

"SPLITTING UP TOGETHER"

(Pilot)

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COLD OPEN

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

THE CAMERA makes its way down the hall, dipping in and out of the kids rooms, as it checks on MILO, 7, MASON, 11, and MAE, 13, all of whom are fast asleep. Continuing its path down the stairs, the camera moves through the kitchen, past the steaming dishwasher that just completed its cycle, and through the laundry area where a SOCCER UNIFORM tosses in the dryer. All of this in ONE CONTINUOUS POV SHOT, over which we hear the OS VOICES of MARTIN and LENA.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Kids are asleep.

LENA (O.S.)

Did the boys brush?

MARTIN (O.S.)

Yes. Did you find the permission slip?

LENA (O.S.)

Yes. Did you empty the dishwasher?

MARTIN (O.S.)

No, did you ask me to?

LENA (O.S.)

Yes.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Did you set the alarm?

LENA (O.S.)

Did you take out trash?

The camera has made its way into the living room now, finding MARTIN, 41, and LENA, 39, who face-off like two domestic gladiators.

MARTIN

Did you wash Mason's soccer uniform?

LENA

Did you refill the Sparkletts?

MARTIN

Yes, I did.

LENA

I did, yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a nod of acknowledgment. That concludes their business for the night.

MARTIN

Well. Good night, then.

LENA

Good night.

They look at each other for a moment then... they HIGH-FIVE. As their palms loudly CLAP we FREEZE ON THE IMAGE.

LENA (V.O.)

It wasn't always like this.

MARTIN (V.O.)

No. When we first started dating, we never high-fived.

INT. TAKEOUT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lena tries to order food as Martin playfully distracts her, grabbing her around the waist and kissing her neck. The CASHIER, 50's, looks irritated.

LENA (V.O.)

We were all over each other--

MARTIN (V.O.)

Coldplay's first album had just come out--

Something from Coldplay's debut album "Parachutes" underscores and carries us into--

INT. LENA'S OLD APARTMENT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bags and takeout containers are strewn all over the floor, as Lena and Martin roll around in bed together.

LENA (V.O.)

And we were having rigorous sex on a full stomach of Middle Eastern food.

MARTIN (V.O.)

The way you can, when you're young.

INT. MUSEUM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lena and Martin walk through the museum, holding hands.

LENA (V.O.)

I remember, we once called in sick  
to work, flew to New York, and  
went to The Guggenheim!

MARTIN (V.O.)

The Guggenheim! Like a couple of  
idiots!

They kiss in front of a JEFFREY KOONS installation.

MARTIN (V.O.)

I don't remember a single thing we  
saw that day. I only saw you.

LENA (V.O.)

And then?

The SOUND OF PEEING is heard from OS. Lena and Martin  
stop kissing and look around, as if somehow they hear it  
too. We CUT TO--

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lena hovers over the toilet and PEES on a pregnancy test.

MARTIN

(reading the box)  
It says it can take up to five--

LENA

We're pregnant.

Lena hands Martin the test. He looks at it.

MARTIN

We're pregnant.  
(then)  
And I have your pee on my hand.

The two share a smile. This moment is the start of  
something more. We JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lena hovers over the toilet and PEES on another pregnancy  
test.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (O.S.)

Now remember--

REVEAL: Martin is standing in the same place as before but now, he has A BABY strapped to his chest.

MARTIN

It can take up to five--

LENA

We're pregnant.

Lena hands Martin the test. He looks at it.

MARTIN

(to the baby)

We're pregnant.

(feels)

And you peed on me.

The baby SCREECHES with delight and kicks its legs as we  
JUMP CUT TO:

INT. NEW BATHROOM -- THREE YEARS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Lena hovers over the toilet and PEES on another pregnancy test. Martin watches, tense and impatient.

MARTIN

What's it say, Mommy?

LENA

Mommy's still MAKING!

\*  
\*

In the BG, their TWO TODDLERS terrorize the place. YOUNG MASON wraps himself in toilet paper, like a mummy. YOUNG MAE finger paints with toothpaste, on the wall. Lena looks at the test and shakes her head in disbelief.

LENA (V.O.)

And in that moment, we both knew  
the days of the Guggenheim--

MARTIN (V.O.)

And falafel--

LENA (V.O.)

And foreplay--

MARTIN (V.O.)

And Coldplay--

LENA (V.O.)

Were alllll behind us. But that  
was okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Especially the Coldplay part,  
because their later stuff was, you  
know, not as good.

LENA (V.O.)  
And besides, now we had--

THREE QUICK POPS:

1) We see Martin and Lena CLAP HAPPILY and cry "Yay!" as  
BABY MILO takes his first steps.

2) Martin and Lena laugh and shout directions to a  
blindfolded YOUNG MASON who swings at a BIRTHDAY PINATA.

3) Martin and Lena build a "big girl" bed as their THREE  
KIDS run wild around them.

LENA (V.O.)  
We became less like romantic  
partners and more like two camp  
counselors.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In a steamy bathroom, Martin pats the back of Milo, who  
is sick with CROUP COUGH. Lena frantically enters and  
points out the window's open! The steam's escaping!

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Actually, more like one camp  
counselor and one camp *director*,  
who was always barking orders--

LENA (V.O.)  
(barks)  
Hey! If I didn't bark, you'd let  
me do all the heavy lifting while  
you went for a jog!

INT. KITCHEN -- ANOTHER DAY (FLASHBACK)

Martin, dressed in athletic gear, polishes off a green  
drink directly from the blender.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
I was just trying to take care of  
myself--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lena, dressed in a tank top and messy boxer-shorts, makes her way into the kitchen balancing a towering basket of laundry in one arm and a bag of Pita Chips that she's eating from, in the other.

LENA (V.O.)

While I took care of everyone else.

Lena stops in her tracks when she sees Martin.

MARTIN

(ashamed)

I was just gonna-- go for a quick run.

LENA

Oh, cool. I was just gonna put away the laundry, vacuum, plunge the upstairs toilet, call someone about the broken sprinkler, go to work, come home, make dinner.

MARTIN

Cool.

(then)

What's for dinner?

Lena shoots Martin a DEATH STARE as we CROSS-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME AS BEFORE (PRESENT)

The HIGH-FIVE UNFREEZES. Lena and Martin shuffle off to SEPARATE BEDROOMS. We INTERCUT between them, each in bed alone.

MARTIN (V.O.)

She was mad I didn't do more-- but whatever I did was wrong anyway.

LENA (V.O.)

So instead of making an effort, he just let *me* do everything. Well, Martin may be content with a platonic marriage--

MARTIN (V.O.)

But Lena is never content with anything.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lena and Martin, dressed in their best, smile brightly.

LENA

Which is why we decided to pull  
the plug.

MARTIN

"Do Not Resuscitate."

LENA

We had a good run, but we're  
halting production.

MARTIN

"Don't Cry for Me, Argentina."

LENA

We are shootin' Old Yeller. Right  
between the eyes.

(then)

He was a good dog but now... now  
he's rabid.

(then)

You saw the film.

REVERSE ON: a dinner party of CONFUSED GUESTS including HENRY and ALMA, 70's, Lena's parents. MAYA, 40's, Lena's sister. Plus ARTHUR, 40's, and CAMILLE, 30's, Lena and Martin's best friends and married couple. The group, unsure of what to say, stares at Martin and Lena who maintain a united front.

LENA

It's amicable.

MARTIN

The kids know and they're okay.

LENA

And it really won't be *that* much  
different, because we're going to  
continue living together.

MARTIN

So please! Enjoy the salad  
course.

As Lena and Martin smile at their dumbfounded guests it's  
the END OF THE COLD OPEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

INT. DINING ROOM -- SAME AS BEFORE

Lena clocks the untouched salad plates and pulls Martin aside.

LENA

(whispers)

They're not eating the salad!

MARTIN

(whispers back)

Maybe if you hadn't referenced a dead dog with *rabies*--

Lena's father, HENRY, a man who raised two daughters with great diplomacy and gravitas, stands to address the elephant in the room.

HENRY

(soberly)

First off, I just want to say, we're going to eat the salad. Salad looks great. There's grapes in there, which, I think we can all agree, is a nice touch.

The group MURMURS IN AGREEMENT.

HENRY

So "way to go" on that. It just-- your news, darling. It's a bit confusing.

ALMA

Your father's being polite. The whole thing sounds ape-shit. What kind of newly divorced couple lives together?

MARTIN

The kind that needs time to fix up their house, before they can sell it.

LENA

Plus, Mom, we've been living separate lives under the same roof for years. I already feel like a single mom. Or widower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Widower? Really?

LENA

The divorce will give this thing some structure. We're going to switch off, every other week. The on-duty parent will live upstairs, taking care of the kids--

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- ANOTHER DAY

Martin shows off the arrangement to Arthur, who sits on the couch looking worried. Divorce is his worst nightmare.

MARTIN

-- while the off-duty parent lives down here in the basement, doing whatever he or she pleases.

(offering examples)

You wanna leave your butter on the counter? Cook some chicken a little past its expiration date?

ARTHUR

I see, so the upside to divorce is just a lot of latitude with perishables?

(then)

Can you turn that thing off? It's kind of hard to talk over it.

Arthur points at the DEHUMIDIFIER running loudly in the corner. Martin cringes.

MARTIN

Lena insists I run it 24-7. When it's turned off, it gets damp. And when it gets damp, the centipedes come.

ARTHUR

"The centipedes come?"

MARTIN

But hey, you know what? I don't have to follow her orders anymore.

(shuts off machine)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's the whole point of getting divorced-- isn't it?

ARTHUR

I have no idea, I've never been divorced and if Camille ever left me I'd probably kill myself.

MARTIN

Well, not I! I am looking forward to reacquainting myself with my own "inner voice."

Martin nods at the PARENTING CONTRACT tacked to the wall.

MARTIN

I've had Lena's voice in my head for so long, I'm not sure I even remember what my inner voice sounds like.

ARTHUR

(confused)

Doesn't it just sound like your regular voice? But more echo-y since it's coming from the inside?

Martin pauses thoughtfully, listening to his.

MARTIN

Weird. Mine actually sounds like he's from Trinidad.

A beat. Then, quietly:

ARTHUR

(Trinidadian accent)

Aaaay, mon. Me think you chrew in de towel too early, mon--

Martin shakes his head no. Arthur shrugs. Worth a try.

INT. KITCHEN -- NEXT MORNING

Lena, with a fresh haircut and color, hustles around the kitchen plating breakfast, packing lunch and serving coffee to her sister Maya who's at the counter watching.

MAYA

New hair?

Lena smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

I may have done a little zhuzhing.

MAYA

(dryly)

Uh-oh, folks. She's back on the market.

LENA

Wow. Not very triumphant.

MAYA

Hey. I'm your *sister*. I'm giving you the *real*. I'm out there *living it*. And for single women our age? It's not very triumphant.

LENA

Right. I just figure-- there must be *someone* out there who wants to have sex with me.

MAYA

*Not necessarily*. And I need you to understand, Martin is in very good shape--

Lena waits for Maya to continue. She doesn't.

LENA

Is there-- more to that sentence?

MAYA

He's incredibly fit--

Lena waits. Nothing else follows.

LENA

Right. Well, whatever Martin does during his weeks off is up to him. Frankly, I'm more interested in how he functions when he's up here. Juggling all this on his own.

(then)

It must kill him to miss his morning run.

MASON (O.S.)

He doesn't miss his morning run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Mason, Milo and Mae are eating at the small table in the BG.

LENA

What was that?

MASON

Dad still takes his morning run.

LENA

(puzzled)

Who makes breakfast?

MAE

We do.

Lena purses her lips and places a giant oversized container of goldfish crackers on the counter.

LENA

Who makes lunch?

MAE

No one.

MASON

We buy it at school.

MAE

Or not. Last week I skipped lunch and spent the money on this mug, from the Young Feminist Caucus.

Mae takes a long sip from a mug that reads "Male Tears."

LENA

What-- what about the little one?

(points at Milo)

They don't sell lunch at his school, what does he eat?

All eyes turn to Milo, still chewing. He swallows.

MILO

I usually just order in.

Off Lena's bulging eyes we SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

LENA'S HAND KNOCKS BRISKLY on the door of the basement apartment. A damp-looking Martin opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

Oh my god, Martin! Did you turn off the dehumidifier?

MARTIN

(calmly)  
That's correct.

LENA

It feels like Jacksonville in here--

MARTIN

To me it's more like Orlando and I don't mind it.

LENA

You could literally be growing mushrooms in the carpet--

MARTIN

Neat idea for a side-business, thanks.

LENA

Oh, I doubt you'll prosper. The centipedes will eat your crops.

MARTIN

Really. I have to say, I think you exaggerated the whole centipede issue. Dehumidifier's been off since last night and I haven't seen any.

A GIANT CENTIPEDE scurries up the wall behind Martin. Lena clocks it.

LENA

I see. Well, I didn't come down here to talk to you about... agriculture. I wanted to express my concern about the food issues with the kids.

MARTIN

What food issues?

LENA

Mae is out there *caucusing* and starving herself to buy feminist earthenware and Milo is eating takeout every day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

Okay, look. I know you take great pride in hand-squashing every squash but I'm not a good cook. I'd rather enjoy my time with the kids and not spend it... ruining food.

LENA

Do I get a say?

MARTIN

Well, no. See, according to the agreement that you made me sign and notarize, the on-duty parent deals with all childcare decisions and responsibilities. So I may not be dealing with it to your liking but I am dealing with it, so just deal. With it.

(then)

I'm not asking for your help and don't you come asking for mine.

Lena smirks.

LENA

That's... funny. That's borderline hilarious, actually. I wasn't asking for your *help*. In case you forgot, I'm pretty self-sufficient up there.

MARTIN

As am I.

(then)

Twinsies.

Lena narrows her eyes at Martin.

LENA

*You wish.*

Off their locked eyes it's the END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- LATER

Lena waits in line for coffee with her dad, Henry.

HENRY

So what's the plan? Hide organic produce around the school yard?

LENA

That's not a bad idea--

Lena and Henry step up to the counter.

HENRY

Maybe he can train the children to eat those carpet mushrooms.

(then, to Barista)

Earl Grey, please. To go.

LENA

Me too, please. And can I also have a slice of cheesecake?

HENRY

(to Barista)

She doesn't need cheesecake. It's two PM.

LENA

She wants cheesecake, what do you care?

The BARISTA smiles and grabs a knife that was clearly just used to cut another cake. Lena's playful demeanor quickly dissolves.

LENA

Oh! But you might want to just... wipe that?

Too late. The Barista has plunged the chocolatey knife into the clean white cheesecake, creating a smeared brown edge. Lena cringes, then cringes again as the Barista teeters her cake slice towards a half-opened box.

LENA

Sorry, ma'am? If you just fully open the--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Too late. The cake has clipped the top of the box going in, making a huge mess as it's dumped inside the narrow opening. The Barista wipes the box with her index finger, wipes her finger on her jeans, then hands the box over to Lena, who forces a smile. As they exit the line, Lena tosses the box directly into the trash.

HENRY

Did you just throw away a perfectly good slice of cheesecake for not being perfect?

LENA

That woman *defiled* it--

HENRY

You can't "defile" baked goods! You have control issues, darling. And haven't you figured it out yet? The fun stuff happens when you're *not* in control.

Lena frowns.

LENA

I want fun stuff to happen.

HENRY

Of course you do.

LENA

Before I got married, I was tons of fun.

HENRY

That is not my recollection--

LENA

I'm *serious*, Dad. I'm dying on the vine. I can't just focus on the kids anymore, I have my own needs, I crave--

HENRY

Cheesecake.

LENA

Stimulation! And I'm not just talking about sex but yes please, also some of that, and I know I need to let go but I've been holding it all together for so long, I don't know how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

Well. You can start by getting  
your "just desserts" out of the  
trash.

LENA

Seriously?

HENRY

Seriously.

LENA

It's flu season.  
(then, off his look)  
Ugh, okay, hold my phone.

As Lena hands her phone to Henry it buzzes with a text  
message from an UNKNOWN NUMBER. It reads: "My balls  
hurt."

LENA

(blushes)  
Excuse me, I have to take this.

Henry looks impressed as Lena hurries outside.

HENRY

Well, that was fast.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

LENA

(texting)  
"Who is this?"

A beat. And then, what the hell, Lena adds a ;)

EXT. PARK -- AT THAT MOMENT

Mason, sitting on the bleachers in his SOCCER UNIFORM,  
replies:

MASON

(texting)  
"Mom, it's me. Mason."  
(beat, then texting)  
"WHY DID YOU ADD A WINKY FACE?"

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

Martin and Arthur, stand amidst a pile of wood, tools and construction materials.

MARTIN

The sooner we make the repairs,  
the sooner we can list the house.

Arthur nods. Using the back of his hammer, Martin pries a piece off the window frame. He shows it to Arthur.

MARTIN

See this? This is a perfect  
metaphor for my marriage. From  
the outside, looks great.  
Pristine even. But right under  
the surface? Rotten.

Arthur looks.

ARTHUR

In my experience, a lot of things  
can cause that kind of corrosion.  
Termites, water damage, not  
dancing with your wife at your  
wedding...

MARTIN

What was that?

Arthur takes off his work gloves and tosses them.

ARTHUR

Okay, look. I married a woman way  
out of my league and I know that.  
But if Camille ever tried to leave  
me, I'd go kicking and screaming  
whereas you-- I know you're trying  
to make peace with it Martin, but  
it seems like you just wanna blame  
everything on Lena when--

MARTIN

(laughs)

I didn't dance with her at our  
wedding?! That's what you think  
our problem was?

ARTHUR

Kind of! Camille says she felt  
rejected by you. And hurt. On  
her *wedding day*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

That's ridiculous! Lena knows I don't dance. In fact, as I recall, we discussed it and she said she didn't care.

ARTHUR

Well, she did care. She told Camille she thought you were going to surprise her. But you didn't. So you might wanna try looking at things from all sides, because this piece right here?

Arthur grabs his SANDER and roughly sands off the rotten part of the wood before tossing it back to Martin.

ARTHUR

This can actually be salvaged.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin sits solemnly, with a DVD remote in hand. He points the remote at a SMALL TV and REWINDS, watching the moment in question again and again. ON TV-- Martin and Lena's WEDDING VIDEO plays. The happy couple enters their reception to CHEERS. Lena tries to pull Martin onto the dance floor for a first dance, as husband and wife. Martin shakes Lena off, refusing. Lena looks crestfallen until Henry steps in, sweeping his daughter onto the dance floor. Martin hates himself as he watches Henry dance with Lena. It should have been him. With his eyes still glued to the screen, Martin takes out his phone and dials.

MARTIN

(into the phone)

Sorry I didn't dance with your daughter at our wedding.

(then)

I'm serious, I don't know what was wrong with me. You shouldn't have had to step in.

Martin clocks several CENTIPEDES scurrying up the wall.

MARTIN

And she was right about the dehumidifier, too. And she's probably right about the takeout. Milo's gonna be the only first-grader with high cholesterol.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(then, emotional)

And I don't know why I said that  
shit about Coldplay! People like  
to rag on them, but some of their  
later stuff is fucking genius.

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM -- AT THAT MOMENT

Henry chuckles. It's evident he still has a lot of  
fondness for Martin.

HENRY

(into the phone)

Now, Martin. It's natural to want  
to rehash things but at this  
point, I think it would be better  
if you just tried to move on. I  
know that's what Lena is doing.

(then, admits)

Because I looked at her phone.

ON MARTIN-- clearly rattled.

MARTIN

What's on her phone?

LENA (O.S.)

It was a *joke*, okay? I was trying  
to be funny!

INT. MASON'S BEDROOM -- THAT NIGHT

Lena sits on the edge of Mason's bed trying to justify  
the winky face.

MASON

What's funny about replying with a  
winky face to someone saying their  
balls--

LENA

Nothing! Can we just-- can we  
talk about the phone, please?  
Where did you get the phone?

Mason tosses Lena his cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON

It's Milo's. Dad got it for him to order lunch on during dad weeks. But during mom weeks, I get to hold it.

LENA

Wow. I love that he made that decision independently--

MASON

(groaning in pain)  
Uggggh!

LENA

Still hurt?

MASON

Badly.

LENA

Did you do anything *unusual* to them? Fling them around in any weird way? Did you try out any jarring, new dance moves--

MASON

Mom.

LENA

What about your underwear?

MASON

What about them?

LENA

Too tight? Too loose?

MASON

Which are they supposed to be?  
Tight or loose?

LENA

Let me Google that and get back to you. In the meantime, what if we elevate them?

MASON

(alarmed)  
How?

LENA

What about ice? Heat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mason senses that his mom, who usually knows everything, is stabbing in the dark here.

MASON

No offense, but maybe we should consult someone who actually has balls. Like Dad.

LENA

No! I'll handle it. It's my week. I'll check in with Dr. Nakashima, your pediatrician.  
(then, brightly)  
He has balls too.

Off Mason's repulsed expression we CUT TO--

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Lena is having too much wine with Maya and Camille.

LENA

...it's like, he could *smell* my uncertainty. And I could *feel* my stock going down. I think this is the first parenting issue that I'm just totally unprepared for.

CAMILLE

Kinda makes you wish you still had a husband in the picture, yeah?

LENA

Easy for you to say. Your husband worships the ground you walk on.

CAMILLE

And I let him. He's happy because I let him make me happy. And he lets me make him happy too.

MAYA

Tit pics?

CAMILLE

We prioritize each other.

LENA

Well, cool. You guys also have, like, fifteen nannies and one kid so I guess our lives are set up a little differently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

So, Lena. Any excitement on the dating front? Besides all the sexting, with your son?

CAMILLE

(stands)

Okay, I admit it! I don't want Lena dating. I want her back together with Martin. The four of us used to do everything together. We were best couple friends--

LENA

We can still do things together--

CAMILLE

No, we can't. My parents are divorced and they can't even be in the same room.

LENA

That's different.

CAMILLE

It isn't!

LENA

Your dad stabbed your mom, didn't he? Go to jail? For that?

CAMILLE

Martin never stabbed you so what are you being such a crybaby about?

LENA

(then, confesses)

We haven't had sex in two years.

Camille and Maya are quiet.

CAMILLE

Two... Hebrew lunar years?

LENA

Two regular calendar years.

MAYA

Two solar years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LENA

That's correct.

(then)

It wasn't my choice. I tried.  
But Martin stopped wanting to. So  
no, he didn't "stab me"--

CAMILLE

But in some ways, he did.

MAYA

Right in the schmundie.

LENA

I'm sorry but I can't live like  
that. I need passion and romance  
and sex in my life. And Martin  
just-- doesn't.

A KNOCK at the kitchen door. Lena opens to find  
CHARLOTTE, a very tall and beautiful girl, in her 20's.

CHARLOTTE

Hi, I'm looking for Martin?

Lena's face flushes red.

LENA

Downstairs apartment.

CHARLOTTE

Ohhh got it, thanks. And sorry!  
(flashes a smile)  
Didn't mean to interrupt laaaadies  
night!

Charlotte lets out a bubbly, youthful laugh that somehow  
makes everyone else feel like shit. As she EXITS Lena  
points at her sister, warning not a word. Not one word.  
A long beat of silence, then:

MAYA

Martin's very athletic.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

INT. LENA'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lena cries into her pillow. They're divorced. It shouldn't hurt. But it does. And the worst part is, as the on-duty parent she doesn't even have the luxury of crying in peace:

MILO (O.S.)

Mom, guess what?

Lena looks up from her pillow to find Milo standing there, smiling, oblivious to her pain.

MILO

I just beat the computer in  
2K17!

LENA

(weepy)  
That's great.

MILO

On hall of fame mode!

LENA

Way to go.

MILO

Want to see a replay of my buzzer-  
beater?

LENA

I do-- but not right now.

MILO

(jumping up and down  
with excitement)  
It's a half-court shot!

LENA

I know, I'm just... really tired.  
Can you let mommy rest for a  
little?

MILO

Fine. I just need to do my  
victory dance, first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In an obligatory fashion, Milo begins to move through a series of dance moves including the funky chicken, the sprinkler and "walking like an Egyptian." Lena goes from crying to laughing to crying again.

LENA

You know, I think you got your dance skills from your dad.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- THE NEXT DAY

Lena, miserable, pushes her cart down the meat aisle of the grocery store. Maya is with her, a bit over dressed.

LENA

All those years of him being exhausted, going to bed early. I really thought he just lost his sex drive. But he just lost his sex drive... for me.

Maya eyes Lena's ensemble: thermal underwear, puffer vest, old boots. Then, unconvincingly:

MAYA

He's-- crazy.

Lena **SHOVES** her sister, roughly.

MAYA

Well, why are you wearing a onesie? We are outside.

LENA

It's a union suit and we're grocery shopping--

MAYA

We are outside of the house. And I'm fresh to death, right here. Whereas you look like a homeless cattle-rancher.

(off package of meat)

Seriously. You look like you had a hand in raising this beef.

LENA

If I had a hand in raising it, why would I be homeless? I'm gainfully employed as a cattle-rancher, get your backstory straight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lena's phone buzzes with a text that reads: "They still hurt." Lena sighs.

LENA

I gotta go grab Mason. I'm gonna take him to see a specialist--

MAYA

(motions to cart)  
What about all this?

LENA

Screw it. I guess we can... order in tonight.

Lena walks off, leaving the full grocery cart in the middle of the aisle. As Lena and Maya EXIT one side of the store, Martin enters the other, with a grocery list in hand, prepared to do right by the kids. He stumbles on the cart of Lena's groceries, filled with nearly every item on his list. Well, that was easy! Martin wheels it to checkout.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- LATER

Mason sits on the exam table in a gown. The handsome DR. KASPER, 30, makes a few notes and looks over Mason's new patient information chart that is covered wall-to-wall in Lena's writing. Lena, who has changed and looks quite pretty, peers over his shoulder.

DR. KASPER

Thank you for doing such a thorough job on Mason's new patient information form--

LENA

I stapled some extra pages--

DR. KASPER

I see that. Very comprehensive.

LENA

I wanted you to have a full picture.

DR. KASPER

I do. And I'm sorry about your own--

(refers to pages)  
"Sexless marriage and subsequent divorce."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

I wasn't sure if that was relevant.

DR. KASPER

(assures her)

It's not.

(then)

But the good news is, your son is perfectly healthy.

LENA

Why did you emphasize--

DR. KASPER

(does it again)

Nothing wrong with him. In fact, everything is great. Mason's just going through puberty.

Lena GASPS and flashes Mason a thumbs-up.

LENA

Puuuuberty, Mace! Right on.

Mason, getting dressed, looks like he wants to kill Lena. Lena mouths "Sorry" and turns her attention back to Dr. Kasper, who is staring at her with amusement.

DR. KASPER

So, I suspect Mason's discomfort stems from routine arousal that doesn't fully *culminate*.

LENA

Culminate?

DR. KASPER

(writing on his chart)

I'd like Mason to try masturbating. And mom, of course, should do whatever she can to facilitate.

LENA

Facilitate?

Mason is dressed now. He opens the door to leave.

MASON

Meet you in the lobby. Can I get Skittles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lena nods, absently, as Mason takes money from her purse and EXITS.

DR. KASPER

Look, I know that's your baby and it's probably strange to hear me say--

LENA

(disbelief)  
He has blue balls?

DR. KASPER

Masturbating should help. I just don't want him to feel apologetic or experience any shame about doing what his body needs--

LENA

Yeah, him and me both!  
(then, confidentially)  
Seriously, do women ever experience--

Dr. Kasper hands Lena his card. He tries to seem professional but it's clear he finds her adorable.

DR. KASPER

My cell number is on there. If there's anything I can help you with, please don't hesitate to call.

Lena studies his face.

LENA

Are you? Sending out vibes?

DR. KASPER

Vibes?

LENA

Are we vibing? My radar might be broken but on the other hand... you aren't leaving.

DR. KASPER

(politely)  
Well. You are blocking the door.

The two share a look. There is definitely chemistry between them. Lena steps aside, clearing a path for Dr. Kasper to EXIT. He lingers a moment longer, then goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LENA

(calls after)

I mean, you did linger a moment longer...

EXT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- AT THAT MOMENT

Charlotte approaches and knocks on Martin's door. He answers instantly, startling her.

MARTIN

Hi.

CHARLOTTE

Hi.

MARTIN

I wasn't sure if you were going to come back.

CHARLOTTE

(smiles)

You paid me to.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Martin ushers Charlotte into the cramped basement apartment.

MARTIN

Can I take your coat?

CHARLOTTE

Thanks.

MARTIN

I'll put on some music.

Martin does. Charlotte smiles and assumes the position, stretching her arms out. Only in this moment does it become clear: Charlotte is Martin's dance teacher. Martin takes her in his arms and they begin to dance.

CHARLOTTE

That's fine. And we're just swaying. Just like last time. We're not doing much, just letting our bodies move in time to the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

(tattling)

My feet aren't moving. Only my torso is.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, well, you can change that. Even if you just shift your weight from one foot to the other--

MARTIN

Sorry, I'm really bad--

Charlotte smiles at Martin, a little smitten.

CHARLOTTE

I happen to think you're pretty great. And in a month or two? You'll be ready to sweep some lucky lady off her feet.

Emboldened, Martin DIPS Charlotte-- then loses his footing. They spin then fall to the ground, tangled together, with Charlotte on top.

MARTIN

(wincing)

I broke your fall.

CHARLOTTE

(breathless)

Thanks.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lena, Mae, Milo and Mason eat TAKE-OUT at the dining table.

LENA

Okay, that was actually awesome. And I felt like I got to really sit-down for once and enjoy dinner with you guys. Thank you, Milo.

MILO

Hey. I'm just glad I put a nourishing meal on the table.

MASON

Mom? Can I get a bikini poster of Kate Upton for my room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAE

No. We don't objectify women in this house. Right mom?

MASON

The doctor said I'm supposed to masturbate. I need something to masturbate to.

MAE

Eww, stop saying that word! Mom!

LENA

Okay, Milo? Take out the garbage, please. I'll pay you five bucks.

She hands Milo a bag with all the garbage.

MILO

I literally have to do everything in this house.

LENA

(searching for it)

Okay look, I think, what your sister is bumping on, I think, bear with me, I think, the point here, is that women have more important attributes than... what they look like in a bikini.

MASON

(looking at his phone)

It says here she designed some limited-edition beanies to raise money for cancer.

LENA

Oh! Well that was very nice of her.

MASON

I think raising money for cancer is sexy. So can I get a poster of her?

Lena steals a glance at Mae who shakes her head no.

MASON

It's up to her now? God, mom!

Mason storms off. Mae follows him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAE

How about telling him he shouldn't  
wank off in the room he shares  
with his little brother!

