

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Four attention-starved LA kids sit around their cluttered living room. Erik seems distracted by texts he's getting on his phone the whole time. (Read: Grindr notifications)

SARAH

Alright first item of business: We need to pay the rent. Are we making any progress, amigos? Jared? Gigs? (he shakes his head)  
Erik? Auditions?

ERIK

One. Next week. Same crappy manager.

SARAH

Well Lisa has her opening tonight...  
(clapping)  
I know we'll all be there pushing people to BUY. Right?

They all agree.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let's see, to cover rent and utilities, including the overdue utilities from March and April... we'll have to sell three and a half paintings.

ERIK

Why would someone buy half a painting?

Jared audibly reacts. Others ignore.

SARAH

And I wrote ten new pages this morning, MIGHT have a meeting with an agent next week. Next item of business: The last three months, this house has been filthy. It is unacceptable.

LISA

You're the messy one.

The boys nod in agreement. So does Sarah.

SARAH

I know.

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ERIK  
You're a hoarder.

SARAH  
I know. I know I'm a hoarder and it is a problem. I'm working on that. But in the meantime, I want to discuss the possibility of hiring a housekeeper.

They begin to protest.

JARED  
(shutting them up)  
YES. Yes, we need a housekeeper.

ERIK  
A houseboy.

JARED  
We need - boy, girl, whatever - we clearly can't keep up with all the parties and events and whatever, and I'm tired of not being able to cook my three eggs and kale every morning...

ERIK  
Gross.

JARED  
We're friends; we decided to live together, and I think we should take responsibility as a group.

SARAH  
Oh my God, Jared. That's the most mature thing I think I've ever heard you say.

JARED  
(genuinely surprised)  
Thanks.

Lisa interrupts.

LISA  
I want a say in this.

Every is silent, Lisa gets awkward.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I think it's a good idea too.

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SARAH

Okay then, it's settled. Anyone  
have leads on a good housekeeper?

JARED

(interrupts)  
I'll do it.

Everyone looks confused.

JARED (CONT'D)

I'll spend eight hours cleaning the  
house every week. I haven't had a  
gig in months; I figure I need to  
contribute more.

SARAH

Seems reasonable to me. Okay, you  
can start today. Alright, hands in.

They all put their hands in.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Take a risk...

ALL

Make a difference!

INT. LIVINGROOM - LATER

It's cleaner!

Lisa stands next to the large table where she has been  
painting, and holds her phone.

LISA

Okay...okay. Bye.

She hangs it up, and gives a look of contemplating life.

Sarah Walks in with a large sandwich from subway, she's mid  
chew as she sits and studies Lisa's face. Sarah clearly  
senses something is off...

SARAH

When was the last time you washed  
your hair?

LISA

That was Josh...

SARAH

Josh washed your hair?

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LISA  
(scowls)  
...On the phone.

SARAH  
Yeah? Did he mention anything about  
returning my tennis racket?

Lisa searches for words.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Now that it's clean in here, I can  
tell how dirty you look.

LISA  
He broke up with me.

Sarah's mouth drops open as she finishes chewing. Lisa waits  
for a response, finally turning to Sarah for a reaction.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Can you believe that?

A beat.

SARAH  
Sweetie I'm sorry you really need  
to wash your hair.

INSERT: TITLE SEQUENCE : 2 DUDES, 2 GIRLS

INT. JARED'S ROOM - DAY

Jared is on his bed, scrolling through the internet on his  
apple laptop. Erik opens the door, pokes his head in:

ERIK  
Towel?

Jared doesn't look up for the entire conversation, responds  
robotically.

JARED  
Closet.

Erik moves to the closet and grabs 2 towels.

ERIK  
Shirt?

JARED  
Take your pick.

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ERIK  
Button-up sh-

JARED  
WHAT. EV.

Erik grabs a shirt from the closet, examines it.

ERIK  
(pleased)  
Polo.

JARED  
Ugh.

ERIK  
Shampoo?

JARED  
Fine.

Erik exits the room.

ERIK  
Thanks.

JARED  
DOOR!

Erik comes back to close the door, but just before he does:

ERIK  
Toothbrush?

Erik quickly shuts the door as a book is being hurled at him, the book hits the door with a THUD.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jared trudges into the room and sits. He observes Lisa painting, and Sarah finishing her large sandwich.

Jared sits, angrily.

JARED  
Ugh.

SARAH  
Erik?

JARED

Yeah.

(as if starting in the  
middle)

I was just really hitting it off  
with this guy, and I finally get  
his name, and once again, who's our  
only mutual friend? It's like,  
every time I'm interested, or he's  
interesting, smart, and well-  
traveled, the beast has already  
consumed.

SARAH

The beast being Erik.

JARED

Yeah.

SARAH

The consuming being sex.

JARED

Yes. And what do I have to do? Move  
to a new town?

SARAH

LA is a big town with lots of boys  
in it. Right, Lise?

Lisa nods.

JARED

(to Lisa)

That's easy for you to say, you  
have an awesome, caring,  
thoughtful, generous boyfriend. And  
good-looking, even!

SARAH

Actually...Josh broke up with Lisa.

LISA

Hey!

JARED

...No!

SARAH

And he did it over the phone-

LISA

(annoyed)

Sarah! I wanted to tell him!

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

He broke up with me over the phone.

SARAH

Lise, he was an asshole.

LISA

A caring, thoughtful, good-looking  
asshole.

SARAH

Speaking of, am I ever gonna see my  
tennis racket again?

(to Jared)

Jer, listen. So, this guy, he's  
well traveled and all that, right?  
Just what you're looking for?

JARED

Well I don't know, we haven't met  
in person yet.

SARAH

You just said -

(nevermind)

Here's what you gotta do - let's  
not pretend like I'm not an expert  
in these situations, cause you know  
I am-

Lisa gives her a look.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm the one who's dated-

LISA

2 Doctors.

JARED

2 Doctors.

SARAH (CONT'D)

See? So...we're in agreement.

(closer to Jared)

You gotta tell Erik. Sweetie, it's  
the only way. You gotta just say  
you know what, amigo? There's this  
guy, and I like him, and you may  
have slept with him, but I don't  
care. You don't get to make this  
awkward for me, or make me feel  
guilty, or waa waa waa....Just tell  
him. Blam.

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JARED  
Just....tell him.

SARAH  
Blam. Just....tell him. Just like  
that.

JARED  
Yeah. Just like that. Cause that's  
the way it is.

SARAH  
Blam. You got it.

Jared starts to get very motivated, and stands up.

JARED  
You're not the boss of me...Ya  
know, I can date whomever I choose  
to date.

SARAH  
Amen, PK.

Jared paces like a preacher.

JARED  
I'm not gonna take your SHIT  
anymore, buddy, cause I DESERVE to  
be able to date, and even HAVE SEX  
with WHOMEVER I want.

SARAH  
Blam.

JARED  
BLAM! And That's how it's gonna be  
from here on out, AMIGO.

SARAH  
BLAM! Yes!

JARED  
YES! BLAM!

Erik walks in, wearing only a towel, and joins in like it's a  
fun game.

ERIK  
(karate moves?)  
Blam-o-Muh-Jam-O!

Silence.

ERIK (CONT'D)

What are you guys talking about?

Sarah gives Jared a leading look. Jared is suddenly very nervous.

JARED

(to Erik)

Just that...

SARAH

(quietly helping remind)

Blam...

JARED

(to Erik, sternly)

Listen...Erik.

(then, less sternly)

Listen up, buddy.

(softening)

There's this guy I was flirting with online and I saw he's already friends with you...

ERIK

Oh yeah what's his name?

JARED

Drew.

ERIK

Drew Pacard? Drew Caulston? Drew Tesla? Drew with the funny hair? Or drew, as in short for Andrew, as in Asian Andrew?

JARED

Tesla! ....Drew Tesla. And I really like him.

ERIK

Little Drew, yeah, I like him too. He reminds me of a leprechaun. But a leprechaun that goes to law school and likes to bottom. He's my friend Sandy's friend's friend. Met him at a party...I think.

JARED

Well I met him on OK Cupid, and we were planning on going out on a date.

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ERIK  
(shrugs)  
Well you can't.

JARED  
Why not?

ERIK  
Cause I slept with him like 3 weeks ago. I'm your best friend. That's gross.

JARED  
(looking at Sarah)  
Well when you put it that way...

SARAH  
(got nothin' for ya)  
...Blam.

JARED  
Blam.

Jared puts his hands by his side and walks out of the room.

Silence, Erik looks to Sarah with a questioning look.

SARAH  
(to Erik)  
You know, Josh broke up with Lisa.

Lisa throws her pen down and gives Sarah a quick look of disbelief.

INT. JARED'S ROOM - DAY

Jared walks into his room, defeated.

There's a handsome man of about 28 in a towel, looking at Jared's open laptop.

JARED  
What are you doing?

The man, TREVOR, whirls around, clearly caught snooping.

TREVOR  
I-

JARED  
Wait. Hold that thought. First, who are you?!

TREVOR

I'm Trevor. I'm a friend of- of Erik's.

JARED

Are you a friend-friend, or just a friend?

TREVOR

(pause)

I don't think I fully understand the qualifiers.

Jared gives a frustrated gesture.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I thought this was Erik's room.

JARED

What? You say you're a friend of Erik's - This means you had sex with him right?

TREVOR

Yes.

JARED

You had sex with Erik...in Erik's bed? You see where I'm goin' with this?

TREVOR

(methodically)

Um, that isn't entirely accurate. We had sex...

Trevor tries to infer the shower using his towel, etcetera.

JARED

In the bathroom.

TREVOR

(confirms)

I saw him come in here to grab towels-

JARED

I see, I see. So, you were snooping on my computer, but you thought it was Erik's computer?

TREVOR

Yes, about that -

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Jared moves toward the door.

JARED  
(laughing a bit)  
No, this is rich...

Trevor runs past Jared to stop him from possibly getting Erik's attention.

TREVOR  
Listen...I work for the FBI.

Jared feels the weight of the moment.

JARED  
(backs up)  
Whoa.

TREVOR  
No- no, not like that, not a secret spy or anything - I'm more of an analyst - I just - I get paranoid with guys, you know, especially if I like the guy. I want to make sure they're not playing me.

JARED  
I'm listening.

TREVOR  
Like, I see that Drew guy's profile open there, and I wonder if he slept with him too. You know what I mean?

JARED  
(sincere)  
Are you kidding me?

Trevor gives a guilty shrug.

JARED (CONT'D)  
I feel the exact same way!

Jared moves Trevor back to his computer.

JARED (CONT'D)  
Look, check this out. I've saved the passwords to all my ex's e-mails on a file here.

Jared double clicks on a file to show Trevor.

JARED (CONT'D)

Found this guy cheating on me, this one was cheating on me, this one...was innocent, had a weird relationship with his mother, long story... and this one...he was married our whole relationship! Had a wife and kids in Utah, leading a double life.

TREVOR

Really?

JARED

No, but wouldn't that be exciting? Sorry, the whole secret agent thing inspired me.

There's a moment of smiling between the two. Definite chemistry.

JARED (CONT'D)

I'm Jared.

TREVOR

Trevor. I'm a...

JARED

Analyst.

They both laugh, Jared gives a knowing nod and sigh, then, after a beat:

TREVOR

I really think I might've found the one, you know? I'm afraid to lose it.

JARED

(awestruck)

...what, Erik? The one? No he's not the one.

TREVOR

What do you mean.

JARED

Erik can't be the one.

TREVOR

Why?

JARED

Because he's not. That's not who he is. He's no one's one. He's a more than one one. You see this guy Drew here? Erik DID sleep with him!

TREVOR

What?

JARED

Yeah. And just about every other guy I've ever met in the city.

TREVOR

Are you sure?

JARED

Am I sure?!

Jared turns to see Erik has been standing in the room, listening to their conversation. Jared freezes.

JARED (CONT'D)

(to Erik)

...am I sure?

Jared searches for words.

ERIK

So, that's what you think of me, huh?

Erik turns and heads to his room, following by a concerned Trevor.

JARED

That's not!

(calling after Trevor)

That's not fair! Come on!

(then, to himself)

This is retarded.

ERIK

(appalled)

Don't.

Jared looks up to see Erik suddenly in the doorway again, a magical appearance of sorts.

JARED

(scared)

Jesus!

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ERIK  
Don't use the R word.

JARED  
What 'Retarded'?

Erik reacts, like a hurt puppy.

ERIK  
(heartfelt, to Trevor)  
He knows that my parents and  
teachers thought I was mentally  
handicapped until I was 16 years  
old.

A beat.

JARED  
Not sure what changed.

Erik storms out again.

JARED (CONT'D)  
You left that one wide open!

BLACK

PART II

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the mirror, Jared ties his tie, he looks great all cleaned up.

Trevor walks in from behind, we see he is nervous, also dressed up.

TREVOR  
You look great.

JARED  
...thanks.

TREVOR  
(fakes primping)  
You didn't tell him, did you?

JARED  
About the computer thing? No way.

TREVOR  
Cool, cause he's just being a  
little weird.

JARED  
I'd be suspicious otherwise.

TREVOR  
(laughs)  
He said he didn't remember how we  
met, and I thought he was joking-

JARED  
But it was only like a few days  
ago?

TREVOR  
Last night.

JARED  
Mmhmm, don't take that personally.  
Erik has a notoriously bad memory -  
except when it comes to names and  
faces. It's really weird.

TREVOR  
Really?

JARED  
Yeah, the other day he asked me  
what the word 'careful' meant.

Trevor laughs.

JARED (CONT'D)  
Wish I were joking.

TREVOR  
You're funny.

JARED  
I am?

TREVOR  
Yeah. That piano is yours, right?

JARED  
Yeah. Yeah, the one thing on this  
earth that I own. We have friends  
over for singing nights a lot. Do  
you like to sing?

TREVOR  
I dunno...

JARED

You do. I can tell from that smirk.  
Don't worry - none of us are  
professionals. Yet. We just drink  
and, you know, it's all in good  
fun. You should come sometime.

TREVOR

Okay. I'd like that.

JARED

Okay.

Jared smiles, Trevor leaves as we overhear Erik:

ERIK

I can't find my wallet. It's in my  
pants. I can't find my pants.

Jared wonders about the possibilities. He overhears crying.  
He exits the bathroom.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits in a Lady Gaga-like outfit, crying. Jared pokes his  
head in.

JARED

Can I come in?

Lisa nods. Jared comes in and offers his shoulder. She  
accepts.

JARED (CONT'D)

There was so much going on today,  
everyone sort of ignored your heart  
break, huh?

Lisa nods.

JARED (CONT'D)

I know you have trouble sharing  
things, but you know you can tell  
me anything, right? Any of us are  
here to listen.

(guffaws, discovering)

"hear to listen". That's

(snaps back)

Sorry. Sarah's right, Josh was an  
asshole, okay?

LISA

(recovers a bit)

I know. He was a huge ass. It's not that.

JARED

What is it?

LISA

I'm not going to sell any paintings tonight.

JARED

That's ridiculous! You're the most talented painter I know! And people pay you to paint all the time.

LISA

Yeah faux bricks, and shitty Kincade recreations.

JARED

It's just a step. We're all taking steps. I envy you. You know what you want, and you pursue it full-force. I just sit alone and write music, and hope someone hears it sometimes. Which has only happened when Sarah secretly recorded me and put it on Youtube.

Lisa laughs.

LISA

You were so pissed.

JARED

Yeah, I was, but it was kinda lucky, too. Cause I didn't have the balls to share anything myself.

LISA

You're the most talented musician I know.

JARED

Shutup, that's not true.

LISA

Okay fine, you're not the MOST talented.

A beat.

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LISA (CONT'D)  
But you're the best.

JARED  
You're the best. Love you.

LISA  
Love you.

JARED  
Now come on, lets sell some  
original Lisa Sezlaks!

He leads her out the door.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Everyone is gathered, ready to go, Sarah is handing cards to everyone.

SARAH  
Okay, Amigos, we will be fearless  
about passing these out, and  
remember to actively admire all the  
work.

Sarah is about to hand them to Trevor.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You too, Trevor. I don't care if  
you've never seen the work. Act  
like you've been a fan for years.

TREVOR  
I'll do my damndest.

SARAH  
That's the attitude! Okay, everyone  
pile into my car, Boys, you're  
doing laps.

Everyone begins to leave the front door. Lisa and Sarah are last.

LISA  
(to Sarah)  
Thank you for helping out.

SARAH  
Your win is our win, Lise. Take a  
risk, make a difference. You got a  
key?

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Lisa holds up her house key, on a ring of lots of others. Sarah goes out the front door. Lisa pauses and thinks; She looks grateful. We come closer and closer to her face, which is thoughtful and bright.

Then, suddenly:

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
WE'RE LAAAATE!

Lisa jumps and heads out the door, closing and locking it. We hold on the door.

A moment.

BLACK.