

CONTINUED:

"LISA
APPLE"
SC 1

MARTIN (V.O)

Things became remarkably chill.
And even though we're not together,
it still makes sense for us to do
certain things together. Like
buying groceries for the house.

Lena throws a six-pack of PAPER TOWELS into the cart.

LENA (V.O.)

Funny thing is, I don't remember
doing any grocery shopping together
when we were still married.

Martin grabs a big refill bottle of WINDEX.

LENA

The refill, huh? You're a better
man than I.

They round the corner and Lena stops to load the cart with
APPLE JUICE.

MARTIN

Are we expecting an earthquake this
week?

LENA

No, but I really can't relax unless
we're four juices deep.

(then)

And now that you mention it, we are
kinda low on powdered tuna. And
repe.

As Lena goes to fetch those items, Martin spots a familiar
face browsing the produce section. He walks over.

MARTIN

Lisa?

LISA APPLE, late 20s, gorgeous, sunny, turns. "Groovy Kind
of Love" by Phil Collins plays on the grocery store's PA
system.

LISA

Oh, hey! Martin, right? You're
Milo's dad.

MARTIN

Well, amongst other things.

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|--|---|
| LISA | * |
| Such as? | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| (grabs a bag of lettuce) | * |
| "Lover of Romaine." | * |
| LISA | * |
| It <u>is</u> a great lettuce. | * |
| They share a smile. The cheesy romantic music underscores. | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| (cringing) | * |
| Why are they playing this song? | * |
| LISA | * |
| I know, it's terrible-- | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| And yet surprisingly effective. I | * |
| feel emotional. | * |
| Lisa hands Martin a box of unopened tissues from her grocery | * |
| basket. | * |
| LISA | * |
| Well, here. | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| Thank you. | * |
| Martin pretends to blot his eyes with the whole box. | * |
| LISA | * |
| (laughs, then) | * |
| So how's Milo? | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| Oh, you know. Going into second | * |
| grade. So, he made it. | * |
| LISA | * |
| I always felt bad I couldn't help | * |
| more with his... issue. | * |
| MARTIN | * |
| What, the whole peeing-in-the- | * |
| flower-bed thing? He stopped that | * |
| on his own months ago. Kid's got a | * |
| bright future. | * |

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LISA
No, I meant his "serial killer"
handwriting.

MARTIN
Oh, right. Thaaaaat.

LISA
I kept telling your wife that his
penmanship was totally age-
appropriate...

MARTIN
And I kept telling her that we're
all gonna be speaking Mandarin
soon, so who cares?

LISA
I don't know, who?

MARTIN
I don't know!

They share another smile.

LISA
So you've been good?

MARTIN
Me? Very good! Well, pretty good.
Not that good. Lena and I
~~separated. Actually, we didn't~~
~~separate. We~~ divorced but we still
live together. For now. But
divorcedly so. That's not a word.
I ramble when I'm nervous, can you
tell?

LISA
Yup.
(then, smiles)
Well, my phone number's still good.
Gimme a call if you ever feel like
getting brunch or something.

MARTIN
I *always* feel like getting brunch
or something! And I hardly ever
do.

Lisa smiles at Martin over her shoulder, as she walks away.

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CONTINUED:

LISA

Maybe you should change that. **END**

As Martin watches Lisa Apple depart we WIDEN TO REVEAL-- Lena
~~has been watching this entire exchange. There is no~~
~~mistaking what she just saw. Martin is crushing hard.~~

LENA

Was that Lisa fucking Apple?

Martin nods, smitten.

LENA (CONT'D)

Did she hit on you?

Martin plays dumb.

MARTIN

(with a shrug)

Iunno.

Off Lena's expression, it's the

END OF COLD OPEN

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CONTINUED:

"LISA"

SC 2

LENA

If this is an English paper, you
should really speak English--

MAE

She decided to have a kid by
herself. We should celebrate that.

LENA

Celebrate her decision to have a
kid? She hasn't even done it yet!
I'm boots on the ground for fifteen
years here.

Lena storms out.

MAE

(calling after)
You left your hamper on my bed!

EXT. RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY

Martin sits at a table with Lisa Apple, eating avocado toast.
The restaurant is populated with hip TWENTY-SOMETHINGS.

MARTIN

(giggles)
Look at everybody, eating *brunch*.

LISA

Is brunch funny?

MARTIN

To me it is. I haven't had *brunch*
in fifteen years--

LISA

You must be starving.

MARTIN

I am!
(big bite)
You know, I think they may be onto
something with this "avo-toast."

LISA

They are.

MARTIN

I think it's gonna be big. More
restaurants should have it--

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CONTINUED:

LISA
It's available at every single
restaurant on the planet.

A WAITER walks by holding a BURGER WITH AN EGG ON IT.

MARTIN
(marvels)
And are they just putting fried
eggs on *everything* now?

Lisa looks at Martin.

LISA
Were you in a long-term marriage or
an underground bunker?

MARTIN
I'm starting to wonder! I feel
like I'm seeing the world through
brand new eyes. I'm noticing all
kinds of things I never noticed
before...

Martin grabs Lisa's chair and pulls it closer to his.

LISA
Me? You're noticing me?

MARTIN
I'm noticing the hell out of you.

Martin leans in to kiss Lisa.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Is this okay?

LISA
I'll tell you in a second.

Martin kisses Lisa, deeply.

LISA (CONT'D)
Yep. It is.

Lisa smiles and kisses Martin again.

END CUT TO:

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"LISA"

SC3

CONTINUED:

DEREK

Playground?

LENA

Slightly more burdened...

DEREK

Mall?

LENA

Lil' more burdened and drinking
age, if possible...

DEREK

Club?

LENA

Club! Perfect. Let's hit that
club, because it's Mom's
Unscheduled Mental Health Night
Oooooout!

Lena rolls down the window, yelling "Oooooout!" to the world
as it whizzes by. She sees Derek staring at her in the rear-
view mirror.

LENA (CONT'D)

We'll workshop something catchier
later.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Lisa and Martin enter the grocery store. "Groovy Kind of
Love" is playing again.

MARTIN

Hey! They're playing our song.

LISA

This is not our song--

MARTIN

(nods)

It chose us. It's our destiny.

LISA

Like spending all our time together
in the supermarket?

MARTIN

I'm really sorry about this. It's
very unlike Lena to take off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If I didn't know better, I'd almost
think she was trying to...

(wink-wink)

Block our "din."

LISA

(puzzled)

Why'd you say "din" like that?

MARTIN

You tell me.

LISA

I can't. Because I don't know.

MARTIN

(changing subject)

Cocoa powder! There it is!

He points at the shelf. Lisa glances down at the list.

LISA APPLE

List says cacao powder.

MARTIN

Ugh. This is going to be a
disaster. I don't know cacao from
caca. I'm not a baker!

LISA

Luck for you, this little lady is.

MARTIN

(surprised)

You?

LISA

Not me, her.

Lisa picks up a package of ready-made brownies with an old
woman's face on the wrapper.

MARTIN

(skeptical)

I don't know... Lena always bakes
from scratch.

LISA

Yeah, but Lena's not here! And
unlike whatever you bake, these are
gonna taste good.

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MARTIN

You make a very compelling
argument.

LISA

Why make things harder than they
have to be?

11END

Martin widens his eyes, as though Lisa just told Martin the
meaning of life.

MARTIN

(echoes)
Why make things harder than they
have to be?
(realization)
We've been doing that for decades!

Martin fills the cart full of pre-made brownies and
euphorically rides the back of it towards the register, like
a kid, as we CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - AT THAT MOMENT

Lena looks lost, standing in a packed club full of PEOPLE
HALF HER AGE. She looks at her phone and contemplates
sending a text to Wes. No. Bad idea. Dr. Kasper? Worse
idea. Lena decides on a group-text, sent to Maya and
Camille. "Meet up at da club?" Lena types, hopefully. They
both reply LOL. Lena takes an AWKWARD SELFIE and sends it,
proving that she is, in fact, at a club. Maya and Camille
respond with SHOCKED EMOJIS. Maya texts back that she wishes
she could join-- but she's ovulating. Camille sends a
SNAPCHAT. She's in bed with Arthur who says hi. Both women
encourage Lena to have fun. She deserves it! Lena nods and
puts away her phone. She does deserve it! Lena DABS fifteen
times across the dance floor and straight into--

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena dances into a stall and takes refuge there. What the
hell is she doing at a club? Lena looks in the stall next to
her and sees both hands and feet on the floor. ZOXY (20),
the unseen girl in the stall next door, is clearly throwing
up. A few WRETCHES are heard and then:

ZOXY (O.C.)

Hello?

Lena looks alarmed. Is she talking to her?

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