EPISODES

Episode 305

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY 1

BEVERLY and CAROL are hiking. Carol is telling Beverly about her hug with Castor at the end of the previous episode.

BEVERLY
Are you sure that’s what it was?

CAROL
I’m telling you! He’s hugging me, and I’m thinking, “ooo, his arms are so hard.” Then all of a sudden, it’s like, “fuck his arms, what the hell is that?!”

BEVERLY
Unbelievable.

CAROL
I know!

BEVERLY
No, my “unbelievable” is not a good “unbelievable”.

CAROL
Oh, come on! Just knowing he’s feeling what I’m feeling? And believe me, I felt what he’s feeling!

BEVERLY
Has history taught you nothing? You’ve been down this road before!

CAROL
But with Merc! If I knew I could only go down the road one time, that’s not who I would’ve gone down it with!

BEVERLY
Look, you asked my opinion --

CAROL
Did I?

BEVERLY
All right, I offered you my opinion --
CAROL
And I hear what you’re saying. But then I look at Castor. And he’s so brilliant, and sexy, and powerful!

BEVERLY
He’s your boss!

CAROL
I know! He’s the whole package!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY 1
CASTOR is on the couch, speaking with his PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST
So the side effects haven’t lessened at all?

CASTOR
Noooo. Yesterday I had to give this stupid woman who works for me a hug, and she was almost impaled on it.

PSYCHIATRIST
All right, we’ll start cutting back on your dosage.

CASTOR
Cutting back?? No! Can’t we just stop?

PSYCHIATRIST
Not with this medication. We have to wean you off slowly.

CASTOR
Just so you know, when you said “wean”, I got a little hard.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - SAME TIME - DAY 1
Carol and Beverly are still hiking.

BEVERLY
You realize we’re halfway up this mountain and all we’ve talked about is your boss’s erection.

CAROL
Okay, fine. Any erections you want to talk about?
BEVERLY
No.

CAROL
Really?

BEVERLY
No.

CAROL
You and Sean, still no...

BEVERLY
No.

CAROL
Have you thought about seeing someone? Like a couples counselor or something? I could ask my shrink to recommend someone.

BEVERLY
(stops, incredulous)
Wait a minute. You have a shrink??

CAROL
Uh huh. He’s really good.

BEVERLY
(knows better)
Really?

INT. JAMIE’S HOUSE/YOGA ROOM - DAY 1

JAMIE is doing yoga. Some pose with her butt in the air.

MATT (O.S.)
Hello?

JAMIE
In here!

MATT enters and sees her bent over.

MATT
That’s the best hello ever.

Jamie laughs.

MATT
Don’t move. Coming in for a kiss.

He leans down and kisses her.
JAMIE
Almost done.

MATT
No rush.

He looks around. There are blank spaces on the walls where large paintings should be.

MATT
Uh, what happened to all the paintings?

JAMIE
What do you mean?

MATT
Uh, the paintings that were hanging on the walls? They’re not.

JAMIE
(getting up)
Are you kidding?

MATT
You didn’t know?

JAMIE
No, I didn’t know! Which ones?!

MATT
Uh, the one over the fireplace --

JAMIE
The Diebenkorn’s gone?!

MATT
Assuming that’s a painting, yeah.
(looking around at walls)
And the one by the window. And the creepy baby faces. Gone.

JAMIE
(feeling the wall)
Oh my god!

MATT
Hang on.

He goes out a door.

MATT (O.S.)
Yeah, everything in here, too!
JAMIE
I don’t believe this!

He returns.

JAMIE
Is anything else missing?

MATT
I dunno. Doesn’t look like it.
   (then)
Who else besides me has your alarm code?

JAMIE
Uh, Maria... my assistant Missy...
   (realizes)
Oh, Jesus...

MATT
What?
   (following her thought)
No! That motherfucker! He still has your code?

JAMIE
Even he wouldn’t do this.

MATT
Merc?? He’d totally do this! Think of the shit he did to you when you weren’t divorcing him!
   (takes out his phone)
I’m calling him.

JAMIE
No. Don’t call him.

MATT
Oh, I’m calling him.

JAMIE
Please. Just let my lawyers handle it.

MATT
No, someone’s gotta tell him what a giant asshole he is.

JAMIE
Believe me, I’ve told him. Please. Stay out of it. For me?

He growls, frustrated.
JAMIE
Did you put your phone away?

MATT
(lying)
Yes.

JAMIE
Did you?

MATT
Yes.

JAMIE
Thank you.

Matt slips his phone back in his pocket as quietly as he can.

INT. “PUCKS!” HAIR & MAKE-UP ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY 2
Matt and MORNING are in the chairs having their hair and make-up done. SEAN enters.

SEAN
What’s the deal with this network press thing tonight?

MORNING
Uch, I forgot. That’s tonight?

MATT
It’s this stupid cocktail party for the TV critics. The networks do it every year.

SEAN
Seriously? The people who wrote all the nasty things about us? We have to have canapes with them?

MATT
Yeah, it’s not as much fun as it sounds.

SEAN
And there’s no getting out of it?

MORNING
Not unless you’re on a hit show.

SEAN
So there’s no getting out of it.

Beverly enters and sees Sean.
BEVERLY
There you are. Ready?

SEAN
For what?
  (off her look, remembering)
Oh, shit, that’s now?

MATT
What’s now?

BEVERLY
Nothing. It’s a... private thing.

MATT
What kind of private thing?

BEVERLY
Well, it’s a thing. And it’s private.

MATT
You’re really not gonna tell me?

BEVERLY
No.

Matt looks to Sean.

SEAN
No. See you tonight.

He and Beverly go.

MORNING
What do you think it is?

MATT
Who gives a shit?

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - LATER - DAY 2

Sean and Beverly sit facing a THERAPIST. She’s in her fifties, a warm maternal presence.

THERAPIST
So have either of you ever been to a sex therapist before?

Sean and Beverly stare at her for a beat, stunned.

BEVERLY
Uh, we were under the impression that you were a couples counselor.
THERAPIST
Specializing in sex therapy.

SEAN
Bloody hell...

BEVERLY
We were not aware.

SEAN
(teeth clenched)
Thank you, Carol.

THERAPIST
So this isn’t a sexual issue you’re here to deal with?

BEVERLY
Well... it is.
   (off Sean’s look)
   It is.

THERAPIST
All right, then why don’t you tell me a little bit about what’s going on.

Beverly looks to Sean. He just glowers. So she goes.

BEVERLY
Okay. Well. We have recently gone through a, uh, bit of a rough patch in our marriage... which we have both worked very hard to get past. Unfortunately, it has left us with certain... ramifications...

THERAPIST
Sexual?

BEVERLY

SEAN
(sotto)
Say it another ten times.

BEVERLY
(sotto)
I’m sorry. It is sexual.

SEAN
Nine more.
THERAPIST
Sean, let me ask you a question: are you able to achieve an erection?

SEAN
(highly uncomfortable)
I’d really rather not say.

THERAPIST
If you want me to help you...

BEVERLY
(to Sean, gently)
That is why we’re here...

SEAN
(sighs)
Fine.

THERAPIST
So are you...

SEAN
Am I what?

THERAPIST
Able to achieve an erection.

SEAN
(hating this)
Mmm hmm.

THERAPIST
And do you find it difficult to maintain your erection to complete intercourse?

SEAN
I’d rather not say.

BEVERLY
(answering for him)
Yes.

He shoots her a look.

THERAPIST
Do you masturbate?

SEAN
Her or me?

THERAPIST
You.
SEAN
I’d rather not say.

We hear the sound of a TICKING CLOCK as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE – A LITTLE LATER – DAY 2

THERAPIST
Beverly, I’d like to try an exercise.

BEVERLY
All right.

THERAPIST
If your vagina could speak to Sean right now, what would it say to him?

BEVERLY
If my vagina could speak, we’d be having an entirely different set of problems.

THERAPIST
I sense your discomfort, but please...

BEVERLY
Okay. Uhhh... I don’t know. I suppose if it could speak, it would want him to know --

THERAPIST
No no, as your vagina. To Sean.

Beverly is at an utter loss. For some reason she gives her vagina a deeper, Yoda-like voice:

BEVERLY
“Hi, Sean...”

Sean just stares at her, incredulous.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE – A LITTLE LATER – DAY 2

The therapist is speaking to both of them.

THERAPIST
Have you two thought about alternatives to intercourse? Perhaps you could pleasure each other orally. Or engage in anal play.
SEAN
(frozen smile)
Absolutely.

BEVERLY
(frozen smile)
Mmm.

SEAN
(sotto to Beverly)
Take me home. I want to go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY 2

Beverly is speaking to Sean in her Yoda-like “vagina” voice:

BEVERLY
“Though others have been in me, you are the one I want.”

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY 2

THERAPIST
Sean, as you find yourself losing your erection...

SEAN
Oh good, we’re back on that.

THERAPIST
Do you think there’s anything that Beverly could do differently?

SEAN
No.

THERAPIST
Maybe something she used to do. Or some fantasy...

SEAN
No.

THERAPIST
Maybe something this other woman did...

SEAN
Oh god, no. Look, it’s not about sex.
THERAPIST
(knows better)
Well...

SEAN
It’s not. I hate to disappoint you. I realize that’s your “thing”. And I’m sorry if this leaves you out of the mix. But what happened to us had nothing to do with copulation. And I’m speaking for my cock as well.

THERAPIST
So then, what is it about?

SEAN
Trust.

THERAPIST
Trust.

SEAN
Right. It’s not about sex. It’s not even about love. Love’s the easy bit. Turns out finding trust with someone... feeling safe, that’s...
(shakes his head)
And when I finally found it, I thought, well, there you go. That’s it. But when the trust goes away... When you can’t feel it anymore... I don’t know how you get it back.
(pause)
Sometimes I think...

THERAPIST
What?

SEAN
Sometimes I think maybe we’ve somehow broken something fundamental that can’t be fixed.

Silence. Beverly takes his hand.

EXT. MATT’S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - LATER - DAY 2

Matt is in his car, leaving for the network press party. As he reaches the end of his driveway, a car pulls up, blocking his way. A man jumps out. It’s MERC.

MATT
(getting out of his car)
What the fuck?! Are you crazy?!
MERC
You had to tell her about the fucking paintings! She was fine till you opened your big mouth! **Three weeks** she didn’t even know they were gone! Now all of a sudden it’s “Oh, I need my paintings! I can’t **feel the presence** of my art!”

MATT
God, you’re a dick.

MERC
Then suck me! Just stay out of my god damn business!

MATT
Or what? You’ll cancel my show? Oh wait, you can’t. Because they cancelled you.

MERC
You know what? I’m glad I didn’t cancel you. I like knowing you’re stuck in that piece of shit. Feels good.

MATT
Oh, yeah? You know what really feels good? Putting my **penis** inside your wife’s **vagina**.

MERC
Oh, look who went to medical school! You know what? You can have her!

MATT
I already got her!

MERC
Well, keep her! By the way, is the whole blind thing getting a little tired yet? Wait’ll you watch her eat soup!

MATT
All right, that’s it. Get the hell out of my driveway. And you better put those fucking paintings back!

MERC
Or what?

Matt starts to advance on him.
MERC
You don’t scare me.

He backs up, moving to the other side of his car.

MERC
I’m serious. You do not want to mess with this.

Matt says nothing, but keeps advancing. Merc keeps retreating around the car.

MERC
I swear to god...

He reaches the driver’s door.

MERC
You’re lucky I have dinner plans.

He jumps into his car. With a screech of tires, he drives away.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY VENUE - LATER THAT EVENING - NIGHT 2

We are at the network cocktail party for the television critics. It’s a splashy event at some outdoor venue. There are posters for many of the network’s shows. It’s a BIG CROWD: network execs, TV journalists, actors and producers from all the shows. Morning is speaking with a JOURNALIST who holds a recorder.

MORNING
We’re all really excited about the show moving to Saturday.

JOURNALIST #1
(offering recorder)
Talk a little more about that.

MORNING
Well, there’s so little original programming on Saturdays. It gives us a chance to reach a whole new audience.

JOURNALIST #1
So basically you’re hoping to do well only because there’s nothing else on.

MORNING
Yeah!
Across the way, Sean and Beverly are speaking with another JOURNALIST who holds a recorder.

JOURNALIST #2
I never saw it, but when you did the show in England, it was a big hit, right? Is there something we’re not getting?

BEVERLY
(onto his recorder)
You’re not getting the show we did in England.

Carol comes up, overhearing this.

CAROL
(to the reporter)
Excuse me. Can I just steal these two for a sec?

She guides Sean and Beverly away.

CAROL
You’re welcome.

SEAN
Oh my god, does anyone like our show?

CAROL
Probably.

She spots Castor across the way, speaking with journalists.

CAROL
Ooo, there he is.

BEVERLY
There who is?

CAROL
Castor. What do you think?

BEVERLY
I think he’s the cliff and you’re Thelma and Louise.

CAROL
(admiring Castor)
Yeah, I’d drive off that.

SEAN
O-kay. When you’re finished talking business, I’ll be over at the bar.
He moves off. Carol continues to stare at Castor.

    CAROL
    Look at him. And he’s under so much pressure. This is, like, his first official thing. It’s got to be so hard...

She admires him for another beat. Then sighs.

    CAROL
    Anyway.
    
    BEVERLY
    By the way, at some point we need to have a little chat about our visit to the counselor today.

    CAROL
    Oh, right. How’d it go?
    
    BEVERLY
    Not now.
    
    CAROL
    No. Tell me.
    
    BEVERLY
    You might have mentioned she’s a sex therapist.
    
    CAROL
    Didn’t I?
    
    BEVERLY
    No.
    
    CAROL
    No?
    
    BEVERLY
    No. She talked about “anal play”.
    
    CAROL
    Maybe let’s do this later.
    
    BEVERLY
    Let’s.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY VENUE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME - NIGHT 2

A NETWORK PUBLICIST is walking Matt into the event.
PUBLICIST
(into headset)
I have Matt LeBlanc coming in.
(to Matt)
Morning and the Boys are here already.
And you know Stoke’s not coming, right?

MATT
How the hell did he get out of it?

PUBLICIST
He’s shooting some V05 commercial.

MATT
Fucking hair!

PUBLICIST
The important thing is you’re here. Everybody’s very excited to talk to you.

MATT
Great. And I’m very excited about vodka. Can you get me vodka?

PUBLICIST
I can. Anything you need, I’m here.

MATT
Um, vodka.

PUBLICIST
Absolutely. First let’s just go through a few quick talking points...

MATT
Yeah, yeah...

PUBLICIST
You’re really psyched about “Pucks!” big move to Saturday.

MATT
Uh huh...

PUBLICIST
It’s a great opportunity for the show. Feels like a fresh start.

MATT
Sure...
PUBLICIST
It’s a chance to attract a whole new audience.

MATT
Anything else?

PUBLICIST
(off his deliberate look)
Vodka.

MATT
There you go.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY VENUE - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT 2

Matt, vodka in hand, is talking with a few JOURNALISTS who all hold recorders or phones out. He’s good at this.

JOURNALIST #3
I gotta ask. What made you come back in this?

MATT
Uh, a new bank opened down the street and I wanted to fill it up.

The reporters all laugh.

JOURNALIST #3
Seriously, after being on a hit, this has gotta be rough. No?

MATT
Nah. I’m having a blast. Very excited about the show moving to Saturday.
(into their recorders)
Saturday.

JOURNALIST #4
Even though you’re barely on it now?

MATT
(forced chuckle)
Well, that’s not true. How come all of a sudden no one wants to talk about my hair going gray?

He gets a few smiles with that.

JOURNALIST #4
No offense, it’s not really your show anymore.
MATT
(jovial)
What, are you trying to make trouble here? It’s still my show.

JOURNALIST #4
Is it?

He directs Matt’s attention to the new “Pucks!” poster. It has the three “Pucks!” Boys featured significantly in the foreground and a tiny little Matt behind them. Matt stares at it, never having seen it before.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY VENUE - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT 2

Matt is with Sean and Beverly at the bar. They’re looking over at the “Pucks!” poster.

BEVERLY
I swear they never showed it to us.

MATT
Look at that! I’m smaller than the fucking puck!

A heavy-set, bearded TV CRITIC comes up to the bar.

TV CRITIC
(to bartender)
Could I have a daiquiri, please?
(sees Matt)

MATT
Hey.
(them recognizes him)
Hey. You’re the guy who called me fat.

TV CRITIC
Uh...

MATT
In your review, you called me fat. Are you fucking kidding me? You’re ten times fatter than me!

TV CRITIC
Well...

MATT
You can’t tell from that tiny picture on your stupid column.
And with the beard and everything.
But that’s all face under there. Wow!

He shakes his head and walks off. Sean and Beverly are left with the critic. Awkward beat.

SEAN
So you know we’re moving to Saturday.

The critic just walks away.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY VENUE - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT 2

Sean and Beverly are still at the bar.

SEAN
How much longer do we have to stay?

BEVERLY
I don’t know. I --

She spots ANDREW LESLEY across the way. He’s regaling a group of listeners with a story.

BEVERLY
Shit.

SEAN
What?

BEVERLY
Over there.

SEAN
Oh, dear god, please don’t let him see us.

BEVERLY
I swear I can not face him tonight.
If I hear one more “Bev! Guess what! I farted and an Oscar came out!”

SEAN
All right, if he starts toward us, let’s just pretend --

Just then, Andrew glances their way.

SEAN
Fuck, he saw us!

BEVERLY
(turning away)
Oh, god. Please don’t come over.
Please don’t come over. Is he coming over?

SEAN
(puzzled)
No.

They both look. Andrew continues to chat and makes no effort to acknowledge them. He just blanks them.

BEVERLY
That’s odd.

SEAN
You’re sure it’s him?

BEVERLY
Of course it’s him. Look at the poncy scarf.

SEAN
Maybe he didn’t see us.

BEVERLY
Oh, he saw us! Look! He just saw us again!

SEAN
And nothing!

BEVERLY
He didn’t even wave!

SEAN
He’s blowing us off!

BEVERLY
That little shit!

Matt returns.

MATT
(to bartender)
Gimme a vodka. And then another vodka.
(to Sean and Beverly)
What are you guys staring at?

SEAN
That dick-whistle Andrew Lesley.

MATT
(excited)
Andrew Lesley’s here?
He spots Andrew and bolts over to him, leaving Sean and Beverly even more indignant. Matt approaches Andrew.

MATT
Andrew. Hey.

ANDREW
Monsieur LeBlanc!

Matt gives him an effusive hug.

MATT
What are you doing here?

ANDREW
I just shot a pilot with the network.

MATT
Plus the one for NBC?

ANDREW
I know. I worry there won’t be enough of me to go around!

MATT
Listen, I never got to tell you, I fucking loved your script.

ANDREW
You did not!

MATT
Oh my god. Are you kidding?

ANDREW
(false modesty)
Well, everyone says it, but still...

MATT
So... where are you with casting?

ANDREW
In hell, thanks to you. You positively ruined me. Now I can only hear your voice in my head.

MATT
Well, keep hearing it. ‘Cause they’re trying “Pucks!” on a new night, and if it doesn’t work...

ANDREW
Now you’re just being a tease. Stop teasing me!
Sean and Beverly watch this love-fest, nauseated.

SEAN
Look at them.

BEVERLY
What an asshole.

SEAN
Which one?

BEVERLY
Take your pick.

Meanwhile, across the party, Castor is speaking to several journalists. One of them is the fat, bearded critic.

CASTOR
Look, it's no secret we're in last place. The good news is we have nowhere to go but up. And yes, I'm aware that's not very good news.

JOURNALIST #4
It's gotta feel like your schedule's in free fall though.

CASTOR
I think all network TV's in free fall. We're just the first ones pushed out of the plane.

This gets a chuckle from reporters. As Castor speaks, we see his POV: he is focused on the fat, bearded critic's mouth as he sips his drink. TIGHT SHOT of the straw going in and out of his fat, bearded lips. Kind of disgusting, but for Castor strangely arousing. He struggles to keep his concentration.

JOURNALIST #3
Does it worry you that you've never run a network before?

CASTOR
(mock surprise)
What??

The reporters laugh.

CASTOR
Okay, look, what can I say? The last guy who had this job ran the network for years. Unfortunately, he ran it into the ground.
His eye keeps returning to the fat lips as they pucker and suck, pucker and suck on the straw.

JOURNALIST #4
So you’re saying this is all Merc Lapidus’s mess?

CASTOR
(distracted by the lips)
I’m sorry, what?

JOURNALIST #4
Merc’s mess?

CASTOR
Uh, no. Uh... look, I could easily pin it all on him. But it’s a different landscape today. We’re not just competing against each other...

He shifts uncomfortably, then discretely checks to make sure the bottom of his jacket is concealing his crotch.

CASTOR
There are -- there are, um, all these new platforms...

When the bearded critic starts to noisily suck the last dregs of his cocktail, Castor can’t take it. It’s too arousing.

CASTOR
Excuse me a moment.

He has to flee. He heads for the exit. Across the way, Carol is chatting with someone. She sees Castor rushing out.

CAROL
I’m sorry, I’ll be right back.

She follows Castor, concerned.

EXT. NETWORK PARTY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 2
Carol finds Castor pacing in the parking lot.

CAROL
Hey, there. Are you all right?

CASTOR
I’m fine. Go back to the party.

CAROL
Look. I get it. It’s hard.
CASTOR
You -- you can tell?

CAROL
Of course I can tell.

CASTOR
Oh, Jesus. You think everyone can tell?

CAROL
No! No. You’re doing great. But I totally get what you’re going through.

CASTOR
You do??

CAROL
Totally. Now listen to me: you’re not alone in this. No matter how hard it gets. And believe me, it can always get harder.

CASTOR
Oooh, I don’t think that’s possible.

CAROL
I’m here for you. Whatever you need.

CASTOR
(intrigued)
Really?

EXT. NETWORK PARTY PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT 2

WIDE SHOT of the parking lot. One car is moving slightly. Carol and Castor are having sex in the back of his Maserati.

EXT. TRAIL HEAD - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY 3

Beverly is waiting for Carol at the trail head. Carol pulls up. She gets out of her car wearing her dress from the night before. She’s looking worse for wear.

BEVERLY
Well, don’t you look pretty. I didn’t realize the dress code this morning was “cocktail disheveled”.

CAROL
I tried calling, but there’s no reception up here. I can’t do this today.
BEVERLY
Is it the heels?

CAROL
I never got home last night.

BEVERLY
I couldn’t help but notice your hiking outfit did look familiar.

CAROL
Don’t be mad.

BEVERLY
Castor?

CAROL
Oh. My. God.

BEVERLY
You slept with him.

CAROL
I swear there was no sleeping. It was insane. He went literally -- literally -- all night. I’ve never seen anything like it. Merc on a good day, plus Viagra, maybe ten minutes. This was superhuman. Calendar pages were flying off. Flowers were coming up and opening and dying.

BEVERLY
Wow. I guess, hmm, no offense, but... I definitely hate you.

CAROL
What...?
   (realizing)
Oh god, sorry!

BEVERLY
No, no, don’t feel bad. It’s not at all like telling Ghandi about how you ate a whole ham!

She turns and starts her hike. Carol calls after her:

CAROL
If it helps, I’m really sore.

BEVERLY
(not even looking back)
Doesn’t help!
EXT. MATT’S HOUSE/PATIO - SAME TIME - DAY 3

Matt’s in the pool. His phone rings. He swims up to it, sees who it is and answers.

MATT
Hello, there.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAMIE’S HOUSE/LANDING - SAME TIME - DAY 3

JAMIE
Hey. I just thought you’d be happy to know the paintings are back.

MATT
Really?

JAMIE
Up on the walls and everything.

MATT
That’s great.

JAMIE
Thank you for staying out of it. I know that wasn’t easy.

MATT
Ahh, I’m just happy it all worked out.

JAMIE
So am I seeing you later?

We REVEAL that unbeknownst to Jamie, the painting behind her is now just a white canvas that has “FUCK YOU, LEBLANC!” scrawled across it.

MATT
Definitely. Maybe go to the beach?

As Jamie walks down the hall, we see more white canvases with “EAT SHIT, ASSHOLE!” and “MATT LEBLANC BLOWS GUYS!” Jamie is completely unaware.

JAMIE
Sounds great. I’m dying for a swim. Maybe after we could go out somewhere.

MATT
How about Nobu?
JAMIE

Nobu! I love Nobu...

INT. SEAN AND BEVERLY’S HOUSE – THAT EVENING – NIGHT 3

Beverly is looking in the fridge. Sean enters.

SEAN

What are you doing?

BEVERLY

I don’t know. Just looking.

SEAN

(after a pause)
Would you like a chair?

BEVERLY

(shutting the fridge)
No.

SEAN

Want to do something?

BEVERLY

Sure. What?

SEAN

Anything. I don’t care.

BEVERLY

Like a movie or something?

SEAN

(“not so much”)
Mmm.

BEVERLY

So not anything.

SEAN

Not really in a movie mood.

BEVERLY

We could just stay home and “pleasure each other orally”.

SEAN

Oh my god! That was the worst hour of my life!

BEVERLY

So then not up for a little “anal play”? 
SEAN
Saw an anal play once.

BEVERLY
Was it shitty?

SEAN
It was!

BEVERLY
And that’s why we get the big bucks.

They both laugh.

BEVERLY
Will you ever recover from that?

SEAN
Never! Permanently traumatized! And by the way, why does your vagina sound like Yoda?

BEVERLY
I didn’t know what to do!

SEAN
(as Yoda)
Penetrate me, you could. Lubricated, I am.

BEVERLY
(laughing)
Shut up!

SEAN
(as Yoda)
Sometimes like popcorn, I smell.

BEVERLY
Stop it!

He grabs her and puts his arms around her. They stop laughing and look at each other. Pause.

BEVERLY
We’re not broken.

SEAN
You don’t think?

BEVERLY
Maybe a little cracked.
He smiles and kisses her. Then they kiss again with more fervor. The moment builds...

INT. SEAN AND BEVERLY’S HOUSE/BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT 3

Sean and Beverly are in bed, aglow. Apparently things have gone well. They’re both a little stunned.

BEVERLY
Wow.

SEAN
Did not see that coming.

BEVERLY
Nooo.
(pause)
What was different this time?

SEAN
I have no idea. But we have to remember everything we did.

BEVERLY
Oh, I’ll remember.

SEAN
Should we do it again, just to make sure?

BEVERLY
Really??

SEAN
Mmm hmm.

BEVERLY
That doctor is a genius.

They kiss. Then:

SEAN
Oh, shit. What time is it?

BEVERLY
Seriously?

SEAN
(looking at clock)
We missed our show.

BEVERLY
What show?
SEAN
What show??

BEVERLY
Oh, right. It’s Saturday.
(pause)
Oh, well.

They go back to kissing.

INT. “PUCKS!” STAGE - MONDAY MORNING - DAY 4

Sean, Beverly, Matt, Morning and BRIAN are reading the ratings.

SEAN
(dismayed)
Unbelievable. We lost to something called “Storage Wars: Texas”.

BRIAN
Which was a repeat, by the way.

SEAN
We also lost to “Wicked Tuna”...
“Jerseylicious”... “Swamp People” --

MATT
(genuine)
Oh, shit, I missed “Swamp People”?

Sean just stares at him.

MORNING
This is not good, people.

SEAN
All right, but it’s just the first week. They’ve got to give the audience a chance to find us. I mean, they’ve got to, right?

INT. NETWORK OFFICES/CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY 4

Castor and Carol are looking at the large board with the schedule. Castor takes the “Pucks!” card off the board and tosses it away. They’re off the air. FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW