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## SUNSET PPL

“Pilot”

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Revised Network Draft  
11/6/2015

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## THE CHARACTERS

JACK - Clever. Emotional. Romantic. Wears his heart on his sleeve. Over analyzes every interaction. After his cooking career went down the drain, his confidence level is at an all time low. Lives on Robbie and Andrea's couch, which he affectionately calls the raft.

ROBBIE - Sarcastic. Funny. Momma's boy. Easily unimpressed with life. Bartender by night, nothing by day. Jersey boy.

DOUGIE - Mischievous. Smug. Cocky nerd. Thinks he's cultured. Youtube Star. Social media wiz. Can't read social cues. Probably has undiagnosed Asperger syndrome.

ANDREA - Smart. Fun. Spontaneous. Party girl stuck in a corporate job. Married to Robbie. Responsibility has been thrust upon her and she's still getting used to it.

TALIA - Beautiful. Logical. Thinks with her head. Courageous. Plans ahead and rarely strays off course. When she wants something, she takes it.

MEL (short for MELISSA) - Droll. Cynical. Flaky. Vulgar. Closed off. Stand up comic. Jumps on the latest trends. Born and raised in West Hollywood.

TEASER

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tight on JACK sitting at a wooden table. As he speaks, we slowly back up to reveal more of the dimly lit room.

JACK

I talk to this girl on five different social platforms - iMessage, WhatsApp, Facebook, SnapChat, Gchat, not to mention the one time on LinkedIn when I endorsed her communication skills - which was, in reality, a lie, because she takes three to five business days to respond to a yes or no question and thus is terrible at communicating. My self esteem on a roller coaster ride with every buzz of my phone. And for the life of me, I can't get her commit to a date.

We've pulled back to reveal the colorful, eclectic apartment - a giant couch and ottoman (the raft) in the center.

Jack sits across from ROBBIE, who looks down at his phone, not paying attention. Between them on the table rests another phone. Robbie looks up.

ROBBIE

What's that?

JACK

Seriously?  
(at the phone)  
Did anyone get that?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STUDIO OFFICE - SAME TIME

ANDREA, wearing business attire, sits at a messy desk in one of multiple cubicles in a high end production office. Andrea types furiously at a computer as she talks into her headset she's wearing.

ANDREA

Sorry to interrupt - Robbie, did you give your mother my work number?

ROBBIE

What? No.

ANDREA

Really? Because she just spent an hour on the phone with my boss's receptionist discussing the rash on your inner thigh.

ROBBIE

Oh lord.

(to Jack)

To be fair it's a pretty legit rash.

\*  
\*

ANDREA

She's gonna get me fired, Robbie.

FREDERICO, 32, the receptionist, pops his head up over the cubicle wall.

FREDERICO

I thought she was lovely.

Andrea waves Frederico away

\*

JACK

Guys, can we get back on topic-

\*  
\*

MEL (O.S.)

You've gotta be not so desperate, Jack.

\*  
\*  
\*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COMEDY SHOP - SAME TIME

MEL sits at one of many small tables in the dingy comedy club. She holds her phone in her hand, one headphone in her ear as she speaks into the headphone mic.

\*

On stage stands a short, skinny female COMEDIAN, 24.

MEL

(to the Comedian)

Hahahaha! So funny! Very good, Veronica. It's all about being truthful.

(into phone)

I'm in the middle of teaching a beginners stand up class. This broad is terrible.

JACK

I'm not desperate, Mel. We hooked up at your party so I know she likes me. And it's not like I'm some loser stalker who keeps messaging her non stop. She starts the conversations. She's flirty. She sends me pictures, damnit.

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ROBBIE

(whispering)

What kind of pictures? Did you save them to the hot girl shared folder?

\*  
\*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER - SAME TIME

DOUGIE, naked, stands in a luxurious looking shower. He holds a soapy loofah in one hand, his phone in the other.

DOUGIE

Jack, do you really need all of us on this call?

\*  
\*

Dougie turns the water off and steps out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist.

JACK

You know I need to consult the high council before I make any move in any direction.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREA

I have a question for the high council. What do you do when someone you haven't talked to in six years keeps hitting you up on Facebook in what can only be some desperate attempt to rekindle a dead friendship?

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\*  
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DOUGIE

I don't have old friends. Old enemies, yes.

\*  
\*

JACK

One issue at a time, guys. Okay, here's my plan - the only way to move from texting to an actual date is if fate organically brings us together.

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\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

So, I need to orchestrate randomly bumping into her at a neutral location. Mel, has she left for lunch yet? I know she hits Cafe del Sol almost every day.

MEL

Bad news, Jack. Looks like Amanda brought lunch today.

Mel looks to the bar where AMANDA, 24, blonde, beautiful, eats stir-fry out of a tupperware, her face in her phone.

JACK

Damnit!

Back in the house, Dougie enters through the back door wearing only his towel, dripping wet, his phone at his ear.

DOUGIE

I need some of Andrea's lavender soap. The one for exfoliating.

Dougie starts going through the kitchen cabinets. Robbie shakes his head.

ANDREA

Now she's actually trying to call me. Should I answer it? I'm not answering it.

ROBBIE

Who's calling you?

ANDREA

Talia. She was my roommate at NYU. We kinda had a falling out.

JACK

Guys!

MEL

Jack, don't take it personally. There's just no accountability today. You're texting Amanda, but she's texting somebody else, who's texting somebody else. It just goes on and on. That's dating today.

ROBBIE

She's right. Enough texting. You've gotta be direct. Just text her coffee tomorrow. Done.

JACK  
 (standing up)  
 I need some fresh air. \*

In the office, Frederico pokes his head over the cubicle.

FREDERICO  
 Andrea, line two. How many phones  
 are you on? \*

Andrea picks up another phone from the desk. \*

ANDREA  
 This is Andrea. \*

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - SAME TIME

TALIA stands on the porch, her phone at her ear. \*

TALIA  
 Andrea, thank god! I don't think my  
 messages were going through. I'm in  
 LA! Surprise! \*

ANDREA  
 Talia? You're in LA? What... um...  
 where are you? \*

TALIA  
 Outside your house... I think. \*

In the house, Jack walks toward the door.

JACK  
 I'm tired of sitting around sending  
 stupid little messages and waiting  
 for stupid little responses. I just  
 want to have a face to face  
 conversation with a female girl of  
 the opposite sex for once in my  
 life. \*

Jack opens the door. He's face to face with Talia, who stands  
 there, her phone on her ear. He quickly slams the door shut. \*

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 There's a girl outside. \*

END OF TEASER

ACT IINT. HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Jack and Talia sit on the raft. Talia sips from glass of water, her luggage off to the side.

Robbie swiffers around both of their feet.

ROBBIE

Sorry, didn't expect guests today.

Dougie walks out of the bedroom wearing a pink bathrobe.

DOUGIE

Is this yours or Andrea's?

ROBBIE

What do you think?

On the raft, Jack's about to say something to Talia, but stops himself. Suddenly, the door bursts open.

Talia shoots up as Andrea enters, followed by Mel.

TALIA

Andrea!

ANDREA

Talia!

Andrea puts her suitcase down and embraces Talia with a hug.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Talia, it's been so long. Have you met everyone?

TALIA

Kinda.

ANDREA

Well, this is my husband Robbie, my friend Mel, our neighbor Dougie and Jack. Guys this is Talia. What's going on? What are you doing in LA?

Andrea takes a seat on the raft next to Talia.

TALIA

I kinda walked out of my major thesis presentation.



ANDREA

You what? \*

TALIA

My PHD. At Harvard. I was standing in front of all my colleagues, the dean of my college, the entire mathematics department. I was discussing model theory, obviously. \*

ROBBIE

Obviously.

TALIA

And then all of a sudden I start thinking about Mr. Peplinski.

ANDREA

Mr. Peplinski?

TALIA

Mr. Peplinski, our prof at NYU. Remember that class we took together, Anj - Feminism in Modern Theatre and Post-Industrial Globalization? For some reason all I could think about was Mr. Peplinski and our all female production of Glengarry Glen Ross.

ROBBIE

You guys Ghostbustered Glengarry Glen Ross? \*

TALIA

I was ten minutes away from accomplishing everything I've worked for in the last ten years. And then it hit me - my whole life I've been living the safe plan, the back up plan, the Plan B. And I thought, why am I standing in front of people talking about math? Because it's safe? I'd much rather be standing in front of people doing Glengarry Glen Ross! And so I walked out. \*

ANDREA

And you came here?

TALIA

Yeah, I mean, where else would I go? I want to be an actress.

MEL

Amazing.

TALIA

I figured it would be like what we planned after college, Anj. It just felt right, you know?

\*  
\*  
\*

ROBBIE

Sure, but didn't you start coming to your senses on your way here?

TALIA

What do you mean?

ROBBIE

It's a five hour flight from Boston. I would have totally started to realize the rashness of my decision somewhere over the mid west.

DOUGIE

Was it a direct flight?

\*

TALIA

I had an hour layover in Phoenix.

\*

ROBBIE

I definitely would have turned back in Phoenix. Did you change planes?

\*  
\*

TALIA

I didn't change planes. I didn't turn back. I'm doing this. I mean, you guys are the ones that inspired me to move to LA.

\*  
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\*

MEL

We did?

TALIA

Yeah. I don't want to sound like a stalker, but I've kinda been following you on Facebook. All of you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They all look at each other, a little confused.

TALIA (CONT'D)

(to Mel)

Mel, you're a stand up comedian, right?

(to Dougie)

(MORE)

TALIA (CONT'D)

And Dougie, you're, like, a YouTube star or something.

(to Andrea)

And, Anj, you have this amazing job at a studio.

(to Robbie)

And your husband, Robbie, works at that sick bar in Malibu that all the celebrities go to.

(to Jack)

...and you... I dunno, what you do?

JACK

I do... stuff.

TALIA

You guys are all going for it, you know. You're not living your Plan B's. You're living your Plan A's.

(to Anj)

So I was thinking, can I crash with you Anj? That's what people do when they move out to LA right? They couch surf?

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INT. HOUSE - A BIT LATER

\*

Jack and Robbie argue in the corner.

JACK

This isn't fair. You're asking me to give up the raft for a random stranger? I'm not sleeping on the floor.

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ROBBIE

Lower your voice. First of all, she's not a random stranger, you idiot, she's Andrea's friend. Second of all, the raft is mine. My parents had it imported for me when we were in sixth grade.

\*  
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JACK

I still don't understand why a twelve year old would ask for an imported Italian sofa.

ROBBIE

I've always been interested in interior design, you know that.

Talia, Andrea, Dougie and Mel sit together across the room.

TALIA

So Anj, I was thinking, can we go  
see the Hollywood sign tomorrow? I  
know you love day drinking so maybe  
we can do that too, but I don't  
want to be totally bombed when I  
see this stuff for the first time.  
Also, is Disneyland close?

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ANDREA

I'm pretty busy at work this week,  
Talía. Maybe Mel can-

\*  
\*

MEL

Oh, look at the time. I've gotta  
head back to the Shop, I've got  
show tonight!

\*  
\*  
\*

(to Talía)

It was nice meeting you Talía. You  
seem like a real go getter. Good  
luck with all that.

\*  
\*  
\*

Mel exits. Andrea turns to Dougie.

\*

ANDREA

Dougie-

\*

DOUGIE

No, no, no. Nope.

\*

Jack and Robbie continue to argue in the corner.

\*

JACK

But then you bet and lost it to me  
at the Mario Kart tournament at  
your brother's birthday.

ROBBIE

But let's not forget that you gave  
it back to me as a wedding gift and  
you didn't mind when I had it  
shipped across the country.

JACK

Fair enough - but let's also not  
forget that ever since I got here  
I've been sleeping on it which,  
according to California squatters  
rights, makes it mine again. The  
raft is my bed, it's where I sleep.  
It's all I've got in this crazy  
world. I'm not giving it up,  
damnit!

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INT. HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

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The lights are now dimmed. The ottoman and a couch have been pushed together to create a bed. Talia lays under the covers.

Andrea stands by the bedroom door.

TALIA

Thank you so much, Anj. I really appreciate this. I know you're busy tomorrow, can we at least have lunch?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREA

I'll try and squeeze it in. You've had a long day. Get some rest. I'll text you tomorrow. Good night.

\*  
\*  
\*

Andrea enters the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

Talia lays on her back texting. Suddenly Jack pops up from the floor, scaring Talia.

JACK

This isn't fair.

TALIA

Oh my God, you scared me.

JACK

I tried to be nice in front of Anj and Robbie but no. I've been crashing on the raft for a year, okay. I'm not gonna be relegated to the floor because miss mathlete showed up from Harvard with dreams of becoming an actress. No, not fair. You want equal rights for women? Then say goodbye to gentlemen like me and you take the floor. The raft is mine.

Jack jumps onto the raft and gets under the covers.

TALIA

Umm, sure. We'll share it. Just stay on your side and don't make it awkward.

\*  
\*  
\*INT. ROBBIE & ANDREA'S BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

\*

The bedroom is modestly decorated with mismatched furniture - it looks like a newly married, young couple sleeps here.

Andrea gets in bed next to Robbie. She puts moisturizer on her hands as Robbie lays on his back texting.

ANDREA

Can you believe her? I haven't seen her since college and she thinks we're still best friends.

ROBBIE

She does seem a bit... delusional.  
So what happened?

\*  
\*

ANDREA

After we graduated we made this plan to live together in New York for a year. I was going to bartend and she was going to give the acting thing a shot. So I signed the lease for this apartment in Brooklyn and on the day we were supposed to move in - she bailed. She moved back home with her parents and next thing I knew she was enrolled in some mathematics program at Harvard and I was stuck paying rent on a two bedroom apartment in Williamsburg.

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ROBBIE

What a bitch.

\*

ANDREA

Exactly.

\*

ROBBIE

Listen. She's just having a quarter life crisis and needs a place to crash. She'll be out of here in a week. Don't worry about having to entertain her. I'll take care of her.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREA

That would be awesome, Robbie.  
(noticing Robbie)  
Who are you texting?

\*

ROBBIE

Just my mom. Just saying good night, love you.

ANDREA

What?

ROBBIE

What? I do it every night.

ANDREA

You do it every night?

ROBBIE

Yeah.

ANDREA

What? How have I not noticed this?

ROBBIE

I dunno. I guess you're usually brushing your teeth or something. Sometimes I send her a snap or we skype while you're in the bathroom.

Andrea gives him a look like - WTF?

\*

INT. HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Jack and Talia lay next to each other, both on their backs looking at their phones. Jack's texting AMANDA - the last text from Jack reads *COFFEE TOMORROW?* There's no answer.

\*

\*

\*

Frustrated, Jack turns to Talia, who texts furiously. She notices and stops.

\*

\*

TALIA

Sorry. Ugh... James is trying to convince me to go back to Boston. He's making such a big deal.

JACK

Who's James?

TALIA

My fiancé.

JACK

You have a fiancé?

TALIA

Well, we're pre engaged. It's like a commitment to make a commitment.

JACK

Well actually, the marriage is the commitment. The engagement is committing to commit. So a pre engagement is committing to commit to commit.

TALIA

Whatever. I'm here and he's there.  
So, I guess we're on hold. For now.

\*  
\*

JACK

For now? Wow.

TALIA

What?

JACK

You can't even commit to breaking  
the commitment. You know, I've come  
to a simple conclusion - all  
females are flakes.

TALIA

Excuse me?

Jack turns on his side to face Talia.

\*

JACK

This girl I've been texting -  
Amanda - she can't commit to  
meeting in person at a designated  
place and time. Meanwhile, you  
can't honor a commitment that  
you're three times removed from  
actually committing to.

TALIA

Hey - I just had a change of plans,  
that's all. For once I want to live  
my Plan A.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Oh yeah? And how does James feel  
about being your Plan B?

\*  
\*

TALIA

Well...

\*

JACK

Exactly. No one wants to commit to  
anything. Everyone's just a flake.

\*  
\*

TALIA

Here's an idea that involves  
committing - how about you quit  
texting that girl and pick up the  
phone and call her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
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JACK

Ha! Are you serious? No, I'm in too deep for a phone call. This is a delicate situation, a balancing act. I send one wrong text, make one wrong move and it'll be radio silence. Do yourself a favor and stick to math and stuff.

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TALIA

Fine.

JACK

Fine.

They both turn away from each other, laying back to back.

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TALIA

You have no idea what you're talking about, you know that? Have you ever even been in a real relationship.

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JACK

I have actually. I dated a girl for seven years.

\*  
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TALIA

And what happened?

\*

JACK

I moved to LA.

\*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Jack and Dougie sit at the table drinking coffee. Robbie, wearing an apron, sets a plate of pancakes between them.

DOUGIE

Jack, I've been thinking about this whole Amanda thing and I realized I'm experiencing a similar situation myself.

JACK

Really?

DOUGIE

This girl, Becca, she's been stalking me since ComicCon. She texts me nonstop, all hours of the day. I try to be polite, but the poor thing just won't take a hint.

JACK

That's nothing like my situation.

DOUGIE

You're right. It's like Amanda's situation. Never mind.

Jack shakes his head. He looks up and catches Robbie using the spatula to scratch his inner thigh.

ROBBIE

My rash, remember. Mel, breakfast is ready.

A foot pops up from the raft where Mel is sprawled out.

MEL

I can't eat.

Talia walks out of the bathroom in short shorts and a t-shirt, her hair wet - she just took a shower. Jack notices.

TALIA

Hey Mel! How was your comedy skit last night?

MEL

It's a comedy show and it went okay.

(MORE)

MEL (CONT'D)

The joke about making out with my step dad didn't hit like I thought it would. I guess it was just too much truth, you know?

TALIA

(weirded out)

So you and your step dad..?

MEL

It's complicated.

ROBBIE

So Talia, since Andrea's at work today, I figured - what better way to start off your acting career than by watching actors! I was thinking we'd dip into some Netflix, HBO Go, Hulu Plus. We've got all the subscriptions, baby.

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TALIA

Actually, I've got a meeting with a casting director I met on Craigslist.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Ha! Congrats on organizing your own murder.

\*  
\*

TALIA

Funny. Still waiting for a text?

\*

ROBBIE

Hey, did she respond?

\*

JACK

No. But, I have no idea if this girl is taking her sweet time because she's not interested, or she's timing her response to play it cool and look aloof, while actually being into me.

\*  
\*

TALIA

You know, fifty-five percent of communication is body language, thirty-eight percent is tone of voice and only seven percent is the actual words spoken.

JACK

What are you saying?

DOUGIE

She's saying we need to get a visual on how Amanda reacts to your texts in order to gauge the subtext behind her responses.

TALIA

Well-

DOUGIE

This is what we do, we go down to the Comedy Shop - you sit on the patio where she can't see you and send her texts, I'll sit at the bar and spy on her and send you updates on her body language and tone.

For a second, Jack looks skeptical. Then:

JACK

Why didn't we think of this sooner?

TALIA

That's not exactly what I was...

DOUGIE

It'll be a social experiment. I can live broadcast the results on Periscope. Talia, will you join us?

TALIA

Isn't this all a little...  
adolescent?

\*  
\*

Jack and Dougie give each other a look. They both shake their heads - na - then jump to their feet.

\*  
\*

DOUGIE

Come, Mel.

\*

Dougie grabs Mel's hand and pulls her to her feet. They move to the door and exit, followed by Jack.

\*  
\*

JACK

Say hi to the Craigslist Casting Killer for me, will ya?

\*  
\*

TALIA

That's not a thing!  
(to Robbie)  
Is that a thing?

\*

ROBBIE

Yes.

INT. COMEDY SHOP/ENTRANCE - A BIT LATER

Jack, Dougie and Mel enter the mostly empty bar. Amanda stands in the background behind the bar, texting.

MEL

You know I was just here. \*

DOUGIE

Is that her? Jesus, Jack. You didn't tell me she has the cheek bone structure of Jared Leto. \*

JACK

Wait, maybe we shouldn't do this. Do you think this is gonna work? \*

DOUGIE

Stop asking questions. Would you breathe down the back of your surgeon's neck while he's trying to operate on you? I don't think so. Now go sit on the patio and send her a text. Try and be charming for once.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Talia puts on her jacket, Robbie takes a seat on the couch.

TALIA

Thanks for breakfast, Robbie! I'm gonna head to my casting meeting. Are you doing anything today? \*

ROBBIE

Tons. I'm gonna swiffer the kitchen. Then I'm gonna try and finish rewatching season three of The Sopranos. If I have time I might start season six of Friends. I just don't know if I'll have time. Have a good one! \*

INT. COMEDY SHOP - LATER

Dougie leans up against the bar awkwardly. Amanda stands behind the bar, texting and giggling to herself. Dougie takes out his phone and begins texting. \*

EXT. COMEDY SHOP/PATIO - SAME TIME

The patio is enclosed by brick walls and green shrubs. Jack and Mel sit at one of the few tables. Mel's phone BUZZES. \*

MEL

It's Dougie. He's got a visual on Amanda. He says-

(reading)

-Amanda's mood seems jovial and upbeat. \*

(to Jack) \*

Hmm, she always struck me as such a bitch. Sorry. \*

(reading) \*

She has a nice smile. She texts with grace and humility.

JACK

Well, she's not texting me with grace or humility. I'm still waiting for a response from yesterday! \*

MEL

(still reading)

She is a tigress. An old soul with supple lips and breasts.

INT. CAFE - LATER

The cafe is packed with a mix of people - in line, waiting for coffee and food and eating at the many scattered tables. \*

Andrea sits at a table alone, looking at her watch, when Talia enters suddenly. She looks upset as she moves through the crowd, then takes a seat across from Andrea. \*

ANDREA

Talia! Where have you been? I've gotta be back at the office in like ten minutes. \*

TALIA

I'm so sorry, Anj. I just had the worst experience at this casting meeting. I was four sentences into my three page Mamet monologue when the casting director cut me off. He started criticizing my clothes and my face and my body and then he said I was too old! That's gotta be some form of harassment right? \*

(MORE) \*

TALIA (CONT'D)

Like ageism? Is there like a casting HR department where I can file a report? Ugh, this was supposed to be a fresh start and it totally doesn't feel like it.

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ANDREA

That sucks, Talia. So, are you gonna pack it in? Head back east?

TALIA

Well, no. I mean, I can't. I have to give this at least six months to a year, right?

ANDREA

Six months to a year? Are you serious?

TALIA

Well, yeah. I figured you'd be cool with it, Anj. I mean, we're best friends, right?

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREA

We were best friends in college. Talia, before yesterday I hadn't seen you in six years.

\*  
\*  
\*

TALIA

I know! But I feel like we've totally kept up with each other.

ANDREA

How's that?

TALIA

Well, for one, we wish each other happy birthday every year. And you've liked a few of my statuses. And I love all of yours.

ANDREA

You can't love a status. Listen Talia, I just don't think you realize what you're doing here. You have this crazy idealistic vision in your head about moving to Hollywood....

Andrea notices that Talia isn't paying attention. She's just looking at her phone.

TALIA

James just changed his status to single.

ANDREA

I thought you broke up with him?

TALIA

I did... For now... I thought...

ANDREA

Well you did buy a one way ticket across the country.

TALIA

That doesn't mean he's supposed to be single.

ANDREA

Talia, I need to get my bosses laundry back to him.

TALIA

He's single. \*

Andrea stands, picking up a hamper of laundry next to the table. \*

ANDREA

Okay. Let's walk and talk, okay?

TALIA

He's single.

INT. COMEDY SHOP/BAR - MEANWHILE

Dougie leans on the bar, discretely texting while spying on Amanda. Amanda stands behind the bar a ways away. She looks down at her phone, giggling to herself. \*

EXT. COMEDY SHOP/PATIO - SAME TIME

Jack and Mel chill on the patio. The table is full of empty bottles. They've had more than a few.

JACK

I'm not asking for much. Just a girl who's smart, beautiful, talented, creative, knows what she wants, who challenges me, who makes me better. That's it. \*



MEL

Sounds like you want a real go  
getter. What about this Talia girl?  
You're already sleeping with her.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Sleeping next to her. And how about  
no. She's prissy and annoying and  
so... un-adolescent. And even if I  
was interested, she'll be back in  
Boston next week. Trust me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jack's phone BUZZES, he DASHES for it. Mel looks on  
interested.

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

It's her. She says - *maybe*, let me  
know. Maybe let me know?

\*  
\*

MEL

This is in response to *coffee*  
*tomorrow*?

\*  
\*

JACK

Yes. What does that even mean? Let  
me know? I am letting her know.  
That was me letting her know!

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. COMEDY SHOP/BAR - SAME TIME

Dougie stands with his back to the bar. Suddenly:

\*

AMANDA

Hey cutie, can I help you?

\*

He turns around quickly, knocking over a glass on the bar.

\*

INT. STUDIO OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Andrea, holding the hamper of laundry, walks quickly into the  
office. Talia trails behind. Frederico stands up from his  
cubicle.

FREDERICO

Where have you been? He went home  
and he was really upset he didn't  
have his silks.

ANDREA

Damnit. Any calls?

FREDERICO

I'll forward you the list.

\*  
\*

Andrea stops at her desk, as does Talia. Frederico takes a seat and continues typing.

\*  
\*

TALIA

Do you think he's seeing someone else?

\*  
\*

ANDREA

Talia, you've been gone for a day.

\*

Andrea begins rummaging through papers on her desk.

TALIA

So this is your cubicle?

ANDREA

Yep.

TALIA

You know I had my own office back at Harvard. And I was gonna get a bigger one after I finished my thesis. I had it all planned out.

ANDREA

That's great, Talia.

TALIA

How long have you worked here?

ANDREA

Two years.

TALIA

You made it sound so much more... exotic on Facebook.

ANDREA

Did I?

TALIA

It's like, you know exactly what you want, Anj. You're cool with doing your bosses laundry and having this cute little cubicle. If this is your Plan A, that's great, but I dunno if I can do this.

ANDREA

(unimpressed)  
Oh yeah?

TALIA  
What am I doing?

Talia takes out her phone and puts it to her ear.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
That's it. I'm calling my professor  
to see if he'll let me re-present  
my thesis.  
(into phone)  
Hi, is James available?

ANDREA  
Wait. Isn't James your fiance?

TALIA  
He is. And my professor.

ANDREA  
Wow. Okay.

TALIA  
What?

ANDREA  
This is so you, Talia. Dating your  
professor? Let's be real. Mr.  
Peplinski from college - everyone  
knew you were sleeping with him and  
that's why you were the lead in the  
all female production of Glengary  
Glen Ross!

TALIA  
What? \*

ANDREA  
You slept your way to the top of  
that Feminism in Modern Theatre and  
Post-Industrial Globalization  
class. \*

Frederico pops up, his hand on his mouth in shock - he's been  
listening the whole time. \*

TALIA  
What the hell Andrea! \*

ANDREA  
Admit it, every choice you've ever  
made has been based on safety,  
including abandoning me in  
Brooklyn. \*

(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Do you even know how much a two  
bedroom apartment costs in  
Williamsburg? My life might be far  
from perfect, Tals, but at least  
I'm trying to work toward  
something.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TALIA

(happily surprised)

Awe, you called me Tals! You used  
to always call me that.

\*  
\*

ANDREA

(also happily surprised)

I know.

\*  
\*

TALIA

(into phone and panicky  
again)

Hi James - it's Tals, I mean Talia!  
I... umm...

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREA

(serious again)

You need to learn how to take a  
chance, Talia.

\*  
\*

Andrea grabs the phone from Talia.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi James, this is Talia's best  
friend. Just want to let you know  
she's doing great. She's happy,  
free and independent. Also, last  
night she slept with my friend  
Jack. Good day!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Andrea hangs up the phone smugly. Talia looks horrified.  
Frederico pops his head up from behind the cubicle.

\*  
\*

FREDERICO

I have your mother-in-law on line  
one.

\*  
\*

INT. COMEDY SHOP/BAR - MEANWHILE

Dougie leans over the bar, Amanda does the same. They're  
engulfed in laughter and flirtation.

\*  
\*

DOUGIE

That's so weird, I'm going through  
the exact same thing.

\*  
\*

(MORE)

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Her name is Becca and she just  
won't stop texting me either!

\*  
\*

AMANDA

Why don't you just tell her you're  
seeing someone? That's what I  
always do.

DOUGIE

I so would, but I honestly love the  
attention. So, tell me more about  
the guy you're burning thumbs with.

AMANDA

Oh, just this guy I'm trying to  
make plans with tonight but he's  
such a flake. Guys suck!

DOUGIE

They do, don't they? So, who is he?

AMANDA

Just this guy, Randy.

\*

DOUGIE

Randy?

\*  
\*

EXT. COMEDY SHOP/PATIO - SAME TIME

Jack and Mel sit at a patio table. Jack looks at Mel's phone.

JACK

Randy? Who the hell is Randy?

MEL

Ah. It makes sense now why she's  
not giving you a straight answer.  
Her Plan A for tonight is to go out  
with this guy Randy. She's keeping  
you around just in case Plan A  
doesn't follow through. You're her  
Plan B.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Robbie sits on the raft playing video games. The door bursts open, Talia walks in, eagerly followed by Andrea.

TALIA

He's not answering. I need to get back to Boston.

\*  
\*

ANDREA

Tals, I'm sorry I just want you to be happy for once. Are you okay?

\*  
\*  
\*

Talia opens her luggage, and begins moving around all her stuff, pacing back and forth in front of the television - Robbie tries to focus on the game.

\*  
\*  
\*

TALIA

Am I okay? Depends on how you define okay? If the definition of okay is throwing away six years of school and a four year relationship on a whim to pursue an unrealistic dream destined for failure, then coming to the realization of the sheer insanity of it, then yes, I'm okay. I'm the most okay I've ever been. Okay! Okay? Okay? I'm sorry.

The door opens - Jack, Dougie and Mel shuffle in.

ROBBIE

(playing video games)

YES!

(turns away from TV)

Okay I'm done. Talia, it's not a big deal. People come out here and fail and leave all the time. You had a good run. A solid twenty-four hours.

JACK

You're leaving already?

TALIA

I'm sorry. I had a plan.

JACK

A plan? And let me guess, we're your Plan B?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You think you can just walk in here, take my raft, my only possession, and sleep all over it? Well what if my Plan A isn't to be your Plan B?

TALIA

What are you talking about?

JACK

Don't worry, I get it. A better opportunity presented itself. Was his name Randy? Who cares. Hurry up on outta here, like every other flake fest of a girl. Specifically Amanda.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOUGIE

On another note, I think I love Amanda.

JACK

What?

DOUGIE

I didn't plan this, Jack. I now understand your obsession. She's a goddess.

\*  
\*  
\*

TALIA

Jack's right.

JACK

I am?

TALIA

I'm sorry Anj, I just can't live like this.

ANDREA

Like what?

TALIA

This... lifestyle! I thought people moved to Hollywood because they had a dream - to live their Plan As - don't tell me this is your Plan A? All of you?

Everyone stares at her blankly.

TALIA (CONT'D)

I mean...

(to Robbie)

(MORE)

TALIA (CONT'D)

Sleeping in till eleven and binge watching television all day?

(to Mel)

Telling jokes about your bizarre, totally inappropriate relationship with your step dad in the name of truth and art?

(to Jack)

Living on your friend's couch, spending all of your time concocting elaborate schemes in an attempt to get girls to have sex with you!

(to Dougie)

And live streaming the results?

(to Andrea)

I don't know how you all live like this.

\*  
\*

DOUGIE

Listen lady. I'm an accomplished viral video sensation, a leading member of the new media landscape, and according to a frequent BuzzFeed commentator-

(looks at his phone)

-a modern day Marcello Mastroianni-

(looks back up)

-I'd say I am living my plan A.

MEL

A modern day Marcello Mastroianni?

DOUGIE

My fans have defined tastes, Mel. This isn't the scum that frequent your comedy clubs looking for cheap laughs and sex.

MEL

Hold up, the sex may be cheap but the laughs are very real.

(to Talia)

And FYI, Talia, I'm on a personal quest to find comedy in the search for why one finds the need to find comedy. It's meta. And it's my Plan A.

ROBBIE

Come on, let's be honest - you're just dealing with your parents divorce.



Robbie stands up and starts to walk around the raft to the table.

ANDREA

Well I'd rather be the product of a broken home than a product of your mother.

JACK

Oh yeah, your mom texted me today.

ANDREA

She called me three times. The last one, she conferenced me in with your pediatrician.

DOUGIE

I was actually on that call as well.

Robbie stops and turns to everyone - hanging on the wall directly behind him is a giant, way too big, photo of him and his mom.

ROBBIE

She's very concerned about the heat rash on my inner thigh!

(to Talia)

And where do you think I got that heat rash? Sure, I spend the weekdays binge watching television - which I think we can all agree is currently at the height of a creative renaissance, surpassing cinema and cementing it's place as the twenty-first century American art form-

(everyone nods in agreement)

-but I spend my weekends bartending in Malibu where I literally sweat my balls off so I can afford to be a stay at home dad one day. That's my Plan A!

ANDREA

Awe, Robbie!

Robbie smiles and takes a seat at the table.

TALIA

I should go.

JACK

Told ya.

Talia crouches down over her luggage, stuffing it with her clothes.

ANDREA

Tals, Plan A doesn't mean instant success, or comfort, or having your crap together. It means going for what you want, and sometimes that means doing your bosses laundry, and taking a chance.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Talia thinks for a beat.

TALIA

I'm sorry I bothered you all.

Talia continues to pack her luggage.

DOUGIE

You won't believe this, but Becca also has a friend named Randy. What a coincidence.

ANDREA

Randy? What are you talking about?

DOUGIE

Becca, my stalker, that girl who won't leave me alone, she just sent me a text saying, and I quote - *if we aren't chilling tonight, I'm just gonna do something with Randy.*

JACK

But Amanda's texting a guy named Randy. What if it's the same Randy?

DOUGIE

If it is the same Randy... Don't you see what's going on here?

Dougie takes a marker from the table and begins drawing a diagram on the wall.

ROBBIE

I just bought that decorative art at Marshall's!

DOUGIE

We want to chill with Amanda tonight.

JACK

We?

DOUGIE

But Amanda is more interested in hanging out with some idiot named Randy, making us her plan B. But, based on my astute observations, Randy doesn't seem down to hang out with Amanda, making her his plan B. Now our plan B, my stalker, Becca, is being pursued by someone also named Randy. We can safely assume by her infatuation with me that we are Becca's plan A, making Randy her plan B. Now, if Amanda and Becca are in contact with the same Randy...

JACK

Our plan A is Randy's plan B, our plan B is Randy's plan A.

DOUGIE

Exactly.

ANDREA

Who the hell is Randy?

JACK

Randy is my enemy.

MEL

He's the better version of Jack.

ROBBIE

I still don't follow.

DOUGIE

It's what Mel said on the phone yesterday - Jack's texting Amanda, but she's texting Randy, but he's texting Becca, and Becca's texting me. Dear lord. We're caught in an infinity loop.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

An infinity loop?

DOUGIE

Forever pursuing that which cannot be caught. I see only one solution here.

JACK  
What's that?

DOUGIE  
We have to kill Randy.

ROBBIE  
My cousin could probably beat him to near death. I don't know if he'd actually kill him. But also he's in Jersey, so...

Talia has had enough.

TALIA  
You idiots, killing Randy won't solve your problems.

JACK  
Oh yeah, who died and made you the expert?

Talia grabs the marker and starts writing on the wall.

TALIA  
You need to absorb Randy.

ROBBIE  
Oh come on!

TALIA  
By absorbing Randy into your group, then you effectively become cool by association, upgrading you to both Amanda and Becca's plan A. Once together, Randy will be distracted pursuing Becca.

Talia gives Jack a look - she solved his equation.

JACK  
Isn't this a little adolescent for you?

\*  
\*  
\*

DOUGIE  
(circling Amanda)  
And to the victor go the spoils.  
(looking at his phone)  
Okay, so Becca and Amanda have seven mutual friends named Randy, so there's seven Randy's that could be our guy.

MEL

What are you gonna do? Invite all the Randy's out to the same place in hopes that one of them is the right Randy?

DOUGIE

That's exactly what we're gonna do.

\*  
\*

TALIA

You know what would make a lot more sense - take a chance and call her.

JACK

Oh yeah?

TALIA

Do you really want this girl Jack? Because if you really want this, you need to risk something. You need to stop messing and you need to take a chance on what you want...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(pauses for a second)

...and call her.

JACK

Tell you what - I'll take a chance and call her if you take a chance and stay. For one audition.

\*  
\*  
\*

Everyone turns to Talia.

TALIA

What?

JACK

See what I mean. Once a flake, always a-

TALIA

Fine.

JACK

Fine what?

TALIA

If you call Amanda, I'll stay. For one audition.

JACK

Fine.

TALIA

Fine.

ROBBIE

Alright, so it's settled, you're both fine.

Jack slowly takes his phone out of his pocket. He dials, then puts it on speakerphone. He doesn't look happy as everyone gathers around and listens to the phone RING.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Hello?

JACK

Hi. Amanda. It's Jack.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Oh hey.

JACK

Hey, I just wanted to call to see-

AMANDA (O.S.)

I'm sorry, this is kind of weird for me. Do you mind if we text?

JACK

Excuse me?

AMANDA (O.S.)

I'd just feel more comfortable texting.

JACK

Oh, okay. Sure. Bye.

Jack hangs up the phone. He types a text. His phone BUZZES. \*

JACK (CONT'D)

(reading his phone)

I'm kind of seeing someone.

Everyone, ad-libs GOOD NIGHT and leaves, leaving Jack and Talia alone on the raft. Jack gives her a look like - thanks. \*

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. COMEDY SHOP/BAR - NIGHT

Dougie stands by the bar, Amanda working behind it. A bunch of DUDES surround him. He shakes all of their hands.

RANDY 1  
Hey, I'm Randy.

RANDY 2  
Pleased to meet you. I'm Randy.

RANDY 3  
My name's Randy. Pleasure's all mine.

RANDY 4  
Yo, I'm Randy.

RANDY 5  
Hey I'm Randy! Have you met my friend Randy?

END OF TAG

END OF SHOW