

UNTITLED DOLGEN/MAND/KANG PROJECT

"Pilot"

Written by

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NETFLIX  
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COLD OPEN

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

A HIP, MODERN HOUSE WITH AN OPEN FLOOR LAYOUT. THE LIVING AREA IS FILLED WITH COLORFUL FURNITURE AND TONS OF SUNLIGHT. IT'S THE KIND OF DOPE-ASS PLACE YOU WISH YOUR FRIENDS HAD JUST SO YOU COULD HANG OUT THERE.

WE OPEN ON A SHIRTLESS GRANT (THE ROMANTIC, RIPPED BEYOND BELIEF, SWEET, CURIOUS & SURPRISINGLY INTROSPECTIVE) COUNTING OFF AN INTENSE SET OF BURPEES WHILE WATCHING TV.

GRANT

118... 119...

A COMMERCIAL FOR SUN-MAID RAISINS COMES ON.

TV (O.S.)

What makes a Sun-Maid raisin so  
special? In a word, *everything*. Since  
1912 our raisins have come from the  
finest grapes in the San Joaquin  
Valley.

GRANT STOPS MID-BURPEE.

GRANT

(SHOCKED) What?

HE STARES AT THE TV TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER HIS THOUGHTS.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(MIND BLOWN) Raisins... come from...  
grapes?! (DEEP BREATH) I never  
thought of it that way.

JUST THEN, CLAIRE (THE OPTIMIST, EFFORTLESSLY ATTRACTIVE, ADORABLE, SCATTERBRAINED) ENTERS HOLDING TWO DOZEN ROSES.

CLAIRE

Hey Grant.

GRANT

What's up?

CLAIRE

I was just at the plant store. I  
stopped to smell the roses and then  
they gave 'em to me!

CLAIRE PUTS DOWN THE FLOWERS AND TURNS WITH EXCITEMENT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, and guess what? My sister called,  
which is crazy 'cause she never calls  
me.

GRANT TURNS OFF THE TV AND TURNS TO CLAIRE, INTENTLY.

GRANT

What did she say?

CLAIRE

She said, "Hey, it's Chelsea."

GRANT

And what did you say?

CLAIRE

I said, "Chelsea?! Oh wow! I haven't  
heard from you in forever and I didn't  
recognize your number!

GRANT HANGS ON HER EVERY WORD. THIS IS A TOTALLY NORMAL  
INTERACTION FOR THEM.

GRANT

And what did she say?

CLAIRE

She said, "Yeah, I got a new number a few months ago."

JUST THEN, SOLANA (THE NEUROTIC HEALER, SEXY, ANXIOUS, UNQUALIFIED HEALTH GURU) ENTERS FROM HER BEDROOM.

SOLANA

Ugh, I didn't sleep at all last night. Which makes no sense, because I filled my entire pillow case with sleep crystals. (THEN RUBBING HER NECK EXASPERATED) Now my neck randomly hurts.

GRANT

Solana, Claire's sister just called her.

SOLANA TURNS HER FOCUS TO THEM WITH LASER INTENSITY.

SOLANA

(PROTECTIVE OF CLAIRE) Your sister? She never calls you. What did she say?

GRANT

She said, "Hey, it's Chelsea."

SOLANA

(TO CLAIRE) And what did you say?

CLAIRE

I said, "Chelsea?! Oh wow! I haven't heard from you in forever and I didn't recognize your number."

SOLANA

That's totally happened to me before.

GRANT

Me too.

JAYDEN (THE NARCISSIST, SEDUCTIVELY-HANDSOME, FAME-OBSSESSED, AMBITIOUS) ENTERS, FRESH FROM A WORK-OUT.

JAYDEN

I love Soul Cycle, but I can't stand  
people staring at me.

GRANT

(EARNEST) You should try siting in  
the back.

JAYDEN

But then no one would see me.

JAYDEN OPENS THE FRIDGE AND LOOKS INSIDE.

SOLANA

(TO JAYDEN) Hey, guess what? Claire's  
sister just called her.

JAYDEN SHUTS THE FRIDGE AND TURNS TO CLAIRE, INTENTLY.

JAYDEN

What did she say?

CLAIRE

She said, "Hey, it's Chelsea."

GRANT

Then Claire said, "Chelsea?! Oh wow! I  
haven't heard from you in forever and  
I didn't recognize your number?!"

JAYDEN

That like exact thing has happened to  
me before.

SOLANA

GRANT

Me too.

Me too.

CLAIRE

Then she said, "Yeah, I got a new  
number a few months ago." And then I  
said, "Oh."

JAYDEN

And what did she say?

CLAIRE

She said, "Duane is calling me, I'll  
call you back." And I said, "Okay!"

THEY ALL STARE AT CLAIRE AS IF TO SAY, "THEN WHAT?"

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And then we both hung up. So now I'm  
just waiting.

A BEAT. THEY ALL WAIT.

**SFX: TEXT MESSAGE CHIME**

CLAIRE LOOKS AT HER PHONE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ah! It's a text from Chelsea! Which is  
crazy, 'cause she never texts me!

GRANT/SOLANA/JAYDEN

What did she say?

CLAIRE READS THE TEXT OUT LOUD. THE ROOMMATES LISTEN  
INTENTLY.

CLAIRE

Hi Claire, I'm moving to LA. (CLAIRE  
SQUEALS) My boyfriend just got a  
professorship at USC. Can I crash with  
you for a few days until he gets to LA  
and we move into our new place? (THEN,  
TO THE ROOMMATES, BURSTING WITH JOY)  
Oh my god, she's moving to LA! I have  
to call her!

**SFX: TEXT MESSAGE CHIME**

CLAIRE LOOKS AT HER PHONE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(READS) You don't have to call me.

(TO THE ROOMMATES) She knows me so  
well! (THEN READING) Just text "yes"  
or "no." (TYPES IN HER PHONE) YES!

(THEN TO THE ROOMMATES) How many  
exclamation points should I use?

GRANT/SOLANA/JAYDEN

NINE!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONEINT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

CLAIRE SETS UP A PUFFY-PAINT SHIRT DECORATING STATION. SOLANA GIVES HERSELF ACUPUNCTURE. GRANT EATS AN ENTIRE HAM.

CLAIRE

My sister is going to love this. We used to make these glittery puffy-paint shirts all the time when we were kids. This one time, I spilled Cheeto dust all over the shirt and it made the whole thing orange. It was the best!

GRANT

(FULL MOUTH) Your childhood was like a movie.

CLAIRE

Well, we kind of grew apart in high school and I've always wanted to be closer, but she's just more independent.



SOLANA

In that not-emotionally-available-to-her-sister kind of way.

CLAIRE

(FULL OPTIMISM) But here's the thing: she obviously has tons of friends she could stay with in LA, but she chose to stay with me, which means she finally wants to become "Sister Best Friends Forever."

GRANT

SBFF's.

CLAIRE

You guys are going to love Chelsea. She's sooo smart. She's been in college ever since high school.

JUST THEN, THE DOORBELL RINGS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ahhh! It's her!

GRANT OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S CLAIRE'S SISTER, CHELSEA (THE SNOB, INTELLECTUAL, SNARKY, INSECURE).

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Chelsea!

CLAIRE RUNS TO JUMP INTO HER SISTER'S ARMS.

CHELSEA

No!

TOO LATE. CLAIRE JUMPS ON CHELSEA IN A FULL KOALA-CUB HUG.

CLAIRE

I missed you too!

CHELSEA

Thank you. Please climb down.

CLAIRE HOPS OFF WITH EXCITEMENT.

CLAIRE

Chelsea, look what I got! It's a puffy-  
paint t-shirt making station!

CHELSEA

I see you've turned your passion into  
a profession.

GRANT

(POETICALLY) Like a grape into a  
raisin.

CLAIRE

No, it's for us! So we can make fun,  
personalized t-shirts just like we did  
when we were little!

CHELSEA IS CLEARLY NOT INTO IT.

CHELSEA

Oh... okay... that's... an activity...

CLAIRE

(COVERING) I mean, if you want to...  
it's stupid, we don't have to.

SOLANA CLOCKS CLAIRE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(TO CHELSEA) Come in, come in. Make yourself at home.

JAYDEN ENTERS, HEAD IN HIS PHONE.

JAYDEN

Okay, I'm promoting this new underwear brand geared towards rural customers. It's called UnderFarmer. How do you say something is super good at absorbing sweat?

CHELSEA

Implausibly proficient?

JAYDEN

(AMAZED) Who are you, Brain Lady?

CLAIRE

This is my sister, Chelsea. (THEN TO CHELSEA) Chelsea, this is--

JAYDEN

Jayden J. Jay Michael James. But you probably know me by my handle @JaydenJJayMichaelJames.

CLAIRE

Jayden's an influencer.

CHELSEA

Sorry, I'm not on social media.

JAYDEN

Then how do you see how many likes you got?

CLAIRE

And this is Solana. She used to be a lawyer, but she quit to become a healer.

CHELSEA

(JOKINGLY) Ahh, a time-tested career shift.

CHELSEA WAITS FOR A LAUGH BUT IT DOESN'T COME.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(EXPLAINING THE JOKE) ...Because it's not a time-tested--

SOLANA

I know four lawyers turned healers, five if you count Sherpas, and I do.

CLAIRE

And last but not least, this is Grant. He's a personal trainer. We used to date, but we had a mutual breakup and now he's my roommate.

CHELSEA

How French.

GRANT

Actually, Nebraska. I'm from Nebraska.

(GENUINELY HEARTFELT) So great to  
finally meet you.

GRANT GIVES CHELSEA A BIG HUG. CHELSEA CAN'T HELP BUT BE  
TAKEN BY HIS UNBELIEVABLY MUSCULAR BODY.

CHELSEA

Wow, you're very hard.

GRANT LOOKS DOWN.

GRANT

No, that's just its resting size.

AND THEN IT DAWNS ON CHELSEA AS SHE LOOKS TO EACH ROOMMATE--

CHELSEA

Oh my God. (TO CLAIRE) They're all  
just... like you.

CLAIRE

Aww thanks, Sis!

INT. THE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

CLAIRE SITS ON THE BED CROSS LEGGED, CHATTING AWAY. CHELSEA  
UNPACKS HER BAGS, EXHAUSTED AND EXASPERATED.

CLAIRE

...and that's why now, I almost always  
go bungee jumping with the cord. Okay,  
your turn. Truth or dare?

CHELSEA

(DEEP BREATH) As I said before you gave yourself another "truth," I'm tired from the flight and I'd really rather not.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah for sure. You must be beat.

CHELSEA

I am.

CHELSEA LOOKS AT CLAIRE, EXPECTING HER TO LEAVE.

CLAIRE OPENS HER ARMS WIDE.

CLAIRE

Hop in!

CHELSEA RELUCTANTLY SITS DOWN ON THE BED.

CHELSEA

It's great that you have a spare room.

CLAIRE

Yeah, our old roommate, Zaria just left to... join the circus.

CHELSEA

(SURPRISED) Claire, I'm impressed. You correctly used a turn of phrase.

CLAIRE

Oh no, she really did. Cirque -du soleil. She's in a show's called "Pour Some Sugar On Me: The Music of Def Leppard."

CHELSEA LAYS DOWN IN DEFEAT. THE BED WOBBLES.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. Gotta fix that--

JUST THEN GRANT COMES IN WITH SOME TOOLS.

GRANT

I heard wobbling.

GRANT IMMEDIATELY GETS DOWN ON ALL FOURS AND STARTS FIXING THE LEGS OF THE BED.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Pretend I'm not here.

CLAIRE

Thanks Grant! (THEN TO CHELSEA) So,  
truth or--

CHELSEA

Claire!

CLAIRE

Right. Sorry.

A BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's just that it's such a great way  
to catch up.

CHELSEA

Okay, fine. One truth and then I'm  
going to sleep.

CLAIRE

Yay! Okay. How did you meet your  
boyfriend?

CHELSEA SOFTENS AT THE THOUGHT.

CHELSEA

Oh, Duane... Well, it was the first day of my new class in Fifteenth Century Comparative South American Literature Across Multi-epoch Diasporic Migrations. So, obviously I was already excited.

A CLANKING SOUND COMES FROM BENEATH THE BED.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Uh, do you want us to get off the bed?

GRANT

Nope, I'm good.

GRANT LIFTS THE FRONT OF THE BED.

CHELSEA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, CLAIRE IS UNFAZED.

CLAIRE

You were saying something about your first day in a migraine class...

CHELSEA

Right, so I walk in, sit down and then he enters. Tweed sport jacket, red turtle neck, round, nearly invisible jawline.

CLAIRE

Hot.

THE BED LOWERS.



CHELSEA

Yes, he's brilliant. I immediately began assisting him in his PHD thesis and we couldn't help but fall in love.

BED GOES UP.

CLAIRE

So he's wonderful to you and really gets you and you feel completely safe to be yourself around him and he supports you in pursuing all of your dreams?

CHELSEA HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE.

CHELSEA

Um... yeah. He was just an associate professor at Harvard, but now he's taking a full-time position here at USC, so we're moving in together. And he's going to support me while I finally get to work on writing my novel.

GRANT PUTS THE BED DOWN AND STANDS.

GRANT

Wow. Listening to you two. It's like you've been sisters your whole lives.

CHELSEA

(SOTTO) Someone's not the sharpest tool in the shed.

GRANT

Actually, it's a hammer, it's not meant to be sharp. And besides, we don't have a shed. (THEN THINKING) Or do we, and I just never noticed?

GRANT HEADS FOR THE DOOR, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I'll catch you guys later.

CHELSEA PUTS HER HEAD DOWN ON THE PILLOW.

CHELSEA

I can't believe I'm staying here.

CLAIRE PUTS HER HEAD DOWN AND STARES DIRECTLY AT CHELSEA.

CLAIRE

(OVER THE MOON) For three whole days.

CHELSEA

Three. Whole. Days.

CHELSEA SIGHS AND CLOSES HER EYES.

CLAIRE

Okay my turn. More truth! Have I ever told you about the time I was briefly named Princess of Liechtenstein?

CHELSEA OPENS HER EYES, SHE'S NOT GETTING SLEEP.

INT. FRANKLIN'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

**CHYRON: TWO DAYS LATER**

CLOSE ON CHELSEA'S EYES, CLEARLY EXHAUSTED.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

...And things just got kind of stale  
with Evan...

WIDEN TO REVEAL CHELSEA AND CLAIRE AT A BOOTH.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...all that initial excitement and  
passion wore off and we were left with  
nothing but the same old boring  
routines.

CHELSEA TRIES HER BEST TO EMPATHIZE.

CHELSEA

Yeah, that's tough. How long were you  
two together?

CLAIRE

Three weeks.

CHELSEA

Okay. Claire I need a pause on this  
endless catch-up.

CLAIRE

(A LITTLE HURT) Yeah. Totally.

HOWARD, THE MANAGER (AVERAGE GUY, PSEUDO INTELLECTUAL)  
APPROACHES.

HOWARD

Claire! I'm not going to tell you this  
again. You gotta wait on your tables.

CLAIRE JUMPS UP, REVEALING A WAITRESS APRON.

CLAIRE

Oopsies, I forgot. Sorry Howard!

HOWARD

(SIGHS, TO CHELSEA) Worst waitress  
we've ever had, but the customers love  
her.

CHELSEA

Of course they do.

HOWARD SPOTS CHELSEA'S BOOK. A GIANT TOMB OF A NOVEL  
(REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST BY MARCEL PROUST).

HOWARD

So, what are you reading? I'm a bit of  
bookworm myself. An autodidact, if you  
will.

CHELSEA LOOKS UP, ENCOURAGED. FINALLY ONE OF HER OWN KIND.

CHELSEA

Ugh, fantastic. I've been yearning for  
some stimulating discourse. It's  
Remembrance of Things Past. One of his  
finest, don't you think?

HOWARD

Actually, I haven't gotten to that one  
yet. Right now I'm working my way  
through a tremendous text - The Da  
Vinci Code. Lot of archaeology and  
ancient religion stuff. Most people  
don't get it. Aaanyway, I'll let you  
get back to that book... ya just wanna  
live in that world.

HOWARD WALKS OFF. CHELSEA SAVORS A QUIET MOMENT ALONE.

GRANT, SOLANA AND JAYDEN ENTER, FRESH FROM A WORKOUT.

GRANT

Hey, it's Chelsea!

CHELSEA

(SOTTO) Nietzsche was right. God is  
dead.

THEY SIT.

GRANT

Chelsea, remember how you mentioned  
the shed?

CHELSEA

Ah yes, it was a determinative  
experience.

GRANT

Right. Well, I triple checked, and we  
don't have a shed, but I can't stop  
thinking about it.

CHELSEA

There's nothing to think about and  
there's nothing to talk about--

SOLANA

(POINTED TO CHELSEA) Hang on a second.

(THEN TO GRANT) Continue, Grant. We  
all want to hear about the shed.

SOLANA SHOOTS A DAGGER LOOK AT CHELSEA.

GRANT

Well, it all comes back to the fact that my father got mad if I didn't put away my toys, so I used to just shove them under my bed. Which is exactly where I keep my tools. I mean, I got mostly smaller stuff now - hammer, wrench, pliers - but what if I get a lawnmower? It'll have nowhere to go. Which is just a real bummer.

GRANT SINKS.

JAYDEN

I get it. My mom used to get mad at me too. She'd say, "smile big, the Tucson Mall fashion show is a launching pad for regional print-work."

JUST THEN, CHELSEA'S PHONE RINGS.

CHELSEA

Oh thank God. (THEN TO THE GROUP) I'm going to take this call, please finish this and all other conversations without me.

CHELSEA EXITS.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE, EXCITED) Duane!

CLAIRE COMES BY THE TABLE AND SITS.

CLAIRE

Isn't she great?

SOLANA

Claire... I hate to be the one to break this to you, but... your sister... well... she's a lot like the people I went to law school with.

CLAIRE

Brilliant, moral and committed to justice?

SOLANA

She sucks.

CLAIRE

What? No she doesn't, she just has a dry sense of humor. (THEN THINKING)  
Or is it wet?

THEY AREN'T SURE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Damp! She has a damp sense of humor.

GRANT/JAYDEN/SOLANA

Yup./ That's it./ That sounds right.

CLAIRE

Plus, I can tell, she really likes you guys.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S BAR & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

CHELSEA IS ON THE PHONE WITH DUANE.

## CHELSEA

Idiots! All of them. I'm so glad you finally called! It's been like the 10th Circle of Hell here, so brutal Dante left it out. Seriously, I can't wait for you to sweep me away from these people! (LISTENING) What is it? (LISTENING) Oxford!? (LISTENING) Oh my God! This is everything we've ever wanted! Sooo much better than USC, which honestly is barely even private. Plus, I thought staying here for a few days would be somewhat tolerable, but after the last 48 hours, I realize living this close to my sister would have been a nightmare. Okay, I'll get on a plane as soon as possible so we can find a place together in London and-- (STOPS, LISTENS) What?

INT. FRANKLIN'S BAR & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

GRANT, JAYDEN AND SOLANA ARE AT THE BOOTH. CLAIRE WAITS ON A TABLE OF PATRONS (30'S) NEARBY.

## PATRON

Sorry, I ordered the Seasonal  
Vegetable Salad.

THE PATRON HANDS CLAIRE BACK A GIANT STEAK.



CALIRE

Shoot, I always get those two confused. Hey, how'd the job interview go last week?

PATRON

(SHOCKED) Oh, I can't believe you remembered. I actually got it.

CALIRE

Amazing! So good to hear. Okay, let's get this order right.

PATRON

(OVERTAKEN WITH CLAIRE'S KINDNESS) You know what, I've been vegan for nine years, I could use the iron.

CLAIRE BEAMS.

CHELSEA WALKS IN, SHOOK.

CHELSEA

I just got dumped. By Duane.

BEAT.

JAYDEN

(SHOCKED) "The Rock" Johnson!?!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. THE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

CHELSEA HURRIEDLY PACKS AS CLAIRE LOOKS ON.

CHELSEA

He wants to embark on this chapter with a "clean slate." This whole time, he was just using me for my female perspective on Garcilaso de la Vega's a-historicism. So obvious!

CLAIRE

Screw that guy, for real. He doesn't deserve you.

CHELSEA

I don't know what I'm going to do now. I just graduated, I have no money, no career and no place to live. I certainly can't show my face anywhere near the Cambridge Common. I'd be a pariah of the intelligentsia.

CLAIRE

Come on, you're nothing like a piranha.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're sharp-toothed and vicious and  
impossible to get close to. (THEN)  
Okay, maybe you're a little like a  
piranha--

CHELSEA ZIPS HER SUITCASE IN FRUSTRATION AND EXITS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

--but in a good way!

CLAIRE FOLLOWS.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

CHELSEA ENTERS AND PUTS HER SUITCASE BY THE DOOR WITH CLAIRE  
IN TOW.

CHELSEA STOPS, HER EMOTIONS WELLING.

CHELSEA

This is not how it's supposed be. It's  
just... not how it...

CHELSEA CHOKES UP.

CLAIRE

Hey, hey. I know. But, let's look at  
this as a blessing. You get rid of  
that douchebag Duane... (REALIZING)  
...and you can move in with me.

CHELSEA

Claire, please don't--

CLAIRE

(MILE-A-MINUTE) Yeah, it'll be  
perfect.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We've barely even begun our SBFF bonding, and plus, I'm a master in post-breakup rituals. We can eat pizza, drink wine and watch "The Princess Diaries 2" on molly!

CHELSEA

Will you stop?! None of those things sound even remotely appealing, except the wine, which, knowing you, is probably just a juice-box you've mistaken for a Bordeaux.

CLAIRE

I'm just trying to be nice.

CHELSEA

Yeah, well it's easy to be nice when things go your way. You live in this alternate universe where everything is easy and everyone falls in love with you and vegans eat steak. Meanwhile, I've been toiling my whole life for every inch of my academic success.

JUST THEN, MOANING SOUNDS EMANATE FROM GRANT'S BEDROOM.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Is that?

CLAIRE

Grant having sex, yeah. And don't change the subject!

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's not my fault that I'm nice and people like me. Have you ever noticed how hard I work? I've had a job since I was sixteen, while Mom and Dad let you do whatever you wanted.

CHELSEA

I couldn't have a job in high school, the literary criticism debate team travelled!

THE MOANING NOISES GET LOUDER AND CRAZIER.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(IMPRESSED) What is he doing in there?

CLAIRE

When you chose to stay with me, I thought, "Wow, Chelsea and I are finally going to connect."

CHELSEA

I didn't "choose" to stay with you, Claire. I tried everyone I knew in LA before calling you. This is the last place I want to be, as you people would say, "literally."

THIS HURTS CLAIRE DEEPLY. SHE LOOKS AT THE SHIRT STATION.

CLAIRE

Do you know why I wanted to make the puffy-paint shirts?

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's 'cause the last time we made these shirts was on my seventh birthday... it's my favorite memory of us together. The way it used to be. Before mom and Dad got divorced and before you started ignoring me. You probably don't even... as you people would say, "recall."

THIS HANGS.

CHELSEA

Claire, you don't understand--

CLAIRE

Don't tell me what I understand. You think I'm dumb but I'm not. Look around. I have a job and a place to live and a life that I love. (THEN)  
What do you have?

CLAIRE MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR, BUT JUST AS SHE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE, SHE RUNS OVER TO THE PUFFY-PAINT STATION.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Glitter is for SBFF's.

CLAIRE SLAMS HER FIST INTO THE STATION. GLITTER FLIES EVERYWHERE.

CLAIRE STORMS OUT, LEAVING CHELSEA ALONE.

AND THEN GRANT ENTERS, SHIRTLESS, WITH TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN, JANE AND TIFFANY (20'S), BOTH SWEATY AND CHUGGING GATORADES.

JANE

Wow. Thank you.

TIFFANY

Yeah. That was... amazing.

GRANT

I'm proud of all of us!

THE WOMEN EXIT.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Oh sick, glitter party!

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - LATER

CHELSEA TALKS ON THE PHONE WITH HER LAPTOP IN FRONT OF HER.  
GRANT EATS AN ENTIRE CHICKEN NEARBY.

CHELSEA

Uh huh. Great. Well, I'd love to take  
the place for a month if that's okay.  
Just enough time to... sort my entire  
life out, hahahaha! (THEN) Oh and as  
for rent, I don't exactly have money  
per se, but I can make up for it with  
free Latin lessons? (THEN) Hello?  
Hello? (IN LATIN) Salve?

CHELSEA HANGS UP.

GRANT LEANS OVER WITH HIS CHICKEN.

GRANT

Wing?

CHELSEA

No, thanks.

GRANT

Thigh?

CHELSEA

No--

GRANT

Breast?

CHELSEA

I don't want any chicken.

JAYDEN ENTERS, EXCITED.

JAYDEN

Grant, there's something I want you to see.

GRANT

Your glutes poppin' after those cross-lunges I showed you?

JAYDEN

No, something else, follow me.

JAYDEN WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR, THEN STOPS AND PULLS DOWN HIS PANTS TO SHOW GRANT HIS ASS.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

But you're right, they really are!

EXT. THE HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

CHELSEA, GRANT AND JAYDEN STAND IN FRONT OF A BRAND-NEW SHED.

JAYDEN

I saw how sad you were about not having a shed for a minute there before your threesome, so I bought you one.

GRANT

What?!



JAYDEN

The guy at the store-- (THEN TO  
CHELSEA) Who by the way looked like  
Paul Giamatti, YUM, was clearly  
obsessed with me-- (BACK TO GRANT) He  
said this was the best one they have.

GRANT LOOKS AT THE SHED THEN TURNS TO JAYDEN, TOUCHED.

GRANT

I have the best friends.

GRANT GIVES JAYDEN A BIG HUG.

CHELSEA LOOKS ON, ENVIOUS OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I have a shed!

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - LATER

CHELSEA SITS ON THE SOFA AS GRANT DOES CURLS.

CHELSEA

I can't believe he just bought you a  
shed.

GRANT

Your friends would do the same.

CHELSEA

No, I don't think anyone would buy me  
a shed. For a myriad of reasons.

GRANT

Let me put down these thirty fives.

GRANT PUTS THE WEIGHTS DOWN.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You okay? You seem bummed.

CHELSEA

Yeah, it's just I have nowhere to go  
and no one to turn to, because, no one  
wants me. I'm basically a social  
piranha. (REALIZING) Oh god, it's  
contagious.

GRANT THINKS FOR A BEAT AND SITS.

GRANT

You know, it's funny, I was really  
bummed about not having a shed, but  
then I had sex with Jane and  
Tiffany... and I still felt bummed.

CHELSEA

Didn't sound like it.

GRANT

And now, I have a shed. And don't get  
me wrong, having a shed is awesome,  
but it's not the shed that matters,  
it's the tools inside it.

THIS LANDS ON CHELSEA.

CHELSEA

Are you teaching me a lesson through  
the rhetorical device of metaphor?

GRANT

I don't know!

CHELSEA

(TENTATIVE) Because if you are... and  
tools are friends... and sheds are the  
socially constructed expectations of  
success...

GRANT IS KIIIIIND OF FOLLOWING.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Then I've been wasting my time  
focusing on sheds instead of tools.  
Wow, Grant. That's actually really  
wise.

GRANT

Sick.

CHELSEA SMILES AND LOOKS AT GRANT. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT  
HIM. SOMETHING SHE REALLY LIKES.

CHELSEA

Thank you.

GRANT

Anytime, really.

CHELSEA HUGS GRANT.

CHELSEA

Okay, now you're actually erect.

GRANT

Nope, not even close.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

CHELSEA LEANS OVER THE PUFFY-PAINT STATION.

CHELSEA

Hmm... Needs more...

CLAIRE ENTERS.

A HEAVY BEAT.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Hey.

CLAIRE

Hi.

CLAIRE HEADS FOR HER ROOM.

CHELSEA

Wait, Claire.

CLAIRE STOPS.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

On your seventh birthday, we made  
puffy-paint shirts and yours said  
Claire in bright pink and you spilled  
Cheeto dust all over it.

CLAIRE

(SURPRISED) You do recall.

CHELSEA

You were crying you were so upset.

CLAIRE

And then you put Cheeto dust on yours  
to make me feel better. You were so  
sweet back then.

CLAIRE REACHES FOR THE NERVE TO ASK...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So... why did you stop? What did I do  
wrong?

CHELSEA

Nothing... (THEN) Do you remember  
when dad used to call mom's house and  
ask for me?

CLAIRE

He always liked you more.

CHELSEA

He wasn't calling to talk to me. He  
was calling to tell me what to tell  
mom. And then she'd complain to me  
about Dad and I'd have to interpret it  
all back to him. They put me in the  
middle.

CLAIRE

Like Malcom.

CHELSEA

I pulled away, because I was trying to protect you from all their petty crap... and I didn't know how else to do it.

THE LANDS ON CLAIRE.

CHELSEA PICKS UP A SHIRT FROM THE STATION.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I was trying to match the original--

CHELSEA HOLDS UP THE SHIRT. IT SAYS "CLAIRE!" IN GLITTERY BRIGHT PINK AND HAS CHEETO DUST ALL OVER IT.

CLAIRE'S HEART MELTS. AND THEN SHE INSTINCTIVELY RUNS TOWARD CHELSEA FOR ANOTHER KOALA-HUG.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

No!

THIS TIME, CLAIRE STOPS.

CLAIRE

Okay. Sorry.

CHELSEA SEES THAT CLAIRE REALLY WANTS THAT HUG.

CHELSEA

Ah, screw it.

CHELSEA WAVES CLAIRE IN.

CLAIRE GOES FULL KOALA-CUB INTO CHELSEA'S ARMS.

CLAIRE

I missed you!

CHELSEA

I missed you too.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

THE SHED IS FURNISHED AND DECORATED LIKE A COZY HANG-ZONE.

THE ENTIRE GANG SITS AROUND, DRINKING AND WEARING PUFFY-PAINT SHIRTS WITH THEIR NAMES ON THEM.

SOLANA WAFTS A CHUNK OF BURNING PLANTS.

CHELSEA

What is that stuff?

SOLANA

It's Hibiscus and Dandelion root, to  
clear out the toxins.

CLAIRE

Is it working?

SOLANA

No.

SOLANA CONTINUES TO WAFT.

CHELSEA RAISES HER GLASS.

CHELSEA

I just want to say thank you, to all  
of you, for letting me live here. I've  
never been a tool before.

CLAIRE

We'll show you!

THEY TOAST.

SOLANA

You know, you might have statutory  
recourse since Duane broke the lease  
without your prior written approval.

CHELSEA

Oh, wow, that's really sound legal advice. Thanks.

SOLANA

(SMELLING CHELSEA'S HAIR) And start facing south when you sleep.

CLAIRE

(TAKING IN THE SPACE) Great idea to turn the shed into a hang zone.

GRANT

Thanks!

CHELSEA

Yeah, it's now a shed-room.

CLAIRE/GRANT/JAYDEN/SOLANA

A shed-room!/Nice!/Awesome!/Aww I love that.

CHELSEA SMILES. IT FEELS GOOD TO BE PART OF THE GROUP.

CLAIRE

I'm going to make popcorn. Does anyone want some?

THEY ALL DO.

SOLANA

I better come with you. (TO CHELSEA)  
Last time she made it on her own, we had to call the fire department.



JAYDEN

I got a ton of engagement on the live-stream. (THEN TO CHELSEA) Oh, that reminds me, Chel, we're gonna have to get you on Insta. It's time.

CHELSEA

Again, it's not for me. I'm of the emerging perspective that Social Media establishes a paradigm of vapidness and unfulfillable need in our delicate collective psyche.

JAYDEN

I am too of that too.

CLAIRE, SOLANA AND JAYDEN LEAVE.

CHELSEA AND GRANT ARE ALONE.

A BEAT.

CHELSEA

Hey, can I tell you a secret?

GRANT

Sure.

CHELSEA BURSTS.

CHELSEA

I'm addicted to Instagram! I can't stop. And I've definitely seen Jayden's posts before. He's the reason why I bought these ridiculous looking socks.

(MORE)

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(HOLDS UP HER FOOT) He said they were cozy, soft and designed for extra comfort... and he was right! Please don't tell anyone, it's my guilty pleasure.

GRANT

Why would you feel guilty about a pleasure?

CHELSEA

I never thought of it that way.

CHELSEA GAZES AT GRANT, HER CRUSH FOR HIM QUICKLY GROWING.

GRANT

Can I tell you a secret?

CHELSEA

Of course.

A ROMANTIC MOMENT IS BREWING.

GRANT

I'm really looking forward to getting closer to you.

CHELSEA

(SOFTLY) You want to be close, to me?

THEIR EYES LOCK. ARE THEY GOING TO KISS?!

SHE LEANS IN SLIGHTLY.

GRANT

Of course.

OH MY GOD, IS THIS GOING TO HAPPEN?

AND THEN...

GRANT (CONT'D)

I want to be close to the woman I  
love... 's sister.

CHELSEA STOPS.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry, did you say, "sister?"

GRANT

Yeah. Claire. I'm talking about  
Claire. Your sister, Claire. I'm in  
love with Claire.

CHELSEA

I got it! I just thought the breakup  
was mutual.

GRANT

It was, but only for Claire. Don't  
tell her, okay? I'm waiting for the  
right moment.

CHELSEA SINKS.

AND WITH THAT, CLAIRE, SOLANA AND JAYDEN ENTER WITH POPCORN.

CLAIRE

Popcorn! Extra sugar! Okay. Chelsea.

House rule: you can't eat popcorn...

(EXCITED) ...unless someone throws it  
in your mouth!

EVERYONE CHEERS AND THROWS POPCORN INTO EACH OTHER'S MOUTHS.

...EXCEPT CHELSEA. POPCORN BOUNCES OFF HER FACE AS SHE STARES  
AT CLAIRE AND THEN AT GRANT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(TO CHELSEA) You have to open your  
mouth. It's okay, I didn't get it at  
first either.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

END OF PILOT