

SITCOM PILOT

Written by

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SITCOM PILOT: EPISODE 1-6

FADE IN (EPISODE 1)

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two men are asleep in strange positions on furniture, as though they've fallen from a great height. Both are late 20's-early 30's and look COMPLETELY generic.

JACK slumps in a recliner, head by the ground, feet in the air. GEORGE is over the sofa's edge, covered in cushions, legs curled awkwardly against the floor.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sitcom Pilot is filmed in front of a live studio audience.

The two men wake at the voice and look around, confused.

JACK

Why am I upside down?

He awkwardly falls off the recliner.

GEORGE

I think I'm drowning!

He flails uselessly at the cushions as Jack stands.

JACK

What did you do to me?

He rips a cushion off George's head. George looks up, dazed.

GEORGE

Who are you? What am I doing here?

JACK

Who are you? Did you roofie me?

GEORGE

What?

JACK

What?

JACK (CONT'D)

I said, did you put something in my drink to take advantage of me?

He grabs George and pulls him to his feet.

GEORGE

Let me go! I didn't do anything.

JACK

Listen, jerk--

GEORGE  
I have a name!

JACK  
Great, I'll add it to my statement.

GEORGE  
I'm ---

He pauses, thinks, looks shocked and a little frightened.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I can't remember.

JACK  
You're lying.

GEORGE  
I'm not. I can't remember anything--  
my name or how I got here.

JACK  
That's awfully convenient.

GEORGE  
It's the truth. Do you know how you  
got here?

JACK  
Nope.

GEORGE  
Same. Now, what's YOUR name?

JACK  
Easy. I'm--

Jack tries three times to say a name without success.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the  
pants.

There is a burst of loud laughter as though from a studio audience. Both men leap backward in shock.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What the heck was that?

A second burst of laughter. The men look around.

GEORGE  
Do you see anyone?

JACK  
No.

GEORGE  
Any speakers? Monitors? A stereo?

JACK  
I don't see anything.

GEORGE  
That can only mean one thing.

JACK  
What?

GEORGE  
I have no idea.

An even larger burst of laughter crests into clapping.

JACK  
And that's my cue.

GEORGE  
What do you mean?

JACK  
I've seen Saw.

He heads for the front door.

GEORGE  
You want to play on a see-saw?

More laughter.

JACK  
No, I have SEEN the movie SAW.

GEORGE  
What does that have to do with us?

JACK  
I'm not chopping my foot off.

GEORGE  
Could that happen?

More laughter. It sounds almost malevolent.

Jack reaches for the front door. It won't open.

JACK  
What the H? The door won't open.

GEORGE  
Try unlocking it.

JACK  
It doesn't have a lock.

GEORGE  
Oh my God, we're trapped.

JACK  
There must be a way to open it.

GEORGE  
My mother told me if I didn't  
change my ways, I'd get trapped.

JACK  
Maybe I can get the pins out.

GEORGE  
Boy, was SHE ever right!

Loud and long laughter that bursts into applause.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Why are they doing that?

Jack starts pounding on the door.

JACK  
Let us out of here!

George runs up behind him and starts pounding as well.

GEORGE  
I'm not a good comedian. I have  
stage fright.

The door flies open, knocking both to the ground, Jack on top  
and their legs entwined.

The landlord MR. DRUMMOND (early 60's) sticks his head in.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Is everybody decent?

Applause from the invisible audience. Drummond looks down at  
the two men (who seem to be in a very compromising position).

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
Wrestling! I was all-star in high  
school.

Drummond walks inside, slamming the door shut before Jack can get free of George and reach it.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
I tell you, the sport of kings. No helmets, no pads, no equipment. Just good old elbow grease.

Jack finally gets loose and storms towards Drummond.

JACK  
I don't know who you are--

MR. DRUMMOND  
The best possible exercise, too. Straining against another man, proving your worth every battle.

GEORGE  
Excuse us? Sir, can you tell us why we're here?

MR. DRUMMOND  
That's a good question, Brian!

JACK  
Brian, huh?

George shakes his head.

GEORGE  
I don't think that's my name.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Why aren't you boys at work yet?

JACK  
I don't understand the question.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Is the tanning salon closed today?

Jack and George stare for a long moment, then Jake shrugs.

JACK  
Yes?

MR. DRUMMOND  
Well, that's peachy perfect!

GEORGE  
Peachy perfect? I mean, it is?

MR. DRUMMOND

I know you've been looking for a third roommate to help with bills.

Jack is now watching Drummond with fascination.

JACK

I've seen this set-up before.

MR. DRUMMOND

I was surfing this morning and there he was, staring at the waves like he'd never seen one before.

Jack glances around the room and snaps his fingers.

JACK

It's a sitcom. I'm standing in the middle of a television set. And not the ironic, edgy, good ones.

MR. DRUMMOND

He looked so sad and I thought, "There's a perfectly good bedroom here waiting for the right person."

JACK

This is a crappy, TGIF one.

Laughter. Jack turns to whisper to George.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've got a plan.

GEORGE

You're crazy.

JACK

No, but I think he is. So we just let him talk until he opens the door again.

GEORGE

And then we scream for help?

JACK

Then we bust past him and escape.

GEORGE

What if he has a gun or something?

JACK

We die trying to save ourselves.

GEORGE  
I don't want to die at all.

JACK  
Trust me.

GEORGE  
Trust you? I don't even KNOW you.

Laughter. George jumps. Jack nods in confirmation.

JACK  
We could use the extra money.

MR. DRUMMOND  
That was my thought. He should be here any minute.

GEORGE  
Th-thank you, Mr...um---

He looks at Jack, panicking.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I don't know his name, either!

Mr. Drummond looks at them. Jack leaps into the silence.

JACK  
Thanks, buddy. We appreciate it.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Buddy?

He grabs Jack in a big bear hug against Jack's will.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
I'm touched, Benny. I try to be a good landlord.

GEORGE  
Benny?

JACK  
There's no way that's my name.

Laughter.

MR. DRUMMOND  
That you think of me as a friend and not just the person who gets your rent means the world to me.



JACK  
Well, you're so...

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
Crazy.

JACK  
FRIENDLY. What else could we  
possibly think of you?

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
You drugged us and put us here  
while you play Don Knotts?

Laughter. Jack elbows George to shut him up.

JACK  
What can you tell us about our  
potential new roomie?

The doorbell RINGS.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Why tell you when I can show you?

He dances like a drunk elf to the front door and opens it.

Walking into the room is LARRY, also 20's-30's, also generic.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
Fellas, meet Dave.

LARRY  
I don't think that's my name.

Laughter. Larry's eyebrows shoot up.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Since you boys are both gay, I  
thought another man-lover would be  
perfect.

GEORGE  
Hang on. I'm not gay.

JACK  
Neither am I.

George gasps.

GEORGE  
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

JACK

Why?

George points down.

GEORGE

Check out your clothing.

Jack looks. He's suddenly in very flamboyant 70's clothing.

JACK

What the <bleep>?

Audience gasps.

GEORGE

Say that again.

MR. DRUMMOND

If you were all straight, there'd be far too much sex in this apartment for me to live with.

JACK

What the <bleep> happened to my clothes?

Audience gasps again.

MR. DRUMMOND

But with three gay men together, the last thing I have to worry about is too much sex.

Laughter and applause.

LARRY

Dude, you're bleeping.

JACK

I know I am. I just don't <bleep>ing know why.

LARRY

That's pretty amazing, man.

MR. DRUMMOND

You guys get to know each other. I'll see how it's going tomorrow.

He exits out. Jack races to the door. Larry's in the way.

LARRY

I wouldn't go out there, man.

Jack pushes Larry aside.

JACK  
Just let me get out of here.

LARRY  
That's the point, man. There is no  
out of here.

Jack looks back at Larry, hits his head on the door edge,  
promptly doing a pratfall. Laughter. The door shuts.

GEORGE  
No way out?

LARRY  
It was amazing, man. I could see  
painted stars. The waves were wood,  
turning on some mechanical device.

JACK  
We're on a soundstage or something.

LARRY  
I thought so, too, until I saw the  
sand.

GEORGE  
What was wrong with it?

LARRY  
It kept shifting.

JACK  
Sand does that.

LARRY  
From blue to green to pink?

Laughter.

GEORGE  
This is completely <bleep>ing nuts.

LARRY  
Now you're bleeping. Cool, man.

JACK  
I don't know how, but I'm sure it's  
a trick.

GEORGE

My mother used to say that real magic exists and, if you weren't careful, it would capture you.

JACK

This isn't magic. It's a delusional millionaire playing sick games with unwitting subjects.

LARRY

Or the world broke and we've fallen through a crack in space-time.

JACK

No one's fallen through anywhere.

Jack starts moving towards one of the two bedroom doors.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's a prison. We find the emergency exit and we're home free--

He walks into one bedroom, immediately walks out the other.

JACK (CONT'D)

--and we sue the <bleep>...

He stops dead. He looks from one door to the other.

LARRY

Unless YOU'RE a magician, dude, maybe we better rethink the mom's words.

Laughter.

GEORGE

Boy, was SHE ever right.

Laughter increases.

The door Jack walked through opens. Two women stick their heads out--DIANE and RACHEL, late 20's, generically pretty.

DIANE

Is Mr. Drummond gone?

GEORGE

(faintly)  
Yes.

RACHEL

Good, we thought he'd never leave.

DIANE

And we can't make love the way we want to when he's around.

LARRY

Make love? Are you two lesbians?

RACHEL

What are you talking about, silly?

DIANE

We meant with Benny.

JACK

Who?

The two girls giggle and latch onto him.

RACHEL

You're such a tease.

DIANE

You sure are. But in the bedroom, it's our turn.

The ladies wrap their arms around each other and give Jack seriously sexy looks.

JACK

Well, ain't THAT a kick in the pants.

Laughter, applause. The girls laugh. The men start laughing suddenly, as though they had no intention of doing so.

Everyone freezes in place for credits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN (EPISODE 2)

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Scenes from an Italian Restaurant is filmed in front of a live studio audience.

George is wrapped in a blanket, eyes closed, rocking back and forth on the recliner.

GEORGE  
 (whispering)  
 There's no place like home, there's  
 no place like home.

Larry exits bedroom #1, holding a full head Raggedy Andy mask  
 on his shoulder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 This is nothing but a dream, an  
 illusion. I will open my eyes and  
 see everything as it really is.

LARRY  
 Meditation. Nice.

GEORGE  
 Look, you delusion--

He opens his eyes to turn to Larry and comes face-to-face  
 with the Raggedy Andy mask.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Jeezy Creezy!

He tumbles backwards off the recliner in fear. Laughter  
 erupts from the non-existent audience.

LARRY  
 Cool mask, huh?

GEORGE  
 Why would you scare me like that?

LARRY  
 That was unintentional, man. I  
 found it in the closet in our room.

GEORGE  
 The bedroom closet?

LARRY  
 Yeah. Just sitting on the dresser.  
 I figured you got it for me.

GEORGE  
 How would I get you the mask  
 anyway? We can't leave.

LARRY  
 I forgot about that.

GEORGE  
How could you forget about being  
supernaturally locked into an  
apartment with a laugh track?

LARRY  
I found pot in the closet, too.

Huge laughter. George flinches at it. Larry waves at no one.

GEORGE  
What the heck are you doing?

LARRY  
Giving them a show.

GEORGE  
But there's no one there!

LARRY  
I choose to believe in a larger  
reality, filled with probability  
waves that can and do collapse into  
infinite choices and which allow  
for a vast, complicated universe  
where everything can and does  
happen and where the fact that I  
can't see the laughing invisible  
audience doesn't mean they don't  
exist in a different frequency.

Larry pauses. George looks at him for a long moment.

GEORGE  
That must be really good weed.

Laughter.

LARRY  
Any weed you can walk away from is  
good weed.

Bigger laughter, clapping. Larry waves. George slaps him.

GEORGE  
Snap out of it!

LARRY  
Hey, man, I'm just here, you know?

Audience ROARS laughing; that's clearly Larry's catch-phrase.

Bedroom #2 opens. Jack storms out, holding a robot head mask.

JACK  
Who put this on my bed?

GEORGE  
It wasn't us! He's got one as well.

Larry lifts his mask.

JACK  
How about you? Did you get one?

GEORGE  
I sat out here all night.

LARRY  
You want me to check?

GEORGE  
Not in any way. Nope.

JACK  
Yes. See if there's one for him.

Larry opens the door to Bedroom #1.

LARRY  
Wow. That wasn't there, like, two minutes ago.

JACK  
Now things just appear. We're being forced to play these stupid parts.

GEORGE  
But why costumes? What are we supposed to do with them?

The front door opens and MRS. GARRETT, 60's and jolly, pushes in a cart carrying a bowl of liquid and dry ice. She's dressed like Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

MRS. GARRETT  
Is everybody decent?

Audience ROARS its laughter. Mrs. Garrett preens slightly. The three men glance at each other, confused.

MRS. GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Happy Halloween!

JACK  
Who are you?



LARRY  
That's Dorothy, man.

MRS. GARRETT  
The store-owner said it was a great costume, but wow. It's me, your landlady. Mrs. Garrett.

LARRY  
See the red slippers?

JACK  
Landlady? Where's Mr. Drummond?

LARRY  
I think Toto's in the punch bowl.

MRS. GARRETT  
Benny. Never joking about the dead.

GEORGE  
He died? Since yesterday?

JACK  
That doesn't seem very sitcom.

MRS. GARRETT  
Help me get the witch's brew ready for the party. The girls will be here any moment.

JACK  
The girls? Just what we need.

GEORGE  
You went to bed with them both.

Jack suddenly turns and slams George against the wall.

JACK  
We will never speak about that moment. Never. Do you get me?

GEORGE  
(stuttering)  
Sure. My mother used to say that a gentleman never talks about a lady and a friend never asks.

Jack lets him go and shakes his head.

JACK  
(whispering harshly)  
They were like piranha.

He goes to help Mrs. Garrett with the punch.

GEORGE  
Boy, was SHE ever right.

HUGE laughter. George flips the non-existence audience off.  
Diane enters at the front door, also looking like Dorothy.

DIANE  
Hi, boys. Miss me?

She skips to George, wraps her arms around him, kisses him.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
How's my bestest boyfriend ever?

GEORGE  
What?

JACK  
What?

LARRY  
Free love is awesome.

DIANE  
You were incredible last night.

GEORGE  
I think you have the wrong guy.

He points to Jack.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Don't you?

DIANE  
No one's ever made me feel that way. And I've had lots of practice.

GEORGE  
I think I've lost the plot.

JACK  
Fantastic. Now the characters are <bleep>ing shifting, too.

LARRY  
You're bleeping again.

MRS. GARRETT  
Diane, you're got the same costume.

JACK

Good. Why don't you both <bleep>  
<bleep> all the <bleep> <bleep> to  
Emerald City.

DIANE

I guess good minds think alike.

LARRY

I don't think you can actually do  
that to your own mother.

MRS. GARRETT

How will the boys tell us apart?

JACK

Get me whoever is responsible for  
this. I'll make it happen anyway.

DIANE

My puppykins will be able to tell,  
won't you, sweetie?

She suddenly looks down at his clothes.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Why aren't you in your costume yet?

George pushes her away.

GEORGE

Nope. Not going to happen.

MRS. GARRETT

Brian, it IS a Halloween party.

GEORGE

I'm done. I'm not doing this  
anymore. Out. Finito. Kaput.

DIANE

I could help you get undressed, if  
you want. In the bedroom.

The audience "OOOOHS". She takes a sultry step towards him  
and he leaps over the sofa away.

GEORGE

No, thanks. I am just...just...

He looks around frantically and spots the bathroom door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I'm just going to step in here for a moment. Pay no attention to me.

DIANE  
Don't be a spoilsport.

LARRY  
The universe impacts you how it wants to anyway, man, you know?

GEORGE  
I'd prefer it impact me tomorrow.

LARRY  
Pride goeth before a fall, that's all I'm saying.

GEORGE  
There's no pride. There's no pride here at all. I'm just not going to be part of this insanity anymore.

He opens the bathroom door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You all have your fun, play your parts, whatever. I'll be in here until the party's over and done.

He enters the bathroom and slams the door.

JACK  
I wonder if that'll work.

Audience laughs. The bathroom door opens and George walks out, wearing a werewolf costume.

GEORGE  
I hate this place.

Louder laughter.

JACK  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the pants.

Audience laughs and claps. The front door opens again and Rachel enters, ALSO wearing a Dorothy costume.

RACHEL  
Let's get this party started!

DIANE  
Oh, no, not her too.

RACHEL  
Why are you both in my costume?

MRS. GARRETT  
Oh, boy. I don't think we're in  
Kansas anymore.

Laughter.

DIANE  
No one will be able to tell which  
of us is which.

JACK  
What are you talking about?

RACHEL  
This could be a problem. Let's test  
it. Ladies, come here. Men, close  
your eyes.

The women all come together. Larry closes his eyes calmly.

JACK  
But I can see your faces.

GEORGE  
We're never getting out of here  
until we just do what it wants.

JACK  
Fine.

He and George close their eyes.

RACHEL  
Circle around each other until the  
boys are confused.

The women run around each other several times.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Benny, open your eyes and tell me  
which is which. Three, two, one.

Jack opens his eyes, points to the correct ones in turn.

JACK  
Rachel, Diane, Mrs. Garrett.

DIANE  
Gosh, you're right. It's super  
confusing.

JACK  
No, I got it right. George, open  
your eyes and call them out.

George also points correctly.

GEORGE  
Rachel, Diane, Mrs. Garrett.

RACHEL  
Wait a minute. This could be fun.

JACK  
But we know who you all are. Larry!

Larry opens his eyes.

LARRY  
Whoa. I'm totally blown away.

DIANE  
What do you mean?

GEORGE  
The apartment's taking him over.

RACHEL  
I mean, Brian IS cute.

LARRY  
Three beautiful women, man. I'm  
blown away by three lovely visions.

RACHEL  
And you've always said you thought  
Benny might be a great kisser.

JACK  
But can you tell which is which?

DIANE  
So you're saying we use the party  
as a chance to...compare notes.

LARRY  
What's in a name, man? Labels are  
so restrictive.

RACHEL  
With Mrs. Garrett as tie-breaker.

JACK  
Just point to Rachel.

MRS. GARRETT  
It has been over a decade since I  
got some sugar.

Laughter.

LARRY  
At this moment in the space-time  
continuum, that one's Rachel.

He points correctly.

DIANE  
Then you're in luck, Mrs. G.,  
because Brian is totally sweet.

Laughter.

GEORGE  
Benny?

JACK  
That's not my name.

GEORGE  
And this isn't the time to worry  
about that. I think we should be  
paying attention to the plot.

RACHEL  
He may be sweet, but Benny will  
give you diabetes!

Laughter.

JACK  
(to George)  
One second.  
(To Larry)  
What are you talking about?

MRS. GARRETT  
Then let's get to the evidence!

Laughter.

LARRY  
Names are connected to a given  
moment in time, man. Change your  
name, you change who you are.

GEORGE  
Seriously, Jack.

DIANE  
Okay, ladies, round one!

She grabs Jack.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Hi, boyfriend. Let's go make out!

JACK  
What are you talking about?

GEORGE  
Told you it was important.

DIANE  
Don't you want a moment alone with  
Rachel, the love of your life?

JACK  
I know you're Diane.

She drags him into Bedroom #2. Rachel turns to George.

RACHEL  
Brian, do you want some special  
time with me, Diane?

GEORGE  
I don't think what I want matters  
very much in this hellhole.

Big laughter as she drags him into Bedroom #1.

Mrs. Garrett turns to Larry.

MRS. GARRETT  
There's one room left.

She points to the bathroom door. Larry shrugs.

LARRY  
I'm just here, man, you know?

Laughter and clapping as she drags him into the bathroom.

Several silent seconds. Then the women all dash out of their  
various rooms and step into a second room.

Silence again. Then they all switch to the third room.



All three doors open and the men traipse out. They are fully in costume now--Raggedy Andy, The Robot and the Werewolf. They calmly walk to the sofa and recliner, sit down.

The women all come out of the bathroom, giggling.

MRS. GARRETT

I hereby proclaim that all three of our boys are equally excellent.

RACHEL

You'll get no argument from me.

Laughter.

DIANE

I have a serious sweet tooth now.

More laughter.

MRS. GARRETT

I need to wet my whistle.

Laughter. The women head to the punch bowl.

Jack pulls off his mask.

JACK

I have never been so humiliated.

George pulls off his mask.

GEORGE

I think Mrs. Garrett's tongue was forked.

Larry pulls off his mask.

LARRY

I thought it was luminary.

The other two stare at him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We've got two choices here, fellas. We can fight what's happening or we can recognize that life is a journey and accept this as what we deserve from the universe.

Jack stares at him for a long moment.

JACK

Go <bleep> yourself.

LARRY  
You're a fighter. I can grok that.

GEORGE  
I'm not a fighter or an accepter.  
I'm a coward. I want to go home.

LARRY  
You are home, man.

GEORGE  
Don't you ever say that!

LARRY  
Just pay no attention to the man  
behind the curtain.

GEORGE  
There's a man behind the curtain?

He leaps to his feet and runs to pull the curtain aside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
My mother told me never to listen  
to addicts.

JACK  
Boy, was SHE ever right.

Laughter, turns to serious clapping. The ladies stroll back.

DIANE  
Boys, we have a little secret.

JACK  
You switched around and all kissed  
all of us.

RACHEL  
We switched around and all kissed  
all of you.

LARRY  
Whoa. That means when I was in the  
bathroom, you were there--and you  
were there--and you were there.

He points to each lady in turn.

MRS. GARRETT  
That's right. We're sorry we  
tricked you. We couldn't resist it  
when we all looked alike.

Diane wraps her arms around George, Rachel around Jack.

RACHEL  
Do you forgive us?

GEORGE  
Do I have a choice?

DIANE  
We'll make it up to you tonight.

JACK  
You forced us to kiss all three of  
you for a contest, couldn't decide  
which was the best and now pay no  
<bleep>ing attention to the fact  
that we knew who was who all along.

MRS. GARRETT  
Halloween is for tricks and treats.

Clapping.

JACK  
And you want us to be okay with  
this because it's acceptable  
behavior for some sadistic entity?

RACHEL  
You can wear the dress later,  
pookie. I know you'll like that.

Jack stares at her.

GEORGE  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the  
pants.

The characters all laugh as the audience cheers. They freeze  
in place--but the men can still move their eyes.

Credits roll.

FADE OUT

FADE IN (EPISODE 3)

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Larry sleeps on the sofa, still wearing werewolf gloves.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
When I Think About You, I Touch  
Myself is filmed in front of a live  
studio audience.

Larry sits up at voice, see no one else, speaks to the air.

LARRY  
Okay, omnipotent dude. It's just  
you and me. Can we have a heart to  
heart about why we're here?

He listens for an answer.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I accept that this might be  
purgatory and we are expiating our  
sins before our next reality.

There is no response.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Or this could be a multi-  
dimensional shift to an alien world  
where reality appears as a three-  
camera, one-location situational  
comedy for the amusement of  
interdimensional beings that are  
far beyond our understanding.

No answer.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Or perhaps you're simply some  
demonically psychotic screenwriter  
who's torturing us as the premise  
for his streaming web series.  
Whatever the answer, I am ready for  
illumination in whatever form.

A banana peel falls past him from somewhere above and lands  
on the floor. Larry stares at it.

The Narrator clears his throat before speaking again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I Got Friends in Low Place is  
filmed before a live studio  
audience.

LARRY  
Knowledge through action. I dig it.

He stands up, takes a deep, calming breath and intentionally steps on the peel, sliding off his feet and onto his back.

Laughter rolls out.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(from the ground)  
At least I know THAT action hurt.

Bigger laughter and clapping.

Bedroom Door #1 opens and Rachel steps out quietly, dressed in a French maid's outfit. She sneaks for the front door.

The front door lock turns and she leaps over the sofa, landing flat on top of Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Whoa. This is far cooler than the  
banana peel.

RACHEL  
Quiet, Dave!

The front door opens and Mr. Drummond sticks his head in.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Is everybody decent?

Big laughter.

LARRY  
Decent? Hey, I'm just here, man,  
you know?

Bigger laughter and whistling.

Rachel claps her hand over Larry's mouth. Mr. Drummond walks into the room, holding a case of beer.

MR. DRUMMOND  
I've got the beer for the poker  
game tonight. Hello? Boys?

Not seeing anyone, he heads for the kitchen table.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
I'll just leave the case here for  
when they get back from the salon.

Rachel gets up and starts trying to sneak back into the bedroom, just as Mr. Drummond turns around.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
 Goodness! Who are you? What are you  
 doing in here?

Rachel turns to him with a big plastered smile.

RACHEL  
 Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce  
 soir?

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Goodness! Are you here to upholster  
 the couch?

Laughter. Larry leaps to his feet.

LARRY  
 Mr. Drummond, I didn't hear you  
 come in.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Goodness!

Laughter.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
 I didn't know you'd hired a maid.

Larry steps over to Rachel.

LARRY  
 She's new. Her name is Babette.

RACHEL  
 (smiling wide)  
 Tu aurais envie de faire l'amour ce  
 soir?

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Well, envie de faire to you!.

Larry gives her his costume gloves.

LARRY  
 Here's the dusters you wanted. If  
 you could clean in the bedroom,  
 next, that would be super awesome.

RACHEL  
 Sacré bleu, soupe du jour.

She dashes into Bedroom #1 just as Bedroom #2's door opens.  
 Diane attempts to sneak out, wearing a sexy nurse's outfit.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Goodness Gracious! Is Jack sick?

Larry spots Diane, who freezes with a plastered smile on her face, then turns back to Mr. Drummond.

LARRY  
 I'm bad at deception, man. You're gonna have to ask her on this one.

Laughter. Diane steps forward and speaks authoritatively.

DIANE  
 Jack has a severe case of LOD.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 LOD?

DIANE  
 Longnightus Overstimulatory Disease.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 My word. Is that serious?

DIANE  
 It causes dehydration, blurred vision and lethargy in men.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Will he be up for our game tonight?

DIANE  
 A blue pill, 30 minutes--all set.

Laughter.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Then I'll leave you to it, Nurse...

DIANE  
 Ratchet.

Laughter. She shakes Mr. Drummond's hand firmly and only then realizes that she has handcuffs attached.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 What are those for?

She looks at them for a long moment.

DIANE  
 These are family tree bracelets for close families.

LARRY  
Diane and I are cousins, man. See?

He reaches over and snaps the other handcuff onto his wrist.  
Laughter.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
So we remember we're related.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the  
pants.

Huge laughter. Mr. Drummond departs.

Larry suddenly stares down at his wrist.

LARRY	DIANE
Why did I do that?	Why did you do that?

LARRY  
Free will is an imperative, and yet  
I acted like Dave for a moment.

DIANE  
We lost the keys last night!

LARRY  
If I no longer control my actions,  
this is going to be a real bummer.

Bedroom Door #1 opens for Rachel and George.

GEORGE  
But why were you in MY room?

RACHEL  
You were not THAT drunk, loveypoo.

GEORGE  
You were dating Jack yesterday.

RACHEL  
I wore this because you asked me.

Audience "oooohhhs".

GEORGE  
This is getting so confusing.

RACHEL  
You're telling me. I've never let a  
man do that to me before.



Audience "oooohhhs".

Bedroom Door #2 opens for Jack.

JACK  
Anyone know why I woke up with a  
thermometer enema?

Laughter.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Shut up, audience!

Audience "oooohhhs".

LARRY  
They're really active this time.

GEORGE  
It's like a pack of hyenas.

RACHEL  
Benny, did you find the handcuffs?

GEORGE  
Or coyotes sensing fresh road kill.

JACK  
No idea what you're talking about.

GEORGE  
Or a pack of wild, feral, rabid  
dogs when we've got broken legs.

Audience "oooohhhs" and George leaps behind the sofa with a  
frightened YELP. Everyone else ignores him.

DIANE  
Mr. Drummond saw me in the outfit  
you bought for me and Dave got  
handcuffed to me by accident trying  
to save your "gay" cover.

JACK  
So we're dating.

DIANE  
Like you don't know that!

JACK  
And Rachel, you're dating George?

RACHEL

Not if he keeps treating me like he just did, after I persuaded your landlord I was the new French maid.

JACK

And Mr. Drummond is back again, even though he was dead yesterday.

LARRY

It freaked me out, too, man, but I saw him with my own eyes.

JACK

Well, that sounds completely right.

GEORGE

(from behind the sofa)

It does?

JACK

Yep. Absolutely <bleep>ing <bleep> from the previous story.

GEORGE

When you put it that way.

He stands up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So what are we going to do? I don't think I can stand this any longer.

DIANE

We have to find the handcuff keys.

JACK

If the landlord met the girls and they're pretending not to be our girlfriends, that means we're in a mistaken identity plot.

DIANE

Benny, check the living room.

GEORGE

Those stories are terrible. Someone always ends up wearing a dress.

RACHEL

Brian and I used the handcuffs last week. I'll check our bedroom.

GEORGE  
It's going to be me.

LARRY  
I have two important bits of news.

Rachel goes into Bedroom Door #1. Diane starts walking to Bedroom Door #2, dragging Larry.

JACK  
A good plan requires intel. Go.

LARRY  
One--

Diane enters Bedroom #2. Larry grabs the door frame.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Drummond is supposed to play poker with us tonight.

JACK  
I imagine that's when the comedy gold is supposed to begin.

GEORGE  
Pearls and heels, I just know it.

LARRY  
Two--something changed today. I--

DIANE (O.S.)  
Dave, help me lift the bed!

Larry abruptly disappears backwards into the bedroom.

LARRY (O.S.)  
She's violently strong for her size.

Both doors shut. We move to a close up on Jack and George in the following dialogue.

JACK  
I used to watch shows like this all the time when I was a kid.

GEORGE  
I wasn't allowed to watch TV. Then I got my mother admitted. That helped.

JACK

The important thing in a plot like this is that the story won't end until the handcuffs come off.

GEORGE

So?

JACK

So we're going to have to leave Larry behind.

GEORGE

But that's terrible.

JACK

It's necessary. Mr. Drummond is going to come back. We'll play poker which he'll win. The girls will barely succeed in keeping their cover. Only after he's gone will either someone find the key or they'll pop off on their own.

GEORGE

This all seems so contrived.

JACK

Sitcoms always are. If we want out, we have to break the system.

GEORGE

We've tried that already and it didn't work.

JACK

This time we know what's coming. We wait by the door. When Drummond comes in, we rush him backwards and break the story completely.

GEORGE

I don't know if I can do violence. It frightens me.

JACK

Then I'll go without you.

GEORGE

You wouldn't!

JACK

I damn well would. What's it going to be, Whoever Your Name is?

JACK (CONT'D)  
Are you going to stand up with me  
or are you going to fold?

We pull back and everyone now sits at the poker table, with cards, chips and beer. The game's been going on for a while.

GEORGE  
I fold.

He tosses his cards down and only then realizes where he is. He whimpers softly and passes out.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Benny, the bet's \$200 to you.

Jack looks into the air.

JACK  
When I find the man responsible,  
put that \$200 on me.

Audience "oooohhhs." Jack growls to shut them up.

MR. DRUMMOND  
How long have you been in the  
United States, Babette?

RACHEL  
Ménage à trois, merci beaucoup.

LARRY  
I think that means three years.

George suddenly screams in his sleep.

GEORGE  
My God, it's full of stars!

He jerks violently awake, knocking the chips off the table. Rachel bends over to pick them up and Mr. Drummond's eyes go wide as he sees under her skirt.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Goodness, goodness gracious!

Jack glances over and his eyes go wide, too.

JACK  
Rachel--Babette, please stand up.

RACHEL  
Why, monsieur?

MR. DRUMMOND  
Why are you bare under your skirt?

Rachel leaps to her feet, yanking her skirt down.

GEORGE  
(weakly)  
In France, they don't wear panties  
when it's over 60 degrees.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Really?

LARRY  
It's a cultural difference, man. It  
makes the world so beautiful.

JACK  
(sarcastically)  
Besides, what do we care? We're  
gay, right? Oh, and I fold.

Laughter.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I will get you all.

MR. DRUMMOND  
That's true, Only a straight man  
would have found that interesting.

An awkward pause.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
So how much does she cost again?

Larger laughter.

LARRY  
Under duress of my diminishing free  
will, I know that the answer to  
that question is \$50 a day.

GEORGE  
Why do you ask?

Mr. Drummond shows his hand.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Full house. That's a week's salary.

Laughter.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
And boy, is my apartment dirty.

Audience "oooohhhs". Jack starts coughing at the phrasing.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
Nurse, get your pills!

Diane holds up the handcuffs, still attached to Lenny. Mr Drummond picks up a thermometer.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
Then let's take your temperature.

Before Jack can stop him, Drummond sticks the thermometer from earlier in Jack's mouth. He gags and spits it out.

Audience laughs.

LARRY  
They're winning, man. We are being  
coopted by the system.

JACK  
Not while I'm standing.

GEORGE  
What if we don't have any control?  
What if this goes on forever?

JACK  
It'll fail at some point. And when  
it does, we'll be ready.

Mr. Drummond stands up.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Here's \$50, Babette. Come work for  
me tonight.

Rachel looks at the men in panic. They just look back at her, unwilling to help in any way.

RACHEL  
Faux pas, fait accompli.

Laughter. Rachel and Mr. Drummond leave.

GEORGE  
My mother used to say that TV was  
the devil's realm. And his  
playground, too.

Jack looks at George for a long moment. He looks back.

Suddenly the handcuffs fall off both Rachel and Larry's wrists at the same time.

JACK  
Boy, was SHE ever right.

GEORGE  
Boy, was SHE ever right.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Even if her metaphors were a little  
confused.

Everyone freezes. Credits roll. As the audience sclap, Jack glares at the camera and the claps slowly die off to nothing.

FADE OUT

FADE IN (EPISODE 4)

Dim lights. A large blanket covers something on the sofa.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Your Cheating Heart is filmed in  
front of a live studio audience.

Movement under the blanket. Jack's head pops out at one end, Diane's at the other.

JACK/DIANE  
I don't remember ending up here.

DIANE  
Oh, no, Benny. What have we done?

JACK  
Oh, no. What do you mean?

DIANE  
What did we do last night?

JACK  
As far as I know, nothing. The last  
thing I remember was the poker  
game.

Both of them have the blanket tucked close around their necks. Diane lifts the blanket to look down at herself.

DIANE  
Then why am I naked?

Jack lifts the blanket to look down at himself.



JACK  
I could ask you the same question.

Audience laughs. Jack's head snaps up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And here we go again.

Audience laughs louder.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Let's just do the exposition fast,  
Diane, if you don't mind.

DIANE  
I can't believe I let this happen.

JACK  
So who are you dating right now?

DIANE  
How could you ask that question?

JACK  
So not me, then.

DIANE  
You know I love Brian.

JACK  
But we've had intense sexual  
tension building for weeks, right?

Audience "oooohhs". Jack snaps his fingers.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You all stay out of it.

DIANE  
Yes, but we refused to act on it.

JACK  
Because you have Brian.

DIANE  
And you have Rachel.

JACK  
And you remember drinking a lot  
last night, don't you?

DIANE  
I remember having some drinks, yes.

JACK

And was there some fight or unresolved issue between you and whatever-his-real-name-is?

DIANE

I told him I loved him and he just said, "Right back at ya."

Audience laughs, stops abruptly as Jack points at the camera.

JACK

Last <bleep>ing warning.

Audience "oooohhhs". Jack shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll give you that one.

He turns back to Diane.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good news. We've haven't done anything wrong.

DIANE

How can you say that? We're both naked. Under a blanket. Together.

JACK

Doesn't matter.

DIANE

I know that I've wanted you.

JACK

Irrelevant.

DIANE

And you've wanted me.

JACK

Previously, I've already had you.

DIANE

I think we have to accept that we made love.

JACK

And that's where the comedy is supposed to come in. Couldn't this universe at least have an original narrative?

He stands up, leaving the blanket behind, and is in boxers. Diane remains under the covers.

DIANE

Benny, drop the blanket! I'm naked!

Jack looks at her confused as she grabs for nothing on the floor and bundles it around her as though the blanket had come off her, instead of remaining exactly where it was.

JACK

Interesting. If you move fast, the world can't keep up.

He looks at the camera.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've got you now.

He continues looking at the camera.

JACK (CONT'D)

And I just told you your weakness.

Audience laughs. It sounds gleeful and perhaps malevolent.

Bedroom Door #2 opens and George walks out.

GEORGE

Here we go again, I assume.

Diane quickly covers herself with the blanket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. I'm not supposed to see her, right?

JACK

She's naked and thinks she cheated on you with me.

GEORGE

Sure. That makes sense.

He drops heavily onto the chair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The ongoing switches make me dizzy.

JACK

They're making me angry.

GEORGE

Really? How's that going for you?

JACK  
Impotently.

GEORGE  
So did you sleep with her?

JACK  
No, I'm sure that was the same.

The front door opens and Mrs. Garrett sticks her head inside.

MRS. GARRETT  
Is everybody decent?

Audience laughs and claps.

JACK  
You tell me.

He flashes his boxers at her. She ignores him and enters.

MRS. GARRETT  
George, why do you look so  
dejected?

GEORGE  
There's like a dozen reasons.

MRS. GARRETT  
I'm sure she'll come back as soon  
as she's calmed down.

GEORGE  
What?

MRS. GARRETT  
I'm sure she'll come back as soon  
as she's calmed down.

GEORGE  
Who will?

MRS. GARRETT  
I'm sure she'll come back as soon  
as she's calmed down.

George shrugs at Jack. Jack steps in front of Mrs. Garrett.

JACK  
Mrs. G. Do you like my boxers?

No response. He jumps up and down.

No response. He flings his hips back and forth.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's like she's frozen.

GEORGE  
Or a robot.

JACK  
There has to be a way to get a rise  
out of her.

He starts to yank down the boxers.

The screen suddenly cuts to an old black and white card that  
says "Please Stand By"

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
We are experiencing technical  
difficulties. Please stand by.

Cut back to Jack, his boxers up, wearing a blonde rocker wig  
and a feather boa around his neck. He's wrapped around  
George, who now is also in boxers with a strap-on dildo  
attached to his forehead.

The two look at each other for a long, long moment.

JACK  
<bleep>.

GEORGE  
Maybe I should just answer Mrs. G?

JACK  
And never mention this again.

GEORGE  
Right.

JACK  
Ever.

GEORGE  
Nope.

They stare at each other for another long, long moment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
<bleep>

MRS. GARRETT  
I'm sure she'll come back as soon  
as she's calmed down.

Suddenly George is back in clothing and Jack is back under the blanket, just his head visible. He YELPS and Mrs. Garrett turns to look at him just as he covers himself completely.

GEORGE  
 (pulling her attention)  
 You mean Diane? I don't know. She  
 was pretty...

He tilts his head towards the blanket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 What did I do?

JACK  
 (from under the blanket)  
 Gave her the idiot stereotypical  
 male response to "I Love You."

George thinks for a moment.

GEORGE  
 I gave her a fake name and never  
 called her again?

There is a pause.

JACK  
 Close enough.

George turns back to Mrs. Garrett.

GEORGE  
 She was pretty mad.

MRS. GARRETT  
 But you love her and she knows  
 that. She'll come around.

GEORGE  
 Um...okay?

MRS. GARRETT  
 You do love her, right?

George looks at her. Grabs a coin from his pocket, flips it.

GEORGE  
 I call tails.

MRS. GARRETT  
 You do love her, right?

GEORGE  
Hang on, hang on. Working on it.

He checks the coin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Damn.

MRS. GARRETT  
You do love--

GEORGE  
Yes!

Diane gasps. Mrs. Garrett turns to the sofa.

MRS. GARRETT  
What was that?

GEORGE  
Nothing. At least, I think that's  
what I'm supposed to say.

MRS. GARRETT  
I can see something moving under  
that blanket.

GEORGE  
I don't see anything. Did you  
forget your glasses?

Audience laughs.

MRS. GARRETT  
Don't be impertinent, young man. I  
am your landlord. you will explain  
what is going on this instant.

Diane BARKS from beneath the blanket.

GEORGE  
It's a dog.

MRS. GARRETT  
A dog?

Then Jack barks, but his sounds angry.

GEORGE  
Two dogs. We're babysitting two  
dogs for a friend on vacation.

MRS. GARRETT  
Dogs are against your lease, Brian.

Diane whimpers sympathetically.

GEORGE

Yes, yes, I, um, know that. Or the story demands it or something. But can't you hear how cute the dog is?

Jack growls.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

See? Sounds so sweet.

Audience laughs.

MRS. GARRETT

Why are they under the blanket?

She moves to remove the blanket. George intercepts her.

GEORGE

They're having a litter, so we gave them some privacy.

Diane makes several different baby dog noises.

MRS. GARRETT

Well, it sounds like they're done.

She attempts to lift the blanket again and Jack speak barks.

JACK

Back off!

She drops the blanket.

MRS. GARRETT

Oh, my goodness!

GEORGE

The father's there, too, and really protective of his female.

JACK

(speak barking)

That's right, bitch.

Audience laughs. Jack yanks his head out and glares at the world. Mrs. Garrett turns to George and fails to see him.

MRS. GARRETT

I guess it was nice of you boys to give the dogs a safe birthing room.

She turns to the blanket and George draws her attention back.



GEORGE

Our friend's coming back tonight. I promise they'll be gone as soon as he gets here.

Mrs. Garrett reaches behind her to pet the blanket just as Jack sticks his head out again.

JACK

Get her out of here, George.

MRS. GARRETT

It's not a good idea to move puppies too soon, Brian.

GEORGE

Why is she holding her hand right above your head?

MRS. GARRETT

They can stay here until Monday.

JACK

Obviously, I'm supposed to pretend I'm a dog and lick it.

MRS. GARRETT

But I want the sofa professionally cleaned when they're gone.

GEORGE

Just do it. I don't want to see her get stuck again. It's freaky.

JACK

Someone is going to pay for this.

He bares his teeth as though he's going to bite her hand and then licks it once instead.

JACK (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

Oh God, she tastes like spinach.

Audience laughs. He yanks his head back under as she turns.

MRS. GARRETT

You take care of those puppies, doggies.

GEORGE

We'll take good care of them.

She starts to walk to the front door.

MRS. GARRETT  
Tell your friend if he wants to  
sell a puppy to let me know.

JACK  
(speak barking)  
Just get out!

Mrs. Garrett turns back.

MRS. GARRETT  
What did you say?

GEORGE  
Just get out...of town. I didn't  
know you liked puppies!

Audience laughs.

MRS. GARRETT  
They're not just MAN's best friend,  
young man.

Audience laughs louder as she leaves.

Jack and Diane both drop the blanket from their head.

DIANE  
Brian, you do love me!

George just stands there.

JACK  
Well, say something.

GEORGE  
Why are you under a blanket, Diane?

DIANE  
I...I...I...

She breaks into sobs.

GEORGE  
This is not my best area.

JACK  
Just hug her so we can move on to a  
new and hopefully better episode. I  
need time to think.

George awkwardly moves to hug Diane.

DIANE  
I think I've ruined everything!

GEORGE  
I'm sure everything's fine?

DIANE  
Benny, tell him what we did.

JACK  
Nothing.

DIANE  
But we're both naked under the same blanket!

JACK  
Still nothing. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

DIANE  
Can you ever forgive me?

GEORGE  
This is far too stressful for me.  
My mother always told me getting involved in conflict would hurt me.

The blanket moves again and suddenly Rachel's head pokes up, in between Jack and Diane. George SCREAMS at the sudden extra character and leaps backward, trips and falls over the chair.

RACHEL  
Could you all PLEASE keep it down?  
I'm trying to sleep here.

DIANE  
(suddenly quietly)  
Boy, was SHE ever right!

Audience hoots and claps.

JACK  
You were there the whole time?

RACHEL  
Of course I was.

JACK  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the pants.

Audience howls with delight.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Dammit, now I'm doing it.

RACHEL  
We all fell asleep together.

JACK  
Are you naked, too?

RACHEL  
What else would I be?

DIANE  
It's worse than I thought.

JACK  
Hang on. What happened last night?

RACHEL  
After Diane helped Mr. Drummond and Brian passed out, the three of us decided to play strip poker.

JACK  
I thought as much.

RACHEL  
You won, of course, but just barely. Not that I don't love the sight of you in just those boxers I bought you for Christmas.

Audience "oooohhhs". Jack looks out at them.

JACK  
At least you recognize sexy when you see it.

Audience laughs.

GEORGE  
Don't encourage them!

JACK  
Right, sorry.

DIANE  
So nothing else happened?

RACHEL  
Of course not. You both passed out. I was too tired to move anyone to a bedroom.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

So I just grabbed a blanket to keep us from getting cold.

DIANE

Oh, Brian! Everything's okay!

GEORGE

At least from your point of view.

RACHEL

Yep, everything's perfect.

She snuggles close to Jack, who recoils from the touch.

GEORGE

All I see is things getting weirder by the moment.

JACK

Speaking of weird, where the heck is Whatever-his-name-is?

GEORGE

You mean Dave?

JACK

That's not his name. But yes.

GEORGE

I don't know.

Suddenly the bathroom door flies open and Larry bursts in. He looks like Tom Hanks from Castaway. Barefoot, clothes shredded, bushy beard, straggly hair. There's even sand.

LARRY

That was not awesome.

GEORGE

What happened to you?

Larry dashes to George and grabs him. Sand falls everywhere.

LARRY

I wasn't in the episode.

GEORGE

We know.

Larry leans in closer and speaks intensely.

LARRY

Don't ever not be in the episode.

GEORGE

You mean--

LARRY

I was just not here, man, you know?

Audience laughs louder than ever before. Jack slips out from Rachel's embrace.

JACK

We've got to make a plan soon.

GEORGE

Yeah, this is getting dangerous.

LARRY

Getting? Man, it's way past got.

DIANE

You know what would help right now?

The three men slowly turn to look at her.

GEORGE

What?

DIANE

Let's play strip poker again! Now where are my clothes?

She and Rachel laugh and freeze in place.

LARRY

Well, ain't THAT--

And then they freeze too, straining to keep moving and failing. The audience claps as the Credits Roll.

FADE OUT

FADE IN (EPISODE 5)

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

George sits on one side of the sofa, Rachel in his lap. Jack sits on the other edge of the sofa. Larry sits on the chair.

Everyone is apparently asleep.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Time Goes By is filmed in front of a live studio audience.

Everyone's eyes snap open. Rachel begins acting in midstream.

RACHEL  
--and that's when I knew I was in  
love with you, snookiepuns.

She kisses George deeply. His eyes go wide as she snuggles.

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
Help.

JACK  
I am getting really sick and tired  
of these lapses in time.

LARRY  
Well, man, mediated entertainment  
is reliant on edits.

JACK  
What?

RACHEL  
I never believed in "the one,"  
Brian, until you came along.

LARRY  
Film and television use cuts to  
move directly to the action, man.

GEORGE  
Help.

LARRY  
I mean, that's how it works.

JACK  
We're time jumping just to get to  
the next important plot moment?

RACHEL  
Speaking of the one, when are you  
going to give Diane the ring, Dave?

LARRY  
What?

JACK  
Hold up. HE's dating Diane, now?

GEORGE  
Help.

RACHEL  
You've had it for weeks. Are you  
getting cold feet?

LARRY  
Um...um...

JACK  
I guess that was the next important  
moment in the story, huh?

LARRY  
I'm just here, man, you know?

Audience howls. Larry flinches as he looks out at nothing.

RACHEL  
She's not going to wait forever.

She turns to George and smiles prettily.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Neither am I.

GEORGE  
Get the <bleep> off me!

He leaps to his feet, dropping Rachel on her ass. She  
continues to act as though she's on his lap.

RACHEL  
Do you remember the day we all met?

GEORGE  
Yeah, it was like 30 minutes ago.

RACHEL  
Diane and I were both soaked from  
that unexpected downpour.

She snuggles closer to where George would be, if she were  
still in his lap.

JACK  
That is <bleep>ing creepy.

Audience laughs.

LARRY  
I think something's wrong.

GEORGE  
I think so, too.



JACK  
When isn't something wrong?

Audience laughs louder.

RACHEL  
You were all wearing goofy bowling league shirts that were too small.

LARRY  
Do you hear the audience? They're responding to everything we say.

GEORGE  
It's much worse than that.

RACHEL  
You let us into the apartment and said--

GEORGE/RACHEL  
We've never had women who were this wet in here before.

George claps his hands over his mouth in horror.

GEORGE  
I remember it happening. There's a brand new memory in my head.

LARRY  
Wow. I remember that, too, now.

JACK  
Oh, crap.

He drops his head into his hands.

GEORGE  
What is it? What's happening to us?

JACK  
It's a clip episode.

Audience laughs and then the world goes blurry as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The front door opens with the sound of RAIN. Jack, George and Larry dash into the room, wearing "Purgatory Bowling League" shirts that are far too small.

Rachel and Diane follow, soaked and in COSplay outfits.

Lightning/THUNDER follows.

GEORGE

We've never had women who were this wet in here before.

DIANE

With you guys' sense of style, I find that hard to believe.

Audience laughs.

JACK

These aren't our shirts. They belong to the women's team.

RACHEL

Here's where you tell us you charmed the ladies out of them.

GEORGE

Here's where we tell you they stole our clothes from the locker room.

Audience laughs, as do Rachel and Diane.

LARRY

They were not nice ladies.

DIANE

They stole all your clothes?

JACK

No, of course not.

GEORGE

Yes, every single piece.

RACHEL

Then whose pants are you wearing?

A long beat. Thunder/Lightning. Another long beat.

JACK

Those homeless guys were already passed out.

GEORGE

We'll get deloused in the morning.

DIANE

Oh, my god.

RACHEL  
Did you take their underwear, too?

The men look at each other.

DIANE  
Did you?

JACK  
They didn't have any on.

GEORGE  
But there was this pile of G-strings next to them.

LARRY  
I think they got them from the strip club they were sleeping behind.

The girls shriek and dash back out the front door.

Audience laughs loudly as the world goes blurry and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The three men are seated again. Rachel is in George's lap.

RACHEL  
--swore I'd never see you again.

She kisses George. This time he just bears it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I'm so glad I changed my mind,  
aren't you?

GEORGE  
Can I answer when I'm no longer  
nauseous?

LARRY  
Wow. I totally remember it now.

GEORGE  
And we've spacially reset to zero.

JACK  
I do not like this.

Rachel kisses George on the mouth, a deep passionate kiss. When she pulls back, George looks truly about to vomit.

GEORGE

You don't like it? I've got a woman draped over my lap, kissing me every time I turn around and nuzzling one hand against my crotch every couple of seconds.

The other two men look at George, then his crotch. Rachel's hand sneaks down behind her hip. All three men watch.

LARRY

You're not enjoying that?

GEORGE

<bleep>. Maybe I am gay.

Audience laughs.

From Bedroom #1, Diane's voice is heard.

DIANE

I'm finally out of the shower!

RACHEL

Dave, do it now. It's your 6-month anniversary, right?

LARRY

I don't think I've ever been with a woman for that long.

JACK

Really?

LARRY

I'm a tumbleweed, man. I blow with the wind.

Audience laughs. Diane walks out, wearing a silk robe, hair under a towel. She kisses Larry and settles onto his lap.

DIANE

So did you tell them?

LARRY

Did I tell them what?

DIANE

The big surprise.

RACHEL  
Ooh, I love surprises.

GEORGE  
I don't.

LARRY  
Surprises are when life is most interesting, I think.

DIANE  
That's not what you said our first night together.

LARRY  
Really? What did I say?

JACK  
No! Don't let her start another story!

DIANE (CONT'D)  
I'd just put on the handcuffs after getting onto the bed.

The world blurs once more as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane lies on her back on a bed, hands tied to the bedpost with pink, fuzzy handcuffs.

DIANE  
Oh, no, it's Eager Beagle, come to ravage my virginity!

LARRY (O.S.)  
I do not enjoy surprises like this.

He's wearing a full dog suit minus the head he's holding.

DIANE  
Whatever shall I do? He's going to start playing with his bone.

Audience laughs. The sneering undertones cannot be ignored.

LARRY  
Can we just stop for a moment and talk about this?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Don't be such a coward, Dave!

Rachel has a camera aimed at the bed. George stands next to her, his neck chained to her wrist, in a Snow White costume.

LARRY

This is almost worse than not being in the episode.

Audience laughs.

RACHEL

If we get done by 11, I can upload this to AltSexTube by midnight.

DIANE

You will NOT make us miss the contest deadline, sweetheart.

LARRY

I won't?

DIANE

Not if you still want to go to the bathroom standing up.

Audience laughs.

Larry looks at Diane and then at the head.

LARRY

Can I take a moment to decide which is worse?

Audience laughs.

GEORGE

My mother told me never to date a woman with a tongue piercing because I'd get in over my head.

RACHEL

Once more, from the top.

GEORGE

Boy, was she ever right.

Audience CLAPS and SCREAMS its delight.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(weakly)

Help.

RACHEL

Chained <bleep>, Take 5. Action.

Larry sighs, put the head on and BARKS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is back in their same place.

DIANE  
--sixteen takes to get it right!

She and Rachel both laugh.

JACK  
What happened? I wasn't in that  
flashback.

GEORGE  
Nothing.

LARRY  
Nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We have GOT to get out of here, and  
I mean right now.

He gets up to do just that as the front door opens and Mr. Drummond sticks his head into the room.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Is everybody decent?

Audience HOWLS as the ladies immediately leap off the men and start frantically kissing on the floor.

JACK  
There's nothing decent going on  
here, ever.

Audience laughs. Mr. Drummond spots the women.

MR. DRUMMOND  
That's nice, Benny.

JACK  
Not my name.

MR. DRUMMOND  
I just came by to see if you boys  
were willing to...

He trails off as he enters the room, watching the women who are getting more passionate in an entirely fake way.

JACK  
To?

MR. DRUMMOND  
To...

He walks to the fridge.

LARRY  
Mr. Dummond, are you okay?

MR. DRUMMOND  
Oh, yes, fine, fine.

He gets a beer and starts walking back.

GEORGE  
Sir, we're a little busy here.

JACK  
What did you want to tell us?

Mr. Drummond sits on the chair, watching the women.

MR. DRUMMOND  
I've completely forgotten.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
Then why don't you come back when  
you remember?

He holds open the door and gestures out.

MR. DRUMMOND  
It'll come back to me. One second.

He watches the women, who are now completely at a loss as to  
what they can do without it becoming graphic.

JACK  
We do pay rent. Unless you have  
reason, we're asking you to leave.

MR. DRUMMOND  
ONE MORE MINUTE, Benny!

GEORGE  
There's no reason to yell.



MR. DRUMMOND  
 You don't know how long it's been  
 since I've had something this  
 stimulating to watch.

Audience laughs.

MR. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
 The Vampire Housewives of O.C. just  
 doesn't cut it.

Audience laughs louder.

LARRY  
 This is getting exploitative, man.  
 I think you should go.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 You boys don't understand. Not only  
 are you young, but you're not  
 energized by the same things I am.

JACK  
 Well, they're lesbians. Not  
 interested in men at any age.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 Well, that just makes it harder.

Audience laughs.

GEORGE  
 What?

MR. DRUMMOND  
 To leave. Harder to leave. But I  
 think I can help you understand.

JACK  
 Stop him!

He leaps over the sofa to shut Mr. Drummond up but gets  
 tangled into George, who's trying to do the same. Then they  
 both trip over the women.

MR. DRUMMOND  
 You remember that time I came in  
 and you boys were wrestling?

LARRY  
 This is going to be bad, man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Drummond opens the front door and sticks his head in.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Is everybody decent?

The camera pulls back and all three main characters are wearing only underwear, covered in baby oil and wrapped around each other, heads in each other crotches.

ALL THREE:  
NO!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone's where they were.

MR. DRUMMOND  
--that the Twister game had slid  
under the sofa!

Audience laughs.

JACK  
Enough. Is. Enough.

He stands slowly, picking George up as he goes.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We are done with this charade.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Now if you'll excuse me.

GEORGE  
We are?

JACK  
I know what we have to do.

MR. DRUMMOND  
Don't you boys have a spa to run?

LARRY  
Far out, man. I'm up for whatever  
after this episode.

MR. DRUMMOND  
I can lock up after we're--I mean  
they're--done.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
Get your girlfriends.

George and Larry pull the girls apart. Suddenly, the girls actually look scared, their words at odds with their tone.

RACHEL  
She tastes yummy.

DIANE  
Yes, I'm only into women, for sure.

JACK  
Mr. Drummond?

MR. DRUMMOND  
Let nature take its course, Benny.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
That is NOT my name. My name is--

He pauses.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well, <bleep>, I still can't remember, but I do know this much.

He points to each person in turn.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Brian is dating Rachel. Dave is dating Diane. I've dated them both previously and no one in this entire room is gay or lesbian.

There is dead silence in the room. Then, quite suddenly, Rachel grabs Jack and speaks in an entirely different voice.

RACHEL  
What the <bleep> are you doing?  
That's not in the script.

JACK  
I'm getting us cancelled. Wait--why are you talking to me that way?

Diane suddenly also speaks in a totally different voice.

DIANE  
You're making a serious mistake,  
Jack.

JACK  
Jack! That's my name!

GEORGE  
How do you know his real name?

LARRY  
Do you remember mine?

DIANE  
You get punished if you leave the  
script, you <bleep>, and so do we.

GEORGE  
We who?

RACHEL  
Us. Everyone in the whole episode.

MR. DRUMMOND  
You're not gay?

He suddenly grasps his chest, has a heart attack and dies.

RACHEL  
Did you think you were the only  
ones brought here?

Jack looks at the girls, at the men and then at Mr. Drummond.

JACK  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the  
pants!

Audience claps and laughs and howls as everyone once more  
freezes. The audience sounds like a hungry pack of animals,  
waiting to tear everyone apart.

FADE OUT

FADE IN (Episode 6)

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The apartment is empty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Tonight's 'Very Special Episode' of  
The Show Must Go On is filmed in  
front of a live studio audience.

The living room remains empty. Then, slowly, Bedroom Door #1  
opens and George sticks his head out.

GEORGE  
Anyone know what we're doing now?

Audience laughs softly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

He walks into the room, looking everywhere for anyone else.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Anyone here? On the sofa--no.  
Kitchen...Bathroom?

No one else appears.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Okay, look, whoever you are. Don't  
make this episode be just me. I'm  
no good at making long speeches.

Nothing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I mean, my brother got married and  
when I made the Best Man speech,  
all I came up with was: 'Well, at  
least you didn't HAVE to get  
married because she was pregnant.'

Audience laughs, again softly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Are you getting the point? I'm not  
good solo. If I were Hamlet, I'd  
just stand there for, like, twenty  
minutes saying "I know there's  
something I'm supposed to say now."

Audience laughs a little louder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Fine. Just don't get angry with me  
if this episode's ratings are low.

He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

To be--

Bedroom Door #2 opens and Jack walks out.

JACK

You still want to get out of here?

GEORGE

Oh, thank God.

Audience laughs.

JACK

Here's the plan. Playing along  
hasn't gotten us anywhere.

GEORGE

Nope.

JACK

Trying to change the story didn't  
work, either.

GEORGE

Right.

JACK

So the only answer is to refuse to  
do anything, no matter what anyone  
else does to make us.

GEORGE

Do you think that'll really work?

The bathroom door opens and Larry walks out.

LARRY

I figured out how to get out of  
here, dudes.

GEORGE

How did you get in the bathroom? I  
just checked there.

LARRY

The universe provides.

GEORGE

What does that mean?

LARRY

It means I wasn't there until the  
narrative needed me there.

JACK  
That's the most dangerous part of  
this whole nightmare. If we do  
ANYTHING, the universe--or  
whoever's behind this--tries to  
force our actions into the plot.

LARRY  
Totally.

GEORGE  
So the answer is to do nothing?

LARRY  
Action changes the world, man. If  
we stop acting, the narrative dies  
and we'll slip back into the real  
world.

JACK  
Exactly.

He sits on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)  
From here on out, we remain in one  
position, not speaking, no matter  
what.

GEORGE  
At this point, I'll try anything.

He sits on the sofa. Larry immediately goes into a lotus  
position on the chair.

LARRY  
Copacetic. No matter what happens--  
I'm just here, man, you know?

Audience claps and laughs.

JACK  
No catch phrases!

LARRY  
Sorry.

JACK  
No interaction. At. All.

They sit there, trying not to do or say anything.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Tonight's 'Very Special Episode' of  
 Dancing with Mr. D. is filmed in  
 front of a live studio audience.

GEORGE  
 God, it's starting all over again.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
 Quiet.

LARRY  
 Yeah, this happened to me once  
 before. It was major freaky.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
 Ignore them. Ignore everything.

Another moment of doing nothing. Then the front door opens  
 and Rachel and Diane enter, both wearing black dresses.

RACHEL  
 Well, boys, I hope you're happy.

DIANE  
 You couldn't even come down there?

Audience "oooohhhs."

The women wait for the men to respond. They don't.

RACHEL  
 I've never been so embarrassed by a  
 boyfriend before, Benny.

JACK  
 Not my--

He shuts his mouth, going still once more.

DIANE  
 And after everything she did for  
 you, Brian.

GEORGE  
 What she did? Wait, who are we--

Jack snaps fingers. George claps his hands over his mouth.

The audience snickers.



RACHEL  
And as for YOU, Dave.

She walks over and slaps his face.

LARRY  
Ouch!

Diane does the same.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Not cool.

She tries to slap him again and he, instead, flicks her nose.  
She YELPS as the audience laughs.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Not cool!

Jack throws his shoe at Larry and he gloweringly returns to his lotus position. The audience snickers.

RACHEL  
Well, if that's the way you're going to be, perhaps I'd better rethink who I'm dating.

She storms out the front door.

DIANE  
Yeah.

She starts walking to the door, turns back.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
I mean, what she said.

Two more steps, turns back.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Ditto. Except about who I'm dating, not her--oh, you know what I mean.

Audience laughs as she exits.

The three men continue to do nothing. And continue.

GEORGE  
Do you think we--

JACK  
Shhh. There'll be another round.

Rachel storms back in, points her finger at Jack.

RACHEL  
She's a sweet old lady and you're  
horrible. I never want to see you  
again!

She storms out.

JACK  
See? Told you--

Diane storms in and points at George.

Audience laughs.

DIANE  
As for you, Mr. Insensitive. You  
never asked her about her legal  
problem. I can't forgive that.

She storms out.

GEORGE  
Do you think they're talking about  
Mrs. Garrett--

Both ladies storm in.

Audience laughs.

RACHEL  
As for the three-way we had planned  
for your birthday, Dave...

DIANE  
Consider that party in your pants  
cancelled as well!

Audience laughs. The girls storm out.

LARRY  
I wonder how they knew it was my  
birthday.

Audience laughs louder.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I don't even know my own name.

Audience laughs louder still.

The two girls walk back inside. They both look like they're  
about to cry. When they talk, they sound different again.

RACHEL  
Do you know you've ruined us both?

DIANE  
He doesn't like it when someone  
foils his plans.

The three men look at each other.

GEORGE  
Who doesn't like it?

JACK  
We can't interact.

RACHEL  
She's already twisting us. I can  
feel it.

JACK  
I'm sorry.

LARRY  
This isn't right. You shouldn't be  
punished for what we're doing.

GEORGE  
Yeah, I feel terrible.

JACK  
We have to stay strong.

RACHEL  
Oh, <bleep>. My backstory is  
changing.

DIANE  
Mine, too. God, now WE'RE the  
roommates.

JACK  
Break free, ladies. Stop  
interacting and come with us.

RACHEL  
We've been here too long.

DIANE  
Yeah, she's calling us.

RACHEL  
I hate when he starts a new pilot.

GEORGE  
Rachel. Diane. Fight it.

When the women speak next, their voices have taken on a Midwestern accent.

DIANE  
Time to go. We've got a shift.

RACHEL  
I hate that city. All people do there is eat cheese.

The audience laughs. The women exit, legs locked in step.

GEORGE  
That was horrible, Jack.

JACK  
That's it!

GEORGE  
What?

Jack leaps to his feet.

JACK  
We're still stuck here narratively because you two only know your character names.

LARRY  
But a name is just a label, man. It can't hold you unless you let it.

Audience laughs.

JACK  
I wonder if that's true.

He heads to the front door and pulls on it. It opens this time, but only as long as his hand is on the knob.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I think I could get out now.

He lets go of the door and it slams shut once more.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well, ain't THAT a kick in the--

Audience laughs and claps, but it dies off as they realize he didn't finish the phrase.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Who's the <bleep>ing <bleep> now?  
You, the <bleep>ing audience,  
that's who.

Audience "oooohhhs". It sounds ominous.

GEORGE  
Don't antagonize them, Jack.

LARRY  
Yeah, man, I may be a pacifist, but  
even I know better than to piss off  
a hyena pack.

Audience laughs--and it does sound somewhat like that.

JACK  
Let's just focus on getting you  
both your names back. I'm not  
leaving without you both.

He turns to Larry.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What's your real name? Ignore the  
Dave creeping around in your skull.

LARRY  
That name is loud, man.

JACK  
Look deeper. When I heard my name,  
I realized it'd been sitting in the  
farthest part of my head, just  
waiting for me to spot it.

LARRY  
I am good at meditation.

JACK  
So use that. Breath deep.

LARRY  
I'm also good at tantric sex.

JACK  
I won't help you with that.

Audience laughs.

LARRY  
I can see my third eye opening.

JACK  
(whispering)  
Keep going.

LARRY  
I see a white suit. Large lapels.

JACK  
Connect the dots.

LARRY  
A big gold chain. And lots of chest  
hair, for some reason.

GEORGE  
That's a leisure suit.

LARRY  
My name is Larry!

Audience laughs.

GEORGE  
By George, I think he's got it! By  
George, my name is George!

Audience laughs louder.

JACK  
Nice to meet you, Larry and George.

LARRY  
Pleasure, dudes.

GEORGE  
We finally know who we are.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Now let's bail before they stop us.

GEORGE  
I think Mrs. Garrett has cancer.

LARRY  
Or she died when Mr. Drummond died.

JACK  
I think a very special episode  
could be dangerous for all of us.

GEORGE  
That is the level of crazy here.

The audience laughs, but it's wavery and out-of-sync.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Listen to that. They're fading.

LARRY  
No, man. I think they're losing us.  
Dropping out of sync.

JACK  
Then let's punch through this jail  
once and for all.

The three men step to the front door and touch the handle.

JACK (CONT'D)  
One.

GEORGE  
Two.

LARRY  
Three to infinity times infinity.

Audience laughs, but it can barely be heard and sounds backwards. The other two look at Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Might as well cover all the bases.

They pull the door open and run through it as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

All three men are on a sidewalk. There are people walking by, cars driving by and everything looks very, very real.

JACK  
We did it!

GEORGE  
I need to call my wife--my God, I  
have a wife!

LARRY  
Huh. I was in jail for making meth.  
Wonder how the guards handled this.

Jack is patting his pockets.

JACK  
I don't have keys or a phone or a  
wallet. How about you guys?

They both check themselves.





TITLE CARD: ON THE NEXT SEASON OF "SITCOM PILOT"

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 (sounding like Ron Howard)  
 On the next season of Sitcom Pilot.

INT. - DINER - NIGHT

George walks into the diner, suddenly looking like a prep-school student, cardigan and checkered pants.

Larry enters, looking like a beach bum, with dockers, a t-shirt and a white Gilligan hat.

Jack enters, hair slicked back, leather jacket, smokes in the arms of his shirt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 George, Larry and Jack all come to  
 a massive realization.

The three men look at each other.

An old Asian man in a chef hat walks out from the kitchen.

CHEF  
 About time you arrive! You always  
 late for dinner.

ALL THREE  
 Boy, was SHE ever wrong.

CHEF  
 I always say: Late for Wong is  
 never Wight--always Wong!

He giggles madly as he wanders back into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. - CITY HALL - DAY

Mrs. Garrett stands next to another old lady, MRS. C, a County Clerk in front of them. Mrs. G. holds an urn with Mr. Drummond's picture on it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Meanwhile, Mrs. Garrett, who had  
 asked the boys to come down to see  
 her get married after Prop 8 was  
 declared unconstitutional, remained  
 very angry at them all.

MRS. GARRETT  
I'm very angry at them all.

MRS. C  
I know, dear.

CUT TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. C and Mrs. Garrett are in bed together, Mrs. C curled in Mrs. Garrett's arms. Mrs. Garrett's watching television.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And on her wedding night, when she was watching a little post-coital entertainment, she had a very dangerous idea.

On the TV is the Ep. 5 porn video, "The Chained <Bleep>".

LARRY  
(from the television)  
I can't help it. I hump legs.  
That's what dogs do.

MRS. GARRETT  
I'll get you, my pretty boys. And your little dog, too.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Oh, this won't be good.

FADE OUT