

Generation F*cked the pilot

by
Jeff Strauss
&
Madison Randall & Diana Eloise Levy

Second Draft
July 17, 2015

"GENERATION F*CKED"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - USER GENERATED CONTENT

We open on a montage intercutting between a series of interviews with an ethnically-diverse group of **ten or twelve real women in their 20s**. All speak to camera, some on Skype or laptop Webcams, some on Facetime on their iphones, some are more "traditional" documentary style. They all talk about their personal experiences with dating and romance now -- in "Tinder Era."

Here's a taste of what it would be like (using our collection of actual interviews):

REAL WOMEN IN THEIR 20S

(woman 1) I've been on so many bad dates. One guy, he got a nosebleed-- on my face-- while we were making out. (woman 2) He's like, "I don't really have a car. I have a skateboard..." (woman 3) He had a *book* in his front seat and we talked about books and I thought "I'm gonna marry this guy!" (beat) And then he kinda fell off the face of the earth and I never heard from him again.

It sounds awful... but everybody seems to be doing it:

REAL WOMEN IN THEIR 20S

(CONT'D)

(woman 4) I'm on Okay Cupid... How About We?... (woman 5) Down... Hinge... Coffee Meets Bagel... (woman 1) Grouper... Black People Meet... (woman 6) J-Crush, Crushie, J-Date... (woman 3) Match-Dot-Com, Chemistry-Dot-Com... (woman 2) Tinder. (woman 4) Tinder. (woman 6) Tinder (woman 1) I am on Tinder.

This is not what they thought things would be like in their 20s:

REAL WOMEN IN THEIR 20S

(CONT'D)

(woman 2) When I was 13 or 14, I definitely thought I would be married with kids *right now*. (woman 7) I thought I'd be married by 25.

(MORE)

REAL WOMEN IN THEIR 20S

(woman 8) When I was 22 I thought I'd be married by 27, 28 for sure, and now I'm 26 and I can't see it for a *really* long time. (woman 4) My career is more of a priority Dating is... kind of an afterthought. (woman 9) It has been the number one thing that I have not been able to figure out in my adult life (woman 3) It's kind of made me be like "fuck dating and guys right now."

And what about the guys...?

REAL WOMEN IN THEIR 20S

(CONT'D)

(woman 2) A lot of guys, their opening line will be like..."Wanna go halvesies on a baby?" (woman 3) "Wanna sit on my face?" (woman 10) "Girl, I'm going to disappoint you soooo good." Went out with that guy twice... (sighs) At least he didn't *lie*.

END COLD OPEN

MUSIC UP

MAIN TITLE:

"Generation F*cked"

ACT ONE

INT. "GENUINE-GOODS COMPANY" OFFICES - DAY

CAMERA finds **Dylan** at her desk, iPhone in hand. She's hardworking and successful and that success informs her look. She's also smart and a bit cynical and that informs her tone.

DYLAN (TO CAMERA)
(with a sigh/eye-roll) Yeah... Of course
I'm online...

Through the glass of her office, behind her, we can see the open-floor-plan workspace of this busy, new-age "responsible health-and-beauty products company".

DYLAN (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
But I'm looking for something... real.

She glances at her phone.

PHONE SCREEN-SHOT: Dylan's "Tinder" Profile-screen.

DYLAN (V.O.)
And this is... pretty much the opposite
of how you'd find that. Right? I mean...

She *swipes* and we see a **guy's** Profile-screen -- a douche-bag showing off his abs and his car. She *swipes left* -- another **douche-bag** holds an actual tiger cub... BACK TO: Dylan.

DYLAN (TO CAMERA)
...really?? (*swipes left, rolls her eyes, swipes left*) This is just about hooking up... it all seems a little... desperate. I'm focusing on other parts of my life -- like my career, and that's going great. Finding somebody I want to be with. (*swipes left again*) That's gonna take time. And I'm okay with that.

TITLE: "Dylan, VP Marketing and Development 'Genuine Goods Company,' 28, #WillNotSettle"

TITLE: "124 days since her last date."

Her intercom BUZZES.

TAMI (O.S.)
(syrupy) Dyyyyyyyl...? My office? Now.

Dylan eye-rolls, then becomes immediately self-conscious remembering everyone can see her. She stands...

INT. GENUINE GOODS COMPANY - TAMI'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Dylan enters and finds TAMI (40)-- think Parker Posey ala "Will & Grace".

DYLAN
You needed me?

TAMI
Yeah. Mind stabbing my ass with this
needle? All the spots I can reach are
already sore.

She hands Dylan a syringe. Dylan looks behind her. Tami's office is also glass -- everyone's watching. She turns back around and finds Tami has already pulled down her skirt.

DYLAN
(re: needle) Doesn't this hurt?

TAMI
The whole "needing my twenty-something VP
to shoot me up with hormones so I can get
pregnant because I'm forty and alone"
thing hurts more. Bang it in there.

Dylan closes her eyes and stabs...

DYLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

With a shudder, Dylan closes her door and leans against it. She takes out her phone, opens Tinder, and with grim-determination, starts *swiping* right.

PHONE SCREEN SHOT: A flurry of **guys'** profiles swipe right.

INT. WAREHOUSE/GALLERY/EVENT SPACE - THE SAME DAY

Lizzie, super-stylish, very "current", walks through this hipster space with a **hipster couple** in their late 20s.

LIZZIE

...but I think the thing that I love the most about this space for you guys is that it's *not* a hotel. Its not somebody else's idea of "wedding". Every choice we make reflects you -- your day, your love for each other and the depth of the commitment you're making to that love-- (phone buzzes, looks) I'm sorry, excuse me. (into phone) Yeah, hi. ... What?? No. No way! He can't have it, he got the house -- fuck him!

The hipster couple share an uncomfortable look.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Lizzie talks into her laptop's WEBCAM.

LIZZIE (TO CAMERA)

When I got engaged a year-and-a-half ago, online dating was like a thing people you felt bad for did... Now, I'm getting divorced, and... *its all there is*. And watching my friends... I am not sure I'm ready.

INT. WAREHOUSE/GALLERY/EVENT SPACE - REAL TIME

LIZZIE

No! No! Fuck him. Fuck him! Fuck! Him!

The cute, hipster couple just stare at her. Over this:

Title: "Lizzie, Wedding Consultant/Blogger 26, #startingover"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERPLACE PARK TRAIL - THE NEXT MORNING - ESTABLISHING

PHONE SCREEN-SHOT "MyHike" App shows a map of "Riverplace Trail, Austin" with a HIKER ICON moving along about halfway along the route, indicating "Theo".

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - MORNING - MOVING

With **Theo** (23). Nobody could be hiking and *be* any *less* outside at the same time. She looks more like she's window-shopping than getting her heart-rate up. Theo "hikes" in her LuluLemons, fingers and eyes glued to her phone screen, where she's in the middle of a face-time session with her therapist, **Dr. Eloise Brenner**. We see both sides.

DR. BRENNER

...so, Theo, have you told your moms about dropping out of law school?

THEO

No. Dr. Brenner, I tried. But I couldn't. (sighs) They just are so invested in every little thing that happens for me, like if anything I do doesn't turn out perfect it must be because they're lesbians.

She stops, noticing she's right near three **older women** doing tai-chi. They glare, Theo moves on.

DR. BRENNER

What happened when you tried?

INT. THEO'S MOMS' KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Theo is with her moms, a successful, lesbian couple, both in their 50s -- **Lisa**, a lawyer, who looks great in tailored navy and **Kimberly**, a painter who's channeled her creativity into a pair of upscale pie shops.

LISA

So, what's the big news?

THEO

I... I... (quickly) I have a boyfriend!

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - PRESENT

DR. BRENNER

I don't remember you telling me about a boyfriend.

THEO

I don't have one. I made him up. I just started saying things that gay moms would want in a guy who's dating their straight daughter.

INT. THEO'S MOMS' KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

THEO

He's a little older but not too much... He's got a great job... He likes French movies... He's good looking in a kind of "quirky"/rom-com underdog way. He plays kickball...

KIMBERLY

He sounds *fabulous*.

LISA

We're so happy for you.

Theo smiles.

KIMBERLY

You can bring him when you come to dinner next week.

Theo's smile falls, her eyes go wide.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - THE PRESENT

DR. BRENNER

Well, there can be consequences when we lie.

THEO

Um, that's kind of judgmental. And anyway, I found him.

DR. BRENNER

Who?

THEO

The guy. Well, not *the* guy because he's fake. But a guy who's a lot like the guy. And we're going out tonight. And that gives me plenty of time to lock him in for a meet-the-moms in a week.

INT. THEO'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Into her computer's WEBCAM, she holds her beloved phone.

THEO (TO CAMERA)

I am pretty good at the online dating thing. I'm on Match dot com, Black People Meet, Coffee Meets Bagel, Bumble, Grouper, Veggie Match Makers... Tinder of course.

She shows the PHONE SCREEN TO CAMERA, flipping through her profiles on each of the sites. WE CAN SEE she has carefully curated each one to suit the tone of the site.

THEO (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

...pretty much *all* the dating sites. Actually, I'm really good at it. (smiles proud, then, with a shrug) I uh... have a lot of time since I stopped doing my school-work.

TITLE: "Theo Law Student (for now) 23 #Theonewhocantsayno"

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - REAL TIME

Theo, still walking and face-timing.

THEO

Here. Tell me you don't think my moms
would love him.

Theo takes a SCREEN-SHOT of his profile picture and we see it
as she sends it to Dr. Brenner.

THEO (CONT'D)

I'm just waiting for him to message me and
tell me where we're meeting tonight. It
just all worked out -- I've got great
dating karma. It's probably because I gave
my Jamba to that homeless lady that time--

Just then, she trips on an unseen rock and her phone goes
flying out of her hands and over a cliff, leaving her
headphones dangling useless from her ears. Theo falls to her
knees as she takes in the enormity of this.

THEO (CONT'D)

Noooooooooooooo!

TRANSITION MONTAGE: A SERIES of INSTAGRAM PHOTOS from an
account called "@Brigittecanparty" CLOSE-UPS of what looks
like a pretty wild time, takes us to:

CLOSE SHOT of Brigitte, struggling to wake as sunlight hits
her, face down on a sofa. Hair a mess, bleary, signs of that
party all around, she turns over, and her assistant, **V** (20s),
a Warby-Parker-bespectacled, pink-haired, young Asian woman
with bone-dry delivery, comes into focus. REVEAL: We're...

