OPEN ON: PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS
Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then a second baby
joins in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear
the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

GROGGY WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Your turn.

GROGGY MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Fuck.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

DAVE LOCKWOOD, 30, bleary-eyed father of three, shuffles
through his well-appointed suburban home, passing a
grandfather clock reading 3:45. He stumbles over a TOY
GIRAFFE -- it SQUEAKS, and Dave sleepily mumbles:

DAVE
Sorry Hank.

INT. NURSERY-- NIGHT

His eyes half-open, Dave changes the diaper of his very
cute, very insane nine month old daughter, SARAH, who screams and
pitches about her changing table.

DAVE

PLEASE DON'T--

Honey, that's not--
Maybe if you--
She snatches a tin of baby powder and swings it about like a
mace, knocking over the diaper caddy, the wipes, the lotion
and dispersing a cloud of white powder all over the nursery.
Blinded and SNEEZING, Dave manages to stay on point and change the diaper like Van Damme at the end of Bloodsport.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Can't-see ...must...persevere...
He finishes changing Sarah, places her back in her crib, then picks up Sarah's twin brother, PETER, from his crib -- which is good because he's been SLAMMING his head against the wall.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy, we've talked about the head thing--
Dave places Peter on the changing table and opens his diaper. It's only wet, and Dave, pleasantly relieved, reaches for a fresh diaper...

2.
Only Sarah has knocked the caddy all the way down the changing table...
Holding down Peter with his left hand, Dave fully extends, leaning waaaay over, reaching for the diaper caddy...
It's just out of reach... he somehow stretches further...
It's only when Dave glances back that he realizes that his head is now perfectly lined up with his son's QUIVERING ANUS.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh no.

THE BABY'S BUTT-HOLE ERUPTS
with mustardy projectile stool, blasting Dave in the eyes, nose and open mouth. Dave remains frozen, excrement dripping down his face -- but, like a true dad, he does not let go of his squirming child...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT
Dave staggers down the hall, his hair white with baby powder, his face covered in poo, and a twin in each arm SCREAMING into each of his ears.
He soldiers on, stoic, an unsung hero in his time...

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Juggling the twins in his arms, Dave wipes his face off with paper towels and prepares two baby bottles -- nipples, filters, defrosted breastmilk -- while the babies take turns kicking him in the balls and SCREAMING.

DAVE

Please, sweetheart, not my--

Honey, Daddy needs those--

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

Dave sits on his couch and positions the screaming, squirming twins across his lap in an X pattern, plunks the bottles into their mouths -- and instantly the twins settle down and slurp away like perfect little angels.

Dave exhales. Whew. Then he reaches for the remote control and turns on the TV. An old rerun of Magnum, P.I. is playing.

Dave watches, exhausted and expressionless.

3.

ON SCREEN, Tom Selleck, resplendent in mustache, corduroy short shorts, and Hawaiian shirt, teaches a nubile CO-ED in a scandalous bikini how to snorkel in beautiful sun-drenched Waikiki. They're laughing and having a blast...

Dave watches, detached... Then his face starts to change...

MAGNUM, P.I.

Is this the life you always dreamed of?

Dave shakes his head, no, despair in his eyes...

ON TV, the co-ed nods, yes, and hungrily kisses Magnum...

Dave watches on with genuine existential longing... and soon a tear falls from his eye. And then another.
DAVE
Take me with you Magnum P. I...
Before long Dave is CRYING like a schoolgirl.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Please take me with you...

CUT TO:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
How are the kids?

DAVE (V.O.)
Terrific! Just terrific.
We are now

INT. STEEL, KUHBACH, MCCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING

Dave, in a conservative suit and clutching a massive coffee, hurries down the hall with FLEMMING STEEL III, 50's, stiff, humorless WASPY partner of this white shoe law firm.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Children are such a joy.

DAVE
Aren't they? Yes. Always.
(to passing SECRETARY)
Good morning, Rebecca.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Any word on the Amalgamated merger?

4.

DAVE
All but signed.

FLEMMING STEEL III
And just in time for your partner review no less.

DAVE
(SMILING)
Really? I hadn't noticed.

**FLEMMING STEEL III**
I look forward to having your antic sense of humor in the partners' suite, Lockwood. It can get a touch dry up there.

**DAVE**
Thank you, sir.

**FLEMMING STEEL III**
(re: Dave's necktie knot)
But a double windsor? Come on, son, this isn't the dog track.

**DAVE**
No sir, absolutely not. So sorry. Dave quickly undoes his tie as Flemming turns down a hallway.

**SABRINA MCARDLE**
(cute young paralegal, falls into step with Dave, stymieing laughter.)

**SABRINA MCARDLE**
Really? The dog track?

**DAVE**
Last week he told me my shoes were "dangerously Italian."

**SABRINA MCARDLE**
(laughing, handing him docs) Amalgamated signing statements.

**DAVE**
Thanks, Sabrina.

**SABRINA MCARDLE**
Have a good one...
She smiles and breezes back down the hallway. Dave stops and watches her go, lust in his eyes.
Then he hears TSK-TSK-TSK. He looks over at his mean old secretary, GLADYS, 71, sitting at her desk.

GLADYS
For shame, Mr. Lockwood! For shame!
You are a married man!

DAVE
I have no idea what you're talking about, Gladys...
Reddening, he snatches a huge pile of pink message slips and hurries towards his office. She follows him, scolding:

GLADYS
With children.

DAVE
Yes, thank you, I almost forgot about them for like two seconds...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS
Dave enters his modest office; his phone is RINGING.

GLADYS
The only thing that harlot needs to put in her mouth is a sandwich.

DAVE
Gladys, I'm a grown man, okay?
He angrily punches "SPEAKER" on his RINGING phone as he reties his tie with a more traditional knot.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Lockwood.
A shrill, horribly impersonated British accent fills Dave's office -- as well as all of the surrounding offices.

VOICE ON PHONE

YES, MY DOUCHEBAG EXPLODED THIS MORNING AND I'D LIKE TO SUE--!
As Gladys and various CO-WORKERS turn, shocked, Dave quickly fumbles for the receiver and takes the call off speaker.

DAVE
Jesus, Mitch, I'm at work--
6.

VOICE ON PHONE

WHO'S MITCH?! THIS IS MISS ELIZA HAVERSHAM AND I AM THE VICTIM OF A FAULTY BAG OF DOUCHE!

DAVE
Dude, how stoned are you?

INTERCUT WITH:
MITCH PLANKO, 30, shirtless, Dodgers hat backwards, sitting on a futon in his sparse white apartment, smoking a bong shaped like a shotgun. Beat. He drops the horrible accent:

MITCH
I'm pretty stoned.

DAVE
Come on, it's 10 in the morning.

MITCH
Dude, guess what? Great news.

DAVE
What?

MITCH
I found a futon on the street.

DAVE
That is great news.

MITCH
I sort of had to fight a bum for it -- is that bad?

DAVE
Kind of. Is there a reason you're calling or--?

MITCH
Are you gonna bitch out on tonight? You are, aren't you.
Dave, half-listening, sits at his desk and answers emails.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Dodgers-Giants, dude! We haven't missed one of these in like 20 years! Don't be a vajeen!

DAVE
Dude, I'm coming--

7.

MITCH
You always do this! You never make time for your friends anymore and I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this, but people are starting to talk. Feelings are getting hurt.

DAVE
Really? Whose feelings?

MITCH
Not mine, because, like a samurai, I have trained myself to feel nothing except revenge and honor, but other people -- nameless, other, more sensitive people -- are hurt, and they think you need to treasure your friendships a little bit more.
(exhaling massive bong rip)
How concerned should I be that my new futon smells like death?

DAVE
(distracted, typing)
Look, just, what time are you picking me up tonight?

MITCH
If you bail I will rape you.

DAVE
Dude, I get it, I'm coming--

MITCH
In your eye. I will eye-rape you.

REPEATEDLY--
Just then there's a knock on Mitch's apartment door.

VOICE AT HIS DOOR (V.0.)
Mitch?

MITCH
Shit.
Mitch starts waving away the pot smoke.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Gotta go, pick you up at six--!

8.
STAY WITH MITCH as he quickly clicks off his iPhone, jams
his bong under the futon, opens the window, and tries to blow
the pot smoke out of his apartment with quick little PUFFS.

MITCH (CONT'D)
One sec, Dad!
The smoke clears and Mitch jogs to the door and opens it to
reveal his father, MITCH, SR., 60's, friendly, in a suit,
holding a pile of mail.

MITCH, SR.
Hey, buddy! Your mailbox was
spilling over.

MITCH
Oh thanks, I always forget.
They hug, and Mitch takes the mail and, without looking at
it, chucks it onto a HUGE PILE OF OLD MAIL in the corner.

MITCH, SR.
Were you smoking marijuana in here?

MITCH
No! Honestly, it's my new futon, it smells like illegal drugs.

MITCH, SR.
We've talked about this, Mitch. Smoke your grass on the balcony, okay? It's just hard for me to tell the other tenants they can't smoke in their units when my own son is blazing away in his, you know?

MITCH
You got it, Dad.

MITCH, SR.
Oh hey, I saw your commercial on channel 9 again last night...

MITCH
Which one? "Give Gonorrhea The Boot" or "Samir's Pet Shack Our Low Low Prices Are Snake-sational?"

MITCH, SR.
Samir's Pet Shack. It's just a shame you can't see your face in that giant ape costume.

9.

MITCH
Actually, the real shame is that Samir paid me in fucking organic bird seed, but whatever... He glares at several crates of BIRD SEED by the door.

MITCH, SR.
Well, your mother would've liked it. She always loved animals...

(AWKWARD MOMENT)
Anyway. I was just in the neighborhood, wanted to check in. How you doing, cash-wise?
MITCH
I'm a little tight, actually, Pops. Especially vis a vis, you know, the whole bird seed situation.

MITCH, SR.
Five hundred?

MITCH
Can you make it a grand?
Mitch's dad smiles to hide his disappointment and hands his 30-year-old son a roll of hundred dollar bills.

MITCH, SR.
You thought any more about coming to work for me?

MITCH
Yeeeah...I'm not really sure I'm a "work" guy, you know what I mean? Plus, I've been getting a ton of auditions recently, so...

MITCH, SR.
Okay, well, my door is always open.

MITCH
Thanks, pop. Bones.
Mitch, Sr. smiles and awkwardly bumps his son's fist.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Batting cages next weekend?

MITCH, SR.
Great! See you then.

10.
Mitch, Sr. smiles sadly and exits. Mitch BURPS and reaches for his bong, having noticed none of his father's distress...

DISSOLVE TO:
EXTERNAL. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BRENTWOOD -- EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of Dave's beautiful colonial home. Huge oak trees shade the lush front lawn. New Audi and BMW station wagons sit in the driveway. We hear WATER SPLASHING...

INTERNAL. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- EVENING

The twins sit in the bath, motionless, anticipatory...

DAVE (V.O.) .AND THEN THE BABY-EATING MONSTER EMERGES FROM THE DEEP RAAWWWR.

Dave rises up from beside the tub, arms upraised, soap suds covering his face! The twins SCREAM and SPLASH, ecstatic! Dave tries not to laugh, but he's having too much fun... Behind Dave, his sweet daughter CARA, 5, sits on the closed toilet lid in a ballet tutu, reading her BUTTERFLY BOOK.

CARA

Daddy daddy, which is your favorite butterfly, the Southern Monarch or the Many-Spotted Skipperling?

Dave glances at the book as he washes the twins.

DAVE

Oh, I'm a Many-Spotted Skipperling man all the way. The Southern Monarch is just a glorified moth.

CARA (VERY SERIOUS)

Yes. I tend to agree...

Dave smiles. Then his handsome wife JAMIE, 30's, blows into the bathroom in a suit and starts removing her makeup.

JAMIE

What a day. Dr. Klein lost the twins immunization record, the wireless went down, and Cara got bullied in ballet class again.
11.

CARA
Nicolette Peters keeps knocking me over during the battement glisse.

DAVE
Oh, I'm sorry, sugar-bug...
Dave looks genuinely concerned. Cara just shrugs and keeps reading her butterfly book. Jamie whispers to him:

JAMIE
We need to remind her to keep striving for verbal resolution.

DAVE
Right, of course.
Jamie finally notices Dave's foam-covered face, and softens.

JAMIE
And how was your day, monster man?
Before Dave can answer, the doorbell rings, DING-DONG! They exchange the weary smile of parents who never see each other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
He's early.

DAVE
Of course he's early. All he does all day is eat hummus and masturbate.

CUT TO:

THE FRONT DOOR OPENING
to reveal MITCH in shades, fedora, and a Dodgers jersey. Jamie, holding Cara, lets him in.

MITCH
Whatup bitches!

JAMIE

(LAUGHING)
Really?
He takes Cara and playfully -- and incredibly recklessly -- flips her in the air.

MITCH
How's my favorite ballerina?!

12.

CARA
I'm good! Are you coming to my recital on Thursday?!

MITCH
Oh no, honey, the only style of dancing I support is exotic...
He plunks her on the floor and blows into

DAVE'S AMAZING KITCHEN
replete with granite counter tops, built-in appliances, fresh flowers, and bowls teeming with fruit. Mitch beelines for the Subzero fridge and opens it: it's stocked. His eyes alight.

MITCH
Jesus Christ you could feed Africa with this fridge...
As Jamie starts prepping a salad across the kitchen, Mitch raids the fridge, packing his cargo pants with kid's snacks, bagels, yogurts, juice boxes, everything.

MITCH (CONT'D)
These leftovers from Morton's?

JAMIE
Oh no, hon, those are super old-- Too late -- Mitch is already eating the very old steak.

MITCH
Chimichurri. score.
As Mitch chews, he eyes Jamie chopping vegetables.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You look hot by the way, Jame.
Jamie laughs but clearly doesn't mind the flirtation.

JAMIE
Thanks... sort of...?
MITCH
No really. I never would've guessed twins.

JAMIE
Annnnd that's probably enough--

13.

MITCH
Is Dave still meeting your needs sexually? Jamie just laughs, shaking her head, unbelievable.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh, did I tell you I ran into Miss Hickam last week at Starbucks?

JAMIE
Our old kindergarten teacher?!

MITCH
Yeah. She always liked Dave better than me...

JAMIE
Honey, everyone likes Dave better than you.

MITCH
Fair enough. Anyway, I tried to get her number, but she goes "I don't date former students," so I go, "great, do you fuck former students?" and then she calls me a "potty-mouth degenerate" and runs out without her coffee. So I got a free venti macchiato, which is cool-

DAVE (O.S.)
Bathed, changed and in their Pis. Mitch turns to see Dave in khakis and a buttondown, entering the kitchen with the freshly bathed twins. Mitch grins:
MITCH
Awww! Come to Uncle Mitch...
Dave hands the twins to Mitch, and they COO, impishly cute.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh my God, they smell like heaven had sex with a dryer sheet.
(loudly to babies)

HI! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?! WHICH ONE ARE YOU?!
(they just GURGLE)
Why can't they talk yet? Are they retarded or something?

14.

JAMIE
(LAUGHING)
What?! No! They're fine!

MITCH
Really? The one on the left looks a little downsy.

(JAMIE GASPS)
Kidding! Kidding.
(aside, to Dave)
A little bit though, right?
Ignoring him, Dave fastens the twins into their Bouncy Seats.

DAVE
I'll be back right after the game, okay, Pumpkin?

JAMIE
Whenever. Have fun.

MITCH
See you, Jame!
JAMIE
Always a pleasure, Mitch.
Mitch steals THREE PEARS and some TULIPS as he exits...

CUT TO:

TWO BEERS POPPING OPEN
on the bottle cap-opener mounted on Mitch's dashboard...

INT. MITCH'S CAR -- EVENING

Mitch offers Dave one of (his own) beers as they speed along in his Fiero. Dave is reluctant.

DAVE
Yeah, I'm good.

MITCH
Really? You're going to make me drink alone?

DAVE
Yeah, well, you're driving, so...
Mitch shrugs and slides the spare beer into his chest pocket.

15.

MITCH
Oh, dude: great news.

DAVE
You found another futon?

MITCH
That's awesome, because I'm made of emotional Teflon and words can't hurt me anymore. No: I auditioned for a major movie role yesterday.

DAVE
Nice. What movie?
MITCH

It's called Busted Dreams 4. It's about a renegade coroner who reads minds named Jake Action. It's like a sexy Mentalist.

DAVE

Sounds cool.

MITCH

Yeah, I read for the part of Steve Action, Jake's troubled younger brother with a secret, and I fucking killed it. I cried like five times during the audition and it's a fucking action movie. Plus I'm the spitting image of the dude who plays Jake Action, so...

DAVE

I hope you get it, man.

MITCH

Yeah, it could be my Raging Bull. Plus I'd get to kill a lot of women, which is cool.

(offering him a joint)

Hotbox?

DAVE

No, man, I got a big day tomorrow, I can't get wasted tonight.

SMASH CUT TO:

TWO SHOT GLASSES SLAMMING DOWN
Mitch and Dave, shit-faced, shake off their shots, B-R-R-R.

16.

INT. BIG WANGS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

The guys sit in this crowded sports bar, watching the Dodgers
game on a huge TV. When CLAYTON KERSHAW strikes out FRED LEWIS to win the game, the guys drunkenly slap five:

DAVE

MITCH

DAVE

MITCH
Change-up -- fuck he's good!

DAVE
He's no Fernando.

MITCH
Of course not. Fernando is like The Highlander. There can be only one.

DAVE
(toasting his beer)

TO FERNANDO!

MITCH
FER--FUCKING--NANDO!
They sloppily drink -- when Dave suddenly remembers:

DAVE
OH! So finish your story! The girl calls you up...?

MITCH
Right! So she calls me up, it's like 3 in the morning--

DAVE
What's her name?

MITCH
Tatiana.

DAVE
Incredible. What's her last name? Mitch just looks at him.
MITCH
Tatiana Calls-Me-At-3-In-The-
Morning-And-Wants-To-Fuck-stein,
what the fuck, who cares?

DAVE
Is she hot? She is, right? Oh my
God I already have a boner!

MITCH

(DISTURBED)
Maybe we should do this later...

DAVE
NO! Keep going! I need these
stories, man! They're all I have.
Mitch registers the desperation in his married friend's
eyes.

MITCH
Okay, well, you're in luck, because
Tatiana is stupid fucking hot.
Beautiful face, legs a mile long,
perfect ass, blonde hair, and
huuuge boobs.

DAVE
Oh my God how big?

MITCH
Double E.

DAVE
Oh my God she sounds like Sabrina.

MITCH
Who's Sabrina?

DAVE
This hot paralegal in my office.

MITCH
Is she on your Cancer List?

DAVE
What's a Cancer List?
MITCH
Don't all married dudes have a Cancer List? No? Like the first three chicks you would bang if your wife suddenly died of cancer?

18.

DAVE
That's sick, man. Jamie is the mother of my children...

(DISGUSTED)
But yes, if I had a Cancer List, Sabrina would be the first on it.

MITCH
Who's number two? Fergie--?

DAVE
Just finish your story, man! I'm dying over here!

MITCH
Fine. So Tatiana's packing double E's, which means like 20 plus pounds of breastmeat -- yeah, it's almost too much for one man to handle. Thank God I'm the son of a butcher and have strong hands and wrists. Anyway, she walks in wearing this tight black dress, and you know what she says to me? Dave shakes his head, on the edge of his bar stool.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Nothing. Because all Tatiana wants to do at 3 in the morning is fucky fucky rubber ducky! Dave drunkenly slaps him ten, barely making hand-contact.

MITCH (CONT'D)
And look, I'm not one to kiss and
tell...
(downing another shot)
but this chick is insatiable. She
wants it in every position:
Missionary, wheelbarrow, Reverse
Wheelbarrow, Assassin--

DAVE
I don't even know what those are!

MITCH
No one does! It gets so intense
that my nose starts bleeding. Yeah,
so I'm bleeding all over this chick
and she's fucking digging it.

(MORE)

19.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's like some weird Dracula Anne
Rice shit, and I'm fading in and
out of consciousness, and then,
when it's all over, she turns to me
and goes: "Tuesday night I'm coming
back and we're really going to
fuck."
Dave just stares at him, glassy-eyed, drunk, emotional.

DAVE
That is maybe the single greatest
story I've ever heard in my life.

MITCH
Ah, it's not always like that...

DAVE
I don't know why...I don't know why
I've always been in such a rush,
you know?

MITCH
WHAT
(BURRRRP)
do you mean?

DAVE
You remember me in high school, I was always so focused on getting into a good college, then when I got to college, I was so focused on getting into a good law school, then in law school I was just trying to land a job at a good firm, then Jamie and I got married and we had Cara right away-- I just feel like and I missed out on all the fun stuff, you know? The sex, the drugs, the bad choices, and now it's too late. I blew it. I pissed away my 20's, and now I'm staring down the barrel a seriously boring life.

MITCH
Oh come on, Jamie is hot!

DAVE
No, I know--

MITCH
I really want to have sex with her!

20.

DAVE
Wait, what?

MITCH
And your kids are adorable! They're like fun little puppies that talk! The bill comes. Dave pulls out a wad of cash, throws it on the table, and stumbles for the door. Mitch lifts one of Dave's twenties off the table and follows him out...
EXT. SPORTS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

They stumble down the dark Hollywood street together...

DAVE
Don't get me wrong, I love my kids, I do, I would take a bullet for them, but...remember that heroin addict you dated?

MITCH
Tara? Or Rena? Or Rachel?

DAVE
Jesus, how many heroin addicts have you dated?

MITCH
It's a national scourge, dude.

DAVE
Anyway. Having kids is like dating a heroin addict, only instead of dating them, they move into your house for 18 years. They're laughing one second and crying the next and then they're trying to kill themselves in your bathroom for no reason. They're mean and selfish and they burn through all your money and they steal your shit and they break everything and they stay up all night and they listen to really shitty music and the dirty secret is, no one actually likes kids.

MITCH
Oh come on, you don't mean that--

21.

DAVE
No! It's true. Everyone pretends to
like kids because if you don't you
look like a huge dick. It's like
Drew Barrymore or jazz. No one
actually likes them, but if you say
that out loud, everybody hates you.

MITCH
Dude, I love Drew Barrymore -- have
you seen Boys on the Side?
They weave across a LARGE PLAZA, stumbling for Mitch's car.

DAVE
I'm just saying: don't fuck up your
life like I did, okay?

MITCH
What are you talking about? You've
got it all! You've got a huge house
full of food and furniture -- shit,
your TV is bigger than my car! You
have a great job, you make a shit-
ton of money, and people respect
you, man! My last job involved an
ape costume -- do you know what
that does to a man?
Dave waves him off, not really hearing him. But Mitch is
sincere, heartfelt:

MITCH (CONT'D)
Plus you've got a hot, extremely
fuckable wife who cooks and cleans
and takes care of all your needs!
It's like having a really hot mom
who you can also have sex with!

DAVE
Wait, what--?

MITCH
Also you're never lonely, you
always have someone to talk to
about your day, plus you get to do
all the fun gay couple stuff like
go to wine country! You think
single guys can go to wine
country?! No way! They won't even
let us in! You're living the dream,
dude! What more do you want?!
DAVE
Tatiana! I want Tatiana! I want sex with strange new women and maybe also with Sabrina if she's single and I want to wake up at noon and smoke weed all afternoon and I want to not think about the needs of four other people 24 hours a day and I want to start reading a novel and actually finish it and I want to take a solid shit because I'm not constantly stressed out and I want to learn how to rollerblade and also I really want to pee...

MITCH
Yeah, me too...
They look around the plaza, and their eyes land on the HUGE FOUNTAIN in the middle; a GREEK GODDESS sits atop it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Fountain?

DAVE
Bingo.
They stumble over to the fountain, unzip their pants, and, leaning on each other, begin peeing into it. Mitch glances up at the GREEK GODDESS METIS. She scowls down at them.

MITCH
This chick does not look happy.

DAVE
Maybe she has three kids and a job she hates.

MITCH
Dude, enough already.

DAVE
I'm just saying...I envy your life.

MITCH
And that's what's so fucked,
because I envy yours.

    DAVE
Yeah you don't--

    MITCH
I do!

23.

    DAVE
No, I do--!

    MITCH DAVE
I wish I had your life! I wish I had your life! They're about to say "jinx" when--

    BOOM!
A thunder clap CRASHES and

**ALL OVER LOS ANGELES**
the electrical grid starts shutting down, neighborhood by neighborhood! Soon the entire city is PITCH BLACK...

**BACK IN THE DARKENED PLAZA**
Dave and Mitch freeze, terrified, hugging... and peeing...

    MITCH
Ummmmm...?
Then all the lights in the city flicker back to life...

    DAVE
R-Rolling blackout?

    MITCH
I guess...?
They continue peeing, a little freaked out.

    DAVE
You really have nice flow by the way. Very thick and confident.

    MITCH
Thank you. Yours is very steamy.
DAVE
Thank you. My urologist says I run a little warm.
Eventually they both finish, tuck in, and zip up. Beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You good to drive?

MITCH
Now I am.

24.
As they stumble off towards Mitch's Fiero, HOLD ON the statue of Metis, the shape-shifting Greek Goddess of Wisdom...
It almost looks like she's smiling...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING
It's a beautiful sunny Los Angeles morning. The silhouette of a body lies in Dave's bed, SNORING away. Then we hear THE TWINS CRYING followed by what is unequivocally Mitch's patter -- and his FAMILY-FRIENDLY LANGUAGE:

MITCH
Whose fucking baby is that...?
A hand emerges and fumbles on the night stand.

MITCH (CONT'D)
And where the fuck is my bong?
He groggily rises from the sheets -- only it's not Mitch. It's Dave. His body, his face, everything.
Yup, you got it: the single auy and the married guy have switched bodies. We will refer to them by their "brain names," thus while this hungover dude definitely looks like Dave, inside he's Mitch, so that's what we'll call him. The actors, of course, will remain in their bodies.
Mitch doesn't know any of this yet.

**MITCH (CONT'D)**

Why are there so many fucking pillows...?
He rolls over to see Jamie, sitting up in bed, pulling her breasts out of her tank top, getting ready to nurse the twins. Mitch launches out of bed, suddenly very awake.

**MITCH (CONT'D)**

**WHOA! WHOA! WHAT THE FUCK, JAME?!!**
She starts breast-feeding the babies, confused.

**JAMIE**

What? What's your problem?
Mitch shields his eyes with his hands, shocked and disgusted.

25.

**MITCH**

Oh my god that is so gross! Put your tits away! This isn't Europe!

**JAMIE**

What are you talking about?
Mitch finally notices he's in DAVE'S BEDROOM...

**MITCH**

Wait: why am I in...? Did I sleep here last night?!

**JAMIE**

Um, yeah?

**MITCH**

Did we...?!
Panicked, he thrusts his fist like, have sex?!

**JAMIE**

Are you insane?

**MITCH**
So why the hell did I wake up in your bed?!

**JAMIE**
Are you still drunk?

**MITCH**
Look, just, where's Dave?!

**JAMIE**
What?

**MITCH**
Where's fucking Dave?!

**JAMIE**
Dave is right here! You're Dave!
He turns and sees himself in the mirror. Freezes. He is Dave.

**MITCH**
Oh my God... Oh my God...
He slowly touches his new face...

---

26.

**MITCH (CONT'D)**
I'm a fucking tool.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

A body lies sprawled on Mitch's futon, out cold. INSANE POUNDING on the door shatters the silence.

**MITCH (O.S.)**

**OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR IMMEDIATELY!**
The body sits up, groggy and confused -- it is, of course, Dave in Mitch's body. While he looks like Mitch, he moves, talks, and even shuffles to the door exactly like Dave...

**DAVE**
MITCH (O.S.)
Fucking open the fucking door!
Dave stops, noticing that he's in Mitch's empty apartment.

DAVE
Why am I in your sad apartment--

MITCH (O.S.)
The door, dude! Open the door!

DAVE
Fine, Jesus, relax--
Dave opens the door to see himself standing there.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this...?
Dave backpedals, terrified, as Mitch blows inside, furious.

MITCH
I knew it!

DAVE
(FREAKING OUT)
Who the hell are you?! And why do you look like me?!
Mitch angles Dave over to the mirror on the otherwise barren wall—and Dave sees he's in Mitch's body... Stunned, he slowly touches his new face... his new hair... his new body...

27.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

MITCH
I know, dude.

DAVE
I'm a fucking loser...
MITCH
Wait, what?
Dave spins, completely awake now:

DAVE
How the fuck did this happen?!

MITCH
How should I know?! Has this ever
happened to you before?!

DAVE
What, switching bodies with another
human being?! Oh yeah, this shit
happens to me like twice a week!

MITCH
Well...I don't want to be you!

DAVE
Oh, you don't want to be me?! No,
no, no: I don't want to be you!

MITCH
What's that supposed to mean?!

DAVE
Look, let's just...think. How could
this have possibly happened...?
They pace about the apartment, trying to think... Then:

MITCH
Bingo. Got it. We're dreaming.
Dave grabs Mitch's nipple and twists it hard.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Ow ow ow, fuck!

DAVE
Not dreaming.
First of all, you're a penis.
Second of all--

DAVE
Wait, what'd you just say?

MITCH
I called you a penis and--

DAVE
(running out the door)
Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- MORNING

Dave speeds through morning traffic in his Audi station wagon, leaning on the HORN. Mitch sits shotgun, confused.

DAVE
Remember last night when we peed into that fountain?! As we peed, we wished we had each other's lives!

MITCH
(REMEMBERING)
Oh fuck.

DAVE
Our wishes must've... somehow... come true.

MITCH
I thought wishes came true when you threw a coin into a fountain...

DAVE
Well apparently urine works too.

MITCH
That's bullshit! I would've wished for something way cooler!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- MORNING

Unable to find a parking spot, Mitch and Dave double-park on Hollywood Boulevard, hop out, and sprint for the plaza...

MITCH
What are we gonna do when we get to
the fountain?!

29.

DAVE
We're gonna hug each other and pee into the fountain and wish our lives back!

MITCH
That might sound really gay!
Both men race around the corner onto the plaza and stop cold:

THE FOUNTAIN IS GONE
A DEPARTMENT OF PARKS CREW is cleaning up the site where it once sat. Mitch and Dave are blown away.

DAVE
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!
They hurry up to the crew FOREMAN.

MITCH
Excuse me! Where is the fountain?!

FOREMAN
It's getting restored.

DAVE
Where did you take it?!

FOREMAN
I don't know, chief, I'm not the fountain spokesman, I'm just the guy that fills the fucking hole.

DAVE
Who could tell us where it is?!

FOREMAN
Maybe the district manager?

CUT TO:
A DESK PLACARD READING "DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON"
District Manager CARLA NELSON sits behind her desk in her bland office, her face the model of bureaucratic ennui.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
It's not in the computer.
Opposite her, Dave and Mitch pull their hair out, insane.

30.

MITCH
Well of course it's not--!

DAVE
When will it be in the computer?!

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
You could try calling tomorrow.

DAVE
Tomorrow?! We can't wait until tomorrow, Carla!

MITCH
How can you lose a fountain?.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
(beat, deadpan)
It's not in the computer.
Mitch LUNGES for Carla, but Dave grabs him and wrestles him out of the office.

MITCH
YOU ARE EVERYTHING THAT IS WRONG
WITH THE WORLD--!

DAVE
We'll call you tomorrow! Thank you!

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF PARKS BUILDING -- DAY
Dave and Mitch exit the Department of Parks building and pace on the sunny sidewalk, their hands on their heads, stunned.

MITCH
This is so fucked...

DAVE
We should just go home and lock the DOORS AND--

Mitch's phone rings in Dave's pocket. Dave hesitates, then answers it, fruitlessly trying to sound like Mitch:

DAVE (CONT'D)
This is fucking Mitch?

MITCH
I don't talk like that, dude--

DAVE
Okay ...Okay...Great...Thank you.

31.
Dave clicks off.

MITCH
Who was that?

DAVE
Marty Green, the producer of Busted Dreams 4. Apparently the guy they cast for Steve Action OD'd last night, and the back-up actor got deported, so, alphabetically, you're the next actor on the list. You got the part, man. Mitch covers his mouth like he just won American Idol.

MITCH
Oh my God! Oh my God! Dreams really do come true--!

(REALIZING)
Wait, no, this sucks! I'm stuck in your fat dad-body! I can't play Steve Action looking like this!

**DAVE**
(remembering, stunned)
Oh my God: and I've got my closing today.

**MITCH**
What, is that like a big deal?

**DAVE**
A big--?! Yeah! Whether or not I make partner is riding on this!

**MITCH**
So what the hell are we gonna do?
PANICKED SILENCE. Then Mitch looks at Dave...

**DAVE**
No. No. We can't just be each other for a day, Mitch! You have no idea how to be a lawyer!

**MITCH**
Dude, I'm an actor, a human chameleon, I can do lawyer in my fucking sleep! It's you I'm worried about: you can't act for shit!

32.

**DAVE**
First of all, it's Busted Dreams 4, okay? It's not The Reader. Second of all, I'm a WASP, I've spent my entire life acting happy and no one has ever questioned my performance, okay?! They look at each other, cooling off a bit...

**DAVE (CONT'D)**
Are...Are we actually considering
doing this...?

MITCH
I mean, we have to...right?
Both men look highly anxious. Dave glances at the time.

DAVE
All right, well, my meeting starts in 45 minutes. You need to race home, get dressed, then go to my office and find my secretary Gladys-

MITCH
She sounds hot, is she hot?

DAVE
No. Get the merger docs from Gladys and take them to the conference room. All the partners will be there so do not speak to anyone.

MITCH
Really? Because I can vamp--

DAVE
NO! No vamping! And once the meeting starts, you will continue to say nothing. When a partner asks you for the merger documents, you will silently hand them over, okay?

MITCH
Dude, I get it. Play it big, but maintain my reality--

33.

DAVE
No! Play it small. Really small. I've spent the last nine months banging out the terms of this deal, all you have to do is hand over the documents. That's it.
MITCH
Dude, that's easy as fuck. Okay, for me, go home, put on some cool clothes, and get to set -- all the info is on my phone. Once you're there, go to Hair & Makeup and memorize your lines and try not to be a total douche to everyone, okay? This is the film industry. Everyone is really cool. They look at each other, very doubtful that this will work...

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'm trusting you, dude...

DAVE
I'm trusting you, too...

MITCH
Power hug.
They hug tight then release.

DAVE
Oh hey, you also need to pick up Cara from ballet at 4, okay?

MITCH
(heads for the car)
I'm so fucking all over that shit.
Off of Dave's deeply unsettled look, we

CUT TO:

INT. STEEL, KUHBACH, MCCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING

Mitch blows into Dave's stodgy law firm looking like a lawyer -- from a Ralph Lauren ad: he sports a pink buttondown, red suspenders, a blue crested blazer, khakis, no socks, black and white wingtips, and slicked-back hair. He also affects a preposterous patrician accent like John Kerry or any white guy on a black sitcom.
MITCH

GOOD MORNING, ONE AND ALL! WHAT A
FABULOUS DAY TO BE A CORPORATE
ATTORNEY!
His co-workers look at him like he's fucking nuts. Falling
into step with him is Gladys, his mean old secretary.

GLADYS
What in God's name are you wearing?

MITCH
Holy dick, are you Gladys? You're a lynx.

GLADYS
What is a lynx?

MITCH
A white-haired cougar. You really
should dress sexier, though. The
whole angry prison nurse thing is a
huge mistake.
Gladys GASPS and jams some documents into his hands.

GLADYS
Here are your merger documents!
Good day to you!
She storms off. Mitch calls after her:

MITCH
Hey, where's my meeting at?
She angrily points at a conference room as she stalks off.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The conference room is full of EXECUTIVES from KINKABE
TECHNOLOGIES and AMALGAMATED INDUSTRIES, as well as several
well-heeled LAWYERS. They chat amiably until

MITCH ENTERS
in his ridiculous outfit. The room goes silent, but Mitch's
confidence remains sky-high:

MITCH
What up, white people?! Republican
Party in the house, am I right?!
Come on, let's get started!
35.
Everyone looks a bit confused by this Nobody telling them what to do, but nonetheless, they begin taking their seats. Mitch goes around, introducing himself.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Dave Lockwood, thanks for coming!
Dave Lockwood, I did all the work!
Dave Lockwood-san, konichi-wa!
(to the room)
Anyone need anything? Mimosa, spicy tuna roll? No? We're good? All right, guys, take it away!
Mitch takes one of the last open seats -- at the head of the conference table. It's clearly in his boss's seat. Flemming Steel III hovers awkwardly.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Yes, well, thank you, Dave...?
(clearing his throat)
We are gathered here today to codify the marriage of two bold industry leaders, Kinkabe Technologies and Amalgamated Industries.
Mitch starts APPLAUDING. Others...hesitantly...join in.

MITCH
Fuck yeah! Amalgamated Industries!
Finally, even Flemming claps as well, uncomfortable.

FLEMMING STEEL III
B-Before we sign on the proverbial bottom line, are there any outstanding questions or concerns that we might address? Ask now or forever hold your peace...
Pleasant CHUCKLES in the room. Then the Japanese-American CEO of Kinkabe Technologies, KEN KINKABE, 60's, raises his hand.

CEO KEN KINKABE
We just wanted to make sure that
THE DEBT-TO-PROJECTED-AMORTIZATION
ratios haven't changed given the recent market fluctuations.
Everyone turns to Mitch. Who's not listening. He's drawing pictures of boobs on a yellow legal pad.

36.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Dave?
Mitch looks up, sees everyone looking at him.

MITCH
Right, my bad--
Thinking that's his cue, he slides Flemming the documents.

FLEMMING STEEL III
No, Dave. Mr. Kinkabe had a question about the DPA ratios.
Deer in headlights.

MITCH
Okay?

FLEMMING STEEL III
Well? How are they?

MITCH
G-Good?

FLEMMING STEEL III
Good?

MITCH
Bad? Bad! They're fucking terrible.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Dave!

MITCH
Look, everything's cool, let's just sign this fucking thing and go party! We're all rich, who cares?!
Mr. Kinkabe angrily jabs his finger at the incredibly short CEO of Amalgamated Industries, TED NORTON, 60’s.

CEO KEN KINKABE
I knew it! You were never serious about this merger!

CEO TED NORTON
Spare me, Ken, you were just trying to inflate your share price!

CEO KEN KINKABE
This merger is over! I will see you in court!

37.

CEO TED NORTON
Not if we see you first, you prick!
The execs furiously race out of the conference room, all of them reaching for their cell phones. War has been declared. The lawyers hurry after the clients, fruitlessly trying to coax them back to the table. Mitch frowns, oo, and tip toes for the exit... until Flemming Steel III grabs his arm, furious.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Right now you need to give me one reason not to fire you.
Mitch stammers, oh shit.

MITCH
Relax, dude ... this-this is all part of my master plan.

FLEMMING STEEL III
It is.

MITCH
Yes! Check it out: if we drag this out...we make more money, right? Don't we? Of course we do! And then we can bill the fuck out of them! Some of them don't even speak-ah
the engrish so goo, you know what
I'm saying?

FLEMMING STEEL III
That's your plan.

MITCH
Yes...? Is it...? It's not a very
good plan, is it.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Son, what you've just said to me is
highly illegal. You could go to
jail for a very long time just for
suggesting it...

MITCH
(SWEATING)
We're lawyers! We're above the law!

---

38.

FLEMMING STEEL III
I must say, I've never seen this
side of you before, Lockwood. I
always thought you were on the
straight and narrow...

MITCH
Fuck that, ese. I'm straight up
gangster all the way through.
Flemming eyes him, determining his fate. Mitch can't
breathe.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Fine, I'll roll the dice with you
But if word of this gets out, I
will throw you under the bus so
darn fast you won't know what hit
you. Now go put on some proper
clothes. You look like Joe Pesci.
Flemming Steel III hurries off. Mitch exhales, holy shit...
Dave nervously pulls up to a RANCH HOUSE in the Fiero, reading the address off his iPhone. Several crew trucks are parked out front, and PA's with headsets loiter about. Dave gets out wearing an ironed buttondown shirt tucked into khakis. He self-consciously untucks half his shirt, trying to look "cooler," as he approaches a nearby P.A.

DAVE
Yo, Mitch Planko is here. Where the fuck is Hair & Makeup?

P.A.

(POINTING)
Um, trailer 3...?

DAVE
That's so real.
Dave stiffly walks off as the P.A. eyes him, weirded out.

INT. HAIR & MAKEUP TRAILER -- DAY

Dave, now in leather pants, the top four buttons of his shirt undone, sits in the makeup chair, getting his hair styled. He studies the script, confused. Then a P.A. hurries in.

39.

P.A.
I'm here to take you to set. Is there anything I can get you? Vitamin water, Pelegrino?

DAVE
No thanks. Hey, what does it mean when it says T.S., or B.T.S.?
P.A.
Titty Shot and Bouncing Titty Shot.

(TO HEADSET)
Steve Action is coming to set.
Dave, alarmed, follows the P.A. out and

THROUGH THE LOW BUDGET SET
They've taken over this valley ranch house; cables, lights
and sound equipment run everywhere.

DAVE
Wait! W-what kind of movie is
this?!

P.A.
It's a lorno.

DAVE
I-I'm not familiar with that genre.

P.A.
Lorno? Light porno? Tits & shadows?
You ever hear of Skinemax?

DAVE
Oh no.
They arrive in

AN ORNATE BEDROOM
bedecked with cameras, grip equipment -- and thousands of
lit candles. The P.A. unbuttons Dave's shirt even further and
starts smearing his chest and face with Crisco oil.
Just then, the fat balding director, VALTAN -- just Valtan --
from some ethnically cleansed Balkan state, 50's, blows in.

VALTAN
More oil! Make him shiny like fish!

40.

DAVE
Excuse me, are you in charge here?
I think there's been some sort of

MISTAKE--

VALTAN
Mona! Where Mona?!
And then MONA -- aging actress with fake boobs -- teeters in wearing a flimsy nightgown and six inch heels.

MONA
I'm here!

VALTAN
Okay guys, here scene: Mitch, you enter with gun -- where gun?!
A P.A. runs in with a huge MACHINE GUN WITH ROCKET LAUNCHER ATTACHMENT and gives it to Dave, who takes it limply...

VALTAN (CONT'D)
Guard try to stop you, line-line-line, knock him the fuck out, you see Mona asleep in bed, you wake her up and start fuck time, okay? Dave stammers, his head spinning.

MONA
What's my motivation?

VALTAN
Your motivation? Your motivation is show big tit to business traveler in hotel room too scared to order real porno, okay? (blocking the scene)
Okay, here shot list: start makeout here, nightgown fall, close-up of titty, candles burning, bouncing titty close-up, moaning, fake sex-in-mouth obscured by hair, more candle, fake backdoor sex obscured by blowing curtain, more candle, her buttock, his buttock, wind blow out candle and finito, okay?

MONA
It's like a poem.
41.

VALTAN
I know, baby, I crush this shit big
time. Let's lock it up!

P. A.
Locking it up!
As the crew bustle about, Mona turns to a shell-shocked
Dave.

MONA
You wanna bump?
Mona snorts a fingernail of coke into her nose.

DAVE
A bump--? Of drugs?

MONA
You're cute. But if you try to
actually fuck me I'll set your dick
on fire with one of these fucking
candles, y'understand me?

DAVE
Is this actually happening?

MONA
Pound away on my upper thigh all
you want, that's what it's there
for, okay? And no, you can't pay me
to give you a real BJ, I don't do
that shit anymore.
Dave's mouth opens, but nothing comes out. A P.A. guides him
out of the room. He's still in a trance...

VALTAN

ANNNND ACTION:
Dave stands there, frozen. Behind the camera, Valtan
gestures, go! Dave stumbles into the bedroom, holding the
huge machine gun like, well, like a corporate lawyer.
A BLOW-DRIED GOON appears with a gun.

BLOW-DRIED GOON
No entry!
Dave looks around at the bright lights, the camera, the crew
watching him -- and he freezes up. The goon tries again:
BLOWDRIED GOON

I said: No entry!

42.
Then Dave sees a P.A. waving at him, holding up a huge board with his lines written on them. Shielding his eyes from the lights, Dave reads his lines, monotone:

DAVE
If you let me don't in...don't let me in...If you don't let me in,
Paco, I will fuck you dead. That doesn't sound right. If you don't let me Taco-- is his name Paco or Taco? Your penmanship is illegible--

VALTAN
Fuck it, we fix in post! Just knock out guard, wake up girl, and make fuck time! Keep rolling!

P.A.
Still rolling!
Dave very effeminately "karate chops" the goon in the neck once, and the guy dramatically throws himself against the wall and drops, unconscious. Then Dave crosses and pretends to suddenly see Mona in the bed. His acting is atrocious.

DAVE
Oh my goodness it is Lola my long lost lover Lola who...I love. Her.

VALTAN
More sexy! Too stiff! Annnnd Mona wake up, surprised!
Mona, not much of a better actor than Dave, wakes up -- and SCREAMS deafeningly, like some 1950's horror queen.

DAVE
(COVERING EARS)
HOLY SHIT--
MONA
Steve Action?! You perfect bastard!

VALTAN
And now kiss her like savage!
Dave, totally grossed out by her, very reluctantly leans in for the kiss. Just before their lips meet, he pulls away.

DAVE
I'm sorry! I can't!

43.

VALTAN

CUT! CUT.

(BEYOND PISSED)
What the fuck, man?! She ready for first class trip to fuck town!

DAVE
Look, I can't, I'm married.

VALTAN
No no no, Steve Action throw wife off cliff in last scene.

DAVE
No, I mean, me, in real life. I'm married.

VALTAN
So am I! Mona my wife! Yeah, how stupid is that shit, man?! Now go fake-fuck my wife before owners of house come back from ski vacation to find film crew in master bedroom!
Dave just stands there, hopelessly out of place...

MATCH CUT TO:
MITCH LOOKING EQUALLY OUT OF PLACE
standing in the back of an auditorium as on stage, two dozen
5 year old GIRLS in tutus prance about, rehearsing a ballet.
The teacher, MRS. KLEINMAN, fruitlessly tries to direct
them.
CAMERA FINDS CARA onstage, twirling around -- until a bigger
girl, NICOLETTE PETERS, knocks her over. Mrs. Kleinman turns
to see Cara splayed out on the ground, trying not to cry.

BALLET TEACHER
Oh Cara, do try to stay on your
toes! Let's start again...
In the audience, Mitch straightens: what was that...?

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY
Mitch drives Cara home from ballet. She sits shotgun in her
tutu, looking small and sad.

CARA
Shouldn't I be sitting in my
carseat?

MITCH
Whatever, you're fine -- hey,
what's up with that little blonde
bitch who knocked you over?
She looks a little surprised by her dad's language.

CARA
That's Nicolette Peters. She does
that a lot, actually...

MITCH
So why don't you fight back?

CARA
Um, because you told me not to? You
said I should strive for verbal
resolution.

MITCH
Fuck verbal resolution! Put that whore on her back and shank her! Do you know how to make a shiv?

CARA
What?
Mitch lights a cigarette with the car lighter.

MITCH
Listen to me, kid: the world is a cesspool of cruelty and violence. If someone comes at you with a knife, you gotta put their entire fucking family in the morgue, okay? That's called jailyard justice. Because if you don't come back hard on a bitch, your ass is gonna get sold for a pack of Camel Lights and a jello cup, y'understand? Always solve your problems with violence. Always.
Cara nods, alarmed.

CARA
O-Okay Daddy...?

CUT TO:

DAVE LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA
He's sitting at a booth in a bar, highly traumatized.

45.

DAVE
I dry-humped a stranger's leg for three hours today...
Sitting opposite him, Mitch downs a shot, exhausted.

MITCH
Cry me a river, dude: I dealt with ballet and your ass-hat boss today.

DAVE
Oh no -- what happened at work?
MITCH
Nothing! Nothing.
(off Dave's look)
I fixed it.
(off Dave's look)
Okay, but look, it was not my fault! The Japs started peppering me with questions and I had to improvise and then everyone got very emotional and, well... it looks like we're going to court.

DAVE
Oh my God tell me you're kidding.

MITCH
Yeah, your boss was pretty miffed, but then I told him this was all part of my master plan to make more money off our clients--

DAVE
What. 1

MITCH
Yeah, turns out that's totally illegal, but the old man was surprisingly cool about it.
Dave sits there, speechless. Mitch eats wings.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hey, your secretary is sort of hot in like a Dame Judi Dench-playing-a-Nazi kind of way. Is she on the fuck team?

46.

DAVE
(WEAK)
I. .I just want to go home...
CUT TO:

DAVE AND MITCH DRIVING IN MITCH'S CAR
as the sun sets. The windows are open and the wind is in
their hair. They're very much not talking to each other...

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dave and Mitch head up Dave's front walk, solemn...

MITCH
What are you gonna tell Jamie?

DAVE
The truth.

MITCH
Can I highly recommend against
that?

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Mitch and Dave enter to find Cara running down the stairs in
her Dora the Explorer pajamas. Dave smiles and opens his
arms, tired and overjoyed to see her...

DAVE
Hey, sugar-bug.
.but she passes right by him and hugs Mitch.

CARA
Hi Daddy!
Dave stammers, stung. Mitch hugs her, acting stiff like
Dave.

MITCH
Well hello, my precocious daughter!

DAVE
Okay, I don't sound like that--
Just then Jamie hurries past, the twins in her arms, and
kisses Mitch on the lips. Both men startle a bit.
JAMIE
Hey.

(TO DAVE)
Hi Mitch.

DAVE
This is so weird.

MITCH
No shit.

JAMIE
You staying for dinner?
Silence. Then Mitch nudges Dave.

DAVE
Right -- no, thank you. I'm-- Look, Jamie, we really need to talk.

JAMIE
Okay, but make it quick, I've got to put the twins to bed.

DAVE
I. .um...I'm not Mitch.

MITCH
I'm Mitch. Somehow... we switched bodies last night. He's Dave.
Jamie looks back and forth between them, expressionless.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You see, what happened was, we peed into a magic fountain--

DAVE
Then the city moved the fountain--

MITCH
But as soon as they find it, we're going to switch back.

JAMIE
Great! Sounds like a plan.

MITCH
Are you kidding? Is she kidding?
Clearly yes. Jamie heads for the stairs when Dave stops her.
48.

DAVE
Baby, please don't--

JAMIE
Okay, Mitch, first of all, don't call me baby, it's creepy. Second of all... what the hell are you talking about?.

DAVE
Look, I can prove it's true! Just, I don't know, just ask me anything that only I -- that only Dave -- would know. Anything.

JAMIE
When's our wedding anniversary?
Dave freezes, oh shit.

DAVE
Spring?

JAMIE
Spring?

MITCH
Dude, it's March 24th, even I know that.

DAVE
Why do you know that?

MITCH
So that I can send you a thoughtful card -- what kind of monster are you?

DAVE
Look, just ask me anything else.

JAMIE
I really don't have time to--
MITCH
Jamie, please.

JAMIE
What's my favorite color?

DAVE
You have a favorite color?

49.

MITCH
Mauve.

DAVE
Dude: do you not understand what we're trying to accomplish here?!

MITCH
I'm just saying, look at all the accents in this room -- she loves mauve.

DAVE
Baby -- Jamie -- ask me anything else, something more personal...

JAMIE
Fine, what did we talk about two nights ago...? I was crying...?

DAVE
(taking a stab in the dark)
Yourrrrr mother maybe?

JAMIE
That's great, Mitch. Thanks a big bunch. Come on, honey. Jamie steams upstairs, pissed, with Cara in tow. Dave runs his hands through his hair, fuck! Mitch looks appalled:

MITCH
Dude, you are like the worst husband ever.
DAVE
I have a lot on my plate right now, man! You have no idea!

MITCH
Okay, look, calm down: I can hold down the fort for one night.

DAVE
Are you joking? You worked at my job for one day and you almost got arrested! What are you gonna do to my family?!

MITCH
Dude, the kids are already going to bed.

(MORE)

50.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I think I can handle watching Two And A Half fucking Men and falling asleep on the couch with the best of 'em. The only roadblock I foresee is: what do I tell Jamie?

DAVE
What do you tell Jamie... when?

MITCH
When she wants to have sex tonight.

DAVE
But it's Tuesday.

MITCH
I don't understand. You don't have sex on Tuesdays?
A beat. Then Dave starts LAUGHING. It builds. Dave hasn't laughed this hard in a long time. He pats Mitch's cheek.
DAVE
That's adorable.
Dave turns and exits the house, still LAUGHING...

DAVE (CONT'D)
You know what, give it a shot.

MITCH
Really?! You want me to bang your wife?!

DAVE
Sure, have at it! Let me know how it goes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave parks Mitch's Fiero on this shady Silver Lake street, glancing at the HOMELESS GUY stumbling by, a bit scared.

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave enters Mitch's apartment and flips on the bright overhead light. The white walls are empty. A futon, TV, and four crates of bird seed are all that occupy the living room.

DAVE
Jesus, it's like a Swedish asylum--

51.
And then Mitch's iPhone RINGS. Dave hesitates, then answers:

DAVE (CONT'D)
Mitch Planko, who the fuck is this?
A sexy woman's voice purrs:

SEXY WOMAN (O.S.)
Hiii Mitch, it's Tatiana...
Dave straightens, oh shit!
DAVE
Tatiana?! Hi! How, um, how are you?

TATIANA (O.S.)
I'll be better in a few minutes
after I fuck you raw.
CLICK. She hangs up. Dave freezes, wide-eyed.

DAVE
Oh my God. Oh my God.
He quickly dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH MITCH
Sitting on the plush couch with Jamie, eating takeout sushi
and watching Two and a Half Men on the huge plasma TV.
The phone rings. Mitch sees the caller ID, then answers it.

MITCH
Hey dude, I take back everything I
said about Two and a Half Men. This
is some edgy shit--

DAVE
Tatiana is on her way over!

MITCH
Nice.

DAVE
What do you think I should do?!

MITCH
I think you should fuck her, that's
what I think you should do.
Jamie looks over at Mitch, weirded out; he gets up and
crosses into the hallway for some privacy.

52.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Don't blow this for me, dude, she's
my Tuesday night regular.

DAVE
But wouldn't I be...sort of... cheating on Jamie? Maybe?

MITCH
No! Cheating is when any part of your penis touches any part of another woman who is not your wife, and last I checked, your wang is safely tucked away in my incredibly lame triple-pleated sport slacks.

DAVE
But my mind is over here, doesn't that count... somehow?

MITCH
Dude, how many women have you fucked in your mind? Thousands?

DAVE
Millions.

MITCH
Right, and that's not cheating, right?

DAVE
Your reasoning is oddly impeccable.

MITCH
I think you're on firm legal ground here, amigo. I say jump that ass.

DAVE
Jesus ...I haven't had sex with another woman since college...

MITCH
Well, it still works the same, but this chick is a lot to handle so pace yourself, okay? She's hornier than a priest at summer camp.

DAVE
Oh my God so am I---.
There's a KNOCK at the apartment door. Dave jumps, freaked:
53.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Holy shit she's already here! What do I do?!

MITCH
You'll do fine. Just wear a condom, okay? Don't give me AIDS--
Just then WHAM -- the door flies open and a very sexy blonde enters the apartment wearing a long trenchcoat and five inch stiletto heels. She moves towards Dave like a panther.

DAVE
(freezing, breathless)
Tatiana...

TATIANA
Are you ready to ride?

DAVE
I-I honestly don't know...
She throws off her trenchcoat to reveal she's not wearing anything underneath. Awesome.
Less awesome is the fact that she's NINE MONTHS PREGNANT. Massive breasts sit atop a huge, distended, veiny, protruding stomach. Dave recoils.

DAVE (CONT'D)

DAAAH!

TATIANA
Why the fuck are you still wearing clothes?
As she advances towards him, Dave climbs up the futon.

DAVE
But you're--?! When are you due?!

TATIANA
Any minute now, so let's get our fuck on before this becomes a threesome.

DAVE
Oh god gross! Wait, who's the father? Am I the father?!
TATIANA
No...but you are my daddy...

54.
She smiles coyly and slides on top of him.

DAVE
Holy shit you're so heavy--

TATIANA
My tits are aching for you.

DAVE
Actually that's probably just the colostrum coming in, it can be very

PAINFUL--
Tatiana finally stops with the femme fatale routine.

TATIANA
Okay: what's your deal tonight?

DAVE
Nothing! Nothing. I just--

TATIANA
Is it my new haircut?

DAVE
No...?

TATIANA
The trenchcoat? Too cliche?

DAVE
No! I love the coat.

TATIANA
Is it, I don't know, the pregnancy?

DAVE
Well...now that you mention it?
Maybe, like, a little?
TATIANA
What the hell?! You picked me up at a Single Mothers Lamaze class! What did you expect?!

DAVE

(HORRIFIED)
I did?! That's terrible! Who would do something like that?! Tatiana angrily crosses the room and -- with considerable effort -- bends over and picks up her trenchcoat.

55.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Look, Tatiana, I'm sorry. You're incredibly beautiful, it's just--

TATIANA
(turning, fully naked)
What?! I'm not sexy?!

DAVE
Oh my god I can see it kicking. You can, in fact, see the fetus moving around in her belly.

TATIANA
You know what? Fuck you, Mitch. Don't ever call me again. She yanks on her coat and storms out. Dave stammers.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT
It's bedtime. Wearing pajama pants and no shirt, Mitch brushes his teeth and fixes his hair, trying to look sexy. He sucks in his dad-gut in the mirror.

MITCH
Jesus, Dave, it's called a sit-up.
Then he sees Jamie's dress land on the bedroom floor, followed by her bra... Mitch exhales:

MITCH (CONT'D)
Holy shit, I'm finally going to fuck Jamie. This is my greatest hour! I hope she likes it weird!
Then, IN SLOW MOTION, Jamie enters the bathroom, nude, her hair gently blowing in the wind from an open window. She looks insanely hot. Mitch takes her all in, ravenous...

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh my God I am going to ruin her--
And then she sits on the can. And starts taking a dump. Mitch's face drops, horrified.

JAMIE
I have to cool it on the Thai food.
I've had the shits all day.

56.
Mitch just stares at her, dumbstruck, as we hear the LOOSE CONTENTS OF HER BOWELS empty into the toilet bowl.

MITCH
Oh my GOD.

JAMIE
Seriously -- light a candle.
She keeps shitting. It sounds like Niagara Falls.
Thunderous.
Foregoing the candle, Mitch covers his nose with his forearm and stumbles out of the bathroom, nauseous...

INT. BEDROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER
Mitch lies in bed, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, horrified. Jamie slides in bed with him, touches his arm--

MITCH
(RECOILING)
DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME!
JAMIE
What is your problem?

MITCH
Look, I am not attracted to you right now, okay?! So just... No means no, all right? No means no...
TIGHT ON Jamie rolling over, confused and genuinely hurt...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS
Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then a second baby joins in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE (O.S.)
Your turn.

MITCH (O.S.)
Mmm?

JAMIE (O.S.)
It's your turn to feed the twins.

MITCH (O.S.)
Yeah...I really don't feel like it.
Jamie turns on the light, pissed.

57.

JAMIE
Are you fucking kidding me?

MITCH
No, it's 3 in the morning, you go do it. You're the mother.

JAMIE
Get the fuck out bed right now and go feed your fucking children or I will fucking cut you!
Mitch is already scrambling out of the room, terrified.
MITCH
Yes Jamie I'm sorry Jamie!

INT. TWIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mitch just looks at the twins, SCREAMING in their respective cribs, no idea what to do. He reaches for the phone. Dials.

INTERCUT WITH DAVE
in Mitch's apartment, jacking off to some (very small) internet porn on Mitch's iPhone. Then the porn disappears, and "DAVE LOCKWOOD CALLING" appears on screen.

DAVE
Oh come on...
(answering, panting)
What?

MITCH
I always thought your wife was a nice lady but she is neither nice nor a lady! She talks like a dock-worker and she shits like one too! Plus I used to think your kids were adorable but actually they're just really fucking annoying and crazy needy-- Wait, are you jacking off?

DAVE
What? No!

MITCH
So why are you panting?

DAVE
Look, I had to, I never get this kind of privacy anymore.

MITCH
But isn't that sort of...my penis?
Dave looks down.
DAVE
Yeah. I guess. Is that weird?

MITCH
I. don't know?

DAVE
It sort of hooks to the side a bit.

MITCH
Yeah. Go lefty, you'll get better torque.

DAVE
Cool, thanks. Hey, how long have you been shaved down there?

MITCH
It's kind of pro forma now, dude.

DAVE
Really?

MITCH
Yeah, only married dudes still rock dick-fros anymore-- wait: if Tatiana was over earlier, why do you still need to jack off?

DAVE
Yeeeah, Tatiana might not be coming back. Like, ever.

MITCH
What did you do?!

DAVE
Me?! She's nine months pregnant!

MITCH
Oh my God you're so picky!

DAVE
I could see the baby kicking, dude!
MITCH
So what, she's having a girl! It wouldn't have been a little boy tickling your tip! Jesus, I can't believe you fucked up my Tuesday night regular!

DAVE
Relax, Mitch--

MITCH
No! You married guys have no idea how hard it is to build a reliable stable! You don't! It's a full time job! Getting girls' phone numbers, calling them, emailing them, Facebooking them, Twittering them, buying them drinks and dinners and coffees and listening to endless stories about their stupid fucking friends and begging them to touch your wiener on the second date and building an elaborate web of lies so they don't all find out about each other -- it's exhausting! And then poof! In one night, you just casually discard my life's work!

DAVE
Jesus, okay, I'm sorry...

MITCH
Sorry doesn't lick my ballbag every Tuesday night...

DAVE
Look, is there a reason you're calling me at 3 in the morning? Mitch glares back to the twins, who are still WAILING.

MITCH
Yeah, your mean wife is making me feed the kids. What do I do?

DAVE
Have you changed their diapers already?
MITCH

(beat, lying)
Yes. Obviously.

60.

DAVE
Okay, take them to the kitchen.

MITCH
Hold on.
Mitch puts the phone in his mouth and picks up the SCREAMING TWINS. Carrying them like bags of wheat, he jogs down

THE HALLWAY
as they scream their heads off. He's totally rattled:

MITCH

SHUT UP! STOP CRYING! JESUS CHRIST,
WE FUCKING HEAR YOU!

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mitch jogs into the kitchen and, plop, sets the twins on the COUNTER, then speaks into the phone again:

MITCH
All right. In the kitchen.

DAVE
Go to the fridge...
Mitch turns away from the twins and opens the fridge. He sees

a bottle of wine and immediately drinks from the bottle.

MITCH
Yeah?

DAVE
Defrost two bags of breastmilk in the microwave for 3 minutes, then prepare two separate bottles...
Mitch grabs a container of cow's milk, sniffs it, turns to give it to the babies -- to discover that Sarah is gone, and Peter is licking an ELECTRICAL SOCKET!

MITCH
Holy fuck!
Mitch yanks Peter away just as SPARKS shoot from the socket!

DAVE
What was that?

MITCH
Nothing! Go on! Two bottles...?

61.

DAVE
First: attach the filter to the seal to the nipple...
Mitch hears CLINK CLINK and spins to see that Sarah has crawled over to the KNIFE BLOCK and removed a BUTCHER KNIFE and a MEAT CLEAVER and is waving them about like rattles!

MITCH
Oh jesus oh jesus...
Mitch approaches her, wide-eyed, tentative -- when Sarah giggles and spastically whips the cleaver at him! He barely sidesteps it, and it impacts into a cupboard door -- F-TWANG!

MITCH (CONT'D)
This is so fucked up!

DAVE
I know, right? And make sure you don't allow any air bubbles in.
Mitch grabs a pair of tongs and, after a few attempts, snatches the butcher knife from Sarah's hands. Then he scoops her up and deposits her into the sink with her brother. Finally, he slumps over, trying to catch his breath.

MITCH
Dude. Listen to me: you need to go
downtown first thing tomorrow
morning and you need to find that
fucking fountain...
He starts pouring cow's milk into the babies' mouths. It
splashes all over them, but they manage to lap up some of
it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Honestly, I'm really not sure how
much more of this shit I can take.

CUT TO:

A DESK PLACARD READING "DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON"
District Manager Carla Nelson sits behind her desk in her
bland, putty office, the next morning. She is still bored.

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
Good news. Your formal information
request was approved.
Dave stops pacing, deeply relieved.

62.

DAVE
Great. So where's the fountain?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
Oh. We won't hear back for one to
three weeks, maybe more.

DAVE
WHAT? How long can it possibly take
you to find your own fountain?!

CARLA MELSON DAVE
One to three weeks, maybe One to three weeks, maybe
more. more.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Thanks, Carla, you just ruined my
life. Have an awesome day.
Dave blows out of there, choking on his fury...
MATCH CUT TO:

DAVE RACING INTO HIS OWN HOUSE
still furious. He looks around for Mitch.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Mitch?! Mitch?! Bad news, buddy!
Dave bounds up the stairs...

INT. NURSERY -- MORNING

Jamie quietly CRIES as she gets the twins dressed for the day. Dave charges in--

DAVE
Real bad news--!
Jamie startles and quickly dries her eyes.

JAMIE
Dave's in the shower.

DAVE
Are you okay...?
Dave enters, concerned, and instinctively starts helping her dress the babies. She watches him, a bit confused.

63.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Come on, you can tell me. We've been friends forever...

JAMIE

(EXHALES)
It's Dave ...he's been acting so strange lately. Last night... Last night he even told me he wasn't attracted to me...

DAVE
Oh my god I'm going to fucking kill him.
JAMIE
Just tell me honestly...is Dave having an affair?

DAVE
No. Jamie. I swear he's not. You're just going through a very temporary rough patch, okay?

JAMIE
Temporary? We've been in this rough patch for years

DAVE
(this is news to him)
Y-You have?!

JAMIE
You don't want to hear about this.

DAVE
No I really do. Tell me everything. Jamie looks at him, sees the urgency in his eyes. Frowns.

JAMIE
It's not his fault, really...I love him with all my heart, you know I do, but-you remember Dave's family growing up. They were a mess. They had nothing. Dave's entire childhood was spent looking over the fence, wanting a better life. So he scrimped and saved and worked four jobs at once and put himself through school and built a better life for himself. I've always loved that about him.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
No one ever gave him anything. The
problem is, now that he's got a
good life, he can't turn it off --
he's still looking over the fence,
wanting something even better, a
second house, more kids, a faster
car; a bigger promotion, whatever
it is that he thinks will finally
make him happy.
Dave reddens, defensive; this is hitting very close to home.

DAVE
well poor Jamie! You have an
ambitious, hard-working husband who
provides for you and your family --
how can you even stand it?

JAMIE
(TAKEN ABACK)
No, I know, I should be grateful...
and I am...I guess all I'm saying
is that Dave is so focussed on what
he doesn't have that he can't see
what he does. And how long can you
stay married to someone who is
incapable of ever being happy...?
She looks at him, searching. Dave stammers, realizing for
the
first time just how much trouble his marriage is in... Then:

M itch
Check it out: I have freckles on my
taint! How awesome is that?! They turn to see Mitch in the doorway, buck naked and wet,
holding a hand-mirror under his balls. Then he sees Dave.

M itch (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, fag. Why're you here?

CUT TO:

M itch (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One to three weeks, maybe more?!

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Mitch shaves in the bathroom as Dave paces, anxious.

M itch
What the fuck does that even mean?!
DAVE
It means we might be in each other's bodies for a while...

MITCH
What?! No! I can't do this anymore! Your life sucks!

DAVE
My life sucks?! You drive a Fiero--
Jamie calls through the door:

JAMIE (O.S.)
Um, I'm going to work?

DAVE MITCH
All right, angel! Have a nice day!

JAMIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You guys okay in there?

MITCH
Yup! Just two dudes chilling in the bathroom, nothing weird about that!

JAMIE (O.S.)
Okay...? See you later...
We hear Jamie's FOOTSTEPS retreat. Dave grows emotional:

DAVE
Listen to me: I know I complain about my family sometimes, but Jamie and the kids are everything to me... My marriage is falling apart, my job is on the line, and I need you to step up and be the best possible version of me, okay?

MITCH
Dude, honestly, I'm working my nuts off over here. I don't know how to play you any better.
DAVE
Well. Then I'm just gonna have to teach you. Let's start at the

BEGINNING:

CUT TO:

66.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM -- CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave holds up a suit from his closet. Mitch watches.

DAVE
This is called a suit. You have to wear one every day, along with-- (holding up tie)

A NECKTIE--
(holding up socks)
Black -- not white -- socks--
(holding up dress shoes)
Dress shoes, not shower sandals--
(holding up boxers)
And underwear.

MITCH
Oh come on!

DAVE
No! No more commando! You are a grown-ass man!
Mitch mimics heiling Hitler and starts getting dressed...

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Mitch, highly uncomfortable in his business suit, scowls as Dave shows him the kids' schedules on the fridge.

DAVE
This is called a schedule. It tells you everything you need to do in a given day. Drop offs. Pick ups.
Activities. Playdates. Doctors appointments. You'll notice that there are approximately 50 hours worth of obligations on any given day. Find a way.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY

Dave drives. Mitch slumps in the passenger seat, grumpy.

DAVE
Always be thinking of your next responsibility. It helps to break your day into four minute increments. And remember: there is no margin for error.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
If you pick up the twins, the drycleaning and the diaper cream but forget the organic quince paste from that little place on Abbot Kinney, everyone still hates you. You have to be perfect.

INT. WHOLE FOODS SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Dave walks Mitch through Whole Foods with a cart, selecting various items from the list.

DAVE
This is called a grocery store. You buy food here. Before heading to the market, always call Jamie first and ask her if she needs anything. In fact, before you make anV decisions in your life, no matter how small, call your wife first. Think of yourself as a retarded mule lost in the desert: helpless,
dumb, and in constant need of direction. Never take initiative, never strike out on your own, never deviate from the plan: you are always wrong. You are a retarded mule lost in the desert.

**INT. DAVE'S AUDI STATION WAGON -- DAY**

They drive down the street, the car packed with groceries.

**DAVE**

When you're with Jamie, you should always be doing one of three things: asking her permission, complimenting her, or begging her forgiveness. It doesn't matter if she already said you could go to poker night, or if she looks like fucking Mothra in that dress, or if you didn't do anything wrong. Permission, compliments, apologies. That's all anyone wants to hear out of a husband's mouth. Here, let's practice: what's your favorite joke?

**MITCH**

Umm...? A rabbi, a priest--?

BAM! Dave punches Mitch in the nuts.

68.

**DAVE**

Trick question! No one fucking cares! You're Dave Lockwood, boring dad, you're not Jerry Fucking Seinfeld! Shut the fuck up! Mitch clutches his balls, hurt and scared...

**INT. PRE-SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY**

Dave and Mitch, wearing sombreros, sit behind a tiny desk in this colorful pre-school classroom, preparing the healthy
snacks they just purchased for Cara and her rowdy
CLASSMATES.

DAVE
These are called children, or dependents. Never disparage your own children -- everything they do is a miracle from God. When they're bad, it's only because they're tired or going through a phase. When other people's kids are bad, however, it's because of indulgent parenting or innate defects in the

CHILD'S CHARACTER--
A cute little BOY snatches three apple slices.

DAVE (CONT'D)
One a piece, please, Dylan.

(TO MITCH)
Kid's a natural born criminal. If he sees 18, it'll be from the inside a jail cell.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- DAY
Dave walks Mitch through the office.

DAVE
This is called an office, or work. Think about whatever you most want to do here, and then do the exact opposite. You want to go home early? Great: stay all night. Hungry? Cool: don't eat. Think your boss is a total douche? Terrific: invite him to join your fantasy baseball league.
A cute ASSOCIATE walks by and Mitch overtly eye-fucks her all the way past. Dave nut-punches him again.
DAVE (CONT'D)
You're married now, jackass! You can't look at other women, you can't talk to other women, you can't even be interesting around other women! Do everything in your power to de-sexualize yourself -- wear a fannypack, drive a Passat, affix electronic devices to your belt -- whatever it takes. If you're forced to interact with a woman, quickly find a way to mention that you're married. It doesn't even have to make sense. Just be like "Nice weather today, I'm totally fucking married."

MITCH
Wait, so I can't sleep with my wife and I can't sleep with other women? What is that?

DAVE
It's called marriage.
Dave turns into his office, nodding at his mean secretary.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Good morning, Gladys.
She scowls at him, confused, who's this guy? Then Mitch passes and wiggles his tongue at her, simulating cunnilingus.
The old lady GASPS, appalled...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS
They enter Dave's office.

DAVE
Do you have any other questions?

MITCH
Yeah -- when's your free time?

DAVE
(COCK-PUNCHING him again)
Have you been listening to one word I've said?! There is no fucking free time! You don't have a life anymore! You don't have a personality, or an identity, or a point of view! You are a dad!
DAVE (CONT'D)
Your job is to allocate resources, to shuttle children from A to B, to deliver food at appropriate intervals, to clean up, to break down, to construct, to repair, to finance, to soothe, to make everyone else happy, okay? And when your day is done, you know what you get?

MITCH
Dry handjob?

DAVE
Nothing! You're not single anymore! No one gives you a cupcake every time you hold the door or speak in complete sentences, it's expected of you now, so grow up!

MITCH
Okay, can I just say something without you punching my cock?
(Dave inhales, go)
I think you might be taking some of this adult shit a little seriously--

VOICE AT THE DOOR
Knock knock?
Both men turn to see Sabrina in the doorway, looking lovely in a short skirt suit, holding documents. Mitch straightens.

MITCH
HELL-lo legs.

SABRINA
Yes...um...sort of big news.

MITCH
Please, come in! Coffee? Scotch?

**SABRINA**

(entering, tentative)
No... thanks? Anyway, Kinkabe and Amalgamated have agreed to go into binding mediation in two days.

**DAVE**

Two days? Are you kidding me?!
Sabrina glances at Dave, confused, no idea who he is.

---

**SABRINA**

N-No? Anyway, I'll have my briefs on your desk by tonight.

**MITCH**

(stretching leg on desk)
And I'll have my briefs on your chin by tomorrow morning--

**DAVE**

And that is Level 4 Sexual Harassment! Awesome! Thanks, Sabrina, that will be all.

**MITCH**

Oh shit, this is Sabrina?!
Sabrina looks at Dave, even more confused.

**SABRINA**

Have. . . Have we met?

**DAVE**

(shaking Sabrina's hand)
Oh. I'm sorry, no. I'm Mitch, Dave's completely idiotic friend.

**SABRINA**

(SMILING SLIGHTLY)
Sabrina McArdle. Nice to meet you. Mitch notices their chemistry and immediately blurts out:

MITCH
You guys should go out!

DAVE
What?

MITCH
Yeah! You're single now, Mitch, remember? And Sabrina is stone fucking hot! Look at that body! Sabrina: swimmer in college?

SABRINA
Dave--?

72.

MITCH
You two should go out, have a nice steak dinner, go dancing at some weird Korean nightclub and then fuck on the roof, you know what I mean? How's 8pm tomorrow night, Richter's Steakhouse? Sabrina and Dave stammer, sharing a terrorized look.

SABRINA
Um, good, I guess...?

MITCH
Great! I know for a fact that Mitch is free, so he'll see you there! And honey: wear something tight, you know what I mean? Make it fun.

SABRINA
Yeah...I'm gonna go now...? Sabrina hurries out, appalled. Dave clutches his forehead:

DAVE
Oh my god I'm so fucking fired.
MITCH
No dude: you're so fucking laid!

DAVE
You can't talk to women like that at work! Or anywhere, really!

MITCH
I'm sorry, I just got you a date with the number one girl on your Cancer List and this is the thanks I get?

DAVE
I'm not going on the date, Mitch.

MITCH
Yes you are.

DAVE
No. I'm not.

73.

MITCH
Yes you are, because if you don't, I will feed your children non-organic snacks and then introduce them to my extensive girl-on-horse pornography collection. How do you think Jamie will react to that? Dave just looks at Mitch, horrified.

DAVE
Why...Why are you doing this to me?

MITCH
Because I've seen your life and if you don't loosen up soon you are literally going to die. So go out with this chick. Have fun. Bust a nut. Remember why life is beautiful again, okay? Please?
This actually gets to Dave a bit. He frowns, fine...

MITCH (CONT'D)
Also, see if she likes to fuck on Tuesday nights, because you owe me a regular.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

His work day over, Mitch strides through the parking lot, heading for his car, cheerfully waving to various COMMUTERS:

MITCH
GOOD EVENING! / HAVE A PLEASANT COMMUTE! / WHAT A WONDERFUL BROOCH!

Mitc h reaches his Audi station wagon when--

VOICE
Dave?
Mitch turns to see his father, MITCH, SR. passing, smiling.

MITCH
Oh! Hey... Mister ...Planko? What are you doing here?

MITCH, SR.
My attorney's in this building...

74.
He notices the HUMAN STICK FIGURES on Dave's rear windshield, labelled for each member of his family. He smiles at them:

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
Oh, what a neat idea!

MITCH
Yeah, maybe if you're from Kansas.

MITCH, SR.
Your parents are very lucky to have so many grandchildren.

MITCH
(quick, sharp)
What's that supposed to mean?

MITCH, SR.
Nothing! Nothing. How are y--?

MITCH
I mean, you still have a really fucking cool son, right?!

MITCH, SR.
Yes, Mitch is definitely cool...
How are the twins?

MITCH
They're fucking fine-- what the fuck does that mean, "Mitch is definitely cool?!"

MITCH, SR.
(TAKEN ABACK)
Nothing. No, it's my fault... I spoiled him rotten after his mother passed away, but...
He trails off, clearly not wanting to talk about this.

MITCH
But what, dude?! Spit it out!

MITCH, SR.
But now he's a total fuck up.
Mitch actually GASPS. His dad smiles sadly:

75.

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
I mean, he's a great guy, he's the life of the party, but he has no work ethic, he has no backbone,
he'll never build a family or a career or anything of substance like you have. He's... embarrassing. Mitch stands there, mouth agape, just decimated.

MICH, SR. (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'm sorry to go on and on. How's your lovely wife--?
Mitch starts TEARING UP and fumbling with the car door.

MITCH
Your son is not a fuck up, M-Mr. Planko! He's just a late bloomer!
His dad looks utterly confused as Mitch gets into the car.

MICH, SR.
Dave? Are you crying...?

MITCH
I'm sorry, I'm just very close to Mitch and when people say mean things about him I hurt too--
He SLAMS the door shut and jerks out of the parking spot, tears pouring down his face. His dad watches on, bewildered.

INT. DAVE'S CAR -- NIGHT
Mitch angrily drives home, trying to stop crying.

MITCH
Fuck! Fuck...
And then Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" comes on the radio. Mitch's expression slowly turns to steely determination...

CUT TO:

BLACK STILLNESS
As "Eye of the Tiger" continues playing, we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then we hear a second baby join in. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE

YOUR TURN--
Mitch sits bolt upright in bed like Rambo, totally awake, his jaw set, and bounds out of bed...

**INT. NURSERY -- NIGHT**

Mitch aggressively changes the twins' diapers. He's doing a terrible job, but he's focussed, working hard...

**INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

Mitch assembles two baby bottles as the twins sit in the sink SCREAMING. He SCREAMS back at them...

**INT. DEN -- NIGHT**

Mitch sits erect on the couch like a Navajo warrior, feeding the twins, his eyes afire...

**INT. DAVE'S CAR -- THE NEXT MORNING**

Wearing fingerless driving gloves, Mitch races the twins to day care. He looks like the fucking Transporter...

**INT. STEEL, KUHBACH, MCLOUD -- LAW FIRM -- MORNING**

Mitch blows into the office, looking sharp in a business suit. He points at other lawyers, amped up, not smiling.

**MITCH**

**LET'S DO SOME LAW, GUYS! GET SOME!**

His old secretary Gladys falls in step with him.

**GLADYS**

**GOOD MORN--**

**MITCH**

I need the book CORPORATE LAW FOR DUMMIES, every season of Law & Order on DVD and Blu-Ray, and the biggest fucking coffee you can carry on my desk in 15 minutes or else you're fired. Gladys writes this down on a pad of paper, a bit turned on...

**MITCH (CONT'D)**
Also get yourself a new haircut and a pair of six inch stripper shoes. It's time to take this shit to the next level.

77.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Mitch studies a legal casebook while chugging coffee. Law & Order plays on the TV in the background. Then an ALARM sounds on his desk and he races out of his office, all business...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mitch hurries into the pediatrician's office, talking on his BlackBerry phone, a twin in each arm, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. The RECEPTIONIST frowns. Mitch makes the universal "jerking off" motion with his hand...

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Mitch races through the supermarket with a cart, grabbing items off the shelves like Supermarket Sweeps...

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Mitch jogs into the crowded auditorium and sits next to Jamie. The ballet recital is already in progress...
ONSTAGE, two dozen adorable little BALLERINAS in pink tutu's pile and jete about...
Jamie points out little Cara in pigtails. Mitch smiles.

MITCH

Fuck me she's cute...

JAMIE

Uh oh, here comes the second battement glisse...
Jamie tenses up. Mitch does too...
As Cara starts her spin, Nicolette Peters goes to push her over -- and Cara calmly grabs her arm, FLIPS her over her shoulder, and drops her flat on her back with a loud WHAM!
As Nicolette starts CRYING, Cara calmly continues dancing like nothing happened. The other girls on stage look pleased.

Mitch CLAPS and WHISTLES:

MITCH

FUCK YEAH! NICE ONE, CARA!
Jamie hits him, SHE, but is clearly proud of her little girl.

A dozen rows ahead of them, NICOLETTE'S FATHER -- a huge former linebacker -- leaps up, outraged:

78.

NICOLETTE'S FATHER

HEY! THAT GIRL JUST FLIPPED MY DAUGHTER!
Mitch hops up, equally fired up.

MITCH

THAT'S BECAUSE YOUR DAUGHTER IS A FUCKING CUNT!
The entire auditorium SILENCES. Nicolette's father turns.

NICOLETTE'S FATHER

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!

MITCH

YOU HEARD ME, PAL! YOUR DAUGHTER HAD IT COMING!
Nicolette's father, his face beet red, starts climbing over people and seats, insanely gunning for Mitch!

NICOLETTE'S FATHER

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
JAMIE

Honey--?.

MITCH

BRING IT, FUCK-NUTS!
Mitch bounds over the seats, charging right back at him! ON STAGE Mrs. Kleinmen and all the little ballerinas stand frozen, mouths agape, watching Mitch and Nicolette's father claw their way over seats, trying to get to each other!

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'M GONNA RIP YOUR FUCKING FACE OFF-
WHAM! Nicolette's dad levels him OUT OF FRAME as we

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BMW STATION WAGON -- EVENING

Jamie drives along, a slight smile on her face. Mitch sits shotgun, battered and beaten, holding an ice pack to his cheek. Cara sits in her carseat in the back, a bit stunned.

JAMIE

Well, looks like you won't be doing ballet at the rec center anymore.

79.

CARA

That's okay. I didn't really like it anyway.

MITCH

Where'd you learn to ninja-flip a girl like that?

CARA

The internet.

MITCH

Good girl. So what'd we learn from
Cara?

**Cara**
Always solve my problems with violence.

**Mitch**
That's right, baby. Bones. They bump fists. Jamie is stunned.

**Jamie**
What?! No, angel, that's exactly the wrong lesson. You should never use violence, except to defend yourself, okay? Mitch subtly shakes his head at Cara, don't listen to her.

**Mitch**
Violence is cool.

**Jamie**
Dave!

**Mitch**
I'm kidding!

**(TO CARA)**
I'm not kidding.
Cara GIGGLES in the backseat. Jamie can't help but laugh too.

Soon they're all LAUGHING. It's a nice moment.

**Cara**
I love you, Daddy...

**Mitch**

**(SURPRISED)**
Oh. I-I love you too, angel.

80.
Jamie smiles over at Mitch...
TIGHT ON MITCH as he feels the family love for the first time. He looks touched... even a little proud...
Then his cell phone rings. He answers it:

MITCH (CONT'D)

Lockwood.

DAVE (ON PHONE)

I haven't been on a first date in over a decade and I'm drowning in my own fear--!

MITCH

Don't move. I'll be right over.

SMASH CUT TO:

MITCH KICKING OPEN THE DOOR

of his old apartment to find Dave, in khaki's and a pressed buttondown, freaking out in the mirror--

DAVE

How do I look?!

MITCH

Like a fucking tool. Step aside--

Mitch throws open the closet and yanks out a pair of jeans.

MITCH (CONT'D)

These are called jeans. They've been very popular with our nation's young people for over 60 years. Put them on immediately.

DAVE

Jeans? To a restaurant?

Mitch punches Dave in the nuts; he doubles over.

MITCH

Shut up and do what I say. We only have 3 hours to make you cool...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S BATHROOM

Mitch shows Dave how to put gel into his hair.
MITCH
This is called gel, or product. Use too little and you look like a pedophile Cub Scout leader, use too much and you look Persian. Neither is a winning hand. Dave very nervously applies gel to his hair...

INT. MITCH'S SHOWER STALL

Dave stands with his pants around his ankles as Mitch very delicately shaves his balls with a Bic razor.

MITCH
Okay, normally I would never do this for another man, but since we're in a rush, and technically this is my testicle bag, I'm making a rare exception. Always man-scape before a first date. It shows a lady that you're clean, considerate, and American.

DAVE
IT TICKLES--

MITCH
Don't speak, it jiggles your sack.

EXT. EXOTIC MOTORCARS -- EVENING

Exotic sells the most pimped-out used cars in LA. Mitch SQUEALS off the lot in a RED FERRARI and cruises down the Sunset Strip, music BLASTING. Dave sits shotgun, stunned.

DAVE
I can't believe you just charged a Ferrari to my Discover Card.

MITCH
You need to learn to be spontaneous, Dave. Chicks like spontaneous.
(to WOMEN walking by)
Hey ladies! Show us your tits!
They flip him off. Mitch laughs. Dave is still floored:
DAVE
What are we gonna tell Jamie...?

82.

MITCH
Do me a favor, Dave. Relax your butt hole.

DAVE
What?

MITCH
Your sphincter. Just... release it. Dave's entire body visibly relaxes a bit.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You didn't even know it was puckered, right? Now recline your seat a bit...

(DAVE RECLINES)
Good. Now take some deep breaths. (Dave does, calming)
Now give me your sunglasses. Dave gives him his sunglasses; Mitch chucks them out the window and hands him his cool Ray Ban's.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Now, just for like three minutes, don't be a dad, don't be a husband, don't be a lawyer, just be a dude rolling down Sunset strip in a fucking Ferrari with his best friend listening to Seal, okay? Dave looks out the window, getting into it...

MITCH (CONT'D)
Feels good, right? After a moment, a TEAR escapes from under Dave's shades.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's okay, just let it out.
DAVE
It's been so long since I felt cool...

MITCH
I know, baby. I know.
They cruise for a bit longer, then Mitch pulls into a CAR WASH. Dave looks confused.

83.

DAVE
Why are we washing the car? It's brand new.

MITCH
We're not washing the car, David. We're getting you mentally, physically, and spiritually ready for your date. Come on.

INT. CAR WASH -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER
Mitch and a very confused Dave enter the car wash lobby.

MITCH
Now. I don't have time to cover all the ways in which women have changed since you last dated...
Mitch stops at the register to pay. Various CAR WASH EMPLOYEES keep saying hi to Dave, weirding him out.

CAR WASH EMPLOYEES
Hola, Mitch! / Como esta, Mitch?! 

MITCH
The bottom line is: the internet has revolutionized everything.

DAVE
You mean like J-date?

MITCH
Fuck J-date. No. The internet has
changed chicks in three major ways: first, access and acceptance of pornography has commoditized women and pressured them into becoming sluttier at far younger ages, which is awesome. Mitch finishes paying and continues through the car wash.

**MICH (CONT'D)**

Second: text messaging has de-stigmatized the booty call. Call a girl at 3 in the morning for sex and it's creepy. Text her "SUCK WANG MIDNIGHT?" and it's classy. I have no idea why, but again, an awesome development.

(MORE)

84.

**MICH (CONT'D)**

Third: Facebook and other social networking sites have falsely convinced people -- women included -- that they are funny, interesting, and unique. Get used to listening waay more than you used to. Chicks are the new dudes, they talk about themselves all the fucking time now. Practice saying things like "you are so different" and "no, really, what Golden Girl would you be?" and "I love Lady Gaga too."

DAVE

What's a Lady Gaga?

**MICH**

I don't know, it's either a pop singer or an energy drink. They arrive at the CAR WASH WAITING AREA. People sit around,
waiting for their cars, many of them young, female, and cute.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Okay, let's talk to some honeys, get your flow going again.

DAVE
So wait, why are we at a car wash?

MITCH
The girls are alone, bored, and old enough to drive -- it's a goldmine. I run game here four to seven times a week. Now go on, bust a move.

DAVE
Come on, I talk to women all the time, I don't need to practice.

MITCH
Really.

DAVE
Yes. And no offense, as a married man, I probably know how to talk to women better than you do.

MITCH
Really v!

85.

DAVE
Yes! It's not that hard. They just want to be respected and listened to like everybody else.

MITCH
Okay Daddy Day Care show me how it's done then! Shit! Dave sighs and crosses to a CUTE BLONDE texting nearby. As he draws closer, however, he starts to tense up...soon he's
sweating... it's been a long time ...by the time he finally reaches the blonde, his voice is ridiculously shrill:

   **DAVE**

Hello there what's your name?!
She doesn't even look up from her BlackBerry. Dave's confidence instantly crumbles...

   **DAVE (CONT'D)**

I-I'm sorry, I'm not trying to hit on you. I'm just...I mean, I'm married, so that's not even a thing. W-W-Where are you from--?
Mitch appears and yanks him away. Dave looks traumatized:

   **DAVE (CONT'D)**

Was she reaching for her rape whistle?

   **MITCH**

Shake it off. Being single is like the Tour De France: it's all about quick recovery time. Now go on, get your groove back, you're meeting Sabrina in a half hour.

   **QUICK CUTS:**

Of Dave trying to chat up various YOUNG WOMEN at the carwash.

   **DAVE**

Your name is Dora? Like the Explorah?! No...? You aren't familiar with that show...?

86.

   **ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN**

   **DAVE**

(trying to be sexy)
So: what school district do you live in?
MOTHER ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN

DAVE
Yikes, what do your parents think of all those piercings?!

MOTHER ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN

DAVE
.and that's the difference between a stroller and a pram.

YOUNG WOMAN
My car's ready.
The YOUNG WOMAN races off towards her newly cleaned car.

Dave
slumps, shit. Mitch nods, looking at his watch.

MITCH
Forty seconds. Not bad. Your times are improving.

DAVE
I forgot how hard it is to be single...

MITCH
As a general rule, when you're talking to single women, conversation topics to avoid include: your wife, your children, your favorite playgrounds, and The Wiggles...
Dave nods, hating himself. Mitch heads for the Ferrari.

MITCH (CONT'D)
But this was good. You worked out all your bad game and now you're ready to dominate. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI -- NIGHT

Mitch rockets down Sunset Boulevard. Dave looks nauseous.
DAVE
I don't feel good about this.

MITCH
Relax: you're dressed cool, your hair is crushing it, your ballsack is taut and smooth, and you're way better looking than you've ever been. Just remember Uncle Mitch's Golden Rule of Dating.

DAVE
I know, always use an alias.

MITCH
What? No. No, my Golden Rule of Dating is always find the fun. Think of it like this: for the next two hours, you're stuck with this chick. Doesn't matter if she's cool or crazy or if she was born with a vagina on her forehead -- you're stuck, so make the most of it. I dated this chick named Topaz once who may or may not have killed her father. Long story short, she looked like 50 miles of bad road and I wasn't interested, but I used our time together to learn about incest and the failures of the American Appellate Court system. I found it hugely informative, and Topaz got caught up in my enthusiasm and gave me a crying blowjob on the car-ride home, so everybody won. The point is: find the fun for yourself and great things will follow.

Dave looks horrified as they roll up to RICHTER'S, a chic steakhouse.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Power hug.
Mitch hugs a still-speechless Dave...

MITCH (CONT'D)
Now go on. Make daddy proud.
INT. RICHTER'S RESTAURANT -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Richter's is dark, elegant, romantic. Dave sits at a candle-lit table, anxiously folding and unfolding sugar packets. Then Sabrina enters, looking stunning in a snug red dress, and gazes around the restaurant. Dave's heart skips a beat, and he waves her over. She approaches, smiling.

SABRINA
Hey!

DAVE
Hey. Hi. Hello.

He awkwardly goes to kiss her cheek while she goes for a handshake. It's awkward/cute.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh -- whoop -- okay.

They sit. Dave stares at her, terrified. Then he blurts out:

DAVE (CONT'D)
Do you like Googoo Lady?!

SABRINA
What. . .what is that?

DAVE
I-I don't know! I really don't!

Sabrina smiles politely and looks around for a waiter. Dave winces, hating himself to the very core of his being...

SABRINA
So. How long have you known Dave?

DAVE
M-My whole life, actually.

SABRINA
Annnd have you ever seen him act like he did yesterday?
DAVE
What, like a total douchebag?
She LAUGHS. Dave can't believe it. He loosens up a bit.

89.

DAVE (CONT'D)
That's not fair. Dave...Dave isn't himself right now. I hope he didn't say anything to offend you...

SABRINA
No. I mean, he totally did, but it's fine. I have brothers. Dave pours both of them a glass of wine, finding his rhythm.

DAVE
So. You like working with Dave?

SABRINA
I love it. He's the best.

DAVE
Isn't he just?

SABRINA
I...eh, nevermind.

DAVE
No, go on.

SABRINA
I actually used to sort of have a crush on him, if you must know...

DAVE

(LAUGHING)
You did? That's so... ironic!

SABRINA
I mean, he's married, so obviously...
DAVE
Right. Obviously. Well, I'm just like Dave, only way more handsome. She laughs. Dave smiles back, his confidence growing, as we

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

DAVE AND SABRINA TALKING AND LAUGHING
as they meander through the courses of their meal. We've never seen Dave so animated and alive and happy...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

90.

EXT. RICHTER'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Dave and Sabrina exit the restaurant. It's a warm night.

DAVE
Well, I had a great time...

SABRINA
Oh -- are we done? It's only 2.

DAVE
Right! No! What are we, lame married people? Let's go to a rave...or something? Do people...still do that? Raving?

SABRINA
My friend is spinning afterhours at Foxtail, if you want...?

DAVE

(CONFUSED)

Spinning? Is that with the bikes? Sabrina laughs and takes his arm.

SABRINA
You're so funny! Come on!
EXT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

A line of HIPSTERS wait outside Foxtail. Holding Dave's hand, Sabrina cuts the line, kisses the BOUNCER on the cheek, and he lets them inside. Dave nods, awesome...

INT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Dave and Sabrina get down on the sweaty, crowded dance floor. The house music is deafening and the lights are hypnotizing and everyone is having the time of their lives. Dave, his shirt half-open, moves sensually in sync with Sabrina, both of them possessed by the music. They're inches apart and her dress and hair fly about in all the right ways.

INT. FOXTAIL NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Foxtail is closed, but Dave, with Sabrina on his lap, sits in a booth drinking champagne with DJ BASSNECTAR and all of his ridiculously cool friends. Dave tells a joke and everyone laughs -- including KIEFER SUTHERLAND, who's sitting next to him; Kiefer slaps Dave five. Nice!

91.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT -- NIGHT

Dave, Sabrina, Bassnectar, Kiefer Sutherland, and a group of hipsters play poker in Kiefer's unbelievable DOWNTOWN LOFT. Music blasts, beer bottles litter the table, and everyone is having fun. Sabrina wins a hand and does a victory dance...

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Dave walks Sabrina home along her quaint, tree-lined street.

DAVE

Now that was a first date...
SABRINA
For a guy with a poker table in his living room, Kiefer Sutherland is surprisingly bad at poker.

DAVE
I know. I'm not even sure he understood the rules...
She laughs. Then they stop in front of her apartment. Beat.

SABRINA
It's so weird, I feel like I've known you for longer than just one night...

DAVE
Yeah. Me too...
There's a lull for a kiss. Dave hesitates...so Sabrina moves in and kisses him. It's sweet but passionate... When it's over, Dave can barely speak:

DAVE (CONT'D)
Can...Can, um, can I call you sometime? Do people still say that?

SABRINA
Yes -- and you'd better.

DAVE
Okay. Well. Good night, Sabrina.

SABRINA
Good night, Mitch.

92.
She gives him a thoughtful smile then disappears inside.

Dave waits a second, then does a victorious karate chop, YES!

DISSOLVE TO:

A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY MORNING
Light floods into Mitch's apartment. Dave wakes up and looks
at the clock: 9:02.

DAVE

Fuck that. He rolls over and goes back to sleep, a smile on his face...

EXT. TOAST -- DAY

Dave sits at an outdoor table, reading a novel and taking his time with brunch. He sees a BUSINESSMAN wolfing down his food and running off to his car, yelling into his cell phone, stressed out of his mind. Dave smiles and keeps reading...

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Dave sits on the toilet, reading his novel and taking a leisurely shit. We hear the clean KER-PLOP of a solid poo hitting the toilet water, and Dave closes his eyes, nice...

EXT. BATTING CAGES -- DAY

Dave, in a Dodgers jersey, tees off on baseballs in a batting cage. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! It feels great...

EXT. JUNGLE -- MOVIE SET -- DAY

Dave, holding a cross-bow and wearing a loincloth, has fake sex with his CO-STAR on a jungle set; their mid-sections are conveniently obscured by a giant fern. Dave is selling it, and when Valtan calls cut, the whole CREW applauds, wildly impressed. Dave waves them off, bashful...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Looking hip in jeans, flip flops, and a mildly ironic tee shirt, Dave breezes into his office to find Mitch, in a pressed suit, intently studying a legal casebook at his desk.

DAVE

Well, well, look who's all grown up.
93.
Dave crashes on the couch, happy. Mitch looks annoyed:

MITCH
Really? Open-toed sandals at work?

DAVE
Are...Are you kidding me?

MITCH
Look, I can't hang right now, okay? I've got the mediation in like ten minutes.
Dave stands right back up, surprised and impressed.

DAVE
Wow. Okay. Well, I just wanted to tell you that if you can get a protracted buyout for anything over 700 million dollars, take it, okay?

MITCH
700 million, you got it.

DAVE
(heading for the door)
Also, I wanted to thank you for setting me up with Sabrina. She's amazing. I can't wait to see her

AGAIN TONIGHT--

MITCH
What?! Dave: No. You can't, you have to wait at least a week!
Dave reaches for his cellphone as he heads out the door.

DAVE
Which reminds me, I wanted to call to see if she got the flowers...

MITCH
You sent her flowers after one date?! Are you retarded?! Do not get me into a relationship, dude!
Too late. Dave is already gone. Mitch scowls. Then:
MITCH (CONT'D)
You can come out now, Gladys...
A second later, GLADYS, in a form-fitting suit and a sexy new bob, crawls out from under his desk. Mitch zips up his pants.

94.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Look, honey, I don't think this is WORKING OUT--

Gladys YANKS him by the tie and gets in his face, wild-eyed:

GLADYS
I haven't had sex in 34 years! This isn't over 'til I say it's over.

MITCH
F-Fine, but can you please stop following me to the bathroom and calling my house late at night and sending me all those filthy emails? It's, you know, deeply disturbing.

GLADYS
You need to realize something, boy:
(whispering in his ear)
I fucking own you now.
The old lady aggressively makes out with Mitch. Her tongue roams from his mouth and madly licks his face, neck, and forehead. Eventually they separate. Mitch looks stunned.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I left you a little souvenir in your pocket...
She winks and exits. Mitch tentatively reaches into his pocket and pulls out a giant pair of TAN GRANNY PANTIES.

MITCH
I've created a monster...

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- DAY

A line of limousines roll up to Dave's building and dozens of stone-faced EXECUTIVES from both companies file out...

INT. LAW FIRM -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

KEN KINKABE and a slew of his EXECS sit on one side of the massive conference table. Sitting across from them are CEO TED NORTON, Mitch, Flemming Steel III, and a bevy of Amalgamated execs. No one speaks. It's a corporate staredown.

Then the mediator, ERIN WALSH, 50's, enters, all business:

95.

ERIN WALSH
Thank you all for coming. My name is Erin Walsh and I will be mediating your claim today...

Mitch makes the "I'm gonna slit your fucking throat" gesture to Ken Kinkabe, who recoils, what the...:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIDE ROOM -- LATER

The mediation has broken into two separate rooms. The Amalgamated team sits in their shirtsleeves, waiting in tense silence. PAPERS litter the table. They've been here a while. A large tray of sandwiches sits half-eaten on the sideboard. Mitch jams the last piece of a ham sandwich into his mouth, swallows it, and holds up his hands, victorious!

MITCH
14! 14 sandwiches and 9 Diet Slice's! Pay up, cocksucker!

An EXEC gives him a 5 dollar bill. Mitch waves it in the air and HUMS the Olympic theme song. Flemming just glares at him like, you're so fired. Then the mediator enters.
ERIN WALSH
Kinkabe agrees in principle to the terms of the sale, and valuates your company at 725 million dollars. This is their last and final offer. I'll be outside. She exits. CEO Ted Norton looks at Flemming, intense.

FLEMING STEEL III
It's a fair deal. I don't think we'll get much more out of them...
The other execs all nod. Then Mitch BURRRRPS:

MITCH
Fuck that, dude, you can do better.

CEO TED NORTON
I beg your pardon?

FLEMING STEEL III
Shut your mouth, Lockwood--!

96.

MITCH
Look, this is just like when you're trying to fuck a Jewish girl and she keeps saying "no, no, I don't want to, I'm really drunk and you're not circumcised" but then she keeps making out with you and not getting out of your Fiero so you know she really does want it, she just needs to be nudged a bit more so she can rationalize it to herself and to her God, know what I mean? This is just like that.
Everyone in the room is speechless. Mitch opens another soda.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Jesus I do not feel good.

FLEMING STEEL III
How is this...at all... like that?

MITCH
If this was really their final offer, they'd leave. Instead, they're sticking around, which means they have more money to spend. Ted looks at his execs. It's not a terrible point...

CEO TED NORTON
How much more do you think we can get out of them? 10 million? 15?

MITCH
Fuck it, homey, go for 100.

CEO TED NORTON
What?!

FLEMMING STEEL III
Do not listen to him, Ted, he is beyond reckless! If we make too large a counter-offer, we risk driving them away.

MITCH
Enh, can't hurt to ask. You wouldn't believe the nasty shit I get girls to do just by asking. Honestly, it's revolting.

97.
Ted looks genuinely torn. He dabs his sweaty brow.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Seriously, does anyone have a Pepto? Because I'm gonna throw. Finally, Ted opens the door and says to the mediator:

CEO TED NORTON
Tell Kinkabe we want an extra 100 million and that is our final offer, because we're leaving.
(loudly, to his execs)
Fuel the jet. Let's go.
The mediator heads off as the execs start packing up their briefcases, bluffing. Mitch points at Ted.

MITCH
Nice, bro. Way to show some sack.

CEO TED NORTON
You had better be right, son, or else I am most definitely fired.

MITCH
Hey, me too. Bones.
He extends his fist. Ted ignores him and gathers his things.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Ted Norton and all his execs hurry out of the building, briefcases in hand, looking ashen. They head for their long line of idling limos. Ted hisses to Flemming:

CEO TED NORTON
I can't believe we just walked away from 725 million dollars.

FLEMMING STEEL III
For the record, I did not support THAT DECISION--:

VOICE BEHIND THEM
Mr. Norton?! Sir?!
They turn to see the mediator jogging out of the building.

ERIN WALSH
Sir, Mr. Kinkabe has agreed to the 825 million. The deal is closed.

98.
A shocked CHEER rises up from the execs! Hugs and handshakes all around! Ted pumps Mitch's hand, ecstatic.

CEO TED NORTON
Helluva job! I owe you my life!

MITCH
Fuck it. Helping ridiculously rich people become even more ridiculously rich is why I go to work every day.

CEO TED NORTON
Well, you are bar none the best attorney I've ever worked with!

MITCH
I am?! Fuck, I've never really been good at anything before...
Mitch considers this a second, then laughs, proud.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Gimme me a hug you tiny capitalist!
Mitch hugs Ted and lifts him off the ground, spinning him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I love you so much...

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGERS STADIUM -- DAY

A perfect, sunny day game at Dodgers stadium. Dave and Sabrina take their seats behind home plate.

DAVE

(AMAZED)
These are your grandfather's seats?

SABRINA
Yeah, my family's been coming to Dodger games since they moved here from Brooklyn in '58.
Dave looks at her, his amazement only growing...

DAVE
Really? Who's your favorite Dodger?

SABRINA
Fernando, obviously.
Blown away, Dave unzips his jacket to reveal a throwback number 34 Fernando Valenzuela jersey. She laughs.

**SABRINA (CONT'D)**

No way!

**DAVE**

It's too soon to say I love you, right? That's against the rules? she laughs and kisses him.

**SABRINA**

You're cute.

Smiling, Dave looks out at the perfect ball field, his arm around Sabrina—he looks profoundly... existentially.. .happy.

And then his iPhone RINGS. He answers it:

**DAVE**

Mitch Planko who the fuck is this.

**INTERCUT WITH: DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON**

sitting at her desk, talking on the phone and doing WHIPPETS off a can of Reddi-Wip; twenty empty cans litter her desk.

**DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON**

This is Carla Nelson from the Los Angeles Department of Parks.

**DAVE**

Oh my God, hi! Dave steps away to take the call. Carla does another whippet.

**DAVE (CONT'D)**

What's... going on?

**DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON**

We found that fountain. It's in our San Pedro warehouse. Dave glances back at Sabrina... and winces, conflicted:

**DAVE**

And... and how long is it going to be there?

**DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON**
It ships out tonight for repairs.

100.

DAVE
And after that?

DISTRICT MANAGER CARLA NELSON
(doing another whippet)
No fucking clue, dude.
Dave gets a CALL WAITING BEEP.

DAVE
Right. Okay, well thanks, Carla.
(clicking over to other line)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: MITCH
He's walking down the hall of his law firm, on the phone, as all of his peers step from their offices, APPLAUDING his victory, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand.

MITCH
You hear about the fountain?

DAVE
Yeah... We should probably switch back, huh?
Mitch high-fives a co-worker.

MITCH
Sure. Right. I mean... the funny thing is...I was just starting to enjoy your life a little bit...

DAVE
Yeah, and I was just starting to enjoy yours, too...

MITCH
Really?

DAVE
Really.
MITCH
So.. .maybe we should keep going--?

DAVE
I'm so glad you said that.

MITCH
I'm so glad I said that too! Your life rocks!

(MORE)

101.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I just closed the Amalgamated deal for 825 million dollars and for the first time ever, people actually respect me! It's so weird! Word is they're going to make me partner tonight! I love your life, dude!

DAVE
And I love yours! All the free time and the fun activities and I'm really growing as an actor and I think Sabrina might actually have intercourse with me tonight!

MITCH
Dude, you sent her flowers -- she's gonna fuck you like a crack whore on rent day.

DAVE
So, wait, what are we talking about here? Staying like this... forever:

MITCH
No! Course not.

DAVE
Right! That's crazy...
Beat.

MITCH
Is it though...?
Mitch bumps fists with smiling co-workers...
Dave watches Sabrina CHEER after a base hit...

DAVE
It's so strange, when the change-up happened, we were so focussed on switching back into our bodies that we didn't even consider that this might be exactly what we both needed...

MITCH
Yeah, we're fucking morons.

DAVE
All right, well, see ya, Dave...

MITCH
Take it easy, Mitch...

102.
They both hang up, surprised smiles on their faces...

SMASH CUT TO:

A DEAFENING THUNDER-CLAP
RAIN blankets Los Angeles that night. It's an epic storm...

INT. CUT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The private back room of this upscale Beverly Hills eatery is filled with the esteemed PARTNERS of Steel, Kuhbach, McCloud, as well as Mitch, Jamie, and little Cara. Everyone's dressed to the nines and enjoying fabulously overpriced food and drink. Then Flemming stands and DINGS his wine glass.

FLEMMING STEEL III
Good evening, one and all!
The room quiets as a PROJECTION SCREEN lowers behind him.

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
We are gathered here tonight to celebrate the newest partner in our esteemed firm. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of working with this brilliant young man, we've prepared this short, mildly embarrassing presentation to introduce him. Please, enjoy...

Mitch looks at Jamie, who smiles conspiratorially. Behind the table, Gladys turns on a projector. Some Dido song plays as, on the SCREEN, we start to see PHOTOS from Dave's life...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
David Andrew Lockwood was born on February 1st, 1974, in Palmdale...

SHOTS of Dave as a baby appear. Everyone AWWW's. Jamie takes Mitch's hand...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
Dave was a sweet, diligent, hard-working little boy...

A SHOT of boyhood Dave in a very dorky 70's Little League outfit flashes onto the screen...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
In high school, Dave belonged to over 17 clubs and teams, and graduated first in his class...

103.

SHOTS play of Dave in 80's high school apparel, arguing for the debate team, wearing a goofy beret at French Club, etc...

Everyone LAUGHS. Jamie smiles at Mitch, only he looks a little troubled: this is not my life...

FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)
After winning a full scholarship to Princeton, Dave amazingly graduated in just three years...
A SHOT of college-age Dave getting his diploma appears...

**FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)**
And, after graduating from Yale Law School with high honors, Dave clerked for Justice Souter on the United States Supreme Court...
A SHOT of young Dave talking with Justice Souter plays...
Around the table, the partners MURMUR, impressed. Mitch grows increasingly uncomfortable, shifting in his seat...

**FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)**
Shortly after, Dave returned west to marry his lifelong best friend, Jamie Anne Johnson...
SHOTS roll of Dave and Jamie on their wedding day, laughing. Jamie squeezes Mitch's hand, a happy mist in her eyes. Mitch frowns: this is not my wife...

**FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)**
Cara came along first, followed by the twins, Peter and Sarah...
SHOTS of Dave, wearing scrubs, happily holding his various newborn babies in the hospital flash onto the screen...
Cara leans over to Mitch and whispers:

**CARA**
Look, Daddy, it's you and me!
Mitch forces a tight smile, right...

**FLEMMING STEEL III**
And somewhere along the way, we were lucky enough to find him...

---

104.
SHOTS roll of Dave as a lawyer, swearing in at the Bar, arguing in court, and, finally, celebrating today's victory. The image fades as the lights in the room slowly rise...

**FLEMMING STEEL III (CONT'D)**
Industrious. Ambitious. Honorable. They were true of him then, they are even more true of him now. It
is my distinct honor to introduce
our newest partner, David Lockwood.
The room breaks into heartfelt APPLAUSE.

PARTNERS

HUZZAH! HUZZAH:
Mitch squirms, hating this... Jamie leans over to him:

JAMIE
I'm so proud of you, baby. You
worked so hard for this...
Mitch winces, knowing just how wrong she is. All around him,
the partners stand, APPLAUDING. Mitch stands, a bit dizzy.

MITCH
I-I'm sorry... I just...
He hurries off towards the bathroom. Everyone looks
confused.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rain pours down outside. Then Dave and Sabrina, soaking wet
in their Dodgers gear, run into the apartment.

SABRINA
Oh my god, I'm soaking--
(taking in barren apartment)
Wait, are you a single guy?
Dave laughs and throws her a towel from the bathroom. She
starts drying her hair.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
I need a beer and some dry clothes.
When Dave passes her, though, she stops him, and starts
kissing him...

105.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Or maybe... mmm... maybe just a beer.
CUT BACK TO:

INT. CUT RESTAURANT -- MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mitch stands in the restaurant's upscale men's room, staring at himself in the mirror, lost...

MITCH
What am I doing...? This isn't my life...

VOICE
Good evening, Mr. Lockwood...
He spins to see Gladys in the doorway, vamping, sexy...

MITCH
Oh no. Gladys, not now--

GLADYS
(approaching, coy)
I'm not wearing any bloomers...

MITCH
I thought we talked about not using

THAT WORD--
WHAM! She throws him against the bathroom wall and starts aggressively undressing him.

GLADYS
What's bothering you, Mr. Lockwood?

MITCH
Look, Gladys, I love bathroom sex as much as the next guy, but--
She SPITS in his face, crazy-eyed.

GLADYS
TELL ME WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU!

MITCH
(wiping face, a bit scared)
Okay? Well, I guess what's bothering me is...I didn't earn any of this, you know? Gladys rips open his shirt and starts licking his chest downward until she disappears OUT OF FRAME.
MITCH (CONT'D)
And I know what you're thinking: Mitch, not earning things never used to bother you, why does it bother you now? And the answer is: maybe I'm growing up. We hear the sound of his pants UNZIPPING...

MITCH (CONT'D)
I mean, sure, I closed the deal today, and that felt good, but I didn't put in all the years of hard work that got Dave to this point, you know? Plus, those aren't my adorable kids, that's not my beautiful wife, you're not even my freaky deaky old lady secretary. I want to earn this stuff--

Just then FLEMMING STEEL III BLOWS IN -- and stops cold:

FLEMMING STEEL III

GOOD GOD MAN!
GO WIDE to see that Gladys is in the Reverse Wheelbarrow position, her palms on the bathroom floor, her feet against the bathroom wall, with Mitch between her legs, his pants around his ankles. Mitch sees his boss -- and freezes.

MITCH
Uh oh.

FLEMMING STEEL III

THE REVERSE WHEELBARROW?.
Mitch and Gladys disengage and straighten themselves.

MITCH
Sir, it's not my fault--!

FLEMMING STEEL III

Have you forgotten everything you learned in law school?! You can't screw a direct hire! How can we possibly make you a partner now?! You're completely exposed--!
We hear a GASP from the doorway. Everyone turns to see Jamie -- she's heard the whole thing. Mitch quickly zips his pants.

107.

JAMIE
I thought you might be having an affair... but not with Gladys:

GLADYS
Age-ist.

MITCH
Jamie, you gotta believe me, this woman is a predator--!

JAMIE
You know what? No. I can't do this anymore. I want you out of the house by the time the kids wake up.

MITCH
Jamie--!
Too late. She runs off, choking back tears...

EXT. CUT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Fastening his belt, Mitch sprints out of the restaurant, desperate -- but Jamie is already SQUEALING away in her car.

MITCH
FUCK! Fuck...
He stands in the rain, overcome with self-loathing...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave, in dry clothes, sits on his couch, happily drinking a beer and watching SportsCenter. He calls into the bedroom.

DAVE
You find anything that fits?
Then Sabrina appears in the doorway, wearing one of his old tee shirts—and panties... and nothing else... she's unreal...

**SABRINA**
This is all I could find...

**DAVE**
(WIDE-EYED)
Holy shit.
As she bends over to dim the lamp, her tee shirt rides up -- exposing her perfectly tan, arched back...

108.

**DAVE (CONT'D)**
(hyperventilating, to himself)
Please don't come, please don't

COME--
And then he stops short. On Sabrina's lower back is a cute tramp stamp tattoo of a BUTTERFLY.

**DAVE (CONT'D)**
Oh my God: a Many-Spotted Skipperling...
And everything comes rushing back. His family. His wife. His entire life. He looks overcome with emotion...
Sabrina notices as she slides onto the couch with him.

**SABRINA**
Is everything okay, baby...?

**DAVE**
Yeah, no, I just...
Dave rubs his temples, overwhelmed...

**DAVE (CONT'D)**
I can't do this.

**SABRINA**
Why not--?
Just then the door flies open and
JAMIE STORMS INSIDE
soaking wet, hysterical, her mascara running all over.

JAMIE
Dave is cheating on me!
Dave quickly covers his hard-on with a pillow.

DAVE
No I'm not! I'm so not!

JAMIE
How could you lie to me, Mitch?! We've known each other for--!
Then Jamie sees scantily-clad Sabrina and stops.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Oh.

109.

SABRINA
(COVERING HERSELF)
Who is this chick?!

DAVE
(stammering, pointing)
Umm...she's...uh...this just got very complicated...

JAMIE
I'm sorry -- I'm Jamie, the wife of one of Mitch's friends.

SABRINA
Wait, Jamie Lockwood? Dave's wife?

JAMIE
You know the prick?!

SABRINA
Yeah, we work together. He cheated on you?
JAMIE
Yes, with his secretary, Gladys!

DAVE
What?!

SABRINA
Of all the women in the office, he picked her?!
Slightly awkward beat.

DAVE
Look, Jamie, I didn't know about Gladys, I swear. But I'm sure she means absolutely nothing to Dave--!

JAMIE
No! No more excuses! The next time you see my asshole husband tell him that I will never. Ever. Take him back, you got that?!
Dave nods quickly, terrified.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sabrina! It was nice to meet you!

110.
Barely holding it together, Jamie wheels and exits, SLAMMING the door behind her. Dave just stands there, holy shit...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mitch sadly packs children's snacks and Capri Sun's into a duffel bag in the darkened kitchen, hating himself. Then:

CARA
Daddy?
Mitch turns to see Cara, small and fragile in the doorway.

CARA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?
MITCH

Oh, angel, it's nothing. I'm just going away for a little while...

CARA

Why?

MITCH

It's... confusing grown-up stuff--

CARA

Try me.

MITCH

O-Okay? Well. I'm leaving because I'm a fuck up. Do you know what a fuck up is?

CARA

(NODDING)

Like Uncle Mitch.

MITCH

Right. Right. Well, I thought this time was different, you know? I thought I actually did something right for once. But no, I'm still the same old fuck up I've always been. Only this time I really fucking fucked up, because I fucked up my life and my best friend's life...

Mitch zips up his bag, full of regret -- and finds Cara hugging his leg.

CARA

I don't think you're a fuck up.

He crouches down and looks at her, getting choked up...

MITCH

Thanks, sweetie, but your brain is the size of a radish. I am a fuck
up. I always have been, and I always will be. Guys like me, we know how to have fun, but we don't know how to do the important stuff, you know...? Be good, okay, kiddo? She nods, confused. He kisses her head and exits, emotional.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

The rain still pours down. Jamie, tears streaking her face, drives home in stop-and-go traffic. Then, through her side window, we see Dave sprinting alongside her car, waving!

DAVE

JAMIE!

Not seeing him, she accelerates forward and Dave disappears from view. . .until she stops, and Dave catches up again:

DAVE (CONT'D)

JAMIE!

Still not seeing him, Jamie accelerates onto THE 101 FREEWAY where the stop-and-go traffic moves only slightly faster. Jamie continues quietly CRYING to herself... Then we see

DAVE RUNNING ALONG THE SHOULDER OF THE 101 in the driving rain, waving his hands and yelling!

DAVE

JESUS JAMIE! LOOK RIGHT!

Finally, she glances over, sees Dave -- and startles:

JAMIE

Mitch?
PLEASE PULL OVER BEFORE I DIE!
Jamie, stunned, pulls onto the shoulder and stops. A second later, Dave hops into the car, soaking wet and panting.

**JAMIE**
What is the matter with you?!

**DAVE**
Look, I know I haven't been a very good husband or father recently...

**JAMIE**
What are you talking about--?

**DAVE**
But I'm done looking over the fence for something better. I've seen what's on the other side, and it's great...and young...and supple...but it's not you. And the truth is there will always be another fence with shinier toys on the other side, but the only way to be happy is to say fuck the fence and just appreciate what you have, you know? Find the fun with what you got...

**JAMIE**
O-Okay?

**DAVE**
I'm so sorry I stopped appreciating you, pumpkin. I love you. And I love our weird little kids. And I can't believe I ever thought that wasn't enough.

**JAMIE**
Why...are you calling me pumpkin?
And then he kisses her. She resists--

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**
Mitch--?
But he holds her firm. And soon she's kissing him back, confused and overwhelmed and crying...
It's emotional and intense for him, too. They finally separate, but remain inches apart, breathing hard.
113.
Jamie stares into his eyes, amazed:

    JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dave?
Dave nods. Jamie squints, trying to understand.

    JAMIE (CONT'D)

But...how?
Dave shakes his head, I don't know...

    JAMIE (CONT'D)

So...then ...Mitch was the one... with Gladys?
Dave nods again. Jamie looks relieved... Then she stops.

    JAMIE (CONT'D)

Wait, so who was that hot young thing back in the apartment?

    DAVE

Nothing happened, I swear.

    JAMIE

Okay. But-we're going to need to talk about this.

    DAVE

Yes. Totally.

    JAMIE

Like, a lot. Like, a-therapy-lot.

    DAVE

Absolutely: therapy, trust falls, The Landmark Forum, Eat Pray Love, I'll do whatever the fuck you want, Jamie, I just want you back...
She smiles and kisses him again. And then again.

    JAMIE

I kind of like kissing Mitch.

    DAVE

Yeah, I noticed. I'm not sure how I feel about this.
JAMIE
(giggling, kissing him again)
So ...mmm...so what do we do now?

114.
Dave suddenly remembers the fountain and looks at his watch.

DAVE
Oh shit! We gotta go!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT
As the rain tapers off, Jamie rockets through LA, running red lights, skidding through turns, splashing through puddles!

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT
Jamie and Dave squeal up to their house to see Mitch, out front, sadly trying to pack a Barcalounger into his Ferrari.

DAVE
Mitch! Get in!

MITCH
Dave?

DAVE
Get in!

MITCH
(squinting inside car)
Is that Jamie?

JAMIE
Get in the fucking car, dipshit!
Mitch, terrified, sprints to the car and hops in.

INT. JAMIE'S STATION WAGON -- NIGHT
Jamie races through LA at 80 mph. Dave sits shotgun, and Mitch sits in the back, wide-eyed, scared:
MITH
So, um, are you guys driving me to the desert to kill me?

DAVE
No. Jamie knows about the change-up. We're all good.

JAMIE
It suddenly makes a lot more sense why you spent so much time rubbing my breastfeeding cream onto my boobs every night.

115.

DAVE
Really, dude?

MITH
I was just...trying to be helpful.

JAMIE
Oh, and what about that time you--?

DAVE
You know what? I don't want to know! Let's just hope we get to the warehouse before they ship off our fountain...
Off Dave's concerned look we

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

The Port of Los Angeles never sleeps. Huge diesel cranes load and unload freighters as tractor trailers THUNDER to and fro.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROW -- NIGHT
The street is lined with WAREHOUSES. Beat. Then Jamie skids around the corner, Tokyo Drift-style, in her station wagon!

DAVE (O.S.)
There it is!
Jamie screeches up to a warehouse labelled L.A. DEPARTMENT OF PARKS; she, Mitch and Dave pile out of the car and run into THE IMMENSE WAREHOUSE where they sprint down the towering aisles, past park signs, swingsets, jungle gyms -- and finally, fountains.

DAVE (CONT'D)
There!
Four WORKMEN pack the FOUNTAIN OF METIS into a large wooden crate for transport. Jamie, Mitch and Dave run over to them.

MITCH
Wait! Stop!
The workmen stop packing the fountain, confused.

DAVE
We...We need that fountain.

WORKMAN #1
You...need this fountain?

MITCH
Yes. We have to pee in it.

DAVE
It's a magic fountain.
The workmen just look at them, deadpan. Then Dave reaches into his wallet and starts pulling out CASH--

SMASH CUT TO:

MITCH AND DAVE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE AT THE FOUNTAIN with their pants down around their ankles. Dave starts PEEING. Mitch doesn't. Dave hisses at him:
DAVE
Come on, open the floodgates!

MITCH
I can't pee with them watching!
PAN OVER to the workmen, standing nearby, looking at Mitch and Dave like they're total freaks.

DAVE
Well I can't keep going forever!
Mitch tilts his head back and quietly sings to himself:

MITCH
The sun is shining all the time,
Looks like another perfect day, I
love L.A. We love it! I love L.A...

DAVE
Are you singing Randy Newman--?
Then we hear a second stream of PEE hit the fountain.

MITCH
Oh thank god.

DAVE
Okay, quick, we have to hug!

MITCH
(glancing back at workmen)
Do we, though?

117.

DAVE
Yes, we have to do everything
exactly the same! Come on!
As they scootch together and put their arms around each other, Mitch calls over to the workmen:

MITCH
Just so you know, this isn't gay!
Our penises aren't even touching--!
Come on: "I wish I had my old life back" on three! One, two:

MITCH DAVE
I wish I had my old life I wish I had my old life back! back!

JUST THEN A THUNDER CLAP CRASHES OUTSIDE
The lights in the warehouse flicker. Dave and Mitch finish peeing and slowly zip up, exchanging a worried look...

DAVE
You think it worked?

MITCH
How the fuck should I know?
(waving to workmen)
Thank you! Have a pleasant evening!

CUT TO:

PEACEFUL BLACK STILLNESS
Then we hear a baby SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. Then we hear a second baby join in, even more shrill than the first. Finally, we hear the worst two words a parent can ever hear:

JAMIE (O.S.)
Your turn.

FOLLOWED BY:

DAVE (O.S.)

YES!
Dave turns on the light, rushes over to the mirror, and touches his face, overjoyed, clearly back in the right body.

118.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh thank God. Thank God. Pumpkin, it worked! I'm back!

JAMIE
(groggy, half-asleep)
Great, go feed the fucking babies.
        She rolls over and goes back to sleep. He grins and runs out.

INT. NURSERY -- NIGHT

Dave cheerfully sings as he changes Sarah's diaper.

        DAVE
You just vomited on my hand but I
love yooooou...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Dave bounces down the hallway, a twin in each arm, SCREAMING
into each of his ears and taking turns kicking his balls...
and he's grinning. In fact, he couldn't look happier.

        CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Mitch slowly wakes up in his empty apartment. He stares at
the blank walls, a little bummed...
Then he startles when SABRINA rolls over, looking ravishing.

        SABRINA
Last night was weird.

        MITCH
Wasn't it?

        SABRINA
So... are you ever going to have sex
with me?

        MITCH
        (SLOWLY SMILING)
Yes. Yes I am.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jamie is cleaning up the toys in the living room -- when
Dave nuzzles up to her from behind, seductive.
DAVE
The twins are down for their nap, Cara is watching The Backyardigans...
Jamie raises her eyebrow, oh?

JAMIE
It's Tuesday...

DAVE
I know.

JAMIE
It's Tuesday morning.

DAVE
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, mornings, late night, I'm like Denny's, baby, I'm open 24-7.
She laughs, and he scoops her up and heads upstairs...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVE'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAYS LATER

The sun sets over LA. The MUSIC in the air and the cars lining the street tell us that Dave is hosting a party...

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE -- BACKYARD

A "CONGRATS ON GETTING A JOB, MITCH!" banner hangs from the swingset. Kids race about as adults drink, eat, and mingle. Dave, in jeans and a tee shirt, works the barbecue and talks to Mitch, in a jacket and tie, as he adjusts his crotch:

MITCH
I still can't get used to the whole underwear thing. It's such a

SUPERFLUOUS LAYER--
Just then CARA runs up and hugs her Dad.

CARA
Hi Daddy!
Sugar-bug!

MITCH
How's my favorite ballerina?!

120.
Cara turns, takes Mitch's hand, and flips him onto his back.

CARA
I'm not a ballerina anymore, bitch.
She races off. Mitch painfully pulls himself to his feet.

MITCH
Jesus fucking Christ...
Dave sees SABRINA, looking angelic in a sundress, chatting with a circle of GUESTS on the patio.

DAVE
So. How's it going with Sabrina?

MITCH
Great. We just celebrated our two week anniversary.

DAVE
Wow. Good for you.
Mitch nods, proud, I know. Swigs his beer.

MITCH
You think she's fucking Fernando Valenzuela?
We see that the man she's talking to is, in fact, Dodger great FERNANDO VALENZUELA, in a pimped-out white suit.

DAVE
Maybe.

MITCH
I'm oddly okay with it.

DAVE
I can't believe they're family friends.
MITCH
I know. She really is perfect--
Just then TATIANA and KIEFER SUTHERLAND approach, wheeling her newborn DAUGHTER in a pram.

KIEFER SUTHERLAND
I gotta go feed her baby, but congrats on your new gig, bro.

MITCH
I think I'm really going to crush it in corporate America.

DAVE
I think so too.

MITCH, SR.
I'm heading out. Thanks for having me.
MITCH, Sr. pulls his son into an emotional hug.
MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
I love you, Mitch.

MITCH
I love you too, Dad.
They break apart. Mitch, Sr. heads off. Then he stops.
Turns.

MITCH, SR.
Hey Mitch...
Mitch turns.

MITCH, SR. (CONT'D)
I'm real proud of you.

122.
Mitch nods, trying not to show how much this means to him.
Mitch, Sr., heads off.
Mitch and Dave stand side by side, reflective...

DAVE
Is it weird that I miss your penis?

MITCH
Not really.

SMASH TO BLACK.