

HE SHED, SHE SHED
"A Kick in the Loins"
Season 1, Episode 1

Written by Michael Alberstadt
for the Farmington Players

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FADE IN:

ANNIE

These are the best of times. My house, my husband – a job I LOVE! Me, a 65-year-old broad, at the apex of her career, and for a pro sports team no less. The planets have truly aligned!

It wasn't always like this. I fought for respect, especially after that disaster of a first marriage. Three petulant kids. Messy divorce. Richard is my second husband, a bonus from that sales conference in Vegas. He's been good. I mean, not a financial powerhouse – barely an Energizer Bunny. After that farce with Peter's Pizza, he retired. At 51. But he keeps busy. I clawed my way through the boys club and now? Breadwinner, baby.

I'd sum us up with two letters – we're O.K. Like the coach after draft day: glad the chaos is over; looking forward to the future with great optimism. So I work. He stays home. Everyone's happy.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

*SOUNDS: Eggs frying. Sensible
heels clacking across a
wood floor.*

ANNIE

Dick, why is the vacuum cleaner on the dining table?

RICHARD

I don't answer to that name. And it's broken.

ANNIE

And it needed a mahogany altar?

RICHARD

You want an egg?

ANNIE

Yeah, I wanna eat your greasy fried eggs in my Mercedes. How do you use four pans for two eggs?

RICHARD

Talent. And the dishes have to wait – my day is jammed. Joey and I are playing tennis --

ANNIE

-- I already tripped over your bag --

RICHARD

-- I've got my "Wines of Bordeaux" class...
(as an afterthought)
... And I'm meeting Gwendolyn for lunch.

ANNIE

Your slime ball agent?! You fired her three years ago.

RICHARD

She's desperate.

ANNIE

I'm shocked.

RICHARD

It's a spokesman gig.

ANNIE

Oh, well, that last one went so well.

RICHARD

I want to work again, Annie. To contribute.

ANNIE

Contribute by fixing the vacuum. Is there a bagel amid the debris of this kitchen?

RICHARD

Under the bacon wrapper. Get me some skinny on the Lion's backfield?

ANNIE

That's proprietary. Kick Gwendolyn in her fat ass for me. And have the martinis ready at six.

RICHARD

I won't bruise the gin.

SOUND: a kiss, then...

INT. OFFICES OF THE DETROIT LIONS - MORNING

SOUNDS: the bustle of an office. Coffee pouring into a mug.

ANNIE

This feels like a three-cup morning.

SHERRY

Morning, Annie. Was your drive in satisfactory?

ANNIE

Sherry, your aura is deep red. Did you have company last night?

SHERRY

The assistant trainer. He has the hands of a god. Did you meet Donna, the new communications wunderkind?

ANNIE

I interviewed her. Great resume. Does she start today?

SHERRY

You didn't see her car in my spot? She has a Porsche, Annie. A Porsche.

ANNIE

Let's bring your aura down to an easy-going yellow, shall we?

SOUNDS of the office.

ANNIE

We should have an office mixer -- morning, Bob! Cocktails. My house. Monday evening -- John, have you lost weight? Would you pull something together for me?

SHERRY

To welcome the alleged wunderkind?

ANNIE

Sherry --

SHERRY

-- Fine. I'll tell Donna -- she can tell her Porsche. I'll include the communications staff. The guys in Operations. Wives, significant others, a certain assistant trainer...

(Annie clears her throat)

A couple of entertaining players -- our new punter?

ANNIE

You know who. Don't make it huge, or Dick's head will explode.

INT. TENNIS CLUB - LATER

SOUND: tennis games in progress in the background.

RICHARD

40 - love.

SOUNDS: the whack of a serve. Shoe scuffles. Grunts.

Out!
RICHARD

JOEY
(panting)
Game, set and match. Someday I'm gonna beat you.

RICHARD
Playing a better player makes you better, Joey. Speaking of which, you pick any better players for your fantasy team?

JOEY
I'm lost at sea, buddy. Is Jimmy Garappolo gonna survive the season? How can I possibly pick between JuJu Smith-Schuster, Cooper Kupp, and Chase Claypool at receiver?

RICHARD
Just watch the pro. Say, are you a wine guy?

JOEY
I know less about wine than I do about Jimmy Garappolo.

RICHARD
Great! I'm hosting my wine group Monday night. You gotta come.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DETROIT LIONS - LATER

SOUND: typing on a keyboard.

SHERRY
(exasperated)
Dear lord, did you see the media guide?

ANNIE
Once it's off my desktop, it's into the ethers.

SHERRY
Just look at it.

SOUND: a mouse clicking.

ANNIE
It looks fine.

SHERRY
You missed it too.

ANNIE
Missed what? Is there a typo?

SHERRY

The "Lion's Pride" logo. We all looked at it --

ANNIE

-- It says Lion's Pride . . . oh, no.

SHERRY

Oh, yes.

ANNIE

It's a PDF, right? We can revise and resend --

SHERRY

-- No. Sorry. And the offending logo is also on the media web site. Worse: the latest promotion mailing to season ticket holders. Worse yet...

ANNIE

Don't say it.

SHERRY

The corporate sponsorship e-blast.

ANNIE

Get on the phone. Pull back what you can. I'll call some media contacts. It's just two letters -- a simple mistake. I mean, we're all human, right?

INT. DELI - LATER

SOUNDS: a bustling sandwich joint. Orders called out.

RICHARD

Must we rehash this. It was a simple mistake --

GWENDOLYN

-- Pass the frigging mustard.

RICHARD

Okay, a lapse in judgment then. And it was three years ago --

GWENDOLYN

-- You could have been the Peter's Pizza spokesman for decades, right through their expansion. But no. You go to a Lion's game.

RICHARD

It was one slice --

GWENDOLYN

-- And do a TV interview with a Buddy's Pizza box in your hand.

RICHARD

It was Detroit-style. Those crispy, buttery corners --

GWENDOLYN

-- Listen to me, idiot. If I come out of retirement to do this gig, I want an ironclad frigging promise that you will think before you buy.

RICHARD

I haven't heard who I'd be spokesman for yet --

GWENDOLYN

-- PROMISE ME, you simp, or so help me God I will murder you in your sleep.

RICHARD

Okay, okay, for the love of Pete -- and his cardboard pizza -- I promise. What's the gig?

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

*SOUNDS: the sloshing of a
martini shaker.*

RICHARD

I made big ones. You look like you could use it.

ANNIE

And a child's portion after that. I think Mercury is retrograde.

RICHARD

Turn on the local sports round-up, would you?

*SOUNDS: the TV clicking on.
A commercial...*

ANNIE

A Peter's Pizza ad. And me without a barf bag.

RICHARD

About that. I met with Gwendolyn.

ANNIE

How is Jabba the Huttress?

RICHARD

You've heard of Leopard's, haven't you?

ANNIE

That chain of seedy strip clubs? Do not tell me greasy Gwen wants you to be spokesman for --

RICHARD

-- No, no. Nothing that posh. It's a local, um, organization that's changing its name and franchising. They want a spokesman with gravitas and they're kinda, well, riding Leopard's brand.

ANNIE

What's the new name? Pussy's?

RICHARD

Ocelot's.

ANNIE

Over my dead body. Ocelot's? We cannot associate this family's less-than-sterling name with a titty bar --

RICHARD

-- Hold on. Turn that up.

MALE NEWSCASTER

-- And the Detroit Lion's made news of a different sort today as the marketing department initiates their new "LOIN'S Pride" campaign in an effort to drum up interest in the 0-5 team. Yes, that's loins, not lions. We heard it was a typo, but it's trending on Twitter and gaining traction in social media. Looks like Lion's players are the new meat in town.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

Hopefully Green Bay doesn't grind them into hamburger.

ANNIE

I will definitely need another martini.

SOUNDS: Musical Act Break.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DETROIT LIONS - MORNING

*SOUNDS: a more frantic bustle
in the office.*

ANNIE

There must be a way to reclaim the narrative. Any thoughts, Donna?

DONNA

(derisive)

The gay community totally embraced Loin Pride. "I'm Proud of my Loins" t-shirts are a hot seller.

SHERRY

Getting the gays into football is a real win. We do have five gay men on staff.

Where?
DONNA

Well, they kinda blend in.
SHERRY

Whatever. Local markets are having sales on tenderloin. Crain's is writing a listical on marketing disasters - leading with us - and ESPN has had a field day --
DONNA

-- Enough! Bury the logo, change the PDF's, pull the mailings --
ANNIE

-- Shipped out yesterday.
SHERRY

We need to tweet and Instagram this to death.
ANNIE

Let it die on its own. It's not scandalous like that racist Dove ad or the Fiat stalker campaign. It's a typo.
DONNA

It's optics, newbie. The team needed a kick in the keister and we kneed them in the schmeckel.
SHERRY

Let's change what we can and see what the weekend brings.
ANNIE

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

*SOUNDS: murmuring of patrons,
clinking of glasses.*

MARK! Give me a hug!
ANNIE

I couldn't let my high school sweetie wallow in all this crap alone. And I'm retired, remember?
MARK

And I am married, remember?
ANNIE

Yeah, but he's - busy. We have history.
MARK

Dick and I have been gloriously wed for twenty years.
ANNIE

MARK

Yeah, but he's so — I don't know. Self-involved. Acting and writing. Tennis. Does he still bury road kill?

ANNIE

In the backyard beneath that mangy chestnut tree.

MARK

What about his Elvis impersonations?

ANNIE

That stayed in Vegas. How are you? You have a lovely green glow about you.

RICHARD

Is that good?

ANNIE

It represents balance, growth, and heartfelt communication. It's been, what, over a year?

MARK

Since Beverly's funeral. I miss her, but I've moved on. I'm even dating again.

ANNIE

Is that what they still call it?

MARK

No apps for me. Pubs, coffee shops. A book club --

ANNIE

(teasing)

You? Literate?

MARK

Me. Dating. Successfully I might add. Nothing serious, but I've discovered a tattoo or two...

*The comment hangs between
them.*

MARK

And I can still make you blush. Lovely. How are you holding up?

ANNIE

Like a blow-up doll in a needle factory. Let me tell you...

EXT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

*SOUNDS: a car engine idling,
and the muffled sound of an
off-key front man.*

ANNIE

Dick, why tonight of all nights?

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

*SOUNDS: a karaoke piano
riff, then:*

RICHARD

And the waitress is practicing politics, as the businessmen slowly get stoned...

*SOUND: a garage door going
up. A car drives in.*

JOEY

Hold on to your hats.

RICHARD

...Yes they're sharing a drink they call "Loneliness", but it's better than drinking alone...

SOUND: a car door slams.

ANNIE

Billy Joel called - he wants his song back.

JOEY

C'mon, we gotta finish this set.

ANNIE

My garage is not a speak-easy.

RICHARD

Our garage --

ANNIE

-- Fine, Dick, our garage. Joseph - please take the rest of the night off. I'll tip your waitress.

JOEY

If you say so, Annie. Anyhoo, I'll see you tomorrow for the game.

ANNIE

Sorry, what?

RICHARD

Lions/Packers? Your stock-in-trade?

JOEY

I'm bringing my patented Velveta con Carne dip.

ANNIE

My taste buds are aching with enthusiasm.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

*SOUND: bed covers rustling;
a pillow being fluffed; a
quick clap of the hands. A
pause, then:*

RICHARD

Best invention ever.

Silence.

RICHARD

I can have my friends over.

ANNIE

And to such a soundtrack.

RICHARD

I'm serious. It's your team: Lions verses Packers. You should see the game.

ANNIE

I should get loin chops for the grill.

RICHARD

You had a late night at work. You get something to eat?

ANNIE

The vending machine had Munchos.

RICHARD

This Lions controversy will blow over. You'll see.

ANNIE

I just - I feel like I have a target on my back, y'know?

RICHARD

I told you to give that sweater to Goodwill.

They have a laugh. Kiss.

ANNIE AND RICHARD

Good night.

SOUND: the rustle of bed clothes. Then:

ANNIE

Did you fix the vacuum cleaner?

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SOUNDS: a football game on the TV.

SHERRY

So it's just Velveta and Rotel tomatoes?

JOEY

The ones with green chilis mixed in.

SHERRY

How much Velveeta?

JOEY

I use the two-pound block because, you know, cheese...

RICHARD

What's the 49ers score?

JOEY

San Fran is down by fourteen with two to play. Damn that Garappolo.

SHERRY

Annie, would you stop pacing? The Lions are not giving birth.

SOUND: a cell phone rings.

ANNIE

This is Annie -- Donna, slow down! Deep breaths, align your chakras. Just tell me. The fans are wearing what? Which station picked it up? What do you mean all of them?

SOUNDS: Musical Act Break.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANNIE

Switch to Channel 7 -- QUICK!

*SOUND: the TV changing
between channels.*

REPORTER

-- Half an hour before kickoff between the Detroit Loins -- excuse me, LIONS -- and the Green Bay Packers. I'm here amid the tailgates to interview the faithful. Sir, do you have a minute?

FAN

Yo.

REPORTER

You seem to have embraced the controversy.

FAN

Letting the boys swing free, bro.

REPORTER

That's a, um -- minimalist loin cloth. Aren't you chilly?

FAN

Freezing my nips off. The Jaeger helps. You want a belt?

REPORTER

No, thank you. Your prediction for the game?

FAN

Our loins will conquer all: the Packers lose by ten. Yo, check us out at WeGotYourLoinsRightHere.com for commentary and plenty of thigh --

REPORTER

-- Okay, then. This is LaToya Jones. Back to you in the studio.

ANNIE

This is awful. It's spreading like a venereal disease.

SHERRY

And that was more of a loin patch --

ANNIE

-- Not helping, Sherry!

SOUND: a doorbell rings.

SHERRY

Don't ask for whom the bell tolls.

ANNIE

What did you order now?

RICHARD

Nothing - I'm grooving on the Rotel dip.

SOUND: Annie opens the door.

BAMBI

Good afternoon! I have a delivery for Mr. Richard Pappadapolis --

ANNIE

-- Your bachelor party is most certainly down the street.

BAMBI

Beg pardon? Oh, no - I'm an Ocelot Girl, heading home from work. Miss Gwendolyn sends this pizza with her compliments.

JOEY

Is it Buddy's? Those buttery corners.

BAMBI

No, it's a Ocelot's Big Cat special. You'll love the sausage.

ANNIE

We have dip. Thank you --

RICHARD

-- Annie, don't be so rude. Come on in, honey. Do you have a name?

BAMBI

Since I was born. I'm Bambi.

ANNIE

Of course you are.

RICHARD

You wanna stay a minute? We're watching the Lions/Packer's.

ANNIE

I'll get you a tarp to cover those up.

BAMBI

My gosh, will you look at all the loin cloths in the stands! It's like the classic Greek games of Olympia.

RICHARD

Joey, what's the score?

BAMBI

Of course, the ancients competed naked. That would certainly make football more fun to watch.

JOEY

Look at those gay guys with their t-shirts.

BAMBI

Here again: Greeks parading their masculinity. It's a great metaphor for society's --

RICHARD

-- What about the game? WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE GAME?

SHERRY

I think the loins are winning.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DETROIT LIONS - DAY

DONNA

(enjoying this)

-- No, no, there's more: a bar in Romulus with a "Show us Your Loins" wall of fame. And a lesbian group that countered the gay's "I'm Proud of my Loins" t-shirts with "Who needs loins when you have these?" t-shirts. Oh, and my favorite: the guy who threw lamb chops on the field every time the Lion's scored.

SHERRY

The Wings do it so much better.

DONNA

When Roary the mascot came out in that loin cloth, well --

ANNIE

-- That's it. I'm talking to The Big Cheese. I need to explain what happened.

INT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

*SOUNDS: the squeak of shoes
on the court; the grunt of
a hard return.*

JOEY

OUT!

RICHARD

Dammit!

JOEY

You're off your game today, buddy. You thinking ahead to our wine orgy?

RICHARD

It's a tasting of Grand Cru Bordeaux, dumb ass.

JOEY

Whatever. Maybe your head is at Ocelot's..?

RICHARD

It's Annie. This whole loins/lions controversy has thrown her for a loop. What if something happens and, you know, she retires and comes home and - you know...

JOEY

I know Annie is a tough old broad. What could possibly happen that would change any of that?

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

SOUND: birds chirping

REPORTER

Meeting on a park bench seems very Cold War, Ms. Dolittle.

DONNA

The irony is not lost on me. And your reporting on "LOINGATE" was worthy of Soviet propaganda. Annie will be out, and I'll be in as the new communications director.

REPORTER

Setting up that doofus with that crazy WeGotYourLoinsRightHere.com web site was a stroke of genius.

DONNA

I'll pull it down when the smoke clears. No one will be the wiser.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - LATER

SOUND: a file dropping into a wastebasket.

SHERRY

Annie, I plotzed when I heard.

ANNIE

My well-reasoned protest was scuppered by a rat. And just like that: a 40-year career, done in by two transposed letters.

SHERRY

It's age discrimination.

ANNIE

It's me, hiring a devious worm with a frigging Porsche. I should have used the Enterprise Car Rental strategy and hired a gregarious frat boy with a C+ GPA.

SHERRY

I'll make her life with the loins - LIONS - a living hell.

ANNIE

You do that, Sherry. It's time for my next act.

SHERRY

Time? Oh, my God - what time is it?

ANNIE

Four ten. Why?

SHERRY

You're hosting a cocktail party in two hours.

ANNIE

For the staff? FOR DONNA?? I can't face these people!

SHERRY

I can't call it off. There's catering. A bartender.

ANNIE

Well, Sherry, the irony is not lost on me. My career ends with a toast to Donna, the cow who ended it. I'd give my eye teeth to see her knocked down a few notches.

SOUNDS: Musical Act Break.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

*SOUNDS: a box cutter slices
open a box.*

RICHARD

Okay, we have wine. Twelve bottles of left bank Bordeaux. \$500 doesn't buy much.

JOEY

Crap, did you say \$500?

RICHARD

Grand Cru is, well, grand - what can I say?

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm saving two bottles for Annie and I. Put those crackers on a plate, would you? And there's Camembert and grapes in the fridge.

JOEY

I'll take my Bota Box back to the car...

SOUND: a door bell rings.

RICHARD

Huh. The club's a little early.

SOUND: a door opens.

BARTENDER

Yo! I'm here to, like, bartend the party?

RICHARD

It's eight guys and a spittoon --

BARTENDER

-- Here's the fruit and cheese trays, bro. I got finger sandwiches and booze in the van. So, where's the bar so I can set up?

RICHARD

There must be a mistake.

BARTENDER

You must be Richard. Sherry said you'd be confused. Anyhoo, it's all covered by the loins - sorry, LIONS - isn't that the gnarliest thing you've ever heard?

RICHARD

Yeah. Get out.

BARTENDER

I'll take it from here - whoa, dude, great wine selection. The Fords comin' to this party or what?

JOEY

You look really familiar. Are you a spokesman for anything?

BARTENDER

Whoa, did you see my web site? I launched it yesterday during the game. I think my nipples got frostbite --

RICHARD

-- Hold on. You're the thigh guy?

BARTENDER

Yo, I have other assets.

RICHARD

I bet you do. Let's talk.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

SOUNDS: the hum of a cocktail party. Laughter. The click of glasses.

ANNIE

I hate all these people.

MARK

No, you don't. You hate the circumstances.

ANNIE

I can't believe Richard planned his wine tasting for tonight.

MARK

Did he know about your party?

ANNIE

That's beside the point. Who's the breadwinner here?

MARK

Currently?

DONNA

Annie, this 2011 Margaux is sublime.

ANNIE

What are you doing?

DONNA

There's a wine bar in the garage.

ANNIE

That's not for you! GIVE ME THAT!

DONNA

You're not wearing your forced retirement very well.

ANNIE

You know what doesn't sit well? A member of my staff pitching marketing plans to The Big Cheese behind my back.

DONNA

The ship was sinking, Annie. I just rearranged the deck chairs.

RICHARD

Annie, your guests keep invading my wine tasting – wait, what are you doing here?

MARK

Your wife invited me.

RICHARD

Since when do ex-boyfriends get invited without telling me?

ANNIE

I needed moral support.

RICHARD

That's what I'm here for!

JOEY

HEY, RICH! Is the 2015 Pauillac or the 2016 Pessac-Leognan next?

DONNA

THE PESSAC, OF COURSE! What are these people, farmers?

RICHARD

I hear you're the new wunderkind.

DONNA

You hear correctly.

RICHARD

We have a mutual friend --

BARTENDER

-- Yo, looks like this group needs lubrication.

DONNA

Wait, where -- how..?

RICHARD

I found him on Schadenfreude Boulevard.

BARTENDER

Yo, Donna! Right on! Say, when are you taking down that site? All those hairy thigh shots you took of me are popping up on PornHub.

ANNIE

You're the WeGotYourLoinsRightHere.com guy!

DONNA

He does have other assets.

ANNIE

The loin fiasco? You didn't -- you couldn't!

DONNA

Sure I could. Changing the PDFs with the doctored logo was easy – I knew a graphics guy who wanted tickets on the 40 yard line. And as for finding an idiot man who'd take his clothes off...

BARTENDER

-- Okay, I'll just bring over a tray of shots!

MARK

You piranha. Annie loved that job.

DONNA

Whatever. As if she had her hand on the pulse of new media.

RICHARD

Is that the 2015 Margaux?

*SOUND: wine splashing in
Donna's face. Sputtering.*

DONNA

HEY! This is vintage Dolce & Gabbana.

RICHARD

Not anymore.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

SOUNDS: dishes being washed.

RICHARD

Hey.

SOUND: of silence.

RICHARD

I fixed the vacuum cleaner.

ANNIE

I was let go today. I'm officially retired.

RICHARD

Sherry told me.

ANNIE

How in the world will we make this work? We barely communicate on what's going on around here. You have all these, these things you do and I had a job. A job I loved.

RICHARD

I know.

ANNIE

What's going to become of us?

RICHARD

Well, for starters, this little cocktail party is now a retirement bash. I sent Joey for thai food and Sander's Bumpy Cakes. And I may have used your soon-to-be-disconnected corporate AmEx.

ANNIE

That's unethical.

RICHARD

Wine is expensive. The Lions can afford it.

SHERRY

Annie, darling, is your hot tub open?

ANNIE

Where the hell is his loin cloth? PUT SOMETHING ON!

BARTENDER

Some of the ladies were stuffing money into it. It kinda got too heavy to support --

SHERRY

-- He's done with loin cloths, Annie.

ANNIE

What about the assistant trainer?

SHERRY

He's hot-tubbing with us.

RICHARD

I'll remove the cover for you.

(an aside to Sherry)

Can you get me skinny on the Lion's backfield?

SHERRY

Consider it done.

RICHARD

And Annie? Stop cleaning and enjoy yourself.

*SOUND: a wine cork popping
from a bottle.*

HUNTER

Ma'am?

ANNIE

Oh, Hunter! Glad you could come. Great kicking yesterday.

HUNTER

Yeah, thanks. Hunter the Punter. Say, I just wanted to, you know, thank you. Seeing all those guys in their "I'm Proud of my Loins" t-shirts yesterday...

ANNIE

Thank me? It was my mistake that put them there.

HUNTER

That's what I'm saying. A bunch of men, with their rainbow flags and glitter? It gave me hope.

ANNIE

Well, give the gays a reason to express themselves.

HUNTER

Right? And playing football – it's been hard to, you know, express myself.

ANNIE

But you're so jubilant when you kick it past the end zone --

HUNTER

-- Good God, Annie – I'm gay. I'm a gay frigging punter.

ANNIE

Oh, that. I don't care and neither should you. Find yourself a linebacker or tight end and live your life the way you want to.

HUNTER

God, no. Date a teammate? I'd rather date my brother. And by the way – they don't know. Few people do, so...

ANNIE

Mum's the word. Do you want some wine – it's a 2017 Haut-Médoc?

HUNTER

Yes. Absolutely.

SOUND: wine splashing into glasses.

ANNIE

Here's to the future! Yours and mine.

Their glasses clink.

HUNTER

So, I heard a rumor about a hot tub...

ANNIE

Out back, left turn at the arborvitaes. And I think the assistant trainer is taken.

INT. PAPPADAPOLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

*SOUNDS: Toast popping from
a toaster.*

RICHARD

(singing with Elvis' voice)
Seven lonely days, and a dozen towns ago, I reached out one night
and you were gone. Don't know why you'd run. What you're running
to or from...

ANNIE

Richard, would you please put Elvis to bed! The entire Left Bank
is tap dancing on my cranium.

RICHARD

Good morning, dear.

ANNIE

I see you have four pans out. Eggs?

RICHARD

Bacon, potatoes... coffee?

ANNIE

Whatever. Is that the blender in pieces on the dining room table?

RICHARD

And the food processor. Hunter was making smoothies and shoved in
too many bananas.

ANNIE

Dick, we need some ground rules if this is gonna work.

RICHARD

I don't answer to that name. Oh, I have tennis this morning, and
the guys are coming over for karaoke night --

ANNIE

-- Over my dead body!

RICHARD

It's my house too!

ANNIE

You can rock out to Billy Joel in Joey's garage!

*SOUND: an egg sizzles in a
hot skillet.*

RICHARD

How did this happen? I had a great life. Sports. Learning about my wine. Voice practice. My fantasy football league. Nap time was whenever I wanted it to be.

Now, Annie is here ALL THE TIME. My days are consumed with honey-dos as she brings the full force of her work persona to bear on me. I blame that weasel Donna – and now she has Annie's office! I told Annie to go back. Grovel at the feet of The Big Cheese if she had to, but no. Too proud to seek her old job. Lord, my naps...

I can sum it all up with three letters: W.T.F.

ANNIE

I want runny yolks this time!

RICHARD

And so it begins.

FADE OUT: