

WOMEN ARE CRAZY, MEN ARE STUPID - JENNY

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (N-1)

HOWARD AND JENNY ARE IN BED. THEY JUST HAD AWESOME SEX.

JENNY

Whoa... That was...

HOWARD

I know.

JENNY

Beyond.

HOWARD

And not only--

JENNY

Totally. Right? And you...

HOWARD

No, you! (Then) Okay, so me too...

JENNY

(Smiles) I saw cartoon stars and dancing sugar plums fairies and those little singing bluebirds.

HOWARD

I saw a giant pecan pie.

JENNY

Pie... Interesting.

HOWARD

Not just any pie. That unbelievable one from three weeks ago with the exact right pecan to gooey stuff ratio. (Then) I've never been with a woman who made me see pie before.

JENNY

Awww. And I've never been with a man whose seen pie before.

HOWARD

And you were worried that everything would change once you moved in.

JENNY

Not anymore.

THEY KISS AND TURN OFF THEIR BEDSIDE LIGHTS. AFTER A BEAT,
JENNY TURNS HER LIGHT BACK ON.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Okay, so if I turned into a giant
pecan pie and you had to lie next
to me all night -- and then in the
morning I would turn back into me
unless you ate me -- would you not
eat me?

HOWARD SITS UP. HE'S THOUGHTFUL.

HOWARD

Is the pie warm?

JENNY

Yes.

HOWARD

Whip cream?

JENNY

Lots.

HOWARD

What if I just had one piece?

JENNY

A part of me would be gone.
Forever.

HOWARD

An important part? (Off her look of
fake outrage) No, I wouldn't do it.
Definitely not. (Then) But I might
need to be handcuffed to the bed.

JENNY

That can be arranged.

SHE SMILES AT HOWARD'S SURPRISED LOOK, THEN TURNS OUT THE
LIGHT. WE HEAR: A DRAWER OPENING AND THEN RUSTLING UNDER THE
SHEETS AND LAUGHTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING (D-2)

HOWARD AND JENNY ARE JUST WAKING UP. HOWARD ROLLS TOWARD
JENNY TO KISS HER BUT IS YANKED BACK HAVING FORGOTTEN THAT
HIS RIGHT WRIST IS STILL HANDCUFFED TO THE BED FRAME.

HOWARD
Annnnd I'm still handcuffed.

JENNY LAUGHS, OPENS HER BEDSIDE TABLE DRAWER, AND GRABS A KEY. SHE THEN STRADDLES HOWARD AND UNLOCKS THE HANDCUFFS.

JENNY
You working late tonight?

HOWARD
(Re: Her on top of him.) Not if this is what's waiting for me.

JENNY
Let's have dinner together. And this will be dessert.

HOWARD
Great. And we do have my son for the rest of the week.

JENNY
That's exactly what I was thinking.
(Re: same wavelength) Look at us!

HOWARD
I'd rather just look at you.

IN ONE SMOOTH MOVE, HOWARD GRABS JENNY AND FLIPS HER ON HER BACK AND HANDCUFFS HER WRIST TO THE BED. JENNY SQUEALS IN DELIGHT.

JENNY
Hel-lo! Who's my good boy?!

HOWARD
I'm your good boy! I'm your good boy!

HOWARD THEN SEES THAT SHE'S ACTUALLY TALKING TO HER DOG, WENDELL, WHO JUST JUMPED UP ON THE BED HOLDING THE NEWSPAPER IN HIS MOUTH. THE DOG STICKS HIS HEAD BETWEEN THEM.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
(Not thrilled) It's Wendell. Yay.

JENNY UNLOCKS HERSELF FROM THE HANDCUFFS.

JENNY
Good morning Fluffy Face. Did you bring in the newspaper? Did you? Yes you did. Yes you did.

HOWARD

He knows how to bring in the paper?
That's amazing. (Then) Wait. How'd
he get in? Wasn't he at your
exhusband's last night?

JENNY

Yeah, Nick must have just walked
him over here because he's with me
today. (To Wendell) Go see what
Daddy's making you for breakfast.

THE DOG JUMPS DOWN AND EXITS.

HOWARD

So your ex-husband is in our
kitchen right now making the dog's
breakfast?

JENNY

Wendell likes it better if the
person who did the morning walk
gives him breakfast. He's not good
with abrupt good-byes.

HOWARD

(Smelling) Does Wendell drink
coffee?

JENNY

No silly, the coffee's for me.

HOWARD

Hon, I thought that key you gave
Nick was more for, you know,
emergencies.

JENNY

It's no biggie. Your ex-wife uses
her emergency key all the time.

HOWARD

Yeah, but she's picking up stuff
for my son. And she's certainly not
making me coffee in our kitchen.

JENNY

Oh my god baby, don't worry. Nick
will make you coffee too.

SHE EXITS. LEAVING HOWARD PERPLEXED.