THE STORY OF US

"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We fade into the lobby of a busy office building as professional types file in and out of various elevators, entrances and exits.

Among the hustle and bustle, we find NICK JOHNSON - 25, a good looking guy if only because he’s currently dressed to the nine’s in a dapper suit - entering the building.

Nick stops and eyes the lobby curiously, unsure of what his next step should be. He notices the directory on the wall nearby and approaches it. Nick traces the listing of various companies residing in the building with his index finger, finally stopping at PREMIER PUBLISHING FLOOR 17.

Nick makes his way to the set of elevators and rushes into one before it closes.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As the door closes, Nick situates himself and presses the button for the 17th floor. He notices a young woman, REGINA “REGGIE” DANIELS - early 20s, makeup-less and tomboy-ish but gorgeous either way - standing in the elevator with him. They glance at each other and smile, then both go back to watching the numbers above the elevator door light up.

A few moment of awkward silence ensue. In those moments of silence, Nick subtly looks at Reggie standing next to him and notices her casual dress, the messenger bag on her arm and the DLSR camera hanging from her neck. His attention goes back to the numbers above the door.

    REGGIE
    17th floor.

Nick looks at her.

    NICK
    I’m sorry?

    REGGIE
    Nothing. I just noticed you were headed to the 17th floor. Premier Publishing.

    NICK
    Yeah. I have a meeting with the editor.
REGGIE
Nice.

NICK
Photographer?

Reggie looks at Nick curiously, then at the camera hanging from her neck. She looks ahead and shakes her head.

REGGIE
No.

NICK
Oh. I just assumed with the camera and all.

REGGIE
Nope. Wrong.

Nick is unsure of what to make of the sudden coldness from his elevator companion. He stands there for a moment, then puts out his hand to her.

NICK
I’m Nick.

Reggie eyes his hand, then blankly looks at him. Nick slowly pulls his hand back.

NICK (CONT’D)
Right.

The ding of the elevator is heard and the doors open. Reggie doesn’t say anything and exits the elevator. Nick watches as she walks into the adjacent office and the elevator doors close.

INT. PREMIER PUBLISHING – ELEVATOR BANK – MOMENTS LATER

The doors open before Nick to the offices of Premier Publishing. A receptionist desk sits a sleek company sign placed on the wall behind it.

The RECEPTIONIST – a chipper, blonde 20-something whose name is TIFFANY, because of course it is – sits behind the desk and types at her computer while answering the phones. She has a voice the rivals nails on a chalkboard.

Nick approaches the desk. The receptionist notices him and happily holds up a hand to him as she finishes her phone conversation.
TIFFANY
(On The Phone)
Yes, Mr. Moore. I will let Mr. Dorian know that you’re expecting his call before the end of business.

Tiffany hangs up the phone and directs her attention to Nick.

TIFFANY (CONT’D)
Hi, cutie! Welcome to Premier Publishing. How can I help you?

NICK
Um, hi. I’m Nick Johnson. I have a 10:30 appointment with Alex Foster?

TIFFANY
Yes! Alex has been expecting you. Oh my God, and can I just say that I LOVE your editorials in The Spectator?

NICK
Oh.

TIFFANY
What?

NICK
Nothing. Just... surprised you read, is all.

Tiffany obviously doesn’t understand she was just insulted and giggles. Nick has to stop himself from rolling his eyes.

TIFFANY
I’ll let Alex know you’re here. You can head down to his office if you’d like.

Nick smiles at her and walks away from her desk.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX FOSTER’S OFFICE - LATER

Nick is sitting across from ALEX FOSTER - early 30s, a good looking surfer type - watching as he reads through Nick’s portfolio. Alex smirks and closes the folder.
ALEX
I have loved every article you’ve written for The L.A. Spectator. You have a fresh voice that the printing press is in desperate need of. “Friends Like Mine” was a weekly event for me.

NICK
Thank you, Mr. Foster.

ALEX
Please. It’s Alex.

NICK
Okay, Alex. I was surprised that you called to be honest.

ALEX
Premier Publishing is looking for its next big hit. We’ve had a hard time getting back to the forefront with our last few books, but we feel like you are a sure deal.

Nick’s face lights up.

NICK
Thanks for the vote of confidence. I had some ideas for a book that I thought we could--

ALEX
Funny you should mention that because we had some ideas as well. We want you to write a “Friends Like Mine” novel.

Nick is surprised.

NICK
A-- A novel?

ALEX
Yeah. Whoever those people are that you were writing about in that editorial, the public really grew to care about them. It was a devastating blow when you stopped writing it.
Nick
Well, they weren’t really fond of having their lives on display on weekly basis. So please understand my reservations with your idea.

Alex
Look, Nick, you’re a talented writer. We want to make Premier your home. My partners and I are looking to cut you a pretty lucrative deal. 3 books, high five figures upon signing.

Nick
Seriously?

Alex
Yeah. That’s how much we believe in you. That’s how much we believe in this story.

Alex slides a piece of paper, the contract, across the desk toward Nick. Nick picks it up and reads it. His eyes widen.

Nick
Those are a lot of zeroes.

Alex snickers at his reaction and sits back in his chair.

Alex
So tell me: how are your friends.

Nick
Excuse me?

Alex
It’s been a while since the last “Friends Like Mine” article. Where have they been? Do we even want to read about them anymore?

Nick
Uh... sure? I mean...

Alex
Start with Megan. How is she?

Nick
Oh, you know...

CUT TO:
FLASHBACK

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

We cut to a long table within a swanky restaurant as we find Nick, along with other people watching as MEGAN BRADY - 24 (going on 25 any moment now), a gorgeous smart time-standing at the end of the table and making a speech.

FREEZE on Megan’s face.

SUPER: MEGAN

MEGAN
I would like to thank my wonderful friends for joining me tonight. It means a lot that you’re all here celebrating my 25th birthday with me. I love you guys.

She holds up her champagne glass and the rest of the guests follow suit. They all call out her name and collectively take drinks from their glasses.

Megan sits down as a waiter walks out with a sheet cake that has a plethora of lit candles spread over it. She smiles wide as the guests sing Happy Birthday in unison. The waiter sets the cake down in front of her.

As Megan eyes the cake, her face drops into one of confusion, then contorts into one of pure rage. Nick notices the look on her face and slowly stops singing, knowing something has gone terribly wrong.

NICK
Megan?

MEGAN
(Quietly; Disgusted)
Is this a Barbie sheet cake?

Nick looks at the cake and sees that it is in fact a bright pink sheet cake with a Barbie doll sitting atop it and “Happy Birthday!!!” written in neon blue frosting. Nick eyes Megan and watches as her face slightly twitches.

NICK
Oh. Shit.

MEGAN
(Quiet Rage)
Who did this?
NICK
Megan... Breathe.

Megan looks up from the cake, her eyes darting back and forth manically.

MEGAN
(Louder; Angrier)
Who did this!?! WHO WAS IT!?!?

The group stops singing and all notice that things have gone south. Megan angrily stands up.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Did you think this would be funny? The night was perfectly planned with a fluffy, moist coconut ice cream cake. And instead, I get a Barbie “shit” cake!?!?

Now, Megan trule rages as she punches directly into the middle of the cake. As she pulls her hand out, she sees red remains on her fist. She examines it for a moment, then sniffs, instantly dry heaving.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Is this Red Velvet?

She dry heaves again.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Chocolate--
(Dry Heave)
Chocolate-- makes me wanna throw... throw--

And before she can finish her sentence, she leans over the side of the table and proceeds to vomit. Nick immediately gets up and holds back her hair, rubbing her back trying to comfort her.

The waiter then returns to the table with another cake in hand. He looks apologetic.

WAITER
So, there was a mix-up in the kitchen. The Barbie cake is for another table.

He gently places the fancier cake on the table, and quickly walks away taking the ruined Barbie cake with him.
Megan manages to pull herself together enough to face the crowd again. She chuckles nervously as she looks at her cake. She takes a seat and grabs the nearby knife.

MEGAN
Who wants the first slice?

PRESENT

INT. ALEX FOSTER’S OFFICE

Returning to the present, Nick smiles at Alex.

NICK
... She’s just as neurotic as ever.

Alex is almost speechless.

ALEX
Okay. How about Griffin?

NICK
Griff? He’s a wild one.

MONTAGE

Various flashes of a crowded nightclub where the various patrons dancing, grinding, drinking. Among the crowd we find GRIFFIN “GRIFF” CONNELLY - 25, a good looking stereotypical jock type - partying the hardest.

FREEZE on Griff.

SUPER: GRIFF

Griff is at the bar taking shots with another man. Once they down their drinks, Griff immediately grabs the man by the face and kisses him passionately.

Griff goes back to dancing, drinking and jumping, having the time of his life.
INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

We cut to a busy kitchen as Griff literally stumbles in wearing sunglasses, and looks like he’s half past death itself. He walks past the head chef, we’ll call him KENDALL - mid 40s, hard face, imagine Gordan Ramsey but brunette - who eyes Griff angrily.

KENDALL
(Yelling)
Connelly!

Griff stops dead in his tracks and his face cringes at the sound of his name being yelled. Without turning around, he holds up a hand.

GRIFF
I know.

KENDALL
Do you?

GRIFF
Fuck off, Kendall. I’m here.

KENDALL
You’re late.

Finally, Griff turns to face Kendall.

GRIFF
I’m here. What else do you want from me?

KENDALL
I am running a kitchen here and expect my staff to be on time and ready to go.

GRIFF
Okay whatever, it won’t happen again.

KENDALL
Damn right it won’t. You’re fired.

GRIFF
What?

KENDALL
Fiiirreed. Fired. You’re fired, Griffin.
GRIFF
Come on, Kendall. I’m the best you’ve got.

KENDALL
I don’t care how talented of a cook you are. I’ll find better.

Kendall walks away as Griff looks at his now former workers embarrassed. He walks out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him.

PRESENT

INT. ALEX FOSTER’S OFFICE

Alex nods his head.

ALEX
Griffin was always the most colorful one in your articles.

NICK
Time and loss of income hasn’t really changed things.

ALEX
Well, how about... God, I can’t remember her name, the one who tried to kill her fiance’s mother?

NICK
Jamie. Yeah... uh... well, after some therapy and getting fifty-one-fiftied, she’s doing a lot better now.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. PARK – AFTERNOON

We find Megan, Nick and their friend JAMIE TURNER – 25, a little hard in the face due to some time spent on the “inside” but beautiful nonetheless – sitting at a picnic table in the park.

FREEZE on Jamie

SUPER: JAMIE
It’s a serene scene as the three laugh and enjoy their food.

JAMIE
That was the longest 72 hours of my life. Thank you guys so much for picking me up at the hospital.

MEGAN
You know we’re here for you no matter what.

NICK
Yeah. You’ve had a rough few days. Did you hear from Dave at all?

JAMIE
No. I’m gonna give it some time.

MEGAN
So are we just gonna gloss over you trying to kill his mom?

JAMIE
I wasn’t trying to kill her!

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
I was just trying to give her the runs.

NICK
How do you even buy E-Coli? Is that like an over the counter thing now?

JAMIE
That secret isn’t supposed to make friends.

Nick reaches into Jamie’s paper bag and pulls out a french fry. He smiles goofily at her as he chomps down on it. If her eyes could send daggers in his general direction, they would.

NICK
What? You’re gonna try and poison me too?

He reaches over and puts his right hand in her paper bag yet again. As his hand slides out, within the blink of an eye, Jamie strikes with a fork and sticks it directly into his hand.
Shocked, Nick raises his hand and examines the fork sticking straight out of it. He then looks at Jamie, who is seemingly remorseless. Nick takes a deep breath and lets out a scream.

PRESENT

INT. ALEX FOSTER’S OFFICE

Nick raises his right hand and works his fingers a few times.

NICK
I finally got the feeling back in this hand.

Alex gets up and walks around the desk to sit in front of Nick.

ALEX
It’s stories like those that the public misses. It’s what we want to read. It’s the book that Premier publishing needs.

Nick eyes his contract again and considers for a moment.

NICK
Can I have some time to think about it?

Alex sighs.

ALEX
Fine. But it’s limited time offer, so I suggest you act soon.

Nick smiles slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS – MAIN OFFICE – SAME DAY

We cut to the busy headquarters for the JOHN CARVER GUBERNATORIAL campaign. Various people, young and old are frantically moving about the office, some on the phones, some going through papers, some typing furiously away on their laptops. The office is lined with campaign materials (posters, flyers, etc).

Soon, MEGAN enters the building and smiles at the craziness of it all.
She starts walking further into the room, until a young woman carrying a cup of coffee sideswipes her, knocking the liquid all over her blouse. The girl rushes out of the building without apologizing.

Megan is shocked and speechless with this sudden event. She’s unsure of what to do, until AMANDA SLADE - early 30s, nerdy - approaches her.

AMANDA
Oh, sweetheart. Are you okay?

MEGAN
I think. I’m a mess on my first day, so maybe not.

Amanda reaches to a nearby desk and pulls a few tissues out of the box. She hands them to Megan who begins to dab away at the coffee stains.

AMANDA
I’m sorry about that. Things can get pretty hectic around here. You said it was your first day? You must be Megan?

MEGAN
I am.

Amanda reaches out her hand to Megan. Megan shakes it.

AMANDA
I’m Amanda Slade, the campaign manager.

MEGAN
Yes! We talked on the phone yesterday. I’m sorry, this is a terrible first impression.

AMANDA
Don’t be sorry at all. Come with me to my office, I think I have one of those laundry pens.

Megan follows as Amanda leads the way to her office.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
I wish you’d had a better introduction to the campaign.

They enter her office as Amanda shuts the door behind them.

CUT TO:
INT. AMANDA’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

She goes to her desk and starts searching through the drawers.

MEGAN
I’m just excited to be here honestly.

AMANDA
I promise you it’s not always this disorganized around here. But we just got the preliminary numbers back and they weren’t great, so we’re kind of in crisis mode right now.

MEGAN
Not a problem. I thrive on excitement.

AMANDA
Then you’re a perfect fit.

Amanda finds the laundry pen and holds it up.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Here it is. Give me your blouse.

Megan’s eyes widen a bit.

MEGAN
I’m sorry?

AMANDA
Your blouse. Give it to me.

MEGAN
Uh... okay...

Megan reluctantly begins to unbutton her blouse. She takes it off, leaving her bra exposed, and throws it across the room to Amanda. In exchange, Amanda throws her a t-shirt. Megan catches it and examines what’s written on it in big bold letters:

JOHN CARVER 2015!!!

Megan puts on the shirt and straightens herself out.

AMANDA
So I hear you did good work on the Tyler campaign in 2011. You were still in college then, right?
MEGAN
Yeah. I just interned there, though. Nothing big.

AMANDA
Still, the manager from that campaign let me know that you had some pretty innovative ideas. It was why Tyler won over the education board.

MEGAN
I guess. I’ve worked a few campaigns since then, but this will be my biggest one so far.

AMANDA
Well good. I’m excited to use someone like you. Welcome to the team.

Amanda smiles at her.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER
Amanda’s office door opens and Megan and Amanda walk out.

AMANDA
Let me show you to your desk.

Amanda begins to lead the way, until...

JOHN
Amanda!

Amanda stops and turns to see JOHN CARVER - mid 40s, restless but good looking - approaches them. With his sleeves rolled up and his dress shirt unbuttoned at the top, he seems annoyed.

AMANDA
Mr. Carver. Glad we caught you. I wanna introduce you to our newest PR associate, Megan Brady.

Megan smiles and gives a slight wave. John isn’t amused, keeping his attention strictly on Amanda.
JOHN
I was the preliminaries. They’re shit! What the hell happened, Amanda?

AMANDA
I know. We’re working on trying to get those numbers back up.

John shakes his head.

JOHN
Why did I hire you if you’re only going to run my campaign into the ground? My office - NOW!

John storms off. Amanda tries to hide her embarrassment as she faces Megan. Megan smiles nervously at her.

AMANDA
Get yourself situated and prepare for the twelve o’clock meeting with the PR team.

Megan watches as Amanda heads in the direction of John’s office. She sighs.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT – APARTMENT COMPLEX – AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Nick enters the hallway from the stairwell and makes his way down the hall. At this point, he isn’t well put together anymore. His tie is loosened, a few of his top buttons are undone.

Finally, Nick reaches an apartment door, Apt 4A. He takes out his keys and begins to the work the lock, until the door opens to reveal a frazzled younger guy standing in the doorway. His clothing is bit disheveled and his belt is loose around his waist. The man is as surprised to see Nick as much as Nick is surprised to see him. Nick smiles, confused.

NICK
Hello.

The man doesn’t say anything and quickly moves past Nick and down the hall.
Nick watches as he disappears into the stairwell. Nick turns his attention back to the apartment where he sees Griff walking into the living room from the bathroom with nothing but a bath towel wrapped around his waist. Nick sighs and walks in, closing the door behind.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND GRIFF’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

NICK
Another confused college student, I assume?

GRIFF
Is that a hint of judgement I detect in your voice, Nicholas?

NICK
Not at all... Maybe a little.

Griff rolls his eyes and walks into a bedroom as Nick flops on the couch.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Well, whatever the offer was I suggest you take it.

(MORE)
The Spectator obviously doesn’t respect your talents.

Nick continues to flip through until something catches his eye. He drops the mail on the table, except for one lone envelope. He opens it and takes out a letter, then begins to read it.

NICK
Fuck me.

GRIFF
I’ve been actively trying to since high school.

Griff closes the fridge and turns to his friend. He notices that Nick is being serious. He begins to walk over to him.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
I was kidding. What’s wrong, Nick?

NICK
It’s a letter from Dirty Harry.

Griff thinks about it for a moment.

GRIFF
Dirty Harry... as in your incarcerated father Harry?

NICK
Formerly incarcerated. He’s out... and he’s here in L.A.

Unsure of what to do at first, Griff lays his hand gently on his friends shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - LATER

We cut to the John Carver campaign headquarters as Megan walks in and approaches her desk, where she finds a young man, COOPER CARVER - mid to late 20s, dressed like lawyer, because he is in fact, a lawyer - sitting in her chair and going over papers. She clears her throat.

COOPER
(Without Looking Up)
Yes?

MEGAN
Um... you’re sitting at my desk.
COOPER
Am I now? There are like, 37 other desks in this office. Pick another one.

Megan scoffs, but doesn’t back down.

MEGAN
Those are intern desks.

COOPER
And you’re not a pleeb?

MEGAN
I’m not. And if you tell me you aren’t either, I’ll be surprised.

Finally, Cooper looks up from his paperwork at Megan, ready to strike with a sarcastic comment. But her beauty stops him and he softly smiles at her, changing his tune.

COOPER
Hi.

MEGAN
You’re still at my desk.

COOPER
I’m sorry. Bad first impression.

MEGAN
Yeah, that seems to be a theme around here.

Cooper stands up and puts out his hand.

COOPER
I’m Cooper.

Megan half-heartedly shakes his hand.

MEGAN
Megan.

COOPER
Nice to meet you. I’m sorry about being a dick. I’m part of the legal counsel for the campaign and--

MEGAN
Lawyers are naturally assholes.

Cooper laughs and begins to collect his files.
COOPER
You’re a new face.

MEGAN
Just started this morning. I’m part of the Carver PR team.

COOPER
Nice. You have your work cut out for you.

MEGAN
So I hear.

Cooper stands up and collects his files in his arms.

COOPER
A bit of advice. John Carver will hound you endlessly, but he’s not a bad guy. He’s just passionate. He’s a perfectionist and he wants what’s best for his people. Stick around and he’ll make it worth your while. I promise. Nice meeting you, Megan.

Megan watches as Cooper walks off.

MEGAN
(Quietly)
You too, Cooper.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

We cut to the inside of a bar where Nick and Griff are sitting a table. Griff eyes the line of shots and 2 full glasses of beers sitting in front Nick, who is sitting across from him.

Griff watches as Nick takes the shots, one after one, then downs a full beer in one setting. Nick burps obnoxiously.

GRIFF
So clearly you’re preparing the stories you’re going to tell at your future AA meetings.

NICK
Bite me, Griff.
GRIFF
I’m your friend. I’m allowed to be worried about you.

NICK
Sure. But tonight, all I’m asking is for a blackout drunk. I think I deserve it.

Griff nods.

GRIFF
Fine.

Griff eyes the entrance to the bar and sees MEGAN and JAMIE enter.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
The girls are here.

NICK
Please don’t say anything about my dad.

Griff agrees with a nod as the girls approach the table and take a seat.

MEGAN
Fellas!

Megan looks curiously at the empty space of the table in front of her. She immediately turns her attentions to Griff.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
What is this lack of alcohol in front of me? I thought I told you to have my pot roast and martini ready by the time I got home from work. If I have to tell you one more time, Betty...

Megan playfully holds up a backhand to Griff. Meanwhile, Jamie’s worried attentions are on a rather drunk Nick.

JAMIE
You alright, Nick?

He sighs.

NICK
Peachy. Keen, almost.

Nick takes one more shot. Megan looks at Griff, who shrugs his shoulders.
GRIFF
I can only do so much.

NICK
Don’t worry about me, guys. I’m fine. I just wanna have some fun tonight. Is that okay?

MEGAN
I’m assuming your meeting went well this morning?

Nick drunkenly considers how to answer this.

NICK
It went. And you had a pretty big day too.

He stands up and points at Megan.

NICK (CONT’D)
You need a drink.

He turns to Jamie and points at her as well.

NICK (CONT’D)
So do you. I’m gonna go get you drinks.

Nick stumbles toward the bar.

JAMIE
And I’m gonna use the ladies room.

Jamie gets up and walks away. As she leaves, Griff watches Nick from across the bar as he talks and flirts with the female bartender. Megan notices Griff’s attention hasn’t left Nick since he left the table and she smiles slightly.

MEGAN
Pathetic.

This breaks Griff’s concentration and he looks at Megan.

GRIFF
Excuse me?

MEGAN
What’s that about? Don’t tell me you’ve got a thing for our friend?

GRIFF
MEGAN
The slight cringe of jealousy on your face says otherwise.

Griff looks away from Megan, back to Nick.

GRIFF
I’m not going to engage in this conversation with you.

MEGAN
Take it from someone who grew up with and briefly dated Nick once upon a yesteryear: Don’t waste your time. That boy is a black hole. Also, we’re not 12, you’re too damn old to have a crush. Also also, very straight.

Nick heads back to the table with drinks in hand. Griff tries to hide how uncomfortable he is.

GRIFF
Please, stop.

Nick arrives to the table with four shots. Soon after, Jamie returns to the table as well. She examines the shots.

JAMIE
Dear Lord, please tell me these aren’t whiskey shots.

NICK
Damn right they are. Man up, Jamie.

He raises a glass.

NICK (CONT’D)
Here’s to the future with the 3 people I love most in the world.

The other’s raise their shot glasses and toast.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK’S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

In the dark bedroom, we focus on the door which has a tiny sliver of light beaming under it. Soon, the door busts open, revealing Griff assisting a very drunk and almost unconscious Nick to his room. Griff reaches over and flips on the light switch.
He practically drags Nick to his bed and drops him onto it, making sure his legs are situated as well. Griff takes a seat at the foot of the bed and begins to untie Nick’s shoes and take them off.

Nick meanwhile has both eyes closed tightly, but opens one to look at Griff.

NICK
To this day I don’t understand why you don’t hate me.

GRIFF
What?

NICK
I’m a mess, Griffin. A drunk, stupid mess. I obviously don’t handle stress well.

GRIFF
Nobody handles stress well.

NICK
Yeah, but not everybody has someone like you to take care of them.

Griff looks at Nick, who smiles at him. Nick raises his hand and pats the spot on the bed next to him. Griff reluctantly gets up and takes a seat closer to Nick.

NICK (CONT’D)
I love you, Griff. You’re the best friend any guy could as for.

GRIFF
You too.

NICK
False. Listen, I know I can do better. And I promise you, one day I will figure out how to do better. But until then, don’t leave me, okay?

Griff smiles.

GRIFF
I won’t.

NICK
Promise me, Griff.
GRIFF
I promise. I will always be here.

NICK
Good. Good.

Griff and Nick look at each in silence for a few moments.

Then, without warning, Nick grabs Griff by the face and kisses him on the lips. At first, Griff is surprised but is soon into it until Nick pulls away, chuckles and his head slams onto the pillow, with a snore quickly following.

Griff is unsure how to react and quickly gets up. He walks out of the room, turning off the light and shutting the door. The look shock doesn’t leave his face as he stands outside of Nick’s room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NICK AND GRIFF’S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

It’s the next morning as we find Griff standing in the kitchen and making scrambled eggs. Soon, Nick stumbles into the kitchen wearing sunglasses and looking like death warmed over. He leans in the entry way of the kitchen for a moment, motionless.

NICK
Was it a bus?

GRIFF
What?

NICK
That hit me? Or did a Gorilla punch me in the neck while I was sleeping?

GRIFF
Neither. I believe it was the 9th Jagerbomb that did you in.

Nick groans. Griff snickers and reaches into a cabinet for a mug. He pours coffee into it and hands it to Nick.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Don’t worry, a greasy breakfast burrito is on it’s way.

NICK
You’re too good to me, Griff.
Nick gets ready to walk away, but stops himself.

NICK (CONT’D)
Hey, I didn’t... I didn’t do or say anything weird last night, did I?

Griff smiles at him and thinks about it, but turns his attention back to his cooking.

GRIFF
No. You were no weirder than usual.

NICK
Good. Well, I’m gonna go shower off the funk of whiskey and shame, then head into the paper.

Griff doesn’t say anything as Nick walks away from the kitchen, eyeing Griff suspiciously.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADY HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

It’s a bright and sunny morning as Megan pours coffee into her thermos. Soon her mother, EMILY BRADY - early mid 40s, an “earth mother” type - enters the kitchen.

EMILY
Megan--

Megan, with her back turned to her bother, quickly raises her hand and closes her eyes.

MEGAN
Not until I’ve had my coffee.

Megan takes a rather large gulp from her thermos, then turns to face her mother. She nods.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Now go.

EMILY
Are you still determined to be on this campaign?

MEGAN
I only started yesterday, mom. Of course I’m still on the campaign.

EMILY
He’s a Republican.
MEGAN
He’s a brilliant man with brilliant ideas that will change this state for the better.

EMILY
You know nothing about him.

MEGAN
I know enough about John Carver to know that I am proud and happy to be on this campaign, okay?

Megan looks at her watch.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
I gotta go.

She walks up to her mother kisses her on the cheek.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
We’re still on for dinner tonight, yeah?

Emily reluctantly nods and Megan exits the kitchen. The sound of the door closes as Emily sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRADY HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Megan walks out of the front door and makes her way to the driveway where her car is waiting. First, she opens the passenger side door and puts her bags inside. Then, she makes her way to the driver side, taking another sip of her coffee and not noticing a tall, dark, and ruggedly handsome older man approaching her from behind.

HARRY
Hello, Megan.

Megan stops dead in her tracks and her eyes widen, recognizing the voice. She puts the thermos on the roof of the car and turns to see a man she hasn’t seen since she was 15 years old. It’s Nick’s father, HARRY JOHNSON – late 40s – he smiles at her. She has a hard time returning the expression.

MEGAN
Dirty Harry. I mean-- Mr. Johnson.
It’s been--
HARRY
It’s been 10 years. And my, how you’ve grown.

Megan nervously laughs.

MEGAN
Yeah. Nick didn’t tell me you were... out. In L.A., I mean.

HARRY
Yeah. I arrived a couple of days ago. You haven’t seen my son, have you?

MEGAN
I saw him last night.

HARRY
Huh. Do you know where he is now?

Megan quickly shakes her head as he begins to walk toward her.

MEGAN
I-- I don’t. Have you tried his apartment?

HARRY
I did. Nobody was home. I feel like he’s dodging me.

MEGAN
Oh? Well, uh...

Finally, Harry reaches her and reaches his arm to grab her coffee cup from the roof of the car. She tries hard not to flinch at his movements. He sniffs it and closes his eyes, then hands the cup to her. She watches him closely as he towers, intimidatingly, over her. He looks down at her and smiles.

HARRY
Do me a favor, Megan. Let Nick know that I’m looking for him.

He kneels down to her level, until they’re at eye level.

HARRY (CONT’D)
And that I will find him.

He eyes her for a moment, then raises a finger to run along her face.
HARRY (CONT’D)
You really grew into a beautiful young woman, you know that?

Megan doesn’t say a word, but the terror is clearly in her eyes. She nods at him. Harry begins to back away and turns from her, headed down the street. Finally, Megan takes what seems like her first breath since the exchange started.

Just then, Emily walks out of the house and quickly over to her daughter. She watches as Harry walks down the street.

EMILY
Was that...?

MEGAN
Yup. He’s back.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP – LATER

We cut to a coffee shop later in the afternoon where we find Nick sitting at a table with his laptop in front of him. On the screen is a blank word document. He stares at the screen as the cursor blinks repeatedly.

He eyes the entrance and notices REGGIE walk into the shop and head straight to the back of the line. He suddenly perks up and closes his laptop. He gets up and walks up behind her.

Nick considers tapping her on the shoulder, but puts his hand down. He sighs and closes his eyes, making a decision on an approach.

NICK
If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were following me.

Reggie raises her eyebrow, not recognizing the voice, then turns to look at him. She instantly recognizes him and rolls her eyes, then turns back to the front of the line.

REGGIE
I can’t help it. Obviously, me blatantly ignoring you in the elevator yesterday just wasn’t enough for me. I had to go to every single coffee shop in Los Angeles just to make sure I’d see you again. You know, instead of the office building that we both frequent.
Nick chuckles.

NICK
Fair enough. Are you planning on blatantly ignoring me again today?

REGGIE
Eh. Considering.

NICK
Well, how about I at least get a name first?

Reggie sighs and shakes her head, relenting. Finally, she turns to face him fully.

REGGIE
Reggie. My name is Reggie.

Nick smiles at her.

NICK
See? It’s not hard resisting the urge to be a bitch, right?

REGGIE
Harder than you think.

Nick is equal parts confused and offended. He walks back to his table and takes a seat. Reggie doesn’t immediately follow him and turns back to the front of the line. She continues to eye Nick from across the shop.

Back at the table, Nick opens the laptop and continues to stare at the blank document. Eventually, a cup gently lands on the table next to his computer. Nick looks up and sees Reggie standing there, she smiles at him.

REGGIE (CONT’D)
Peace offering.

Nick picks up the coffee cup and takes a sip.

NICK
Accepted.

He gestures for her to take the empty seat across from him. Reggie does.

REGGIE
So what are you writing?
NICK
Nothing, so far. Looking for a bit of inspiration, I guess.

REGGIE
Isn’t that why you were at Premier yesterday?

NICK
It was. It’s complicated. The editor--

REGGIE
Alex.

NICK
You know him?

REGGIE
We had a thing a few months ago.

NICK
Really? A thing?

REGGIE
Nothing serious. At least not for me. We hooked up a few times, he caught feelings, I took him out to pasture.

NICK
Like... a dog?

REGGIE
Like Old Yeller.

Nick nods, unsure what to follow that up with.

NICK
Anyway, he wants me to write a book about my friends. More specifically a continuation of this article I write for the L.A. Spectator.

Reggie thinks about it for a moment, then her eyes widen.

REGGIE
NICK
My friends weren’t too keen on being weekly subjects. They thought it was a complete invasion of privacy having their lives put on display for all of Southern California to see. I never intended for it blow up the way it did.

REGGIE
But they understand that this could be your big break, right?

Nick doesn’t say anything, but Reggie understands the look on his face.

REGGIE (CONT’D)
They don’t know this is what Premier Publishing wants, do they?

Nick shakes his head.

NICK
It hasn’t come up... by way of intended omission. Changing the subject. What’s your deal, Reggie?

REGGIE
My deal? I, uh, I don’t have a deal.

NICK
Really? Like you said, we frequent the same office building. You’re not going to tell me what you frequent it for?

REGGIE
I’m a messenger. Moonlight as a photographer. Freelance.

They continue their conversation as MEGAN enters the coffee shop and looks around. She spots Nick and with a stone face, approaches the table. She catches Nick’s attention, who’s smiling at first but starts to worry the closer she gets.

NICK
Hey, Meg--

MEGAN
We need to talk.

NICK
Uh, Megan this is Reggie, Reggie--
MEGAN
Seriously, Nick. Right now.

NICK
Megan, I’m busy. What is it?

Megan thinks about the fastest approach to this situation. Something clicks in her head and she smirks as she puts her hand on her waist.

MEGAN
You gave me herpes.

Reggie eyes widen at the sound of this and she looks at Nick.

REGGIE
Okay, then. I’m gonna go ahead and let you handle this, Nick.

She stands up.

REGGIE (CONT’D)
(To Nick)
I will see you at you around.
(To Reggie)
I wish I could say it was nice meeting you. Bye.

Reggie quickly walks away as Nick waves bye to her. Megan takes a seat across from him as he stares at her as if he’s about to murder her.

NICK
Really?

MEGAN
Hey, asshole. When you were you gonna tell me Dirty Harry was out of prison?

Nick has nothing to say, but is clearly surprised Megan knows this.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Yeah, fuckface. I know. He came by for a reunion this morning.

NICK
He did? What did he say?

MEGAN
It’s more what he didn’t say. You’re dad is just as terrifying as ever.
NICK
“Terrifying”? Come on, Dirty Harry is harmless. He’s like a teddy bear.

MEGAN
Oh, yeah. A regular Winnie the Pooh. You know... If Pooh were a violent, drug dealing sociopath.

NICK
What did he say to you?

MEGAN
He’s looking for you. It was implied that he will find you and kill you. You know you can’t avoid him forever.

NICK
Maybe not. But I can damn sure try.

Megan shakes her head disapprovingly.

MEGAN
Nick, I don’t hate your dad, but I’d be lying if I said he didn’t scare me. I can’t have him showing up to my house at random intervals looking for you. Grow a pair and deal with you daddy issues.

NICK
As long as you deal with your daddy issues.

Megan stands up and grabs Nick’s coffee cup.

MEGAN
I can’t have daddy issues if I don’t even know who my daddy is. Find Harry and deal with him. Please.

Megan exits the coffee shop as Nick sits back in his chair sighs. He looks at his laptop screen and stares at the blinking cursor again for a few moments.

CUT TO:
ESTABLISHING SHOT - ONE STORY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We cut to a house in a quaint neighborhood during late afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Within the living room of this house, we find JAMIE sitting on the couch and flipping through papers, occasionally marking with a red pen. The doorbell rings.

Jamie gets up from the couch and answers the door, surprised to find GRIFF standing there.

JAMIE
Griff. Hey.

GRIFF
Hey. Are you busy?

JAMIE
Just grading papers. Come in.

Griff walks in and Jamie shuts the door.

GRIFF
Is Dave around?

JAMIE
No. He’s out of town for a wedding.

GRIFF
And you didn’t go?

JAMIE
We decided it might be better to have a couple of days apart. Why are you here, Griff?

Griff is unsure of how to answer that question.

GRIFF
I just... I wanted to see how you were doing. We never talk outside of the core group, you know?

JAMIE
Yeah, for a very valid reason. We don’t really like each other.
GRIFF
I like you. We’re peoples.

Jamie squints her eyes at him, skeptically.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Fine. I have something that I need to get off my chest and I can’t really talk to anyone else about it.

JAMIE
So you chose... me?

GRIFF
If it’s a bother, then--

Griff gets ready to turn to leave, but Jamie grabs him.

JAMIE
No. Griffin, what’s up?

They take a seat on the couch.

GRIFF
I’m gonna ask you something and I want you to be completely honest. Nick: Latent homosexual tendencies or nah?

Jamie scoffs.

JAMIE
What?

GRIFF
Nick... he kissed me last night. He was drunk and he kissed me. And I’m confused. And I don’t like being confused and I don’t want to read too much into this, but I can’t help the fact that this guy who I’ve been friends with for 15 years kissed me. And he doesn’t remember because he was black out drunk.

Jamie is speechless.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Too much too soon?

JAMIE
I don’t really know what to say to that, Griff.
GRIFF
That’s fine. Then don’t say anything at all.

Griff gets up and heads for the door. Jamie gets up and follows.

JAMIE
Wait. How do you feel about it?

Griff stops and turns to face her.

GRIFF
I feel like I don’t want to rock the boat. So I’m not going to. Like I said, I just needed to get it off my chest.

Jamie, unsure of what to say, just nods at him.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Thank you for listening, Jamie. Despite the fact we kinda don’t like each other, I expect you’ll keep this between us.

JAMIE
Yeah. Of course.

Griff turns and walks out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

We cut to the somewhat empty headquarters as things are turning down for the day. MEGAN is standing at her desk and packing her bag.

Across the office, COOPER, is speaking with a fellow lawyer when Megan catches his eye. He approaches her desk.

COOPER
Hey.

Megan looks up at him and smiles.

MEGAN
Cooper. What’s up?

COOPER
You’re out for the night?
MEGAN
Yeah, thank God. This campaign is a lot more intense than I initially thought.

COOPER
Welcome to the big leagues.

Megan nods and goes back to packing her bag. An awkward silence fills the air as Cooper watches Megan. He gets ready to walk away, but changes his mind.

COOPER (CONT’D)
Do you wanna grab a cup of coffee or something?

MEGAN
Now?

COOPER
Yeah. If you’re not busy.

MEGAN
I would actually like that a lot, but I’m supposed to be grabbing dinner with my mom tonight. Rain check?

COOPER
Sure. Have fun with your mom.

He smiles at her and walks away. Megan considers for a moment.

MEGAN
Cooper, wait.

Cooper stops and walks back to her desk.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
There’s going to be a party in downtown LA tomorrow night. You should come by. It’s 80s theme, so you have to dress up.

COOPER
That sounds like fun.

MEGAN
Cool. I’ll text you the details.

Megan watches as Cooper walks away. Meanwhile, Amanda approaches her and notices who she is eyeing.
AMANDA

Bold.

Megan breaks her attention from Cooper and looks at Amanda.

MEGAN

What? Isn’t this what being an adult is about? Workplace flings?

AMANDA

Sure. Just most people don’t go for the bosses son.

Megan’s eyes widen with surprise.

MEGAN

Cooper is your--

AMANDA

Hell no! Do I look old enough to have a son that age?

MEGAN

Well, I mean...

AMANDA

He’s John Carver’s son, you bitch.

Megan’s face drops.

MEGAN

What?

AMANDA

Yeah. Good luck with that one.

Amanda walks away as Megan looks back across the room at Cooper.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

NICK is getting out of his car, grabbing his bag. He walks to the stoop of the apartment complex, but stops dead in his tracks when he sees HARRY sitting down in front of the door.

Harry sees Nick and stands up.

HARRY

Hello, Nicholas. Long time no see.

Nick stays stone faced.
NICK
What are you doing here?

HARRY
You don’t see me for 10 years and that’s how you greet me?

NICK
Not what are you doing here. What are you doing out of jail?

HARRY
I got an early release. Good behavior.

NICK
Bullshit. You had 15 years left and no one mentioned anything to me or mom about you being up for parole.

HARRY
It’s complicated. Look, Nicholas--

Harry approaches Nick and reaches out his arm to touch him, but Nick flinches and backs away.

NICK
Don’t.

Harry is surprised at this reaction.

HARRY
Son, I’m trying to make amends.

NICK
You can take your amends and shove them, Harry. Don’t bother me--or my friends--again.

Nick walks past Harry and into the apartment complex. Harry stands there for a moment, shaking his head. This isn’t how he expected it to go. He walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

We find Nick sitting on the couch, on his cell phone. He’s in an intense conversation with someone.

NICK
Mom, he showed up here to my apartment.

(MORE)
NICK (CONT'D)
He practically harassed Megan. You didn’t think it was important to tell me he was out?

Beat.

NICK (CONT’D)
I’m fine. I’m not 15 anymore, he wasn’t gonna do anything to me.

Beat.

NICK (CONT’D)
He seemed clean. But who knows how long that’ll last.

Beat. Nick seems to be growing more and more frustrated.

NICK (CONT'D)
He ran out of chances 10 years ago. He could go to hell as far as I’m concerned.

Beat. Tears begin to well up in Nick’s eyes. His begins to nervously chew on his fingernail.

NICK (CONT'D)
Mom... But, mom! Things are different! We’re not the people we were then. We’re better. We deserve better than him.

Beat. Finally, a tear rolls down his cheek as he’s listening to whatever she’s saying. He grows more distraught.

NICK (CONT'D)
Yeah... I know. I love you, too.

Nick hangs up the phone and throws it across the room in anger. The phone shatters on the adjacent wall. Nick buries his face into his hands.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NEXT MORNING

Another shiny Los Angeles morning.

CUT TO:
INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We find Megan at the copy machine waiting for prints to print out of the other end. Cooper happens by the office and stops once he sees Megan. He leans in the doorway and smiles at her, all flirty-like.

    COOPER
    Hey.

Megan looks up at him and rolls her eyes. She turns her attention back to the copy machine. Without any amusement, she manages to get out:

    MEGAN
    Hey.

    COOPER
    Are we still on for tonight?

    MEGAN
    (Without Looking)
    If you wanna show up. Not like it’s a date or anything.

Cooper is unsure how to take her attitude.

    COOPER
    Right.

Cooper walks away from the copy room. Megan sighs and shakes her head. A few moments later, Cooper returns and enters the copy room.

    COOPER (CONT’D)
    Are you mad at me or something?

Finally, Megan looks up at him.

    MEGAN
    Is it that obvious?

    COOPER
    Are you gonna tell me why?

    MEGAN
    Depends. Are you gonna explain why you didn’t tell me you were John Carvers son?

Cooper is clearly taken aback by the question.

    COOPER
    It’s complicated.
MEGAN
Uncomplicate it for me. Are you trying to get me fired or something?

COOPER
What!? No!

MEGAN
Then what?

COOPER
You seemed like a cool girl who I wanted to get to know. Idiotic, I know, but there was no ulterior motive to it.

MEGAN
So why didn’t you say anything?

COOPER
If you were working for your dad on the most important political campaign of his career, would you tell the world?

Megan is silent.

COOPER (CONT’D)
Exactly. People already think this is a hardy case of nepotism. Or that I’m to get something from them. The truth is, I had to work my ass off to convince my father to let me work on his campaign. I don’t want anything from anyone, especially not you because I’m not gonna compromise my career for it.

MEGAN
You’re right. Cooper, I’m sorry.

COOPER
I promise, I’m not out to get you. I just thought we could be friends.

MEGAN
We can. Again, I apologize.

COOPER
It’s alright. My relationship with my dad is complicated, so I don’t put the father/son love on display when we’re in the office.

(MORE)
COOPER (CONT'D)
And maybe, one day when you’re not so goddamn judgey, I’ll let you know all about it.

Cooper smiles at her, she returns the sentiment. Cooper exits the office.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

NICK: Outlook positive as he stands in front of the long mirror on the back of his bedroom door. He’s wearing a white, broad shouldered blazer with a t-shirt underneath that’s sucked into his acid washed jeans. He gently styles his “Flock of Seagulls” hair style.

MEGAN: Is standing in front of her bathroom mirror, wearing black jeans, a black t-shirt, a black jean jacket that she buttons all the way to the top. As the final piece, she puts her hair into a ponytail and puts a black hat on top of it. Think of Janet Jackson, circa-”Rhythm Nation” style.

GRIFF: He stands in the bathroom dressed like a reject out of a 80s video: ripped shirt, jean vest, leather boots, metallic studs everywhere. He leans closer to the mirror and begins applying heavy eyeliner. Finally, he applies a long, somewhat curly, wig to complete the 80s hair metal look.

JAMIE: Walks out of her bathroom wearing a shortened wedding dress, her hair teased to all hell and a mole drawn above her upper lip. Think Madonna’s “Like A Virgin” phase.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINOUS

NICK walks out of the bedroom and to a small mirror hanging in the living room. He continues to touch up his hair. He bends down to tighten the strings to his high-top Adidas.

As he stands to straighten himself out, GRIFF walks out of the bathroom. Nick eyes him for a moment and tries to stifle his laughter, while Griff keeps the most serious of looks on his face.

GRIFF
Crockett.
NICK
Slash. Honestly not the route I thought you’d go tonight.

GRIFF
My favorite fashion from my favorite decade. Why not?

NICK
Okay, sure. You look good though.

GRIFF
As do you.

Griff joins Nick in the mirror and begins teasing his wig.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
I’m so glad this week is finally over. I’ve been waiting for this party.

NICK
Ditto. You know, I never told you how sorry I was that you lost your job. I’ve been so caught up in my own bullshit that I didn’t factor that you’re going through your own right now.

Griff takes a second and walks away from the mirror.

GRIFF
It’s fine. I’ll bounce back.

Nick stops primping himself and looks at Griff.

NICK
You always do. I’ve admired that about you ever since I met you, Griff. You’re resilient in ways the rest of us will never know.

Nick smiles at him as Griff turns away, awkwardly.

GRIFF
Yeah.

NICK
You okay?

GRIFF
I’m fine. We should get going. I’m ready to party.
They both head toward the door, until there’s a knock. Griff stops and closes his eyes, suddenly realizing something. He turns toward Nick and tries to put on an unsuspecting smile. There’s a knock at the door again.

NICK
You gonna answer that?

GRIFF
So... Megan called me yesterday. She told me your dad went to see her. And before there are any surprises, that’s Dirty Harry at the door because I’d rather you two hash this shit out now before he starts stalking me later.

Nick get ready to say something, until—

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Yeah, I know I had no right. I very rarely do, but when has that stopped me before, right? But Nick, you’re gonna deal with this. 10 years of pretending like this wasn’t a problem doesn’t really work when it starts to physically become a problem to you and your friends.

Griff turns around and opens the door to reveal HARRY standing there.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
Mr. Johnson. Good seeing you again. Here’s your boy. Keep the holes in the wall to a minimum. I’ll see you in a bit, Nick.

Griff quickly exits the apartment, shutting the door behind him.

After he’s gone, a hostile silence fills the room as Nick and Harry stand across from each other, eyes locked.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

THE 80s PARTY is in full swing as a crowd dances to “Melt With You” by Modern English. At the entrance, many people continue to file in, including GRIFF, JAMIE and MEGAN.
MEGAN
You left him with Harry? Are you crazy?

GRIFF
What’s the worst that can happen?

MEGAN
When you find your apartment complex burned down, you’ll know.

JAMIE
What’s the deal with Nick’s dad anyway? He never really talks about him.

GRIFF
His dad is a textbook deadbeat. He went to prison when we were freshman in high school for trafficking copious amounts for cocaine.

MEGAN
Not to mention he had a bit of an abusive streak toward Nick and his mom. I can’t tell you how many times Nick climbed through my window in the middle of the night because he was scared to sleep in his own bed.

JAMIE
Wow... that’s rough.

GRIFF
It is. And I’m hoping whatever residual issues get dealt with tonight, which I why I left them alone together.

MEGAN
I still think it’s a bad idea.

GRIFF
Well, stop thinking. We’re at a party. Let’s have some fucking fun!

Griff grabs both of their hands and leads them to the middle of the dance floor.

CUT TO:
INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK AND GRIFF’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Harry are still standing across from each other in complete silence. Finally--

NICK
Get out.

HARRY
Not until we talk, Nick.

NICK
We already talked and I told you I didn’t want to see you again.

HARRY
It’s not that easy.

NICK
Sure it is. You turn around, walk out that door and never come back.

HARRY
A stipulation of my parole says that I have to stay within LA county.

NICK
Los Angeles is a big place, pops. I’m sure you can do your damndest to steer clear of me.

Harry responds with a nod and turns to head toward the door.

NICK (CONT’D)
What did you think would happen?

Harry stops and turns to face his son.

HARRY
Excuse me?

NICK
Did you think that I would just let you back into my life with open arms? Did you hope we could start with a clean slate? That I would forget how much you terrorized me and my mother for most of my childhood? Because if that’s what you thought, you’re a fucking idiot, Harry.

Harry looks away
HARRY
I deserve that.

NICK
And so much more.

HARRY
You have to understand things are different now. I’m different now.

NICK
So am I. I’m not the scrawny 15 year old who you could swing around like a rag doll when a drug deal went bad. I don’t live in fear of you anymore. I’m happy and I’m healthy and I have people in my life who love me. I’ve had a great life without you and I’ll continue to do so... without you. So when I say I don’t want to see you ever again, it isn’t some fleeting, knee-jerk feeling. I hate you, Harry. I hate you with everything I have and I will hate you for the rest of my life.

Harry looks away, clearly sucker punched. He opens the door and walks out, but before he closes the door, he looks back at Nick.

HARRY
You think this is over, Nicholas. It’s far from it. I’ll be seeing you... Son.

Harry shuts the door. Nick sighs and flops down on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The party continues as we find JAMIE and GRIFF still on the dance floor with the rest of the crowd. Above the crowd, we find MEGAN standing on a balcony and watching her friends. She giggles at how ridiculous they look dancing.

Behind her, COOPER, enter the balcony, dressed completely as Marty McFly from Back to the Future. He smiles when he spots her.

COOPER
There you are.
Hearing his voice breaks Megan’s attention from her friends and she turns to see him approaching her. She smiles.

MEGAN
You made it.

COOPER
Told you I would. I’m a man of my word.

She turns back toward the crowd, leaning against the railing. Cooper joins her in the crowd watching.

COOPER (CONT’D)
Did you come here alone?

MEGAN
Nope. My friends are down there.

She points at them.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Madonna and Tommy Lee.

Cooper spots them and chuckles. He gives Megan a once over.

COOPER
And you?

She knocks on Cooper’s forehead.

MEGAN
Hellloooo, McFly! Janet Jackson.

COOPER
I’m sorry. My 80s knowledge is rather limited.

MEGAN
Clearly. So, you wanna dance?

Just then, a beautiful younger girl walks onto the balcony with 2 drinks in her hand. She approaches Cooper and hands him one.

GIRL
Here’s your Jack and Coke.

COOPER
Thank you.

Cooper kisses her as Megan looks on, surprised. Cooper pulls away. Megan quickly hides her disappointment.
COOPER (CONT’D)
Megan, this is Angela. Angela, this is my friend Megan.

MEGAN
Nice to meet you.

ANGELA
You too. I wanna dance, babe.

COOPER
Sure.
(To Megan)
I’ll catch you in a bit?

MEGAN
Yeah sure. Have fun.

Megan watches Cooper and Angela exit the balcony. She shakes her head, feelings like a bit of an idiot.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – 1ST LEVEL – ENTRANCE

We find Nick entering the warehouse, looking around hoping to spot his friends. Someone catches his attention at the bar. It’s REGGIE, dressed as Tawny Katan (think the “Pour Some Sugar On Me” video). He walks up behind her and taps her on the shoulder. She spins and smiles when she sees him.

REGGIE
I swear to God I’m not stalking you.

NICK
Sure. We’ll just keep calling it a coincidence that we keep bumping into each other.

REGGIE
Exactly. You just get here?

NICK
Yeah. I’m looking for my friends actually.

REGGIE
Good luck. It’s a big crowd tonight.
NICK
I’m actually really surprised to see you here. You don’t seem like the type to hang around the LA social scene.

REGGIE
Oh, I am an extremely good time if you give me the chance.

She flirtily smiles at him. He returns the sentiment.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER

A QUICK CUT to the bathroom as the door swings open and Nick and Reggie stumble in, engaged in a rather passionate make-out session. He hoists her up onto the bathroom sink and the kissing continues, until she pushes him away. A mixture of horniness and confusion overcomes his face.

REGGIE
Just so we’re clear, this doesn’t mean anything.

NICK
What?

REGGIE
I don’t do relationships. Don’t read it more than just being a casual thing.

Nick nods and Reggie pulls him back into a passionate kiss. Nick reaches down under her skirt and pulls down her panties. She laughs as Nick kneels down and hoists her legs above his shoulders. He buries his face between her legs as she throws her head back.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – 1ST LEVEL

Griff and Jamie walk up to the bar. Jamie looks around.

JAMIE
I haven’t seen Megan in a while.

GRIFF
Yeah. I don’t think Nick has shown up either.
The bartender approaches them.

JAMIE
A gin and tonic?

GRIFF
Whatever IPA you have.

The bartender nods and leaves to get their drinks.

GRIFF (CONT’D)
I’m gonna go use the bathroom. Be back.

Griff walks away, leaving Jamie to eye the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE HALL – CONTINUOUS

Griff walks down the hall, looking for the bathroom. He tries one door, but it’s locked. He looks across the hall and sees another bathroom door. He opens the door and finds Nick and Reggie in the middle of sex, but they don’t notice him.

Griff stares at them for a moment in disbelief, then manages to tear his eyes away. He quickly shuts the door, still stunned. A girl walks up to him, ready to open the door, but he puts his arm across the door.

GRIFF
It’s occupied.

The girl walks away. Griff stands there, dazed.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – 1ST LEVEL – CONTINUOUS

Jamie is still waiting at the bar and looking at the crowd. She smiles when she spots Megan approaching her.

JAMIE
Hey, where have you been?

MEGAN
People watching.

Soon, Griff joins them. They notice that he doesn’t seem too happy.
Hey, you okay?

I’m cool.

Griff looks towards the bathroom and sees Nick and Reggie exiting it, fixing themselves up. He looks back to the girls.

Actually, I think I’m gonna head home. I’m kinda beat.

Megan sees Cooper and Angela dancing seductively on the dance floor.

Yeah, I think I’ll join you.

What’s going on with you two?

Nothing.

Jamie squints her eyes at them, suspicious.

Alright, then. You two be safe.

Yeah, you too.

Megan and Griff walk away and exit the warehouse. A few moments later, Nick joins Jamie at the bar.

Are Megan and Griff leaving?

Jamie looks at Nick.

When the hell did you get here?

I’ve been here for a while. I just got... pre-occupied. But seriously, are they leaving?

Apparently they weren’t having that great of a time.
NICK
I’ll be back.

Nick walks away and exits the warehouse.

JAMIE
(To Herself)
All alone. Yet again.

She takes a swig of her drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We catch up with Griff and Megan as they’re leaving the warehouse.

MEGAN
So why are you really leaving?

GRIFF
What?

MEGAN
You have this look on your face. Like someone killed your puppy or something.

GRIFF
I’m fine.

MEGAN
Please, Griff. I’ve known you long enough.

Griff leans up against the wall of the warehouse. He thinks about it for a moment, then relents.

GRIFF
I saw Nick with a girl... having sex.

MEGAN
Okay, and?

It takes a second for it to ring until finally she realizes. She rolls her eyes.

MEGAN (CONT’D)
Goddamn it, Griff.
I know.

MEGAN
Do you? Really? I don’t think you do. Because if you did, you’d realize that this crush you have leads to nowhere.

But what if--

“What if” what, Griff? What if Nick is harboring feelings for you too? You know that’s not how it is. And even if it were, you know what type of guy he is. Either way, he’ll break your heart. And not because he’s a bad guy, but... because he’s Nick.

It’s just-- something happened.

He kissed you.

Griff is surprised.

Yeah. Jamie told me. And don’t be mad at her, she’s just terrible at keeping secrets. But I can tell you right now that it meant nothing. He was drunk and vulnerable and loves fucking with people’s emotions. Don’t let him fuck with yours.

Megan walks away. Griff sighs and follows her. A few moments later, Nick reveals himself from around the corner of the warehouse, having heard the entire conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NEXT MORNING

We cut to the next morning where we see MEGAN sitting at her desk and typing away at her computer. Moments later, a cup of coffee is placed on her desk. Megan looks up from the screen and sees it’s COOPER who has placed it there. He smiles at her, but she doesn’t return it. She goes back to typing.
MEGAN
I take it you had a good night.

COOPER
It didn’t suck. What happened to you? I thought I owed you a dance?

MEGAN
You were busy with... Erica?

COOPER
Angela.

MEGAN
Whatever. I just didn’t want to bother you and your girlfriend.

Cooper scoffs.

COOPER
Angela is hardly my girlfriend. She’s more of a girl... whom I have sex with occasionally.

MEGAN
Ah, because that’s much better.

Cooper smiles at her.

COOPER
Are you jealous?

Megan looks at Cooper for a moment and gets ready to say something, but decides against it and goes back to her typing.

COOPER (CONT’D)
What?

MEGAN
Nothing. I just find your particular brand of crack amusing. No one’s jealous. If you want to whore about LA, then do you my dude. Not my cross to bare.

COOPER
Right.

MEGAN
Look, Cooper. I have these press releases to finish for your father before I can head to lunch, so if you don’t mind...
COOPER
Alright. Enjoy the coffee.

Cooper walks away as Megan continues to type away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK AND GRIFF’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Griff walks out of his bedroom, rubbing his eyes and yawning. He heads for the living room and stops in his tracks when he sees Nick sitting on the couch, fully dressed and ready for the day.

   GRIFF
   You’re up.

   NICK
   I am. Have fun last night?

   GRIFF
   More or less. Sorry I missed you.

   NICK
   Yeah. Any particular reason you left so early?

   GRIFF
   Just tired, I guess.

Nick nods and things go quiet between them. Griff can tell something is bothering his friend.

   GRIFF (CONT’D)
   Everything okay, Nick?

   NICK
   We need to talk.

Griff walks over and takes a seat on the coffee table in front of Nick.

   GRIFF
   What’s up?

   NICK
   I’m moving out.

Griff is clearly surprised.

   GRIFF
   What? Why? Is this about your dad?
   I was just trying to help--
NICK
No, no. It has nothing to do with that, Griff. We’ve been living together since we were 19. I think it’s time we branched out on our own, don’t you think?

Griff is unsure of what to say.

NICK (CONT’D)
Obviously this is a bit of a shock to you. I’ve already talked to the building manager about taking my name off of the lease and I’ve paid rent up to next month. Nothing is going to change between us, Griff. I mean think about it, we’ll be better friends for it.

Griff continues to stay silent.

NICK (CONT’D)
Anyway, I’m gonna go run some errands and head to the paper. We’ll talk later, yeah?

GRIFF
Yeah.

Nick smiles at him and gets up. Griff doesn’t move from his spot on the coffee table.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX FOSTER’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP OF ALEX’S face as he leans forward in his desk chair, an intrigued look on his face.

ALEX
So you’ve changed your mind? What did it? You were so apprehensive about it before.

As we pull out, we see Nick sitting across from him.
NICK
There have been... some recent developments.

ALEX
Well, good. This is gonna be a great partnership.

NICK
Agreed. But there a few things I’m gonna need from you.

ALEX
Okay?

NICK
I want a year to write it. And when it’s done, that’s it. That is the last I’ll write about them. The next book in my contract, I get to write whatever I want.

Alex nods.

ALEX
Fine.

Alex puts his hand out to Nick. Nick shakes it and they smile at each other.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Nick is sitting at a table with his laptop in front of him and his headphones on. He’s in a zone as he’s typing furiously.

NICK (V.O.)
Nicholas was pretty sure he knew his friends like the back of his hand. It was always comforting to him to have that consistency with them. He never had to worry about where he stood with them, nor did they have to worry about their place in his life either. But one day, that changed.

(MORE)
NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One day, Nicholas figured out that maybe he didn’t know these people so well after all. He didn’t love them less for it. In fact, he was endeared by it. He wanted to know these new things that suddenly made these people tick. He would always wonder he never noticed it before, but it wasn’t going to stop him. Each one of them had a story to tell and Nicholas was determined to tell it for them. This is the story of us...

A smile creeps across Nick’s face.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE ONE