

THE NEW NORMAL

Pilot Episode

Written by

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INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room's a complete disaster. An *ALARM* sounds and a small Shih Tzu named TOBY jumps on the bed.

The delicate hand of a woman emerges from her blankets and silences the alarm.

ALYSSA BENTLEY (31), a naturally beautiful woman with dark hair that's a complete mess at the moment, rises from her ten pillows and giant duvet.

She flings the duvet off herself, which sends Toby flying off the bed. He *SQUAWKS*.

ALYSSA
Sorry, Toby.

Still half asleep, she stumbles to a pile of presumably, clean clothes. She picks up a shirt, gives it a quick sniff, shrugs her shoulders, and tosses it on.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Alyssa speeds down the hallway and *KNOCKS* on the first door.

INT. ROOM #1 - DAY

The room is relatively neat and decorated with cute posters of horses and pictures of Shawn Mendes.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Kaydie, honey! Time to get up and get ready for school.

KAYDIE LUDWIC (10), a beautiful little blonde girl with cute chubby cheeks, springs out of bed, excited to start the day.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Alyssa continues down the hall and *BANGS* on a second door.

INT. ROOM #2 - DAY

The room is messier than Alyssa's.

Harry Styles and Charlie Puth posters line the walls. Across from the bed is a TV that's still on from the night before. The floor is covered in dirty dishes and clothes.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Miah! Time to get up. NOW!

MIAH LUDWIC (13), a beautiful young lady with dirty blonde hair, rolls over and feels for her phone. She finds it, huddles under her blanket, and begins her day with a text.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alyssa's on autopilot. She heads straight to the coffee maker and throws together a pot with her eyes closed.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The shower's running. Alyssa's clothes are flung around the bathroom. Kaydie walks in with a cup of coffee. Alyssa's hand jets out of the shower curtain and grabs the cup.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Thanks, baby!

KAYDIE
You're welcome, Mom.

Kaydie exits.

Miah storms in.

MIAH
Ugh! Why even wake me up this early if I can't use the bathroom?

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Just go if you need to go.

MIAH
Maybe I'd like some privacy every once in a while.

Alyssa pokes her head out of the shower.

ALYSSA
(frustrated)
Then wake up earlier. Now, get out. I don't need your attitude this morning.

Miah rolls her eyes and groans as she exits.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Toby *BARKS* wildly as Kaydie teases him with her breakfast.

Alyssa walks into the kitchen in her work clothes and pours herself a second cup of coffee.

ALYSSA
Kaydie, stop teasing him.

KAYDIE
I'm not teasing him. We're playing.

ALYSSA
No. You're making him crazy. Which makes me crazy.

Alyssa cuts a bagel in half and tosses it in the toaster. She plates a freshly toasted bagel and butters it.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
MIAH! We need to go.

Miah enters the kitchen in a perfectly good pair of pants.

MIAH
(to Alyssa)
Where are my Lulus?

ALYSSA
How would I know?

MIAH
Um. Because you steal my clothes all the time.

ALYSSA
I do not.

Alyssa hands Miah the toasted bagel. Miah drops in her chair.

MIAH
Yes, you do. That's why I started writing my name on them.

ALYSSA
Well... I paid for them. If you need pants, go borrow some from my room. We wear the same size, anyway.

MIAH
Yeah. That's why my clothes always come back stretched out.

Alyssa turns and shoots Miah a look of "you actually fucking went there." The toaster *POPS*.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The sun creeps through the blinds in this large, well-decorated spare room. The décor is something you would see in your parents' spare bedroom.

A BLONDE WOMAN (20s), naturally beautiful and looking refreshed, slowly wakes up with a smile. Her smile begins to fade as she looks around, wondering where the hell she is.

JAKE OLSEN (30), a good-looking, fit tattooed man, rolls over in bed and reaches to put his arm around the Woman but finds no one there. He opens his eyes looking somewhat sad.

He sits up and finds the Blonde Woman putting on her clothes.

JAKE

There you are. I was worried you left without saying goodbye.

BLONDE WOMAN

(pulls on her pants)

Heh. How could I? I don't even know where I am.

Jake lays across the bed, all sultrily-like, and chuckles.

BLONDE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(pulls her shirt on)

No, but seriously. Where am I?

JAKE

Oh... uh. This quaint little Bed & Breakfast I like to stay at when I'm in town. Here. Let me order you a ride.

Jake types away on his phone while Blonde Woman collects the remainder of her belongings.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(without looking up)

So, I'm in town for a couple more nights. Maybe we can get together again?

BLONDE WOMAN

I'm pretty busy, but I'll let you know if something opens up. Thanks.

Jake seems disappointed.

The Blonde Woman opens the door and is startled when she finds TABITHA OLSEN (60s), a well-kept woman with short curly hair and the kindest smile, standing in the doorway.

TABITHA
 (to the Woman)
 Good morning, sweetie! Would you
 like to stay for breakfast?

The Blonde Woman smiles.

BLONDE WOMAN
 Thanks, but no thanks. I'll just
 grab something along the way.

The Blonde Woman tries to get past Tabitha, but Tabitha steps in the Woman's way and glares over her shoulder at Jake, who's still in bed.

TABITHA
 What the hell have I told you about
 feeding these poor girls? Breakfast
 is the most important meal of the
 day.
 (puts a smile on; to the
 Woman)
 I'm sorry, sweetheart. Jake, here,
 seems to have forgotten his
 manners.

Tabitha looks back at Jake.

TABITHA (CONT'D)
 Get your ass out of bed and walk
 this poor girl to the door!

The Blonde Woman's perplexed. Why is this Bed & Breakfast owner treating her guest like shit?

BLONDE WOMAN
 (to Tabitha)
 No, no. It's alright. I can see
 myself out.

Jake jumps out of bed and pulls on a pair of jeans.

TABITHA
 Come on, Jake. You're not going to
 the opera.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tabitha rolls her eyes and links arms with the Woman. She guides her down a hallway lined with photos of young Jake, prints of paintings from the Victorian era, and faux flowers.

TABITHA

Ever since that boy was young, he's had to do his hair and check it twice just to take out the garbage.

Tabitha laughs to herself. The Woman laughs with her but has no idea why.

They stop at the front door. Tabitha opens it.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Well, you enjoy the rest of your day, sweetie, and I'm sure Jake will be in touch with you soon. Bye!

Tabitha gently pushes the Blonde Woman out the door and closes it behind her.

Jake comes around the corner looking as if he's taken the time to do his hair and everything. He looks around.

JAKE

Where'd she go?

Tabitha limps toward the kitchen.

TABITHA

Consider this a lesson on kindly removing these women from your home.

Jake looks at Tabitha as if she's done this before.

JAKE

Mom. You're killin' me.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tabitha limps to the kitchen island that's covered in flour and batter. She's baking muffins.

TABITHA

No. You're killing me! It's what you wanted, isn't it? Aren't one-night stands only good for one night?

Jake takes a seat on a bar stool at the kitchen island. He grins as he grabs a fresh muffin off the counter.

JAKE

But what if she's the one?

Tabitha gives Jake a look of "yeah fucking right." Jake laughs. He loves getting his mom worked up.

TABITHA

I gave up on your love life years ago.

JAKE

Doesn't sound like it.

Jake dips his finger in Tabitha's mixing bowl. Tabitha *CRACKS* the wooden spoon over the top of Jake's hand.

Jake watches as Tabitha limps back over to the kitchen sink.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Are your knees acting up again?

TABITHA

Don't worry about me. The only thing you should be worrying about is eating. You're all skin and bones!

Jake shakes his head and picks up his phone.

INT. ALYSSA'S CAR - DAY

The interior of Alyssa's beat-up four-door sedan is as dirty as Alyssa's room. Empty coffee cups and protein bar wrappers line the floor.

Alyssa tries to defrost the windshield by rubbing it with the sleeve of her jacket as she coasts down the road. She plays with the heat settings on her dash.

ALYSSA

(struggles with
windshield)

Ugh! This fucking heater won't kick in.

KAYDIE

Mom. Language!

ALYSSA

Sorry, sweetie.

Miah looks out the passenger window with her arms crossed.

MIAH
Probably because you never warm up
the car.

Alyssa glares at Miah.

ALYSSA
(mockingly)
Probably because you always make us
late.

Miah returns the glare.

KAYDIE
If the heater's broken, why don't
you just fix it?

ALYSSA
Fixing it costs money, hunny, and
that's just something your dad left
us none of.

MIAH
Sure. Blame dad.

Miah glares out the passenger window.

ALYSSA
What is with you lately, Miah?

MIAH
Nothing.

Alyssa's car makes a weird SQUEAKING noise.

MIAH (CONT'D)
(cringes)
Can you just drop me off here?

Alyssa pulls over. Miah opens her door and jumps out.

Miah *SLAMS* the door closed. Alyssa calls out after her.

ALYSSA
I love you too!

Kaydie reassuringly rests her hand on Alyssa's shoulder.

KAYDIE
Don't worry, Mom. She's just having
a hard time processing her daddy
issues.

Alyssa looks at Kaydie; she's growing up too fast.

ALYSSA
You're too smart for your own good.
You know that?

KAYDIE
What can I say? I'm the rock in
this household.

Alyssa smiles, knowing Kaydie might just have a point.

ALYSSA
I love you.

Kaydie opens her door.

KAYDIE
Love you too. Drive safe.

Kaydie exits and closes her door. Alyssa takes a deep breath and sits for a moment. Times have been hard lately.

INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

Alyssa drops in her chair. She's exhausted already, and it's only nine-thirty. She leans back and stares at the ceiling.

Her co-worker BONNY (60s), a thicker woman with a fun grandma-type vibe, pops her head around the corner.

BONNY
You look more stressed than usual.

ALYSSA
I just got off the phone with my
lawyer.

Bonny rolls her chair next to Alyssa and rubs her arm.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Luckily, I start my second job at
the Vikings' ticket office tonight.
I either need to win the lottery or
sell pictures of my feet on the
internet.

Bonny laughs.

BONNY
No. What ya need is to get laid.

Alyssa's put off but smiles.

ALYSSA
Jesus, Bon'!

BONNY
I'm just sayin'. You've spent your
entire life tryin' to fix assholes,
and now it's time to have someone
lick yours.

Alyssa blushes.

ALYSSA
(playfully)
Stop!

BONNY
The girls are getting older, and
pretty soon, they'll be out of the
house. It's time you start learnin'
to take care of yourself and not
others.

Alyssa knows Bonny is right.

BONNY (CONT'D)
Gimme your phone.

Alyssa hands Bonny her phone. Bonny swipes and taps away.

ALYSSA
What are you doing?

Bonny holds up her finger to silence Alyssa as she continues
to work away.

BONNY
And... done!

Bonny hands the phone back to Alyssa. Alyssa's eyes widen at
the sight of a freshly built dating profile.

ALYSSA
You made me a dating profile?! How
did you...?

BONNY
In my family, I'm known as the
candy grandma, and in your case,
the candy is some much-needed di--

ALYSSA
Woah'kay! Thank you!

Alyssa laughs as she nervously looks down at the app. She soon becomes overwhelmed.

Bonny places her hand on Alyssa's.

BONNY
You can do this.

Comforted, Alyssa smiles and swipes.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake helps Tabitha take a seat on the examination table.

TABITHA
You don't need to do this. I can make appointments myself, you know.

JAKE
Listen, your knee is clearly bothering you. You need it checked out, and I have nothing to do today until tomorrow night's rehearsal dinner. So, relax.

Jake slumps into the chair in the corner of the room.

TABITHA
Don't you have work to do?

JAKE
Nope. I'm on vacation.

Tabitha gives him the stink eye.

TABITHA
You know, after a hefty tuition bill and ten years in Los Angeles, you'd think I would see your name on the big screen by now.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE
You'd think.

TABITHA
What are you doing out there that you couldn't be doing here?

JAKE
Do we have to talk about this now?

Jake stands and fidgets with cotton swabs and those popsicle sticks doctors shove down your throat.

TABITHA

I'm just curious why you need to be so far away from your family?

JAKE

There's no film industry here whatsoever.

Tabitha shakes her head.

TABITHA

It's time you gave up your silly little dream, come home, and settle down.

Jake militantly paces in front of Tabitha.

JAKE

First of all, screenwriting isn't some silly little dream.

TABITHA

But nothing's coming of it!

Jake holds up his finger to quiet her.

JAKE

Secondly, I'll settle down when I'm ready.

TABITHA

You just turned thirty. When are you going to be ready?

Jake slumps back in the chair and opens the dating app on his phone. He swipes.

JAKE

I don't know. I just haven't met the one.

TABITHA

(motions toward his phone)
Well, you aren't gonna meet her on that bullshit.

Jake holds up his phone.

JAKE

This is dating now, Mother.

There's a *KNOCK* on the door. TABITHA'S DOCTOR (50s), a short, balding man with salt-n-pepper hair, enters with a clipboard.

TABITHA'S DOCTOR

Ah, Tabitha. It's a pleasure to see you. Let's take a look at those test results.

Tabitha's eyes widen as she tries to motion to her doctor to shut the hell up. He doesn't look up from his paperwork.

Jake notices Tabitha acting weird.

TABITHA'S DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Well, it looks like the results have come back negative.
(looks up from his clipboard)
Congratulations! You've officially been in remission for one year!

INT. TABITHA'S CAR - DAY

Tabitha buckles herself into the passenger seat of her SUV as Jake sits in the driver seat and *SLAMS* the car door closed.

JAKE

Cancer? You've had fucking cancer for one year, and you didn't tell me?

TABITHA

No, no. I've been in *remission* for one year. I had cancer for two.

Jake angrily starts the car and throws it into drive.

JAKE

Why the hell didn't you tell me?

TABITHA

I didn't want to bother you, sweetheart. Besides, everyone has cancer nowadays. It's like a trend amongst us old people. You haven't lived unless you've had cancer.

Jake calms. She kinda has a point.

JAKE

And what does Steve have to say about all this?

TABITHA

Your stepfather can kiss my ass.
That fuckin' guy won't retire, and
it's pissing me off.

JAKE

You're both nuts!

Tabitha looks at Jake with pouty eyes.

TABITHA

Just come home. You can settle down
with a nice little midwestern girl
and have kids. My grandparental
clock is ticking.

Jake's caught on to his mother's motives.

JAKE

You have cancer, and all you can
think about is getting more
grandkids?

TABITHA

(deadpan)

Had cancer. And yes.

Tabitha turns and crosses her arms like a child. Jake laughs.

JAKE

I want kids someday. But I don't
guilt... babies. It just doesn't
work that way.

TABITHA

Sure it does. It just doesn't work
that way in the big city. All those
West Coast women want is plastic
surgery and more Instatok
followers. Your old classmates are
happily married with kids.

Jake rolls his eyes.

JAKE

Most of my old classmates are
either miserably married to their
high school sweethearts or their
coke addictions. I want to be with
someone who wants more than just
kids and a sweet new truck.

TABITHA

If you come home, I can help with the baby. Hell, I'll even buy you a new truck!

Jake keeps his eyes on the road.

JAKE

Mom, I know that you want to be there and help out. It's one of the qualities I love the most about you, but you're at the age where you need to be taken care of. Not the other way around.

Tabitha smiles. That's very sweet of him to say.

EXT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Alyssa's car pulls into her parking spot.

INT. ALYSSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Alyssa's surrounded by purple and white balloons and other Minnesota Vikings gear. She looks exhausted with her Vikings hat turned, slightly to the side.

She glares at the car parked next to hers.

ALYSSA

(to herself)

What the hell is she doing here?

Her phone *RINGS*. The screen reads, "Silverstein Law Office." She answers and places the call on speaker.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hey, Noah. Got any good news?

NOAH (O.S.)

(filtered)

Unfortunately not. We were unable to locate Tyler.

ALYSSA

Of course not. So what's the next step?

NOAH (O.S.)

(filtered)

Well, Alyssa, that's the even worse news.

(MORE)

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 There really isn't a next step.
 With no job, we can't garnish his
 wages. With no license, we can't
 take it away. With no Tyler, we
 can't continue any further action.

Alyssa stares off into the distance, speechless. The reality
 of her situation sets in for a moment.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 Alyssa? Are you still there?

Alyssa bites her lip.

ALYSSA
 Uh-huh.

NOAH (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 I'll tell you what. I won't charge
 you for today, and I'll have my
 secretary contact you about the
 rest of your bill next week. We'll
 figure out a payment system that
 works best for you, okay?

Alyssa fights back the tears.

ALYSSA
 Mmmhmm.

NOAH (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Try to have a good night.

Noah hangs up, and Alyssa instantly gives in. The weight of
 her world has finally broken her, and she bursts into tears.
 She throws a mini tantrum.

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Alyssa finishes drying her eyes as she enters.

SANDRA MILLAR (40), a tall blonde, who's Alyssa's half-
 sister, rushes toward Alyssa, looking worn out.

SANDRA
 Thank God you're here. She's all
 yours.

ALYSSA
 What the hell is she doing here?

Sandra throws on her jacket and shoes.

SANDRA
I don't know. She just showed up.

ALYSSA
Is she drunk?

Sandra stops and looks at Alyssa.

SANDRA
(deadpan)
Do you really have to ask?
(beat)
I'll pick you up tomorrow night at
nine. We have a lot to drink about.

Sandra leaves and closes the door behind her.

LINDA MILLAR (60s), a taller woman with curly, dark hair,
stumbles into the kitchen and over to a half-empty bottle of
Whiskey. She sways as she pours herself another drink.

ALYSSA
What do you think you're doing?

Alyssa takes the bottle from Linda.

LINDA
Relax. It's just a nightcap.

MIAH (O.S.)
Yeah, Mom. Relax, already.

Alyssa's eyes fill with anger.

She storms into the living room.

ALYSSA
What the hell do you think you're
doing up?

MIAH
Why are you being so cringy? I'm
almost fourteen.

Alyssa glares at Miah.

ALYSSA
Get your ass to bed!

MIAH
Grandma told me you didn't have a
curfew at my age.

ALYSSA
(points down the hall)
NOW!

Miah rolls her eyes and groans. She storms to her bedroom. As she passes, Alyssa snags Miah's phone out of her hands.

MIAH
Mom, don't even.

Miah tries to grab the phone but can't.

ALYSSA
Good night, Miah!

Miah storms off.

MIAH
(to Alyssa)
You're such a bitch! I fuckin' hate
you!

Miah *SLAMS* the door to her room. Alyssa pauses for a second; that one stung. She brushes it off and heads into the kitchen. She grabs the drink from Linda and dumps it out.

LINDA
What did I do?

Alyssa tosses the cup in the sink.

ALYSSA
Do I seriously need to answer that?

LINDA
She's almost fourteen, Alyssa.

ALYSSA
You need to butt out.

LINDA
I'm just trying to help.

Linda tries to place her hand on Alyssa's shoulder, but Alyssa pushes her hand away.

ALYSSA
No, you're drunk and undermining
me... again.

LINDA
Alyssa, I--

ALYSSA

Just stop! I'm tired, and I'm going to sleep.

Alyssa opens the hall closet. Linda grabs her keys off the kitchen counter.

LINDA

Okay. I'll leave.

Linda stumbles toward the door. Alyssa turns with a spare blanket and pillow in hand.

ALYSSA

Oh, no, you don't. You're not driving home. Get your ass on the couch.

Linda stumbles to the couch and lies down. Alyssa tosses the blanket on Linda and takes her keys.

LINDA

I guess I can close my eyes for a quick minute.

ALYSSA

Goodnight.

Alyssa walks to her bedroom and closes the door. She rips the door back open and beelines it to the kitchen.

She grabs her mom's bottle of booze, takes it into her room, and closes the door.

INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa puts the bottle of booze on her nightstand. She drops on her bed. She breaks into tears and spoons her pillow.

After a moment, she stops and looks at the pillow, realizing how desperately she wishes this was someone... anyone.

She pulls out her phone but hesitates. Does she really deserve to have some fun? She decides she does. She opens her dating app and swipes through potential dates.

She swipes left on most until she comes across Jake's profile. She stops and swipes through his photos. She reads through his profile.

ALYSSA

(to herself)

A writer, huh?

She reviews the photos of Jake snowboarding. Jake writing in a coffee shop. Jake sitting on a beach. This guy's life looks pretty amazing. She swipes right. *DING!* It's a match.

Alyssa smiles.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

On one side of the entrance is a small line; on the other, a board reads "Friday Night Specials: Ladies Night!"

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is packed, but it's a total sausage fest, except for the few poor servers forced to serve in this meat market.

Seated at a booth, wearing their suits from the rehearsal dinner, Jake and his two best friends from high school, AARON CHEN (31) and DAVID CAMPBELL (31), have a drink.

Aaron is a fit Asian man with a cocky demeanor, whereas David is a good-looking, timid African American man. They're all in mid-conversation.

AARON

(to Jake)

All I'm sayin' is some of my best material is roasting you tomorrow night. I'm gonna have my pick of the litter after those laughs.

Jake's shocked.

JAKE

(to David)

So this guy can hit on the bridesmaids, but I can't?

David shrugs his shoulders.

DAVID

Wife's orders, my man.

JAKE

Why does she hate me?

David smiles.

DAVID

She doesn't hate you. She just knows your reputation with women.

JAKE

Pfft. Just admit it. Maria wears the pants in your marriage.

Aaron nods vigorously.

DAVID

And I'm okay with that, homie! Have you ever had a Polish girl cook for you? Perogies, kubasa, cabbage rolls. That stuff is fire!

AARON

(smirks)

That is the whitest shit you've ever said.

Jake and Aaron have a laugh.

DAVID

Sure. Laugh it up.

(to Jake)

While you're livin' on a steady diet of ramen noodles and no name mac and cheese, I'm over here eatin' like a king.

JAKE

You ain't lyin'. Living on the cusp of poverty is the cost of admission in LA.

Jake's phone *RINGS*. He checks the screen and seems surprised.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Speaking of the coast. It's my agent. I gotta take this.

Jake slides out of the booth.

AARON

(to David)

Fifty bucks says his "agent" is his mom.

Jake opens the door to leave. As he does, Alyssa and Sandra walk in. Jake and Alyssa make eye contact. Jake recognizes Alyssa but can't quite put his finger on where.

Alyssa and Sandra scan the room. All eyes are on them.

SANDRA

(takes a deep breath)

Fucking Ladies' Night.

They make their way toward the bar.

ALYSSA
I'll buy the first shot.

SANDRA
Buy?

Sandra squeezes into a spot at the bar and waves at the BARTENDER, who rushes over.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
You didn't actually bring your purse tonight, did you?

ALYSSA
Why wouldn't I?

Sandra leans over to the Bartender.

SANDRA
Two shots of tequila and two vodka crans, please.

The Bartender nods and rushes off. A DOUCHEY GUY (20s) slides next to Sandra and opens his wallet.

DOUCHEY GUY
The first round's on me, baby.

SANDRA
Yes, it is.

Sandra pulls a twenty out of his wallet and pushes him away. Alyssa's shocked.

Jake rushes back into the bar and up to his table.

JAKE
Holy shit! You'll never believe it.

AARON
Your sexual promiscuity has finally caught up with you, and you have VD?

Jake smirks and gives Aaron the finger.

JAKE
A production company is interested in optioning one of my scripts!

David lights up.

DAVID

Holy crap, dude! That's big time.
You'll be eating that name-brand
mac and cheese in no time!

Jake scans the room. David and Aaron notice.

AARON

(to Jake like he's a dog)
What's up, boy? Did ya see some
girls, huh? Did ya?

Jake smiles.

JAKE

Yes, but the one looks very
familiar.

Jake spots Alyssa. He tries to put together who she is.

The Bartender arrives with Alyssa and Sandra's drinks. Sandra
pays with the twenty dollar bill.

ALYSSA

(doubtfully looks around)
I thought we were here to meet
someone. I'm not sure this is where
I'm gonna find Mr. Right.

SANDRA

Perfect, because we're not lookin'
for Mr. Right. We're lookin' for
Mr. Right Now. Bonny has a point.
You need a fling. You put too much
time and energy into men.

Sandra hands Alyssa a shot of tequila.

ALYSSA

I just don't want my place to be a
revolving door of men. You and I
grew up in that environment, and I
don't want that for my girls.

SANDRA

They don't even need to know.

Sandra holds up her glass. Alyssa unconvincingly *CLINKS* her
shot glass to Sandra's, and they drink. Jake appears behind
Alyssa and taps her on the shoulder.

Alyssa turns and lights up. She recognizes him.

JAKE
 (to Alyssa)
 I'm sorry, but do I know you from
 somewhere?

Before Alyssa can answer, Sandra, acting as gatekeeper, steps between them.

SANDRA
 (to Jake)
 Is that the best you got? *Do I know
 you from somewhere?* Come on, dude.

JAKE
 No, but I actually think I--

SANDRA
 You gonna buy us a drink or what?

Jake reaches for his wallet.

JAKE
 Well, I--

SANDRA
 Broke, huh? Kick rocks!

Sandra turns her back to Jake. Alyssa pushes her to the side.

ALYSSA
 Sandra! He's telling the truth. We
 matched on Tinder, right?

JAKE
 (lights up)
 That's where I know you!
 (in awe of Alyssa)
 Wow... your pictures don't do you
 justice.

Sandra takes offense to this.

SANDRA
 Did you just call her ugly?!

Sandra gets in Jake's face.

JAKE
 No, no! That's not at all what I
 meant.
 (to Alyssa)
 Sorry, that came out wrong!

Alyssa laughs and pulls Sandra back.

ALYSSA

Don't worry. I know exactly what you meant. And...

(blushes)

Thank you.

Alyssa smiles and looks up bashfully at Jake.

JAKE

(enamored by Alyssa)

Listen, I'm here with a couple friends. Would you maybe like to come and join us?

Jake motions to his table.

ALYSSA

Sure. I'd like that.

Sandra looks over and finds Aaron winking at her and rubbing his hands together.

SANDRA

(to Alyssa)

Christ. You're gonna owe me after this one.

OLD SCHOOL PUNK MUSIC begins. (Think Ramones or Gob)

MONTAGE:

- Sandra hands out shots to the table. Jake rejects and motions toward his keys. Sandra shrugs her shoulders and places two shots in front of herself.
- Alyssa and Jake flirtatiously choose a song on the jukebox. In the background, Sandra and Aaron have a drinking contest. David cheers them on. Sandra seems to be taking the lead.
- Jake takes pictures of Sandra and Alyssa posing sexy-like. Aaron and David creep up. David acts silly, whereas Aaron tries to grind on Sandra. She throws Aaron to the ground.
- Alyssa waits in the bathroom outside a stall door. She impatiently looks over the stall wall to find Sandra drunkenly fishing her phone out of the toilet.
- Sandra and Aaron try to pick a fight with a BIG GUY (30s) at the bar. Jake steps between them and calms the situation. Alyssa watches and clearly likes what she sees.
- Aaron, Sandra, and David fall asleep at the table while Jake and Alyssa are wide awake and deep in conversation.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Alyssa stumbles out of the bar holding up Sandra, followed by Jake, holding up Aaron. Right behind them is a giggly David.

END MUSIC

INT. ALYSSA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Jake stands at the entrance and watches as Alyssa lays down an unconscious Sandra on the couch.

Jake's eyes wander around the place. He finds multiple shoes in the entryway that are different sizes. This seems strange, but he's distracted by Alyssa approaching and looking hot.

ALYSSA

Well, thank you for getting us home safely.

Alyssa steps nice and close. Jake smiles.

JAKE

It's my pleasure. You're a really good sister, you know that. You're very caring. I love that quality in a woman.

ALYSSA

I guess that's what happens when you have two...

Alyssa realizes what she's about to say. She doesn't want him to know about her kids.

JAKE

Roommates?

ALYSSA

That's a way to put it.

Alyssa steps in for a kiss. Jake smiles. Finally! This is something he's been wanting all night. He's about to go in when...

SANDRA (O.S.)

You have a fuckin' room, you know!

Alyssa giggles as she grabs Jake's hand and drags him to her room. They pass the kid's rooms. The doors are closed.

JAKE

Your roommates aren't home, are they?

ALYSSA

No, they're at my other sister's.

Jake's confused. He hasn't quite put it all together.

INT. ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa turns on the light. Jake's a little shocked about the state of the room. Alyssa notices the look on Jake's face.

ALYSSA

Is everything okay?

JAKE

Uh, yeah. Of course. Sorry.

Alyssa pulls off Jake's shirt and tosses him on the bed. She's about to take her shirt off but hesitates. She covers her stomach. She's self-conscious about her body.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Is everything okay? We don't have to do this, you know. You've been drinking, and I haven't, so I don't want you feeling taken advantage of.

ALYSSA

Oh, no. It's not that.

She takes off her pants and throws them at him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna freshen up quick. I'll be right back.

Alyssa hurries out of the room.

Jake pulls Alyssa's pants off his face and notices the tag has Miah's name written on it.

JAKE

(to himself)

Miah?

Toby jumps up and sits on the corner of the bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Toby)
Hey, there, little buddy. What's
your name?

Jake reaches out to pet Toby. Toby growls and nips at Jake's hand before running out of the room. Alyssa returns wearing a sexy silk bathrobe.

ALYSSA
Sorry. He's not used to having men
around.

Alyssa crawls on top of Jake.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Now, where were we?

They make out, but Jake has something on his mind.

JAKE
(pulls away)
Is Miah one of your roommates?

Alyssa sits up on Jake and takes a deep breath.

ALYSSA
I guess there's something I should
tell you.

Alyssa hesitates, thinking this could send a guy like Jake running for the hills.

Jake senses how difficult this is for her. He smiles. He really likes her. He sits up and sensually kisses her.

JAKE
You know what. Forget about it. You
can tell me some other time.

Jake continues to slowly kiss her. The passion heats up. This just went from fucking to making love.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The office phone *RINGS* in this busy waiting room.

SUPER:
Two Weeks Later.

In front of a large sign that reads "Vagabond Productions," a SECRETARY (20s), baby-faced and beautiful, answers the phone as a very coy Jake enters the waiting room.

SECRETARY
 (into the phone)
 Thank you for calling Vagabond
 Productions. How may I direct your
 call?

The Secretary presses some buttons and then hangs up. Jake
 walks up to her desk.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
 How can I help you?

JAKE
 My name's Jake Olsen. I have a ten
 o'clock.

The Secretary checks her schedule.

SECRETARY
 Perfect. If you just have a seat,
 I'll let you know when they're
 ready for you.

JAKE
 Thank you.

Jake sits on an empty loveseat. He nervously looks around at
 pictures of the Hollywood Hills and movie sets on the wall.
 He's clearly out of his element.

Jake's cell phone *RINGS*. He quickly mutes it without checking
 the screen. It *RINGS* again. He checks it and then answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALYSSA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Alyssa sits on the toilet. She sobs and dabs her red puffy
 eyes with toilet paper.

JAKE
 Alyssa! I'm stoked that you called,
 but I'm just about to jump into a
 meeting. Can I call you back?

Alyssa sniffles. She doesn't know where to begin.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Alyssa? Are you okay?

Alyssa wipes her tears.

ALYSSA

Jake. We need to talk.

Jake's eyes widen.

JAKE

Alyssa, I swear I got myself tested before we hooked up.

Alyssa shakes her head.

ALYSSA

No. It's not that.

JAKE

Oh, thank God! You had me worried for a second.

Jake nervously laughs.

Alyssa cries, knowing the news is much worse.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, you can tell me. I'll call you right back after this meeting is done.

ALYSSA

Remember when I told you I had roommates?

JAKE

Yeah.

ALYSSA

Well, I lied. I have two daughters who live with me full-time.

Jake thinks for a moment putting that night together in his head. It makes sense now.

JAKE

You didn't exactly lie. You said they were *kinda* like roommates. Either way, that's no big deal. Maybe we can all go out for ice cream or something next time I'm in town?

Alyssa smiles at Jake's sincerity. She thinks for a moment. Maybe everything will be alright. She takes a deep breath.

ALYSSA

Jake... I'm pregnant.

Jake squints.

JAKE
You're what now?

ALYSSA
I wish I could be calling on better
terms, but it's true. I'm pregnant.

JAKE
Are you sure?

Alyssa looks down at the bathroom floor that's covered in
pregnancy tests. They're all positive.

ALYSSA
Very sure.

Jake's jaw practically hits the floor. His face goes pale.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Alright, Mr. Olsen. The producers
are ready for you now.

DING! Jake receives a text. He checks the phone, and it's a
picture from Alyssa of a positive pregnancy test.

Jake slowly looks up at the Secretary, petrified.

FADE OUT.