

BAD COUPLE

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. BEACHWOOD DRIVE - DAY

NOËL and **FLINT**, a young couple in love, sit on a bus bench on a sunny morning. They're on Beachwood Drive in Los Angeles, the street that goes up to the Hollywood sign.

NOËL

Hey. I have a question: do you think you're a good person?

FLINT

I don't think I'm a bad person, but I'm definitely not a good person. I'm a wash.

NOËL

Why would I want to date a wash?

FLINT

Because you're a wash too.

NOËL

I'm a wash? Why am I a wash?

FLINT

Because everyone's a wash. I mean, everyone thinks they're a good person, but there are only like five good people in the world. And five bad people. On the bad team you've got Hitler, Bin Laden, Cosby, Zuckerberg, and on the other side you've got Mother Theresa, Rachael Ray, Ghandi-

NOËL

Whoa whoa whoa, why is Ghandi on the list? He was a total perv. I heard he had sex orgies with underage girls.

FLINT

After a long day of non-violent protesting, you don't think Ghandi deserved a handjob or two?

NOËL

No, of course Ghandi deserved a couple handjobs, but did they have to be from thirteen-year-olds?

FLINT

You're just proving my point: there
are no good people.

Noël and Flint get up, as the camera follows them walking.

NOËL

So why are we even alive if we're
just awful, middling nobodies?

FLINT

To help where we can.

They pass a HOMELESS GUY.

HOMELESS GUY

Spare change?

FLINT

Sorry, man, we don't have anything.

Flint's about to continue but Noël stops them.

NOËL

Wait.

(digging in purse)

I think I have a Xanax.

She hands it to the homeless guy.

NOËL (CONT'D)

You're right. That felt good.

She goes to take Flint's hand. He moves it away.

FLINT

You just touched a homeless guy.

NOËL

You put your penis in my vagina.

FLINT

Has your vagina touched a homeless
guy?

NOËL

You're right. That doesn't track.

A DOG comes running up to them with a ball in its mouth.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Hey buddy.

Flint grabs the ball, throws it. It skips into the street as they continue walking/talking. The dog runs after it. We don't see what happens, but we hear a loud honk.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Okay. I kind of get it. There are no good or bad people-

FLINT

-but you can do good things.

They see a CONFUSED-LOOKING OLD LADY. They both look at each other, knowing what they have to do. They approach.

NOËL

Hi. Are you okay?

FLINT

Are you looking for the bus?

She nods.

NOËL

This is the express to Santa Monica, is that what you're looking for?

She nods. They help her on the bus. The door shuts.

FLINT

Have a great day!

It drives away. A 40-something MAN frantically runs up to the bus stop as Flint and Noël cross the street, walking away.

MAN ON STREET

Has anyone seen a confused older woman?! She has Alzheimer's...she wandered away from the house. Mom!

A WOMAN AT THE BUS STOP points at oblivious Flint and Noël to the man who just lost his mother to the express bus to Santa Monica.

NOËL

So what? I'm not Mother Theresa. I still really feel like one day I'm going to change the world.

A car comes to an abrupt stop right in front of Noël, honks at her. She bangs on the hood.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Hey! Go suck a dick asshole!

ACT I

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

We see the lovely silhouette of Noël curled up in bed in cute pajamas. Flint nudges her.

FLINT

Hey. I have really good news.

She flips over. She's wearing a sleep apnea mask. She's startled, takes off the mask.

NOËL

Wake me up in ten minutes.

She immediately falls back asleep.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Flint wakes her up again. She takes off her mask again.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Wake me up in ten minutes.

FLINT

We've been doing this for an hour.
Just get up. I have good news.

She looks at him like he's a monster.

FLINT (CONT'D)

So you know my erotic *Little Mermaid* fan fiction?

NOËL

Oh god. Did you get arrested?

FLINT

You know, when Tom Hanks fantasizes about fucking a mermaid, no one treats him like a pervert.

NOËL

What's the news?

FLINT

Remember how you were like, what are you doing with your life? What's gone so wrong that you spend hours thinking about sexy young mermaids? Why are you such a joke?

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

Well guess who didn't think it was a joke: SIMON AND SCHUSTER. They want me to write a book.

NOËL

Holy shit. Congratulations you little pedo! How much did you get for it?

FLINT

Offer hasn't come in yet. But Lena Dunham's book proposal sold for 3.7 mill so probably like five.

NOËL

Seriously?

FLINT

No. But I could get a hundred grand.

NOËL

That's so much money!

FLINT

You want to blow off work and celebrate?

NOËL

I've blown it off five days in a row. I think I actually have to go to the office today. I know, it's bullshit. What's the point of working for the Internet if I can't do it from home?

FLINT

People just like to exercise power over others in an office setting. We'll throw a party tomorrow night.

Noël gets up, starts to do power poses.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Why do you do that again?

NOËL

It's supposed to reduce cortisol and lower stress.

FLINT

Does it work?

NOËL
 (snaps)
 Just leave me alone, okay.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Noël exits the apartment, holding dozens of delivery boxes. She drops the top quarter of her stack in their recycling bin. It's full. So she stuffs the rest in their neighbor's bin.

REVEAL: their nosy neighbor **MICHAEL** (think Michael Ian Black), rising from the down dog position on his porch. He's wearing a speedo, staring disapprovingly at Noël.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Flint is on the couch in his pajamas, his laptop in front of him. He starts to type.

FLINT
 Chapter One: Sexy Young Mermaids.
*There are more than 20,000 species
 of fish, but the sexiest species by
 far is the mermaid.*

There's a knock at the door.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Flint opens the door. Michael stands across from him holding the boxes that Noël put in his recycling.

MICHAEL
 Couldn't help but notice your lady
 left some boxes in my can.

FLINT
 My lady left some boxes in your
 can?

MICHAEL
 I know you guys are newer to the
 building, but there's a system.

FLINT
 I'm going to give you my email
 address. In the future, if you have
 any issues, just drop me an email,
 okay? It's
 hamsandwich@aol.hotmail.com.

MICHAEL

Great. Will do. I'll just leave these boxes right here.

He drops the boxes. As Flint closes the door on him-

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let me know if you ever want to rap!

EXT. GLEN OAK STREET - SAME TIME

Noël approaches where her car was parked...but it's not there. She looks around, thoroughly confused.

NOËL

Has anyone seen a 1999 grey Infiniti? No? One of the mirrors is gone. The other's hanging on by a wire. Nobody? HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY CAR?!

INT. TOWING PLACE - DAY

Noël and Flint stand in line. Flint is still in his pajamas. Noël's incredibly agitated, ranting to no one in particular.

NOËL

How can the city just take someone's property without any warnings or signs?

FLINT

I'm sure we can fix this. In my experience city governments are very reasonable if you're white.

They reach the front of the line.

TOW GUY

License and registration.

Noël hands them over.

NOËL

(sweetly)

Hiii. Um, I think there's been some kind of mistake. I was parked legally on my street, but they told me my car was towed here.

The TOW GUY punches in her information.

TOW GUY

You were in violation of 24B. You cannot park on any public street for more than 72 hours without moving your car at least one mile.

NOËL

At least one mile? That's a law? I didn't know about this law. Did you know about this law?

FLINT

I didn't know about this law.

Noël presses a bunch of buttons on her phone.

NOËL

Oh look, I just googled it. I can't even find this secret law on Google. Should I try Bing? HEY, DOES ANYBODY KNOW ABOUT SECRET LAW 24B?

People in line just give her a dirty look.

TOW GUY

That will be three hundred dollars.

NOËL

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS? Does the city just drive around trolling the streets, waiting for us to violate this secret law so they can steal our cars and extort money to buy the cops more guns to kill homeless people.

TOW GUY

One of your neighbors called it in as an abandoned vehicle.

Jenny's floored... she has no response.

FLINT

Hey man, I get it. This job sucks-

TOW GUY

-I actually love my job.

FLINT

Right. I mean, work is work. In this economy.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

But hey, we're just a couple of regular joes, working hard to feed our sick kids, so can you give us a break this one time?

TOW GUY

Three hundred and forty dollars.

NOËL

You just said three!

TOW GUY

Price goes up every hour.

NOËL

I will fight you to the death.

TOW GUY

Are you threatening me, ma'am?

FLINT

No. Fighting to the death means you both get a fair chance. It's not a threat, it's an opportunity to prove yourself as a man.

TOW GUY

SECURITY.

A LARGE GUY gets up from behind the desk. *Where did he come from?* Flint, defeated, hands over his credit card.

FLINT

We're just going to have to be extremely frugal for a few weeks, until the mermaid money comes in.

INT. FLINT'S CAR - DRIVING

Flint drives home, sings along with Miley Cyrus on the radio.

FLINT

*So I put my hands up they're
playing my song, the butterflies
fly away...*

He sees a weed store as he stops at a light. A DEVIL appears on his shoulder.

DEVIL

Hey man, I'm the devil, and even I think it would be irresponsible to spend your last hundred bucks on weed.

Flint nods. Fair point. But then an ANGEL pops up. The angel's really, really high. Also, it's Miley Cyrus.

MILEY CYRUS ANGEL

Don't miss the party, man. Think of how creative you'll be once you're high. That mermaid book will write itself.

FLINT

Miley's right.

He does an abrupt U-turn.

INT. NOËL'S CAR

Noël drives to work, the tickets still stuck on her windshield. She's listening to Deepak Chopra self-help tapes.

DEEPAK CHOPRA (V.O.)

E stands for empowerment. Today I will notice the power of my soul. Now, picture yourself in a field of poppies.

She does. We see her in a field of poppies.

DEEPAK CHOPRA (V.O.)

Now, imagine someone took your car...would you stand for it?

No, she would not. She becomes enraged in the field of poppies. Back in reality, Noël also does an abrupt U-turn.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Flint settles back in on the couch to work on his novel. He rips open a fresh bag of weed gummies, pops one in his mouth and starts to type.

FLINT

And yet, when Wahu the mermaid woke up on her 16th birthday, she felt anything but sexy. She felt lonely.

After all that hard work, Flint deserves a break, clicks over to Facebook. He 'likes' a few things before a new picture pops up from a girl named **LIZZY PERKINS**. In the picture Lizzy is naked on her bed. She has an amazing body.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Well that's unusual...

Flint quickly saves the pic, then can't help himself. He starts masturbating, just as Noël enters the apartment.

NOËL

Put your dick away, I need you to drive me to work.

FLINT

Wait, what?

NOËL

I said, put your dick away, I need you to drive me to work. Okay, so I was on my way to the office when I realized it would be wrong if I let the person who got my car towed get away with it. So I parked it in the exact same spot and I'm going to leave a well-reasoned note that will make them give me my money back.

FLINT

You mean, my money.

She starts writing a note.

NOËL

Dear neighbor who got my car towed, my name is Noël Kristofferson and I'm a citizen of the United States. I used to believe people are fundamentally good, but you've taken that from me as well as three hundred forty dollars. Pay me three hundred forty dollars or I will kill you :)

FLINT

It's good. I love this murderous streak you're on.

NOËL

Thank you. What were you masturbating to?

FLINT
Oh man, that's a whole story.

NOËL
Tell me.

FLINT
Remember that girl we met at the
dead celebrity party? Hot or not?

NOËL
Of course. Lizzy Perkins.

FLINT
Well, turns out she's definitely
hot. And, for some reason, naked on
Facebook.

He turns his computer to show her, but the pic is gone.

FLINT (CONT'D)
I guess it got flagged. Which is
what I thought might happen SO I
SAVED IT LIKE A GOD DAMN GENIUS.

He shows her the pic.

NOËL
Whoa momma, what a goddess. Those
boobs. Is that just an angles and
lighting thing? Damn. Now I'm
worked up about my car AND horny.

FLINT
Here, have a relaxation gummy.

NOËL
Get your car keys. I need you to
drive me to work.

FLINT
But I just ate weed gummies.

NOËL
Then drive fast before they kick
in.

As they leave, Noël catches a glimpse of herself in the
mirror, holds onto her small boobs for a second.

END ACT 1

ACT II

INT. MEDIA FARM MEDIA - DAY

Noël arrives at MEDIA FARM, her BuzzFeed-esque workplace. It's an open floor plan industrial-type space, with lots of couches and lounge chairs and things designed to make the place look hip, like a slurpee machine, a one-person ping pong table, a grass island for meetings. It's horrible.

Noël slips into her chair in front of row of computers, next to **NICOLE** (think Nicole Byer), who is working on the listicle 9 Times We Saw Taylor Swift's Belly Button.

NICOLE

Well well, look who decided to finally show up to work.

NOËL

You have no idea what I've been through. My car got towed. Other stuff.

NICOLE

Yeah, I know what you've REALLY been doing: banging that kinky-ass white boyfriend all day and night. *Daddy daddy oh daddy.*

NOËL

You know, we actually don't have sex that often. I'm starting to think Jewish guys are only horny when they're teenagers imagining themselves in a John Hughes movie. What are you working on?

