE

Sleep? I can't sleep. I don't understand you--how can you just sit there and read knowing that Rick could be making out with a supermodel right now?

Maggie doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Our husbands aren't married this week. Do you know what husbands do when they're not married?

MAGGIE

Shh. You're going to wake the kids.

GRACE

Are you going to sit there and tell me you're not the least bit concerned about what they're doing right now?

Maggie SIGHS.

MAGGIE

Okay...I'm a little concerned.

Grace flops into the chair across from her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Of course I'm concerned. But what choice did we have?

GRACE  
We could've kept the status quo. I mean, were things really that bad that we had to try something this extreme?

MAGGIE  
For me they were.  
(beat)  
Look, you may call this a hall pass, but for me it's more of a Hail Mary pass. I'm serious, I don't know what else to do.

Grace looks at Maggie, surprised.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Remember last week when we went to Lucy's award thing?

Grace nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
That night when we got home, Rick and I were gonna...you know...and I was waiting for him in bed while he tucked the kids in, and I started wondering who he would be thinking about during sex. Would it be the girl he checked out on the way into the party? Or would it be Missy Frankenfield--because I noticed him gawking at her? Or how about one of the waitresses, or maybe somebody he saw at work that day? Then when he came into the room, I did something I'd never done before: I pretended to be asleep.

GRACE  
You're kidding me? You've never done that? I do that all the time!

Maggie almost smiles.

MAGGIE  
Look, I understand that people have fantasies and that you're not always thinking about the person you're with.

GRACE  
That's for sure.

MAGGIE  
But it's just...I don't know...it's been too long since I felt that he was thinking about me.

They sit there for a moment, quiet. Then:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I need this hall pass to work,  
Grace, because if it doesn't, I  
don't know what's going to happen.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

We see two VERY OLD COUPLES walking out with doggie bags.

INT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - SAME

Our five guys are in a MEAT COMA, slouched in their chairs nursing red wines and talking through PURPLE TEETH. Several EMPTY WINE BOTTLES, MARTINI GLASSES, HALF-EATEN STEAKS, CARVED UP POTATO AU GRATIN and CREAMED SPINACH PLATES, and MANGLED KEY-LIME PIES litter the table.

BAKER  
Okay...so where to now?

Rick can't think in this state.

RICK  
Fred...?

FRED  
Hm?

RICK  
Answer Baker.

FRED  
What's the question?

RICK  
What are we doing for the rest of  
the night?

FRED  
(disinterested)  
I don't know. Getting laid, right?

HOG-HEAD  
I gotta go home and poo.

BAKER  
Now?

HOG-HEAD  
Yeah, I put too much Hollandaise on  
the mozzarella sticks.

GARY  
Why don't you just back one out  
here?

HOG-HEAD  
I'm pretty sure I'm gonna need a  
bath afterwards.

Baker musters some initiative and STANDS UP.

BAKER  
Come on, you guys! I say we go to a  
strip club and smoke cigars--  
that'll wake us up!

RICK  
I got a better idea.

Rick STRETCHES.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Let's go night-night.

BAKER  
What?

RICK  
I say we tie a bow on it and put  
her to bed. This is gonna be a long  
week so we should pace ourselves.

Baker looks at his watch.

BAKER  
It's only nine-thirty!

FRED  
I'm with Rico.  
(yawns)  
Freddy tie-tie.

GARY  
(disappointed)  
Are you guys serious?

RICK  
Relax, guys, this is just the calm  
before the storm. Get out the  
plywood and batten down the  
hatches.

FRED  
That's right. Tonight we build up  
strength, tomorrow we make  
landfall.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 2

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Rick, Fred, Hog-head, and Gary are stretching on the first  
tee of a local FOUR-STAR GOLF RESORT while taking in the  
sights. Nearby, we see the hotel swimming pool lined with  
ATTRACTIVE WOMEN in bikinis.

HOG-HEAD

Wow. This place sure beats the hell out of the Holiday Inn Express. Why aren't you staying here?

RICK

Too pricey. Besides, since we're paying for golf we get full access to the resort--including the pool bar.

FRED

Mothers, lock up your daughters-- the dogs are off the leash!

RICK

Turn-and-burn, baby!

Gary raises his hand for a HIGH-FIVE, but Rick balks.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nope. I don't do that.

HOG-HEAD

Hey, I say screw the golf--let's go straight to the pool bar and start getting you guys laid!

RICK

Hog-head, relax, the pool bar ain't going nowhere. Besides, it'll be good for us to get a little sun before making our grand entrance-- chicks love a healthy glow.

FRED

Plus it wouldn't hurt to work up a little sweat--get those pheromones flying.

Just then, two sexy BEER-CART GIRLS wave as they pass.

HOG-HEAD

You talked me into it.

GARY

Hey, guys, look what I brought.

Gary holds up a ZIPLOCK BAG full of something chocolatey.

RICK

What's that?

GARY

Pot brownskies.

The guys all look at one another, baffled.

RICK

What, are we on spring break? Where the hell'd you get those?

GARY

I got an in.



FRED  
With who?

GARY  
Guy who washes my dog. Go ahead.

He holds out the bag and the guys hesitate.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Eating it isn't like smoking it.  
It's a much mellower buzz--you'll  
just feel relaxed.

HOG-HEAD  
Are they chocolatey?

As Hog-Head SNIFFS the brownies, Rick takes a practice swing.

RICK  
Hog-head, come on, who eats pot  
brownies at eleven in the morning  
when they're playing golf?

HOG-HEAD  
John Daly?

GARY  
And by the way, Rick, this is  
spring break! You've got a hall  
pass! Live it up, man! It'll  
probably help your rap with the  
ladies later.

HOG-HEAD  
Gary's right--when are we ever  
gonna get the chance to do pot  
brownies again?

Hog-Head takes a brownie and BITES INTO IT.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)  
Mmm. These are yummy.

RICK  
You don't even have a hall pass.

HOG-HEAD  
So? I can still live vicariously  
through you guys, can't I?

RICK  
It's not vicarious if you're  
actually doing it.

HOG-HEAD  
Whatever. Just hit your ball.

Hog-Head takes ANOTHER BITE.

FRED  
Oh, what the hell, it's not like my  
game can get any worse.

Rick watches Fred pick up a brownie and TENTATIVELY TASTE IT. Then Gary INHALES HIS IN ONE BITE.

RICK  
All right, give me one of those things.

As Rick drops his club and walks toward the brownies, we SUPER:

75 MINUTES LATER

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A dazed and confused Rick and Fred are RECLINING in their cart in the middle of the fairway. For a while neither of them speak. Then:

FRED  
What kind of soap do you use?

RICK  
(beat)  
You mean in the shower?

FRED  
Yeah.

RICK  
Dove.

FRED  
Yeah, I like Dove--it doesn't dry your skin so much.

Fred stares into space.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Sometimes it's hard to wash off, though. Because of the moisturizer. You ever notice--?

RICK  
I think Hog-head's dead.

Fred looks over and sees Hog-head SPRAWLED OUT ON HIS BACK IN A SAND TRAP. He's not moving.

FRED  
(CALLING out)  
Hog-head...? Are you okay?

As Hog-head starts to make SNOW ANGELS IN THE SAND, an elderly COURSE RANGER pulls up in a golf cart.

RANGER  
What the hell is he doing?

Rick and Fred grow visibly tense at the sight of an authority figure.

RICK  
Uh, he's having back spasms.

RANGER  
Not him. Him.

Rick and Fred turn and see Gary STANDING CHEST-DEEP in the MIDDLE OF A POND just STARING AT THEM.

RICK  
(CALLING out)  
Gary! What are you doing?!

GARY  
I don't know--you tell me!

Gary starts to LAUGH MANIACALLY. The Ranger turns to Rick, annoyed.

RANGER  
Look, this is the third time I've had to flag your group and you're only on the fourth hole. Now if I have to come out here again, you're done for the day.

RICK  
Gotcha. We'll pick it up, sir.

The Ranger shoots them a look and DRIVES OFF toward the TWO ASIAN FOURSOMES waiting on the tee behind them.

CUT TO:

SUPER:

27 MINUTES LATER

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The four guys are unnaturally bunched together on another fairway.

RICK  
Think. Where did you last see it?

GARY  
On the course.

RICK  
Where on the course?

GARY  
I don't know--on a fairway, I think. I got out, grabbed my club, took a swing, and when I turned around it had disappeared.

RICK  
You're serious? You're telling us you lost your golf cart?

FRED  
(stoner voice)  
Dude, where's my golf cart?

RICK  
Shut up, Fred.

HOG-HEAD  
Guys, I gotta go poo again.

GARY  
I didn't lose it, I think it was  
stolen.

RICK  
(annoyed)  
Who would steal a golf cart?

Gary shrugs.

GARY  
Criminals?

HOG-HEAD  
Does anyone have any napkins?

GARY  
Look, all I know is I had it on the  
seventh tee and now it's gone.

RICK  
What are you talking about? We're  
only on the sixth hole.

GARY  
What? Did we miss a hole? Where's  
my kids?

Rick closes his eyes and rubs his head, trying to keep it  
together. Then he NOTICES something O.S..

RICK  
Oh, come on, man!

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS Hog-head down in a greenside bunker  
PULLING UP HIS PANTS. As he starts to KICK SAND over his  
O.S. POOP like a cat in its litter box, we HEAR a noise and  
the guys look up.

THEIR POV - the Golf Ranger comes flying over a hill heading  
straight for them.

FRED  
Run for it!

The guys run toward Rick's cart, jump in, and take off. Rick  
and Fred are in the seats, while Gary and Hog-head HANG OFF  
THE BACK. The cart BARRELS down a cart path with the Ranger  
HOT IN PURSUIT.

GARY  
He's gaining on us!

RICK  
I can't go any faster, I've got it  
flooded!

FRED  
Cut through the woods!

Without slowing down, Rick TURNS SHARPLY TO THE RIGHT and Gary and Hog-head TUMBLE OUT OF THE CART.

With panic etched across their sweaty faces, Gary and Hog-head quickly jump to their feet and run after the cart. Rick slows just enough for them to catch up and jump back on, then he speeds down a maintenance path and DISAPPEARS INTO THE WOODS.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Ed and Kimmy Long are sitting at an outside table having lunch with their two young children. Their 7-Year-Old Daughter is again dressed just like her mother and the 5-Year-Old Son is dressed like the father.

7-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER  
Hey, Mom, look!

The family turns to see...

THEIR POV - a stoned-looking Rick, Fred, Hog-head and Gary are driving the golf cart down the city street. They stop at a traffic light beside them. All the guys stare straight ahead, ZOMBIE-LIKE, except for Fred who NOTICES the Longs. He nods.

FRED  
Ed. Kimmy. Clones.

The light changes and as the golf cart DRIVES OFF through the busy intersection, we go

BACK ON ED AND KIMMY shaking their heads.

KIMMY  
Their poor wives.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 3

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

It's a picture perfect day as a THOUSAND PEOPLE watch a Cape Cod League baseball game from the comfort of their picnic blankets. The home team has loaded the bases in the bottom of the ninth and Grace, Maggie, MAGGIE'S PARENTS, and the kids are CLAPPING ALONG WITH THE CROWD.

CRACK! The BATTER HITS A ROPE TO RIGHT FIELD, and as the TYING and WINNING RUNS SCORE the PLACE GOES WILD.

SAME SCENE - LATER

The PLAYERS and FANS mingle on the field immediately after the game.

Grace and Maggie stand near the pitcher's mound as they watch Maggie's kids run the bases. The wives look TANNED and REFRESHED from several days laying on the beach.

Just then a big, goofy kid named GERRY approaches. He's a strapping 22-year-old first baseman from Puerto Rico with a perpetual SHIT-EATING GRIN.

GERRY  
Hey, I'm Gerry--thanks for coming out and supporting us.

MAGGIE  
Oh, it was fun. You guys looked good.

GERRY  
Thanks.

Gerry glances back at his TEAMMATES who are clearly egging him on.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
So...we saw you sitting up there with those little kids--are you nannies or something?

The girls aren't immune to flattery and they smile.

MAGGIE  
No, they're my kids.

GERRY  
(dubious)  
Yeah, right. You have three kids?

MAGGIE  
Uh-huh.

A couple other PLAYERS amble over.

GERRY  
Dudes, they're not nannies, they're mommies.

PLAYER #2  
No way?!

GRACE  
Well, she is, not me. I'm not old enough yet.

Maggie and the players LAUGH.

RICK COLEMAN (O.S.)  
Guys!

The players turn to see their coach, RICK COLEMAN, approaching with MAGGIE'S FATHER, mid-70's.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Time to pack things up--let's go!

The Players quickly scatter.

MAGGIE'S FATHER  
Maggie, Grace, this is Rick Coleman--  
the coach.

Rick Coleman is a granite-jawed 38-year-old with a good head of hair and an easy-going manner.

RICK COLEMAN  
I hope those clowns weren't  
bothering you.

MAGGIE  
Oh, no, they were sweet.

GRACE  
Yeah. Cute kids.

MAGGIE  
So you're the guy who's been taking  
money off my dad every Saturday on  
the golf course?

RICK COLEMAN  
I hate to break it to you but your  
old man's the one who's been taking  
all the money--he's a thief.

Maggie's Father LAUGHS.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, everyone's coming back to my  
place for some beers and a barbecue--  
why don't you join us?

MAGGIE  
Oh, thanks, but we've gotta get the  
kids home.

MAGGIE'S FATHER  
Your mom and I will take 'em home.  
You two go out and have a good time--  
cripes, you haven't been out all  
week.

Grace perks up at this.

MAGGIE  
Oh, I don't know, Dad, we really  
hadn't planned--

GRACE  
Excuse me, can I have a word with  
you?

Grace pulls Maggie aside.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(WHISPERING)  
What's your problem?

MAGGIE  
Oh, come on, Grace, these guys are barely out of college, and, in case you've forgotten, we're married.

GRACE  
To who? Last I heard, Rick and Fred had the week off from marriage. So remind me again--who are we married to?

Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE  
Well...I guess one beer won't kill us.

GRACE  
(smiling)  
That's my girl.

Grace glances over at the ballplayers.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Why shouldn't we have fun? God knows our guys are living it up.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP OF HOG-HEAD

HOG-HEAD  
What would you guys rather do--make-out with a guy or let him blow you?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that...

INT. ESPN SPORTS ZONE BAR - CONTINUOUS

...Our five guys are sitting at the bar drinking beer and devouring plates of HOT WINGS. Around them we see about fifty TV's BLARING twenty different sporting events. There's ESPN logos everywhere and not a woman in sight.

HOG-HEAD (CONT'D)  
And you've gotta pick one or someone in your family will die--that's the rule.

GARY  
Oh boy, that's a toughie.

FRED  
How long would you have to make-out with him?

HOG-HEAD  
Ten minutes.

RICK  
Tongue?



HOG-HEAD  
Of course.

FRED  
And how long would he have to blow you?

HOG-HEAD  
Seven minutes.

GARY  
Oof. I mean, getting blown by a dude is bad, but making out with a guy, it's so...intimate.

RICK  
You think it's more intimate than getting blown by a guy?

GARY  
Way more.

BAKER  
All right, the hell with this shit, I'm outta here.

Baker gets up from his stool.

RICK  
(taken aback)  
What? Why?

BAKER  
I wanted to watch you guys pick up chicks, not talk about dicks.

FRED  
Hey, greased lightning, let off the gas--sometimes these things take time.

GARY  
Baker's right. This is day three and you haven't even talked to a girl.

RICK  
(pointed)  
That's not exactly accurate, Gary. Thanks to your scrumptious brownies, I did spend half of last night talking to Judy on the drug-and-poison hotline.

Hog-head and Gary stand.

HOG-HEAD  
I guess I'm gonna get going, too.

GARY  
Yeah, this is boring. You guys are pussies.

FRED  
Hey, I haven't seen you guys talk  
to any girls.

BAKER  
We don't have hall passes!  
(shakes head)  
Come on, guys, let's go.

The three friends start to leave but Hog-head stops and turns.

HOG-HEAD  
Hey, guys, it's all right if you  
strike-out...but for godsakes, at  
least take a couple of swings.

A moment later the guys are gone and a humbled Rick and Fred sit there feeling alone.

FRED  
(being brave)  
This is actually good--you know,  
that they're leaving. You don't  
need five hunters to bag two birds.

RICK  
No, you do not. And I love those  
guys but, let's be honest, they're  
not exactly chick-magnets.

FRED  
You can say that again. Yep, the  
steak always looks better if you  
trim away some of the fat. And  
let's face it, we are the steak.

RICK  
Dream team, baby.

The guys CLINK BEERS. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)  
Maybe we should call the girls and  
ask them to come home.

Fred glances at him, aghast.

FRED  
What?

RICK  
Who are we kidding, man? Do you  
really think we're going to be  
picking up any girls this week?

FRED  
Why wouldn't we?

RICK  
Because that's not us anymore.

FRED  
Wait a second. You want to quit?

RICK  
 Fred, we're not the same guys we were fifteen years ago, back when we were single. We've changed.

Fred stares at him, incredulous.

FRED  
 No, man, you've changed. All you care about is yourself--what about all the guys out there who are counting on us to make this thing work?

RICK  
 What are you talking about?

FRED  
 Don't you get it?  
 (dramatic beat)  
We're the chosen ones!

Fred stands up and points at Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 That's right--this thing is bigger than us! Our wives didn't give us this hall pass, the good Lord did! And what do we have to show for it? Nothing.

RICK  
 Come off it, Fred. Obviously hooking up isn't something we really want--if it was, we could've done it by now.

FRED  
 Could we have?

Rick is taken aback by this.

RICK  
 (waning confidence)  
 Well...of course. I mean, if we'd really wanted to.

FRED  
 Guess what? I did want to. And you know how close I got? We're three days in and the only woman I've spoken to was our waitress at Outback. And she never even made eye-contact.

RICK  
 I don't really care if some waitress makes eye-contact. I want to go home--I miss my wife and kids.

FRED  
 Let me explain something to you: If Grace and Maggie find out we can't get laid on our own, they'll start thinking we need them to get laid. Do you know what that'll do to the balance of power in our homes? It'll destroy it!

Rick thinks about this and grows alarmed.

RICK  
 Well, what if we just tell them that we did hook up?

FRED  
 We can't. Grace'll know. She always knows when I'm lying.

RICK  
 Hey, what about a massage parlor?

FRED  
 No! That's giving up.

Fred glares at him.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 You don't get it, do you? A hall pass ain't all about sex. It's about being man enough to pick up a woman even though you may not be what--in the traditional sense--is considered...  
 (makes quotes with fingers)  
 ...good-looking, or...  
 (finger quotes again)  
 ...appealing.

Rick seems stung by this news.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Look, if we can't show that something positive can come from having a hall pass, then the whole concept is dead. Not just for us...but for all mankind.

Rick thinks about this for a moment, then stands up with a RENEWED SENSE OF PURPOSE.

RICK  
 All right, let's get out of here. I know exactly where we should be.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL TEAM BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. A hundred or so PLAYERS, PLAYER'S GIRLFRIENDS, and FRIENDS are in and out of the pool, drinking beer and rocking out to Arcade Fire on the boombox.

ANGLE ON Maggie and Rick Coleman sipping beers while in the b.g. we see Grace PLAYING VOLLEYBALL in the pool (still in the shorts and t-shirt she wore that afternoon.)

MAGGIE  
So how about you, Rick, do you have any children?

RICK COLEMAN  
Nah, but maybe some day. Your mom keeps talking about hooking me up with your cousin Kate.

Maggie LAUGHS.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
That's not a good sign.

MAGGIE  
No, I hardly know her. She moved to Miami when I was eight.

RICK COLEMAN  
That's what your mom said. I coach at the University of Miami.

MAGGIE  
Then you should go out with her.

RICK COLEMAN  
Nice try.  
(beat)  
So how about yourself--how long you been married?

MAGGIE  
Uh...fourteen years. We were college sweethearts.

RICK COLEMAN  
Nice. And where is he this week?

MAGGIE  
He's up in Boston.

RICK COLEMAN  
Poor guy. All work and no play, huh?

Maggie forces a smile.

MAGGIE  
Something like that.

Suddenly Grace is PROPELLED OUT OF THE WATER and UP ONTO GERRY'S SHOULDERS.

GRACE  
Stop it! What are you doing?!

Gerry LAUGHS and BOUNCES AROUND THE POOL and Grace and Maggie and the coach can't help but LAUGH along with him, as we

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMADA INN - NIGHT

Rick and Fred pull into the hotel's lot in the mini-van. As Rick gets out, Fred reaches behind his seat and comes out clutching a MOTORCYCLE HELMET. Rick stares at him.

FRED  
(defensive)  
Chicks dig motorcycles.

INT. RAMADA INN OLDIE'S BAR - NIGHT

It's 80's night and a Hall & Oates cover band is PLAYING complete with look-alikes, except Oates is black. Behind the band there's a banner that reads: 'Ramada Inn proudly welcomes the Mutual of Omaha Leadership Council!' We see middle-aged CORPORATE TYPES everywhere.

DARRYL HALL  
(SINGING)  
"...Oh-oh here she comes, watch out  
boy she'll chew you up. Oh-oh here  
she comes, she's a maneater..."

ANGLE ON THE BAR where Rick and Fred are checking out the scene. Fred is WEARING THE HELMET. (It's a huge BLACK, OVERSIZED HELMET WITH A VISOR.) He pulls it off, SHAKES OUT HIS HAIR, and places it prominently ON THE BAR.

FRED  
Jackpot, baby.

Rick NOTICES SOMETHING O.S..

RICK  
How about those two?

ANGLE ON two pretty LATINO WOMEN sitting alone at a table.

FRED  
Ooh, yeah. Daddy likes.

Fred pulls a piece of paper out of his back pocket and hands it to Rick.

RICK  
What's this?

FRED  
I went on-line this afternoon and wrote down some good pick-up lines to break the ice.

RICK  
(reading)  
'Hi. Will you help me find my puppy? I think he ran into the cheap hotel across the street.'

FRED  
That's a good one--except for one thing: We don't have a puppy, so when she gets there she'll realize we're full of shit.

Rick shoots him a look.

RICK  
I don't think it's supposed to be for real. It's just to make her laugh so she'll talk to you.

Fred considers this.

FRED  
Oh God no, it doesn't work on that level. Here, this is my favorite.

He takes the paper from Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
'You must be from Ireland because when I look at you my penis is Dublin.'

RICK  
It's a charmer but you know what? We don't need phony pick-up lines. Why don't we just be ourselves?

FRED  
Great. If you know how to.

Rick takes a DEEP BREATH and braces himself.

RICK  
Give me the helmet.

Fred hands him the helmet, then Rick marches up to the two Latino Women with the helmet under his arm and Fred close on his heels.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hi.

The women give him a pleasant look.

LATINO WOMAN #1  
Hello.

Fred gives a little wave from behind Rick.

FRED  
Hola.

LONG BEAT as Rick tries to figure what to say next. Then:

RICK  
Well...this is awkward. I feel like I'm back at my first junior high school mixer.

Rick and Fred force a LAUGH and the girls smile. Another LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT. Rick clears his throat.

RICK (CONT'D)  
So...are you ladies from Ireland?

LATINO WOMAN #2  
No.

RICK.  
I'm very surprised to hear that news, because when I look at you my penis doubles in size.

The women FLINCH at this, losing their smiles. Fred leans in.

FRED  
No, he means his dick is Dublin.  
Like the city. In Ireland.

As the girls turn away from them, we begin a...

MUSIC MONTAGE - Hall & Oates' I Can't Go For That plays as our GUYS GET SHOT DOWN by a DOZEN DIFFERENT BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

END MONTAGE

SAME SCENE - LATER

Rick and Fred are at the bar looking TIRED and FRUSTRATED.

RICK  
I have this overwhelming urge to donkey-kick everyone in this bar.

FRED  
Okay, tiger, keep your chin up--no one said this was going to be easy. Even in college you had to take fifty rejections for every score, remember?

RICK  
Yeah, but it didn't sting so much when I was drunk.

Fred perks up.

FRED  
That's it! We should be drinking!

RICK  
You're right. We're too stiff.

FRED  
Way too stiff. We gotta start pounding 'em, get those creative juices flowing, bring the soul to the surface.

Rick smiles.



RICK  
That's when we're at our most  
charming!

SMASH CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

A HAMMERED Fred is HOLDING A HAND OVER ONE EYE as he SHOUTS  
at a table full of GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMEN.

FRED  
You say no to me? You say no to  
me?! I SAY NO TO YOU!

He's being restrained by an unusually patient BOUNCER. In  
the b.g. we see Rick PASSED OUT ON A STOOL in a VERY AWKWARD  
POSITION.

BOUNCER  
Come on, buddy, let's go...

The women glare at Fred with disgust, maybe even a little  
amusement.

FRED  
No, screw them!  
(pointing at the women)  
You think your shit don't stink?!  
Well I got news for ya: I wouldn't  
titty-bang you in a snow storm!

20-SOMETHING WOMAN  
(mocking)  
Oh, please, sir, please titty-bang  
us in a snow storm!

The women LAUGH.

FRED  
Nope, you blew it, not gonna  
happen.

BOUNCER  
(still restraining Fred)  
There you go, mister, you got 'em  
good. Now let's go.

As the Bouncer drags him toward the exit, a STUNNING GIRL  
passes them WEARING TIGHT LEATHER PANTS with an AMERICAN FLAG  
PRINT ON THE BUTT. Fred turns to her.

FRED  
(slurring)  
Hey, sweetie, you need a pole for  
that flag?

Just then, the Girl's LARGE BOYFRIEND appears, and as his  
FIST MEETS FRED'S FACE, we

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 4

INT. RICK AND FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A SNORING Rick is FAST ASLEEP, sprawled out on his back on the bed WEARING ONLY HIS BOXERS despite the clock next to him reading 3:37 in the afternoon. He's surrounded by several left-over ROOM SERVICE TRAYS.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Fred CURLED UP NAKED ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, also SNORING. HE USES A BATH MAT AS A PILLOW.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 5

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF COLDWELL BANKER REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

INT. COLDWELL BANKER OFFICE - SAME

A worn-out-looking Rick is working at his desk when Fred approaches (with a BLACK EYE.)

FRED  
I know what we've been doing wrong.

Rick lifts his chin.

FRED (CONT'D)  
If we're gonna break out of this slump, we've got to start using our strength. And that is...people who know us, like us. So we should go after the women we've already won over.

RICK  
You mean like our wives?

FRED  
Yeah, like that, but not them.

Fred sits in the chair across from Rick.

FRED (CONT'D)  
I was thinking Coffee Girl.

RICK  
You've won over Coffee Girl?

FRED  
Well, I'm sure she'd recognize me.

Rick thinks about this.

RICK  
Look, if you really want to go after someone you already know, have you considered Missy Frankenfield?

Fred's listening.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 She's got all the stats you like--  
 she's beautiful, you know her phone  
 number, she's freshly divorced...

FRED  
 Which according to Hog-head means  
 she's horny.

RICK  
 Bingo.

As Fred smiles, we

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DAY

Maggie and Grace are laying out in their bathing suits when they hear O.S. YELLING and look up to see the baseball player Gerry WATERSKIING toward them. He lets go of the rope and skis UP ONTO THE SHORE.

GERRY  
 What's up, beach bunnies?

Grace and Maggie sit up and smile.

GRACE  
 What are you doing here?

He KICKS OFF THE SKI, then runs over and SHAKES HIS WET BODY ALL OVER THE GIRLS.

GRACE & MAGGIE  
 Gerry, stop it!

GERRY  
 Hey, where are the kiddies? We  
 thought we'd take you all for a  
 boat ride.

MAGGIE  
 My parents took them to Martha's  
 Vineyard for the weekend.

Just then, we hear a LOUD HORN. They look up to see the boat pulling close to shore. Rick Coleman is behind the wheel and a couple PLAYERS are in the back. Maggie waves.

RICK COLEMAN  
 (through bullhorn)  
 All right, everybody aboard! We're  
 going waterskiing!

The two women look at each other--why not? As they get up and RUN INTO THE WATER, we

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Rick stands in line at the coffee shop looking casual in slacks and a Harvard t-shirt. Music plays. He peers ahead and sees the Wannabe Artist-Type taking the order of a TEENAGE GIRL. At the other register, Coffee Girl is also taking orders. Rick is hoping to get Coffee Girl but Wannabe gets to him first.

WANNABE  
Can I take your order?

Rick sees that there's no one behind him. He turns to the Wannabe.

RICK  
Uh...I don't know what I want.

Wannabe stares at him, waiting. Rick hesitates a few moments, then levels with the guy.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Look, man, I want her to take my order.

WANNABE  
Why?

RICK  
Uh, she knows how I like it.

WANNABE  
(attitude)  
Little help, Leigh--your unique barista skills have been requested.

Rick waves weakly to Leigh and winks. As Leigh approaches, Wannabe mocks Rick by waving at him and winking.

LEIGH  
Hi. What would you like?

Rick was hoping to have a conversation but Wannabe is crowding them.

RICK  
Iced coffee. With two Splendas.

Leigh rings him up.

LEIGH  
That'll be two dollars.

Rick hands her a fiver and nods toward the speakers.

RICK  
By the way, nice tunes. Do you choose 'em or do they come down from corporate?

LEIGH  
Me. It's Snow Patrol.

She hands Rick his change and he dumps it in the tip jar.

RICK  
Nice soundtrack. Pretty solid  
movie, too.

Wannabe BARKS out a LAUGH.

WANNABE  
Dude, you're thinking of Snow Dogs--  
the Cuba Gooding kiddie flick. This  
is Snow Patrol, the band.

Rick shrugs, a little embarrassed.

LEIGH  
Thanks for the tip.

As Leigh grabs a cup and goes to make the coffee, Wannabe  
SAYS SOMETHING to her that WE CAN'T HEAR and they both LAUGH.

A PHONE RINGS in the employee room. Leigh hands Wannabe the  
coffee, then runs back to answer it. Wannabe hands Rick the  
iced coffee and winks at him.

WANNABE  
Enjoy your two-Splenda'd iced  
coffee, mister.

Rick starts to go, then turns around and stares at Wannabe.  
Wannabe, comforted by the counter between them, smiles back.

RICK  
Why are you smiling? You think this  
counter is some alligator-infested  
moat?

Rick's stare becomes a glare and Wannabe loses his smile.

RICK (CONT'D)  
This little 'I'm-on-the-inside, too-  
cool-for-school, let's-laugh-at-the-  
dorky-suburban-guy-cause-I'm-safe-  
on-this-side-of-the-counter'  
routine's gonna get you hurt. After  
you lose all of your family's money  
on your avante garde piece of crap  
short film, you're going to need a  
job. And it's guys like me that  
hire. And guys like me don't hire  
punks like you. So shape up.

As Rick turns and walks out, we PAN over to see that Leigh  
HAS BEEN WATCHING THIS.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick sits alone at a table on the sidewalk drinking his  
coffee. He NOTICES some postcards advertising a two-week  
free trial at the local gym and starts to read them.

LEIGH (O.S.)  
I work-out there.

Rick looks up, suddenly finding himself alone with Leigh.

RICK  
You do?

Leigh nods and starts to straighten up the tables.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I work-out at home, but I was thinking of going public with my work-outs. What do you squat?

She seems amused by this.

LEIGH  
I don't really squat, just run on the hamster-wheel everyday after work.

She starts wiping down a table.

COFFEE GIRL  
So did you go to Harvard?

She nods at Rick's t-shirt.

RICK  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
I mean, you know...I went to a party there once.

Coffee Girl GIGGLES and Rick perks up.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(re:shirt)  
Actually, this is Harvard Health Care. Sleep apnea...snoring too much.  
(holds up gym postcard)  
So is this a good place to join?

LEIGH  
Great place. Real chill. And they have a bar, so I always grab a beer after my workout.

RICK  
Bitchin'. Sounds like a nice routine. Maybe I'll routine it, too.

LEIGH  
If you join, tell 'em Leigh sent you--they'll give me two free months.

RICK  
I'll do that, Leigh.

LEIGH  
Rockin'.

Leigh gives him the peace sign.

RICK  
R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.

Leigh smiles and as she heads back inside, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fred is sitting on his bed flipping through his address book until he comes to Missy Frankenfield. He hits the SPEAKERPHONE and DIALS. Several RINGS later:

MISSY FRANKENFIELD (V.O.)  
Hi, this is Missy. Sorry I missed your call. I'm out of town for a few days, and I may have limited cell reception. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. BEEP.

Fred mouths the word 'shit', then picks up the receiver.

FRED  
Hey, Missy, this is Fred Searing. I, uh, I just wanted to give you a ring and, um...well, give me a call when you get back. It's kind of an emergency. Well, not life-threatening, but--

The machine CUTS HIM OFF. Fred HANGS UP, dejected. He sits there for a BEAT, then grabs his keys and GOES OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATE AFTERNOON

TIGHT ON FRED - he's wearing SHADES and has a BASEBALL CAP pulled down over his eyes.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's outside a MASSAGE PARLOR. As he approaches the massage parlor entrance, a bunch of LADIES walk out of the TRAVEL AGENCY just to the right so Fred veers into the DRY CLEANERS to the left.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

Fred ENTERS and immediately bumps into Kimmy Long (Ed's wife) standing in line behind several other WOMEN. She is accompanied by her 7-year-old daughter and neither of them look happy to see him.

FRED  
Oh, hi.

Kimmy nods blankly. The Daughter glares at him. Fred nervously steps up next to them in line, passing time as he waits for the sidewalk to clear.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Um, I don't think I got a chance to tell you how impressed I was with your new place. Absolutely elegant.

Kimmy GRUNTS a thank you and turns away from him.

ANGLE ON the KOREAN LADY who owns the dry cleaners. She stands behind the desk with an accordion wall behind her.

DRY CLEAN KOREAN LADY  
Mr. Searing, you pick up last week--  
no more clothes here!

Fred smiles uncomfortably at Kimmy.

FRED  
That's right...  
(looks at watch)  
Well, gotta get going--I have a  
meeting across town in ten minutes.  
See ya.

Fred EXITS.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Fred comes out of the dry cleaners, makes sure the coast is clear, then DUCKS INTO THE MASSAGE PARLOR.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN is behind the counter.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
You want massage?

Fred looks around. There's an OLD KOREAN LADY sitting on a couch. He looks at the Young Korean Woman and nods.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You fill out.

The Young Korean Woman hands Fred a form. Fred puts it down and covertly moves in.

FRED  
I'd prefer no paper trail.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
Need for insurance company.

FRED  
I don't think my insurance  
company's gonna cover this one.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
Ten dollar co-pay?

FRED  
Uh, no.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
Fill out form. It policy.

Fred moves in closer.



FRED  
Look, I don't really want this in  
print.

The Young Korean Woman hands him back the form.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
How I know what you want if you no  
fill out form?

FRED  
Um, couldn't I just tell you?

She stares at him for a LONG BEAT.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
So, what you waiting for?!

Fred glances back at the Old Korean Lady, then WHISPERS in  
the Young Korean Woman's ear. She nods and looks at him.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay...but must see I.D. first.

Fred SIGHS and pulls out a hundred-dollar bill.

FRED  
How about a C-note so I don't have  
to fill out any forms or show any  
I.D.'s?

The Young Korean Woman thinks about this for a moment, then  
SLIDES OPEN THE ACCORDION WALL behind her, REVEALING...

THE DRY CLEANERS NEXT DOOR - the Dry Cleaning Korean Lady  
looks back at him, along with Kimmy Long, her daughter, and  
ALL THE OTHER WOMEN IN LINE.

YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN  
Gentleman want a rub-and-tug with  
tea-bag happy ending but don't fill  
out form!

Kimmy Long glares at him, appalled. As Fred backpedals OUT  
OF THE MASSAGE PARLOR, he waves at her weakly, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY BOAT - DAY

One hundred GUESTS dance on the top deck of this large ship  
as the Bee Gee's Night Fever BLASTS from the speakers.

SONG  
'...Night fever, night fever...we  
know how to do it...'

As the song heats up, the crowd parts, REVEALING...Rick  
Coleman and Gerry decked-out in WHITE, TONY-MANARO-SUITS.  
They're DANCING UP A STORM with Maggie and Grace who are  
thrilled to be in such capable hands. Grace is getting  
tossed around a bit, but it's clear that Maggie can hold her  
own on a dance floor.

