MIXOLOGY

PILOT

Written by

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December 19, 2012

ACT ONE

INT. MIX -- LOWER MANHATTAN -- NIGHT

MIX is a high-end lounge in the meatpacking district. Exposed brick, hip art, sensual electronica, $15 cocktails, beautiful people. Think Soho House. The CAMERA slowly catches up with

A NERVOUS MAN

wading through the chic crowd. This is TOM, 20's, dorky shirt but handsome enough. Perspiring, he makes his way towards

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

sitting alone at the bar, dressed in white. This is MAYA, 20's. Tom reaches Maya, downs his beer, and asks the question men have been asking women at bars since time immemorial:

TOM
Can I buy you a drink?

Maya turns and frowns at Tom, unimpressed... He shrinks:

TOM (CONT'D)
P-Please?

TITLE OVER BLACK:

TOM & MAYA

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIX -- EARLIER THAT NIGHT

A WOMAN in a tiny red dress blows into Mix. MEN subtly, and not-so-subtly, gawk at her. This is JESSICA, 30's. She looks around and spots her kid sister, JANEY, 22, waving from the bar. Jessica crosses, kisses her cheek:

JESSICA
Sorry I'm late. Mom took the wrong train in and the kids took forever going down--

Jessica sips Janey's drink, then calls over to the BARTENDER:

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I'll have whatever my sister is having!

The tatted BARTENDER nods without looking up, mixing away.

JANEY
And how are the kids?

Jessica adjusts her bra, aggressive, taking in the scene.

JESSICA
Who cares -- I'm out, I got my slutty red dress on, I'm rocking my new birthday clutch, all I want to do is get drunk, have sex with a complete stranger, and be home in time to watch *Game of Thrones*.
(off her sister's LAUGH)
The kids are great. Here:

Jessica opens a photo on her phone and gives it to Janey.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Austin's first soccer game...

Janey flips through the pictures of her nephew, COOING...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
He's *terrible*. It's hilarious.

JANEY
Whoa! Who's this?

Janey holds up a photo of a cute, alt GUY smiling, shy.

JESSICA
Oh. That's Dave. Or Don. Dan?
(off Janey's look)
I met him on Blendr. He's 6'1", 175 pounds and an "internet entrepreneur" -- so nothing shady there, right? Also, he's less than a mile away and should be here within the hour. Check out the next picture.

Janey slides to the next picture and, judging from her reaction, it's a COCK SHOT. Naive little Janey SHRIEKS:

JANEY
Oh my God!

JESSICA
I know. I'm really not sure how I'm gonna wrangle that thing.

JANEY
It's *very* veiny...
(studying it closely)
So you're just gonna...?

Jessica takes her phone back, feeling her judgement.

JESSICA
Yes, Janey, I'm going to make some bad decisions tonight. Don't tell Mom.

JANEY
That's not what I meant--

JESSICA
Look, as soon as they invent an iPhone app that locates all the cool nice guys with stable jobs within a five mile radius, I will be the first to use it. Until then, I've got Blendr. And Dan. With his 14 inch wonderdong.

Jessica looks away, pissed. Janey sips her cocktail. Then:

JANEY
Can I see it again--?

JESSICA
I know you kind of can't look away, right?

Jessica pulls out her phone again. As the sisters huddle over it for another look, CAMERA drifts across the bar to find

TOM

The nervous guy from the teaser sits in a plush booth with his two best friends, BRUCE, 20's, ugly, loud, way-too-honest Long Islander, and CAL, 20's, gorgeous, sweet, but no genius. Tom scans the room, intimidated by all the BEAUTIFUL WOMEN:

TOM
I am *so* not ready for this...

CAL
Relax, man, you've been out of the Game for what, a decade? It's way different now.

BRUCE
Yeah, girls have changed. They drink like dudes, they dress like prostitutes, and they will sleep with *anything*. Even *I* get laid, and look at me. I'm disgusting.

CAL
It’s true. Girls are the new guys.

BRUCE
Sex & The City changed everything.

CAL
Totally. They’re all Miranda’s.

BRUCE
Dude no, Miranda was the workaholic one, Samantha was the slutty one.

CAL
I think Dorothy was the workaholic one.

BRUCE
Dorothy? There *was* no Dorothy--!

As his friends BICKER, Tom starts sliding out of the booth...

TOM
Look, I’m just gonna get a cab--

CAL
No. You need to do this, Tommy.

BRUCE
(scanning various WOMEN)
Yeah, let’s just find you a nice girl...like a nice, drunk, not traditionally beautiful girl with maybe one or two facial deformities... like a girl with a cleft lip who’s looking to make a connection, you know what I mean?

JUST THEN A HOT WAITRESS BLOWS PAST

This is KASEY, 20’s, bubbly, sexy, lovably shallow partygirl. CAMERA follows her as she crosses behind the long, sleek bar and nervously approaches

THE BARTENDER

who’s mixing cocktails at breakneck speed. This is DOMINIC, 44, the dark, mysterious head mixologist at Mix. He rocks sleeve tats, a wallet chain, and a fedora, all successfully.

KACEY
Hey. Look, I need to say something and I don’t want you to freak out and make a big scene, okay?

Dominic nods and keeps mixing, his hands in constant motion.

KACEY (CONT'D)
All right, here goes...we're over.

DOMINIC
(mixing, emotionless)
Okay.

KACEY
It's not you. It's just, I'm a super positive person and you're like this black cloud of negativity that rains poison on everything and murders it, you know what I mean? Plus I'm looking for something more long term and you're really old so how would that even work? Would you wheel our kids around on your electric scooter?

DOMINIC
Right, no, that's a great point--

KACEY
I hope we can still be friends?

DOMINIC
That'd be...great.

She EXHALES, relieved, and hugs him way too tightly.

KACEY
Oh my God this went so well. Have an awesome shift!

She smiles and bounces off. Dominic watches her, confused, then goes back to mixing as CAMERA drifts over to

TOM, BRUCE AND CAL IN THEIR BOOTH

Tom sulks as Bruce and Cal eagerly scan the female clientele:

CAL
...okay, what about Purple Dress?

Bruce spots a HOT LATINA IN A PURPLE DRESS, and sighs:

BRUCE
A Latin chick? Are you trying to get Tom killed? He can't even handle Chipotle.

CAL
Okay okay, what about White Top?

CAMERA finds MAYA, sitting at the bar, beautifully lit...

CAL (CONT'D)
She looks like a nice girl from a prominent family in Connecticut that has horses, you know what I mean? What do you think, Tommy?

Tom begrudgingly looks over at Maya...and stops, <u>smitten</u>.

TOM
Oh come on, that's like...I mean... she's way out of my league...

CAL
Look at me: *<u>no</u> <u>one</u>* is out of your league! You're Tommy Svensen, the Viking of Victorville! You rape and pillage and you take what's yours!

BRUCE
I mean...don't actually...rape her.

TOM
You really think I can do this?

CAL
What's the worst thing that can happen? She says no? Then you're right back to where you are now.

BRUCE
Yeah, go on, get your beak wet...
(guiding Tom out of booth)
Just don't try to be funny because you're not funny, and don't talk about Laura because then you'll cry, okay?

Tom nods and heads off, nervous... Then Bruce SMACKS Cal:

BRUCE (CONT'D)
She's <u>totally</u> out of his league!

CAL
No she's not! She's like a 6!

BRUCE
To <u>you</u> she's a 6! To Tommy she's a 12! You are literally sending him to his death--!

When Tom looks back at them, they flash him big thumbs up:

BRUCE (CONT'D)
YOU GOT THIS, BRO!

CAL
YOU THE MAN, TOMMY!

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS TOM THROUGH THE CHIC CROWD

and we catch up with the TEASER... Tom reaches Maya, and:

TOM
Can I buy you a drink?

Maya turns and frowns at Tom, unimpressed... He shrinks:

TOM (CONT'D)
P-Please?

MAYA
Do I know you?

TOM
No! No. I'm Tom.

FREEZE on Tom smiling, doofy, hopeful... Then we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL -- NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK -- 1987

BABY TOM has just been born. He CRIES. A nurse places him in a crib labelled "SVENSEN, THOMAS." Tom's MOM looks overjoyed. His swingin' 80s DAD, hot perm, tracksuit, looks freaked out--

EXT. TOM'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- NEW ROCHELLE -- 1995

Tom's DAD throws his suitcase into his Trans Am and SQUEALS away from Tom's home. On the stoop, 8 YEAR OLD TOM happily waves, oblivious that his dad's clearly leaving forever. Tom's MOM sits next to him, smoking quietly--

INT. TOM'S MOM'S DARK BEDROOM -- 2002

15 YEAR OLD TOM brings his mom a tray of pop-tarts and Sunny D for breakfast in her dark, shrouded bedroom. Lying alone in bed, she just rolls over, ignoring him. He looks heartbroken--

