

NOT THERE YET

Written by

Casey Costello

Pilot

[caseyEcostello@gmail.com](mailto:caseyEcostello@gmail.com)

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

Our Nation's Swamp.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT, DC - NIGHT

**LAILA ALI** (22, Pakistani-Italian-American, sardonic, Hollywood-beauty, DC brain, part Deepak, part Tupac) sits at a table in a romantic setting - alone.

She eyes her watch impatiently. Sighs in frustration.

FIELDING GOODWIN (26, 6'2", handsome, preppy, in a suit) arrives - disheveled and buzzed.

LAILA

There he is. Finally.

FIELDING

(tada!)

In the fleshlight!

LAILA

Wha--

FIELDING

Sorry I'm tardy. My partners can party. And I can rhyme!

LAILA

Fielding.

FIELDING

Laila.

LAILA

You're a half-hour late. Again.

FIELDING

I can't say "No" or "I gotta leave for my girlfriend" to my firms' partners, babe.

LAILA

But you can be consistently late for our dates?

FIELDING

I'm 26, this--

LAILA

And still getting drunk before 7 on a Wednesday. Grow up.

FIELDING

This is what growing up looks like.

LAILA

In college.

FIELDING

We're in our twenties, Laila,  
relax.

LAILA

That's what our forties are for,  
Fielding. We work in our twenties,  
so we're not scrambling in our  
thirties, and lost and losing in  
our forties. We're officially  
adults now.

FIELDING

You are. I'm in my partying prime.

LAILA

You're in your F-Boying prime.

FIELDING

Fine.

LAILA

Then you can go F-Boy yourself -  
because you'll get more pussy.

She stands and struts off.

FIELDING

Where you going?

LAILA

Back to work.

FIELDING

Laila...?!

LAILA

(w/out looking back)  
You're another twelve week waste!

She passes the bar as 3 OLDER HANDSOME MEN clock her.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Ick. Grow up, olds.

EXT. HAUSFELD LLP - WASHINGTON, DC - LATER

A major human rights law firm on K Street.

INT. HAUSFELD LLP - WASHINGTON, DC - CONTINUOUS

CU of a big award: HAUSFELD LLP - 2019 INTERNATIONAL HUMAN RIGHTS LAW FIRM OF THE YEAR

Laila at her desk working.

JAMESON MADDOX (O.S.)

Laila...

Laila turns to see her boss JAMESON MADDOX IV (50s, dashing).

LAILA

Hi, Jameson.

JAMESON MADDOX

Even Amal Clooney takes nights off.

LAILA

Pre-George? Why?

JAMESON MADDOX

Go home.

LAILA

After I save the Sudanese.

JAMESON MADDOX

The Sudanese and their human rights will still be abused in the morning. Go be 20...-something.

LAILA

Jameson. Would you date me?

JAMESON MADDOX

Excuse me?

LAILA

Not-- no. Not now. You're old-- married! Married. Would you date me at my age?

JAMESON MADDOX

No.

LAILA

No? Why?

JAMESON MADDOX

Because I wouldn't date me in my 20s.

LAILA

Why?

JAMESON MADDOX

Because I was a dumby still finding myself. I couldn't commit to shit because I was jack-assing around, making mistakes and learning from them. Like you are supposed to do in your 20s.

Hmm.

JAMESON MADDOX (CONT'D)

But I get what you're asking - you're ahead of your time and also a bit of a throwback. If you're serious about getting serious then don't date guys who aren't there yet. What I've learned over time - because I'm so old...

He smirks, she smiles: sorry.

JAMESON MADDOX (CONT'D)

Is that dating and finding your person is mostly timing. And not all clocks tick simultaneously.

Laila nods, thinking. Jameson exits - and turns off the office lights on the way out, leaving Laila in the dark.

She iPhone/FaceTimes her friend ALYSSA, who answers with:

ALYSSA

BAR!!

SMASH TO TITLE:

## **NOT THERE YET**

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Pretty, PREPPY, 20-SOMETHING WASHINGTONIANS mingle.

**LAILA** drinks with **ALYSSA AMENZOLA** (Mexican-American, feisty, swipe-right-with-your-testicles-crossed sexy, all Tupac).

LAILA  
Did you get his name this time?

ALYSSA  
John Doe.

LAILA  
Like last time. And...?

ALYSSA  
He just flopped around on me like a  
salmon in a bear claw.

LAILA  
Was he cute?

ALYSSA  
Not sober. This morning his face  
looked like a box of frogs.

Laila LAUGHS.

LAILA  
You can be an Ashanti or a Beyonce,  
bitch, but you can't be both.

ALYSSA  
How's Fielding?

LAILA  
Finished.

ALYSSA  
No! Why? He was your mold - 6'2",  
ridiculous boarding school name,  
Ivy League ed'd lawyer on track to  
partner.

LAILA  
I think my mold might be manure.

ALYSSA  
Fine. Next. On to the new to keep  
your track on track.

LAILA  
I think I should relax on my track.  
Fielding said something that hit me  
about life in our twenties.

ALYSSA  
What's that?

LAILA

That we should be living it and not taking it too seriously. Get a few F-Girl, Hot Girl Summers in before the husband hunt begins.

ALYSSA

I've been saying that, bitch!

LAILA

And doing it.

ALYSSA

Speaking of doing it...

Alyssa eyes something over Laila's shoulder.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Someone's turning my thighs into slip n'slides.

LAILA

Spot tonight's victim?

ALYSSA

Maybe. But he's probably looking for his second wife or a free-standing Capitol Hill *skintern* because he's got coke and together they can "*influence policy!*"

LAILA

(turning head)  
That bad...?

Laila looks back to spot a HANDSOME MAN named **DECLAN McMANUS** (42, easy going but direct, treats world leaders and street cleaners the same).

LAILA (CONT'D)

Eh. Cute face.

ALYSSA

He has a face?

LAILA

It's where all the noise comes from.

ALYSSA

You mean lies.

Declan makes eyes with Laila and holds it. Laila holds it back. Until she blinks first and turns back to Alyssa.



DECLAN  
 Nice to meet you.  
 (to Alyssa)  
 Hi-- Declan.

ALYSSA  
 (whatever)  
*Melissa.*

He shakes their hands and keeps confidently smiling, but they're not into it. He keeps his focus on Laila --

DECLAN  
 You look familiar - how do I know you?

ALYSSA  
 Maybe you met her in your sleep, so keep calm and dreamin' on, cool-breeze.

She makes a sweeping motion with her hand: *Keep it movin'.*

DECLAN  
 I bet that felt good in your mouth.

ALYSSA  
 You wish. Can I ask you a rude question?

DECLAN  
 Better than anyone I know.

Laila smirks.

ALYSSA  
 How old are you, Daniel?

DECLAN  
 Declan.

ALYSSA  
 Sorry. How old are you, Derek?

DECLAN  
 I'm 42, *Medusa*. And a half. But you're only as old as the woman you feel. How much do you weigh?

ALYSSA  
 (gasp)  
 Excuse me?

DECLAN

No more polite to ask a gentleman-  
stranger his age than a lady-  
stranger her weight.

Laila smirks.

ALYSSA

Nice word casserole, Dan-osaur.

Laila LAUGHS.

DECLAN

I can tell by your enthusiasm that  
42 is hard to believe, since my  
flawless pores defy the odds.

Alyssa regroups.

ALYSSA

Don't you want to know our age,  
*Greatest Generation?*

DECLAN

Not really, *tik tok*. But I guess  
old enough to know what a World War  
is.

ALYSSA

We're 22, so...

*Catch the hint and beat it, Old.*

DECLAN

Nice. 22. Sounds like you beat your  
old record.

Laila LAUGHS.

ALYSSA

Are you married?

DECLAN

No.

ALYSSA

Why?

DECLAN

Just lucky, I guess.

Laila chuckles.

ALYSSA

Ick. I gotta squeeze a lemon.

As Alyssa walks away...

DECLAN

(to Laila)

*Squeeze a lemon..?*

Laila points to LADIES ROOM as Alyssa enters. Declan LAUGHS.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

So... Laila...

LAILA

So... Mister..?

DECLAN

Mister is my father. I'm--

QUAGS (O.S.)

Jesus Christ!

As **QUAGS** (42, live action intellectual version of "Family Guy" sleazy character *Quagmire*) butts in, looking and swiping away at his phone - which is where all his attention always is. He doesn't notice Laila.

QUAGS (CONT'D)

I was suicide swiping on Bumble and matched with this monster, but she stopped texting me.

DECLAN

You know there are girls outside a screen?

Quags ignores him, but hands him --

QUAGS

Here's your Coke, derelict.

Declan takes it and quickly removes the straw.

QUAGS (CONT'D)

Her face looks like a catchers mitt holding a lasagna, so you can imagine what her snail looks like...

DECLAN

(introduction)

Laila, Quags, Quags, Laila--

QUAGS

(still in his phone)

I swear to God, if I don't get the real deal tonight and have to *feed the ducks* anymore I'm gonna turn into a bread crumb.

LAILA

Nice to meet you.

Quags looks up at her, but could care less.

QUAGS

Hi.

Back to swiping.

QUAGS (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Dec - I'm a goddamn loaded gun right now. No one's safe! No one!

LAILA

(to Quags)

You know who you'd swipe right on..?

Declan smiles, catching on.

INT. BAR - A BOOTH - LATER

Laila, Declan, Alyssa and Quags sit in a booth.

ALYSSA

What kind of name is "Quags?"

QUAGS

What kind of name is "Marissa?"

ALYSSA

It's "Alyssa" and it's the kind you'll only ever groan into your sock as you Number 3 in my remembrance.

QUAGS

Already talking about my dong, huh?

ALYSSA

Can't miss your flaps in those Forever 21 skinny jeans. What size are you? *Tween?*

QUAGS  
Extra balls.

Alyssa & Quags flap-battle, Laila & Declan observe amused:

DECLAN  
(to Laila re: them)  
Good call.

She thumbs up him.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
I like your dress.

LAILA  
Thanks. I like your... shirt.

DECLAN  
I like your... you.

She *pffts*.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
You are obnoxiously beautiful,  
Laila.

LAILA  
And you are obnoxiously observant.

DECLAN  
I'm not beautiful?

LAILA  
Let's just say you're lucky that,  
as my mom says, "Women don't fall  
in love with their eyes."

DECLAN  
Then how do they fall in love?

LAILA  
With their ears.

DECLAN  
Oh. Well then...  
(leans in)  
YOU'RE OBNOXIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL,  
LAILA!

She LAUGHS. Until it's interrupted by --

QUAGS  
(to Alyssa)  
...  
(MORE)

QUAGS (CONT'D)

If you believe that than I bet you  
also believe that dolphins aren't  
just gay sharks. Lemme take a wild  
guess who you voted for, snowflake--

DECLAN

(hand-clap)  
Who's hungry?!

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Our Foursome eat.

ALYSSA

You eat like a troglodyte.

QUAGS

(eyes her thighs)  
And a trogloDYKE.

ALYSSA

Eww. Never. Not if you had a ten  
inch tongue and could breath  
through your ears.

QUAGS

What if I stick two fingers in your  
ass and we call it even at 71?

ON LAILA & DECLAN listening:

LAILA

"71?"

DECLAN

69..?

Head tilt: *Huh?*

DECLAN (CONT'D)

The *move*...

LAILA

Oh.

DECLAN

Plus 2 in--

LAILA

Ohhh.

DECLAN  
(Yeah?)  
Ohhh..?

LAILA  
Nooo!

DECLAN  
You have a lot to learn.

LAILA  
About what? The "boob tube?"  
Rheumatoid Arthritis? Cursive?

DECLAN  
Why do you consider me so old?

LAILA  
Come on, dude - loitering in  
Georgetown bars haranguing  
millennials? You're in mid-life  
mode.

DECLAN  
Mid-life? I'm not 60.

LAILA  
But you're 42, which is the middle  
of your life.

DECLAN  
Manure. I'm gonna live til I'm at  
least 125.

LAILA  
125? Good luck.

DECLAN  
Are you kidding? Human life  
expectancy has been growing  
steadily for over 100 years. It's  
believed that the first person to  
live to 150 has already been born.

LAILA  
Why would you wanna live that long?

DECLAN  
To piss people off.

LAILA  
Spite. Mature.

DECLAN  
I came into this world poopin' my  
pants, I'm goin' out poopin' my  
pants.

Laila drops her fork and pushes her plate away.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
What's your last name?

LAILA  
Nope.

DECLAN  
Like Leslie?

LAILA  
Nope.

Hmm..

DECLAN  
Fine. Then let me get your number.

LAILA  
No.

DECLAN  
What do you mean no? You don't even  
know me.

She head-shakes/smirks, amused.

LAILA  
I can't tell if you're funny or  
have Alzheimer's.

INT. CAR - DAY

On SPEAKERPHONE, Laila drives.

ALYSSA (O.S.)  
This guy is either not who he says  
he is or he's older than 42 and is  
more like... 82.

LAILA  
He's pre-Internet, but not that pre-  
Internet.

INTERCUT: Alyssa in bed on her laptop.

ALYSSA  
This fossil's a ghost.

LAILA  
How about the address on Google Maps? What does where I'm going look like? Brownstone, apartment building..?

ALYSSA  
I just see grass.

LAILA  
Then put your bong down.

ALYSSA  
No, the real grass. The address is just a field.

LAILA  
So I'm Brad Pitt in "Seven" right now?

ALYSSA  
Better then being Gwyneth.

LAILA  
Alright, keep stalking, keep me posted, and keep your phone on.

ALYSSA  
Will do, wrath. Gods peed.

They hang up.

INT. ALYSSA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sets aside her laptop.

ALYSSA  
I have a gift for you.

A man groans "What?"

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Pearl earrings.

REVEAL: QUAGS nude next to her. She pushes his head down to her crotch to get to work.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Laila pulls in to see **12-YEAR OLD BOYS** playing lacrosse.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Laila exhales in anxiety.

LAILA  
What am I doing?

DECLAN (O.S.)  
Move it!

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Laila approaches as a fired-up Declan coaches.

DECLAN  
Move it! Move the ball!

He sees Laila.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
There she is!

LAILA  
(Tada!)  
In the flashlight.

He laughs, getting the gross joke.

LAILA (CONT'D)  
Jerk-off.

DECLAN  
But not a bread crumb.

She smirks. Declan YELLS at a Boy --

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Take your head outta your ass, Ike!

LAILA  
You work with kids - makes sense.

DECLAN  
Keeps me young.

Declan blows his WHISTLE and waves them in.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
On the hop!

The Boys gather. They remove their helmets and they're all  
BLACK, HISPANIC, POC BOYS.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Dragons, this is Laila.

BOYS  
Damn. Dope. Deez nutz.

DECLAN  
(scolding)  
Hey now.  
(intro)  
Laila, these are the Dragons.

LAILA  
Hi.

IKE  
You got'a man?

LAILA  
No.

IKE  
Then I'm Ike.

LAILA  
Nice to meet you, Ike.

DECLAN  
Easy, Dolemite, she's almost spoken  
for.

LAILA  
No, I'm not.

The Boys laugh.

DECLAN  
Who needs a ride home?

INT. LAILA'S CAR - LATER

8 BOYS are packed in Laila's sports car. It looks not just  
uncomfortable, but unsafe.

Declan rides shotgun, his seat pushed back and his feet  
kicked up on the dash.

LAILA  
(to Declan)  
Of course you don't have a car.

DECLAN  
What would I do with it? I don't  
have a license, so I can't drive.  
What kind of example would I be  
setting for those who look up to  
me?

Declan moves his seat back a notch --

ANTONE (O.S.)  
Oww.

Declan looks down to see ANTONE's head underneath his elbow.  
Declan moves his seat back up a notch.

CHARLES  
Yo, what's your handle, Laila? Or  
your last name?

DECLAN  
Don't give it up - it's not proven  
they won't be criminals yet.

IKE  
Rascist yo.

DECLAN  
Sorry - politicians.

IKE  
Best crooks are dirty cops.

DECLAN  
You've been listening.

LAILA  
You're quite the educator.

CHARLES  
Whatever, Coach! I'm already  
gettin' letters from Yale.

DECLAN  
Well, you won't get any playing  
time if you don't get an off-hand.

CHARLES  
Pfft. Canucks don't need an off-  
hand.

DECLAN

Hey.

CHARLES

Sorry - Canadians.

LAILA

Laila-Ali-Sting-Like-A-She.

IKE

Your name is Laila Ali?

LAILA

No relation. Except for my jab.

CHARLES

Ali? Savage.

She nods. They all dig into their phones.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I just DM'd you. Check out my rhymes on my *gram*.

SFX: DING-DING-DING. They all DM'd. Then Declan smiles and throws back his hand for HIGH-FIVES on the last name assist.

LAILA

(catches on)

Did you..?

DECLAN

Nope.

EXT. WATER FRONT DINER - LATER

Laila & Declan sit on a patio over looking the Potomac River. They stare silently at menus. Until --

LAILA

So you make your living off charging inner-city kids to play a culturally and historically white sport?

DECLAN

Not white - Native American. And I don't charge them. It's all on my dime.

LAILA

Why?

DECLAN

I love the sport, and I want it to do for them what it did for me.

LAILA

Become an over-grown lax-bro?

DECLAN

Become a college student. If lacrosse can get my idiot-ass into college then it can do the same for kids who don't have the socio-economic leverage I had growing up.

LAILA

Oh. That's...

DECLAN

Sexy?

Pfft. It is, but she won't dare admit it.

LAILA

So you played in college?

DECLAN

Yep.

LAILA

Were you good?

DECLAN

(pseudo-reflective)

You know, Laila, as I get older, mature and grow as both a human and a man I find myself looking back on my talented past with wisdom, humility and perspective, and can only say--

LAILA

Got it.

DECLAN

You asked.

LAILA

So how do you fund the team? What do you do to pay for it?

DECLAN

Nothing.

LAILA

Nothing?

DECLAN

I got lucky with a job out of college at AOL and walked away in good stock shape.

LAILA

"AO-WHAT?"

DECLAN

Late 20th Century gold mine.

LAILA

(pseudo-nostalgic)

Ah, the 1900s - what a time to be born and be too young to remember.

Declan chuckles.

DECLAN

(a toast)

Fuck yesterday - today can have it back tomorrow.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Laila!

Laila turns to see --

LAILA

Hey, Mom.

**ORABELLA ALI** (45, Italian, not too far removed from a Milan runway or Silvio Berlusconi *bunga bunga* party) and --

**IRFAN ALI** (46, Pakistani, modern but still Muslim macho, regional Paki royalty, retired arms or poppy dealer).

These are Laila's parents (*she was conceived out of wed-lock like modern American celebrity-spawn*) and they are rich, sheik, social, snobby and speak with elegant accents from their respective countries.

And they are Declan's age.

They saunter off a docked yacht among other WELL-DRESSED SOCIALITES with champagne in their hands, and a happy buzz.

Orabella excitedly shuffles over to greet them --

ORABELLA

Ciao! You must be her boss Jameson!  
Laila's said you have been such a  
wonderful influence and mentor.  
Almost like a father figure.

DECLAN

I try.

LAILA

No--

ORABELLA

So, what's this? A casual weekend  
work lunch? She's such a hard  
worker.

DECLAN

Nope-- first date.

ORABELLA

I'm sorry--?

LAILA

Mom--

ORABELLA

Aren't you married?

DECLAN

No.

LAILA

Yes.

ORABELLA

I'm lost..?

LAILA

Mom, Dad, this is my friend Declan.

Declan stands and extends his hand.

DECLAN

Declan McManus - nice to meet you.

They shake in confusion.

ORABELLA

Orabella Ali.

DECLAN

(charming smile)  
More like *Is-A-Bella*.  
(ALT: No ORA about it.)

She blushes. Then covers, but not before Irfan notices.

IRFAN

Irfan Ali. So, you're not her boss?

DECLAN

Relieved, right? Me too. As my Grandma Bunny used to say: "*Don't buy your meat where you buy your bread.*"

Eww. Laila wants to die.

IRFAN

Wha--?

ORABELLA

How long have you two been... acquainted?

DECLAN

What's it been, babe? 13, 14 hours?

IRFAN

*Babe?*

ORABELLA

So this is-- you two-- Quite an age gap, don't you think?

DECLAN

What's a number?

IRFAN

You met... last night?

DECLAN

Dog's gotta hunt--

LAILA

There was no *last night*. We met this morning. Again.

ORABELLA

For a date?

LAILA

No.

DECLAN

Yep.

IRFAN

Which is it?

LAILA

I was helping him out this morning with his non-profit, and we're discussing my findings over lunch.



DECLAN  
Not in public.

IRFAN  
Are you pregnant?

Declan laughs.

DECLAN  
No - just a raging alcoholic.

Off Irfan's prejudice for this alcoholic, and disdain for the man his age trying to bang his daughter --

ON LAILA & ORABELLA --

ORABELLA  
What are you doing?

LAILA  
Nothing. Mom-- it's nothing. He's just--

ORABELLA  
Your father's age.

LAILA  
He's 42. And a half. So he's more like your age. Actually, he's younger.

Burn.

ORABELLA  
You have to focus on your career, Laila. Not boys. Or men. He just wants to get in your... you know.

LAILA  
Brain? Yeah, I know, Mom.

ORABELLA  
This is ridiculous, you're 22.

LAILA  
So? You're the one who shipped me off to college so young and lobbied to graduate so fast to enter the real world instead of staying in to experience and enjoy college.

ORABELLA  
So what's this? Your Spring Break?

LAILA

More like my rumspringa.

ORABELLA

Ok fine. I don't even know why I'm getting so worked up. It's not like this will work out; he's too old. But you're a woman now. Have fun.

LAILA

Thank you.

ORABELLA

Plus, it's not like your father would ever like him enough to approve.

SMASH TO:

Irfan CRACKS UP as Declan ends a hilarious story --

DECLAN

... And then Officer Wiggum says, "Have you been drinking tonight, sir?" And I said, "Why? Is your wife in my car?"

They both CRACK UP. Laila & Orabella approach in shock.

IRFAN

This guy!

Irfan stands.

IRFAN (CONT'D)

Alright, Declan, so we'll see you for Sunday dinner, yes?

LAILA/ORABELLA

What?

DECLAN

You bet.

IRFAN

(to Laila)

You'll have to give him a ride, of course.

DECLAN

Only for the next 4 years.

Irfan laughs. They shake hands.

IRFAN

Let's leave these two to it, honey.

Irfan ushers a stunned Orabella away.

LAILA

Oh my God, this is the second worst day of my life.

DECLAN

What was the first?

LAILA

Birth.

Declan laughs.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing?

DECLAN

Because I like to. You should try--

LAILA

And why were you being such a weirdo to my parents?

DECLAN

Why were you trying to hide us?

LAILA

Us?! What us?

DECLAN

What? We have it.

LAILA

We have *what*?

DECLAN

We have chemistry. It's kind of important at the beginning of a relationship.

LAILA

Relationship?! You're nuts.

Now she laughs.

DECLAN

I'm not nuts.

LAILA  
 You show me you're not nuts, and  
 I'll show you mine.

Now he laughs.

LAILA (CONT'D)  
 Stop laughing.

DECLAN  
 Start laughing.

LAILA  
 Start thinking. You know what's  
 more important than chemistry at  
 the beginning of a relationship?

DECLAN  
 Wha--

LAILA  
Timing.

QUAGS (O.S.)  
 Look at these two love-doves...!

They turn to see Quags & Alyssa stroll up with their arms  
 wrapped around each other in Honeymoon-mode.

ALYSSA  
 On a day-date too!

LAILA  
 Not a date.

QUAGS  
 Looks like a date.

LAILA  
 Nope.

DECLAN  
 What are you guys up to?

ALYSSA  
 Richard and I are just grabbing  
 some brunchie.

DECLAN  
 "Richard?"

ALYSSA  
 It's long for "Dick."

They laugh.

LAILA  
Gross, Lys.

ALYSSA  
Don't hate us 'cause you ANUS.

They laugh again. Laila & Declan eye-roll.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
You guys want to join us?

DECLAN  
In a minute.

LAILA  
(thru her teeth)  
Yeah, right behind you.

QUAGS  
(ass-grabs Alyssa; ala  
Michael Scott)  
That's what I said!

Alyssa laughs, then WHISPERS discreetly in Laila's ear --

ALYSSA  
Intel reveals Declan Aloysius  
McManus, born July 31, 1974 -  
that's last century - in Great  
Falls, Virginia, was a legendary  
college lacrosse stud, and then got  
rich after graduating. With honors.  
No wives, kids, Seeking  
Arrangements or Hep A thru C. Nice  
score, whore.

Alyssa pops back up to announce --

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Ok, don't be long.

QUAGS  
That's not what YOU said!

They laugh as they stroll off.

ALYSSA  
I want to know everything about  
you, Richard. Like, what are your  
pet peeves?

QUAGS  
Animals mostly.

She laughs as they settle into a table.

QUAGS (CONT'D)  
I want to know you better too.

ALYSSA  
Know on.

QUAGS  
Ummm... ok, basic, but - what do  
you do?

ALYSSA  
When?

He laughs.

QUAGS  
For work.

ALYSSA  
For money?

QUAGS  
Sure.

ALYSSA  
I'm a PMC.

QUAGS  
What's a PMC?

ALYSSA  
Private military contractor.

QUAGS  
Like... a mercenary?

ALYSSA  
Basically.

Quags stares stumped.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Went into the Marines out of high  
school, served over there a few  
tours, got out and got into private  
security work.

QUAGS  
Wow.

ALYSSA

Yeah, I like it. I don't kill as many people anymore since I'm mostly in linguistics, but it's still a rush running around war zones.

Woah. Love...

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

But I'm thinking of moving on to the NSA. Or the CIA.

Hard.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

How about you? What do you do for money?

QUAGS

Nothing that cool or macho.

ALYSSA

Come on...

QUAGS

I run an animal rescue foundation.

Woah. Love...

QUAGS (CONT'D)

Pull them out of kill shelters. Find them homes. Or just take them home.

Wet.

ALYSSA

All animals?

He nods yes.

QUAGS

But tail-less puppies mostly.

She laughs.

BACK ON LAILA & DECLAN --

LAILA

I gotta go.

Laila stands.

DECLAN

What? Why? Let's at least eat--

LAILA

Because-- look, you seem like a nice... *man*. And I may be young and naive, but I'm not looking for a relationship, and I'm definitely not falling for your whole softboi shtick.

DECLAN

*Softboy?*

LAILA

You think you're gonna fuck a 22-year-old because you make her laugh, feel comfortable and appeal to her emotions? Like your friend long-for-*Dick*?

DECLAN

What are you talking about, Laila?

LAILA

Then you just move onto the next one and the next one and the next one until they're wiping your ass because you're done living?

DECLAN

I don't--

LAILA

Why'd you approach me last night?

DECLAN

I guess I'm old fashioned and prefer rejection face to face - instead of hiding behind a screen like these *softboys* you have a thing for.

LAILA

Well, at least these softboys aren't pretending to be something they're not.

DECLAN

And what's that? Brave? Do you have any idea how hard it is to approach a girl? Even at my age..?

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 (mimes texting w/a  
 Kardashian-vocal-fry  
 voice)  
 "IRL?"

LAILA  
 Dude, talking to a member of the  
 opposite sex isn't brave, it's  
 biology and a billion years old.  
 You know what's brave--?

DECLAN  
 Approaching you?

LAILA  
 No.

DECLAN  
 The word "no?"

LAILA  
 No.

DECLAN  
 Then what is it?

Beat.

LAILA  
 I don't know. Yet.

DECLAN  
 I guess *timing* will tell.

Laila starts to leave --

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 Laila?

She turns.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 Seriously?

She sturdies, thinks... and splits, leaving Declan  
 dumbfounded. He calls out to her in assholian frustration --

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 Sapiosexual my ass!

FADE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

INT. BAR - NIGHT

**LAILA ALI - WHERE WE MET HER IN THE FIRST SCENE** (same clothes, etc) - looks back to spot a handsome man named **DECLAN McMANUS** (same clothes, etc).

Declan makes eyes at Laila - and holds it. His eyes focus and dig in. Laila holds it back. Until Declan blinks first and looks away.

Then he turns back to her for one more look, to find - **LAILA RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM**. It's her POV this time, as we...

END PILOT