

OUR TOWN

"Pilot"

by
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OPENER

SCENE A

BUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE (FOOTAGE/STILLS) OF NEW YORKERS ARRIVING AT WORK, ENDING ON AN EXTERIOR OF AN OLD STONE BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW YORK BULLDOG.

INT. BULLDOG - ELEVATOR BANK - MORNING

THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS, REVEALING WALLY, HIS DARK GOOD LOOKS SEASONED BY HARD LIVING, HIS DEVASTATING CHARM ON LOW OOZE THIS MORNING. HE IS WEARING SUNGLASSES, AND A BLACK LINEN SUIT THAT LOOKS BARELY SLEPT IN.

IN THE SAME MOMENT, THE DOOR TO THE STAIRS OPENS AND IN STEPS KATE, A FOUR-STAR DISH IN DESIGNER WORK WEAR, A DAME'S DAME -- AND SMART, YOU BET.

WALLY OPENS UP A NEW YORK GRAPHIC (A NY POST-ISH TABLOID, TODAY'S HEADLINE -- "COPS: TOT ATE CAT") AND SIDLES UP TO KATE AS SHE STRIDES ACROSS THE BULLDOG'S LARGE OPEN NEWSROOM.

THEIR PATTERN IS RAT-A-TAT-TAT.

WALLY

So let's check out the competition, he
said, opening a friendly dialogue...

KATE

(IGNORES HIM, CALLS TO COLLEAGUE)

Great stab story. Nice usage of
"eviscerate." (ASIDE) Woman gutted her
philandering mate, Walter, imagine
that. I am.

WALLY

Woo. According to "Scoop," Senator
Joey's canoodling the pneumatic
starlet from that new hit slutcom...

KATE

Had it. Spiked it.

WALLY

Poor Katy. Those swollen morals still
bothering you?

KATE

He's single; she's consenting, as
usual. Not news. Good morning, Mrs.
McDaniel: messages?

MRS. MCDANIEL, A NINETY-SOMETHING BLACK WOMAN, SITS AT THE
ENTRANCE OF KATE AND WALLY'S "OFFICE," A LARGE CUBICLE WITH
TWO DESK FACING ONE ANOTHER.

MRS. MCDANIEL

Several.

KATE

Death threats?

MRS. MCDANIEL

Mostly.

WALLY

(READING PAPER) Hey, guess who's got a
third nipple?

KATE GRABS WALLY AND YANKS HIM O.S.

KATE

We'll be in Connelly's.

WALLY

(AS HE'S PULLED AWAY) Hold my calls
and submerge my packages.

SCENE B

INT. OLIVER CONNOLLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

OLIVER CONNOLLY, A 62-YEAR-OLD BUTTERBALL OF WORRY, IS IN FULL FRET THIS MORNING. HE SITS AT HIS DESK AND PAGES JOYLESSLY THROUGH THAT DAY'S BULLDOG.

OLIVER

... Misspellings everywhere... That's not a sentence... Kittens on page four?! Why haven't I been fired?

KATE AND WALLY ENTER. OLIVER IS STARTLED, THEN WORRIED.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, no, we're getting sued. Again.
(HANDS TO TEMPLES) Who and how powerful and how maliciously did we slander them?

KATE

When you print it, it's libel, not slander.

OLIVER

(HEAD IN HANDS) She knows so much and yet she does it.

WALLY

Unwad those panties, chief. We're not being sued. So far today. That I know of.

KATE SITS ON THE EDGE OF CONNELLY'S DESK.

KATE

(GENTLE) We do have to talk, Ollie.

OLIVER

(FREAKED) You called me Ollie! We don't have any more money! All gone!

KATE

We're not looking for a raise. We're...

KATE NOTICES WALLY IS STILL WEARING HIS SUNGLASSES.

KATE (CONT'D)

Do you have to wear those now?

WALLY

According to vampire lore, yes.

KATE PULLS WALLY'S SUNGLASSES OFF. HE RECOILS, BARING HIS TEETH WITH A HISS.

KATE

Ollie, we wanted you to be the first to know: Walter and I are getting a divorce.

WALLY

Kate's getting a divorce. I'll be gumming up the works for the next hundred episodes or so.

KATE

You're optimistic.

WALLY

You're forgetting my masculine wiles.

KATE

Trying to.

EDGAR LIVINGSTON, 42, THE BULLDOG'S PERPETUALLY ANGRY, SOMEWHAT PSYCHOPATHIC MANAGING EDITOR, POKES HIS NOSE INTO THE OFFICE. HE IS THE HOT COP TO OLIVER'S SOFT COP.

EDGAR

President hit his head.

OLIVER

Is he dead?

EDGAR

Pardon me, I buried the lede. The president hit his head AND HE'S DEAD.

WALLY

Way to use your words, Edgar. You didn't lunge at all that time.

EDGAR

(STARTS TO LUNGE AT WALLY BUT JERKS HIMSELF BACK) Where's your line-up?

WALLY

(NOT LOOKING UP) It's on your desk. I
might have coughed on it.

EDGAR

I have a disability. That's
harassment!

EDGAR MAKES AN ODD SOUND AS HE DUCKS OUT.

KATE

I prefer his old medication.

OLIVER

You two are getting a divorce?

WALLY

Of course not.

KATE

He's in denial.

WALLY

Yes, I deny everything. And whatever
happened to death do us part?

KATE

Okay, we'll do it your way.

OLIVER STANDS, TAKING KATE'S HAND.

OLIVER

Congratulations! I'm deeply sorry, of
course, but, well, frankly, there was
talk around the newsroom, some
wagering actually, that one of you
might kill the other.

WALLY

(JUST CURIOUS) That who would kill
who?

OLIVER

This is your lead item tomorrow!

KATE

Ah, well, there's the rub, Oliver. I
can't very well continue to write a
column with my estranged and soon-to-
be-long-forgotten former for-the-want-
of-a-better-word husband.

