

**BRIGHT FUTURES**

"Pilot Episode"

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COLD OPEN

The Who's era-defending classic, "*My Generation*" BLASTS and as the SCREEN STYLISTICALLY FILLS with ICONIC IMAGERY from VARIOUS GENERATIONS (*WWII SOLDIERS FIGHTING, ROSIE THE RIVETER FLEXING, MLK DREAMING, HIPPIES PROTESTING, THE BERLIN WALL FALLING*) we hear the inviting, magnetic voice of our FEMALE NARRATOR, who we get the sense has a very special relationship to the story she's telling...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When we look back on the best and brightest from every generation, it's clear how they all changed our world for the better...

INSERT: JFK STANDING AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PODIUM, SHOOTING FOR THE MOON. BILL GATES LAUNCHING 'WINDOWS.' JK ROWLING RELEASING *SORCEROR'S STONE*. OBAMA PROCLAIMING, "YES WE CAN!"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But if you look back at all those amazing people from those iconic generations, you'll see that at one time, they all had something very specific in common... They had no idea what the fuck they were doing...

INSERT: OBAMA IN THAT RIDICULOUS HAT, SMOKING A JOINT. A FLOPPY HAired BILL GATES SMILING IN HIS ALBUQUERQUE MUG SHOT. A HOMELESS JK ROWLING SCRIBBLING *HARRY POTTER* ONTO NAPKINS. JFK IN A ONE PIECE BATHING SUIT WORKING ON HIS BACKSTROKE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Your 20's... That time everyone goes through when you're not quite an adult but you're definitely not a kid either. That time when you couldn't be further from who you are and who you're going to be. That time when even the best of the best, are at their worst...

INSERT: THE INFAMOUS SHOT OF DWAYNE 'THE ROCK' JOHNSON WEARING A BLACK TURTLENECK, STERLING SILVER CHAIN AND HIS THUMB HANGING EVER SO CONFIDENTLY OFF HIS FANNY PACK...

Suddenly, we hear "*My Generation*" stop and KANYE'S modern-day anthem, "*POWER*" ABRUPTLY KICK IN as we SMASH TO...

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - PRESENT DAY**

PUSH IN ON a RUNDOWN, OVERPRICED HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Take this crew right here...

An APARTMENT DOOR opens and we MEET OUR GANG for the first time, reaching out, snatching their DELIVERY ORDERS: IN-N-OUT FROM POSTMATES, LIQUOR FROM SAUCY, WEED EDIBLES FROM GREENLY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They're the next generation up. And at this moment, they are without a doubt, no question, at their very worst...

**INT. SHITTY HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

FOLLOWING THEM IN, we see what's basically a frat house packed into a four bed, one bath shithole: RED SOLO CUPS LEFT OUT FROM DRINKING GAMES, SMUSHED SPIDERS ON THE WALLS, EXTENSION CORDS RUNNING ACROSS THE FLOOR... It kinda looks like the Superdome post-Katrina. We LAND ON the living room centerpiece - FOUR MISMATCHED HAND-ME-DOWN COUCHES arranged in a SQUARE-SHAPED FORMATION - where they plop down and begin TEARING INTO THEIR DELIVERY GOODS...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Crazy thing is...

CHYRONS/ARROWS point to the squad: "DOCTOR", "LAWYER", "ENTREPRENEUR", "WRITER", "ACCOUNTANT".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is who we'll be depending on to cure cancer, fix our justice system, start Fortune 500 companies, write the next American classic, and handle our finances. Yep... Them... Those people... They're the future... And they might just be amongst this generation's select few who we one day look back on and talk about how they changed the world for the better...

As the gang pours shots out the bottle into each other's mouths and puts their gummies in between their burger buns...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Orrrr they might not... It's basically a coin toss at this point.

Off the next generation's best and brightest giving us more cause for concern than ever, **SMASH CUT TO:**

**TITLE CARD UP: BRIGHT FUTURES**

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - A FEW HOURS LATER**

Everyone's still on the couches. Food's long gone, alcohol's pretty close, and the drugs? Well, the drugs are working. Which is a good thing when you're watching PLANET EARTH on NETFLIX. After a beat, the TV SCREEN FREEZES and the world's most frustrating RED SPINNING WHEEL appears. GROANS from the GANG. Everyone just sits there, staring... who's going to step up and fix it? The really LONG BEAT tells us no one.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So as I was saying, this is the cream of the Millennial crop. They're just about to take their first steps into the 'real world'. And while that might be terrifying to most people, these aren't most people...

FURBY (Indian, always wearing scrubs, growing up he looked like a Furby doll so now he does everything in his power to look like Armie Hammer) slowly sits up, yawning.

FURBY

I should probably call it a night.  
Got my first *surgery* in the morning.  
(beat, fishing for reaction)  
It's a Cholecystectomy, sooo...

FREEZE FRAME: CHYRON/ARROW points to "FURBY".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Furby. He's a doctor who became a doctor mostly so people would call him a doctor.

**INT. STARBUCKS - FLASHBACK**

A STARBUCKS BARISTA reads off a coffee cup, CALLING OUT:

BARISTA

Skinny Vanilla Latte for Dr. Furby?

FURBY

That's me. I'm Dr. Furby.

"Dr. Furby," proudly claims his drink with a finger in the air, looking for any and all eye contact possible.

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

AARON (Black, in a White tee with the "Black Fist" emoji, but don't call him "woke" he thinks that shit's corny) daps Furby.

AARON

Yo, that's big time. Your first surgery. You're really doing it, man... We're all really doing it.

FREEZE FRAME: CHYRON/ARROW points to "AARON".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Aaron. He's not really doing it... He graduated top of his law class, genuinely excited to make a difference in the world...

INSERT: The guys are watching an NFL GAME. The National Anthem comes on and Aaron gets off the couch, TAKING A KNEE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unfortunately, he got a little too excited the night he passed the bar...

WE SEE QUICK POPS of AARON CELEBRATING: CHUGGING CHAMPAGNE, STUMBLING TO CAR, CRASHING INTO LIGHTPOLE, ARRESTED, MUGSHOT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was forced to give up a promising Big Law opportunity with these guys...

INSERT: A group of PRESTIGIOUS LAW PARTNERS pose in \$3000 suits on the cover of SUPER LAWYERS magazine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And settle for a job as a lowly personal injury attorney working for this guy...

INSERT: ROADSIDE BENCH for "LAW OFFICES OF JOSE FERNANDEZ" with the tagline: *"Been in a crash? Cash! Cash! Cash!"*

**BACK TO SCENE:**

AARON

I should probably knock out, too. We just got a pretty big new client off a slip-n-fall at the Food 4 Less and I think Jose might let me run point.

(then, forcing a smile)

Yep, we're all really doing it.

BERGER

(shaking his head)

See? Shit like this is why I became my own boss.

FREEZE FRAME: CHYRON/ARROW points to "BERGER" (White, draped in a stolen Doubletree hotel robe) open laptop on his belly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Berger is in fact his own boss. He just doesn't have anything a boss has. Like a company. Or employees. Or a decent suit.

POP TO: 12-YEAR-OLD BERGER listens to Jagged Edge's "Where the Party At" on an iPod, seated next to his PARENTS at a FUNERAL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

See, when Berger was 12-years-old his Nana passed away and he asked his parents to invest the money she left him in Apple stock. They instead invested in what they thought was the much smarter move... US treasury bonds.

POP TO: 18-YEAR-OLD BERGER grilling his parents as they hand him back a stack of matured US TREASURY BONDS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Losing out on 1.2 million dollars would've broken a normal man, but Berger is no normal man...

POP TO: Berger, wearing a Steve Jobs-inspired BLACK TURTLENECK strutting into USC BUSINESS SCHOOL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He became determined to not just invest in the next Apple, but create it...

QUICK POPS of Berger in class, presenting start-up ideas - "SHAZAAM FOR DEAF PEOPLE", "FIVE FINGERED BOWLING BALLS..."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And his latest venture...

#### INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Berger turns his laptop to the gang, displaying a collage of IMAGES (Wall Street Bull, random charts and graphs, a giant marijuana leaf) under a banner that reads: *TECHNICAL 420*.

BERGER

*Technical420* - the world's first and only one stop shop for all your marijuana stock consulting needs.

The gang stares back at an enthusiastic Berger, then:

AARON

Sounds dope.

FURBY

There's definitely a gap in the market.

Berger nods, pleased by their reactions, as DANNY (think a young Larry David in older Larry David's clothing) approaches holding up two very similar looking button-downs.

DANNY

Okay, so which one of these shirts says I'm a writer, but like a cool writer, but like doesn't say I'm a writer trying to be cool, more just like a writer who happens to be cool?

FREEZE FRAME: CHYRON/ARROW points to "DANNY".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This ball of confidence is Danny... and he's convinced he's the voice of his generation.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - FLASHBACK**

The guys are studying as Danny eagerly approaches, dropping a SCRIPT like he's dropping a mic.

DANNY

Guys, I could be wrong, but I'm pretty sure I just wrote the next 'Superbad.'

ANGLE ON the title of Danny's script: 'OY VEGAS'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was wrong... 'Oy Vegas' was not the next 'Superbad'. But it was good enough to win him the coveted Boca Raton JCC 'Rising Star of David' Award.

INSERT: YOUNG DANNY holds up a SHOOTING STAR OF DAVID TROPHY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After college, Danny crushed USC Film School, and tomorrow he's starting his first day at his first job working for Hollywood's hottest up-and-coming writer.

INSERT 'DEADLINE' ARTICLE: "ABC Wins Bidding War for diverse family comedy - *African American't*" with a GLAMOUR SHOT of BROOKLYN HARRIS (Black, feet kicked up, head to toe in denim, sunglasses on indoors - Webster's definition of an asshole).

**BACK TO SCENE:** The gang glares up at Danny's outfit options.

FURBY

Any chance you have something that wasn't pulled off the last rack of the American Apparel bankruptcy sale?

AARON

Or the irregular section of TJ Maxx?

Danny subtly adjusts his sleeve, one of which is longer.

BERGER

Why don't you wear that silver chain  
you used to rock in middle school?

AARON

(defensive)

Oh, because his boss is Black?

BERGER

No, because it's a dope chain.  
(then, off Aaron's stare)  
And because his boss is Black.

Danny turns to SARAH (girl next door-type but with a behind-the-ear tattoo, think Demi Lovato from *Sonny with a Chance* mixed with Demi Lovato from her stint at *Passages Malibu*).

DANNY

What do you think?

SARAH

I think both work... if you're going  
for like a Rachel Maddow sort of vibe.

FREEZE FRAME: CHYRON/ARROW points to "SARAH".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And finally, Sarah... she lived next  
door to the guys in college and since  
drinking was banned in her sorority,  
she spent a lot of time at their place.

POP TO: Something from the golden years of Flo Rida (circa Spring 2008 - Summer 2010) BLASTS as 18-YEAR-OLD SARAH SLAMS BACK drinks with the GUYS on the SAME MISMATCHED COUCHES in, if you can imagine, an even shittier college apartment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She was an accounting major and when  
the guys went off to grad school, she  
did the math, deciding to forgo the  
whole 'extra education in exchange for  
a lifetime of student debt' thing and  
got the highest paying job she could...

**INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - BULLPEN - FLASHBACK**

Sarah, wearing a strategically one-size-too-small Ann Taylor starter suit in her pristine cubicle, OPENS A SPREADSHEET.



NARRATOR (V.O.)

At a Big 4 Accounting firm in  
Manhattan. And she was a natural...

Sarah POPS AN ADDERALL, washes it down with a 5-HOUR ENERGY,  
then raises her hand, CATCHING AND NO-LOOK PASSING BACK THE  
NERF BASKETBALL tossed by her crossing BOSS before DIVING  
BACK INTO EXCEL without missing a beat. She's an animal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And now, after four years of hard work  
and a long list of 'looked but  
definitely never touched' admirers,  
she's got an interview for a promotion  
at the firm's LA office and is crashing  
with the guys for the week.

**BACK TO SCENE:** Danny's still holding the shirts up to Sarah.

DANNY

Rachel Maddow isn't exactly the look  
I'm going for.

SARAH

Really? 'Cause you nailed it.

BERGER

Just borrow something from Furby.

FURBY

Oh, because I'm gay?

BERGER

No, because you have nice clothes.  
(then, off Furby's look)  
Which is probably because you're gay.

Furby nods, agreeing. As they all march to bed with purpose,  
PLANET EARTH suddenly STARTS PLAYING AGAIN. Everyone freezes.

SARAH

There is only 20 minutes left...

AARON

And a slip-n-fall in the produce  
section is pretty open and shut.

FURBY

I mean, it's not a *major* surgery.

As everyone settles back in...

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Diddy's "*Bad Boys For Life*" plays out of a Beats Pill that looks like someone tried to swallow. Danny stares at one of his shirts hanging near the running shower, trying to use the steam to get out the wrinkles... He turns to the mirror where Furby is applying easily two pounds of gel in his hair.

DANNY

(re: Furby's hair)

Wow, I can actually see my reflection.

FURBY

Does it look fidgety and nervous, like a man in a boy's body about to go out and shit the bed of life? 'Cause if so, you absolutely can.

Danny subtly adjusts his stance trying to look confident.

DANNY

You think I picked the right shirt?

FURBY

You know I don't.

Furby takes out a large tooth comb and coiffs his hair.

FURBY (CONT'D)

But hey, maybe you'll get it together with Sarah here.

DANNY

What's that supposed to mean?

AARON (O.S.)

I think you know what it means.

REVEAL Aaron's been sitting on the toilet this whole time.

AARON (CONT'D)

You're in love with her. Have been since college. Just admit it, bro.

DANNY

There's nothing to admit.

Furby runs two dimes of pomade through his hair.

FURBY

So it's just a coincidence you started wearing cologne and using mouth wash since she moved here?

DANNY

She hasn't moved here yet. She still  
has to interview and I --

FURBY

Don't want to get your hopes up.

DANNY

That's not what I'm saying.

BERGER (O.S.)

That's exactly what you're saying.

BERGER SUDDENLY EMERGES from the steaming shower.

BERGER (CONT'D)

If you're not interested, I'm happy to--

Just then, Sarah enters mid-yawn to see the tableau of all  
four guys in the bathroom. LONG BEAT OF AWKWARD STARING.

BERGER (CONT'D)

(smirk/nod to Sarah)

Morning.

SARAH

Uh... Morning.

Off Sarah, slowly backing out as Danny grills Berger,

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The guys cross in and out of their rooms, finishing getting  
ready. As Danny packs his laptop into a Jansport backpack:

DANNY

...you guys mind if I run some ideas  
by you for work?

FURBY

Ooo, if I didn't have lives to save I'd  
totally listen to your little jokes.

BERGER

Yeah, it's a 'hard pass' for me too.

DANNY

Come on, in the interview Brooklyn said  
I'd be helping with the pilot and I  
think I came up with some funny stuff.

AARON

I'll listen, man.

DANNY

Sweet. So the show is called *African American*'t --

AARON

I'm out.

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Berger, now slipping on a Best Western robe, makes his way downstairs, SHOUTING OVER HIS SHOULDER:

BERGER

Hey Danny, don't forget to Venmo your rent money into the account!

SARAH (O.S.)

'The' account?

Berger spots Sarah on the couch, still in her pajamas, already working remotely on a spreadsheet.

BERGER

Yeah, we share one.

SARAH

You guys *share* a bank account?

BERGER

You know, for write-offs on taxes and filings and such.

SARAH

Did any part of that feel right coming out of your mouth?

BERGER

It's all very complicated. You wouldn't understand.

SARAH

You're right.

(then, turning to laptop)

I'll just get back to doing all those 'complicated things I wouldn't understand' for a living.

The rest of the guys make their way downstairs - Furby in scrubs, Aaron in a suit, and Danny in his American Apparel.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

Hey, looking good.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(then, off him BEAMING)  
Might wanna keep your arms down though.

DANNY  
What?  
(then, noticing PIT STAINS)  
Oh.

The guys laugh as Danny quickly tucks his elbows against his ribs. Heading out, they pump each other up, yelling things like "We got this!" and "Shoot your shot!"

BERGER  
Give 'em hell, boys!

As they excitedly exit, Sarah furrows her brow, turning to Berger, who plops down and turns on *The Social Network*.

SARAH  
And you just chill at home all day?

BERGER  
If by 'chill' you mean draw  
inspiration from the greatest movie of  
all time while building my own website  
that's going to revolutionize the way  
we invest in alternative medicinal  
agriculture, then yeah, I just chill.

Off Berger, popping an edible as Sarah watches, dumbfounded,

#### INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Furby SNAPS A SERIES OF SELFIES as he scrubs into the O.R. He then uploads a pic to Instagram with the caption "About to crush my first surgery #DrFurby #McDreamy #McSteamy #GoTime".

#### EXT. / INT. BROOKLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Danny approaches Brooklyn's office, brimming with excitement. He opens the door and we hear the speaker rattling-bass line of Pharoahe Monch's "Simon Says" REVEALING BROOKLYN (30's, freaks out over someone in his parking space but couldn't care less about a cancer scare), at his *Scarface*-esque mahogany desk, cleaning a diamond necklace amongst a sea of Carl's Jr. wrappers and a pile of cash, under a canvas that reads, "Hustle 'Til Your Haters Ask You For A Job."

DANNY  
Hellooo.

Brooklyn gives Danny the "ONE MINUTE" FINGER - HE'S ON THE PHONE.

BROOKLYN

(into phone)

No, you listen. I have a brand to protect. I'd never do that bullshi--  
Oh, that's how much they're paying?  
A'ight send over the start paperwork.

Brooklyn hangs up, dapping Danny, who fumbles the handshake.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

This is a big day, dawg.

DANNY

It really is. And let me just say --

BROOKLYN

I've always wanted a White assistant.  
It's basically the telltale sign  
you've made it.

DANNY

Well, I had a Fiber-One bar for  
breakfast and drove here in a hybrid  
so you can probably just retire.

Crickets from Brooklyn.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I know you're getting started  
on your pilot...

(nervously pulls out laptop)

So I um, started putting together a  
couple ideas--

BROOKLYN

(noticing Danny's laptop)

Hold up, is that... a Dell?

(then, laughing)

Jesus Christ, man. Where are we,  
Papua New Guinea? They drop that off  
in your rescue package with a 2005  
Redskins championship T-shirt?

DANNY

Uh...

Lucky for Danny, Brooklyn's phone rings or he would've kept  
going - As Brooklyn looks to see who it is:

BROOKLYN

I sent you a list of shit that's been  
piling up. If you can go ahead and  
knock that out so I can focus on the  
script that would be big.

Danny's FACE DROPS as he sees a NEW MESSAGE in his Inbox with a LAUNDRY LIST OF ERRANDS. Brooklyn crosses off to take a call.

DANNY

I guess I can just e-mail you my joke pitches--

BROOKLYN

(into phone)

Yo, listen to this, my new assistant just pulled out a Dell!.. Yes, the laptop!.. No, he was dead serious!

As a disappointed Danny forces a smile...

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER**

Furby taps his foot, bored, holding the suction up to his PATIENT while the ATTENDING operates.

FURBY

If you want, I can make that last incision... or take the biopsy... Or --

ATTENDING

Alright, that should do it. Can you suture up the patient?

FURBY

Yeah I can! My sewing game is extremely strong. Tapered the pants of all my scrubs - check it out.

(sticks out leg)

Went with a 15 inch opening instead of 13. You can always take more material away, but once it's gone it's gone, you know.

Ignoring him again, the Attending crosses out. Furby pulls his phone, taking a SNAPCHAT VIDEO.

FURBY (CONT'D)

Heyooo! First surgery in the books!

As Furby starts to suture the patient we hear:

FURBY (CONT'D)

Ow! What the--

(then, bleeped)

FUCCKKK!!

Off Furby's gloved hand filling with blood,

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. THE GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah is still on the couch, hunched over her laptop, plugging away at the same spreadsheet. PULL BACK to see Berger next to her, feet kicked up, TALKING INTO A BLUETOOTH HEADSET:

BERGER

... So that's it? I now own the domain name?... Fantastic. You have earned yourself a rave Yelp review.

(then)

Also, just a little tip from one business owner to another, 'The Domain Exchange' doesn't exactly roll off the tongue. Drop the 'the'. It's cleaner.

As Berger hangs up, Aaron shuffles in from the office.

SARAH

Hey, how was work? Your boss end up putting you on that case?

AARON

No, wound up going with Javier instead.

BERGER

His cousin Javier? Who one week ago was working at Nordstrom Rack?

AARON

Yeah... But it's cool. Javi's a good dude. And he seems to have a pretty decent understanding of the law.

BERGER

Just living the dream, huh?

(then, seeing Danny ENTER)

Danny, back so soon!

Berger puts an arm around Sarah's couch cushion without her noticing. Cranky, Danny drops a PILE OF DRY-CLEANED CLOTHES.

SARAH

You do the ole' 'accidentally pick up someone else's dry-cleaning to boost your own wardrobe' trick?

DANNY

As great as I'd look in a Gucci break-away jump suit, these are Brooklyn's.



BERGER

Wait, he had you get his laundry?

DANNY

Oh, he had me doing lots of things.

**QUICK POPS:** Danny BUYING JORDANS, GETTING GROCERIES, CLEANING JORDANS, DRIVING KIDS, ORGANIZING CLOSET... FULL OF JORDANS.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm not even halfway through the list.

BERGER

Really putting that hundred thousand dollar film degree to good use.

DANNY

(under his breath)

It was two hundred thousand.

Danny shakes his head as Furby enters, hand wrapped in a bandage. Everyone tries to avoid eye contact.

FURBY

You guys saw my Snapchat, didn't you?

DANNY

Unfortunately best part of my day.

AARON

Hate to say it was mine too.

FURBY

Well, I'm glad me getting pulled off rounds brightened everyone's afternoon.

SARAH

They kicked you out of the hospital?

FURBY

Just for 48 hours until I get back my blood test.

BERGER

Blood test??

FURBY

No big deal. Just standard procedure. There's like a 90% chance it's nothing.

DANNY

So a ten percent chance it's *something*?

FURBY

Well, technically yeah, but--

SARAH

Who was the patient?

FURBY

I don't know. Some homeless guy.

AARON

Whoa.

FURBY

Well, he's not like homeless *homeless*.  
He lives in a halfway house with his  
boyfriend.

BERGER

Uh huh...

FURBY

And he's really come a long way since  
his days of shooting heroin--  
(then, face falling)  
Okay, I'm hearing it now.

Sarah can't help but laugh. Off the guys' faces,

SARAH

Sorry, it's just kinda funny how you  
all thought you'd go out there and  
immediately kill it in the real world.

DANNY

Well, I just pictured--

SARAH

Brooklyn being so blown away by your  
jokes for a show about his Black  
family that he'd realize, 'oh my god  
this neurotic Jewish kid's corky wit  
is just what my script was missing'?

DANNY

Is that so crazy?

BERGER

Hell no. You have a Masters from one  
of the top film schools in the country,  
you're an award winning writer - a  
goddamn Rising Star of David.

SARAH

A what?

DANNY

Exactly! Which is why when he hired me to help with the pilot I thought I'd actually be writing, not just his--

BERGER

Bitch?

DANNY

--Assistant.

FURBY

Hey, I get it. I trained for years to be a *doctor* only to be reduced to a seamstress in my first surgery.  
(then, holding up bandage)  
And now look what happened!

Sarah looks befuddled but the guys are totally following.

AARON

It's like our bosses are all NFL owners. Trying to keep a young talented Brother off the field.

SARAH

Just wanna point out there's a *slight* difference between Colin Kaepernick standing up for what he believes in and you drunk driving with an open bottle of Hennessy with the windows down screaming 'for the culture.'

AARON

Is there though?

SARAH

I don't know what you guys were expecting. Seriously. You're just starting out which unfortunately means you're going to be paying your dues.

BERGER

Please. 'Paying your dues' is just a phrase some genius invented to keep his employees from bitching all the time.  
(then, to Danny)  
You wanna be "errand boy" the rest of your life that's cool, but if you wanna be a writer, you need to put your foot down and say 'you don't play that.'

AARON

Or any other phrase meaning something similar.

SARAH

What? No. I spent years pulling all-nighters, doing the assignments no one else wanted, fake laughing at middle-aged bald men's horrendous accounting puns, but now I'm finally up for this promotion. I'm telling you, eventually all the bullshit pays off.

DANNY

Ugh, eventually sounds like a long time.

FURBY

(quietly into phone)  
Siri, what percentage of homeless people have AIDS?

**INT. BROOKLYN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Danny enters, lugging in an enormous familiar framed *Deadline* article for *African American't*.

DANNY

Okay, I'm back. Finished the *whole* list.

Brooklyn comes out of his office.

BROOKLYN

D'! There you are! I need your help.

Danny peeks through the cracked door, eyes wide.

DANNY

Is that... Spike Lee?

BROOKLYN

Yeah - he just told me that Louis Vuitton and Supreme teamed up for a one time collaboration!

DANNY

O-kay.

BROOKLYN

Right?! I *need* you to get down to the Supreme store asap and scoop me up the duffle bag before it's too late.

DANNY

What?

BROOKLYN

It's a red duffle, right Spike?

SPIKE LEE (O.S.)

(calling out)

Bright red...

BROOKLYN

(to Danny)

Bright red.

SPIKE LEE (O.S.)

Almost like a crimson.

BROOKLYN

Like a crimson.

DANNY

You know, I think I might be more useful *in* the meeting. Not sure if you saw the ideas I sent you but--

BROOKLYN

Just the bag. And you should go now. Like right now.

As Brooklyn looks at his phone, Danny boils - he's had enough.

DANNY

Look Brooklyn, I'm not sure what you heard about me, but I do not play--

BROOKLYN

(looking up from phone)

Wait, what are you saying right now?

LONG BEAT of a crazy-eyed Brooklyn staring down at Danny.

DANNY

Crimson, right.

Off Danny, hating himself as he turns around, relenting, Brooklyn walks back into his meeting...

BROOKLYN

My assistant's on it. He's very White.

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Aaron and Berger are playing *Madden*. As Aaron chooses the 2013 49ers led by then-QB Colin Kaepernick, Furby shuffles by, disheveled, 'Porky-Pigging it' in his scrubs, no pants.

BERGER

Yikes, you don't look so good. Like if I was a betting man, I'd take the over on your immune system shutting down.

FURBY

Can you not-- I don't have the energy to deal with you right now.

AARON

Hmm... Low energy you say?

FURBY

Come on, stop. I'm kind of freaking out. It's been 49 hours. Why haven't I gotten a call or e-mail or text--

BERGER

I think the answer you're not looking for is 'because you have AIDS.'

FURBY

If there was something wrong they'd tell me... they have to... right?

BERGER

I don't know. Maybe it's something else. Maybe they saw your SnapChat!

AARON

Ooo, that was for sure not legal.

FURBY

Excuse me...

Panicking, Furby crosses off, as Berger excitedly follows.

BERGER

What would really suck is if they found your video *and* you got AIDS.

**EXT. SUPREME STORE - LATER**

Danny arrives at the Supreme store, EYES GOING WIDE as he finds a MASSIVE LINE HAS ALREADY FORMED. Taking his place at the back, Danny notices everyone setting up foldable camping chairs. He taps the GUY in front of him.

DANNY

Hey, sorry, but what's going on here?

GUY

Supreme-LV collab drops in the morning.

DANNY

*Morning?*

Off Danny STEAMING as the Guy starts SETTING UP A TENT,

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Aaron is on the couches, scrolling through Twitter, coming across a TARGETED AD for the SUPREME/LOUIS COLLABORATION.

AARON

Oh shit... that bag is *nice*.

Sarah enters, back from her interview, LOOKING INCREDIBLE. Aaron does a DOUBLE TAKE as she kicks off her heels, talking into her phone on SPEAKER, using her 'professional voice':

SARAH

I just wanted to thank you again for sitting down with me this afternoon.

We hear the voice of a presumably bald, middle aged ACCOUNTANT coming from the other end:

ACCOUNTANT (V.O.)

It was a pleasure meeting you. Not to get ahead of ourselves but it really seemed like you could... excel... here.

Sarah bursts into FAKE LAUGHTER, ROLLING HER EYES TO AARON.

SARAH

'Excel!' Good one. Talk soon!

She hangs up to see Aaron, still staring, taken aback.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What?

AARON

Uh... nothing. Just never seen boss-mode Sarah before. It's a good look.

Sarah and Aaron share a smile as BZZZ. They both get a TEXT from Danny. It's the ANGRY-FACE EMOJI.

**EXT. SUPREME STORE - NIGHT**

We find Danny scowling amongst the other excited SUPREME HEADS when... BZZZ. He gets a TEXT from Brooklyn: "You get it yet?!" Danny angrily types back: "Bag isn't released until morning. Waiting in line - all night!" Brooklyn: "Ok."

DANNY

Okay-period? Really? Not even a  
'thanks'? Or an exclamation point??

As Danny steams, he spots Sarah, Berger, Furby, and Aaron walking toward the line.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you guys doing here?

BERGER

What do you mean? You sent us a million texts about how miserable you are and how stupid everyone is for waiting in line for some lame bag.

EVERY SUPREME HEAD shoots daggers at Danny who turns to Sarah.

DANNY

I know you think being Brooklyn's 'errand boy' is gonna push my career forward but I'm really starting to think I'm going backwards.

BERGER

You've actually crossed from errand boy into full-blown bitch territory. No coming back from that.

AARON

Don't get me wrong. That bag is the truth. The hype is real. But making you wait out here is just *disrespectful*.

BERGER

If I were you I'd quit while you still have some dignity left.

SARAH

Quit?!

DANNY

You think?

FURBY

I do.

SARAH

You do? How?? You haven't worked for three days and you've spent the entire time moping around like you're dying.



BERGER

Well, there's at least a ten percent chance he might be.

FURBY

I've been moping around because I've had to spend those three days not as Dr. Furby but *Mr. Furby*. Which means I might as well be dying.

SARAH

Danny, look, you're on a steady path, you have a job anyone in your industry would kill for --

DANNY

I don't care about all that. I just want to write!

FURBY

Then write. I'm telling you, there's nothing worse than not being able to do what you're meant to do.

AARON

(shaking his head)

Amen.

Sarah takes this in, speechless. As it starts to land on Danny... BZZZ. Another TEXT from Brooklyn: "You close to the front??" He looks up at his boys.

DANNY

You know what? You guys are right. I don't need this! I'm done!

Off Danny storming out of line,

**INT. GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

The crew is back on the couches, drinking as Danny paces.

DANNY

This is crazy. I've never done anything like this before. I feel this like *rush*--

SARAH

Are you sure that's not regret?

DANNY

I'm just gonna go in there first thing in the morning and tell him I quit.

FURBY

Why not just text him?

DANNY

Ooo, yeah, that sounds easier.

Danny takes out his phone, TEXTING BROOKLYN:

DANNY (CONT'D)

'Sorry B', I'm no errand boy - I quit!'

Danny's about to hit SEND when suddenly he gets a TEXT FROM BROOKLYN. His face drops.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God.

SARAH

What?

DANNY

(reading text)

'After you bring in the bag tomorrow  
I'm gonna need you to write something  
for me. Thanks!'

(then, freaking out)

'Write something!' He said he wants  
me to write something! And he thanked  
me! With an exclamation point!

AARON

Damn, shouldn't have left the line, huh?

SARAH

Seriously?

DANNY

What was I thinking? 'Errand boy?'

That's not even a real thing!

(then, to guys)

This is all your faults!

The guys share an "eesh" look.

BERGER

Hey man, listen... at least you don't  
have AIDS.

DANNY

I hate every one of you.

Off Danny storming upstairs and the guys feeling bad,

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Danny is PASSED OUT, face down on his laptop, open to multiple tabs SEARCHING FOR KNOCK-OFF SUPREME BAGS. He stirs awake to a TEXT from Brooklyn: "Working from home today. Come thru after you get bag." Off Danny, sighing, defeated,

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The guys are eating breakfast on the couches. Furby just pokes at his food with a spoon. Danny slinks downstairs.

BERGER

Hey... Buddy. How ya feeling?

DANNY

Not right now.

AARON

Danny, listen--

DANNY

No, I'm never listening to you guys again. I should be writing with Brooklyn right now but nooo. Instead, I'll what, have to become an Uber driver? Keep copies of *Oy Vegas* in my passenger seat, hoping Judd Apatow needs a ride to the airport--

BERGER

Danny, stop bitching and look...

Berger opens up a box. It's the DUFFLE BAG. As Danny's eye's go wide, Sarah enters, watching on with a smile.

DANNY

How-- how is this possible?

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LATE LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Sarah and the guys huddle outside Danny's room, listening to him make a frantic phone call.

DANNY (O.S.)

Hi I'm trying to order a duffle bag from your website but everything's in Chinese and I don't know Chinese!

After a beat, they hear a BANG on his desk and then Dave Matthews' super depressing, "*Gravedigger*" playing inside. As Sarah turns to the guys, all feeling bad,

BERGER (V.O.)

Well, Sarah started to get nervous you were gonna kill yourself.

SARAH (V.O.)

Never said that.

BERGER (V.O.)

And we couldn't have that blood on our hands...

AARON (V.O.)

He means to say we felt bad...

BERGER (V.O.)

So we thought maybe...

**EXT. SUPREME STORE - LATER LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Berger walks to the front of the line, where he finds another miserable 20-SOMETHING GUY, dressed similar to Danny, clearly sent there to wait against his will.

AARON (V.O.)

...we could pay off someone in line for their spot.

We see the 20-something guy happily shake hands with Berger and step out of line as the guys step into his spot.

FURBY (V.O.)

And it actually worked.

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DANNY

Where'd you get the money?

BERGER

The bank account.

DANNY

You mean 'the' bank account that holds all our rent money?

BERGER

Yeah, we're already a few days late, what's a couple weeks more?

SARAH

For the record I was not clued into that part of the plan.

AARON

We just didn't want another one of us  
setting themselves back over something  
stupid.

FURBY

I know I'd do anything to go back to  
the surgery and turn my phone off.  
Stop caring about the world knowing I'm  
Doctor Furby and just be Doctor Furby.

BERGER

And I just didn't want to deal with  
your complaining.

Danny laughs, bringing in Sarah and the guys for a group hug.

DANNY

I love every one of you.

Danny excitedly rushes out with the bag as Aaron wistfully  
watches on.

AARON

Look at him go, just living the dream.

FURBY

If he ends up being more successful  
than me I swear to God--

Sarah chuckles as DING she gets an e-mail on her laptop. Off  
her looking down at the screen, NARROWING HER EYES,

**INT. BROOKLYN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brooklyn is in his home office, writing at his desk under a  
painting of Snoopy with a neon light that says: "fuck off."  
Danny enters, PROUDLY HOLDING UP THE BAG.

BROOKLYN

Boom! This shit is nuts!!!

Brooklyn daps Danny who gets the handshake right this time.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

I really appreciate this, man.

DANNY

Come on. It was no problem at all.  
(then)  
You also mentioned me writing  
something for you...

BROOKLYN

That's right...

Off Danny smiling from ear to ear,

**INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Danny enters to find Sarah and the guys on the couches, passing around red cups. Furby pops a bottle of champagne.

DANNY

What's going on?

FURBY

The hospital didn't see my Snap!

DANNY

(a la Brooklyn)

Boom!

BERGER

And he doesn't have AIDS.

DANNY

(to Furby)

Weird you didn't start with that one,  
but boom again!

FURBY

Yeah, I accidentally deleted the e-mail with my test results when I panicked and wiped all my social media and cloud accounts for no reason.

(then)

Never listening to you guys again.

DANNY

Right there with you.

Laughing, Sarah hands Danny a cup of champagne.

SARAH

Tell us about the writing assignment!

DANNY

It was incredible. At first I was a little nervous 'cause I really wanted to impress him...

INSERT FLASHBACK: Brooklyn paces on the phone behind Danny, who sits at the desk, staring at the computer under the 'Fuck Off' painting. Danny goes into his iTunes and plays "Duffle Bag Boy" by Playaz Circle. Brooklyn gives a 'WTF' look.

DANNY (V.O.)

But I knew this was my shot and  
eventually I got into this groove...

DANNY

(hands flying across keys)  
'Believe the hype, this bag is fire...'

As we ANGLE ON the computer, open to *EBAY.COM*,

**BACK TO SCENE:** Sarah and the guys are floored.

FURBY

Hold on... The writing assignment was  
an eBay post?!

AARON

For the duffle bag?!

BERGER

That we spent our rent money on?!

SARAH

And you were cool with that??

DANNY

Yeah... 'cause then we started doing  
our own collab if you will...

INSERT FLASHBACK: Brooklyn stands over Danny's shoulder...

BROOKLYN

'Look no further, the ever-elusive  
star of the Supreme collection can  
finally be yours' --

DANNY

How about, 'is just one click away.'

BROOKLYN

Better... But I feel like it's not  
big enough. We're thinking too small.

DANNY

(beat, thinking)  
'Every once in a while a bag comes  
along that completely changes the  
duffle game as we know it...'

BROOKLYN

(blown away)  
You're gonna be okay, D'.

**BACK TO SCENE:** Danny couldn't look prouder.

BERGER

So after all that, dude has you  
sell this thing for like seven weeks  
worth your salary, but still somehow  
has you taking it as a step in the  
right direction for your career? The  
man's practically a cult leader!

DANNY

I mean, I know I'm not gonna get an  
Emmy for it or anything, but right  
now I'm just paying my dues.

Sarah and Danny share a smile.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to Sarah)

From now on I think I'll just be  
taking advice from you. You're  
clearly the only one of us who  
actually knows what they're doing.

SARAH

Actually...

(then, uneasy)

I'm starting to realize I have no idea  
what I'm doing.

The guys look at Sarah, confused.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm thinking about turning down the  
promotion.

DANNY/AARON/BERGER

What?!

Furby glares at the guys, clocking their jarring intensity.

FURBY

I think what they meant to not yell  
was... 'why?'

SARAH

I don't know... It's just, taking it  
basically means, that's it, I'm an  
accountant forever. And I thought I  
was okay with that but when I look at  
you guys, the passion you have for your  
work, your excitement... I didn't even  
know that existed.

(MORE)



SARAH (CONT'D)

And it made me think 'why am I spending my days fake-laughing at awful jokes, chasing Adderall with 5 Hour Energies just to get through another spreadsheet when who knows, maybe there's something out there I love as much as they do.'

The guys are speechless... except for Danny:

DANNY

Sooo... you are or aren't going back to New York?

SARAH

Well, I was hoping, if it's cool with you guys, I could stick around until I figure out my next move.

DANNY/AARON/BERGER

Super cool./Very cool./You can share my room since no one here would mind.

Danny rolls his eyes at Berger.

FURBY

You should probably just stay with me.

BERGER

Fine. But I will need you to Venmo 3200 dollars to the account.

Off Sarah, smiling at her crew, we hear Fun's "We Are Young" kick in, as the familiar voice of our Narrator returns,

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Your 20's. That time in life when you're ready to take the world by storm... only problem is you have no idea what the fuck you're doing...

Sarah grabs Berger's laptop and pulls up her e-mail account.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But that's okay, no one does. At the end of the day, all you can really do is take risks...

Sarah hesitates before PRESSING SEND ON AN "I QUIT" E-MAIL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bet on yourself...

INSERT: Berger sits on the couches alone, putting the finishing touches on his *Technical 420* website.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Swallow your pride...

INSERT: Aaron hangs his head at work when his boss, JOSE, drops a 'JAYWALKING DISPUTE' CASE on his desk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Pay your dues...

INSERT: Danny at a UPS STORE, shipping the Supreme bag as we SPLIT SCREEN to see Brooklyn, laughing, impressed as he READS THE E-MAIL OF JOKE PITCHES DANNY SENT HIM EARLIER THAT WEEK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Make mistakes...

INSERT: Furby posts a selfie, "#pagingDrFurby" then turns off his phone as he walks back into the hospital.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Then go out and make them again...

INSERT: See tableau of the guys in the bathroom, getting ready in the morning.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
With the hope that it all works out...  
And you somehow stumble your way to a  
bright future.

PULL BACK to find SARAH GETTING READY ALONG WITH THEM.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And even though I was farther away  
from that future than I'd ever been...

We SLOWLY PUSH IN on Sarah seated on the couch, REVEALING she's the YOUNGER VERSION OF OUR NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I knew these guys were just what I  
needed to push me in the right  
direction...

The crew crowds around Sarah as they all stare blankly at her laptop, OPEN TO A JOB SEARCH WEBSITE. After a beat, the guys head out, leaving Sarah staring at a blinking cursor.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Orrrr not. Like I said, it's  
basically a coin toss at that point.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. SARAH AND THE GUYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Everyone's drinking, eating fast food and edibles on the couches as Berger connects his laptop to the TV.

BERGER

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for... Danny, dim the lights!

DANNY

We only have an on/off switch.

BERGER

Oh. Just turn them off then.

Danny casually reaches over his shoulder, flipping off the light as Berger mirrors the Technical 420 website on the TV, clicking an INTRO VIDEO, where he speaks directly to camera:

BERGER (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Stocks. Money. Finance. Cannabis.  
Welcome to *Technical 420* where we give  
you the tools to buy low and sell *high*...

The video ends with a random explosion effect and money raining down, putting out the flames.

SARAH

Not gonna lie, it looks great.  
Question though - Is it Technical420  
or Tech-in-cal420?

Berger turns back to the TV. ANGLE ON THE WEBSITE URL:  
"techincal420.com".

BERGER

Huh. Must've spelled it wrong when I  
bought the domain name...

LONG AWKWARD BEAT. Then:

BERGER (CONT'D)

Can you pass the gummies?

Off Berger clearly not taking this too hard, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW