

JACK  
Your point?

DAVE  
She got back on that bike awful  
damn fast, doncha think?

JACK  
Oh, so you think Emma's gay? Like  
the last eleven years with me were  
some kind of experiment?

DAVE  
Want me to get real here? Give you  
the what's what? The low down?

JACK  
I don't. I really-really don't.

DAVE  
I think you rooify that little sex  
fairy, box her up, and ship her off  
to Botslavia.

JACK  
That is not a place.

DAVE  
You get my point.

JACK  
Nobody's getting shipped anywhere.  
This is happening. We're happening.

DAVE  
Yeah? Then I give it four weeks  
before one of you walks out. And it  
won't be the sex fairy.

OFF Jack wanting to dispute that but coming up empty--

**INT. TRAKARSKY HOME - DAY**

Emma pours red wine for Carmen.

CARMEN  
What, is there an Oregon Grape  
Famine? Bring it.

When it's full, Carmen takes a huge guzzle, extends for more.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

There we go. Okay, let's revisit what I told you on the playground: I may be cool but I'm not this fucking cool.

EMMA

You're seriously worried that your children will be scarred because three consenting adults live together across the street?

CARMEN

I am, which surprises me, and I resent it. I blame you for making me feel uncool in a highly Matherfield kind of way.

EMMA

Oh, I've exposed your Inner Lori?

CARMEN

That is cruel. More.

Emma refills Carmen's wine.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Theoretically? On paper? No problem. To each his or her own. Toss in a goat if that's what you're into.

EMMA

You'd be cool with me fucking a goat.

CARMEN

Of course not. That's disgusting. I'm making a point.

EMMA

A very hazy one at best.

CARMEN

This is right here (HAND IN FRONT OF FACE), know what I'm saying? Our long-time best friends who live directly across the street invite some college chick into their marriage on a full-time basis? To live in their house and sleep in their bed? I'm not down with it and that makes me feel douchey, which, again, I fucking resent!!

Emma nods, takes all that in, sits down next to Carmen.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

So now you're hitting on me? Like that's gonna fix everything?

EMMA

I think the key phrase in that little rant was "our best friends."

(beat)

Hmm? Maybe?

CARMEN

(reluctant)

Fuck you. Maybe.

Emma puts her arm around Carmen, who drops her head on Emma's shoulder.

EMMA

You are my best friend in the whole world, Carm. I love you. Nothing's ever gonna change that.

CARMEN

Promise?

EMMA

Look at me.

When she does, Emma crosses her heart. It means everything to Carmen. They hug.

CARMEN

Okay, this is actually starting to turn me on a little, so if you feel the need to go down on me I won't fight it.

EMMA

Might be more fun if you fight just a little.

CARMEN

God, you are such a perv now.

They've been playing it straight but finally crack smiles. After a quiet beat...

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You do remember we're having everybody over for the game tomorrow, right? Even the Matherfields?

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Or was that fucked and sucked out  
of your brain along with common  
sense and better judgement?

EMMA

Don't be ridiculous. You know I  
live for parties revolving around  
televised sporting matches.

CARMEN

It's called football.

EMMA

Of course it is. And I've thought  
of so little else since you invited  
us. Whenever that was.

CARMEN

The question is, are you bringing  
Izzy? Are you really taking this  
thing public?

EMMA

(dawning on her)  
Shit. Gabe and Marie are gonna be  
there, too.

CARMEN

Yeah they are.

OFF Emma grappling with that--

**INT. IZZY AND NINA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Andy and Nina push into the apartment, furiously making out  
in spite of hauling a mix of Mexican fast food and everything  
necessary for Margaritas.

Neither hears the CLEARING OF A THROAT. So finally...

IZZY

Margaritas and drive-through  
burritos.

Nina spins in shock.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I remember when that was our thing.  
Like a week ago.

Nina drops the bagged Tequila bottle to CRASH on the floor.

ANDY

Had to be the Tequila.