

FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Spanish-style home with neatly manicured yard. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal identical houses.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

A fancy home with red oak floors and vaulted ceilings.

VINCE STILES (50, tall, dark-haired) stands in front of his PARTY GUESTS (mainly mid 40's to early 50's), regaling them with a story. He occasionally swirls his glass of wine. He's an easy-going guy that people find funny.

VINCE

So, Gail and I went up to the Captain and thanked him for his shitty services. We didn't tell him it was shitty, even though I'm pretty sure we came this close to capsizing off the coast of The Bahamas -- the guy himself looked like a Captain Hook rip off with his tattered beard, dirty trousers, and sewage stench. I felt like I was in a fucking depressing movie.

(sipping his wine)

I certainly won't be boarding another cruise ship again --

Vince keeps talking but we don't hear a sound. It's a small house party - no kids --

Vince moves away from the group and glances over at his wife **GAIL STILES (40, gorgeous, tanned)**. Even though she's well put together, she seems a bit loose and carefree, especially as she converses with another man, **MIKEY (25)**, her hand stroking his arm. This is a little suspect to Vince.

Vince watches as Gail saunters over to a door leading to the kitchen. Vince soon follows.

KITCHEN

A small area with a black granite counter top island. Vince and Gail stand by the wine station. Gail pours herself another glass.

VINCE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you should ease up with the
 wine, honey?

Gail, a little drunk, holds up her glass almost tipping it
 over.

GAIL
 Vince, I'm good. Aren't you?

She bats her big, bright eyes.

VINCE
 Yeah, sure.

He takes a nearby wine bottle and pour himself another glass.

VINCE (CONT'D)
 I like these people. They're nice
 even though they like wine over
 beer.

GAIL
 Yeah. It's so good to get the firm
 in another setting. And you did say
 we should do more things at home,
 right?

Vince takes a sip of his wine as Gail approaches him.

VINCE
 Yeah, I did... but I was thinking
 maybe just you and me.
 (nodding at Mikey)
 Hey, is that the new ad-man? Mikey?

GAIL
 (smiling)
 Yeah.

VINCE
 He's so young compared to everyone
 else.

She kisses Vince on the cheeks.

GAIL
 Relax. Have some fun. You're too
 uptight. What's going on?

VINCE
 (smiling)
 Yeah, you're right.
 (as Gail is leaving;
 (MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
 sarcastically to himself)
 Have some fun. MIKEY.

LIVING ROOM

A brunette, **VERONICA MILLER (40)** holds a shiny BONG and takes a PUFF. Vince stands to the side watching. Doesn't seem like he's meshing with this party anymore --

Gail sits on the couch LAUGHING uncontrollably. Mikey sits next to her whispering something funny in her ear. SOMEONE turns off the lights and DISCO LIGHTS kick in --

Vince looks at his empty wine glass and takes it to the kitchen. This has gone on for too long --

Dressed in pajamas, a blonde girl, **MEREDITH STILES (5, wearing pigtails)**, walks down the stairs. She rubs her sleepy eyes.

Vince spots Meredith and quickly walks over to her, soon picking her up and kissing her on the head.

VINCE (CONT'D)
 Meredith, what are you doing up,
 sweetie?

MEREDITH
 I couldn't sleep, Daddy. I want you
 to read me a story.

VINCE
 (putting her down)
 Listen, honey, Daddy's a little
 busy with Mommy and her new friends
 right now. I need a rain check on
 the story, okay?

TYLER STILES (9) also descends the stairs, catching a glimpse of his Mom dancing with Mikey in the array of green, blue, red, and yellow lights. Mikey holds his mother's hips, which sways in conjunction with his --

TYLER
 Dad, what's Mom doing?

Vince looks back at Gail and Mikey.

VINCE
 Tyler, go ahead and take your
 sister to bed. Read her a story.
 The "Little Red Riding Hood" book.
 She likes that one.

TYLER
That book gives her nightmares.

VINCE
Yeah. "The Little Mermaid" then?

Tyler takes his sister's hand and begins to march up the stairs, dragging her.

TYLER
Okay, but I want extra on my allowance this week.

VINCE
(ushering them upstairs)
Yeah, whatever you say big guy.

Vince glances back at Gail.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I'll put it on your mom's tab.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

CLOSE ON Vince's gloomy face. **CAMERA WIDENS** to reveal a group of men sitting around Vince: **DERRICK BOON**, (40, African American, beatnik), **GREG HOWARD** (50, slightly overweight) who munches on a pastry, and **DAVE CURRY** (53, lethargically laid-back).

Derrick surfs through his I-phone.

VINCE
Gentlemen, I think my wife may be cheating on me.

DERRICK
What the fuck do you mean she's cheating on you?
(looking incredulous)
Is this a fucking Lifetime movie or something?

A WAITRESS places a plate of bacon-topped quiche - serving size for six - on the table. The men begin picking up their quiches with a fork: first Greg, then Derrick, then Dave.

GREG (O.C.)
Come on, Vince, what's going on?

DERRICK

Yeah, cause I really want to know why your wife is sporting them balls in the relationship.

DAVE

And how can you be sure she's cheating?

DERRICK

Cause she's gat them balls. That's how he knows!

(to himself)

Hold on, did listening to you just now just turn me into a pussy? Shit! This is pussy-wearing talk, ain't it?

DAVE

Vince, I don't know, man. I'm just saying that you need to be sure.

