

QUALITY TIME
"Pilot"

Written by

Kevin Heffernan
Steve Lemme
Paul Soter
Erik Stolhanske

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CHARACTER LIST

KEVIN - The Big Fella. Classic Lawyer. Opinionated and Type A. The voice of reason... in his own mind. Father of three. He's a respectable guy with a respectable career and that's why when he cuts loose, he really cuts loose. (Think Kevin Heffernan)

STEVE - The Rascal. The kind of guy who has never grown up and is constantly stirring trouble. Married a younger woman and has his first child on the way. Now that he has one leg in the parenthood pool, he's terrified. (Think Steve Lemme)

ERIK - The Wantrepreneur. Stay-at-home Dad of two daughters. His wife's business success, coupled with his flailing enterprises has him going through a crisis of identity that makes him hilariously neurotic. Even though he's constantly envied by his working stiff buddies, Erik struggles endlessly with his wife being the bread winner. (Think Erik Stolhanske)

THE DUNCH - The Kinda-Sad Single Dad. Recently divorced and re-entering the dating pool, he keeps reinventing himself in the hopes of meeting young singles... which only draws the scorn of his pals. (Think Paul Soter)

SAMANTHA - Married to Kevin. OBGYN, Chair of the Department at her hospital. Mother of 3. Sensible, grounded, and endlessly patient. She's been with Kevin so long that she knows exactly what he is going to say and do well before he says and does it.

SYDNEY - Married to Erik. Successful Software/App Developer. College Jock. Tall. Lovely. Brings home the bacon. So how could Erik possibly have a problem with this deal? Because she's better than him at EVERYTHING.

NICOLE - Married to Steve. Younger than the other wives by 10 years. Latina, she wears the pants in running their Amusement Center business. (and probably in the relationship.) She is currently pregnant with their first child and will continue to be pregnant with a new child each season.

INT. K1 SPORTS - DAY

STEVE, ERIK, & KEVIN, late 30's, shoot the shit while playing video games in the arcade area of an ARCADE/GO KART CENTER.

STEVE

When was the last time you held pornography in your hand?

KEVIN

Wow. I can't even remember. Do they even make Analog Porn anymore?

STEVE

That's what I was wondering. So I went to the liquor store on Dune Ave. And way in back I found a tiny rack of actual print porn.

KEVIN

Hunh. Like *Hustler* and *Club*?

STEVE

That's the weird thing. It was really niche material. Odd stuff, even by my standards.

KEVIN

What kind of magazines are we talking about?

STEVE

I'm not even sure. I couldn't make sense of the titles. *Mule Kick*. *Arabian Goggles*. *Asshole Magazine*.

ERIK

What's that?

STEVE

I took a gander and it's exactly what the title suggests. Strictly assholes.

ERIK

Men's? Women's?

STEVE

Hard to tell. I guess everyone shaves their assholes these days.

ERIK

How do you market something like that?

STEVE

Asshole! The magazine by assholes,
for assholes. Featuring assholes.

AN OFFSCREEN FEMALE VOICE

Hey, guys...

They turn. Kevin's wife (SAMANTHA. 30s.) is a few feet away.

Behind her is a KIDS' BIRTHDAY PARTY. Children ranging from 2 to 10 are running amok.

SAMANTHA

I always hate to interrupt you guys
when you're this deep in an anal
riff, but could you come help feed
these kids?

The guys sigh and get up to help with the party.

INT. K1 SPORTS' EATING AREA - LATER

Kevin and Steve hand out pizza to a ravenous horde of kids.

KEVIN

Did my wife tell you to order
pizza? I brought a whole case of
Beefaroni.

STEVE

You can't serve Beefaroni for a
birthday party.

KEVIN

That's crazy. Kids LOVE Beefaroni!

STEVE

Consider it my birthday gift to
your daughter.

KEVIN

It's the least you can do since
you're not giving me a discount to
rent out the place.

STEVE

I'm not general counsel for Chef
Boyardee. I can't afford to be
nice to my friends. I'm a small
businessman.

KEVIN

(re: Steve's shortness)
You sure are.

Steve's wife, NICOLE, approaches. She's 27 years old, sexy. Not only is she pregnant now, she will be pregnant with another baby in every season moving forward.

NICOLE

I fixed Ms Pac Man. Somebody shoved a Chewy Spree in the coin slot.

STEVE

Is there anything you can't do?

He grabs Nicole and gives her a BIG SMOOCH. A kid with a five-dollar bill musters up the stomach to break up the grotesque scene. He looks grossed-out as he hands her the fiver.

Nicole reaches for the change maker, which is strapped under her SWOLLEN, PREGNANT BELLY. She pumps out 20 quarters from beneath her huge overhang, then hands them to the kid.

Repulsed, the kid pulls down his shirt sleeve so the coins won't touch his hand.

In the GAMING AREA, Erik plays POP-A-SHOT against his wife, SYDNEY (35) who chats effortlessly, draining shot after shot.

The growing CROWD OF KIDS watching only makes Erik sweat.

SYDNEY

Did I tell you the babysitter saw the shelf full of old LP records in your office...

ERIK

No talking. You're trying to distract me.

SYDNEY

I don't need to distract you.

(Her: *Swish!* Him: *Clank!*)

She said "I thought they were a bunch of childrens' books, they were so thin!"

ERIK

(frantically shooting)

She's never seen an album before?

SYDNEY

I guess she pulled out one of your Iron Maiden records. She said "Why does your husband have all these Satanic childrens' books!"

We look up at the scoreboard: **45-17**. Kids cheer. Erik slouches at the humiliation.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN. Kevin holds up a PLASTIC FORK with only two prongs, which he uses to shovel Beefaroni in his mouth.

KEVIN

Is this how you make ends meet?
Factory-reject plastic forks?

STEVE

They're actually left over from a
Fat Camp party. They're called
Porky Forks. They trick you into
taking smaller bites...

KEVIN

That's dumb. I'll just take more
bites to make up for it.

STEVE

And that extra effort will make you
burn more calories...

KEVIN

Then I'll tape two forks together..

STEVE

...Which will burn more calories.

A COUPLE approaches. THE DUNCH. A 40 year old divorcee trying to dress like a hipster (Wingtip shoes. Suspenders. Vintage collared shirt rolled up nearly to his armpits.) and his fiance ADELINE (A 25 year old hipster).

DUNCH

Sorry we're late. Adeline dragged
me to a pre-nuptial yoga class.

ADELINE

It's designed specifically to
relieve the jitters.

KEVIN

That's the kinda thing you should
probably keep to yourself.

DUNCH

(to Steve)

You are coming to the wedding,
right? I never got your RSVP.

STEVE

RSVPs are so formal. You know I'm coming. Though I am a little puzzled why you two chose Palm Springs.

(gestures to their garb)

I mean, shouldn't you guys be exchanging vows in an abandoned mining town or something?

ADELINE

We thought Palm Springs would be deliberately kitschy.

ERIK

(joining the group)

So, is it a theme wedding? Do we all have to dress up like Mumford and Sons?

STEVE

I don't know if I can grow a neck beard by next weekend.

ADELINE

(her phone ringing)

Ooh. That's the hypnotist who's conducting the service. Excuse me.

STEVE

Since our wives aren't coming to your kooky nuptials, I apologize in advance for acting like an unleashed animal.

ERIK

I'm gonna get loaded and knock over your ice sculpture of Chairman Mao.

KEVIN

And I'm gonna barf right into the tuba of your Dixieland Jazz Band.

DUNCH

Don't get too drunk. Sunday morning we're all going into the desert for an ironic vision quest.

KEVIN

It's like you're begging us to tool on you.

Samantha approaches.

SAMANTHA

Hi, Dunch.

(to Kevin)

Did you put the Lalaloopsy Perler Beads and the Cray-Z-Loom bands in the goody bags?

KEVIN

(just stares at her)

Not one part of what you said makes any sense to me.

Samantha rolls her eyes. We follow her to a table where she starts assembling goody bags next to Nicole and Sydney.

Nicole is now fiddling with a Skee-Ball Game that won't stop spewing out PRIZE TICKETS.

SYDNEY

So how come you guys aren't going to The Dunch's wedding?

SAMANTHA

I'm gonna lay low while Kevin blows off some steam. Work is really killing him.

SYDNEY

Did somebody else find a thumb in their Beefaroni?

SAMANTHA

I can neither confirm nor deny that.

Sydney and Nicole nod to each other.

NICOLE

It's a thumb.

SYDNEY

Yep.

NICOLE

Honestly, I just wanna get Steve out of my hair. It's the only way I get work done around here.

(to Sydney)

What about you?

SYDNEY

I've been at conferences the last three weekends. I need some time alone with the girls. Plus, I'm not a huge Dunch fan.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I liked him before his first wife left him and he reinvented himself as an age-inappropriate hipster.

SAMANTHA

Is this what happens when a man re-enters the dating pool? Skinny jeans, non-essential eyeglasses, and bed-head product?

SYDNEY

I wonder if he shaved his pubes.

NICOLE

Wait. There are people who don't shave their pubes?

SAMANTHA

Ah, to be twenty-something.

Nicole finally gets the Skee-Ball machine to stop. She takes the huge pile of dispensed tickets off the floor, wads them up, and shoves them in a garbage can. Immediately, TEN KIDS RACE OUT OF NOWHERE and dive into the garbage can.

EXT. ERIK'S FRONT YARD - THE NEXT WEEKEND

In Erik's yard, two dogs fight over a chew toy. Nearby, Erik's two daughters are having a tug-of-war with a Pillow Pet. In the driveway, Kevin and Steve grapple over a bag of Funyuns. (which eventually explodes)

At the front door, Erik says goodbye to his wife.

ERIK

To be honest, I don't even want to go to this. I mean... Palm Springs. It's always so hot. Yuck.

SYDNEY

(smiling)

You're not fooling anyone. But I always enjoy the performance. No sniffing airplane glue while driving, okay?

ERIK

Love you.

SYDNEY

Love you too.

Erik gives Sydney one last kiss, then the guys mosey over to Kevin's car, trying not to betray their glee.

ERIK

Please tell me you guys went to the "pharmacy" and told them you were worried that our "glaucoma" might be acting up this weekend.

STEVE

I did. But I don't have "rolling papers."

KEVIN

Chelsea took my rolling papers once. She thought they were little butt-wipes.

STEVE

I wonder if there's an app for drugs and drug paraphernalia. Tap an icon and somebody will show up at your door with a briefcase.

KEVIN

It'd be called *Insta-"Gram"* get it? Because drugs are measured out in grams... in many cases.

Steve gives him the so-so sign. Kevin turns to Erik.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Have your wife develop that business before somebody else does.

ERIK

Why not me? Why don't you think I'm capable of pulling off a great idea like that?

KEVIN

Because your wife is a successful tech genius and you're a flailing wantrepreneur.

ERIK

They say behind every successful woman is a stay-at-home Dad!

His big smile bursts into a huge (half-fake) sob.

STEVE

I don't wanna hear it. As far as I'm concerned, you hit the Successful Wife Jackpot.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ERIK

She's got another gold mine app.
It's like *Tinder* if you need a
doula. It's called *Mid-wifi*.

STEVE

What's a doula?

KEVIN

What? It's a woman who helps you
have a baby. But what's *Tinder*?

STEVE

Whaaat? It's an app where you find
people in your vicinity that you're
attracted to so you can fuck them.

KEVIN

Your wife came up with an app for
people to have sex with a doula?
Hey now!!!

Kevin goes to start the car, but all three of them get a TEXT
ALERT. He reads the message from *GORDON DUNCHKOWSKI*.

*Hope you guys haven't left yet. Wedding is off. Long story.
Involving Another Man. :(* The guys are stunned.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That has to be a joke.

ERIK

This isn't happening!

STEVE

Nicole's ready to burst! This could
be my last chance to get away!

KEVIN

You need a getaway? I'm seven weeks
into *People vs. Chef Boyardee*!

ERIK

Is it a big case?

KEVIN

It's THE PEOPLE vs. Chef Boyardee!

ERIK

A thumb.

STEVE

Somebody found a thumb.

Now depression sets in. They all take turns SIGHING LOUDLY. It turns into a competition to see who can sigh the loudest.

KEVIN

Alright, enough. It's starting to stink in here.

ERIK

I'm genuinely worried about my testosterone. I just read an article saying that stay-at-home Dads are at risk of Low T Syndrome.

STEVE

I got a lil extra T I can give you.

KEVIN

Don't be a pig. Maybe we can play golf next month or something.

ERIK

If you'll excuse me, I have to put on an apron and bake cookies as the testosterone drains from my body.

Defeated, Erik reaches for the car door, but the auto lock suddenly SNAPS SHUT. The radio goes silent. Steve has a devilish look in his eye.

STEVE

May I propose something... naughty?
(off their piqued looks)
It's possible that our wives won't know that the wedding is off.

KEVIN

Stephen Carlos Lemme. What are you saying?

STEVE

We pretend it's still on. And go spend the night in Palm Springs!

ERIK

The girls are gonna find out.

STEVE

How are they gonna find out? They don't talk to The Dunch. Sure, a few months down the road, they'll get wind of it. But by then they will have forgotten all about this.

KEVIN

Yes, we all know what short memories women have.

They look back at Erik's front door, where his family still stands there, waiting for them to leave.

The guys smile and wave, then duck back into their huddle. Erik, neurotic as ever, struggles with the conspiracy.

ERIK

We can't do that. What if your wife goes into labor? What if something happens to one of the kids?

STEVE

Okay. Naughty Plan B: We don't go to Palm Springs, but we still deceive our wives. We act like the wedding is still on, but we check into a nice hotel here in town and go swimming and smoke grass and treat ourselves to a great dinner...

(pokes Kevin's belly)

And maybe even tiramisu if somebody eats all his prime rib!

We can see that Erik and Kevin are both intrigued.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And that way, if anything really bad happens. If your kid cuts his butt on a fence or whatever, you'd be able to get home in a matter of minutes. Two hours quicker than if we were in Palm Springs. I mean, that's just good parenting.

KEVIN

Let's not lie to ourselves. This will definitely come back to bite us in the ass some day.

STEVE

No doubt. But as the famous Naval commander Grace Hopper said, "It's better to beg for forgiveness than ask for permission."

ERIK

(emboldened)

Now that's my kinda gal!!

We go wide in time to see the car backing out of the driveway and pulling away. We hear the stereo being cranked.

STEVE (O.S.)
Poor Dunch, by the way.

EXT. THE RIALTO HOTEL - DAY

We pan off the hotel facade, to where Kevin's car is parked.

The guys get out, grab their bags, and strut cavalierly toward the lobby. Giving each other winks and smug smiles.

KEVIN
Should we see if they'll do a Hot
Stone Massage for Three?

STEVE
What makes you think I want to have
a massage with you?

KEVIN
It's okay. I'll wear my swimsuit.

STEVE
You have to be naked for the Hot
Stone Massage.

KEVIN
In case they want to balance a hot
stone on the tip of your dick?

ERIK
(stops suddenly)
I can't put this hotel charge on my
credit card. My wife will see the
bill. What was I thinking?!?

STEVE
(to Kevin)
Can you put our rooms on your
corporate card?

KEVIN
It'll come up on my expense report.
How am I supposed to explain it?

STEVE
Tell them you have a mistress.
You're general counsel for Chef
Boyardee. What could be more
Italiano?

He puts his thumb and forefingers together for emphasis, but Kevin isn't biting.

KEVIN

Sorry, guys. We have to find a hotel that'll take a cash deposit.

EXT. NO TELL MOTEL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A gross motel. Camera moves around back where Kevin, Erik and Steve sit at the edge of a grimy SWIMMING POOL. They're all dressed in jacket and tie, but with their pants rolled up so they can dangle their feet in the water.

They're trying to take selfies that don't reveal the skankiness of their location, as Erik scrolls on his iPhone.

STEVE

How long do we have to stay in jacket and tie?

KEVIN

Until we find a church where someone's getting married and snap a few photos. After that, you would take your jacket off after the ceremony, which would be about 7:30. Loosen your tie at 8:30. You like to get wasted and take off your shirt on the dance floor. I'd say that's 11... 11:30 to be safe.

STEVE

It's times like this I really enjoy what an anal-retentive control freak you are.

KEVIN

You think this pool has those parasites that swim up your piss-stream into your dick?

STEVE

Man, how bummed would you be if you were a parasite and you swam up a thick waterfall of urine only to discover that you'd landed in your chunky, ham-stuffed dick?
(fake vomits)

KEVIN

Like your dick is better? They'd get up in there and get a mouthful of V.D.

STEVE

Probably. But regardless, my takeaway from this is that you're planning on pissing in the pool.

ERIK

Okay, there are seven churches within a one mile radius. One of them's gotta have a wedding.

STEVE

How'd you find the churches?

ERIK

My wife created an app that locates all the churches in your vicinity.

STEVE

Ooh. I got a name for it... *Uber-Lord*. Because it's like *Uber*, but for churches?

ERIK

No, that'd work if it was a car service that took you to church.

STEVE

No, that'd be *Cruise-ifix*.

KEVIN

How about *Insta-Billy-"Gram"*? You know, because Billy "Graham" is a famous evangelist...

STEVE

You're really determined to make that joke work.

KEVIN

Alright, let's find a wedding, take some selfies, and then call our wives so I can smoke weed and eat some goddamn prime rib.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Erik exits a church and heads back to the car, where Kevin and Steve wait.

ERIK

No wedding here either. Apparently, no one in Los Angeles is getting married today.

STEVE

So what do we do now?

ACROSS THE STREET Kevin sees a big group of people enter a HOLIDAY INN. Outside, A SIGN reads *CONCHITA'S QUINCEAÑERA*. Mexicans in formal clothes file into a ballroom.

KEVIN

That dog'll hunt.

A MONTAGE OF SNAPSHOTS of our guys mock-celebrating in the lobby of the Holiday Inn. Partying with STRANGERS.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON an iPhone screen with Kevin's talking head and the QUINCEAÑERA going on behind him.

Reveal Kevin's Wife in the Living Room. (dressed in scrubs) Behind her, the kids are having a SCREAMING CONTEST.

SAMANTHA

I got called in to do a C-section.
I'm waiting for your Dad to arrive.

KEVIN (ON SCREEN)

That's awful. I wish I was there to help. But I'm at a wedding...as you can see behind me.

SAMANTHA

Is Clamhead there?

KEVIN

Mmmm, yep.

SAMANTHA

What about Schmaltzy?

KEVIN

(eyes starting to dart)
Oh, you know it.

SAMANTHA

How does he feel about his wife being pregnant?

KEVIN

Why would I ask a guy how he feels?

SAMANTHA

You really don't talk about these things? What do you talk about?

KEVIN

Do we really have to get into this again...? Look, I gotta go! They're about to...

(looks behind him)

throw the pinata...the BOUQUET! I love you!

INT. K1 GO KART TRACK - DAY

Nicole, on hands and knees in the middle of the busy track, tries to fix a stalled go-kart while she talks to Steve. As go-karts whizz perilously close to her...

NICOLE

What kinda dress is she wearing?

STEVE (ON SCREEN)

I dunno. White, I guess. Why don't you leave that until I get back?

NICOLE

Like you'll know how to fix it.

STEVE (ON SCREEN)

What, you think I don't know how to fix a go-kart?

NICOLE

I know you don't know how to fix a go-kart.

STEVE (ON SCREEN)

Maybe I'll just come up there and show you!!

NICOLE

Oh yeah. That'll be the day.

STEVE (ON SCREEN)

(after a pause)

Are you as turned-on as I am right now?

NICOLE

No! I'm trying to fix this janky-ass go-kart!

STEVE (ON SCREEN)

Alright. Well, it sounds like you've got things under control.

INT. HOLIDAY INN LOBBY - LATE DAY

Erik chats with Sydney on FaceTime. He looks apologetic.

ERIK

How're you holding up? Is it just chaos?

SYDNEY

No, we're doing great!

ERIK

(a little disappointed)
They're not giving you a hard time?

Sydney points her phone at the girls, who are cooperating peacefully applying frosting neatly to cupcakes.

ERIK (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

SYDNEY

Is that Salsa music?

ERIK (ONSCREEN)

What? No. I mean... yeah. They got a Latin band. I think they've been taking dance classes or something and they want to show off their moves.

SYDNEY

Is everybody there... Mexican?

ERIK (ON SCREEN)

Huh? The lights are low so everyone just looks, more... dark. I guess.

SYDNEY

No. Samsung sent me their new HD 3D LED 6K cell phone to try out. The picture is actually clearer than real life... What's that banner say back there?

Erik turns and sees the sign that reads *FELIZ CUMPLEANOS*.

ERIK

Oh? Ha ha.... No, I...

Just as the FLOP SWEAT covers Erik's lip, the screen cuts.

IN THE LOBBY, we see Steve's finger on the HANG UP BUTTON.

STEVE

Dude. When in doubt, just hang up.
Blame it on the phone. Dropped
call. No one thinks twice about it.

ERIK

Wait. Did you do that to me
yesterday?

STEVE

Yeah, I sometimes do it to you just
for fun. And then wait and see how
it erodes your confidence. But who
cares? We're free! Let's get busy!

On the way out, the guys grab three FROZEN MARGARITAS off a
waiter's tray and chug them in celebration. Almost instantly
they are wracked with acute BRAIN FREEZE.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

The guys are in the car, parked in the lot of a steakhouse.
Erik lights up a really long joint, then takes a hit.

ERIK

There was a time when we wouldn't
have even considered going to a
fancy restaurant without being as
high as a bunch of fruit bats.

Kevin squints through the darkness at the joint being handed
to him by Erik, who looks fully relaxed for the first time.

KEVIN

Am I crazy, or are there words on
this joint?

ERIK

Yep. Back at the motel I tore a
page out of the Bible.

Kevin and Steve both stare, wide-eyed. Kevin freezes with
the joint not quite to his lips.

ERIK (CONT'D)

You said you didn't have rolling
papers.

STEVE

I have to say I'm surprised. Mr.
Midwestern Values over here.

ERIK

Trust me, it wasn't easy. It took a lot of deep soul-searching. But just look at the results!

He plucks the doobie back from Kevin and takes a drag.

ERIK (CONT'D)

It's just like rolling paper. Tissue thin. Nice and wide. No adhesive strip, that'd be my only knock on it.

STEVE

I don't even believe in any of this stuff. And I'm finding myself hung up on how incredibly sacrilegious this is.

KEVIN

Yeah. I'm not sure I want to spend the rest of the night worrying that I'm gonna get smote by lightning... "Smited" by lightning? That doesn't sound right.

STEVE

Smitten with lightning?

ERIK

I didn't take it from any of the tentpole sections. There's like a million pages of yim-yam in that thing. Nobody will notice.

STEVE

Hm. I suppose the Bible could stand to be trimmed down a page or two, if I may be "blunt.".... See what I did there, with the wordplay?

KEVIN

This is a very interesting moral/theological/legal dilemma. I really don't know what to do.

INT. BOA STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The guys sit at a table, high as a bunch of fruit bats. They look around the restaurant, with child-like wonder.

STEVE

(stares at his hands)
I think I'm gonna eat with my hands.

KEVIN

Okay, so let's say you get steak juice on your hands and then you have to go to the bathroom. Will you wash your hands before you take a piss and after you piss?

STEVE

No. I only wash once per bathroom trip. I'll wash after I piss.

ERIK

So you're okay getting steak juice all over your penis?

STEVE

I'll pick it up like a kitten.
Just by the scruff of the neck.

He mimes pulling his dick out of his pants using just the tip of his thumb and forefinger.

Erik picks up the menu, sniffs the leather cover, then presses it against his face.

ERIK

I am going to have the chef "thatch" my Porterhouse in criss-cross fashion and if every single crack isn't filled with butter, I'm gonna send it back.

STEVE

I am going to demand that the chef put a stick of butter on top of my Cowboy Cut of Ribeye. And then put a one-inch layer of crabmeat on top of the butter. And a stick of butter on top of the crab meat.

KEVIN

I am going to tell the chef that while he's preparing my Tarzan Cut of Prime Rib, that he should shove an entire stick of butter up his own butthole.... oh, Shit!... Shit!

ERIK

What?

KEVIN
It's Chelsea's Drama teacher!

They look over and see a Teacher in his mid-30's leaving the bathroom and headed across the restaurant.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm so busted!

The Teacher is actually about to pass right by until he hears Kevin saying *Shit! Shit! Shit!*

And now they make eye contact, so Kevin knows he's fucked.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Hey, Mister Nevins.

TEACHER
I'm sorry?

Kevin's face goes red. But he laughs with relief.

KEVIN
Oh. I'm sorry. I thought you were my daughter's Drama teacher.

TEACHER
Uh. I am your daughter's Drama teacher.

Horrible silence as the guys just stare, stoned and nervous. Eventually, the Teacher reaches out and shakes Erik's hand.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Dan Moiles.

Shit-brained, Erik smiles, nods, and says The Teacher's name back instead of his own name.

ERIK
Moiles.

Everybody thinks *What?* Finally...

STEVE
So. What are you having tonight?

TEACHER
Oh. I haven't ordered yet.

Uncomfortable laughter as the guys all die inside.

KEVIN
Got your tickets for *Brigadoon*?

TEACHER

I might be able to get you tickets.

KEVIN

No, I was asking if you had tickets.

TEACHER

You can get your tickets through Candace.

Kevin smiles and nods. Then...

KEVIN

Who's Candace?

TEACHER

I thought you were Candace's Dad.

KEVIN

Oh. No. I'm Chelsea's Dad.

STEVE

Oh my god. I'm gonna fucking die.

Erik inexplicably points at the empty seat at the table.

ERIK

Would.... you like to join us?

SOMEBODY kicks the shit out of Erik under the table. Their water glasses all get knocked over.

TEACHER

Thanks. But I'm with my...

He gestures to a table where a woman looks over, confused.

KEVIN

Oh. Right.

STEVE

What's she having?

TEACHER

I just said we haven't ordered yet.

Horrible, horrible silence. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Have you gentlemen decided?

With a huge, shit-eating grin, Steve points at The Teacher.

STEVE
I'll have what he's having!

And that's it for Steve. He'll be laughing helplessly for the rest of the scene.

TEACHER
I should get back.

No response, so he just walks away.

KEVIN
Holy hell. That was just the most awkward conversation of my life.

ERIK
You think he knew we were stoned?

KEVIN
There's NO WAY he didn't know we were stoned.
(mutters to himself)
Oh, man. I'm gonna get busted.

ANGLE ON the other table. The Teacher sits next to THE WOMAN.

THE TEACHER
Oh my god, we're so fucked. That was one of my students' fathers.

THE WOMAN
Does he know your wife?

THE TEACHER
I don't know! Let me think for a second!
(rubs his temples)
God, that was the worst conversation of my life. Why did we smoke that joint in the car?

They look across the room only to see our guys are GONE.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kevin has both Erik and Steve cowering behind him, using his ample corpus as a shield. In the grip of stoned paranoia.

ERIK
Over there! I think that's Jeannie's dentist!.. No. Maybe not.

STEVE
 (sees a car)
 Is that my brother-in-law? He
 comes here all the time! What was
 I thinking?!?

They break into a run and sprint all the way to Kevin's car.

INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - NIGHT

The guys sit in their shitty room. Even with TV on, they can hear cats fighting and the sound of men yelling at women.

STEVE
 Less than ideal, but I think we can
 make the most of it.

KEVIN
 Just as long as someone goes out to
 get food and beer.

ERIK
 And grass. I threw it out the
 window when we drove by that cop.

KEVIN
 I think that answers the question
 of who's going to the Mini-Mart.

Erik gets up to leave, but is stopped by Steve's voice.

STEVE
 Whoa! Check this out!

They all look at the tv screen, where a LOCAL REPORTER does a live report from in front of a sleazy motel.

LACY ARRANCIANA
 ...if you're just joining us, a
 body that may or may not be actor
 Henry Winkler was discovered in a
 room at this airport-adjacent
 motel.

The guys are all understandably shocked.

LACY ARRANCIANA (CONT'D)
 Henry Winkler has played many roles
 in Hollywood, but none as beloved
 as Arthur "Fonzie" Fonzarelli...

Kevin gets his face right up to the screen.

KEVIN

Hang on. Is that OUR motel?
 (to Erik)
 Peek out and see if there's a news
 crew in the parking lot.

Erik goes to the front window and peeks through the blinds.

On the tv, Steve and Kevin see Erik's eyes peeking through
 the blinds RIGHT BEHIND LACY ARRANCIANA. They scream.

Erik scrambles back and joins the guys, glued to the tv.

LACY ARRANCIANA (ON SCREEN)

The suspicion that the body is that
 of Henry Winkler stems from the
 fact that Mr. Winkler was spotted
 at the motel earlier, attending a
 party thrown by a publication
 called *Asshole Magazine* in honor of
 their 100 *SEXIEST ASSHOLES* issue.

STEVE

Hey! *Asshole Magazine!*...So is the
 implication that Henry Winkler IS a
 sexy asshole or HAS a sexy asshole?

ERIK

You can say "asshole" on tv?

KEVIN

Yes, if it's the name of a company
 and not pejorative. See *FCC vs.*
Tuna Snatch, Inc.

BACK ON THE TV, Lacy Arranciana keeps reporting.

LACY ARRANCIANA (ON SCREEN)

It's a tense and dramatic
 situation, so we are going to stay
 here live at the No-Tell Motel
 until the body is identified!

STEVE

I can't believe this. We are
 literally trapped in a motel room
 with nothing to eat or drink.

KEVIN

As opposed to figuratively trapped
 in a motel room with nothi...

STEVE

You must be insufferable in a courtroom.

ERIK

Do I take a chance and try to sneak out and hope nobody notices?

In response, each of the guys' cell phones BUZZ.

ERIK'S PHONE: *I know you're at a wedding, but you have to turn on the TV. This is horrible.*

KEVIN'S PHONE: *Turn on the TV! Henry Winkler might be dead!*

STEVE'S PHONE: *WTF is a Fonzy?* (followed by a shrugging emoticon)

The guys look at each other, shaking their heads. Erik runs to the BACK WINDOW and tries to open it but it's BOLTED SHUT.

ERIK (CONT'D)

We're stuck. Stuck in a web of our own sticky lies.

KEVIN

Dammit!!! There's gotta be a way to get our hands on food and beer and drugs.

ERIK

(holding up The Bible)
Got plenty of rolling papers.

EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - LATER

Lacy Arranciana is still doing her stand-up report in front of the motel room.

LACY ARRANCIANA (ON SCREEN)

Almost an hour later, and still no identification of the body...

A MAN carrying grocery bags shuffles into frame behind Lacy. He's wearing obnoxious hipster men's Capri Pants and a bow tie. And a LONG WIG WITH DARK GLASSES. He smiles sheepishly at camera, then goes and knocks on the motel room door.

INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Erik, inches open the door to reveal...The Dunch (in disguise). Standing in the doorway with bags full of Mexican food and a case of beer.

DUNCH

I'm so glad you guys called. I really didn't want to be alone tonight. Been sitting at home listening to Django Reinhardt on vinyl..

Erik grabs him and yanks him inside.

ERIK

Just get in the room already!

CUT TO:

LATER. The guys are sitting around the bed, salivating. Spread out on the gross comforter, like a Stoner's Dream, is Mexican take-out, beer, and a bag of grass.

DUNCH

Oh, and I thought you guys would like these.

He reaches into the shopping bag and pulls out a huge plastic bag of M&Ms. Half of them have his face embossed on the shell, and the other half have Adeline's.

DUNCH (CONT'D)

We were gonna put them on all the tables at the reception. We thought it'd be hilariously self-conscious.

KEVIN

Oh, right. So what happened?

DUNCH

It turns out all this time she's been sorta on and off with her Artisanal Mixology Professor. I guess he showed up at her place the other night and made her a Hibiscus-infused Harvey Wallbanger and she realized he was the one.

He chokes up. The guys look at him with sympathy. Steve gets up, pulls Dunch to his feet, and wraps him up in a huge hug. The other guys get up and give him encouraging hugs.

STEVE

I'm telling you, Dunch. It's better this way. If you were getting married right now, you wouldn't be here with your buddies. Getting wasted and dicking around.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(to the whole group)

Because it's not about getting to play golf. Or staying in a fancy hotel. Or eating at a nice restaurant. It's about quality time with the guys who understand you best and allow you to be whoever you want to be, without judgements. Now take off that stupid bow-tie and let's have some fun!

KEVIN

Because we've got beer!
 (huzzahs from the guys)
 And we've got weed!
 (more huzzahs)
 And Mexican food and M&Ms!
 (even more huzzahs)

They're interrupted by Lacy Arranciana on TV.

LACY ARRANCIANA (ON SCREEN)

...we are just getting word that the body found in the motel room is NOT that of actor Henry Winker!

It's the cherry on top! The guys all turn into Fonzie.

ALL THE GUYS

Aaayyyyyy!!!!

With child-like joy, the guys sit down to their long-awaited feast. It's a full-on, classic, motel-room, hangout-party...until Erik's phone buzzes.

He grabs it and looks at a text from his wife. All the color drains from his face.

The other guys see this and look at his phone. They gasp.

It reads: *Are you still in town?!?*

STEVE

What the hell?

KEVIN

It can't be.

DUNCH

How could she know?

They sit there, gobsmacked, until realization dawns on Erik.

ERIK
Oh no.

STEVE
What?

KEVIN
What does that mean, Oh, no?!?

ERIK
My wife. Designed an app. I was helping her with beta testing.

KEVIN
Anndddd....??

ERIK
And it allows you to track the whereabouts of your significant other. It's called...

KEVIN
Hubbychaser?

STEVE
Yahoo...is that with my husband?!?

ERIK
SpouseTrap.

ALL THE OTHER GUYS
Oooooooh.

STEVE
What do we do?

KEVIN
Can you disable it?

STEVE
Throw it in the back of a truck!

Kevin and Steve's phones both start buzzing now.

KEVIN
That was just a matter of time.

Erik just gives them a sad little toasting gesture.

ERIK
I wish I could say it was totally worth it.

They sadly toast him back. Then sit there, moping.

STEVE

If she can see where you are, does that mean you can see where she is?

ERIK

Yeah I think so.

Erik eyes the app. The guys watch in amazement as an angry-red-throbbing icon makes its way along a MAP OF LOS ANGELES.

KEVIN

Oh dear god.

Erik ZOOMS IN. THE ICON is making its way down Sepulveda.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh dear god.

They zoom in again. To see THE ICON FLASHING DIRECTLY ABOVE the square that represents the motel.

ERIK

She's on the property!!

They zoom in to incredible detail where they can actually see THE RED ICON moving through the parking lot. Toward them.

DUNCH

This is an incredible app, by the way. Your wife is super talented.

Even in his panic, Erik manages to scowl at Dunch.

Then... a LOUD AND VENGEFUL KNOCK ON THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR.

Screaming, Erik grabs the tv (which shows his wife's back as she pounds at their door) and HURLS IT at the back window, which smashes through and (from the sound of it) shatters in the alley below.

Kevin sweeps away the remaining glass before they all crawl out the window and disappear. After a beat, ERIK'S IPHONE comes flying back in through the broken window.

OVER CREDITS

INT. KEVIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tight on Sydney, Samantha, and Nicole getting MASSAGES from three muscular ASIAN MASSEURS. (Sydney and Samantha on their stomachs, Nicole reclining because of her huge preggy belly.) WATERFALL AMBIENCE and ENYA play softly in the bg.

When Samantha adjusts her sheet, Nicole looks over, puzzled.

NICOLE

Whoa. You wear underwear while you get a massage in your own home?

SAMANTHA

(suddenly self-conscious)
Well, I'm also entertaining guests.

SYDNEY

(off Nicole's blank look)
Putting on underwear for guests is kind of an... unspoken custom.

NICOLE

You guys are like Downton Abbey over here.

Kevin sneaks into the shot, humbly entering with beverages.

KEVIN

I made Cucumber Water. There's a tiny bit of ginger extract in it.

The wives give him frosty silence, so Kevin puts down the drinks and backs away, bowing slightly. They break into big smiles as soon as he's gone.

SYDNEY

This is nice. We should let them get into trouble more often.

Through the glass door behind them, we see Steve in the yard, getting chased and pummelled by Kevin and Eriks' children, who are covered in mud like an aggressive pygmy tribe.

Erik tiptoes into the room with a plate of hors d'oeuvres.

ERIK

These are mini-quiche. I have with bacon and without bacon...

SYDNEY

Mm. It's kinda hard to eat when I'm covered with oil.

NICOLE

Feed it to the masseurs.

The girls smile as Erik feeds the Asian masseurs. They give Erik a "so-so" reaction before he slinks out of the room.

SYDNEY

Yeah, I could get used to this.

NICOLE

I wasn't even that mad. I just saw an opportunity.

SAMANTHA

I was pissed... But I always like a happy ending.

SAM'S MASSEUR

(surprised)

You... like Happy Ending?

SAMANTHA

(blissfully clueless)

Mmm-hmm.

Sam's Masseur looks to his buddies.

SAM'S MASSEUR

Zhè shì bù xúncháng. Ni yu shé me ganxiang?

(**"That's a bit unorthodox. What do you think?"**)

OTHER MASSEUR

Ràng YOLO zhè.

(**"Let's YOLO it."**)

They shrug and reach under the sheets. The wives' eyes go wide with terror.

INT. KEVIN'S KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin and Erik are doing dishes when A CHORUS OF HIGH-PITCHED SHREIKING pierces the air.

KEVIN

Jeez. It's like they're getting Happy Endings in there.

(off Erik's laugh)

Hurry up and plate the Spanakopita.

HARD TO BLACK