

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 it's 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 truly 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?

CUT TO:

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.

CUT TO:

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.

CUT TO:

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 himself. 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, Grffin.

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 COMPLEXT - 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 door  
way. 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

(Off-Screen)

How was your meeting?

NICK

It was interesting. Got a lot to think about.

GRIFF

(OS)

Not enough money?

NICK

Something like that.

GRIFF

(OS)

You have some mail on the table, by the way.

Nick gets up and walks over to the dining room table where he finds a small stack of mail. He picks it up and starts flipping through it as Griff returns from his bedroom, this time fully dressed. He makes his way to the fridge and starts searching through it.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Well, whatever the offer was I suggest you take it.

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

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 was  
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

Who? Nick? Christ, no.

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  
Wait. You're Nick Johnson? "Friends  
Like Mine" Nick Johnson? Oh my God,  
I lived for that article every  
week. That's going to be the worst  
book I've ever read cover-to-cover.

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. He 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. Idiiotic, 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 stiles 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 is 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.

JAMIE  
Hey, you okay?

GRIFF  
I'm cool.

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

GRIFF (CONT'D)  
Actually, I think I'm gonna head home. I'm kinda beat.

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

MEGAN  
Yeah, I think I'll join you.

JAMIE  
What's going on with you two?

MEGAN & GRIFF  
(Simultaneously)  
Nothing.

Jamie squints her eyes at them, suspicious.

JAMIE  
Alright, then. You two be safe.

MEGAN  
Yeah, you too.

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

NICK  
Are Megan and Griff leaving?

Jamie looks at Nick.

JAMIE  
When the hell did you get here?

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

JAMIE  
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.

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.

GRIFF

But what if--

MEGAN

"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.

GRIFF

It's just-- something happened.

MEGAN

He kissed you.

Griff is surprised.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

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