

EPISODES SPEC SCRIPT

Written by

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Based on, Episodes

Address
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ACT ONE

INT. SEAN AND BEVERLEY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Beverly stands at the kitchen counter drinking tea. Her face drops momentarily, then she begins to smirk as Sean enters wearing a white linen suit and pale blue T-shirt - like a cosplay of Miami Vice.

Sean stops dead. He notices Beverly's smirk. He looks down at his suit. Now he's unsure about his choice of clothes.

SEAN

What?

BEVERLY

What are you wearing?

Beverly walks around the counter and feels the jacket.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

And it's linen!

Sean looks uneasy. He steps back from Beverly, squirming at her cup of tea. Beverly notices his squirm.

SEAN

Matt said to wear something cool.

Beverly carefully places her tea on the counter - like it's an unexploded bomb.

BEVERLY

Yes, as in cool! Not cool as in cooooool. It's going to be hot where you're going, not 1983!

Sean looks again at his suit. Then he looks at the wall clock.

INSERT ON SCREEN: The clock reads 8.33 AM

BACK TO SCENE:

SEAN

What am I going to do, I don't have time to change... Again.

BEVERLY

Again? You mean this is the result of multiple choice?

Sean fake laughs at her. Beverly picks up her laptop and bag.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
There could be something in
wardrobe you can wear?

SEAN
Oh great! I'll look an extra from
Pucks while I'm out with Matt. I'm
sure that won't be at all
embarrassing.

BEVERLY
Well, look on the bright side.

SEAN
There's a bright side?

BEVERLY
Probably...

Beverly begins to walk out of the house. Sean follows her. He sees himself in a mirror. He looks himself up and down and squirms some more.

EXT. OUTSIDE STAGE 32 - LATER

Beverly and Sean pull up in Sean's white Infiniti. Sean gets out trying to be inconspicuous. Beverly gets out and walks around the car. Morning pulls up in her Prius.

She gets out and walks past Beverly and Sean smiling. Sean thinks she hasn't noticed, but Morning stops and turns, she looks Sean up and down.

MORNING
Wait, it is a fancy dress day? Oh
shit! Did I miss a memo?

Morning begins to smile.

SEAN
Oh, ha ha, very funny.

Sean, Beverly and Morning begin walking into the sound stage.

INT. STAGE 32 SOUND STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Morning takes another look at Sean. She begins to smile warmly.

SEAN

What?

MORNING

It takes me back to when I dated
Don Johnson while he was shooting
Miami Vice.

Morning looks dreamily into the air. Beverly and Sean look
between themselves. Then they look to where Morning is
staring. Then back to her.

BEVERLY

Hello! Earth to Morning.

Morning snaps out of it.

MORNING

Boy he could fuck!

Morning smiles, turns and walks away.

BEVERLY

That must have been thirty-five
years ago! Just how old is she?

SEAN

It's a mystery that may never be
solved.

BEVERLY

Well I'm going to bloody solve it.

SEAN

No you're not, darling. Not today
anyway.

BEVERLY

Why not?

SEAN

You have that thing with Carol
while I'm location scouting with
Matt, remember? You need to be
cordial and professional.

BEVERLY

Fuck! I hate being those things.
Especially at the same time.

SEAN

We can swap places if you want to
got with Matt?

BEVERLY

I'd rather have my eyes glued open
and be forced to stare at the sun.

Through the open stage door, Beverly and Sean watch Matt's black Porsche pull up next to the Infiniti. Matt gets out. He looks cool - and cool. He's wearing blue jeans and a white t-shirt. And of course his Ray-Bans.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(Pointing at Matt)

See, cool, not coooooool.

SEAN

He looks kind of cool.

BEVERLY

That's what I said. Cool.

SEAN

Wait, do you mean cool? Or
coooooool?

Matt walks toward them. He sees Sean. He peels off his Ray-Bans.

MATT

What the..?

SEAN

When you said cool, I thought you
meant, cool, as in look cool. You
know, coooooool... man.

MATT

Firstly, I don't know what the fuck
coooooool... man is, and what? No! I
meant cool, as in it's gonna be a
120 fuckin' degrees where we're
going, not 1983!

BEVERLY

(Gasps)

That's what I said.

MATT

(To Beverly)

I know right? Plus no one dressed
like that even in 1983... or ever!

SEAN

Don Johnson did.

MATT

Yeah, for a fuckin' piece a shit TV show. He didn't walk around looking like a douche.

Matt looks him up and down. Then he checks his watch.

MATT (CONT'D)

C'mon, we gotta get going. The traffic's a bitch.

SEAN

I was hoping to see if wardrobe had anything I could change into?

MATT

Na, we don't have time. Don't worry, I'll tell them you're British. They'll understand.

Beverly leans in and kisses Sean on the cheek.

BEVERLY

Have fun boys.

Matt begins to walk away.

SEAN

So, I'll be back sometime later.

BEVERLY

See you when you land. Oh, and stay coooooool!

Beverly begins to walk away.

SEAN

Oh, very funny. Well, you have fun with your...
(A beat)
Your Carol.

Beverly waves over her shoulder without turning. Sean follows Matt outside, still looking at his suit.

EXT. STAGE 32 SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks towards his Infiniti. Matt stands next to his Porsche.

MATT

Why you standing there?

SEAN
I thought I'd drive.

MATT
You know where we're going?

SEAN
I see your point.

Sean gets into Matt's Porsche. Matt gets in.

MATT
Besides, I'm not being seen in that
piece of crap.

SEAN
(Bemused)
You bought us them!

MATT
Yeah, well, they're good for you
and Betsy.

SEAN
But not for you?

MATT
Don't be like that. I just have a
certain image.

SEAN
Yeah, we all know that image.

MATT
What was that?

SEAN
Nothing.

MATT
Okay then, can we go now Crockett?

Sean smiles. Matt reverses out of the parking space. Slams
the Porsche into drive and speeds off.

INT. SEAN AND BEVERLEY'S WRITING OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly puts her laptop and bag on the desk. The phone rings.

BEVERLY
Hello?

WENDY (O.S.)
Carol Rance on line two.

Beverly goes to answer and then stops.

BEVERLY
Is it actually Carol?

WENDY (O.S.)
Whaa?

BEVERLY
Is it actually Carol on the other
end of the line, or her PA who is
going to tell me to hold for Carol?

WENDY (O.S.)
Yeah

BEVERLY
Which one is yeah? That it's Carol
actually on the line or her PA?

WENDY (O.S.)
Yeah, it's Carol.

BEVERLY
You're sure that when I push the
line it will definitely be Carol?

WENDY (O.S.)
On line two.

Beverly clenches her fist and clamps her jaw, grinding her
teeth. Then she pushes button #2. It's a dead tone. Beverly
wants to scream, but she bites the phone instead.

BEVERLY
(shouting)
There's no one on the line. Not
Carol, not her PA, not you. Not
anyone!

WENDY (O.S.)
Oh yeah, I meant four.

Beverly raises her hands to the heavens as if to ask for
help. Then she pushes #4.

CAROL'S P.A. (O.S.)
Hold for Carol.

Beverly slumps in her chair.

CAROL (O.S.)
Hi Sweetie, how are you?

BEVERLY
(Snapping)
Do you really want to know?

INT. CAROL RANCE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAROL
Oh, okay, no would be my guess.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY
That's why I like you. You always
know the right things not to ask.

Back to Carol.

CAROL
Are you ready for this afternoon?

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY
Ready? Why do I need to be READY? I
thought it was an informal chat
with Merc. Is the show in trouble?

Back to Carol.

CAROL
NO, no, noooo, it's all good.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY
I know your "no" chorus. What
aren't you telling me?

Back to Carol. She leans closer to the phone - looking
around.

CAROL
It's just that I've heard the top
people are a little worried about
the ratings, that's all.
(beat)
Oh and Elliot Salad will be there.
He flew in last night.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

And you didn't think to tell me that? What, you were going to let me walk into an assassination?

Back to Carol.

CAROL

(Making light)

I wouldn't call it an assassination so much.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

Oh, so what would you call it?

Back to Carol.

CAROL

More of an... interrogation.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

Is that why you sent Matt off on this location thingy along with Sean?

Back to Carol.

CAROL

I needed Matt out of the way. You know how he is. It doesn't matter to him if the show is cancelled - shit he probably wants it cancelled. But it matters to us and all the people who depend on it for their livelihoods'.

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

You don't care about "the people."

Back to Carol. She gasps at Beverley's comment.

CAROL

Yes I do!

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

No you don't! You'll just
commission another show, and then
pretend to care about that one.
You're all the same, you fuckers.

Back to Carol.

CAROL

Fair enough, but still, Merc needed
Matt out of the way.

Back to Beverly

BEVERLY

And did it not occur to you that I
could have done with Sean being
here for this... this
assassination. And yes! I said
assassination.

Back to carol.

CAROL

Oh, you don't need Sean. You're a
strong woman, who...

Back to Beverly.

BEVERLY

Cut the crap! You knew Matt
wouldn't buy it if Sean didn't go.

Back to Carol. She shrugs.

CAROL

Oh well. You'll be fine sweetie,
besides, I'll be there.

Back to beverly.

BEVERLY

You're the one who's put me in
front of the firing squad!

Back to Carol. She places the phone down - looking guilty.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DISSUSED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The Porsche pulls up outside of the disused warehouse next to an SUV. It's very hot! Matt and Sean exits the Porsche. Sean waves his hand like a fan against the heat. Then he ruffles his jacket.

MATT

See, 120 degrees. Not 1983.

Matt begins to walk into the warehouse. Sean mimics him and then follows.

SEAN

Why are we meeting the location scouts here exactly?

MATT

You're the showrunner, haven't you figured it out yet?

SEAN

What's that supposed to mean? You make it sound like there's a conspiracy.

Matt reaches for the door handle. He pulls it open and steps inside.

INT. DISSUSED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Sean enter - it's even hotter inside. Sean begins to sweat.

MATT

Think about it. We're out here while Betsy...

SEAN

BEVERLY.

MATT

While "Beverly" is in a meeting with Merc, and God knows who else.

SEAN

So? Maybe they trust our judgement?

MATT

You Brits are so naïve. How did you ever have an empire?

SEAN

We asked nicely?

MATT

Yeah, right...

They turn a corner to meet two of the studios location scouts. One is a mid-forties black woman (Alyssa) and the other a younger Asian-American woman (Jessica)

SEAN

(Wiping sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief)

Hello, we've been asked to come over by the network to approve something?

Matt looks to Sean and rolls his eyes. Sean sees him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(To Matt - whispering)

What?

Alyssa and Jessica look at Sean's clothes. They see how hot he is.

ALYSSA

Aren't you hot in that?

MATT

He's British!

ALYSSA

Oh, that makes sense.

MATT

(To Sean)

See, told ya.

Sean looks puzzled.

ALYSSA

So why are you here exactly? Not that we're not delighted to see you.

Alyssa smiles seductively at Matt. Sean notices and rolls his eyes, tutting.

MATT
A wild goose chase?

Alyssa looks at Jessica. Then back to Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)
Do you need us here?

ALYSSA
No.

MATT
Do you want us here?

ALYSSA
Not really.

Matt turns to Sean.

MATT
See, wild goose chase.

Matt turns back to Alyssa and Jessica

MATT (CONT'D)
Well, it was nice to meet you, but
we'll be going now.

Matt turns and begins to leave. Sean stands for a minute, unsure what to do. Matt shouts back to Sean as he continues to walk away.

MATT (CONT'D)
Ya comin'?

Sean nods to Alyssa and Jessica. Then turns and runs after Matt.

JESSICA
(Whispers to Alyssa)
That was so weird!

ALYSSA
You have no idea.

Sean catches up with Matt. He's out of breath and even hotter.

SEAN
We can't just leave, can we?

MATT
Well I can, and seeing as I'm your
lift, I would come with me.

Sean shrugs in agreement.

EXT. DISSUSED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Sean get into Matt's Porsche.

SEAN

So, back to the studio?

MATT

Fuck that, we got a free day!

SEAN

But the meeting?

MATT

If they wanted you there they wouldn't have sent you on this bullshit goose chase with me.

SEAN

Oh, so now it's a bullshit goose chase as apposed to a wild goose chase.

MATT

Or you could wait in the warehouse and catch ride back with Alyssa and... the other one!

SEAN

Fair enough... So where to? A strip club, a race track, a ride in your private jet.

(beat)

I should say now the strip club isn't a good idea. I'm not sure why I even suggested that.

MATT

A clothes store.

SEAN

We're going shopping? I must say, I expected more from the legendary Matt Le Blanc.

Matt looks over to Sean.

MATT

It's not for me...

SEAN

Ohhhh.

Matt starts the Porsche. With a wheel spin, it speeds off.

INT. CAROL RANCE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Merc Lapidus stands behind Carol - very close. His hands are cupped around her holding her breasts as he grinds against her backside. Carol is standing with her hands on her hips looking unimpressed.

CAROL

Do you have to do this right now?
Beverly will here any minute, and
Elliot could walk in.

Merc nibbles the nape of her neck.

MERC

I can't help myself around you, you
know that. Besides, it's been so
long.

CAROL

It was two hours ago! Over that
very chair as I remember.

Carol points to an office chair positioned at the end of a coffee table.

CAROL (CONT'D)

It still has a stain on it!

Merc sniggers.

MERC

Well why don't we cancel the
meeting and make some more mess?

Carol pulls away from him and straightens her ruffled blouse.

CAROL

EWWW!

Her office door opens. Elliot Salad (The network head) enters.

ELLIOT

Okay, let's get this over with. I
have to be back in New York for...
Ah shit, I don't know, I just hate
LA!

Carol and Merc look between themselves. Carol clears her throat.

CAROL
We're just waiting for Beverly, she should be here soon.

ELLIOT
Who's Beverly?

CAROL
She's one of the creators and writers of Pucks, remember? We sent you the information.

ELLIOT
Who has time to read everything. Besides, if she's responsible for this clusterfuck of a show...

Elliot sits on the stained chair.

Merc looks over to Carol who grimaces. As she does Beverly enters. Elliot stands to greet her. As he moves forward, Merc and Carol check out Elliot's pants to see if they're stained.

INSERT ON SCREEN: Elliot's pants (Backside) There's a small stain.

BACK TO SCENE: Merc and Carol look horrified.

Elliot holds out his hand to greet Beverly.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hi, Elliot Salad.

BEVERLY
Beverly Lincoln.

ELLIOT
Oh, I know who you are - I'm a huge fan - love the show, kudos.

Beverly looks unsure. Elliot gestures for everyone to sit. He takes his seat in the stained chair once again. Merc and Carol exchange another awkward glance. Beverly notices.

Elliot turns to Merc.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
So, why don't you don't start by telling me what you're planning to do to rescue our ratings.

CAROL
 (laughing uneasily)
 Okay then, straight to business.

MERC
 Well, we have shows in development,
 I'm confident we can pull this
 around.

ELLIOT
 You don't sound confident. Do you
 have anything that can take on that
 fucking talking dog!

CAROL
 (trying to add levity)
 How about a talking cat?

Elliot, Merc and Beverly all look at her. Carol shrinks in
 her seat. Elliot turns to Beverly.

ELLIOT
 Wasn't your show huge in England?
 Didn't it win everything? What
 happened to it over hear?

BEVERLY
 Well, for starters it's a very
 different show.

ELLIOT
 How so?

BEVERLY
 Well for one, Limens Boy's was
 about an erudite headmaster of an
 all boys boarding school. Whereas
 Pucks is a show about a...

Carol interrupts Beverly.

CAROL
 What Beverly is saying is that we
 had to make some changes for
 translation. Not everything can
 stay the same when a show comes
 over from England to America.

BEVERLY
 (under her breath)
 Anything that makes it good anyway.

Carol glares at Beverly.

CAROL

And, once Matt was on board, which we thought was a huge deal by the way, of course we had to change the dynamic. I mean, can you imagine Matt as an erudite school master?

BEVERLY

Can you image Matt at school in any capacity?

Elliot looks at Beverly, who looks away.

ELLIOT

So now you've explained why it's a shit show, literally, why don't you tell me how you're going to fix it?

Merc, Carol and Beverly look between themselves.

BEVERLY

Look, I think the best way to "fix it" would be to take it back to what made it successful at home.

ELLIOT

And how do we do that?

BEVERLY

Well, for starters we could replace Matt?

Carol coughs.

MERC

Wait, wait, we can't just replace the star of the show, after all, he's what draws the audience.

ELLIOT

Well if that's the case he's doing a fuck awful job of it!

Beverly and Carol exchange a look of "Oh shit!"

BEVERLY

I, we, that is Sean and I do have another idea.

MERC

I knew you would, that's why I love you Brits.

(in a faux British accent)

(MORE)

MERC (CONT'D)
You're always so bloody brilliant
at saving the day.

Beverly fake smiles at Merc and then turns back to Elliot.

ELLIOT
Okay then, now I'm excited, let's
hear it.

Beverly looks around the room.

INT. HIGH-END FASHION STORE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Matt pulls a leather jacket off a rack and hands it Sean.

MATT
Here, try this on.

Sean looks at the price tag.

INSERT ON SCREEN: The price tag reads \$27500.00

BACK TO SCENE:

Sean gasps and puts it back, very carefully.

SEAN
I can't pay that!

MATT
(teasing)
Would Betsie shout at you?

SEAN
No, I mean I can't pay that amount
of money.
(beat)
And yes, BEVERLY would kill me. Why
did you bring me here, everything
is out of my price range.

MATT
Everything?

Matt hands Sean a pack of boxer shorts. Sean looks at them.

SEAN
Two-hundred Dollars! For boxers? I
can get a years supply at M and S
back home for that.

MATT

Okay, I don't know what an M and S is, but I'm guessing it's a thrift store.

SEAN

No actually, it's a... oh what's the point. Unless it has free champagne at the door and everything is vastly overpriced, which by the way is paying for your free champagne, I suppose it's not exclusive enough for you.

Matt places the boxers back on the shelf.

MATT

Are you always like this when you're out shopping?

SEAN

Isn't there a mid-range store we can go to?

MATT

I don't know, do they have free champagne on the door?

SEAN

(changing the subject)

I wonder how Beverly is getting on in the meeting. Maybe we should go, see if we can help?

MATT

You still don't get it do you?

SEAN

Get what?

MATT

The show is fucked. This is just the obligatory spooning after they fucked it.

SEAN

I like the after spooning.

MATT

Of course you do.

Sean looks at Matt.

SEAN

Besides, where was the foreplay? I mean, if we've been fucked, as you so eloquently put it, and this is the after cuddling, what came before?

MATT

You remember when you first came over and everyone was super nice to you. Telling you how great you are, and that your show is clever and original?

SEAN

Yeah.

MATT

That was the foreplay. You my friend were getting a nice slow blow job. I hope you enjoyed it.

SEAN

I did. As blow jobs go that was one of the better ones.

MATT

Yeah, well now you've been fucked - roughly, and next you're getting kicked to the kerb.

Matt picks up the boxers again, looks at them and hands them to Sean.

MATT (CONT'D)

Perhaps you should buy these, seeing as your M and S ones have just been ripped off of you.

Sean looks at the boxers, then his crotch, and then to Matt.

INT. SEAN AND BEVERLEY'S KITCHEN. EVENING.

Beverly is plating up dinner. Sean enters wearing jeans, a shirt, and a fashionable jacket. He's also carrying shopping bags.

Beverly studies his clothes.

BEVERLY

Been shopping?

SEAN

Matt took me after we'd been on that bullshit goose chase.

Beverly looks at him inquisitively.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Never mind. More importantly, how was the meeting? Are we taking a cab home?

BEVERLY

Are we what?

SEAN

Oh, it's the analogy Matt used. When we came over we got a blow job, then we were fucked, and today was the post-fuck cuddling. And by now we're in a cab.

Beverly looks puzzled.

BEVERLY

Well you can tell Matt that they tried to fuck us, and that, I my friend, blocked their phallic revocation, strapped on a dildo, bent them over a desk and fucked them instead.

SEAN

Is it wrong that I'm a little turned on?

Beverly smiles while serving dinner.

SEAN (CONT'D)

So the show is saved?

BEVERLY

Not only saved, they've agreed to the changes we spoke about.

SEAN

You mean?

BEVERLY

I do mean!

SEAN

So we can?

BEVERLY

Yes we can!

SEAN

Just to be clear we're talking
about the...

BEVERLY

Yes we are.

SEAN

So really they're in the cab?

BEVERLY

I guess they are.

THE END.

