

"Rough Draft"
Pilot

ROUGH DRAFT
"The New Job"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MAXIMUM MAGAZINE MAIN OFFICE — MORNING (DAY 1)
(Andrew, Jordan)

A SMALL SKINNY GUY, IN HIS LATE TWENTIES, ANDREW MOORE WALKS OUT OF AN OFFICE. HE'S HOLDING A BRIEFCASE AND A MAXIMUM MAGAZINE.

HE'S DRESSED VERY BUSINESS CASUAL. A BLAZER AND KHAKIS.

ANDREW LOOKS BACK INTO THE OFFICE.

ANDREW

Thank you, sir. You won't regret
this.

ANDREW WALKS OVER TO THE COFFEE MAKER. STANDING THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, JORDAN. IN HER EARLY THIRTIES, JORDAN IS KNOWN FOR HER DRY WIT.

ANDREW GRABS THE POT OF COFFEE. AND POURS A GLASS. HE STARTS DOWNING IT. HE MUTTERS AFTER DRINKING THE ENTIRE GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What am I doing?

JORDAN

Hey, couldn't help to see you
muttering like an old man playing
checkers.

ANDREW IS CAUGHT OFF GUARD.

ANDREW

Huh? What?

JORDAN

Boy you're an eloquent one, aren't
you? New photographer?

ANDREW

Um...no actually, I'm a writer.

JORDAN

Didn't see that one coming. Well, any
way, I'm Jordan.

SHE EXTENDS HER HAND. THEY SHAKE.

ANDREW

Please to meet you.

JORDAN

So you got a name?

ANDREW

Oh, yeah. Drew. Andrew, but all my
friends call me Drew.

JORDAN LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Drew? That's ironic, isn't it? A
writer with the name Drew?

ANDREW

Yeah, I guess. I never thought of it
that way.

JORDAN

Well, welcome aboard, Drew.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MAXIMUM MAGAZINE MAIN OFFICE — CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)
(Jordan, Andrew)

ANDREW AND JORDAN ARE WALKING TOWARDS ANDREW'S NEW OFFICE.

JORDAN

So what'cha write there, Shakespeare?

ANDREW

Oh no, nothing like that.

JORDAN

No, I was calling you
Shakespeare...forget it, what do you
write?

ANDREW

Up until about a year ago, I wrote for
Better Homes & Gardens.

JORDAN

Really?

ANDREW

Yeah, maybe you saw my article on
Aphids — the silent killer?

JORDAN

Can't say that I did.

ANDREW

Well, any way, I want to write sports.
It's what I love.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I wrote an article in UCLA on hot dog vendors at Dodger Stadium and how they actually cook the hot dogs before the game. And then just use the steam to reheat them. It's just a big scam.

JORDAN MOCK GASPS. ANDREW NODS.

JORDAN

Right, well, I'm sure it was invigorating, so what are you writing here? Sports?

ANDREW

Now? Now, I'm doing this.

ANDREW HOLDS UP THE MAXIMUM MAGAZINE IN HIS HAND. HE OPENS TO A CERTAIN PAGE. JORDAN STARTS LAUGHING.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I need the work. And it could lead to a sports gig. Maybe...kinda. It's not that funny.

JORDAN

Sure. Well, it's kinda funny. A guy who wants to write sports, but instead is writing the article, *From the Ladies' Room*? Hope you're in touch with your feminine side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

In this economy. You do whatever you can. And the article is what women like from men. So...

JORDAN LOOKS ANDREW UP AND DOWN. HE DOESN'T EXACTLY LOOK LIKE A CHICK MAGNET.

JORDAN

And you know that?

ANDREW

You probably can't tell by looking at me, but I happen to be a ladies' man.

JORDAN

No you're not.

ANDREW

You're right I'm not, but I do go out with a lot of ladies.

JORDAN

There's a big difference between ladies' man and token gay guy. Do you do dinners or lunches with said ladies?

ANDREW

Lunches, but...

JORDAN

Groups or singles?

ANDREW

Groups, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

I don't know how to break this to you,
Drew, but you're the latter. Look
we're here.

JORDAN WALKS AWAY LAUGHING. ANDREW STANDS THERE IN FRONT
OF HIS OFFICE FOR A MINUTE. SUDDENLY, IT HITS HIM.

ANDREW

I AM the token gay guy.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO – LITTLE LATER

(Chris, Andrew)

A GRIZZLY, TATTOOED-LADEN YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER IS MOVING
AROUND SET. HIS HAIR IS WILD, AND HE'S WEARING A WIFE
BEATER WITH CAMOUFLAGE PANTS.

ON SET, THERE'S THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS POSING WITH A
STUFFED PANDA BEAR. SUDDENLY, LIGHT STREAMS IN FROM THE
DOOR.

CHRIS

Stop. Stop. Where's that light...?

CHRIS' GAZE FOCUSES RIGHT ON ANDREW.

ANDREW

Uh...sorry, thought this was the
bathroom.

CHRIS LOOKS AT ANDREW THEN IGNORES HIM, GOING BACK TO HIS
SHOOT.

CHRIS

Destiny, can you lift your head...yeah,
just like that.

ONE OF THE MODELS FOLLOWS CHRIS' DIRECTIONS. SHE LIFTS
HER HEAD UP. CHRIS STARTS SNAPPING PICTURES. ANDREW IS IN
AWA OF CHRIS FOR A MINUTE, AS HE WALKS AROUND THE SET.

CHRIS STARTS FEELING UNEASY. WITHOUT LOWERING HIS CAMERA,
CHRIS TALKS TO ANDREW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bro, can you not stare?

ANDREW QUICKLY LOOKS AWAY.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

ANDREW SEES SEVERAL FEMALE MODELS TALKING ON THE SIDE. HE WALKS TOWARDS THEM. AS HE NEARS THEM, THE MODELS WALK AWAY.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay take five.

CHRIS WHEELS AROUND AGAIN.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bro, this ain't your place to be in.

Got it? This ain't the crapper.

ANDREW

Yeah, got it.

ANDREW STARTS WALKING AWAY. TWO OF THE LONG-LEGGED MODELS WALK UP TO CHRIS AND KISS HIM ON THE CHEEK. THE THIRD MODEL SLIPS A PIECE OF PAPER INTO THE STRAP OF CHRIS' WIFE BEATER.

ANDREW TAKES NOTICE. THEN WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE — MORNING (DAY 2)
(Chris, Andrew, Jordan)

ANDREW IS SITTING AT HIS COMPUTER SCREEN. HE HAS NOTHING ON THE SCREEN, BUT THE NAME OF THE ARTICLE. A MAGAZINE LIES ON THE DESK NEXT TO HIS LAPTOP. IT'S OPENED TO THE ARTICLE.

CHRIS WALKS IN WITH HIS CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Hey, bro. Sorry about in the studio
yesterday. That's just my zone,
y'know?

ANDREW

Totally. I was just admiring your
work.

CHRIS

You mean the models.

Chris winks.

ANDREW

Yeah them too.

CHRIS PLOPS DOWN IN ANDREW'S COUCH. THE LIGHT FROM THE
FLUORESCENT GLOW HITS ANDREW.

CHRIS

O-M-G! Bro, don't move.

ANDREW STARTS FIDGETING WHILE TRYING NOT TO MOVE.

ANDREW

What is it? A spider? I hate spiders.
I'm allergic. I blow up like a
balloon.

CHRIS

Relax, it ain't no spider. The light
looks so good on you.

ANDREW BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF. CHRIS FLIPS OFF A FEW
LIGHTS, TAKES A FEW SHOTS. A CONFUSED ANDREW SITS BEHIND
HIS DESK HALF SMILING.

CHRIS FLIPS ON THE MAIN LIGHTS AND ACTS LIKE THE EXCHANGE
NEVER HAPPENED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So, you're new here?

ANDREW

Uh...yeah, I'm a writer.

CHRIS

NICE! What kind of stuff do you write?

ANDREW SHUTS THE MAGAZINE LAYING ON HIS DESK.

ANDREW

Sports mainly.

CHRIS

Cool, so your *Maximum's* new sports
writer?

ANDREW

Not so much. What was all that with
the camera and everything?

CHRIS

That? I have a love affair with the
light. That's why I became a
photographer. The light tells me what
to do. I don't tell it.

ANDREW

Right.

JORDAN WALKS IN.

JORDAN

Hey, Chris, I see you met the new *From
the Ladies' Room* author?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Bro?

JORDAN SITS DOWN NEXT TO CHRIS. CHRIS GETS SLIGHTLY UNEASY.

JORDAN

Yep, ol' Shakespeare is gonna write from the ladies' perspective. Gonna put on his big girl panties and write from the heart about what women like in men.

ANDREW

Well, sort of...I mean...I'm not...really...yeah.

ANDREW JUST SIGHS. CHRIS LOOKS AT ANDREW FOR A SECOND. ANDREW EXPECTS RIDICULE.

CHRIS

Cool, bro. Nice to see a guy who's not into gender roles.

CHRIS GETS OFF THE COUCH.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you...

ANDREW

Andrew. But call me Drew. Andrew sounds so formal.

CHRIS

Cool, Andy.

CHRIS WALKS OUT. ANDREW TURNS TOWARDS JORDAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Hmmm. Gotta admit I was expecting some hard-core ridicule. But he actually surprised me there.

ANDREW

Now, see that's what I need.

JORDAN

What? The beard? You look like you might be able to grow some peach fuzz.

JORDAN EXAMINES ANDREW'S FACE FOR A SECOND. SHE POINTS AT HIS FACE

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Yep, right there, on your chin...I think that's a little bit of stubble. Nope, could be dirt.

ANDREW

Stop. No, it's that swagger. That attitude. He gets a lot of chicks doesn't he?

JORDAN

We prefer to be called women, but yeah, they flock to him. You could say he's like Brad Pitt meets Grizzly Adams. The ladies love him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

I'm going to interview him. I bet he has some wild stories. For the article. He's what women want.

JORDAN

You really can't be this lame.

ANDREW

Oh, no. I pretty much am.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS
(Chris, Andrew)

CHRIS WALKS IN.

CHRIS

Honey, I'm home.

THERE'S NO RESPONSE.

FINALLY A SMALL GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY COMES WALKING OVER.
CHRIS LEANS OVER. THE PUPPY LICKS HIS FACE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey honey! Yeah, so good to see you too. And how was your day?

HONEY STARTS WAGGING HER TAIL.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What? You slept all day? Now there's the life. Just wake up. Eat. Lay around. Eat some more. Sleep.

SUDDENLY, THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. CHRIS OPENS IT.
STANDING THERE IS ANDREW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay, the light comment, bro. That's what I do. I didn't mean anything by it.

ANDREW

I know. I'm not here about that.

CHRIS

Then why are you here?

ANDREW

Let me interview you.

CHRIS

What? How did you get my address?

ANDREW

HR has a listing of everyone's addresses. And they freely give them out to pretty much anyone who asks, so it seems.

CHRIS

That's comforting. So, you want to interview me?

ANDREW

Jordan said you were...

CHRIS

Jordan talked about me? What did she say?

ANDREW

Can I come in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS MOTIONS FOR ANDREW TO COME IN.

CHRIS

Yeah, man, pop a squat.

ANDREW WALKS IN AND SITS DOWN ON THE LEATHER COUCH. HE SCANS THE ROOM AND SEE THE TYPICAL BACHELOR PAD. EXPECT THERE'S PHOTOGRAPHS CHRIS HAS TAKEN ADORNING THE WALLS.

CHRIS SITS DOWN IN THE CHAIR ACROSS FROM THE COUCH. ANDREW POINTS AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANDREW

Did you take all those?

CHRIS

Yeah, each one has a story. Let me tell you.

HONEY WALKS UP TO ANDREW.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You don't mind dogs, do you?

ANDREW

No, love 'em. He's not mean or anything?

CHRIS

She. That's honey. She's the only lady that stays with me. So yeah, you were saying, Jordan talked about me?

ANDREW

Yeah, she mentioned how all the ladies love you. And since, I'm writing that art...

CHRIS

Did she say all the ladies or her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Pretty sure it was all. But I'll check. Any way, since I am writing that column from the ladies' perspective...

CHRIS GETS UP.

CHRIS

Sure. Can I offer you something to drink? Tea? Wine? Water?

ANDREW

Yeah, a glass of wine would be...

CHRIS

Bro, I don't have wine. I'm a man. All I have is beer.

ANDREW

Then why did you...?

CHRIS

Just thought it was the polite thing to do. Didn't think you would call me on it.

CHRIS WALKS TO THE FRIDGE. CHRIS GRABS A BEER AND WALKS BACK TO THE CHAIR. HE SITS DOWN.

ANDREW

Oh, okay. I'm good then. So let me interview you. You have that bad boy attitude, that swagger, I don't. In fact, I haven't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Ever? Christ, you're like 30 something.

CHRIS TAKES A SWIG FROM HIS BEER.

ANDREW

No not ever. Just been awhile. See I was going out with this girl...

CHRIS

Bro, I don't really care. So you want to write about me?

ANDREW

Yeah, just tell me how you do it. Why the ladies flock to you. So, I can put it in the article. I mean the ladies obviously love you.

CHRIS SCRATCHES HIS HEAD. HONEY STARTS BARKING AND WAGGING HER TAIL. SHE WALKS OVER TO CHRIS.

CHRIS

This lady loves me.

CHRIS STARTS PETTING HONEY.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't know.

ANDREW

C'mon. Those models were all over you. And Jordan...

CHRIS

What did she say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

That all the ladies love you. She said you were like Brad Pitt meets Grizzly Adams.

CHRIS

Fight Club Brad Pitt? Or *River Runs Through It* Brad Pitt?

ANDREW

I don't know we didn't get that in depth with it. I'm sure it was the cooler of the two.

CHRIS

Well, it is true. But I don't know why these chicks flock to me. I'm just myself. It's like a magnetism I have.

ANDREW

Then just let me observe. I don't care. I just know that I can't write this article without you.

CHRIS

Damn, okay, we'll talk. I have a shoot tomorrow with Love.

ANDREW

Love?

CHRIS

Jennifer Love Hewitt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

You know Jennifer Love Hewitt?

CHRIS

Yeah, she's totally awesome. Stop by.

We'll chat some more.

INT. STUDIO – TOMORROW

(Chris, Andrew)

CHRIS IS WALKING AROUND SET SNAPPING PICTURES. ANDREW WALKS IN. CHRIS TURNS TO LOOK.

CHRIS

Andy! Hey c'mon in. We're just finishing up.

ANDREW SITS DOWN. AND WATCHES CHRIS. HE TAKES A FEW MORE SHOTS, THEN STOPS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Awesome, we'll see how these look.

CHRIS WALKS OVER TO ANDREW.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Glad you stopped by.

JUST OFF CAMERA, SOMEONE IS STANDING NEXT TO CHRIS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Andy, this is Jennifer. Or she also goes by Love.

ANDREW'S EYES GO BIG. HE GRABS HER HAND AND GUSHES.

ANDREW

Oh my gosh, I'm like your biggest fan. Since Party of Five all the way to the Ghost Whisperer. So did you and Bailey ever...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS PRIES ANDREW'S HAND OFF JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT'S. HE LOOKS BACK AT HER.

CHRIS

Will you excuse us?

CHRIS ESCORTS ANDREW OVER TO THE SIDE BY THE COMPUTER.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?
(mocking)

All, I'm your biggest fan.

ANDREW

I am a big fan.

CHRIS

Lesson number one. Chicks don't like that.

ANDREW

But...

CHRIS

Just be chill.

CHRIS LOOKS IN THE COMPUTER. HE LOOKS BACK UP.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shots look great, Love. That's a wrap.

ANDREW

Can I say goodbye?

CHRIS

Yeah, no.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE — AFTERNOON (DAY 2)
(Jordan, Lou)

THE BIG BURLY EDITOR, LOU JOHNSON SITS BEHIND THE DESK
PLAYING HIS PLAYSTATION VITA. JORDAN WALKS IN.

JORDAN

Seriously? You hired a man to write a
column from a woman's point of view?

LOU IGNORES HER AND CONTINUES PLAYING.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

LOU LOOKS UP.

LOU

He has great penmanship. No one will
know the difference.

JORDAN

This is a new low, even for you.

LOU

Do you know how hard it is to find a
woman to work at this magazine?

JORDAN

Uh...hello? One order of chopped liver,
please.

LOU

Present company excluded. But you're
not a writer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOU (CONT'D)

Plus, I owed his dad a favor. Don't worry, our readers don't really care about the articles.

JORDAN

Right. Whatever.

INT. BOARD ROOM — LATER

(Derek, Chris, Tomas, Guy, Lou, Andrew, Jordan)

THE WHOLE MAXIMUM MAGAZINE STAFF IS SITTING AT THE TABLE. BESIDES CHRIS, ANDREW AND JORDAN, THERE'S DEREK THE ART DIRECTOR. IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, SARCASM IS THE ONLY WAY DEREK KNOWS HOW TO COMMUNICATE.

DEREK LOOKS OVER AT TOMAS IN HIS BRIGHT YELLOW SHIRT WITH BLACK TIE. DEREK LEANS TOWARDS CHRIS.

DEREK

I don't know what's scarier, that Tomas found a place that sells a bright yellow shirt like that, or the amount of canaries that had to die in order to make it.

CHRIS

Bro, they don't make shirts out of canaries.

DEREK

Not anymore. I mean, after that shirt, they're probably endangered.

CHRIS JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD. DEREK LOOKS AT EVERYONE AT THE TABLE.

DEREK (CONT'D)

If he's not here in five, I say we institute the 15 minute rule.

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CONTINUED:

NEXT TO HIM IS TOMAS, THE FASHION EDITOR. HE'S KNOWN FOR WEARING THE MOST OUTLANDISH CLOTHES.

TOMAS

Please, the 15 minute rule is for school. I say we employ the 2 minute rule and jet now.

ACROSS FROM TOMAS IS GUY, THE SPORTS EDITOR. TOUGH AS NAILS, GUY IS FROM THE OLD SCHOOL. AT FIFTY-TWO, HE STILL WEARS HIS SUIT AND FEDORA EVERY DAY.

GUY

Listen, you two pansy asses can figure it out. I'm leaving now.

GUY GETS UP AND WALKS RIGHT INTO LOU. GUY SITS BACK DOWN. LOU SITS DOWN AT THE END OF THE TABLE.

LOU

Okay, people.

EVERYONE QUIETS DOWN.

LOU (CONT'D)

Today's staff meeting is going to be super short. I've got a thing. Any way, you probably all noticed a new face. This is our new *From the Ladies'* Room staff writer, Andrew Moore.

ANDREW WAVES TO EVERYONE.

ANDREW

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEREK

Wait a minute, that job's for a woman.
You're writing from a woman's point of
view?

ANDREW

Um...what women like about men.

TOMAS

Ooh, can I help?

DEREK

That is so cool.

ANDREW IS TAKEN ABACK.

ANDREW

Really? You think so?

DEREK

Um, no, I may have lied to you right
there.

ANDREW

Right.

TOMAS

I think it's courageous.

GUY

I think it's fruity.

TOMAS

Take that back, brute.

GUY

Bite it, Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMAS

It's Tomas!! Tomas!

GUY

Tommy to me.

LOU TRIES TO BRING THINGS BACK TO ORDER.

LOU

Okay. Knock it off you two. I gotta go. My game is on pause and if it stays on pause too long it will overheat. So, don't forget first layout is due tomorrow. Articles in the AM as well. Ciao for now.

LOU LEAVES. THE ROOM ERUPTS IN CONVERSATION.

DEREK

No seriously, you're writing about sex from a woman's point of view? How can you do that? Unless, you're...

ANDREW

I'm not just writing about sex. I'm writing about romance, looks, everything a woman likes.

DEREK

Like feelings and stuff?

A MOCK SHIVER GOES UP AND DOWN DEREK'S SPINE.

ANDREW

Yeah, whatever women want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEREK

And you know what a woman...

CHRIS INTERJECTS.

CHRIS

Bro, give the dude a break. He'll do fine.

JORDAN

Chris is right. Let's see what he can do, before we judge.

CHRIS TURNS TOWARDS JORDAN.

CHRIS

I am?

JORDAN

For once, yes.

CHRIS

Really?

JORDAN

Stop while you're ahead.

ANDREW IS TAKING IN THE BANTER BETWEEN THE TWO.

CHRIS

I don't think you've ever said I was right. Like just kinda right? Or like full blown right?

DEREK

Who cares, if you're right or she's right. Someone is right. Welcome aboard, Andy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Most people call me Drew.

DEREK

Andy it is.

TOMAS MOVES PAST ANDREW TO THE DOOR, BRUSHING HIS SHOULDERS.

TOMAS

If you need any pointers, you let me know, Drewie pie.

DEREK

What you like and what women like are completely different, like totally. There's not one thing that can be categorized as similar between the two...I mean...

TOMAS

I don't think that's entirely true. I think of one thing just off the top of my...

JORDAN

Enough, seriously.

GUY GETS UP.

GUY

This is so far from the Tribune, it's not even funny. I'm blowing this pop stand.

GUY WALKS OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

So you really think I was right?

JORDAN ROLLS HER EYES AND WALKS OUT. CHRIS TURNS TOWARDS ANDREW.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She thinks I'm right.

ANDREW

I did gather that. Yeah.

INT. STUDIO — LATER
(Andrew, Chris, Chris
, Jordan)

CHRIS IS SETTING UP HIS STROBE LIGHTS. ANDREW WALKS IN.

ANDREW

Hey. I have to ask you a question.

CHRIS

Shoot.

ANDREW

Do you like Jordan?

CHRIS

What? No. Whatever gave you that idea?

ANDREW

Well, you asked about her, you were kind of uncomfortable in the office and then loved...nay, gushed that she thought you were right. All the signs of having a great affinity towards someone.

CHRIS

Bro? Stop using those writer words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

I mean those are tell tale signals of someone liking someone else.

CHRIS

Listen, Jordan and I go way back. She's like a cousin.

ANDREW

A cousin you want to kiss. It's written all over your face.

CHRIS

Bro, that's disgusting. We're not from the South.

ANDREW

I'm just sayin' I've seen the way you look at her. And...

CHRIS STOPS SETTING UP HIS LIGHTS.

CHRIS

Okay, take a seat, bro. But repeat this to anyone. Anyone and it will be like the opening scene of Reservoir Dogs. Have you seen it?

ANDREW

No.

CHRIS

Seriously? Michael Madsen? Harvey Keitel as Mr. White? Buscemi as Mr. Pink? None of this rings a bell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW SITS DOWN.

ANDREW

Just tell me.

CHRIS

Okay. I do. I've had a mad crush on her. For a couple of years now. But there's nothing that is going to happen between us. She doesn't even like me.

ANDREW

I knew it. I could tell.

CHRIS

You could? Do you think she can?

ANDREW

Why her? You probably get like hundreds of women. All those model types.

CHRIS

They're not like her, bro. She's different. She's real.

ANDREW

So why don't you just use your bad ass approach? Charm your way into her pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Bro, it's not like that. And even if it were like that, she has some sort of force field around her. She's a tough nut to crack that one.

ANDREW

She seems nice. Are you sure?

CHRIS

Jordan, is the kind of girl that doesn't want to settle. You get me? She wants the best. And frankly she deserves the best.

ANDREW

So what, you don't think you're good for her?

CHRIS

It's a long story.

CHRIS STANDS UP AND STARTS FIDDLING WITH THE LIGHTS AGAIN.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

See, I don't play games. I tell the truth. I say what I feel. And sometimes...

ANDREW

Uh...okay...does she? Monopoly? Parcheesi? Ooh Chinese Checkers?

CHRIS

That's not what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Does she know you? The real you? Not this bad ass persona.

CHRIS

This is me. This is my attitude. How I carry myself.

ANDREW

I think it's only half of you. Show her your other half. The half that said "it's not about charming your way into her pants." I saw your place. You and Honey. You're missing something. I can tell.

CHRIS

I'm not missing anything. I'm perfectly happy with my life. And even if I wanted to, I don't know how to show that side of me.

ANDREW

Tell you what, you help me. And I'll help you.

CHRIS BUSTS OUT LAUGHING.

CHRIS

How pretell are you going to do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

I'll find out what she likes,
dislikes, I'll be your in-the-field
spy. Give you Grade A intel.

CHRIS

Bro, you watch way too much James
Bond.

ANDREW

That may be entirely true, but come
on. It could work.

CHRIS LAUGHS SOME MORE.

CHRIS

Seriously? I think I'll woo her my own
way.

ANDREW

Has it worked so far?

CHRIS

I'm breaking her down.

ANDREW

Let me help. And in turn you teach me
that animal magnetism you have. That
mysterious mojo.

CHRIS

Bro, it's frojo.

ANDREW LOOKS AT CHRIS' CRAZY HAIR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

I could definitely see that. So, teach me this frojo, so I can find what women want for the article. Teach me how to be a bad ass.

CHRIS STOPS FIDDLING WITH THE LIGHTS AND MOVES TO HIS CAMERA TRIPOD.

CHRIS

You can't teach that. It's innate, bro.

ANDREW

Baloney. You can. Let me be your padawan.

CHRIS

Bro? I'm thinking can the Star Wars references and you'll greatly enhance your chances of getting a woman.

ANDREW

Please, show me what you do. That's all I ask.

CHRIS

You are different.

ANDREW

Help me, and I'll help you. We'll even give Jordan a code name. So when she's in the room, you know. And can go talk to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

A codename? You're serious? Did your parents lock you in a closet with the TV as your only connection to the outside world?

ANDREW

Trust me. When she walks in, I'll say something like...I don't know...coleslaw. Yeah, like have you tried the coleslaw, Chris?

CHRIS

You're comparing a woman to a summer side dish? And you want me to take advice from you?

ANDREW

It's just a word to...

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS. JORDAN WALKS IN. CHRIS CAN SEE HER.

CHRIS

Have you tried the cole slaw?

ANDREW

What? I thought.

CHRIS

The coleslaw is delicious.

JORDAN WALKS CLOSER.

JORDAN

Hey guys. Drew, I need to see you for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Sure.

CHRIS

Hey, Jordan.

JORDAN

What's up, Chris?

CHRIS

Just prepping my shoot, y'know?

JORDAN

Cool. Well, see ya.

ANDREW MOTIONS FROM BEHIND JORDAN TO KEEP TALKING. JORDAN SPINS AROUND.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CAUGHT IN MID MOTION. ANDREW ACTS LIKE HE WAS STRETCHING.

ANDREW

Just stretching.

JORDAN

You two are so weird.

JORDAN WALKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

When you're done, Drew.

ANDREW NODS. JORDAN WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

CHRIS

What the hell was this?

CHRIS MOCKS THE SIGNALS ANDREW WAS USING, THAT MAKES HIM LOOK LIKE HE'S HAVING A SEIZURE OR SOMETHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Trying to give you signals.

CHRIS

Stick to the writing. You are no third base coach, bro. I didn't know if I should bunt, swing away or steal home.

ANDREW

Sorry. So do we have a deal?

CHRIS

Me teaching you? Just showing you how I live, basically? Okay. Deal. First lesson. Don't make stupid hand signals behind a woman's back.

ANDREW

I thought the first lesson was just be chill.

CHRIS

First lesson is don't question what the first lesson is. Capice?

ANDREW

I'll try to remember that.

CHRIS

And stop wearing the sweater vests and blazers. You look like some kind of college nerd.

ANDREW

But I like...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Tomorrow, hoodie and jeans.

ANDREW

And a hoodie is much more masculine?

CHRIS

Get out of here.

END ACT TWO

TAGINT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT — LATE NIGHT

(Andrew)

ANDREW'S ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT IS DECORATED SPARSELY. IT HOLDS A COUCH AND A TV, THAT'S ABOUT IT.

HE'S SITTING ON HIS COUCH WITH HIS LAPTOP OPEN.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Men and women aren't as different as
people would like you to believe.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

(Andrew)

CHRIS IS LAYING ALONE ON HIS BED. STARING AT THE CEILING TILE. HONEY JUMPS UP ON THE BED. AND LICKS HIS FACE.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Our physical bodies may be different,
but emotionally we're all the same.
We're looking for someone to accept
us. To grow with us. It doesn't matter
our lifestyle. Our attitude.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

(Andrew)

JORDAN IS IN THE KITCHEN. SHE GRABS AN OVEN MITT, REACHES IN THE STOVE AND PULLS OUT A DISH. SHE MOVES TO THE KITCHEN TABLE WHERE THE TABLE IS SET FOR ONLY ONE.

SHE SITS DOWN AND STARTS EATING DINNER ALONE.

ANDREW (V.O.)

And like a Cadbury Egg, the harder and
tougher our exterior, the more soft
and gooey our interior.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're all looking for the one, whether
we want to let it be known or not.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS
(Andrew)

ANDREW IS STILL SITTING ON THE COUCH.

ANDREW (V.O.)

And we'll do anything to figure out
what will help us find that one.

ANDREW

Gooley interior? What the hell is that?
Oh well, it's only a rough draft.

ANDREW PUTS DOWN HIS LAPTOP AND OPENS UP HIS CLOSET. HE
GRABS A PLAIN GRAY HOODED SWEATSHIRT FROM THE HANGER.

HE PUTS IT ON. HE WALKS OVER TO THE MIRROR.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Look at me, I'm a bad ass.

HE FLIPS THE HOOD OVER HIS HEAD. AND MAKES LIKE EMINEM.
HE TAKES A BOXING STANCE AND STARTS BOUNCING FROM SIDE TO
SIDE.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The music. The moment. You only get
one shot. One opportunity. This bad
ass stuff isn't so hard.

ANDREW PUNCHES THE AIR. BUT GOES FURTHER THAN HE THOUGHT,
SLAMMING HIS FIST INTO THE WALL. HE GRABS HIS HAND.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jeeeeeeeeeezus. Maybe a little hard.

THE END