OLIVER

You're quitting?

WALLY

What do you expect? She can't even
tough out the holiest of sacraments.

OLIVER

But, Kate, you have to do Poop! Poop
is only reason anybody reads the
Bulldog! This is a lousy paper!

(POINTS ACCUSINGLY AT OPEN PAPER ON
DESK) Kittens!

KATE

You'll still have the column, Oliver.
Walter can do Poop. Walter is Poop.

OLIVER

Wally's a sleaze bag, Kate! No offense, Wally, but you are the sleaziest bag in town.

WALLY

I want new business cards.

OLIVER

Kate, Poop needs a class operator like you so people don't have to feel dirty reading it every morning. That's our whole marketing plan!

KATE

A classy gossip column called "Poop."

OLIVER

(SLYLY) It sounds like "Scoop"!

People accidentally buy us looking for RJ Lancaster's column.

OLIVER HOLDS UP A COPY OF THE BULLDOG AND ONE OF THE GRAPHIC; BOTH "SCOOP" AND "POOP" ARE ON PAGE THREE AND ALMOST IDENTICAL IN DESIGN. OLIVER SHAKES ONE PAGE AND THEN THE OTHER TO "SELL" THE SIMILARITY. KATE IS UNMOVED. OLIVER FROWNS, AND PUTS THE TWO PAPERS DOWN.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Our research indicates people are a lot dumber than you think.

KATE

(TENTATIVE, HOPEFUL) I could go back to writing about politics...

OLIVER

Oh, Kate, you know I can't allow you to do real reporting anymore...

WALLY

You get one Pulitzer taken away...

KATE

(DEFENSIVE) One day I'm going to find that one-armed woman and she is going to verify --

OLIVER

(CHUCKLES) One-armed woman. That's why you're so credible. You can't even think of a decent lie.

KATE

I'm sorry. I can't do... Poop.

WALLY

P'shaw. Katy. Pee shaw. Why, you've got ink in your blood, scandal in your saliva, and I'll need a few seconds for the rest of your bodily fluids.

KATE

Oliver, if you won't let me go back to reporting, I go to the Graphic... or I'll just write for (SHUDDERS) magazines.

OLIVER

Oh, please don't say that! You have a contract and we have so, so many attorneys. And thanks to you folks, they're all full time, so it doesn't cost me a thing to sic them on you..

KATE

Ollie, you would unleash the dogs of law -- on me?

OLIVER

(GESTURES) I have a button under my desk. I push it and a swarm of lawyers scuttles in here in mere moments...

WALLY

(ENJOYING HIMSELF) Hoisted by her own petard! And such a lovely petard, if memory serves.

KATE

You're a petard.

KATE STORMS OUT.

WALLY

How did Shakespeare miss that one?

THE DOOR SLAMS. WALLY GIVE OLIVER A THUMBS UP.

WALLY (CONT'D)

She's a keeper!

END OF OPENER

ACT ONE

SCENE C

BUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE OF NEW YORKERS AT WORK.

INT. NEWSROOM - "POOP" CUBICLE - MORNING

WALLY WORKS THE PHONE.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE, LAUGHING) Quentin, you
sow! I was there. I saw your finger
and I saw where you put it...

KATE GLUMLY GOES OVER PHONE MESSAGES WITH MRS. MCDANIEL.

MRS. MCDANIEL

Anonymous tip: Donald Trump squiring
six supermodels at La Choy last night.

KATE

And was that anonymous tipster...
Donald Trump?

SWITCH TO:

WALLY

(INTO PHONE, BRONX IRISH) Ah, hello, Sergeant! It's Tommy Mitchell, here in the mayor's press office. I'm calling on behalf of the mayor 'cause we understand there's some kind of hush-hush arrest or investigation of some celebrity or sports figure you got going there. If you could just fill me in on the details. (DROPPING ACCENT, CHEERY) I see. Well, it won't happen again! (HANGS UP) Police department's got caller ID now. So, where are we?

KATE

(TEARY) Well: I don't have scat for an execrable column that I'm ball-and-chained to with a bad man who's made me a bitter divorcee at barely 30.

IN THE F.G., MRS. MCDANIEL RAISES AN EYEBROW.

KATE (CONT'D)

You've made me used goods, Walter.

WALLY

(LOVINGLY) It was my pleasure.

KATE

(WIPING EYE) A widow, now there'd be some dignity in that. And satisfaction.

MRS. MCDANIEL

I've been widowed four times and it never feels as good as you think it will.

EDGAR STRIDES IN, EXPECTING AN ARGUMENT.

EDGAR

There's no line-up on my desk, Leach.

WALLY

You're not going to kill me, are you? Like that doughnut man in Nyack.

EDGAR

(DEEP CALMING BREATH) From here ever after (HANDS OUT SHEETS) I want a complete list of potential items by 11 a.m., which is ante and not post meridian...

KATE

(RE: SHEET) You missed a comma.

EDGAR STARES AT HIS COPY. HE FRANTICLY SNATCHES BACK THE THREE OTHER COPIES AND EXITS, MAKING AN ODD SOUND. WALLY IS UP AND PACING.

WALLY

Clever girl! We really must reconcile later. But first things first. Mrs. Mac, any notorious criminals coming up for parole? That's always good for a few angry inches.

MRS. MCDANIEL

(FROM MEMORY) On the ninth, there's a hearing for Randall Klimpert, the Egg Cream Cuddler...

KATE

A notorious cuddler?

MRS. MCDANIEL

It was the fifties. And what he cuddled was the egg creams.

WALLY

That's no good. What we need is (SEES) an angel, come down from on high...

LITTLE PETE, A VERY SMALL TIME HOOD, SWAGGERS IN WITH A LARGE PLASTIC BAG FLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

LITTLE PETE

Got that DeNiro research you ordered.

HE DUMPS OUT THE BAG; IT'S GARBAGE.

WALLY

Like manna from heaven, Little Pete.

KATE

You stole the man's trash?!

LITTLE PETE

It ain't his once it hits the curb.

"California v. Greenwood," 1988.

WALLY SORTS THROUGH THE TRASH WITH A PENCIL.

WALLY

It would seem the finest actor of our generation could use more fiber in his diet...

KATE

Wally, you've sunk to a new low.

(THINKS) Wait, no.

LITTLE PETE WAVES A TIN CAN IN FRONT OF WALLY, ENTICINGLY.

WALLY

(UNIMPRESSED) Cat food.

LITTLE PETE

Pretty weird if he don't have a cat.

WALLY

He doesn't have a cat?

LITTLE PETE

I can make that happen.

WALLY

Can't ask you to do that, Little Pete.

In front of the women. No, I'm afraid

I see nothing Poop-worthy here...

LITTLE PETE SHAKES A CEREAL BOX, DESPERATELY.

LITTLE PETE

Count Chocula! C'mon!

WALLY

Let's try to keep this dignified.

WALLY PALMS A BILL INTO LITTLE PETE'S HAND. EDGAR ENTERS WITH NEW SCHEDULES. HE STOPS, MORTIFIED.

EDGAR

Is that... open garbage?

WALLY

Do I smell... rat feces?

EDGAR BACKS AWAY, MAKING A SERIES OF ODD SOUNDS. AS LITTLE PETE SADLY GATHERS UP HIS GARBAGE, KATE PICKS UP HER PHONE.

WALLY (CONT'D)

That's it, Katy. Back on the horse
that bit you!

KATE

Tommy Mitchell? Kate Harding. (WINCES,
THEN COOS) Yes, he is a royal so-and-
so... (COLTISH LAUGH) That, too.

WALLY

(IMITATES HER COLTISH LAUGH, THEN ALL
BUSINESS) Okay, who do we have coming
up on 100 days sobriety?

MRS. MCDANIEL

Film, television or music?

WALLY

Yes, please.

KATE

(INTO PHONE) You should have him
arrested... (COVERS MOUTHPIECE, TO
WALLY, SUSPICIOUS) What are you up to?

WALLY

Just sending out small congratulatory
tokens of a liquid nature...

KATE

(QUICKLY INTO PHONE) You said it,
Tommy. (COVERS MOUTHPIECE) Walter
Leach, you are a...

WALLY

Mother!

ENTER KATE'S ULTRA-WEALTHY BUT SWEETLY BATTY MOTHER, BILLIE,
ACCOMPANIED BY KATE'S MUCH YOUNGER, MORE BEAUTIFUL SISTER,
REGGIE. (THINK PARIS HILTON, WITH HER CLOTHES ON). THEY ARE
FOLLOWED BY A CHIMPANZEE IN A PREP SCHOOL SWEATER.

WALLY OPENS HIS ARMS TO THE MOTHER, BUT SHE DODGES HIS
EMBRACE. HE TURNS TO THE SISTER, WHO DIPS HER CHEEK IN HIS
DIRECTION BUT DUCKS AWAY BEFORE HE CAN KISS IT. THE CHIMP
OPENS HIS ARMS WIDE AND HUGS WALLY AROUND THE LEGS.

KATE

(INTO PHONE) Have to go, Tommy. Can we
have a drink later? Now? Well, how
about you start drinking and I'll meet
you there? It's a date.

WALLY

Oh, sure. You get to date.

KATE HANGS UP, AND STANDS TO GREET HER MOTHER. THEY HUG.

BILLIE

Kit, you're probably wondering why
I've descended into the bowels of the
city and visited your "workplace" for
the very first time.

KATE

As-

BILLIE

Well, a little bird named Reggie tells me you and Wally are getting a divorce.

REGGIE

(OFF KATE'S LOOK) I can't talk about myself all the time.

IN THE B.G., THE CHIMPANZEE HOPS INTO WALLY'S CHAIR AND GIVES A ONCE OVER TO LITTLE PETE. LITTLE PETE STARES BACK. THE CHIMP BARES HIS TEETH. LITTLE PETE BACKS DOWN.

WALLY SLIDES IN NEXT TO KATE, AMUSED.

WALLY

Couldn't bring yourself to tell your mother? Worried she might--

BILLIE

This is the most wonderful news!
(CLAPS HAPPILY) Have we hugged?

KATE

Moments ago.

BILLIE

Wonderful! You must feel as if a terrible burden has been lifted.

WALLY

(INDICATING) I usually put most of my weight on my elbows...

KATE ELBOWS HIM.

BILLIE

This is a happy day. (TOUCHES CHEST)

If only your father were alive...

KATE

He is alive.

BILLIE

(JUST CURIOUS) Oh? Where is he?

KATE

He just got kicked out of Thailand.

BILLIE

Well. What you have to do to get
kicked out of Thailand I don't know...

KATE

He was doing an expose on the sexual
slavery trade.

BILLIE

Isn't that just like your father?

WALLY'S PHONE RINGS. THE CHIMP ANSWERS IT.

CHIMPANZEE

(INTO PHONE) <PAN HOOT>

WALLY GRABS THE PHONE AWAY.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE) Ahoy! (BEAT) If it isn't
RJ Lancaster of the New York Graphic!
Well, as a matter of fact, RJ, I do
have a monkey answering my phone. Does
that make you uncomfortable?

REGGIE IS GETTING FIDGETY.

REGGIE

Can we go to lunch now? This place is making my skin oily.

BILLIE

Kit, why don't you join us? Reggie's found this place where they stuff the meat with fruit. It's horrible, I'm sure, but there'll be wine. No, champagne!

KATE

I don't often go to lunch at ten a.m.

BILLIE

Oh, we'll fill the time.