INT. COLLEGE PARTY -- BATHROOM -- 2006

COLLEGE BRUCE and COLLEGE TOM keep trying to tap a keg, and keep spraying beer all over themselves, laughing. Then Bruce sees LAURA and introduces her to a soaking-wet Tom. She smiles, shakes his hand...and easily taps the keg. Tom watches her, amazed, already in love with her--

INT. COLLEGE DORM -- 2007

COLLEGE TOM brings LAURA a tray of crappy breakfast in her dorm room. Unlike his mom, however, she's sincerely grateful. Tom smiles, hope returning to his life--

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT -- 2011

24 YEAR OLD TOM and LAURA sit opposite her PARENTS in a hip Manhattan eatery. Then LAURA holds up her hand, revealing her ENGAGEMENT RING. She and her MOM erupt, overjoyed. Her DAD claps Tom on the arm, warm, loving, the father he never had--

INT. TOM & LAURA'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

Laura stands by the door with a Starbucks, emotionless.

LAURA
It's over.

Tom, busy shampooing their DOG in a large plastic tub, looks up, totally blind-sided:

TOM
Wh...? What do you mean?

LAURA
I'm just not feeling it anymore.

TOM
What?!

LAURA
I'm so sorry, Tom.

TOM
Wait...*are you serious?*

She nods, unable to look him in the eye...

TOM (CONT'D)
But...*why?*

LAURA
I don't know, I just woke up this morning and I looked over at you and everything about you repulsed me.

TOM
What?! Like repulsed...how?

LAURA
Like physically. Like looking at your face made me want to barf.

TOM
Well, maybe it was something you ate?

LAURA
No. It was you. It was your face.

TOM
This is *insane!* We're supposed to be getting married next month!

LAURA
I know. I feel terrible.

She SUCKS LOUDLY on the straw of her iced coffee.

TOM
Really? Because the straw kind of undermines everything you just said-

LAURA
I'm sorry, Tom. I just can't take it anymore.

TOM
Can't take what anymore? *What did I do wrong?!*

But she's already exited out the open front door. Tom slumps to the floor next to the dog, *devastated*. A beat. Then the dog hops out of the tub, shakes off, and trots out after her.

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT -- MANHATTAN -- LATE NIGHT

Tom lies on Cal's hardwood floor in an old hoodie, staring at the ceiling, decimated. Empty beer cans litter Cal's plush bachelor pad. Cal lies on a couch while Bruce paces, pissed:

BRUCE
I never liked her. Not in college. Not after college. Not ever.

TOM
Bruce. You *introduced* us.

BRUCE
Yeah, I thought she was a whore, I didn't think you were gonna *marry* her.

TOM
Look...don't talk like that. I still, you know...I still love her. I just wish I knew what I did wrong-

A tear escapes from Tom's eye and he quickly wipes it away. Cal and Bruce notice, and get super-uncomfortable:

BRUCE
Dude, get him a Kleenex!

CAL
I don't have Kleenex, dude! Guys don't have Kleenex!

BRUCE
I have Kleenex!

CAL
You do?

BRUCE
Yes! I've got Kleenex all over my apartment!

CAL
Why do you have so much Kleenex--?!

TOM
I gotta call her again.

BRUCE CAL
What? *No*.

BRUCE
Look, Tommy...we get that this is dredging up a lot of stuff about your dad, but sometimes people just leave without saying why, okay...?

Tom nods, emotional, trying to hold it together...

CAL
Actually, I had no idea this was relevant to your father abandoning you as a child. I didn't put those pieces together til just now--

BRUCE
Look at me, Tommy: you just need to go home, lock away any weapons you might own, download a whole bunch of weird Japanese porno, and drink alone for like 3 to 5 weeks.
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Eventually you'll stop thinking about Laura and you'll start banging a lot of questionable women and hating them afterwards. But then you'll find someone great, like a really cool, sweet girl. And you'll screw that up too because you'll be way too into her and she'll freak out. That story probably ends with a lot of angry texts and a restraining order. But then you'll find someone *really* cool, and you won't come on too strong, you'll play it just right, and she'll think you're funny and cool and... well... That's the best feeling in the world, right?

Bruce and Cal smile at Tom, concerned, reassuring, loving...

CAL
You'll find someone else, Tommy. Someone hotter.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK IN THE BAR -- TOM STILL STANDS IN FRONT OF MAYA

smiling, doofy and hopeful. She glances at her watch, shrugs:

MAYA
Sure, I got a few minutes. Sit.

TOM
(way too excited)
Really?!

MAYA
Oh no.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MIX -- BACK OFFICE -- NIGHT

Dominic stands in the bright back office, writing on a large wall-mounted CALENDAR... Then Kacey blows in, furious:

KACEY
There you are! So um, how come when I dumped you like three minutes ago you were just like “okay?”

DOMINIC
What...did you want me to say?

KACEY
I wanted you to be pissed! We’ve been hooking up for six weeks! Couldn’t you have at least *pretended* to be hurt?!

DOMINIC
I was hurt. I was just...in shock.

KACEY
(warming, touched)
Really?

DOMINIC
No. You just told me to pretend--

KACEY
Oh my God you’re *killing* me right now.

DOMINIC
Look, honey, I kind of hook up with all the waitresses around here? That’s sort of...why guys become bartenders? I’m really sorry if I hurt you, but honestly, I’m not even sure what your name is.

KACEY
(GASPING, horrified)
Well it doesn’t matter now because *I’m never talking to you again!*

She storms out. Dominic SIGHS, *wow*... Then she returns:

KACEY (CONT’D)
Also, I need Wednesday off -- Josh said he’d close for me.

Dominic nods, okay, and writes “JOSH CLOSE” on the schedule.

KACEY (CONT’D)
Thanks. (beat) I’m still angry.

She hesitates, then awkwardly exits again.

BACK AT THE BAR

Jessica and Janey downs shots and high five: WOO!

JESSICA
So how’s it going with the new guy?

JANEY
Ricky Z? Great! Yeah, he’s seven days sober now so that’s awesome. Unfortunately he can’t get a job because of the mail fraud thing, and technically he’s still married so, you know, we’re taking it slow.

Jessica just buries her head in her hands. Janey’s defensive:

JANEY (CONT’D)
Well at least he doesn’t post pictures of his penis online!

JESSICA
Okay, first of all, Ricky Z *definitely* posts pictures of his penis online. Secondly: you’re so great. You can do better than him.

JANEY
You don’t understand. We have an amazing connection--

JESSICA
No you don’t. You don’t have an amazing connection. Listen to me, Janey, you had your first real boyfriend what, two years ago? That means you are a two year old at dating, okay? You’re toddling around, knocking over furniture, babbling nonsense words and crying for no reason. You know nothing. You understand nothing. You are a constant threat to yourself. And you need to leave this moron as soon as humanly possible.

JANEY
(bristles, hurt)
Oh my god, you're just jealous because I'm young and I have someone and you're old and you don't.

Jessica recoils, *whoa,* stung, as CAMERA drifts over to

TOM AND MAYA

Picking up where we left off, Tom eagerly drags a barstool over and sits next to Maya with a loud SCRRRAPE-CLANG-THUD!

MAYA
(watching him, troubled)
I'm Maya, by the way...

TOM
Maya? What a pretty name. Is that...(searching)...Mayan?

Maya LAUGHS in spite of herself. Tom's confidence grows...

TOM (CONT'D)
So Maya, where are you from?

FREEZE FRAME on Maya, looking at Tom, bemused. Then we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OLD PICK-UP TRUCK -- PITTSBURGH -- 1986

Both feet up on the dashboard, Maya's MOM SCREAMS as Maya's old school DAD stoically delivers BABY MAYA in the cab of their rusty pick-up truck. Frowning, he pours Bud Light all over NEWBORN MAYA to clean her off--

EXT. MAYA'S FAMILY'S HOUSE -- PITTSBURGH -- 1989

THREE YEAR OLD MAYA toddles through her family's dilapidated row house, crying about her broken PRINCESS ARIEL doll. She reaches her father, who takes the mermaid and furiously whips it against the wall, SHATTERING it! Maya silences--

EXT. RUNDOWN BASKETBALL COURT -- 1997

16 YEAR OLD MAYA, now a tomboy with a ridiculous mullet, plays streetball with a bunch of TOUGH GUYS on a rundown basketball court. She shoves, throws elbows...and sinks every shot. Nearby, a TALL MAN watches her, impressed--

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY -- GYMNASIUM -- 2004

The TALL MAN shouts at COLLEGE AGE MAYA as she dribbles down Cornell's beautiful basketball court -- he's her COACH. Maya plays street-tough, leveling her preppy OPPONENTS--

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY TRAINING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT -- 2004

COLLEGE MAYA and her coach have sex on a bench in the Training Room. It's angry, hot. The COACH aggressively yanks Maya's ponytail back and she CLIMAXES, loving it rough--

INT. HIGH-END SPORTS LAW FIRM -- 2011

YOUNG LAWYER MAYA, sexy in an expensive business suit, blows through the halls of her sports law firm until she's stopped by an older PARTNER, who's chatting with NFL great TIKI BARBER. The partner introduces Maya to Tiki. Instant sparks--

INT. TIKI BARBER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

In a Giants tee shirt and panties, Maya drinks coffee and reads her iPad while Tiki folds laundry on his kitchen table.

TIKI
Did you call the guy?

MAYA
About the--? Yeah.

TIKI
Cool. Thanks.

Then Tiki pulls out a pair of MEN'S BOXER BRIEFS from the laundry basket. Looks confused:

TIKI (CONT'D)
Whose are these?

MAYA
(looking up -- *uh-oh*)
Huh?

TIKI
Whose boxer briefs are these?

MAYA
I don't know, yours?
(quickly back to reading)
Did you see the Jets traded Sanchez? About time, right--?

TIKI
I don't wear boxer briefs, I wear Hanes Comfortflex, you know that. Whose boxer briefs are these Maya.

She hesitates...which tells Tiki everything he needs to know.

TIKI (CONT'D)
Oh my God, who is it?

MAYA
Oh come on, I'm sure you've had some fun since we started dating.

Tiki shakes his head, nope. Maya frowns:

MAYA (CONT'D)
Really? No one?

TIKI
That's a stereotype about athletes.

MAYA
Right, well, I didn't know I was dating the *one* famous athlete in the world who doesn't sleep around.

Tiki turns and takes in the skyline of Manhattan, hurt...

MAYA (CONT'D)
Oh come on, Tiki, don't cry.

But he does. NFL All-star Tiki Barber is crying.

TIKI
Who is he.

Maya squirms, trying to think fast. Tiki turns:

TIKI (CONT'D)
Tell me it's not Rondé.

Busted.

TIKI (CONT'D)
Maya?

MAYA
You were out of town--!

TIKI
Maya he's my twin brother!

MAYA
I know! He looks just like you!
That's barely cheating!

Tiki angrily wipes the tears from his eyes, hurt.

TIKI
You know, you think you're this
like tough, independent woman, but
really...you're just *mean*.

Maya looks stung... Tiki crosses to his bedroom, stops:

TIKI (CONT'D)
And you wanna know something else?
I'm gonna be fine -- Tiki always
lands on his feet. But you? You're
gonna spend the rest of your life
alone because you're broken and you
don't know to be nice to people. So
suck on that, you big mean bitch.

He SLAMS the door as he exits. Maya stands there, stunned.

INT. EQUINOX GYM -- A FEW DAYS LATER

Maya crushes the incline press machine as her friend from work, LIV, glasses, lazy, stands nearby, eating a LunaBar.

LIV
He called you "a big mean bitch?"
That's awesome.

MAYA
Why is that awesome?

LIV
Because you're a big mean bitch.
That's like your thing.

MAYA
What? I'm not a bitch! I'm just a
strong modern woman who--!

A PUDGY GUY wearing head-to-toe Under Armour butts in:

PUDGY GUY
You almost done with this machine?

MAYA
No dude I'm *not* almost done.

The guy recoils, *whoa*, as Liv calmly bites into her Luna bar:

LIV
Actually, I'm cool with leaving.

MAYA
Liv, you gotta do more than just eat at the gym if you want to lose 10 pounds before your wedding.

LIV
I know but everyone in here looks like Christian Bale and it's freaking me out. Look, there's like three Christian Bale's right there--

There are in fact three AMERICAN PSYCHO BANKER TYPES sprinting in unison on the treadmills nearby. Maya pumps away harder on her machine, unable to let go of the bitch thing:

MAYA
Here's the deal: I'm a nice person when I want to be. It's just--

LIV
What's the last nice thing you did?

Maya angrily thinks...and thinks... Finally Liv just LAUGHS.

MAYA
Okay if you're so damn nice what's the last nice thing you did?!

LIV
Well, I gave Jim a handy in the shower this morning even though I really didn't want to and also I gave a dollar to a homeless man because he looked like my dad--

MAYA
Fine. You're *amazing*. I'm just saying I'm capable of being nice--

PUDGY GUY
You done with that machine yet?

MAYA
You'll get the goddamn machine when I'm done with it, okay Under Armour?! I promise you'll still be really fat then!

The guy hurries off, hurt. Liv blanches. Maya winces, *shit*...

END FLASHBACK.

BACK IN THE BAR -- TOM AND MAYA CONTINUE CHATTING

And we pick up where we left off...

MAYA
Me? I'm from Pittsburgh.

TOM
Nice! Go Phillies!

MAYA
Pirates.

TOM
Pirates. Right. Sorry. I'm not really into sports.

MAYA
Oh. I'm a sports attorney and a three-time All-American.

She looks away, increasingly losing interest... Tom sweats:

TOM
Wow! Great... Pittsburgh though, right? What a *beautiful* city.

MAYA
Actually it's a cesspool of sadness and broken dreams. I thank God every day that I got out.

TOM
HAHAHA! Is your family still there?

MAYA
Probably.

TOM
Nice! Families are...nice...
(long, painful SILENCE)
I'm from Rhode Island.

MAYA
That's *unbelievable*, dude.

She has officially lost interest. Tom stammers, hopeless:

TOM
Look, I'm sorry I suck at this. My fiancee of 8 years just dumped me, so you're basically the first girl I've talked to since 2005.

MAYA
Well. That would explain the shirt.

Tom touches his shirt, hurt, as CAMERA drifts over to

JANEY AND JESSICA

sitting nearby, still fighting, highly emotional...

JANEY
...no, that's not what I'm saying! I'm saying stop treating me like a child! I'm *22* years old!

JESSICA
Oh my god that's so young -- tell me you're using birth control. There should be a padlock on your vagina right now. Remember Aunt Kimmy? She got pregnant just from sitting on the bus.

JANEY
That's not even possible--

JESSICA
Oh crap -- he's here.

Janey turns to see

THE MAN FROM JESSICA'S PHONE ENTERING THE BAR

He's attractive in a cool, geek chic kind of way. Scarf, sweater, skinny jeans. Janey is instantly attracted:

JANEY
Wow, he's *cute*.

JESSICA
(adjusting her dress)
Oh my god, he's better looking in person, that *never* happens...

JANEY
(trying to see his crotch)
Where does he hide that thing?

JESSICA
Stop! He's coming! How do I look?

Janey turns back to her sister as she nervously primps.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Do I look like a single mom who's trying too hard...? *Do I look <u>old</u>?*

Janey looks at her domineering big sister, and for the first time sees her vulnerability, her insecurity. Janey softens:

JANEY
No. You look beautiful.

Jessica smiles and takes her sister's hand, grateful.

JESSICA
Laugh.

JANEY
What?

JESSICA
(through clenched smile)
<u>Laugh</u> <u>bitch</u>.

Janey lets out a HUGE FAKE LAUGH just as the guy pulls up.

DAN OR DON
Excuse me are you Jessica?

JESSICA
(smiling coy, looking up)
Well, that depends who's ask--

Then he grabs her clutch and THROWS UP INTO IT.

The sisters jump back, SHRIEKING! All the PATRONS around them recoil. The guy SPITS the last chunks into the clutch, wipes his mouth, and...awkwardly places it back atop the bar. Beat.

DAN OR DON
My bad.

<u>END OF ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

INT. MIX -- BEHIND THE BAR -- NIGHT

Dominic mixes drinks as BUSBOYS clean up Dan or Don's mess inches away. Next to Dominic, Kacey angrily guns water into glasses, not talking to him. Then he slides her a cocktail.

DOMINIC
I call it...The Kacey Finklebaum.

She keeps gunning water, ignoring him...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
It's bubbly and sweet and just a little bitter at the finish.

Finally she takes a sip. It's *great*. She lowers the glass.

KACEY
Tastes like piss.

She coldly collects her tray and heads off. Once she's gone, however, she smiles slightly to herself... Then she passes

TOM AND MAYA

sitting at the end of bar. Maya looks miserable, trying to drain *any* alcohol out of her empty glass while Tom overshares about his ex-fiancée, on the verge of tears:

TOM
...the worst part is she didn't give me any explanation, you know?

MAYA
Where the *hell* is our waitress?

TOM
If I did something wrong I'd get it, but I treated her so well. I took her to wine country and I brought her breakfast in bed and I did her laundry every Tuesday...
(he starts quietly CRYING)
She was very specific about how she liked her different kinds of under-wear dried but I remembered all the rules. I remembered all the rules.

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch on, horrified:

BRUCE
He’s crying.

CAL
He’s crying <u>everywhere</u>.

BRUCE
We have to extract him.

CAL
Yeah. (beat) Go extract him.

BRUCE
I’m not extracting him! You extract him!

CAL
What are you, scared?!

BRUCE
<u>Yes</u>!

CAL
I am too.

BRUCE
She’s not from Connecticut.

CAL
Not even a little.

BACK AT THE BAR

Tom dries his eyes with cocktail napkins. Maya just smarts...

MAYA
Okay I can’t take anymore. You want to know why your fiancée left you?

TOM
<u>Yes</u>! More than anything!

MAYA
She left you because you’re a snivelling little bitch.

TOM
What?! No! I’m...I’m just <u>nice</u>.

MAYA
No. I’ve been listening to you for what seems like an eternity and you’re actually not that nice.
(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)
You're just a coward who's scared of people not liking you. There's a big difference.

Tom stammers, speechless: she's nailed him dead to rights.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Look at me, Tom. Every girl wants a nice guy, but we also want a man who's not afraid to say "you are out of your goddamn mind if you think I'm gonna fold your underwear six different ways. I am a *man*. Respect my essence."

TOM
I literally have no idea what you're talking about--

MAYA
Stand your ground, articulate what you want, and accept the consequences, Tom. That's what real men do every single day.

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch Maya berate Tom...

BRUCE
We brought him out too soon.

CAL
He wasn't ready for this.

BRUCE
He's never going to recover.

CAL
No. Never.

BACK AT THE BAR

Maya continues lecturing Tom; he just sits there, petrified.

MAYA
And another thing: men don't cry.
(before Tom can protest)
No. Girls like it when Tom Brady cries because he's a man who handles his business on and off the field so when he cries it shows us an exciting new dimension of his personality.
(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)
But when a spineless bed-wetter like you cries it only confirms to us how weak men have become and that saddens us.

Tom just looks at her, blown away... Finally:

TOM
Okay: can I just say something?

MAYA
What.

TOM
This has been *so* helpful.

MAYA
(surprised)
Oh. Well. Good.

TOM
I've been killing myself trying to figure out why Laura left me, and my friends have been like: "she's crazy, she's banging other dudes," but you, a total stranger, actually told me the truth. It's not her. It's me. *I'm a little bitch...*
(amazed)
This is fantastic.

MAYA
Is it...?

TOM
Yes! I finally have an answer! I can stop reading her texts and stalking her on Facebook and I can stop listening to Adele all the time and I can just...move on.

Beat. Then Tom hugs Maya, emotional. She stiffens, alarmed.

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch on through their fingers, horrified:

CAL
Oh my God he's attacking her.

BRUCE
We should just pay our bill and quietly leave.

BACK AT THE BAR

Tom releases Maya -- he looks liberated, overjoyed.

TOM
I mean obviously I have to work on being less of a little bitch.

MAYA
Right. Obviously.

TOM
Of course, it's also possible I'm not as bad as you think, and maybe you're just, like, really mean...

There's that word again. Maya frowns, troubled.

MAYA
Yeah, I've been getting that a lot lately...Am I really *that* much more of a bitch than everyone else--?

TOM
Yes.

MAYA
Really? Because I feel like--

TOM
No. There's definitely something very wrong with you.

Maya starts to object, then stops. She nods, a bit emotional, finally hearing this...

MAYA
Okay... Maybe...Maybe you're right.

TOM
It's cool, we both have stuff to work on. But we'll be okay... I mean, I won't be, but you will.

She smiles at him, comforted... He smiles back, warm... It's a sweet moment between two complete strangers... Then:

TOM (CONT'D)
So, like, can I get your number?
(off her GROAN)
What? You just said to stand up, articulate my whatever, and be a man! So here I am: give me your number, woman!

Maya LAUGHS and looks at Tom, hopeless in his dumb shirt...

TOM (CONT'D)
Please...? Come on. Just be nice.

MAYA
Fine. Give me a pen.

Tom, shocked, frantically pats his pockets and looks around, but there's no pen in sight-- until DOMINIC's hand appears out of nowhere, holding up a PEN. Tom takes it, grateful--

TOM
Thanks! Thank you!

Tom quickly passes the pen to Maya...

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys sit there, dumbstruck, not believing their eyes...

BRUCE
Is he getting her number?

CAL
No. There's no way. No.

BACK AT THE BAR

Maya writes her phone number on a cocktail napkin while Tom grins, vibrating, unable to believe his luck.

MAYA
You realize that this has been the worst pick-up ever. Like across all of human history. The worst.

TOM
Yes! But it'll be a hilarious story to tell our children some day!

She hands him the napkin with her number on it.

MAYA
I hate children.

TOM
So do I! With all the joy and the innocence? Who needs it--?

MAYA
Please just go.

TOM
I'm gonna call the hell out of you.

MAYA
Don't do that.

TOM
Really, though. Thank you. This has been a real shot in the arm--

MAYA
Walk away Tom.

TOM
(backing away)
Yup! Love your bag by the way--

Tom turns, and, as he heads back to his boys, he raises his arms in the air like a prizefighter who's just won the belt!

CAL AND BRUCE ERUPT

They slap ten with each other! When Tom reaches them, they hug him and jump on his back! Tom high-fives STRANGERS! Then

LIV HURRIES INTO THE BAR PAST THEM

Looking alt-cute in a patterned dress, Liv spots Maya at the bar and makes for her. They kiss on the cheek as Liv sits.

MAYA
Thank God you're here. I was just hit on by the weirdest dude ever.

LIV
Oh God, I'm sorry.

MAYA
Yeah, and get this: he <u>cried</u>.

LIV
Another one? Is crying like the new hipster thing?

MAYA
I don't know. I called him a little bitch and he asked for my number.

Liv LAUGHS as she scans the menu... Then she looks up:

LIV
Wait -- you didn't actually give him your number, did you?

MAYA
No! No.
(beat)
I gave him yours.

LIV
What?! Maya, I'm engaged! I can't have some dork crying on my voicemail every night!

MAYA
I was trying to be nice!

LIV
You wanna be nice? Buy me a drink. Pay my rent. Don't give out my phone number to weirdos!
(LAUGHING with her...)
Did it make you feel good at least?

MAYA
Yeah, actually. It really did...

Maya looks down, just a little proud of herself...

INT. MIX -- WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Jessica holds up her SOAKING-WET CLUTCH to the hand-drier, *pissed*. Then Janey gently hugs her from behind, consoling.

JANEY
I'm sorry that guy yakked on your birthday clutch.

JESSICA
Thanks... I'm sorry I still treat you like a little girl. I just made so many mistakes with drunk, idiot losers and I *really* don't want you turning out like me, you know...?

JANEY
(quietly, pulling her close)
I would love to turn out like you.

Jessica smiles, touched...

JESSICA
Okay don't make me cry I just did my eyes.

Janey just holds her sister as she continues drying...

INT. MIX -- BOOTH AREA -- NIGHT

Bruce and Cal toast their glasses to a beaming Tom.

BRUCE
To Tommy: one month ago you were crying like a girl on Cal's floor, but tonight you picked yourself up by your penis and you played like a champion. And that's the measure of a man. I'm real proud of you, bud.

They CLINK glasses and drink.

CAL
What a beautiful toast. That was like Ralph Waldo Iverson.

BRUCE
Ralph Waldo *Iverson*? Does he write poems for the Philadelphia 76ers? You are literally worthless...

As Bruce and Cal start bickering again, we SLOWLY PUSH IN on

TOM

smiling at the napkin is his hand. Proud. Happy. Reborn. And, as Adele's "Set Fire to the Rain" rises, we pick up QUICK SHOTS of the rest of our cast...

DAN OR DON

leans against the exterior of the bar, drunkenly texting...

JESSICA AND JANEY

are in the BATHROOM, holding the clutch up to the hand-drier and dancing like idiots, happy sisters once again...

DOMINIC AND KASEY

are in the BACK OFFICE, fucking like mad. She SLAMS him against a cabinet, sending papers and glassware flying...

LIV AND MAYA

chat at their table. Maya, half-listening, glances over at Tom, laughing with Cal and Bruce. She smiles, warmed by her good deed. The night is off to a good start...

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MIX -- NIGHT

Janey weaves through the bar with a glass of water. Various men smile at her: a CLEAN CUT GUY in a suit, a FRIENDLY DUDE in plaid. She blows past all these NICE GUYS, however, and...

EXT. MIX -- NIGHT

...she exits the bar and heads straight for Dan or Don as he leans against the building, drunkenly texting, a sloppy, untucked, dishevelled mess. She hands him the water.

DAN OR DON
Oh, thanks.
(drinks)
Your sister okay?

JANEY
(no)
She really liked that clutch.

The man frowns, *right*... Then he extends his hand.

DAN OR DON
Ron.

JANEY
(shaking his hand)
Jane. Janey.

RON
I'm really drunk Janey.

JANEY
Yeah, no, I noticed.

They LAUGH together... He glances over... She looks angelic under the streetlight... Then he asks her the question men have been asking women at bars since time immemorial:

RON
Can I buy you a drink?

She cocks her brow, intrigued... And, as Adele swells, we

SMASH TO BLACK.