

MOST LIKELY

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. KAY BAILEY HUTCHISON H.S. FOOTBALL FIELD, 2008 - NIGHT

OVER BLACK, we hear uproarious APPLAUSE...under the din, a woman WEEPS, and a man SHOUTS "GO GET EM KAYLA!" SMASH TO--

--bleachers filled with mostly white Texan families APPLAUDING. A hyper-ventilating blonde teenager, 17, with hot-rolled hair and blue eyeshadow, runs up to a brightly lit stage on a football field, squints at the lights, and accepts a plaque from a SMILING TEACHER.

*\*Note: All of the following characters' speeches should read as one continuous single speech, and will be edited as such.*

TEENAGE KAYLA

Oh my Lord. Most Likely to Succeed?  
Thank you, this is-

She makes a surprised face, and the students burst into APPLAUSE again as she holds the plaque triumphantly over her head, then "gains her composure."

TEENAGE KAYLA (CONT'D)

--what a wonderful surprise. Y'know--  
as a little girl, I always wanted  
to be someone...to be special.

She gets emotional, looks in the audience to DELVIN GILBERT, 18, a handsome Texas boy, who gives her a thumbs up.

TEENAGE KAYLA (CONT'D)

(getting emotional)  
There's so many people I want to  
thank--

As we move in on Kayla's brimming eyes, we WHIP PAN TO:

INT. CARTER H.S. ASSEMBLY STAGE, 2006 - NIGHT

...TEENAGE JASON, 18, sweet, conservative, African-American, a guitar slung on his back, accepting a "MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED" framed certificate from a FELLOW STUDENT who is "crushing" him hard...

TEENAGE JASON

--my mom, may she rest in peace,  
for making me practice my guitar  
every day...and well, you guys for  
believing in me...it really gives  
me the courage to go for it.  
Y'know? To try and--

REVERSE SHOT of the TEENAGE GIRLS at the foot of the stage, gazing lovingly up at Jason.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. LONGWOOD MEGACHURCH COMMUNITY HALL, 2010 - NIGHT

TEENAGE RICKI, a pixie-haired, pink-cheeked teenager wearing a cross necklace and a pink dress surrounded by fake clouds for a "Heaven on Earth" themed prom ceremony.

TEENAGE RICKI

...live up to your expectations...  
and those of our Lord and Savior  
Jesus Christ...who helps us to know  
right from wrong...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. CARTER H.S. ASSEMBLY STAGE, 2010 - AFTERNOON

TEENAGE CRAIG, eager good looks, wearing a "Leggo Your Ego" T-shirt, under a blazer and a wireless microphone.

TEENAGE CRAIG

And while I'm grateful for this...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL a screen behind him reads "Most Likely to Succeed"; he walks the stage like he's giving a Ted talk.

TEENAGE CRAIG (CONT'D)

...it begs the question, what does  
"success" even mean?

(cautionary)

And how exactly do I achieve it? Is  
it having a YouTube channel, a  
million followers, friends on  
Facebook? Is it looking and acting  
like everyone else? Is it achieving  
the goals I hold at the age of 17,  
or those my family holds for me?  
Well, if it is, then I say--

INT. KAY BAILEY HUTCHINSON H.S. FOOTBALL FIELD - UNDER THE BLEACHERS, 2008 - NIGHT

TEENAGE JENNIFER KIM, 18, Korean, way cooler than her school uniform, lights a cigarette as two BLONDE STUDENTS stare.

TEENAGE JEN

The fuck are you looking at?

BACK TO KAYLA

TEENAGE KAYLA  
(giddy, glowing)  
--I say, let's go for it. Because  
without clear, attainable goals, we  
are nothing. Dreams can come true!

APPLAUSE BURSTS AND CONTINUES as we FLASH THROUGH:

TEENAGE JENNIFER

...walking out from the bleachers, toward the parking lot.

TEENAGE JASON

...winking at his fans, country-star style...

TEENAGE CRAIG

...giving a small, humble wave.

TEENAGE RICKI

...holding a giant golden cross "trophy."

TEENAGE RICKI  
Thank you so much!

TEENAGE KAYLA

...blowing Teenage Delvin a kiss. He "catches" it.

TEENAGE JENNIFER

...smoking a cigarette, giving a slow clap.

TEENAGE JEN  
(mocking)  
"Without goals we are nothing."  
(regular voice)  
That oughta do it.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL Jen pulling up her pants, having just  
taken a dump in the back of someone's pickup truck.

MAIN TITLES

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. JASON'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

A bed, a plastic crate with a lamp. In the corner, a guitar case sits with dirty laundry piled on it.

JASON EVANS, now 29, still unsettlingly handsome, sleeps like a rat until JENNIFER KIM, now 27--tatted up, short hair, what Pinterest would show if you searched for "original"--kicks Jason's door open, eating a bowl of cereal.

JEN

Whatcha doing? Wanna buy me breakfast?

JASON

(waking up)  
You're eating breakfast.

JEN

This is first breakfast, Dummy. I'm gonna be hungry in like two seconds. Hey, were you dreaming last night? You were whimpering.

JASON

I don't whimper. And I gotta go to work.

JEN

(defensive)  
Yeah, me too.

JASON

Then go to work.

Jen leaves. Then a few feet down the hall, we hear her WHIMPERING WITH PLEASURE. Jason stares after her, murderous.

INT. JEN AND JASON'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jen gets a TEXT FROM "RICKI": "Leaving in 15!" Jen TEXTS BACK a thumbs-up and a goat emoji.

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

KAYLA, now 27, and married to DELVIN GILBERT, now 28, have rhythmic missionary style sex, with their EYES CLENCHED shut. She barely audibly whispers dirty talk, tries to motion his hips faster.

Delvin grunt-whispers, "I love you" to signify orgasm. Kayla smiles. Missionary accomplished.

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - CLOSET/BEDROOM - DAY

Delvin quickly pulls on his boots. Kayla, perky and back to business, lays out an outfit for Delvin on the bed.

DELVIN

Well if that didn't make a tiny  
Delvin, I don't know what will. You  
are some kind of woman, Mrs.  
Gilbert.

KAYLA

Thank you, Mr. Gilbert.

He goes to get his coat, swats her bottom as he passes. She loves it. Doesn't she?

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Make sure to get your aquamarine  
tie back from Randall. And don't  
forget, I'm going early to the  
reunion tonight to drop off the  
lanyards, so we'll have to drive  
there separately.

DELVIN

(kissing her cheek)  
Yep. Oh, hey, I think my momma  
dropped off a little something for  
the baby earlier.

KAYLA

(startled)  
Earlier...this morning?

DELVIN

(placating)  
She's excited to be a grandma.  
(winking)  
No pressure.

He takes off down the hall.

DELVIN (CONT'D)

(calling out to her)  
Oh and hey, tell Craig I said  
hello!

Kayla nods, watches him go.

INT. JEN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Jen blares "Feel Good, Inc." by Gorillaz, drives by a big ass house, slows down, looks, then keeps driving.

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

SERIES OF SHOTS: Kayla washing out her delicate parts, hot rolling her hair, putting on blush, spritzing perfume.

EXT. RICKI'S BIG ASS HOUSE - DAY

RICKI BERNHARD, now 26, dressed casually with a small gold cross necklace, comes out of her big ass house in Tarrytown. She sits and pets one of her four dogs, who dutifully licks her ear in a way that's almost pornographic. Unfazed, Ricki looks around, pulls out her phone, waits.

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Kayla, now a vision of an upper-middle class Texas housewife, opens her mother-in-law's baby gift: a onesie that says "Hook Em Horns" and a tiny board book of "Oh the Places You'll Go." She looks at the gifts, sadly. No pressure? Yeah, right.

EXT. RICKI'S BIG ASS HOUSE - DAY

Jen pulls up outside Ricki's house. Ricki sees her, smiles and requests a "Lyft" on her phone. Jen, in her car, gets the alert, and accepts the ride. Ricki smiles, runs down her sidewalk, unlocks the gate code on her gate, makes sure none of her dogs get out, shuts it.

RICKI

Hey!

JEN

Where were you? I had to circle the block--

RICKI

I had to grab my inhaler.

JEN

(looking at the dogs)  
Did you...get another dog? Jesus Christ, Ricki--

RICKI

Please don't take the Lord's name in vain.

JEN

Yeah, okay, it's just, you have like fifty dogs.

RICKI

I couldn't help it. Poor little guy was trapped inside a BMW--

JEN  
A beamer? Jesus Christ--

RICKI  
Jen!

JEN  
I'm just sayin' guy's trapped in a  
beamer, he's doin' something right.

Jen pulls out into traffic. Ricki is beaming at Jen.

INT. JEN'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

JEN  
I just...if I had your kind of  
money, I'd travel and shit, I  
wouldn't let my million dollar  
house become a dog shelter.  
(noticing her grin)  
Why are you smiling like that? Are  
you high?

RICKI  
(leaning in, confessing)  
The Holy Spirit filled me this  
morning.

JEN  
Wh--is that like Christian porn?

RICKI  
Jen!

JEN  
What? You have to speak English to  
me if--

RICKI  
I'm not, it's not a sexual--I was  
guided this morning. To my true  
mission.

JEN  
(shaking her head)  
I don't--it still sounds very  
sexual--

RICKI  
In life. My next big idea. And it  
involves you.

Jen looks at Ricki, confused, but intrigued.

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - DAY

A vibrant, off-beat Austin cafe with a 24-hour Bloody Mary Bar, KERBEY LANE lives in a restored Texas craftsman house; it's the kind of place where you'd grab a quick business lunch, or sit all day talking about how the band should tour.

Jason puts on his apron behind the bar, psyching himself up for the day when Craig practically skips in, carrying a homemade sign that says "Concert for the Homeless" and being followed by a seventeen-year-old intern, BRANDON, who's loaded down with cardboard boxes.

JASON

Oh hey! You're here early...

CRAIG

I've been up since four, I'm so excited! We have like two hundred people coming--Brandon, can you set up those donation boxes, please?

JASON

Oh, shit. Two hundred?

CRAIG

(seeing Jason's shock)  
Is that okay? Some of them are just donating clothing, I mean, they won't stay for the concert--

JASON

Yeah, no, it's cool, we can do it, I just--who's playing?

CRAIG

(innocent, like he didn't hear)  
What?

JASON

I said who's playing?

Craig hesitates. How should he put this?

INT. JEN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

JEN

So you want to create a rideshare app, where I can drive people--

RICKI

--while you do stand up comedy--

JEN  
And call it "Chuckle Your  
Seatbelt."

Ricki nods, giddy.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Wow.

RICKI  
Do you love it?

JEN  
I--wow.

RICKI  
You're always saying you wish you  
had more time to do stand up--

JEN  
Well yeah...because I drive nights--

RICKI  
And you need to practice.

JEN  
Well. I don't know if I need  
practice--

RICKI  
Well, no, but I mean, standups have  
to work on their act and you never  
get to--

JEN  
Well I mean writing jokes and shit,  
that takes time. So I can't just  
start a business. Besides, I'm  
probably moving to LA.

RICKI  
Oh. Yeah.

Jen pulls into a parking lot, finds a spot, parks.

JEN  
I mean I could do standup in  
Austin, but, like, why?

RICKI  
No I get it.

Ricki pulls out her phone, expectantly. Jen feels bad.

JEN  
 Hey...I've been thinking...  
 (re: their phones)  
 ...maybe...you shouldn't pay me to  
 drive you anymore.

RICKI  
 What? No, I don't mind, this is  
 your job--

JEN  
 I know, I just...we've been friends  
 for what, four months--?

RICKI  
 Ten.

JEN  
 --yeah, and I just...we're...y'know  
 we're tight now and...I just don't  
 feel right with you paying for  
 rides anymore.  
 (Ricki beams at her)  
 I mean, y'know, after this one.

She ends the ride on her phone, looks back at Ricki. Ricki  
 wells up, speechless.

RICKI  
 Thanks Jen.

Ricki checks her phone. The "ride" has ended.

JEN  
 Just...don't forget the...tip,  
 yeah. And if you wouldn't mind just  
 like, rating me--

Ricki nods, still glowing. Jen checks her phone, pleased.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 Thanks.

RICKI  
 (confessing, emotional)  
 Y'know, my parents were really  
 upset when I wanted to move to  
 Austin. They almost forbade it.  
 Cuz...y'know...

She motions toward Jen.

JEN  
 (genuinely confused)  
 Liberals--? Asians--?

RICKI  
 They said I wouldn't make any  
 friends, but...here you are.  
 (she marvels at Jen)  
 I feel like Jesus himself guided  
 you to total my car.

JEN  
 Really? I think it was Jose Cuervo.

Ricki laughs, thinking Jen's joking.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 (not joking)  
 But we can go with the Jesus thing.

Just then, Jen spots Kayla getting out of her Land Rover, a  
 whirlwind of silver jewelry and a sweater set.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 (disgusted)  
 Oh Christ.

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - DAY

CRAIG  
 Please Jason? Marisa had to drop  
 out, her aunt has shingles--

JASON  
 I don't play out anymore, Craig--

CRAIG  
 Just because you haven't, doesn't  
 mean you don't. I already put you  
 in the program.

JASON  
 I'm just...really trying to focus  
 on my job here--

CRAIG  
 Oh my God, you're being such a P-  
 word!

JASON  
 (confused)  
 What. What is the--?

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
 I don't normally use that  
 kind of language, but--

JASON  
 Party pooper? Piece of work?  
 (off Craig's look)  
 Piehole, what?

CRAIG  
 I know you're disappointed.

Jason stares a hole through Craig. He's not going to--

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
 You didn't win Simon Cowell's  
 Country Sing-off--

JASON (can't believe this) Oh my God, why do you always--  
 CRAIG (CONT'D) --I know, but ever since then you've been acting like a p--

JASON  
 --what?????

CRAIG  
 Like your career ended tragically,  
 and now your only option is to be a  
 manager in a lousy restaurant--

JASON What the fuck is wrong with you? This is a great restaurant--  
 CRAIG (CONT'D) I know, I would die for the nachos, I don't know why I'm--

JASON  
 Look, Craig...we can't all be like you, Mr. "Everything Goes Right for Me" with your "Doctor without Borders" boyfriend--

CRAIG  
 I've had struggles.

JASON  
 Name one.

He can't.

CRAIG  
 You were born to sing, Jason! You can't just never play again because you didn't become a star overnight.

Just then, Kayla ENTERS squealing, running over to Craig. Jason collects himself. He's always had a thing for her.

KAYLA  
Hi!! Sorry I'm late. There was  
traffic and I'm not used to driving  
"downtown."

Jason reacts. Why the "air quotes" for downtown?

<p>KAYLA (CONT'D) I guess you're just too hip for me now.</p>	<p>CRAIG Hi hi hi!! Don't be silly, you're not late, it's so good to see you!</p>
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JASON  
Hey Kayla--

KAYLA  
(startled)  
Jason! Hi! Oh my gosh, I haven't  
seen you in forever--

He comes around to hug her. She hugs back, then--

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
(blurting)  
Delvin and I got married!

JASON  
I heard.

KAYLA  
Thank you. Yeah, it's been a dream!  
The wedding, the honeymoon, buying  
a house, and now I'm trying to get  
pregnant--hey are you serving  
drinks yet?

JASON  
Yeah, I--of course...

KAYLA  
(panicky)  
Can I uh--  
(motioning for him to fix  
her one)  
Yeah, yes please.

JEN (O.S.)  
What's all this shit?

Jen's looking at the donation boxes, the program. Craig  
clutches his heart, crosses to give Jen and Ricki hugs.

CRAIG

Don't act like you didn't remember  
my clothing drive today, stinker.

JEN

(she forgot)

Well, obviously I remembered, I  
mean I wasn't just coming here for  
breakfast--

JASON

Because it's lunchtime?

Jen glares at him, comes to the bar, ignoring Kayla.

KAYLA

(overdoing it)

Hi Jen! How are you?

Jen nods, unenthused, takes the Bloody Mary meant for Kayla.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Gosh it's been so long! How's your  
uh, are you still, uh--h-having the  
uh--?

Kayla can't remember what Jen does and Jen's not helping.  
She's too busy checking out Brandon, who's bent over setting  
up donation boxes.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

(shakes Ricki's hand)

Hi, I don't think we've met, I'm  
Kayla.

RICKI

Hi, Ricki.

KAYLA

(nervous laughter)

Jen and I went to high school  
together, but I've been completely  
M-I-A for the last year or so.

(to Ricki)

I just got married.

RICKI

Awww...congratulations!

KAYLA

It's wonderful, but it's crazy  
pants. You can't believe how it  
takes over your life, from the  
moment you get engaged.

JEN  
(flatly, no emotion)  
Oh my God, I love that story. Tell  
it again.

RICKI  
Yes please!

Jen shoots Ricki a dirty look. She checks her enthusiasm.

CRAIG  
Hey, guess what? Jason's playing  
the concert tonight!

KAYLA  
He is?

RICKI  
(surprised)  
Really?

JASON  
(dry)  
Yeah, with imaginary unicorns, in a  
forest made of candy.

JEN  
(to Jason, dry)  
Oh, the imaginary type of unicorn?

KAYLA  
Oh shoot, I wish I could come! I've  
got my high school reunion tonight.  
Ten years, eek!

CRAIG  
(to Kayla)  
Didn't your school just have a  
reunion?

KAYLA  
That was the Home Ec. Club.

CRAIG  
No, but there was a sock hop--

KAYLA  
That was the Junior League.

CRAIG  
And the dude ranch?

KAYLA  
Bachelorette, honestly Craig--

CRAIG

I can't keep track! You're so busy.

KAYLA

Me? Please, ever since you moved  
"downtown" with your cool friends--

JASON

Why do you keep putting downtown in  
air quotes? It's a real place.

KAYLA

Well anyway, I was class president,  
I cannot miss it. Jen, are you  
coming?

JEN

I can't. I have a thing.

KAYLA

Oh no! What thing?

JEN

(finishing her drink,  
then)

A life.

(to everyone)

Sorry everyone, we gotta bolt. We  
just came by to drop off these  
clothes.

They have no clothes. As they head out...

KAYLA

(calling after her)

Alright, well...if you change your  
mind...

Jen takes two candies from the hostess stand, looks at  
Brandon meaningfully.

JEN

You're pretty good with a box.  
Anyone ever told you that?

He looks at her, confused and strangely aroused.

JEN (CONT'D)

Give me a call if you wanna next  
level that shit.

(calling back)

Craig, we'll see you tonight.

They leave.

KAYLA

I am really starting to think she doesn't like me.

Jason hands her a Bloody Mary to replace the one Jen drank.

CRAIG

It's not you! She doesn't like anyone.

EXT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - DAY

Jen storms back to the car, ranting mostly to herself. Ricki follows behind.

RICKI

(confused)

Aren't we having breakfast?

JEN

Does Craig have to do this charity shit on a Saturday? I mean, some of us still prefer to have a weekend--

RICKI

Well I guess...since he spends his week counseling kids--

JEN

And fucking Kayla, so fucking above everyone else. Every time I see her she's like,

(imitating Kayla)

"oh hey Jen, remember when I was voted Most Likely to Succeed in high school?"

RICKI

I--don't remember her saying that--

JEN

--and you were voted Most Likely to Drive a Cab? Ha ha, isn't that just so hilarious, Jen?"

RICKI

But you ARE driving a cab! So doesn't that make you, like, more successful--?

JEN

That's not...you're not making me feel better. I'm just saying she's kind of a bitch to me.

RICKI  
 Didn't you like, take a crap in her  
 truck?

JEN  
 (offended at the idea)  
 Ricki! Come on!  
 (then)  
 Like I'm the only one who's ever  
 done that--

They climb in the car.

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - DAY

Kayla drinks the entire Bloody Mary in one...long...sip.  
 Craig and Jason exchange concerned glances.

KAYLA  
 (wistfully)  
 I'd give anything to see your  
 concert tonight, Jason. Good for  
 you, not giving up on your dreams--

JASON  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Well...I'm not sure if I'm--

KAYLA  
 I mean if I could do anything half  
 as well as you play guitar...or  
 even know what I was good at...

She drifts off. Just then, her phone vibrates, she checks it.

CRAIG  
 (sotto; off Kayla's  
 faraway expression)  
 Hey. You okay?

KAYLA  
 Of course! Sorry. I gotta scooch,  
 I want to swing by Shannon's place,  
 see how she's doing--

CRAIG  
 Did she have her baby yet?

KAYLA  
 (exasperated)  
 No! It's number three too, you'd  
 think it'd just fall out by now--  
 (catching herself)  
 (MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, good luck with the concert,  
 you're doing such a good thing.  
 Jason, knock em dead tonight!

As she leaves, Craig looks at Jason, hopeful. Jason sighs.  
 Craig claps excitedly.

EXT. AUSTIN STREET - DAY

Jen and Ricki walk down South Congress Ave, window shopping  
 and sucking on their lollipops.