The crowd soon FORMS A CIRCLE around the two couples, and as Rick and Gerry SWING AND LIFT our delighted and breathless wives, we

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Maggie and Rick Coleman are standing at the rail of the boat taking a breather.

RICK COLEMAN

Wow. You can really move out there.

Maggie shrugs modestly.

MAGGIE

Thanks. I was a dance major in college.

RICK COLEMAN

Really? I always wondered--what do you do with a degree in dance?

MAGGIE

Well, as it turned out, nothing.  
(blushing)

I guess the original plan was to go to New York and try to hook-up with one of the big dance companies, but then I got married and...your priorities change.

She looks away, maybe a little embarrassed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, that was fun. I haven't danced this much in a long time.

RICK COLEMAN

Why not?

MAGGIE

I don't know, you get busy, kids, school, there's so much going on.

RICK COLEMAN

Well you gotta make time for the stuff you love or you'll forget who you are.

Maggie appreciates the sentiment. She makes strong eye-contact with Rick for a moment, but catches herself and looks away.

MAGGIE

You know, my husband's name is Rick.

Rick smiles at this.

RICK COLEMAN

Well that makes me the perfect guy to have an affair with--you'd never have to worry about screaming out the wrong name during sex.

Maggie smiles at this, but she seems a nick uncomfortable.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

MAGGIE

I know.

RICK COLEMAN

Now come on, let's go find Grace and get something to eat. I'm starving.

As they head back to the party, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S TOYOTA AVALON - LATE AFTERNOON

Rick is parked across the street from FITNESS FIRM HEALTH CLUB. He's reading the newspaper and glancing at the entrance for Leigh. Suddenly there's a LOUD TAP on the window and Rick looks over to see Flats (who we met at Rick's poker night) standing outside with a shit-eating grin. Rick rolls down the window.

FLATS

Hey, Rick.

RICK

(startled)

Oh...hey, Flats. How you doing, man?

FLATS

Great. What's up with you? How's that hall pass thing going?

Rick makes a Scooby Doo sound, alarmed.

RICK

Who told you about that--was it Hog-head?

FLATS

No. Some old lady was yakking about it down at the post office.

Rick REACTS to this.

FLATS (CONT'D)

(big smile)

So what's the deal--you getting laid?

RICK

(defensive)

What? No.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 I don't know where you're getting  
 your information, Flats, but a hall  
 pass isn't just about getting laid,  
 it's about getting a week off from  
 marriage to do as you please--  
 whether that be fishing, or  
 watching TV, whatever it is that  
 relaxes you.

FLATS  
 (dubious)  
 Oh, I didn't know that.

Just then Rick NOTICES Leigh (dressed in work-out clothes)  
 walking down the sidewalk toward the gym.

RICK  
 Uh, Flatsy, I gotta run. I'm late  
 for my work-out appointment.

When Rick hops out of his car, we see that he's wearing gym  
 shorts and an old Springsteen t-shirt. He hesitates, then  
 grabs a SWEATSHIRT out of the car and TIES IT AROUND HIS  
 WAIST. Rick hurries down the sidewalk toward Leigh.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Hey, girl!

LEIGH  
 (smiling)  
 All right! You decided to go for  
 it.

As Rick follows Leigh into the gym, a smiling Flats CALLS  
 OUT:

FLATS  
 Hey, Rick! Good luck with the  
 fishing!

As Flats begins to LAUGH, a sheepish Rick scurries into the  
 building.

INT. FITNESS FIRM HEALTH CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Leigh stand at the front desk. A young, buff dude,  
 CLYDE, looks up from folding towels.

LEIGH  
 Clyde, this is my friend, uh...

RICK  
 Rick.

LEIGH  
 He's looking to join.

CLYDE  
 Great. I'll get you signed up.

Leigh pats Rick's hand.

LEIGH  
 See ya.

She turns to leave.

RICK  
So, uh, are you gonna grab a  
brewski after your work-out?

LEIGH  
Nah.

Rick looks disappointed.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna grab two.

Leigh flashes him a smile and as she walks away, she gives him the peace sign. He returns it.

RICK  
Peace it!

As soon as he hears himself, Rick cringes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON RICK'S FACE - he's wearing the headphones and has worked up a PRETTY GOOD SWEAT.

PULL BACK to reveal that he's SITTING ON THE TOILET.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

We hear a FLUSH. Rick shuffles out of a stall and moves to a sink. While he washes his hands, a young, NAKED, METROSEXUAL-TYPE whips his leg into the sink beside him. Rick slowly turns to look.

RICK'S POV - as the Metrosexual talks to ANOTHER NAKED MAN, he fills his hand with SHAVING CREAM and the hand DISAPPEARS BETWEEN HIS OWN LEGS. The guys continue their conversation, unfazed. Then the Metrosexual starts to SHAVE HIS BALLS.

As Rick dries his hands, he can't contain himself.

RICK  
What's that about--you swimming the  
English Channel?

The Metrosexual shoots Rick an annoyed look.

METROSEXUAL  
Nah, just not into looking like the  
knuckle-dragging guy on the  
evolution-of-man chart.

Off Rick looking self-consciously down at his fur-covered body, we go...

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick ENTERS the empty hot tub room, takes off his towel, and eases into the STEAMING WATER. He hits a button and the jets kick on FULL BLAST, turning the hot tub into a BUBBLY CAULDRON.

RICK  
Oh...yes.

He bunches up his towel and puts it behind his head, then settles in and CLOSES HIS EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Rick is in a DEEP SLEEP. His mouth is wide open but his head is BARELY ABOVE WATER as he SNORES LOUDLY. He dips beneath the surface and as he begins to CHOKE and COUGH, he wakes up.

Rick takes a moment to get his bearings, then STRUGGLES to get out of the hot tub. But his MUSCLES HAVE TURNED TO JELLY.

RICK  
(weakly)  
Little help...

When none comes, a life-and-death STRUGGLE ensues as the flabby, middle-aged dad tries to climb to safety.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Help...me...

Just as Rick starts to go under, the two young naked metrosexuals hear his MOANS and come to his rescue. They jump in the hot tub and heave him ashore. As Rick GASPS for air, one of the metrosexuals kneels down and lifts Rick's head onto his NAKED LAP.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1  
Are you having chest pains, sir?

RICK  
(winded)  
No, no, I think I was...in the hot tub too long. I can't feel my body.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #2  
How long were you in there?

RICK  
What time is it?

NAKED METROSEXUAL #2  
Seven-thirty.

RICK  
About three hours.

That's when Rick realizes that his head is RESTING ON THE GUY'S COCK. He tries to roll off him, but Metrosexual #1 HOLDS HIM TIGHT.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1  
Try not to move, sir.

RICK  
I'm okay, just help me up.

NAKED METROSEXUAL #1  
 (to Metrosexual #2)  
 All right, give him a hand.

Metrosexual #2 straddles Rick's chest and leans down to pull him up. As Rick starts to rise, HIS FACE COMES PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE SECOND MAN'S O.S. DANGLING COCK and Rick has to TURN HIS HEAD TO AVOID CONTACT.

They finally get Rick to his feet. As the naked men help him across the room, we

ANGLE ON - two TANNED, HAIRLESS METROSEXUAL ASSES flanking Rick's HIRSUTE BUTT.

RICK  
 Okay, thanks, guys. I can take it from here.

The metrosexuals release Rick and he gets about two steps before his LEGS GIVE OUT and he TUMBLES DOWN A SMALL FLIGHT OF STEPS.

SMASH CUT TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 6

INT. RICK AND FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A depressed Rick and Fred sit in bed numbing their pain by WATCHING THE BOURNE SUPREMACY and eating a couple PINTS OF BEN AND JERRY'S ICE CREAM.

FRED  
 We let down the male species.  
 (SIGHS)  
 I really thought our hall passes might change the philosophy of marriage in America.

Fred eats a big scoop of ice cream.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 (with mouth-full)  
 I envisioned a national holiday, right between July 4th and Labor Day, like the first Friday in August, Hall Pass Day; a day for husbands to get some strange, a day that would forever be known as the holiday that saved the institution of marriage.

RICK  
 All right, don't give up.

FRED  
 I'm not giving up, I'm facing facts--this is our last day and we got nothing cooking. Maybe you were right. Maybe we should just tell the girls to come home.

RICK  
No. I want the hall pass.

Fred looks at Rick, surprised.

RICK (CONT'D)  
At first I wasn't sure, but now I want the dream.

FRED  
I'm not even sure I know what the dream is anymore.

RICK  
I just...I just want to know what it's like to be with another woman.

FRED  
Well, just pull up one of the golden oldies in your spank bank-- it's almost like being there.

RICK  
I don't have anything in that spank bank.

FRED  
I'm talking about all the girls before you met Maggie.

Rick doesn't say anything.

FRED (CONT'D)  
What?  
(beat)  
No, you're not serious?

Rick lowers his head.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Wait a second, are you saying...?  
(beat)  
But how can that be--you didn't meet Maggie until college?

RICK  
(defensive)  
Yeah, so? What do you think, everyone gets laid in high school? I got news for you, mister--getting laid in high school is not a right, it's a privilege.

Fred puts down his ice cream. Rick SIGHS.

RICK (CONT'D)  
First class, first day, freshman year, I saw Maggie--she was sitting three seats away in Western Civ-- and I fell in love instantly. I begged her for three months to go out with me, she finally caved, and that night I told her I loved her.



RICK (CONT'D)  
 Eighty-four days later she told me  
 she loved me back and we've been  
 together ever since.

Fred stares at him.

FRED  
 Wow. That's a really creepy story.

Just then Fred's cell phone RINGS and he ANSWERS it.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Hello.  
 (beat)  
 Yeah.  
 (beat)  
 Oh, okay, great.

Fred hangs up but doesn't say anything.

RICK  
 Who was that?

FRED  
 Just an angel from heaven.

Suddenly Fred jumps to his feet.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Coakley's back in town!

As Rick's face fills with renewed hope, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Maggie and Grace are sitting at the kitchen table gazing at a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS and an open GIFT BOX displaying an ENGRAVED I.D. BRACELET.

MAGGIE  
 Does this mean you're going steady?

GRACE  
 (guilty)  
 That's not funny. I feel terrible--  
 the poor kid's spending all his  
 hard-earned money on me--that's  
 sad. Cute, but sad.

MAGGIE  
 Grace, you should be flattered.  
 You're thirty-eight-years-old and  
 college kids are still swooning  
 over you.

GRACE  
 Well I just feel bad if I gave him  
 the wrong impression.

MAGGIE  
The wrong impression? What makes  
you think that--I mean, besides the  
flowers, I.D. bracelet, and love  
letter?

Maggie picks up a card.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
'Dearest Grace--Our final game is  
tonight. Please meet me at the  
coach's place afterwards to  
celebrate. Yours truly, Gerry.'

GRACE  
Thanks for piling on.

Grace stands up and SIGHS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Well...I can't accept this. I guess  
I'm just gonna have to go set him  
straight.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A PIZZERIA UNO - NIGHT

INT. PIZZERIA UNO - SAME

Rick and Fred are sitting at a table sharing a pizza while  
Fred texts someone.

RICK  
What are you doing?

FRED  
Just texting Missy Frankenfield  
that we're going to be at Enter the  
Dragon--I'm covering all my bases.

RICK  
You don't need Missy Frankenfield  
tonight. If we can't get the job  
done with Coakley as our wingman,  
then we're pathetic.

Just then, Fred NOTICES something O.S.

FRED  
All right, here come da man!

CLOSE ON RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - a suave, DEBONAIR MAN (played  
by George Clooney) comes through the doors and stops to check  
out the room.

Rick and Fred jump up and approach him WITH OPEN ARMS but at  
the last second Clooney steps aside REVEALING a THIN, BALDING  
MAN dressed HEAD-TO-TOE IN MOTORCYCLE LEATHERS (think Larry  
David.)

FRED & RICK  
Coakley!

COAKLEY  
My two favorite nutsuckers--how the  
hell are ya?!

The three men hug, then Coakley nods toward Clooney.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
See who just walked in here in  
front of me?

RICK  
No, who?

COAKLEY  
George Clooney.

FRED  
What's he doing here?

COAKLEY  
I don't know--must be shooting a  
movie or something.

FRED  
Huh. Look, man, we've got a  
situation on our hands.

COAKLEY  
Yeah, yeah, Baker filled me in.  
S'been rough sledding, huh?

Coakley puts his arms around the two guys.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Well, don't worry, my little  
snickerdicks...Coakley's here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A mass of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS and SLICK GUYS vie for position  
outside this CROWDED CLUB.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS Rick, Fred and Coakley watching from  
across the street.

COAKLEY  
I'm gonna need three-hundred bucks.

FRED  
For what?

Coakley shoots him a look.

COAKLEY  
If you're really serious about  
this, stop questioning me.

The guys look at each other, then reluctantly COUGH UP THE  
DOUGH. With money in hand, Coakley marches confidently  
across the street followed by Fred and Rick. When the SLICK  
BOUNCER sees them approaching, he PARTS THE CROWD.

SLICK BOUNCER  
Good evening, Mr. Coakley.

COAKLEY  
What up, my guy?

Coakley PASSES ON THE MONEY with a handshake and the Bouncer UNHOOKS THE VELVET ROPE. Then Coakley smiles back at Fred and Rick.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Push the defrost button on the microwave, boys. The deep freeze is over.

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Coakley leads them into the club. Rick and Fred can't believe all the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE around them.

COAKLEY  
Okay, guys, you tried it your way and you failed miserably. You struck out, you were oh-for-everything. So now we do it my way, which is...

The guys look at Coakley like Richard Gere looks at the Dalai Lama.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
...Go ugly early.

Rick and Fred are visibly deflated.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Guys, you're not trying to get married here--you're trying to get laid.

RICK  
Aren't you the guy who goes to the Hawaiian Tropic finals every year? Is that for the ugly girls?

COAKLEY  
I go to the Tropic finals because Miss North Dakota's gonna lose and she's gonna need a hug. And quite often you can parlay a hug into a hand-job. Rick, you're up--get us two bottles of Moet and six glasses.

Rick shoots Fred a look, then weaves his way through a scrum of PEOPLE up to the bar. He tries to flag down a bartender but can't get anyone's attention.

PAIGE (O.S.)  
Hi, Mr. Mills.

Rick turns to see that he's crammed in beside his babysitter Paige who's looking a LITTLE TIPSY.

RICK  
Oh, hey, Paige. What are you doing here?

She pulls out her license and holds it up.

PAIGE  
I turned twenty-one yesterday.  
(drunken smile)  
I'm legal now.

RICK  
Oh. Well, happy birthday. You out celebrating?

PAIGE  
Yeah, I'm here with my Aunt Meg.

Paige points across the club to AUNT MEG, a striking redhead, early 40's, who's talking to a couple of YOUNG MEN.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
She's the best. Forty-two years old but she still parties like she's my age.

RICK  
Nice.

Rick continues to try to get the bartender's attention.

PAIGE  
So, Rick, how's the hall pass going?

Paige smirks at Rick who shrinks a little.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
You don't mind if I call you Rick, do you? I am officially an adult now.

RICK  
No, of course not--what did you just say?

PAIGE  
I was asking about your hall pass.  
(off Rick's look)  
I baby-sit for the Putneys and I heard Gary talking about it the other night at their barbecue.

Rick REACTS to this.

RICK  
He was talking about it at a barbecue?!

PAIGE  
Oh, he wasn't saying it in a bad way.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
 In fact, I thought it was very  
 classy of you to be staying at the  
 Holiday Inn Express instead of  
 bringing girls back to your home  
 with all the kids' pictures and  
 schoolwork taped up everywhere.

Rick forces a smile.

RICK  
 Thank you.

A male BARTENDER, 25, finally appears in front of Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, um, two bottles of Moet and  
 six glasses please.

Paige eyes Rick as she sips her drink.

PAIGE  
 So does it work both ways?

RICK  
 What?

PAIGE  
 The hall pass. Does your wife get  
 one, too.

RICK  
 (amused)  
 Uh, no, no. A hall pass is for men  
 only.

PAIGE  
 Oh. Who made that rule?

RICK  
 Well...um...

As Rick thinks about this, Paige moves in tighter.

PAIGE  
 By the way, I kind of owe you an  
 apology.  
 (lowers her voice,  
 bashful)  
 Last week when you drove me home, I  
 shouldn't have snapped at you like  
 that.

RICK  
 Oh, don't worry about it. It was a  
 big misunderstanding.

PAIGE  
 No, it wasn't.

She takes a moment, looks around.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
 If you thought I was coming on to  
 you that night, it's because...I  
 was.

Rick flinches at this. Just then the Bartender returns with  
 the champagne. Rick fumbles through his pocket and finally  
 pays. Then he's left alone with Paige and her coed-in-love-  
 with-the-professor eyes and her suddenly heaving cleavage.

RICK  
 Yeah. Um...I have to go, Paige, but  
 it was great seeing you.

Paige grabs Rick's arm as he tries to go. She looks suddenly  
 annoyed.

PAIGE  
 Are you serious? You're doing this  
 again...even with a hall pass?

RICK  
 Paige, you're my kids' babysitter.  
 Have a happy birthday.

As Rick walks away, we go

BACK ON COAKLEY AND FRED as Rick arrives with the champagne.

COAKLEY  
 Here we go, bubbles doth floweth.

FRED  
 Holy crap...look who's here.

The guys turn to see the coffee girl, Leigh, walking past  
 with two of her GIRLFRIENDS. She sees them and LIGHTS UP.

LEIGH  
 Hey, Rick! What happened yesterday--  
 I thought we were gonna grab a  
 beer?

Fred looks at Rick, confused.

RICK  
 (sheepish)  
 Yeah, I got a little caught up in  
 my curls and reps and shit.  
 (changing subject)  
 So is this your playground?

LEIGH  
 Nah, I've never been here, but a  
 friend of mine's DJ-ing tonight so  
 I promised him I'd come.

Just then Wannabe from the coffee shop swoops in and gives  
 Leigh a kiss on the cheek. He has a pair of headphones  
 hanging around his neck.

WANNABE  
 Wassup, girl?

Wannabe NOTICES Rick and loses his smile.

WANNABE (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hey. What are you doing here--  
you auditing the place?

RICK  
Actually, I work for Sirius XM  
Radio--we're looking to hire some  
new deejays so I'm checking out all  
the clubs.

Wannabe stiffens, suddenly respectful.

WANNABE  
Oh. Cool. Are you serious?

RICK  
Not!

Leigh is amused by this, but she tries to hide it from the  
deflated Wannabe.

WANNABE  
(annoyed)  
Oh, that's hip. Real fresh.  
(turns to Leigh)  
Why don't you hit the dance floor--  
the next song's gonna be for you.

As Leigh's Girlfriends pull her onto the dance floor, Wannabe  
returns to his deejay booth.

FRED  
(glaring)  
Beer? When were you two going to  
have a beer?

RICK  
(guilty)  
No, no, no, Leigh and I just belong  
to the same gym and happened to be  
there at the same time yesterday  
afternoon.

FRED  
What gym do you belong to and where  
the hell was I?

COAKLEY  
Well, according to Kimmy Long, you  
were at the massage parlor trying  
to get a rub-and-tug without  
filling out the paperwork.

This takes the wind out of Fred's sails.

RICK  
What?

Coakley CHUCKLES and Rick glares at Fred.



RICK (CONT'D)  
I thought the massage parlor was  
admitting defeat?

FRED  
I had a knot in my neck--why the  
hell didn't you tell me you saw  
Coffee Girl?!

COAKLEY  
Okay, guys, cut the crap. We're all  
here for the same thing. And I'll  
give you a hint what that thing is:  
It begins with a 'P' and ends with  
an 'ussy.'

Coakley puts his arm around Fred.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Now relax, Freddy, everyone's gonna  
get taken care of.  
(looks out at crowd)  
We just gotta find you a gazelle  
with a bad wheel.

FRED  
Huh?

Coakley spots something.

COAKLEY  
Ooh--there's a couple of  
trainwrecks. Let's go.

FRED  
(alarmed)  
Whoa--wait a second.

But Coakley steers Fred over to two CHUBBY, NOT-SO-ATTRACTIVE  
BLONDES laying on a 'bed' in the corner.

COAKLEY  
Ladies, this is my friend Fred  
Pinkberry--his yogurt company just  
went public and he's out  
celebrating. He'd like to offer you  
a flute of champagne.

The Chubby Blondes PERK UP.

CHUBBY BLONDE #1  
I love Pinkberry!

As the girls make room for a reluctant Fred, we go...

BACK ACROSS THE ROOM where we see Rick watching Leigh and her  
hot girlfriends DANCE. Leigh catches Rick staring. He  
smiles and clumsily shoots her the PEACE SIGN. Finally, he  
takes a deep breath and DANCES HIS WAY UP NEXT TO HER.

RICK  
So...having a good time?

LEIGH  
Chillin'.

RICK  
Me too. Just chillin' and wigglin'.

LONG BEAT as they dance. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)  
I haven't been dancing in a long  
time.

LEIGH  
(teasing)  
I can tell.

RICK  
Oh yeah? Just try to keep up.

She smiles at this, then Coakley DANCES UP BESIDE RICK and  
PULLS HIM ASIDE.

COAKLEY  
Abort! Abort! You stand not a  
chance.

RICK  
No, no, I think we're starting to  
gel.

Coakley rolls his eyes.

COAKLEY  
No, no, you're mistaken. Look,  
dude, this ain't Operation Cock-  
block here--now trust me, retreat.

Rick glances back at Leigh, torn. She looks fantastic.

RICK  
Coak, I'm never gonna have another  
hall pass, so this memory has to  
last a lifetime...you know what I  
mean?

Coakley looks at Leigh and SIGHS.

COAKLEY  
All right, I'll be at the bar when  
this thing blows up in your face.

As Rick dances back over to Leigh, we...

PAN ACROSS THE ROOM to the PISSED-OFF Wannabe watching them  
from the deejay booth.

WANNABE  
(into mic)  
All right, y'all, adult-swim's  
over. Now if you was born before  
1980 you're gonna want to step off  
the floor 'cause we're about to  
kick it up.

ON RICK - he looks over at Wannabe but CONTINUES TO DANCE.

RICK  
Is this guy your boyfriend or something?

LEIGH  
No, no, no.

She waves it off, then shrugs guiltily.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
One time we messed around a little.

RICK  
And what does 'messed around a little' mean these days?

LEIGH  
Anal.

Rick tries hard to act nonchalant.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding. He kissed me one night and I kissed back--I shouldn't have.

WANNABE (O.S.)  
Seriously, you grandpappies better get off the floor before someone falls and breaks a hip!

Rick points at Wannabe.

RICK  
(CALLING back)  
Just play your funky music, white boy!

As the music shifts gears and becomes FASTER and LOUDER, we

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Maggie's at the sink cleaning up when she NOTICES that the ANSWERING MACHINE LIGHT IS BLINKING. She dries her hands, then pushes the button.

HISPANIC WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(on answering machine)  
Hola, Maggie, this is Isabel. I went to clean the house today but nobody has been there or slept in any of the beds this week, so I just cleaned the windows and left early. I hope you don't mind.

CLOSE ON a concerned-looking Maggie. She moves to the window, stares at the lights on the ocean.

RICK COLEMAN (O.S.)

Hey.

Maggie turns to see Rick Coleman standing out on her front porch.

MAGGIE

Oh. Hey.

She goes to the screen door.

RICK COLEMAN

Thought you might want to help me celebrate the end of the season.

He holds up a grocery bag.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)

I got some good late-night eats.

Maggie hesitates a moment. Then she opens the door and lets him in.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A bored-looking Fred is smooshed between the Chubby Blondes on the bed.

CHUBBY BLONDE #1

...It was the greys--you know, the tall, skinny aliens--and they were all over my yard, but--and here's the weird thing--I wasn't at all afraid of them so when they asked me if I wanted to get in their spaceship, I said, 'Sure,' and I walked right on.

CHUBBY BLONDE #2

Oh my God, you're so brave! I would never, ever in a million years climb into one of those things. Fred, would you ever just walk into a UFO on your own?

FRED

(deadpan)

If they came right now I would, sure.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD (O.S.)

There you are!

Fred looks up to see Missy Frankenfield approaching.

FRED

Oh my god! You're here!

Fred jumps off the bed and gives Missy a hug.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Franken-berry, how the heck are  
 ya?!

She returns the embrace, but not quite as tight.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 You look incredible!

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
 (clearly uncomfortable)  
 Thanks, Fred, you look good, too.

FRED  
 Never felt better.

Missy nods.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
 I have to say, I can't believe I'm  
 actually here--I was on my way home  
 from dinner when I noticed your  
 text. So what's this big emergency?

FRED  
 Huh? Oh, uh, yeah. By 'emergency' I  
 just meant that there's some  
 important stuff I want to talk to  
 you about. You know, one on one, me  
 and you--without all the husbands  
 and wives and hoopla. So how are  
 you?

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
 I'm...good.

FRED  
 No, I mean how-are-you. Inside.  
 What's happenin' in there? There  
 must be all sorts of emotions  
 churning up with the divorce and  
 everything.

She gives him a long look.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
 Maybe we should go somewhere else--  
 this doesn't seem like the best  
 place to spill one's guts.

Just then, Coakley swoops in and pulls Fred aside.

COAKLEY  
 (under breath)  
 What part of 'go ugly early' didn't  
 you understand? You've got a better  
 chance of winning husband-of-the-  
 year than tagging that chiquita.

Fred flinches at this.

FRED  
 But...I know her. She said she  
 wants to leave with me.

COAKLEY

Then she's insane--run for the hills.

FRED

Coak, the woman's going through a divorce. She's not insane, she's just making really poor decisions right now.

(hands him his car keys)

Here, give Rick the keys to my mini-van. I'm gonna go back to the hotel with Missy.

Coakley looks back at Missy and softens.

COAKLEY

It's your funeral, princess.

BACK ON RICK AND LEIGH dancing up a storm. Rick is OUT OF BREATH and SWEATING LIKE A PIG. His shirt is soaked and his hair is dripping wet.

LEIGH

Are you okay--you keep checking your pulse?

RICK

Nah, I'm fine. I had a little chest cramp during the last song, but I worked through it.

She smiles at this.

LEIGH

Come on, let's sit this one out. I need a breather.

They move to the bar and Rick starts DRYING HIMSELF with a stack of cocktail napkins.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

So what's up with the ring?

He looks at his finger, then back at her.

RICK

Um...have you ever heard of a hall pass?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL TEAM BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace pulls up in her Camry and gets out. She hears MUSIC coming from inside and hesitates a BEAT before walking nervously onto the porch and KNOCKING. A moment later Gerry appears in the doorway.

GERRY

There she is! Come on in, I'm mixing up some margaronis. We lost our final game, but I got four hits!

GRACE  
Oh. Great. Uh, where is everyone?

GERRY  
They all went out to party--now get  
in here!

But Grace stays on the porch.

GRACE  
Gerry, I'm sorry but I can't stay.

GERRY  
What?

Grace hasn't been in this situation in a long time and it shows. Gerry steps out onto the porch looking concerned.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Is everything okay?

GRACE  
Yeah, yeah, everything's fine,  
but...  
(holds up gift box)  
...I can't accept this.

GERRY  
Why not?

Grace does a double-take.

GRACE  
Gerry, I'm a married woman.

Gerry nods at this, maybe a little hurt. She hands him the box and he reluctantly accepts it.

GERRY  
Um...I'm sorry if I made you  
uncomfortable, Grace. It's just  
that...I really like you.

GRACE  
I like you, too, Gerry, and you  
didn't make me uncomfortable.

She smiles at him and he forces a smile back, and there's some serious eye-contact, and then BAM!

They DIVE AT EACH OTHER and start SUCKING FACE LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW. As they continue to MAUL EACH OTHER, they STUMBLE INTO THE HOUSE, and we

CUT TO:

INT. ENTER THE DRAGON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Rick and Leigh are leaning against the bar.

LEIGH  
So...you're married?

RICK  
I wasn't deliberately hiding it.

He holds up his ring hand.

LEIGH  
Yeah, I just thought your wife had died or something and you were wearing it out of respect.

RICK  
(uncomfortable)  
Uh, nope. She's still hangin' in there.

Just then, Coakley PULLS RICK ASIDE.

COAKLEY  
Come on, you're not gonna close the sale here--let's move this clambake back to my place.

RICK  
Okay, but what am I gonna do there?

COAKLEY  
What do you mean, what are you gonna do? I've got a house with bedrooms--do the math. When it doesn't work out with her--which it won't--there's going to be a bunch of other back-up chicks there.

Rick nods then turns to Leigh.

RICK  
My buddy's inviting everybody back to his crib.

LEIGH  
Sounds cool.

As they walk toward the exit, we

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS - NIGHT

INT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fred and Missy are walking down the hallway toward his room.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
I've got to be honest, Fred...I'm not really sure what we're doing here.

FRED  
What do you mean? We're hangin', we're connecting--that's what friends do. Especially if they want to take it to the next level where they can call each other 'good friends.'



He comes to his room and starts to unlock the door.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
You're married, Fred.

FRED  
Ah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Fred opens the door but Missy stays in the hall.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
What does blah-blah mean? You are  
still married, right?

FRED  
Happily. Look, I don't want to get  
into all the details, but my wife  
gave me this one-time deal where I  
get to be with another woman.

He opens the door wide. She looks at him for a BEAT.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
I thought we were going to the  
hotel bar?

FRED  
We are. There's a mini-bar in my  
room. You better hurry up, it's  
last call.

Fred smiles.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
Are you out of your flippin' mind?

Fred loses the smile.

FRED  
Um...

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
Are you out of your mind?!

FRED  
I'm going to be honest with you--  
your tone right now is scaring me.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
You call me up for the first time  
in your life, claim you have some  
kind of emergency, and it turns out  
that you just want to screw me?!

FRED  
Or not.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
Well, screw you, Fred!

She starts walking down the hallway. Fred nods, unfazed.

FRED  
Nail on the head!

She turns and glares at him.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
What?

FRED  
What you just said--I had that coming. Big time.

Fred hangs his head.

FRED (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Seriously, Missy, I...I don't know what's gotten into me this week. I think I must be having some kind of mid-life crisis or something because I've been acting like a real jackass.  
(SIGHS)  
Anyway...please forgive me. I really am very, very sorry and ashamed.

Missy, standing a few feet away, finally calms down.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
Okay. Whatever.

FRED  
Thank you.

LONG BEAT.

FRED (CONT'D)  
So.....you want to come in for that drink?

He arches an eyebrow.

MISSY FRANKENFIELD  
Fuck you, Fred!

Missy STORMS away.

FRED  
(to self)  
'No thank you' would have sufficed.

Fred walks into his room and closes the door.

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fred goes to the mini-bar and pours himself a drink. He looks around the room. The week's over and he's failed miserably. He sits on the bed. Alone.

Then a KNOCK. Fred gets up and opens the door.

FRED  
Hi. May I help you?

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS Paige's Aunt Meg. She's wearing a skirt and low-cut tank top and has cougar written all over her.

AUNT MEG  
Rick, my name's Meg. I'm your babysitter Paige's aunt, and I just wanted to come over here and tell you this: They don't make men like you anymore.

She smiles.

FRED  
Oh. Well, thank you.  
(beat)  
Would you like to come in?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALL CLUB BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A guilt-ridden Grace is just finishing GETTING DRESSED when Gerry comes out of the bathroom buttoning up his shirt.

GERRY  
Everything okay?

GRACE  
Yeah. Yeah. It's just...no, everything's not okay.

GERRY  
What?

He moves close to her and she grows uncomfortable.

GRACE  
Look, you're a great guy, Gerry, and you're very charming and very sweet and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt your feelings, but...well, what just happened can never happen again.

Gerry looks confused.

GERRY  
Oh.

GRACE  
I know it's probably hard for you to understand but...I love my husband.

GERRY  
So? What does that have to do with anything? Fate threw us together and we went with it--isn't that what life's all about?

Grace looks at him, recognizing the youth and triteness of his words.

GRACE  
 Not always.  
 (beat)  
 It wasn't fair to my husband...and  
 it wasn't fair to you because this  
 could never become anything more  
 than just...what it was.

She looks at him and shrugs apologetically. Gerry BARKS out a LAUGH.

GERRY  
I know that.

GRACE  
 You do?

GERRY  
 (big smile)  
 Of course I do. Jeez. I mean, no  
 offense, but let's face it, you're  
 a lot older than me.

She flinches, a little embarrassed. A quick reality check for Grace.

GRACE  
 Right.

GERRY  
 I don't mean that in a bad way. I'm  
 just saying, I didn't think we were  
 going to start dating, you know?  
 Could you imagine the looks we'd  
 get? It'd be like Hugh Hefner and  
 his girlfriends--except in reverse.

Gerry CHUCKLES.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 You'd be Hugh Hefner.

GRACE  
 Yeah, I got that part.

Gerry looks at his watch.

GERRY  
 Ooh, I gotta get going. We have  
 kind of a team meeting in like  
 twenty minutes.

Gerry sees Grace glance at the clock: 12:15 A.M.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 It's, uh, kind of a tradition that  
 we always get together on the night  
 of the last game. It would probably  
 be uncool if I missed it.

GRACE  
You don't have to explain.

GERRY  
Seriously, though, thanks for  
everything--that was awesome.

He holds up his hand and she diligently HIGH-FIVES HIM. Then Gerry WALKS OUT THE DOOR. Grace sits there alone for a moment. We PUSH IN ON HER and we hear Gerry's CAR START OUTSIDE, and when Grace STARTS TO CRY, we

CUT TO:

EXT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This is a Tudor home in an upscale Brookline neighborhood. We can hear 'Rage Against The Machine' BLASTING from the street. There's thirty or so cars out front and PEOPLE are still arriving.

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - SAME

The place is JAMMING. It's a nice house but under-furnished in a bachelor pad kind of way. Rick and Leigh are in a corner drinking beers.

LEIGH  
I guess I still have a lot to get  
out of my system before I do the  
marriage trip. I'm one of those  
people who wants to try everything  
once before I die.

RICK  
(blurting out)  
Have you ever been with a married  
guy?

Leigh pauses, but she doesn't flinch.

LEIGH  
No.

RICK  
Neither have I.

Rick winces, but Leigh smiles at him. It's the moment of truth.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'd like to help you take being  
with a married guy off your list of  
things to do before you die.

LEIGH  
You would?

RICK  
Yes.

Leigh gets close.

LEIGH  
I don't want to be a home-wrecker.

RICK  
I've got a one-time pass, remember?

LEIGH  
That wasn't just a line?

RICK  
No. It's for real.

Leigh seems intrigued. She moves closer still, takes his hand.

LEIGH  
So where can we go to talk some more about this?

RICK  
(nervous)  
Um, Coakley has a game room upstairs. We could...talk there.

WANNABE (O.S.)  
Leigh!

Rick and Leigh look over to see an AGITATED Wannabe forcing his way through the crowd.

WANNABE (CONT'D)  
Where have you...? Why didn't you...? You knew this was my big night! How could you just--?  
(turns away, emotional)  
Look, can I please talk to you in private? Now.

Leigh looks apologetically at Rick.

LEIGH  
Can you give me a second?

RICK  
Sure.

Wannabe and Leigh walk a few feet away and Rick watches them have an ANIMATED CONVERSATION. It appears Wannabe may even be crying. Finally, Wannabe storms across the room but when he gets to the door, he looks back at Leigh.

WANNABE  
Well? Are you coming?

Leigh SIGHS, then approaches Rick.

LEIGH  
I'm sorry, Rick. I have to go deal with this.

Rick can't believe what's happening.

RICK  
Really? Now? I thought you said he  
wasn't your boyfriend.

LEIGH  
He's not...but he is a friend.

Leigh glances at the broken-down Wannabe standing there at  
the door, then turns back to Rick.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

Before Rick can stop her, Leigh LEAVES THE PARTY with  
Wannabe. After a LONG BEAT, Rick slides down into a chair,  
DEVASTATED.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie is spilling her guts to Rick Coleman as he stands over  
the stove MAKING PANCAKES.

MAGGIE  
...And he hasn't even spent one  
night in his own bed this week.

RICK COLEMAN  
Let me get this straight--you gave  
him his freedom and now you're mad  
that he's acting free?

This logic clearly stings Maggie.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, I'm sure there's an  
explanation. Maybe he took a trip  
somewhere?

MAGGIE  
I called his assistant--he's been  
in the office almost everyday.

RICK COLEMAN  
Look, Maggie, for all you know your  
husband's been working at a soup  
kitchen, sleeping in his car all  
week, and he's only gotten laid two  
or three times at most.

She looks up and forces a smile.

MAGGIE  
Ha-ha.

Maggie checks her watch.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Jeez, I wonder what's taking Grace  
so long?

RICK COLEMAN  
Well, if she went over to break the  
kid's heart, the least she could do  
is lend a sympathetic ear.

He flips a pancake onto a plate.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Prepare yourself for heaven.

She reaches for the plate, but he slaps her hand away.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Not so fast, lady. I'm not  
finished. You have not lived until  
you've had my steaming hot  
blueberry pancakes...

He pulls a carton of vanilla ice cream out of a bag.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
...A la mode.

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE  
Oh My-lanta.

RICK COLEMAN  
And to wash it all down...

Rick reaches into the bag and pulls out a DESSERT WINE. Off  
Maggie's smile, we

CUT TO:

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A glum Rick is walking through the PACKED PARTY when he bumps  
into Baker and Hog-Head standing around a keg with a GROUP OF  
GUYS.

RICK  
Hey...what are you guys doing here?

HOG-HEAD  
We're here for the hall pass.

RICK  
Really? I thought you guys had  
given up on us?

BAKER  
We did. We're here with them.

He nods toward RICK LEARY and WILLY BOSHANE, both early 40's  
and paunchy.

RICK  
What are you talking about?



BAKER  
 When Leary and Boshane heard about  
 your guy's hall pass, they  
 convinced their wives to give them  
 one, too.

A smiling Leary tries to HIGH-FIVE Rick, but he's having none  
 of it. He turns to Baker, livid.

RICK  
 You weren't supposed to tell anyone  
 about the hall pass!

LEARY  
 They didn't say anything. Our wives  
 heard about it at the pool.

RICK  
 No! At the pool?!

Rick rubs his face, distressed.

BOSHANE  
 Yep. And then about three days ago--  
 after some hard-core negotiating--  
 we managed to push the bill  
 through.

The guys LAUGH. Rick can hardly believe what he's spawned.

RICK  
 Really? So...how's it going?

BOSHANE  
 Solid. Very solid.

LEARY  
 We're building mucho momentum.

Baker makes a JERK-OFF MOTION.

LEARY (CONT'D)  
 (annoyed)  
 Hey, Baker, a hall pass ain't just  
 about sex, you know.

BOSHANE  
 That's right. It's about going  
 bowling and, uh, staying up late,  
 and being able to do what you want  
 to do when you want to do it.

RICK  
 Haven't gotten laid yet, huh?

BOSHANE  
 (dispirited)  
 It's a lot tougher than we thought  
 it would be.

Just then Gary comes around a corner.

GARY  
 Hey, dudes, there's like ten very  
 bangable chicks out on the back  
 deck--let's go!

Leary HOLDS UP HIS BEER.

LEARY  
 To freedom!

The guys TAP their beer cups, then EXIT toward the back deck. A dejected and defeated Rick watches them go, then turns and pushes his way through the crowd to the front door. As he OPENS THE DOOR to leave, he finds himself FACE-TO-FACE WITH LEIGH.

LEIGH  
 Hey, where are you going?

RICK  
 What are you doing...? I thought  
 you'd left.

LEIGH  
 No. I told you, I just had to talk  
 him off the ledge. I calmed him  
 down and sent him on his way.

RICK  
 Oh. Uh, great.

LEIGH  
 So where's that game room? I  
 thought we were gonna play some  
 games.

She smiles and takes his hand and as they walk away, we go...

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rick and Leigh walk down the hall to the game room. He opens the door and flips on the light.

THEIR POV - there's a pool table, a few pinball machines, a bar, and a bed.

LEIGH  
 I'll be right back--I just have to  
 use the bathroom.

Rick nods, then watches as Leigh walks off and disappears into the bathroom. He takes a DEEP BREATH. This is it. Just then he hears O.S. LAUGHTER. Rick heads down the hallway and pushes open a door.

COAKLEY (O.S.)  
 Hey.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Coakley SITTING ALL ALONE in a small study off the hall. He has a bowl of Cap'n Crunch on his lap and is watching a re-run of The Andy Griffith Show.

RICK  
Hey. How come you're not downstairs partying?

Coakley gives him a sad, worn-out smile.

COAKLEY  
All partied out, pal.

Rick nods, understanding. Coakley LAUGHS once again at the TV.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Man, that Barney Fife still kills me.

He looks back to Rick.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Hey, I was thinking about this hall-pass business. It's really ironic, isn't it?

Rick glances down the hall to see if Leigh has returned.

RICK  
How's that?

COAKLEY  
Well think about it. There's two kinds of guys who cheat on their wives: The guy who does it behind her back, and a guy like you who has his wife's permission.

RICK  
Well it's not really cheating if I have permission.

COAKLEY  
Yeah, whatever. The point is, if you asked a hundred people who the better guy is, ninety-nine of 'em would pick you, because you're being honest--there's no deceit involved.

Rick is growing uncomfortable.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
But the funny thing is, the other guy, the cheater, the bad guy, he has to live with all that guilt and anxiety, while his wife's running around happy as a clam because she doesn't know anything. And you, the good guy, you've got no guilt at all because you just laid it all on your wife's shoulders.

RICK  
Well I didn't really think of it like--

COAKLEY  
It's like she's your guilt Sherpa!

Coakley CHUCKLES and Rick deflates.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)  
Funny, huh?

RICK  
(weakly)  
Yeah.

COAKLEY  
And that, my friend, is why you are  
a genius.

As Rick lets this all sink in, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paige's Aunt Meg is sitting on the couch. Her legs are  
crossed revealing a lot of skin. Fred hands her a glass of  
wine and sits beside her.

FRED  
Cheers.

They CLINK glasses.

AUNT MEG  
Rick, I hope you don't mind me  
tracking you down--Paige told me  
where you were staying.

FRED  
Please. Not at all.

AUNT MEG  
You've been very sweet to her.

Fred waves her off.

FRED  
Hey, she's a good kid. I do what I  
can for the kids.

Aunt Meg moves in a little closer, squints at him sweetly.

AUNT MEG  
She told me everything. And I have  
to say, I was very impressed.

FRED  
Hm?

AUNT MEG  
I know she tried to hook-up with  
you--twice in fact--and that you  
set her straight both times.

Fred hadn't heard this from Rick and is a little confused.

FRED  
Uh...hook-up?

AUNT MEG  
(smiles)  
Rick, enough with the chivalry.  
Paige wanted to sleep with you and  
you didn't take advantage of her.  
I'm just saying that's very cool.

He shrugs modestly.

FRED  
Well...she's a kid and kids get  
crushes. I remember in tenth grade  
I had the biggest crush on my  
French teacher--thank God Mr.  
LeClaire was professional enough to  
only date seniors.

Meg GIGGLES.

AUNT MEG  
I'm serious, it takes a certain  
kind of guy to say no to a  
beautiful young girl like that--  
especially since you have your  
wife's permission now.

Meg shoots him a knowing smile and puts her glass down.

AUNT MEG (CONT'D)  
I like that, Rick. You have morals.

She leans in and KISSES HIS NECK. Fred glances down at her  
breasts.

FRED  
Hey, all you have in this world is  
your word.

As Aunt Meg CLIMBS ON TOP OF FRED, we

CUT TO:

INT. COAKLEY'S HOUSE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Rick ENTERS to find Leigh playing a pinball machine. Leigh  
turns and smiles at Rick.

RICK  
Leigh, I gotta split.

LEIGH  
What?

RICK  
(nervous)  
Yeah, I kind of hit a wall.

She can hardly believe her ears.

LEIGH  
Really? Are you feeling okay?  
You're not mad because I went  
outside with my friend, are you?

RICK  
No, no, no. Look, I shouldn't be  
doing this. I have...you know,  
commitments.

Leigh nods at this, then unties a shoulder strap and her  
DRESS FALLS TO THE FLOOR. Suddenly she's NAKED before him  
and she's PERFECT.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(weakly)  
Um, you dropped something.

For a moment nobody moves. We can almost hear Rick's heart  
beat. Then Leigh STEPS CLOSER to him and Rick instinctively  
leans back.

LEIGH  
Relax. Don't think so much. You're  
gonna have your wife for the rest  
of your life, but tonight...you  
have me.

Leigh smiles. And it's the kind of smile you only get two or  
three times in your life, if you're lucky, and probably never  
from a woman this beautiful.

She reaches down and UNBUCKLES HIS PANTS, then she PULLS OFF  
HIS SHIRT. They stand face-to-face now, the middle-aged guy  
and the young beauty, and it's happening exactly the way Rick  
had hoped it would, the dream.

She presses her body against his and STARTS TO KISS HIS NECK,  
her hand DISAPPEARING SOMEWHERE BELOW HIS WAIST. Then she  
leans her head AGAINST HIS CHEST. As he looks down at her,  
we PUSH IN on a suddenly conflicted Rick.

RICK  
Nope. I can't do this.

He reaches for his shirt.

LEIGH  
What are you doing?

RICK  
I'm sorry.

She stares at him, confused, as he buckles his pants.

LEIGH  
Your wife didn't give you a hallway  
permission slip, did she?

RICK  
 Yes, she did, but...look, you're  
 insanely beautiful and  
 pathologically sexy and every cell  
 in my body is telling me to just do  
 this, but--

Rick points to his chest.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 See this area, this spot right  
 here? The first time Maggie and I  
 slept together, back in college,  
 she fell asleep right here. And she  
 left a puddle of drool. And it  
 didn't bother me. It actually felt  
 good. That's when I knew I was  
 going to marry her.

(beat)  
 And when my kids--Emma and Gunnar--  
 when they were babies, this is  
 where they slept. Or sometimes at  
 four o'clock in the morning Emma  
 would just lay there and stare up  
 at me. It was where we first got to  
 know each other.

(beat)  
 So I'm sorry, Leigh, but as amazing  
 as I think you are...I gotta go  
 home.

Rick shrugs apologetically.

LEIGH  
 Well, I think you have a screw  
 loose and you're probably going to  
 regret this for the rest of your  
 life, but...right on, man.

RICK  
 Um...do you want me to give you a  
 ride home?

LEIGH  
 No. It's only one-thirty--I'm going  
 back down to the party.

Rick raises two fingers.

RICK  
 Peace it.

LEIGH  
 R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.

As they smile at each other one last time, we

CUT TO:

INT. FRED'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Rick is pulling away from Coakley's house when the car phone  
 RINGS. Rick pushes a button to ANSWER.

RICK  
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(on speakerphone)  
Yes, is this Fred Searing?

RICK  
Oh, uh, no, I'm sorry, he's not  
here right now. I'm using his car.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(on speakerphone)  
Well, would you know where I could  
find him? This is Sgt. Polisner of  
the Massachusetts State Police.

As Rick grows alarmed, we

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & FRED'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is still on the couch with Aunt Meg on the floor in front of him. Fred's PANTS ARE DOWN TO HIS ANKLES, leaving him with only his boxers on. Meg KISSES HIS CHEST and STOMACH, then leans back and TAKES OFF HER TANK-TOP, revealing EXTRA-LARGE BAZOOKAS stuffed into a slinky bra.

AUNT MEG  
I'm attracted to men with  
integrity.

FRED  
Thanks--wow, you got great jugs.

Meg takes Fred's hand and leads him toward the bed (with his pants still at his ankles), Fred WADDLING LIKE A PENGUIN.

AUNT MEG  
Moral-guy's a tit-man, huh?

FRED  
(shrugging)  
Well, I grew up in the midwest.

She pushes him down on the bed and Fred quickly kicks off his pants and shoes (but keeps his boxers on.) Meg TACKLES him and the two of them start to roll around UNDER THE COVERS. An O.S. Fred seems to be working his way down her stomach.

AUNT MEG  
Oh yes! Rick...please...I want you  
to make love to me.

Just then Rick BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, out of breath. Fred and Meg come up from under the covers. (Fred is at waist-level on her.)

RICK  
Fred, I need to talk to you!

Meg GLARES down at Fred, confused.



AUNT MEG  
Fred? I thought you were Rick?!

RICK  
I'm Rick.

Fred cowers guiltily.

FRED  
 Please don't judge me.

As Aunt Meg KARATE KICKS Fred in the face, we

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Fred, now dressed, hurries across the parking lot with Rick on his heels. Fred has BLOOD-STAINED TISSUE stuffed up his nose.

FRED  
 What did they tell you? Is Grace gonna be okay?

RICK  
 All I know is she was in a car accident and they rushed her to the hospital.

FRED  
 Oh my God...

Suddenly they hear O.S. GLASS SHATTERING. They look up and REACT.

THEIR POV - From fifty yards across the parking lot, they can see that Fred's mini-van's windshield has just been BASHED IN by the BAT-WIELDING Wannabe. On the side of the vehicle is spray-painted: HORNY OLD MAN.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Whoa!!! What the hell...?!

Wannabe turns to them, a CRAZED LOOK on his face.

WANNABE  
 How do you like me now, Splenda-boy?

FRED  
 You moron, that's my car! His is the one next to it!

Wannabe looks over at Rick's Avalon, PULLS OUT A KNIFE, and quickly SLASHES TWO OF RICK'S TIRES. As Rick and Fred RUN TOWARD HIM, Wannabe JUMPS INTO AN OLD BRONCO and PEELS OUT OF THE PARKING LOT.

BACK ON Rick and Fred as they slow down and CATCH THEIR BREATHS.

RICK  
Nice job, Fred.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The mini-van blows by a sign that reads 'CAPE COD - 60 MILES.'

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

The WINDSHIELD IS GONE and the wind blows back Rick and Fred's hair as if they were on a motorcycle. Fred tries his car phone as he drives.

FRED  
Oh come on! How can a hospital not have a live operator?!

RICK  
It's four in the morning, Fred.

Fred hangs up and pounds his steering wheel.

FRED  
What was I thinking?! I had a great wife--a beautiful wife--and now I may lose her...because of you.

RICK  
What are you talking about?! You said our wives were living their dreams, with their fancy gas ovens, and that our dream was the hall pass! How can you blame this on me?!

FRED  
I'd never even heard of a hall pass until you flaunted yours in my face! 'Hey, look at me, I've got a hall pass--everyone should have a hall pass!' You ruined my life, Mills!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Maggie and Rick Coleman sit on the back deck DRINKING WINE.

RICK COLEMAN  
This is a great place.

MAGGIE  
Yeah, my family's had it since I was a kid. We used to come for a week a summer, then two weeks, then a month, then by the time I got to high school we were living here all summer long.

RICK COLEMAN  
Something's wrong here, Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Hm?

RICK COLEMAN  
Something's wrong with a guy who  
would leave a woman like you alone  
for this long.

MAGGIE  
(uncomfortable)  
Well, you know...I did give him a  
hall pass.

RICK COLEMAN  
So what? If you were my girl, I  
wouldn't have taken it.

An awkward moment. Rick touches her hand and Maggie looks  
away.

RICK COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
You deserve way better.

MAGGIE  
Uh, in Rick's defense, he didn't  
really even want the hall pass. I  
kind of forced it on him.

RICK COLEMAN  
Why would you do that?

Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
I guess I felt like he wasn't  
noticing me anymore. I guess I  
wanted to feel...desired again. And  
the truth is, in my heart, I never  
thought he'd go through with it.

He brushes her hair from her face and they look into each  
other's eyes. He leans in and she does, too, and right when  
it looks like THEY MAY KISS, Maggie hesitates as suddenly  
EVERYTHING BECOMES CLEAR TO HER.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

RICK COLEMAN  
What?

MAGGIE  
This hall pass...it wasn't for him.  
(softly)  
It was...for me.

And as they hang on that realization, we

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked on the highway divider.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

Two YOUNG COPS are relaxing with their coffees when the SMASHED-UP MINI-VAN FLIES BY.

COP #1  
Did you see that? He didn't have a  
windshield.

Cop #2 throws the car into drive and they pull a U-ey and  
GIVE CHASE.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fred looks regretful.

FRED  
I'm sorry, man, I shouldn't have  
blamed you for this. I'm the one  
who dragged you into this thing.

RICK  
No, you didn't. I went willingly.

FRED  
I've been bad, Rick. I've been real  
bad.

RICK  
We've both been bad.

FRED  
I've been worse. I kissed your  
babysitter's aunt.

RICK  
That's not so bad.

FRED  
On the vagina.

RICK  
Ooh.

They hear a SIREN and Rick looks back to see the cops on  
their tail.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The battered MINI-VAN blows by the 'WELCOME TO CAPE COD'  
hedges with the cop car on their tail.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fred isn't slowing down. He grows more determined.

RICK  
Pull over, man!

FRED  
No way, I can out-run 'em!

RICK  
No you can't--not in this thing!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

We see another POLICE CRUISER FISHTAIL OUT OF A SIDE STREET and JOIN THE CHASE.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

RICK  
Oh God, now there's two of 'em!

FRED  
I don't care--I'm not stopping 'til we get there!

RICK  
Are you crazy?!

FRED  
Yeah, I'm crazy! I'm crazy about my wife!

EXT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rick and Fred come SKIDDING UP to the EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE in the graffitied mini-van.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The two Young Cops SCREECH to a stop behind the mini-van as the second cruiser flies up behind them.

COP #2  
We're on!

The officers spring from their cars and quickly TACKLE Fred as he runs toward the front doors. Rick climbs out of the passenger seat with HIS HANDS RAISED.

RICK  
Hear me out, gentlemen, I can explain everything!

A BURLY OFFICER from the back-up car form-tackles Rick, BLASTING him backwards onto the sidewalk.

Fred and Rick manage to roll away and then CRAWL THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Our guys barely get in the door before being PUMMELED TO THE FLOOR by the four cops. The TWO PEOPLE seated in the waiting room STAND UP IN SHOCK and then a swarm of DOCTORS and ORDERLIES come running in to see what the commotion is.

FRED  
Grace needs me!

Cop #1 PINS FRED'S HEAD TO THE FLOOR as Cop #2 lays across his legs.

COP #1  
Okay, just take it easy, buddy.

FRED  
No, I won't take it easy! Look, I'm sorry I was speeding and I shouldn't have run from you guys, but my wife's been in an accident and she's in this emergency room and I gotta see how she is because...  
(grows emotional)  
...THAT WOMAN'S MY WHOLE LIFE!

The cops look moved and unsure what to do.

DOCTOR  
Are you the husband of...  
(glances down at chart)  
...Grace Searing?

Fred strains to look up.

FRED  
Yes! Is she okay?!

The Doctor hesitates and the cops look at each other and then the Burly Officer releases Rick from his head-lock.

BURLY OFFICER  
All right, let him up.

The young officers get off Fred and help him up. Fred rushes to the Doctor, who seems very serious.

FRED  
Please tell me she's gonna be okay.

DOCTOR  
She is. Your wife broke her nose and she got shaken up a bit, but all in all she's a very lucky woman.

FRED  
You got that wrong, doc. I'm the lucky one.

Fred is visibly relieved as the doctor smiles and walks off.

FRED (CONT'D)  
(CALLING out)  
Bless you, doctor!

Fred turns to Rick and the two men hug and then Rick grabs Fred by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.

RICK  
 You take care of that woman, buddy,  
 and I'm gonna go home and take care  
 of mine.

Fred nods, emotional, as the cops look at each other,  
 unmoved. Rick starts to walk away.

FRED  
 Rick...

Rick stops and turns at the door.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 You go love that lady!

The Burly Officer rolls his eyes and steps up to Rick.

BURLY OFFICER  
 Uh, before you 'go love that lady',  
 we're going to have to write you  
 guys up.

As the officer pulls out his CITATION PAD, we

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Rick pulls up in the wrecked mini-van and gets out.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick steps quietly into the house. He sees two empty bottles  
 of wine and two half-filled glasses on the coffee table.  
 Then he hears Maggie's O.S. VOICE coming from the bedroom.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
 Oh my god...oh my god...oh my  
god...

ON RICK - he looks concerned as he approaches the bedroom  
 door.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick ENTERS to find Maggie laying in bed...TALKING ON THE  
 PHONE.

MAGGIE  
 (into phone)  
 Oh my god...oh my god, you poor  
 thing.

Maggie looks up, shocked to see Rick.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hold on, Rick just walked in.  
 (to Rick)  
 Grace was in a car accident!

RICK  
I know. She's okay.

Maggie goes back to the phone.

MAGGIE  
(into phone)  
And they let you go?  
(beat)  
Okay...so you're on your way?  
Great.  
(beat)  
I love you, too, honey.

She hangs up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
My God, she scared me to death.

RICK  
March twenty-fifth, 1988.

MAGGIE  
What?

RICK  
The day I lost my virginity. March  
25th, 1988 at approximately ten-  
thirty in the evening.

Maggie thinks about this.

MAGGIE  
What are you talking about? We were  
dating then.

Rick nods. She looks at him, not sure if she understands.

RICK  
You were my first. And you were my  
last. And you were everything in  
between.

As it all sinks in, Maggie STARTS TO WELL UP.

MAGGIE  
Really?

RICK  
Really.

MAGGIE  
So...is that why you were crying  
that first night?

Rick shrugs, embarrassed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
And I was...I was your last?

RICK  
You are my only. Forever.



Maggie smiles and runs into his arms. They KISS, and it's a real kiss, the kind they haven't had in a long while.

DISSOLVE TO:

Law & Order MUSIC CUE as we SUPER:

DAY 7

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - DAWN

The sky is lightening but the sun hasn't risen yet. A taxi-van pulls up and Fred gets out. (Fred has a BLACK EYE.) He helps Grace out of the van, then pays the DRIVER. (Grace has TWO BLACK EYES and her nose is HEAVILY BANDAGED.) When the taxi drives off, Fred helps Grace toward the house.

FRED

...And what were you doing driving around at one o'clock in the morning?

GRACE

(nervous)

Well...I was upset so I went for a drive--you know, to think--and I must have hit a patch of sand, and before I knew it I was into the pole.

Fred stops and looks her in the eye.

FRED

I'm sorry, Grace.

GRACE

For what?

FRED

For putting you through all this.

Grace looks awash in guilt.

GRACE

It's not your fault, Fred.

FRED

Yes, it is--of course it's my fault. This isn't you--driving around all night, thinking--you're not a thinker.

When she looks up at him, he forces a smile. But she doesn't smile back.

GRACE

Look, Fred, we have to talk about...about what happened this week.

Fred takes a DEEP BREATH and looks around, trying to avoid the moment.

FRED  
Grace...do we really have to do  
this?

Grace lowers her head guiltily.

GRACE  
Yeah. Yeah, we do.

When she looks back up, she NOTICES the SPRAY-PAINTED and  
BATTERED MINI-VAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Horny old man?

FRED  
(matter-of-fact)  
Oh, no, honey, that's not me--they  
were talking about Rick.

Grace looks at him, confused. Suddenly Fred falls to his  
knees.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Look, all you gotta know is that  
whatever happened doesn't matter! I  
love you and only you! And I'm  
going to treat you like the queen  
that you are for the rest of your  
living days, so help me God! I'll  
mow the lawn, I'll shovel the snow,  
I'll wash the stubble off the  
sink...

Grace looks down at him.

FRED (CONT'D)  
...But please, I'm begging you,  
sweetie...can we please just never  
talk about what happened this week?

Grace's eyes flicker about, hardly believing her luck.

GRACE  
Um...deal.

Fred gets up and THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND HIS WIFE.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I love you, Fred.

As they embrace, Fred sees Rick come out the front door with  
his arm around Maggie. Fred shoots Rick a THUMBS-UP.

CLOSE ON RICK AND MAGGIE as they smile at Fred and Grace.

RICK  
Come on, you two! We're gonna go  
watch the sun come up!

Hall & Oates's 'When The Morning Comes' begins to play and as our two HAPPY COUPLES hold hands and walk off toward the beach, we pull up, up, up, and...

FADE OUT:

THE END