INT. BRIGITTE'S OFFICE - MORNING

A mod-eclectic office at "indie" record label, "Poolside
Music"

BRIGITTE

(waking) V...? Did we close the deal?

V

Yup.

Brigitte smiles, sits up, then:

BRIGITTE

Did I... have sex with him?

V

Not... "technically."

BRIGITTE
Another "win".

Brigitte stands, slips into her shoes and peers out her office door.

V
They're in the conference room. Staff meeting.

BRIGITTE
Right. Because it's Tuesday.

V
Thursday.

BRIGITTE
Right.

She opens a sequined HAT BOX filled with grooming supplies, accessories. In a flash, she switches bracelets, ties a scarf around a three-brush-stroke ponytail -- a "whole new woman".

INT. POOLSIDE MUSIC OFFICES - DAY

Brigitte, here her more put-together self, holds her phone.

BRIGITTE (TO CAMERA)
(re: phone) This has really changed everything for women. It's pretty empowering, actually. We don't have to be all (derisive, girly voice) "Ooh... what if he doesn't love me for exactly who I am? What if he *doesn't* want to marry me? (normal voice) We can be all ('empowered' voice) "What, *that's* his car?" (swipes left) "How big *is* his junk?" (swipes left; normal voice) I've gotta say, right now, I'm pretty proud to be a woman.

INT. BRIGITTE'S OFFICE - REAL TIME

Brigitte heads for the door, calls back:

BRIGITTE
If you can find my underwear, I'm buying lunch!"

As she walks to the conference room, twisting her skirt back into place, we HEAR co-workers APPLAUDING. Brigitte gracefully acknowledges them with a "princess wave".

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DYLAN'S CONDO - LATER THAT MORNING

A tasteful, modern, well-appointed loft. Lizzie sits on the sofa in her sweats and no makeup, watching "Real Housewives". Phone in hand, she sighs and taps the screen and we hear:

SFX: that familiar crumpled-paper, "TRASH" SOUND.

She taps the screen again. Above/behind her we SEE what she sees -- the PHOTOS of her picture-perfect wedding with Nick: *Lizzie and Nick's kiss... DELETE; smashing cake in each other's faces... DELETE; in the bridesmaid's faces(including Dylan, who is not amused)... DELETE; their choreographed wedding, square dance... DELETE.*

Dylan enters from the bedroom, sees her.

DYLAN

No work today?

LIZZIE

Apparently I will be taking a few "personal days" until we all feel that I can be trusted with clients again. You? It's a little late?

DYLAN

We start late today because Tami got the turkey-baster again and has to lie on her back until at least eleven. (looks at her phone, irritated) God. I'm getting like no matches. It's like being at some horrible school dance where I'm getting rejected by people I've never met and don't really want to go out with. (at her phone) I *hate* this...

LIZZIE

(seeing Dylan's screen) Wait... is that your profile picture?

DYLAN

One of them.

Lizzie takes it; re: the picture.

LIZZIE

Well, who would go out with you? You look like you're trying to be Attorney General.

She starts flipping through Dylan's profile pics. We see them too.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Oh no. No no no. Do you still have that picture of you leaning over in that sweater that makes it look like you have big boobs?

She starts going through Dylan's photo library.

DYLAN

I don't want guys like that.

LIZZIE

That's *guys*. At least *straight* guys -- and really most gay ones. Everybody loves the boobies. (finds it) Here it is! (moves it into the profile) Now, maybe something sporty... or drinking... or with some cute girlfriends... Woah! Trifecta!

DYLAN

(re: pictures) I don't know if that's really me.

LIZZIE

Of course it is. It's just the you that doesn't look like you're about to tell somebody they're flunking math... You have to give guys the chance to at least find out how great you really are.

DYLAN

I guess so. Thanks.

LIZZIE

Hey, it's what I'm good at, right -- other people's lives? So then you pick guys, right... how do you do that? Which way do you swipe for what?

Dylan takes her phone back.

DYLAN

I think I should do that part.

LIZZIE

Come on, let me do a little.

DYLAN

Maybe you should get out there. We could do it together. It *has* been four months.

LIZZIE

Oh no. I'm still in the middle of this endless bullshit with Nick. The latest? We're fighting over my Keurig, which he *insists* is *his* even though I have pictures of it in my dorm room before we even met. I can't even... (choking up) How did I *marry* him...?

She stops, clearly upset. Dylan hands Lizzie back her phone.

DYLAN

Left is "no". Right is "yes".

LIZZIE

We are going to find you somebody...
(holds up the phone) How about him?

DYLAN

I don't think so.

LIZZIE

That's a "yes".

She swipes right. On Dylan's reaction:

INT. THEO'S CAR - NOT MUCH LATER

With tear-stains on her face, her inhaler hanging from her mouth, Theo sits behind the wheel as camera PUSHES GENTLY IN on the panic in her eyes.

REALITY/INTERVIEWS (UGC): The hell of life without a phone - the phantom vibrations, the friends thinking you're ignoring them, the FOMO... especially when it comes to dating, "I mean, what if you miss a match that could have been the one? And I'm on eight different apps, I could miss *all* of the ones!"

INT. THEO'S CAR - THE PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Theo's almost calmed herself down. Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the window. Theo SHRIEKS and turns to see a **motor-cycle cop** standing at the window.

COP

Is everything okay?

THEO

No. No. It is not okay. It is anything but okay. It is the opposite of okay. See I have this really, really important date tonight and I don't know where we're meeting and I don't even really remember what he looks like, because...

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

I lost my phone. And I can't even get in touch with him to tell him because I don't have my phone. And, and-- I'm just having a really bad day.

COP

I understand. Any chance you could have it out of the flow of traffic?

Reveal she's stopped under a traffic light. People are stopped in all directions. Theo smiles, sheepishly. She nods.

EXT. JAKE'S BAR - NOT MUCH LATER

A bright-yellow, 80s Mercedes convertible screeches to a stop at the curb. Brigitte is in the passenger seat, with V at the wheel.

BRIGITTE

Hey, hey - easy there! This is *my* car, remember? Only *I* get to drive it like that - when I get my license back.

INT. JAKE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte climbs out. Before she can close the door, V guns the engine and peels off. Brigitte sighs and, ignoring the bar's "closed" sign, goes inside. Ghosts of last night hang over this farm-to-table-to-cocktail spot equipped with the inside-outside patio and a stage for bands. She sees **Jake** (28) behind the bar.

BRIGITTE

Jake, I need break--

Before she can finish her sentence, Jake sets down a hot breakfast of egg-whites and toast with xxx-hot-sauce - a bottle of Advil and a cup of hot coffee. They've done this routine before. She eats; he watches her with a smile.

Over Jake:

TITLE: "JAKE BARTENDER/RECOVERED MBA (29) USES A FLIP-PHONE, #PLAYERWITHNOGAME"

V enters and takes a seat next to Brigitte.

BRIGITTE

I am seriously considering changing my lifestyle (sips her coffee) Eww, this coffee is just *coffee*!

Jake gestures "drink it anyway" and Brigitte does, taking a long swallow.

V

Jake, can I get an OJ?

JAKE

No. And you know why? Because bars aren't bars anymore, bars are where Tinder happens. And apparently, if you're going to hook-up the way everybody else is hooking up, you have to drink the way everybody else is drinking. And right now that means you're having a Michter's Old-Fashioned with a slice. Last month it was Moscow Mules, which is a crap drink to begin with. Didn't matter -- I needed copper cups and I needed ginger beer. You want a copper cup? I've got lots of *those*. (to Brigitte) You know, I'm not even sure I want to buy this place anymore.

BRIGITTE

Yes you do.

JAKE

(sighs) Yeah. Yes I do.

Not looking up, Brigitte plucks an orange that had fallen behind some bottles on the bar.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(to V) I'll get you juice.

On the bar, Brigitte's cell buzzes. V picks it up, reads the text, turns to Brigitte.

V

Dude. It's that guy from last night.

JAKE

New love?

V hands Brigitte the phone.

BRIGITTE

Hardly. He developed this app that can be converted to track song-plays in real-time across multiple platforms, and the guys wanted an exclusive deal to *blah blah blah* -- anyway, last night we had a few cocktails and-- (reads the text) Oh god. He says he "needs" to see me again tonight. What is *wrong* with him? That was yesterday, *move on*.

V

Hashtag "fail." Hashtag "complexities."

BRIGITTE

I know, right?. Normally this would be a very simple "block", "delete", "un-follow". But with the work thing... I have to be... (with distaste) "sweet". (to Jake) I'm gonna have him meet me here so if things get weird, you can bail me out. Don't let me "almost" have sex with him again.

JAKE

Well, *there's* a really vague set of instructions.

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lunch. Tami sits on the corner of Dylan's desk, peering out at out at her employees. She and Dylan both eat from compostable containers.

TAMI

(chewing) Tell me something. (re: an employee) Janine? Fat or pregnant?

DYLAN

Um, I don't know.

TAMI

(stands) Well, find out, cause if she's pregnant, she's fired.

She exits. Dylan calls after:

DYLAN

Wait! Tami, wait! I can't-- we can't even ask that! That's not legal...!

Her phone BUZZES, she looks at it. She has 117 Tinder matches.

SFX: PHONE RING.

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

Lizzie answers.

DYLAN

I have a-hundred-and-seventeen Tinder matches and I have not done *any* swiping.

LIZZIE

I know. I... helped a little.

FLASHBACKS - LIZZIE'S DAY

IN SPIN CLASS: Everybody's spinning, she's not - she's *swiping*, sips her sports-drink and goes back to *swiping*...

AT WHOLE FOODS: In the freezer aisle, *swiping* while shoppers are trying to get past her...

GETTING THE MAIL: *Swiping*...

AT A FOOD TRUCK: *Swiping*...

WATCHING TV: *Swiping*...

IN A BATHROOM STALL: *Swiping, swiping, peeing, swiping.*

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE

Dylan flips through the matches on her phone.

DYLAN

Well, I've got guys sending me dick-pics.

LIZZIE

Any good ones?

DYLAN

I *don't want to see*-- (noticing one, takes a second look, then) That's not the point. I still want to go out with somebody I can actually stand.

LIZZIE

There are some guys who seem nice. Like there's this one guy, Jedidiah, we've been texting -- he's very funny.

DYLAN

What??

LIZZIE

Don't worry, he thinks it's you.

DYLAN

Okay, Liz --

LIZZIE

I had free time. (catching herself)
Right. Noted. You take it from here.

SFX: A "TEXT-SEND" SOUND.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Now you take it from here.

Dylan smiles and hangs up as Tami pokes her head in.

TAMI

Fat. You're off the hook.

THEO'S CAR - DRIVING - SAME TIME

Theo driving, practicing her breathing exercises, when she suddenly SWERVES over to the side of the road and stops. The answer to her prayers is right in front of her: an AT&T store!

INT. AT&T STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Theo enters, goes to the counter.

THEO

Hi. If I lost my phone how soon can I get a new one?

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Right away.

THEO

Oh my god, that's great.

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Are you the primary account holder?

THEO

(worried) No. My moms are.

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Hey. It's no big deal. They don't need to be here. We can just call.

He goes to dial, she grabs his arm.

THEO

No! (off his look) They already think I'm irresponsible.

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Oh. (sympathetic) So, how did you lose your phone?

THEO

I dropped it off a cliff. Never mind.

She turns to go. As she's heading for the door, she sees an open demo iPhone and gets an idea. She picks it up.

Like a skilled pilot grabbing the controls of an out-of-control plane, Theo's fingers make swift, sure motions...

SCREEN-SHOTS: Tinder downloads, Tinder opens, Theo signs in, moves through her matches, finds the guy, "Colt", opens her message exchange with him, texts:

TEXT: "Hey! Can't wait for tonight. Where and when?"

Just then, the Employee, now helping another customer, spots her, starts toward her. Theo knows what's coming, the pressure's on. The "wait" bubbles appear in the text thread.

THEO (TO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Come on, *come on*...

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Excuse me, Miss, these people want that phone.

THEO

They can't have it. I'm using it.

AT&T EMPLOYEE

Actually, that's exactly what they can do here. At the phone "store." Not the phone "library".

THEO

Please please... I'm just waiting for a text. I've got a date. It's -- he's just texting me where we're meeting and I've just got to write it down and I'll go.
(beat) Can I borrow your pen?

He rolls his eyes and hands it to her. She's poised to write in on her hand when the phone BUZZES and she reads the text.

THEO (READING) (CONT'D)

"That great bar around the corner from where Hurley's used to be, between the 7-11 and the garden shop with the windmill out front" Are you *kidding* me???

As she writes that paragraph on her arm, word for word.

BRIGITTE'S CAR - DRIVING - NOT MUCH LATER

V drives. Brigitte's "processing"...

BRIGITTE

...you know if Poolside didn't have a deal with this guy, I wouldn't even be seeing him again...

V

Of course.

BRIGITTE

But you know what? There clearly aren't a ton of women for this dude -- so there's gonna be some enthusiasm there. Which I might enjoy. Especially if I'm awake for it.

V nods.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - MIX ROOM - NOT MUCH LATER

Brigitte with V and the **engineer** at the board. An "**Alt**" band on the other side of the glass, mid-song.

BRIGITTE

(to V) ...and I hope his place is close, because I am not staying over and there is nothing worse than the awkward car-ride back.

V

This is why we Uber. (concerned) Wait, what if he actually likes you?

BRIGITTE

(horrified) Oh, god...

She punches a button on the console and leans into the mic.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Not loving the ukulele, guys. Way too "Bon Iver". Kinda wanna puke. Let's get a little "stank" on that.

The **uke-plier** stomps an effects pedal, plays.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

(into mic) Better. (then, to V) Wait. What do you mean "actually"?

V

What?

BRIGITTE

You said "actually likes you". I'm likable. I mean, I think I'm likable. People like me...

INT. THEO'S DORM - LATER

Theo in her dorm getting ready for the date -- great dress, hair "just right". She holds up a pair of shoes to her surly roommate, **Gina (23)**, who's studying at their dining table.

THEO
Can I borrow--?

GINA
No.

THEO
(another pair) How about--

GINA
No.

THEO
I should probably give you these back.

She takes out the earrings she's wearing, sets them on the table.

GINA
You do know we have a mid-term tomorrow?

SFX Facetime/Skype RINGTONE. Theo looks at her own laptop.

THEO
It's my moms... shhh.

She clicks to answer. We see both of Theo's moms on screen from their kitchen.

THEO (CONT'D)
(brightly) Hi!

THEO'S MOMS (ON SKYPE)
Hi. We were worried about you. We've been texting and calling...

THEO
Yeah, um... sorry about that. I, uh... turned my phone off so I could study for mid-terms.

In the BG, Gina rolls her eyes.

THEO'S MOMS (ON SKYPE)
That's a nice dress. Are you going out with (warmly) "your guy"?

THEO

That's why I needed to really "crack-down" all day on the studying... He can't wait to meet you guys, though!

THEO'S MOMS (ON SKYPE)

Well we're really proud of you, the way things are all falling together.

THEO

Yeah, well... I should probably get back to it. So they can keep... "falling".

She blows them kisses and shuts the computer. Sighs... not quite relieved. She sees Gina staring at her.

THEO (CONT'D)

What?

GINA

The *belt*?

THEO

That's *mine*. That's not mine?

Gina shakes her head, "nope"...

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER - EVENING

Dylan comes home, finds Lizzie at the kitchen counter, still swiping.

DYLAN

(quiet, proud) I have a date.

LIZZIE

That's fantastic! Who did you pick? Is it Jedidiah?

DYLAN

It's not. It's... another guy. He actually seems... pretty great.

LIZZIE

Who is it? Can I see? Is he one of "mine"? What are we wearing?

DYLAN

Again, Liz, thanks for your help, *really*. But I would like to do some part of this myself -- like the dating part. And anything that happens after the dating part.

LIZZIE

Then he's not mine.

Dylan smiles.

DYLAN

It's crazy, but... I'm actually kind of excited.

LIZZIE

I'm glad. And not that I don't trust your judgement, but I'm going to focus on finding our next one.

REALITY/INTERVIEWS (UGC): About how this makes women put themselves out there in a way that they never have before -- on one hand, it's more equal with men; on the other hand, it's terrifying.

INT. GAS-STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE - NOT MUCH LATER - EVENING

Dressed for the big date, Theo stands at the counter while an **Attendant** finishes tracing the route to Jake's bar on a folded paper map, circling the destination.

THEO

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

He smiles. Theo hurries out.

INT. THEO'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Theo climbs in and starts the car. She opens the map to see the route... it's a zigzag... but even worse, the map fills the whole windshield!

THEO

How did people *drive* like this?!!

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Dylan finishes dressing for the evening, clearly putting some effort into this. From the other room: Lizzie SHRIEKS!

INT. DYLAN'S LIVING-ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dylan rushes in and sighs relieved.

DYLAN

Okay... I was sure there would be blood.

LIZZIE

(quivering, holding phone) I-- just...
it's Nick-- I found Nick...! (sniffling)
You look great, though.

DYLAN

Oh, thanks, I-- (noticing) His profile
pic is one of your wedding pictures?!
That a-hole!

LIZZIE

Yes! That's my hand! He's getting laid
using what used to be the happiest day of
my life!

DYLAN

Well, he's never looked that good before
or since.

LIZZIE

Because *I* made him like that! The
haircut, the tux, the tie, the eyebrow
tinting... that's all me.

DYLAN

You got him to tint? Good for you.

LIZZIE

(nods, still snuffling) It was just to
fill in the front parts. It always looked
like his brows were balding.

DYLAN

Do you want me to stay?

LIZZIE

No, no, no. But, if it's okay with you,
I'm going to have to start my own profile
and focus on my own dating life for a
while. (re: phone) A-hole.

Dylan kisses Lizzie's cheek and exits.

INT. JAKE'S BAR - NOT MUCH LATER - THAT NIGHT

The place is filling up. Dressed for her big "second" date,
Brigitte sits at the bar, having a drink and talking to Jake.

BRIGITTE

You know, maybe he's not so crazy. When
I think back on last night -- the parts
I can remember -- I think I kinda felt
something too.

(MORE)

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

I mean, maybe I didn't totally feel something, but I *felt* like I could feel something.

JAKE

Well, that's the kind of stuff they're writing songs about these days...

He smiles and moves down the bar, cleaning up empties. Dylan, who has just entered, steps into the spot and takes a seat. After a beat, Jake returns.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Get you something?

DYLAN

Just a sparkling water, thanks.

JAKE

How early are you?

DYLAN

What?

JAKE

If I had to guess I'd say, forty-five minutes, maybe an hour.

DYLAN

What are you talking about?

JAKE

For your Tinder date. Came in, checked your phone, looked around, didn't see what you were looking for, took a seat at the bar where you could watch the door but not be too obvious about it. Pushed the bar snacks away so you didn't fill up on that in-case things progress to dinner. And you ordered a soda water -- which could be because you're poor or cheap, but based on your new Audi keyless fob, I'd say "not" -- so that means you don't want to be too far ahead when he does get here because you still want to be in control.

DYLAN

I'll have a Michter's Old-Fashioned.

JAKE

Of course you will.

He moves off.

DYLAN

What's that supposed to mean!?!

EXT. CHICON STREET - NOT MUCH LATER - NIGHT

Theo's car creeps along through this hip, bustling, East Austin neighborhood.

INT. THEO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Theo squints, trying to get her bearings, still fighting with the map. Frustrated, she pulls over and turns off the car. She takes the map, her purse, and gets out of the car and starts walking purposefully in the direction she had been going. After about five steps, she stops, turns the map and heads back just as purposefully in the other direction.

Just then, it starts to rain, hard. All the other **pedestrians** around her pop rain-coat hoods and umbrellas and keep walking with their phones. Theo ducks into the entry of a closed shop. A passerby catches her eye.

THEO

(snaps) I didn't know it was going to rain, okay!? My phone fell off a cliff!

INT. JAKE'S BAR - NOT MUCH LATER

Colt (late 20s)cute, but pretty nerdy, enters, slips off his raincoat/umbrella and hangs it on a hook. He takes out his phone and opens Tinder and finds Theo's profile... we see her image on his phone. He looks around the busy bar trying to match the image to a face...

All of a sudden, Brigitte comes rushing over.

BRIGITTE

(brightly) Hi! You're early. Nice sweater! I got us a table out back. Let me go make sure it's ready.

COLT

Oh, no, I--

But she's gone. He looks at the phone as he takes another step toward the bar and when he looks back up again, Dylan is standing there, Colt's profile picture is on her phone.

DYLAN

Colt...?

Seeing her, he immediately hides the face of his phone against his leg.

COLT

Um, yeah... (searching his brain for her name) Um... uh...

DYLAN

Dylan?

COLT

Dylan! Yes! I remember that because my dog's name is Dylan. Was Dylan - he's dead. Anyway...

Trying not to give himself away, Colt glances to see if he spots Theo arriving or Brigitte returning...

COLT (CONT'D)

... um, you're pretty early.

DYLAN

I'm very early. (shrugs) It's kinda who I am. I guess it's kinda who you are, too. So, should we get a drink?

COLT

(trapped) Um... sure.

Dylan's phone BUZZES, she's got a text.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: "Lizzie: Look up." Dylan looks, Lizzie waves from outside the window.

DYLAN

Colt, I'm sorry. It'll just be a second. My friend-- I'll be right back.

COLT

No. It's... good. It's good. What are you having?

DYLAN

Michter's Old-Fashioned. No, wait! A beer. Damn it, no, I want the Old-Fashioned.

Colt nods, slightly more confused. He turns toward the bar as Dylan crosses toward the door.

Colt hasn't taken two steps when Brigitte comes back up.

BRIGITTE

Hey. They're saying twenty minutes but they can do better. The manager's a friend, I'm gonna see if he can help. Grab us drinks?

COLT

Um... okay...

BRIGITTE

Just tell 'em it's for Brigitte. They know.

She crosses off again. Colt turns to a bartender.

COLT

I'll have a beer, a Michter's Old-Fashioned and whatever Brigitte's drinking.

Meanwhile, over by the door, Lizzie has just entered, looking spectacular. A bundle of energy, she hugs Dylan.

LIZZIE

I have a date!

DYLAN

Wow.

LIZZIE

Yeah. It was amazingly easy. "We match! Wanna have drinks?" Here I am! I'm *really* early but I figured I could use a little liquid courage and I knew you would get here a million years before you had to. Do you have a tab open?

She takes Dylan's glass, drinks.

DYLAN

Um, yeah, actually--

LIZZIE

Oh, I love Old-Fashioneds! Dyl, this guy seems really great. He's smart. He's got some kind of internet company. His *own* internet company -- he kicks Nick's ass. Did I tell you I invited Nick?

DYLAN

What?

LIZZIE

I told him he can have the Keurig -- and he should pick it up from me here later cause I'll be hanging out with some friends.

(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

When he walks in, he's gonna find me on my date, and I'll be all: "That's right, I've moved on!" And he'll be like, "but where's my Keurig?" And I'll say, "You don't have a Keurig, bitch, cause it's *mine*." This feels so great! (seeing Colt) Oh, there's my guy,

DYLAN

What? No. That's--

LIZZIE

(re: her phone) You're Colt, right?

COLT

Um... (nervous chuckle) yeah...

DYLAN

(to Lizzie) You're date is with -- ??
This is-- he's *my* date.

LIZZIE

What?

DYLAN

(to Colt) You made a date for *after* our date?

LIZZIE

(to Dylan) He's *your*... This is who--
(off Dylan's nod) Oh my god.

COLT

Okay, listen-- Please, I --

Brigitte returns, comes up to Colt.

BRIGITTE

Our table's ready.

LIZZIE

Who is *she*?

BRIGITTE

Excuse me? Who are you? (to Colt) Who are they?

COLT

Um -- I... (searching) They're...
they're...

LIZZIE

We're his dates.

DYLAN

Not anymore.

BRIGITTE

What the hell?! You made a "next-day"
date with me and you had two other--?

On this, Theo runs in --

THEO

Colt! Hi.... I'm so sorry. I know I'm
late--(off the other women's stares)
Wait. What -- do I have little pieces of
map stuck in my hair?

The others take this in, as Theo begins to realize, too. The
four look to each other and back to Colt, intensity growing.

BRIGITTE

(holds up her phone, to Colt) You said
you "needed to see me". You don't *seem*
like somebody who "needed to see me".

COLT

Um... well... I-- um...

BRIGITTE

Spit it out, Colt. (pointing to her
phone) Why did you "need to see me"??

COLT

I... wanted to give you these.

And he takes out Brigitte's underwear, missing since the
opening scene.

COLT (CONT'D)

They got stuck in my sock, somehow... and
I thought... maybe they were...
important.

As Brigitte and the others take this in:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JAKE'S BAR - AS WE LEFT THINGS

With Colt facing four very unhappy women.

DYLAN

Ass-hole. I thought you seemed nice.

COLT

I-- I really am. I'm not a bad guy. It just, kinda... got away from me.

LIZZIE

"Got away"?

COLT

I-- I didn't think you would all say "yes"... I-- I'm not a guy who has four dates in one night. I don't usually even get *one*. I mean... look at me. I'm sorry. (to Brigitte) Really -- I'm sorry.

BRIGITTE

(covering) Hey. You don't need to apologize to *me*. We're good. I'm just glad we're not going to have anything weird between us when we bump into each other professionally.

She drops her underwear on a passing waitress's tray.

COLT

Look, maybe I'd better go.

THEO

I forgive you.

COLT

What?

THEO

I understand. Stuff happens.

COLT

(a little stunned) Thank you.

THEO

Are you doing anything next Wednesday?

LIZZIE

(to Theo) Look, I don't even really know you, but *what are you doing?*

(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

This guy is a douchebag. You can do so much better than him.

THEO

I need him to meet my moms. (to Colt)
Please. Will you? It would mean so so much to me.

COLT

Yeah, um, no... I really don't think that's a good idea. I think it's best if I just go and we can all try and forget about tonight... Right? I'm gonna go.

DYLAN

What's the rush? Got another date?

COLT

No, *no*. No, I -- (his phone BUZZES, he looks; sheepishly) I do now.

EXT. JAKE'S BAR - PATIO - NIGHT

DYLAN (TO CAMERA)

That's the fucked up thing. All of a sudden, guys like that -- guys who couldn't get a girl to show up in a sex dream -- these guys are players.

INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

LIZZIE (TO CAMERA)

And you want to just... *kill* them, but you cant. So what do you do?

INT. JAKE'S BAR - REAL TIME

Theo snaps. She grabs Colt by the front of his shirt. She's much smaller than he is, but to his surprise, she snaps him to a stop. The others look on, impressed.

THEO

You are coming to meet my mothers! I asked you nicely, and you are going to be there. You have made a joke out of this whole thing and it is *not* a joke. You can't treat women like that! We are people! And you need to respect that! And if you can't respect that, then I will spend every free minute I have - and I have a lot of them right now - making your online love-life a living hell! I will clog your inboxes with matches from girls who don't exist...

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

I will make fake profiles for you... I will start getting you matched up on FarmersOnly dot-com and Amish-Online Dating dot com, and Bikerkiss and Diaper-mates.com and you're profile on STDmatch will be so brilliant that you won't have time to text with anyone who *DOESN'T* have herpes--

COLT

Okay! Okay. Okay. What should I wear?

THEO

(lets go of his shirt, calmly) Text me choices.

TRANSITION/USER-GENERATED CONTENT: "The biggest surprises of e-dating/guys out of control."

EXT. JAKE'S BAR - BACK PATIO - A LITTLE LATER

Dylan, Lizzie, Brigitte and Theo. Drinks and empties tell us some time has passed. Jake crosses over with another round. As the drinks get handed out:

THEO

So, what are we drinking to?

BRIGITTE

Are you kidding me? Same thing we've been drinking to -- to Theo!!

LIZZIE/DYLAN

Theo!!

They clink glasses. Dylan reaches for her credit card.

DYLAN

I've got this.

JAKE

It's on Colt. He never closed his tab.

He flashes a smile and crosses back towards the bar. Lizzie's phone BUZZES; she looks around nervously.

LIZZIE

It's Nick!

DYLAN

I see him. He's still inside but he's walking this way.

LIZZIE

He's supposed to see me in the middle of
this amazing date and instead I'm just
pathetic and alon--

Brigitte kisses Lizzie on the mouth -- a long, hot, kiss...
By the door, Nick stares, stunned. He thinks briefly about
coming over, then thinks better of it and exits.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Okay... um, thank you, Brigitte. Kinda
feel like the tongue was extra. But,
thank you.

INT. JAKE'S BAR - BY THE STAGE - LATER

A FEMALE-LED **BAND**, ZZ Ward?, plays an alt-dance anthem and
CAMERA finds LIZZIE, BRIGITTE AND DYLAN dancing, drinks in
hand. Theo comes up, looking a little bummed.

LIZZIE

You okay?

THEO

Yeah, I don't know. This day... is
just...

DYLAN

What is it?

THEO

The bathroom has the best "selfie" light
ever, right now, and I still don't have
my phone.

INT. JAKE'S BAR - WOMEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The four enter... Theo's right, the light is perfect.

SCREENSHOTS: "Selfies" of our newly formed group of friends,
in the bathroom at Jake's bar.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

MUSIC CUE: ZZ Ward anthem (continues from end of show)

AS THE "SELFIES" OF OUR GROUP SWIPE PAST ON THE SCREEN

REVEAL: Dylan in bed, scrolling through the images on her phone.

SCREENSHOT: Nick's Tinder Profile - Over the photo of Nick from the wedding, we see the words "Report as Inappropriate". A finger pushes that button and those words are replaced with "Account Suspended Pending Review".

REVEAL: This was Lizzie. She smiles.

A WIDER SHOT REVEALS:

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - THAT SAME NIGHT

Lizzie lying in bed next to Dylan, now both on Tinder, both swiping in silence-just like an old married couple reading the paper.

EXT. JAKE'S BAR - SAME TIME

The back patio of the closed bar as Brigitte and a crew of **Guys** play flip-cup (or *strip* flip cup?)_Brigitte is crushing, still fully clothed while the guys are in various states of undress. Jake looks over and shakes his head, smiling.

Nearby, V is on her iPhone with Bose headphones watching YouTube videos of **cats giving shade**.

INT. THEO'S DORM - SAME TIME

Theo comes in and finds Gina, who gives her a look and gestures toward Theo's bed. Theo brightens as she sees: A new phone in a box with a bow and a note that says: "Love, Mom and Mom". She pulls the phone out and plugs it in, the screen casting her face in a warm, happy, connected glow...

EXT. RIVERPLACE TRAIL - SAME TIME

We hear a phone BUZZ and the CAMERA finds Theo's phone at the bottom of a cliff, behind a rock as all her Tinder matches for the day begin to scroll past as the screen flickers and dies...

FADE OUT