

(Ryan Kolbe)

NEVERMORE

(OPEN ON: HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM AS A GROUP OF THREE "COOL KIDS" APPROACH KYLE, A GOTH)

BECK

Hey, Daaaamiaaannn, what are  
you reading? Goth Loser  
Weekly?

(BECK AND MIKEY LAUGH)

MIKEY

Nice one, Trevor. Yeah, hey  
Damian, what are you reading?  
Black Hair Don't Care  
Quarterly?

(THE TWO BOYS LAUGH A LITTLE  
LESS. BEAT.)

CECILY

No, seriously, what are you  
reading?

(THE BOYS CHUCKLE AWKWARDLY.  
KYLE SLOWLY LOOKS UP FROM HIS  
BOOK AS THE LIGHTS DIM, AND  
SPOTLIGHT HIM.)

KYLE  
(deliberately)

If you must *know*, I'm reading  
*Poe*.

(LIGHTS UP)

BECK

What'd you say, Damian? You're  
a *hoe*?

(THE BOYS LAUGH)

MIKEY

Nice one, Trevor.

(THEY HIGH FIVE, AS KYLE  
STARES, DEAD-EYED)

CECILY

No, seriously, I didn't hear  
you.

BECK

Come on, Amanda! Why do you  
even care?

AMANDA

Damian's really smart, and you  
always make fun of him for no  
reason whatsoever.

(LIGHTS DIM, SPOTLIGHT ON KYLE  
- QUOTING POE)

KYLE  
(lurking, rhyming)

So that now, to still the bea-  
ting of my heart, I stood re-  
pea-ting. 'Tis some vis-i-tor  
en-trea-ting entrance at my  
cham-ber door.

(LONG BEAT AS KYLE AND CECILY  
GAZE AT EACH OTHER.)

BECK  
(frustrated)

Whatever, Damian. Why don't  
you...go get your nails done  
or something?

MIKEY

Nice one, Trevor!

BECK  
(to Cecily)

Come on, babe, let's go to the

car and make out before  
seventh period.

(BECK AND CECILY GET UP TO  
LEAVE. KYLE SLOWLY STANDS.  
LIGHTS DIM, SPOTLIGHT KYLE.)

KYLE

Present-ly my soul grew stron-  
ger; hesi-tating then no lon-  
ger, "Sir," said I, "or  
Madam," truly your for-  
giveness I im-plore;

(CECILY IS BEING DRAWN TO HIM  
BY THE FORCE OF HIS WORDS. SHE  
JOINS HIS SPOTLIGHT AS KYLE  
GENTLY STROKES HER FACE WITH  
THE BACK OF HIS HAND)

KYLE

But the fact is, I was nap-  
ping, and so gently you came  
rap-ping, And so faintly you  
came tap-ping, tap-ping at my  
cham-ber door.

(LIGHTS UP)

BECK

Dude! Quit touching my  
girlfriend, or you're going to  
be in a *world* of pain.

(CECILY IS MESMERIZED)

KYLE  
(to Beck)

And his eyes have all the see-  
ming of a demon's that is drea-  
ming, and the lamp-light o'er  
him strea-ming throws his sha-  
dow on the floor;

(BECK AND MIKEY ARE FREAKED  
OUT. KYLE GAINS STRENGTH)

KYLE  
(authoritatively)

This I sat en-gaged in gues-  
sing, but no syl-la-ble ex-  
pres-sing to the fowl whose  
fir-ey eyes now burned in-to  
my bo-som's core;

(BECK PUNCHES DAMIAN IN THE  
STOMACH, KYLE FALLS TO THE  
GROUND)

MIKEY

Yeah! Nice job, Trevor! You  
punched him in his bosom's  
core!

(CECILY PUSHES PAST BECK, AND  
GOES TO KYLE. SHE PULLS HIS  
HEAD UP TO HER LAP. LIGHTS  
DIM, SPOTLIGHT CECILY AND  
KYLE)

KYLE  
(weakly)

Tell this soul with sor-row  
laden if, with-in the dis-tant  
Aidenn, it shall clasp a sain-  
ted mai-den whom the ang-els  
name Lenore -

(LIGHTS UP)

BECK  
(nearly hysterical)

Babe! He doesn't even know  
your name!

CECILY  
(fiercly)

He stood up to you by quoting  
Poe, which made you punch him.  
The first thing out of his

mouth after that, he continued  
hitting on me with more Poe.  
[beat - to Kyle] That's hot.

BECK  
(agitated)

Whatever. Come on, Kevin.

(BECK AND MIKEY STORM OFF. THE  
LIGHTS SLOWLY DIM ON KYLE AND  
CECILY)

KYLE

I also know Dickens.

(OUT)

(Ryan Kolbe)

BUBBA

(OPEN ON: PEOPLE SOLEMNLY GATHERED FOR CALLING HOURS AT A FUNERAL. BECK IS FINISHING GIVING HIS CONDOLENCES TO MIKEY)

BECK

Your grandfather was a good man.

MIKEY

Thank you, so much.

(BECK SHAKES MIKEY'S HAND AND LEAVES. LESLIE STORMS IN.)

LESLIE

Oh, my god. Bubba! I'm so sorry I'm late. You should have told me you were going through this at our weekly meeting yesterday!



MIKEY

Sorry, I just try not to let my personal life get in the way of work, you know?

LESLIE

Well, *you know*, even though I'm your boss, doesn't mean you can't open up to me about *real things*, too. I'm here for you!

MIKEY  
(confused)

Thanks. [beat] Did you just call me Bubba?

LESLIE

I get it, though. I usually don't like to mix work and personal, but this is different - this is family!

MIKEY

That's right. This...is *family*. Why Bubba?

LESLIE

When I saw it on your  
Facebook, I was all, "oh hell,  
no! My bubba's lost his pap  
pap and I didn't even know!"  
[beat] Where's your mimi?  
She's got to be devastated.

MIKEY

Is my mimi my mom? Or grandma?  
(LESLIE REACHES OUT AND GRABS  
MIKEY FOR A BIG HUG)

LESLIE

Oh, Bubba, get your ass over  
here.  
(KENAN WALKS BY,  
INQUISITIVELY.)

LESLIE  
(to Kenan)

Poor thing's so distraught, he  
doesn't even recognize his own  
mimi.  
(KENAN GIVES A KNOWING NOD,  
SHAKES HIS HEAD, AND WALKS  
OFF)

MIKEY

You know my name's Tyler,  
right?

(LESLIE LETS MIKEY GO, AND  
RIFLES THROUGH HER MARY  
POPPINS PURSE. SHE PULLS OUT  
AN APPLE AND GIVES IT TO  
MIKEY.)

LESLIE

I almost forgot. This is for  
your fashugula. It's tradition  
in my family, and I wanted him  
to have it.

MIKEY

My fashu...

LESLIE  
(earnestly)

It's just a token of support,  
you know.

MIKEY  
(authoritatively)

This is all very kind, but I  
really have no idea why you're  
here, or who you're talking  
about!

(LESLIE IS SHOCKED BY BEING SO  
ABRUPTLY PUT IN HER PLACE)

LESLIE  
(saddened)

Well! Okay then. I thought I  
would just...I was only trying  
to...Okay! Yeah. You just lost  
a loved one. I get it.

(LESLIE TRIES TO HOLD IT BACK,  
BUT STARTS CRYING)

MIKEY

Oh come on now. I didn't mean  
for...

(KENAN COMES OVER AND HUGS  
LESLIE)

KENAN

There, there. [beat] You lost  
your fushugula, too, didn't  
you?

(LESLIE NODS)

KENAN

I'm so sorry. [beat - to  
Mikey] Just be thankful yours  
is still around. [beat - to

Leslie] Come on. Let's go find  
his mimi and pay our respects.

(OUT)

(Ryan Kolbe)

SOUTHWEST

(OPEN ON: A BOARDING GATE WITH AN ANXIOUS CROWD OF "GROUP B"  
PASSENGERS)

CECILY  
(on the PA)

Ladies and gentlemen,  
Southwest flight 2235 with  
service to Las Vegas is now  
boarding families with  
children under the age of six  
at gate A17. Families with  
children under the age of six  
are welcome to board now,  
thank you.

(AIDY PUSHES THROUGH THE  
CROWD, HOLDING HER PRE-PRINTED  
TICKETS)

AIDY

We're here! Wait for us. Ugh.  
Traveling with toddlers is a  
terror.

CECILY

I can only imagine.

(BECK PUSHES THROUGH THE LINE  
CARRYING MIKEY AND KYLE, WHO  
ARE DRESSED IN DIAPERS)

BECK

Honey, guess who had a poopy  
diaper?

AIDY  
(to Mikey)

Good job, Tommy! Way to get  
that out before the flight.  
[beat - to Cecily] Whenever we  
travel, he has some issues  
with constipation, poor thing.

CECILY

And *these* are your children?

(AIDY AND BECK LOOK AT EACH  
OTHER AND LAUGH)

AIDY

We get that a lot. I'm part Cherokee, so they take after my side of the family.

BECK

Thankfully!

(THEY LAUGH AGAIN)

CECILY  
(stone-faced)

And they're both *under* the age of six?

BECK

Isn't it obvious? I can go grab the poopy diaper to prove it, if you want!

(THEY LAUGH)

AIDY

Tommy is 4, and little Andrew is 3 - though, with the way they act sometimes, you'd think they were all grown up!

(MIKEY PULLS HIS PHONE OUT OF HIS DIAPER AND IS CHECKING IT WHILE KYLE IS READING THE NEWSPAPER. LESLIE, A PASSENGER



IN BOARDING GROUP B, GETS OUT  
OF LINE TO TALK TO CECILY)

LESLIE

Ma'am, these two are clearly  
adults! They're trying to take  
advantage of the laissez-faire  
attitude of Southwest's  
boarding policies.

AIDY AND BECK ARE SHOCKED.

AIDY

Why would you say that?

BECK

Why would you say that about  
our babies? It's hard enough  
flying for two, let alone six!

CECILY

Six?

(KATE PUSHES THROUGH THE LINE,  
PULLING PETE, WHO IS WEARING A  
RUBBER DOG NOSE AND COLLAR)

KATE

Sorry I took so long, the line  
at Auntie Anne's was really  
long.

AIDY

That's okay, honey.

(BECK GETS DOWN ON HIS KNEES  
TO GREET PETE)

BECK

There he is! There's my good  
boy.

(LESLIE AND CECILY LOOK AT  
AIDY QUIZZICALLY)

AIDY

He's our emotional support  
dog.

(OUT)

(Ryan Kolbe)

ROVER'S EVE

(OPEN ON: AIDY WALKING HER DOG, FUZZ, IN THE PARK. UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYS A LA THE SUMMER'S EVE "BECAUSE" COMMERCIALS)

AIDY (V.O.)

Because life's not always a  
walk in the park.

(CUT TO: AIDY, WITH FUZZ,  
TALKING TO MIKEY, WALKING A  
DOG. ZOOM IN ON FUZZ'S BUTT  
BEING SNIFFED BY MIKEY'S  
DOG)

AIDY (V.O.)

Because first impressions are  
important.

(CUT TO: AIDY DOING YOGA IN  
THE BACK YARD WITH FUZZ)

AIDY (V.O.)

Because "downward dog" can get  
*pretty* awkward.

(CUT TO: AIDY AND FUZZ AT  
THE VET)

AIDY (V.O.)

Because visits to the vet can  
be expensive.

(CUT TO: AIDY PUTTING ON A  
RUBBER GLOVE, GRABBING A  
BOTTLE OF ROVER'S EVE, AND  
READING THE BOTTLE)

AIDY (V.O.)

Because your closest friend  
can't express their own anal  
glands, you need the all-new,  
"Rover's Eve."

(CUT TO: AIDY HOLDING FUZZ.  
CLOSE UP ON FUZZ'S FACE)

AIDY (V.O.)

Help maintain healthy anal  
glands with veterinarian-  
approved, "Rover's Eve."

(CUT TO: FUZZ LICKING HIS  
BUTT)

AIDY (V.O.)

Smell fresh. Taste fresh.  
"Rover's Eve."

(OUT)

(Ryan Kolbe)

SHOW AND TELL

(OPEN ON: FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM AT A FANCY PREP SCHOOL)

AIDY

I'm sorry, class. It looks  
like we're not having show and  
tell after all today. Barron's  
mother just let us know he's  
got a bout of the flu,  
unfortunately.

KYLE

Aw! I hope he feels better by  
our croquet tournament  
tomorrow!

CECILY

Oh, man! I really wanted to  
meet the President!

(REESE WITHERSPOON, AS IVANKA  
TRUMP, ELEGANTLY RUSHES IN)

REESE

Wait! I'm here.

AIDY

Ivanka?

REESE

I'm sorry I'm late, my brother  
emailed the wrong  
instructions. [beat -  
correcting herself]  
Directions! Directions.

AIDY

We were kind of expecting to  
see your father.

REESE  
(awkwardly)

He...asked me to sit in.  
He's...very busy this weekend.

MIKEY  
(on his phone)

He just tweeted that he's  
golfing.

REESE

It's a charity event...for  
cancer.

MIKEY

At Mar-a-Lago?

AIDY

Put your phone away! [beat -  
to Reese] They're so  
inquisitive at this age.

(BECK, AS VLADIMIR PUTIN,  
RUSHES IN)

BECK

Dobroye utro! Sorry I'm late.  
I'm here now to show, but not  
tell. [beat] Ivanka? Darling,  
why are you here?

REESE

Daddy sent me to speak at  
Barron's show and tell. Why  
are *you*?

BECK

Junior bcc me on email asking  
for support. I thought this is  
what he meant?

AIDY

He meant something else...

BECK

Dah! I should have drilled a  
little deeper, I suppose.

(KATE RUSHES IN AS KID ROCK.  
THE CHORUS OF BAWITDABA  
STARTS, THE LIGHTS DIM FOR A  
SPOTLIGHT ON KATE.)

KATE

My name is Kiiiiiiiiiiid.

(LIGHTS UP. BECK CUTS HER  
OFF.)

BECK

Kid! Nice to see you again.

REESE

Did my brother cc you on the  
email as well?

KATE

Bcc.

BECK

Is the best way to be copied  
on email these days, no? Can  
never know who's vatching.

(OUT)



(Ryan Kolbe)

EGGS

(OPEN ON: MIKEY, AS AN ECCENTRIC, FAST-TALKING, AND EVER-MOVING CUSTOMER ORDERING AT THE COUNTER AT AN IHOP)

CECILY

What'll it be today, Melvin?

MIKEY

Wait now, whoa. Why are you  
rushin' me? Am I in an iHop or  
at the Indy 500? You don't  
need to rush me, I'm ready!

CECILY

That's good, because there's a  
line behind you.

MIKEY

(to Kyle, standing behind  
him)

You in a hurry? You can go  
before me, if you're in a  
hurry.

(KYLE SHRUGS AND MOTIONS FOR  
MIKEY TO TAKE HIS TIME)

MIKEY

Seems like he's okay.

CECILY

Okay, what'll it be?

MIKEY

Ummm. [beat] I want three  
eggs. Just three eggs. Yup.

CECILY

Got it. How do you want your  
eggs?

(MIKEY HEMS AND HAWS)

MIKEY

That's a tough one, Marti. The  
other day I got 'em over easy.

CECILY

You want 'em over easy?

MIKEY  
(angry)

No. No! Don't you do that.  
That was just the other day.  
Today I don't want 'em over  
easy.

CECILY

So how do you want em?

MIKEY

Well, can I have one of 'em  
over easy? And the other two a  
different way?

CECILY

You can do whatever you want.

MIKEY

Okay, so I want just one of em  
over easy. Then, I want the  
other two scrambled.

CECILY

Okay, so one over easy...

MIKEY

Wait! Can I have one hard  
boiled?

CECILY  
(not sure)

We could probably do that, but  
it'd take longer.

MIKEY

Okay, I want that. I want one over easy, one scrambled, and one hard boiled. That way I can dip the hard boiled one in the over easy one, and just eat the scrambled one normal.

CECILY

Okay. One over easy, one hard boiled, and one scrambled.

[beat] Did you want cheese?

MIKEY

You mean separate cheese?

CECILY

No, I mean on the eggs or mixed in.

(MIKEY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, SO HE TALKS AT EVERYONE AROUND HIM TO HELP HIM DECIDE.)

MIKEY

Here I thought I ordered everything, but then I have another choice to make. [beat]

That's a tough one though,  
because I came here for the  
eggs, but sometimes cheese  
makes it even better. You  
know?

CECILY

Melvin, I didn't mean to make  
anything more complicated. It  
just shows up on the computer  
that I have to ask. You don't  
have to have cheese.

MIKEY

Well, is it free or does  
cheese cost extra?

CECILY

It's free.

MIKEY

See, that's a deal. That's a  
deal. That's a tough decision.

CECILY

Melvin...

MIKEY

Okay, fine, I want cheese mixed in with the scrambled egg, but not on the other two. [beat - to Kyle] See, if I woulda got cheese on the over easy egg, it'd be harder to break the yolk with the hard boiled one, and if I got cheese on the hard boiled one, it might just slide right off the top and then I'd just have a melty pile of cheese. You know?

(KYLE AGREES WITH THE LOGIC)

CECILY

So, one egg over easy. One egg hard boiled. And one egg scrambled with cheese.

MIKEY

Wait! What kind of cheese is it?

CECILY

It's cheddar.

MIKEY

Oh, I like cheddar. [beat] You  
don't have swiss, do you?

CECILY

We do have swiss.

MIKEY

Oh, okay.

(CECILY WAITS FOR HIM TO  
CHANGE HIS ORDER)

CECILY

Did you *want* swiss?

MIKEY

No! That'd be gross. Swiss? In  
the egg? Blech.

(OUT)