JEN  
 I'm just saying, it's much easier  
 for her and her finger puppet  
 friends to go get their M-R-S  
 degree and marry some dick stick  
 than to be an artist like me, and  
 go after your dreams.

RICKI  
 I don't know why it upsets you. I'd  
 get married tomorrow if I could.

JEN  
 (grossed out)  
 What?

RICKI  
 Sure. I'm dying to meet someone,  
 I'm just...I'm not like you. I'm  
 terrible with men.

JEN  
 (surprised)  
 Have you...ever had a boyfriend?

RICKI  
 (shaking her head)  
 I'm saving myself. For marriage.

JEN  
 Uh huh.

RICKI  
 It's what God intended. So--

JEN  
 Yeah, well...you don't want to fuck  
 with that.

RICKI

That's why I'm focusing so much on  
my career right now. Y'know.  
Whatever that is.

Ricki wanders a little further down the street. Jen realizes Ricki is more lost than she imagined, softens a bit.

JEN

Well...how about "Chuckle Your  
Seatbelt"?

Ricki looks at Jen, surprised and cautiously hopeful.

JEN (CONT'D)

Let's do it. I'm in.

INT. KAYLA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Kayla listens to country music on the radio..."Crazy" by Patsy Cline, tears streaming down her face.

PATSY SINGING (V.O.)

Crazy...I'm crazy for feeling so  
lonely...Crazy...crazy for feeling  
so blue. I knew you'd love me as  
long as you wanted...and then  
someday you'd leave me for somebody  
new...

MUSIC CONTINUES as we follow Kayla into...

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kayla snatches up the baby gifts from her mother-in-law, and takes them into...

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY

...the green-walled, almost finished nursery in Kayla and Delvin's house. She adds them to a pile of unopened baby gifts in the corner, turns and goes back to...

INT. KAYLA AND DELVIN'S HOUSE - CLOSET - DAY

...her closet, where she reaches high on the uppermost shelf behind a cowboy hat box, takes out a vial of birth control pills, pops one in her mouth, and almost collapses with relief, and shame.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. JEN AND JASON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jen sits on their pleather couch, next to the X-box, watching a Netflix stand-up special while also looking at her phone. Ricki is trying to show her a presentation.

RICKI

So I already created the Beta version of the app, all you have to do is take a picture, and write a bio. No big deal, just, like, how you went to Princeton and all that.

JEN

Okay. I went to Princeton, can't you just write that?

RICKI

Well, it's better if it comes from you, I mean, you're the talent.

JEN

(smiling)  
That's right.

Jen just keeps looking at her phone and watching TV.

RICKI

Yeah. So it's better if you write it. But I'll do everything else.

JEN

Okay.

Jen continues to scroll through shit on her phone.

RICKI

So just...what are you doing?

JEN

Research. You think stand ups can just "write bios"?

She stares at Jen, who's staring at her phone.

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - DAY

Kayla, holding a plate of muffins, is greeted at the door by SHANNON TATSCH, 27, pregnant, a girl who looks eerily similar to Kayla. They squeal and talk over each other.

KAYLA  
(squealing)  
Shaaannnon!

SHANNON

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Hi oh my Gosh it's so good to see you  
you brought muffins it's been forever--

Oh my Gosh look at you you're so pregnant  
I made them today hi!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kayla is showing Shannon some mock-ups of chocolate bars with her and her husband's faces molded into them.

KAYLA

I'm not sure I got the teeth right  
on the grown-up ones but the baby  
ones really--

SHANNON

No, they're...they're perfect. It  
looks just like him.

Shannon bursts into tears.

KAYLA

Oh my Gosh. Shannon, wh--what on  
earth--

SHANNON

It's Lowell. He got fired from his  
job.

KAYLA

Oh no.

SHANNON

And he didn't tell me. He's been  
lying about going to the office for  
six weeks.

KAYLA

Oh no--

SHANNON

And get this. Apparently he was  
fired for sexual harassment. I  
mean, is that even still a thing--?

KAYLA

Well...yeah, it's still--

SHANNON

The whole thing is crazy. I mean, yes, Lowell has always had a...healthy appetite in the bedroom, I mean the stuff he's asked me for is just--

KAYLA

(deeply curious)  
Oh? What stuff--?

SHANNON

But we got three kids now, the idea that...I mean, he doesn't have the energy to sleep with another woman! He's just...you know him, he's a nice guy, and someone probably just mistook it for--something dirty. But I guess these women...I mean I guess you can just say anything and get somebody fired these days!

KAYLA

Wh--have you...talked to him--?

SHANNON

Oh my God, no, he'd be so embarrassed. I can't say anything to him.

KAYLA

But...Shannon--

SHANNON

I mean, he told me he was gonna take some time off when the baby comes. So I guess that's his plan and he'll work it out. I don't have to know about it.

KAYLA

But Shannon...I mean, I hate to say it but what if--  
(off Shannon's look)  
I mean, if Delvin did do something like that, I guess I'd want to know--

SHANNON

But he didn't.

KAYLA

No! But...if he did--

SHANNON

But he didn't. We're about to have another baby, Kayla, I mean...you don't blow up your life when you're as happy as we are.

Long beat. End of conversation. Kayla throws a lifeline...

KAYLA

(nodding, then)

Do you ever...I mean, do you ever even imagine what else...what else your life would be like, if...

Shannon looks at Kayla blankly. Kayla changes her tone.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

It's good that he'll be home to help with the baby.

SHANNON

I know. We have thoughtful husbands, not every girl gets so lucky. Hey, when am I gonna be throwing a baby shower for you?

Shannon takes a bite of chocolate.

KAYLA

Soon, I hope.

SHANNON

You know what? Can we please do white chocolate? I'm sorry I didn't say it before, but I don't like the dark stuff.

Kayla forces a smile. Of course.

INT. JEN AND JASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jen is still sitting, checking on her phone and giggling, while Ricki grows more impatient.

JEN

Listen to this: "Why don't they build a wall out of Hilary's emails because nobody seems to be able to get over those."

RICKI

I know you think the wall's a bad idea, Jen, but there are people breaking laws to come here...

JEN

Ricki. Do not start with your  
Republican shit right now, you know  
it makes me bonkers--

(giggling, showing her  
phone)

Look at this goat with a mustache.  
Looks so real.

RICKI

I need your bio! Please! It's just  
the last thing, and then we can go  
try--

JEN

You're the business woman! Why  
don't you write it? Ask the Holy  
Spirit, he'll help you.

Jason comes in through the door, heads to his room.

JEN (CONT'D)

Hey.

JASON

Hey. Playing tonight.

JEN

Cool.

RICKI

Oh my God! Jason, that's--

He goes into his room, shuts the door.

RICKI (CONT'D)

So cool.

She stares at Jen, who's staring at her phone.

INT. HILTON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Kayla's TEN YEAR high school reunion. People SQUEAL greetings  
of delight. Kayla is lit up, CHATTING with classmates. Delvin  
BRINGS HER A DRINK, handsome in his aquamarine tie.

Across the room, Shannon stands talking to a group of people  
with her husband LOWELL, hands in his pockets, squirrely  
energy. He has a whisper-thin mustache, but the confidence of  
a full beard.

Lowell catches Kayla watching them, SMILES at her. She smiles  
thinly back, sorry for her friend Shannon.

Kayla SQUEEZES Delvin's arm closer to her as he chats animatedly with people. She really is lucky to have him.

INT. JEN'S CAR - DRIVING

Jen and Ricki are in a 2 person cab of a small Toyota truck, Ricki smushed up against Jen with a laptop. Jen's trying to shift gears and knocking her elbow on Ricki's computer.

JEN

Ricki! Come on, can you move over there?

RICKI

We have to leave room for passengers.

JEN

I don't like lots of people in my car.

RICKI

You are an Uber driver!

JEN

(correcting her)  
I'm a standup.

RICKI

Okay, just...let's just, we have a rider up ahead, about four blocks.

JEN

(looks over at the laptop)  
What is that?

RICKI

(awkwardly)  
That's your profile picture.

JEN

That's a goat with a mustache.

RICKI

You love goats! And it made you laugh, so I thought your audience would--

JEN

You fucking put a picture of a goat as my avatar? What kind of crazy ass people do you think--

RICKI  
Well, you didn't give me one, so I--

JEN  
(still looking at the  
page)  
What is that? I'm not a pediatric  
surgeon--

RICKI  
It says you "could have been"--slow  
down, he's right up here--

JEN  
Fuck this.

Jen approaches a GUY who's looking at his phone and just  
motions cutting across her neck as she drives by.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, we're closed. No rides  
today, sorry.

GUY  
(shouting as they pass)  
Hey, you're supposed to tell me  
jokes--

JEN  
(shouting back)  
Why upstage your jawline? It's  
hilarious.

RICKI  
What are you doing?

JEN  
I'm not doing this. Half of my  
stuff is crowd work, I can't do it  
in a car.

RICKI  
Jen, you have to start doing some  
material, for someone, anyone, or  
you can't call yourself a standup  
anymore.

JEN  
Really? Is that career advice from  
someone who hasn't HAD a job in  
thirteen years? Most Likely to  
Succeed at what? Getting facials?

RICKI

Good skin care is an essential piece of the health and well-being puzzle!

(fighting back tears)

At least I'm trying to do something with my life. I mean you can't focus for--you never finish anything! Half the time I have to remind you to end the ride!

JEN

Well you don't have to remind me now!

Jen pulls over, waits for Ricki to get out.

RICKI

Oh really? What do you have to do, go "number two" in a pickup somewhere?

JEN

(as Ricki gets out)

Number two, that's adorable.

(trying to hurt her)

You know Jesus was black, right?

Jen drives off. Ricki gets a notification on her phone that Jen has charged her for the ride.

RICKI

(yelling after her)

Nice. Well don't expect much of a tip!

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - NIGHT

Jason tunes his guitar on stage, Craig looking at him proudly from the side. As the crowd packs into Kerbey Lane Cafe...Jason enjoys it, then notices a few people seem...unkempt. Some of them are mumbling. Jason looks again at Craig's sign: "Concert for the Homeless." Oh...no.

INT. HILTON BALLROOM - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Kayla is busy getting drinks when Shannon's husband Lowell saunters up.

LOWELL

Hey Kayla. Long time no see. How you doing? How's Delvin?

KAYLA  
 (coldly)  
 Fine, thank you.

LOWELL  
 That was real sweet of you to come  
 by today, check on Shannon like  
 that.

KAYLA  
 Sure. My pleasure.  
 (looks at him pointedly)  
 Real sweet of you to quit your job  
 so you can help with the baby.

Lowell looks at her for a long beat. What should he do here?

LOWELL  
 (smiling, caught)  
 I'm a sweet guy. I don't know what  
 those women were talking about.

They stare at each other, two animals suddenly recognizing something in the other. He puts his fingertips on Kayla's stomach.

INT. DARK CORNER - NIGHT

Kayla and Lowell are slamming into each other, making out like teenagers.

KAYLA  
 You're such an asshole.

LOWELL  
 Yeah.

KAYLA  
 Piece of shit with a piece of shit  
 wife.

LOWELL  
 God yes. Come on, Kayla...

He tears at her blouse when suddenly, there's a far-off sound of a woman on PA SYSTEM making an ANNOUNCEMENT. Kayla snaps out of it, pulls Lowell's head out of her breasts by the back of his hair, looks at him, surprised. He just smiles.

INT. HILTON BALLROOM - EVENING

Kayla, having pulled herself together, runs up to the stage with flushed cheeks, while Delvin stands there awkwardly clutching a trophy. On a screen behind them, projected with cheesy firework graphics: MOST POPULAR COUPLE.

CLASSMATE

...and we all know, none of this would have been possible without Kayla's tireless effort, so let's give her a big round of applause.

The crowd CHEERS. Kayla blushes, kisses Delvin on the cheek. He beams proudly. Down front, she sees pregnant Shannon applauding happily. Kayla keeps smiling, but wants to die. The sound of APPLAUSE continues as we:

CUT TO:

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - NIGHT

...Jason having just finished a song, enjoying himself.

JASON

Thank you. This next one is actually an original...I wrote this for my wife. Whoever she may be.

The crowd CHUCKLES. Ricki stands next to Craig, casually looking around for Jen. She spots two women up front, smiling at one another. One woman TAKES THE OTHER'S HAND. Ricki looks away, awkward... then looks back.

JASON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Where you walk, I will follow.  
Where you live, I will abide. And  
what you seek, I will allow for,  
what you need, I will provide...

Jason's really good. His PLAYING CONTINUES as we cut to:

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Jen stands outside the club, looking at the door, not going in. She sees a HOMELESS GUY sitting to the side, smoking.

JEN

Can I bum a smoke?

HOMELESS GUY

Sure.

He gives her a cigarette, she lights it.

HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)  
Can I get a ride?

INT. KAYLA'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Kayla drives with tear-stained cheeks, hyperventilating. She sees a sign for I-35 SOUTH, heads downtown.

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - NIGHT

The Homeless Man enters the concert, followed by Jen, who casually looks around for Ricki. Ricki is still watching Jason, stealing glances at the lesbian couple down front.

JASON (O.S.)  
(singing)  
I will fall for you hopelessly, I  
will keep a steady stride...

Jen goes and stands next to Ricki. Ricki notices, with a mixture of fear and relief. As Jason continues SINGING:

JEN  
Hey.

RICKI  
Hey.

JASON (O.S.)  
(singing)  
I will be your religion, I will  
kill you with everything that's  
kind...

JEN  
Before you apologize, because you  
were definitely out of line, let me  
just say this...I know I don't  
finish shit. And it sucks. And  
that's why I--I don't know...like,  
I actually wish I could be more  
like you.

Ricki's cheeks flush as she listens to Jen's non-apology.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Not the making out with dogs part  
or the weird Jesus-loving I'm not  
gonna let anyone touch my vagina  
part--

RICKI  
(scolding)  
Jen!

JEN  
But the part that has great ideas  
and like, wakes up happy, and is  
awesome to other people. So.

JASON  
(singing)  
And I've found this peaceful  
feeling, that I never knew...

Kayla walks in the door, looking around for Craig, finds him,  
and makes a beeline for him.

RICKI  
(emotional)  
Can I buy you some nachos?

JEN  
You don't have to--

RICKI  
I want to--

JEN (CONT'D)  
Okay.

Kayla grabs Craig, pulls him "backstage" (behind a speaker or  
curtain) to talk.

JASON  
(singing)  
And I have often wondered where I  
belong...I belong with you.

CRAIG  
What's wrong? Did someone else win  
Class Favorite--?

KAYLA  
I'm sorry, I didn't know where else  
to go--

She starts to cry.

CRAIG  
Oh honey--

KAYLA  
I'm in trouble, Craig.

CRAIG  
Okay.

KAYLA

All I've ever wanted was this, to marry Delvin, have kids, but now that it's here...I don't want to get pregnant. I want to drive into oncoming traffic.

JASON (O.S.)

(singing)

And I have often wondered where I belong...

KAYLA

But I don't really. I just can't do Sunday family suppers and church barbecues when...I haven't done anything else. I've been looking at...I don't know, is it porn, on that website, the one where people dress up like horses and whinny?

(off Craig's look of alarm)

It's horrible, I know but those people...know what they want! And I look at those ads on Craigslist, Tinder, even Grindr y'know, cuz it makes me feel less guilty and the men really take care of themselves--

CRAIG

(softly)

Kayla--

KAYLA

I don't know how you ever stay faithful to Milo, I mean some of those men, you could build entire civilizations on the ridges of their--

CRAIG

Honey.

KAYLA

(breaking down)

Oh God Craig, it doesn't make any sense. I love Delvin, of course I do but...oh my God, I want to drink whiskey, and write poetry and...bang other men. Strange men, dirty men, randy, naked men, I want to try things, and have regrets, and I stopped off to buy condoms and a burner phone on the way here.

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 (helpless)  
 What am I gonna do?

Craig searches for the right thing to say. It's quiet. Eerily quiet. Just then, Jen comes back, pokes her head through the curtain.

JEN  
 Well, you could turn off Craig's mic, for starters.

Craig panics, talks into his wireless mic, which we now hear RICOCHETING through Kerbey Lane.

CRAIG  
 Shoot! Brandon, Mic One! Mic One!

Craig leaves. Jen stares at Kayla, Kayla averts her gaze, wipes her tears. The sound of Craig cheerfully WRAPPING UP the show.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 How about another hand for Jason Evans, everyone!

INT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - NIGHT

The gang looks uncertainly at Kayla, drinking Jason's cure-all margaritas in the bar area which is now empty, and cleaned up. Jason pours Kayla a refill.

KAYLA  
 Thank you. Sorry I ruined your show.

JASON  
 No, hey...at least I knew they were listening.

Craig looks at Jason like "I told you so." Jason rolls his eyes.

KAYLA  
 Yeah. And posting. And sharing.  
 (her phone vibrates)  
 Oh God, that's him again.  
 (declines it)

RICKI  
 Maybe you should talk to him.

JEN  
 No, she shouldn't.

KAYLA

I just...don't know what to say. I mean, I obviously want to stay married to him.

Only Ricki nods. The rest of them look perplexed.

JEN

When you say "obviously"--

KAYLA

I mean, we're not getting a divorce. That doesn't happen in our families.

RICKI

Of course.

CRAIG

Right, but...maybe a separation would be a good call...given the feelings you've been having--

KAYLA

(innocent)  
What feelings?

JEN

(unable to help herself)  
The ones about gobbling down fistfuls of cock?

Kayla takes a long drink of margarita, checks her phone.

CRAIG

I think what Jen's trying to say is...maybe you could stay at my place for a while. Just until you can clear your head a little bit. And maybe you and Delvin can work through this.

Ricki beams. Kayla nods. That sounds sort of good.

KAYLA

I just don't want to hurt him.

RICKI

(hopeful)  
Maybe you won't.

Jen looks at them like they're nuts.

JEN

Listen. Baby bird's gotta be kicked out the nest here. You want to constantly imagine someone else, anyone else, when he's on top of you--?

JASON

Jen, c'mon--

RICKI

That's a little out of line--

JEN

(pointedly; at Kayla)

Am I wrong?

(she's not)

Maybe you are a monster. A weak-willed garbage can of a person. Maybe you'll never live up to your "Most Likely to Succeed" bullshit.

Everyone reacts. They all feel that way. Except perfect Craig.

JEN (CONT'D)

I say, get on board. Pull up your big girl pants and rip off the band-aid. This is your shot at happiness. Take it.

Jason takes away Kayla's margarita, replaces it with a shot of tequila. Ricki takes her hand. Jason takes the other.

CRAIG

(gently)

Don't think about losing him. Think about gaining us.

Kayla's phone VIBRATES again: DELVIN CALLING. Kayla looks around at her new strange friends, looks at Craig, who beams love to her from across the room. Ricki squeezes her hand.

Kayla picks up her tequila shot, pushes the ANSWER button.

KAYLA

Hello?

DELVIN (O.C.)

Hi.

Delvin is standing in the doorway of Kerbey Lane. Oh shit.

EXT. KERBEY LANE CAFE - NIGHT

The gang is all busying themselves inside "straightening up", while Delvin and Kayla talk on the front porch.

DELVIN

I don't understand. We just won  
Most Popular Couple.

KAYLA

I know. I just...I think I need to  
do this for a little while, just  
till I can clear my head.

DELVIN

For how long?

KAYLA

I...I don't know.

DELVIN

Well Christ, Kayla, you gotta tell  
me something here! Will you be at  
Sunday Supper tomorrow, or--?

She looks at him sadly.

DELVIN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

He starts to walk away.

KAYLA

Delvin, I'm sorry--

DELVIN

You're goddamn right you are. I  
mean, we just got married! Is this  
just...I mean is it just coming  
outta nowhere, or did I...do  
something to--?

KAYLA

No! Gosh no, Delvin, you're  
everything I ever wanted in a  
husband, I just...don't think I can  
have a husband. Right now.

DELVIN

Oh my God.  
(slowly, with difficulty)  
Are you gay?

Kayla sees an easy out here. Nods solemnly.

KAYLA

Mmhmm.

DELVIN

Oh my God.

KAYLA

I mean, I could be, I'm not one hundred percent sure--

Delvin's had enough, starts walking away.

DELVIN

Well you let me know when you are sure so you can be my wife again, okay? Can you give me that courtesy, at least?

(one last look)

I did nothing but love you. I don't get it.

KAYLA

(softly, pleading)

Delvin--

She watches him walk away, fighting the impulse to follow him. Craig has slipped outside, run his arm through hers. Jen stands on the other side.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go after him--

JEN

(stopping her)

You go after him, I'm gonna snap your wrist.

Kayla looks at Jen. Ricki comes up from behind, gives Kayla a big hug. Craig joins in. Then Jason. Finally, Jen. Kayla surrenders into their embrace.

Yeah, that's right. Group hug as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW