

MULLIGANS

Written by

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EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS - DAY

Establish Santa Monica - a view of the pier, the rolling waves, the promenade. Shops are just opening.

SUPER: JANUARY

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY

On a morning jog down the boulevard is LIV, 24 years old, open ethnicity. She's beautiful, but in this moment, looks completely winded.

She runs past a bar called MULLIGANS and hears a roaring cheer from inside. She stops and backtracks, confused. She checks her watch: **9:15am.**

EXT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Angle on a blackboard easel in front of the bar. Scrawled across it are dates and times of SOCCER GAMES, and the teams involved in each. Liv scans today's date:

MANCHESTER CITY V. CHELSEA - JANUARY 26, 8AM.

She gasps sharply.

LIV
(whispered to herself)
Brits.

She sees attractive men drinking and laughing inside, and starts SPRINTING home.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Liv reaches her unit and ends her workout app.

AUTOMATED VOICE
End workout. You exercised for
eight minutes.

LIV
Yeah, fuck off, thank you.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Liv runs inside and strips out of her ratty workout clothes. In a series of quick cuts, she:

- Changes into a hot outfit
- Splashes her face with water
- Pulls her hair out of the ponytail and tousles it
- Dabs foundation on, slaps her cheeks, and smiles in the mirror

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Liv returns and walks in. Most of the tables have groups of cheering Brits, watching the TVs.

She spots a table of four attractive men in their late 20s.

She walks up to the bar, met by a young female bartender. This is HALLIE.

LIV
Hi, I'll have a Guinness, please.
Two, actually.

EXT. MULLIGANS BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

A ruggedly handsome man named DEAN (age 30, open ethnicity) drives into a spot in the back, and puts the car in park. He drives a forgettable car, and it's blaring music that's incoherent from outside.

I/E. DEAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

We see Dean in his car, gripping the steering wheel still. The music is clear now- it's "Better Than Revenge" by Taylor Swift. He looks completely forlorn and turns the car off.

DEAN
(muttered)
God, she's a great story teller.

INT. MULLIGANS BACKROOM - DAY

A bartender is marking a keg. This is MICK - early 30s, with a kind face. Dean walks in and nods at him.

MICK
You're not scheduled, are you?

DEAN
Nah, I came to drink.

MICK
 (laughing)
 What, Bailey's?

Mick looks up and sees him go for the Jameson.

MICK (CONT'D)
 It's 9:30am.

DEAN
 The guys out there are doing it.

MICK
 It's after 5 where they're from,
 that's a half-excuse.

DEAN
 I got plenty of excuses.

Dean heads for the door to the main area.

MICK
 (calling after him)
 I'd pick a team if I were you!

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Liv walks to the table of Brits and taps one of them on the shoulder - this is SAMIR (cute, muscular build). Also at the table are WILL, FREDDY, and BEN. They look at her, intrigued.

LIV
 Can I drink my beer in good
 company?

SAMIR
 Well that depends, see. Who are you
 for?

LIV
 Honestly?

WILL
 Oh Christ. She's Chelsea.

LIV
 I don't follow sports.

SAMIR
 Don't tell me you came for the
 Guinness?

LIV
Just making sure you boys aren't
nursing pale ales.

SAMIR
Well we're not psychopaths, are we?

They all laugh as they notice she holds a beer in each hand.

FREDDY
Now just a minute - which one of us
is that for?

LIV
Mm, they're both for me.

The men make approving noises.

SAMIR
Well move over, Will. Make some
room.

Liv smiles and pulls up the chair.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean is slumped at the bar, his eyes level with his glass of
whiskey. Mick is slowly pouring, genuinely concerned.

MICK
Okay, that should do it.

DEAN
Three fingers, Mick.

MICK
How bout a pinky to start?

DEAN
Keep pouring.

MICK
Where's Sydney?

DEAN
She's fucking Brian with an "i."

Mick reacts.

MICK
The one who sold knives in college?

Dean taps his nose, a la 'charades.'

DEAN

Not to be confused with Bryan with
a "y."

MICK

Oh no, yeah, that guy was going
places. I would have stepped in
traffic for Bryan with a "y."

DEAN

Why couldn't she have slept with
him?

Mick pours the rest of his drink, then one for himself too.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

The game is over. Liv, Samir, and Will remain at the booth,
laughing. The table is covered with empty glasses. Liv and
Samir have their hands on each other's thighs.

Will moves to get up from the table.

SAMIR

Alright, Will?

WILL

It's getting to be about that time,
actually.

LIV

Nooo, Willy!

WILL

I think I'm holding up the real
party if I'm honest. But I've got
one question, indulge the married
man. Who's getting luckier, you or
you?

LIV

Him.

SAMIR

Her.

WILL

Oh, you're both cocky. This should
be good.

They laugh as Will puts his jacket on and bids them adieu.
They focus in on each other now.

SAMIR

So you don't watch football. Why'd you come in here?

LIV

I was passing by, I heard the cheering. Thought I'd get in on the action.

SAMIR

Impeccable timing, then.

He kisses her, and they start making out. He slips her cardigan down her shoulders.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Dean swirls his whiskey while Mick wipes down the counters. There are a few people still hanging around in the surrounding booths. Liv and Samir are gone now.

DEAN

I mean, it makes no sense. Last time we all hung out, Brian with an "i" was going nowhere, fast.

MICK

What'd he do since then, win the fucking Grand Prix?

DEAN

He quit his job to be an "entrepreneur."

MICK

Oh, so he was fired.

DEAN

Definitely.

MICK

Dude. You know what you need?

DEAN

A good woman?

MICK

Dude, you need to get out there a little. You've been a relationship guy for years now. You can finally play the field.

DEAN
It's just not me.

MICK
Well, your face says differently.
And your muscle tone, and your
overall charisma and general
appeal.

Dean smirks and slaps Mick with his bar rag.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING/DAY

A king bed- shoes and clothes litter the corner of one side.

Samir and Liv are having sex on the other side, both panting.
She rolls on top, eyes closed. He gets louder.

LIV
Wait for me. Wait for me!

She opens her eyes, about to come-- and sees a GIANT
COCKROACH crawling on the wall in front of her.

Her scream of terror is simultaneous to her orgasm.

Samir groans loudly as he finishes, oblivious to the
cockroach. Her scream turns into a WAR CRY, and she reaches
for one of his shoes at the end of the bed and SMASHES THE
COCKROACH-- repeatedly, as she's coming. She is screaming and
slamming the wall, sounds like Serena Williams. Samir thinks
he's a fucking rockstar.

She keeps the shoe on the wall, afraid to see the mess, and
starts SOBBING. He looks up at her, now terrified.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Liv walks back in, hair disheveled, and finds her cardigan
still at the empty booth. She stops at the bar and sits on
the end opposite Dean, looking absolutely harrowed. They're
in each other's sights, but neither is paying much attention.

Hallie approaches Liv.

HALLIE
Rough morning?

LIV
Save me, please.

Mick comes out of the back room and goes over to Dean.

MICK

Alright, think about it. Think about all the women who have hit on you in this very room.

DEAN

They wanted a free drink.

MICK

They wanted more than that, but you never threw it to them, cuz you're a stand-up guy. But you did give out those free drinks. Time to collect, my friend.

DEAN

Yeah, I can see that going over well. I think I'm a little better than retroactive bribery for sex.

MICK

You're not listening to me. I'm saying these women already want to have sex with you. The second they hear that you're single...

Dean notices Liv across the bar, looking as morose as him.

DEAN

I'll think about it. In the meantime, can you get that girl another drink?

MICK

Which?

DEAN

The one who looks like she just detonated a village and wants to forget.

MICK

Nice. Want me to slide a napkin with your number on it?

DEAN

No, Jee- Don't even tell her it was me. In fact, tell her it's on you.

MICK

Your call, man. Hey, wanna hit the batting cages later?

DEAN
Oh, that's not necessary dude.

MICK
It's how I got my dad through the divorce.

DEAN
That is... all kinds of backwards.

MICK
If you change your mind.

DEAN
This isn't a divorce.

MICK
But five years, man.

DEAN
Not the worst damage.

MICK
That's almost half your adult life.

Dean gives Mick a look.

DEAN
Did this help your dad too?

MICK
No.

Angle on Liv, slowly sipping her bourbon. Mick approaches with another.

MICK (CONT'D)
It's taken care of.

LIV
Really?

MICK
You look like you could use it.

LIV
Oh, that's awful to hear. But also, thank you very much.

MICK
(whispered)
Thank Sad Eyes at the end of the bar. Don't look now.

LIV

Oh. Okay.

Liv slyly looks over at Dean, who has turned his attention to the TV. A re-run of *Grey's Anatomy* is playing, and he is tearing up at it.

She laughs to herself- it's endearing.

She looks back at the screen. It's the episode/scene where the mass shooter is pointing his gun right at Derek Shepherd.

LIV (CONT'D)

(suddenly morose again)

Derek, no.

INT. MULLIGANS - LATER

There are significantly less people. Mick has stepped into the kitchen, no one is manning the bar.

Liv signs her bill, and looks up to see:

Dean **REACHING BEHIND THE BAR FROM HIS SEAT**- he grabs a bottle of whiskey and refills his own glass. She laughs to herself, impressed, and leaves.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - DAY

Liv walks into her place to find her roommate, CLAIRE, at the kitchen table eating cereal. She is perfectly put together.

CLAIRE

Hey! Where have you been all morning?

LIV

Let's see, I've been, um... with a table of Brits... on top of a penis... three bourbons deep... in tears twice, once from killing a cockroach and once due to *Grey's Anatomy*, and it is...

(checks phone)

Quarter o' noon.

Claire stares at Liv, mid-chew.

LIV (CONT'D)

Is this really the decade of life everyone wishes they could go back to? I mean, am I living a fever dream?

CLAIRE

I think you might be.

Liv starts making coffee.

LIV

I'm saying this to you right now, as my only witness. I'm off casual sex. It was fun, but this is no longer college, or a trip to Europe, or the high school rotary club, or that one field trip we took to the Legion of Honor. I jam-packed my recklessness into the past eight years, and I love myself for it-- but I already piqued in this phase of my life. Now I'm just dive-bombing toward rock bottom, and let me tell you something-- this shit is not fun anymore. So I'm not gonna let myself go any lower, I'm just gonna... scoot myself onto my next phase of life. Clean slate.

CLAIRE

What phase is that?

LIV

Stability, based on my learnings thus far. I'm gonna think before I do. In fact-- I'll qualify that. The next time I have sex, I'll be in a relationship. I don't care how long it takes. I'm gonna focus on myself, and I'm gonna give a shit. I'm gonna.

CLAIRE

I believe it.

LIV

Thank you!

CLAIRE

Seeing as how much you can get done in one morning.

Liv looks at Claire, who's holding in her laugh.

LIV

Wow.

EXT. ON THE STREET - DAY

Liv comes out of a small cafe.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER - APRIL

She waves goodbye to a few friends, and starts walking.

EXT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

She walks past Mulligans. She stops and looks up at the sign like she forgot it was there.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY, 3:30PM

Liv sits at the bar, finishing off a long sip of bourbon.

There are a few other people around, and a random bartender is on duty, chatting with some regulars in the back corner.

Liv checks her surroundings, then takes her moment- she **REACHES BEHIND THE BAR** and slyly grabs a bottle of bourbon to re-fill her drink.

Dean appears suddenly from the back room, and sees her.

DEAN

Whoa, whoa whoa! What the hell do you think you're doing?

LIV

Oh fuck! Fuck, I'm sorry! It seemed like no one was manning the bar.

DEAN

So your instinct is to steal? Where's the integrity, woman?

LIV

I suppose it doesn't help that I saw someone do it here once, so I was- I was taking a page from his book.

DEAN

Was that someone me? Per chance?

Liv stares hard at him, fully observing.

LIV
Yeah..... Yeah. Might've been you.

DEAN
Yeah, I work here.

LIV
I'm getting that.

DEAN
Well now that we've confirmed our
roles, why don't you allow me?

Dean motions for her glass. She slides it over, and he cracks a smile as he pours.

LIV
Thank you, I'm not worthy.

He gives it back to her.

DEAN
I've never had to get stern with a
customer before. That was a whole
new side of me I just discovered.

Liv raises her glass to him as she's swallowing her sip-- it did not go down smooth.

LIV
Lucky me.

DEAN
I'm Dean.

LIV
Liv.

They shake hands.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - DAY

Liv barrels through the door.

LIV
CLAIRE, I HAVE A PROJECT.

Claire's face pops out of the bathroom.

CLAIRE
Is it a man?

LIV
It sure as hell is.

Claire screams.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MULLIGANS - EARLIER IN THE DAY

AS BEFORE: Back to Dean and Liv's previous conversation.
She's still sipping on her bourbon.

DEAN
So, you meeting someone here?

LIV
No.

DEAN
Interesting.

LIV
Why's that interesting?

DEAN
I mean, this isn't a college bar.
You're not dressed like you have a
trust fund, or like you work in
retail. You certainly don't work in
the food industry, or you wouldn't
have pulled that move. And it's
3:30 on a Monday. So what's your
story?

LIV
Um- "What's your story" would have
sufficed, I am... fully offended by
most of the things you just said.

DEAN
(laughing)
I'm sorry. I'm curious.

LIV
I'm applying for jobs right now.
Taking full advantage of the
afternoon buzz while I still can.

DEAN
Wow, you really get your kicks in.

LIV

All waiting ever got me was missed opportunities.

DEAN

You know, I hear there are some good things reserved specifically for those who wait.

LIV

Mm, I heard that you have to get busy living or get busy dying.

DEAN

Oh yeah? You do a turn with the boys in Shawshank?

LIV

Got out on good behavior.

DEAN

Could've fooled me.

Liv laughs.

DEAN (CONT'D)

So what's a Monday night look like for a free bird like you?

LIV

Oh, I pedal a small business of editing thesis papers for grad students, and I gotta finish one up and send it back tonight. Crazy stuff.

DEAN

Isn't there a saying, "write drunk, edit sober?"

LIV

Yeah.

Dean stares at her.

LIV (CONT'D)

What?

DEAN

Well, aren't you... the editor?

Dean looks at her drink. She is stunned at his audacity.

LIV

What am I, a nun?

DEAN

I can tell you're not, in fact--
this one's on me.

LIV

You know, one of these days you're
gonna have to let me buy my own.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

LIV

I think... I think you bought me a
drink a few months ago. The other
bartender-- your friend, clearly--
he told me.

DEAN

Oh, God! I remember that.
(he really looks at her,
thinking back)
Yeah, I remember you.

LIV

Why'd you do it?

DEAN

Honestly, you looked fuckin'
devastated.

LIV

So did you, if ya don't mind me
saying. You were watching *Grey's
Anatomy* and like... really letting
it affect you.

DEAN

(laughing)
Okay-- just so the record shows it,
I was going through a breakup. I
had just found out my girlfriend
was cheating on me.

LIV

I'm sorry.

DEAN

Don't be. What about you, what had
your little panties in a twist that
day?

Liv gives him a suspicious look.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Come on, this is a safe space. I got a license for this kinda stuff.

LIV

Yeah, to serve liquor.

DEAN

What's the difference? You've got medication right in front of you. It's free, for Christ's sakes.

LIV

Hard to argue with that logic. How to begin?

DEAN

Alright English major, give me some themes.

LIV

Mm, you're perceptive, how could you tell that?

DEAN

You really give off a vibe.

LIV

(laughing)

Okay, um... death. Pleasure. Nature. Poor timing.

DEAN

Did you manifest a Shakespearian tragedy?

LIV

I killed a gigantic cockroach and I didn't handle it well.

Dean laughs. Liv stares at him, harrowed.

DEAN

Define gigantic.

LIV

The girth of two thumbs.

DEAN

She goes straight to girth in the recount? That doesn't bode well for the guys you've dated.

LIV
 Maybe it bodes very well for them,
 how would you know?

DEAN
 Oh, I know girth.

Liv smiles.

LIV
 That wasn't the ques-

DEAN
 I know girth.

LIV
 (laughing)
 Okay.

DEAN
 Listen, I don't mean to diminish
 your experience, but I gotta say, I
 thought it was gonna be a little
 worse.

LIV
 It was mid-coitus.

Dean stares at her. Liv raises her glass.

LIV (CONT'D)
 (whimsically)
 So, I'm off one-night-stands.

DEAN
 Oh, what a shame. I'm off
 relationships.

LIV
 What are we gonna do about that?

They clink glasses and eye each other as they drink.

DEAN
 Liv, I've been tending bar for a
 couple years now, and, I meet a lot
 of great people. People who are
 just fun to talk to, every time
 they come in here. And you should
 know... that I will be retelling
 that story to my regulars.

LIV
 It changed me.

DEAN
Like a... "Metamorphosis" of sorts.

BEAT.

DEAN (CONT'D) LIV
I love myself. I hate you.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Back to Liv and Claire's previous conversation. They are now sat on the couch, both filling their wine glasses.

CLAIRE
A Kafka reference?!

LIV
I know.

CLAIRE
Who IS this guy?

LIV
Dean the bartender.

CLAIRE
Last name, please.

LIV
I didn't ask.

CLAIRE
Olivia..... Nicole Callahan.

LIV
(jaw dropping)
You forgot my middle name again,
didn't you?

CLAIRE
I remembered in time!

LIV
24 years, Claire. I don't know why
it's so hard for you.

CLAIRE
Okay, what's m-

LIV
Christine.

CLAIRE
Alright, well.

LIV
I know what you're gonna say,
though. I had one job.

CLAIRE
I just wanna stalk his entire
online presence. What else do you
know about him?

Liv opens her mouth to continue the story-

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MULLIGANS - EARLIER THAT DAY

AS BEFORE- Dean sits next to Liv at the bar now. Only a few
other people have arrived, and they're all settled at tables.

LIV
So what do you get up to when
you're not tending bar?

DEAN
I actually teach too.

LIV
Seriously?

DEAN
I'm an adjunct at the city college,
I teach Philosophy. Two courses, an
Intro and an Ethics seminar.

LIV
I bet philosophy comes in handy as
a bartender. You're like an oracle
for heavy drinkers.

DEAN
Listen, if you could finish your
sentences with "O Wise One," I'd
really appreciate it.

Liv laughs.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You got any interviews lined up?

LIV
Yeah, with my high school alma
mater actually.

DEAN
Oh, that'll be a shoo-in then.

LIV
I don't know, I don't want to get
my hopes up.

DEAN
You don't strike me as someone who
strikes out.

Liv raises her eyebrows at him.

LIV
What are you, a writer?

DEAN
What are you, not?

Liv smiles, conceding.

LIV
I dabble.

DEAN
Yeah, I dare you to shock me.

LIV
You think you know me?

DEAN
I think you like a challenge. And I
think you make your own luck.

LIV
Well. If that's the case, then I'm
incredibly self-sabotaging.

DEAN
Yeah, well. At least you don't wait
around while you're doing it.

Liv looks at him, intrigued.

LIV
You want me to get behind the bar
and listen? Lay your troubles down
before me, traveler.

She walks behind the bar and urges him to take her seat.

DEAN
(laughing)
Yeah, since you clearly know where
everything is back there. Go for
it.

She takes out a bottle of whiskey and reaches for the
glasses.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I just think I got too comfortable
lately. I've got a job I love, and
I had a girlfriend who I thought
loved me, and it's like I just...
called it a day. I wasn't seeking
anything anymore.

She pours his drink and slides it to him.

LIV
What is it you're looking for?

DEAN
Haven't figured it out yet.

She nods.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Maybe it's time for me to run with
the hedonists.

LIV
Oh come on, we're all hedonists. If
we're not seeking pleasure we're
avoiding pain. Two sides of the
same coin.

DEAN
And what are you looking for?

LIV
Something that matters.

DEAN
Sounds like you're holding out for
the one.

LIV
Well like you said. I like a
challenge.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Claire is on her feet from this story.

CLAIRE

What the-

LIV

It was probably the most stirring conversation I've ever had.

CLAIRE

What's your plan?

LIV

Well, we're in really different places, so it's gonna be a long game. I cannot fuck this up.

CLAIRE

I will kill you if you fuck this up.

LIV

Stakes, love it.

CLAIRE

When are you gonna see him again?

LIV

Thursday. It's theme night at the bar.

CLAIRE

What's the theme?

LIV

Historical figures.

Claire's face gets serious.

CLAIRE

Oh my God, you love that shit.

LIV

It's all coming together.

Claire opens her laptop and types.

CLAIRE

So city college, Santa Monica I assume?

LIV

Yeah.

CLAIRE

(as she's typing)

Faculty and staff. Academic departments. Philosophy and social sciences. Yes, philosophy. Find classes? Sure, I'll bite. Let's say fall semester, open or closed. Search all. Intro to Philosophy. Cassidy, comma D. Over to Facebook, Dean Cassidy. Is this your man?

Claire turns her laptop around to show Liv a profile picture.

LIV

Holy shit. That's my man.

CLAIRE

Dean Cassidy.

LIV

God, that's a good name.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

The bar is packed, and everyone is in costume for theme night. Liv walks in, dressed like a SEXY TEDDY ROOSEVELT during the Spanish-American War. She wears tan daisy dukes, a deep blue button down that's tied at her belly button, and a fake medallion.

She finds Dean, who's wearing a CHARCOAL SUIT and holds a large CIGAR. They observe each other's outfits.

LIV

Did you forget the bowler hat there, Winston?

DEAN

Nope, try again.

She stares at his costume.

LIV

This is so vague.

DEAN

Come on.

LIV

Sinatra?

DEAN

No.

LIV

Charlie Chaplin. Al Capone.

DEAN

Nope.

LIV

(laughing now)

I- It's a suit!

DEAN

Dig deeper.

LIV

Don Corleone. No, Don Draper.

DEAN

Well, they're not even real.

LIV

Who are you?!

DEAN

Freud, baby!

He holds up his cigar, imitating the famous portrait.

LIV

Oh, you son of a bitch. Way to do the bare minimum.

DEAN

(re: her outfit)

Yeah, speaking of bare minimum. Care to enlighten me?

LIV

I'm a rough rider.

Dean laughs.

DEAN

Careful, Roosevelt. You could take every guy in this bar home with that line.

LIV

Yeah, I'm aware of my very big stick, thank you.

MICK

Dean!

Dean looks up to see Mick standing in the employee room doorway, waving him over.

DEAN

I gotta give Mick a hand, are you good for a sec?

LIV

Of course.

DEAN

Alright, don't leave.

Dean heads over to Mick. Liv heads over to the other end of the bar by the wall.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Liv sits at an empty stool, where Hallie is working the bar.

BEN (one of the British friends from earlier), approaches. He taps her on the shoulder.

BEN

Remember me?

