



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

THE ARRANGEMENT

PILOT

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TEASER

INT. LADIES' BATHROOM – NIGHT

Resplendent in an evening dress, KARA FAIRCHILD, 30s, walks past a line of stalls. We hear the faint sound of WHISPERS, a GIGGLE. Kara rolls her eyes, then pushes open the door.

Her twin brother JEREMY FAIRCHILD is doing a line of coke off the cleavage of LONDON BECKER, 20s, slutty dress, heavy makeup. Or he was. Now he nearly hits the ceiling.

JEREMY

What the hell, Kara?!

She grabs him and pulls him out of the stall.

KARA

You want to blow every opportunity you have in New York, fine. But I will not let you embarrass Dad in front of all those people.

JEREMY

Why, because now you have to cowtow to their political crap too?

She pushes him away, then turns to London, puts a hundred dollar bill in her hand.

KARA

Get yourself a cab, London. And stay the hell away from my family.

LONDON

If you want me to leave your brother alone, it's going to cost you a lot more than cab fare.

London drops the bill in the toilet, and walks out. Kara looks pissed, and suddenly--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT! GREAT! LET'S MOVE ON!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we are not in a real bathroom, but a SET of a TV SHOW, abuzz with activity as the CREW starts preparing for the next scene. The 1ST AD calls out:

1ST AD

Moving on to scene 22 apple, Kara's office!

The actress playing London eyes him expectantly. This is MEGAN MORRISON, 25.

1ST AD (CONT'D)

And that's a wrap for Megan!

MEGAN

You rock.

She makes a beeline for the SOUND GUY, then turns around and presents her back to him.

SOUND GUY

Best part of my day right here.

MEGAN

Feel me up all you want. I just need to make my flight.

He starts digging into the back of her dress to retrieve her carefully hidden radio mike unit.

SOUND GUY

Where you headed?

MEGAN

Sacramento. Family gathering.

(then)

Oww. Dude, I am buying you a nail clipper.

As he gets the mike out, the 2ND AD, a young woman, appears.

2ND AD

Sorry, Nina's asking for another take. We need to get you wired up and back on set.

Megan pales, then clenches her jaw.

MEGAN

Awesome.

INT. BATHROOM SET - DAY

The 2nd AD walks Megan back into the stall, where DYLAN JONES, the actor who plays Jeremy, is flipping through Tinder pictures of guys.

DYLAN

Are you going to make your flight?

2ND AD
 (into radio)
 Resetting the cocaine.

As a PROPS PERSON meticulously applies a fresh line of white powder on Megan's cleavage, Megan covers both her mike and Dylan's. In a low voice--

MEGAN
 If I don't, I swear to god I'm
 gonna kick that woman in her-- hey,
 Nina!

NINA HALLSTROM, the actress playing Kara, has just appeared in the stall. Megan's suddenly all smiles.

NINA
 That last line of yours isn't
 landing. Gary said the same thing.

Gary, the bedraggled director, appears behind her.

GARY
 Well--

NINA
 I can just have them cut it in post
 and go out off me... but we thought
 we should try to get at least one
 that's a bit more...

MEGAN
 Intense, maybe? Like--

NINA
 Let's just go for believable.

Nina abruptly leaves. Gary follows her with a sigh.

DYLAN
 Wow. You're a real badass.

1ST AD (O.S.)
 SOUND SPEED!

OFF Megan, trying to focus despite her anger.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY/MEGAN'S CAR - DAY

Megan sits in her VW PASSAT, traffic at a crawl. On the seat, a pile of facial wipes Megan is using to take off her slutty London makeup as she talks on speakerphone.

LESLIE (O.S.)
You really said you were going to
Sacramento?

MEGAN
It sounded non-threatening.

LESLIE
Nina is an insecure sociopath. She
doesn't know non-threatening.

INTERCUT:

INT. LESLIE BELLCAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Megan's agent, LESLIE (30s), talking on the phone.

LESLIE
And now I have to call the casting
agent and tell him that my client
he's never heard of is late for the
biggest opportunity of her career.

MEGAN
Seriously, guilt and shame? Is that
supposed to be helpful right now?

LESLIE
What do you want, a teaching
moment? When I get you an audition
for a Kyle West movie, you don't go
to set. You call the showrunner in
the morning and tell him to shoot
around you because you've been
throwing up all night. Or let me do
it.

MEGAN
That's crazy. They bumped up my
line count the last two episodes.
I'm not going to jeopardize that.

We pull back and see that Leslie has TWO MALE ASSISTANTS
giving her a foot massage. And she's VERY PREGNANT.

LESLIE
Megan, you are 7 out of 13 on a
show that doesn't have a chance in
hell of getting a pickup. They
don't give a shit about you. Nobody
in this town does, except for me,
because I see that you can be so
much more than what you are.

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You have the potential to be IT.
But you have to believe that too.

Megan glances up. Hey, there's Kyle West, on a billboard for his movie "AWOL." His image is split down the middle: half in a WWII soldier's uniform, half dressed as a Catholic Priest. He's got smoldering good looks - think an early Brad Pitt. As Megan gazes at his image...

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And for chrissake, learn how to
tell a better story.

With Leslie's words ringing in Megan's ears, and a forty-foot Kyle West staring down at her--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CASTING OFFICE – WAITING AREA – DAY

Megan has transformed: Her hair is up, her makeup is light, and she's wearing a crisp pale blue blouse with a gray skirt. She sits in a chair, quietly going over her sides.

MEGAN

(murmuring)

I've spent hundreds of hours
breaking down your communiques,
analyzing your handwriting, staring
at photos--

Suddenly the door to the casting room opens and TAYLOR SWIFT walks out. Literally Taylor Swift. She's wearing a nearly identical outfit to Megan's -- except she's six inches taller. And she's Taylor Swift. The CASTING GUY follows.

CASTING GUY

Thank you again. Have an amazing
time in China!

Taylor gives him a little bow.

TAYLOR SWIFT

(in Mandarin)

Xièxiè.

Then she turns and walks away. There's a long beat as he watches her go. Megan walks up, a bit agog herself.

CASTING GUY

What a goddess. Literally about to
take over the world and she agrees
to come in and be put on tape.
Pinching myself right now.

He sighs, then looks at Megan.

CASTING GUY (CONT'D)

And you are... Caroline.

MEGAN

Megan. Morrison? I'm sorry, I'm a
little late.

He checks his clipboard, furrowing his brow.

CASTING GUY

Ah. Yes. Yes you are.

He walks into the taping room. Megan follows.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - TAPING ROOM - DAY

A couple of chairs, a desk, and a video camera. Megan drops her bag and sits as the Casting Guy finds Megan's headshot and resume. He looks at it for a long beat, frowning. Then:

CASTING GUY

Okay. So you'll slate your name,
I'll ask you the three imperatives,
then we'll go right into the scene.

MEGAN

You'll ask me the three what?

CASTING GUY

Three imperatives. I ask you three
very simple questions, and you just
say the first thing that pops into
your mind. The answers reveal your
true character.

MEGAN

My true character? Oh my god, no
way I'm doing that.

She chuckles. The casting guy is not amused.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

And this not going well. PRELAP:

HOPE (V.O.)

What do you think Taylor Swift's
answers were?

INT. HOTEL CAFÉ - NIGHT

Megan is drinking martinis with girlfriends HOPE (late 20s,
an actress, sexy and willing to use it) and INGRID (early
30s, a lawyer, quietly hip).

MEGAN

I dunno, but they were better than
mine. He definitely wasn't fawning
over me when I left.

INGRID

Asking personal questions at an
audition seems rampantly
unprofessional.

HOPE

I guess nobody's ever asked you to take your top off in one of your depositions.

INGRID

No, but I'm willing to try it.

MEGAN

The whole world is dying to work with Kyle West. He can do whatever he wants.

INGRID

It's just surprising. I always had the image of him as this grounded, evolved guy--

HOPE

Kyle West?

INGRID

Yeah. You know, he does really interesting work, he's really into that whole self-helpy, Institute of the Higher Mind stuff--

HOPE

That makes him culty and weird, not grounded. Look what happened with Lisbeth.

MEGAN

She left him at the altar. Doesn't that make her the freak?

HOPE

Or the one who came to her senses before it was too late.

(to Megan)

Look, at least you got the audition. I spent the day in Sylmar shooting a Monostat commercial. Eight hours talking about my yeast infection, which apparently convinced the director it would be a good idea to ask me out.

MEGAN

So when is he coming?

HOPE

Any minute. I'm getting us shots.

She goes to the bar. Ingrid shakes her head.

INGRID

Thank god I'm not in the business.
It seems like you guys feel this
constant pressure to get to some
mythical better place. And it's
always just out of your reach.

MEGAN

I just want to get to the place
where my character does something
more meaningful than letting
someone do blow off my tits. I hope
that's not mythical.

VOICE (O.S.)

Check-check. Check-check.

On stage, a very cute guy is behind the mike with an acoustic guitar. This is NIC HARPER. Cuddly with a little edge.

NIC

Hey everybody. I'm Nic Harper.

CLAPPING. Megan smiles, gives Ingrid's hand a thank-you squeeze... then puts two fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES LOUDLY. Hope returns with three shots.

NIC (CONT'D)

I'm originally from Chicago, so I
want to thank you all for braving
the 68-degree temperatures to make
it out here tonight.

LAUGHTER. Nic looks directly at Megan.

NIC (CONT'D)

This is a new song called "Sweet
M."

He begins to play. The song is upbeat... Megan smiles...

INT. MEGAN AND NIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nic is in bed, nose in his phone. Megan comes out of the bathroom, wearing boy shorts and an off-the-shoulder t-shirt.

NIC

Eat me, dick nut.

MEGAN

What's the matter?

NIC
 Just got this text from Edward:
 "Loved the set. Still not sure we
 have a single. XO."

She gets into bed, and they spoon.

NIC (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow I start seriously looking
 for a new manager.

Megan thinks for a second. Then, seemingly out of nowhere:

MEGAN
 Wanna get out of town this weekend?

NIC
 And go where?

MEGAN
 I have a Groupon for this B&B in
 Palm Desert... What if we ditched
 the rat race for a couple of nights
 and just... focused on each other?

NIC
 That sounds awesome. But... Do we
 really have to wait?

MEGAN
 You want to do a little focusing
 right now, dontcha?

NIC
 Yeah. I want to get focused.

He climbs on top of her. They kiss. As he moves down to nibble her neck, Megan's eyes open, and we see: she's not 100% present. He lifts his head and looks at her. She breaks the eye contact by pulling him in for a kiss. OFF this--

EXT. JOGGING PATH – THE NEXT MORNING

KYLE WEST runs down a dirt trail. Sandy blonde hair, some scruff. Running shorts and an old t-shirt. His strides are effortless as he turns and sprints up a terraced hill, pumping his arms and legs. Just as he gets to the top he comes face to face with... a GOAT. *Mehhh*.

Kyle peers at the goat. A strangely honest moment as they size each other up. Kyle slowly crouches down to it's level.

KYLE
 Where did you come from?

VOICE (O.S.)
LET'S GO KIDS! DOWN THE HILL! DOWN
THE HILL!

Kyle looks up to see THIRTY MORE GOATS headed toward him, being herded somewhat frantically by a BEARDED MAN in a floppy hat. He can't stop, but does wave at Kyle.

BEARDED MAN
Thanks so much for the opportunity!
I'm a huge fan of your work!

KYLE
No, I'm a huge fan of your work!

Kyle watches as the man and his goats head down the hill. Suddenly Kyle's assistant BEN GELLER (20's) is by his side.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Who is that guy and why is he here?

BEN
Ivan the Goat herder. You said you wanted green landscaping. The goats are going to clear the hill.

Behind them, we see a LARGE MEDITERREANEAN HOUSE. This is not a park -- this is Kyle's property. The goats graze.

KYLE
And fertilize too, I guess.

BEN
100% carbon free. How was the run?

He hands Kyle a towel. Kyle shrugs, wipes his face.

KYLE
Is there any way to get a hold of Lisbeth's itinerary for Milan?

BEN
There's always a way.

KYLE
Is that weird? I just don't want surprises.

BEN
Not weird. I'll take care of it.

INT. KYLE'S STUDY - DAY

Kyle, showered, sits in a chair across from a female THERAPIST, early 30s, who wears a suit.

THERAPIST

I'm going to ask you to consider something.

(off his nod)

The tension you're experiencing right now... Can you be open to the possibility that it's not about Lisbeth or Milan or what might or might not happen there?

KYLE

What else would it be about?

THERAPIST

It would be about what's happening right here. Between us.

She walks over and sits next to him, her voice smoky.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

And what we both know has to happen next.

She slips her hand inside his shirt, runs it over his chest. Wait a second - WHAT KIND OF THERAPY IS THIS? Kyle pulls her closer, rips her shirt open... and OFF this--

INT. KYLE'S SCREENING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a huge FLAT SCREEN. We're watching EMILY COOLIDGE in mid-audition. Dimples and cleavage, a dangerous combination.

EMILY COOLIDGE

...You will respond. And the Agency will be waiting. It's foolproof.

The image FREEZES.

TERENCE (O.S.)

She's terrific. I've always liked her.

REVERSE ON: TERENCE HOFFMAN (40, handsome, polished even in casual clothes) and his wife DEANN (40, well-preserved beauty with a hint of creative flair). They're watching.

DEANN

It wasn't a great read.

TERENCE

No, but the read isn't everything
and she's got that... quality--

DEANN

Large breasts--

TERENCE

A combination of confidence and
approachability. Come on. Picture
her on the poster next to Kyle.

DEANN

(beat)

Maybe. Let's watch the last one.

Terence clicks a REMOTE. Megan appears on screen, looking a
bit nervous as she slates her name.

MEGAN

Megan Morrison.

The image freezes.

TERENCE

I don't know who this is.

DEANN

She's on a TV show called Paper
Tigers. I met her at an NRDC
function a few months ago. She's
very smart. East coast.

TERENCE

Because everybody from the east
coast is smart.

He shakes his head and clicks the remote again. ONSCREEN:

CASTING GUY (V.O.)

Okay... If you could have anybody
else's life, whose would it be?

MEGAN

Amelia Earhardt.

CASTING GUY (V.O.)

What is the most dangerous thing
you've ever done?

MEGAN

Hitch-hiked from Boston to Virginia
Beach.

CASTING GUY (V.O.)
What is your greatest fear?

MEGAN
Maximum security prison.

She laughs, spontaneously. DeAnn laughs with her. The image freezes again.

DEANN
Why do you keep stopping it? She's charming!

TERENCE
She's nervous and calculated. I don't get her at all.

DEANN
Well, I do. Trust me, sweetie. I've lived and breathed this script for two years. She has what the part demands. It's called nuance.

TERENCE
She's not even looking at the camera, DeAnn. She's AVOIDING it. I don't connect with her.

DEANN
Well, you just have to work a little harder.

TERENCE
I don't want to work harder. Look, everything doesn't revolve around your movie. I have to worry about what's good for Kyle on a holistic level.

KYLE (O.S.)
Who's this?

They turn to see Kyle enter, looking at Megan.

TERENCE
Someone I'm encouraging you both to pass on.

DEANN
Terence doesn't like how she answered the three imperatives.

TERENCE

She comes off slippery. I think we've learned we don't want those kinds of people in your life.

Kyle looks at her for a beat.

KYLE

Great smile. How's her read?

DeAnn gives Terence a pointed look.

DEANN

We haven't watched it.

KYLE

Dude, you haven't seen her do the scene?

TERENCE

My issue is not with her *talent*.

KYLE

It's two minutes, Terence. Come on now. That's not going to kill anybody, is it?

Terence sighs, shakes his head. Presses play on the remote. ONSCREEN, Megan finishes her laugh...

CASTING GUY (O.S.)

So whenever you're ready.

Megan nods, gathers herself. As she does we REVERSE ON KYLE, his face open, the image of Megan flickering in his eyes...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MEGAN AND NIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Megan has her weekend bag open, giving it a last check.

MEGAN

Snacks, chargers, birth control...
 Snacks, chargers, birth control...
Backgammon. Peace out.

Outside, a HORN BEEPS. Megan zips her bag and goes.

EXT. MEGAN AND NIC'S HOUSE - DAY

Megan hustles from their small two-bedroom in the Hollywood flats to Nic's 4Runner, where he waits, consulting his phone.

INT. NIC'S 4RUNNER - DAY

As Megan gets in...

NIC

The 10 is a parking lot. We'll hop
 on the 60, be in the desert by
 sunset. Cool?

MEGAN

It's your chariot, sexy man. Take
 me away.

She kisses him. Nic grins, starts the engine, starts backing out of the driveway... then suddenly screeches to a halt.

NIC

Shit.

Megan turns around: There's a small, beat up PICKUP blocking the driveway. Nic hesitates for a beat, then looks at Megan.

NIC (CONT'D)

Hold on.

He puts the car in park and gets out. Megan watches as Nic approaches the pickup. And then she sees a woman (ANNIKA, 20s) get out of the pickup. Megan can't hear what they're saying to each other. But Nic is gesturing with his hands. And now Annika is crying. Megan gets out of the car--

EXT. MEGAN AND NIC'S HOUSE - DAY

--just as Nic, highly agitated, says to Annika:

NIC
 --what do you expect? This is not
 cool!

MEGAN
 Nic? What's going on?

NIC
 Nothing. Nothing's going on.
 (to Annika)
 Get in your truck and go.

ANNIKA
 You're Megan. Holy Christ.

MEGAN
 Who are you?

NIC
 She hangs around the band. She's
 got... serious problems.

ANNIKA
 Starting with the fact that I'm
 pregnant.

NIC
 Wait, WHAT?

She looks at Nick, tearing up again.

ANNIKA
 And... I am so in love with the
 father. So in love.

MEGAN
 You *slept* with her?

NIC
 No! She's making all this up!

ANNIKA
 He told me we'd be together--

NIC
 NO, I TOLD YOU IT WAS OVER!!!

ANNIKA
 DON'T YELL AT ME!

And there you have it. Annika, crumbling, hugs herself. Nic wishes he could rewind.

MEGAN

Oh god, no. No no no.

She makes a beeline for the Passat.

NIC

Megan! Don't leave!

Megan shakes her head. Nic runs after her, totally panicked.

NIC (CONT'D)

Please. You have to stay. You have to talk to me. Megan!!!

She gets in the car. Nic is pounding on the window as she starts the engine, and pulls away with a screech. SMASH TO:

EXT. INGRID'S POOL - UNDERWATER - DAY

Megan plunges into the water and sinks to the bottom. She sits there, completely still, washing away the tears. Everything's quiet. She looks up at the surface. There is a BEE in the water, struggling to get out. She watches it for a beat, then, as she rises to the surface, she flicks it away.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stylish, compact mid-century. Walls of glass look out to the pool. Megan is wrapped in a long cardigan, drinking gin and tonics and commiserating with Ingrid and Hope.

MEGAN

If I'm really being honest? I'm not completely surprised. Nic and I have had some issues.

INGRID

Every relationship has issues, that doesn't make it okay to stick your dick in some love-addicted groupie.

MEGAN

I didn't say it was okay. I'm just not surprised.

(takes a drink)

Considering our issues are of the sexual variety.

HOPE

He insists on anal. Right?

MEGAN

God, I wish.

HOPE

What??

MEGAN

I mean, it's not about him. I just haven't... felt sexy. For a while. I'm not sure what my problem is.

INGRID

Whoa, whoa. Whoa.

HOPE

It's totally about him, Megan. Him and his dirty penis, which subconsciously you knew about. That's why you haven't felt sexy.

Beat as Megan thinks about this. Then, the DOORBELL RINGS.

INGRID

Holy shit. It's Nic. Look at me, Megan: Do not sleep with him.

HOPE

It's not Nic.

She gets up and opens the door. Standing there are THREE HANDSOME DUDES in board shorts, hoodies, sweat jackets, etc. One of them carries A GROCERY BAG.

HOPE (CONT'D)

YO, GAV!!!

DUDE #1

What up, baby girl?

They hug and kiss. Dude #1 indicates his friends.

DUDE #1 (CONT'D)

This is Ryan and Kale.

HOPE

And this is Megan and Ingrid.

INGRID

Hope, are you kidding right now--

Hope cuts her off by quickly looking in Ryan's grocery bag.

HOPE

Whiskey! Aww, you guys are so cute! Why don't you go check out the pool and we'll be right out.

THE DUDES

Right on... Cool... Sweet... Etc...

The Dudes head to the pool. Hope turns to Megan and Ingrid.

HOPE

Okay, yes, I invited them over, but I did it for Megan.

MEGAN

Well, you shouldn't have. Seriously. I'm going home.

HOPE

No you're not.

INGRID

In what universe do you think--

HOPE

In the universe of Hope. Where instead of feeling sorry for ourselves, we get our revenge. Gav is a lot of fun. And I'm sure his friends are--

They look out at the pool. The dudes are stripping down.

HOPE (CONT'D)

--also fun. Good god.

The dudes are all SHREDDED.

MEGAN

Wow.

INGRID

Yeah.

Hope's words are suddenly resonating. And we SMASH TO:

FOUR SUPER-QUICK CUTS THAT TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE NEXT FEW HOURS

- 1) Megan drinking whisky from the bottle as the group all dances;
- 2) Ingrid, wearing a goat's head, comforts Megan as she drunk-cries.
- 3) Ingrid, still wearing the goat's head, holds Megan's hair as she vomits in the sink;

4) Megan, face down on the couch, passed out. Ingrid makes out with Kale and Ryan and Gav have Hope in a dance sandwich.

PRELAP: THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING...

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - MORNING

Megan is still passed out on the couch. Everybody else is scattered about as well. And her phone is ringing. She's dead to the world... and then suddenly, she shoots up.

MEGAN

Nic.

She gets up, falls flat on her face, then crawls over to the table and finds her phone. Horribly hung-over.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello.

INTERCUT:

EXT. SANTA MONICA STAIRS - DAY

Leslie is on the phone as she walks backwards up the stairs.

LESLIE

You weren't sleeping, were you?

MEGAN

What time is it?

LESLIE

Ten. You better start doing whatever actory shit you have to do to get ready, because you only have two hours.

MEGAN

Until what?

LESLIE

Until you read with Kyle West.

MEGAN

WHAT?

LESLIE

They're calling you back. They liked your audition.

MEGAN

The callback can't be today. I've
been throwing up all night.

LESLIE

That's hilarious, I see what you
did there. Now stop screwing around
and focus. Today's the most
important day of your life.

OFF Megan, her face totally green--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KYLE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Kyle steps out of his huge shower. Ben hands him a towel.

BEN

The good news is Lisbeth is staying at the Bulgari, which is more than a mile from where we'll be--

KYLE

And the real news, what's that?

Ben follows Kyle into--

INT. KYLE'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

As big as your bedroom. Kyle opens the underwear drawer...

BEN

The real news is her table is next to yours at the opening dinner, she's replacing Jessica Alba on the Blue Waters panel, and her film screens two hours before AWOL.

KYLE

It's going to be a shitshow.

BEN

We can get the seating arrangements changed, back out of the Blue Waters event--

KYLE

Just go full narcissist douchebag because I'm uncomfortable. People will see right through it.

(shakes his head)

I have to figure out a way to actually deal with this.

Ben's phone BEEPS. He looks at it.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Go. Let me know if anything changes.

Kyle nods, Ben heads out. Kyle pulls on a pair of jeans, then grabs a shirt and walks to the full-length mirror. Looks at himself as he puts it on. Self-assessing. Not too many flaws on the outside... but it seems he's trying to look deeper.

And then something in the reflection catches his eye. A flash of BLUE... which suddenly disappears. He turns--

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

--and walks out to find a YOUNG CLEANING WOMAN, blue t-shirt and jeans, her back to us as she sprays cleaner on the sliding glass door leading out to the balcony.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Were you just watching me get dressed?

The cleaning woman doesn't turn around, just starts vigorously wiping down the glass. Kyle walks closer to her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey. *Look at me.*

The cleaning woman finally turns...

WAIT A SECOND -- she looks A LOT like the woman who gave Kyle his "therapy" session. In fact, it IS the same person.

CLEANING WOMAN
I do your laundry. I fold your clothes, I make your bed. All day I touch your things. And I can't stop thinking about... touching you. I know it's wrong.

She puts her hand on his crotch and bites her lip.

CLEANING WOMAN (CONT'D)
But I can't help it.

She pulls herself closer. As Kyle closes his eyes, SMASH TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN AVENUE - DAY

The roar of a TRIUMPH MOTORCYCLE as Kyle, wearing a full-face helmet, turns onto Franklin from Beachwood, headed west. Two lanes of slow-moving traffic, so he speeds between them.

Ahead, a MERCEDES SUV has drifted toward the center. Kyle beeps his horn. The Mercedes doesn't move over. The DRIVER is talking on her cell phone. He beeps again, nothing.

He slows down, then as he passes through the narrow channel between the cars, he slams his hand into the Mercedes rearview mirror, breaking it off. Then he zooms away.

EXT. SMALL OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

The home of Kyle's production company, Sovereign Films. Kyle rides in through the security gate and parks the motorcycle near the front door. Terence is waiting for him.

TERENCE

Still in love I hope.

KYLE

What?

TERENCE

With the bike.

KYLE

Oh. Yeah. Best birthday present ever, man. Runs like a dream.

TERENCE

Good. And you? How are you doing?

KYLE

I'm fine.

TERENCE

Great. So you've been doing your self-assessments.

KYLE

Yup.

TERENCE

And your choices are in service of your higher self.

KYLE

Of course they are, Terence.

TERENCE

Okay, buddy. I'm just checking in. This is important business, I just want to make sure you're... in the right place.

KYLE

Is this still the production office? Then I'm in the right place.

(off his look)

I said I was fine. What exactly do you need to hear to believe it?

TERENCE

That you can separate your...
anticipation of the Milan trip from
what we're about to do here.
Because it's just as easy to dive
into this when you get back.

Kyle's eyes flash for an instant. He smiles through a
clenched jaw.

KYLE

One thing's got nothing to do with
the other. I promise you, Terence.
I'm good.

He heads inside. As Terence watches him, PRELAP:

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

*...my job has been to know you
better than you know yourself. So I
could design the perfect way to
kill you.*

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Terence, DeAnn, the casting agent, and a few ND PRODUCER-
TYPES watch Kyle read with GRETCHEN DVORAK, a stunning
brunette. Ice queen.

GRETCHEN

*You will respond. And the agency
will be waiting. It. Is. Foolproof.*

Her eyes are locked with Kyle's. There is a beat.

KYLE

Wow. That was great.

GRETCHEN

Really? I was so nervous.

KYLE

I couldn't tell. All I was thinking
was "God, she's good." You're
really, really good. Thank you.

He stands up and gives her a big hug. Gretchen is now
completely in love with this guy. She virtually floats out of
the room. When she's gone, Kyle's smile fades.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Who the hell was that supposed to
be?

CASTING GUY

Umm, Gretchen Dvor--

KYLE

I know who she is! But *who is she supposed to be?* Some sort of CIA pod person? Is that it? How about a human being? How about just a human being. Is anybody interested in coming in here and doing *that*?

CASTING GUY

I will check.

A tense beat of silence as he ducks out.

KYLE

All these women, I swear -- I feel more connected to the goats in my backyard. At least I know they're goats.

TERENCE

We can always revisit this, my friend.

KYLE

This is not about me. This is about somebody in this town actually knowing how to act.

The door opens and the casting guy lets Megan in.

CASTING GUY

Megan Morrison, everybody.

KYLE

How you doing, Megan?

MEGAN

Just fine, thanks.

She gives a professional nod to the room. You'd never know she had a rough night. Or that she was in the presence of a big movie star. All business. Kyle smiles, shakes her hand.

KYLE

Hi, I'm Kyle.

MEGAN

Nice to meet you. Are we sitting?

KYLE

Whatever you like.

She sits. Kyle follows. No small talk, no pleasantries. Terence looks at DeAnn, not happy. She smiles back.

Megan gathers herself, then looks at Kyle. He looks back at her. Suddenly, Megan's eyes are clouded with conflict.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm going to Morocco. It's the only way to stop this.

MEGAN

What makes you think you can stop it? Even if you make it there, you won't survive. The Agency has a kill plan. It's already in place.

KYLE

How do you know?

And now he's asking the question she can't bear to answer.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How do you know?

MEGAN

Because I crafted it! That's what I do, Zev. It's... who I am.

He takes this in, devastated. Megan's only emotional tell is the welling in the corners of her eyes. It's riveting.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It will happen during the day. Someone you trust will need your help. And you will respond.

KYLE

No, I won't--

MEGAN

You will, Zev.

And now, she's fighting to stop her raw feelings from pushing through. Grief, shame... love...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I spent hundreds of hours studying you: your habits, your body language... every inflection in your voice. For three years my job has been to know you better than you know yourself. So I could design the perfect way to kill you.
(then)

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)
*You will respond. And the agency
 will be waiting. It's foolproof.*

She whisks away a tear, shakes her head, helpless: What's done is done. They can't change who they are.

The room is silent. Kyle stares at her, mouth half-open, saying nothing. Megan nods, still fighting her emotions.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

KYLE
 Thank you.

He's dazed. Terence frowns. Megan gets up and walks out.

EXT. SMALL OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Megan walks out of the building, the tears coming a bit more freely now -- residual emotion from the scene. And her life. As she heads for the Passat, her PHONE RINGS.

She looks at it. NIC'S PICTURE flashes at her. His sweet face. She looks at it through teary eyes... then can't help herself. She presses "ANSWER"-- but before she can speak--

VOICE (O.S.)
 MEGAN! WAIT!!!

Megan whirls -- Kyle is running out of the building toward her. Kyle West. Toward her. She blinks. Meanwhile:

NIC'S VOICE (IN PHONE)
 Megan? Hello? Megan!!

She quickly hangs up just as Kyle reaches her. His face alive in a way we haven't seen before.

KYLE
 Hey. That was amazing. So raw, and
 real--

Megan nods through her tears. Everything feels absurd right now. She chuckles as she digs for a tissue in her purse.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

MEGAN
 It's a heavy scene. And... It's
 been kind of a long twenty-four
 hours. I probably just... shouldn't
 be around actual people right now.

She dabs her eyes. Kyle peers at her. Nods.

KYLE

Got it. Well, I just wanted to say thank you for making my day. That was... that was what acting is supposed to be.

MEGAN

Thanks. That's really sweet.

Kyle starts to turn around, then stops. Can't help it.

KYLE

Are you hungry? Can I take you to lunch?

Megan chuckles; probably not a great idea... then SMASH TO:

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - DAY

The ROAR of the engine as Megan rides on Kyle's motorcycle, arms wrapped around him. With full-face helmets on, we don't recognize them -- just a handsome couple on a bike.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Kyle stops at a red light. Suddenly an SUV stops in the intersection. A PAPARAZZO leans out the passenger window.

PAPARAZZO

Kyle, take off your helmet!

Then a second PAPARAZZO runs off the curb into the street--

PAPARAZZO #2

Kyle, Kyle! Who's your friend?

And now a handful more run into the street, surrounding the bike. CLICK CLICK CLICK--

MEGAN

How do they recognize you?

KYLE

They know my license plate!

And then TWO GIRLS on the sidewalk suddenly start screaming--

GIRLS

OH MY GOD! IT'S KYLE WEST!!!

PAPARAZZI

KYLE! WHO'S THE GIRL? ARE YOU
DATING? KYLE!!

The cameras are in their faces now, jostling them, as Kyle starts turning the bike around, revving the engine.

KYLE

I'm going to lose them. Hold on!

He swerves the bike, narrowly avoiding a PAPARAZZO, then threads the needle between two cars behind them, goes up on the sidewalk, and zooms away through a side alley.

EXT. TAQUERIA - DAY

They pull around the back of an ordinary-looking, nearly abandoned taco joint in the middle of Van Nuys. Lights off, a big CLOSED sign on the door. As they pull off their helmets--

KYLE

Best fish tacos in L.A.

MEGAN

It's closed.

KYLE

Not for us.

INT. TAQUERIA - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Nothing fancy. A couple of tables with on a concrete slab, a couple of plants. Kyle and CARLITO, 50s, weathered, watch as Megan takes a bite of her taco. Then, with her mouth full--

MEGAN

Oh my god. Can't speak. Too good.

Kyle and Carlito both grin.

KYLE

Back when I was broke and desperate, Carlito let me eat here every day.

CARLITO

Then he paid me back by putting my son through college. I knew what I was doing.

(gets up)

Stay as long as you want, okay my friend? Lock up when you go.

KYLE

You got it, Carlito. Gracias.

Carlito waves at Megan, then disappears into the restaurant. Megan takes a swig of her beer, smacks her lips.

MEGAN

So what does the broke, desperate Kyle West look like?

KYLE

You really want to know?

(he chuckles, remembering)

Okay. First month in LA, I'm late to an audition I'm never gonna get, my car's on it's last legs, and the woman in front of me stops at a yellow light. So I beep my horn and pull alongside her, figuring I'll pass her when the light changes. She rolls down her window, I think maybe she's going to ask for directions. But instead she says, "Because you beeped at me, you're going straight to hell! And your good looks won't save you!" And all I could think was, "do you really think I'm good-looking?"

Megan laughs and nods, riffing with him.

MEGAN

"Are you in the business? Can I give you my headshot?"

KYLE

"I've been working on a new monologue--"

MEGAN

"Please! No! Don't roll up your window!"

They both laugh. They get each other.

KYLE

Now you enlighten me. You said you had a long twenty-four hours. What does *that* look like?

MEGAN

Oh no. We're not at that portion of the program yet.

KYLE

We're not?

MEGAN

First we need to talk about the three imperatives.

KYLE

Ha. "Maximum security prison." That was awesome.

MEGAN

The questions are bullshit, aren't they?

(off Kyle's look)

The thing that reveals true character is the person's reaction to being told their true character is going to be revealed.

KYLE

(grins)

No comment. But you're smart.

MEGAN

Did you come up with it yourself?

KYLE

No, the three imperatives are actually Terence Hoffman's idea.

MEGAN

I know that name...

KYLE

He runs the Institute of the Higher Mind. He's also my best friend.

MEGAN

So one day he said, hey brah, I came up with this awesome mind game, try it at your next audition?

KYLE

(chuckles)

He did not call me brah.

(then)

Terence just wants to make sure that the good actors we work with are also good people. His wife DeAnn is my producing partner.

MEGAN

You must go back a long way.

KYLE

(nods)

Terence saw the better version of me before I did. You ever been up to the Institute, taken a class?

MEGAN

Me? No. I try to self-help myself as little as possible.

She takes a swig of her beer.

KYLE

Some people think it's weird, I get it. Just the idea of challenging the way we think about ourselves, and our relationship to the world. It can freak people out.

MEGAN

It's obviously worked for you.

KYLE

I wouldn't be here without it.
(checks his phone)
I actually have a meeting.

This takes Megan by surprise. Did she say something wrong?

MEGAN

Oh. Okay--

KYLE

Do you want to come?

MEGAN

To your meeting? I'm picturing me and a bunch of Japanese businessmen at a very long table.

KYLE

It'll be even better than that.
What do you say?

Megan takes a moment to look at his ridiculously blue eyes.

MEGAN

I'm free.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

A FLIGHT CREW preps a PRIVATE JET as Kyle and Megan pull in on the bike. As he parks and they pull off their helmets--

MEGAN

You have a meeting in an airplane hangar? Are you buying a plane?

KYLE

I have a meeting in Zihuatanejo. I might be buying an island.

MEGAN

Wait, *what??*

KYLE

An island. Near Zihuatanejo. It's in Mexico.

MEGAN

I know where it is. I can't go.

KYLE

Why not? You said you were free.

MEGAN

I was free when I thought we were going to Thousand Oaks. I can't go to Mexico. I have a call time tomorrow.

KYLE

I'll get you back in time. I promise. What's your next lame excuse?

Megan points to her clothes -- still her CIA analyst outfit.

MEGAN

This getup. Not exactly beach wear.

KYLE

The amazing thing about Mexico is they actually sell clothes there. Which believe or not, we can buy.

He looks at her, gives her that smile that all the girls dream of. And holds out his hand.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Come on, Amelia Earhart. Let's go on an adventure.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. INSTITUTE FOR THE HIGHER MIND - DAY

A TESLA drives through a security gate and enters a stunning retreat perched on a bluff above the city. A mixture of manicured grass and sustainable landscaping surrounds a beautiful modern building. Clean lines, walls of glass. The whole place has a very peaceful feel.

The Tesla stops in front of the main entrance. Terence gets out, his brow furrowed. An ATTENDANT hurries out of the building. Terence hands him the keys and heads inside.

INT. INSTITUTE FOR THE HIGHER MIND - DAY

Terence enters a bright, airy, atrium-like space. One entire wall is a trickling fountain. An UNREASONABLY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN sitting at the floating reception desk smiles.

YOUNG MAN

Hi Terence.

Terence nods and keeps going. Gets a wave from a GROUP OF PEOPLE gathered on a sectional couch. He waves and heads for the stairs, passing a large group of WORKSHOP ATTENDEES filtering out of a MEETING ROOM. As he mounts the stairs...

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Hoffman?

He turns to see one of the attendees, a YOUNG WOMAN, 19, approaching. Beautiful and innocent. And boobs. He smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN

I was hoping I could ask you a question.

He comes back down. Reads her name tag--

TERENCE

Alexa Simmons from Cedar Rapids.
Are you enjoying the workshop?

ALEXA

I am learning so much. I totally see how past experience can be an obstacle between us and our better selves... But could it possible that *inexperience* is a bigger obstacle for me?

TERENCE

That's thinking you learned in
Cedar Rapids. Why don't we just say
goodbye to that?

He carefully peels the nametag off her boo--, er, chest.
Alexa blushes. Suddenly DeAnn appears at the top of the
stairs behind Terence. She clears her throat. Terence smiles
at Alexa, and heads upstairs.

INT. INSTITUTE - ADMINISTRATION AREA - DAY

Less peaceful and serene. Cubicles with people on phones,
graphic artists working on promotional material, etc. And
there are various LARGE PHOTOS OF KYLE WEST on the walls. As
DeAnn and Terence walk briskly past it all--

DEANN

Sorry to pull you away, but I just
had a lovely phone conversation
with Lisbeth's lawyers.