NICOLE

10 Things ISIS Did That Like Totally Bummed Us Out.

NOËL

Wait, I want that one. I'll trade you for 12 Images Proving Paul Rudd Existed in the 1800s

NICOLE

You know I love me some Paul Rudd.

They email each other. They both start typing for about twenty seconds.

NOËL

My wrists are hurting, want to get
some snacks?

INT. MEDIA FARM - BREAK ROOM

The break room's filled with every kind of garbage food
imaginable: chips, cookies, sugared cereals. Nicole and Noël
chow down.

NICOLE

So they just took your car off the
street? Without a warning? That is
grade A bullshit.

NOËL

What do you think I should do? Am I
being too obsessive about this?

NICOLE

Hell no. My advice is, you sleep in
your car, wait until they come to
read that note, then BOOM. You jump
out with a knife! Stab stab stab!

NOËL

Yeah, but what if it's not the
person who got the car towed? Just
someone who wants to read the note?

NICOLE

I don't know, I just lost interest
in this conversation.

A 100 lb. HIPSTER GUY enters. Nicole grabs Noël's arm as she
watches the guy gather some nuts then quickly leave.

NOËL

He's so weird.

NICOLE

I'm gonna fuck the Warby Parkers
off that skinny white boy's face.

NOËL

Do you think it's crazy if I do
ISIS tomorrow and spend the rest of
the day making a full map of my
street with all potential suspects?

NICOLE

No, I think it's smart.

NOËL

Cover me.

Noël takes several Tupperware containers out of her bag, starts filling them up with cereal from the break room. Nicole covers her. This is clearly something they do often.

INT. APARTMENT

Flint sits down at his computer to write more Sexy Young Mermaids.

FLINT

*The moment Ming Ming's stiff, scale-
y mer-cock entered Wahu's tight
blowhole-*

The phone RINGS. Flint answers.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Hello.

INTERCUT **SAMIR**

SAMIR

Hey. I'm at brunch with Devin, Travis, Neighbor Shawn, Handsome Sean, and Ned. We were wondering if you saw the naked picture of 'hot or not' on Facebook this morning.

FLINT

Just because I work from home doesn't mean I spend my day staring at Facebook.

SAMIR

We're just calling around hoping someone actually saved it.

FLINT

Interesting. Let's say I did have it...how much would you pay for it?

SAMIR

Depends. How good is it? Hypothetically, of course.

FLINT

Let's just say it definitively answers the question of whether Lizzy Perkins is 'hot or not'.

SAMIR

I'm not paying for not. I'll only pay for hot. I'd need a guarantee.

FLINT

Samir, I can make that guarantee. One hundred dollars. I'd need the money right now via Venmo.

SAMIR

Why right not?

FLINT

Hypothetically I spent my last hundred dollars on edibles this morning.

Samir discusses it with his buddies.

SAMIR

I'll give you fifty.

FLINT

You know that Shins song that Natalie Portman told Zach Braff will change your life?

SAMIR

Yeah.

FLINT

These boobies will change your life. I'm not going lower than sixty.

A moment later Felix gets a Venmo notification for sixty.

FLINT (CONT'D)

You made a good decision here today.

He sends the naked photo. Samir shows it to all the guys, texts it to a bunch of other people.

SAMIR

What should I bring to the book party?

FLINT

Alcohol. No dudes.

SAMIR

Why do you care? You have a girlfriend.

FLINT

Doesn't mean I enjoy the company of
other men.

He hangs up. Flint eats a huge handful of weed gummy bears.

INT. MEDIA FARM

Noël is almost done drawing her suspect map. Drawings of every house on the street. Most have names and a number next to them. She picks up the phone, calls-

INT. APARTMENT

Flint sits on the couch in total silence. He's stoned out of his fucking mind. His cell phone rings. He picks it up.

FLINT

(barely)
Hello.

Then he realizes he hasn't accepted the call yet. He accepts.

FLINT (CONT'D)

(even less audible)
Yeah?

NOËL

Okay. I spent the last two hours researching every house on our block. We've got two hipster houses, three rich families, an ambiguously gay couple, Asian lesbians, and the blacks. Calm down, Black is their last name and they're white. Anyway, what I need from you is to go outside and see if you can figure out who lives in 6122. The house right where I parked the car. They're my #1 suspect. Also, I need you to check my car for notes.