GREG

Well, she's definitely much better looking than Vince, that could be evidence right there.

DERRICK

(laughing)

You're right. Misses Vince Stiles is a mother-fucking bombshell. And Vince, well... He looks eighty-two compared to her twenty-two year old ass.

VINCE

Guys, please don't talk about my wife like that. You guys are supposed to be commiserating with me about now so...

DERRICK

On a serious note, I refuse to continue this conversation. Women don't cheat. We fuckers do.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Fuck, you guys... come on.

DAVE

You know, on the other hand, I could definitely see Gail doing the bang-bang with someone else...

GREG

This quiche is good --

VINCE
 (slamming his fist on the
 table)
 Guys! Dammit, I just need you to
 listen...

The room goes quiet as RESTAURATEURS look in Vince's direction. Derrick gives a complete STRANGER the evil eye and then quickly turns attention to Vince.

DERRICK
 I'm not listening to you man; your
 shit just pussified my balls. Your
 woman's cheating on your ass and
 you want me to listen to that shit?
 So here's what you're going to do.

Derrick uses his fork to lift another piece of quiche.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 You're going to cheat on her ass,
 put her in her place, and get them
 balls back.

Dave slides the almost empty quiche platter to Vince.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - MORNING

A small lot with an eclectic mix of cars, old and new. A few classics in rows of their own, mainly the 1960's mustangs, Fastbacks included.

INT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - SAME

Vince lounges in his chair, his feet up and arms behind his head, contemplating. A picture of Gail on his desk. He picks it up, a half-smile on his face.

VINCE
 (to the photo)
 You're not a cheater, are you?

Vince starts unzipping his pants, getting ready to masturbate-

His secretary, **JANE WRIGHT, (35, always dressed in plaid)**
 KNOCKS and steps in. Vince quickly zips up his pants.

JANE
 Hey Boss --

VINCE
 Hey...!

JANE

It's Bridgewater on the line. He's curious about our Datsun inventory.

VINCE

We're out. Except we're getting a restored 1971 240z next month.

JANE

What color?

VINCE

Black.

JANE

Cool.

Jane takes a look at the bosses half-zipped pants.

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Boss?

VINCE

Yeah, why?

JANE

Just making sure.

She gives him a grimace as she closes the door.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - DAY

Vince FINGERS TAP LIGHTLY on a 1966 Ford Mustang Coupe. He's on the phone with Gail.

VINCE

Hey, honey... I was wondering if you wanted to do dinner tonight, just me and you. I can get Karen to watch the kids.

INT. OSWALD'S ARCHITECTURE FIRM - SAME

Gail, sleek and stunning in her business attire, stands by the desk with her cellphone to her ear. It's one of those nice slick, modern offices with glass doors and very compact office spaces. She's looking at some blueprints while pointing to something outside.

Just outside her office is Mikey, who holds up two different office building renderings.

Gail points to the one on the far right, giving him the thumbs up as he raises it higher than the other.

GAIL

Vince, that sounds great, but I can't. Not tonight anyway, I'm working late again. It's that Dublin school project.

(conciliating his
desperation)

Ever since we went international, work has intensified... I hope you understand.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - SAME

Vince has stopped the drumming. He looks a little disappointed.

VINCE

Sure. No, the work definitely comes first, right?

GAIL (O.C.)

I'm glad you understand.

VINCE

Yeah. So I'll order in and get --

GAIL (O.C.)

Sorry, Vince. I have to go --

Vince looks at the phone. She's gone.

VINCE

(to himself)

Hmmmm.

Vince drums his fingers on the mustang's roof, the drumming get LOUDER and LOUDER until --

EXT./INT. DERRICK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Derrick opens the door as Vince rushes in.

VINCE

Okay, what's the cheating checklist?

DERRICK

From a cheater's stand-point or the one being cheated on stand-point?

VINCE
Does it matter?

DERRICK
Maybe not.

VINCE
So?

DERRICK
Okay, let's see: late nights, most definitely; new schedule routines; new underwear; ooohh, the gym... oh, new passwords on the cellphones and...

VINCE
And?

DERRICK
An inactive sex life.

Vince thinks for a moment.

VINCE
Fuck.

Vince rushes toward the door.

DERRICK
Where you going?

VINCE
I am -- none of your damn business.

DERRICK
Geesh. That was rude.

VINCE
Fuck you, Derrick!

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - EVENING

A nice middle class area with identical suburban homes --

Vince opens the sliding door of his minivan to let his kids, Meredith and Tyler out.

EXT./INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - SAME

Vince's sister, **KAREN WHITAKER**, (46, plain but overly cheery) stands by the door, ushering the two kids inside. He hands her two overnight packs.

VINCE

I really appreciate this, Sis.

KAREN

Anything for you, V. You know I don't mind.

VINCE

I just got to get a few things done...

(staring to leave)

I'll be back no later than ten.

(he comes back)

Oh, and make sure Tyler eats his vegetables. He doesn't like them.

KAREN

I got it.

VINCE

And Meredith loves bedtime stories, but not the ones Mom used to tell us when we we're kids. You know, the ones about the lock-nest monster and shit.

KAREN

Okay, got it.

VINCE

And Karen, please keep the kids out of the s-e-x room.

KAREN

Of course! I got it.

Karen begins closing the front door as Vince moves towards the van.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No s-e-x. Right.