Off Lena's overwhelmed expression we CUT TO--

EXT. HOUSE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Martin, hauls his luggage and groceries for the week, up  
the stairs to the main house.

INT. KITCHEN -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Martin enters the kitchen through the back door.

MARTIN

(calling)  
Hellllo? Kids? Lena?

LENA (O.S.)

In the pantry.

INT. PANTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Martin steps into the pantry to discover that Lena has  
decorated it. There's dim lighting, carefully curated  
images, and a bottle of hypo-allergenic hand cream.

MARTIN

What's all this?

LENA

I don't know. "Masturbation  
nook?"

MARTIN

What?

LENA

(sighs)  
Okay, well, Mason, was having some  
ball pain, so I took him to a  
specialist and, apparently, he  
needs to wank off.

MARTIN

Why didn't you involve me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

You mean like you involved me,  
when you gave our seven year-old a  
cell phone? Besides, you just  
told me not to ask for your help--

MARTIN

You said you didn't need my help--

LENA

Well, maybe I was wrong!

A beat. Martin looks around.

MARTIN

This is really creepy.

LENA

(miserably)

I know. But some family members  
thought it would be weird for him  
to do it in the room he shares  
with Milo.

MARTIN

Nothing's weirder than doing it in  
a pantry that your mom decorated.

LENA

The doctor said I should  
facilitate--

MARTIN

No. That's-- that's just bad  
advice. Mason will figure out  
where to do it on his own. We all  
do.

(then, squinting)

Is that Ruth Bader Ginsberg?

LENA

(ashamed)

Yeah.

Martin picks up the hand cream.

MARTIN

I really don't think she'd  
appreciate this.

LENA

I was just trying to think of a  
strong, capable--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

(thinks)

Wonder Woman.

(then, pitching)

She's from a matriarchal society,  
she doesn't just lounge around in  
a bikini all day, she kicks ass in  
it, defending her country--

LENA

Bitch owns her own plane--

MARTIN

And she can't be objectified,  
because she isn't real.

LENA

Totally! Good idea, Martin. And  
thank you for the insight. I was  
in over my head on this one.

MARTIN

See? I knew I had a contribution  
to make to this family.

Lena looks at the ground.

LENA

Yeah. Sorry if I make you feel  
like that.

MARTIN

Yeah, well. I'm sorry for a lot  
of things too. I guess we both  
made mistakes.

LENA

At least you're in great shape.

Martin looks at Lena seriously.

MARTIN

I am in great shape.

Lena laughs. Martin starts to EXIT.

LENA

Hey so, I know I'm the one who  
wrote up the whole parenting  
contract and I know you have your  
own life, down there, but I just  
want to clarify: is it okay if I  
need you? Occasionally?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Martin looks at the ground.

MARTIN

(then, quietly)

I literally waited our whole  
marriage to hear you say that.

They share a moment. Lena's phone buzzes with a text  
that reads: "How's my patient?" ON LENA-- as she  
realizes it's Dr. Kasper. *Texting her on a Friday night.*

LENA

(modest smile)

Guess it's my turn to run.

Martin arches an eyebrow at Lena's phone.

MARTIN

Ahh. Well. Good night then.

LENA

Good night.

A beat and then... they HIGH-FIVE. Somehow, it's a bit  
more poignant this time. Closer to a real connection but  
a million miles away from a good night kiss.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TAG

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Lena lies on the shabby pullout bed with the dehumidifier running next to her. She texts Mason a cartoon image of Wonder Woman and writes: "Thoughts?" Mason replies with a ;) Lena rolls her eyes and tosses the phone down. A beat, then she picks it up taps the unanswered "How's my patient?" text from Dr. Kasper. She thinks for a moment then replies: "Which one?" A long beat. No response. Lena is kicking herself when the telltale "typing bubbles" appear. As the two flirt via text the camera DRIFTS UP, through the ceiling, past the support beams, insulation and wiring... there are a few centipedes lurking, sure, but overall this house is much more solid than Lena and Martin realize. The camera keeps climbing upwards and surfaces through the floorboards in--

INT. MILO'S BEDROOM -- AT THAT MOMENT

Milo is showing Martin his dancing skills.

MARTIN

I don't know if I can do that.  
I'm just a beginner.

MILO

Come on, Dad! Just try.

Martin tries to copy Milo's moves.

MARTIN

Like this?

MILO

No.

MARTIN

See? I told you.

MILO

Look, Dad. If you want to impress the ladies, you're gonna have to try a lot harder.

MARTIN

So I've heard.

As the two continue dancing we TRUCK OUT and it's the END OF SHOW.