TERENCE

And you figured why keep the bad
news all for yourself.

They walk into--

INT. TERENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sleek and expansive, with a huge window looking out over a
grassy area, where we can see a group of twenty or so PEOPLE
in a guided meditaton.

DEANN

They said if Kyle does anything
inappropriate or threatening in
Milan, they'll leak Lisbeth's
version of the breakup to the
press.

TERENCE

That woman's going to have our nuts
in a sling until the end of time.
What a mistake she was.

DEANN

You loved her for Kyle.

TERENCE

So she was my mistake too. At least
I learned from it. Kyle just took
that girl to Mexico after an
audition and a taco.

(MORE)

TERENCE (CONT'D)
 They're on the jet right now.
 (shakes his head)
 It's like he forgets his choices
 reflect on us. He can't just do
 whatever he wants. We made him.

DeAnn gives Terence a soothing rub on the shoulders.

DEANN
 And he's making us, sweetie.
 (then)
 Can I just say, for the record? I
 think Megan Morrison is great.

TERENCE
 I wish I saw what you see.

DEANN
 Then try trusting my instincts. It
 could turn into a good thing.

TERENCE
 Or it could turn into a disaster.
 (then)
 I'm going to make sure it doesn't.

EXT. BEACHFRONT BUNGALOW - SUNSET

Megan and Kyle sit on chairs overlooking the ocean. Finished dinner plates and glasses of wine. Candlelight and the gentle sound of the surf. Megan wears a bikini and sheer wrap. A gentle breeze. They're just looking out at the water.

MEGAN
 Wow. We are a *long* way from LA.

KYLE
 Yep. And you owe me.
 (off her look)
 The story of your long twenty four
 hours.

She hesitates. He backs off.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 We don't have to talk about it. I
 just kind of think you're
 fascinating.

MEGAN
 Oh, it's not fascinating. Yesterday
 I found out my boyfriend of two
 years has been cheating on me.

Kyle looks at her for a long beat. Then looks back at the water.

KYLE
I'd call that a colossal error in judgment on his part.

MEGAN
Me too.

As their arms dangle, his finger tips start to slowly reach toward hers... She doesn't see it, but he's about to take her hand... and suddenly she shifts in her seat and turns to him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
When you won the Golden Globe, were you afraid you were going to cry?

Kyle looks at her, surprised. Decides to roll with it.

KYLE
They serve drinks at the Globes. Mostly I was just afraid I wouldn't make it to the bathroom in time.

Megan smiles, already embarrassed by what she's about to say.

MEGAN
I cried when I won the Alphonse.

KYLE
The Alphonse?

MEGAN
(cringing)
For best performance at my sorority talent show at BU.

KYLE
Excuse me, what?

MEGAN
I worked *really* hard.

Kyle smiles broadly, this is so much fun.

KYLE
What was your act?

MEGAN
I shouldn't have said anything.

KYLE
What was it?

MEGAN
 (steading herself)
 A hip-hop tribute to William
 Shakespeare.

KYLE
 WHAT?

MEGAN
 Look, I was a total theater geek in
 high school, okay, so--

KYLE
 Do it.

MEGAN
 What?

KYLE
 You have to do it. A hip-hop
 tribute to Shakespeare? You are
 doing this. Right now.
 (then)
 Do you want me to give you a beat?

Kyle starts BEAT-BOXING. Badly. Megan holds up her hand.

MEGAN
 Oh no. Don't... Don't do that.

She shakes her head, on the precipice of potentially the most
 embarrassing moment of her life.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Do you know the first line to
 Hamlet's speech to the players?

KYLE
 Of course. "Speak the speech, I
 pray you."

Right in time, Megan jumps in:

MEGAN
 Lie back and let my lyrical
 material slay you. Cause my pen
 flows with the rhymes that kill, I
 come hard, I'm Will Shakespeare,
 drama king of the hill.

Kyle's mouth just hangs open, because the thing is – Megan is
good. Authentic, with a real flow. And now her body is
 moving, because she's into it--

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So if you want a sonnet then I'm on
it like a tonic on Beefeater, like
Derek Jeter, I make plays then I
bust 'em out in theater.

(then)

Damn, don't get me started -- I'm
like Moses, I've parted seas with
my verse. Oh please, I put the
curse on the Titanic, I'm manic,
dammit, like Janet Jackson, the
featured attraction, I'm kicking
live, yo, I'm anglo saxon.

Boom. She'd drop the mike if she had one. But Kyle is just
staring at her. Suddenly she's self-conscious.

KYLE

That is the single greatest thing I
have ever witnessed.

(then)

I have to kiss you now.

Before she knows what's happening, he takes her face in his
hands and kisses her. It should be romantic, but it's
awkward. Megan pulls away, trying to get her wits about her.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Was I not supposed to do that?

MEGAN

I'm pretty sure you were totally
supposed to do that. I just... um..

Kyle puts a finger on her lips. Gets it. Or gets something.
He leans in... and now it's *super*-intimate as Kyle kisses her
softly. Their eyes meet. He touches her face... and then his
fingertips slowly slide down her chest.

Megan sucks in her breath as Kyle's fingertips move down to
her belly. She's breathing heavy now; suddenly it's like
every inch of her skin is on fire. Finally as Kyle's hand
moves even lower, she can't take it anymore and pulls his
mouth onto hers for a deep kiss. They're totally socked into
each other...

...then Megan has to stop kissing to let out a moan, because
whatever Kyle is doing down there is... just... holy shit...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

OFF Megan, in pure ecstasy, we SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK. Then,
PRELAP: THE SOUND OF SEAGULLS...

EXT. BEACHFRONT BUNGALOW - MORNING

The RISING SUN lights up the windows with an orange glow.

INT. BEACHFRONT BUNGALOW - MORNING

Megan lies in bed, tangled in the sheets. Her eyes open, register a moment of confusion -- where is she? -- then soften as the memory of last night comes flooding back to her. She rolls over to find...

...a NOTE sitting on the pillow next to her. Clipped to it, a small, beautiful tropical flower. *"Off to my meeting. Breakfast on the table. The car will take you to the airport at nine. BEST NIGHT EVER. XO, Kyle."*

Megan smiles. PRELAP: The SOUND OF A JET ENGINE...

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Megan, still wearing her bikini and wrap, gazes out the window, lost in thought as her fingers absentmindedly play with the tropical flower Kyle left her.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Megan pulls into the driveway in the Passat. Gets out, walks to the front door, then opens it to find...

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

...Nic sitting on the couch eating a bowl of cereal, which he quickly puts down when he sees Megan. A beat as they look at each other. He looks awful. Then he notices her outfit.

NIC

Where the hell have you been?

MEGAN

I was at Ingrid's.

She walks into the bedroom. Nic follows.

NIC

No you weren't. I went looking for you when you wouldn't answer my calls.

Busted. Megan doesn't look at him, just grabs some clothes--

NIC (CONT'D)

You hooked up with somebody. Look what you're wearing. Probably some Hollywood douchebag with a hot tub.

Megan walks into the bathroom and shuts the door. Nic is super-frustrated.

NIC (CONT'D)

Oh, okay. Unbelievable! You know I haven't slept for 36 hours?

(takes a breath)

Seriously, Megan. This isn't you. You're not the kind of person who would go out and get laid just to hurt me.

Megan comes out the bathroom, now dressed in regular clothes.

MEGAN

And when you went out and got laid? What exactly did you have in mind?

She pulls her hair into a ponytail, grabs a hat.

NIC

I deserve that. I screwed up. You're amazing, and I was weak, and stupid, and... I'm so, so sorry for what I did. I love you. Can I... Can I just say one thing?

Megan pauses, looks at him. Can't help but soften a bit...

NIC (CONT'D)

It's not like there's even any proof it's my baby. If Annika is even pregnant to begin with.

...and *voila*. No longer softening.

MEGAN

Oh my god. I'm not having this conversation.

She walks out the door.

INT. ROYAL STAGES - LOFT APARTMENT SET - NIGHT

Megan sits on a couch in her underwear. She snorts a huge line of coke off a mirror, then lifts her head. We see the dark eyeliner, the heavy makeup. She is London. She picks up her phone, looks at it.

LONDON (MEGAN)

Where the hell ARE you, asshole?!

She fires off a text, then THROWS the phone across the room.

GARY (O.C.)

CUT!

Megan resets to her original mark. Then the 2nd AD appears.

2ND AD

They're going to change the
lighting, Megan. You can step out.
(into mic)
Second team!

Megan gets up and walks off set. A WARDROBE GUY gives her a robe and walks to the actors' chairs, where she finds Nina Hallstrom, hair in curlers, nose in her phone. She doesn't acknowledge Megan's presence. Megan picks her own phone out of her chair pocket. Checks it. Nothing. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Fat lady alert. Out of my way.

They both look up to see Megan's agent, Leslie -- and her big pregnant belly -- making her way toward them.

MEGAN

Les, what are you doing here?

LESLIE

Just thought I'd waddle down and
see the magic happen. Nina! So good
to see you!

Nina gets up and walks away without answering. Leslie drops her smile, turns to Megan with urgency in her voice.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Where can we talk?

INT. ROOFTOP SET - DAY

Megan leads Leslie onto a stage-build of a Manhattan rooftop, complete with vents, pipes, and lounge chairs. The backdrop is a screen of Central Park and the surrounding skyline.

MEGAN

What's going on? Is everything OK?

Leslie reaches into her bag and pulls out a MANILA ENVELOPE.

LESLIE

This showed up at my office this
morning.

She paces back and forth, nervous for some reason. Which makes Megan nervous.

MEGAN

Please tell me those aren't photos.

LESLIE

Photos?

(then she gets it)

Sweet Jesus, you had sex with Kyle West. That explains a lot.

MEGAN

Excuse me?

LESLIE

Never mind. We have been presented with... a bit of a situation. I'm not going to lie, it's unusual. It's kind of... Bollywood and weird. It's Bollyweird. But also kind of incredible, so--

MEGAN

What's in the envelope?

LESLIE

Sit down.

MEGAN

I don't want to sit down, Leslie. You're freaking me out!

LESLIE

Well, I want to sit down. I'm about to face-plant.

She wobbles her way over to a lounge chair and slowly sits. She holds up the manila envelope.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

This is a contract. From Kyle West.

MEGAN

For the movie?

LESLIE

Well, technically, no.

(off Megan's confused look)

It's a contract to be his next wife.

Megan's jaw drops.

MEGAN

His wife?

LESLIE

Relax. You start as the girlfriend. If that works out, the official proposal comes next summer. Then the engagement period, and then, if you want the full ten million--

MEGAN

Ten million dollars?

LESLIE

Paid in installments, but most of it comes after the wedding. There's also language in here about kids, which involves a second agreement, and then whatever you get in the divorce, but that's not commissionable, so--

MEGAN

No, no. This isn't real.

LESLIE

It's completely real.

MEGAN

No it isn't. It's hilarious. It's Kyle's version of a joke.

LESLIE

Sweetie, it's his version of a proposal. He's offering you a contract marriage. I said it's unusual, but it's not unprecedented. Especially in the world of the A-listers.

MEGAN

Let me see.

Leslie hands her the envelope. Megan pulls out a very official-looking contract out, starts flipping through it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

No infidelity... No drug use... Approval of all my interaction with the media? I don't get it. I've known the guy for two days.

LESLIE

Well you and your 25 year-old vagina obviously made quite an impression.

MEGAN

Hey!

LESLIE

What? I don't have all the answers. Usually these things happen when somebody wants to appear normal in public so they can be their perverted selves in private.

MEGAN

What are you suggesting?

LESLIE

Nothing! He wants to pay you ten million dollars, can you just grow up and focus on that for a second?!

MEGAN

I never heard those kinds of rumors about him.

LESLIE

Well, nobody really knows why Lisbeth left him.

(then)

Look, I know this isn't the way we thought you'd take your career to the next level. But Megan, if you sign this contract... you're going to be able to do whatever you want.

Before Megan can respond, the 2nd AD appears among the buildings in the Manhattan skyline.

2ND AD

Megan? Sorry. Can we get you touched up?

LESLIE

We need a minute.

MEGAN

No we don't.

She gives the contract back to Leslie.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

There's no way I'm doing this.

And she walks off, leaving an exasperated Leslie in her wake.

INT. ROYAL STUDIOS STAGES - DAY

As Megan and the 2nd AD walk back to set...

2ND AD
How was Sacramento?

MEGAN
"Sacramento?" It was bullshit.
Complete bullshit.

She sits in her chair. As HAIR and MAKE-UP work, we hear a BUZZING sound. She reaches into the pocket on the chair and pulls out her phone. There's a TEXT MESSAGE from "UNKNOWN": *I owe you an explanation. 9:30 tonight, Mt. Lee Drive.*

OFF Megan, her mind spinning...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. MT. LEE DRIVE - NIGHT

The road just above the Hollywood Sign. Wearing a hoody pulled over a baseball hat, Kyle looks out at the lights of Los Angeles. His expression pensive. Then, HEADLIGHTS. A car pulls up. Megan gets out.

KYLE

Thank you for meeting me.

MEGAN

If you want to avoid the paparazzi, why don't we just meet at your house?

KYLE

This is actually more private.

(then)

Look, I'm sorry. The contract shouldn't have been sent to you. I wanted to give it to you in person.

MEGAN

It's a real thing, then. I was hoping it was a joke.

KYLE

I wish it was.

MEGAN

So you want me to play the girl on your arm so you can do what? What's the big secret?

KYLE

There's no big secret. After what we did last night, you think I'm looking for a *beard*?

MEGAN

What do I know? You're an actor.

KYLE

I'm not that good.

He reaches for her. Megan steps back.

MEGAN

Wait. No. If you like me, why can't we just date and see how it goes? Why are we talking about marriage?

KYLE

God. You have no idea how much I'd like to "just date."

Kyle lets out a big exhale. Hates to say this.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But I don't know if you're going to use me for money, or to advance your career, or... cheat on me with Channing Tatum.

MEGAN

Ew. Not my type. And I would never do any of those other things. If we just got to know each other like regular people... you would see all of that.

KYLE

When you met your boyfriend, did you ever think he was the kind of person who would cheat on you?

Oh. Right. A point well-taken.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't have been with him if you did. I definitely wouldn't have been with Lisbeth if I had known she was going to bail at our wedding.

MEGAN

Did she ever explain herself?

KYLE

There was a note. She said she was lost in my world and needed to find herself again.

(shakes his head)

But look -- this contract isn't about making sure my feelings don't get hurt. Trust me.

MEGAN

I don't understand, then.

KYLE

It's about my reputation. My...

(disgusted)

Ugh. My *brand*. I have to protect everybody I'm associated with.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

All the people relying on me to be the actor everybody *has to have* in their movie.

(then)

Look, Megan: When I'm around you, all the bullshit melts away and I just feel... like me. I think you're amazing. In every way. But if "Kyle West" gets humiliated again, there's a pattern. Which is bad for business. That's what the contract, and the money, is for.

MEGAN

That's... really sad. Is it all worth it?

KYLE

I honestly don't know. But I think it would be with you.

Their eyes meet. The chemistry undeniable. Megan's locked in.

MEGAN

We just met...

KYLE

I know. I know. It's crazy. But there's a voice in my head... Scratch that. It's not a voice, it's a *feeling* I am... so certain of... that if we just go for it--

Suddenly he stops, struck with a thought.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You should come to Milan with me.

MEGAN

Italy? Whoa. Do you ever just slow down and like, go to the zoo?

KYLE

My movie is closing the festival next week. We'll go to a bunch of parties, see some films, maybe take a couple of days at Lake Como--

MEGAN

(head spinning)

So we'd officially be a couple. In public. And the press.

KYLE

You don't have to give me an answer now. Think about it for a couple of days; you'd be crazy not to.

MEGAN

A couple of days to decide what I'm doing with potentially the rest of my life.

Their eyes meet. It's powerful. Kyle pulls her close, and as they begin to kiss, we PRELAP:

INGRID (V.O.)

So you signed the non-disclosure agreement?

EXT. INGRID'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - THE NEXT DAY

Megan sits with Ingrid by the pool. She nods.

MEGAN

Sure. Imagine if this story got out there.

INGRID

"Kyle West gave me three orgasms on the porch of a Mexican bungalow!" You'd be the multiple orgasm girl. You'd probably get a talk show.

MEGAN

Let's just forget about the sex for a second and break this down--

INGRID

I can't forget about the sex. Number one, I just can't, and B, isn't that what this is? Kyle's a hot guy with a motorcycle and private jet and some special, umm, skills. It doesn't exactly spell long-term compatibility.

MEGAN

So you think I'm crazy for considering it.

INGRID

He's got gigantic trust issues, you're on the rebound -- I don't see how this doesn't end up as a big hot mess.

She takes a beat, proceeding carefully.

INGRID (CONT'D)
And that's *before* he finds out
about your past.

Megan looks at her, surprised. This is a big secret.

MEGAN
Why would you bring that up?

INGRID
Are you telling me you haven't
thought about it?

MEGAN
I think about it every day. But
you're the only one who knows, so--

INGRID
It's not exactly that tidy, Megan.
You know it isn't.

She looks at Megan knowingly. Megan takes a beat. Nods.

MEGAN
Nothing is ever tidy. I still have
to live my life.

INGRID
(exhales)
So... I guess you have to figure
out if ten million dollars is worth
the risk.

MEGAN
It's not just the money. Leslie's
right: I'd have so much more
options. I could say no to a job I
didn't want. I could choose really
interesting projects and work with
really talented people... I mean,
that's why I got into the business
in the first place.

Before Ingrid can respond--

MEGAN (CONT'D)
And what if it's not a hot mess?

INGRID
Megan--

MEGAN

What if we're amazing? He's the first guy I've ever met who totally got me, right away. And I know, I've spent one day with him, but I just feel like I've known him for so much longer. And maybe that's because... in a way... I've been *looking* for him for a long time.

INGRID

(beat, then)

Well, there's no law that says you have to decide now. Can't you wait until he gets back from Milan to give him an answer?

MEGAN

Probably.

(twinkle in her eye)

But it'd be nice to go to Milan.

OFF this--

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DAY

A few days later. Fronting the house is a big circular cobblestone driveway surrounded by towering privacy hedges. Very estate-like. A gate slowly opens, and Megan's Passat slowly pulls in.

We follow the Passat as parks off to the side, behind Terence's Tesla. Megan gets out, dressed for a date. Hard to believe -- *this could be her home*. Suddenly:

KYLE (O.S.)

There you are.

Kyle's walking her way. T-shirt and jeans, bare feet.

MEGAN

Here I am.

Suddenly he picks her up and twirls her around. Quickly, Megan's nearly breathless.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hello to you, too.

They kiss. Chemistry still intact. She looks around at the enormous house and grounds.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So... this is your place.

KYLE

Come on. I'll show you around.

He takes her by the hand, and leads her inside.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Kyle leads Megan in. The place is huge. A perfect mixture of classic and modern design, impeccably decorated with fine art. Megan takes it all in.

MEGAN

(murmurs)

Wow.

KYLE

I bought it from one of the guys in Foreigner. He had all the walls covered in velvet.

MEGAN

Nice update.

(then)

Oh my god. Gustav Klimt.

She's noticed a beautiful painting of a nude woman in a country setting against the wall. She heads over for a closer look.

KYLE

You have a good eye.

MEGAN

When I was at B.U., I used to spend hours at the Museum of Fine Arts looking at his stuff. Just... escaping.

Kyle smiles, stands next to her. They look at the painting together. Silent. Yet completely connected.

And that's when Terence enters from the other room.

TERENCE

Hello.

The moment is gone. They turn to him.

KYLE

Terence Hoffman. This is Megan Morrison.

MEGAN

Playing Megan Morrison this time.

She chuckles. They do that two-handed shake and hold thing. Terence smiles, his eyes sparkling.

TERENCE

The hardest role of all.

Megan smiles and nods, rolling with it. But what the hell does that mean?

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm a very big fan of yours.
(nods toward the study)
Shall we take care of business?

Megan looks at Kyle, nods and smiles, and we PRELAP:

DEANN (V.O.)

Talent gets you noticed, maybe.

INT. CAFE ON BEVERLY - DAY

DeAnn sits at table, talking to someone we cannot see.

DEANN

And looks, sure, for a moment. But the only thing that gets you a seat at the table in this town is force of personality.

VOICE (O.C.)

You mean like charisma?

DEANN

No. That's fairy dust. I'm talking about complete and utter confidence in who you are.

INT. KYLE'S STUDY - DAY

Megan sits at the desk, signing the contract, as Kyle and Terence share a look.

DEANN (V.O.)

When you have that... people are drawn to you.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kyle and Megan pull out in a mint 1968 Shelby Mustang convertible. A happy couple.

DEANN (V.O.)

They don't know why, but suddenly they need you.

(MORE)

DEANN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And they will turn their lives
inside-out to be with you.

INT. TESLA - DAY

Terence drives, the contract on the passenger seat.

DEANN (V.O.)
But you have to work your ass off
to get there. You have to challenge
yourself, push the envelope.

INT. CAFE ON BEVERLY - DAY

DeAnn still talking--

DEANN
You have to be the one willing to
do things that scare everybody else
to death. That's the difference
between talent and success. You're
already off to a great start. You
just have to keep doing it.

REVERSE ON: the person DeAnn is talking to. It's Annika,
Nic's ex-whatever. What??

ANNIKA
I plan to.

DEANN
Fantastic. So let's see what we can
do about getting you an agent.

Annika smiles, excited, and we PRELAP: The Jayhawks' "What
Led Me to This Town..."

INT. KYLE'S MUSTANG - MAGIC HOUR

It's playing on the car radio as Kyle and Megan drive down
Robertson. The street is lit up, atmospheric... almost
magical.

The car stops at a red light. Kyle turns to Megan with a
smile. She smiles back. Then he very carefully tucks a stray
hair behind her ear as the light turns green.

EXT. TBD FANCY RESTAURANT - MAGIC HOUR

A CROWD out front as Kyle pulls up to the valet stand. The
VALET opens the passenger door, and Megan gets out. Then, as
Kyle gets out of the driver's side, there's an EXPLOSION of
FLASHING LIGHTS...

...and we realize that the crowd out front is actually PAPARAZZI, more cameras than Megan has ever seen, and they're all snapping away. For a moment Megan like a deer in the headlights, it's like she's getting assaulted by the flashes and the clicks and the shouting:

PAPARAZZI

KYLE! MEGAN! OVER HERE! KYLE!

MEGAN! MEGAN! LOOK TO YOUR LEFT!

Kyle calmly walks around the car and takes Megan's hand. He smiles, and Megan sees that he's comfortable with this, this is de rigueur, this is his life. He looks at her.

KYLE

They love you.

He turns back to the flashes and smiles. And suddenly things normalize for Megan. She turns to cameras, just like Kyle did, and gives them a big smile. OFF this--

END OF PILOT