LIV

Oh yeah, hey! How's it going?

BEN

Better now, how've you been?

(to Hallie)

Two tequilas, Hallie.

LIV

(shaking her head)

Oh, Hallie, just the one, I don't-- thanks.

Hallie nods at her.

BEN

Oh come on, you were pretty wild last I heard.

Liv pauses at this and shifts.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let me buy you another.

LIV
No, I'm still working on my beer,
but thanks.

BEN
What is that, your first drink? You
gotta catch up with me.

LIV
I'm good.

She half-smiles at him, and turns to leave.

BEN
I like you better when you're
drunk. You're a lot more fun.

Liv turns back to him.

LIV
I'm a lot more fun when I'm having
a good time actually, and you're
sorta ruining that for me.

BEN
Babe, if you want a good time-

LIV
Fuck off.

BEN
You don't have to be such a cunt.

LIV
Did you just call me a cunt?

Dean suddenly steps in and pushes Ben up against the wall,
his fist around the collar of Ben's shirt. He's in Ben's
face, and speaks in a very low and controlled manner.

DEAN
Hey. How's it going, my name's
Dean. Let me tell you something I
learned back in pre-school-- this
is great, you're gonna love this.
You can't treat people like that
and not expect shit like this to
happen in response. I'm kinda tired
of seeing you around here, so I
suggest you get out of my sight
once I let you out of my grip.
Cool?

Ben nods, with disdain. Dean lets him go, and he stalks off.

Liv stares at Dean. He walks over to her.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

LIV
Yeah.

DEAN
Yeah?

LIV
I thought you didn't get stern with customers.

DEAN
Yeah, then you started coming here.

LIV
I- you didn't need to-

DEAN
I'm kidding.

He puts his arm around her, pulling her in. She sighs and smiles at him, flustered. He leans into her ear, voice low.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm sorry I stepped in. I know you had that guy handled.

LIV
No, it was nice. I always have to do it myself.

EXT. ON THE STREET - NIGHT, LATER

Dean is walking Liv home through the neighborhoods. They are a comfortable, happy buzzed.

LIV
Do you take any pleasure in knowing that if you were the head of your school, everyone would still call you Dean Cassidy?

DEAN
I have... never once thought about that.

LIV
You're lying.

DEAN

Yeah, I am.

They laugh. Dean points to a car parked at one of the houses.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You know, I lost my virginity in a car like that.

LIV

Mm, backseat or front?

DEAN

Front- what are you, picturing it?

Liv cracks up.

LIV

No!

DEAN

(laughing)

Liar. What about you, what was your big moment like?

LIV

Summer after sophomore year of high school, I was seeing this guy, and we snuck away from the party we were at. The house had one of those re-furbished attics-- it was sort of ideal. We stole some of the comforters from the linen closet, and then we just... went back to the party after.

DEAN

Were you in love with the guy?

LIV

(blasé)

No.

DEAN

(surprised)

No?

LIV

Well, we were hooking up in secret. He didn't want a girlfriend, but I really liked him, so I just went with it, hoping he'd change his mind, and... he never did.

DEAN
So you lost it with someone who was
keeping you a secret?

LIV
I know it sounds terrible, don't
judge me.

DEAN
I'm not judging YOU, I'm judging
him! What an asshole.

She quickly regains composure as they approach her doorstep.

LIV
Well, this is me.

DEAN
Oh, that was quick.

LIV
Yeah.

DEAN
Alright. Don't go back to any bars
once I leave. You better be safe
for the night.

LIV
I'm safe. Hey- thanks for doing
what you did.

DEAN
Don't mention it.

LIV
I liked that side of you.

DEAN
Oh yeah?

LIV
You just took control.

DEAN
I do that sometimes.

BEAT.

Dean stares at her, then slowly walks her toward the wall. She leans back against it and he puts his hand around her neck, staring at her. He pauses, then looks down.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Okay. Good night.

LIV
(breathless)
Are you crazy?

DEAN
I must be.

LIV
Come inside.

DEAN
Liv, you know what's gonna happen.

LIV
Are you saying this for me or for
you?

Dean ponders this.

DEAN
I'm just, uh... I'm not gonna let
you have any regrets about me.

Liv looks into his eyes. This means a lot to her.

INT. MULLIGANS - EVENING - MONTAGE

We watch as Liv becomes a regular at the bar, going in at her
leisure and meeting more people.

SUPER: MAY

-Liv and Claire walk in, and Dean shouts to welcome them in.

-Dean shows Liv and Claire how to make a few drinks while
he's behind the bar.

-Liv takes her laptop and works on afternoons, sipping a gin
& tonic.

-Liv leans on the end of the bar, chatting with Mick, Hallie,
and some of the REGULARS. **We'll see some regulars mixed in
for the remainder of scenes in the bar.*

-Dean serves drinks and takes a shot with them.

INT. A SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Liv looks at herself in one of the sink mirrors.

SUPER: JUNE

She's dressed professionally, and carries a tote with a few folders in it. She smoothes her hair, eyebrows, and skirt.

INT. A SCHOOL ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - DAY

Liv sits in a waiting chair. The door to the principal's office opens, and PRINCIPAL VEGA walks out. He's late 40's, and has a jovial, peppy energy.

VEGA

Olivia!

Liv stands up immediately to shake his hand.

LIV

Principal Vega, hi!

VEGA

So great to see you again. Please, come in. Jamie was just leaving-- but you know each other, right?

A handsome man in his late 30's walks out of the office and smiles at her- this is JAMIE GORDON.

LIV

Oh! Mr. Gordon, hi, how are you?

JAMIE

Oh, call me Jamie- it's great to finally meet you.

They shake hands.

LIV

Right, we never officially-- I always knew who you were of course, it just never worked out that I had your class.

JAMIE

I know, Richard had the pleasure, but I knew who you were back in the day too. You were a lounge name.

LIV

(smiling, intrigued)
What is that?

Jamie looks to Vega, clearly hyping her up.

JAMIE

In the teacher's lounge, she was one of those students whose name gets brought up across departments. It's either really good or really bad.

LIV

Mm, well I was nothing if not a delinquent.

Vega and Jamie laugh.

JAMIE

Anyway, I'll let Vega take it away. I'm telling Richard you're here though, you're still his favorite student. Come catch up with us when you're done.

LIV

Okay, thanks!

Jamie walks away, and Vega smiles and shows her in.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Liv walks into the bar, breathlessly excited. It's starting to get busy. She sees Mick and lights up.

LIV

Mick!

MICK

What's up, Liv?

LIV

(beaming)

Umm... I've been employed.

MICK

Hey!

Mick grabs a tequila bottle and two large shot glasses.

LIV

Yes!

MICK

For the children.

LIV

For the children.

They clink and drink. Dean walks out of the back room.

DEAN
Whoa! We celebrating?

LIV
I am officially teaching high
school English.

He smiles and hugs her.

DEAN
I knew you'd get it.

INT. MULLIGANS- SAME NIGHT

Dean and Liv take a shot of tequila together, elbows interlocked. She sucks on a lime and then gives it to him.

'Wannabe' by the Spice Girls comes on, and Liv starts dancing. Hallie sees her from across the way and points at her, also singing, and they dance their way to each other.

INT. MULLIGANS - SAME NIGHT

Dean is flirting with a hot girl named ALYSSA. Liv observes them from the other end of the bar. Mick notices as he wipes down glasses.

MICK
He's never closed the deal here, he
was always with Sydney.

LIV
Hm?

MICK
Dean. You were watching him, I
thought you were curious.

Liv stares at Mick, ready to fight, but there's no point.

LIV
Alright Mick, since you're so hyper-
vigilant, keep talkin'.

MICK
(laughing)
What do you want to know?

Liv stares at Dean.

LIV

Look at him. He oozes confidence.

MICK

He's getting back in the game, the guy could use a lay. And not from you.

LIV

Thanks.

MICK

I mean, he could stand to sow some oats. You gotta let him.

LIV

Do you see me putting up a fight?

MICK

You spin his brain in a weird way, and you know it. He doesn't want to hurt you.

LIV

He's not.

MICK

Uh huh.

Liv scoffs.

LIV

You guys really talk about this?

MICK

No, I can just tell. He's my boy.

LIV

(in disbelief)

He's your boy?

MICK

That's what I said.

LIV

Great. So how's he gonna just leave his post if he hits it off with this girl? You guys don't close for hours.

MICK

What do you think the storage room upstairs is for?

LIV
Not storage, apparently?

MICK
Fuck no.

INT. MULLIGANS - SAME NIGHT

It's almost closing time. Only the bartenders, the regulars, and Alyssa are left, about 10 people.

Dean and Liv are working the speaker system together. He hands her the iPod plugged in, and lets her choose.

"New York, New York" by Frank Sinatra starts playing, and she smiles.

DEAN
Oh, hell yeah.

Dean gets dramatic.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Start spreading the news...

He extends his hand to Liv. She takes it.

DEAN & LIV
I'm leavin' today...

They continue singing- Dean gets behind the bar and uses a soda gun as a mic. Liv hoists herself onto one of the tall tables, singing with her legs dangling off of it.

Dean keeps getting the verses wrong as they perform.

At the slow beat, Dean starts waving the soda gun like a maraca and sprays soda into the air. Much of it lands back onto him, but who cares?

Liv joins Dean for the last verse, both of them singing into the soda gun.

Everyone is smashed, hooting and howling as the song ends.

Elated, Liv takes in her surroundings, and turns back around to see **Dean has grabbed Alyssa's waist, now kissing her.**

MICK
Last call, everyone!

Face fallen, Liv gets out from behind the bar to get her purse from the table.

She sees Dean and Alyssa walking up the back stairwell to the storage room as she turns to leave the bar.

INT. LIV'S FUTURE CLASSROOM - MORNING

Liv is setting up a few things in her classroom, and talking to her own former English teacher- RICHARD. He is a warm and sarcastic man, in his late fifties.

SUPER: JULY

RICHARD
(re: the room)
Is it just like you pictured?

LIV
Well, being my alma mater and all... I sorta already knew what it looked like.

Richard laughs.

LIV (CONT'D)
It's really nice you guys are letting me set up early.

RICHARD
You kidding? If Jamie and I have to be here for summer school, we're dragging you in with us.

LIV
(laughing)
No seriously, I really appreciate this. If I can make my class half of what yours was, I'll be happy.

RICHARD
Oh, stop. No, don't.

Liv laughs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Keep hyping me up, I mean it.

LIV
Be careful what you wish for. I'll start sending singing telegrams to your classroom.

RICHARD
I don't think they do those anymore.

LIV

Never underestimate the student government.

Richard heads for the door, then turns back.

RICHARD

Did Vega tell you about the Teacher's Conference in New York?

LIV

Yeah, he did.

RICHARD

It's gonna be a blowout.

LIV

I can't wait.

RICHARD

Good. I'm happy for you, kid.

LIV

Thanks, Richard.

He heads out, and Liv surveys her classroom.

INT. LIV'S FUTURE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie knocks and walks in, a confident swagger to him.

LIV

Hey!

JAMIE

How's it going in here?

LIV

Not bad, but I'm realizing I do not have a knack for decor, or possibly any kind of personal aesthetic.

JAMIE

Uh oh.

Jamie picks up an expensive looking mini-sculpture of Venus from one of her boxes. She has a cheap but cute tin ring hanging from her fingertips.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(re: the ring)

You know, this is what we call gilding the lily.

LIV
That's a long story.

JAMIE
Oh, thank God. Lay it on me.

He sits down on one of the desks. She smiles.

LIV
I never tell that story.

Jamie gives her a quizzical look.

JAMIE
Why the Venus sculpture?

LIV
Uh... I won her after a game of
Around the World in sixth grade.
The topic was etymology, in case
you were wondering.

JAMIE
I was, very shrewd.

Liv sits down on top of a desk too and faces him. She stretches her legs out to rest onto his chair, and he does the same onto hers.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
And the ring?

LIV
That's a petty thing, a little
memento from high school. I don't
know if you remember Tommy Saraya.

JAMIE
Tommy Saraya, yeah. He was my
student. Bright kid. Kind of a star
basketball player, right?

LIV
Mhmm.

JAMIE
The Tomahawk.

LIV
(laughing)
Yeah, you remember that?

JAMIE

It just didn't really make sense.
It's either a tiny plane or an axe,
it's- it's not a nickname
indicative of the sport.

LIV

Oh hundred percent, nobody knew
what a tomahawk was.

JAMIE

So what's the story? You two date?

LIV

No, we didn't. We became friends,
sort of randomly, and we started
hanging out. I had a thing for him,
but I never did anything about it.
Just sort of assumed he was
unreachable. But we were having
this blowout campfire at the end of
freshman year, and this guy... this
street vendor near the pier, he
picked Saraya out of a crowd of us
and gave him that little handmade
ring. He named some easy price, a
buck or two, and said "I know
someone like you would have someone
to give this to." And the girls
crowded around Tommy, almost making
their cases for it. He went along
with it, and let them all hang
there for a little while, but he
said he'd decide later. And-

Liv looks at Jamie and shakes her head, weirded out at
herself.

LIV (CONT'D)

Well, I mean, here I am with it,
you can guess the rest. Enough
about me, my God.

JAMIE

That is not the end of that story.

LIV

(smiling)
Shrewd.

JAMIE

You're holding out on me.

LIV
Well we only just met.

She continues to unpack her things.

JAMIE
Women and their secrets.

LIV
Why don't you even the score?

JAMIE
Mmm, no... I don't want to even the score. I want to blow your story out of the water so that you owe me the rest of that one.

LIV
Men and their favors.

Jamie laughs.

LIV (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me about your first day teaching?

JAMIE
Oh, I don't tell that story unless I have a drink in my hand.

Liv cocks her head at him, and opens her mouth to speak.

INT. MULLIGANS - EVENING

Liv is at the bar with Dean, eating the olives he keeps setting out in a bowl as he preps. He slaps her hand.

DEAN
Stop it.

LIV
Can I have a cherry?

DEAN
Here, suck on a lemon.

He hands her one.

LIV
Hey, I invited one of my co-workers tonight. He's a good guy, I think you'll like him.

DEAN
Oh, I doubt it. What's his name?

LIV
Jamie.

DEAN
Does he like you?

LIV
Duh.

DEAN
You know what I mean, does he like
you?

LIV
What did I just say?

Liv eats another olive.

DEAN
Liv-

LIV
Sorry.

DEAN
Is this a date?

LIV
I honestly can't tell, I have to
suss it out.

DEAN
Oh, this is so much fun, okay. What
makes you think I'll like him?

LIV
Well I don't really tend to
befriend the dregs of humanity.

DEAN
There's a sizeable gap between that
and "good guy." When's he getting
here?

LIV
In a few minutes. But can you be
nice? I kinda described this bar as
white glove service.

DEAN
Liv! We only do that for you!

LIV
Stop bogarting the olives then.

DEAN
Stop advertising for us, you're
gonna ruin our rep. Mick!

Mick pops his head out of the back room.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Can you check the graffiti status
in the bathroom?

MICK
Yah.

LIV
Thank you.

Dean grabs a Sharpie from under the counter and whistles,
throws it to Mick. He catches it and salutes Dean. Liv stares
at him.

LIV (CONT'D)
Unbelievable.

DEAN
I'm sorry Liv, but we're seedy and
we're proud, and this guy's gonna
have to really impress me if he
wants to wet his whistle here. Wet
his whistle. Wet his- MICK!

Dean shouts, and Mick pops his head back out of the bathroom.

DEAN (CONT'D)
"Wet your whistle," arrow toward
toilet.

MICK
Roger that.

LIV
You are so jealous.

DEAN
Couldn't be less true, couldn't be
more excited.

Liv's phone buzzes, she checks it.

LIV
Oh, he's here.

Liv walks to the front. Mick starts helping Dean prep.

MICK
Are you gonna be chill?

DEAN
Probably not.

MICK
Sick.

Liv and Jamie walk in and approach the bar.

JAMIE
(to Liv)
This is a cool place.

DEAN & MICK
Thanks.

Jamie looks over at them, acknowledging.

JAMIE
Oh, hey. Uh, let's see. Can I
get... actually, can I try the
Hazed and Confused?

DEAN
What is this, Pinkberry?

LIV
Dean, pour him a taste!

DEAN
It was a joke!

JAMIE
Actually, you know what, it's okay.
I'll have it.

DEAN
Roger.

LIV
(to Dean, scolding)
Okay, well... that was a very
normal request. So.

DEAN
The man's decided, Liv.

LIV
(to Jamie)
Shall we grab a table?

JAMIE
Don't you want anything?

LIV
Oh, he- he just surprises me.

DEAN
I know what she likes.

Jamie laughs, sort of. Liv shoots daggers. Dean smiles.

Suddenly, an attractive woman named JENNY walks through the door, and calls out a hi to Dean. Liv and Jamie make their way to a table, but Liv looks back and sees Jenny lean on the counter and start flirting with Dean.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Liv and Jamie settle into a booth, his beer in hand. Hallie walks by and hands Liv a drink. She checks Jamie out and winks at Liv as she walks away.

LIV
Thanks Hallie.

JAMIE
What'd he fix ya?

Liv takes a sip and smiles.

LIV
Old Fashioned.

JAMIE
Nice. I uh, I think that bartender's got a bit of a thing for you.

LIV
I've sorta got a thing for him too.

JAMIE
Oh, is that right?

LIV
Yeah, exasperation. Sometimes a little disdain.

Jamie laughs.

LIV (CONT'D)
So, back to business. Your first day on the job.

JAMIE
Ah, okay. I basically died.

LIV
Touch of the nerves?

JAMIE
Oh don't get me wrong, there was plenty of that-- but I legitimately had to fake my death.

LIV
What?

JAMIE
You might want to settle in for this one.

Liv smiles and gets comfortable.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I was hired here when I was a wee lad of 24, not unlike yourself.

LIV
Mhmm.

JAMIE
Lassie, in your case.

LIV
Oh, sure.

JAMIE
I was taking over for a woman who had just moved, so I show up on a Monday, mid-semester. And everyone has forgotten to mention to me that it was the first day of the Every Fifteen Minutes program.

LIV
Oh, no.

JAMIE
(reassuringly)
Oh- it gets so much worse.

Liv laughs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So I'm walking through the front office to check in, and the guy from CHP is standing there, kind of... kind of hissy about something. I wasn't listening. But he hears me talking to the secretary, and he goes, "hey- are you telling me you're not a student here?"

Liv cackles. Jamie smiles, enjoying this.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Fresh faced boy scout, if you'll recall. So I'm over here like "gee sir, no. I'm an adult man with a teaching credential and a signature that's worth a damn." Turns out, one of the students who was supposed to play a 'dead kid' in the re-enactments, got sick with the flu the night before. They couldn't get another kid's parents to come sign all the paperwork and get briefed on all the shit they have to go through in time, and they thought, hey. This guy can step right in and make a believable 17-year-old.

Liv grabs his arm, invested.

LIV

You had to be a dead kid your first day of school?!

JAMIE

Olivia-- the principal called a SUB for MY first day on the job, and instead, I got rescued from the simulation of a smashed car by the Jaws of Life.

LIV

(in stitches)

Oh, Jamie.

JAMIE

It wasn't the start to my career I was hoping for.

LIV

The curse of an optimist.

JAMIE

Yeah, that's right. You're gonna be great though. You've got that uh, je ne sais quoi.

She smiles at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So how about you tell me the rest of the story?

LIV

How about I tell you when I tell you?

Jamie raises his glass to her, and takes a sip.

JAMIE

Your move.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT, LATER

Liv waves goodbye to Jamie as he heads out. She sits back down at the bar, happy.

DEAN

So how was it?

LIV

It was good, we had a great time.

DEAN

Very clever choice. Well done.

LIV

What do you mean?

DEAN

Going out with a coworker.

LIV

Yeah, and?

DEAN

Well it's not like it can go any further. Isn't that off-limits in and of itself?

LIV

What are you talking about, you can go out with a co-worker. Take Mick and Hallie.

DEAN
Yeah but like-

He slams his fists together and makes a sound with his mouth.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Boffing 'em. Kinda taboo, right?

LIV
Well someone should tell Mick and Hallie.

DEAN
(laughing)
Well, this isn't exactly what you'd call a professional environment.

LIV
Hey Sparky, you don't need to tell me.

DEAN
Hey wise-ass-- why don't you find a little self-restraint so you don't have to lean on societal norms to hold you to your own resolve.

LIV
Are you quite credentialed to be psycho-analyzing me?

DEAN
I lunch with all the Humanities 101ers.

LIV
So what are you saying, you think I gravitated toward him so I'd stick to my guns easier? What, my heart of hearts knows we shouldn't sleep together?

DEAN
Yeah, right on the dough. It's like you're protecting yourself.

LIV
Maybe I'm tempting myself.

DEAN
Come on, you'd be certifiable to let it go any further with this guy. It's your first job, and you haven't even started yet.

LIV

I just don't think it would be as weird as you do. Are you telling me you've never flirted with a co-worker?

DEAN

Uh, not since I was like, head lifeguard in high school.

LIV

Oh, so a subordinate.

DEAN

Not that it's even on the same axis as my point, but it wasn't like that! I'm a stand-up guy, you know me. I'm a nice guy. I'm not the one causing problems, I'm the one that gets cheated on.

BEAT.

LIV

Oh, Dean.

DEAN

Sorry, I- I didn't mean to bring that up.

LIV

Look... I don't know why she cheated. I don't. And even if you find out, it's not going to help you.

Dean lets out a heavy sigh.

DEAN

Yeah.

LIV

Hey, listen- you're... you're an enigma. You're a gentleman, and you're a rogue. I mean, you'll open the door for me just as soon as you'll slam a guy into a wall for me. You calculate things and you follow your gut. You're like, the most unpredictable guy I've ever met, but for some reason I feel like I've always known you.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

I mean, how do you explain leaving
a person like that? She doesn't
deserve you. That's all there is to
it.

Dean looks at her. He pushes a tray of olives toward her.

DEAN

You get some olives for that.

Liv laughs and pops one into her mouth.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

Liv opens the teacher's lounge door to exit, cup of coffee in
hand, and almost runs into Jamie as he enters.

Oh! LIV Oh! JAMIE

LIV (CONT'D)
Sorry!

JAMIE
You okay there?

LIV
(re: the coffee)
Saved it.

JAMIE
Impressive reflexes.

LIV
Sometimes I surprise myself.

JAMIE
I'm sure you could make a coffee
stain look good, but I would have
felt awful.

Jamie walks toward the coffee maker, and she smiles to
herself as she walks out the door.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Claire and Liv are in a family size fitting room, with
clothes strewn about as they undress.

LIV
Claire.

CLAIRE

Yeah?

LIV

I am... very attracted to Jamie
Gordon.

Claire's eyes widen in the mirror, but not in shock- it's a scolding look.

CLAIRE

Dude!

LIV

I know.

They start putting on dresses.

CLAIRE

You have a problem.

LIV

I know.

CLAIRE

Can we unpack this?

Claire zips Liv up.

LIV

Sure, let's do it.

They both study Liv's dress in the mirror.

LIV (CONT'D)

I love it.

CLAIRE

So do I.

LIV

I'm getting it.

CLAIRE

Good. Ok, I'm trying to figure out
your thing with older guys, let's
start there. How old is he?

LIV

Gotta be mid-thirties.

CLAIRE

Olivia. In a few years, AARP is going to call him, on his birthday, to ask if he's made funeral arrangements.

LIV

Okay FIRST of all, they call you when you're fifty, and that is not what they ask you.

CLAIRE

I just don't understand the attraction to older guys.

LIV

Okay, you have no legs to stand on. You are Christopher Plummer's biggest fan, and that guy is brittle bones.

CLAIRE

No, false. It's just Captain Von Trapp that does it for me.

LIV

That makes so much more sense.

CLAIRE

The man can blow a whistle.

LIV

I won't contest that. But what about like, George Clooney?

CLAIRE

Here's the thing. If George Clooney started hitting on me, would I say no? Of course not. But if a sixty-year-old man who kind of looked like George Clooney, but was not him, tried something with me?

LIV

I see what you're saying.

CLAIRE

It's George Clooney, or I walk.

LIV

Fair. But it's also a maturity thing. Jamie has this swagger that's actually earned.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

And he's just so much more
interesting than 24-year-old guys.

CLAIRE

Do you actually flirt with him?

LIV

It's not so forthright, it's
just... it's not even what we say
to each other, it's the way we say
it. I can just feel that he's aware
of it.

CLAIRE

Do you think he would actually act
on it?

LIV

I guess we'll find out.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Jamie and Liv walk to their classrooms together, as Vega
crosses their path.

VEGA

Hey, guys!

LIV

Morning!

JAMIE

Hey!

VEGA

You ready for the conference?

JAMIE

You know it.

LIV

Can't wait.

VEGA

Hope you're preparing your alcohol
tolerances.

Jamie and Liv laugh as he passes. Once he's out of earshot:

LIV

Was that a joke?

JAMIE

No, no it wasn't. This conference is sort a last hurrah before the school year begins for all the teachers who attend... and we definitely lean into that after normal conference hours.

LIV

Oh, right on.

JAMIE

Did you see on the itinerary that we're doing dinner at the Tavern?

LIV

Yeah, I looked it up, it's gorgeous.

JAMIE

I never know what to wear to these things.

LIV

Sport coat, chinos. Next question.

JAMIE

(laughing)

Thank you. What about you?

LIV

Wow, no man has ever genuinely asked me about my outfit plans.

JAMIE

It should be a two way street, don't you think?

She laughs.

LIV

I'll match the formalities, I'll come prepared with a sundress.

JAMIE

Very nice.

They reach the partition between their rooms and stop. They stumble over a goodbye.

LIV

Well, I gotta-

JAMIE
Yeah, do your thing.

He salutes her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I don't know why I just-

She laughs and salutes him back, and they both walk into their classrooms.

EXT. GOLF COURSE DRIVING RANGE - EARLY EVENING

Liv and Dean are hitting a bucket of balls together. Liv hits a great shot. They both shield their eyes as the sun goes down, watching the ball fly.

DEAN
Oh, baby.

LIV
There she goes.

DEAN
I didn't know when I asked you to do this that you'd be better than me. By the way, my buddy at the front desk said we're the last here for the night, we can stay as long as we want. We just have to collect our own golf balls.

LIV
Fair price, I'll take it.

They continue tee'ing up.

LIV (CONT'D)
You ever think you'd like to sit down with the person you were at 17, and see what he was like to talk to?

DEAN
I hadn't ever thought about it. I think I remember his general frame of mind though.

Liv laughs.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Why, do you?

LIV

Yeah, I've thought about that a lot lately. I feel like I wasn't that different. I mean... I've learned a ton since then, but I don't think I've changed that much. But then I realize, I didn't even know what I wanted for my life back then, so... how can I be even close to who I was?

DEAN

Of course you knew what you wanted when you were 17.

LIV

No really, I didn't have a clue.

Dean stews on this for a moment.

DEAN

Do you know about the Ship of Theseus?

LIV

He forgot to change the flags, right?

DEAN

Oh- yeah, that's right, yeah. But the other story, the identity paradox.

LIV

I don't think so.

DEAN

It goes like this: the Athenians wanted to preserve that ship he sailed to Crete and back. So when planks of wood from the ship would decay, they'd replace them one by one with metal. They did this until the entire ship was made of this new material that never actually sailed that voyage-- but the wooden planks that did were laying in a heap somewhere, rotting. And therein lies the question... which one is the Ship of Theseus?

Liv thinks.

LIV

Oh my God, I have no idea.

DEAN

Good-- you really wanna let this one marinate.

LIV

I love this assignment.

EXT. GOLF COURSE DRIVING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Dean and Liv walk through the green to collect their balls.

DEAN

What made you think about you at 17?

LIV

I think just being back at my old school. I had no idea back then how much would change, and how much would stay exactly the same.

Dean nods. Liv looks around. The sun is setting beautifully.

Dean lays down on the grass. She lies down next to him. They stare at the colors in the sky.

BEAT.

DEAN

Have you ever been in love?

Liv turns to face him.

LIV

No sir. What's it like?

DEAN

Your guess is as good as mine. Honestly, I can't even think of a successful relationship I've seen up close. Everyone in my family fucks this up. I sat through what I now recognize as five mediocre years, and got cheated on. My parents got divorced when I was 15-- I spent half my life thinking I knew what love was, only to find out they were doing it wrong. I don't know.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes I just think, how could it ever be any different for me?

LIV

You're just one person, Dean. It takes two.

DEAN

I guess.

LIV

(more adamant)

It does. You know it does, right?

DEAN

I just don't want to mess up. Especially with the right person. Maybe that's why...

LIV

What?

He stares at her, and finally shakes his head.

DEAN

Nothing.

LIV

Dean...

DEAN

No, it's... I don't know what I'm thinking. But if I had to guess what it feels like to be in love- I mean, truly the real deal- I think you'll want to get a glimpse of life through that person's eyes, and figure them out through what they know and how they think. Meld perceptions, argue the disparities.

LIV

I guess that is what it all comes down to. Craving someone else's mind, and divulging your own.

DEAN

Wanting someone to teach you everything they know.

LIV

(taking this in)

Yeah... Yeah. Teach you everything they know.

The quietness sets in.

I/E. LIV'S CAR - NIGHT, LATER

Liv drives Dean home from the golf course. Evocative music plays as they flit their eyes at each other.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Liv parks the car, and they both unbuckle to get more comfortable. They stare out the front window for a moment.

He drums his fingers on his leg. Liv glances at him. He can't figure out his next move. She watches him flail internally.

LIV

Well... I guess I should head home.

DEAN

You're gonna leave?

LIV

It's late.

DEAN

That's what you're gonna do when there's nothing left to say?

Liv looks at him, intrigued.

LIV

When there's nothing left to say, what else is there to do?

He stares at her, then reaches over and turns the car off. She takes a breath.

Suddenly, a car pulls up in front of them. They both look out the window as another hot girl gets out of the car and walks toward Dean's stoop. This is AMANDA.

DEAN

Shit.

Dean's phone rings- it's Amanda. Liv subtly reaches for her keys back as the moment is shattered.

LIV

Well, I'll let you go.

Dean silences the call.

DEAN
W-w-wait, Livi, hold on. I didn't
invite her.

LIV
Dean, it's okay. I was gonna leave
anyway.

DEAN
I'll go talk to her.

LIV
And say what?

DEAN
I don't know, I'll just be honest
with her.

Dean gets out of the car.

LIV
(quietly)
Lucky girl.

Dean pops his head back in.

DEAN
Sorry?

LIV
Nothing, I- I really need to head
home. I could use a good night's
sleep.

BEAT.

DEAN
Okay.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

A plane lands on the runway at JFK.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Dean, Hallie, and Mick are tending bar together.

HALLIE
Where's Liv tonight?

DEAN

She's in New York at a teacher's conference for a few nights.

HALLIE

Oh, that's right.

Hallie looks at Dean, curious.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

You really don't care that she's there with Jamie?

DEAN

Jamie? No. No. Liv and I... Look, I don't know if you know, but we kind of have this thing going on. It's hard to explain.

HALLIE

Dean, I want to ask you something, and I want you to answer truthfully.

DEAN

Sure, what's up?

HALLIE

Do you think this outfit makes me look... I don't know, like I was BORN YESTERDAY?

DEAN

(laughing)

Okay, how should I have known--

MICK

Bro, you- and I can't stress this enough- could not be more obvious.

HALLIE

You carry a picture of her in your wallet.

DEAN

It's an inside joke!

HALLIE

One in which you carry a picture of her in your wallet.

DEAN

Okay thanks, Counselor, look-- I'm just saying, I know what I'm doing. She knows it too.

HALLIE

You finally told her how you feel?

DEAN

I'll do it when she's back.

HALLIE

Oh God.

DEAN

See Hallie, contrary to your belief that you've got me all figured out, there are still a few surprises left in me.

HALLIE

Dean, what if she ends up with Jamie?

DEAN

She's not gonna actually go for him. She hasn't even mentioned him in weeks.

HALLIE

Not to you maybe. You've flounced around the storage room all summer and she's been utterly unproblematic about it, but he set foot in here once and you got all fatootsed.

DEAN

Alright-- alright alright alright. I'm just saying, I think I'd know if he was a real issue. Tell me I'm wrong.

BEAT.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Tell me I'm wrong, Hallie.

Hallie opens her mouth but a small noise come out.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hallie-

HALLIE
I wouldn't bet the house.

DEAN
Hallie!

HALLIE
Dean, she's been really patient.
That's not gonna last forever.
You're lucky it's lasted this long,
and now she's on a trip with some
other guy who's been catching her
eye while you weren't looking? I
think you're missing your shot.

DEAN
You didn't want to tell me any of
this before she got on a plane?

HALLIE
Is that my job?

DEAN
Are you my friend?

HALLIE
Can you be a man?

DEAN
Give me the phone.

INT. LIV'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (NY)

Liv is wearing a flattering sundress, and putting lotion on her legs in the bathroom. Her phone buzzes- it's Dean.

LIV
Hey, what's up!

DEAN (O.S.)
Hey, just wanted to make sure you
made it in okay.

LIV
Awh, thanks. All in one piece.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS (CA)

Dean's on the bar's landline. Hallie and Mick eavesdrop.

DEAN
Good. So what are you up to?

LIV (O.S.)
 Tonight's the introduction dinner,
 and then we'll probably go out
 after.

DEAN
 Oh yeah, where to?

LIV
 Well, I'm keeping my eyes peeled
 for a karaoke bar, but Vega and
 Richard are less enthused about
 that one, so we'll see where the
 night takes Jamie and I.

DEAN
 Well... don't do anything you'll
 regret, you know?

INT. LIV'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (NY)

LIV
 What, sing a Donny and Marie?

Dean laughs.

DEAN (O.S.)
 Right. No, I'm just saying, a
 handsome guy, a dash of scandal, a
 night on the town-- don't lose your
 inhibitions.

Liv balks slightly.

LIV
 You're kinda selling me on the
 opposition here.

A knock at Liv's door.

LIV (CONT'D)
 Oh, I gotta go-- listen, I'll talk
 to you later, okay?

DEAN (O.S.)
 Alright, talk later.

They hang up.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Dean looks at Hallie.

HALLIE

Ya really set 'em up for her to
knock 'em down, didn't you?

DEAN

Shut up.

EXT. TAVERN ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Liv walks into the restaurant venue. Jamie is mid-conversation, and sees her from across the way. He makes his way over to her. He's wearing a sport coat and chinos.

JAMIE

Hey!

LIV

You're looking sharp.

JAMIE

Oh, thank you. I should have asked
you about the shoes, I think I
screwed up the whole look.

LIV

I don't think you compromised
anything.

JAMIE

(cracking a smile)
Oh yeah?

LIV

Yeah. Wanna head to the bar?

JAMIE

Let's do it.

They start walking together.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You're looking quite lovely, by the
way.

LIV

Oh, thanks. So is this what you
were picturing?

JAMIE

What, the party?

LIV

No, the sundress.

He stops walking, causing her to do the same. He gives a quizzical smile.

JAMIE

I don't think you're supposed to talk to me that way.

LIV

(not sorry)

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you kinda liked it.

BEAT. He looks at her, really taking her in.

JAMIE

I didn't say I didn't like it.

Liv smiles, and they keep walking.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT - LATER

Vega, Richard, Jamie, and Liv are walking back to the hotel from the event, when they come across a HONKY TONK BAR. It's lit up, and the music playing inside can be heard from where they stand on the street.

They all look at each other for a few moments.

INT. THE HONKY TONK - MINUTES LATER

They clink four beers and drink, with pandemonium and dancing going on in the background. Liv flags back the BARTENDER.

LIV

Four tequilas shots, and one for yourself please.

The bartender pours them all a shot and takes one with them.

INT. THE HONKY TONK - MONTAGE

-Vega places a cowboy hat on all of their heads. They cheer.

-Liv sits next to Richard at the bar as they drink a flight of beers, racing their way to the middle.

-Liv and Jamie dance to an upbeat song while Vega and Richard clap, seated at a nearby table.

INT. THE HONKY TONK - LATER

The night is winding down- Vega and Richard are arm-in-arm, swaying and chanting what sounds like a college fight song. They lead a small crowd, and no one really knows the words.

Angle on Liv and Jamie in the corner, away from the crowd-- both down to a nice buzz.

JAMIE

Did you ever learn to line dance?

He demonstrates.

LIV

No, but- wow, you do that very well. Here, come here. Anyone ever show you this move?

She takes his hand, and he hesitates for a second. He looks at her, then lets her lead. She puts his hand on her waist, and they slow dance. He looks down at her.

JAMIE

Yeah, I used to make that move.

LIV

So you know it.

JAMIE

It's all sort of coming back to me.

They keep dancing slowly.

INT. LIV'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Liv is standing over her bathtub, painting her toenails. She is wearing her white hotel bathrobe and drinking red wine from a bottle (clearly from the mini-fridge). Her phone sits on the tub, FaceTime dialing Claire.

Claire's face appears on the phone.

CLAIRE

Status report?

LIV

Oh, we're gonna FUUUUUCK.

CLAIRE

YES!

LIV

And it's gonna be good. There's no blueprint here, but we're about to lay fucking BRICK.

CLAIRE

This biiiiitch.

LIV

Okay, but this next part is subtle. I have to do this right, I mean-- we do work together. What's a tasteful way of saying I want it?

CLAIRE

Um... "Let's rendezvous later."

Liv laughs, disgusted.

LIV

NO!

CLAIRE

"I'm gonna go slip into something more comfortable."

LIV

You're overcorrecting.

CLAIRE

Fine.

LIV

You sound like you're reciting a scene from "Pretty Woman."

CLAIRE

Don't say anything then. Just do the 'fuck me' eyes.

LIV

And sold, to old faithful. When?

CLAIRE

I don't know, just... feel your way. Feel your way, as the great Olivia Newton John once said.

LIV

Great. Helpful.

CLAIRE

Your namesake.

LIV

Mm, nope.

CLAIRE

That was from the musical Grease,
in case you needed to know.

LIV

I- obviously!

INT. CONFERENCE HOTEL - NIGHT

The second day of the conference is winding down, and people are mingling and chatting inside.

Jamie eyes Liv chatting with a HANDSOME MAN, then pretends to be interested in his group as they shake hands and start to part ways.

Handsome Man laughs at Liv's inaudible storytelling. She glances over at Jamie's group beginning to scatter, and says goodbye to the man.

She approaches Jamie.

LIV

Hey, I was thinking it might be nice to take a walk before we all get drinks, if you're in.

JAMIE

Oh, great. You want me to let Richard and Vega know?

LIV

Mm... no.

Liv turns around and starts walking. Jamie smiles.

JAMIE

Alright.

He catches up with her.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK POND - NIGHT

Liv and Jamie are walking the perimeter of the pond, now in a more secluded area.

LIV

I bet this is where all the teenagers sneak off to. I know I would have.

Jamie studies her as she studies her surroundings.

LIV (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming with me.

JAMIE

Any time.

They stop walking, and Liv looks at the night sky.

LIV

That's Jupiter, you know.

JAMIE

No, where?

LIV

Here, stand right here. Look straight up.

Liv positions Jamie, and they stand face to face, both looking up at the sky.

JAMIE

That's amazing.

LIV

It's gorgeous.

BEAT.

JAMIE

Is it really Jupiter?

LIV

I don't know.

They laugh and he looks down at her.

JAMIE

So you like sneaking around?

Liv nods. She lets her hand graze his, and they both look down at it.

He leans in and kisses her. It's slow and deep, and they wrap their arms around each other.

After a few moments, Jamie pulls away. He moves her hair out of her face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I finally get to leave you wanting more.

LIV
(breathless)
I always want more.

EXT. NYC STREETS - EVENING

Liv is walking, clearly on her way somewhere, dressed nicely. Her phone rings- it's Mulligans. She picks up.

LIV
Heyo.

DEAN (O.S.)
Hey!

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean is alone, flipping through TV channels as he preps.

LIV (O.S.)
What's going on?

DEAN
I just wanted to chat. I hope the conference is going well.

LIV (O.S.)
It's good, it's really really good, I'm having the best time.

DEAN
There's something I wanted to-- the literature conference is really that good? What's happening, did Hemingway rise?

LIV (O.S.)
Better.

DEAN
(skeptical)
Better?

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

LIV
(conceding)
Approximate.

DEAN (O.S.)
Give it to me!

LIV
Jamie kissed me.

BEAT.

LIV (CONT'D)
Dean?

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean is silently slamming his fist onto the counter.

DEAN
No, I'm here- whoa.
(vamping)
Look at you, running mad game on a
school trip.

LIV (O.S.)
You know I'm a sucker for this
shit.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

DEAN (O.S.)
You cunning little tart. You bagged
a teacher.

LIV
I wanted a professor, but he held
out on me too long.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean looks wistful at this.

DEAN
Well, you've always been greedy.

Liv laughs out loud.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Listen, go easy on him, alright? I know sex doesn't mean anything to you, but you could break the guy's heart.

LIV (O.S.)

Sex doesn't mean anything to me?

DEAN

I mean, not in the way you do it-- or used to.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Liv scoffs.

DEAN (O.S.)

No, shit. That's not what I meant. Can I just- I just know it's not what you want for yourself.

LIV

And what is it that I want?

DEAN (O.S.)

I'm gonna backtrack. All I meant was- and I love this about you- you know how to get what you want.

LIV

Not always.

DEAN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

BEAT.

LIV

You know exactly what I mean.

She opens her mouth to speak again, then hangs up instead. She looks at her phone, surprised at herself.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean looks at the phone, completely confused.

EXT. NEW YORK PIZZA PARLOR - EVENING

Liv arrives at her destination, and walks in to see Jamie, Richard, and Vega waiting for her at a table.

INT. NEW YORK PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

The four of them are finishing up their dinner.

VEGA

What do you all say? Any more stops tonight?

Liv flits her eyes quickly to Jamie. He catches it.

JAMIE

I'm actually getting kind of tired. Might have to call it this time.

VEGA

Oh, thank God.

RICHARD

I could use a break from being out on the town, myself.

VEGA

We can pass the baton to Olivia. Be free, enjoy your last night in the city.

LIV

Nah, I've had my eye on that hotel bathrobe for a while now.

RICHARD

There you go!

INT. HARRY'S BAR - NIGHT

A classy hotel restaurant/bar with jazzy music playing lazily in the background. Not many people. Jamie is sitting at the bar, waiting when Liv walks in.

JAMIE

Thought we could have a nightcap.

LIV

I like your style.

She sits down. They angle themselves toward each other on their barstools, knees almost touching.

A bartender in his early 60's approaches- this is HARRY. He hands them two menus, with the name HARRY'S BAR on top.

HARRY
Evening.

LIV
Hi, how are you?

HARRY
Can't complain.

LIV
Are you Harry?

HARRY
How'd you know?

LIV
Well you're walkin' around here
like you own the damn place.

Harry laughs.

HARRY
What'll it be, sweetheart?

LIV
Um, a double scotch, neat.

JAMIE
Make it two.

LIV
Oh God no, I was ordering for you.
I'll have a Heineken please.

JAMIE
Well Jesus, I only matched so I
could keep up with you. Two beers,
two beers please.

Harry laughs as he reaches for the bottle opener.

HARRY
Got it. And a double scotch on the
house.

Liv smiles at him.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Dean, Mick, and Hallie are huddled around the bar. There is some hustle and bustle behind them, but it's not crowded.

DEAN

I'm telling you, she said "You know exactly what I mean," but it was cryptic as hell. The woman's a walking contradiction, she always has been.

A CUSTOMER approaches.

CUSTOMER

Hi there.

DEAN, MICK, HALLIE

(scattered)

Hold on, not now.

HALLIE

(back to Dean)

Look, do you want me to break it down for you?

DEAN

Do I-- Do I want you to break it down for me?

HALLIE

(more intensely)

Do you want me to break it down for you?

DEAN

No Hallie, I'm bearing my soul because it's rejuvenating, YES I'd like you to break it down.

HALLIE

She still wants you! She's been so patient with you, and she has NO idea that you're finally ready for a relationship! So she's been distracting herself with this Jamie guy, but I really think it's starting to turn into something more. You have to tell her how you feel.

DEAN

Shit.

Dean dials the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)
She's not picking up.

His phone buzzes in his ear, and he looks at it-- **a text from Liv**. He reads it aloud.

DEAN (CONT'D)
"Having a drink with Jamie. Talk to you tomorrow."

Dean puts his phone down, defeated.

DEAN (CONT'D)
It's 1:30 in the morning there.

MICK
Maybe it'll just be a one night thing.

DEAN
No, it won't be. Liv's off meaningless sex. If they sleep together, then she really likes him. That's it for me.

MICK
Tell her when she gets home.

DEAN
She's gonna think I'm such an asshole. I lost my chance.

HALLIE
No, you're not getting out of this, you're still gonna tell her. You're gonna tell her the truth, and you're gonna feel more vulnerable than you ever have in your life, but you didn't leave yourself a choice. She deserves to know where your head's been. Are you picking her up from the airport?

DEAN
Her parents are.

HALLIE
Ask her to come here before you open.

DEAN
Okay. Okay.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - LATER

Liv and Jamie are sipping from their beer bottles. Harry is on the other end of the bar with other patrons, the place is quiet. Jamie eyes the scotch, still untouched.

JAMIE

This kind of thing happens to you a lot, doesn't it?

LIV

What?

JAMIE

You, making people's day just from one conversation with them.

LIV

Oh, come on.

JAMIE

Harry, Vega, Richard... that guy who was chatting you up at the conference last night.

LIV

What are you implying?

JAMIE

Nothing at all- I just admire you. You're very charming.

Liv smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something I might regret.

LIV

Hmm?

JAMIE

Which of us is the bad influence here?

LIV

Oh, me.

JAMIE

Okay, see now, I think so too.

Liv laughs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
But you know no one else beyond
this would be able to see that.

Their feet are interlocked, playing footsie now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We're not gonna sleep together,
just so you know.

Liv smirks at him curiously. He smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

LIV
Okay.

JAMIE
Liv, I'm trying to be a good man.

LIV
Well, stop it.

BEAT.

JAMIE
Tell me something.

LIV
Okay.

JAMIE
What happened with Tommy Saraya?

LIV
I knew you weren't gonna let that
go.

JAMIE
I like a good build-up.

LIV
Well, like I said, he was
unreachable. Everybody wanted him.
I wanted him more than anything,
but it wasn't something I let
myself really focus on, you know?
Waste of time. I was always dating
someone random, getting my kicks,
and I'd tell him about it, and
complain to him when we broke up.
And he'd listen.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

But at the end of senior year, he and I were laying on my floor, staring at the ceiling, reminiscing about high school. I asked him if he had any regrets. He got kinda quiet, and I thought I touched a nerve or something, and he left after a little while. But he came back to my house later that night, and... he gave me the ring. Just put it right in my hand, three years after he'd bought it.

JAMIE

Wow.

Liv nods and sips her drink.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Then what?

LIV

Nothing. We went to college.

JAMIE

Nothing ever happened?

Liv shrugs.

LIV

That's why I never tell that story-- because it isn't one.

JAMIE

You never asked him why he didn't say anything?

LIV

How could I? I never did either.

JAMIE

Do you still think about him?

LIV

I just think about what I learned from it. Kinda changed the way I go about certain things. A lot of things, I guess.

Jamie raises his beer, and she does too.

JAMIE

No more missed opportunities.

They cheers and smirk at each other.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Dean is sitting with Hallie at one of the tables. The bar's not open yet.

DEAN

I have a bad feeling Hal.

HALLIE

Okay, don't know what to tell you about that except maybe swallow it whole so you can act normal. You have one goal today. That is to tell her how you feel, honestly. No bullshitting. Acknowledge your shitty timing. An apologetic tone couldn't hurt. Is that clear?

DEAN

Yes, drill sergeant.

HALLIE

Now listen-- she might tell you things you don't want to hear. But whatever you do, do not go on the offensive.

DEAN

Ten four.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Liv leans against the bar while Dean makes her a drink.

They're in the middle of a lighthearted, if not extremely competitive stand-off.

DEAN

I think you're exaggerating.

LIV

I'm not!

DEAN

You barely know each other, the sex couldn't have been that good your first time together.

LIV

Dean, I'm telling you. It was an
 auspicious beginning.

He hands her a drink and cracks a beer for himself.

DEAN

So you're really gonna date this
 guy? A coworker?

Liv groans.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm just saying. I know you
 want a relationship, but I also
 know that you miss sex. Now that
 you've gotten your fix, are you
sure you want to actually be with
 him?

LIV

I can't talk to you when you're
 like this.

DEAN

(laughs)

When I'm right? You got to have sex
 with him once and live out some
 schoolgirl fantasy, and now
 you're... I don't know, the queen
 bee of the next ladies wine night
 gossip sesh. What more do you need?

Liv inhales- speechless.

LIV

I'm gonna respond to that in three
 equally relevant points. 1. That
 was sexist. 1a.--

Dean groans loudly.

LIV (CONT'D)

--I am always the queen bee of the
 ladies wine night gossip seshes,
 I'm a fucking legend in that
 subculture. 2. Just having sex with
 him is not all I wanted. And 3. We
 had sex five times, not one.

BEAT.

DEAN

Am I treading into asshole territory if I respond to #3 first?

LIV

Oh buddy, you're so far into the deep end.

DEAN

Great, then I'm gonna ride that wave-- you told me it was the last night of the trip.

LIV

Yeah.

DEAN

Did my boy get it in 5 times in one night?

LIV

Who are you?

DEAN

I'm fucking mystified. That is the most successful one-night-stand I've ever heard of.

LIV

It wasn't a one-night- are you listening to me?

DEAN

Look, if you're so sure of where things stand, why don't you give him a call?

LIV

Why are you like this?

DEAN

Just dial the phone.

Liv dials and puts the phone on speaker.

LIV

You're like, kind of a shitty person for this.

DEAN

But I love that you can handle it.

Jamie picks up.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Hey, Liv!

LIV
Hi! How's it going?

JAMIE (O.S.)
Can't complain. What's going on?

LIV
Nothing, I just... wanted to say...
I had a great time with you.

BEAT. Liv looks nervous.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Well, it's pretty uncomfortable to
tell you this over the phone.

LIV
Just tell me.

JAMIE (O.S.)
I'm actually at your place. I
thought you'd be home, I brought
the necklace you left. I guess I
packed it on accident. And
obviously, I wanted to see you.

Liv gives Dean an absolute "fuck you" smile.

LIV
That's so sweet of you, thank you.

INT. LIV/CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jamie's phone sits between him and Claire on the tiny kitchen
table, on speaker. Claire leans toward the phone.

CLAIRE
Liv, please come home. He's talking
about "Lord of the Flies."

Jamie and Liv laugh.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

LIV
(laughing)
Don't move- I'm leaving now.

She hangs up.

LIV (CONT'D)
Well, well, well.

DEAN
Fine, alright, I concede.

LIV
You concede?

DEAN
I said I concede.

LIV (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, you concede?

LIV (CONT'D)
Well that's just not enough. No,
you were wrong. And you know what's
more? You underestimated me.

She picks up her purse, satisfied.

Dean looks wistful-- it's a hail Mary.

DEAN
Liv, wait.

LIV
Yeah?

DEAN
I'm sorry. I'm sorry it took me
this long.

LIV
For what?

DEAN
I don't want you to be with Jamie.
I want you to be with me.

BEAT. A TONAL CHANGE.

Liv looks verklempt.

LIV
That's not funny.

DEAN
I'm not joking.

Dean takes step toward her, but she backs away.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I know it's not the best time--

LIV

(softly)

Not the best time.

(less soft now)

Dean, not the best time? That's just... You thought you could have me whenever you decided you were ready? You've kept me waiting for months.

DEAN

Hold on a minute-

Liv puts her purse back down.

LIV

No- when we met, you were ready to blow off some steam and I was ready for something deeper. You did your thing, and I was waiting for you. If you ask any self-respecting person, they'll tell you you're not supposed to do that shit! And you have the nerve to wait til the 11th hour to say, 'hey, breaking news'? Well, you didn't beat the clock on this one. Sorry.

DEAN

You know what, maybe I'm an idiot, but what- now you're suddenly done with me? You've moved on? Cuz I find that hard to believe.

BEAT.

LIV

Women don't just wake up one day and move on-- we find someone new.

DEAN

So it's him?

LIV

Dean...

DEAN

Is it as good as what we have?

LIV

It's good.

DEAN

That's not what I asked.

LIV

Do you think all the answers are
right in front me?!

DEAN

Yes! Liv, we both knew from the
beginning that there was something
between us. We just needed to get
the timing right.

LIV

Well good work, you nailed it.

DEAN

You know what-

LIV

And how do I know that you're
actually ready for a relationship?
You've been having a grand old
time, why should I believe you're
not gonna turn around and decide it
was too soon to quit?

DEAN

Look at my face, Liv. I've never
lied to you.

LIV

You couldn't be honest with me.

DEAN

It's different.

LIV

It's not!

DEAN

Just because I'm shitty at this
doesn't mean I'm not telling you
the truth!

Liv stares at him. He searches her face, begging.

DEAN (CONT'D)

How can I make this right?

LIV

You can support me.

DEAN

Don't do this.

Liv picks up her purse. She turns for the door.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You're really gonna let this moment
go by just to prove a point?

BEAT. She looks back at him, then walks out the door.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Dean leans his hands on the countertop, then slams his fist
down on it.

DEAN
Fuck!

EXT. ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Liv starts crying as she walks. She puts her hands to her
face to keep a low profile as she walks past others on the
street, and wipes her eyes as she quietly sobs.

EXT. LIV'S APARTMENT - DAY, MINUTES LATER

Liv stands outside her front door and fans at her eyes,
before reaching for the knob.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY, LATER

Dean and Mick lean on the bar, having a drink in silence.

Hallie walks through the employee backroom door and makes a
beeline for them at the end of the bar.

DEAN
(mumbled)
Oh, shit.

MICK
(mumbled)
You're in for it.

Hallie reaches them.

HALLIE
So? How did it go?

DEAN
I can't even begin... to describe
to you... how bad of a job I did.

Hallie's shoulders droop. She puts a hand on his arm, disappointed.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Yeah.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - DAY, LATER

Liv and Jamie stand at her front door. He puts her necklace back on her.

LIV

Thanks for coming by.

JAMIE

Thanks for forgiving the impromptu drop-in.

LIV

Anytime.

BEAT. They smile at each other.

JAMIE

I don't really know what the protocol here is, I mean... I know we were on a trip. But I hope that it wasn't a one time thing.

LIV

I don't want that either.

JAMIE

Okay. Okay good. I- I don't know what to do about Vega and Richard, though.

LIV

What do you mean?

JAMIE

We should probably be a little discreet, at least to start out. Otherwise, I think they could be... presumptuous about New York.

LIV

They'd be right.

JAMIE

I can't have that.

Liv laughs softly.

LIV
Do you think it's a big deal?

JAMIE
It shouldn't be, but it could look that way. I think we need to stay sort of quiet about all this.

Liv's heart breaks at this.

LIV
Okay.

He leans in to kiss her.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Dean serves drinks. The usual chaos ensues all around him, but he's not fully into it.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Liv wakes up in bed and rolls over to lay on Jamie's chest.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jamie and Liv are walking out of his building.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER

JAMIE
Still on for tonight?

LIV
Yep.

They kiss.

JAMIE
See you at school.

LIV
See you there.

They get into their separate cars.

I/E. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Liv and Jamie are driving down the road, laughing at each other.

JAMIE

I thought we had a nice time!

LIV

We did, we did, I'm just saying I wouldn't mind a drink out in society.

JAMIE

The beach was so romantic.

LIV

It was, but I just... I don't like hiding.

Jamie looks at her.

JAMIE

Liv... I know it's not ideal.

LIV

I just don't want to feel like you're ashamed to be seen with me.

JAMIE

Come on, you know that's not it.

LIV

It feels that way sometimes.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to make you feel that way.

LIV

It's just... now you're going to drinks with our coworkers, and I'm just... going home. It doesn't need to be this complicated.

JAMIE

We would have to pretend like we're not together, and then we'd just be lying.

LIV

So let's just tell them!

The conversation is heating up as Jamie starts to pull the car over. They have approached Mulligans.

JAMIE

I just- I don't...

LIV

Wait a minute, this is where you're meeting Carlos and Alicia?

JAMIE

Yeah, I liked this place when we went together.

Liv is heavily annoyed now.

LIV

Wow. Okay well, I'll see you later I guess.

Jamie tries to placate her.

JAMIE

Look- wait. I'm a little early, and they're usually late. Why don't we both go in and get one drink together?

LIV

Jamie, do you hear yourself?

JAMIE

Please? It's a compromise.

LIV

...okay.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

They step in, and Liv cases the place. No sign of Dean.

JAMIE

Why don't you go grab a booth, I'll get the drinks.

LIV

Okay.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Jamie stands at the bar, ordering from Hallie. A man and woman in their mid 30s enter. This is CARLOS and ALICIA. They are a jovial, sarcastic couple.

CARLOS

Jamie!

Jamie turns and panics.

JAMIE

Carlos! Alicia, have you two ever been early in your lives?

CARLOS

If there's drinking involved, we're pretty punctual. Besides, I miss getting drunk with you.

ALICIA

You still get drunk with me.

CARLOS

Yes, but then you get all handsy.

ALICIA

When you married me, you married these hands.

CARLOS

Yeah, I remember the vows.

JAMIE

So do I.

They all laugh.

ALICIA

You're all spruced up, are you here with someone?

She starts looking around.

JAMIE

Nope, nope... just me.

HALLIE

Here you go.

She sets two beers down for Jamie.

JAMIE

Ah... thanks.

CARLOS

Oh shit! Who do you have your eye on? We can wing.

JAMIE

(laughing)

You will do no such thing.

CARLOS

Honey, I don't think he trusts us.

ALICIA

Jamie, I have half a mind to walk out of here if you don't let us play.

CARLOS

Is it that 20 something girl? Or that... 20 something girl? Or... Oh, so help me God, Jamie. That drink better be for the bouncer for being a hard-working, blue-collar American.

JAMIE

(enjoying himself)
You know what fuckers? How about I'm thirsty, and we drop it?

CARLOS

Then sit your ass down!

Carlos slaps his hand on Jamie's shoulder as they sit down on the barstools. Jamie slyly looks around for Liv.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

Liv drums her fingers on the booth, then looks over at the bar. She sees Jamie sitting down with his back to her.

She walks over, and recognizes Carlos and Alicia with him. She steps back quickly. Jamie catches her eye, and grimaces apologetically.

She makes a 180 before they see her, walking right between the bathroom wing and the backroom.

INT. MULLIGANS BATHROOM HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dean walks out of the backroom with a few beer bottles in hand, and runs into Liv. He drops the bottles, and it's LOUD. Everyone in the bar looks toward the noise.

DEAN

Shit! Liv?

LIV

Shh, just leave it.

Liv quickly pushes Dean up the back staircase.

LIV (CONT'D)

Go, go, go.

DEAN

The fuck?

They push through the door at the top.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEAN

I mean, of all the gin joints.

LIV

(smiling, out of breath)
Yeah?

DEAN

You had to come to this one?

LIV

(smile dropping)
Not quite how I remember the line,
but alright.

DEAN

What are you doing?

LIV

I always assumed you needed a key
for this room. Are you telling me
any Tom Dick or Harry can walk in
here and have sex?

DEAN

Yeah, I wouldn't sit on that.

Liv jumps off a long metal table she'd just sat on.

LIV

(whispered)
Gross.

They catch their breath and take in the surroundings.

LIV (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm sorry.

DEAN

Care to explain?

LIV

Jamie's down there.

DEAN

Look, this is ridiculous, you don't have to hide from him to spare my feelings.

LIV

I'm not hiding from him- two of our coworkers are out there.

DEAN

So?

Liv stares at him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, don't tell me.

LIV

It's not a big deal.

DEAN

Is he embarrassed to be out with you?

LIV

It's- it's a complicated situation.

DEAN

Liv...

LIV

Don't, okay?

DEAN

Don't you want someone who's gonna show you off? Who's PROUD to be with you?

Liv tears up.

LIV

I know, I know! Please, I... I thought it would be different. I really did.

Dean softens.

DEAN

Let me walk you out.

LIV

I got it.

DEAN

Don't leave, don't let him have this. Let's just hang out. You and me, down at the bar. Like old times.

LIV

Yeah?

DEAN

Yeah.

INT. MULLIGANS BATHROOM HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dean and Liv emerge from the stairs.

LIV

Just don't make a scene, okay? He's probably looking for me.

They look out on the bar, and see Jamie still chatting with Alicia and Carlos- they're all cracking up. Her face falls. Dean watches her, infuriated at Jamie.

DEAN

Let's get a table.

INT. MULLIGANS - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the bar through the noise, and Dean makes eye contact with Jamie. Jamie sees him with Liv, and nods at him and mouths "thank you." Dean can't take it anymore.

LIV

Here's a table in the corner.

Dean stops walking.

DEAN

Sorry. I'm sorry.

The noise level is overpowering him.

LIV

What?

DEAN

(slightly louder)
I said I'm sorry.

LIV

Why are you sorry?

DEAN
I can't help you with this.

LIV
Dean, I can't hear you.

DEAN
You know what- HEY!

Dean shouts and gets the attention of everyone in the bar.

LIV
What are you doing?

DEAN
(still shouting)
Can everyone shut up for just a sec
please? Thank you!

LIV
Oh my God.

Mick and Hallie watch, along with the rest of the bar.

Still shouting, Dean addresses everyone, but keeps his eyes
on Liv.

DEAN
Does everybody know why Mulligans
is a great name for a bar?

A regular called PAT shouts from a corner table. He's large
and slightly intimidating, but harmless.

PAT
Because you get to take another
shot!

Dean points to him, acknowledging.

DEAN
Because you- that's right, Pat.
Because you get to take another
shot.

He returns to a normal volume, but the bar is so silent that
everyone still listens.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Now I know I don't deserve one. But
if you think I'm just gonna give
up, you're out of your mind.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And if there's one thing everyone here does know, it's that I should have told you that a long time ago.
(quietly now, to Liv)
But I'm done waiting.

Dean takes Liv and kisses her like she's never been kissed.

All eyes are on them.

Jamie looks on in dismay.

Liv finally pulls away and stares at Dean, teary-eyed.

She SLAPS him, hard. The bar is deadly silent. Dean looks into her eyes, stoic.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(softly)
Maybe I deserved that.

LIV

(sniffly)
Yes.

DEAN

But it should have been him. And he should have knocked me out.

Dean walks out of the bar. Liv watches him leave, looking wrecked, alone in the middle of the room.

I/E. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie and Liv drive in absolute silence.

LIV

Why couldn't you just admit we were out together?

JAMIE

I just watched another guy kiss you-

LIV

I slapped him because I'm with you!

JAMIE

-And you kissed him back.

BEAT.

LIV
Can we talk about this in the
morning?

JAMIE
That's fine.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liv rolls over in bed. Jamie sleeps next to her.
She gets out of bed, in a tank top and pajama shorts.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the kitchen, and quietly pours a cup of water.
She looks at the clock- it's 1am. Looks out the window at the
pitch black sky, then back at the bedroom door.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liv walks out the front of Jamie's apartment complex to her
car, wearing a jacket over her pajamas.

EXT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Liv gets out of her car and looks inside. It's dark, and
emptied out, but Dean's still inside, having a drink.

INT. MULLIGANS - NIGHT

Liv walks in with a rampant energy. Dean looks at her,
shocked.

LIV
I thought you'd come back here.

DEAN
Liv-

LIV
I couldn't sleep.

DEAN
What are you doing?

LIV

I can't stop thinking about something you said, it's driving me crazy.

DEAN

Alright, let it out.

LIV

I do want to be with someone who shows me off. But you took it too far.

DEAN

I know. I'm sorry.

LIV

I'm gonna end it with Jamie.

Dean takes a sip, trying to read her.

DEAN

Okay.

They stare at each other meaningfully.

LIV

I need to think about what I want.

DEAN

I can't help but think you want the same things I do.

LIV

Why?

DEAN

Because you got out of bed with him and came here to fight with me.

BEAT. Softer now.

LIV

I don't want to fight with you.

Dean steps closer to her.

DEAN

Yes you do.

She looks up at him, longing.

LIV

Yes I do.

She reaches for him and he lifts her onto the counter. They lean into each other, about to kiss. She touches his face, and they just look into each other's eyes.

DEAN
Not like this.

LIV
I know.

DEAN
I meant what I said the first time
I kissed you.

He moves a strand of hair out of her face.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna let you regret this.

Liv nods. She leans her chin on his shoulder.

LIV
(whispered)
Thank you.

She gets off the counter, adjusting her hair. She walks toward the door, and turns around to look at him.

He gestures at the rest of the bar.

DEAN
I'll be here.

She smiles, and leaves.

INT. MULLIGANS - DAY

Dean is tending bar, and keeps checking the doors. Waiting for Liv to show up. She doesn't.

Mick approaches.

MICK
You did the right thing.

DEAN
(sighing)
I fuckin' hate when I do that.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Liv and Jamie stand by her car together as she says goodbye.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Liv. I really am.

LIV

Me too. I guess we had to try, right?

JAMIE

I should have tried harder.

LIV

No... We shouldn't have to force it. I'll be okay.

JAMIE

I know you will.

They hug, and she gets in her car.

INT. DEAN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Dean is packing up his briefcase as students file out of his class. The whiteboard is still covered in notes.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER - DECEMBER

Liv walks in and sees him. He doesn't notice her until she's almost to the front.

DEAN

Holy shit!

LIV

Hey!

DEAN

Caught me off guard there, I almost didn't recognize you out of context.

LIV

What, without a bourbon in my hand?

DEAN

Yeah, it really adds something.

LIV

I tried to incorporate it into my classroom vibe, but admin didn't go for it.

DEAN
No they don't love that, I've
found.

Liv laughs.

DEAN (CONT'D)
The bar hasn't been the same
without you these last couple
months.

LIV
Yeah, you probably turned a profit.

DEAN
First time in the black since you
set foot in the place.

She smiles. He watches as she looks around his classroom.

DEAN (CONT'D)
So... what are you doing here?

LIV
Um, I had an epiphany. This felt
like the right forum to share one
of those.

DEAN
(gesturing around)
Welcome to the Oracle.

LIV
Should I stand at your podium?

DEAN
Be my guest.

Liv gets behind his lectern and gestures for him to take a
seat at the front.

LIV
So I've been thinking about the
Ship of Theseus.

DEAN
And?

LIV
Before you explained it, you said
to me, "of course you knew what you
wanted when you were 17." And I
think I know what you meant.

DEAN

Let's hear it.

LIV

I wouldn't have become who I am now if I hadn't wanted other things for myself back then. And of course I wanted things. I was about to go to college, and see the world. I needed those experiences, the advice, the desires that came out of them, to understand what was next for me. To show me how badly I wanted to get there, and how much I would give to do it. I guess what I mean is-- there wouldn't be a ship of metal if it wasn't once made of wood. And the wood wouldn't need replacing if it didn't have its experience on the ocean. And what kind of life would that be for a boat that was made to sail?

LONG BEAT. Dean nods, taking her in. He goes to her.

DEAN

I like the way you think.

LIV

Well I never would have come to it without you.

Dean smiles.

LIV (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't come back to the bar that night. I just needed some time to myself. To figure something out.

DEAN

And did you?

LIV

I did, yeah.

DEAN

Then I've got to ask you.

LIV

Ask me what?

DEAN

What it is that you want.

They look at each other.

LIV

I just want you to teach me
everything you know.

They smile, and kiss. It's long awaited. They fully melt into
each other.