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People Are Talking

“Pilot”

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Draft
1/20/15



Will Packer Productions

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ACT ONE

INT. CHINA PALACE - EARLY EVENING - THURSDAY (N-1)

MITCH (EARLY 30S, WHITE) STANDS WITH HIS BEST FRIEND, RUSSELL (EARLY 30S, BLACK) PAYING FOR TAKE-OUT. THE CASHIER (LATE 20S, ASIAN) HANDS HIM HIS CHANGE.

CASHIER

(HEAVY ACCENT) One second, I go
kitchen and get your order.

MITCH

Perfect. Thanks.

AS SHE HEADS TO THE KITCHEN, RUSSELL TURNS TO MITCH.

RUSSELL

Boom. What'd I tell ya?

MITCH

What? She totally has an accent.

RUSSELL

Yeah. And I'm not buying it.

MITCH

What's to buy? Russell, most people
who work in a Chinese restaurant have
an accent.

RUSSELL

But not all of them do. And yet all of
them do.

MITCH

So what, it's just a put-on to sell
the Chinese food experience?

RUSSELL

(RE: MAKESHIFT SHRINE) No one's
praying to these tortoises!

MITCH

Do you really believe what you're
saying, or are you just trying out
material?

RUSSELL

Can't it be both? (THEN, NOTICING) Oh!
Here she comes, watch this.

MITCH

Oh god.

AS THE CASHIER RETURNS, RUSSELL IMMEDIATELY STEPS UP AND
ACCEPTS THE BAG OF TAKE-OUT.

CASHIER

Here go. Enjoy.

RUSSELL

Syeh-syeh.

THE CASHIER LOOKS AT HIM, CONFUSED. THEY START TO WALK OUT.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Did you see that? I just said "thank
you" in Chinese and she looked at me
blankly.

MITCH

Yeah, I think the look was, "Why is
this Black dude speaking Chinese?"

EXT. VALET STAND - MOMENTS LATER (N-1)

AS MITCH AND RUSSELL APPROACH THE VALET STAND, RUSSELL'S TYPING ON HIS PHONE.

MITCH

You're gonna tweet about this, aren't you?

RUSSELL

Already did! And it's going in my stand-up. (HANDING TICKET TO VALET)
It's the blue Porsche.

THE VALET CALLS THE TICKET NUMBER OVER HIS WALKIE-TALKIE.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(TO MITCH, RE: TWITTER) How are you not following me? I'm your best friend.

MITCH

Don't need to. You call me every morning and ask "is this is funny?" and then you tweet it.

RUSSELL

Hold on, Angie's texting me.

MITCH

How'd you fill your day before cell phones?

RUSSELL

(RE: TEXT) Sweet! My beautiful bride scored us four tickets to Jay-Z.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Me, Angie, you and Tracy. Tomorrow
night, baby!

MITCH

This sucks.

ANOTHER VALET PULLS UP IN RUSSELL'S PORSCHE.

RUSSELL

You guys still don't have a sitter for
Sadie?!

MITCH

She'll be old enough to babysit
herself by the time we find someone
Tracy'll sign off on.

THE VALET GETS OUT AND MISTAKENLY HANDS THE KEYS TO MITCH.
THE GUYS SHARE A LOOK. IT'S CLEAR THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You gotta say something.

RUSSELL

I'm not wasting my breath, Mitch. It's
a valet stand, not Selma.

MITCH

Well, then I'm saying something. I'm
your Best Man. That didn't end at your
wedding. I'm your Best Man everywhere
we go.

RUSSELL

Hey, Professor, you're not teaching
your ethics class right now.

MITCH

Oh, yes I am. (TO VALET, A LITTLE TOO MUCH CLUB) Excuse me! Hi! Hello. This is not my car. This is his car!

VALET

...Okay.

MITCH

My car is a PT Cruiser. A convertible PT Cruiser.

RUSSELL

Which is why we took my car.

MITCH

The point is... this Porsche-- or Porscha-- I don't even know how to pronounce it--

RUSSELL / VALET

Porscha. / Porscha.

MITCH

See? This car is his. And I think you assumed it was mine because you don't think a Black guy can afford a fancy automobile.

VALET

Actually, I thought it was yours because there's a John Mayer CD playing.

BEAT. BEAT.

MITCH

Yeah, that's my CD.

RUSSELL

(DOING HIS BEST NOT TO LAUGH) Are we
done here?

MITCH

We are.

RUSSELL

You're exhausting.

MITCH

Syeh-syeh.

INT. RUSSELL'S PORSCHE - SMASH CUT (N-1)

RUSSELL DRIVES. MITCH IS SHOTGUN. JOHN MAYER BLASTS.

MITCH / RUSSELL

Your body is a wonderlaaaaand!

MAIN TITLES: "PEOPLE ARE TALKING"

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S KITCHEN - LATER (N-1)

TIGHT ON A VIDEO BABY MONITOR. THE SCREEN IS ALL STATIC.

TRACY (O.S.)

Nope... Still not getting a signal...

REVEAL TRACY (EARLY 30S, KOREAN) LOOKING AT THE MONITOR THAT
SITS ON A KITCHEN TABLE THAT MITCH AND RUSSELL STRUGGLE TO MOVE.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Move it closer to our house.

ANGIE (EARLY 30S, BLACK) SMILES AS SHE PUTS KALE IN A JUICER.

RUSSELL

Why aren't we just eating next door so
you can actually see your daughter?

TRACY

You don't have kids, you don't understand. I need to get out. Closer!

ANGIE

It's like you're on house arrest.

MITCH

We are on house arrest. Dinner over here is our one hour of yard time.

THEY FINALLY FIND THE SWEET SPOT: BLOCKING THE FRIDGE.

TRACY

Perfect. There's Sadie. (LOOKING AT HER IN MONITOR) See? Who needs a sitter? But I do need wine. Move the table!

SHE PICKS UP THE MONITOR AS THE GUYS COMPLY. SHE REACHES HER FREE ARM INTO THE FRIDGE AND GRABS A BOTTLE.

MITCH

(TO RUSSELL AND ANGIE) But seriously, having kids is great.

AS ANGIE AND RUSSELL LAUGH, WE DISSOLVE TO...

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S KITCHEN - LATER (N-1)

MID-MEAL. ANGIE WATCHES MITCH TAKE A BITE OUT OF A DUMPLING.

TRACY

(MOUTH FULL) Ange, are you sure you don't want a potsticker?

MITCH

Or something that doesn't look like an abandoned fish tank?

ANGIE TAKES A PULL FROM THE JAR.

ANGIE

(NODS, FORCING IT DOWN) I desperately do. But I've only got 36 hours left of my cleanse. And Mama's gotta look good in her dress tomorrow night.

RUSSELL

But Daddy likes your booty the way it is.

TRACY

(TO MITCH, TEASING) When I said no Mommy/Daddy talk tonight, I thought I was referring to us.

RUSSELL AND ANGIE LAUGH.

RUSSELL

Any luck finding a sitter?

MITCH

We have found tons. (TO TRACY WITH A SMILE) But none have proven acceptable to lead counsel over here.

TRACY

I'm sorry, but if you have those big holes in your earlobes, you can be my barista but you can't be my babysitter.

MITCH

Fine, but that other one, Julie, was a preschool teacher.

TRACY

Who referred to the place with all the books as a "liberry."

RUSSELL

What about that grandma one you told us about?

TRACY

I didn't ding her, Sadie did.

MITCH

She looked just like Cruella de Vil.
No one in our house slept that night.

THE GANG ALL LAUGH.

TRACY

How'd you score Jay-Z tickets anyway?

RUSSELL

Ange asked a neurologist at the hospital to pull a favor. Those docs are nothing without their nurses.

ANGIE

Actually, Dr. Gordon couldn't come through. So I asked Marcus.

RUSSELL

(CLEARLY AGITATED) What?

TRACY

(GOING TO TOWN ON A SPARE RIB) Marcus?

Who's Marcus?

MITCH

(LICKING HIS FINGERS) Based on Russ's reaction, I'm going to assume it's not one of his fraternity brothers.

AS RUSSELL AND ANGIE EXPLAIN, MITCH AND TRACY CONTINUE TO EAT THEIR SPARE RIBS LIKE THEY'RE WATCHING A MOVIE.

ANGIE

Marcus and I kinda went out for a while.

RUSSELL

You dated for two years right before we started dating.

ANGIE

On and off.

RUSSELL

You lived together.

ANGIE

We didn't live together. I had my own apartment.

RUSSELL

You're talking to me, not your dad.

ANGIE

Am I?

TRACY STARTS TO LAUGH, BUT CATCHES HERSELF. IT'S A BIT TENSE.

MITCH

You know what I think?

TRACY

You think you should stay out of other people's business? You're totally right.

RUSSELL

(TO ANGIE) I was just unaware that you two were still communicating. Have you seen him?

ANGIE

No. We just text sometimes.

RUSSELL

What kind of texts?

ANGIE

You know, like, "Can you hook me and my husband and our friends up with four tickets to Jay-Z?"

MITCH

It's just ironic. In my seminar today, we were talking about how, in society, trust and honesty go hand in hand.

ANGIE

(TO RUSSELL) We have guests. Don't wreck dinner.

TRACY

(TO MITCH) We're their guests. Don't wreck dinner.

IT'S TENSE FOR A MOMENT. THEN, PUTTING DOWN HER GREEN JUICE:

ANGIE

Fuck it. Pass me the ribs.

EXT. STREET - AFTER DINNER (N-1)

MITCH AND TRACY, BABY MONITOR IN HAND, WALK HOME.

TRACY

Mitch, we have to find a sitter. For the last month, my life has just been depositions and princess tea parties.

(OFF HIS LOOK, SWEETLY) And you.

MITCH

Should we fly your mother in?

TRACY

No. 'Cause then we'd have my mother in.

MITCH

Oh, good point.

THEY WATCH AS THEIR NEIGHBORS, AN ORTHODOX COUPLE (YARMULKE, LONG SKIRTS - YOU GET IT) WITH FIVE LITTLE GIRLS, PILE OUT OF THEIR MINIVAN. THE MOM HOLDS A BABY SWADDLED IN A PINK BLANKET.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh my god, they had another baby.

TRACY

They're gonna keep trying 'til they have a boy. Just play catch with your daughter.

THEY WATCH AS THE MOM HOLDS THE BABY WITH ONE ARM WHILE SETTLING A FIGHT BETWEEN HER THIRD AND FOURTH DAUGHTERS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

How does she take care of all those
kids?

MITCH

They must have a sitter. (LIGHTBULB)
An amazing sitter! I'm going to ask
Avi for the number.

HE STARTS TO CROSS. SHE STARTS TO FOLLOW...

TRACY

Hey, Ethics Professor. You can't steal
another parent's babysitter. That's--
...BUT THE BABY MONITOR GETS STATIC-Y. SHE STOPS. HE DOESN'T.

MITCH

Shalom.

TRACY

No fair, I'm on a leash!

MITCH TURNS AROUND JUST BEYOND HER REACH.

MITCH

I'm not breaking any rules. The
concert is tomorrow night. Friday
night. The Sabbath! They don't go out
on Friday nights.

TRACY

Isn't saying "they" offensive?

MITCH

It would be if I were talking about all Orthodox Jewish people, who, for religious reasons, stay home on Friday nights. But I'm not talking about all Orthodox Jewish people, I'm talking about the Goldsteins.

TRACY

The Goldmans.

MITCH

Okay, well that was offensive.

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S BEDROOM - SAME (N-1)

ANGIE TAKES OFF HER MAKEUP AS RUSSELL SAUNTERS IN.

RUSSELL

(PLAYFUL) I want to apologize for my behavior earlier. I guess I misunderstood. I thought when we got married, we were gonna stop dating other people.

ANGIE

Babe, I didn't mention Marcus because I didn't think it was a big deal.

(KISSING HIM, THEN) You won, you got me. You got all this.

HE'S DETERMINED NOT TO SMILE. SHE SEES SHE'S TAKING THE RIGHT APPROACH.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go take a shower. Give me a
two-minute head start and then join me.

That is, if you're still up for it.

SHE SEDUCTIVELY CROSSES TO THE BATHROOM. HE CALLS AFTER:

RUSSELL

This time we're going 'til the water
gets cold!

HER PHONE BUZZES. HE GLANCES OVER. IT SAYS, "MARCUS I MESSAGE."
HE WANTS TO LOOK. HE KNOWS HE SHOULDN'T. BUT HE WANTS TO.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(DISGRUNTLED) Marcus, my man, you are
really wrecking the mood.

EXT. STREET - SAME (N-1)

MITCH WALKS BACK TO TRACY, WAVING A YELLOW POST-IT WITH THE
SITTER'S NUMBER. HE DOES A LITTLE KLEZMER DANCE AND SINGS:

MITCH

(TO TUNE OF HAVA NAGILA) *I got... the
number! I got... the number! I got...
the number! We're going out Friday
night, hey!*

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S BEDROOM - WHERE WE LEFT HIM (N-1)

WE HEAR THE SHOWER RUNNING. RUSSELL LOOKS AGAIN TO ANGIE'S
PHONE, TORN. NOPE, NOT GONNA LOOK. HE EXITS FRAME. BUT THEN
HIS ARM REACHES IN AND GRABS IT! HE STARTS TO NAVIGATE TO THE
TEXTS... BUT BEFORE HE CAN, ANGIE RETURNS TO GET A SCRUNCHIE.

ANGIE

(WITH A KNOWING SMILE) Whatcha doing?

RUSSELL

(CAUGHT, PUTTING DOWN PHONE) No I
wasn't!

ANGIE

Were you... looking at my texts?

RUSSELL

I thought-- I thought this was my
phone.

ANGIE

You thought your phone was the one
with the pink case?

RUSSELL

And now I see that it's not.

ANGIE

You know what? Look. We have no
secrets.

RUSSELL

No, I trust you.

ANGIE

(WITH A SMILE) Do you?

RUSSELL

Don't make this a thing.

ANGIE

Oh, I'm the one making it a thing?

(THEN) I'm just going to leave my
phone right here. While I'm gone, feel
free to take a look.

HE GLANCES AT HER: WELL-PLAYED. SHE CONFIDENTLY EXITS.

EXT. MITCH'S PT CRUISER CONVERTIBLE - THE NEXT DAY - FRIDAY (D-2)

MITCH DRIVES, RUSSELL RIDES SHOTGUN. THE TOP IS DOWN.

MITCH

So did you look?

RUSSELL

Of course I looked!

MITCH

You had to look.

RUSSELL

I had to look! I mean, Steve Jobs went to the trouble of inventing a device that would record my wife and her ex-boyfriend's electronic conversations, the least I could do is look.

MITCH

It's the least you could do! Although, it's hard to make a case for honesty when you're snooping around on your wife's phone. (THEN) So what'd that dirt bag say?

RUSSELL

(DEFEATED) He said "Leaving tickets at Will Call. Still trying to get you backstage passes."

MITCH

Ooof.

RUSSELL

I know... I shouldn't've looked.

MITCH

On the plus side, backstage passes.

RUSSELL

You guys gotta find a sitter.

MITCH

Oh, about that...

MITCH TURNS ON THE CAR STEREO WHERE HE'S CUED UP JAY-Z'S
"EMPIRE STATE OF MIND."

RUSSELL

(UPBEAT) You found a sitter?!

MITCH SMILES. RUSSELL LIGHTS UP.

MITCH

We're interviewing her in, like,
twenty minutes.

RUSSELL

(DEFLATED) Wait, Tracy hasn't met her
yet?!

MITCH

No, but she's agreed to keep an open
mind.

RUSSELL

The same way she agreed to keep an
open mind about your bachelor party?
We ended up bowling and then painting
plates!

MITCH

I'm telling you, she is committed to
seeing Jay-Z.

EXCITED, MITCH TURNS UP THE MUSIC AND STARTS RAPPING ALONG.

MITCH (CONT'D)

*Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of
that boy, Biggie.*

RUSSELL

(RE: MITCH, TO NEARBY TRAFFIC) Look
out, cha'all!

MITCH

*Say what up to TyTy, still sipping mai
tai. Sitting courtside, Knicks and
Nets give me high fives. Ni--*

RUSSELL SUDDENLY STOPS THE MUSIC.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What? Okay, I get that I can't say
that word--

RUSSELL

You cannot.

MITCH

...but I can't sing it?

RUSSELL

You cannot. Mitch, that's just not a
word you have access to.

MITCH

Well, you should hear me do it because
I don't pronounce the "r." (OFF HIS
"NO" LOOK) What if I hum it? Sort of
like, Nya--

RUSSELL

Bup, bup, bup. No. (THROWING HIM A
BONE) Why don't you just sing the
Alicia Keys part?

MITCH

(LIKE A FOUR-YEAR-OLD) ...Fine.

RUSSELL HITS PLAY.

JAY-Z

RUSSELL

-ga, I be spiked out, I can *Top down, go for it, baby.*
trip a referee. Tell by my *The world is your stage!*
attitude that I'm most
definitely from...

THEY PULL UP TO A STOPLIGHT JUST IN TIME FOR...

MITCH (CONT'D)

(EXCRUCIATINGLY HIGH FALSETTO) ...*New*
York. Concrete jungle where dreams are--

RUSSELL IS VERY AWARE OF THE ONLOOKERS.

RUSSELL

What you're doing there might actually
be more offensive.

INT. MITCH & TRACY'S FOYER/LIVING ROOM - LATER (D-2)

PRE-INTERVIEW, MITCH AND TRACY DO A LAST-MINUTE CLEANUP.

TRACY

...I called all her references--

MITCH

Of course you did--

TRACY

Everyone said she's really responsible--

MITCH

Speaking of which, where's our
daughter?

TRACY

Upstairs playing.

MITCH

Continue.

TRACY

Kimberly took some time off, but now
she's back in college, looking to
babysit to make some extra cash. She's
CPR-trained, she's majoring in Early
Childhood Development...

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

MITCH

...And she's very punctual.

MITCH AND TRACY EXCITEDLY HEAD TO THE DOOR.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Remember, Trace, if she's, like, a
vegan, or has a nose ring or is a
little Goth, take a lesson from Elsa
and "Let It Go." As long as we get to
see Jay-Z, let her spend all her
babysitting money on Doc Martens.

TRACY

Open mind, got it.

THEY OPEN THE DOOR. STANDING THERE IS THE HOTTEST 21-YEAR-OLD
ASIAN GIRL YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

KIMBERLY

Hi, I'm Kimberly.

MITCH IS HEARTBROKEN, AND WE...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MITCH & TRACY'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER (D-2)

MITCH AND TRACY SIT ACROSS FROM KIMBERLY, MID-INTERVIEW, CLEARLY A WASTE OF TIME. MITCH COULDN'T BE MORE UNCOMFORTABLE.

KIMBERLY

...Yeah, I learned CPR when I was a lifeguard. I practically lived in my bathing suit. Oops.

SHE BENDS OVER TO PICK UP THE COASTER SHE DROPPED.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I used to have the worst tan lines.

MITCH LOOKS FOR HER TAN LINES BUT, AS KIMBERLY'S BENT OVER, ALL HE SEES IS CLEAVAGE. HE REALIZES HE'S LOOKING AND QUICKLY LOOKS UP, ONLY TO SEE SHE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT HIM.

MITCH

(CAUGHT) No, I wasn't...

TRACY

(UNAWARE) You weren't what?

MITCH

(BLURTING OUT) We don't have a pool!

(RECOVERING) So the lifeguard thing--

It's just not relevant.

TRACY

You okay?

MITCH

Never better.

TRACY

Well, Kimberly, you seem great--

MITCH

But we've been meeting with a lot of
potential babysitters--

TRACY

Who have all been horrendous... 'Til
you.

MITCH LOOKS AT TRACY. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

TRACY (CONT'D)

I know this is last minute, but could
you come back and babysit tonight?

KIMBERLY

Yeah, totally.

TRACY

Great!

KIMBERLY

Great!

MITCH

(FORCED TO AGREE) Great!

EXT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S DRIVEWAY - LATER (D-2)

MITCH AND RUSSELL SHOOT HOOP. AS MITCH STANDS UNDER THE NET,
RUSSELL PUTS UP A SHOT...

RUSSELL

Mitchell, you have yet to articulate a
problem with the hot babysitter.

...IT'S ALL NET. MITCH PASSES THE BALL BACK TO RUSSELL.

MITCH

She's. Hot.

RUSSELL

Again, yet to articulate. You have a smoking hot babysitter who your wife has signed off on. No problem!

RUSSELL DRIBBLES. MITCH STEPS IN AND STRIPS HIM OF THE BALL.

MITCH

Russell, "hot babysitter" is actually a role-play Tracy and I do. So at the very least it's going to step on that!

EFFORTLESSLY, RUSSELL STEALS THE BALL BACK.

RUSSELL

Or, it could make it hotter.

DURING THE FOLLOWING, RUSSELL SEES WHAT MITCH DOESN'T: TRACY AND SADIE EXITING THE HOUSE, TAKING OUT THE RECYCLING.

MITCH

Look, I don't know how it's gonna bite me in the ass, but I'm telling you, no good can come from hiring--

RUSSELL

Tracy! Hey, Tracy. Tracy's here!

TRACY

What are you guys talking about?

RUSSELL

Marriage. And how great it is.

MITCH

Actually, we were just talking about Kimberly.

TRACY

(TO RUSSELL) Did he tell you how great
she is?

RUSSELL

...I hear she's a 10.

MITCH SHOTS RUSSELL A LOOK: NOT HELPING. SADIE TAKES THE BALL
AND STARTS DRIBBLING IT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DRIVEWAY.

MITCH

Yeah, sweetie-- Did you notice
Kimberly's kinda--

TRACY

Delicious? Totally. I trust you.

SHE CLOSSES THE LID ON THE TRASH. RUSSELL LAUGHS.

RUSSELL

I love watching your marriage.

MITCH

I trust me, too. I trust me to not put
myself in these situations.

TRACY

You're not gonna sleep with her.

MITCH

Of course I'm not gonna sleep with
her!

RUSSELL

But if you were 21 and single, you'd
try to sleep with her.

MITCH

Of course I'd try to sleep with her.

ANGIE WALKS UP THE DRIVEWAY, STILL IN HER SCRUBS.

TRACY

Mitch, you're being crazy.

ANGIE

Did he yell at another cop for texting
and driving?

MITCH

No! But I stand by that. The people
enforcing the rules should follow the
rules.

TRACY

(TO ANGIE) We found a great sitter.
Kimberly's fantastic-- In fact, we're
already Facebook friends. I needed the
numbers--

MITCH

Stay on topic.

TRACY

But this one doesn't want us hiring
her because she's hot and Asian.

MITCH

I never said Asian.

RUSSELL

You didn't have to, slugger.

TRACY

(TO ANGIE) Crazy, right?

ANGIE

...Don't hire that girl.

TRACY

MITCH

Thank you!

What?

INT. MITCH & TRACY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (D-2)

THE GANG NOW SITS AT A "TEA PARTY" HOSTED BY SADIE. ANGIE HOLDS A PLASTIC TEACUP AND SAUCER AS SHE MAKES HER POINT.

ANGIE

...It's the same reason I put my camera in the safe when I'm in a hotel. I totally trust the maid but why create a problem?

REVEAL: RUSSELL, WEARING A TIARA.

RUSSELL

And by "camera," she means potato chips.

ANGIE

That's right, Princess. I trust Mitch, I just don't trust this Kimberly girl.

ANGIE'S PHONE BUZZES. RUSSELL LOOKS AT IT. IT SAYS "MARCUS IMESSAGE." ANGIE PICKS THE PHONE UP AND LOOKS AT THE TEXT.

RUSSELL

Everything okay with the tickets?

ANGIE

Yeah.

RUSSELL

Okay, good.

ANGIE

He wasn't texting me about the
tickets.

RUSSELL STEWS FOR A MINUTE. MITCH LEANS OVER TO TRACY.

MITCH

In three...two...one...

RUSSELL

(TO ANGIE) Then what was he texting
you about?!

ANGIE

Nothing. Idris Elba's gonna be on
Fallon tonight. He knows I have a
thing for him.

RUSSELL

But you don't trust the babysitter?

TRACY

Idris Elba? I don't know who that is.

ANGIE

Oh, sweetie, I'm gonna show you some
Google Images that are going to change
your life. (TO RUSSELL, POINTEDLY)
That is, if it's okay with you.

RUSSELL

He's fine. You never dated him.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MITCH GETS UP TO ANSWER IT.

ANGIE

Babe, I don't understand why you're upset. Marcus has a fiancée.

RUSSELL

How about you have a husband?!

MITCH

(TO SADIE, RE: RUSSELL) No more fake coffee for him.

MITCH OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S KIMBERLY. HE'S IMMEDIATELY FLUSTERED.

KIMBERLY

Hey. Sorry to interrupt high tea.

MITCH

(DEMONSTRATING WITH CUP) There's actually no tea in it at all.

TRACY

I think she figured it out. (TO KIMBERLY) Wait, is everything okay? We're still on for tonight, right? Tell me we're still on for tonight.

KIMBERLY

Totally. I just left my books here and I need to return them to the library.

KIMBERLY CROSSES IN TO GET THEM.

TRACY

(WHISPERING TO ANGIE) Did you hear that? She said library.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

I love her so much. (THEN) Kimberly,
this is Angie and Russell.

KIMBERLY

ANGIE

Nice to meet you.

Hey.

RUSSELL

You look familiar. Have you ever been
to the Laugh Factory?

KIMBERLY

No.

TRACY

That's just his way of telling you he
does stand-up.

KIMBERLY TURNS AND HEADS OUT THE DOOR. AS SHE PASSES MITCH:

KIMBERLY

You never told me when you want me.

MITCH

(FLUSTERED) What?! (REALIZING, SUPER
CASUAL) Oh. Seven's good. And you have
the address... because it's right here.

MITCH CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER. THEN LOCKS IT.

ANGIE

Changed my mind. I'm totally fine with
her.

MITCH

TRACY

What?

Thank you!

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(RE: MITCH) There's no way she goes
for that.

MITCH

But... That's fair.

TRACY

Okay, we're doing it! We're going out!
I don't know what to wear.

ANGIE

I got this dress online you can
borrow. Maybe it'll fit around your
ass.

TRACY, ANGIE AND SADIE HEAD NEXT DOOR, LEAVING THE BOYS.

MITCH

Huh. I guess everything's okay. We
have a sitter. We have our lives back.

RUSSELL

Yeah, little hiccup. I realized why
she looks familiar. Your babysitter
does porn.

ON MITCH'S FACE, WE...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S GARAGE - LATER (D-2)

THE GUYS ARE IN THEIR MAKESHIFT HIDEOUT: RUSSELL'S PORSCHE. RUSSELL'S IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, MITCH SITS SHOTGUN. BETWEEN THEM IS A LAPTOP, OPENED TO A TV-APPROVED ADULT WEBSITE.

RUSSELL

Wait, whose wife are we hiding from?

MITCH

All of them! Not because we're looking at porn, but because I have to be absolutely sure you saw our new babysitter in an adult movie before I destroy her reputation with my wife.

RUSSELL

I-- I can't remember what clip it was.

MITCH

Just put "Kimberly Babysitter" in the search bar.

RUSSELL

First of all, I doubt she performs under the name Kimberly. And second of all, if I put "babysitter" in the search bar, we're going to be here for four days.

MITCH

We don't have four days. The concert starts in an hour. And I still need to shower.

RUSSELL

I know. We're sitting in a tiny car.
You're very ripe for a guy who can
barely play basketball.

MITCH

I can play basketb--

RUSSELL

Yeah, you're Kobe. Here it is.

THEY WATCH THE VIDEO. WE'RE ON THEIR FACES SO WE ONLY HEAR IT.

MITCH

(UPBEAT) That's not her!

RUSSELL

Don't celebrate just yet. More people
are coming in. She's actually not in
it for, like, three minutes.

MITCH

Then what are we doing?

RUSSELL

We're watching porn in a garage, what
does it look like we're doing?

MITCH

Fast-forward!

RUSSELL

Sometimes you can be real uptight.

MITCH

That is so not true.

RUSSELL

Really? Then why are you wearing a
seatbelt?

REVEAL: MITCH IS WEARING A SEATBELT. HE CASUALLY CLICKS AND
RELEASES IT. RUSSELL ADVANCES TO THE NEXT CLIP. THEY WATCH.

MALE ACTOR (ON VIDEO)

Did somebody order pizza?

MITCH

Pizza delivery? Really? They're not
even trying.

RUSSELL

(RE: VIDEO) Oh, she's trying.

THEY BOTH LEAN FORWARD, TAKING THIS VERY SERIOUSLY.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(TOTALLY SURE) That's her, that's her!

MITCH

Is it?

RUSSELL

(COMPLETELY UNSURE) I... think so?

A NEW BASSLINE KICKS IN.

MITCH

Wait, that's it?

RUSSELL

That's all we see of her face.

MITCH

Go back! Go back!

RUSSELL PLAYS THE CLIP AGAIN. THEY LOOK INTENTLY.

MALE ACTOR (ON VIDEO)

Did somebody order pizza?

RUSSELL

It's not a clear yes.

MITCH

But it's not a clear no. (WATCHES FOR A BEAT, THEN) If our babysitter were the pizza guy's ass, I could tell you for sure. But we're only on her face for, like, two seconds. Freeze it on her.

RUSSELL DOES.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Not on her boobs!

RUSSELL REWINDS A BIT. THEY STUDY HER FROZEN FACE LIKE SCHOLARS.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's hard to tell. She's making this contorted expression of pleasure.

RUSSELL

Yeah. It's like she's sneezing while caught in a bear trap.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER (D-2)

AS THE GUYS WALK, RUSSELL TRIES TO TALK MITCH OFF THE LEDGE.

MITCH

(REELING) I have to tell Tracy.

RUSSELL

Dude, you're not sure it's Kimberly in that video, so you say nothing.

MITCH

But if it comes out later that it is her and I knew, I'm more screwed than she was in that video!

RUSSELL

Not necessarily her! And I think what you're doing is very un-American. Our justice system is innocent until proven porn star.

MITCH

But the reason Tracy trusts me is because I'm honest with her. I mean, don't I have an ethical duty to disclose what I know to my wife?

RUSSELL

You're off the clock, Professor.

MITCH

I'm sorry, was I having dinner last night with a different Black friend who made the same argument to his wife?

RUSSELL

It was me, I'm your only Black friend.

MITCH

Only because you get jealous. Otherwise I might be friends with Marcus. Aw, shit, I said it.

JUST THEN, A PATROL CAR DRIVES BY.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Is that cop texting?!

RUSSELL

You're exhausting. (THEN) I mean, even if that is Kimberly in that video, does that mean she can't be a good babysitter?

MITCH

Tracy dinged a girl for saying "liberry"!

RUSSELL

Well, regardless of her past, I know for a fact Kimberly's not doing porn anymore. Unless you pay your babysitters \$1500 an hour.

MITCH

Porn stars make that much?

RUSSELL

Well, they don't make \$12 an hour plus all the soda you can drink. (CHECKING WATCH, THEN) Look, we need to leave for the concert in 25 minutes. This is gonna be a great night, there's no need to wreck it.

MITCH NODS.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I mean, how often do you get backstage passes to Jay-Z?

MITCH

Marcus came through?

RUSSELL

(FRUSTRATED) Yeah, he's super great.

INT. MITCH & TRACY'S FOYER - 24 MINUTES LATER (N2)

MITCH, RUSSELL AND ANGIE, ALL DRESSED UP, WATCH AS TRACY COMES DOWN THE STAIRS. KIMBERLY AND SADIE SIT ON THE COUCH.

ANGIE

Lookin' good, mama. Jealous of that Asian tush. It's so... portable.

TRACY

I can't believe I'm finally getting a night out.

RUSSELL LOOKS TO MITCH WHO'S CLEARLY STILL ON THE FENCE.

RUSSELL

Attention everybody, we're wheels up in 60 seconds.

ANGIE

"Wheels up"?

RUSSELL

You have no idea what kind of pressure I'm working under here.

TRACY

Okay, sweetie, Mommy and Daddy are leaving. You can watch one video.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Kimberly, make sure it's something appropriate.

MITCH

I... I just--

RUSSELL

45 seconds!

TRACY

Oh, and I left money in case you want to have pizza delivered.

MITCH

Oh my god.

RUSSELL TAKES COMMAND AND STARTS USHERING THEM ALL OUT.

RUSSELL

Alright, people, time to get Mitch to a concert that doesn't feature an acoustic guitar.

MITCH

We'll be back before you know it!

TRACY

Don't let any strangers into the house.

MITCH

Or people you do know!

WITH EVERYONE GONE, RUSSELL LOOKS BACK TO SEE KIMBERLY HAPPILY READING TO SADIE. IT'S ALL GOOD. JUST THEN, KIMBERLY SNEEZES. SEEING HER FACE CONTORTED, HE DOES A VERY QUICK INTERNAL DELIBERATION... CAN'T TELL. FUCK IT. HE WALKS OUT.

EXT. MITCH & TRACY'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER (N-2)

MITCH'S CONVERTIBLE. MITCH IS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, RUSSELL SITS SHOTGUN. TRACY'S BEHIND RUSSELL. ANGIE'S BEHIND MITCH.

RUSSELL

Alright, Mitch. Thirty minutes to
showtime. I'll be your GPS: Drive.

MITCH

Wait--

RUSSELL

Whatcha doing, buddy? (SING-SONGY)
This is the perfect niight.

MITCH

I know. Should we put the top down?

RUSSELL

We should, we totally should.

ANGIE

(TO MITCH) Do you know anything about
Black hair?

RUSSELL

(TO ANGIE, INTENSE) I'm gonna need you
to give this to him.

AS MITCH WATCHES THE TOP LOWER, HE TURNS TO THE BACKSEAT
WHERE TRACY IS ALL SMILES.

TRACY

We're doing it, honey. We're going
out!

SHE LEANS FORWARD AND KISSES HIM. HE SMILES AND TURNS FORWARD
AGAIN. HIS WIFE NEEDS THIS NIGHT OUT. BUT THEN:

MITCH

Our babysitter might be a porn star.

EXT. MITCH & TRACY'S DRIVEWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER (N-2)

TRACY AND ANGIE ARE STILL IN THE BACKSEAT, BUT NOW MITCH AND RUSSELL SIT ON THE CONVERTIBLE TOP LEDGE BEHIND THEM. THEY HUDDLE AROUND RUSSELL'S PHONE, WATCHING THE NOW-INFAMOUS CLIP.

MALE ACTOR (ON VIDEO)

Did somebody order pizza?

THEY ALL LEAN IN A LITTLE CLOSER.

TRACY

Ugh. It's really hard to tell.

ANGIE

I'm so glad the Asian woman said that.

THEY ALL GO INTO CSI MODE.

TRACY

I mean, if we could put the porn next to her face, that'd be great.

MITCH

I don't see that happening.

ANGIE

Or! We could put her face next to the porn.

RUSSELL

Probably not happening, either.

ANGIE

If only we had a photo of her.

TRACY

That's it! We're Facebook friends!

MITCH

I'm so sorry I made fun of that. Pull
up one of her photo albums!

TRACY TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND NAVIGATES TO THE APP.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hurry! If it's not her, we can still
get there by 8:15. They never start on
time.

ANGIE

Who, Black people?

MITCH

No, concerts, god no.

TRACY

Which one of you stumbled across this
clip, anyway?

MITCH

No, no, no, we agreed. We'd show you
the tape, but there'd be no follow-up
questions.

ANGIE

Something tells me "top down, wheels
up" was doing the late-night
stumbling.

SHE LOOKS TO RUSSELL. A BEAT. HE FLASHES A CHESHIRE GRIN.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Apparently you don't have to disclose
everything to your spouse.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I assumed the women you were looking
at were sistas.

RUSSELL

Well, some of them are sisters. Twins,
in fact. (OFF HER LOOK) 20 minutes to
curtain, everybody. Eyes on the prize.

TRACY HAS PULLED UP KIMBERLY'S FACEBOOK PAGE.

TRACY

Okay, she has photos up from
Christmas... A trip to Mount Rushmore--

MITCH

See, people go to that.

ANGIE

(POINTING) Six Flags, Six Flags!

RUSSELL

Oh, good, good. Click on that video of
her riding the Looping Dragon. How
ironic is that?

TRACY HITS PLAY. THEY ALL WATCH.

KIMBERLY (ON VIDEO)

Ohhh my god!!

MITCH/TRACY/ANGIE/RUSSELL

Perfect!/That's it!/Side by side!/Hurry!

THE WOMEN HOLD THE PHONES SIDE BY SIDE.

ANGIE

(TO TRACY) On my count.

RUSSELL

"On my count" is okay, but I can't say
"wheels up"?

ANGIE

One, two, three...

THEY BOTH TAP THEIR SCREENS AND BOTH VIDEOS PLAY.

MALE ACTOR (ON RUSSELL'S PHONE)

Did somebody order pizza?

KIMBERLY (ON TRACY'S PHONE)

Ohhh my god!!

AS THE VIDEOS PLAY, THE GANG OSCILLATES BETWEEN THE TWO SCREENS.

TRACY

Mmm. Tough call. What do you think?

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

What are you guys doing?!

THE FOUR TURN TO SEE KIMBERLY STANDING THERE, CARRYING SADIE.

SADIE

I told you I heard Mommy and Daddy.

TRACY / MITCH

(FORCING A SMILE) Hey, sweetie. / Helloooo.

KIMBERLY

(IRATE) Why are you sitting in the
driveway watching videos of me?!

That's sick!

NOW FUMING, KIMBERLY HANDS SADIE OFF TO TRACY AND STORMS OFF
DOWN THE DRIVEWAY, LEAVING THE FOUR MORE UNCLEAR THAN EVER. A
BEAT AS THEY TAKE THIS IN, THEN:

MITCH

Wait, when she said, "why are you watching videos of me," was she talking about the roller coaster one or the... other one?

RUSSELL

I know. Did she storm off because she was offended--

ANGIE

--Or because she got caught?

TRACY

The point is we don't have a sitter.

RUSSELL

Did she say video or videos?

MITCH

And here's a big ethical question: How much of this do we mention to the Goldmans? It's Goldmans, right?

THEY ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THIS COULDN'T BE WORSE. THEN:

SADIE

Can I watch the video?

INT. RUSSELL & ANGIE'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT NIGHT (N-3)

WE START ON THE VIDEO BABY MONITOR OF SADIE SLEEPING.

TRACY (O.S.)

Thanks for getting us T-shirts, guys.

REVEAL: A FAMILIAR SCENE. OUR GANG EATING TAKE-OUT IN FRONT OF THE FRIDGE. TRACY AND MITCH BOTH WEAR JAY-Z CONCERT T-SHIRTS.

MITCH

These are great. We need to find a new sitter just so we can wear matching T-shirts in public.

RUSSELL

Totally. (THEN) Just make sure I'm nowhere around.

ANGIE

Guys, the concert was amazing.

RUSSELL

And Marcus was awesome.

MITCH

Wait, so now you're cool with Marcus?

RUSSELL

Totally. In fact, he's following me on Twitter. (WHISPERING TO MITCH) I met his fiancée. Damn. You wouldn't cheat on her for Rihanna.

ANGIE

I heard that.

RUSSELL

Good! No secrets. (TAKING OUT PHONE)

That reminds me, I'm gonna text Marcus to see if he can grab us Kanye tickets for next month.

ANGIE

Wait, you're texting Marcus?

RUSSELL

It's okay, he has a fiancée.

ANGIE LOOKS AT RUSSELL WHO SMILES AND WINKS. WELL-PLAYED.

ANGIE

Oh, and Mitch... (PULLING OUT PHONE)

Jay-Z did "Empire State of Mind."

MITCH

How did he do it without Alicia Keys?

RUSSELL AND ANGIE SHARE A LOOK.

RUSSELL

He didn't.

MITCH

Man.

AS ANGIE PLAYS THE CLIP, ONCE AGAIN THE FOUR CROWD AROUND A PHONE AND WATCH A VIDEO, THIS TIME BOBBING TO THE MUSIC.

TRACY

(SINGING ALONG WITH JAY-Z) *Say what up
to TyTy, still sippin' Mai Tai's,
Sittin' courtside, Knicks and Nets
give me high five. Ni--*

MITCH

Whoa, whoa. You can't sing that word.

RUSSELL

It's okay. She's good.

MITCH

But... she's not Black.

ANGIE

She's not White, either.

MITCH

Well-- That's not fair.

RUSSELL, ANGIE AND TRACY ALL SHARE A LOOK.

RUSSELL

Just so we're clear, you're
complaining about how unfair it is to
be the White guy?

ANGIE

TRACY

Is that what's happening?

Are you really doing that?

MITCH

It's just-- I've never been in the
minority before. This sucks.

AS THEY LAUGH AT MITCH, WE...

END OF SHOW