

The Unicorn

"Pilot"

teleplay by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - EVENING

We're INSIDE A FREEZER: A mass of frost-covered foil packages and Tupperware. A man's hands struggle to free a frosty brick from the mass. Finally, he pries it loose.

This is BRADY: forty-ish, upbeat, agreeably disheveled, he's a guy's guy but emotionally he's an open book. He brushes some frost off the masking-tape label, then calls over his shoulder into the house.

BRADY

How about a chicken parm?!

ANGLE ON: THE LIVING ROOM

The sofa is covered in debris -- pillows, blankets, sweatshirts, socks, headphones, adapters, books, cups and cookie boxes. But hidden amid the debris, we find two girls: GRACE (14, smart, fancies herself an adult) and NATALIE (12, intense, a real jock). They never look up from their phones.

GRACE

Who made it?!

BRADY

(SQUINTING AT LABEL) Dottie Palmer!

GRACE

Blech!

NATALIE
(GAMESHOW "WRONG!"
BUZZER)

GRACE

Can you try to find one of Judy

Bickel's lasagnas?!

BRADY

You got it!

Brady tosses the icy lump onto the dryer, where it lands with a loud bang next to a pile of similar lumps.

He grabs a croquet mallet from a rack and enthusiastically attacks the iced-together chunks with the handle.

ANGLE ON: THE DINING ROOM

...where two of Brady's friends are observing this ritual: FORREST (same age, tightly wound, a cerebral guy determined to look like a cool guy) and his wife DELIA (opinionated, blunt, the necessarily assertive half of the couple).

FORREST

(CALLING) Y'know, Brady, we could take
you and the girls out for pizza!

BRADY (O.S.)

No reason to go out! There's like
fifteen lasagnas in here.

Delia and Forrest flinch as -- BANG -- Brady tosses another block of ice on the dryer. Delia surveys the house, shaking her head; it isn't dirty, but there's some serious entropy happening. Something catches her eye in the kitchen:

DELIA

Girls? Are the dogs allowed on the
counter?

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN

...where two very large mutts are relaxing on the counter.

GRACE

No, they're not. (TO DOGS, SWEETLY)
You know you're not supposed to climb
up there, you silly girls.

One of the dogs yawns and licks a potholder.

DELIA

That's all we're going to do?

NATALIE

They like it up there.

Delia pulls Forrest close.

DELIA

Do you see how they're living?! It's like the Disney Channel version of Grey Gardens.

FORREST

I know.

DELIA

Come on! It's been eight months since Jill's funeral, and he's still living off the meals people made for them. Remember how he used to love to cook?

FORREST

I remember.

DELIA

He used to love to cook!

FORREST

I'm sorry, I'm not clear on what we're arguing about.

DELIA

How are we going to get him out of this rut? I want a concrete plan of action here!

FORREST

Delia? Calm down. I know you like to
tell people how to live their lives.
But Brady isn't one of your patients.
He'll let us know when he's ready.

DELIA

(CALMING) Okay. I know. You're
right. (THEN) But it needs to be now!

Brady enters from the utility room, holding a frozen slab of
foil over his head, triumphant.

BRADY

Behold! A Bickel lasagna!

GRACE

NATALIE

Now we're talking!

Yeah baby!

BRADY

(TO FORREST AND DELIA) You two are in
for a treat. (TO A DOG ON THE
COUNTER) Excuse me Linda, I need to
get to the oven.

Brady peels the foil off the top, stares at it for a bit.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I think this is brownies. (THEN) Back
to the freezer!

Delia shoots Forrest a look. Forrest shrugs, as we...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

We're in the middle of a girls' basketball game. 12-year-old girls (including the intense, aggressive Natalie) run back and forth in front of Brady, who sits at a folding table operating the LED scoreboard. He has a hard time keeping track of the clock and the score while rooting for Natalie. The referee blows his whistle.

BRADY

You've got to be kidding me!

Brady's friend BEN -- super positive, a lawyer (but not a good one), and Natalie's coach -- catches his eye. He gestures "cut that out!" Brady realizes.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Such a great call! Nice work, Brian!

Natalie hurls the ball against the wall. Another whistle.

BRADY (CONT'D)

And a technical! Also warranted!

Learning experience, Natalie!

TRACY WILVERS, an attractive team mom, sidles up to Brady.

TRACY

Hey, Brady.

BRADY

Oh, hi Tracy.

TRACY

So... I don't know what you're up to,
but I'm taking Hailey and Izzy to
Poquito Mas after the game.

Brady tries to keep one eye on the game without being rude.

BRADY

Oh, great! Have fun.

TRACY

(FLIRTY) They serve beer now, so hey,
fun for the grown-ups too.

BRADY

Huh! Good to know.

ANGLE ON: BEN, watching Brady. Ben's wife Michelle (flip-flops and jeans, with a laid-back-to-the-point-of-"fuck it" attitude) approaches, three kids in tow, and kisses him. Ben gestures toward Tracy hitting on Brady.

BEN

Check it out. Tracy Wilvers, making a
move on our boy.

MICHELLE

Our boy doesn't have a clue, does he?

ANGLE ON: BRADY, keeping his eye on the game.

TRACY

So... maybe I'll see you there?

BRADY

You never know, we go there a lot.

Tracy impatiently steps into his field of vision.

TRACY

I meant will I see you there today.

BRADY

Today? I'll have to see if we--

Suddenly, the crowd cheers! Brady, lost, put two points on the scoreboard. Half the crowd starts complaining. Ben shakes his head as Brady struggles to correct it.

BEN

BRADY (CONT'D)

Other team. No, three
pointer. Now take two off
ours. Two, not three.

Sorry. Sorry! (RE JEERS)
Doing my best here, folks!
Not getting paid!

CUT TO:

SCENE B

MONTAGE:

B1 INT. MICHELLE'S MINIVAN/DELIA'S OFFICE - INTERCUT - LATER **B1**

Michelle drives, her four kids (ages 8-14) piled in the back. She's on Bluetooth.

MICHELLE

I'm telling you, Tracy Wilvers was all over Brady. And last week, it was Leslie Whats-her-name, the new art teacher! Of course it never even registers with him.

Delia is in her pediatric office, on the phone.

DELIA

The man has no idea what catnip he is to these women. I swear, a woman could yank down his pants and grab his --

MICHELLE

Um, Delia? My kids are in the car.

DELIA

You have to tell me that when I pick up!

MICHELLE

They're always with me! (GLANCING IN REARVIEW) Aw crap, where's Noah?

B2 INT. FORREST AND DELIA'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

B2

Forrest and Delia are brushing their teeth.

FORREST

Tracy Wilvers?

DELIA

I know, go ahead, "Oooh, Tracy
Wilvers, she's smokin' hot!"

FORREST

Please. She's fine.

B3 INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - NEXT NIGHT

B3

Forrest is with Ben.

FORREST

Tracy Wilvers is ridiculously hot.

BEN

I'm telling you, she wanted him. He
had no clue. Probably for the best,
though. Brady could hurt himself,
going zero-to-Wilvers. Our boy's game
is lame AF.

FORREST

No.

BEN

What?

FORREST

Middle-aged lawyers can't say AF.
That will kill AF for the young people
who enjoy it.

B4 INT. BEN AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

B4

Ben and Michelle are at the kitchen table. Michelle sips a glass of wine, oblivious to her kids (including NOAH, 8), who are making a huge mess with ice cream and syrup behind her.

BEN

Forrest can be judgmental AF.

MICHELLE

I'm not worried about Forrest, I'm worried about Brady. Delia says it's time we have an intervention.

NOAH

Like you did with Aunt Meg?

MICHELLE

Who told you Aunt Meg had an intervention?!

NOAH

You did.

Michelle shrugs and sips her wine.

MICHELLE

Eh, I got a big mouth.

CUT TO:

SCENE C

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/DEN - NIGHT

Delia and Michelle have sat Brady down at the kitchen table.

DELIA

Brady, from the moment Jill got sick,
you did nothing but take care of her
and the girls. You were a rock star.
And we love you for that. We miss
Jill every day, and we know you do
too. But come on -- you haven't done
a damn thing for yourself for two
years. You need to have some fun.

BRADY

I'm a dad. I don't need to have a
good time to have fun.

MICHELLE

When was the last time you left the
house and actually enjoyed yourself?

BRADY

Last Sunday! I was assembling a new
practice goal for Natalie, and I went
to Home Depot to buy a charger for my
drill, and I got two churros in the
parking lot. (REMEMBERING) I sat on
the curb and ate them... (THEN)

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

If I thought longer, I'd have a better example.

DELIA

Brady. You can't keep living like this. I don't mean to be rude, but look around. This house looks like both parents died.

GRACE/NATALIE/OTHER KIDS
(O.S.)

Ohhh!/Noooo!/That was sick!

BRADY

(CALLING) Everybody okay in there?

ANGLE ON: THE DEN

...where Grace, Natalie, and two other friends are piled on the couch flanking ANDREW, an awkward kid with an Xbox controller in his hand, playing Fortnite.

GRACE

No. Andrew got killed.

ANDREW

And I was one of three people left on the island.

ANGLE ON: THE KITCHEN

MICHELLE

What the hell is he talking about?

BRADY

Fortnite. The kids just spent a fortune on a grenade launcher.

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

I told them, you can't control those things, you're better off with a thermal scope burst rifle.

DELIA

Oh my god... You should not know that!

MICHELLE

It's time you had some adult companionship. And not just parent things. We're talking dating.

BRADY

Dating?

DELIA

Dating. I was Jill's best friend. She always said she hoped you'd find someone new. It's time.

BRADY

Okay, look, I'm not saying you don't have a point. But I'm not ready for that. Not yet.

DELIA

Oh for the love of god! We'll give you till Friday!

MICHELLE

Delia? Chill. (TO BRADY) You let us know when you're ready.

CUT TO:

- D6** INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - ANOTHER EVENING **D6**
Brady picks out a frozen meal.
- D7** INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - ANOTHER EVENING **D7**
The three of them eat.
- D8** INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT **D8**
Brady, the girls, and the dogs in bed.
- D9** INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - YET ANOTHER EVENING **D9**
Brady grabs a frozen meal.
- D10** INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - YET ANOTHER EVENING **D10**
They eat.
- D11** INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - YET ANOTHER NIGHT **D11**
Three humans and two dogs in bed.
- D12** INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - STILL ANOTHER EVENING **D12**
Brady pulls a frozen brick from the freezer. He realizes something: It's empty. He's holding the last of the frozen food. The wind knocked out of him, Brady sits on the floor, cradling the casserole. The dogs start licking at it. Grace and Natalie enter and see him.

GRACE

(CONCERNED) Dad? Are you okay?

BRADY

(CHOKING BACK EMOTIONS) Yep. Just making dinner.

Natalie tries to pull the casserole away. She can't.

NATALIE

Dad. It's frozen to your arm skin.

GRACE

Um... I think we should call an adult.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Brady is slumped in front of a beer bottle. Forrest sits with him, Ben paces over him.

BRADY

It's gone. All the food from Jill's funeral, and the memorial celebrations, and the day they dedicated that awful mural to her at the school library, the one with the dinosaurs reading books to aliens...

BEN

Yes, we were there.

BRADY

It seemed like that food would last forever. But it's gone. And now... it feels like she's really gone.

BEN

You know what, buddy? It's a sign. Time for Brady two-point-oh. You are a stud -- you hear me? -- a stud. The world is full of hungry women just waiting for you. Yummie mummies. Art teachers. The flirty cashier at Trader Joe's who asks about your weekend.

FORREST

Oh for god's sake, she didn't like you! They make them act like that.

BEN

You don't know how to read vibes, Forrest! Regardless, our boy is going to crush it out there. He is a finely marbled slab of USDA prime man meat. C'mon! Up high!

Brady gives him a half-hearted high five.

BRADY

How am I going to do this? The last time I went on a date was freshman year of college. Jill came to my dorm room with a friend to get stoned and we ended up watching five Nicholas Cage movies and making out.

FORREST

I'm not sure that qualifies as a date.

BRADY

Before I even knew it -- bam! We were married, got dogs, had kids.

(REALIZING) Oh man, how am I going to tell the girls?

BEN

Don't.

BRADY

I can't lie to my kids.

BEN

Are you kidding? All I do is lie to
my kids. Drive them places and lie.

BRADY

No. I've never kept anything from
them. I'm not going to start now.

FORREST

You never told them about the night
you left the cat door open, and
Doodles went out and got eaten by a
coyote.

BRADY

I'm already fragile, you gotta bring
up the Doodles thing?!

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT./EXT. BRADY'S CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

Brady drives. Grace and Natalie stare at their phones.
Brady takes a deep breath: Here goes.

BRADY

So... before we get to school, we need
to talk about something important.

NATALIE

Uh oh.

GRACE

What happened?

BRADY

Don't worry, it's not a bad thing.

NATALIE

GRACE

Yay!

What is it?!

BRADY

Well, don't get excited. It's not a
good thing either. I mean, it is a
good thing, for me. And you, if you
think about it.

GRACE

We can't think about it if you don't
tell us what it is.

NATALIE

Are we getting another cat?!

BRADY

What? No!

NATALIE

Oh my god, did Doodles come back?!

GRACE

He said it wasn't a good thing, you moron!

BRADY

No, it is a good thing!

GRACE

What is it?!?!

BRADY

Here's the thing. Ever since mom died, I've kind of... isolated myself. Socially. Which isn't healthy. And some people have brought up the idea of dating, and--

NATALIE

You're going to replace Mom?

BRADY

No! No, I could never replace Mom. It's just, I'm an adult, and adults need to... associate with other adults.

NATALIE

Oh my god. It's a sex thing. I'm going to throw up. I'm going to throw up!

GRACE

No you're not.

NATALIE

You want to bet me?

Natalie starts making over-dramatic retching sounds.

BRADY

Natalie, please don't do that!

NATALIE

Then don't replace Mom!

GRACE

Come on, Nat! Give Dad a break. All
he does is take care of us. He
deserves to have a life.

BRADY

Thank you, Grace. It means so much to
me that you understand.

It's a nice moment. Natalie retches a little. Brady and
Grace look at her.

NATALIE

Sorry, you people are repulsive.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE J

FADE IN:

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

We're extremely close on a laptop monitor.

TEXT FIELD: "**Name.**" "**Brady Hopper**" is typed into it.

TEXT FIELD: "**Seeking**" The response: "**Women.**"

REVERSE: Brady sits at his laptop, flanked by Forrest, Delia, Ben, and Michelle, each holding coffee mugs.

TEXT FIELD: "**Height**" The response: "**5'10**"

MICHELLE

Why don't you make it an even six?

BRADY

Because that's not how tall I am.

MICHELLE

So who'll know?

BRADY

If I meet her, I might stand up.

BEN

For body type, put "athletic." (OFF
BRADY'S LOOK) By the time she knows
any better, you're already naked!

TEXT FIELD: "**Interests**"

FORREST

Put "travel."

BRADY

I haven't been anywhere since the
Natalie was three.

FORREST

Just put it in. It means
"ambulatory."

BEN

And "I'm not in prison."

TEXT FIELD: **"Favorite Thing To Do In Bed"**

DELIA

Cuddle.

BRADY

Well, I like to--

DELIA/MICHELLE

Cuddle.

BRADY

Okay.

TEXT FIELD: **"Eye Color"**

They're all trying to get a good look at Brady's eyes.

BEN

Green.

FORREST

Nah. Hazel.

DELIA

I say greenish brown. Let's vote.

BRADY

No! We're not going to vote on what
color my eyes are! They're my eyes,
and they're brown.

CHECKBOXES: "**Status**" The cursor clicks on "**widowed.**"

BRADY (CONT'D)

I think I'm ready, guys. Submit.

Brady clicks on his trackpad. The gang breathes sighs of
relief and goes to put their coffee mugs into the sink.

DELIA

Good timing, I'm late for work.

FORREST

Well it's not his fault you argued
with every answer he put down.

DELIA

I want him to have the right answers.

BEN

You tried to talk the man out of his
password!

DELIA

Who puts the Euro sign as a special
character? It's pretentious.

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUND

Brady glances at his phone.

BRADY

Huh... It's... my profile is getting
responses.

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT PHONE) There's like six
of them. Seven. Eight! Is it
supposed to work this fast?

BEN

Athletic, well-travelled cuddler like
you? Hell yeah!

SFX: FAIRY DUST SOUNDS

BRADY

My god... there's like fifteen. This
app is amazing.

Michelle and Delia exchange a knowing look.

MICHELLE

It's not the app. My sister Meg's on
all these dating sites, she told me
about this. You are a unicorn.

BRADY

I'm a what?

MICHELLE

That elusive creature that single
women are looking for. Most of the
men on these sites are damaged goods.
They're having mid-life crises,
they're divorced, they're buying
Porsches, chasing twenty-five-year-
olds.

DELIA

You've already proved yourself to be the most devoted husband imaginable. And as a bonus, you haven't had sex with anybody but Jill for twenty years. You're factory fresh!

FORREST

Technically, I'd call him certified pre-owned.

Another fairy dust sound. Michelle peeks at his phone.

MICHELLE

What do you know, there's my sister. Do not click on her.

BRADY

Are you saying these women are into me because Jill died?

BEN

Yup! (THEN) Oh crap, he's thinking. (TO BRADY) Don't start thinking, bro.

BRADY

No. No no no. I don't want this to be what defines me. I've spent the whole last year being pitied. When I walk into a room, people don't say "Hi, Brady, how are you doing?!"

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

They say, (SOFT AND SENSITIVE) "Hi,
Brady, how are you doing?" It's
horrible, and it makes me self-
conscious, and I'm sick of it. The
last thing I want is pity dates.

Brady reopens his laptop.

FORREST

But pity dates lead to pity sex!
Trust me, I speak from experience.

DELIA

He's not wrong.

Delia kisses Forrest sweetly.

BRADY

Okay, sure, but I don't want pity sex.
I want ordinary sex! I mean, great
sex, but in ordinary circumstances.
I'm changing my profile from "widowed"
to plain old single.

CHECKBOXES: "**Status**" The cursor unclicks "**widowed**" and
clicks on "**single.**"

BEN

And just like that, the unicorn
becomes just a regular dumb horse.

All of Brady's friends throw up their hands as we...

CUT TO:

SCENE 1

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - DAYS LATER

Delia and Forrest are there. Grace is in the kitchen. Brady adjusts his "nice clothes" in the mirror.

DELIA

You are going to have fun tonight.
And I think Danielle is perfect. You
chose very well.

BRADY

(IRKED) Oh come on, I barely got to
choose. (TO FORREST) She went into my
app and deleted almost all my matches.

DELIA

I was helpfully winnowing the field
for you! Besides, you didn't want
that one who posted the topless pic.

BRADY

No, but you could have trusted me not
to pick her!

FORREST

(TO DELIA) That is a little insulting.

DELIA

She was very striking, I had
legitimate concerns! (FIXING HIS
COLLAR) There. You look very
handsome. Danielle won't be able to
keep her hands off you.

GRACE

Hey! I'm here.

FORREST

No one's going to touch your dad.

He's gross.

Grace laughs. Natalie passes through, AirPods in, and crosses upstairs.

BRADY

Hey Natalie! How do I look?

NATALIE (O.S.)

You look horrible!

We hear her door slam. Brady starts after her.

BRADY

Natalie, come on, can't we --

GRACE

Dad! Don't feed the brat. It'll just make things worse. I'll be here with her. We'll watch Cupcake Wars, she'll be fine. You know I always handle stuff. Go out and have fun.

He hugs Grace. It's sweet.

FORREST

One thing, buddy. You've got to take your wedding ring off.

Brady glances at his ring. It had never occurred to him.

BRADY

I don't think I can.

DELIA

Brady, I know how hard this is. Jill will always be a part of you. But you're not leaving her behind. You're just getting back to your life. And that means letting go, just a bit.

BRADY

Thank you. But I meant, I don't think I can get it off my finger. It's been on for seventeen years.

Brady pulls on it. No dice.

FORREST

Put cold water on it. Makes your extremities shrink.

DELIA

It's a finger.

FORREST

Same principle.

DELIA

Here, give me your hand.

She pulls on the ring. It's very stuck, and she's not gentle. Brady tries to squirm away from her.

DELIA (CONT'D)

BRADY

Relax, I'm a doctor. Hold
still!

Ow! You're going to break my
finger!

*
*
*

CUT TO:

SCENE M

INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - LATER

Brady enters the bar, massaging his throbbing finger. The ring is finally off. He looks around. This is not his natural element. It's way too cool. Everybody else seems to be in their twenties. He scans the room. No Danielle.

He's self-conscious. He leans against the wall and pulls out his phone, striking a casual pose. Now, he's even more self-conscious. He decides to "make a call," pretending to hit a phone number.

BRADY

(INTO PHONE, "COOL GUY") Hey. Sup.

Yeah, just hangin'. Y'know, the uszh...

Danielle enters, spots him. She waves, but doesn't want to interrupt his call. Brady sees her and puts his phone down.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Danielle! Hi! Brady!

DANIELLE

Hi! I'm sorry, do you need to finish that call?

BRADY

What? Oh, no. It's fine.

DANIELLE

Are you sure?

BRADY

Actually, I probably should. (into phone) Bye bye. ("HANGS UP") Hi!

CUT TO:

SCENE P

INT. RESTAURANT - TABLE - MINUTES LATER

Brady and Danielle are having drinks over appetizers. Brady is trying to be light, but Danielle is in inquisition mode.

BRADY

These shishito peppers are great until suddenly -- zoom! -- your mouth is on fire. Not "zoom." More like "bam." There's not really a sound, I guess.

DANIELLE

Do you date a lot, Brady?

BRADY

No, not a... No.

DANIELLE

Ah. Spend a lot of time at work?

BRADY

I do, actually. My job is very--

DANIELLE

So that's why you're single?

BRADY

I guess that's among the reasons, yes.

(CHANGING THE SUBJECT) So, what kind of music do you like?

DANIELLE

Rock. How many people have you met online?

BRADY

Hard to say. So, any specific kind of
rock? Hard, soft? Or more just rock
in general?

As Brady gestures, Danielle notices something. She goes cold
and waves to a waitress.

DANIELLE

Check!

BRADY

What? Why? What'd I do?

DANIELLE

You're married. Check!

BRADY

No I'm not!

DANIELLE

Tell that to the white circle on your
ring finger. Check!

Brady looks at his finger. There's a pale line where his
ring had been. People at the next table stare.

BRADY

Oh! You don't understand...

DANIELLE

Oh, I understand. Next time, why
don't you just try Ashley Madison?

BRADY

Who's Ashley Madison?

DANIELLE

The dating site for cheaters!

BRADY

I'm not cheating! I couldn't cheat if

I wanted to! My wife died!

That was loud. He realizes everybody at the nearby tables is looking at him pityingly. Dammit. He talks more quietly.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Last year. But I only took off my ring today.

DANIELLE

(MELTING) Oh my god. Oh my god, here I am accusing you of -- I'm so sorry.

BRADY

No, I'm sorry. I should have said. I guess it's obvious I don't know how to do this. The last time I went on a date was my freshman year in college, and I married her. So I'm a little rusty. I'm very rusty. I'm basically all rust.

WAITRESS

(SYMPATHETIC) I'm going to comp the shishito peppers.

BRADY

No, it's fine.

DANIELLE

I feel terrible. When you've been doing this as long as I have, you get cynical. You must think I'm awful.

Another waiter brings over a bottle of wine.

WAITER

Compliments of the people in the
corner booth.

BRADY

Oh god. That's not necessary.
(CALLING OFF TO BOOTH) Thank you, but
really, not necessary. (TO DANIELLE)
This is what I was trying to avoid.

DANIELLE

Yeah, I totally get it. So...you
want to leave?

BRADY

(BUMMED) Yeah, might as well...

DANIELLE

My place is only like five minutes
from here.

BRADY

That's nice. (REALIZING) Oh, you mean
me? Go to your... Okay! Really?
Good!

Brady throws some cash on the table and gets up.

ANOTHER DINER

(TO WAITER, SYMPATHETIC) I'd like to
buy him dessert.

BRADY

Please don't! Leaving anyway. But
thank you.

Brady grabs his coat as they head for the door. Then he
stops. Something's eating at him.

DANIELLE

Is something wrong?

BRADY

No! What could be wrong? We're going
to your place. Before you see me
naked, keep in mind "athletic build"
can mean a lot of things.

DANIELLE

Maybe don't talk about it so much.

BRADY

Right. Got that. Here's the thing --
I can't help but think you're doing
this because I'm a unicorn.

DANIELLE

I'm sorry, you're a what?

BRADY

Because my wife died. It's a term for
a guy like me -- y'know, commitment
guy, not divorced, haven't been
sleeping around--

DANIELLE

What's wrong with divorced people who
sleep around?

BRADY

Nothing! I only meant -- (REALIZING)
I just described you, didn't I?

DANIELLE

Yes.

BRADY

(SINCERE) And good for you!

DANIELLE

Are you saying you don't want to have
sex with people like me?

BRADY

Oh no no no! I would love to!
Believe me, you have no idea how bad
I'd love to. But what just happened
in there -- that's my life now. I'm
just this guy this terrible thing
happened to. And it was terrible.
And yes, it's who I am, but it's not
all I want to be! I'm trying to move
on. So if I'm going to, y'know, "be"
with someone, it's got to be because
of me. Not because of what happened
to Jill.

Danielle looks at him sweetly.

DANIELLE

Brady, I've dated a lot of men. But
you... you are the biggest frickin'
mess I've ever met.

BRADY

Yeah, I get that a lot.

Danielle leaves. Brady sighs. He watches her go. Then he
crosses to the bar.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I'll have your largest, strongest
margarita.

As Brady waits for his drink, he senses something. He looks
down the bar to find Forrest and Ben on stools, staring at
the TV, like they don't know he's there. Irked, Brady waves
at them. They act shocked to see him.

BEN

(OVERDOING IT) Brady? Forrest, look
who's here! It's Brady.

FORREST

(CRINGING) Yes, I see.

BEN

Son of a gun! We had no idea you were
coming here.

BRADY

You recommended this place, and
Forrest made the reservation on
OpenTable.

BEN

Well... I'd forgotten.

The bartender sets down Brady's giant margarita.

BARTENDER

Here you go. On the house.

BRADY

Of course it is.

BEN

Sorry, buddy. First time out was always gonna be tough. It's like making pancakes, you always burn the first one. Now you're gonna make another pancake, and it's gonna be a big, fluffy bastard and you're gonna eat the hell out of it!

FORREST

I think you've overtaxed the pancake analogy.

BEN

Cut me some slack. First analogy is like the first pancake.

Brady takes a big swig of margarita.

CUT TO:

SCENE T

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. Brady enters. He glances toward the living room, which is lit only by the television. Natalie's on the couch, asleep. Brady looks at her for a beat. He pulls the blanket over her, then quietly crosses to the stairs.

NATALIE (O.C.)

I'm still really mad at you.

Brady smiles and turns on the light as Natalie sits up.

BRADY

Nat, trust me -- I will never try to replace Mom. I would never be able to. And considering how tonight went, I may actually never kiss another woman for the rest of my life.

NATALIE

Good.

BRADY

Now get dressed, we're going out for waffles. Like we used to with mom.

NATALIE

Now? It's a school night.

BRADY

You don't want waffles?

NATALIE

(EXCITED) I do, I just can't believe what a bad parent you are!

CUT TO:

SCENE U

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brady charges down the hall and whips open Grace's door.

BRADY

Gracie! Get up! We're--

GRACE (O.C.)

Dad!

Brady quickly shuts the door, white as a sheet.

BRADY

Sorry! (THEN) I'm not sorry. Grace!

Grace emerges, beet red, ironing down her top with her hands. A couple of steps behind is Andrew, buttoning up his shirt.

GRACE

Dad, you know Andrew.

ANDREW

(RE: FRONT DOOR) I'm just going to...

BRADY

You're not going anywhere, buddy!

(HEARING HIMSELF, CALMER) You know what, you're not the one who lied to me, you seem like a nice kid -- (TO GRACE) Is he a nice kid?

Natalie bounds up the stairs, pulling on her jacket.

NATALIE

Waffles! (SENSING TENSION) What? (SEES ANDREW, SMILES) Awww crap!

CUT TO:

SCENE W

INT. WAFFLE PLACE - NIGHT

The SERVER sets down waffles in front of Brady (shellshocked), Grace (mortified), and Natalie (stifling a giggle).

SERVER

Everything good here?

NATALIE

My sister let a boy touch her boob.

She exits. They all burst out laughing -- even Grace.

GRACE

It's not funny!

BRADY

(STIFLING LAUGHTER) It's really not.

Natalie drenches her waffle in syrup.

GRACE

Oh my god, that's way too much. What are you, a kindergartener?

BRADY

No changing the subject! I was so happy that you were being supportive. Turns out you just wanted to get me out of the house so you could, y'know...

NATALIE

Boob action.

BRADY

Yes, thanks Nat. (TO GRACE) You know what your mom would say right now?

GRACE

Yes, Dad.

BRADY

Well, what would that be? (OFF THEIR LOOKS) I'm at sea here, girls! Mom would've dealt with this, and I would have said "You listen to your mother," but I can't do that, so I'm screwed.

GRACE

Don't worry, Dad. I'm mature. You know you can trust me to handle stuff.

BRADY

Nope. I'm going to be all over you. And it's going to be horrible. For both of us. But if the three of us could get through the last year, we can get through anything.

We hear the FAIRY DUST SOUND. Brady cringes.

NATALIE

What keeps making that noise?

GRACE

It's your dating app, isn't it?

BRADY

No changing the subject!

CUT TO:

SCENE X

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAYS LATER

Brady is in a great mood, cooking up a storm. Delia, Forrest, Ben and Michelle are there with their various kids, along with a few of Natalie's basketball teammates and Andrew. Brady places a hot lasagna on the island and crosses off.

BRADY

All right, dinner is served!

MICHELLE

So good to see him cooking again.

FORREST

Sure is. (SNIFFS THE AIR) You know what I kinda forgot in all this? He's a terrible cook.

BEN

The worst.

Ben spoons some up. A little spills on the floor. The dog shies away from it.

DELIA

Good lord, even Linda won't eat it.

ANGLE ON: Brady, as he intercepts Andrew, who's petrified.

BRADY

Hey, Andrew. Thanks for coming.

ANDREW

You kind of made me.

BRADY

Because I get it. I know it's tough to be a boy your age.

(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

All these conflicting impulses, you
don't know what the hell you're doing.
(REALIZING) Actually, I guess I'm kind
of a boy your age, too.

Brady gives Andrew a hug. Grace enters.

GRACE

Dad! What are you doing?

BRADY

Hanging with my boy Andrew!

SFX: PHONE CHIME

Brady pulls out his phone as Grace drags Andrew away.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Wait -- Since when am I on Tinder?

He turns to Forrest, who shrugs.

FORREST

No harm in casting a wider net, right?

DELIA

I'm not comfortable being on Tinder.

BRADY

You're not on Tinder! I'm on Tinder!

BEN

Let's start swipin', baby!

A lively argument breaks out as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW