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SOMEONE OUT THERE

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ACT ONE**EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT**

As sentimental rom-com music swells, **DEREK LOWE** (30s, charming, hidden sweetness) dashes down a busy street. He ruins his expensive suit as he pushes past confused pedestrians, plows through a puddle, leaps over a dog. He's a man on a mission. Who is he running towards? Is it...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

CHLOE CROSS, (30s, cool, no-nonsense) who wears an exquisitely-crafted wedding dress. She paces back and forth, looking worried. She checks the time, bites her lip. Sits down. Gets up. Starts pacing some more. Has she been left at the altar? Maybe by...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - SAME TIME

Derek, who's still running. He skids to a halt in front of an office building, noticing some purple lilies in a flower bed. Getting an idea, he jumps into the flower bed, grabs the lilies by the root, and pulls. They don't budge. Frowning, he pulls again. Nothing. He adjusts his grip.

DEREK
(all his might)
NNNNNNRRRGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
(giving up)
Jesus Christ in Heaven!

Derek notices the building's LANDSCAPE GUY, watching him.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Did you plant these? You did an excellent job, sir! Hats off to you.

The guy shrugs. Derek composes himself, adjusts his tie. He looks at a modern-looking building across the street. Derek approaches a door and knocks three times...

INT. STORE - SAME TIME

Bang bang bang! Relief washes over Chloe's face. She runs up to the door, opens it, and finds...**SYDNEY KOH**, 22, a purple-haired millennial holding two giant burritos.

CHLOE
Finally! I'm starving!

SYDNEY

Gah! What the hell are you doing in the wedding dress, you psycho?

CHLOE

Sssssh! Gimme burrito!

Sydney hands over the burrito and follows Chloe inside. REVEAL they are in "CHLOE", a fancy downtown bridal boutique. Chloe isn't a bride. She's a dressmaker. Sydney watches as Chloe starts shoving the burrito into her mouth.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

I shkip lunch tah finsh the embroideruh...

(swallows, then)

And I put it on because a wedding dress isn't something that you view in a museum. It will have a bride inside, in this case a rich lady named Priscilla --

SYDNEY

"Priscilla." What kind of name is that? Cis white women are truly the sickest people out there.

CHLOE

-- and Priscilla is going to be moving and dancing and laughing and probably puking at the end of the night. So I need to see it flow.

Chloe heads to a mirror and starts dancing in front of it.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

See? Check out my flow.

Chloe does a bunch of bad dance moves very confidently. Sydney watches her and laughs.

SYDNEY

You are a terrible dancer.

CHLOE

Am not. Twerk. Nae nae. Finish with the Beyonce booty roll I studied online hip extension boom!

It's no Beyonce. Sydney is unimpressed.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME

Derek bangs on the door of a high-end jewelry store. MARIA, an employee, approaches from inside the store.

MARIA
We're closed.

DEREK
I just need one second.

MARIA
Sorry, you'll have to come back tomorrow.

In response, Derek mimes begging. He makes prayer hands. He runs a finger down his cheeks as if he's crying. He gets on his knees, making his best puppy-dog face. Maria rolls her eyes but smiles, charmed, and opens the door.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Derek picks out some nice earrings, holds them out to Maria.

DEREK
Do you mind?

Maria shrugs, and puts the earrings on. Derek smiles.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You look great. We should steal those earrings and go.

MARIA
"Go"... where?

DEREK
To Otium. Our reservation is at 8. We should just be able to make it.

MARIA
(confused)
Sorry, what? You're here for me?

DEREK
Yeah. I get coffee across the street every day and yesterday we smiled at each other.
(pointing at his smile)
Remember?

MARIA
(warming, playful)
Maybe...

DEREK

Tonight I was at a party twenty blocks away for a terrible movie I wrote the music for, listening to someone drone on about the long-term benefits of index funds, when I thought "This isn't fun. What would be?" So here we are.

MARIA

Okay. But you made dinner reservations before I said yes? Isn't that a little cocky?

DEREK

I don't like the term "cocky". That makes me feel like a 80s fighter pilot who's about to be chewed out by someone named Colonel Strong. I'm more...an optimist. I'm hoping that I can take a beautiful woman out to a nice dinner where I'm happy to discuss anything in the universe except index funds. Like, I don't know, sailboats. Do you have one?

MARIA

(laughing)

No.

DEREK

Me neither. See, this is already going great!

Maria smiles and grabs her coat, swept up in Derek's energy. They head out together.

INT. CHLOE - SAME TIME

Chloe, still in the dress, hands Sydney her phone.

CHLOE

Hey, take a picture of me. We should put this on the store's Instagram page.

SYDNEY

(mocking her)

"Instagram page."

(taking phone, tapping)

What filters do 40-year-olds use?

CHLOE

I'm 32.

SYDNEY

(noticing something)

Wait a minute. Why do you have a fertility tracker on your phone? Ohhhhh I see. You've started menopause.

CHLOE

I'm 32!!!

Chloe takes her phone back, a little embarrassed.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I have that because...well...I've actually decided to have a baby.

Sydney stares at her, shocked.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What?

SYDNEY

Just processing. Did not see that coming.

CHLOE

I didn't either. But the other day I heard that song "Be My Baby" and, I don't know, by the end of it I had the whole plan. Have a kid, dress it up like a pickle for Halloween, all that stuff. It just feels like the next step for me.

SYDNEY

Okay. I get it. I support a single woman making this happen without a man. I love when anything happens without a man.

CHLOE

Well, I thought first I would try this the old-fashioned way.

Sydney bursts out laughing. Chloe reacts, a little hurt.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

SYDNEY

You can't do this with a guy!

CHLOE

Yes I can.

SYDNEY

Who? You nuclear-bomb every relationship you're in after six months. Even if the guy is great.

CHLOE

You're talking about Mark.
Mark...had some problems.

SYDNEY

Mark was a hot pediatrician who loved you! You broke up with him because he said "literally" too much.

CHLOE

I did not.

SYDNEY

You literally did.

CHLOE

(snapping)

It has a specific meaning it can't be used as a catch-all intensifier!

(then)

Look, this is what I want. Love, a baby, all that crap. So I need you to be a supportive friend now.

Sydney shrugs, then puts on a mocking rich white lady accent.

SYDNEY

(messing with her)

OMG, Chloe-kins, you're going to be a mommy! Hashtag baby hashtag love hashtag having it all!

Sydney grabs Chloe's hands and jumps up and down, shrieking.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

...which transitions to the sounds of Derek and Maria collapsing after sex. Afterwards, they lay in bed, happy.

MARIA

I can't believe we never even made it to dinner. I never do this.

DEREK

Oh, I could tell. You seemed really confused and bad at it --

She hits him with a pillow. They both laugh, having fun. And then it gets a little quiet. Maria looks at him thoughtfully.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Uh-oh, serious face. You okay?

MARIA

I'm just trying to figure out exactly what kind of guy you are...

Derek hesitates a moment, then jumps up, all smiles.

DEREK

I am... the kind of guy who knows if you missed dinner, I should make you a snack! Kitchen this way?

She chuckles to herself as Derek exits the bedroom.

INT. MARIA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Derek opens the fridge to grab some food. When he closes it we reveal **MADISON** (11, impish) has appeared behind the door. Derek, startled, drops his food.

DEREK

Waah! God, you scared me. Um...who are you?

MADISON

Madison. It's a real pleasure to meet you.

She holds out a little hand. Derek reluctantly shakes.

DEREK

I'm Derek. Your mom's...friend.

MADISON

(tightening grip, intense)
Do you want to be my daddy?

Derek's eyes go wide. He pulls his hand away, then flashes his trademarked smile... as he slowly backs out of the room.

DEREK

That is... a cool question. Will you excuse me?

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek enters and starts gathering up his clothes. He's rushing but trying to look casual.

MARIA

You're leaving already? I was going to kick you out after round two.

DEREK

Oh, this was fun. But you've probably got stuff to do. And me too, you know? I mean, maybe if we both weren't so busy...

(re: his phone, "worried")

Oh boy. The emails. I should go.

MARIA

(chuckling)

Well, thanks for a nice time. You're pretty good at this.

DEREK

(hopeful)

The sexy stuff, or --

MARIA

No, the leaving.

Maria laughs. Derek takes this on the chin.

DEREK

Okay. Solid burn. Talk soon?

Maria smirks, "Yeah, right." Derek smiles and leaves.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - LATER

Derek enters his Benedict Canyon home to find his brother **BOYD** (30s, sad sack) asleep on the stairs. Derek shakes him gently. Boyd slowly comes to, dazed.

DEREK

Boyd, what are you doing? You should be sleeping in a bed.

BOYD

I can't. Beds remind me too much of Christine.

DEREK

(genuine)

Oh, buddy. I hate seeing you like this. I'm carrying you to a bed --
(fails immediately)

Nope. I'm very weak, I'm bringing you a pillow.

BOYD

Just let me go back to sleep. I was
dreaming I was still married.

(dreamily wistful)

All cozy under a blanket, holding
Christine's hand, watching our
favorite show about medical
disasters.

Derek sighs, adjusts Boyd's blanket, heads upstairs.

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Derek enters and flips on the lights. REVEAL Madison is
sitting in the corner.

MADISON

We need to talk.

DEREK

Gagghh!

Startled, Derek bumps into a lamp, which crashes to the
floor. Madison smiles at him. Boyd rushes in.

BOYD

Are you alright?

DEREK

No! There's a...tween...there.

Boyd looks in the corner, confused. From his perspective, we
see the chair is empty. Only Derek can see Madison.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You can't see her? She's giving you
the finger!

BOYD

Why don't you get some sleep, bud.

Boyd shuffles off. Derek stares at Madison.

DEREK

Who...who are you?

MADISON

I'm your daughter. Well, the
daughter you want to have some day.

DEREK

Okay, no. This isn't happening.
(big swing)
Begone, phantom!

Madison just stares at him. Derek paces, worried.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I must have a concussion.

MADISON
From what? Putting on too much
moisturizer?
(then)
Buddy, this is happening. I'm not a
dream, I'm not that pill you took
at Gerard's divorce party, and I'm
not a brain tumor. You don't get
that until you're sixty-one.

DEREK
What?!

MADISON
I'm kidding. I can't see the
future. All I know is that you want
me. So I'm here to help you get
your dumb little life together and
go find my mom.

Derek takes this in, still spinning.

DEREK
I...I don't want a daughter.

MADISON
You think you don't. But you do.
Deep down, under that stupid shirt
you are ten years too old for, you
long to have more: Love. A family.
You're not happy.

DEREK
Happy?! No adult is happy! You
sound crazy right now!

MADISON
But your life sucks: Your career's
a C-Plus because you only care
about it as a pickup line. You have
meaningless sex because you need to
be wanted, but are scared of being
needed. There is a good man inside
you. But you have built a wall
around your heart, and if we don't
tear it down, you are gonna die
alone -- or worse, at the premiere
of "Aquaman 2: The Devil's Crab."

Derek is stunned silent. Madison switches gears, softening.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Too harsh? I get it: Your future ghost child shows up and says you're a loser -- it's a lot to take in at once. Let's talk about something else. Whatever you want!

DEREK

...Um, okay. That'd be nice.

MADISON

(light and casual)

Do you think being forced to testify in your parents bitter divorce formed a deep and lasting scar that --

DEREK

(high-pitched)

O-kay! I'm gonna go to bed now!

Derek crawls under the covers, shuts off the light, and slams his eyes shut, denying what's happening. A long beat.

MADISON

(whispering)

I'm still here, by the way.

(long beat)

Still here.

Derek whimpers, freaked out. He puts a pillow over his head.

INT. CARL'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Chloe enters. **CARL** (60s, overwhelmed) is doing his best to take care of his grandkids **AUDREY**, 6, **GAVIN**, 4, and **ARTHUR**, 18 months, who he is always carrying in a Baby Bjorn. The house looks like a tornado hit it.

CHLOE

Hey, Dad. How's it going?

CARL

Terrible! Start slicing!

Carl tosses Chloe a cantaloupe as he tries to pour cereal into three bowls while avoiding Arthur, who keeps poking his face with a slobber-covered toy. Chloe gets to work.

CARL (CONT'D)

Audrey's late for soccer, Gavin hasn't slept in...

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
(checks watch)
...96 hours?! He should be dead!
And Arthur ate a candle. Will he
pass that? Chloe, can babies poop
wax?!

Chloe shrugs, unsure. Carl tries to jam a straw in a juice
box. It is impossible.

CARL (CONT'D)
I can't believe your brother gets
to go to a nice, clean office all
day and I have to do this. I'm
supposed to be retired. I'm
supposed to be in an easy chair
right now being radicalized by
cable news!

CHLOE
Well, I know he and Katie
appreciate you being the nanny.
You're the best grandpa ever.

CARL
Hrmph. Never have kids.

Chloe pauses her work.

CHLOE
Actually, there's something I've
been meaning to tell you. I've
decided I want children.

Carl puts down his juice box.

CARL
Why? Look at me! Yesterday pee got
shot up my nose. It's in my brain
now!
(then)
I mean...how are you doing this?
What's the plan?

CHLOE
(little tentative)
Well, believe it or not, Sydney
laughed when I said this, but I
want to do it with a...you
know...man I love with.

Carl laughs, then looks embarrassed. Chloe is hurt.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Wow! You too? My own dad?!

CARL

Chlo, come on. You have so many good qualities. But let's get real: you broke up with Mark for no reason. Literally no reason.

Chloe stiffens, feeling attacked. She pivots to confidence:

CHLOE

You know what? You and Sydney can have your doubts. But I'll kill this just like I've killed everything else I've tried to do -- and then stand over my doubters, put my heel on their face, and say "Suck on my family, dickweeds." Sound like a plan?

A beat.

CARL

Are you really asking, or--

CHLOE (CONT'D)

-- I agree, great plan!!!

Chloe continues chopping angrily.

INT. BODYGASM - SAME TIME

Derek swims laps at his fancy gym. He pulls himself out of the water. When he takes off his goggles, he sees Madison standing on the diving board. He reacts, startled.

MADISON

Hello again. When your hair's wet, I can tell you're going bald.

DEREK

Nope! Not talking to you! Not interested!

Derek heads to the locker room. Madison watches him.

MADISON

You are interested. You love me. Because I'm chipping at the wall around your heart, idiot.
(miming tiny pickaxe)
Chip chip chip chip chip --

Derek ignores her. Madison falls into the pool. Derek hears the splash and freezes. Madison flails around in the water.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I fell! Help! Help, I can't swim!

Derek watches her, eyes wide. She looks so helpless. Suddenly, instinct kicks in. He heroically dives in, swims over, and drags Madison out of the pool! She lies in his arms, lifeless. Panicking, Derek starts CPR. He has no idea what he's doing.

DEREK
(yelling to no one)
Clear!

He keeps at it, pumping her chest. Suddenly, Madison's eyes open and she starts to cough.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Oh my God. It's okay, sweetie. It's okay.

Madison stops coughing and gives him a huge shit-eating grin.

MADISON
"Sweetie?" Look at you! You love me!
(laughing at him)
You totally freaked out, you paternal little bitch.

Derek collapses in relief. He looks down at Madison in his arms. And realizes something.

DEREK
You're right. Oh my god. I'm a little bitch.

Madison nods, smiling. As Derek processes this epiphany...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. DEREK'S GUEST HOUSE - LATER**

Derek is with Boyd, who is overcome with emotion. Boyd is scrolling through Derek's phone.

BOYD
(emotional)
My big brother is looking for his
"forever person" --

DEREK
Can we not say "forever person"?

BOYD
(wistful)
Christine hated when I said that,
too.

DEREK
Look, can you just tell me which of
these women would make the best
mom?
(then)
Not like our mom. A nice mom. But
still hot.

Boyd starts flipping through profiles on Derek's dating app. There are messages from a lot of young, attractive women partying in revealing clothes.

BOYD
(carefully)
I think these women are all very
unique and brave in their own ways
but I'm not getting a...
(can't help himself)
..."forever person" vibe from them.
If this is what you're attracting,
maybe we should take a look at what
you're putting out there.

Boyd starts flipping through the pictures in Derek's profile.
ANGLE ON: Picture of Derek in his EXPENSIVE CAR, Derek with a
CELEBRITY CHEF, Derek at the GRAMMYS, Derek at the GYM...

BOYD (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is problematic.

DEREK

What do you mean? It shows I can drive them to a good restaurant, that I can get on the list at a fancy party, and that I'm strong for in bed!

Boyd sighs, then tries again:

BOYD

It seems like your priorities, while valid, are maybe... I don't want to say superficial--

Madison pokes her head out from behind Derek.

MADISON

He's saying you look like a Hollywood asshole! And he's right! You have driving gloves for your Tesla!

Derek shoots her a look, then turns back to Boyd.

DEREK

Okay, so let's find a picture where I'm giving off more of a kind, responsible vibe.

(thinks, then)

Oh, what about me at that charity fundraiser?

BOYD

(seeing picture)

Uh...you're shot-gunning a magnum of champagne in a hot tub. What charity was for that even for?

DEREK

It's a school... for models... founded by Bret Ratner --

(hearing it)

You know what? Let's take that one down. For a lot of reasons.

INT. CHLOE - LATER

We START ON: Sydney, who stares at something, overwhelmed.

SYDNEY

Wow. This is...a lot.

REVEAL: Chloe, who is standing in front of a wall completely covered in dozens of color-coded index cards.

CHLOE

Thank you! This is my plan of attack to find the most love in the shortest amount of time. On the left are the must-have qualities. Next to them, in the magenta--

Sydney points to two index cards.

SYDNEY

Hang on. You want a man who is "Funny" and "Kind"? Does not exist. Game over.

CHLOE

Oh, he's out there. There are four billion men in the world and I'm looking for one person that's awesome. That's not hard. That's a math problem. And I love math. I just need to get out there. So what do you know about dating apps?

SYDNEY

They all basically work the same, It's just a question of what your approach is. Bumble if you're tired of pictures of guys' junk, Tinder if you WANT pictures of guys' junk, OKCupid if you want a threesome with a bored married couple, eHarmony if you want to meet someone from 2004 --

CHLOE

All of them!
(off her look)
That's my approach. I'm going to make a profile that appeals to every man. I cast a wide net and throw all of the bad fish back.

SYDNEY

This is berserk, you're going to be murdered, I quit.

CHLOE

(ignoring her)
Now if you look at the lime cards, you'll see I've compiled a list of the statistically most widely-liked topics for men ages 35 to 45.
(reading)
One: Games with a ball.
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Two: large televisions. Three: cooking meat pieces outside. Four: movies with spaceships or punching...

SYDNEY

Chloe, what you're doing -- being a "guy's girl", and pretending something is interesting just because guys like it -- is deeply non-feminist and I cannot be a part of it.

CHLOE

Counterpoint: I'm going to put on costumes and we'll do a fun dress-up photography session.

SYDNEY

I'm in.

EXT. STREAM - LATER

Derek is posing with a mountain bike. He's wearing a helmet and a T-shirt that has a recycling symbol on it. Boyd holds a camera, a little uncomfortable.

DEREK

What do you think? Responsible, thoughtful, cares about the Earth.

BOYD

Yeah, totally. I just thought we would be taking pictures of...you.

DEREK

What?! I care about the world. If we didn't have the world...what would we stand on?

(off his look)

Just take the picture!

Boyd reluctantly snaps a picture.

INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - LATER

Sydney is doing Chloe's hair up in buns like Princess Leia.

CHLOE

So who is this lady? She's like a space DJ with hair earphones?

SYDNEY

Seriously? You've never heard of Princess Leia? You're like the only person in the universe who's never seen Star Wars.

CHLOE

Yeah, I want to watch a movie about how there's zero black women in the whole universe. Whatever, just hand me the sword thing and let's get this over with!

INTERCUT: EXT. VARIOUS LOS ANGELES

We cut back and forth between Chloe and Derek taking photos for their revamped dating profiles:

- Chloe poses while drinking a beer. After Sydney snaps the photo, she spits it out on the ground.

- Derek holds a dog. After Boyd snaps the picture, he gives it to an OLD LADY, its real owner.

- Chloe stands in front of a grill and holds up some ribs. After Sydney takes the picture, she tosses them in the garbage, then tosses the grill in the garbage.

- Derek takes a lasagna out of a takeout container, puts it on a plate, and poses with a spatula, as if he's cooked it.

- Chloe wears a football jersey and shorts. Sydney gestures. Chloe rolls her eyes, then tugs down the neckline a little, showing a bit of cleavage.

- Derek walks up to a KIDS BASKETBALL GAME. He puts on a hat that says "Coach". Boyd snaps a picture. Derek takes off the hat and walks away.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE/INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE (INTERCUT)

Chloe is at her house, uploading all the freshly-taken photos on her phone as Sydney looks on excitedly over her shoulder. At Derek's house, we find him doing the same thing. Chloe and Derek both tap "Ok" at the same time, and are immediately shown some potential matches... including each other!

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Derek is in a cozy booth, out on a date... With Chloe?

DEREK

Let me get you a little more wine.

ANGLE ON: **CAMILLE**, (cute, not Chloe) across the table. She nods, Derek pours some into her glass. It's going well.

CAMILLE

So, you're a film composer? That sounds pretty fun and glamorous.

DEREK

Oh, it's very glamorous. Right now I'm working on a movie where Vin Diesel's dead wife's spirit takes over a boat. It's called...Wife Boat.

CAMILLE

That sounds...interesting.

DEREK

Oh, it's terrible. It's the worst movie I've ever seen.

They laugh, enjoying each other's company.

CAMILLE

Well, your profile makes it seem like you have plenty of interests outside of work.

Derek leans in, prepared for this.

DEREK

Like dogs! I know you work at an animal shelter, and I love talking about dogs. Like their breeds: Akita, beagle, basset hound, bloodhound, Belgian bloodhound--

CAMILLE

Do you mind if we don't talk about work? That's not really my passion. I'm actually really into activism and local politics.

DEREK

(thrown)

Oh. Okay.

CAMILLE

And I know you are too! All those pictures on your profile of you canvassing in your neighborhood!

DEREK
(getting nervous)
Yeah. I did that with my dog. Which
I'm still prepared to talk about --

CAMILLE
What district are you in?

DEREK
Mmmmm. Seven?

CAMILLE
(confused)
Isn't that the airport?

DEREK
Not...to me it's not.

Camille reacts, sensing something.

CAMILLE
Who are you supporting in the city
councilor race?

DEREK
Well, all of them. All of them are
great. Them, their dogs...

CAMILLE
(realizing something)
Name one politician in Los Angeles.

DEREK
Steven...
(off her nod, encouraged)
...Glarst! Okay, I don't know any.
Look, I might have exaggerated a
little. Haven't you ever tried to
beef up your resume?

CAMILLE
What else on there is
"exaggerated"? Did you adopt eight
rescue dogs?

Derek shakes his head "no", contrite.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Are you even thirty-one?

DEREK
Yeah I'm thirty-one, easy! In fact,
I'm even more!

Camille gets up from the table and grabs her purse.

CAMILLE
Do not ever call me again.

DEREK
Wait, wait. Can I be honest with
you? There's a really good reason I
lied on my profile.

Camille pauses, listening.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I want a baby --

CAMILLE
Oh my God!

Camille exits, quickly. She passes Madison as she leaves.

MADISON
(pretending to choke)
I'm dying... help me....
(then)
Oh wait, that was you choking.

She laughs at him. Derek nods, "I'll give you that one."

EXT. PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME

Chloe is with **SIMON** (reasonably charming, not Derek). They are having a pleasant conversation as they walk through a playground full of **KIDS**.

SIMON
It's nice to meet someone who
shares so many of my interests. I
mean, a perfect Saturday for me is
grilling and watching the Avengers.

CHLOE
(trying her best)
Yeah. I love the red guy.

As they pass a park bench:

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Hey, do you want to sit down right
here?

Simon shrugs and sits down with her.

SIMON

So, you run a bridal shop, right? I
bet you have some serious scars
from Bridezillas.

(charmed by himself)
I'm also pretty funny--

WHUMP! Simon is cut off by a soccer ball HITTING HIM IN FACE.
Chloe winces. It clearly stings, but he does his best to
laugh it off and be friendly, tossing it back to the kids.

SIMON (CONT'D)

See, this is why I'm very against
the rising popularity of soccer.
Sorry, where was I. Right, the
bridal sh--

WHUMP! The soccer ball nails him in the face, AGAIN. He's a
little less breezy about it this time.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(calling to the kids)
Maybe take it over that way, huh?

He throws the ball back a little harder this time, then takes
a second to collect himself.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where were --

WHUMP! The ball nails him in the face a third time. He
instantly explodes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Chase this into the street, you
little bastards!

Simon grabs the ball and gives it a mighty punt. It flies
over the fence and bounces into the road.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(calling off)
Don't forget to not look both ways!
(then, to Chloe, pleased)
Did you see how far I kicked that?
All the way over the... Oh.

Chloe is staring daggers at him.

CHLOE

Ha! And you said on your profile
you loved kids? Ya busted!

Simon withers a little, ashamed. A little girl approaches.

LITTLE GIRL

Aunt Chloe, is he going to buy us a new ball? It just got run over by a Sparkletts truck.

SIMON

(putting it together)

Wait... is that why you asked me to meet you at a playground? So your nieces could attack me?

Simon starts backing away, looking at Chloe like she's crazy.

CHLOE

Whatever! You think I have time to date you for five months, just to find out you lied about liking kids? I proved it in five minutes!

Simon starts backing up.

SIMON

You don't even want to give me a chance? This is crazy! Don't ever call me!

CHLOE

You don't get to back away from me!
I back away from you!

Chloe angrily backs away from Simon. She passes by Carl, who has been watching this whole exchange.

CARL

So...how was the date?

CHLOE

(still angry)

Amazing! I won it!

Chloe marches away. Carl watches her, worried.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Derek is alone, moping over the disaster that was yesterday's date by playing a sad and soulful riff on his guitar. He pauses. Then hears Boyd SOBBING through the wall.

DEREK

Sorry, Boyd! I can play something happier!

Derek starts to play an acoustic version of the Six Flags Theme Song (The Vengaboys' "We Like To Party!") on his guitar. Then, out of nowhere:

MADISON (O.C.)

Cute.

Derek yelps, startled. Madison takes in the sight of him.

MADISON (CONT'D)

So what, one bad date and you're just gonna mope forever now? I'm surprised you can be this sad in jeans that tight.

DEREK

Can't you go be a manifestation of someone else's inner needs for the night? Maybe haunt Post Malone, get him to brush his teeth?

Madison shakes her head, then plops down next to him.

MADISON

What happened yesterday, dummy?

DEREK

...What happened was: she caught me. I'm not a guy who volunteers at dog shelters, or coaches little kids, or... reads poetry to birds. I don't know why I thought I could get away with pretending to be a good person when I'm... not.

He goes back to the guitar, down. Madison softens a little.

MADISON

Maybe you're not great. But I don't think you're the other a-hole you were pretending to be either.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

That guy in your old profile, who hides behind fancy watches and cars and dates mean DJs named Mackenzie, that guy wouldn't have jumped into a pool to save me. So the question is: what kind of guy are you, really?

Derek lets the question sink in. He shrugs.

DEREK

I don't know.

(then)

Look, I grew up in basically a toilet fire. But despite that, there have been times in my life when I've tried to be the guy you're talking about -- honest, loving, all of it. I even met a person that I thought I was gonna spend the rest of my life with. And then... it all went away. And I was wrecked. You think me playing the guitar looks pathetic? This was... I grew a goatee. I got a Vespa.

MADISON

That's... disgusting.

DEREK

I know! I just... came apart at the seams. And by the time I put myself back together, I guess Mr. Cool-Doesn't-Care-About-Anything Guy was who it felt safest to be.

MADISON

(gently weeping)

Wow. That's some story. You are boring me to tears --

DEREK

Oh my God! What do you want from me?

MADISON

Dude, what do you want from you? You're like a billion years old! Stop hiding from who you really are, and I promise you some idiot out there will probably like it.

Derek takes this in. She's not wrong.

DEREK

Can you just tell me what to do next? Aren't you like magic or something?

MADISON

Again, I want to be clear: I don't have any powers you might call "helpful". I'm just gonna insult you until you're less of a whiny, privileged, toxic, vapid, selfish, stupid, boring -- Okay, I take it back, this is helpful--

DEREK

You can go and let me think now!

She smiles and walks off. Derek thinks.

INT. CHLOE - SAME TIME

Chloe is standing at her wall of index cards, busily adjusting them. The bell above her door JANGLES as Carl LOUDLY STRUGGLES to drag in three kids and 50 pounds of gear.

CARL

(over the chaos)

I'm here to make everything better, but don't come near me, I'm covered in two kinds of snot!

Chloe endures this as Carl hands out books to his grandkids. Four-year-old Gavin looks up at him, confused.

GAVIN

I can't wead yet.

CARL

Then eat it. I don't care.

CHLOE

Dad, just take them home. I'm fine.

CARL

You're always "fine." You once gave me a thumbs-up while you were covered in bees. But tell me what I did that made you almost decapitate a date with a soccer ball.

Chloe sighs. Opening up isn't easy for her.

CHLOE

Look, I get why me wanting a family is... new territory. But I want it. I want what you and Mom had. But when you said I'd be bad at it... the thing is, I'm also worried I'll be bad at it. So when you agreed... it just kind of hurts.

Carl sighs, getting it. He sits next to her.

CARL

I'm sorry if I didn't say the right thing exactly. I think when Mom passed, we both had to harden a little to keep going. Me with two kids, three jobs. You finishing school, starting a business. We just put our heads down and got through it. But maybe that hardness isn't helping as much as it used to. Because I keep going into every situation looking for how it's gonna go south, then feeling all smart when it does. And I see you doing the same thing. You can't just put your head down and get through this.

(re: wall of data)

This isn't gonna work. You need to go slow, and be open to the idea of letting someone in. Love isn't math -- it's magic. If you can do all that, I know you'll be great at it. Like you're great at everything.

Chloe takes all of this in. A beat.

CHLOE

I'll be honest: I think that was a good speech, but I couldn't hear all of it because of how loud at least two of my nephews are pooping right now. You don't hear that?

CARL

(far-away stare)

Baby, it's all I hear, and all I'm ever gonna hear, for the rest of my life.

They both laugh a little.

TIME JUMP TO:

INT. CHLOE - A LITTLE LATER

While Carl tends to his kids, Sydney takes down the last of the "data wall" and then throws the cards away. Chloe deletes her profile, then starts over on a new profile.

CHLOE
(re: profile)
Is this too sappy?

SYDNEY
(reading)
"Hard workin' gal looking for love
and laughter... and if you turn out
to be a dick, I will burn your
whole life to the ground, PS I hate
Star Wars."
(then, pleased)
No that seems right.

Chloe smiles and continues typing...

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Derek joins Boyd. Boyd has procured a sack full of props.

BOYD
Okay, I have a new round of
"picture helpers" for your next
dating profile: do you think you
can pull off being a "part-time
veterinarian-slash-firefighter?"

He holds up a fireman's helmet and a stethoscope.

DEREK
Actually, I had a crazy idea: that
I would just show who I really am?

BOYD
(thrown but pleased)
Wow! Taking it in a very different
direction, but I'm weirdly into it!
What kind of pictures do you want
to put up to show the real you?

DEREK
Oh. Maybe, like...

At a loss, Derek awkwardly leans against the wall and does a double-thumbs-up -- then immediately wilts, embarrassed.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Okay, I am a mess! Who in their right mind is going to wanna deal with this?

BOYD

Don't say that about yourself.

Boyd puts his hand on Derek's shoulder, steadying him.

BOYD (CONT'D)

What if we start small, and take a picture of the truest thing I know about you: that you're a really good brother. You're letting me stay here while I get back on my feet, and I'm really glad you're in my life. So... can we just take a picture of us together?

Derek smiles, touched. They take a selfie together. It's very sweet. Boyd looks at the picture... and immediately starts crying. Derek frowns, worried, but then --

BOYD (CONT'D)

(waving him off)

No, it's okay, this is the happiest I've cried in weeks!

TIME JUMP TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Derek and Boyd upload the picture, satisfied. They look at the grid of potential romantic matches, and then...

INT. CHLOE - SAME TIME

Chloe's profile DINGS -- someone matched with her. She looks at who it is, but we don't see...

INT. BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Derek is at a table. Chloe sits down opposite him. Holy shit. Is it finally happening?!

DEREK

So, turns out I might be bad at dating. But I thought: instead of playing any games, I could just kind of lay out who I am -- and be honest about the fact that I'm still kind of figuring that out.

CHLOE

Well, here's what you need to know about me: I've spent a lot of time being a freight train, zooming toward my goals -- owning a business, making money, becoming best friends with Beyonce and saying, "Leave him, girl!", you don't need the whole list. And I'm never going to stop heading towards what I want. But it's possible it's time to stop being a freight train, and try being a -- what do you call it? -- a people train. I'm ready to try let someone in and have them on the journey with me.

Chloe smiles. Derek smiles. And then...

We POP WIDE to reveal: Derek and Chloe are at the same bar, but are seated at TWO DIFFERENT TABLES, ON DIFFERENT DATES!

Derek is on a date with MARIA, the woman from the jewelry shop in Act One. Derek is smiling at her.

MARIA

I didn't think I'd see you again. But it's nice that you're looking for your true self. That's beautiful.

DEREK

Really? Thank you.

MARIA

I'm a searcher, too... But then I found a group of people who helped me find me. Have I talked to you about Father Bryan?

DEREK

...No. Wanna keep not telling me?

MARIA

It's not a religious cult. It's just called "The Rylygyn" -- like religion, but with all Ys?

A WAITRESS delivers drinks. Smiling politely, Derek downs his entire drink in one long series of gulps as Maria continues:

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'd love for you to meet them. How comfortable are you being naked in front of strangers and/or wolves?

Derek motions, "Sorry, I'm still drinking." This clearly isn't going any further.

Chloe, meanwhile, is on a date with a man we've never seen before. This is **MARK** (perfect-looking, dorkily intense).

MARK

I didn't think I'd ever see you again. You never told me why you broke up with me.

CHLOE

Well, Mark, it's possible I didn't break up with you because of you, but because of me.

They smile. The chemistry is real.

MARK

This is an interesting development. Because my friends were like, "There's got to be some reason it didn't work", but I didn't care. Because you leaving was literally the saddest thing in the world. I was literally dead for a week.

Chloe listens, trying not to let it get to her.

CHLOE

...you're saying you actually die--
(waving it off badly)
Not important. Not... important.

She takes his hand. Not clear if the spell has been broken.

MARK

You are literally hotter than the sun -- ow, you're squeezing my hand really hard!

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Derek exits, alone. Chloe exits behind him, hugs Mark, and they head in different directions. Chloe is walking behind Derek. Derek stops to answer a text... and then, as Chloe approaches... he DROPS HIS PHONE, and she SAILS PAST HIM.

This is not the moment where they will meet...

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - LATER

Derek sits on his couch with Madison. It feels normal.

MADISON

So, did you screw it up again?

DEREK

(kind of proud)

Actually, this time, she did.
Progress?

MADISON

Yeah. Your special somebody is out there, d-bag, but it's okay you didn't meet her tonight. Look at you, with your children's sneakers and 1/100th of a beard. You're not ready yet.

DEREK

I mean, no kidding: I'm talking about my problems with an imaginary baby. Who's gonna be into that?

Madison shrugs, "You'd be surprised..."

INT. CHLOE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Chloe finishes up a call with her Dad on speakerphone:

CARL

Well, you gave it your best shot and now you can just see if it goes anywhere, right?

(warm)

Hey, you know what might make you feel great right now? If you came over here, we opened some ice cream, and you helped me change the sheets on a sopping wet bed --

CHLOE

Thank you for the offer. But I'm going to just chill here by myself.
Love you.

CARL

Love you, Chlo.

Chloe hangs up, taps some buttons on her phone and "Be My Baby" starts to play. She flops on the couch...and we PAN OUT to REVEAL: Chloe has her own little imaginary kid. The adorably round **HUMPHREY** is sitting next to her!

CHLOE

Oh, good. I'm still crazy.

HUMPHREY

I know you wish I didn't keep
appearing out of thin air, but do
you want a hug anyway?

Chloe looks at him for a long time.

CHLOE

No.

HUMPHREY

Does that mean you want two hugs?

CHLOE

Oh my god. One hug for ten seconds.

Humphrey slides over and hugs Chloe, quietly counting. And as
the two of them sit listening to the song, basking in the
warmth of a family, even if it's not all the way real yet...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT