YOU'RE THE WORST

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

QUICK POPS of an elegant wedding reception.

-Cater-waiters pour wine at the tables, wiping the bottle after each pour.

-A Caucasian wedding band plays a Motown classic.

-A photographer shoots candids of the wedding party.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Ugh. This whole thing...

-An ELDERLY COUPLE feeds each other cake.

JIMMY (V.O.)
I mean, I came, so it's my fault...

-The bride dances with her father.

-Everyone is happy and will remember this day forever.

IN AN ALCOVE away from the action, a GUY and GIRL sit side-by-side on a low credenza, watching from afar.

The girl, we don't really care about. The guy is JIMMY SHIVE-OVERLY, 32. Jimmy is okay looking, but out of shape, with a blunt force trauma of a personality. He never once looks at the girl as he talks.

JIMMY
...but sometimes you just want to witness the beginning of a disaster, so when the house is engulfed in flames you can say, "Yeah, I was there when they installed the faulty wiring." Sure, getting married <u>vaguely</u> resembles bravery, but so does jumping down onto the subway tracks to grab a quarter.

ANGLE ON: the BRIDE, beaming, resplendent.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
She used to be like me. Now look at her...

WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL that Jimmy has his hand moving under the girl's dress. It's subtle but unmistakable what's going on.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
...Adopting a dog from a shelter, taking couple's Bikram, registering for panini machines. It would be absolutely hysterical if it wasn't so goddamn sad.

GIRL
Alll-right. I'm going back in.

The girl removes Jimmy's hand and smooths her dress.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Don't tell anyone about this. And leave her alone. It's her big day.

The girl walks away. Jimmy keeps staring out the wedding.

JIMMY
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

THE BRIDE stands on stage, talking into the mic.

BRIDE
Okay, my lovelies. Are you ready?

She turns around and LAUNCHES the bouquet over her head.

WE FOLLOW as the bouquet FLIES THROUGH THE AIR... and hits GRETCHEN ESSEX, 29. Gretchen is beautiful with a killer body, her looks off-set by the sour expression she often wears. The world told her early that she was perfect and would have everything she wanted, but the world has apparently changed its mind: she's broke, her career is shit, and her boobs can hold a pencil for the first time. Life has cheated Gretchen and she's not going to let it forget it.

The bouquet hits Gretchen in the chest and bounces off. She doesn't even flinch. She pulls from a bottle of champagne as the squealing women scramble for the bouquet. She inhales on a cigarette, unconsciously flicking ash down onto the women.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY NEAR BATHROOMS - LATER

WE FOLLOW as a CATER-WAITER turns a corner to find Jimmy and the bride in an angry face-off. He quickly walks away.

BRIDE
I invited you because I thought we could be friends, Jimmy.

JIMMY
That's insane! What kind of idiot is friends with their ex?

BRIDE
I forgot how you always make everything about you.

JIMMY
No, you didn't. You wanted to passive-aggressively rub my nose in your happiness. At least I would have had the decency to rub your nose in it directly.

A few GUESTS have begun to gather.

BRIDE
Ooh, your commitment to honesty is soooo refreshing! It must be hard being the only one who sees people for what they actually are.

JIMMY
(emotional)
It is. It's incredibly hard.

BRIDE
Well, it's also what's going to keep you alone, because you're ugly and unpleasant and honestly, Jimmy, not the original you think you are.

JIMMY
I'm not original? Okay, want to know a few things about you -- ?
(stops himself)
No. You're right. This day isn't about me.

BRIDE
What were you going to say?

JIMMY
Nothing. Forget it.

BRIDE
No. I'm serious. I want to know what the brilliant Jimmy Shive-Overly has to say about me.

CLOSE ON JIMMY as he fights an internal battle...

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFET TABLE - THREE MINUTES LATER

Gretchen sneaks food into her purse. Loud ARGUING AND COMMOTION can be heard. She peers into the HALLWAY to see:

Most of the wedding crowd now surrounding Jimmy and the bride. The bride is sobbing.

JIMMY
She told me to! Seriously? How am I in the wrong here?

The angry crowd descends on Jimmy...

Gretchen uses the distraction to quickly head to the GIFT TABLE where she starts picking up gifts and shaking them.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy is dragged outside by two GROOMSMEN and the GROOM. They throw him to the ground.

GROOM
Talk to her again and me and my boys will mess you up.

JIMMY
Who talks like that?

GROOM
I'm serious, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Fine. Not a problem. Enjoy your sham of a marriage.

The guys head back inside. Jimmy gets up. Immediately lights a cigarette. Doesn't bother dusting himself off.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)
You have another one of those?

He turns to see Gretchen standing outside with a fresh bottle of champagne, a large wrapped gift on the ground next to her.

JIMMY
These are pretty expensive.

She stares at him. He reluctantly hands her a cigarette. She lights it. Exhales a thick plume.

GRETCHEN
Good job taking the bride down a peg or two on her special day.

During the following, Jimmy doesn't really look at her, too wrapped up, as he is, in himself.

JIMMY
Getting married doesn't remove you from the burden of having to act like a human being. She just invited me as some backwards way of demonstrating what I was missing out on, which, if she'd ever actually paid attention, she'd know would have the opposite effect.

GRETCHEN
Yeah. Those two are doomed.

JIMMY
Right? Has any couple ever had a more dishonest start to a marriage? The balls to have a traditional Catholic ceremony.

GRETCHEN
When she's already had two abortions.

JIMMY
And can only orgasm through anal.

They are interrupted by GASPS.

PAN OVER to reveal THE PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS OF THE BRIDE standing nearby, horrified. Jimmy nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Mr. and Mrs. Cottumaccio. Old Cottumaccios.

The parents and grandparents quickly head back inside.

Jimmy and Gretchen immediately return to their conversation, unfazed. Jimmy finally actually looks at Gretchen.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You're pretty.

Gretchen is used to hearing this, but from him it didn't sound like a compliment.

GRETCHEN
Thanks?

JIMMY
So how do you know her?

GRETCHEN
I'm friends with the sister.

JIMMY
You're friends with Fat Lindsay?

GRETCHEN
Yeah, me and Fat Lindsay are super-close.

JIMMY
So you must have heard of me.

GRETCHEN
Vaguely.

JIMMY
What'd you hear?

GRETCHEN
Just that you're the worst.

JIMMY
Says the girl who just stole a blender from a wedding.

GRETCHEN
No! Shit. Really?

She tears at the wrapping paper. It's indeed a blender.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Crap. I thought it was a food processor.

She heaves the whole thing into the bushes.

JIMMY
Who's the worst now?

GRETCHEN
(shrugs)
Yeah, well.

She blows smoke. Their eyes meet. He smiles. She furrows her brow.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gretchen is on top of Jimmy. They are vigorously fucking.

GRETCHEN
I don't know what I'm doing here. I'm not even attracted to you.

JIMMY
The minute someone tells me they're not attracted to me, I know I'm in. That's the most attractive thing about me: I'm not that attractive.

She nods. Makes sense. They keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Still naked, they eat cold pasta with their hands. Champagne from the bottle. (In this sequence, there should be a slow progression where they make more and more eye contact...)

JIMMY
It's L.A. Who doesn't drive?

GRETCHEN
D.U.I. I occasionally see this movie director guy --

JIMMY
Gross.

GRETCHEN
One night he booty-texted me from some awards show to meet him at his house. And I was already at a bar, so I drove to his house, and he texted that he was going to be later, so I drove idly around his neighborhood for a while until I kind of sideswiped an off-duty cop.

JIMMY
I'm glad this is a one-night thing so we can reveal this awful shit about ourselves.

GRETCHEN
Totally.

They high-five. A piece of pasta drops onto his crotch.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

Gretchen's head disappears out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - TWO MINUTES LATER

More sex. Jimmy is on top. He pins her wrists over her head. She gasps.

GRETCHEN
Okay, I like that.

JIMMY
All girls do.

GRETCHEN
Don't call me "all girls."

He pulls her hair.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Ah, dammit. That's good too.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

He gives her a foot rub.

JIMMY
Right before Becca broke up with me, I started reading her email.

GRETCHEN
I've done that.

JIMMY
I was mostly just embarrassed how many shopping lists she was on.
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
When she broke up with me it actually kind of knocked me out. Even though she's clearly a ridiculous human being.

GRETCHEN
I mean. Break-ups hurt. From what I've heard.
(off his look)
I don't, really, do relationships.

JIMMY
Me neither. Anymore.

GRETCHEN
So what, are you one of those creepy foot guys?

JIMMY
No. I just have nervous hands. They always have to stay busy.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy is out of frame, going down on Gretchen.

GRETCHEN
Yes. That's good. Don't you stop, you son of a bitch. Oh, yeeee --

She abruptly opens her eyes. Looks down.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Did you just spit on it?

JIMMY (O.S.)
Yeah.

GRETCHEN
You spit on my vagina?

JIMMY (O.S.)
So?

GRETCHEN
Don't.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Why?

GRETCHEN
Why don't spit on my vagina???

Jimmy pops his head up into frame.

JIMMY
It's saliva. It's going to get there anyway.

Gretchen considers. He has a point. She pushes his head back down.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

They lie side by side, facing each other, heads on pillows.

GRETCHEN
...and that's how I got crabs from my guidance counselor.

Beat. They just smile.

JIMMY
Hey.

GRETCHEN
Hey.

He brushes her hair out of her face. She kisses his hand as he does. Beat. Smiles quickly turn to frowns. They back up at the same time.

JIMMY
I should get some sleep, so...

GRETCHEN
Yeah. Night.

She rolls over.

JIMMY
Wait, what?

GRETCHEN
Relax. I'm just lazy. I'll sneak out in the morning.

JIMMY
No. There are no sleep-overs.

GRETCHEN
Too bad.

Jimmy is stymied.

JIMMY
I have sleep apnea. I have to wear a CPAP machine.

GRETCHEN
Don't care. I'm a log.

Defeated, Jimmy pulls on mask connected to a machine. He puts it over his mouth and nose. She looks over.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
You look like Top Gun.

JIMMY
(muffled)
Shut up.

GRETCHEN
Thank god I'm not going to remember any of this in the morning.

Gretchen cuddles her body close to his. He opens his eyes.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
For warmth.

He shuts his eyes again.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Never leave your wingman.

JIMMY
Goddamn it.

GRETCHEN
Goose, you big stud...

JIMMY
So stupid.

She laughs. He laughs as well. They both giggle drowsily.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jimmy bolts upright. He rips off his mask and looks over. Gretchen is still there. What the fuck? He shakes her.

JIMMY
Get up.

She sleepily smacks his hand away. Jimmy gets out of bed.

CLOSE ON Jimmy stepping over Gretchen's purse, not noticing it's being attacked by ants who feast on the purloined food.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

Jimmy comes downstairs into his sleek kitchen. His house is a medium-sized modern, pretty empty. The only piece of art is a huge framed book review from the New York Times over the mantle, accompanied by an author photo of Jimmy.

EDGAR (O.S.)
Morning.

Jimmy finds his childhood friend EDGAR QUINTERO, 32, Latino, cooking breakfast. Edgar is tall and handsome and well-built. His clothes are simple but always pressed and clean -- training from his military service. He is sweet and earnest and suffers from PTSD. He looks up to Jimmy, even though it's sometimes hard to see why. Edgar lives with Jimmy.

Jimmy sits at the counter with his iPad. Starts typing.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
So I've been thinking about ghosts.

JIMMY
Right. Which don't exist.

EDGAR
You know my great-grandfather Baldemar on my father's side?

EDGAR (CONT'D)
He was this adventurer guy who owned a ranch in Zihuatanejo and sold arms and was a matador and sounds like the coolest guy.

JIMMY
What? No. How could I possibly know your -- "Voldemort?" What's his name...? Nevermind --

As Edgar talks, he serves Jimmy a scramble with tortillas and chorizo and salsa. Jimmy shovels it in without looking.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Because I was thinking: he sounds like he had it all worked out, and maybe if I could learn his secrets, I could fix my problems.

JIMMY
How would meeting your dead relative -- which is impossible because the soul doesn't exist -- help you move out of my house?

EDGAR
(laughs)
No, I'm talking about my real problems. Like the nightmares and the crying and how I want to do heroin all the time.

JIMMY
That's because you were an idiot and joined the Army during a war.

EDGAR
But that's because we had no money.

JIMMY
Because your father was a lazy drunk and your mother never used birth control.

EDGAR
Yes, but that's because -- I don't know why those things, actually. So anyway, what do you think?

JIMMY
I don't have time for this. I agreed to write a profile for GQ about some stupid actor even though it will kill my soul.

EDGAR
I thought there was no soul.

Edgar just keeps looking at him, expectantly. Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY
What do I think about what?

EDGAR
If I should hold a seance to contact great-grandfather Baldemar?

JIMMY
No.

Jimmy pushes his plate forward. Edgar puts more food on it.

EDGAR
I think I'm gonna do it. Thanks.

Gretchen enters, dressed in her clothes from last night.

GRETCHEN
Why did you let me sleep so long?
I'm famished.

Gretchen sits down and starts eating Jimmy's breakfast. Jimmy watches in horror. Edgar looks from Gretchen to Jimmy and back, smiling.

EDGAR
Hi. I'm Edgar.

GRETCHEN
(mouth full)
Gretchen. This is dynamite.

Edgar fixes Jimmy a new plate. Jimmy remains mutely outraged. Edgar pours Gretchen coffee.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Thanks. So how do you two know each other?

EDGAR
I used to beat him up when we were little.

GRETCHEN
(sizing Jimmy up)
I can see that.

EDGAR
But then I realized he wasn't just some loser dork but a really smart guy. Way smarter than the bozos I was hanging out with. So then I started beating <u>them</u> up for Jimmy. Have you read his book?

JIMMY
Edgar --

Gretchen shakes her head no.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You haven't?

Edgar picks up a book from a stack of them. Hands it to her. She looks at it.

EDGAR
Sales were flatter than expected. That's why he has to do more magazine work.

JIMMY
Shut up at <u>any</u> time.

EDGAR
You should read it.

GRETCHEN
(pocketing the book)
K.

JIMMY
At least buy your own copy.

GRETCHEN
Ha, right.

Gretchen finishes eating. Puts down her fork. Belches.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
Whoo! Excuse me. So, who's gonna give me a ride to work?

EDGAR
I can't drive because I have PTSD and mild-to-medium battlefield-induced psychosis.

GRETCHEN
Bummer. Jimmy, you're up.

JIMMY
My car's at the reception. We took a cab.

GRETCHEN
We did? Damn.

She pulls out her phone and dials...

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

LINDSAY JILLIAN, 28, drives a brand new Lexus. Lindsay is slightly overweight, but her clothes and hair are carefully put together and scream, "I'm trying to be an adult lady now." Gretchen sits in the passenger seat, changing into clothes Lindsay has brought her. Lindsay is not happy.

LINDSAY
I can't believe it.

GRETCHEN
Drive faster. I'm late.

LINDSAY
You slept with Jimmy.

GRETCHEN
Apparently.

LINDSAY
Who used to date my sister. And on the night of her wedding!

GRETCHEN
Why are you crawling up my ass about this, Linds?

LINDSAY
You know what a jerk he is. I told you all the time how he swallowed her up. She disappeared her life into his and was never the same.

Gretchen starts doing her make-up, feet up on the dashboard.

GRETCHEN
That's because Becca doesn't have a personality to begin with.

LINDSAY
Well. That's true. Uuuck. Jimmy's the worst. Did he say anything about me?

GRETCHEN
No.

LINDSAY
You're not going to see him again, are you?

GRETCHEN
Ew. No way. But we did have fun... God, I hope he doesn't think it was an actual thing.

LINDSAY
No kidding. Why do you have such terrible taste in men?

GRETCHEN
Maybe it's not me. Maybe it's them.

LINDSAY
No, it's you. Can you take your feet off the dashboard? This is a lease.

GRETCHEN
Stop the car.

LINDSAY
What?

GRETCHEN
STOP THE CAR! I'd rather walk than ride in this sterile suburban piece of shit car with my best friend being shitty and judgemental because I had sex with a guy at a wedding. How many guys did you blow at our five-year reunion?

LINDSAY
...Four.

GRETCHEN
You said it was three.

LINDSAY
I might have left out Tor Borgfeldt.

GRETCHEN
Tor Borgfeldt? I'm seriously nauseated right now.

LINDSAY
(misty)
God, we used to have fun.

GRETCHEN
Yeah, we did. The hell'd you have to get married for?

LINDSAY
I know. I'm sorry.
(then)
Do you like my new haircut?

GRETCHEN
No. You look like Ellen Barkin.
(beat, then)
(MORE)

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
If you get your real estate license I will stab you in the tits.

They drive on in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY ROOM - DAY

KEVIN NEALON reads to a group of SICK KIDS.

KEVIN
...so the tomato and the caterpillar lived happily ever after... until the caterpillar finally couldn't handle it and ate the tomato. Yum! The end!

The kids clap. Kevin smiles.

REVEAL, Jimmy standing to the side with a note pad, frowning.

Kevin makes his way to Jimmy.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Hey, man. Thanks for coming here. This was the only time in my schedule my retard manager could find to slot the interview.

JIMMY
(dubious)
Uh-huh. Should we go find somewhere quiet or...?

KEVIN
I actually have to stick around a bit. But we can start the interview here if you don't mind.

JIMMY
Okay. Tell me about this new show you're doing.

KEVIN
Well, it's a really cool project...

A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL with a shaved head runs up to him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Aw, c'mere you!

She jumps into Kevin's arms. A PHOTOGRAPHER materializes out of nowhere. Kevin poses with the girl. Turns back to Jimmy.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Anyway, they sent me the script, and I NEVER laugh out loud, but --

A KID IN A WHEELCHAIR rolls by. Kevin sees him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Wheelchair race!
(to Jimmy)
Sorry.
(to the photographer)
C'mon, get this...

Kevin jumps into a wheelchair and races after the kid, the photographer snapping away. Jimmy sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF A LOFT BUILDING - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Gretchen storms out onto the roof to find THREE SULLEN AFRICAN-AMERICAN SKATER KIDS (early 20s) smoking pot. Gretchen is the publicist for a breaking hip-hop act, lead by SAM HALTON (AKA "THE PITBOSS"). Sam is skinny, smart, unpredictable, and prone to depression. The other two guys, SHITSTAIN and HONEY NUTZ, watch something on a phone, sharing earbuds. Sam sees Gretchen. Puts his hood on. Sulking.

GRETCHEN
What the crap?!

SAM
You know I get nervous at these shits.

GRETCHEN
You're paying the guy to take your photo and you trash his studio?

SAM
You weren't here! Unprofessional as <u>fuck</u>. A publicist who can't show up at publicity events. Don't even know what I'm paying you for --

GRETCHEN
The label pays me.

SAM
You know it all gets charged against my end, bitch! Label is villains. From now on I'm just gonna drop free mixtapes and fuckin' Vines of my guinea pigs.

GRETCHEN
You need to go apologize to Nestor so he doesn't sue you.

SAM
Let 'im. I'll lawyer the fuck up.

GRETCHEN
Nestor's a great photographer. We need him.

SAM
Anyone's a good photographer now. Shitstain take amazing Instagrams.

Shitstain nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
Anyway, bitch, this is your fault! You apologize to him for being such a no-showing-up bitch.

Gretchen stares at Sam. Sam stares back. A showdown.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and the two guys stand in front of the photographer, NESTOR (male, English, 50's), pissed.

SAM
We're sorry we broke your shit.

Shitstain and Honey Nutz nod.

We now see the remanence of a photo shoot, trashed. The white backdrop has been slashed. Light stands upended. Catering thrown everywhere. A 20-something ASSISTANT gathers broken equipment.

GRETCHEN
Okay, good. Nestor, we'll figure out restitution.

Nestor storms off. Sam watches his go, scowling.

SAM
Making us do stupid ass poses...

GRETCHEN
Hey. You okay?

SAM
Yeah. Fuck were you doing, anyway?

GRETCHEN
Nothing worth talking about.

SAM
You still need to make it up to us.
(off her look)
I'm serious. I'll fire your ass and it won't mean shit to me.

GRETCHEN
Yes, it will. You can't function without me.

SAM
See, just to prove you wrong I'mma go to Loyola-Marymont, get me four fine-ass interns to do the same job for free. You owe me, Gretch.

She sighs.

GRETCHEN
Fine. What do you need, Sam?

SAM
You need to kiss my quarter-Chickasaw ass.

Sam turns around. Gretchen narrows her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
Then you need to go get me some cocaine. I'm too famous to get it myself. I'm not playing. You on probation now.

Shitstain and Honey Nutz nod. Off Gretchen: shit, he's serious...

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY ROOM - DAY

Kevin now plays the banjo and sings.

Jimmy wants to die. His attention is drawn by a skinny, pale TEEN KID sitting alone playing a video game.

JIMMY
Wait. Is that... GTA 5?

TEEN KID
Yeah.

JIMMY
How'd the hell'd you get it?!

TEEN KID
I get games early because I'm dying.

JIMMY
Lucky.

TEEN KID
(looks up at Jimmy)
Why are you here?

JIMMY
I'm doing a story on that asshole.

TEEN KID
Why's he an asshole?

JIMMY
Please. Inviting me here so I'll write about him hanging around with sick kids. Disgusting.
(then)
So do you get lots of free stuff?

TEEN KID
Yeah. But nothing really cool.

JIMMY
Like what would you want?

TEEN KID
To motorboat Kate Upton. You have a girlfriend?

JIMMY
No, I don't believe in girlfriends.

TEEN KID
You mean you can't get laid.

JIMMY
Fuck you. I got laid last night.

TEEN KID
Was she hot?

Jimmy sits on the arm of the kid's chair as he talks.

JIMMY
Yeah. But annoying. No, not annoying. She was... trouble, I guess. I mean, she was just kind of an awful person. But in a fun way. Anyway. Doesn't matter...

Jimmy smiles to himself, lost in revere for a moment. He snaps out of it to see Kevin surrounded by the kids.

KEVIN
Group hug!

JIMMY
Alright, that's it.

Jimmy goes to Kevin, who separates himself from the kids.

KEVIN
Sorry, sorry. Let's get back to the interview.

JIMMY
Nah.

KEVIN
Excuse me?

JIMMY
I'm know I'm supposed to be giving you a hand job in this magazine but this little staged charade is cynical and ugly and more obvious than your face lift. You brought your own photographer!? I mean, I know actors are vain and awful, but, man, you take the cake.

KEVIN
Yeah, I'm doing publicity for my sister's charity.

PAN OVER to find KEVIN'S SISTER sister sitting with the six-year old cancer girl.

JIMMY
And the girl...?

KEVIN
Is my niece. Who has neuroblastoma. Dick.

Kevin walks off. Jimmy turns to see the teen kid laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jimmy types on his laptop, in a shitty mood. Edgar enters.

EDGAR
I had your car towed back here.

He puts the car keys on the kitchen counter.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
And look who I found getting out of a cab.

Jimmy looks up to see Gretchen. She gives a little wave. Jimmy tenses up. She notices.

GRETCHEN
Don't worry. I forgot my purse. Not on purpose or anything.

EDGAR
I was just telling her about my great-grandfather Baldemar. She thinks I should pursue it.

GRETCHEN
Definitely.

EDGAR
(hugs her)
Thanks. I'll go pay your cab.

Edgar exits.

GRETCHEN
He's sweet. It's nice that you let him live with you.

JIMMY
You know your purse had food in it? It was covered in ants. Who keeps food in their purse?

GRETCHEN
Whoa. What's your problem?

JIMMY
I had a really shitty day and I come home to find my bedroom a goddamn ‘50’s sci-fi movie.
(finally facing her)
And why would you sleep over? That’s amateur hour. What were you trying to do?

Gretchen reacts, hurt, surprised.

GRETCHEN
And here I was worrying you were going to get the wrong idea about last night. Thanks for saving me the speech.

JIMMY
(laughs derisively)
You were going to make a speech?

GRETCHEN
Oh my god. Forget it.

JIMMY
No kidding. Save your breath.

Gretchen turns to leave. She turns back, a tiger un-caged.

GRETCHEN
I don’t know what planet you’re from, but on my planet someone like you doesn’t just get...
(motioning to her body)
...this. Congratulations. You bagged a weakened gazelle.
(picking up steam)
That’s right, I’m still retarded-hooked on someone else who is eons further along the evolutionary scale than you in all categories save for “Unearned Ego” and “Backfat.” You so value honesty that you had to chew out a BRIDE on her WEDDING DAY in the name of it? Well, then face this giant hunk of truth, Jimmy: there’s a fat asterisk next to me on your skank-riddled little Fucklist, and it reads: “SHE PROBABLY WOULDA GONE HOME WITH ANYONE THAT NIGHT.” So thank you for the wake-up call, Jimmy Stupid-Three-Names. You are officially my bottom.

Gretchen storms out. Jimmy is agog, the smile that forms on his face reading, “Holy shit, that was awesome.”

CUT TO:

EXT. FANCY HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

Gretchen knocks on the door of a nice place with a killer view. The door opens.

ANGLE ON GRETCHEN. She smiles.

GRETCHEN
Hey you.

REVERSE ANGLES TO REVEAL: TY WYLAND, 45, rugged, intense, smiling. He’s wearing yoga pants and a deep-v over his chiselled, hairy chest.

TY
Kiddo. What a surprise.

GRETCHEN
I was just in the neighborhood.

Gretchen’s manner with Ty is quite different than with Jimmy. Almost supplicant. Talks quieter. Her light dimmer.

TY
I have an early call time. But... yeah, come in.

He opens the door for her.

TY (CONT’D)
The last time you said you were coming over, you never showed. I thought you’d grown sick of me.

GRETCHEN
Nah. You’re all right.

Ty touches her face. It feels like a rehearsed moment.

TY
You’re so beautiful, Gretchen.

Gretchen frowns. Normally she’d be flattered. To end the disquieting feeling, and, by way of reply, she kisses him.

Ty quickly looks outside to make sure no one saw her come in, then shuts the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy plays the video game from the hospital, a bottle of scotch in front of him. A large bag of M&M. Edgar enters.

EDGAR
You busy?

JIMMY
Yep.

EDGAR
Can you pause it for a second?

JIMMY
Nope.

EDGAR
Whoa. Where'd you get GTA 5?

JIMMY
Don't worry about it.

Beat. Edgar grabs the controller out of Jimmy's hand.

EDGAR
I have to say something.

JIMMY
What's wrong with you? Give me the controller!

Jimmy stands up to grab it. Edgar pushes him back down onto the couch with surprising force. Jimmy's scotch spills. His M&M's go flying. Jimmy stares in enraged surprise.

EDGAR
I've watched you for two years now get girls to come home with you and they're always gone in the morning.

JIMMY
I can help it if she refused to leave? Give me my controller.

Edgar doesn't. Jimmy quickly grabs the other controller from the table. Starts to fire it up.

EDGAR
Sorry about this...

Edgar quickly grabs Jimmy into a tight military headlock. Jimmy flails but it's useless. He roars with outrage.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
I don't mind you being jerky to me, because I know you care.

JIMMY
(strangled)
No, I don't! You're an animal. Living in my house...

EDGAR
But Gretchen stayed. You say she forced you, but we both know there's not a person on this planet's ever had a good outcome trying to force you to do anything. She stayed. And that means something. Whether you want to admit it or not. I'm going to let you go now.

Edgar lets Jimmy go. Jimmy falls down onto the couch.

JIMMY
Why would I even listen to you? You're a mental case. You're on a billion medications that all say: "Take For Batshit Craziness."

EDGAR
(hurt)
I was defending our country.

JIMMY
Please. You weren't defending anything except for the business interests of evil men.

EDGAR
Jimmy, our country IS the business interests of evil men.

JIMMY
(stares at Edgar, stunned)
That may be the most intelligent thing you've ever said.

EDGAR
Thanks.

JIMMY
You're still a fucking lunatic.

Rubbing his neck, Jimmy heads out of the room.

EDGAR
Where are you going?

JIMMY
To a bar, where I can drink in peace!

The front door SLAMS. Edgar starts to clean up the mess. The front door REOPENS. Jimmy storms back in.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Call the police!

EDGAR
On me?

JIMMY
Someone stole my car!

EDGAR
(laughs)
Gretchen took it, remember?

JIMMY
Gretchen took my car?! GRETCHEN TOOK MY CAR?!

EDGAR
Yeah. I saw her driving away. I figured you loaned it to her. Come to think of it, I did think it was kinda weird.

JIMMY
She doesn't have a license!

EDGAR
Huh. She must have stolen your keys from the counter.

Jimmy breathes hard, raging.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Well. You gotta admit, that's kind of a baller move.

Jimmy flops down onto the couch, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. TY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fancy. Masculine. Dark. 1000 thread-count. The lights of Los Angeles spread out below.

Ty makes sweet, tender love to Gretchen. He maintains super-intense eye contact. Gretchen smiles, but is clearly not into it.

GRETCHEN
Um, hey.

TY
Yes, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN
Can we just take a break --

TY
Sure.

Gretchen slides out from under him. Lies on her side. Plays with his chest hair.

GRETCHEN
So, what's the worst thing you've ever done?

TY
Gretchen, you know ever since India I don't dwell in negativity.

GRETCHEN
I set my school on fire to get out of a calculus test.

TY
What?! Why are you telling me that? That's horrible.

GRETCHEN
Forget it. I was kidding.

Gretchen goes down on him. He leans back.

TY
Ah. You're a marvel. Ooh, that's terrific. That's --

A SPITTING NOISE. He stops. Looks down.

TY (CONT'D)
Did you just spit on me?

GRETCHEN (O.S.)
No. Yes. Sorry.

Ty forgets about it. They continue. He leans back.

TY
Yes, Gretchen. That's delicious.

Gretchen pops her head back up.

GRETCHEN
Do you still have coke?

CUT TO:

INT. TY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A very designed bathroom. Pointless bowls of vegetable matter. Rolled hand towels. Rain shower. Monster tub.

Gretchen, in t-shirt and panties, tiptoes in and gently shuts the door. We see she's carrying a huge bag of cocaine. She pulls a smaller baggie out of the waistband of her panties and pours some of the coke into the smaller baggie for Sam and crew. She rubs spillage onto her gums with her finger then reseals the large bag of coke and tucks the small one back into her panties.

She grabs the bigger bag and goes to leave but suddenly stops, not wanting to go back out there. Instead, she climbs into the tub, exhales, and leans back, weary. She stares at the baggie. Fuck it. She grabs some tweezers off the counter, pulls her hair back, and digs the tweezers into the coke, brings it to her nose, and sniffs.

Her phone rings. She quickly silences it. She looks at the display and reacts in this order: surprised, pleased, then apprehensive. She answers, speaking quietly.

GRETCHEN
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jimmy is sitting up in bed, naked.

JIMMY
What are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. TY'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Gretchen is frozen. Lying in the bathtub. Clutching the bag of coke. The tweezers. The phone.

GRETCHEN
Nothing. I was just... reading.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

JIMMY
You won't believe this. Someone stole my car.

GRETCHEN
Oh? That's awful.

JIMMY
Yeah. I have to file a police report in the morning.

GRETCHEN
(shutting her eyes)
Um. I may have... borrowed it.

JIMMY
I know.

GRETCHEN
Sorry. I told you I'm the worst.

JIMMY
No, you told me I was the worst and I was lucky to "get" you.

She cringes lower in the tub.

GRETCHEN
Yeeeah. Yeah. About that...

JIMMY
No. Don't apologize. It was a great speech. Funny and true and mean. My favorite kind.

GRETCHEN
(pleased)
Oh. Well. Thanks.

JIMMY
(conversational)
So I started researching that ridiculous story Edgar told about his great-grandfather.

GRETCHEN
Oh yeah?

JIMMY
Turns out it's all true. And more. He's used to train hammerhead sharks. He had an affair with Helen Keller. He challenged the President of Mexico to a duel.

GRETCHEN
Whoa. He sounds amazing.

JIMMY
So I'm going to work on that story.

GRETCHEN
Instead of the interview thingie?

JIMMY
Oh yeah, they kind of fired me. But anyway, yeah. I thought you'd be interested to hear.

GRETCHEN
And now Edgar will get to know his great-grandfather.

JIMMY
And the idiot doesn't have to do a seance.

GRETCHEN
He must be happy you're doing that.

JIMMY
(pleased)
Yeah. He really is.

GRETCHEN
I set my high school on fire to get out of a math test.

JIMMY
Ha. That's genius.

Gretchen smiles. A comfortable silence.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I lied to you before.

GRETCHEN
About what?

JIMMY
I do have a foot thing.

GRETCHEN
Seriously?

JIMMY
Yeah. In fact I was just trying to find the right clip online to, you know... so I could fall asleep. But nothing's quite right.

GRETCHEN
Oh.
(beat)
Want me to try?

JIMMY
What?

GRETCHEN
Shh. Alright, lemme think...

JIMMY
This is stupid.

GRETCHEN
Shut up.

WE GO SPLIT SCREEN FOR THE REST:

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
(adopts a new tone)
Boy, I have been walking around all day in these new shoes and they're so hot and tight.

JIMMY
Oh yeah?

GRETCHEN
Yeah. And my socks are all sweaty.

JIMMY
Yeah, that happens.

GRETCHEN
I'm just going to take them off.

JIMMY
Yeah, do that.
(then)
Hey, you're very nice for doing this.

GRETCHEN
I'm very nice.
(suddenly serious)
Jimmy. I'm scared of this shit, you know? I don't like it.

It takes Jimmy a second to figure out that she's talking about <u>this</u>, what's happening between them.

JIMMY
And I don't believe in it anymore, so...

GRETCHEN
So... if we know it can't work, there's no harm, right?

JIMMY
Right.

Beat. They both smile. They each take a moment to hide it in their voices.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What kind of socks?

GRETCHEN
(vamping)
Knee-high basketball socks. Orange and green stripes.

JIMMY
You're amazing. Nineteen types of trouble. But amazing.

GRETCHEN
So are you. Nineteen types.

JIMMY
Okay. Did you take your socks off?

GRETCHEN
Not yet. Because before I do that, I have these, like, insoles in my shoes I should change...

JIMMY
Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

Gretchen keeps talking. Jimmy listens.

FADE TO BLACK.

<u>END OF PILOT</u>