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HALL PASS

Written by

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September 18, 2009

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!

**Movie Chat**

 <b>Pieces</b> We're no strangers to love You know the rules and so do I A full commitment's what I'm thinking of You wouldn't get this from any other guy
 <b>Fluffy469</b> Never gonna give you up never gonna let you down never gonna run around never gonna desert you.
 <b>PP</b> NO ONE ASKED
Name
Message



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**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**

2.

.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.

**3.**

**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!

**4.**

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**

saw you.

5.

**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?

6.

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?

7.

**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.

**8.**

**RICK**

I'll cjet 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 busty 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.

**9.**

**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?

**10.**

**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?

**11.**

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.

**12.**

**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 so tly, then HUSTLES DOWN THE HALLWAY.

**F**

**INT. RICK & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rick scrambles into the room and STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

**13.**

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.

**14.**

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 dust gonna be a teenage thing.

**15**

**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.

**16.**

**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.

**17.**

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.

**18.**

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

**P-**

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 inally 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.

**19.**

**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.

**20.**

**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?

**21.**

**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:**

22.

**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.

23.

**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.

**24**

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.

**25.**

**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...?

26.

**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!

**27.**

**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 T00-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 Lny 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.

**28.**

**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.

**29.**

**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?

**30.**

**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...

31.

**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!

**32.**

**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 tel 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.

33.

**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 c jot 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?

**34.**

**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?

35.

**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.

**36.**

**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.

37.

**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.

**38.**

**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.

**39.**

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!

40.

**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.

41.

**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.

42

**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.

**43.**

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.

**44.**

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.

**45.**

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.

**46.**

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.

**47.**

**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 brownies.  
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.

48.

**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 mellow 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.

**49.**

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.

**50.**

**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 clot 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?

51.

**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 floored!

52.

**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.

**53.**

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!

**54.**

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?

**55.**

**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?

56.

**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.

57.

**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?

58.

**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.

59.

**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.

**60.**

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?!

**61.**

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.'

**62.**

**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.

**63.**

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.

64.

**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:

65.

**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?

**66.**

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:**

**67.**

**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.

**68.**

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 Do s-- 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.

**69.**

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.

**70.**

**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 dust 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.

**71.**

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 MESSAGE PARLOR.

**INT. MESSAGE 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.

72.

**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 MESSAGE 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.

73.

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.

74.

**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.

**75.**

**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.

**76.**

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.**

77.

**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.

**78.**

**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.

**79.**

**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.

**80.**

**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.

**81.**

**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!

82.

**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 walke ( 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.

83.

**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 railed 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.

**84.**

**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.

85

**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,

**BASH**

Last week (ful) 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.

**86.**

**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 swoos in and gives Leigh a kiss on the cheek. He has a pair of headphones hanging around his neck.

**WANNABE**

Wassup, girl?

**87.**

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.

**88.**

**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, Fredd , everyone's gonna  
get taken care ot.  
(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?

89.

**LEIGH**

Chillin'.

**RICK**

Me too. Just chillin' and wigglin'.  
LONG BEAT as they dance. Then:

**RICK (CONT'D)**

I haven't been ancing 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, '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.

**90.**

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.

91.

**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.

92

**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.

93.

**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!

94.

**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?

**95**

**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.'

**96.**

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.

97.

**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 ease 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.

**98.**

**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?

**99.**

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 o a tradition that  
we always get together on the night  
of the last game. It would probably  
be uncool if I missed it.

**100.**

**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.

**101.**

**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.

**102.**

**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 sou  
kitchen, sleeping in his car al  
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?

**103.**

**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?

104.

**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.

105.

**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...

**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.

106.

**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 CJuy 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--**

107.

**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.

**108.**

**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.

**109.**

**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?

**110.**

**RICK**

Yes, she did, but... look, you're insanely beautiful and pathologically sexy and every cell in my body is telling me to dust 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.

**112.**

**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 Lny 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.**

**113.**

**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.

**114.**

**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. j 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:**

**115**

**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.

**116.**

**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.

117.

**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.

**118.**

**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 and...

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!

**119.**

**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.

**120.**

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.

**121.**

**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!

**122.**

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**

	<h2>Hall Pass</h2> <p><b>Writers :</b> <a href="#">Peter Farrelly</a>, <a href="#">Bobby Farrelly</a>, <a href="#">Kevin Barnett</a>, <a href="#">Pete Jones</a></p> <p><b>Genres :</b> <a href="#">Comedy</a>, <a href="#">Romance</a></p> <p><a href="#">User Comments</a></p>
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