

FAITHFUL NANNIES

Written by

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INT. HIP TECH-STYLE OFFICE - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

VOICE-OVER (O.S.)

Don't get stuck with second-rate  
child-care - let us take care of  
your kids!

An image on a monitor fades to black, on which we see:

"Directed by Tub Butler"

FAITH (O.S.)

Tub!! What is this?!

In a glass-encased office, FAITH BUTLER (white, 45, equally at home in her Brentwood SoulCycle class and the boardroom) views her computer. Beside her sits MATT 'TUB' BUTLER (white, 42, a gay Andy Richter).

TUB

Faith, have you even SEEN any Tom Ford?

FAITH

I ask for a commercial, and I get some kind of disturbing PSA.

She shakes her head and minimizes the video, just as...her office door swings open, and an FBI AGENT barges in, holding up a badge!

She glances at her computer, notices a file in the trash icon, clicks it - sees "Client List" - hastily empties it.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What the fuck's going on?

Tub jumps on the credenza in front of the window.

TUB

See you in HELLLLLLlllll!!

He tries to open the window. Fails. Cowers in the corner, but fades out the end of "Hell" as if he'd jumped. The Agent ignores him...and cuffs Faith!

FBI AGENT

You're under arrest for violating California Penal Codes 266h, 266i, and 653.23.

FAITH

I don't even know what those are!

TUB  
 (looking on phone)  
 Oh my God, that's pimping,  
 pandering, and supervising a  
 prostitute!

Faith's eyes go wide. She sees MULTIPLE FBI AGENTS ransacking the office and handcuffing some of her many employees, including an ASIAN WOMAN (25) in a bad blonde wig.

A black woman, NIA OKECHUKWU (40, probably president of her class at Howard), picks up a phone just as another Agent cuffs her and speaks into his mic.

AGENT  
 Smooth sailing, Little Boy Blue.

Nia mouths something to Faith, though it's unclear what.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PALM SPRINGS - NIGHT

**ON SCREEN: ONE YEAR EARLIER**

On a hotel room nightstand lies a packet titled: **3rd Annual Time-Share "Top Sellers Sharing Time" Convention**. In bed lies Faith, world-weary. She rips off her business conference name tag, grabs a book - *Women Are From Heaven, Men Are from Hell*.

FAITH  
 "Men need their space."? Why do  
 they even bother getting married?

She puts it down, picks up *Childless & Finding Contentment*.

A cell phone PLAYS The Who's "Who Are You". Faith hits "Speaker".

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)  
 The Fraud Protection Department has  
 detected an unusual charge on your  
 card. Did you recently make a  
 purchase of  
     (computerized voice)  
 55 dollars  
     (recorded voice)  
 in  
     (computerized voice)  
 Azusa, California  
     (recorded voice)  
 at  
     (computerized voice)  
 Cock Schlock.

She dials. No answer. She texts Darryl. The display reads: "Babe, call me back ASAP. Strange charge on our card from Azusa, of all places."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Faith SNORES away, when her phone PLAYS "Every Rose Has Its Thorn". Startled, she springs up, answers it groggily.

DARRYL (O.S.)

Someone must've stolen the card. I canceled it. Just use another one.

FAITH

Was it the valet guy at K-mart again?

DARRYL (O.S.)

Who knows? Sorry. I have no idea where I would've left it.

FAITH

Well, try to pay more attention. See you in a few days. Love you.

She hangs up. Grabs the relationship book. Quickly abandons it. Puts her eye mask on. Can't sleep. Grabs her phone. Logs into her credit card account, brings up "Charges from Today".

CLOSE ON: A \$105 charge at Captain's Van Dam's Fish & Waffles. Listed after the \$55 charge at Cock Schlock.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Captain Van Dam's Fish & Waffles?  
Darryl eats there. But only...after  
sex!

She jumps out of bed, packs her stuff, and throws the time-share packet in the trash on her way out the door.

INT. FAITH'S RANGE ROVER - I-10 WEST - NIGHT

The odometer's at 100 as Faith passes a sign for Los Angeles.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - FOYER - BEL-AIR - DAWN

Faith runs up an elegant curved staircase, then down a hallway to a closed double-door. Pauses a moment, takes a deep breath, then flings them open to find-

her husband, DARRYL XANTHOPOULOS (any ethnicity, 55), in bed, an UNKNOWN WOMAN (early 30s) writhing atop him.

FAITH

Darryl, who the fuck are you doing?!

The Woman slides off Darryl. He's initially annoyed she stopped, but when he registers Faith, he pushes the Woman out of bed! He sits up, but suddenly drops back down in defeat.

The Woman stands up, naked, gathers her clothes, tosses Darryl his underwear. It lands on his face. Faith, ignoring the other Woman, approaches the bed, looming over Darryl.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch. You think I wasn't sick of you? You think I didn't have better offers? But I made a promise!...And you never let me be on top!

The Woman looks slightly proud. Darryl doesn't move, nor does he remove his underwear from his face.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me? You never listen to me!!

Faith nudges Darryl. No response. She picks up a pen, uses it to pull the underwear off his face. He's GHASTLY WHITE.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Playing dead's not going to get you out of this one.

(off his non-movement)

Darryl, Darryl!

WOMAN

Try mouth-to-mouth!

FAITH

Eww! Use yours! It was just there!

She performs an unskilled CPR attempt...finally gives up.

WOMAN

Lady, I think - he's dead.

FAITH

You fucked my husband to death!

The Woman takes out her cellphone, dials. Faith, slowly realizing, pulls her cellphone out of her pocket, also dials.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I think my husband's dead...I don't know. Who am I, Neil Patrick Harris, M.D.?...I guess, a heart attack? I dunno. I just found him screwing some floozy. Asshole also ate too much fried fish, probably...Okay, thanks.

She puts her phone back in her pocket.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(to the Woman)

They'll be here in five minutes.

The Woman is already done with her call.

WOMAN

Oh, thank god! They told me an ambulance wouldn't be here for at least ten minutes.

FAITH

No, not the ambulance. My legal team...do I know you?

WOMAN

I'm the Fairchild's nanny.

FAITH

Eww, how cliché. Get the hell out of my room! You already killed him - what else is there for you to do?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

An ornate casket sits above a dug-out burial plot. An elderly PRIEST delivers a eulogy. Faith, dressed in a designer black dress and black sunglasses, sits in the front row.

PRIEST

Darryl died in bed, surrounded by his loved ones.

Faith SNORTS as someone lets out a long WAIL and CRIES hysterically. Faith rolls her eyes.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

If anything, Darryl may have loved too much. Although he was taken prematurely, he's now been welcomed in the place he's earned.



FAITH

Live here long enough, you'll see.

TUB

OK, great! That's big of you.

Like a magician, he pulls away an afghan, revealing luggage.

FAITH

What are you, moving?

(off his plaintive look)

Oh no, I'm not some St. Tropez  
hostel!

She grabs a wine bottle off the table. Uncorks it, takes a swig. Tub picks up a deviled egg off a tray, hands it to her. She hesitates, pulls a fork from her dress, stabs it. A YOUNG WOMAN with a BABY approaches.

YOUNG WOMAN

This is a tough time. Let me know  
if there's anything I can do.

As the baby is carried away, Faith stares longingly.

TUB

Your eggs are crying so loud, it's  
echoing through your empty uterus.

(re his luggage)

This is all I own. Amazon and  
millennials killed the luxury male  
earmuff market and sent me straight  
to Chapter 11.

FAITH

You thought you'd be the first  
*Scumsucker Tank* winner to still be  
solvent five years later?

WINNIE "HAM" THUNDERBOLT (Native American, 33), chubby,  
wearing a lei of wildflowers, hair a bird's nest, reaches  
between them, grabs a giant bowl of potato salad.

WINNIE

Same thing happened to Jodi Yang.

(whispers to Faith)

Never trust a man.

TUB

(to Faith)

So, can I stay or not?



WINNIE

(to Tub)

By the way, you shouldn't trust men, either - a couple weeks ago at Bel-Air Country Club, Darryl kicked his ball out of a sand trap, which you would've seen if you weren't too busy playing "tonsil-golf" with the caddie.

As Faith stands there, speechless with anger, Winnie absconds with the potato salad bowl, sits in the corner, and digs in as she covertly records the room with her phone.

FAITH

You ignored me for years, while you saw him every Sunday?

TUB

You're really that mad I hit the links with Darryl? I had no choice - I was pretending to be a businessman! Plus, you hate golf!

FAITH

No, I'm mad because I was so alone - Dad was gone, even though he never protected us, and then I didn't even have you. It got so bad, I broke down and called Mom!

(off Tub's horror)

Well, luckily, she didn't answer.

TUB

It's hard to call someone who beat us with a stick...I'm sorry. I would've reached out if I'd known you were unhappy, but after the earmuff fiasco, you told me to never call you again.

FAITH

I meant about payment...but it was more than that. When you got über rich, I didn't know who you were anymore. You were too busy partying on Mariah Carey's yacht to call me on my birthday. You only cared about your Celebutante status.

TUB

But your life was different. You spent years climbing the time-share corporate ladder, remodeling your six bathrooms, and Kris Jenner-ing Darryl's motivational speaking career, after he lost his left middle toe in his crash at the Grand Prix. You didn't need me.

FAITH

But it still hurt, us not speaking.

TUB

I know. Is there any way I could show you how sorry I am?

She shakes her head, looking around. Then spots the mistress!

FAITH

I definitely didn't invite her.

TUB

Never kept her away before.

FAITH

(making a deal)

Do me a favor - go push your friend from the funeral in the pool.

TUB

I don't know that trollop. But I see a crying woman, I comfort her!

Nevertheless, Tub smiles and heads off. A moment later, out the window, we hear a SCREAM, then see a huge SPLASH, then the mistress flailing in the pool, and Tub scurrying off.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rain pelts the window on which lightning reflects Winnie digging through Faith's trash can. Oblivious, by candlelight, Faith pores over papers covering the kitchen table. Tub, in a paisley silk bathrobe and headlamp, grabs what she's reading.

TUB (CONT'D)

Jesus, who are you, Scrooge McDuck?

FAITH

Give it back.

TUB

Holy shit. You're getting two-point-five million dollars?

FAITH

Apparently.

TUB

We can buy back my yacht!

FAITH

Not even quite. No wonder you went bankrupt. It's barely enough for me to keep this house, and maybe...quit my job.

(putting head in hands)

God, I spent the last ten years wishing I was with someone else.

TUB

The South American gaucho?

FAITH

Guy's not South American. He worked with me in South America.

TUB

Oh, so you guys did have an affair!

FAITH

I could have! Stupidly, I honored my vows to Darryl.

TUB

While Darryl honored some tramp's vag!

FAITH

(soldiering on)

Now Guy's married with children. While I gave up on ever having any, because Darryl didn't want them.

TUB

How do you know that guy has kids?

FAITH

Facebook. I feel like I wasted my life - sacrificed motherhood for an unfaithful nanny-fucker!

TUB

Oh, Darryl's the reason you never had kids? Well, why don't you use the life-insurance money to get what you never had?

FAITH  
A faithful husband?

TUB  
Children.

FAITH  
My ovaries are like the seven-year drought during the reign of Pharaoh Djoser of the Third Dynasty.

TUB  
You could foster.

FAITH  
Nah - I could never beat a child.

TUB  
Oh, if you can't beat 'em - join 'em! I mean your rival - you could be a nanny!

FAITH  
And answer to some dickhead husband or *Mommy Dearest* nightmare?

TUB  
No, do what I did - be the boss!

FAITH  
Run...a nanny service?

TUB  
Use this opportunity and financial windfall to get what you want.

FAITH  
I'd want to go back 10 years and realize Darryl is scum when I could still have kids. But the next best thing would be to expose other assholes like Darryl. At least that cheating bastard left me the cash.

(standing up, excited)  
Wait a minute. What if my nanny service hires super hot chicks who'll flirt with anyone? After all, this is LA!

TUB  
And you could record the husbands leering at their chest, trying to grope their butts!

FAITH

Exposing them to their wives for  
who they really are.

They both nod. They're on the same page.

FAITH (CONT'D)

And, bonus - if we get hired by  
unadultering parents, I can babysit  
and get time with kids!...Do you  
know anyone, from your heyday as a  
peddler of superfluous accessories,  
who could show me how to structure  
a service industry business?

TUB

Do I know someone? I know the best  
someone. He's a walking gold - nay,  
platinum mine! He once raided the  
woman who had the snap bracelet  
empire, sold that company off for  
parts, and used those funds to  
research next-generation fidget-  
spinner tech...

(à la *Back to the Future's*  
Doc Brown)

which is what makes the Peloton  
possible!

Faith gives him a dubious look. Tub shrugs.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tub stands over the sink. Faith storms in from the garage.

FAITH

You set me up with "The Highwayman  
of Harare"?!

TUB

Lionello's the genius who  
structured ManMuffs so all our  
profits went straight into our  
accounts in the Caymans. We never  
wasted a cent on taxes!

FAITH

(getting angrier)

He took millions to build "The  
Zimbabwe Central Orphanage".

TUB

Y'see?

FAITH  
 ...to house all the country's  
 orphans.

She shows him her phone. It has a picture of a huge yacht named "The Zimbabwe Central Orphanage". The deckhands are small African children. Lionello tans poolside.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 It's currently docked in Ibiza.

TUB  
 I was only trying to help.

FAITH  
 Your help is toxic. Why do you  
 think you went bankrupt?  
 (off Tub's shock)  
 I could have lost all my money.

She tosses the life insurance policy in the trash.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 So much for your nanny idea. You  
 can't freeload here anymore. Get  
 out!

She stomps off, runs up the stairs, SLAMS her door.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Faith, awake in bed, crying, blows her nose repeatedly. Then opens her laptop. She types into a search engine "Matthew Butler" and "Lionello Cox".

A photo of Tub's and Lionello's yachts next to each other - the two men reach over the railings, shaking hands.

Another of Tub and Lionello standing naked, groins blurred out, under a giant banner "In the Buff Against Buffington's!"

FAITH  
 Buffington's Disease?

She searches "Buffington's Disease". Gets "Did you mean Huntington's Disease?" She clicks yes, then on a result.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- "Dr. Oz Optimistic - Insists All-Lemon-Juice Diet Combats Rare Genetic Diseases."

-She scrolls down, clicks on "Dr. Oz and Oprah on Hawaiian Holiday - But Where Are Lisa Oz and Stedman?"

-She clicks another: "Oprah Calls Out Neil Ohlmeyer for Work-Culture Appropriation. Creates Twitter Uproar and Predictable Death Threats."

-She reads it, types into image search "Neil Ohlmeyer". It returns images of a confident black Cheryl Sandberg-type - it's NIA OKECHUKWU - the woman arrested in the FBI raid!

-Faith clicks on a related link "Oprah Apologizes for Outing Black Woman with White Male Pen Name, Secures Her TED Talk."

-Faith clicks on the Ted Talk. As Nia, in a black pantsuit, walks around on an empty stage, Faith watches, mesmerized.

NIA

When you say "corporate culture",  
you mean "male culture", because  
they've been running it for  
decades. And when you say "tech  
corporate culture"...

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Faith, on her knees, digs through the trash, as Tub enters, afghan around his shoulders, bags in hand.

FAITH

I see you're going Afghani today?  
(off his nonresponse)  
So, you're off?

TUB

I hope you don't expect me to  
beg...  
(pause, kneeling)  
'cuz I wanted this to come as a  
complete surprise - I have nowhere  
to go! Here, I'll do your dumpster-  
diving for you!

He rummages through the trash, pulls the life insurance policy from it, smooths it out.

FAITH

Isn't it enough that you made me  
hate you? Must you also make me  
lose respect for you?

TUB

Aww! You respected me?

She gives an equivocal shrug - "*Kinda*", then opens a bag of Cheetos, spears one with a fork, eats it.

TUB (CONT'D)

I have something to tell you.

FAITH

Everyone knows you're gay.

TUB

I'm also...a butler! I know you defected to the Xanthopouloses, but I found out we come from a long line of butlers.

(off her confusion)

I realized I'm no businessman.

(off Faith's look)

What I am is...

He hands her a business card: "Tub Butler: Houseboy/Rentboy/Funny Man".

FAITH

"Rentboy"?

TUB

Aspiring.

(pause)

And I'm doing stand-up this Friday.

FAITH

I thought you were a houseboy.

TUB

(à la *Braveheart*)

A houseboy, but never...a dish boy!

FAITH

Fine, you can stay. But, you'd better serve me hand and foot.

(off his nod)

And do the dishes.

(off a horrified look)

Consider yourself a dish man...You can start by packing me a bag. I'm off to San Jose.

MONTAGE:



INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Faith sits in the middle-seat stuffed between a morbidly obese man and a Pekingese in a dog carrier commanding its own aisle seat. She takes out her laptop, Googles: "Nia Okechukwu", and fervently writes down four addresses.

INT. CYBER CAFE - DAY

Faith walks down a bank of computers, inspecting people using them. All she finds are two pre-teen BOYS searching porn and a HOMELESS VET drafting a suicide note.

INT. HARARE HAIR - DAY

Faith enters a Black beauty salon, bustling with energy. She clears her throat, and EVERYONE looks up, awkward silence.

HAIRSTYLIST ONE  
(re Faith's head)  
We ain't trained for that.

HAIRSTYLIST TWO  
I can do White people hair. Sit  
down honey.

FAITH  
Actually, I'm here looking for  
someone named Nia.

Half the salon PATRONS raise their hand.

EXT. ARBY'S DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - DAY

Faith, her hair now in a full-on Afro, pulls up to the intercom to order, in a rental car.

FAITH  
Can I have a Dharma pearl on rye  
with a side of smoke monster??

The intercom emits unintelligible gobbledegook.

Faith pulls up to the pick-up window. An ARBY'S EMPLOYEE leans out.

ARBY'S EMPLOYEE  
Lady, this ain't no In-N-Out. There  
ain't no secret menu.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. LARGE GLASS TREE HOUSE - LAP POOL - SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Nia swims in a glass-bottom endless current pool, then rests on the side, sips wine. Her phone BEEPS multiple times.

She opens her Chirper app. Sees that "SnapBackBitch" is trending. She takes a gulp of wine. Clicks on it. Scrolls by hundreds of "chirps", many with her photo. Focuses on a few:

SnapBackBitch codes like she works in the civil sector.  
#CodeBros4EVR

SnapBackBitch don't appropriate our culture you white-penned skank. #AltRightTechSanJose

She submerges herself in the pool, doesn't come up.

EXT. LARGE GLASS TREE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Faith peers into the tinted window of a modern glass house sitting atop a canopy of trees, but steps back when she notices several security cameras. She RINGS the doorbell.

She waits. Rings again. The door finally opens to reveal Nia, wrapped in a towel, eyes red - either from chlorine or tears.

NIA

I already bought three boxes of  
thin mints.

She closes the door. Faith, confused, RINGS the doorbell again. After several seconds, Nia reopens the door.

FAITH

I'm not a Girl Scout. And I'm not  
even here with a kid.

NIA

Oh, you'd be surprised. The Silicon  
Valley working mothers just send  
their administrative assistants.

FAITH

Good multi-taskers. You're Nia  
Okechukwu, right?

NIA

Hmm...you don't have the confidence of a journalist...you're too polite to be a protestor...though you do have Angela Davis's hairdo...

Faith self-consciously poofs-up her hair.

FAITH

The rabid incel horde left. They seemed hungry, so I told them there was a discount at Arby's.

NIA

Oh, sneaky. So how did you find me? You don't look like someone who roams the dark web.

FAITH

It wasn't easy. For theories on your whereabouts, I had to scour message boards run by bored *Lost* fans...who, it turns out, still want a movie trilogy.

NIA

Didn't you think I didn't want to be found?

FAITH

(soldiering on)

Strangely, their theories were correct this time...Listen, can I come in to discuss an opportunity? Don't leave me hanging here like an "infinite recursion"...Y'know, I'm a voluntarily motherless daughter too.

Finally, she's impressed Nia, who holds open the door.

INT. LARGE GLASS TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sofas are covered by boxes. Faith stands awkwardly. Nia notices, picks up a box, drops it on the floor. Protruding from the box are identical books showing Nia in a black pantsuit, snapping her fingers, titled "Snap Back".

Faith picks up a book, sits, underneath a framed photo of Nia, in a black pantsuit, accepting an award.

FAITH

I listened to your book on the plane.

NIA

So you're a groupie?

FAITH

No. I am a fan, but I came here to offer you a position.

NIA

I've been shunned from Silicon Valley. I'm like a black, much, much less bad Elizabeth Holmes. Not for falsifying data, but my book implicated too many tech bros.

FAITH

I'm not from Silicon Valley. This is a special position.

Nia uncrosses her arms, sits down. She's curious.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I need an app-development visionary.

NIA

For what?

FAITH

A nanny service.

Nia LAUGHS. Not in a good way.

NIA

My book tour does pay shit. And I'm getting real sick of Russian Radisson maids over-tucking my sheets and being mobbed by suburban white women who've never managed more than a checkbook. But I dunno.

Nia takes the book Faith's holding. Signs and returns it.

NIA (CONT'D)

You can Venmo me \$20 for that... kidding.

Nia's phone DINGS. She looks at it. Faith steals a glance.

INSERT: If you don't HALT yo mouf, I'mm'a make you CATCH FIRE, SnapBackBitch! #WomenBelongInTheKitchenNotAtTheKeyboard

Faith notices Nia start to tear up.

FAITH

Listen, I understand you're scared. But if you just hide out in your own Robinson Crusoe stay-at-home adventure tree house, you're letting them win.

NIA

Nerdy white men have been winning since the dawn of time.

FAITH

Don't you mean "powerful white men"?

NIA

Right. In Silicon Valley, any distinction becomes hazy.

(pause)

You realize I've been asked to helm other women-owned start-ups before your offer?

FAITH

I thought you were blacklisted. Err...

NIA

Relax. I know it's a term. I'm not offended by everything...

FAITH

What about taking down the same types of men who ruined your career?

NIA

*Snap Back* already did that.

FAITH

Did it? Most of those guys got their own book deals, and they all refuted your story.

NIA

True. But, like most sequels, they sucked...Faith, I used to negotiate with Fortune 500 companies - cut to the chase.

FAITH

This isn't your ordinary nanny service - its real mission is to expose worthless, cheating husbands, and save the women married to them.

(beat)

I need someone with your skills who can write a program that'll analyze a photo of the guy's wife, de-age it 20 years, and find the closest-looking nanny on our roster.

NIA

(shocked)

Oh my God! Where were you two years ago?

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nia sits across from JADINE WOLINSKY (black, 40), sips tea.

NIA

I thought Warren was one of those bosses who just liked to flirt. But, on the retreat, he told me my division's funding would be cut unless I went up to his room. I asked if he was kidding. Then he touched my knee. Then my thigh.

JADINE

He'd never do that. He respects you. I can't believe you'd come in here and spit these lies in my face! If you want a grant, work at your job, not at tearing down my husband!

**END FLASHBACK.**

NIA

Obviously, he had a type. His wife couldn't see it - it was like we were talking about two different people. We were friends; she didn't believe me. So, she told him, and he fired me - some B.S. cause. I realized, if I'd had proof, it would've been different.

(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)  
 (pause)  
 Yeah, I'm in.

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Faith exits an Uber, luggage in tow, and is rolling it up the driveway when she hears her name yelled. She turns to see Winnie in a sleeveless plaid shirt, with a huge empty bowl.

Faith keeps walking. Winnie catches up, cutting her off. She gasps at Faith's hair, then finds her voice.

WINNIE  
 I've come to return your potato  
 salad bowl.

Faith doesn't know what she's talking about.

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
 From the funeral reception.

FAITH  
 (not friendly)  
 Oh, thanks.

Faith grabs the bowl, walks around Winnie, heads for the door. Before she can open it, Tub does, dressed in a gray morning suit, complete with tails. He takes the bowl.

WINNIE  
 I could always tell there was no  
 love between you and Darryl.

Tub's mouth drops.

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
 Why else would he have cheated on  
 you?

FAITH  
 You knew?

WINNIE  
 You didn't?

FAITH  
 (shaking her head)  
 Things definitely felt "off", but I  
 didn't have the courage to listen  
 to my intuition.

WINNIE

At the last neighborhood picnic,  
you said you watched my YouTube  
channel. It has two full episodes  
devoted to his affair!

FAITH

I've never watched your show! I was  
just nodding along until you shut  
up and left me to eat my potato  
salad in peace!

Winnie's insulted, she lopes off.

TUB

I fear potato salad plays a too-  
large role in your life.

FAITH

Whose?

Tub looks toward a departed Winnie and back to Faith.

TUB

Both! You Diana Ross, and...

(pause)

Who was that again? She looks like  
the unholy offspring of Jonah Hill  
and Sacagawea.

FAITH

Neighbor. This whole development  
was her ancestral land. She's a  
divorced busybody, now non-binary  
lesbian, who insists her tribal  
name is "Rapid Tongue".

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Faith, hair normal, and Nia sit across from a pretty BLONDE  
(25). Tub serves a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Bows. Grabs one,  
sits down. Starts to put his feet up, but Nia glares at him.

BLONDE

And both my minister and my Bible  
study partners would be happy to  
provide references.

Faith and Nia nod, discouraged. Faith checks the time. The  
Blonde leaves. Out the living room window, as the Blonde  
enters her car, parked on the street, Winnie rolls out from  
underneath on a mechanic's dolly, binoculars around her neck.



Into the living room comes ELSA CHEN (Asian, 25), a sultry Gina Gershon-type reminiscent of *Melrose Place*, even though she's dressed in a Hot Dog on a Stick outfit. She sits down.

ELSA

Sorry about my outfit, but right after I was fired today, I got an Indeed alert for this interview.

NIA

Wait, why were you fired?

ELSA

For having relations with a customer. He's the Hebrew National Hot Dog Eating Contest Champion. It's not Nathan's, but he's trying. Every day, he orders eight dogs. We got to know each other. He taught me Yiddish in the backroom, while I taught him how to swallow a whole wiener without chewing.

Tub nods, impressed. Nia clears her throat.

NIA

But I'm still not clear on why you were fired.

ELSA

Oh, the Lemon Squeezer caught us on a bag of his lemons, Shlomo's schlong down my throat.

FAITH

(scared to ask)  
And the job before that?

ELSA

Oh, that one was a little scandalous - on break from Lords & Peasant, I got caught humping a mall cop on the purple praying mantis in the Play Place.

Faith and Nia look at each other.

FAITH

You're hired.

NIA

When can you start?

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING

Nia types away on a computer, as Faith looks on, nodding.

NIA  
 You want to list nannies by bra  
 size, weight, or sexual experience?

As Faith ponders the questions, Tub barges in.

TUB  
 (à la *Ghostbusters*)  
 We GOT oooooone!

Nia just stares at him. Faith is curious.

TUB (CONT'D)  
 So, as my first duty as CFO of our  
 burgeoning company, I positioned  
 myself incognito at CVS, sniffing  
 out philanderers.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

INT. CVS - DAY

Tub, in reading glasses with a price tag on the lens, stands very close to the pharmacy counter, glancing over a copy of *New Mother* in his hands at a HOT GUY (30) in line.

TUB  
 (under his breath)  
 C'mon PrEP! C'mooooon PrEP!

HOT GUY  
 I'm here to pick up my wife's  
 prescription.

Tub winces in disappointment as Hot Guy exits and an OLDER MAN (60) approaches the counter.

OLDER MAN  
 I got a text that my wife's  
 menopause cream is ready? Oh, and  
 Plan B, please.

Tub looks back over his magazine, curious, as the PHARMACIST, with a confused expression, hands the Older Man a Plan B package and a prescription bag. The Older Man then also grabs a box of Children's Tylenol.

TUB (V.O.)  
 I undetectably tailed the older man  
 into the you're-about-to-die aisle.

Tub follows the Older Man uncomfortably closely down an aisle with canes, walkers, and bed pans, where the Older Man grabs female Depends, then heads to the counter, pays, pockets the cream, tosses the bag in the trash, and exits.

Wiping away the fog from his breath, Tub stands at the large glass store window, peering through cheap binoculars with butterflies on them, viewing everything he narrates.

TUB (V.O.)

So I expected to see a fertile hag  
with a dry vag and a wet bum  
awaiting him in a station wagon,  
but instead I saw him smooching a  
hot young tart in a Miata.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS:

The Older Man drives them off in his convertible Miata. The YOUNG TART throws up her hands, rollercoaster-style.

TUB (V.O.)

And she had no ring! Then I did a  
quick bit of detective work and  
casually slipped out.

BACK TO SCENE

Tub rifles through the trash, pockets the prescription bag, puts down the binoculars, and conspicuously exits, his glasses setting off the anti-theft detectors! They WAIL as he flattens himself on the sidewalk like a spooked cat.

**END FLASHBACK.**

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING

NIA

So you stalked some dude with a  
trophy wife?

FAITH

No, don't you see? He's married to  
a menopausal incontinent, and he's  
got a kid, but he's having an  
affair with a tart!

NIA

And, what, we're gonna stake out  
CVS till he returns and hand him  
our card?

Tub reaches into his pocket and theatrically whips out - a plastic sleeve containing reading glasses! Off of Faith's confusion and Nia's eye roll, he pockets that and whips out - the Older Man's prescription bag, SLAPS it onto the desk.

INSERT: It shows the man's name, address and phone number.

NIA (CONT'D)  
Our first client!

FAITH  
Our first client!

Faith and Nia high-five. A beat later, Tub joins in, and Nia pulls her hand back, as the doorbell RINGS. Faith looks at Tub, expectantly. He doesn't move. She SIGHS, gets up, leaves. Finally realizing his duties, Tub jumps up, runs out.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Faith opens the door to find a bald white MAN (60s) with big ears, all in red, including a sweater vest, holding a 1980s relic briefcase, and a baseball cap with Droopy Dog on it.

MAN  
Faith Xanthopoulos?

FAITH  
Yes. Can I help you?

MAN  
I'm J.K. Lols with NetLife  
Insurance. Do you have somewhere we  
can talk?

FAITH  
Sure. Did you get the paperwork I  
sent in?

She leads him into the kitchen. They sit down at the table on which Tub already has his foot propped up, painting his toenails. J.K. pops open his briefcase. Pulls out a file.

J.K. LOLS  
We got the copy of your husband's  
death certificate you sent. Sorry  
for your loss, by the way. Also,  
you're no longer named as the  
beneficiary. "Audrey Dandridge" is.

FAITH  
That has to be a mistake. He  
wouldn't betray me like that.  
(reconsidering)  
Am I even the secondary  
beneficiary?

J.K. LOLS  
No. That's Mason Dandridge.

FAITH  
Who in the fuck are the  
Dandridges??

TUB  
That can't be! I saw it myself! And  
I had LASIK done in a strip mall in  
Tijuana - Doctór Gutierrez  
guaranteed I'd have MÁS QUE perfect  
visión.

He tosses nail polish up in the air, drops it. It splatters.

FAITH  
Tub! Let me handle this.  
(to J.K. Lols)  
He's right. I just looked at it  
last week.

J.K. LOLS  
Must have been an old copy. The  
policyholder can change the  
beneficiary anytime on our  
smartphone app!

FAITH  
There must be some way I can fix  
this. What about his will?

J.K. LOLS  
Ma'am, the app is the final  
authority. You'll have to wait  
until NetLife's paid the death  
benefit to the named beneficiary,  
then contest it in probate court.

TUB  
Oh, Lionello is always in probate.  
Probate's a bitch!

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Faith storms into the study, tossing the file onto the desk,  
startling Nia. Tub follows her, sits down, resumes painting  
his toenails.

NIA  
What's that?

FAITH  
The death of this business.

She paces back and forth.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I already have to let you go.

NIA  
Take a breath, girl. What happened?

TUB  
She lost her entire nest egg to  
some freaks called The Dandridges.  
Which is strangely also the name of  
my favorite TV show on Nostalgia  
Network!

FAITH  
Yeah. This business is done. Unless  
I can convince some Audrey  
Dandridge bitch to bankroll it.

Nia types the name into a search window, brings up images.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
It's the slag who shagged my  
husband to death! That's Darryl -  
betraying me even from beyond the  
grave.

TUB  
Hold up - my golf buddy Darryl took  
your name off and put his  
mistress's name on?! That cad! I'm  
glad I shaved a few strokes off my  
score every time we played.

FAITH  
That bastard's not that smart. I  
can figure out his password and  
just change it myself!

Nia shakes her head, opens the folder, begins typing. The  
screen goes BLACK.

TUB  
Oh! The dark web!  
(looking at Nia)  
Oh, I meant the internet. Not your  
weave!

Nia gives him a death stare, fixes her wig.

NIA  
Password?

She passes the keyboard to Faith, who types "1234". Nods decisively. Nia shakes her head, takes back the keyboard.

NIA (CONT'D)  
Amazingly, that's right, but it's flagged that I'm remote. It won't allow me the access we need unless I'm on-site.

TUB  
Yay! Field trip!

INT. NETLIFE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Nia sits across from an HR MANAGER.

HR MANAGER  
Your resume's quite impressive for the help desk position. Why don't you tell me a bit about yourself?

Before Nia can respond, the door ("Esmeralda" on the placard) flies open - revealing Tub in a business suit and his CVS glasses, and Faith in a pantsuit holding a clipboard.

FAITH  
Esmeralda, so sorry to interrupt, but we're talking to everyone on the third floor about yesterday's "string-cheese" incident.  
(off her confusion)  
We're from corporate.

HR MANAGER  
Oh, I'm not familiar with that.

TUB  
I told you she couldn't help us -  
we move on!

FAITH  
No, we could use her expertise in deciding how to proceed.

ESMERALDA  
Maybe I could be of some use. After all, I am HR - we're trained in incident resolution.

TUB  
 (looking her up and down)  
 Fine, you can come.

Faith drags her away before she can say anything to Nia. Nia immediately completes an Olympic-level vault over the desk, sticking the landing in Esmeralda's chair, and begins typing.

INSERT: On the computer, a window reads "Life Insurance: Darryl Xanthopoulos. Primary Beneficiary: Audrey Dandridge"

Audrey's name is deleted, replaced by "Faith Xanthopoulos".

After a pause, Mason Dandridge's name is deleted as Secondary Beneficiary, and replaced by "Matthew Butler".

END INSERT.

There's a KNOCK at the door. A MAN pokes his head in.

MAN  
 You're not Esmeralda.

REVEAL: Nia back in the interviewee seat.

NIA  
 No, I'm not. But she's been gone a while. I'll see myself out.

She exits.

INT. "TITS UP" DIVE BAR - LATER

Tub sips a cosmo, Faith downs a Xanax with her beer.

FAITH  
 Interesting rendezvous point.

TUB  
 They'd never suspect I'd be here.

Nia enters, weaves through many pairs of women making out - one of them an undetected Winnie, with one eye on the trio.

NIA  
 OK, we're back in business. And, thanks - I still couldn't have done it without his password.

TUB  
 Smart hire, sis.



NIA  
 (dismissively)  
 We just made things right.

FAITH  
 I knew I could trust you.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MALIBU - DAY

Faith and Tub ring the doorbell like a couple of proselytizing Mormons. A WOMAN (55) answers. Tub elbows Faith.

FAITH  
 Is your husband home?

WOMAN  
 He's at work.

TUB  
 Are you sure?

WOMAN  
 Well, these days, who knows?

FAITH  
 Do you have reason for suspicion?

WOMAN  
 Reasons? Look, I don't know who you are - Jesuits? But my husband is having some kind of mid-life crisis. After hairplugs, he snuck out to buy a Miata.

TUB  
 Don't they all?

WOMAN  
 I was hoping that was the end of it. Though, to be honest, I fear it's not.

FAITH  
 What if we had information it may not be. Would you want to know?

WOMAN  
 (nodding)  
 Bless you, you really are doing God's work!

FAITH

Bless you! I wish I'd always had  
your courage!

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Winnie army-crawls through the flowerbed up to a window and uses her phone and selfie stick as a makeshift periscope.

WINNIE

(whispering)

Current events at the Xanthopoulos Estate suggest Faith is rebounding from "murdering" her cheating husband by testing out the other team. Faith may have been persuaded to pursue this ebony vixen by her destitute brother and new roommate, a notorious man-izer.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MALIBU - NIGHT

Elsa, now in her signature blonde wig, looking as she did in the FBI raid, with a knowing look shakes the hand of the Woman Faith and Tub met on the front porch...and then greets the Older Man from CVS.

Elsa's wearing a tight t-shirt, tied in a knot above her belly button, with a logo on the right breast pocket - "Faithful Nannies".

WOMAN

I'll get Aiden so he can meet you.

She leaves. Elsa places her purse on the kitchen counter.

OLDER MAN

So his bedtime is eight P.M. sharp. I ordered a pizza that will arrive at seven. You can have some if you get hungry. And make sure you read him some of that *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* - Greg's his role model...Elsa, you must have a lot of boyfriends.

ELSA

Just one. He follows me everywhere.

Elsa pulls out her phone to type down what he said, but it slips out of her hand and drops on the floor with a THUD.

She bends over very slowly to pick it up. The Older Man checks out her butt.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT./EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

Faith and Nia watch it unfold on Nia's laptop screen from the POV of Elsa's purse. Tub stands behind them, eating popcorn.

TUB

This is better than *Cheaters*. And it's in color!

FAITH

I can't believe it worked.

NIA

Men are so predictable.

She stares at Tub.

TUB

I'm hardly a man!

FAITH

I was actually talking about the camera!

Outside, Winnie pulls a rose thorn from her butt, runs off.

EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Winnie, in a nylon track suit, stretches on her porch. Her watch alarm BEEPS as Faith strolls down the street. Winnie dons a headband and heads off to catch her.

Noticing Winnie, Faith speeds up. Winnie's forced into an exhausting powerwalk, huffing and puffing, to keep up.

WINNIE

Glad I ran into you. I have a titillating business proposition.

FAITH

Thanks, but I usually walk alone.

WINNIE

I know you're in the market for the type of info I had on your husband. I have dossiers on men all over this burned-out burg.

(MORE)

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Which I'll provide exclusively to you... for a reasonable price. Got a major wampum shortage due to unfortunate keno bets at my tribe's casino.

Faith stops, stares at her. Winnie catches her breath.

FAITH

Why do you think I'd want that?

WINNIE

I was performing due diligence on your lesbian relationship for my show - my best-and-only fan loved that episode, by the way - and I caught your Lifetime surveillance movie.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - TUB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Faith walks by Tub's open door, sees him inserting tiny needles into a doll.

FAITH

Christ, you still have that thing? I thought you got hypnosis to stop sleeping with it.

TUB

I'm self-teaching myself voodoo. It's Audrey Dandridge.

FAITH

(lying on the bed)  
Well, then...continue.

TUB

I dressed her up in one of the many baby outfits from that excessive collection in the closet.

(off her shame, shrinklike)  
So what's bothering you today, Faith?

FAITH

I had to hire the gossip-monger from *Tiger King* as a source.

TUB

I wanted to be the plug!

FAITH

I know, but this isn't a bath house  
in San Francisco. She knows too  
much, so you have to work together.  
Let's see how good she really is.

She grabs her laptop. Logs onto the "Rapidly Tonguing the  
News" YouTube Live channel.

Onscreen: Winnie, in the bushes.

WINNIE

Here we find ourselves in the  
Rushbaum's rhododendra. It's been  
three hours since Greta Rushbaum  
ushered in math team head Jimmy  
Franklin, and, as you can see,  
(holding up phone)  
there's not a car in the garage.  
What could two unsupervised  
teenagers be up to? We'll find out  
as soon as I scale this trellis...

The screen goes DARK. Sounds of HUFFING and STRAINING, then  
CRASHING. The picture comes back; Winnie lies in the grass.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Stand by for attempt #2. Meanwhile,  
we can agree this is another ballsy  
move by Greta, given last week's  
spycam footage, showing her leaving  
the pharmacy, left hand clutching  
the muscled right hand of quarter-  
back Robbie Bronson, right hand  
concealing a newly purchased  
pregnancy test.

FAITH (O.S.)

This is even better than when we  
used to rush home after school to  
watch *A Current Affair*.

Winnie stands up, brushes herself off.

WINNIE

And now, an ad from a new  
friend...and sponsor! Faithful  
Nannies - let us take care of your  
kids! Just "Bing" us!

FAITH (O.S.)

"Sponsor"?!"

TUB (O.S.)

"Bing"??

Onscreen, as "Live Viewers" updates from "1" to "2", we PULL OUT, see a man's hand on a mousepad click on a heart, exploding hearts on the screen - 'Loved' by "#1 Tonguer".

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL:**

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The hand leaves the mousepad, grabs some ManMuffs, puts them over his ears. It's GUY SANCHEZ (Hispanic, 40, a Don-Draper type, but in khakis and a windbreaker). He live-comments "Great! I need a nanny for my son!", then goes to Bing.com.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The doorbell RINGS. Faith looks around, then goes to answer.

FAITH

Tub! That guy Nia booked from Bing is here! Act like a butler!

She opens the door.

Guy? FAITH (CONT'D)

Faith?

GUY

THE END.