

MIXOLOGY

PILOT

Written by

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December 19, 2012

ACT ONE

INT. MIX -- LOWER MANHATTAN -- NIGHT

MIX is a high-end lounge in the meatpacking district. Exposed brick, hip art, sensual electronica, \$15 cocktails, beautiful people. Think Soho House. The CAMERA slowly catches up with

A NERVOUS MAN

wading through the chic crowd. This is TOM, 20's, dorky shirt but handsome enough. Perspiring, he makes his way towards

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

sitting alone at the bar, dressed in white. This is MAYA, 20's. Tom reaches Maya, downs his beer, and asks the question men have been asking women at bars since time immemorial:

TOM

Can I buy you a drink?

Maya turns and frowns at Tom, unimpressed... He shrinks:

TOM (CONT'D)

P-Please?

TITLE OVER BLACK:

TOM & MAYA

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIX -- EARLIER THAT NIGHT

A WOMAN in a tiny red dress blows into Mix. MEN subtly, and not-so-subtly, gawk at her. This is JESSICA, 30's. She looks around and spots her kid sister, JANEY, 22, waving from the bar. Jessica crosses, kisses her cheek:

JESSICA

Sorry I'm late. Mom took the wrong train in and the kids took forever going down--

Jessica sips Janey's drink, then calls over to the BARTENDER:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'll have whatever my sister is having!

The tatted BARTENDER nods without looking up, mixing away.

JANEY

And how are the kids?

Jessica adjusts her bra, aggressive, taking in the scene.

JESSICA

Who cares -- I'm out, I got my slutty red dress on, I'm rocking my new birthday clutch, all I want to do is get drunk, have sex with a complete stranger, and be home in time to watch *Game of Thrones*.

(off her sister's LAUGH)

The kids are great. Here:

Jessica opens a photo on her phone and gives it to Janey.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Austin's first soccer game...

Janey flips through the pictures of her nephew, COOING...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He's terrible. It's hilarious.

JANEY

Whoa! Who's this?

Janey holds up a photo of a cute, alt GUY smiling, shy.

JESSICA

Oh. That's Dave. Or Don. Dan?

(off Janey's look)

I met him on Blendr. He's 6'1", 175 pounds and an "internet entrepreneur" -- so nothing shady there, right? Also, he's less than a mile away and should be here within the hour. Check out the next picture.

Janey slides to the next picture and, judging from her reaction, it's a COCK SHOT. Naive little Janey SHRIEKS:

JANEY

Oh my God!

JESSICA

I know. I'm really not sure how I'm gonna wrangle that thing.

JANEY  
 It's very veiny...  
 (studying it closely)  
 So you're just gonna...?

Jessica takes her phone back, feeling her judgement.

JESSICA  
 Yes, Janey, I'm going to make some  
 bad decisions tonight. Don't tell  
 Mom.

JANEY  
 That's not what I meant--

JESSICA  
 Look, as soon as they invent an  
 iPhone app that locates all the  
 cool nice guys with stable jobs  
 within a five mile radius, I will  
 be the first to use it. Until then,  
 I've got Blendr. And Dan. With his  
 14 inch wonderdong.

Jessica looks away, pissed. Janey sips her cocktail. Then:

JANEY  
 Can I see it again--?

JESSICA  
 I know you kind of can't look  
 away, right?

Jessica pulls out her phone again. As the sisters huddle over  
 it for another look, CAMERA drifts across the bar to find

TOM

The nervous guy from the teaser sits in a plush booth with  
 his two best friends, BRUCE, 20's, ugly, loud, way-too-honest  
 Long Islander, and CAL, 20's, gorgeous, sweet, but no genius.  
 Tom scans the room, intimidated by all the BEAUTIFUL WOMEN:

TOM  
 I am so not ready for this...

CAL  
 Relax, man, you've been out of the  
 Game for what, a decade? It's way  
 different now.

BRUCE  
 Yeah, girls have changed. They  
 drink like dudes, they dress like  
 prostitutes, and they will sleep  
 with anything. Even I get laid, and  
 look at me. I'm disgusting.

CAL  
It's true. Girls are the new guys.

BRUCE  
*Sex & The City* changed everything.

CAL  
Totally. They're all Miranda's.

BRUCE  
Dude no, Miranda was the workaholic one, Samantha was the slutty one.

CAL  
I think Dorothy was the workaholic one.

BRUCE  
Dorothy? There was no Dorothy--!

As his friends BICKER, Tom starts sliding out of the booth...

TOM  
Look, I'm just gonna get a cab--

CAL  
No. You need to do this, Tommy.

BRUCE  
(scanning various WOMEN)  
Yeah, let's just find you a nice girl...like a nice, drunk, not traditionally beautiful girl with maybe one or two facial deformities... like a girl with a cleft lip who's looking to make a connection, you know what I mean?

JUST THEN A HOT WAITRESS BLOWS PAST

This is KASEY, 20's, bubbly, sexy, lovably shallow partygirl. CAMERA follows her as she crosses behind the long, sleek bar and nervously approaches

THE BARTENDER

who's mixing cocktails at breakneck speed. This is DOMINIC, 44, the dark, mysterious head mixologist at Mix. He rocks sleeve tats, a wallet chain, and a fedora, all successfully.

KACEY  
Hey. Look, I need to say something and I don't want you to freak out and make a big scene, okay?

Dominic nods and keeps mixing, his hands in constant motion.

KACEY (CONT'D)

All right, here goes...we're over.

DOMINIC

(mixing, emotionless)

Okay.

KACEY

It's not you. It's just, I'm a super positive person and you're like this black cloud of negativity that rains poison on everything and murders it, you know what I mean? Plus I'm looking for something more long term and you're really old so how would that even work? Would you wheel our kids around on your electric scooter?

DOMINIC

Right, no, that's a great point--

KACEY

I hope we can still be friends?

DOMINIC

That'd be...great.

She EXHALES, relieved, and hugs him way too tightly.

KACEY

*Oh my God this went so well.* Have an awesome shift!

She smiles and bounces off. Dominic watches her, confused, then goes back to mixing as CAMERA drifts over to

TOM, BRUCE AND CAL IN THEIR BOOTH

Tom sulks as Bruce and Cal eagerly scan the female clientele:

CAL

...okay, what about Purple Dress?

Bruce spots a HOT LATINA IN A PURPLE DRESS, and sighs:

BRUCE

A Latin chick? Are you trying to get Tom killed? He can't even handle Chipotle.

CAL

Okay okay, what about White Top?

CAMERA finds MAYA, sitting at the bar, beautifully lit...

CAL (CONT'D)

She looks like a nice girl from a prominent family in Connecticut that has horses, you know what I mean? What do you think, Tommy?

Tom begrudgingly looks over at Maya...and stops, smitten.

TOM

Oh come on, that's like...I mean... she's way out of my league...

CAL

Look at me: no one is out of your league! You're Tommy Svensen, the Viking of Victorville! You rape and pillage and you take what's yours!

BRUCE

I mean...don't actually...rape her.

TOM

You really think I can do this?

CAL

What's the worst thing that can happen? She says no? Then you're right back to where you are now.

BRUCE

Yeah, go on, get your beak wet...  
(guiding Tom out of booth)  
Just don't try to be funny because you're not funny, and don't talk about Laura because then you'll cry, okay?

Tom nods and heads off, nervous... Then Bruce SMACKS Cal:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

*She's totally out of his league!*

CAL

*No she's not! She's like a 6!*

BRUCE

*To you she's a 6! To Tommy she's a 12! You are literally sending him to his death--!*

When Tom looks back at them, they flash him big thumbs up:

BRUCE (CONT'D) CAL  
YOU GOT THIS, BRO! YOU THE MAN, TOMMY!

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS TOM THROUGH THE CHIC CROWD

and we catch up with the TEASER... Tom reaches Maya, and:

TOM  
Can I buy you a drink?

Maya turns and frowns at Tom, unimpressed... He shrinks:

TOM (CONT'D)  
P-Please?

MAYA  
Do I know you?

TOM  
No! No. I'm Tom.

FREEZE on Tom smiling, doofy, hopeful... Then we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL -- NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK -- 1987

BABY TOM has just been born. He CRIES. A nurse places him in a crib labelled "SVENSEN, THOMAS." Tom's MOM looks overjoyed. His swingin' 80s DAD, hot perm, tracksuit, looks freaked out--

EXT. TOM'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- NEW ROCHELLE -- 1995

Tom's DAD throws his suitcase into his Trans Am and SQUEALS away from Tom's home. On the stoop, 8 YEAR OLD TOM happily waves, oblivious that his dad's clearly leaving forever. Tom's MOM sits next to him, smoking quietly--

INT. TOM'S MOM'S DARK BEDROOM -- 2002

15 YEAR OLD TOM brings his mom a tray of pop-tarts and Sunny D for breakfast in her dark, shrouded bedroom. Lying alone in bed, she just rolls over, ignoring him. He looks heartbroken--

INT. COLLEGE PARTY -- BATHROOM -- 2006

COLLEGE BRUCE and COLLEGE TOM keep trying to tap a keg, and keep spraying beer all over themselves, laughing. Then Bruce sees LAURA and introduces her to a soaking-wet Tom. She smiles, shakes his hand...and easily taps the keg. Tom watches her, amazed, already in love with her--



INT. COLLEGE DORM -- 2007

COLLEGE TOM brings LAURA a tray of crappy breakfast in her dorm room. Unlike his mom, however, she's sincerely grateful. Tom smiles, hope returning to his life--

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT -- 2011

24 YEAR OLD TOM and LAURA sit opposite her PARENTS in a hip Manhattan eatery. Then LAURA holds up her hand, revealing her ENGAGEMENT RING. She and her MOM erupt, overjoyed. Her DAD claps Tom on the arm, warm, loving, the father he never had--

INT. TOM & LAURA'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

Laura stands by the door with a Starbucks, emotionless.

LAURA

It's over.

Tom, busy shampooing their DOG in a large plastic tub, looks up, totally blind-sided:

TOM

Wh...? What do you mean?

LAURA

I'm just not feeling it anymore.

TOM

What?!

LAURA

I'm so sorry, Tom.

TOM

Wait...*are you serious?*

She nods, unable to look him in the eye...

TOM (CONT'D)

But...why?

LAURA

I don't know, I just woke up this morning and I looked over at you and everything about you repulsed me.

TOM

What?! Like repulsed...how?

LAURA

Like physically. Like looking at your face made me want to barf.

TOM

Well, maybe it was something you ate?

LAURA

No. It was you. It was your face.

TOM

This is insane! We're supposed to be getting married next month!

LAURA

I know. I feel terrible.

She SUCKS LOUDLY on the straw of her iced coffee.

TOM

Really? Because the straw kind of undermines everything you just said-

LAURA

I'm sorry, Tom. I just can't take it anymore.

TOM

Can't take what anymore? What did I do wrong?!

But she's already exited out the open front door. Tom slumps to the floor next to the dog, devastated. A beat. Then the dog hops out of the tub, shakes off, and trots out after her.

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT -- MANHATTAN -- LATE NIGHT

Tom lies on Cal's hardwood floor in an old hoodie, staring at the ceiling, decimated. Empty beer cans litter Cal's plush bachelor pad. Cal lies on a couch while Bruce paces, pissed:

BRUCE

I never liked her. Not in college. Not after college. Not ever.

TOM

Bruce. You introduced us.

BRUCE

Yeah, I thought she was a whore, I didn't think you were gonna marry her.

TOM

Look...don't talk like that. I  
still, you know...I still love her.  
I just wish I knew what I did wrong-

A tear escapes from Tom's eye and he quickly wipes it away.  
Cal and Bruce notice, and get super-uncomfortable:

BRUCE

*Dude, get him a Kleenex!*

CAL

*I don't have Kleenex, dude! Guys  
don't have Kleenex!*

BRUCE

*I have Kleenex!*

CAL

*You do?*

BRUCE

*Yes! I've got Kleenex all over my  
apartment!*

CAL

*Why do you have so much Kleenex--?!*

TOM

I gotta call her again.

BRUCE

What?

No.

CAL

BRUCE

Look, Tommy...we get that this is  
dredging up a lot of stuff about  
your dad, but sometimes people just  
leave without saying why, okay...?

Tom nods, emotional, trying to hold it together...

CAL

Actually, I had no idea this was  
relevant to your father abandoning  
you as a child. I didn't put those  
pieces together til just now--

BRUCE

Look at me, Tommy: you just need to  
go home, lock away any weapons you  
might own, download a whole bunch  
of weird Japanese porno, and drink  
alone for like 3 to 5 weeks.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Eventually you'll stop thinking about Laura and you'll start banging a lot of questionable women and hating them afterwards. But then you'll find someone great, like a really cool, sweet girl. And you'll screw that up too because you'll be way too into her and she'll freak out. That story probably ends with a lot of angry texts and a restraining order. But then you'll find someone really cool, and you won't come on too strong, you'll play it just right, and she'll think you're funny and cool and... well... That's the best feeling in the world, right?

Bruce and Cal smile at Tom, concerned, reassuring, loving...

CAL

You'll find someone else, Tommy.  
Someone hotter.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK IN THE BAR -- TOM STILL STANDS IN FRONT OF MAYA

smiling, doofy and hopeful. She glances at her watch, shrugs:

MAYA

Sure, I got a few minutes. Sit.

TOM

(way too excited)  
Really?!

MAYA

Oh no.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MIX -- BACK OFFICE -- NIGHT

Dominic stands in the bright back office, writing on a large wall-mounted CALENDAR... Then Kacey blows in, furious:

KACEY

There you are! So um, how come when I dumped you like three minutes ago you were just like "okay?"

DOMINIC

What...did you want me to say?

KACEY

I wanted you to be pissed! We've been hooking up for six weeks! Couldn't you have at least pretended to be hurt?!

DOMINIC

I was hurt. I was just...in shock.

KACEY

(warming, touched)  
Really?

DOMINIC

No. You just told me to pretend--

KACEY

Oh my God you're killing me right now.

DOMINIC

Look, honey, I kind of hook up with all the waitresses around here? That's sort of...why guys become bartenders? I'm really sorry if I hurt you, but honestly, I'm not even sure what your name is.

KACEY

(GASPING, horrified)  
Well it doesn't matter now because I'm never talking to you again!

She storms out. Dominic SIGHS, wow... Then she returns:

KACEY (CONT'D)

Also, I need Wednesday off -- Josh said he'd close for me.

Dominic nods, okay, and writes "JOSH CLOSE" on the schedule.

KACEY (CONT'D)

Thanks. (beat) I'm still angry.

She hesitates, then awkwardly exits again.

BACK AT THE BAR

Jessica and Janey downs shots and high five: WOO!

JESSICA

So how's it going with the new guy?

JANEY

Ricky Z? Great! Yeah, he's seven days sober now so that's awesome. Unfortunately he can't get a job because of the mail fraud thing, and technically he's still married so, you know, we're taking it slow.

Jessica just buries her head in her hands. Janey's defensive:

JANEY (CONT'D)

Well at least he doesn't post pictures of his penis online!

JESSICA

Okay, first of all, Ricky Z definitely posts pictures of his penis online. Secondly: you're so great. You can do better than him.

JANEY

You don't understand. We have an amazing connection--

JESSICA

No you don't. You don't have an amazing connection. Listen to me, Janey, you had your first real boyfriend what, two years ago? That means you are a two year old at dating, okay? You're toddling around, knocking over furniture, babbling nonsense words and crying for no reason. You know nothing. You understand nothing. You are a constant threat to yourself. And you need to leave this moron as soon as humanly possible.

JANEY

(bristles, hurt)

Oh my god, you're just jealous  
because I'm young and I have some-  
one and you're old and you don't.

Jessica recoils, *whoa*, stung, as CAMERA drifts over to

TOM AND MAYA

Picking up where we left off, Tom eagerly drags a barstool  
over and sits next to Maya with a loud SCRRRAPE-CLANG-THUD!

MAYA

(watching him, troubled)

I'm Maya, by the way...

TOM

Maya? What a pretty name. Is  
that...(searching)...Mayan?

Maya LAUGHS in spite of herself. Tom's confidence grows...

TOM (CONT'D)

So Maya, where are you from?

FREEZE FRAME on Maya, looking at Tom, bemused. Then we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OLD PICK-UP TRUCK -- PITTSBURGH -- 1986

Both feet up on the dashboard, Maya's MOM SCREAMS as Maya's  
old school DAD stoically delivers BABY MAYA in the cab of  
their rusty pick-up truck. Frowning, he pours Bud Light all  
over NEWBORN MAYA to clean her off--

EXT. MAYA'S FAMILY'S HOUSE -- PITTSBURGH -- 1989

THREE YEAR OLD MAYA toddles through her family's dilapidated  
row house, crying about her broken PRINCESS ARIEL doll. She  
reaches her father, who takes the mermaid and furiously whips  
it against the wall, SHATTERING it! Maya silences--

EXT. RUNDOWN BASKETBALL COURT -- 1997

16 YEAR OLD MAYA, now a tomboy with a ridiculous mullet,  
plays streetball with a bunch of TOUGH GUYS on a rundown  
basketball court. She shoves, throws elbows...and sinks every  
shot. Nearby, a TALL MAN watches her, impressed--

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY -- GYMNASIUM -- 2004

The TALL MAN shouts at COLLEGE AGE MAYA as she dribbles down Cornell's beautiful basketball court -- he's her COACH. Maya plays street-tough, leveling her preppy OPPONENTS--

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY TRAINING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT -- 2004

COLLEGE MAYA and her coach have sex on a bench in the Training Room. It's angry, hot. The COACH aggressively yanks Maya's ponytail back and she CLIMAXES, loving it rough--

INT. HIGH-END SPORTS LAW FIRM -- 2011

YOUNG LAWYER MAYA, sexy in an expensive business suit, blows through the halls of her sports law firm until she's stopped by an older PARTNER, who's chatting with NFL great TIKI BARBER. The partner introduces Maya to Tiki. Instant sparks--

INT. TIKI BARBER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

In a Giants tee shirt and panties, Maya drinks coffee and reads her iPad while Tiki folds laundry on his kitchen table.

TIKI

Did you call the guy?

MAYA

About the--? Yeah.

TIKI

Cool. Thanks.

Then Tiki pulls out a pair of MEN'S BOXER BRIEFS from the laundry basket. Looks confused:

TIKI (CONT'D)

Whose are these?

MAYA

(looking up -- *uh-oh*)  
Huh?

TIKI

Whose boxer briefs are these?

MAYA

I don't know, yours?  
(quickly back to reading)  
Did you see the Jets traded Sanchez? About time, right--?



TIKI

I don't wear boxer briefs, I wear  
Hanes Comfortflex, you know that.  
Whose boxer briefs are these Maya.

She hesitates...which tells Tiki everything he needs to know.

TIKI (CONT'D)

Oh my God, who is it?

MAYA

Oh come on, I'm sure you've had  
some fun since we started dating.

Tiki shakes his head, nope. Maya frowns:

MAYA (CONT'D)

Really? No one?

TIKI

That's a stereotype about athletes.

MAYA

Right, well, I didn't know I was  
dating the one famous athlete in  
the world who doesn't sleep around.

Tiki turns and takes in the skyline of Manhattan, hurt...

MAYA (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Tiki, don't cry.

But he does. NFL All-star Tiki Barber is crying.

TIKI

Who is he.

Maya squirms, trying to think fast. Tiki turns:

TIKI (CONT'D)

Tell me it's not Rondé.

Busted.

TIKI (CONT'D)

Maya?

MAYA

You were out of town--!

TIKI

Maya he's my twin brother!

MAYA

I know! He looks just like you!  
That's barely cheating!

Tiki angrily wipes the tears from his eyes, hurt.

TIKI

You know, you think you're this  
like tough, independent woman, but  
really...you're just mean.

Maya looks stung... Tiki crosses to his bedroom, stops:

TIKI (CONT'D)

And you wanna know something else?  
I'm gonna be fine -- Tiki always  
lands on his feet. But you? You're  
gonna spend the rest of your life  
alone because you're broken and you  
don't know to be nice to people. So  
suck on that, you big mean bitch.

He SLAMS the door as he exits. Maya stands there, stunned.

INT. EQUINOX GYM -- A FEW DAYS LATER

Maya crushes the incline press machine as her friend from  
work, LIV, glasses, lazy, stands nearby, eating a LunaBar.

LIV

He called you "a big mean bitch?"  
That's awesome.

MAYA

Why is that awesome?

LIV

Because you're a big mean bitch.  
That's like your thing.

MAYA

What? I'm not a bitch! I'm just a  
strong modern woman who--!

A PUDGY GUY wearing head-to-toe Under Armour butts in:

PUDGY GUY

You almost done with this machine?

MAYA

No dude I'm not almost done.

The guy recoils, *whoa*, as Liv calmly bites into her Luna bar:

LIV

Actually, I'm cool with leaving.

MAYA

Liv, you gotta do more than just eat at the gym if you want to lose 10 pounds before your wedding.

LIV

I know but everyone in here looks like Christian Bale and it's freaking me out. Look, there's like three Christian Bale's right there--

There are in fact three AMERICAN PSYCHO BANKER TYPES sprinting in unison on the treadmills nearby. Maya pumps away harder on her machine, unable to let go of the bitch thing:

MAYA

Here's the deal: I'm a nice person when I want to be. It's just--

LIV

What's the last nice thing you did?

Maya angrily thinks...and thinks... Finally Liv just LAUGHS.

MAYA

Okay if you're so damn nice what's the last nice thing you did?!

LIV

Well, I gave Jim a handy in the shower this morning even though I really didn't want to and also I gave a dollar to a homeless man because he looked like my dad--

MAYA

Fine. You're amazing. I'm just saying I'm capable of being nice--

PUDGY GUY

You done with that machine yet?

MAYA

*You'll get the goddamn machine when I'm done with it, okay Under Armour?! I promise you'll still be really fat then!*

The guy hurries off, hurt. Liv blanches. Maya winces, *shit...*

END FLASHBACK.

BACK IN THE BAR -- TOM AND MAYA CONTINUE CHATTING

And we pick up where we left off...

MAYA

Me? I'm from Pittsburgh.

TOM

Nice! Go Phillies!

MAYA

Pirates.

TOM

Pirates. Right. Sorry. I'm not really into sports.

MAYA

Oh. I'm a sports attorney and a three-time All-American.

She looks away, increasingly losing interest... Tom sweats:

TOM

Wow! Great... Pittsburgh though, right? What a beautiful city.

MAYA

Actually it's a cesspool of sadness and broken dreams. I thank God every day that I got out.

TOM

HAHAHA! Is your family still there?

MAYA

Probably.

TOM

Nice! Families are...nice...  
(long, painful SILENCE)  
I'm from Rhode Island.

MAYA

That's unbelievable, dude.

She has officially lost interest. Tom stammers, hopeless:

TOM

Look, I'm sorry I suck at this. My fiancée of 8 years just dumped me, so you're basically the first girl I've talked to since 2005.

MAYA

Well. That would explain the shirt.

Tom touches his shirt, hurt, as CAMERA drifts over to

JANEY AND JESSICA

sitting nearby, still fighting, highly emotional...

JANEY

...no, that's not what I'm saying!  
I'm saying stop treating me like a  
child! I'm 22 years old!

JESSICA

*Oh my god that's so young -- tell  
me you're using birth control.  
There should be a padlock on your  
vagina right now. Remember Aunt  
Kimmy? She got pregnant just from  
sitting on the bus.*

JANEY

That's not even possible--

JESSICA

Oh crap -- he's here.

Janey turns to see

THE MAN FROM JESSICA'S PHONE ENTERING THE BAR

He's attractive in a cool, geek chic kind of way. Scarf,  
sweater, skinny jeans. Janey is instantly attracted:

JANEY

Wow, he's cute.

JESSICA

(adjusting her dress)  
Oh my god, he's better looking in  
person, that never happens...

JANEY

(trying to see his crotch)  
Where does he hide that thing?

JESSICA

Stop! He's coming! How do I look?

Janey turns back to her sister as she nervously primps.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Do I look like a single mom who's  
 trying too hard...? *Do I look old?*

Janey looks at her domineering big sister, and for the first time sees her vulnerability, her insecurity. Janey softens:

JANEY  
 No. You look beautiful.

Jessica smiles and takes her sister's hand, grateful.

JESSICA  
 Laugh.

JANEY  
 What?

JESSICA  
 (through clenched smile)  
*Laugh bitch.*

Janey lets out a HUGE FAKE LAUGH just as the guy pulls up.

DAN OR DON  
 Excuse me are you Jessica?

JESSICA  
 (smiling coy, looking up)  
 Well, that depends who's ask--

Then he grabs her clutch and THROWS UP INTO IT.

The sisters jump back, SHRIEKING! All the PATRONS around them recoil. The guy SPITS the last chunks into the clutch, wipes his mouth, and...awkwardly places it back atop the bar. Beat.

DAN OR DON  
 My bad.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MIX -- BEHIND THE BAR -- NIGHT

Dominic mixes drinks as BUSBOYS clean up Dan or Don's mess inches away. Next to Dominic, Kacey angrily guns water into glasses, not talking to him. Then he slides her a cocktail.

DOMINIC

I call it...The Kacey Finklebaum.

She keeps gunning water, ignoring him...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

It's bubbly and sweet and just a little bitter at the finish.

Finally she takes a sip. It's great. She lowers the glass.

KACEY

Tastes like piss.

She coldly collects her tray and heads off. Once she's gone, however, she smiles slightly to herself... Then she passes

TOM AND MAYA

sitting at the end of bar. Maya looks miserable, trying to drain any alcohol out of her empty glass while Tom overshares about his ex-fiancée, on the verge of tears:

TOM

...the worst part is she didn't give me any explanation, you know?

MAYA

Where the hell is our waitress?

TOM

If I did something wrong I'd get it, but I treated her so well. I took her to wine country and I brought her breakfast in bed and I did her laundry every Tuesday...  
(he starts quietly CRYING)  
*She was very specific about how she liked her different kinds of underwear dried but I remembered all the rules. I remembered all the rules.*

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch on, horrified:

BRUCE  
He's crying.

CAL  
He's crying everywhere.

BRUCE  
We have to extract him.

CAL  
Yeah. (beat) Go extract him.

BRUCE  
I'm not extracting him! You extract him!

CAL  
What are you, scared?!

BRUCE  
Yes!

CAL  
I am too.

BRUCE  
She's not from Connecticut.

CAL  
Not even a little.

BACK AT THE BAR

Tom dries his eyes with cocktail napkins. Maya just smarts...

MAYA  
Okay I can't take anymore. You want to know why your fiancée left you?

TOM  
Yes! More than anything!

MAYA  
She left you because you're a snivelling little bitch.

TOM  
What?! No! I'm...I'm just nice.

MAYA  
No. I've been listening to you for what seems like an eternity and you're actually not that nice.

(MORE)



MAYA (CONT'D)

You're just a coward who's scared of people not liking you. There's a big difference.

Tom stammers, speechless: she's nailed him dead to rights.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Look at me, Tom. Every girl wants a nice guy, but we also want a man who's not afraid to say "you are out of your goddamn mind if you think I'm gonna fold your underwear six different ways. I am a man. Respect my essence."

TOM

I literally have no idea what you're talking about--

MAYA

Stand your ground, articulate what you want, and accept the consequences, Tom. That's what real men do every single day.

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch Maya berate Tom...

BRUCE

We brought him out too soon.

CAL

He wasn't ready for this.

BRUCE

He's never going to recover.

CAL

No. Never.

BACK AT THE BAR

Maya continues lecturing Tom; he just sits there, petrified.

MAYA

And another thing: men don't cry.

(before Tom can protest)

No. Girls like it when Tom Brady cries because he's a man who handles his business on and off the field so when he cries it shows us an exciting new dimension of his personality.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

But when a spineless bed-wetter like you cries it only confirms to us how weak men have become and that saddens us.

Tom just looks at her, blown away... Finally:

TOM

Okay: can I just say something?

MAYA

What.

TOM

This has been so helpful.

MAYA

(surprised)

Oh. Well. Good.

TOM

I've been killing myself trying to figure out why Laura left me, and my friends have been like: "she's crazy, she's banging other dudes," but you, a total stranger, actually told me the truth. It's not her. It's me. *I'm a little bitch...*

(amazed)

This is fantastic.

MAYA

Is it...?

TOM

Yes! I finally have an answer! I can stop reading her texts and stalking her on Facebook and I can stop listening to Adele all the time and I can just...move on.

Beat. Then Tom hugs Maya, emotional. She stiffens, alarmed.

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys watch on through their fingers, horrified:

CAL

Oh my God he's attacking her.

BRUCE

We should just pay our bill and quietly leave.

BACK AT THE BAR

Tom releases Maya -- he looks liberated, overjoyed.

TOM

I mean obviously I have to work on being less of a little bitch.

MAYA

Right. Obviously.

TOM

Of course, it's also possible I'm not as bad as you think, and maybe you're just, like, really mean...

There's that word again. Maya frowns, troubled.

MAYA

Yeah, I've been getting that a lot lately...Am I really that much more of a bitch than everyone else--?

TOM

Yes.

MAYA

Really? Because I feel like--

TOM

No. There's definitely something very wrong with you.

Maya starts to object, then stops. She nods, a bit emotional, finally hearing this...

MAYA

Okay... Maybe...Maybe you're right.

TOM

It's cool, we both have stuff to work on. But we'll be okay... I mean, I won't be, but you will.

She smiles at him, comforted... He smiles back, warm... It's a sweet moment between two complete strangers... Then:

TOM (CONT'D)

So, like, can I get your number?

(off her GROAN)

What? You just said to stand up, articulate my whatever, and be a man! So here I am: give me your number, woman!

Maya LAUGHS and looks at Tom, hopeless in his dumb shirt...

TOM (CONT'D)

Please...? Come on. Just be nice.

MAYA

Fine. Give me a pen.

Tom, shocked, frantically pats his pockets and looks around, but there's no pen in sight-- until DOMINIC's hand appears out of nowhere, holding up a PEN. Tom takes it, grateful--

TOM

Thanks! Thank you!

Tom quickly passes the pen to Maya...

BACK AT BRUCE AND CAL'S BOOTH

The guys sit there, dumbstruck, not believing their eyes...

BRUCE

*Is he getting her number?*

CAL

No. There's no way. No.

BACK AT THE BAR

Maya writes her phone number on a cocktail napkin while Tom grins, vibrating, unable to believe his luck.

MAYA

You realize that this has been the worst pick-up ever. Like across all of human history. The worst.

TOM

Yes! But it'll be a hilarious story to tell our children some day!

She hands him the napkin with her number on it.

MAYA

I hate children.

TOM

So do I! With all the joy and the innocence? Who needs it--?

MAYA

Please just go.

TOM  
I'm gonna call the hell out of you.

MAYA  
Don't do that.

TOM  
Really, though. Thank you. This has  
been a real shot in the arm--

MAYA  
Walk away Tom.

TOM  
(backing away)  
Yup! Love your bag by the way--

Tom turns, and, as he heads back to his boys, he raises his arms in the air like a prizefighter who's just won the belt!

CAL AND BRUCE ERUPT

They slap ten with each other! When Tom reaches them, they hug him and jump on his back! Tom high-fives STRANGERS! Then

LIV HURRIES INTO THE BAR PAST THEM

Looking alt-cute in a patterned dress, Liv spots Maya at the bar and makes for her. They kiss on the cheek as Liv sits.

MAYA  
Thank God you're here. I was just  
hit on by the weirdest dude ever.

LIV  
Oh God, I'm sorry.

MAYA  
Yeah, and get this: he cried.

LIV  
Another one? Is crying like the new  
hipster thing?

MAYA  
I don't know. I called him a little  
bitch and he asked for my number.

Liv LAUGHS as she scans the menu... Then she looks up:

LIV  
Wait -- you didn't actually give  
him your number, did you?

MAYA

No! No.  
 (beat)  
 I gave him yours.

LIV

What?! Maya, I'm engaged! I can't have some dork crying on my voicemail every night!

MAYA

I was trying to be nice!

LIV

You wanna be nice? Buy me a drink. Pay my rent. Don't give out my phone number to weirdos!  
 (LAUGHING with her...)  
 Did it make you feel good at least?

MAYA

Yeah, actually. It really did...

Maya looks down, just a little proud of herself...

INT. MIX -- WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Jessica holds up her SOAKING-WET CLUTCH to the hand-drier, pissed. Then Janey gently hugs her from behind, consoling.

JANEY

I'm sorry that guy yakked on your birthday clutch.

JESSICA

Thanks... I'm sorry I still treat you like a little girl. I just made so many mistakes with drunk, idiot losers and I really don't want you turning out like me, you know...?

JANEY

(quietly, pulling her close)  
*I would love to turn out like you.*

Jessica smiles, touched...

JESSICA

Okay don't make me cry I just did my eyes.

Janey just holds her sister as she continues drying...

INT. MIX -- BOOTH AREA -- NIGHT

Bruce and Cal toast their glasses to a beaming Tom.

BRUCE

To Tommy: one month ago you were crying like a girl on Cal's floor, but tonight you picked yourself up by your penis and you played like a champion. And that's the measure of a man. I'm real proud of you, bud.

They CLINK glasses and drink.

CAL

What a beautiful toast. That was like Ralph Waldo Iverson.

BRUCE

Ralph Waldo *Iverson*? Does he write poems for the Philadelphia 76ers? You are literally worthless...

As Bruce and Cal start bickering again, we SLOWLY PUSH IN on

TOM

smiling at the napkin in his hand. Proud. Happy. Reborn. And, as Adele's "Set Fire to the Rain" rises, we pick up QUICK SHOTS of the rest of our cast...

DAN OR DON

leans against the exterior of the bar, drunkenly texting...

JESSICA AND JANEY

are in the BATHROOM, holding the clutch up to the hand-drier and dancing like idiots, happy sisters once again...

DOMINIC AND KASEY

are in the BACK OFFICE, fucking like mad. She SLAMS him against a cabinet, sending papers and glassware flying...

LIV AND MAYA

chat at their table. Maya, half-listening, glances over at Tom, laughing with Cal and Bruce. She smiles, warmed by her good deed. The night is off to a good start...

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MIX -- NIGHT

Janey weaves through the bar with a glass of water. Various men smile at her: a CLEAN CUT GUY in a suit, a FRIENDLY DUDE in plaid. She blows past all these NICE GUYS, however, and...

EXT. MIX -- NIGHT

...she exits the bar and heads straight for Dan or Don as he leans against the building, drunkenly texting, a sloppy, untucked, dishevelled mess. She hands him the water.

DAN OR DON

Oh, thanks.  
(drinks)  
Your sister okay?

JANEY

(no)  
She really liked that clutch.

The man frowns, *right*... Then he extends his hand.

DAN OR DON

Ron.

JANEY

(shaking his hand)  
Jane. Janey.

RON

I'm really drunk Janey.

JANEY

Yeah, no, I noticed.

They LAUGH together... He glances over... She looks angelic under the streetlight... Then he asks her the question men have been asking women at bars since time immemorial:

RON

Can I buy you a drink?

She cocks her brow, intrigued... And, as Adele swells, we

SMASH TO BLACK.