REGGIE

The wine really helps.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE) So, RJ, calling to concede defeat and announce you're giving up "Scoop" in order to pursue a career in men's fragrances? (HIS COCKY SMILE FADES)

KATE

(TORN) I'd love to walk out of here.... You're not going to bring that filthy chimp, are you?

CUT AWAY

THE CHIMPANZEE SITS ON WALLY'S DESK, GROOMING LITTLE PETE. HE PICKS SOMETHING OFF LITTLE PETE'S NECK AND EATS IT.

LITTLE PETE

Lot more where that came from.

BACK TO

BILLIE

That chimp has a name, dear. It's Jeff. And he's not that filthy, as chimps go. Although, I'm afraid we may have to let him go. He's apparently bitten Max.

REGGIE

A loyal servant would have kept that to himself.

KATE

Poor Max.

BILLIE

To here Max tell it, Jeff has been biting and biting and biting him. Looks like it'll have to be one or the other, and I don't think chimps can drive. Can they?

REGGIE

They can. Tiny cars.

BILLIE

Well, I'm not riding around in one of those.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE) First I've heard of it, RJ. (TO KATE) RJ Lancaster of the New York Graphic says you're divorcing me.

KATE

(INDIGNANT) I'm doing no such thing!

BILLIE

You're not?

KATE PUTS A FINGER TO BILLIE'S LIPS.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE) RJ, where do you get this nutty craziness? (BEAT) Court Documents? (SCOLDING) That's real reporting, RJ. That's not our way... (SOLEMN) What say you allow us our private and personal pain out of common decency? (BEAT) Then how about as a professional courtesy? (BEAT) Now that was different, RJ; your wife left you for a famous lesbian - that was news! (RJ HANGS UP ON HIM; TO ROOM) Well, I've got good news and bad news.

REGGIE

(GIGGLES IN ANTICIPATION) What's the good news?

WALLY

Actually, there isn't any good news.

REGGIE

(CONFUSED) That's not how it works.

WALLY

Tomorrow's "Scoop" will prominently feature our impending denuptials, including several ugly and sad allegations made in a certain plaintiff's complaint...

KATE

(TRULY SORRY) Oh, Walter, I wouldn't have said all those things if I thought they'd get printed. The lawyers just sort of got me going and (RECAPTURING) I was on roll...

WALLY

(SEEMINGLY HEARTFELT) Tell that to my sainted mother out in Brooklyn who has no idea what a stinker I am...

BILLIE

This is such an invasion of privacy! If you ask me, gossipmongers should be strung up, the whole lot of them.

(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(TO KATE) Except you, dear. (LOOKS TO
WALLY BUT JUST SMILES)

WALLY

(SNAPS FINGERS) We'll just get
something on him!

KATE

Oh, Walter: Blackmail?

WALLY

An ugly word. (BETTER:) "Mutually
assured defamation." Little Pete?

LITTLE PETE IS BLISSFULLY LYING BACK AND ALLOWING JEFF THE
CHIMP TO STROKE HIS HAIR.

LITTLE PETE

Yeah, boss?

WALLY

(TAKING CHARGE) I want credit card
receipts, DVD rentals, library books,
prescriptions, traffic citations,
internet bookmarks, underpants...

LITTLE PETE

That's gonna cost.

WALLY

(SHRUGS, THUMBS IN KATE'S DIRECTION)
I'm still married to the trust fund.

BILLIE

(TO KATE) You didn't tell him about the trust fund? (THEN, BLITHELY) We'll just move it offshore.

WALLY

Kate, you and me and mom and sis are all going out someplace very public and being one big happy happy family. (WARNING) There may be canoodling.

KATE

There may not. And you're forgetting, we still have a whole column to write.

REGGIE

(EXCITED) Let me help! (DECLAIMS)
"What 'it' girl of the moment (INDICATES HERSELF) is having an affair with a very married celebrity?"

KATE

What celebrity?

REGGIE

(DISMISSIVE) I don't know; you pick. (GETS FANTASTIC IDEA) An athlete!

KATE

I can't just say you're porking some celebrity. You have to actually pork them.

REGGIE

(INSULTED) I will.

WALLY STARTS TO USHER THEM OUT.

WALLY

Perfect. Maybe you can pork someone at
the restaurant. (TURNS BACK) Mrs. Mac,
if Edgar comes looking for us...

HE BUMPS INTO EDGAR, WHO WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM. EDGAR
HAS A CAN OF LYSOL IN HIS HAND.

EDGAR

You're not going anywhere!

EDGAR QUICKLY SPRAYS WHERE HE CAME INTO CONTACT WITH WALLY.
EDGAR AND WALLY FACE OFF FOR A MOMENT AS THE MIST CLEARS.

WALLY

You're not the boss of me.

EDGAR

(FRUSTRATED NOISES, THEN REALIZES) Yes
I am! And you're not leaving here
until I have a complete line-up!
(HISSES) Double spaced!

WALLY

Jeff was just typing it up.

TAKING HIS CUE, JEFF THE CHIMP STARTS TO TYPE AT WALLY'S
COMPUTER TERMINAL.

EDGAR IS STYMIED. WALLY ESCORTS THE GANG AROUND HIM.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Come on, happy family...

WE FOLLOW AS WALLY LEADS TO THE ELEVATOR.

BILLIE

I can't say much nice about either of them, but at times like this, your Wally reminds me of your father...

KATE

Don't remind me.

SFX: MANIC TYPING

EDGAR (O.C.)

Whuh? This is just gibberish! Leach!
(ODD NOISE) Get your hands off that keyboard, you filthy ape!

JEFF THE CHIMP (O.C.)

<ANGRY SCREECH>

EDGAR (O.C.)

<SCREAM>

JEFF THE CHIMP SCURRIES INTO THE ELEVATOR.

BILLIE

Bad Jeff! (THEN, SWEETLY) Push
"Lobby," dear.

JEFF PUSHES THE BUTTON. AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE:

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(COOS) Good Jeff.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE DBUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE (FOOTAGE/STILLS) OF NEW YORKERS IN CENTRAL PARK, ENDING ON PRE-WAR BROWNSTONE ON CENTRAL PARK WEST.

INT. KATE AND WALLY'S APARTMENT(S) - LATE AFTERNOON

A HUGE LIVING ROOM, WHICH RESULTED FROM THE COMBINING OF TWO APARTMENTS SOME YEARS AGO. NOW A BRICK WALL IS BEING BUILT REDIVIDING THE APARTMENTS. MIKHAIL, A YOUNG HUNKISH RUSSIAN LABORER, WORKS ON THE PARTIALLY COMPLETED BARRICADE.

KATE ENTERS IN THE FORE LIVING ROOM, ON THE PHONE. HEDDA, A MIXED-BREED DOG, PATTERS IN AFTER HER.

KATE

Edgar, that's between you and my
mother and her chimp (BEAT, LAUGHS) He
did not bite you; he put his teeth on
your throat. It's a social gesture.

KATE PULLS THE PHONE FROM HER EAR. WE HEAR "PSYCHOTIC RANTING." COVERING THE MOUTHPIECE, KATE APPROACHES MIKHAIL.

KATE (CONT'D)

How soon before this is done?

MIKHAIL

(HEAVY ACCENT) I don't know.

KATE

Can we get some more workers on it?

MIKHAIL

I don't know.

KATE SLIPS MIKHAIL A TWENTY.

KATE

Just keep going and don't stop.

KATE PUTS THE PHONE BACK TO HER EAR.

KATE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I doubt he gave you
monkeypox.... Or Ebola... Simian
Papovavirus? Are you on the Internet,
Edgar? Didn't your doctor tell you to
stay off that thing?

KATE EXITS. AS SHE DOES, WALLY ENTERS IN THE AFT LIVING ROOM.

WALLY

(INTO PHONE) Do you really want to
break up a family, RJ? Think of what
this will do to the children we were
going to have? (BEAT) Oh, RJ, that
chuckle is very unbecoming....

WALLY HANGS UP THE PHONE. HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND MIKHAIL.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Mikhail! May I call you Mick?

MIKHAIL

I don't know.

WALLY

Building a wall. How dispiriting for a
prole of your tariat.

MIKHAIL

I... don't know.

WALLY

You're in America now, Mickey! (SLIPS
MIKHAIL SEVERAL BILLS) Call it a day.
In fact, why don't you take the next
several weeks off?

MIKHAIL

Yes! (THEN) Thank you!

MIKHAIL QUICKLY EXITS THROUGH THE AFT APARTMENT. KATE ENTERS.

KATE

(INTO PHONE) But listen, Edgar, the
reason I called: the column will be a
little later than usual tonight...

KATE PLACES THE PHONE ON A BRICK WALL. WE HEAR YELPS OF FURY.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where's Mikhail?

WALLY

(SHRUGS) It's Miller-ski Time.

WALLY PULLS UP CLOSE TO KATE. THE WAIST-HIGH BRICK WALL IS THE ONLY THING BETWEEN THEM. KATE SMILES, COOLLY.

KATE

That was quite a PR offensive you put on at lunch today, Walter.

WALLY

Just trying to publicly project a happy marriage, though (IN CLOSER), between us, I meant every grope of it.

KATE

Won't matter one whit once "Scoop" spills the sad beans of our marriage all over town. Ironic, isn't it?

WALLY

Everything's ironic. (EVEN CLOSER) Say, let's make Lancaster the chump by not getting divorced at all.

KATE

(SWEET, SAD) No can do.

WALLY

Why, Katy? Why not?

NOT TO INTERRUPT, BUT THEY ARE NOSE TO NOSE NOW.

KATE

Oh, I don't know: the gambling, the racketeering, Gloria Grey...

WALLY

(LIPS BRUSHING HERS) Pictures lie.

KATE

As, apparently, does Gloria Grey.

WALLY RETREATS FROM THE CLINCH TO BETTER VAMP.

WALLY

She's an actress; they lie for a living. And she's only saying that because she wants me all for herself.

KATE

Oh, Walter. We're not right. I'm upper, you're lower. I'm day, you're night. I'm good, you're evil...

WALLY

We're the feel-good hit of the summer!

KATE

We're what happens after "The End."

THE PHONE NEXT TO THEM SQUAWKS PARTICULARLY LOUDLY. KATE PICKS IT UP AS SHE DISENGAGES FROM WALLY.

KATE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Edgar, you'll get the column. Have we ever let you down?

KATE HOLDS THE PHONE AT ARMS LENGTH. WE HEAR SCREAMING.

KATE (CONT'D)

(RE: PHONE) Work bellows, Walter.

WALLY

Last one back has to kiss and make up.

WALLY DASHES O.S. KATE SMILES, CONFLICTED.

FADE OUT

SCENE EBUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE (FOOTAGE/STILLS) OF HIP NEW YORK NIGHTLIFE, ENDING ON "MARTINI," A DOWNTOWN BISTRO.

INT. MARTINI - NIGHT

THE CLUB IS CLASSIC ITALIA, CIRCA 1950, AND WOULD BE CONSIDERED RETRO EXCEPT IS HASN'T CHANGED SINCE 1950.

NICK MARTINI, 50S, SICILIAN, ESCORTS WALLY TO A CURVED BOOTH IN WHICH SITS ROSCOE KARNS, WALLY'S OBNOXIOUS CHILDHOOD FRIEND.

NICK

You're usual table, Mr. Leach, with
your usual hanger-on.

ROSCOE

(MAKES FINGER GUN) Nic-key!

NICK FLINCHES. WALLY SETTLES IN.

WALLY

Nick, I'm in a time jam so I'm going
to dispense with the suck up and just
ask you to betray the clientele.

NICK

You know I don't do that, Mr. Leach.

WALLY

I need extramarital dining, too drunk to walk; I'll even accept fatty actress orders six desserts. (GETTING NO RESPONSE) Something Cosa Nostra, just entre nous.

NICK

That organization does not exist. You should know that, Mr. Leach, if you know what's good for you. The fusilli for you tonight?

WALLY

Si. Grazie.

ROSCOE

And make me up something special there, Nicky. (ADDS) With cheese!

NICK

Yes, Mr. Leach's friend.

NICK EXITS. WALLY SIGHS. JUST THEN, A WAITER CROSSES IN FRONT WHEELING A GIANT DESSERT TRAY.

WALLY

Follow that cart!

FADE OUT

SCENE F

BUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE (FOOTAGE/STILLS) OF GRITTY NEW YORK NIGHTLIFE, ENDING ON THE "RED GOAT," A DIVE BAR.

INT. RED GOAT - NIGHT

IT'S THE KIND OF PLACE REPORTERS AND POLITICIANS CONGREGATE: DARK AND MOIST. KATE ENTERS AND SPOTS TOMMY MITCHELL, A BIG IRISHMAN, EXTRA RUDDY, AT THE END OF THE BAR. HE WAVES HER OVER WITH A DRUNKEN FLOURISH.

TOMMY MITCHELL

(BRONX IRISH) Katharine!

ON TOMMY. KATE ENTERS, NEXT TO HIM AT THE BAR.

TOMMY MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(JOLTED) Katharine?

KATE

Sorry I'm late, Tommy.

TOMMY MITCHELL

It's alright. It's alllllll right.

KATE

(CALLS TO BARKEEP) Judy, another here!

TOMMY TAKES KATE'S HANDS IN HIS.

TOMMY MITCHELL

(WARM AND WATERY) Oh, Kate, you're an
angel.

KATE EXPERIENCES PANGS OF GUILT. SHE LOOKS INTO TOMMY'S EYES.

KATE

(DELIBERATE) Tommy. You do know I'm a
reporter?

TOMMY MITCHELL

The finest damned reporter in (BLINKS
BLANKLY, THEN) New York!

KATE

And that this is not a dream?

TOMMY MITCHELL

(WITH DRUNKEN FLOURISH) Of course!

KATE SLIDES IN NEXT TO TOMMY AND PULLS OUT A NOTE PAD.

KATE

(ALL BUSINESS) First question...

TOMMY MITCHELL

(BIG SMILE) If this's a dream, you'd
be naked. Naked nude.

TOMMY STARES AT KATE, TRYING TO MAKE HER TURN NAKED. KATE
GIVES HIM AN UNCOMFORTABLE SIDELONG SMILE.

FADE OUT

SCENE GBUMPER

HIGH ENERGY, QUICK CUT MONTAGE OF TIMES SQUARE AT NIGHT

INT. MARTINI - NIGHT

THE PLACE HAS BEGUN TO FILL UP WITH FABULOUS TYPES. AT THE BOOTH, ROSCOE TALKS WHILE WALLY EATS PASTA.

ROSCOE

I'm telling you, bud, this divorce is gonna do wonders for your love life. You're finally gonna get to do all that stuff you been accused of.

WALLY

(NOT HAPPY) Ain't we got fun.

ROSCOE

Gonna be like old times, Wall. Garrison Beach. Hey, remember that thing we tried to talk Susie Wozniak into?

WALLY

I'm eating!

ROSCOE

Well, now's our chance! Not with her,
though. She's had all sorts of kids.

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN SLIDES IN NEXT TO WALLY. SHE KISSES HIM.
AT THAT MOMENT, A PAPARAZZO STEPS INTO FRAME AND SNAPS A
BLINDING FLASH.

WALLY

Gloria, I've asked you not to do that!

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE H

INT. RED GOAT - NIGHT

TOMMY MITCHELL IS APPARENTLY RAMBLING. KATE IS TRYING TO MAINTAIN EYE CONTACT AS HIS HEAD BOBS AND WEAVES.

TOMMY MITCHELL

Mother, oh, she was a saint. And the devil. That Angela and her ashes had nothin' on me ma. Damn her to hell.

KATE

Tommy, if we could get back to the construction contract that the mayor's brother--

TOMMY MITCHELL

(CHOKED UP) Oh, me poor brother...

KATE SIGHS AS TOMMY BURSTS INTO DRUNKEN TEARS.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE IINT. MARTINI - NIGHT

MODELS MINGLE. ROSCOE, WALLY AND GLORIA ARE IN THE BOOTH.

GLORIA

(BABYISH) Poor Wally Wally, going
through a nasty wasty divorce....

(SUDDENLY CHIRPY) Now we can finally
have sex!

WALLY'S PHONE RINGS. HE CHECKS THE CALLER ID AND ANSWERS.

WALLY

Good evening, Edgar!

WE HEAR INCIPIENT SCREAMING AS WALLY QUICKLY PLACES THE PHONE
FACE DOWN IN A NAPKIN. HE TURNS TO GLORIA, SINCERELY.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Gloria, when I told you I couldn't, I
didn't mean... legally. I'm happily
married, no matter what my wife says.

GLORIA

I'm tired of going home with Roscoe!

ROSCOE

Just for that, I'm cutting you off.

BEFORE THIS CAN ESCALATE, ROBERT DE NIRO SLIDES IN THE BOOTH NEXT TO GLORIA. HE IS SMILING BUT HE'S NOT HAPPY.

ROBERT DE NIRO

(RE: WALLY) So it's the garbage man.

ROSCOE

(DOING BAD DE NIRO) You talking to me?

ROBERT DE NIRO

(COLDLY) No. (TO WALLY) You the garbage man?

WALLY

Do you mean that metaphorically or...

ROBERT DE NIRO

Next time you go in my garbage, maybe the garbage is you.

WALLY

Next time. That implies a previous--

ROBERT DE NIRO

You. Garbage.

DE NIRO EXITS. GLORIA WATCHES HIM, GLANCES BACK AT WALLY, THEN JUMPS UP TO FOLLOW THE STAR. ROSCOE GIGGLES WITH DELIGHT.

ROSCOE

Robert De Niro called you garbage!

WALLY

(SADLY) My life is a public toilet, swirling ever downward...

ROSCOE

C'mon, Bud! Considering where we
started, you're swirling up!

ROSCOE MAKES A THUMBS UP AND PLAYFULLY PUNCHES WALLY WITH IT.
WALLY SNAPS OUT OF IT AND REACHES FOR HIS PHONE.

WALLY

Self-reflection is overrated. (INTO
PHONE) Can't chat all night, Edgar.
Some of us have to work.

WALLY HANGS UP THE PHONE. HE SITS QUIETLY FOR A LONG BEAT, AS
IF EXPECTING SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. THEN LITTLE PETE ENTERS.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Ten seconds late, Little Pete.

LITTLE PETE

I got short legs. (HOPS INTO BOOTH,
TOSSES OUT:) RJ Lancaster's wallet.

WALLY

I can't believe it! You just happened
to find RJ's wallet lying on the
ground somewhere? (OPENS WALLET) Huh.
No cash.

LITTLE PETE SHRUGS. WALLY PULLS OUT A CREDIT CARD.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Gold card? (DISMISSIVE NOISE)

WALLY FLIPS THE CARD OVER HIS SHOULDER. LITTLE PETE'S HAND
APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND GRABS IT. WALLY TOSSES ANOTHER
CREDIT CARD IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION. LITTLE PETE SNATCHES
THAT ONE WITH HIS OTHER HAND.

FADE OUT

SCENE J

BUMPER

MANHATTAN SKYLINE, LATE AT NIGHT

INT. RED GOAT - VERY LATE

TOMMY'S HEAD IS ON THE BAR. HE'S FAST ASLEEP. KATE LOWERS HIS HEAD ON THE BAR, PARALLEL TO HIS. HE SNORTS.

KATE

Tommy?

TOMMY MITCHELL

(IN HIS SLEEP) Mother?

KATE

(TORN, THEN) Yes. (IN A SOFT BROGUE)

Do you have anything to confess, son?

REGGIE (O.C.)

Kit?

KATE SITS STRAIGHT UP, GUILTILY. REGGIE ENTERS.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

This place smells bad. (RE: TOMMY) Am

I interrupting? We're you pumping him?

KATE

For information. And no, you weren't--
I was about to cross a line there.

REGGIE

I came as soon as I found out.

KATE

Found out what?

REGGIE

Right. You don't know yet. I found
some dirty dirt on RJ Lancaster!

KATE

(WINCES, THEN) Okay.

REGGIE

(DECLAIMING) "It seems a certain top
gossipper, when he does the big
canoodle with--" (FLUSTERED) Wait, let
me start again.

KATE

Just tell me.

REGGIE

Okay: He comes out of the bathroom,
totally naked, except for these fluffy
bunny slippers. And then he does a
naked bunny dance.

REGGIE HOPS ABOUT, IMITATING DANCE. KATE GRIMACES.

KATE

Reggie, how do you know this?

REGGIE

I eye-witnessed it!

KATE

(HORRIFIED) You had sex with RJ
Lancaster in order to help me?

REGGIE

No. I told you. I was an eyewitness.

KATE

(STILL HORRIFIED) Oh. That's not as
bad, I guess...

REGGIE

I did have to sing the "bunny song."

(SINGS) "Hippity hoppity, hop on
Poppity..."

KATE SIGNALS TO REGGIE TO STOP. SHE IS CLEARLY TORN.

KATE

Well, this's exactly the kind of thing
we were looking for... But it is
blackmail... A little illegal...

REGGIE

RJ told me what happened on your
honeymoon. Funny! Oh, and sad.

NEWLY DETERMINED, KATE DIALS HER PHONE.

KATE

RJ, Kate Harding. (COOING) I think we
should talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE KINT. MARTINI - MUCH LATER

THE PLACE HAS THINNED OUT. IN THE F.G., ROSCOE PUTS THE MOVES ON A COSMO-SWILLING ACTRESS/MODEL.

ROSCOE

As an actress-slash-model, you're dead
in this town unless your name's in the
paper. Fortunately, you've met Roscoe.

A HAGGARD WALLY AND LITTLE PETE ARE IN THE BOOTH. THE
CONTENTS OF RJ LANCASTER'S WALLET ARE LAID OUT ON THE TABLE.

WALLY

This has got to be the most boring
wallet I've ever rifled through.

LITTLE PETE PICKS UP A PHOTO.

LITTLE PETE

Bastard kid?

WALLY

(LOOKS) Nah, that's Haley Joel Osment.

(SURVEYS) Nothing here. Garbage.

LITTLE PETE

Most persons' garbage is more
interesting that this garbage.

WALLY

(LIGHT BULB!) Little Pete, you've
given me a not brilliant but perfectly
serviceable idea!

LITTLE PETE

Do I get paid for it?

WALLY

No, but I will kiss you!

WALLY KISSES LITTLE PETE ON THE FOREHEAD. LITTLE PETE WIPES
OFF HIS FOREHEAD IN DISGUST.

LITTLE PETE

People think they can kiss little guys
any time they want. It's not right.

WALLY

(DIALING PHONE) Little Pete, you know
I love you at any size. (INTO PHONE)
RJ! Found your wallet. But that's not
why I'm calling...

FADE OUT:

SCENE LBUMPER

MOODY MONTAGE OF LATE, LATE NIGHT NEW YORK, ENDING ON NIGHT EXTERIOR OF BROWNSTONE.

INT. KATE AND WALLY'S APARTMENT(S) - LATE NIGHT

IT'S QUIET. THE FORE LIVING ROOM IS LIT. THE LIGHTS COME ON IN THE AFT ROOM. WALLY ENTERS.

WALLY

Honey, I'm home!

KATY APPEARS IN THE F.G., WEARING A SILK ROBE AND CARRYING A CUP OF TEA.

KATE

Early evening?

WALLY

(NOTICING, SLY) Katy, that's the gown
you wore on our wedding night. I would
have given anything to be there...

WALLY STEPS ACROSS THE BRICK WALL TOWARD KATE. SHE PLACES HER HAND ON HIS CHEST AND INDICATES THE WALL.

KATE

I don't remember inviting you in.

WALLY STEPS BACK ACROSS THE WALL. THEN HE NOTICES THE SPRINGER SPANIEL, WHICH BOUNDS OVER. HE PETS HER VIGOROUSLY.

WALLY

Hed-dah! Looks like just you and me
over here from now on, girl.

KATE

(FIRM) Hedda.

HEDDA IMMEDIATELY JUMPS OVER THE WALL AND SITS AT ATTENTION JUST OVER THE BORDER ON KATE'S SIDE.

WALLY

That's my dog!

KATE

Then you should've taken her to all
those obedience classes.

WALLY IS STYMIED. HE DECIDES TO TAKE ANOTHER TACK. HE PICKS UP A CHAIR ON HIS SIDE AND PLOPS IT DOWN JUST OVER THE WALL.

WALLY

Here. Sit.

KATE

(TEMPTED) Shouldn't.

WALLY

Do.

KATE SMILES GUILTILY AND SITS IN THE CHAIR.

KATE

This doesn't mean anything.

WALLY

It's meaningless.

KATE EXTENDS A FOOT. WALLY GOES DOWN ON HIS KNEES ON HIS SIDE OF THE WALL, AND BEGINS TO MASSAGE HER FEET.

THE MOOD IS MORE INTIMATE NOW, THE REPARTEE GENTLER.

KATE

So. I got RJ to spike our divorce.

WALLY

("DAMN") So did I. Well, we knew he was a ratbag. What'd you give him?

KATE

(EMBARRASSED) I, uh, happened to come across a, uh, boudoir peccadillo...

WALLY

(GESTURES) Bunny hop?

KATE

You know about that?

WALLY

I always heard, but I could never get an eyewitness. (SURPRISING HIMSELF)
Hey, I have journalistic standards!

KATE

(WARM SMILE) I've always suspected you might. What'd he get outta you?

WALLY

I traded him this hot item about a certain raging actor of our generation with a predilection for cuisine of a canned feline variety.

KATE

(LAUGHS) But that's not true!

WALLY

I left out that part.

KATE

Oooh. He gonna be mad.

WALLY

Not as mad as a certain raging actor.

SFX: DOORBELL RING

KATE LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND GETS UP.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR. IT'S EDGAR, A RIDICULOUSLY LARGE BANDAGE ON HIS NECK. HE WAVES A COPY OF THE NEW YORK BULLDOG.

EDGAR

(HIGH SQUEAK) Forty-six minutes late getting on press!

KATE

Why, Edgar, thank you!

KATE PLUCKS THE PAPER FROM EDGAR'S HAND AND KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK, CONFOUNDING AND DISARMING HIM. SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

KATE (CONT'D)

(OPENING PAPER) So what'd you go with for the column, Walter?

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I did Trump on the prowl and mayor's
brother on the take. The usual.

KATE STOPS. SHE READS. SHE PICKS UP A BRICK FROM A PILE
CONVENIENTLY AT HER SIDE.

KATE (CONT'D)

You printed our divorce?!

WALLY DODGES FLYING BRICKS.

WALLY

It was the best thing I had. (DODGES)

We're the talk of the town!

FURIOUS, KATE THROWS SEVERAL BRICKS (MANY CRASHES O.S.) WHILE
READING THE COLUMN. SHE SLOWS DOWN, THROWING ONE BRICK
SOFTLY, THEN PICKING UP A BRICK AND NOT THROWING IT.

KATE

(READS) "Dear readers, what you
suspect is correct: It's all his fault
and she deserves better. A better job.
A better man. When she gets those
things, and she will, this column, and
this man, will miss her."

KATE HAS COME TO THE WALL BETWEEN THEM. WALLY IS THERE.

KATE (CONT'D)

(TEARY SMILE) That was unforgiveable.

WALLY

Sorry. (MOVES IN CLOSER) Aren't you
going to invite me in?

KATE

(GRAZES HIS NOSE WITH HERS) Too soon,
Walter. We just got divorced this
morning.

WALLY

Filed for divorce. Still technically
married.

KATE

(POINTED SMILE) So it's not even
adultery yet.

WALLY

Well, I've lost interest.

HE BACKS AWAY AND BEGINS TO EXIT.

WALLY (CONT'D)

(OVER HIS SHOULDER) But once our
divorce is final, I'm all over you,
Katy.

KATE LAUGHS AND RAISES THE BRICK IN HER HAND, AS IF TO THROW
IT PLAYFULLY. HER SMILE FADES AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. KATE AND WALLY'S APARTMENT(S) - NIGHT

IT'S DARK. IN THE B.G., WALLY CREEPS IN, WEARING JUST PAJAMA
BOTTOMS.

WALLY

(LOUD WHISPER) Hedda!

HEDDA APPEARS, HOPS OVER THE WALL AND FOLLOWS WALLY AS HE
HAPPILY SCURRIES O.S. A BEAT.

KATE (O.S.)

(FIRM) Hedda.

HEDDA REAPPEARS, HOPS BACK OVER THE WALL, AND RETURNS FROM
WHENCE SHE CAME.

A BEAT LATER, JEFF THE CHIMP SCURRIES OVER FROM KATE'S SIDE
INTO WALLY'S BEDROOM.

JEFF THE CHIMP (O.S.)

<EXCITED CHIMP SOUNDS>

END OF SHOW

