

JAY

Hey, Rob.

I was going to see if you
wanted to grab a latte - but
instead I'll let you go to work
caffeine free.

ROB

You're driving the wagon? I
thought Christine got the wagon
and you got to see the kids
alternate Thanksgivings and
Christmases.

Untitled Jeff Strauss Project July 9, 2007 15

JAY

She did. But, I was running late and
it was blocking me so we switched.

ROB

You slept at Christine's... again?

JAY

Yeah. I don't know what it is. It's
like divorce papers are some kind of
aphrodisiac or something. I was just
there to drop off Megan and Jeremy,
went in to pick up my cordless drill
and Bam! We're having more sex now
than we did in the last three years
of our marriage.

ROB

Jess came to bed with face cream
last night.

JAY

Oooh....

ROB

Yeah.

JAY

You didn't say anything.

ROB

(KICKING HIMSELF) I did.

JAY

Oooh...

ROB
Now she wants us to ``spice things
up.'' She thinks we're in some
kind of rut.

JAY
Are you in a rut?

ROB
I like to think of it as a system.

JAY
Ahh... The system.

ROB
Yeah. It's like, we have a playbook.
We have a handful of plays - maybe
three. We have games on Sunday and we
try to practice once during the week.

JAY
(KNOWING SMILE) Does the offense
and defense practice *separately*?

ROB
(Nods)

JAY
So, what did you get?

ROB
(PLEASED) Edible underwear.

JAY
(LET DOWN) Oh.

ROB
(ANNOYED) *What?*

JAY
I'm a little disappointed.

ROB
They're not for you.

JAY
So, what do they taste like?

ROB
I don't know.

JAY

You don't know?? What happens if she puts them on, and you go to do what they're designed for and they taste terrible and you make the face?

ROB

She hates the face.

JAY

Tonight is not the night you want to be making the face.

ROB

(EYES THE PACKAGE) Well, I did buy a three-pack...

HE PULLS OUT A PAIR, LOOKS THEM OVER BRIEFLY AND TAKES A SMALL BITE OUT OF THE WAIST-BAND.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

JAY

So...?

ROB

Not bad... like a kind of perverted fruit roll-up.

JAY

There you go.