No response.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Hey, how stoned are you?

FLINT

I could eat.

NOËL

Listen, I really need you to come through for me on this. My adrenals are already blasted to the max. So get off that couch, go outside, and tell me who lives in 6122. And check my car for a return note. Can you do that?

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Flint, still in his pajamas, opens the door, braces for the light. He tiptoes outside like a newly hatched chick adjusting to the world...e.g. like someone who's way too stoned.

EXT. GLEN OAK STREET

Extremely stoned Flint looks around the street. Everyone looks menacing, like they're staring at Flint, like they're waiting to see what he does. Or maybe he's just paranoid.

He goes to Noël's car, picks the note off. It's the same note she wrote. He puts it back, turns...

...only to run into Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey neighbor! Nice day out, don't you think?

Flint doesn't respond.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sent you an email earlier, but it bounced back LOL. But now we can just talk in person...

In SLOW MO, a panicked Flint, not wanting to get stuck in a conversation, turns and runs...stumbles right into a 20-SOMETHING GIRL sipping a smoothie.

FLINT

Sorry. Sorry.

Flint heads over to 6122, opens the mailbox to look for a name. No mail. Then he tiptoes toward the window, peers inside, sees an NRA sticker on the fridge.

An OLD MAN opens the door. Think Clint Eastwood. Gruff. Threatening. He narrows his eyes, glares at Flint.

OLD MAN
Can I help you?

FLINT
My girlfriend's making a suspect
list. I just need your name.

OLD MAN
What the hell did you just say to
me, boy?

INT. 6122 GLEN OAK - LATER

Flint and the old man smoke out of a huge bong.

OLD MAN
We live in a god damn society. You
can't just go around towing cars.
We're losing this country to
fascists.

He takes another bong hit.

FLINT
You're a good man, Arthur. I'm glad
to know you.

OLD MAN
How would you feel about
assassinating the President?

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Flint and Noël eat thai food. They pour on an absurd amount
of hot sauces.

NOËL
You're sure he didn't do it?

FLINT
Arthur? No way. He's an old stoner,
not a busybody. He's probably a
little too paranoid to be smoking,
though. Oh, though he did tell me
he parked on the street for a month
straight and no one got HIM towed.

NOËL
Of course. Because I'm poor and my
car looked ugly.

Flint's phone rings. He looks at caller ID. "Brother."

FLINT
It's my brother. I'm going to take
this real quick.

He answers.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Hello.

INTERCUT FLINT'S BROTHER **ERIC**

He's an ophthalmologist, in his scrubs.

ERIC
I've been trying to call you all
week.

FLINT
Things have been crazy. Noël got
her car towed. Other stuff. Hey,
quick question: do you remember Hot
or Not?

ERIC
Lizzy Perkins? She came into my
office last week. I gave her a free
eye exam but she hasn't been
returning my texts.

FLINT
Well, it just so happens that I am
in possession of a beautiful, fully
naked picture of young Lizzy
Perkins. I'd love to share it with
you for the low price of \$69.69.

NOËL
Wait, you're selling the picture?

Flint shrugs.

NOËL (CONT'D)
I was wondering how we were
planning to pay for dinner. You're
so entrepreneurial, baby!

ERIC
Hello?

Noël takes the phone, talks to Eric.

NOËL

You won't believe how sexy the picture is. I jerked off in the bathroom at work thinking about it.

She hands the phone to Flint.

ERIC

I really wish she hadn't told me that, and I'm not paying for it.

FLINT

Why? Because, as a doctor, your life is just one body part after another?

ERIC

I'm an ophthalmologist. The only body part I see is eyeballs! All day...eyeballs! I'm not buying it because it's wrong.

Noël grabs the phone again.

NOËL

I can photoshop it into a lesbian scene for extra twenty.

Flint grabs the phone.

ERIC

If you're in a bind...again, I'll loan you money. But DO NOT send me the picture.

Flint gets a notification that Eric transferred fifty bucks into his account.

FLINT

You're a good brother. You *deserve* that picture.

ERIC

Please don't-

Too late. Flint texts Eric the pic. He hangs up.

NOËL

That was so exhilarating. Does this mean I'm not a feminist?

FLINT

She's proud of her body. She posted it herself.

NOËL

So I'm actually MORE of a feminist.

They take a beat, sweating from the crazy amount of hot sauces.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Ooh, that endorphin rush.

FLINT

So fucking hot.

INT. APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Flint pours a cup of coffee. Noël enters.

NOËL

Can you take me to work?

FLINT

YOU HAVE YOUR CAR BACK.

NOËL

Oh what...I'm supposed to just drive it? My car is the only point of communication with this animal.

EXT. GLEN OAK STREET - MORNING

Flint and Noël walk to his car when she sees a note on hers, pulls it off.

NOËL

Boom mother fucker! They took the bait!

(reading the note)

Dear Noël Kristofferson, I got your note and just wanted to say fuck you. Your car is a blight and deserved to be towed. ps I googled you. Your etsy store sucks.

(then)

MY ETSY STORE DOES NOT SUCK!!!

FLINT

You have an etsy store?

INSERT: A QUICK VIRTUAL TOUR OF HER ETSY STORE. PILLOW-CASE SKIRTS! MACARONI PORTRAITS OF BILL MURRAY! UPCYCLED WOOD!

NOËL

You realize what this means? It was a woman who got my car towed. Which is even more maddening. We're supposed to be looking out for each other.

FLINT

What are you going to do?

Noël's already writing a return note. She slams it on the windshield, very worked up.

A DOG not on a leash looks at her. Noël does a fake-lunge at the dog, barks at it. The dog runs away.

Suddenly her eyes land on a 10-year-old kid, **MAX**, kicking a soccer ball in his yard across the street. Noël gets an idea.

NOËL

Hey sweetie, shouldn't you be in school?

MAX

My mom doesn't believe in vaccines.

FLINT

That's fucked up. Doesn't she know about herd immunity?

NOËL

You're a tough little tyke, aren't you? See that car. A very bad person has been leaving mean letters on it. Would you be a champ and let me know if you see who's doing it?

MAX

What's in it for me?

NOËL

Justice.

FELIX

Do you like naked ladies?

*
*

FLINT

I have a picture of a beautiful naked lady right here on my phone.

MAX

So? I have an Internet connection.

FLINT

This isn't some girl on the Internet who anybody can see, this is a photo of a real live girl who lives right in the area. You could run into her any time. At the post office. At the ice cream store.

NOËL

Please. You'd be a big time hero 6!

Max nods. Flint shows him the picture. Max takes the phone, REALLY stares. Noël snatches it back.

NOËL (CONT'D)

Nah-ah-ah. Just a peek. But if you catch the bad guy, you can keep it and show all your friends. You'll be the most popular boy in... you're homeschooled. That sucks.

END ACT II

ACT III

ANGLE ON: A SIGN THAT SAYS 'CONGRATS, FLINT!'

BELOW IT: SERVING PLATES FILLED WITH STOLEN TREATS FROM MEDIA FARM. AND TWO VATS OF ALCOHOLIC PUNCH.

One is labeled "Gay Juice," the other "Straight Juice."

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Noël and Flint stand by the vats, drinking gay juice and talking to Flint's brother Eric.

NOËL

And then we gave a child the naked picture. He's going to help us find who did this.

ERIC

You have a job. Flint just sold a book. Why don't you just let it go?

NOËL

Uh, I don't know. Should I have *let go* trying to figure out who did 9/11?

Eric rolls his eyes.

FLINT

We get it, you're a doctor, you have to buy the system's bullshit.

NOËL

Let me show you the gap in the Zapruder film, you'll see how deep it all goes.

Noël gingerly removes Eric's glasses.

NOËL (CONT'D)

For someone who's an eye doctor, you have the lamest glasses.

Eric snatches them as Nicole approaches, overhearing.

NICOLE

Damn, boy, an eye doctor? I could use a checkup.

ERIC

I don't do checkups. I'm an
ophthamologist, not an optomerist.

NICOLE

I was going to say I need a checkup
in my pussy.

Nicole walks away. An EXTREMELY TALL GIRL (**TWEEDY**) stops at
the vats, tries to decide which juice to pour.

TALL TWEEDY

Is this a social experiment to see
who will drink the straight juice
and who will drink the gay juice?

Flint shrugs.

TALL TWEEDY (CONT'D)

I choose gay juice. What does that
say about me?

FLINT

The fact that you asked means
you're an insecure person who seeks
approval.

Flint walks off. Noël gives her a hug.

NOËL

You'll do better next time.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Gay juice is almost empty, straight juice totally full.

The door opens. Samir enters, and he's not alone. He's with
LIZZY PERKINS, aka Hot or Not.

Noël and Flint can't believe what they're seeing. Everything
goes SLOW MO as the entire party watches Samir leading Lizzy
inside.

Everyone looks down at their phones, sees a naked pic of her.
Then everyone looks up and she's naked, looking around the
party and smiling at everyone suggestively.

CUT TO:

LIZZY'S POV

She's fully clothed, sees a roomful of people smiling their balls off at her.

LIZZY
Everyone here is so friendly.

SAMIR
My friends are great.

Samir and Lizzy approach Flint and Noël.

SAMIR (CONT'D)
You guys know Lizzy, right?

Noël and Flint pinch each other through this conversation. They can't believe Samir's here with Lizzy.

FLINT
Can't say that I do.

LIZZY
Actually, we met at that dead celebrity party. We're Facebook friends.

FLINT
Are we? God, I never go on there, who has the time. What's your name again?

LIZZY
Lizzy Perkins.

NOËL
I'm Noël.

FLINT
So how did you two hook up?

LIZZY
You know, the weirdest thing. My boyfriend and I just broke up yesterday and out of the blue Samir called wanting to hang out.

FLINT
One thing about Samir: that guy has the BEST timing.

SAMIR
But we're here to talk about your amazing book sale.

LIZZY

I've never known anyone who got a book published. It's impressive. What's it about?

FELIX

The Industrial revolution.

JENNY

Horny teenage mermaids.

LIZZY

Can I just say: I've been dating such jerks in this town. It's nice to know there are still guys out there who want to make a real commitment.

SAMIR

So true, so true.

FLINT

Sometimes you just meet that special someone at the time in your life when you're ready to move into a bigger apartment but can't afford it by yourself.

NOËL

C'mere, my little Jew-face.

She kisses him.

FLINT

My little Tunisian terrorist.

Lizzy looks mortified.

SAMIR

Excuse us.

Samir leads her to the juice, pours two straight juices. Their neighbor Michael enters, scopes out the party, as Eric rushes up to Noël and Flint.

ERIC

I can't believe he's here with hot or not. I was going to ask her out!

FLINT

She has a name. It's Lizzy Perkins.

ERIC

I'm a doctor! He's unemployed!

NOËL

Great hair, though.

The door opens again. Max enters. Flint and Noël go to him.

FLINT

Hey, buddy. Now is not a good time.

NOËL

Unless you found something out.

Max checks out a pretty girl as she walks by, sees people in a circle passing around a joint. He leans in.

MAX

I know who's leaving the notes.

Noël grabs Max.

NOËL

WHO?! WHO WAS IT???

MAX

Sext me the naked pic first.

FLINT

It's actually technically not a sext just because the image is sexual. There has to be sexual intent to make it a sext.

Noël grabs the phone, hands it to Max.

NOËL

Put your number in.

He does. Noël sends the pic. He gets it. He stares for way too long. Then-

MAX

It was the old Russian lady two doors down from us.

NOËL

Probably some sort of Russian syndicate. Kickbacks to towing company, terrorism, whole nine yards.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Flint and Noël go up to the door of the old Russian woman's house.

NOËL

Let's give this busybody bitch some old world justice.

FLINT

Bring. Back. Our. Girl.

NOËL

I actually don't get that joke. I already have the car back.

FLINT

It was a reach.

Noël pounds on the door. The old Russian woman, **SVETLANA**, answers. She looks terrifying. She grabs them, yanks them in.

INT. APARTMENT

Max sits alone at the party, sees a bag of gummy bears. He starts eating them. They're Flint's weed gummies.

INT. RUSSIAN WOMAN'S HOUSE

Flint and Noël sit. Svetlana approaches with a plate of snacks. She has a thick Russian accent.

SVETLANA

You want some jam?

NOËL

We don't want jam, lady. We're here about the car.

SVETLANA

I have blueberry, boisenberry, and fish.

NOËL

I want my three hundred forty dollars back.

FLINT

Blueberry sounds good.

She gives it to him.

SVETLANA

Here you go. Eat jam.

NOËL

Is no one listening? I'M OUT THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

FLINT

Aren't *I* out three hundred dollars? This jam is fucking extraordinary.

He looks around the house.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Wait, do you even have a printer? I don't think it's her.

NOËL

Yeah. It's probably the syndicate. Do you have a son, Svetlana? Does he come here? Does he print out notes?

SVETLANA

I have daughter. Anastasia. She is dead.

NOËL

That sucks. And I'm so sorry for your loss. But I want my four hundred back.

SVETLANA

You need three forty?

NOËL

Yes.

SVETLANA

Okay. I get checkbook.

She gets up, walks away.

NOËL

See. This is why I wanted to meet her face to face. It's amazing how when you see a face, it brings back your humanity.

FLINT

It's clearly not her. That shithead kid lied to us to get that picture.

Svetlana comes back with her checkbook, hands them a check. It's for three thousand four hundred dollars.

FLINT (CONT'D)
We can't take...THREE THOUSAND
DOLLARS.

NOËL
It was only three HUNDRED. It
wasn't her, was it?

FLINT
On the other hand, if Svetlana
wants to be generous...

He takes the check. Noël grabs it.

NOËL
We can't.

She goes to tear it up in slow motion. CU: FLINT

FLINT
Nooooooooooooooooo!

In real time she's just very, very slowly tearing it, because
she really doesn't want to.

INT. APARTMENT

Flint and Noël storm back in. Michael's teaching a girl a
Yoga position. Then they see Max sitting on a couch with his
arm around a girl and nursing a drink.

NOËL
You little shit.

She and Flint rush to Max, knock the drink out of his hand.

NOËL (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? Go home,
you little home-schooled liar.

Noël grabs him by the ear. Max starts crying. The door opens
and **MAX'S MOM** enters. She looks around the house for her son.
Then, she sees Noël holding his ear. She rushes over.

MAX'S MOM
What are you doing? That's my son!
Get your hands off of him.

MICHAEL
Whoa. I think if we all just did
some kundalini release exercises-

Max lurches forward.

MAX

Mommy, I drank too much gay juice!

Flint sees the half-eaten weed gummies beside him. So does Max's mom. She grabs them.

MAX'S MOM

Is my son drunk AND high? And eating gluten???

FLINT

We weren't here. He snuck in.

NOËL

Actually gummies don't have gluten.

And, just when things look like they couldn't get worse, Samir and Lizzy come out of the bedroom, giggling. Max's eyes land on her. From his POV, she's walking in slow mo naked.

MAX

It's you. You're real.

LIZZY

Have we met before?

He takes out his phone, holds up the naked pic. Back to reality. Lizzy is now fully clothed and in shock.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET THAT?

Max points at Flint and Noël.

MAX

They gave it to me.

MAX'S MOM

Did you send my son pornography?

FLINT

It's not pornography, it's like something you would see on TV in Europe.

LIZZY

It's REVENGE porn. My ex-boyfriend stole my password and posted that to get back at me for breaking up with him.

ERIC

Lizzy, I'm so sorry. I think what they've done is unconscionable.

SAMIR

Then why did you pay for it?

LIZZY

YOU'RE SELLING IT?!

ERIC

He sent me the picture, but I deleted it. I'm a good guy. I'm the one you should be going out with.

MAX

I love you. I want to be on you.

MICHAEL

I'm also single.

MAX'S MOM

You people are deranged.

All eyes are on Noël and Flint.

LIZZY

(to Samir)

Have you seen it? Is that why you asked me out?

NOËL

Sister, as a fellow feminist, I think your body is beautiful and you are brave and-

LIZZY

YOU'RE BAD PEOPLE. YOU'RE REALLY REALLY BAD PEOPLE!!!

Lizzy knocks over the gay and straight juice vats, leaves. Noël yells after her.

NOËL

No we're not! We're a wash!

NICOLE

This is a great party.

END ACT III

TAG

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Flint wakes up, reaches for his phone, looks at his email.
Subject line: book offer.

EXT. GLEN OAK STREET - MORNING

Flint knocks on the window of Noël's car. She rolls it down.
She's been sleeping in the backseat.

NOËL

Five more minutes.

Flint gets in the car, sits with her.

FLINT

I got the offer on the book.

NOËL

How much? A hundred? More?

FLINT

Eight...thousand dollars. But, I think the movie rights could be huge. I mean, 50 Shades but with mermaids...we're going to be so rich...

NOËL

Drive me to work.

He nods. They get out of the car, walk off.

REVEAL: THE CULPRIT

At long last. He's watching this with his mother standing beside him. It's the guy from the cold open and the mother Noël and Flint stuck on that bus.

He takes out his phone.

MAN ON STREET

Hi, I'd like to report an illegally parked car. It's a repeat offender.

END PILOT.