CUZ-BROS

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First Draft
1/29/14

ACT ONE

INT. VERY GIRLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

NICK (32, SUPER HANDSOME, VERY SMOOTH) LIES FACE TO FACE WITH A HOT GIRL (22, FAKE BOOBS, DITZY), IN HER PINK CANOPY BED, SURROUNDED BY SO MANY PILLOWS/STUFFED ANIMALS. THEY JUST HAD SEX, NOW SHE'S STARING DIRECTLY INTO HIS EYES. BEAT.

HOT GIRL

Hi, you.

NICK

Hey.

HOT GIRL

Hi.

NICK

(confused) ...Hello there.

HOT GIRL

This is nice.

NICK

Totally. Sex, right? Who knew.

HOT GIRL

No, I mean, this. Talking. I wanna just like lie here with you all night.

NICK

Oh, of course. Me too. I was just thinking that.

WIDEN TO REVEAL NICK HAS ONE LEG OUTSIDE THE BED, REACHING AROUND THE FLOOR FOR HIS PANTS...

NICK (CONT'D)

Talking's the best, right? I wanna learn everything about you - how your parents met, if you think Beyonce and Kim are really friends, the story behind every one of these pillows...

HE FINALLY HOOKS THE PANTS WITH HIS TOE AND PULLS THEM UP UNDER THE COVERS.

HOT GIRL

(giggles) Ohmygod Nick, I wanna learn everything about you too!

NICK

I call big spoon!

HE ROLLS HER ON HER SIDE, PUSHES A BIG STUFFED BEAR INTO HER BACK (SO SHE THINKS HE'S SPOONING), THEN PULLS ON HIS PANTS.

HOT GIRL

Well, ever since I was little, I guess I just sorta had this star quality. My uncle said I reminded him of a toddler Sharon Stone.

NICK

Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm, very weird...

NICK GRABS HIS SUIT-COAT AND SHIRT (TIE STILL AROUND THE COLLAR) FROM THE CANOPY ABOVE, QUICKLY PUTS THEM ON. THEN HE SPOTS HIS WATCH ON THE NIGHTSTAND...RIGHT IN HER LINE OF SIGHT!

NICK (CONT'D)

Back rubs!

HOT GIRL

What?--

NICK FLIPS HER ONTO HER STOMACH, AND GIVES HER A ONE-HANDED BACK RUB, WHILE HE GRABS HIS WATCH AND PUTS IT ON.

HOT GIRL (CONT'D)

Oh - thanks. It's so great to meet a guy who loves to cuddle, and who actually *wants* to stay the night after--

NICK

Oh no!

NICK SITS UP - AND SLIDES HIS FEET INTO HIS SHOES ON THE FLOOR/AS HE TIGHTENS HIS TIE (FULLY DRESSED IN HIS SUIT NOW).

HOT GIRL

What's wrong?

NICK

I just remembered I have to go. Dang! Dangit! Sorry babe, it's just - I mentor abused teens down at the shelter, and they're not gonna teach themselves to read. And we know their parents aren't gonna do it. On account of all the beatings. But you know what? No. Those lil punching bags can wait. (lies back down) I deserve to have a life too.

HOT GIRL

(pulls him back up) No! Nick, you have to go. Think about how--

NICK

Thanks for understanding! (kisses her forehead/jumps up) I'll call you!

HOT GIRL

When?

NICK

(already out the door) Sounds good!

EXT. HOT GIRL'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

NICK EXITS THE BUILDING, STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE, AND GRINS UP AT A BILLBOARD WITH HIS FACE ON IT (WITH THE SAME GRIN): "KCBS-LA CHANNEL 3 NEWS - NICK LAMEERE WITH SPORTS!"

RANDOM CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Hey, aren't you Nick Lameere?

NICK

(smiles) Maybe I am, and maybe I am.

NICK WALKS OFF WITH A SPRING IN HIS STEP, ROUNDS THE CORNER, AND WALKS DIRECTLY INTO A RESTAURANT AND SITS DOWN FOR DINNER...WITH A TOTALLY DIFFERENT HOT GIRL, KARISSA (22, FEDORA, ACTRESS-Y).

NICK (CONT'D)

Whew! Sorry I'm late. Had to take my grandma to her doctor appointment. She's getting a boob job. (off her look) Just kidding. She's got cancer.

KARISSA

(gasps) Oh my god.

NICK

Kidding again! Routine check up. She's fine. But not like you're fine.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

You're *fine*. You could be a Girl Gone

Wild. Now what's good here?

SHE JUST GIGGLES, SMITTEN. NICK SMILES, SO SMOOTH.

EXT. AIRPORT - SAME

THE AUTOMATIC DOORS OPEN, AND OUT STEPS BARRY (30, CHUBBY, SWEET, CAMO SHORTS, "PLANET HOLLYWOOD ORLANDO" TEE). HE HAS AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO SAY/DO THE WRONG THING, EVEN THOUGH HE MEANS REALLY WELL. HE LOOKS AROUND AND SMILES, WIDE-EYED.

BARRY

I hope you're hungry Los Angeles,

cause you're about to get a heaping

helping of Barry.

HE DOES A LAME KARATE KICK -- ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKING OVER HIS SUITCASE. HE LOOKS AROUND SELF-CONSCIOUSLY AS HE PICKS IT UP.

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

BARRY RIDES IN THE BACK OF A CAB, GIDDY, BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS EXCITEMENT. WE CAN TELL HE REALLY WANTS TO TALK.

BARRY

(blurts) Just moved here. Yep. From

Florida. Like literally just this

second.

CABBIE

Yeah? What brings you to LA?

BARRY

Love. She's awesome. Personality is

like a ten. Looks, also a ten. She

moved out here three weeks ago. I'm

surprising her.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(holds up flowers) I quit-slash-got-

fired from my job and gave up m'place.

I'm all in. Like an Asian poker guy.

CABBIE

Great. Well, good luck.

BARRY

Thanks bro, but I don't need luck,

I've got love, and love is all you

need. (leans out the window and yells)

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I NEED--

REVEAL THE CAB HAS STOPPED RIGHT NEXT TO A HOMELESS GUY (SO BARRY BASICALLY JUST SCREAMED THAT IN THE GUY'S FACE). THE HOMELESS GUY JUST STARES BLANKLY AT BARRY.

EMBARRASSED, BARRY AWKWARDLY PULLS HIS HEAD BACK IN THE CAB AND ROLLS UP THE WINDOW.

EXT. LEANNE'S APARTMENT - LATER

BARRY APPROACHES LEANNE'S WITH HIS SUITCASE AND FLOWERS. HE TRIES THE DOOR, IT'S UNLOCKED. HE LOOKS BACK AT THE CABBIE AND PUTS HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS ("SHHH"), THEN ENTERS QUIETLY.

INT. LEANNE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BARRY TIPTOES THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM, EXCITED TO SURPRISE HIS GIRL, BUT STOPS WHEN HE HEARS:

GIRL (O.S.)

Make love to me again, right now!

GUY (O.S.)

Oh my god, yes! Yes!

BARRY IS ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED. HE PEEKS AROUND THE DOORWAY TO SEE HIS GIRL, LEANNE (32, CUTE), AND A HOT GUY (25)...AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, FULLY CLOTHED, READING FROM SCRIPTS.

LEANNE

And then they kiss, and scene. Good.

HOT GUY

Yeah, that felt really nice.

BARRY SIGHS, SO RELIEVED. HE'S ABOUT TO WALK IN, WHEN--

HOT GUY (CONT'D)

Hey, so...Leanne, I know we've only known each other since class started, but...I really like you. Like, a lot.

LEANNE

(blushes, smiles) I really like you a lot too, Tyler.

BEAT. THEN THEY ATTACK EACH OTHER, KISSING PASSIONATELY! AS THEY START TO UNDRESS, BARRY BURSTS IN!

BARRY

Leanne!

LEANNE AND TYLER JUMP, FREAKED!

LEANNE

Barry?

BARRY DROPS HIS FLOWERS, ABSOLUTELY CRUSHED.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

NICK AND KARISSA ENTER HIS EXPENSIVE, OCD-CLEAN BACHELOR PAD (WHITE COUCH, GLASS TABLE, 80" TV, ETC.). SHE LOOKS AROUND, IMPRESSED. HE POURS THEM WINE AS THEY SIT DOWN ON THE COUCH.

KARISSA

I really like your place.

NICK

Thanks. It's haunted, but the ghost is a really nice gay guy who just tells me what to wear.

SHE GIGGLES. HE STARTS TO LEAN IN-- HIS PHONE BUZZES.

NICK (CONT'D)

Sorry, lemme turn this thing off--

(looks at phone) Uch.

KARISSA

Is everything okay?

NICK

Yeah. My mom keeps texting me. My cousin just moved here, and she told him I'd take him to dinner tomorrow.

KARISSA

Why's that so bad?

NICK

Do you have one of those relatives who's just kinda weird and annoying?

KARISSA

My Aunt Sharon, I guess. She's really into vitamins. And, like, praying.

NICK

Well, change vitamins and praying to fireworks and napping, then make her a 250-pound, home-schooled doomsday prepper with chronic foot odor and you've got my cousin Barry. But whatever, it's one dinner. (refocuses on her) Now, where were we...?

HE LEANS IN-- KNOCK KNOCK. NICK CHECKS HIS WATCH, CURIOUS, THEN GOES AND OPENS THE DOOR: IT'S BARRY. NICK'S SURPRISED.

NICK (CONT'D)

Barry?

BARRY WIPES HIS EYES AND TRIES TO PRETEND HE'S REALLY HAPPY (RATHER THAN EMOTIONALLY DESTROYED):

BARRY

Nicky! Surprise, my man!

BARRY BEAR HUGS HIM, PICKING NICK UP!

BARRY (CONT'D)

(looks in at Nick's apartment) Whoa, cool pad. They should shoot the Entourage movie here.

NICK

...Thanks? What - what're you doing here, man?

BARRY

Well, funny story: my plan was to move out here with my girlfriend. However, she had a bit of a different plan. His name is Tyler. And I just walked in on them playing groin hockey.

NICK

(sympathetic) Oh god. That...sucks.

BARRY

Yep. Real worst case scenario stuff. Anyway, I don't really know anyone in town, and these LA hotels are like - *Hello! Uh, first born, please.* So... I kinda need a place to stay.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Just for a night or two while I figure out what's next for ol' Barry.

NICK

Oh. *Tonight* though? It's just... (glances back at Karissa, then whispers to Barry) Guy to guy, she and I were about to, you know...

BARRY

(hurt, covering) Oh. Totally. Of course. Hey, I'm a lotta things, sir, but I am *not* a crotch-block. Don't worry about me. I'll just go find a 24-Hour donut shop or try to get thrown in jail or something...

BARRY TURNS TO GO, KARISSA IMPLORES NICK TO LET HIM STAY.

KARISSA

Nick.

NICK

(sighs) Wait, fine, Barry. You can stay. We're family, right? And Mom would kill me if I turned you away.

BARRY

(turns back, excited) Yessss! Thank you! This is gonna be <u>so much fun</u>!

SMASH CUT TO:

<u>INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER</u>

BARRY SITS BETWEEN KARISSA AND NICK, CRYING. NOT FUN.

BARRY

(emotional) I just...I can't believe it. She was the love of my life, ya know? I feel like I was crushed under a vending machine. Again.

KARISSA

(feels for him) You poor thing.

SHE PUTS AN ARM AROUND BARRY. NICK JUST SORTA PATS BARRY'S ARM (HE'S NOT GREAT IN EMOTIONAL SITUATIONS).

NICK

Sorry, man. That's rough.

BARRY

(wipes his eyes) Sorry - where are my manners? You guys were about to sex it up, right? I'll just go in the other room. I'll throw on my noise cancellers too, so do your worst.

KARISSA

(laughs) No, don't be silly. I'm actually gonna go. (stands)

NICK

What? (stands) Really?

KARISSA

Nick, c'mon, we can do another night. Oprah says that Steadman says that family is food for the heart.

NICK

He also says “will you please put more money in my checking?” which isn’t quite as inspiring.

KARISSA

(laughs, then to Barry) Sorry again, Barry. Good luck.

SHE KISSES NICK AND LEAVES. NICK SIGHS, DISAPPOINTED.

BARRY

I’m really sorry, man. I swear, I’m usually never a crotch-block. If anything, I’m a total crotch-lock. I help lock the crotches together.

NICK

...Right. It’s cool, man.

BARRY STARTS TO UNPACK, TOSSING CLOTHES ALL OVER. NICK (WHO IS OCD CLEAN) WATCHES, DISTRESSED.

NICK (CONT’D)

Should we try to do like some organized piles, or... (spots something) Um, so...what’s that?

BARRY PULLS OUT A FRAMED PAIR OF JOCKEY BRIEFS.

BARRY

I never showed you this? My prized possession.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

These gently pre-owned briefs were once filled within an inch of their lives by All Pro wide-receiver-slash-cocaine-enthusiast, Michael Irvin. You know how my mom was a maid at that airport HoJo for a while? Well, one night the Cowboys came in to do their crack. Irvin signed these for her so she wouldn't call the cops. And she gave them to me.

NICK

Weird.

BARRY

The summer before she died.

NICK

(feels bad) Right. Sorry, man. I really miss Aunt Jackie. She was the best.

BARRY

(sad) Yeah.

NICK

I was only a few years older than you when my Dad died. It's brutal, right?

BARRY NODS. THEY SHARE A WARM MOMENT.

BARRY

Your dad was so cool. Badass fisherman, too.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Remember when you guys were visiting and he caught a shark out by Charlotte Harbor?

NICK

(smiles at the memory) Yeah. God, and remember how he made us all wear those stupid fishing hats the entire trip, everywhere we went? And I yelled at him cause some girl I liked made fun of me about it or whatever? (beat, sad) Man, I wish I didn't do that.

BARRY PATS NICK'S BACK, WARMLY.

BARRY

Yeah, that was pretty dick of you. You really Jeremy-Piven'd out on him.

NICK

(rolls his eyes, stands) Welp, you need blankets. (goes to the hall) The kitchen's through there if you want anything... (grabs blankets, walks back) and the bathroom's right--

BARRY (O.S.)

Found it.

NICK LOOKS IN THE BATHROOM TO SEE BARRY PEEING INTO THE SHOWER!

NICK

Whoa! What - What're you doing?

BARRY

C’mon man, everyone pees in the shower.

NICK

Maybe when it’s *on* and they’re *in it*. Even then, it’s still generally frowned upon.

BARRY

Alright, my bad. Your house, your rules. (holds it in as he shimmies to the toilet) Ow, ow, ow, ow, ahhhhh...

NICK CLOSES THE DOOR, DUMBFOUNDED, AND A LITTLE CONCERNED THAT HE’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET RID OF HIM...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NICK COMES OUT OF HIS BEDROOM, DRESSED IN A SUIT FOR WORK. HE FINDS BARRY LYING ON THE COUCH IN JUST HIS UNDERWEAR.

BARRY

Morning, cuz-bro!

NICK

...Cuz-bro?

BARRY

Remember that summer you stayed with us for two months and we built that tree fort and I got bit by an alligator? We invented the word "cuz-bro," cause we were cousins, but we were also as close as brothers.

NICK

Oh, yeah. (then) So...sorry, I know that couch is super uncomfortable and you probably wanna find another place to stay or whatever. Don't worry, I don't take it personally at all.

BARRY

You kidding me? I feel great! This was just the change of pace my lower lumbar needed. I haven't slept on a non-waterbed in fifteen years.

JUST THEN, NICK'S MOM, MERLE (55, NO-NONSENSE BUT SWEET), ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN WITH TWO PLATES OF PANCAKES.

MERLE

Hey, Nicky. (kisses Nick's cheek)

NICK

Hey, Mom. What're you doing here?

MERLE

Well, Barry told me he was shackin' up with you, and I thought I'd come cook breakfast for my two little man-men.

BARRY SMILES AT HER AS SHE HANDS HIM HIS PLATE.

NICK

...Oh, thanks. But I actually gotta go to work.

BARRY

More for me!

BARRY GRABS NICK'S PLATE, DUMPS THOSE PANCAKES ON TOP OF HIS, THEN POURS A LOT OF SYRUP ALL OVER THEM -- NICK EYES HIS WHITE COUCH, CONCERNED.

NICK

Do you wanna maybe eat those in the kitchen...or the bathtub?

BARRY

(mouth full) Nope. I am good.

NICK

Hey, speaking of work, do you have a job out here, or...

BARRY

You bet I do. (Nick smiles relieved) CEO of chasin' my dreams incorporated.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(Nick sighs) You know how I've always wanted to be a stand-up comedian, right? Well, what better time or place to finally chase that dream? I'm really starting to think all this Whore-anne stuff happened for a reason.

NICK

...Okay. But, what're you gonna do for money and a place to--

MERLE

I think that's a terrific plan, Barry. But don't say "whore," it makes you sound like a garbage person.

A BIG BITE OF PANCAKE DROPS OFF BARRY'S FORK -- NICK CRINGES.

BARRY

Ooh - sorry. (looks down) Nope, all good! It only got on my tight-whites. Your couch is safe. See--

BARRY STANDS TO SHOW IT DIDN'T HIT THE COUCH -- BUT AS HE DOES, HE REVEALS A HUGE SELF-TANNER STAIN (IN THE SHAPE OF HIS BODY) ON THE WHITE CUSHIONS. NICK'S JAW DROPS. MERLE PUTS A HAND ON NICK'S SHOULDER, CONCERNED HE'S GONNA FREAK OUT ON HIS COUSIN (WE CAN TELL SHE'S GOTTEN BETWEEN THEM BEFORE).

BARRY (CONT'D)

Crap. I'm so sorry! That's the last time I buy my tanner at an estate sale.

NICK WATCHES IN HORROR AS BARRY WIPES THE STAIN WITH HIS SHIRT, WHICH JUST SMEARS IT AROUND--

MERLE

Ooh honey, no, that's not helping. (to Nick) Don't worry, sweetie. A little club soda'll get that right up.

MERLE HEADS OFF TO THE KITCHEN. BEAT. BARRY TRIES TO WIPE THE STAIN AGAIN--

NICK

Dude! Just stop. Stop. (shakes his head) God man, why do you wear so much self-tanner?

BARRY

Uh, I'm not gonna get discovered if I'm walkin' around town pale as a Swede under the Midwinter's moon. Besides, did you know tan people are fifty percent more likely to be successful? That's why Obama won twice.

NICK

What - where did you learn that?

BARRY

School. Dad. Well, same thing.

NICK

Of course. Cause you were home-schooled. Which is why you're...

BARRY

Such a breath of fresh air. Exactly!

Thank you. Wait! I have an idea--

BARRY FLIPS OVER THE CUSHIONS -- THE COUCH LOOKS CLEAN!

BARRY (CONT'D)

Ta-da!

NICK NODS (NOT BAD). BARRY PROUDLY PATS THE COUCH -- WHICH LEAVES A TAN HANDPRINT!

NICK

Just stop touching the couch!

BARRY LOOKS DOWN SHEEPISHLY, LIKE A SCOLDED KID.

INT. KCBS-LA STUDIOS - DAY

NICK IS BEHIND THE ANCHOR DESK, DOING SPORTS FOR THE "KCBS-LA SIX O'CLOCK NEWS." HE'S REALLY CHARMING ON CAMERA.

NICK

...and that's the fifth loss in a row for LA, making the Lakers' chances of getting to the playoffs about as good as my chances of getting Stacey to go to dinner with me tonight. (looks to his right) Stacey, what do you say?

HE THROWS IT TO THE LEAD ANCHOR, STACEY SHAW (28, GLASSES, SMART, GORGEOUS, TOUGH). SHE LAUGHS AS SHE ROLLS HER EYES.

STACEY

(playfully) I say don't bet on the Lakers, or you. (to camera) And that'll do it for us tonight at KCBS-LA. I'm Stacey Shaw. Good night.

THE LIGHTS COME UP, SHOW'S OVER. THE PRODUCER, TODD (35, SHORT, MARRIED, LIVES VICARIOUSLY THROUGH HIS BEST FRIEND NICK) COMES ONTO THE SET WITH HIS CLIPBOARD.

TODD

Sick show, everybody! Way to go! (approaches Nick) So, the Cousin Barry is staying with you? (Nick nods) Cousin Barry who got a DUI on a horse? (Nick nods) Cousin Barry who ate all those keys? (Nick nods) I always thought you made that guy up.

NICK

Nope. He's very real. And now he's in my home. I've known this guy since I was two, he's gonna ruin my life if I don't get rid of him.

TODD

How're you gonna do that? Your mom'll freak if you kick him out.

NICK

Well, I thought about that last night - as I listened to him practice his nunchucks in the living room - and it dawned on me, all I gotta do is get him back together with the ex-girlfriend!

TODD

You really think it's right to send a guy back to a girl that cheated on him like that?

NICK

It's my only hope! I'm getting them back together tonight. I mean, the guy's been in my apartment for twelve hours and he's already peed in my shower, destroyed my couch, and nunchucked away most of my security deposit. Not to mention I finally got that smoking hot chick Karissa back to my place, but thanks to Barry, she left before I could seal the deal.

TODD

That sucks. Her body is so sick. Man, I wish I wasn't married. Being single is the sickest.

STACEY LOOKS UP FROM HER PAPERS AT THE ANCHOR DESK (A FEW FEET FROM THEM).

STACEY

You gotta stop saying sick, Todd. You're not at Guy Fieri's wake.

TODD

Oh yeah? Well... (has no comeback, just turns to the room) Alright people, let's break it down!

TODD WALKS OFF AS THE CREW STARTS TO WRAP UP. NICK ROLLS HIS ROLLING CHAIR RIGHT UP NEXT TO STACEY, FLIRTY. BEAT.

STACEY

(laughs) ...Yes?

NICK

(playfully cheesy) Uch, god, aren't you tired of all these games? What say we try this thing on for real. You, me, wine-tasting, Santa Barbara. We'll recreate the movie "Sideways" by day, and the body position sideways by night.

STACEY

(laughs) Is that your best stuff?

NICK SMILES, THIS BACK AND FORTH IS A BIT THEY DO A LOT.

NICK

God no. Why would I waste my best stuff on a girl who won't even *consider* having one drink with me?

STACEY

Nick, I just heard you tell Todd, basically right in front of me, how badly you wanna sleep with a girl who could literally be in college. If she could get into one.

NICK

So I'm a little girl crazy, what's the big deal? I'm young.

STACEY

You're 32, buddy. If you lived anywhere but LA, you'd be extremely creepy. Instead of just very creepy.

HE LAUGHS. SHE SMILES AT HIM. THERE'S SOMETHING BETWEEN THEM. THEIR BOSS, PHIL (55, FAT, BALD, GLASSES - ANGRY ABOUT IT), LEANS OUT OF HIS OFFICE:

PHIL

LaMeere! My office. Now.

NICK

Uch. (to Stacey) This isn't over. (melodramatic) Search your heart. I'm in there somewhere.

HE AWKWARDLY SCOOT-WALKS BACKWARDS IN HIS CHAIR AS SHE LAUGHS AND SHAKES HER HEAD.

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

NICK ENTERS. THE OFFICE IS PACKED WITH SPORTS MEMORABILIA.

NICK

What's up, boss?

PHIL

(holds up a golf club) See this putter? Retailed at three hundred bucks. I just bought it for nine thou. Wanna know why?

NICK

You're bad at shopping?

PHIL

It's the putter Tiger Woods' wife attacked him with after she found out about his mistresses. These stains are a combo of tears and Chardonnay. (then) You're a lot like this putter, Nick. When you started here, you were basically worthless. But to my surprise, you turned into a pretty decent sportscaster. People like you. Not me, but people.

NICK

Hurtful.

PHIL

I got a call from the head of CBS Sports. They're doing a new national Sunday show. They've got McEnroe, Deion Sanders, Brandi Chastain - but they need a host who's loud enough to shout over all of 'em. They want you to do a dry run audition with the rest of the talent on Thursday. Interested?

NICK

(so excited) Are you kidding!? Yes! Hosting a national sports show is my absolute dream job!

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(off Phil's look) I mean, along with this - my current job - which is also just a dream come true. The point is, thank you!

NICK GOES FOR A HIGH-FIVE-- PHIL FLINCHES WILDLY AND ELBOWS SOME MEMORABILIA OFF THE SHELF!

NICK (CONT'D)

Sorry. It was gonna be a high-five.

PHIL

(covering) No, I know.

NICK

Totally. So do you still wanna do one, or...?

PHIL GLARES AT HIM. NICK JUST BACKS OUT.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

NICK ENTERS SO HAPPY, BUT HIS SMILE FADES WHEN HE FINDS BARRY MAKING A MESS IN THE KITCHEN.

BARRY

Hey, cuz-bro! I'm making us dinner. You don't have a pressure cooker or any canned salmon, so I'm gonna have to improvise the recipe a bit.

NICK'S INCREDULOUS, BUT THEN JUST TURNS SUPER FRIENDLY:

NICK

There he is! There's my cuz-bro! Listen, I wanted to say I'm sorry for getting mad about the couch.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

It’s no big deal. And you’re family. Anyway, I wanna make it up to you.

BARRY

(excited) Did you name a star after me? Wait, don’t tell me. Tell me tonight as you point it out.

NICK

What? No, even better. *Way* better. (building it up) I am...gonna help you get your girl back!

BARRY

...Leanne? But, I mean, she cheated on me pretty bad. I don’t think I want her back. Thanks but no spanx.

HE GOES TOWARD THE FRIDGE-- NICK GRABS HIS ARM.

NICK

Wait! Dude, if you really love her, you’d forgive her. Cause what is love, but...a tapestry...of forgiveness?

BARRY

Who said that? Mark Wahlberg?

NICK

(beat) ...Yes.

BARRY

Then I’m in!

<u>EXT. LEANNE’S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER</u>

THEY WALK UP AND STOP AT THE STEPS TO LEANNE’S APARTMENT.

NICK

Okay Barry, if there's one thing I know, it's women. And the truth is, all they really ever want is for a guy to just speak from his heart. So just march up there and tell Leanne exactly ...what I wrote for you to tell her.

NICK HANDS HIM A SCRIPT PAGE. BARRY LOOKS AT IT.

BARRY

Wow. This is a fully realized monologue. (turns to Nick, vulnerable) Hey...are you sure about this, man? I mean, you've always been the smartest, coolest guy I know, so just tell me - if you were in my position, you'd really try to win back a girl that nearly rounded the bases in front of your eyes?

NICK

(beat, very torn) Well, when you put it like that...yes. Yes, I would. (slaps his ass) Now go get her!

NICK PUSHES HIM FORWARD! BARRY SMILES CONVINCED, THEN WALKS UP THE STEPS AND KNOCKS. LEANNE ANSWERS.

LEANNE

Barry? What - are you doing here?

BARRY

(reading script, stilted) Because I came for you, Leanne. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I wasn't as good a boyfriend--

LEANNE

Barry, you were never my boyfriend. We just had sex a few times. In my Camry.

NICK IS CONFUSED. BARRY JUST LOOKS BACK AT THE SCRIPT:

BARRY

...as I could've been. Leanne, you're the most amazing woman I've ever met.

LEANNE

I was just using you to get over my ex. That's why we were always parked in his driveway.

NICK LOOKS DOWN, DEFEATED, HE KNOWS HIS PLAN HAS FAILED.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Barry, I'm really sorry you thought I meant "with you" when I stared off after we had sex and said, "I gotta get outta Florida." You're sweet, but you and I are just not meant to be.

BEAT. THEN BARRY LEANS IN FOR THE KISS-- SHE JUST CLOSES THE DOOR IN HIS FACE. NICK SIGHS, INCREDULOUS:

NICK

Really? How could you misread a situation *that* badly?

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I mean, you moved all the way across the country and you guys weren't even together?

BARRY

(turns around) I don't know, okay?

AS BARRY TURNS, NICK SEES TEARS IN HIS EYES. NICK IMMEDIATELY FEELS BAD FOR HIM.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(emotional) We had an awesome few weeks together, and it seemed like she was really into me. I guess I thought it would be like a big romantic thing from a movie or something - I'd show up here and she'd be all (swooning) "Oh, Barry" and we'd live happily ever after or whatever... (looks down) I'm an idiot.

NICK PUTS A HAND ON BARRY'S SHOULDER.

NICK

Hey...it coulda happened to anyone.

BARRY

Yeah. Love makes you do crazy stuff, right? You know how it is.

NICK

...Can't say that I do.

BARRY

Really? You've never been in love? (Nick just shrugs) God, now I feel bad for you. Full sympathy 180.

THIS HITS NICK A BIT. BUT HE JUST COVERS, DEFENSIVE:

NICK

Hey, don't worry about me. I do just fine with the ladies.

BARRY

I'm not talkin' about hookin' up with a bunch of skinny randos, Nick, I'm talkin' about finding someone you can really die next to. (sincere) I want that for you.

NICK

...What?

BARRY

You know what I mean.

BARRY PATS HIS BACK AS HE WALKS OFF.

NICK

(calls after him) No I don't! Not even a little bit!

BEAT. THEN THE MOMENT SINKS IN FOR NICK, MAYBE HE DOES WANT LOVE...

<u>INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER</u>

BARRY AND NICK ENTER, BEATEN. NICK SEES...A NICE NEW COUCH!

NICK

Wait - why is there a new couch here?

BARRY

After all you've done for me, it was the least I could do. Your doorman let me get it delivered while we were out. I paid some foreign guys to move it in. I think they were Mayans.

NICK

(checks it out) This is...*awesome*. I actually like it better. Wow, thanks man. (gets sincere) Hey, I'm...really, really sorry about Leanne. It's my fault. I never shoulda pushed you to go back to her.

BARRY

What? You're crazy. You were just trying to do what's best for me. Textbook cuz-bro.

NICK

(beat, feels so bad) Totally.

BARRY

You know the worst part, though? (sad) Whenever something sad like this happens, I get even more sad, cause I think about how the only person that could make me feel better right now is Mom. But I can't talk to her.

NICK

(beat, heartbroken) I know what you mean. I miss my dad every day. (then) Hey, listen man, I have my big audition tomorrow and--

BARRY

I know, I know, you want me to leave. This isn't the first welcome ol' Barry Shmerman has overstayed. Lemme just grab my things and I'll--

NICK

No. I was gonna say, the night before any audition, I have a ritual - I stay in, order some 'za, have a few beers, and just chill. And since that also happens to be a pretty good way to get over a chick, I was thinking...

BARRY

(excited) Really? You wanna chill? With me?

NICK

(laughs) Yeah man. Let's chill.

NICK GRABS BEERS AS THEY DROP ONTO THE NEW COUCH.

BARRY

(holds up his beer) Well, here's to your audition. As they say in the theater...good luck.

NICK

(laughs) Thanks. So, what do you wanna watch?

BARRY

I prefer the Esquire Network. Or there's a show I found last night that's just people coming in and out of a lobby that was pretty neat.

NICK

(laughs) No way! I love watching my building's security feed too!

NICK TURNS ON THE TV TO THE BUILDING SECURITY FEED.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ooh, check it out - that guy gets *so many* packages. What's up with him?!

BARRY

Yeah, he's probably buying something super weird. Like doll eyes or pencils.

NICK

(laughs genuinely) You're crazy!

THEY BOTH LAUGH, <u>REALLY GETTING ALONG FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME</u>.

THEN WE PAN TO REVEAL THE BACK OF THE COUCH IS SPRAY-PAINTED WITH 3 BIG ORANGE "X's" AND THE WORDS "BED BUGS!!!" UH, OH...

<u>END OF ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

NICK WAKES UP TO THE ALARM ON HIS PHONE. HE'S ON THE COUCH WHERE WE LEFT HIM, TV ON...BARRY ASLEEP ON HIS SHOULDER. NICK SNEAKS OUT FROM UNDER BARRY AND GETS UP.

AS HE HEADS TO MAKE COFFEE, NICK SCRATCHES HIS BODY A BIT.

INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NICK SCRATCHES A LITTLE MORE NOW, AS HE DOES VOCAL EXERCISES:

NICK

Red leather, yellow leather, we all go

to France together--

HE SLAPS HIS NECK! THEN HE LOOKS CLOSER AND SEES SEVERAL SMALL BITE MARKS. BEAT. THEN HE JUST SHRUGS THEM OFF...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S CAR - LATER

NICK SCRATCHES LIKE CRAZY AS HE DRIVES AND SCREAMS:

NICK

Red leather, yellow leather WHAT IS

HAPPENING TO ME!?

EXT. CBS SPORTS BUILDING - LATER

NICK WALKS UP TO THE SHINY BLACK CBS BUILDING, SQUIRMING AND SCRATCHING HIMSELF FURIOUSLY. THEN HE STOPS, CALMS, AND LOOKS AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE DARK BUILDING TO PUMP HIMSELF UP:

NICK

Okay, relax. It's just nerves. You

got this. I'll give you one last big

scratch to get it all out of your

system, but then it's go time.

NICK SCRATCHES ALL OVER IN ECSTASY. HE LOOKS AROUND TO CHECK IF ANYONE'S WATCHING, THEN HE SCRATCHES HIS BUTT. AS HE REALLY GETS AFTER IT, WE CUT INSIDE THE BUILDING TO REVEAL--

INT. CBS SPORTS BUILDING - SAME

THE SHINY BUILDING IS ACTUALLY MADE OF TINTED TRANSPARENT GLASS, AND EVERYONE INSIDE IS WATCHING NICK SCRATCH HIS ASS LIKE A WEIRDO. DEION SANDERS, JOHN MCENROE, BRANDI CHASTAIN AND OTHER CBS STAFFERS EXCHANGE LOOKS ("THIS GUY'S CRAZY").

NICK ENTERS TO SEE THEM ALL STARING AT HIM, MOUTHS AGAPE.

NICK

(thrown) Hi. I'm...Nick Lameere?

NOTICING THEIR AWKWARDNESS, HE LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AND REALIZES THE GLASS IS TRANSPARENT. EVERYONE JUST STARTS LAUGHING AT HIM. NICK IS MORTIFIED.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

NICK SHUFFLES DOWN THE HALL, DRINKING WHISKEY, SO DEPRESSED.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

NICK ENTERS TO--

A ROOMFUL OF PEOPLE

CONGRATULATIONS!

NICK IS STUNNED TO SEE A CROWD OF PEOPLE INCLUDING BARRY, MERLE, TODD, STACEY, KARISSA AND THE HOT GIRL FROM THE OPEN. THERE'S A BANNER ON THE WALL: "CONGRATS MR. CBS!!!"

NICK

Mom? What - what's everyone doing here?

BARRY

I'm throwing you a congratulations on the new job party! I got drinks and Russian food and (holds up a box) *a very special present*...

NICK JUST STARES AT HIM. THE MOOD DIES AS PEOPLE REALIZE HE DIDN'T GET THE JOB.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(sympathetic) Oh no, you didn't get it. I'm so sorry.

NICK

Nope. Did not get it. I'll tell you what I did get: laughed at upon entering. And it was downhill from there. Deion Sanders thought I was on crack. And then John McEnroe asked me if he could buy some! So yeah, not m'best audition.

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY. THE HOT GIRL FROM THE OPEN AND KARISSA BOTH STEP FORWARD SIMULTANEOUSLY TO COMFORT HIM...

HOT GIRL

I'm sorry, baby.

KARISSA

I'm sorry, baby.

KARISSA

(annoyed) Uh, who are you calling baby?

ANOTHER HOT GIRL

(steps forward) Wait, who are <u>you</u> calling baby!?

YET ANOTHER HOT GIRL

I knew about all of you, but I didn't care. (informative) I have low self-esteem.

THE GIRLS GLARE AT NICK. BARRY LEANS OVER TO HIM, WHISPERS:

BARRY

I invited everyone in your phone.

NICK

(so annoyed) Terrific!

NICK SMILES WEAKLY AT THE GIRLS...THEY ALL JUST WALK OUT. THE LOW SELF-ESTEEM GIRL MOUTHS “CALL ME” AS SHE EXITS.

STACEY ROLLS HER EYES AT NICK’S SLUTTINESS. MERLE JUST SHAKES HER HEAD, DISAPPOINTED IN HER SON.

NICK (CONT’D)

Uch, thanks a lot, Barry. Great work as always!

MERLE

Nicholas, don’t talk to your cousin that way, he was just trying to do something nice for you. It’s not his fault you were four-timing a bunch of local news groupies. (shakes her head) I told you that nonsense would catch up to you. (Nick looks down, ashamed) And it’s definitely not Barry’s fault you didn’t get the job.

NICK

(spots something) Unless it is...

NICK POINTS AT THE BACK OF THE COUCH: “XXX BED BUGS.”

NICK (CONT’D)

Did you get this couch off the street?!

BARRY

One man’s trash is another man’s--

NICK

Bed bugs! (guests jump off the couch) Didn't you wonder why such a nice couch would just be free on the street!? Cause it has bed bugs! Like it says *very clearly* right here!

BARRY

In my defense, when I found it, the writing was upside down. I thought it was Arabic. (scratches himself) So *that's* why I've been itching slightly more than usual. I thought I was just allergic to your body lotion. BTW, you're out of body lotion.

NICK

You moron! You cost me my shot at a national show!

NICK STARTS TOWARD BARRY. STACEY STEPS BETWEEN THEM.

STACEY

Nick, you totally have every right to be mad, but try to take it easy--

NICK

Why!? Cause he's my cousin? Cause my mom used to guilt me into hanging out with him?

MERLE

Nicholas!

NICK

I'm not twelve anymore, Mom. I don't have to pretend. (to Barry) Everything you touch turns to crap! No wonder Leanne doesn't wanna be with you! Who would?!

BARRY

(hurt) Oh well, *excusez-moi* me! I'm sorry I'm not Mr. Cool Cousin Hollywood who always had a square jaw and (choking up) brand-name sneakers!

NICK

Guess what, Barry. We've never been "cuz-bros!" I hated hanging out with you then, and I hate hanging out with you now!

BARRY FLINCHES. THAT HURT. GUESTS MURMUR, UNCOMFORTABLE. MERLE PUTS AN ARM AROUND BARRY, COMFORTING HIM.

MERLE

Barry, sweetie, don't listen to him.

BARRY

(devastated) No. He's right. Everything I touch does turn to crap. Always has. I know when I'm not wanted. I'll send for my things.

BARRY GRABS HIS BELOVED FRAMED UNDERWEAR, AND WALKS OUT, SO LOW. THE DOOR SHUTS. THEN--

NICK

Whew! Finally!

NICK TURNS AROUND TO SEE-- THE GUESTS STANDING THERE AWKWARDLY. THEY ALL FEEL BAD FOR BARRY.

MERLE

Shame on you, Nick. If your father

was here...

SHE JUST WALKS OUT. EVERYONE ELSE FOLLOWS. STACEY STOPS TO GIVE NICK A SUPPORTIVE PAT ON THE ARM, SHE FEELS BAD FOR HIM, THEN EXITS.

THE DOOR SHUTS. NOW ALONE, NICK DROPS ONTO THE COUCH-- THEN REMEMBERS THE BED BUGS AND LEAPS UP QUICK!

NICK

Ahhh!

HE KNOCKS BARRY'S PRESENT OFF THE COUCH ACCIDENTALLY AS HE JUMPS UP. HE SIGHS, THEN OPENS IT:

IT'S AN OLD PHOTO. YOUNG NICK, YOUNG BARRY, AND THEIR DADS, STAND ON A DOCK, WEARING MATCHING, DORKY <u>FISHING HATS</u> (THE ONES NICK MENTIONED EARLIER, THAT HIS DAD MADE HIM WEAR). THEY ALL LOOK REALLY HAPPY.

IN THE BOX, NICK FINDS SOMETHING ELSE...HIS FISHING HAT FROM THE PHOTO. OVERCOME WITH EMOTION, HE PUTS IT ON, TEARS IN HIS EYES.

<u>INT. KCBS-LA STUDIO - NEXT DAY</u>

NICK SHUFFLES IN AND SITS IN HIS CHAIR NEXT TO STACEY AND TODD. NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING. UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT.

NICK

So...I'm a huge jerk, okay? I know.

Sorry you guys had to see that. I was

just...disappointed. And drunk.

TODD

(beat) It's okay, man. Happens. Family's crazy. We're sorry you didn't get the gig.

STACEY

And that you lost all your sluts. I know they meant a lot to you.

NICK

(laughs) Yeah. It's good though. My mom was right, I'm better than that. And you know what, it's weird, but I was thinking about it last night - as I tried to itch myself to sleep - hearing Barry yammer on about true love all week kinda made me start to think that maybe it's time for me to begin to possibly consider starting to sorta grow up. A bit. Eventually-ish.

STACEY

(laughs) Believe it when I see it.

HE SMILES AT HER. SHE SMILES BACK. THEY HAVE A REAL CONNECTION. PHIL APPROACHES.

PHIL

Stacey, Todd, (beat) Nick.

NICK

Hey, boss. Sorry about yesterday. I hope I didn't embarrass you too much.

PHIL

It's okay, I know it wasn't your fault. I heard about the bed bugs. (puts a hand on Nick's shoulder) And as a fellow BB survivor, I stand with you.

NICK

...Thanks.

PHIL

That same person who told me about the bed bugs also convinced me you deserved another shot at the show. So...I called the president of CBS Sports myself.

NICK

Really? Ohmygod! (to Todd and Stacey) Which one of you did that for me?

PHIL

Not them. Him.

PHIL NODS TO THE LEFT...IT'S BARRY! HE WAVES.

NICK

Barry?

PHIL

He stormed into my office, gave a big speech, wouldn't take no for an answer.

NICK

Wow. Barry, that must've been a hell of a speech. Phil's not an easy guy to convince of anything.

PHIL

Oh god no, it wasn't the speech. Never been much for the spoken word.

TODD

Picked an odd profession then.

PHIL

He gave me something way more valuable than any dumb speech...

PHIL POINTS AT HIS OFFICE -- BARRY'S FRAMED MICHAEL IRVIN UNDERWEAR NOW HANGS ON THE WALL!

NICK

...The Michael Irvin underwear? (to Barry, blown away) You - you gave him your prized possession? For me?

BARRY

Of course I did.

NICK

(so touched) I - I don't know what to say. And I can't believe you tracked down my old fishing hat. How'd you even do that?

BARRY

It was no big deal, I just called my dad and had him find it down in the crawl space. There's hella snakes down there, but it was totally worth it. Not for him. But for you and me.

NICK

(emotional) Well, thanks. I just...I love it. Barry, you're a...really *good* guy. And hanging out with you again has sorta made me realize...that I'm kinda not. (shakes his head) I shouldn't have pushed you to get back with Leanne... or kicked you out...or said all that stuff last night. I didn't mean any of it. I'm really sorry.

BARRY

(so moved) Wow. That's the nicest junk anyone's ever said to me.

NICK

(sincere) I really am sorry...<u>cuz-bro</u>.

BARRY'S SO TOUCHED. HE PUTS HIS FINGER OVER NICK'S LIPS.

BARRY

Shhh, cuz-bros means never saying sorry.

NICK

(through his finger) You kinda let me

get through my entire apology before--

BARRY PULLS HIM INTO A DRAMATIC BEAR HUG! NICK RESISTS FOR A SECOND BUT THEN JUST SMILES AND HUGS BARRY BACK.

NICK (CONT'D)

So, wow, I can't believe I get another

shot at the job! When's the audition?

PHIL

Oh, no, no, no. Barry convinced *me* you

deserved another shot, but the

president of CBS Sports felt otherwise.

For starters, you gave the entire

studio bed bugs. John McEnroe nearly

scratched the Pearl Jam tattoo right

off his inner thigh.

NICK

(deflated) Oh.

BARRY

(worried) I'm really sorry, Nicky.

BEAT. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT NICK'S GONNA DO. STACEY STEPS IN.

STACEY

But, like you said, you learned some

valuable lessons, and it's not like

you suddenly don't believe all that

just cause the job went away, right?

NICK

(beat) No, yeah. Of course not.

STACEY

That's what I thought. And I'm sure you'll get another shot at the big time soon. (smiles at him) But until then, you're stuck with us.

NICK

(sincerely) No place I'd rather be.

NICK AND STACEY SHARE A TRUE WARM MOMENT.

BARRY

Welp, looks like Ol' Cousin Barry saved the day again.

NICK

Not really. And you were the one who *required* the day to need saving in the first place.

BARRY

So we'll call this one a wash. I did get you that hat though.

NICK

You did. (genuine) Thank you, man.

BARRY

And thank *you* for saying I can still crash at your place.

NICK

When did I say that?

BARRY

Well, you said you shouldn't have kicked me out, so I figured - ipso facto - that means I'm not kicked out.

NICK HESITATES. BUT THEN SEES STACEY, TODD, PHIL AND EVERYONE ELSE LOOKING AT HIM. NICK SIGHS, THEN SMILES.

NICK

Yeah, sure. I guess. For now though, right?

BARRY

I'll take it! (puts an arm around Nick) We're gonna have so much fun! What should our quiet hours be? Cause I need real silence when I practice my harmonica.

NICK'S EYES GO WIDE AS THEY WALK OUT TOGETHER. HE'S IN FOR A WILD RIDE...

END OF SHOW