

BEING BOBBY JOHNSON
(Pilot)

Written by

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INT. PARTY (PARTY HOUSE) - NIGHT

*

An INTENSE PARTY rages on in a tight paced apartment. Lights flash on and off. Sweat drenched bodies bounce around and rub up against each other.

*

Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves, everyone except BOBBY JOHNSON, 29, he sits alone in the corner. His only movement, he nods his head, which of course is off rhythm with the beat.

*

*

His mood changes when beautiful brunette NADIA, 20's, walks over.

*

NADIA

That shirt is horrible.

BOBBY

(loudly)

What?

NADIA

I said that shirt is horrible. Who taught you how to dress?

BOBBY

(loudly)

Yeah.

Nadia points to the door.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby sits on the steps. Nadia walks out seconds later. Two plastic cups and a bottle of whiskey.

NADIA

I said that's an ugly shirt.

BOBBY

Oh... well, I mean, I wasn't really trying to impress anyone. I just --

NADIA

I was joking. I just think it's funny when people try to talk at parties when it's really loud. Plus I needed a drinking buddy.

She hands Bobby a cup.

BOBBY

I don't drink.

NADIA

I know. I've heard. You don't drink. You don't smoke. You don't go to clubs. You just work and write.

BOBBY

Sounds about right.

NADIA

How's that going by the way, the writing that is?

BOBBY

Great! I've umm... I've got some good stuff lately.

NADIA

Nothing huh?

BOBBY

Yeah. Bad case of writer's block.

Nadia pours him a drink. Pours herself one.

NADIA

Cheers.

They drink. Bobby grimaces.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What do you think the problem is?

BOBBY

... I don't know.

She pours him another drink. He knocks it down.

NADIA

So?

BOBBY

So what?

NADIA

What's the problem? You went to film school right?

BOBBY

Yeah.

NADIA

When did you graduate?

BOBBY
Two-thousand eleven.

NADIA
And you still haven't done
anything?

BOBBY
No.

NADIA
Nothing at all?

BOBBY
... Well, I... no.

She pours him another drink. He knocks it down.

NADIA
What was the last thing you worked
on?

Bobby sighs. Signals for her to pour him another drink. He quickly knocks it down.

BOBBY
I worked on a horror script with
two of my friends from school.

*

NADIA
And?

BOBBY
And it didn't work out. For me at
least.

She pours him another drink.

NADIA
I'm all ears.

BOBBY
Well --

Suddenly the door bursts open. CONNER, 19, Bobby's blonde hair, blue eyed roommate walks out.

CONNER
What the hell are you guys doing?

NADIA
Talking.

CONNER

Umm, no shit. Why? There's a thing called a party going on inside. And I for one know you like to dance Nadia.

NADIA

True but that music sucks. I can't dance to that.

CONNER

What do you want to hear?

NADIA

How about some Bobby Brown, Missy Elliot, Prince.

CONNER

You got it.

BOBBY

I like the sound of that.

Conner stares at Bobby's cup. Looks over at the whiskey bottle. Back at Bobby.

CONNER

This is going to be good.

INT. PARTY (PARTY HOUSE) - CONTINUOUS

*

90's style R&B song' blasts through the speakers. Everyone dances, they surround Bobby and Nadia though, who are in perfect synch with each other and are the highlight of the party.

*

MONTAGE

Bobby and Nadia dance through a medley of eighties and nineties hits.

The music stops.

Everyone claps for Bobby and Nadia.

Conner quiets everyone down.

CONNER

I just got a call from my landlord. Some of the neighbors are complaining. So, we're going to slow it down.

Slow R&B song' plays.

*

Nadia pulls Bobby close to her. They sway side to side.

The entire party seems to be on the same wave length.

A BEAT.

Bobby's closed eyes suddenly shoot open.

BOBBY (V.O.)

No. Don't get hard. Don't get hard.
Stay down. STAY DOWN!

His eyes widen.

BOBBY (V.O.)

FUCK!

A BEAT.

Nadia doesn't react. Her body still sways. Even seems to get closer. Bobby smiles. Liquid courage takes over.

*

He takes his hands from her hips. Moves them to her back.

Again, no reaction.

His hands slowly move down her back.

No reaction.

They stop at her waist.

Bobby licks his lips. Bites down.

His hands move onto her butt.

No reaction. Bobby grins from ear to ear.

The songs ends. A new one plays...

*

Nadia's movement changes. She adds a back and forth to her side to side swaying.

Bobby's hand moves down her butt onto her leg.

Moves to her front.

A BEAT.

Suddenly, Nadia pushes Bobby away. SLAPS HIM.

NADIA
(yells)
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

*
*

The music stops.

Everyone looks over at them.

BOBBY
(softly)
I thought... you didn't...

NADIA
You thought because I let you touch
my ass that you could put your
fingers in my pussy?

Everyone gasps.

Bobby is speechless.

CONNER
(under his breath)
Say something man, please say
something. Anything.

Bobby opens his mouth to speak but VOMIT replaces words.

CONNER (CONT'D)
Annnnd the party is over.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Bobby opens his eyes. Squints at the light. Covers his head
with his blanket.

A BEAT.

The blanket quickly comes off.

BOBBY
Fuck!

Bobby jumps up. Picks up clothes from the floor. Quickly gets
dressed.

Conner walks in.

CONNER
Where are you in a rush to go?

BOBBY
Work! I'm really fucking late.

CONNER
Oh... about that.

Bobby stops.

BOBBY
About what?

CONNER
You got fired.

BOBBY
WHAT!?

CONNER
Ask Cole.

Bobby rushes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

COLE, 24, Bobby's other roommate, dressed in professional attire and drinking coffee, sits at the kitchen table.

The placed is completely trashed from the night before.

BOBBY
What is he taking about me being fired?

COLE
I was there for breakfast. It was crazy busy today. Your manager called ten times. I called too.

BOBBY
I...

COLE
Hangover. Never would've expected it. Now I see why you don't drink.

Cole finishes his coffee. Heads for the door.

Stops. Turns.

COLE (CONT'D)
Almost forgot. Happy Birthday!

Cole leaves.

Conner walks into the kitchen. Puts his arm around Bobby.

CONNER

You know what can help you forget about this little problem?

BOBBY

What?

CONNER

Pussy. It always helps me. I got a couple of girls coming over. It's your big three o. Why not celebrate with a morning threesome. It'll clear your hangover up. Trust me.

BOBBY

I'll pass. I gotta go.

CONNER

Okay. I'll do it for you.

Bobby rushes out the door.

INT. KITCHEN (MARIA'S APARTMENT) - DAY

Bobby sits at the table. Coffee in front of him.

MARIA, 23, beautiful Hispanic girl, his former co-worker, sits across from him.

BOBBY

So, there's nothing I can do?

MARIA

No. He was really pissed Bobby. You were late twenty six times.

BOBBY

Yeah.

MARIA

Yeah? You live fifteen minutes from the theatre. How is that even possible?

BOBBY

Isn't it expected of you to be late when you live so close to your job?

MARIA

No. So, what are you going to do?

BOBBY

... I don't know.

MARIA

What about working at another restaurant? They just opened a --

BOBBY

NO!... Never again.

Bobby's phone rings. He answers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What?... Dude, I'm not going to Vegas... Because I'm going to the marathon tonight... maybe, I invited all of my friends from my job... I have friends outside of you asshole... there's nothing to talk about, I'm not going!

Bobby hangs up.

MARIA

Has anyone from work responded to your email?

BOBBY

No.

MARIA

Are you still going?

BOBBY

Yeah. I don't need anyone for a Woody Allen marathon.

MARIA

Oh... that's sad to hear.

BOBBY

Why?

MARIA

I love Woody Allen too.

BOBBY

I know, but you never responded.

MARIA

Because I thought I deserved to get asked in person.

BOBBY

Right... do you want to --

MARIA
Yes, Bobby.

BOBBY
Cool.

MARIA
Happy Birthday!

INT. LIVING ROOM - (PARTY HOUSE) - NIGHT

Bobby is dressed in a nice casual suit, Woody Allen T-shirt, and chucks.

Conner and Cole sit on the couch.

COLE
You look good man.

Cole shakes his head in disagreement.

CONNER
At least wear some dress shoes.

COLE
He looks fine.

CONNER
Is she cute?

BOBBY
She's gorgeous.

CONNER
Did you check her age?

BOBBY
Twenty-three.

CONNER
You sure she's single?

BOBBY
Yes.

CONNER
You sure she's not a lesbian?

COLE
Conner!

CONNER

I'm looking out for him. You remember the last girl. I thought he was gonna commit --

COLE

We're happy for you.

BOBBY

Appreciate it. This time is different though. I think she really likes me.

Conner sprays him down with cologne. Puts a condom in his jacket pocket. *

CONNER

Have fun. Be safe.

Bobby shakes his head.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Bobby and Maria exit the theatre amidst a sea of Woody Allen T-shirts.

Bobby walks past a COMING SOON POSTER for the movie *AKUMA II: Son of the Forest*. Stares at **written by Antonio Salas and Rahul Badal** for A BEAT. *

MARIA

Have you seen part one yet? *

Bobby snaps out of his trance.

BOBBY

What?

MARIA

Akuma. Have you seen it?

BOBBY

No.

MARIA

I did. It was pretty freaking good. Do you plan on seeing it?

BOBBY

... Eventually.

MARIA

Have you spoken to Ant and Rahul?

BOBBY

No.

MARIA

Not even to congratulate them?

BOBBY

No.

MARIA

I think it would help you if you at least called them. Finally get rid of the guilt you have for leaving before it --

BOBBY

I'm starving. How about you?

MARIA

... I could eat.

BOBBY

Pastrami?

MARIA

Read my mind.

BOBBY

Cool. Let me go to the ATM first.

EXT. BANK ATM - NIGHT

Bobby is at the ATM. He looks back at Maria. Smiles.

Closes his eyes, bows his head.

BOBBY

(whispering)

Lord Jesus, please let me have enough to pay for this food. I get paid at midnight, even if my account overdrafts, just don't let me get embarrassed. Amen.

He sticks the card in. Selects check balance.

INSERT ON ATM SCREEN - \$0.00

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

MARIA
Everything Okay?

BOBBY
Yeah. Everything's cool.

INT. PASTRAMI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's college night. The restaurant is filled with attractive *
twenty-somethings laughing, talking and eating like they have *
all the time in the world to live. *

Bobby's twenties are over. He is well aware of his mortality. *
It shows on his face. *

Maria sips on the last of her soda. The plate in front of her
is empty except for the crumbs left behind from her sandwich
and fries.

MARIA
About earlier, I'm --

BOBBY
It's cool.

MARIA
No. I'm sorry for harassing you
like that. I know that's a sore
spot for you.

BOBBY
You're right though. I should call
them. And I will. I should see the
movie too... and I will.

Maria looks down at his plate.

MARIA
I guess you weren't as hungry as
me.

Half of Bobby's sandwich and a handful of fries is still *
left. *

Bobby checks his phone.

It reads, 11:37 p.m. *

MARIA (CONT'D)
Am I boring you?

BOBBY

No. Of course not. This has been one of my best days since... since I moved here. I just want to make sure I don't miss my bus.

*

MARIA

Okay. Well... I have to pee so...

BOBBY

Sure. Go.

MARIA

Think you'll be done by the time I get back?

BOBBY

I'll try.

Maria exits.

Bobby looks down at the remaining half of his sandwich.

His STOMACH GROWLS.

He checks his phone again. 11:38 p.m.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Walks to the cashier.

INT. COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

The CASHIER, cute black girl, greets him with a smile.

BOBBY

Can I get a to-go box?

Bobby gets his to go box, wraps his sandwich.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

I can go to the bathroom for...

Checks his phone.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sixteen minutes. I'm taking a shit. Perfect plan.

I/E. BATHROOM (RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

Maria exits the bathroom, waiting in line for the bathroom is
STEPHANIE, 20's, her friend. *

STEPHANIE

Wow. I didn't think you ate at all
slim. What are you doing here?

MARIA

Hey Steph. I'm... just getting some
food with a friend.

STEPHANIE

... Wait! Are you on a date? *

MARIA

No!

Stephanie jumps out of line.

Runs over to her friends, who all look like they left a Vogue
photo shoot. *

STEPHANIE

Everyone, Maria's on a date!

MARIA

No! I'm not. It's just --

YOUNG MAN #1

Maria found a guy good enough for
her? *

MARIA

It's not a date. It's...

Bobby walks towards the bathroom. Overhears Maria talking to
her friends. *

MARIA (CONT'D)

It's... Bobby, from my job.

YOUNG MAN #1

Oh. Okay. Him?

MARIA

It's not like that.

STEPHANIE

What is it like then?

MARIA

It's his thirtieth birthday. He had no one to spend it with.

STEPHANIE

He's thirty? He looks eighteen.

YOUNG MAN #1

A pity date. That's just mean.

MARIA

I couldn't let him spend his night crying into a bucket of ice cream while listening to Luther Vandross and watching porn.

YOUNG MAN #1

That sounds like a fun night to me.

STEPHANIE

You're a good person slim.

MARIA

Are you being sarcastic?

STEPHANIE

Very.

Bobby is crushed.

He walks back to the cashier.

INT. COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(whispering)

I need to ask a question.

CASHIER

Why are you whispering?

Bobby looks back.

A line forms behind him.

*

BOBBY

(whispering)

I can pay for my food. But there's a catch.

CASHIER

Okay.

BOBBY
(whispering)
I have to wait till twelve.

CASHIER
Come again?

BOBBY
I need to pay at twelve. I get paid
at twelve. Direct deposit.

CASHIER
We'll be closed at twelve.

BOBBY
I know. That's the problem.

CASHIER
Why can't you pay now?

BOBBY
(whispering)
Because I'm broke right now. Until
midnight.

CASHIER
Well... there are customers behind
you who have money now, so...

BOBBY
(whispering)
Can I pay at twelve?

CASHIER
No.

A HANDSOME YOUNG TEEN in a LETTERMAN JACKET, behind Bobby,
gets frustrated.

HANDSOME TEEN
What's the hold up?

Bobby turns around.

BOBBY
Just a second.

CASHIER
Why did you order food when you
knew you were broke?

BOBBY
(whispering)
Can you speak a little louder?
(MORE)

*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I don't think everyone in the restaurant heard you.

CASHIER

(loud)

Can you please get your broke ass out of line so the people with money can pay?

*
*
*

Customers gasps.

BOBBY

I was being sarcastic.

HANDSOME TEEN

I can pay for you.

BOBBY

I didn't ask for your help.

HANDSOME TEEN

Well, you clearly need it.

Others in line laugh.

BOBBY

Man, fuck you.

*

HANDSOME TEEN

What!

Bobby turns around.

The handsome young teen stands, arms folded, his football teammates behind him.

BOBBY

Instead of worrying about my pockets, you should instead worry about what you're going to do with your life after you tear your ACL your freshman year and lose your scholarship.

*

WITHOUT WARNING, the young handsome teen punches Bobby in the face.

They fight. Bobby loses... BADLY.

INT. LIVING ROOM (PARTY HOUSE) - DAY

Bobby sits in near darkness. A bottle of Jack Daniels in front of him. He's typing away on his laptop.

The door opens.

Conner and Cole walk in. Conner opens the blinds. Light shines in.

Bobby's face is decorated with a BLACK EYE and BUSTED LIP.

COLE
What the hell?

Cole checks Bobby's laptop.

COLE (CONT'D)
Craig's list. You're moving?

BOBBY
Yes.

CONNER
Please tell me your date did that
to your face because she's a
dominatrix.

Bobby stops typing. Closes his laptop.

BOBBY
I'm going back home.

CONNER
To your sister's?

BOBBY
No. Home.

COLE
Why?

BOBBY
I'm a loser. I have to go back
home. I need to recharge my
batteries. Come back stronger... If
I come back at all.

COLE
That's just the Jack talking.

BOBBY
No. My eyes were opened last night.

CONNER
Not your left eye.

COLE

Sleep on it man. Give it a second thought.

BOBBY

No. I've been asleep.

CONNER

Stop speaking in metaphors.

BOBBY

I'm going to sell my laptop. I already found a buyer. Ashley Robinson. I'm going to meet her at a coffee shop.

COLE

Why are you selling your laptop?

BOBBY

I don't have enough money for a ticket. And I'm quitting writing.

CONNER

All because of a bad date?

BOBBY

It wasn't just a bad date. It was a revelation.

Bobby stands to his feet.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You can't talk me out of this. My shit is already packed. I'm going to meet Ashley and get my money. Thanks for allowing me to stay here.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bobby sits alone. Fidgets. Looks around nervously. *

He stares longingly at people typing away on their laptops.

A YOUNG BRUNETTE GIRL approaches him.

BRUNETTE GIRL

Hi.

BOBBY

Can I help you?

BRUNETTE GIRL

I'm Ashley.

BOBBY

Okay.

ASHLEY

I'm here to buy your laptop.

BOBBY

Oh! Ashley, right. Sit. You want coffee?

ASHLEY

No thanks.

BOBBY

Okay. You got the money right?

ASHLEY

Yeah. You got the stuff?

BOBBY

What stuff?

ASHLEY

The stuff, you know...

Bobby is confused.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Forget it.

Bobby hands her the laptop.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you're giving this away.

BOBBY

I'm not. You're buying it.

ASHLEY

I know, it's just... as a writer I thought --

BOBBY

Who told you I was a writer?

ASHLEY

I've seen your work.

BOBBY

What work?

ASHLEY

Your films.

BOBBY

I think you have me confused with someone else.

ASHLEY

A Detroit Story. Read Between the Lines.

BOBBY

You've seen those?

ASHLEY

First year student. Big fan.

BOBBY

Are you being sarcastic?

ASHLEY

No.

BOBBY

Oh... Thanks.

ASHLEY

So, how can you sell it?

BOBBY

I'm moving back to Detroit. I don't have enough for a plane ticket.

ASHLEY

Who moves *back* to Detroit?

BOBBY

I have no choice. It costs too much to be a loser out here.

ASHLEY

What happened with the writing? Did you stop?

BOBBY

Yes.

ASHLEY

But you're so good.

BOBBY

I'm overrated, you got the money?

*

ASHLEY

Right.

Ashley hands him an envelop.

BOBBY

Thanks.

Bobby stands to leave.

ASHLEY

You want to come to my show case?

BOBBY

I beg your pardon?

ASHLEY

The Intimate Window showcase.

BOBBY

Ahh, I remember that one.

ASHLEY

You did the one about the guy who's wife died of cancer. I cried.

BOBBY

I'm finding it hard to believe you're not being sarcastic.

ASHLEY

I'm not. Come to my show case. Please.

Bobby sees the sincerity in her eyes.

BOBBY

... Okay. I haven't seen a good movie in a while.

INT. AUDITORIUM (LA COLLEGE OF FILM & TV) - DAY

Bobby sits front and center in a packed auditorium.

The lights go down.

MONTAGE

Bobby watches movies. Variety of reactions. The last movie is Ashley's. A romantic comedy short with a "To be continued" ending.

MONTAGE ENDS

The lights come on. Everyone claps.

I/E. AUDITORIUM (LA COLLEGE OF FILM & TV) - CONTINUOUS

Bobby waits outside of the auditorium.

Ashley comes out.

ASHLEY

What did you think?

BOBBY

I loved it. It was like... it was a romantic comedy, Tarantino style.

ASHLEY

I want to turn it into a feature.

BOBBY

That's a great idea.

WOMAN #1

O.G. Bobby Johnson is back.

Bobby slowly turns around.

CHARMAINE EUBANKS, 46, looks twenty-five, beautiful, elegant black woman.

BOBBY

Ms. Eubanks.

CHARMAINE

My favorite student.

Ashley clears her throat.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

My original favorite student. What are you doing back here?

BOBBY

Ashley invited me.

CHARMAINE

Her film was great, right?

BOBBY

Yeah.

CHARMAINE

How's life for you sweetie? I thought by now you'd be a two time Oscar winning screenwriter.

BOBBY

Life is... it's life.

CHARMAINE

That bad?

BOBBY

Yep.

ASHLEY

I have to catch up with my friends. Thanks for coming Bobby.

CHARMAINE

You're going to the screening, right?

ASHLEY

Of course.

CHARMAINE

Okay. See you there.

BOBBY

What screening?

CHARMAINE

She didn't tell you?

BOBBY

Tell me what?

CHARMAINE

We're screening Akuma tonight and having a Q&A with Antonio and Rahul afterwards.

BOBBY

... Oh.

CHARMAINE

You're going too, right?

Bobby nods.

EXT. AUDITORIUM (LA COLLEGE OF FILM & TV) - NIGHT

Bobby sits on a bench as crowds of students rush into the auditorium.

Ashley walks out.

ASHLEY
Hey, movie's about to start.

BOBBY
I know.

She takes a seat next to him.

ASHLEY
Do you plan on...

BOBBY
Yes. I just need a few minutes
that's all.

ASHLEY
Right. I'm sorry. How long has it
been?

BOBBY
Three years.

ASHLEY
It's pretty good.

BOBBY
I've heard.

Ashley stands.

ASHLEY
Third row. Seat next to me will be
empty.

Bobby nods. She walks into the auditorium.

Bobby stares at the poster for the movie for A BEAT.

INT. AUDITORIUM (LA COLLEGE OF FILM & TV) - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby sits next to Ashley. The lights dim.

He relaxes. Takes a breath. Music starts...

*

*

